The Catholic Record

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

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ANOMALIES

From Rome

Let us be thankful for small mercies. We have had no Francesco Ferrer this year in Rome. Two years ago he caused us a lot of inconvenience. It was impossible to get near the Piazza di Spagna for days because the Spanish Embassy to the Vatican happens to be situated there, and at other presumed danger points the man in the street was not allowed to be in the street and was sent round another way. Religious houses had to be guarded and the inmates, who for the sake of peace and quiet stayed at home, filled in their spare time making gallons of soup for their soldier-protectors who took it as an agreeable diversion to their unexhilarating occupation of hiding in courtyards, with the uneasy feeling that at any moment they might have to fire on their fellow-citizens. Last year—in compliance with earnest solicitations, permission having been once authoritatively refused—a procession was allowed to block the traffic of the city for a considerable part of a fine Sunday afternoon, and the soldiers were dragged out to hide in courtyards again in readiness for any eccentricity on the part of the anarchists and others who processed.

It is quite possible that such occurences do some good after all. They may for instance have done something to bring home to the mind of the Italian citizen, who happened to be doing duty the year before last as a soldier, that the occupant of a religious house is a peaceable law-abiding person who gives no trouble to anybody and is glad to be friendly, in the way of soup or in other and sometimes higher ways, while the anarchist is at best an internal nuisance. What lesson the intelligent soldier will have drawn this year it is impossible to say, because Francesco Ferrer fizzled out. He was to have had a meeting, a great and glorious commemoration, in a little square that use to be called 'Romana' but is now called after a lady who threw bombs at authority in '49. At the time appointed there was no one present at all; in the course of an hour there came something under a couple of hundred people to listen to the usual anticlerical rhodomontade and to be requested finally to go home quietly 'in order not to give the Cossacks any excuse for violence'—the epithet presumably referring to the police, who were looking on, amused, and the soldiers, who were lurking in courtyards as usual, bored. But most of these demonstrators are half-baked young hooligans who, though they may not become police, will certainly, when they arrive at the due age, become soldiers. One wonders what they will think about it then, especially if a serious disturbance were to arise and it was a case of a trumpet call and ball cartridge.

There must be a reason for the insuccess of the meeting, and it is to be found, in all probability, in the war. Your Roman will enthuse momentarily over anything, but it will not last for long; and when enthusiasm has died out serious interest evaporates too. It is one of the most maddening experiences of an outsider who takes an interest in the problems and happenings of this old city to note the rise of a discussion about something, perhaps of great importance, anyhow of considerable interest, to observe with pleasure the deep, sometimes passionate concern of Romans in the affairs of their city, and to be left floundering when the whole thing if forgotten because something else has happened along. The present ruler of Rome knows this tendency and uses it. He must laugh in his sleeve sometimes when a specially fierce outcry is going on concerning the eccentricities of his administration. He is well aware that it will fizzle out with the advent of something more interesting, and it is easy, if nothing comes along of itself, to make something happen. In July he is escorted home by a cheering crowd because he says he has solved two problems that have been worrying Rome for years. In November he announces that both the solutions have broken down; and no one says anything. Something else has cropped up meanwhile to divert attention. There is no public opinion, in fact; which simplifies government.

In some ways. But makes it more difficult in others. For an effective public opinion is replaced by sporadic outbursts of popular frenzy, which call for repressive measures out of keeping with the idea of democracy as understood by the people. Some of us who are burdened with doubts caused by inbred Conservative traditions are told that democracy has come to stay; we, the majority of us, by vote and otherwise have created it; and we are recommended to make the best of it and adapt ourselves. By all means—if what we see round us and over us is democracy; but we doubt it. We very much doubt if in any democratic country today the people rule themselves; whether the representatives they elect are ruling them, the people, in the way that they, the people, wish; whether they, on the other hand, are not being governed, and sometimes exploited, by a practically self-elected oligarchy who run things as they think best in their own interests—in the way, that is, best calculated to keep themselves in power; and we wonder if Italy, when it has added to its three million electors other five million who cannot read or write, will be any more democratic (except in name) than it is now; or will not rather be considerably less so in proportion to the ignorance and gullibility of the new possessors of votes. And as Italy so most other countries.

There used to be monarchies—dangerous things but less so than unscrupulous oligarchies working for their private ideas and aims—not aristocracies—these logically the best method of all, nor incompatible with democracy. To the first, from the recognition of divine right simple or modified; to the second, because they were aware that the aristos was the best, the people gave willing obedience. Naturally when there came along a hopeless specimen they rose and turned him out, but having a ruler their instinct was to obey. Now they are told they have no ruler; it is for them to rule themselves. And they just beginning to understand it. Superstition and ignorance are adduced to account for the happenings down at poor Verbicare, but at Segni, only thirty miles from Rome, the same thing has occurred, though not so badly. Police sent flying, hospital broken into and patients let out, and the town-hall set on fire. Just because they objected to certain sanitary precautions that the authorities had put in hand. They interfered with liberty—and equality—and fraternity. And as they, the people, were, under democracy, the rulers they proposed to rule. Not understanding as Pius X, has emphasized, quoting Leo XIII, who probably got it from one of the old Fathers in the year one or thereabouts—and I am by no means sure that a heathen philosopher had not arrived, unaided, at the pith of the principle before that time—that authority, whether it be exercised by Charles the ninety-ninth or by Billy Smith, does not originate with him but comes from above. And if you are to have good government by the people you have got to din that into them. Which is the last thing that the spouting democrat of to-day is going to do. Wherefore we doubt.

NE TEMERE

Is it not about time that the numerous editors and ecclesiastics throughout this country, who are just now harping so vehemently on the Ne Temere, would halt and look around them, and pull themselves together and see are they in earnest or do they really know what they are talking about. The Ne Temere relates only to the laws of the Church. It has nothing at all to do with the civil laws, and any other church can pass what ever laws it wishes and the Catholic Church would never interfere, but I suppose that Roman Catholics have to be the persecuted people. And cannot those same people see that day in and day out they are the very same folk who keep hammering away doing the trick. If it is not Ne Temere it is something else, Father Vaughan's sermon or some other action of the Church for the good of her people and the world at large. But they should never be done thanking those self same Roman Catholics who have the courage to make laws and the power to enforce them for the good of all mankind, of every church under Christendom, and then, O! then, what would they all do if the Roman Catholics should all be taken to heaven some day and that no one was left on earth but themselves. Then there could possibly be no Protestants for they would have nothing to protest against. But the Ne Temere is all right. Those agitators know that too and this great and terrible agitation about nothing will very soon pass away. But immediately, mind you, something very similar will be trotted on deck, to do service in the meantime, for it is simply the words of Our Blessed Lord when He said, "As they persecuted Me also will they persecute you." And we cannot say we are better than He. So we must only take those things as lightly as possible and pray continually for our persecutors who are really our greatest benefactors, for no sane person can say but that those same agitators require lots of prayers to save them after having performed so much ardent work for the soul and only benefit of the evil one.—COM.

LISZT THE CATHOLIC

The hundreth anniversary of the birth of Liszt (born Oct. 22, 1811) is being celebrated throughout the musical world by the rendition of some of his masterly works, and by a wealth of tributes to his worth as pianist and composer. Here in Boston the Symphony Orchestra devoted the rehearsal and concert of last week to a Liszt program. There was at the back of the stage a bust of the composer, upon the face of which the light so fell, says the musical critic of the Transcript, as to give it, "an expression of amused cynicism. It was as though the cloven hoof were lifting the abbe's soutane—for no churchly consecrations could purge Liszt's nature of the innate devilment that was in it."

Smart writing, but not true. Liszt had sinned long and grievously. His early companions, many of them, were not the kind that helps a man to preserve himself unsullied. And no one can condemn Liszt more than he condemns himself. But his conversion was sincere, ending after a long period of probation in the reception of minor orders in 1865, convinced as he himself said, that it would strengthen him in the right road. And he lived as an abbe an exemplary and edifying life for twenty-one years, to the time of his death. There is a letter of his, written as early as 1860 to the Princess Caroline von Sayn Wittgenstein, which may be quoted at this time to show the real Catholic feeling of the great composer. "I am writing this down on the 14th of September," he writes, "the day on which the Church celebrates the Festival of the Holy Cross. The denomination of this festival is also that of the glowing and mysterious feeling which has pierced my entire life as with a sacred wound. Yes, Jesus Christ on the Cross, a yearning longing after the Cross and the raising of the Cross—this was ever my true inner calling; I have felt it in my innermost heart ever since my seventeenth year, in which I implored with humility and tears that I might be permitted to enter the Paris Seminary; at that time I hoped it would be granted to me to live the life of the saints and perhaps to die a martyr's death. This, alas, has not happened—yet, in spite of the transgressions and errors which I have committed, and for which I feel sincere repentance and contrition, the holy light of the Cross has never been entirely withdrawn from me. At times, indeed, the refulgence of this Divine light has overflowed my entire soul. I thank God for this, and shall die with my soul fixed upon the Cross, our redemption, our highest bliss; and in acknowledgment of my belief I wish before my death to receive the holy sacraments of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, and thereby to attain the forgiveness and remission of all my sins. Amen." The Transcript critic should know that there is such a thing as the grace of God, and true repentance.—Pilot.

ARCHBISHOP FALCONIO'S FAREWELL

Archbishop Falconio, who will soon be elevated to the Cardinalate as Apostolic Delegate at Washington, on Tuesday issued a valedictory to the Bishops and Archbishops of the Catholic church in the United States.

He will leave Washington on November 12 and on November 14 will sail from New York on the Kronprinzessin Cecilie. He will go directly to Rome and expects to arrive there a few days before the Consistory on November 27.

"By a letter of the 18th instant," announced the Delegate, "his eminence, Cardinal Merry del Val, informs me that his holiness, Pope Pius X, will be pleased to promote me to the high dignity of the Cardinalate on the occasion of the next Consistory, which will take place on the 27th of November."

Archbishop Falconio, saying that "my elevation to the Cardinalate will mark the end of my mission as Apostolic Delegate to the United States," expressed his highest appreciation of all the kindnesses shown him by the people of the United States during his tenure of office as representative of the Pontiff.

"In a most especial manner," reads this official letter, "my thanks are due to the American hierarchy, the luster of the Catholic church of the United States.

"I carry with me to Rome the best and most consoling proofs of the great religious and social work which is being successfully carried on in this vast republic through the earnest zeal of the bishops and the efficient co-operation of our beloved clergy and faithful people. When at Rome, under the shadow of St. Peter's, though far away from you, I shall ever remember with joy and pride this flourishing portion now so endeared to me, of Christ's divine church, and I shall constantly pray that God may shower in abundance upon you all his choicest gifts."

The letter officially promulgates the holy see's appointment of Mons Bonaventure Cerretti as charg d'affaires of the Apostolic Delegation in Washington.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL FALCONIO

Among the three new Cardinals just raised to this exalted office in America, there goes from us one who, coming to us in his early youth, labored as an humble religious seminarian and priest among us, and who, returning to his native Italy, came back again after many years, matured in judgment, wise in counsel, rich in good works and honored because of his great worth, with the most exalted position in the Hierarchy of America, that of Apostolic Delegate to the United States. For nine years His Eminence-elect, Cardinal Diomede Falconio, as the direct representative of our Holy Father, the Pope, has labored in this country, bringing to his duties a prudence, a wisdom, a soundness of judgment and truly apostolic zeal worthy of the illustrious Pontiff who fills the chair of Peter, and suggesting ever to the people, in his Christ-like charity and truth, the thought of the Divine Master, for Whom he stood. No prelate who has ever filled the office of Apostolic Delegate to this country, ever won deeper respect and recognition and admiration from the constituted authorities in the land; none ever bore himself with greater dignity and benignity or understood more fully and thoroughly conditions in our country, the problems that must be faced and solved, and with more unerring hand pointed out the sovereign remedies. Above all, no delegate has ever more truly reached down into the very hearts and lives of our people, coming and going and moving among them, as did the Master of old, and making them realize in his every deed how he understood, in all its sublime significance, that picture drawn by his divine prototype, "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend." It was this tender sympathy for the people, this understanding of the needs of the masses, this all-felt desire to uplift and to benefit, that seemed to emanate from him where ever he went, that made His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, so truly loved and revered; and throughout this vast country, from North to South, from East to West, there was scarcely a man, woman or child who did not come to know that kindly, gentle figure in gray, who moved so freely among them, and who touched their heart-chord with his affectionate interest in them, making them feel that they had in him both father and friend. And now that he is to go from us, while they is rejoicing that His Eminence-elect has been so signally honored, there is deep down in our hearts the tear of regret that one who so fully knew and understood the polyglot American character and American needs as few could ever understand and appreciate them in this vast and varied cosmopolitan country, will be with us no more; that we are losing one who stood to us not only in the relation of chief pastor of the Church in America, but as a beacon and help in every home.

The years will come and the years will go; another Apostolic Delegate will come to America, and he in turn will be succeeded by others, but none will ever impress their memory more indelibly and more affectionately upon the hearts of our people than the illustrious and beloved representative of our Holy Father who is now going from us—His Eminence-elect, Diomede Cardinal Falconio.—New Orleans Morning Star.

BLIND PRIEST STIRS LONDON AUDIENCE

After the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, who is now beyond reach of even his most enthusiastic admirer, the most compelling and most sought preacher in London is one who seldom visits her and who therefore is more highly prized.

But on a recent Sunday the Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., of Dublin was again in London and the little church off the busy Strand where he usually preaches was crowded morning and evening to its capacity. The peculiar charm of hearing a blind man discourse about the wonders of nature and find in them an argument for the truth of God may be the first motive which brings the listener, but anyone who has heard the boyish voice of this gray bearded man describing in the language of a poet what the eye of an artist would picture, comes again for the sake of the personality which so powerfully influences those about him.

It is pathetic to see the slight, tall figure led up the aisles and to the pulpit, the noble head and refined features, with their crown of thick, dark hair just tinged with gray, the eyes which though sightless seems to be gazing beyond the congregation and retain all the brightness of sight, the dramatic gestures, and the young voice that seems still to keep the timbre it had when Father Kane lost his sight in his twenty seventh year—all these attributes seemed gathered about a rare soul, which has gained something of spirituality in its bodily loss.

For the preacher is noted not only for his eloquence but particularly for the description of phases of nature and portions of the great kingdom which his listeners see daily without gleaning half the beauty that this blind priest has treasured by recollection through so many years. Recently Father Kane preached to half Catholic London on "Tears and God," and perhaps the most exquisite and poignant sentence in a wonderful harmony of languages was the thought expressed thus: "That Word was made flesh, that God might weep."

ROME IS STILL HERE

The Catholic pursues the even tenor of his way. Be he British, Austrian, American or German, he is a loyal subject of his country, serving the State from the purest of all motives, obedience to God and that Church which teaches him that all power comes from God, and that he is to be subject thereto. In spiritual matters, let his nationality be what it may, he turns to that mother whose child he is, and who claims his allegiance, in the name of the God Who is the Saviour, not of a nation, but of the world. That Church is his anchor on life's stormy sea. She makes him and his co-religionists the wide world over "fellow-citizens with the saints." (Eph. ii. 19) And let the minions of satan rave as they will, the Catholic knows that Church will live gloriously on until time shall become merged in eternity. St. John tells us, "the world is the enemy of God." It is bound, therefore, to be the enemy of the Church.

That world will scoff and sneer at us Catholics for our obedience and talk glibly of "personal freedom," which means personal license of "intellectual independence" and "the tyranny of Rome," and so on. The world thinks wisdom is made manifest by arrogance and pride and self-assertion. Infinite truth lays down another principle, and declares, "Where wisdom is, there is humility," and bids us become as little children.

Yes Rome is still here. "Though oft doomed to death, the milk-white hind is still fated not to die."

I speak in the name of 300 000 000 of Catholics, and I can say we fear nothing, happen what will to the Church. For Christ is with her, and therefore, she cannot sink. She saw the Goth and the Hun sweep like a torrent over Europe, and she was left, and she is still with us. "They shall perish, but thou remainest; . . . the children of thy servants shall continue, and thy seed shall be directed for ever." As an humble son of Holy Church, I pay this tribute to a mother to whom I owe so much, and in no spirit of vanity do I say, that I am proud to employ my feeble pen in defense of Christ's spouse. That Church may be assailed by the world. She will always be sure of the love and fealty of her sons. We cherish her with a reverence and a love which the outside world can know nothing of. We know her solicitude and care for us, her tenderness, and her allowance for weaknesses and faults. And when the last sad hour shall come to each and all, we will turn with fondness and with love and repentant confidence to that mother who has shown us during life all the loving kindness that only a true mother can, and under her protection and fortified by her sacraments, we shall go to meet her Founder, Who has said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me." And, "Lo I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."—Joseph P. O'Kane, in Dublin Leader.

THE MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS

Holy souls are the dead who have died in the Lord by being prepared to meet Him, and yet not fully happy souls we must regard them, as long as they are separated from Him in the cleansing fires of purgatory, says Bishop Colton. It is for us, their friends to hasten their release by our prayers. We think much of the dead while their lifeless bodies lie before us, but with their consignement to the grave they are often quite forgotten. We recall every good thing we know about them, and praise them for it; and we crown them with flowers and unite in their last obsequies; but in most cases that is the end of it all. Is this Christian? Do not the pagans do all this and more? What says Holy Church about the Christian duty to our dead?

Basing its doctrine on the words of Holy Writ, "that it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loose from their sins," the Church from the first ages, taught the faithful to pray for the dead, as we see by the teachings of the Fathers. If we have any faith in our own immortality we must think of those who have gone before us, and have the expectation of meeting them again in the life to come. But as we know ourselves, even the best of us, do we think we are ready to enter into the happiness of heaven immediately at our death? Or do we think, as Holy Church teaches, that there must be for many a purgation for a time, when our souls will be cleansed from the dross of this world's defilement and the remains of sin not fully atoned for, before we will be adjudged worthy to enter into the joy of our Lord." Now, if we think this for ourselves then we must think it for others, and if we would be glad to have our relatives and friends pray for us after our death and hasten our entrance into heaven, then we ourselves should pray for departed relatives and friends. But, alas, this is not the practice with many; at least they do not pray for them as often and as effectively as they might.

Of all means of propitiating the divine mercy, surely the Mass is infinitely greater than all others, since it is the offering of the Immaculate Lamb, the Son of God, in whom the Father is well pleased, and yet how few comparatively, are the Masses that the faithful have offered for their departed ones. Some few have a requiem on the funeral day; some have a few Masses said privately then or a little later; but in most cases that is the end of it; they thenceforth confine their efforts for their dead to an occasional remembrance in their prayers. This is contrary to the spirit the teaching and practice of holy Church, which is always praying for the souls in the purgatory. Every hour of the holy office, as recited by the priests the world over, every public Mass, every devotion, includes prayers for the suffering souls.

Now, what is the practice of the Church should be the practice of her children, and so she teaches them. It is not neglect, but thoughtlessness, this failure of so many in having Masses said for the dead. A failure to remember the infinite majesty and glory of God, and how nothing defiled can enter the kingdom of heaven, is the reason why the poor departed, suffering souls in purgatory are so often forgotten. How wise they act, who to provide against this forgetfulness make provision to have Masses said for themselves after they have departed this world! Nor should it go unmentioned, the good for the living that may be done by this effective service to the dead. We do not here speak of the blessings that will come to them from God, who will reward their charity for the dead as an act done for Himself, since He longs to possess those souls, but of the material help that thus will come to poor priests of God, struggling in this and still more in foreign lands, building up for God's kingdom amongst the greatest want and privation. Let us then, have Masses said, and as many and as frequently as we can, if we would really love and do for our dead all that we can. It will be the best way to help them and help ourselves to bear their loss.—Catholic Bulletin.

ANGLICANS EXCITED

RITUALIST LITERATURE DISTRIBUTED IN TORONTO

Canadian Press Despatch

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 10.—Consternation has been thrown into the evangelical camp of the church of England in Toronto by the gratuitous distribution of a quantity of "high church" literature among the members of the synod. This literature is in the form of a pamphlet entitled "Manuals for the Million," and it deals with the meaning of ritual of the Real Presence and the Holy Sacrifice.

It is from the pen of Rev. Paul B. Bull, M. A., of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, Yorkshire. Author Bull has been in Toronto, and it is understood that he intends returning here. The evangelical branch of the Church of England sees in this propaganda a continuation of the missions conducted here by the Mirfield fathers during the last Lenten season.

A prefactory note to the pamphlet states that it was one of a number written in the hope that they might "do something to restore the holy Eucharist to its proper place in our church's worship."

"Belief in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood," continues the preface "is closely allied to a right belief in the Incarnation. Those who have abandoned the one have often lost the other. Belief in the Real Presence is an abiding protest against materialism, and mere rationalism, for it unceasingly proclaims the supernatural in these holy mysteries."

"Sometimes people sneer at ritual, as 'bowing and scraping,' and 'man millinery' and 'effeminate.' But the time spent on ritual of divine worship in a good church is nothing to the time spent on ritual in the army and navy. When men say that ritual is unmanly, the fact of life contradict them absolutely. The Freemasons have a most elaborate ceremonial. The Oddfellows and other friendly societies wear bright colored sashes and stole and apron and carry splendid banners."

EXTRAVAGANT BURIALS

The month of November when one's thoughts are with the dead is a fitting time to consider the matter of funerals. It is something concerning which many of our people have long been unreasonable. It is due no doubt in most cases to the deep love which the surviving friends have for the departed. Respect for the dead body is one of our Christian heritages. The Church makes the burial of the dead a corporal work of mercy; she reverences it, she consecrates with beautiful prayers the "God's Acre" which is set apart for the tender keeping of the bodies of the just until the trumpet of the Resurrection is sounded: hence, too, her opposition to cremation. But while a fitting respect is due the corpse of a loved one, exaggerated honor is reprehensible. Rarely now does one see a funeral without a carriage overflowing with flowers leading the sad procession, sprays and bouquets, inartistic pillows and crescents, standing wreaths and gates ajar, a meaningless and vulgar display. Friends of the family are expected to send flowers, the family itself feels obliged to have set pieces appropriately marked. It is now so commercial a thing that the dead body is hardly cold before an agent arrives to show his samples of floral pieces and to ask for an order from the bereaved family; and as experience has shown, sometimes the poor old man or woman who has a load of flowers and a grand funeral received in life but little kindness from ungrateful children. Recently a move has been made in the right direction, and it is common enough in funeral notices to read the request no flowers be sent. The dead need no flowers; they need prayers and Communions and Masses and alms to the poor in their name. It is to be hoped that the opposition to floral displays at funerals will become universal. And so all along the line. Extravagant prices for caskets, funeral expenses in general, sometimes saddle families with debt and cripple them for years. Let the burial be decent and leave vulgar display to barbarians.—Pilot.

A PROTESTANT WITNESS

In the October Atlantic the Rev. George Parkin Atwater, an Episcopal clergyman of Akron, Ohio, instead of echoing the often-heard lament over the lack of men in the ministry, maintains, on the contrary, that the "ministry is an overcrowded profession." "With due allowance," he says, "for an exceptional condition here and there, every community has more ministers than it needs for the proper spiritual development of the people." Pleading earnestly for the union of churches, he shows how "the Christian forces by divisions and subdivisions are becoming the source of vast woe and distress to themselves. It is not too much to say that the principle of sub-division into sects is destructive of Christianity. It subverts authority and it weakens faith." From a Protestant minister these are strong words, but they are no less true than those he writes not long after, as he regards admiringly the example of effective administration afforded by Roman Catholics. "In cities where they equal in number the other Christians they have fewer churches," he attests, "and fewer priests. And the churches are filled, because the Roman Catholics have preserved the principle of authority, which the denominational system has entirely broken down." Doubtless. But the diluted Christianity that would necessarily result from the union of those ten Protestant sects would hardly give birth to the principle of authority that is so desirable.—America.

Modern and Modernistic

A ridiculous blunder is made by our secular press when they rail at the Pope for his condemnation of Modernism. They take it for granted—it would be entirely superfluous to make an investigation—that the Pope is antagonistic to all modern progress. And this rash judgment is perpetrated against the representative of the Papacy, which, according to the judgment of all fair historians, has exercised the greatest dynamic influence towards the uplifting of humanity.

As a matter of fact, Modernism is the appellation of a system of philosophic vagaries, which sap the very foundations of Christianity. Hence, all those who are loyal to Jesus Christ and His work ought to congratulate the Holy Father on his decided stand against Modernism, just as even non-Catholics hailed the solemn utterance of Leo XIII. on the inspiration of the bible.

We live in an age of confusion, but one thing is sure, viz: that the Holy Father is a vigilant watchman on the high tower on which Divine Providence has placed him, and fearless to sound the trumpet of alarm, when enemies try secretly to demolish the fortress of truth.—Southern Guardian.

He who knows only how to enjoy, and not to endure, is ill-fitted to go down the stream of life through such a world as this.—Henry Van Dyke.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Duke of Norfolk has given the Catholic School association of England the sum of 1,500 000 towards increasing the number of Catholic schools in that country.

A three days' spiritual retreat for the Chicago Knights of Columbus was held this week. In order to accommodate all, five churches in different parts of the city were used for the retreat and several prominent missionaries assisted in conducting the retreats.

Bishop Tohill, of Down and Connor, Ireland, recently dedicated the Church of St. Teresa, Hannahstown, Belfast, which has been built and equipped at a cost of $150 000 by Miss Hannah Hamill and her sister Miss Teresa Hamill, whose family for generations have been associated with the maintenance of the Catholic faith in the district.

A record seldom equalled by teachers is the case of Brother Stephen, Xaverian Brother, who died recently at St. Xavier's College, Louisville, after completing a period of sixty-three years in the Congregation, and active member until a few weeks ago, when the illness of which he died compelled him to give up his duties as professor of languages as well as secretary in the College.

In Germany spiritual retreats are held for recruits or young soldiers. The idea was put forward in 1905 by Lieutenant-Colonel D. E. Hasse who during his long military career had seen the great dangers to which young soldiers are exposed in the barracks unless they get a direct and special preparation for the new life and new conditions into which they are suddenly thrown.

Right Rev. Peter Verdagner, D. D., who for the last twenty-one years has filled with such ability and distinction the exalted office of Vicar Apostolic of the important missionary diocese of Brownsville, Texas, died suddenly. He was ordained to the holy priesthood in his native land and, fired with missionary zeal, he came to the United States and began his labors in the Spanish missions of California.

Perhaps the largest class of non-Catholics that has ever collected for instructions in Wisconsin, is being conducted at St. Patrick's Church, Eau Claire. It numbers forty-two, consisting of men and women from many different Protestant denominations. The instructions are given by the Rev. A. B. C. Dunne, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, on three evenings a week.

The dedication of the memorial to the Jesuit priests who came as missionaries to the Indians of Western and Central New York in the middle of the seventeenth century, took place recently at Great Gully Brook, near Farley's Point on Cayuga Lake. The memorial is in the form of a concrete cross erected upon a substantial pedestal, upon the face of which is a bronze tablet.

The Vaughan family of England, one of whose members is now on a visit to the United States, is a remarkable family. Father Bernard Vaughan is a Jesuit. His mother a remarkable woman and faithful convert, had fourteen children. One died in infancy; six sons became priests and all the daughters, five in number, became nuns. One of the sons was the famous Cardinal Vaughan.

Miss Frances P. Potts, daughter of Rear Admiral Robert Potts (retired), entered upon her novitiate in the Carmelite convent, Caroline and Biddle streets, Baltimore, on Nov. 1st. She is the third daughter of the Admiral to enter a religious order. Miss Marie Potts, the eldest of the trio of sisters who have taken the veil, founded a convent in Manila, and the second sister entered a Carmelite convent in Philadelphia.

Father Patrick Murphy, assistant at St. Thomas, Aquinas Church, New York, was struck and probably fatally injured by a trolley car on Lexington avenue on the 10th instant. As the priest lay unconscious from a fractured skull under the glare of an arc lamp, four Dominican fathers summoned from a near-by parish house, and dressed in their white robes, administered extreme unction, while a silent crowd watched the unusual and impressive scene.

Rev. Joseph Wuest, of St. Mary's Church has started a mission for the colored Catholics in Detroit. There are about 12,000 of that race in Detroit and of these quite a number belong to the Catholic Church. At the first meeting a church committee was formed and an Altar Society organized. On September 3, the first Mass for the exclusive benefit of the colored Catholics was celebrated by Father Wuest.

On receiving news of the terrible disaster to the French navy, the Holy Father sent the following telegram to Mons. Guilibert, Bishop of Frejus: "The Holy Father, deeply afflicted by the catastrophe which has struck France and her glorious navy, expresses all the sympathy of his paternal heart, and offers to God his most fervent prayers for the victims, the stricken families and the nation."

Rt. Rev. Bishop McSherry of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, who attended the Eucharistic Congress, said that Italy will gain nothing in its war with Turkey. The Bishop is thoroughly familiar with the war zone, though his diocese is in the extreme southeastern section of Africa. "The country being contested for is nothing but a desert," he said, "as arid as the Sahara. Not only will it be a great expense for Italy, but it will also cost thousands of lives, since the Turk will carry on a guerilla warfare indefinitely. Ultimately Italy will have to carry on the war for years, and in the end it will not be worth while."

Written for The Catholic Standard and Times

A SISTER'S SACRIFICE

By Francis Dalton

This is a story of a mill girl who willingly sacrificed her own life's happiness in order to save her younger brothers and sisters from the body-wasting, mind-dwarfing, soul-crushing life of the mills—a soul tragedy common enough, God knows, among the humble heroines of the industrial world, but one rarely told in print.

Patrick Dolan and his wife, Catherine were among the Irish pioneers who, driven by famine and England's cruel laws, flocked to the shores of America in the early 50's. Lacking a trade, Pat, like many another exile of Erin, went to work on the railroad with pick and shovel. Though wages were small, the plucky, hard-working Celt managed to build a little home of his own for his now growing family on the outskirts of the town. Here, until black sorrow came to darken his door, he lived far happier than many a king upon his throne.

At the opening of our story Mrs. Dolan was the mother of five children, Mary, Margery, Joseph, Nellie and Francis, ranging in age from three to eighteen years. When Mary was ten years of age her mother's health began to fail, and in order to meet the increasing family expenses the eldest daughter was obliged to go to work in the mills. Eight long years of winding-room drudgery had sent the iron deeply into Mary's soul, and she determined to save the other children from a like experience if it were in her power to do so.

At eighteen Mary Dolan was a lovely girl, tall, fair and graceful, with a lady-like dignity of deportment more befitting the drawing-room than the winding-room. So lofty was her sense of duty that she refused the offer of marriage tendered her by Phil Morgan the man whom her heart had chosen. The day on which the lovers parted was one of the very saddest in our heroine's life.

Phil had declared his love and had begged Mary to share his heart and home. This crisis had been the point of her fears for weeks, but when it came she met it with a strength and calmness wholly to be unexpected in so sensitive a nature. There was the slightest tremor in her voice when she declined the offer of an honorable marriage as she told Phil of the high resolve which had been forming in her mind for months.

Feeling that he had been unfairly dealt with, the rejected suitor was about to upbraid the girl for her seeming heartlessness, when the look of dumb agony in her eyes checked his reproaches. Shamed and humiliated, the abashed lover picked up Mary's frail and trembling hand, pressed it to his lips and with a hoarse "Good-bye, and God bless you, sweetheart," turned and passed out of the gate and out of her life. Long, weary, heartbreaking years were to pass before the lovers met again, for within a week Phil Morgan was on his way to Southern California.

After the painful interview Mary stole into the house and reaching her room unperceived, threw herself across the bed, and burying her face in the pillow, gave full vent to the pent-up agony of her soul. No tongue or pen can describe the happiness of plighted love, and none can tell the cruel pain of parting that crushes the heart, blighting, perhaps, forever, the hopes of a young life. Yet when an hour later, Mary came down to assist in getting supper ready no one detected the slightest change in her manner or bearing—no one save her mother.

The die once cast, Mary Dolan lost no time in vain regrets. Having taken up the cross, she would carry it even unto Calvary. Her first charge was Margery, now fifteen years of age, and soon to graduate from the parochial school. It was determined at a family council that Margery, after leaving the local school, should take a course at a business college, to save her from the drudgery of the mills. This meant that Mary must not only stand all day at the winding frame, but that at home also she must wash and iron, bake and scrub and ply the needle far into the night making and mending, as her mother's failing strength left no other alternative. Little wonder that fine lines began to gather about Mary's tired eyes and gray streaks to appear among her bright brown tresses.

Shortly after Margery's entrance into the business world Mrs. Dolan died. The death cast a gloom over the entire family, but it nearly prostrated the eldest daughter Mary, her mother's ever faithful counsellor and guide. But in order to spare the others the poor girl was compelled to hide her grief until the lonely watches of the night. Then, when the household was wrapt in slumber, she would bury her face in the pillow and sob herself to sleep.

Now that the mother was gone, the whole responsibility of the home developed upon Mary, so that between her household duties and the winding room she had little time to grieve over the past. Were it not for the consolation of her holy faith, I fear she would have broken down under the severe strain. But the weekly confession and communion and the holy hour under the sanctuary lamp on Saturday evening, when the week, with its cares and sorrows, had passed, kept her soul pure and sweet.

Five long years had now passed away. Joseph was in a technical college studying electrical engineering; Nellie was in the highest class of the parochial school and showing a strong inclination for the religious life. Margery, a successful stenographer, had "met her fate" in the office and was about to be married to the bookkeeper.

Mary's feelings during the wedding preparations were known to none on earth. If her heart ached, her face and manner conveyed no suggestion of pain. Only one incident brought tears to her weary eyes. The wedding was two days off, and Mary was putting the finishing touches to the traveling gown, when Margery insisted upon some changes which the elder sister did not consider in keeping with the recognized canons of good taste. "Oh, that is just the way with you old maids! You want to have your own way in everything!" pouted the bride-to-be thoughtlessly. Mary took a quick inward breath and bit down hard upon her lower lip. It was the first time the odious title had been applied to her, and the fact that it came from one of her own made the sting much sharper. Late that night when all the house-hold slept, the overworked seamstress suddenly stopped in the midst of her work, looked carefully around the room to see that no one was watching, then, opening the bosom of her dress, she drew forth a small gold locket, and pressing a hidden spring, she revealed a miniature photograph of a fine-looking young man. "Oh, Phil, Phil!" she murmured as the tears swelled up in her eyes. "It was hard, hard to bid you go, but please God, we shall meet again some day." Then kissing the picture with the tenderness known only to those who have loved and lost, she closed the locket, returned it to its place over her heart and went on with her thankless task.

Shortly after Margery's wedding, which was quite a brilliant affair, considering the limited resources of the persons concerned, Joseph was graduated from the technical school and accepted a very good offer made by a Chicago firm. Then Nellie heard the still small voice of our dear Lord calling her from the tabernacle, and she went away to hide her sweet pure face behind a virgin's veil. This left Mary, little Francis and the father all alone in the old home.

One afternoon Francis, now a sturdy little fellow of twelve years, came home from a ball field, and finding Mary seated in the parlor reading her favorite poem, "Three evenings in a Life," he threw himself in her lap, as though he were still a baby, and, putting his arms around her neck, began telling her all about the game. "Gee, we had a dandy game, Sis! I got two two-baggers, two put-outs and four assists." "Did your side win?" asked Mary, venturing the only question a woman is sure of at baseball. "No-o-o-o," the lad reluctantly admitted. "You see it was this way, Sis. We had the game cinched up till the ninth innin' when Patsy Mulligan dropped a fly, lettin' in four runs."

"Would you like to be a ball player and make lots of money, honey boy?" asked Mary, brushing the hair back from his forehead.

"I'd like to be a ball tosser for a little while, but not for all the time," was the quiet answer.

"What would you like to be after you had played ball for a while?."

A thoughtful light shone in the deep—blue eyes, so much like his dead mother's, and, kissing the kind, sweet face of his more than sister, he asked in a whisper: "You won't tell any one, will you, Sis?"

"No, honey boy, I won't tell."

"Cross you heart and hope you may die?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Mary, I would like to be a missionary priest."

The answer, though not wholly unexpected, sent a thrill of pleasure through the noble sister's whole being, and, pressing the child to her heart, she almost smothered him with tears and kisses. Every true woman has the call of motherhood in her blood, and Mary Dolan had showered all the love of her generous nature upon her youngest brother. She it was who had watched and tended him since his infancy. For years he had known no other mother, and she vaguely hoped that he would always remain with her, now that the others had flown away. But she had raised the chalice to her lips, and if it were to be the will of God she would drain it by giving her last and dearest treasure to Him.

"Yes," she said, releasing him at last and setting about preparing supper, now that all were home, "my boy shall be a priest if Sister Mary be permitted to work a little longer."

God alone knows what long, weary hours of toil it cost her to see him safely on the road to the altar, now that her father had become too old to work. But the supreme joy of receiving Holy Communion at his first Mass, some years later, compensated her to the full for her sacrifices.

* * * * * *

Twenty years had passed, Margery, happily married, was living in New York; Joseph was doing well in Chicago; Sister Gertrude (Nellie) had taken her final vows as an Ursuline nun; Father Dolan (Francis) had donned the white habit of St. Dominic, and the aged father having lived long enough to receive his son's blessing, went off to meet his lost love in the land of the blessed, leaving Mary alone in the old home. The passing years had been hard upon her, but she had matured into a very beautiful woman. The richness of June merged into the pensive tenderness of Indian summer. The physical had been illuminated by the spiritual, a change wrought by the magic wand of sacrifice.

One Sunday evening Mary Dolan returned from a visit to the cemetery feeling sadder and lonelier than she had ever felt before. The cross which she had assumed so willingly long ago, and which she had borne so uncomplainingly, seemed about to crush her to earth at last. It was twenty years to the very day and hour since Philip had gone away. Only once had he written her, and she had answered giving him no hope. She drew forth the locket, pressed the spring, kissed the photograph once, twice, thrice, and, burying her face in her hands, she gave way to tears. Oh, the pain, the sadness and the loneliness of it all, when the ghost of "what might have been" wanders aimlessly through the deserted corridors of a broken heart! Man in his fierce battle with the world may learn to forget, but a woman, chained as she is to her memories, dies faithful to her very griefs.

The storm of sorrow having spent itself, Mary dried her tears, and was about to replace the locket when an insistent knock sounded on the little front door. Answering the summons, Mary's heart gave a wild leap for joy. For she had opened the door to Philip Morgan. The same, yet not the same. His sunburnt face showed many traces of exposure and suffering, but, thank God, none of dissipation. The memory of the pure, sweet girl whom he had loved and lost had helped to keep his own soul undefiled.

After leaving Mary on that Sunday afternoon, just twenty years ago, Philip had gone to California in the hope of mitigating the pangs of disappointment, but not to forget his first and only love. After many struggles, fortune smiled upon him at last, and when, accidentally he heard that his old sweetheart was all alone in the world he immediately set out for the East in full confidence that his weary exile was at an end.

"Do you know me, Mary?" was Phil's first question. For an answer she handed him the locket, which she still held in her hand. "What, have you kept me in your heart as I have kept you all these years?"

"Yes, Phil, I have never forgotten you," she replied tremblingly.

"Dearest," he cried, advancing with outstretched arms.

And Mary—well, what would you have done if you had been in her place and had not seen your best beloved for twenty years, knowing that he had been as true to you as you had been to him? What's that? You would have fallen right into his arms? Well, that's just what Mary Dolan did.

* * * * * *

I have told the story of Mary Dolan (poor though the telling be) because she is a worthy representative of that noble, self-sacrificing type of womanhood commonly referred to as "the old maid" a term sneeringly uttered upon earth, reverently whispered in heaven.

"Only a poor old maid!" What a world of silent suffering, of unselfish devotion those few words may hide! Many a proud young matron, presiding over her own little home; many a successful man of affairs, many a religious in her cell, many a priest at the altar owes the attainment of the heart's desire in a great measure to the heroic self-sacrifice of some poor old maid who labored unsparingly that others might enjoy the social and scholastic advantages which circumstances had denied to her. Love may have beckoned from the fairy fields of romance in earlier, happier years. The sacred silence of the cloister may have appealed to her girlish heart, but when duty called from the home and the fireside, she bowed her head and willingly assumed the cross. Thus, with God alone aware of the splendor of her sacrifice, the "old maid" often goes her weary way, a jest to the thoughtless, a sermon to the wise.

A HIDDEN INHERITANCE

To my grandniece, Helen Grandison I bequeath all my personal jewels and ornaments together with a sum of $1,000 to be paid to her, with the accruing interest, on her twenty-first birthday, or, in the event of her death, to her father, Hugh Grandison. To the aforesaid Hugh Grandison, my dear nephew and godson, I leave as a token of my sincere good will and affection, my old armchair. It is grown shabby as well as old, but with such deft and clever fingers as my nephew's wife possesses this defect may very easily be remedied. And to my dear friend and goddaughter, Elizabeth Graydon, I devise the residue of my property, including my household furniture and what money may lie to my credit in the Midland Counties Bank, after all my debts have been paid, and the above mentioned charge has been provided for."

So ran the provisions of old Miss Helen Grandison's will, read aloud in cold formal tones by her lawyer on the morning after her funeral. Hugh Grandison could not conceal the fact that it came to him as a considerable shock. The first of it sounded all right, and, of course, it had been very nice of Aunt Helen to remember the baby and bequeath her the family jewels as well as a sum of money. But when mention was made of the absurd legacy to himself, he found himself first reddening up furiously at being made, as it were, the butt of a grim and cruel practical joke. Then he grew quickly as pale again, realizing how much it meant to him now, with Cynthia ill, and heaven alone knew how many insistent and heavy calls to be made on him.

So Aunt Helen had never forgiven him after all! But Bessie Graydon, a comparative stranger, was to have everything, or nearly everything, while he, his eccentric aunt's own flesh and blood, was put off with a grotesque legacy of an old armchair! Had the matter not been so very serious for him just then, he could have almost laughed aloud. Yet at the back of this temptation to unseemly hilarity he had the feeling of being sorely wounded and hurt. For he had been really attached to, and fond of Aunt Helen, as he had a good right to be, seeing that she had taken the place of a mother to him since both of his parents died at an early age.

It had been a real sorrow to him, too, to disappoint his kindly guardian, after all, in her intentions with regard to his marriage. Aunt Helen had always been romantic and sentimental—a little whimsical, too, perhaps, despite her great kindness and goodness of heart. And it has caused her both grief and anger that at the last moment, as she considered, Hugh had failed to fall in with her wishes and marry Bessie Graydon, the orphaned daughter of an old sweetheart of hers with whom she had foolishly quarreled as a girl, and had repented it ever since.

Bessie was a nice girl, pretty and wellbred and sweet voiced; she was also some half a dozen years older than Hugh, and as poor as a church mouse. Not that either of these considerations would have weighed in the least with Hugh could he have satisfied his aunt's most earnest desire and fallen in love with the girl. But that was impossible, seeing he had long ago given his heart to Cynthia Darley, the sweetest and dearest girl in all the world, for all that she was only a poor milliner and a Catholic as well. That he was very much in love with her he had given abundant proof in the fact that he had married her—he an all but briefless young barrister with nothing but his brains and the good will of his one wealthy relative to depend on, and now he had offended that relative beyond recall. Not only had he married Cynthia, but he had at her entreaties become a Catholic beforehead, and thus planted another bitter sword-thrust in rigid Aunt Helen's heart.

Well, he had not regretted either step, nor was he likely to, through troubles great and small had dogged his footsteps ever since. He had expected to be poor, but hardly dreamt that matters financial would turn out as badly as they did, or that the mere fact of his breaking away from the religion of his father and adopting the Catholic faith would have played such havoc with his erstwhile hopeful prospects as an advocate. And still he had been happy, so frankly, deliciously happy with his dear Cynthia that, despite their poverty, not for all the wealth of the world would he have wished himself free again. In his bachelorhood Hugh Grandison had been nominally a Protestant, in reality nothing; but since he adopted his new religion, new to him, but old and steadfast and great as Christianity itself, a strange, wonderful peace had grown up in his heart, for which he thanked his Maker every day and night of his life.

The memory of all this flashed through his mind as he sat in Aunt Helen's parlor on that dreary November day, a little stunned and shaken by what he had just listened to. If Cynthia had been only well and strong! But for a long time after her baby's birth she had been weak and ailing, and now that there was the prospect of another life coming to share their own, he felt not a little anxious in her regard. She needed careful watching and nursing, the best of medical attention and advice, strengthening tonics, change of air, good food, and sometimes she feared that, dispite all his earnest adjuration, she was inclined to neglect herself in the latter respect, preferring to save money for some household requisite or for some little "surprise for himself.

Dear Cynthia! dear girl! And all the while her cheeks grew thinner and paler her eyes more big and wistful. If only he could take her away somewhere for a time, away from the cares of the house, from all the petty anxieties and pitiful economies, some haven of fresh air and good food and quiet, dreamless sleep where she might rest and grow strong! How much even a few of Aunt Helen's crisp banknotes might have done for them now. "Oh, Aunt, Helen," he thought, miserably, "you little knew how cruel you were going to be!"

His eyes rested with mingled fascination and dislike on the great old chair on the other side of the fireplace. There was no mistaking it, "the old armchair" in which his aunt had spent the greater part of her later enfeebled years. Even in his childhood, he remembered now, that same old chair had always fascinated him somehow, with its great high back and deep embrasure, and its four handsome legs of old black mahogany revised in the shape of eagles' claws with the bird's hooked beak and glittering eyes above, and wide, richly carved wings spread out on either side. It was a handsome and no doubt valuable chair, despite its solid gloominess of aspect. But at that moment he felt that he hated and abhorred it.

What could Cythia say or think when it was carried home to her, their one at present available legacy and asset out of all that Aunt Helen had possessed? But, of course, he knew she would say nothing. She would be just as sweet, perhaps only a little more loving and tender with him than before. And yet she must feel disappointed if only for his sake, poor girl. Though he never discussed his aunt's wealth or the matter of its likely disposal with her, she could not be without knowing he had expectations. Of course the matter of his marriage had caused disunion for a time, but ever since the birth of Baby Helen, whom they had named after her, Hugh had noticed a very great softening in his old aunt's attitude towards her recreant nephew.

This made his present disappointment only the keener; he shrank from going home to meet Cynthia's questioning gaze. And so it happened that when he did get back from his work a full hour later than usual, he found the hateful old arm chair already arrived before him.

To his poignant embarrassment and regret Cynthia was frankly enraptured with it.

"What a beautiful old chair!" she cried. "Did anyone ever see such handsome legs and wonderful carving?"

"And such lovely horse-hair covering." Hugh said with a grim smile of sarcasm.

"Oh, that part of it can be easily remedied," Cynthia nodded, unconsciously paraphasing the words of Aunt Helen's will. "Still, even as it stands, it's a beauty. I'm sure it is worth at least ten pounds, my dear.

"If I thought it was," said Hugh, in somewhat unnecessary savage tones, "I'd sell it to-morrow."

"I think I should rather keep it—especially as it was your aunt's favorite chair," she began.

"I'm very glad you like it so much," he said bitterly, and letting his face fall in his hands, "especially as it's about all of Aunt Helen's property we are ever likely to possess."

Cynthia's lids quivered a second, and the lines of her pretty mouth took a downward curve. She said nothing, however, but went over and laid a soft arm tenderly about her husband's shoulder.

"Is that why you are so cross?" she asked, stooping to plant a kiss on the top of his head just above the brows where his hair began laterly to show premature grey.

"Am I cross, dear?" he asked penitently. "I am sorry. But you see—I was thinking chiefly of you."

"I am all right, Hugh," she said with well-feigned cheerfulness, though there was a perceptible tremor in her voice. "The only thing I am sorry for, Hugh, if you had not married me this would not have happened."

"You are not sorry, dear, that I married you, are you?' he asked in tones of exceeding tenderness. "I am not, anyhow. And after all why should I quarrel with Aunt Helen's disposition of her property? She warned me what would happen if I displeased her, and I went into the thing with eyes wide open. I chose the greater treasure of the two, and I am dearly thankful to possess her." His arms went lovingly about her, and he laid her cheek caressingly against hers.

"And still," he went on, in half-regretful tones. "I did hope Aunt Helen had forgiven me. I could see she was clearly taken with you from the first day you met, and she was immensely pleased to have baby called after her and to be asked to stand sponsor to her grandniece. I felt sure there were tears in her eyes on the day of the christening, as she sat before the fire with baby in her lap."

"If she had lived a little longer, she might have altered her will again in your favor. Probably she hardly realized she was dying in the end. But anyhow"—with a half sigh—"we have each other and baby, and that is nearly everything. And we must only make the best of things—and of the old armchair!" she finished, with a wan smile.

That Cynthia intended to put the latter part of her intention into speedy practice was abundantly evident when Hugh returned a few evenings later and found her struggling with a hammer, some brass-headed nails, a length of pink ball-fringed gimp, and several yards of chintz adorned with an old-world pattern of roses and lilies and carnations.

"It's pretty, Hugh, isn't it?" she asked brightly, holding up the chintz for him to see. I thought the old fashioned pattern would harmonize best with the carving. It cost 25 cents a yard, and I think it's the best I can do until later on, when we can afford to have it properly upholstered. That would mean a matter of several dollars, I expect, or perhaps more.

"The only thing that worries me about this chair," she declared with a pucker between her brows, a little later, after Hugh had duly admired the pattern and eaten his frugal dinner, "is that it feels so hard and uncomfortable just here," pointing to a spot high up in the back of the chair. "One would think it was stuffed with brown paper, and I'm afraid it must have felt very hard and uncomfortable indeed for poor old Aunt Helen's head."

"I hadn't noticed," Hugh said, with indifference, the truth being that he felt such a spite against the same old chair that thus far he had consistently refused even to sit in it.

"There's something there, whatever it is, and I'm going to have it out," Cynthia said, with sudden determination, as with scissars and hammer she removed some of the brass-headed nails and dust-laden black gimp edging and drew back at length a portion of the horse-hair covering. Then she plunged one hand searchingly inside.

"I knew it was brown paper," she said with some triumph, and she withdrew her hand a second later and held up something to Hugh's mildly enquiring gaze.

"Why, it looks like a parcel, something tied up with twine, and very carefully tied up, too," she added, with suddenly-kindled interest "What on earth can it be, Hugh?"

"We'll very soon find out," Hugh told her, quickly taking out his penknife and cutting the cord.

With fingers that trembled a little he undid the parcel, which apparently consisted at first sight of one piece of brown paper folded closely within another. But on opening the inner fold an exclamation of joy and surprise broke simultaneously from the two eager investigators. For there, wrapped closely together in the center, lay a thick fold of treasury notes—$500, and another $500, and yet another, and so on till their total reached the goodly sum of $50,000. It wasn't all of Aunt Helen's wealth, but it was undoubtedly the best part of it, and for a little while Hugh could hardly bring himself to believe in his own great good luck.

"Good old Aunt Helen," he said at last, a little huskily." Its was so like her, Cynthia, to do this. You see she was always so determined and so fond of priding herself on her own consistency. She would not go back od her word that she intended to disinherit me, and would leave me nothing in her will. And yet—one sees it clearly now, even the meaning of what she said about your clever fingers, and which at first, God forgive me, I took to be an unworthy sneer at your profession as milliner. It is very evident that she badly wanted us to have the money all the same. God bless her tender heart!"

"I'm so glad," Cynthia said and there was a sound of happy tears in her voice, "so very glad, darling, that after all you had not to pay too dearly for me."

"Too dearly!" Hugh repeated in tones of deepest tenderness, "as though one could pay too dearly for you, my pearl of great price, my greatest treasure on earth, 'whose price is far above rubies.'"

—Nora Tynan O'Mahony.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA

The Rev. J. M. Fraser, a Catholic missionary in China, writes interestingly in The Irish Ecclesiastical Record on the "Prospects of the Catholic Church in China."

Father Fraser passes in review the Flowery Kingdom from the political, social and religious standpoint and then depicts the prospects of the Church among the Chinese.

The last century has been one of remarkable change especially among the nations of the Far East.

Japan has sprung almost in one bound from abject barbarism to a place in civilization in many respects on a level with the Western countries.

And now China, like a giant that has been sleeping for centuries, is awakening and stretching its huge limbs and reaching out for the modern civilization which her island neighbor already possesses.

In the past, China has been ultra-conservative—almost a painted nation on the world's map. But there is a process of evolution now going on, all the more rapid because so long delayed. China insists on joining the nations in the march of civilization.

The Boxer outbreak was the preliminary effort of the Chinese, a proud people, to break the domination of the foreign powers.

It was unsuccessful and now China has determined to follow in the footsteps of the white race and eventually compete with it by imitating the methods of the Europeans.

It may be news to many of our readers but a constitutional government is in sight for the Chinese people. After much study of the different forms of government, the Chinese determined that the constitutional form is destined to be the most satisfactory for China.

Pekin consented to allow the introduction of the constitutional form of government in ten years. In the meanwhile the people were to be educated up to its requirements. Elections were held for minor offices and the outcome was an agitation for the speedier possession of the constitutional form.

In less than two years from now the Chinese people will be enjoying the blessings of constitutional government.

What does this portend? Many believe that it sounds the knell of the present dynasty and many are looking forward to the day when China shall be a republic.

It is difficult to imagine a nation, so immersed in extreme conservatism, running the pathway of national politics so fast, but the Chinese have been studying the United States as a model; every Chinese student coming to the States, returns to China an American at heart and an apostle of American institutions.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility, therefore, that in a comparatively few years China may be a republic.

Father Fraser assures us that the social progress of China is no less marked than the political.

The old system of education has gone by the board and modern schools and modern methods are finding place everywhere throughout the kingdom. "In all the big cities," says Father Fraser, "there are High schools in which besides Chinese and the other branches, English and Japanese are taught. A number of universities have also been established throughout the Empire. Not only is the course of up-to-date, but even the buildings are of modern American type."

The Chinese are not a dull race and there is every evidence that in a short while education will reach the masses of the people.

The use of opium is of comparatively late introduction among the Chinese. Its consumption was fostered by England and France for the revenue which they derived. China may thank England chiefly for the curse of opium which fastened itself like a serpent's fang upon her people.

Some time ago an International Conference was held at Shang-hai with the view to aid China to suppress the evil. England promised to discontinue the importation of opium into China if China would herself suppress its cultivation.

China set to work earnestly. Stringent laws were made against the manufacture and use of opium. To the immense credit of the Chinese, let it be said that they heroically shook off the opium demon, until now it has ceased to be a menace. It is the hope of the Chinese authorities that within a decade the opium habit will be but a memory.

The women of China constitute one-fourth of the female population of the globe. We hear much agitation by the suffragettes. Did it ever strike these over-zealous women how their sisters fare in China?

The baby girl is not a welcome visitor in a Chinese home. And when she comes, she is disposed of without much ceremony. Sometimes she is abandoned by heartless parents, but the custom is to betroth them as soon as possible. The marriage is arranged entirely by the father of the girl and the latter never interposes any objection.

At the age of six, the feet of the girl are bound with strong bandages and kept bound through life so tightly that they cannot grow any larger than they were at that period. Small feet are considered beautiful and a young man turns from a girl with natural-sized feet. It is a singular custom and unnecessary if not injurious. But when some European women went through the country lecturing on the evils of footbinding, the wise and unruffled Chinese remarked that these ladies' own custom of tight-lacing was even more injurious to health.

In Catholic institutions the cruel practice of feet-binding is not allowed and the Catholic young men among the Chinese are gradually weaned away from insisting that their wives have these artificially small feet.

Pagan girls never go to school, though some few are breaking through this exclusion. "Why," asks the father, "should I pay to educate another man's wife?"

Father Fraser adds: "It cannot be denied that this total subjection of woman to man in a pagan nation like China, where moral restraints, religious instruction and the sacraments are wanting, is not only necessary but produces a salutary effect, preserving the great mass of the people from immoral corruption." The women, moreover, are convinced that this subjection is according to nature and reason.

Father Fraser gives a glowing enough picture of religion among the Chinese. As he says: "The devil sits with ease on the colossal throne he has made for himself in China."

As Father Fraser's picture is authentic and drawn by one living among the scenes he describes, we reproduce it in its entirety. We feel that it will not weary our readers:

"From time immemorial the Chinese were idolators. They lost the idea of God soon after the Flood. At first they religiously kept the memory of Noah, his sons, and their own ancestors, but this soon degenerated into ancestor-worship, to which they have tenaciously held to the present day. Idol-worship was a later introduction, and Buddhism did not make its appearance till after Christ. It was in Ningpo that I saw, for the first time, a person committing the sin of idolatry. It was an old woman prostrating herself with great reverence before an ugly idol. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me. I was nauseated. But now such scenes make little impression on me, for they are an everyday occurrence. China might well be described as a great sea or ocean of idolatry. High and low, from the emperor to the peasant, men women and children are all sunk in the deepest idolatry. The land is swarming with pagan temples, monasteries, and nunneries; overrun with pagan priests, nuns, sorcerers, and fortune-tellers. Idolatry and superstition are rife to all conditions and circumstances. A pagan cannot speak five minutes without giving utterance to an invocation to the gods or other superstitious expression. If a house has to be built a fortune-teller must be called in to fix a day on which work is to be commenced, what direction the house is to face, etc. The day to perform the marriage ceremony has also to be fixed by the sooth-sayer. The spot in which to bury the dead has similarly to be chosen by this presumptuous charlatan. He pretends to know everything by means of a compass surrounded by mysterious characters. Sometimes the plot he chooses for the grave is another man's farm. The latter asks an enormous price for a piece of ground which in reality is worth only a pittance. The buyer is obliged to purchase it, even if he should thus bring himself to the verge of ruin, for he firmly believes that in that spot alone will the parent or relative to be buried enjoy 'pleasant breezes' and be comfortable in his tomb. If, rejecting the 'wind and rain' master's verdict, he has the interment in another place, misfortune will be heaped on his family. The four hundred millions of China are swayed by lying geomancers! Four hundred million rational being slaves of the magnetic needle! When will missionaries come in sufficient numbers and with sufficient zeal to redeem them from folly during life and hell after death?

It would take too long to give even a vague idea of the vast, all-penetrating superstition that holds the poor Chinese nation bound, as though in bonds of steel, slaves of the devil. In winter the Emperor orders prayers and sacrifices to be offered by the princes to the dragon for snow; in the summer he entreats heaven for rain. Festivals, sacrifices, and theatrical representations in honor of the gods occur at short intervals, and form, one would say, the very life of the Chinese. The latter are emphatically a religiously-minded people. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and have a great fear of ghosts. Thousands of stores in Ningpo make good profit on the sale of incense, candles, superstitious papers, and articles used in the worship of ancestors and idols. The devil sits with ease on the colossal throne he has make for himself in China and receives the adoration of millions.

And finally what about the Church in China? Father Fraser answers: "The Church is making headway, to be sure—100,000 thousand converts a year." But, as the zealous missionary adds, it will take at that rate about four thousand years to convert China to Christianity.

During the last twenty years, the Catholics have doubled in numbers. There are now 1,200,000 Catholic Chinese. There are about 600 Chinese Catholic priests. In Father Fraser's parish in Ningpo, he has 3,000 Catholics with a mission field of several million pagans stretching out before him.

The great need of the Church in China is missionaries. The sects are abundantly supplied. There are 3,000 Protestant missionaries, men and women, in China and they employ 11,000 Chinese helpers to spread heresy.

Father Fraser declares that conditions are ripe for a multitude of conversions to the Church. He says of the Chinese

The vast majority of the pagans in China are simple honest people, having but one wife and working from morning till night for the support of their families. One mandaria suffices to govern hundreds of thousands of subjects. In the district of Fenghua, which has over a million inhabitants, there were only two executions in fifty years, and the solitary prison contains only a handful of prisoners. * * * Some people judging from the ports, think the Chinese a very immoral race, but they are not. The disgraceful scenes which take place on some of our streets are never witnessed in China, not even in Shanghai. The Chinese have the utmost respect for the proprieties of social intercourse, in which great reserve is maintained between men and women. The latter are remarkably

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modest in all their actions; rarely speak to men in public and are satisfied with the society of people of their own sex at family gatherings. Obscene pictures are forbidden by law. Womanhood is held in esteem and monuments are erected to widows faithful to the memory of their first husbands. In a word, the Chinese, though pagan, possess many of the natural virtues and this, joined with their belief in the supernatural gives great hope of their future conversion."

In conclusion, let us call attention to a statement by Father Fraser which may well attract Catholics of means in the United States:

"It only takes $360 to found a permanent burse, the interest on that amount being sufficient to keep a seminarian, and when he is ordained another pious and prominent lad is taken in his place and so on forever."

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN

A common fallacy to-day is "Do right, think and believe as you please." Right doing is but the flower of right thinking. If God has a right to the external act, so has He to the internal. In Him we live and move and have our being. Everything, therefore, that is ours in the sphere of thought and action is from God. God has His place in the home, in the school, in the shop, in the office. When He is pushed out of a place, then we have truly a God-forsaken place.

It is the duty of Christian parents either to get God back into the schools or get their children out of them. I say, get God back. The first schools established by the New England Puritans were parochial schools. They anticipated the spirit of the constitution of the United States, which places the support of public peace and prosperity in virtue and religion. Professor Morrison of California says of the public school system: "It is an educational system which fails to educate." Hence, with due deference to the well-equipped, conscientious body of teachers, it must be said that their work is not a success. The fault is not theirs, but in the system which they are compelled to follow.

In Washington's farewell address we read: "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that morality can prevail to the exclusion of religion."

The pastoral letter of the bishops of the United States at the Council of Baltimore in 1885, has this significant paragraph: "Take away religion from a people and morality will soon follow. Morality gone, even their physical condition will ere long degenerate into the corruption which breeds decreptitude, while their intellectual attainments would only serve as a light to guide them to deeper depths of vice and ruin."

Learning does not spell goodness. The devil has a brilliant brain. Much learning made him mad. If education could save a person, the devil never would have been damned. Development must be symmetrical else you have a mis-shapen monster. Religion must mold the young life to all that is true and virtuous and holy. Education is light, but the light that decoys a traveler from the true road to his home is worse than darkness. Platitudes, trite maxims, abstractions are only barriers of straw when the flood tide of voracious passions seethes and heaves in the human breast.

Morality without the check, the solemn sanction of religion, which says, "Obey the law or else"—take the terrific consequence, is a fond dream. Suppose the criminal code should say, "Violation of this law will be punished by a loss of self-respect; violations of this law are unmanly, unworthy of our fathers; violations serve no useful end; violations will exclude you from respectable society." Such a law, unsanctioned by power to punish, would be a farce. The lawmaker would be set down as a dreamer of dreams. Now, a moral law of purity, sobriety, honesty is harder to observe than any civil or criminal law, and if so, what are we to think of those who say, "We can make the moral law respected without even mentioning a word about Him who made that law, without ever speaking a word of such a thing as punishment from a higher Power on those who violate the law"? When you are sorely tempted to violate the temple of God, to profane your own body, to steal, to swear, to lie, think how unmanly it is, and, presto! the tempter flies and your passions subside. Human nature has a dumb, savage way of pulverizing cant. "My grace is sufficient for thee." Without that grace our fallen nature wallows in the sewage of sin. The state has a right to educate its citizens if the parents are neglectful of their duty, but the parents' rights are first and most sacred. The child is more helpless than the young of all animals. Its eternal destiny and temporal well being are placed by God in the parents' hands. The child has a future stretching far and beyond the power of imagination to follow. That future must determine the education of the children. If the child were sent to earth to gather wealth, to drink in pleasure, to make a name, then the parents' duty would be to see to it that the child's education should be along these lines and that anything touching God, redemption, sin or grace should not be so much as named in the curriculum of studies. If the parents can't educated their own children, then they are bound to get somebody else to whom they delegate their authority. They are not free to choose Turk, Jew or atheist to do the sacredest duty that God ever imposed. If a mother cannot, or will not, suckle her own child, she would be a monster hewn out of a rock if she chose a diseased person to do it for her. A mother has no right to condemn her child to lifelong disease or premature death. But the milk of instruction may be tainted, or diluted, or diseased, and therefore parents are bound under God to provide instruction for their children from the well of doctrine undefiled.

The school is an attribute of the family. It is not, and never can be, an institution of the state. The school is older than the state because the family existed before the state. The school, then, cannot draw its existence from the state. The state is not an educational institution, though it should materially assist in providing educational facilities for such families as need them. The state has as much right to prescribe the number of your children, their food and clothing, as of their education. The parent has no more right to deprive his child of a religious education than he has to sell that child into slavery.

The child, by its natural birth, belongs to the parent, but through its second (supernatural) birth in baptism it belongs to the Church. Christ made His Church responsible for the education of humanity when He said: "Go and teach all nations." Hence the Church has a right and a divine duty in the education of her children. When a Catholic says in deed "I will not permit the Church to rule over the education of my child," he, all unwittingly, let us hope, runs counter to the commission of Christ, "Go and teach all nations."

Only for the devotedness of the Church to education during nineteen centuries the men who now revile her and pretend to ignore her educational influence would be naked savages in primaeval forests. She is the lover of little children. She keeps crying to parents, "Suffer your little ones to come to me to be educated, and forbid them not." She decks the walls of the schoolroom with sacred images, with the crucifix. She is not ashamed of Jesus Christ crucified. She tells the child all about Him—His beauty, tenderness, strength, divinity. Like a mystic gardener, she takes the tendrils of the child's heart and entwines them around the tree of the cross. The spiritual vine of young affection so trained will seldom fall and trail along the mud of earthly passions but will grow and feed on the sap of the tree of life. Lessons of history show the child the all-ruling providence of God. A God who could make a world and then leave it sink or swim would be as repellent to our best instincts as the mother who forgets the son of her womb. The child is told the distinction between churchmen and the Church. If a churchman is a criminal, why saddle his sin on the Church? The confusion between these two has inflicted many a stripe on the back of the Church. Above all, the child is told where he came from and whither he is going. He is not trained merely to trim the sails and mend the tackle of his life-boat, but he is directed how to steer to. A man may be a good swimmer, but if he can't see the shore. If he is told nothing about the shore, he will sink. Education without religion teaches a man to swim, often, indeed, with grace and speed; but it teaches him nothing about the shore of eternity. What's the use?—Sacerdos, in St. John's Calendar, Brooklyn.

EFFECTS OF COMMUNION ESPECIALLY ON CONVERTS

BY RIGHT REV. MGR. JOSEPH RAINER, OF MILWAUKEE, DELIVERED BEFORE THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

To comply with the apostolic injunction. "To restore all things in Christ," we must be in union with Christ. United with Him, the author and source of all graces, we shall be more and more transformed into Him, so that "we live, not we, but Christ in us." Therefore our Holy Father, to carry out the great program of his pontificate, first of all turned his eyes to the great mystery of love, which Christ has instituted to effect this union of Himself with the Christian soul, a union closer and more intimate than which can not be imagined on earth—he turned his eyes to that Blessed Eucharist. In his wisdom he felt and foresaw that the sooner and the more frequently the children of God's Church would be united with Jesus in Holy Communion the more surely and the more thoroughly the renewal of all things in Christ would be accomplished. Although only a comparatively short time has elapsed since he issued his remarkable decree about frequent and daily Communion and about the first Communion of children, we see, and can not but see, that a great reform is working its way in the Catholic Church, that a new and strong impetus has been given to Catholic life and practice; and the more we enter into the mind and sentiment of our Holy Father, the more we must admire his heaven-inspired wisdom, the more readily we will acknowledge that he is guided by the Spirit of Truth. His name will go down to posterity as the Pope of the Blessed Eucharist.

After these introductory remarks, I now approach the subject alloted to me for this occasion: "The Effect of Holy Communion on Adults, and Particularly on Converts."

STRENGTHENS LIFE OF SOUL

We all know from dogmatic theology that the effect of Holy Communion is in the soul of the recipient. Its general effect is, of course, the same in children and in adults, in those that have been born and raised as Catholics and in those that join in later years. It is, as our great theologian, Father Huter, puts it, "Vitae spiritualis conservatio et perfectio," the preserving and perfecting of the spiritual life. As the natural food nourishes and strengthens our bodies, so this Bread from Heaven, this manna of the soul preserves, strengthens and perfects the life of our soul. And this it does in the child as well as in the adult. But, although this effect is the same esentially, it is widely different in the manner and extent of operation. It was the same Jesus who called the children to Himself to bless and caress them who visited the publican, bringing "salvation to his house;" the same Jesus who sent His healing power to the servant of the centurion, and who entered the house of the pharisee to speak the word of forgiving mercy to penitent Magdalen; the same Jesus who delivered the possessed from the thraldom of the evil one, and who cured the sick, giving sight to the blind and speech to the dumb. He went about doing good to all to whom He came, spreading graces and blessings; but these graces and blessings; were adapted to the different needs and conditions of men; they were essentially the same yet widely different in particular. And so in Holy Communion the same Jesus enters the soul of the innocent child to preserve it from the defilement of sin and to strengthen it against the manifold dangers that threaten it on its way through life, and He enters the soul of grown-up Christians to give them strength and the grace of perseverance to fulfill the obligations of their state of life; He enters the soul of the lowly laborer, who earns his bread in the sweat of his brow, to make him happy and contented in his poverty; He enters the soul of the rich and well-to-do to instill into them that self-sacrificing charity which makes them share abundance with their needy brethren; as the friend of sinners and as the merciful Samaritan He enters the heart of the repenting sinner to heal the wounds which sin has inflicted, and He enters the soul of the more perfect to make them loathe the world and to inflame them with a more ardent desire after the eternal hills.

DUTY OF THE PRIEST

All these are truisms, and I am well aware that I have not said anything new or unfamiliar to the priest. But let us draw some practical conclusion from these remarks.

All these graces and blessings flow from this heavenly fountain, and all are invited to partake of them; but it is the priest who dispenses them. He stands, so to say, at the head of the fountain to draw for all those that wish to drink the waters that flow into life eternal; for he is the divinely appointed dispenser of the mysteries of God.

But it is the duty of the priest not only to invite the faithful and to dispose their hearts for a worthy reception; he must endeavor and use all his zeal to make the divine mysteries as fruitful as possible, and to instruct the faithful as to how they can derive from the heavenly banquet those graces and spiritual benefits which are adapted to their needs and to their particular state of life.

They may have some vague, general desires, and still do not know for what they should pray; they are not conscious of their particular needs, of the dangers which surround them and of the duties which devolve on them in order to make their Holy Communion a source of graces for themselves and of edification to their fellowmen. Therefore the priest should frequently speak of the effects of Holy Communion not in general terms, but in their application to the different conditions of the communicants and to their standing in society. By so doing he will counteract one of the most common objections against the practice of frequent Communion; that Catholics who are frequently seen at the Communion table are no better, but worse, than others. He should tell the rich that one of the fruits of Holy Communion is a generous disinterested love for their fellowmen, a love which manifests itself in the works of Christian charity and in giving alms to the poor. He should tell the poor and lowly that He Whom they receive has strength and peace of heart which relieves and soothes the privations of poverty; he should tell those who are in sorrow and afflicted that He Whom they receive has pronounced a blessing on those that weep, and that He has carried for them the cross of suffering that suffering for Christ's sake is a privilege and a sign that God loves them. He should tell the business man that those who approach this heavenly banquet insure for themselves God's blessing and success in their undertakings, but that this practice should guard them against temptations to dishonesty and that excessive greed for money by which men without religion enrich themselves at the expense of others.

For many years I enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of a great business man who carried on an extensive trade in one of our large cities and whose advertisements you have no doubt read in different papers and magazines. I often met him and conversed with him, and still it had taken years before I learned from others that he was a daily communicant. But he also was a model Catholic gentleman. What I admired in him was that, whenever I visited him in his store, he never spoke about business, but always about religious subjects, asking questions about religious observances and ceremonies, etc. Once he spoke to me about the effects of Holy Communion in a manner that deeply impressed me. Father, said he, it is hard to describe how I feel when I return from the Communion table. I always feel a new strength to carry the burdens of life, so that all the difficulties and troubles that I experience dwindle into nothing. He was also very successful in his enterprises; God blessed his work here below; so that the word of the apostle could be applied to him: "Pietas ad omnia utilis est, promissionem habens vitae, quae nunc est, at futurae." (I Tim. iv. 8.)

EFFECT ON CONVERTS

I am expected to add a few words on the effect of Holy Communion on Converts. I own that I have had but scant personal experience in the training of converts; for those that are entrusted to my care are supposed to already be converted. But I also confess that I have always taken intense interest in reading the biographies of converts; because they show in how wonderful and mysterious ways God leads His chosen souls from darkness to light and into the saving bosom of His Holy Church. It is equally remarkable to see how that doctrine, which in most cases proves the greatest stumbling block in their gropings after truth, often becomes the strongest bulwark of their faith and their sweetest comfort after their conversion; I mean the doctrine of the Real Presence.

One of the most remarkable cases of this kind is the conversion of professor Von Kuville of the University of Halle, which has quite lately caused an extraordinary sensation in Germany. A distinguished scholar and brilliant writer, a historian of the first rank and professor in one of the most prominent seats of learning in the very heart of Protestant Germany, quite unexpectedly and in spite of persistent and practical opposition, declared his humble submission to Catholic truth and told the story of his conversion in a book whose title manifests his mind and disposition, "Zurucc zur heiligen Kirche" (Back to Holy Church.)

In the first chapter of this book he confesses that a long time before his conversion he believed in nearly all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. "I acknowledged," he writes, "the Primacy of the Pope. I approved thoroughly of the worship of the saints and relics. I had no essential objection to the seven sacraments. What, then, kept me from confessing the Catholic truth? The answer is: I did not believe in Transubstantiation; or rather my conception of that doctrine was such that I was unable to accept it. This, I felt, was the obstacle which separated me absolutely from the Catholic Church."

It was the reading of Moehler's "Symbolism" that solved his doubts and, as he adds, in quite an unexpected way: "After I had read Moehler's Symbolism, all such doubts disappeared. The whole sublimity and profoundness, the whole central significance of the doctrine, became at once clear as soon as I had grasped its true meaning by an authoritative explanation. Now I knew that here was the pivot and the soul of the Catholic faith; here the pivot and soul of Christianity. Now I knew and believed the mystical miracle of the Holy Eucharist. This was not a doctrine, like other doctrines, to be accepted merely of obedience, or perhaps, even with mental reservation. No, he who denies this doctrine or agrees only half-heartedly with it, is Protestant; he who accepts it by faith can no longer keep aloof from the Catholic Church without committing grave sin. I accepted the doctrine and therefore I was Catholic at heart, though I required much instruction before I fully understood the miracle and its consequence.

And soon after he adds: "The act of being received into the Church together with my First Communion, created changes in me which cause me surprise. The mystical power, which went forth from both these sacred acts, chiefly from the Holy Communion, revolutionized my inmost nature, and my soul was lifted to a pinnacle of bliss which until then it had never known, nor been able to understand. And so I was now (and only now) after my reception into the Church and by the First Holy Communion, a real and true Catholic. The mystery had disclosed itself to me."

A similar experience has been had by many other converts, as you can learn from their autobiographies. The dogma of the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar, creates, as Msgr. Benson, himself a convert, remarks a definite ring or circle around the majesty of God. Those who accept is are, at least in spirit, Catholics; those who stand outside of it are, ultimately, the companions of those who would shade Christianity off, by "liberal opinions" and "common sense" into a mere ethical system or philosophy.

I have pointed out some of the effects which the Eucharistic Banquet produces in those who receive it worthily. It devolves upon us, priests of the Most High and dispensers of the heavenly mysteries, to make these graces and blessings accessible to those that approach it to open the well-spring of healing power "ut hauriant, aquas in gaudio de fontibus." (Is. xii. 3.)

PAPAL INDEPENDENCE

POINTS FROM ARCHBISHOP BOURNES ADDRESS. CIVIL INDEPENDENCE OF THE HOLY SEE NECESSARY FOR FREE EXERCISE OF POPE'S SPIRITUAL POWER

Intermountain Catholic

Of particular interest now because of the Turco-Italian war and its possible effect on continental Europe, is the most remarkable gathering last month in England—the Catholic Congress at Newcastle—the inaugural address of Archbishop Bourne of Westminster on "The Civil Independence of the Papacy"—the most striking passages of which we subjoin:

Our complaint and our protest against the situation created for the head of the Catholic Church by the unification of the kingdom of Italy are based, then, on the following grounds:

1. Civil independence is of absolute necessity for the free and untrammeled exercise of the Supreme Pontificate. The supreme head of the Universal Church cannot consistently with the dignity of his office, or the exercise of the powers of which he is the depository, be the subject of any government, but must not only possess but freely exercise sovereign rights.

2. The civil independence was guaranteed until 1870 by the existence of the Temporal Power.

3. The Temporal Power has been destroyed by the king and parliament of Italy.

4. The guarantee of the civil independence substituted by the Italian government are absolutely illusory, and quite insufficient for their purpose, for they were created and might at any moment be destroyed by a chance majority in the Italian parliament. And these very guarantees have been constantly and openly violated for many years past. Although they profess to recognize and vindicate the sovereignty of the Holy Father, offenses against his honor and person are allowed to pass unnoticed and unpunished, which, were they committed against the king of Italy, would bring down heavy punishment upon the offender.

5. It is the duty of the Italian government to find and to give to the Supreme Pontificate such guarantees of civil independence as will adequately replace the Temporal Power which it so ruthlessly and callously destroyed by force of arms in 1870.

6. So far the Italian government has made no effort at all to meet the legitimate claims of Catholics in this matter. A great wrong therefore remains without redress.

And let it not be said that the problem of conciliating the civil independence of the Papacy with the unity of the newly-formed kingdom of Italy presents a problem so difficult as to be practically incapable of solution. It is not indeed for us to determine what is the exact measure of independent sovereignty which is needed to give to the Holy See the free exercise of all its spiritual rights. As the Duke of Norfolk well stated in 1901: "It is not for us to say what arrangement with the Italian government would be satisfactory to the Pope. That is a question which he alone can determine. We know that the interests of the Church are safe in the hands of the Pope."

On the side of the Holy See the conditions are not likely to be too onerous. There is no desire on the part of the Papacy for temporal domination as such, there is no just of territory, no desire to play a part as one of the leading powers of the earth in the competition for increased worldly possessions. "My kingdom is not of this world," is a thought ever present to those who are concerned solely about spiritual things. So long as those spiritual things are duly and really and incontestably safeguarded, the extent of the civil independence, which guarantees them is a matter of very small account.

On the other hand the presence within the kingdom of Italy itself of an independent republic at San Marino; the existence of the sovereign principality of Monaco in the republic of France; the Free State of Andorra surrounded on every side by the jurisdiction of other states; the flourishing kingdom of Belgium dependent for its neutrality and autonomy not on its strength of defense, but purely on the guarantee provided by the public conscience of many European governments; all these existing facts show how easily with a little good will the civil independence of the Holy See might be adequately secured without detracting in any way from the essential unity of the kingdom of Italy. The task is not beyond the powers of a royal and upright statesmanship, and its successful accomplishment, while of supreme importance to the Catholic Church and to the members of the Church throughout the world, is of hardly smaller importance for the well-being and stability of United Italy itself. It is idle for those who have the prosperity of Italy at heart to ignore the presence therein of many dangerous and subversive elements who, if they hate the Papacy and strive to injure it, are scarcely less hostile to the House of Savoy and to the very idea of monarchy. If these revolutionary elements succeed in obtaining even a temporary mastery, the kingdom of Italy will be in danger greater far than any which can ever menace the Papacy. Is it not, then, the extreme of foolishness to leave unsettled this "Roman" question, thereby alienating and paralyzing the conservative forces of the country without whose aid United Italy can never hope for a stable and solid progressive prosperity? It is not as Catholics, but as lovers and admirers of so much that is noble and glorious in the history of the Italian peoples, that we most earnestly desire a speedy and completely satisfactory settlement of this difficulty, but most certainly soluble, problem. And as the commemorative events again called public attention to the critical and menacing nature of the actual situation, it would not have been right to allow this Congress to pass without affirming once more the strong convictions which Catholics hold on this subject.

The position taken here by Archbishop Bourne is practically the same as that taken more than a decade and a half ago by a non-Catholic publicist writing for an American secular journal. Arthur Warren, then of the Boston Herald staff, made a close study of the whole question in Rome and in Italy, and unhesitatingly declared that a really united Italy is impossible with a discontented Rome; and that for a contented Rome, the independence of the Holy See is the only guarantee.

It is a curious thing that no matter how often this question is put aside by enemies of the Church as a dead issue, it crops up again as a notably live and practical issue; never more so than at the present time. There are many signs that the Italian government itself would welcome better relations with the Vatican, and is preparing itself to yield what it must to bring these about; and its motives are not altogether unselfish.

BOER WAR CONVERT

Some of the foreign papers are carrying an account of General Anthony Otton, one of the survivors of the late army of the Transvaal Republic, which may, perhaps, be of equal interest to Catholic readers in this country. It is generally conceded that he fought with great courage during the Boer War, but the papers add this fact to prove his bravery.

When he was the general in command of the staff he fought for a whole day with one hundred and fifty men against forty two thousand English. His men, who were, principally officers, all fell, and he himself was wounded. During the war his eight sons were killed. Kruger had selected him as his successor.

And now the part of the story interesting to Catholics: General Oxton became a Catholic in 1885, when he was travelling in Italy. He was instructed say the foreign reports, by the present Holy Father, who was then Mgr. Sarto. The pious general never wore the military decorations he had received, but he always bore on his breast the medal of Saint Anthony, which was given him by the Father Provincial of the Franciscans at Santiago.

On the 17th of last June, when General Otton was in Jerusalem, he became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and he considers it a great honor to be among the children of the Seraph of Assisi.—Church Progress.

Let us awaken to the divine privilege of sharing the heartaches of our friends; of the meaning of good-fellowship; of that independence of spirit that does not imitate; of courage and pride that can endure adversity with dignity and without fear.

If Ireland to day is the most Catholic land in the civilized world, if Dublin of all Catholic capitals in Christendom is the most intensely Catholic, the secret of this, her glorious privilege, is an easy matter to reveal. Ireland to-day is what she is because her sons and daughters say their prayers and go to the sacraments. Let us go forth, resolved to do likewise, and we, too, like them, will remain unspoilt by modernity, unspotted from the world. The antidote of her modern, up-to-date life is the Eucharist.—Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation.
Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,
DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegate

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey

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,
†D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1911

"RELIGION IN THE DOMINION"

By Rev. G. Watt Smith

"The fifth of a series of articles by this distinguished Ottawa clergymen, who will relate his convictions and the impressions he has formed since he came to Canada.'

Such is the heading in the Evening Journal (Ottawa) of a very prominent first page article, one of a series as indicated. As it is desirable sometimes to see ourselves as others see us, we shall give some space to the views of the rev. gentleman. Previous to the recent election campaign one might have lived in Ottawa without hearing much of the Rev. G. Watt Smith, but he then leaped into the lime-light by preaching the Gospel of Reciprocity, with, we must admit, but indifferent success. Now through the kindness of The Journal, which, however, disclaims all responsibility for his views, he remains for a while very prominently before the Ottawa public.

"There are a few of the kinds of religion in the Dominion which are ranked under the indefinite term of various. Some which have a racial origin, as among the Polish settlers who bring the priests of the Greek Church with them."

We have no particular reason for quoting these opening sentences of Rev. G. Watt Smith's article, unless as a specimen of his literary style, and a sample of accuracy of "the impressions he has formed." Some Polish reader may be puzzled; but let him wait, there are more things in G. Watt Smith's convictions and impressions than are dreamt of in Canadian philosophy.

"The first thing which strikes a settler who has taken an active part in religious affairs is the position the Roman Catholic Church holds in the Dominion." Thus he strikes the keynote of his religious impressions, but digresses at great length to tell us that there is an established church in Scotland and also in England. Of the Church of Scotland he says:

"But the grim spectre of establishment with its doughty lieutenant of endowment, is the ogre which bars all progress to an amalgamation of agencies which would do more than double the total effectiveness of the churches."

Of the Church of England he tells us many things well known before, but concludes with this emphatic and rather startling statement:

"In the light of a common Christianity the established church of England as a state institution is an offence to every unbiassed, intelligent disciple of Jesus Christ; it bars the way to progress in the amelioration of the nation."

For convenience we shall place here what Rev. G. Watt Smith thinks of Anglicans in Canada, where "the accident of establishment is removed." He finds amongst them an aloofness, an exclusiveness, a foolish attachment to the doctrine of Apostolic succession. "The fact that the clergy of the Church of England could not be induced in this city, even after the visit of Archdeacon Madden, to form a branch of the Evangelical Alliance, is a fact of significant and sinister importance." However, there is a ray of hope for the Anglicans, Mr. Smith sees "signs of a better disposition to-day." Pointing out the utter folly of their holding aloof in Canada he invites the Anglican Church "to quit its backward looks to the things of hoary antiquity" and to form "a regiment in the general army of those who rank with the soldiers of the faith rediscovered by Martin Luther."

"The Baptists are an anomaly. In plain speech the Baptists do not hold communion with those who have not been immersed. That is a narrow and limited notion which the old country has outgrown."

"Congregationalism in Canada is a negligible quantity either as a training school for public life or a cult for intensive spirituality."

Presbyterianism and Methodism are all right, "What if there is an obscurantist dogmatism occasionally in evidence!"

We have kept the good wine for the last—Rev. G. Watt Smith's impressionistic convictions with regard to Canadian Catholics:

"Roman Catholicism stands in a privileged position in the old province of Quebec. When the new comer ventures to express his surprise he may be reproved for his temerity by a reference to a dread document called the British North America Act. But while that document of a previous age may silence him, it cannot remove his surprise or bring him to acquiesce in the underlying principle. He knows that any religion which has a state recognition is a danger to the commonwealth, as attested by the red stains on British and other European history."

Rev. G. Watt Smith does not say in what way the Catholic Church is favored in the Province of Quebec over any other Church, so we presume it is just an "impression he has formed since he came to Canada." It were idle to enter into a serious argument with an impressionist. He seems to think we stand in superstitious awe of the British North America Act; and airily informs us that that "monument of a precious age" does not "impress" him. It it too bad that the Rev. G. Watt Smith could not have had a word or two with the Fathers of Confederation, or even with the Home authorities, before 1867. The British North America Act would have embodied something worthy of reverence, and would probably not have aged so rapidly. However, the loss of that "previous age" is our gain; the Rev. G Watt Smith is with us now; and he has brought to us over the ocean the great truth that "State recognition of any religion is a danger to the commonwealth." He is quite at home when he speaks of British people and British traditions. And yet there is an Established Church in Scotland; there is an Established Church in England; there is an Established church in Wales; there was an Established alien church in Ireland until 1869. In Ireland Catholics had to give up to the tithe proctors one-tenth of the produce of their farms to support an alien church and ministry. There is no established Church in Quebec, but the Catholic Church, the Church of the great majority of the inhabitants of the province, has certain legal rights, no one of which in the slightest degree infringes on the rights or hampers the freedom of Protestants, Jews or Infidels.

"If the present movement to create a new Nationalism in the Dominion identifies itself with an agressive Romanism it will rouse sentiments which have long slumbered among British people, but which are none the less real and strong."

If we did not know that the Rev G. Watt Smith is an "impressionist" we should ask him what he means by the stern warning and the slumbering sentiments.

The Eucharistic Congress, of course, secures the Rev. G. Watt Smith's attention. "It was a departure from British traditions to give that gathering even the semblance of government recognition, a fact which many remembered at the polls on the 21st of September." The Eucharistic Congress was given no government recognition. The Hon. Mr. Borden and any numbers of his colleagues may attend an Anglican Synod, Methodist Conference or a general assembly, aye, and give some reason for the faith that is in them without incurring the censure of Catholics, and with no fear of "rousing sentiments" other than those of sincere respect for their outspoken adherence to the faith they profess.

Separate schools impress Rev. G. Watt Smith very unfavorably, just at a time when they impress many native Canadian educators, both Protestant and Catholic, very favorably indeed. But we shall have to readjust our views on matters educational or "the future of this nation will be eclipsed in gloom."

Rev. G. Watt Smith finds that "the movement for union amongst the churches is an impressive and gratifying feature in the religious life of the Dominion."

"In this respect we bid fair to lead the motherland and to show our sister colonies the best way for which they have been blunderingly feeling in hopeless despair while the people were perishing."

We fear Rev. Mr. Smith is somewhat optimistic; but let us be thankful that we have impressed him favorably at last.

But who knows, if we had a few more "settlers" like Rev. G. Watt Smith—just a few—Anglican arrogance and exclusiveness might melt away, Baptists outgrow their narrowness, Congregational insignificance be recognized by Congregationalists, the occasional obscurantist dogmatism of Methodism disappear, and all be merged into Presby—no, the reunited "army of those who rank with the soldiers of the faith re-discovered by Martin Luther."

Poor Papists and Romanists as we are, in the scholarly and courteous vocabulary of the Rev. G. Watt Smith, let us be thankful that he recognizes the Catholic Church as a "branch of the common Christian religion." Let us get rid of Separate schools and be careful of rousing the slumbering sentiments of "the British People."

Rev. G. Watt Smith has helped us materially to understand something that previously, with our Canadian experience, we found somewhat puzzling—the British (*pace Roman*) opinion of certain types of non-conformist clergymen.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

Italy has recently struck an harmonious note in the European concert by seizing Tripoli which belonged to Turkey. If the divine admonition, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," were heeded, there would be, if not tacit approval, at least shamefaced silence throughout Europe and even in a large part of America. But political expediency has justified this sort of land-grabbing so often that the Italians may be excused for invoking it once more. The outspoken and irrepressible Theodore Roosevelt, now editor of the Outlook, says:

"As for the war between Italy and Turkey, I am not now concerned with its ethical justificat on. Personally, I believe that it is in the interest of humanity that Tripoli should fall under European control, just as it is in the interest of humanity that Morocco shall so fall; just as it has been of immeasurable benefit to mankind, and especially to Algerian and Egyptian mankind, that Algeria and Egypt should fall under the control of France and of England."

Whether or not Italy is observing the rules of civilized warfare, it is difficult to determine, despite the chorus of condemnation of alleged atrocities. An English officer with the Italian troops in the trenches outside the city who were firing on the enemy located, but not in sight, told of a withering fire from a hundred yards' distance being poured into the Italian ranks. After the momentary confusion they found it was from Turks or Arabs under cover in the rear, who had surrendered and whose lives had been spared. Naturally, such "non-combatants" would get short shrift from the Italian soldiers. It may be that such acts of Turkish treachery rendered reprisals a military necessity. Another, claiming to be an English officer now serving voluntarily with the Turks, tells a harrowing tale and calls for intervention. He may be a truthful and honorable man, but in the absence of any definite information on that point his letter can hardly be accepted as conclusive evidence.

We have a vivid recollection of the alleged atrocities of the Spanish General Weyler in Cuba; but the crowning iniquity which earned for him the title of "Butcher Weyler" was his gathering of the inhabitants into concentration camps. During the South African war a short time afterwards the British generals were obliged to adopt the selfsame policy with regard to the Boers, and the same papers that fairly burned with indignation at "Butcher Weyler" in Cuba, assured us that concentration camps were a just, wise, prudent, civilized and necessary war measure on the part of the British in South Africa. So we may take the "Italian atrocities" with a grain of salt.

There is another aspect of the Tripolitan war which has furnished much copy for the correspondents, the attitude of the Vatican. One is forcibly reminded of a passage in the Gospel of St. Matthew:

"The Pharisees, going, consulted among themselves how to ensnare him in his speech. And they sent to him their disciples with the Herodians, saying: Master, we know that Thou art a true speaker, and teachest the way of God in truth; neither carest Thou for any man, for Thou dost not regard the person of men. Tell us, therefore, what dost Thou think, is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not?"

Cunningly devised was the snare! If Jesus said yes, He must run counter to the racial prejudices and ambitions of the Jews and range Himself on the side of the hated Roman. If no, then He could be denounced to the Roman governor as stirring up sedition against Cæsar. But Our Divine Lord, reading their hearts, gave that luminous answer which has laid bare many a snare since then and will lighten the way to the end of time: "Render, therefore, to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's."

So on the outbreak of this war with Turkey, the anti clerical press of Italy announced, the associated press repeated the announcement, and our papers proclaimed with all the emphasis of capital letters that the Vatican approves. The Pope had issued an order to Catholic missionaries to remain at their posts. That was all. But the statement that the Vatican was in hearty sympathy with the war was as clever as the question, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?"

If the Holy Father approved of the war, then this approval would be of great value to the Italian Government, and would place the Pope in an invidious light with the millions of Mussulmans amongst whom Catholic missionaries were peacefully spreading the gospel of Christ. If he disapproved, then this Italian Pope could be held up as opposed to the legitimate ambitions of his native Italy, and untrue to the traditions of the Papacy which inspired Christian Europe to hurl back the conquering hordes of Mohammedans which threatened to destroy Christian civilization.

Thus cleverly as their prototypes of old sought to ensnare our Lord in His speech, did the Italian Pharisees seek to ensnare his Vicar on earth to-day.

The most absolute neutrality of the Holy See could not silence the Pharisaical press; certain Italian prelates, as perhaps was quite natural, expressed their patriotic approval of their country's attitude. English, Catholic and Anglican prelates were not blamed for outspoken approval of the Boer war, though it was execrated by the majority of civilized nations. May the event of the Tripolitan war be as happy as that of South Africa. At any rate, we need not be greatly surprised if Italians, even though they are Bishops, sympathize with their country's war in Tripoli. It is, however, grotesque to represent this war as a religious war, or as a war in the interests of religion, or as in any way similar to the wars of self defense in the ancient struggle of Cross against the Crescent.

Anyone will readily see that the Pope as head of the Church is in an entirely different position from that of any other Italian Bishop, no matter how prominent. So that these very pronouncements, giving color as they did to the anti-clerical attempt to compromise the Holy See, called forth in the Osservatore Romano the following statement:

"The Tripoli enterprise is an absolutely political affair, with which religion, as such, is entirely foreign. And everybody should understand this. If the present were, by an absurd hypothesis, a war based on religion, we should repudiate it as strongly as the *Messagero*. Moreover we deplore and disapprove commemorations and discourses which, neglecting to take into account these criteria, suppose the existence in Italian Catholics of aspirations and tendencies which have no existence whatever. Those who speak in this thoughtless way fail to understand that, on the one hand, they are compromising most serious religious interests within the confines of the Ottoman empire, and that on the other, they are playing the game for anti-clericalism, native and exported."

On Saturday the 21st of October the *Osservatore Rmano* contained the following brief but unequivocal official pronouncement:

"Not a few journals which wish to serve in Catholic ranks, and several orators, ecclesiastic and lay, discussing the Italo-Turkish war, express themselves in a way to make it believed that it is almost a Holy War, undertaken in the name and with the support of religion and of the Church. We are authorized to declare that the Holy See not only does not assure any responsibility for such interpretations, but, while bound to remain outside the actual conflict, cannot approve of it and deplores it."

It is safe to say that this will never attain through the press the publicity of the lying despatches attributing to the Vatican an active interest in, and a hearty approval of this (whatever be the outcome) sordid war.

The official note shows that, like his divine Master his vicar cares not for any man, nor does he regard the person of men; as head of Christ's Church on earth he will not allow himself to be compromised either by indiscreet friends or wily foes.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Last week we drew attention to the regrettably low standing of the Protestant denominational schools in the province of Quebec. We were more than astonished at our separated brethren allowing such conditions to exist. All the more so because they have for long posed as the champions of what we might call intense education. Bad as the conditions are in the sister province, we are now told that in the Public schools of Ontario we are confronted with a still worse state of affairs. The Toronto Globe of Nov. 3 deals editorially with the matter and declares that "the condition of this province as regards the qualification of Public school teachers is worse than lamentable; it is utterly scandalous." "A very large proportion of the teachers," continues the Globe, "in charge of the Public schools are without regular certificates, probably between one fourth and one third. . . . The situation has far passed the limit of endurance and no excuses or even explanations will be or should be entertained" We well remember that about twenty years ago a propaganda of intolerance swept over the province of Ontario because it was supposed that the Separate schools were not quite up to the mark in educational equipments. Ministers of the Gospel and members of the Orange Lodges were wroth because some of the teachers in the Separate schools who belonged to religious orders did not hold the necessary certificates. From the house-tops it was proclaimed that "Romanism" was adverse to education and all good Protestants were called upon to denounce the conditions existing in the Separate Schools True it is that the conditions existing a generation ago and the conditions existing to-day are vastly different. In the old days Catholics were few and of limited means. Under adverse circumstances—and in this connection we may mention that in many places our schools were handicapped because of the gross intolerance of those who never took kindly to their establishment—they did the best they could. It has now come to pass that religious as well as secular teachers are fully qualified for their work and the results of the entrance examinations give us proof that the Separate school work has forged far ahead of the work done in the Public schools. There has been a great change, and now it would be the turn of the Catholics to call the attention of their neighbors to the injustice done the rising generation outside the Catholic fold by a slip-shod, incomplete and miserably inefficient system of training in the Public schools. As citizens of Canada, and anxious for its future, we regret very much that the Public schools show such poor results, but we will not follow the example of those who acted so unreasonably in days gone by. We do not take it to be our duty to denounce the Public schools and initiate an agitation for their suppression. All we wish is that our separated brethren would be more up-to-date in the matter of education. If better results are not shortly shown would we be justified in stating that Protestantism spells ignorance. We most certainly would not, at least so far as the school curriculum is concerned, although we have about us every day abundant evidence that Protestantism spells ignorance so far as the Catholic Church is concerned. Brush up, Dr. Pyne! Brush up, Public school trustees! We shall be more than pleased if in the near future you make the Public schools as efficient as the Catholic Separate schools.

KEEP IT OUT

We take great pleasure in noting that there has been inaugurated in Ireland an active propaganda against literature of the baser kind which has been flooding the country from England. The publication of literature of an immoral tendency has become a veritable disease in the mother country and in the United States. Freedom of the press is one thing. License is another. Sooner or later the authorities will have to take some step to put a term to the circulation of publications which have a tendency to degrade and even brutalize the rising generation. There is a class of people, and a large one, whose motto appears to be "make money." We are quite well aware that reformation in this matter would be a difficult problem. The fathers and mothers of our country should be the first to take action and the authorities could lend their assistance by making and enforcing laws prohibiting the importation into Canada, by mail or otherwise, of publications which would be adjudged of an immoral tendency. It would be a huge task, we know, but the time may come, and we hope will come soon, when the publication of books will have to pass a rigid censorship before they are admitted to circulation amongst the people. The so-called freedom of the press has been proclaimed a glorious thing. And so it is in many ways. But there are hundreds, nay thousands, of people who have shamefully abused their privileges, looking only at the material side of their enterprise. The movement for cleaner literature has started in the good old county Limerick, and now it is sweeping all over Ireland. With the sanction and encouragement of Irelands' priesthood the people seem determined to have a thorough house-cleaning and hereafter there will not be a market for London's penny dreadfuls. Against the yellow literature of the United States who will be the first to set the ball rolling in Canada. Unless something is done, in another generation we will be reaping the whirlwind. Meantime let us say to fathers and mothers that they should have careful supervision over the literature coming into their homes.

COMMERCIAL TRANSACTIONS

In the Toronto Globe of Nov. 7th, appears a despatch from Niagara Falls, Ont., which gives us one of the reasons—the commercial one—which prompted certain clergymen to enter stout protest against the enforcement of the Ne Temere decree. It is a sign of the times that even some of our non Catholic neighbors have become alive to the fact that scandalous conditions pertaining to marriage contracts prevail in the city of Windsor, Ont., and in the town of Niagara Falls, Ont. The despatch reads:

Niagara Falls, Nov. 6.—With the adoption of a resolution placing the International Interdenominational Ministerial Association on record as being unalterably opposed to the practice of ministers sharing their wedding fees with the hackmen, the last chapter of the Association's war on the commercializing of marriage was written at the annual meeting here this afternoon. Rev. A. E. Quinn, pastor of Main Street Baptist Church, did not comply with the Association's mandate to be present and show cause why he should not be expelled from the Association for dividing his wedding fees with hackmen. Instead he sent a letter resigning from the association. He also promised to discontinue the practice upon which the Association frowned. Rev. A. P. Kennedy, who recently resigned the pastorate of Morrison Street Baptist Church, also sent a letter to the Association promising to discontinue sharing his fees with hackmen. He did not tender his resignation, nor was he expelled.

And so the Rev. Mr. Quinn, (Oh! God help us! Is it a case of lost, strayed or stolen?) was in the habit of sharing his fees with the hackmen. As he promised to be a good boy hereafter and discontinue the practise, why, may we ask, has he sent in his resignation? Perhaps it is a protest against the association interfering with his business. Perhaps he will consider it a breach of the combines act dealing with restraint of trade. It is also most satisfactory to be told that Rev. A. P. Kennedy will henceforth keep the hackmen at a distance. Now it remains to be seen what action will be taken by those clergymen in Windsor who were always so easy of access whenever a shady piece of business along the matrimonial line was to be performed. We may take it for granted that they too had business transactions of a more or less lucrative character with the cabbies. This revelation of the conduct of persons who call themselves Christian clergymen tends not a little to bring certain forms of Christianity into disrepute. The more we think of it the more we feel convinced that the rev. gentlemen who operate the Gretna Greens in Windsor and Niagara Falls ought to be ashamed of themselves. No doubt they were within their rights so far as the law of the land is concerned, but, judged by the moral standard they cut a sorry figure. The manner in which they degraded the marriage rite leaves a bad taste in the mouth. It goes without saying that all these gentlemen may be set down as bitter enemies of "Romanism," because the Pope has sought to place the sacrament of marriage in that high and holy position which was in the mind of our Blessed Redeemer at its institution.

SEGREGATION

They have erected a new Orange hall in the city of Toronto, and the event was celebrated with some choice yellow fireworks. "Roman" candles were barred. Dr. Thornton, whoever he may be, advocated the purchase of lands in the North-west by the Orange order to plant settlements of Orangemen throughout that part of the country. The history of the order in Ontario will fail to convince us that such a movement would be a valuable asset in the North-west. Ontario would be a gainer, however, if some of them, particularly the Toronto brand, were to move somewhere else. Let us suggest to the Orange brethren that the massing of the members in certain sections would not be received with favor by the Orange boss. The followers of William could not then be utilized in platoons to turn an election here and there in Ontario. If the Orangemen of Toronto were to move elsewhere and settle on land in New Ontario or some of the western provinces what would become of the Beattie-Nesbits—the political schemers of the loud-voice and the heathen chinee trickery who essay to occupy high places by aid of the Orange vote—places for which nature gave them niggardly equipment.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

Another book on this miserable little fight near Drogheda has just been published from the ready pen of Mr. D. C. Boulger. It is based upon the French and other unpublished records of the war in Ireland in 1688 1691. Mr. Boulger appears to write with fairness. He regards as a great loss the departure of the Irish Brigade from Ireland to France. He says:

'It must be admitted that the departure of the Irish exiles who constituted the Brigade in France in no way benefited their country. It did not bring Irish problems nearer solution. It rather tended to make them more difficult and to aggravate a sufficiently complicated and threatening situation. At the most, the only beneficial consequence that I can see from it is that it was no longer possible for prejudiced Englishmen to taunt the Irish race with cowardice. It is only as furnishing an opportunity for the vindication of national character that I can discover any material result from the going forth of the Irish after Limerick. It counts, no doubt, but it would have been attained in a much more practical and profitable manner if Englishmen and Irishmen had only come together after the Boyne, instead of fixing upon that misjudged and ill-described event—a foreign victory on British soil—as a line of cleavage."

A result of the skirmish—for it was not more than a skirmish—was that the Stuart cause went down to final defeat. A writer in the London Times says it had other and far reaching results. He says:

"Another and much more serious result it had, taken in connection with its sequel the capitulation of Limerick: it left a sore which still rankles, it gave a Dublin parliament the chance to set a stain on the honor of England; it put back a glorious occasion for religious and political generosity, and it banished from Ireland many thousands of her best blood. When the Irish exiles—who still refused to wear any uniform but the scarlet of England or to fight under any flag but the Cross of St. George—were partly disbanded and reduced to poverty at the Peace of Ryswyck in 1696, there had been no wiser policy than to send to Brest and St. Malo and bring them home. But, unfortunately, they were Roman Catholics, and William emphatically was not; and that was the stone upon which more than a "broken treaty" has split from then to now."

Even now when a more generous feeling toward the Irish people is manifesting itself among the masses of the English people, there are not wanting men of narrow and bitter feeling who seemingly prefer to keep the people apart in order that their domination over the large body of the people of Ireland may continue. Time with its ameliorating influence is, however, against them, and the day is coming when the Boyne will be an amusing memory.

SIR JOHN CARLING

It is with the deepest sorrow we chronicle the death, on the 6th inst., of Sir John Carling, K. C. M. G., Senator of Canada, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. It is customary that there should come from the press and the people words of kindly regard when death takes from amongst us men who have been prominent in the public life of the country. As a public man and as a private citizen none deserved higher encomiums than the honorable gentleman who has now laid down his life work. In politics Sir John Carling gave of his best to the Conservative party and to the country. Although a strong party man he was ever the courteous, kind and honorable gentleman. He was a true gentleman; one who would never unnecessarily wound the feelings of another. His whole career from boyhood to old age was a model for our young men. High positions in the public service sometimes lead men into unbounded wealth. It may be honorably acquired and it may be otherwise. Had Sir John Carling never entered politics the conviction in the public mind is that he would, because of his great business ability, have amassed abundant wealth. At the end of well over half a century in public life, giving enthusiastic and conscientious and honorable service to his country he left it without taking rank amongst the wealthy. He was an honorable man, a man whose friendship was warm, constant and sincere—a man who has gone to his eternal home leaving not a stain upon his memory. When the young men of the country, whose ambition it is to enter the political arena, as adherents of one or other of the great political parties, are looking about for a model, well it would be if they would take for an exemplar that man amongst men who was known, and deservedly known, as "honest John Carling."

THE NEW JUDGE

With much pleasure we read the following press despatch from Ottawa. To Mr. Justice Kelly the CATHOLIC RECORD sends heartiest congratulations. Of one thing Canadians have reason to be proud, and that is the stamp of excellence which each member of its judiciary bears. It mattered little what government happens to be in power, there has ever been a determination to place upon the bench men of the very highest mould both as to character and legal equipment. The old government made no mistake when it named Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and Hon. Mr. Justice Anglin to the Supreme Court, and Hon. Mr. Justice Latchford to the superior court, and the new government has made a selection in Mr. Justice Kelly which will, we feel sure, meet the hearty approval of his brother judges, the legal fraternity, and the people of the province. The despatch reads as follows:

Ottawa, Nov. 9.—The high court vacancy in Ontario caused by the death of the late Justice McMahon is to go to Hugh Kelly, K. C., of Toronto. The formalities necessary to the appointment have yet to come, but there is no doubt that Mr. Kelly is the choice. Hugh Kelly is a well known member of the Ontario bar, and has been an influential member of the law society and public library board. He is a law partner of Hon. J. J. Foy, attorney-general of Ontario.

Hugh Thomas Kelly, K. C., was born in Adjala Township, County of Simcoe, in 1858, the son of John Kelly, a farmer. After receiving a primary education in the local schools, he moved to Toronto and entered St. Michael's College in 1873, graduating therefrom in 1880, and entering what was then the firm of Foy & Tupper, of Toronto, the partners being Hon. J. J. Foy and a son of Sir Charles Tupper. Mr. Kelly was invited to a partnership in 1887, and has remained a member of the firm to this day, being widely known in the city as a clever and painstaking solicitor. During the past two years he has been president of the Toronto Bar Association, and he was chairman of the Toronto Public Library Board in 1896 and again in 1909. He has been a member of the board of governors of the University of Toronto since 1906. In politics a Conservative, Mr. Kelly is a Roman Catholic, Rev. Father Father Kelly, of St. Basil's Church, Toronto, being his brother.

U. E. L.

The United Empire Loyalists of Toronto are thirsting for distinction. Be it remembered that these gentlemen are not actually United Empire Loyalists, but the descendants of men, many of whom, to show their loyalty to one George ran away from the other George. For the life of us we cannot see why these gentlemen should sprinkle themselves with congratulatory epithets because in the long ago they changed their residence from the United States to Canada, and history plainly shows us that the Family Compact, which was the result of their presence in Canada, was a distinct menace to our liberties. If the United Empire Loyalists had not come to Canada there would have been no McKenzie rebellion. If these proud descendants of a proud and exclusive ancestry wish to wear a button with "U. E. L." printed on it no one will raise any objection. But we ask to be excused from meting out to them any particular glory or distinction because their forefathers were skedaddlers in the revolutionary period.

WHAT IS HOME RULE

The English House of Commons will, in the early days of the next session, be engaged in the discussion of the Irish Home Rule Bill. Irishmen in Ireland and throughout the civilized world are awaiting its introduction with keen anxiety. Will it be really Home Rule, or will it prove to be of the gas-and-water variety of the nature of the ill-starred Council Bill of 1907, which was indignantly rejected by the people of Ireland? Recent utterances of the Prime Minister and the Irish Secretary lead one to hope for the best, and we have Mr. Redmond's assurance, given recently at Wicklow, that the coming measure will satisfy the demand of the Irish people. So much for the high hopes and bright promise of the future.

But why does Ireland ask for Home Rule? And what is the Home Rule she demands? The answer to the second question will explain the first. The demand for Home Rule is a demand for constitutional government. Even Mr. Balfour, the late Unionist Leader, agrees that government should be by the people and for the people. This is exactly what Ireland is asking for, and strange to say, Mr. Balfour is opposed to granting it. Constitutional government, or in Mr. Balfour's words, government by the people for the people, is simply this, that the Sovereign or Head of the State carries on the government of the country by advisers controlled by a representative assembly of the people. That is what Ireland asks when she demands Home Rule, and it is simply because the present government of Ireland is unconstitutional that she demands Home Rule.

Home Rule, then, simply means the government of Ireland by the people of Ireland; that the king, Lords and Commons of Ireland should alone make laws binding its people. The present system of government in Ireland is in opposition to the will of the people. It gives them no voice in the management of their own affairs. It is not answerable to the people of Ireland but to an English government. Because it is not of the people, it does not command the confidence of the people, and is incapable of promoting their material and intellectual progress. In addition to t is it is the most extravagant and expensive system of government in the world. The Home Rule that Ireland demands is, then, simply constitutional government, and she demands it because the present system is unconstitutional. Home Rule, in Mr. Redmond's words, means "an Irish Parliament with an executive responsible to it, created by Act of the Imperial Parliament, and charged with the management of purely Irish affairs, leaving to the Imperial Parliament, in which Ireland would continue to be represented, the management, as at present, of all Imperial affairs." This is what the coming measure promises to give her. If the promise is realized, and the bill goes to the statute book, a treaty of peace will have been signed between two nations that, although nominally united, have ever been at war. Home Rule, so far from meaning separation, will make a real union possible for the first time since the Invasion.

"COLUMBA."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

What may be interpreted as a token of the continued spiritual vitality of Catholic Ireland is that year after year the number of pilgrims to the shrine of Lough Derg has shown a steady increase until in this year of grace, 1911, the number has exceeded that of any since the great famine years of 1846 7. On the closing day of the present season there were, it is stated, more than one thousand persons on the island. In view of the increasing prosperity of the country, and the gradual emancipation of the peasantry from the thraldom of absentee ownership, this fact is full of consolation. Through long centuries of grinding tyranny and persecution Ireland remained true to the faith of St. Patrick, and in the expatriation of her people carried it as a message of peace to the extremities of the globe. That she should, in brighter days, remain true to her best traditions may well be an occasion of rejoicing to the otherwise afflicted heart of the august Pontiff who now sits in the Chair of Peter. So long as Ireland maintains her fidelity to her past, the proverbial buoyancy of spirit of her children will not depart from them. Godliness and cheerfulness are natural handmaidens, just as infidelity and pessimism so often run together. To the true penitent the smile is not a stranger.

THESE REFLECTIONS naturally lead up to the insidious attempt now being made by a clique of literary dilettantists to re-paganize Ireland under the shallow pretence of furthering the interests of the Gaelic League. The poet Yeats and one Synge are the ringleaders in this audacious attempt to inject into the new movement the serum of decadence and to picture the most profoundly Catholic people in the world as pagan in mind and morals. A writer in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record has recently been to some trouble to unmask them, and that he has effectively exposed what has been called "The Yeats and Synge boom" as 'part and parcel of a pagan renaissance," there can be no better proof than the confirmation which it has forced from Yeats himself in the course of a communication to the New York Sun. The latter's boast that his aim is "to make Ireland again a Holy Land as it was before it gave its heart to Greece and Rome and *Judea*," might have been called an ingenuous admission had it not been extorted in the manner it had been. As it is, the essential un-Christian character of his propaganda stands revealed. Mr. Yeats' "holy land" and "holy feet" are those only that ante-date St. Patrick. The adroit misapplication of the word "holy" is, as Father Kenny S. J., has pointed out in America, "a fair sample of Yeats' shiftiness and literary trickery." Not only would he obliterate the footsteps of the great Apostle and wipe from the annals of the race its most glorious pages, but he would stamp even the Christian traditions of the peasantry as in all essential particulars as fabulous as those of pre-Christian times.

THAT IN doing so he has libelled both the peasant as he now is, and his more remote ancestors, is abundantly clear. "Ireland," says Father M. Kenny, "is proud of its ancient literature, pagan and Christian. The heroes of her epics had nobler traits than those who warred at Ilium, and the ease and rapidity with which Christianity sunk ineffaceably into her heart and mind indicate high intellectual and moral standards in her pagan days. She had much to learn but little to renounce. Her literature was rich and pure, and it was Irish monks, saints and scholars who wrote down, preserved and delivered it to us, despite the vandalism of pagan Danes and Protestant Saxons; it was the Catholic O'Curry and O'Donovan who rediscovered it when the laws penalizing Irish learning were repealed; and it is mainly Catholic scholars who have been and are now familiarizing the people with its treasures."

THIS BEING so the futility of the Yeats-Synge conspiracy to divert the Gaelic Rivival from its legitimate purpose scarcely calls for accentuation Catholic it is in spirit, and thanks to the whole-souled and energetic co-operation of Catholic scholars, Catholic it will remain. The authentic literature of the movement, such as Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connaught" make evident that fondness for the heroic legends of pre-Christian times is not inconsistent with the intensest devotion to Catholic ideals, for it is in the most Catholic portions of Ireland and among the most moral people in the world that the revival has struck its deepest roots. Yeats' audacious attempt in the name of patriotism and art to picture the same people as "pagan" by instinct, whether in belief or in morals, has stamped him as external to the genius of the Gaelic revival, and, what is more, as a foul slanderer into the bargain. Of the inherent Christian joyousness of the Irish peasantry he has not a glimmering. His part lies rather with the Philistines who had filled the wells which are being digged again by the true friends of the revival.

ACCORDING TO the Christian Guardian, the Rev. Dr. John W. Butler, for thirty years a Methodist missionary in Mexico, and "one of the very interesting visitors at the recent Ecumenical Conference in Toronto," told a very encouraging story of the work his Church is doing in the great southern republic. Dr. Butler believes that the present opens up a great opportunity to Protestants, and bases his opinion on the assertion that out of a total population of 16,000,000 "not one-half are identified in any way with the Roman Catholic Church, and not more than one-third ever go near the church." This assertion in itself scarcely calls for any remark. It was made for a purpose, and what that purpose is we have had too many examples in the past not to know.

ASSUMING FOR the time being that the figures are correct—and having regard to the extremely cosmopolitan character of Mexico's population (comprising as it does a very large proportion of the native races) they may or may not be correct—what is their bearing upon Protestantism's ti le to "evangelize" them? We have not the church-going statistics of Canada or the United States at hand as we write, but we have in mind the constant wail emanating from the deliberative assemblies of the several sects to the effect that notwithstanding all their efforts for a hundred years and the vast outlay of money for the purpose, there remains something like seventy-five per cent of the non Catholic population that never darkens a church door. In the large cities the proportion of non-church goers (Protestant) is even larger, and it is notorious for about six months in the year the great majority of the larger Protestant churches in the great cities close their doors entirely. Beside such a state of things the condition of Mexico, even on Dr. Butler's showing (which necessarily requires verification) is fairly respectable, and the inference is obvious that Methodism, (to name but one sect out of many), has its work cut out for it at home, without wasting its substance on so called missions abroad.

AN AGENT of the American Bible Society has recently stated that the Filipinos do not take to Protestantism as it was supposed they would, and, furthermore, that "the Catholic Church, after three hundred years of service in the Philippines, was never stronger there than to-day, and there were never so many friars and nuns as now." This suggests to the Ave Maria that President Taft, who knows the situation and the circumstances as few do, more than once assured the preachers that there was nothing for them to do in the Islands, and strongly advised them to stay at home. It is a pity that there is no kindred monitor at hand to tender them like advice with regard to Mexico, South America and other Catholic lands. It is charitable to assume that the good people have no idea of the mischief they do by their genins for intermeddling, or how great is their share in the unsettling of faith in the world at large.

THE DEATH is announced of Father John Norris, D. D., Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, which took place in the third week of October. Father Norris was the third incumbent of that high office in sixty years, his predecessors being His Eminence Cardinal Newman, and the late Father Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder, the last survivor of the little group of oratorians to whom in such affecting terms was dedicated the "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Father Norris belonged to an old English Catholic family, was born in Liverpool in 1843, joined the oratory of St. Philip Neri in 1864, and in 1869 was ordained priest. For many years he filled the responsible post of Head Master of the Edgbaston school, and on the death of Father Ryder became, by the choice of his colleagues, their superior. As such his chief work was the superintendence of the erection of the beautiful oratory church as a memorial of its illustrious founder Cardinal Newman. His death, which followed upon a painful illness, removes an interesting link with the past and is another reminder of the ceaseless lapse of time.

OUR READERS will recall that when the much-discussed and much-misunderstood encyclical on Modernism was published, the Protestant world instinctively sided with the Modernists. Of the evil itself it knew nothing, but, as an English contemporary remarks, the fact that the Pope was against it sufficed. Modernism must on that account be right, since "nothing good can come from Rome." That thinking Protestants are, however, gradually coming to see the thing in its proper light an article in the editorial columns of the Manchester Guardian seems to indicate. The article discusses some recent utterances of M. Loisy, the "Modernist martyr," which proclaims that unfortunate individual to be simply an infidel. It then proceeds to say:

"The mistake which seems to me to be made by many of the men whom, for lack of a better name, one must call Modernists, is the mistake of supposing that, because they themselves retain the moral and emotional attitude of Christianity after giving up belief in the historical truth of the religion itself, therefore those moral and emotional fruits will be capable of being produced in the minds of a succeeding generation who have never accepted doctrinal Christianity at all. It would surely be more consistent (I am only prevented from saying more honest by my entire belief in M Loisy's personal honesty) to give up the name of Christian along with belief in the credibility of its doctrinal position, rather than to claim the name while rejecting all that the name means in most minds."

So that, to the normal-minded the Pope was right after all, and discerning the trend of modernistic teaching took the necessary step of purging the Church of its intractable propagators. A few months ago this was "Papal tyranny;" now in the eyes of the world at large it assumes the aspect of unerring vigilance and fidelity to the first principles of the Christian religion.

For THE CATHOLIC RECORD

CANON SHEEHAN'S IRELAND

By Rev. D. A. Casey.

So much has been written about Ireland and her people by those who are either entirely or partially unfitted for the task, that it is with genuine pleasure one turns to the pages of Canon Sheehan, confident that therein are mirrored in their natural setting, the joys and the sorrows, the hopes and the fears, the daily lives of the children of Erin.

Canon Sheehan writes as one who understands his people, one who sympathizes with their sorrows, rejoices in their joys, takes pride in their virtues, and weeps for their faults. He is no gilt edged flatterer. If there is a wound to be laid bare he does not shrink from the task. He writes with a purpose, and if it happens that to reach his end he has to hit hard and say unpalatable things, he strikes out from the shoulder and does not mince his words.

But one takes the gentle Canon's reproof good naturedly. Even when the whip comes down one feels that it is a father's loving hand that wields it, and that the punishment is given more in sorrow than in anger. To be sure, Canon Sheehan has not always escaped the arraignment of the critic. He is only human after all, and must therefore pay the penalty of greatness—he must stand the fire of criticism. The writer remembers the very severe, and mostly unjust, condemnation of "Lisheen" on its appearance some years ago. And not a few readers of the 'Blindness of Dr. Gray" have ventured to question the Canon's orthodoxy in matters foreign to the realms of faith. There are those who say that the good Canon has lived so long with his "Immortals," with Richter and Carlyle and Goethe and George Eliot, not to mention Suarez and Emanuel Sa, that he has got out of touch with the common people, and that therefore his pictures are not always true to life. There are little bits and passages here and there in his works that half persuade us that, like Luke Delmege, he does not understand the people. Indeed it is strange that he himself should fall into the very mistake against which he warns us in one of his books, that 'there is nothing half so absurd as to deduce general sweeping propositions about nations and races from very slender premises.' And yet who reading his "Blindness of Dr. Gray" would infer that the Duggans were but solitary exceptions, and not typical of a class? His priest studies are, of course, his best gifts to literature, but even here he has not altogether escaped the critics' two-edged sword. But if here or there he uses a little too much color it cannot be denied that he has enriched Catholic literature with some of the noblest and most loveable priestly characters pen of writer has ever portrayed. How many millions of readers have laughed and fraternized with "The Inseparables?" How many have knelt in spirit about the rough flag-stone that shields the ashes of poor Luke Delmege in the little chapel of Rossmore. And which of us all but felt better after a little talk with dear old "Daddy Dan." His "My New Curate" alone, if it does not elevate him into the charmed inner circle, has certainly secured him a foremost place among the lesser immortals. In giving it to the public he has placed us, his fellow Catholics, under an inestimable obligation to him. As Moore's poems were sung in select drawing rooms, where otherwise to mention the "mere Irish" would be considered vulgar, so "Daddy Dan" and Luke Delmege and Father Tim and Dr. Gray have been entertained by people who would not as much as notice a mere priest in the flesh. Canon Sheehan has done much to break down the walls of prejudice in giving us these delightful creations of his facile pen straight from the living heart of Ireland.

To most people the name of the author priest of Doneraile is associated with one peculiar field—the priest in literature. But he has another and scarcely less remarkable claim to recognition for the splendid pictures of Irish family life he has given us. What beautiful types of motherhood, what modest, innocent daughters, what sweet children, you meet in his pages! Has the beauty of motherhood and the divinity of childhood ever been more exquisitely celebrated than in this passage from 'Under the Cedars and Stars:"

"To-day a child in its mother's arms came into my garden. I looked at it and saw at the same time the necessity of the Incarnation. God could not resist taking that loveliest form — the highest to which material things have reached. The yellow curls, thick and close and fine as silk floss, falling down upon his neck; the clear, limpid eyes, beaming with pure delight; the white teeth and his ineffable joy as he played at hide and seek behind his mother's neck, and then, becoming suddenly serious, stroked his mother's cheek and stared at her with eyes of wonder."

There are other child pictures in his books that are drawn very close to nature. The reader remembers how, wondering-eyed and awe-struck they stood around the beautiful "crib" "My New Curate" arranged for them in the little chapel at Rossmore. Very realistic is this picture of the village children going to confession:

"There in my arm-chair I sit, with the old cloak wrapped around me that sheltered me many a night on the mountains. And there the little children come, not a bit shy or afraid of old 'Daddy Dan." They pick their way across the new carpet with a certain feeling of awkwardness, as if there were some pins and needles hidden somewhere, but when they arrive at safe anchorage, they put their dirty, clasped fingers on my old cassock, toss the hair from their eyes and look me straight in the face, whilst they tell their little story to me and God. They are now well trained in the exact form of confession. Father Lethe by has drilled them well. But, dear me, what white souls they are! Poverty and purity have worked hand in hand to make them angelic, and their faces are transfigured by the light that shines within. And their attenuated bodies show clearly the burning lamp of holiness and faith, as a light shines soft and clear through the opal shades of porcelain and sevres. And the little maidens always say 'Tank you Father,' when they receive their penance; and the boys say 'All right.' I sometimes expect to hear 'old fellow' added."

Eminently sweet and loveable are the Canon's children, and we would like to enlarge our acquaintance with them, did but space permit. From the children we pass naturally to the mothers. And such mothers! Who that knows these Irish mothers but will recognize the portrait of Mrs. Delmege. The description of her death-bed is one of the most exquisite pages author ever penned.

"Mrs. Delmege lay upon her death bed. The physicians had been called in and had shaken their heads. This is mors, said one to the other. And those around the poor patient understood. And she also understood.

"'Than' God', she said. 'He has given me a long and happy life; and and now he calls me to Himself. Welcome be His Holy will. But I m sorry for Mike. He'll be lonesome. But I'm glad it isn't I am over his coffin.'

Luke came over to Lisnalee. When he entered his mother's room, and asked, with faltering voice, how she was, she only took his hand, his priestly hand, and kissed it passionately. Then she spoke of the King of Terrors with such disdain that he hid his head and was ashamed.

'What should I be afraid of?' she cried. 'Sure 'tis as natural to die as to live; and what is it but goin' to God? Sure I have had all I wanted in this world. Me daughter in her convent, and me son; here she kissed Luke's hand again, 'at the altar of God; what more would any poor woman want?'

"An' I mind the time,' she continued after a pause, 'when you, Father Luke, wor only a weeshy baby in me arms, and sich a rogue as ye wor, too. Father Dempsey, that was here before Father Pat. God be good to him, an' to all our good priests, used have the greatest fun wid you. And wan day, when you caught his big, bony finger in your little weeshy fingers, and wouldn't let him go, he said 'Mrs. Delmege, we'll make a bishop of this fellow.' I'd be satisfied, sez I, 'if the Lord would only make him a priest.' And sure I got me wish, and what more could mother's heart desire?'

'You'll recover, mother,' said Luke, weeping, 'and we'll have many a pleasant day again in Lisnalee.'

'No,' she said, 'the Death is on me. And how many Masses now, Father Luke, will you say for me, whin I'm gone.' And so they talked—this typical Irish mother and her priestly son, until the married daughter puts an end to the colloquy by putting her little baby beside her mother in bed.

"And there they lay, the one commencing its little pilgrimage through the weary world; the other ending hers, and both in the hands of the All Father."

A very striking contrast to gentle Mrs. Delmege is Mrs. Duggan in "The Blindness of Dr. Gray." And yet if Mrs. Duggan's path had lain in pleasant places we have little doubt she would be sweet as any mother we have known. It is true indeed that her tongue was sharp and her temper rather abnormal, but Master Dick would try the patience of a canonized saint. An Irish Catholic mother can forgive much to the child of her love, but when that child sets himself against the Lord's anointed, there she draws the line. The scene between Dick Duggan and his mother on the evening of the famous demonstration in the chapel yard, when the people had been terrorized into refusing to pay their dues, is a vivid piece of description.

There are grandmothers in Canon Sheehan's books also, and I cannot forbear from introducing the reader to one. The passage is quoted from "Under the Cedars and Stars:"

"Passing along the corridor of my hotel that night on my way to my own room, I was accosted by a friend. After a few minutes conversation he invited me to his room. Oysters and champagne? No. A game of nap? No. A whole family, three generations of them were gathered into the father's bedroom. They were saying their night prayers before separating for the night. The aged grandmother was reciting the first decade of the Rosary as we entered. We knelt. When she had finished she looked around and said "Alice, go on." Alice was a tiny tot of seven summers. She promptly took up the recitation, repeated the form of meditation as found in Catholic prayer books, and slowly and sweetly gave out the decade to the end. The grandmother looked around again, and called out "Go on, Willie." Willie was the father, a greyhaired man of fifty-seven. In the mother's imagination he was still but the child she had carried in her arms half a century ago. Willie finished, and the aged mistress of ceremonies called out, now a grand child, row the mother, until all was ended. Then the children kissed 'good night' and departed." What a beautiful picture! And, thank God, it is a picture enacted every night in the Catholic homes of Ireland.

How comes it that in this materialistic age home life in Ireland approaches so nearly to the divine model of the first Christian home at Nazareth? Is it not because its foundation, its corner-stone is religion? Because it is nurtured and sustained by the grace of God's Sacrament? Morality may be laughed at; lax ideas of the moral law may prevail; divorce and its attendant evils may raise their deadly head, but the hallowed homes of Ireland continue pure and unspotted, because they are built upon the rock of the Divine Idea. Hear Canon Sheehan:

"We agreed in thinking that the Christian ideal of marriage was nowhere so happily realized as in Ireland, where, at least up to recent times there was no lurid or volcanic company keeping before marriage, and no bitter ashes of disappointment after; but the good mother quietly said to her child:—Mary, go to confession to-morrow, and get out your Sunday dress. You are to be married on Thursday evening.' And Mary said 'Very well Mother, not even asserting the right to know the name of her future spouse. But then, by virtue of the great sacramental union, she stepped from the position of a child and a dependent into the regal position of queen and mistress on her own hearth. The entire authority of the household passed thereby into her hands, as she slung the keys at her girdle, she became bursar and economo of the establishment, and in no instance was her right to rule Supreme ever questioned by husband or child, unless crime came in to destroy the paradise, as the serpent fouled with his slime the flowers in the garden of Eden. Married life in Ireland has been, up to now, the most splendid refutation of all that the world and its gospel, the novel, preach about marriage, and the most splendid and complete justification of the supernaturalism of the Church's dogmas and practices."

Writing as he is about the people of the "Island of Saints," it is but natural that Canon Sheehan should introduce us to one or two saints in the flesh. There is Alice Moylan, the stigmatized of "My New Curate," and Barbara Wilson, whose awful martyrdom is described so faithfully in "Luke Delmege," and old blind Betty Lane in the "Blindness of Dr. Gray." One feels rather afraid of Alice and Barbara, but I am sure you could duplicate Betty Lane and her grand daughter many times over in any parish in Ireland.

And what delightful pictures the Canon gives us of the saints in the making—the nuns. It is always the merry and tomboyish girl who becomes a nun in these books—Margery Delmege and Eva O Farrell and Mary Liston. "Them gay youngsters," says Mrs. Delmege, "are the first to enter the Convent. They pretend nothin' at all but courtin' and larkin', and then all of a sudden off they go and laugh at us all."

As to the priests, well those of us who know the kindly soggarth aroon, beloved of the Irish people, cannot but admire the truthfulness of the portraits the Canon's gifted hand has painted. The priest of Carleton and Lever and Lever too long outraged truth and decency. They are now seen for the caricatures that they were, and have yielded the stage for all times to dear old "Daddy Dan" and Father Tim, and, perhaps best beloved of all, Father Tresey. Even the priests' housekeepers have not been omitted. And who will deny that their elimination, together with that of the priests' "boys," such as the redoubtable Jim Deady, would leave a sorry blank in the Canon's pages. We hope we'll never see the day that the presbytery at Kileonan will need a Hannah, or the infatuation of a Romeo in the person of John "have the Masther" without his dinner at Rossmore.

One needs to be an Irishman to appreciate fully the debt Catholic Ireland owes to Canon Sheehan. He has written of Irish life as no one before him ever succeeded in doing, and as few in the future will ever surpass. And so here with his priests and his nuns, his mothers and grandmothers, his Hannahs and Johns and Jim Deadys, his saints and his sinners, we leave him, only stopping to say to him in the words of the Greek chorus of the village women, themselves a feature of his books:

"Wisha, God be wid you, Father, wherever you go."

THE MOVING PICTURE SHOW

Quite a thrilling story came out to Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, recently, of a thirteen-year-old girl who turned desperado and attempted to hold up the cashier of one of the banks of the city. She entered the bank, a mere slip of a girl, in short skirts, shoved a brand-new 38 calibre revolver into the face of the cashier and demanded the contents of the safe in lieu of giving up his life. She did this in the true story-book western desperado fashion—no, in the true moving-picture western desperado style. For she had not been a constant reader of the penny dreadfuls, and Nick Carter was not on her visiting list. She had the moving picture show bug, and it set in on her and proved serious. The young man whose life was thus threatened had little difficulty in convincing the young holdup that the money was all in the big safe, and that the safe was so securely locked that he could not open it. Baffled in securing the fortune which always awaits the hero of the picture drama, she demanded the contents of the young man's pockets, but was finally dissuaded from pressing this demand to fruition.

The story, of course, furnishes its own indictment of the unlicensed presentation of bloodthirsty dramas of the popular wild west variety, and is sufficient evidence of the degrading influences exterted by this class of moving-picture entertainments. To older persons, the wild west as presented in the celluloid film drama may furnish amusement by its evident absurdity, just as the five-cent novel dealing with the heroic adventures of some immature youth among the western desperadoes which an overimaginative author conjures up for the entertainment and degradation of youth may be read with some refreshment by persons of untutored or untrained minds. But the influence upon immature persons cannot be other than baneful.

Attention has been called before in these columns to the necessity of a wise censorship of moving-picture shows, or if it is not in the province of civil authority to suppress the blood-and-thunder dramas, then the duty devolves upon parents to keep their children away from them. The moving-picture form of entertainment, however, should not be recklessly condemned because of the degrading influence of bad shows. They represent the worst form of this class of entertainment. It is not just to render judgment against moving picture shows because they are sometimes bad. All books are not declared unfit for young readers as because a few are bad, and a sane view of the stage does not condemn the wholesale because of the immoral plays that sometimes are presented. Neither should the moving-picture form of entertainment meet general condemnation because a few of the films presented are degrading.

The fact that moving pictures inspired this young girl to turn holdup shows plainly that if evil lessons are so easily learned, by presenting dramas of an elevating character, the minds of young people can be stimulated to emulation of higher things. The incident at Cuyahoga Falls is not more convincing of the ill that can be worked by bad moving pictures than it is of the good that can be accomplished. It serves to show the vivid impression made on youthful minds, and proves beyond the question the beneficial results which may come from a judicial use of moving pictures in elevating and educative ways.—Intermountain Catholic.

THAT WAR "ENCYCLICAL"

Recently we had something to say about the bogus cablegrams emanating from Rome. There has just come to our notice a cable dispatch which confirms our statements in reference to the character of the Roman "news" furnished the American press. Read this: "In Rome it is reported that the Pope in a few days will issue an Encyclical to Catholics of the world asking them to pray for the success of the crown and the Italian arms." This is not artistically framed. The liar who is responsible for it is a bungler who shows his hand too openly. His desire was to connect the Holy See in some way with Italy's piratical policy, and so he hastens to inform the world that the Pope is about to issue an "Encyclical" to the Universal Church asking Catholics of every race and of every clime to pray that the Italian Government may meet with success in its attempt to despoil Turkey.

Notice the phrasing of the cable: "It is reported, etc." It is the old trick of wrapping up a lie in statements purposely hazy. It is so easy to preface the grossest fabrication with "it is reported." If the deceit be subsequently exposed, no one can be held responsible for it. And so it will be with the "Encyclical" story. It will never be verified, but that makes no difference. The people for whom it was manufactured will have forgotten all about it by the time the next piece of faked "news" from Rome is laid before them. And so the stream of lies will keep on flowing. The safest course for Catholics to pursue, if they would not be made the victims of the agencies in Rome actively at work in poisoning the wells of public opinion, would be to view with the utmost suspicion every cablegram appearing in the daily press dealing with Catholic matters. The father of lies is just now working overtime in the Eternal City.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A PROTESTANT WITNESS

In the October Atlantic, the Rev George Parkin Atwater, an Episcopal clergyman of Akron, Ohio, instead of echoing the often heard lament over the lack of men in the ministry, maintains, on the contrary, that the "ministry is an overcrowded profession." "With due allowance," he says, "for an exceptional condition here and there, every community has more ministers than it needs for the proper spiritual development of the people." He then cites cases of villages of only five thousand people that have as many as ten churches and ten ministers. Pleading earnestly for the union of Churches, he shows how "the Christian forces by divisions and subdivisions are becoming the source of vast woe and distress to themselves. It is not too much to say that the principle of subdivision into sects is destructive of Christianity. It subverts authority and it weakens faith."

From a Protestant minister these are strong words, but they are no less true than those he writes not long after, as he regards admiringly the example of effective administration afforded by Roman Catholics. "In cities where they equal in number the other Christians they have fewer churches," he attests, "and fewer priests. And the churches are filled, because the Roman Catholics have preserved the principle of authority, which the denominational system has entirely broken down."

Doubtless. But the diluted Chrisanity that would necessarily result from the union of those ten Protestant sects would hardly give birth to the principle of authority that is so desirable.—America.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY MASS BOOK

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY HAS A WITNESS TO THE CHURCH'S CONTINUITY

Writing in "Truth," Rev. Henry Borgmann, C. SS. R., says: "Stored away in the Boston Public Library, its value seemingly unknown to the librarians, is Father Lengeforde's Mass Book, a precious little volume, written in the fifteenth century, standing a silent witness of the unity and continuity of Catholic faith unchanged and unchangeable in the noiseless march of the centuries. Men around us talk about the Catholic Church becoming corrupt, and ceasing to be the Church of God, and the Catholic Church points to such monuments as this little book, which silently and clearly declares the change not to be in her, but in those who have departed from her. This little book, written before the 'Reformation,' can be used by any Catholic in any Catholic Church to-day. It cannot be used in the worship of the Episcopal or any other Protestant Church, and so it proclaims in a tongue more eloquent because silent that the Catholic Church alone extends beyond the fifteenth century and can alone, of all the churches surrounding us, be that Church which Jesus Christ established nineteen hundred years ago."

Rest from an inordinate desire of knowledge, for it is attended with much perplexity and delusion. There are many things the knowledge of which has no tendency to promote the discovery of the first divine life; and it is surely folly to devote ourselves wholly to that with which our supreme good has no connection. The soul is not to be satisfied with the multitude of words, but a wholly life is a continual feast, and a pure conscience the foundation of a firm and immovable confidence in God.—Thomas a Kempis.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

SANCTIFYING GRACE

"Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?" (Matt. viii, 26.)

The disciples in their frail boat had every reason to feel alarmed when the tempest arose on the sea. Their boat was tossed about by the waves and they seemed in great danger of death. They had therefore good reason to be afraid, for they did not realize that Jesus, the Son of God, was with them in the boat. Had they thought of this they would not have feared; for as long as God is with man, he need fear no thing, not even death. Therefore our Saviour says: "Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?" i. e., how can you fear when I am with you, I, who have the power to command the winds and the sea to rescue you from every danger? And so it is with us, my dear Christians, as long as God is with us we need not fear anything; but if He abandon us we have truly cause to become alarmed.

Man can never enjoy peace unless he is assured that God is pleased with him. Recall to yourselves the moments after a good confession, or after a good Holy Communion? Do you not then enjoy a blessed peace? Do you not feel consoled even though you may be afflicted? One way or another the assurance that God entered within you, that He is with you, causes this comforting feeling. When, however, we realize that we have lost the grace of God, we are troubled and ill at ease, and justly so; for the Just God rewards each one according to his deeds and does not allow sin to go unpunished. When Cain had murdered his brother, rest and peace departed from him; in despair he wandered about. Why? Because he knew that God had forsaken him; he did not deem himself safe anywhere, he feared that the justice of the Lord might overtake him at any moment. Samson had escaped from the hands of the enemy three times, the fourth time, however, he succumbed, for his strength gave away. He said to himself: "I will go out as I did before and shake myself, not knowing that the Lord had departed from him" (Judges xvi. 20). "Yea and woe to them, when I shall depart from them" (Osee ix. 12), because rest and peace will also depart, and unrest, fear and the dread of the justice of the Lord will enter. What the soul is to the body, God's grace is to the soul. "Just as the soul gives life to the body," says St. Augustine, "so the soul receives strength from God and His grace." The body can not live without the soul, nor can the soul, without God, possess the supernatural life, sanctifying grace. When the soul leaves the body, the body dies; so when God leaves man, man is deprived of the life of grace, and is delivered to the death of sin and to eternal destruction. As the body receives from the soul faculties and strength, so does the soul receive from God all virtue and merit. Therefore woe be to man if the Lord depart from him.

You may complain, perhaps, my dear Christians, of the adverse circumstances which surround you. You have your crosses and seek for assistance in bearing them, but there is no one who will help you; man cannot or will not help you and your prayers to God seem to remain unheard: all seems in vain. And what is the reason for this deplorable state? The reason may be that God has departed from you. True, He has said: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee" (Ps. xlix. 15); but you may not be worthy of His assistance, my dear Christian. "Your iniquities," says the Lord, part you from your God, and your sins are such that He will not hear you." Think of your trespasses, and you may come to understand why you pray in vain. "Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and ye gates thereof, be very desolate, saith the Lord. For My people have done two evils. They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living water, and have digged to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water" (Jer. ii, 12, 13). The fact is that God has not so much departed from you—you have parted yourself from your God and have entered the service of the world and of the evil spirit. Therefore, why do you complain? You are reaping the fruits of your actions. You thought you could do without God, and now you find you can not.

What must we do then to again obtain the peace and the blessing of God? We must remove the cause of separation; we must disengage our heart from sin. We must endeavor to receive again sanctifying grace, we must abhor sin and travel again the way of God's commandments. The good Lord will then gladly come to us again, and bestow upon us His graces, He will comfort us in our sufferings and help us. Let us strive to keep a clean and good conscience, then we need have no fear of death, even though the storms of this life may threaten to overwhelm us. The Lord will command the storm and will give us His peace in this life and in the life hereafter. Amen.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

In Father Cuthbert's "Catholic Ideals in Social Life" which has reached a second edition, the zealous author asserts that "in commercial selfishness, intemperance in drink, and the desecration of the marriage vow, we have the three evils which to-day shake the foundation of society." In regard to the third of these great evils he writes as follows:

"The domestic circle is the cradle of the nation: if that be degenerate, this must shortly totter to its ruin. Around the hearth the child's life is formed; there, too, the most intimate and sacred qualities of a man's character are developed. Destroy the home, and you take away from the ordinary man the strongest inducement to self-sacrifice and to persistent energy; for in the home a man learns to forget himself in those he loves; in their presence he unfolds his simpler and nobler self. To most men a pure and happy home is the very gate of heaven, saving them from the baser part of themselves."

"Now the secret of home life depends in the first place on conjugal fidelity, and secondly on filial devotion. In both these respects we can not contemplate our present world without grave misgiving. The marriage bond is becoming looser; the moral tie between children and parents is getting thin. Filial reverence is no longer the power it was; but, then, neither is the marriage bond. With the desecration of marriage, home life is impossible. Every year, unfortunately, divorces and judicial separations increase; the separation of husband and wife by mutual consent are perhaps even more frequent. Marriage is becoming among many a mere by-word; and thus the very foundations of Christian society is threatened."

Now what is marriage according to the Gospel of Christ and the teaching of the Church? Father Cuthbert says:

"Marriage, according to the Gospel, is not an indulgence, but a responsibility. It imposes a restraint; it signifies a duty. It is a sacrament, symbolical of the union of God and the soul; a religious bond, therefore, demanding the utmost reverence and a stern purity. But this is not how marriage is regarded by many in society to-day. People rush into marriage heedless of its sanctity and responsibility; they are constrained by the impulse of the moment, or they buy or are bought, or they thirst for the excitement of a new venture, or they are impatient "to be settled in life," without serious thought as to whether they can together fulfil the life-long responsibility of the marriage state. When will people learn to prepare for marriage as for a great religious act—an act which, for its final fulfilment, requires a clean life in the past as well as an honest purpose for the future? When will they learn that in getting married they take upon themselves one of the most solemn duties possible to man? Whilst men and women enter recklessly into the marriage state, there will always be homes that are dens of misery and vice."

Very grave is Father Cuthbert's warning as to the seriousness of marital duties. He says:

"Even when marriage is entered into, as it should be, with a sense of its sanctity and responsibility, there will always be required that unceasing moral vigilance and self-restraint, and that single-eyed adherence to duty, which alone guarantees the faithful discharge of a difficult vocation. Self-denial is of the very essence of conjugal devotion. Husband and wife, from the moment that they profess their vows, owe to each other a supreme devotion and affection such as they can give to no other creature. To deprive each other in any other way, of that supreme devotion is to derogate from their vow. They may have friendships and gather each around them a circle of acquaintances; but such friendships have not the sacramental character of the supreme devotion they owe each other, and, if need be, must be sacrificed to that supreme devotion. . . To convince the modern world of the sanctity of marriage is, in truth, one of the most urgent tasks before the Church in this country. Young men and women must be taught that marriage is a solemn duty and a religious act. They must be told that to prepare themselves to enter into the sacramental state, they must endeavor to keep themselves pure from their youth; not rush recklessly into marriage before they are satisfied that they are fitted for its responsibilities. . . . But do Catholics themselves always enter into the married state with that sense of responsibility which should be expected from them? Are our Catholic young men and maidens taught to regard marriage as the fitting crown of a pure life? . . . Are our Catholic youths made to realize that the duties of husband and wife go beyond the avoidance of legal infidelity, and imply a constant reverence and devotion towards each other higher than they may show towards any other man or woman? It is for Catholics to set the example; and an example so manifest and far beyond reproach that none may cavil at them. Then, and then only, will they be able to induce their non-Catholic fellow-citizens to recognize the sanctity of the marriage vow and the indissolubility of the marriage tie. Marriage is indissoluble because it is a sacrament; and a sacrament is a holy thing, to be approached with holy thoughts and reverenced with holy deeds. . . . The children of to-day are the parents of to-morrow, and there lies the hope or despair of the future. . . . But where parents themselves have but a shallow conception of the sanctity and responsibility of their state, how can they teach their children the higher ideal? . . . If the marriage of the future is to be of a Christian and sacramental character, the parents of to-day, by word and example, must help their children to realize fully what Christian and sacramental marriage is."

Completely Disheartened
Egyptian Liniment Cured Him

Though the hospital physicians could not agree on the cause of his trouble, Mr. Robert Graham, of Elgin, Ont., found Douglas' Egyptian Liniment the proper cure. He writes:

'For four months I suffered untold agony from my arm, which I was obliged to carry in a sling. Could get no rest scarcely, day or night. I went to General Hospital, Kingston, but had to return home with my arm in the same condition. Doctors could not agree as to the cause of my trouble. A friend gave me a bottle of Egyptian Liniment. At first I refused to use it, as I was completely disheartened, however, he prevailed upon me to give my arm one application. I did and immediately after I began to feel the effect. I followed the directions and after using the contents of one bottle, my arm was entirely cured. I have had no return of the pain since. Egyptian Liniment has certainly been a boon to me."

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"BROAD" RELIGION

Doctor Murlin, the new President of Boston University, in his inaugural address, among many good things well said, delivered some assertions that are not at all good. He asks for the University a "broad, wholesome, sane religion," and protests against "narrow thinking in matters religious." "It is a burning shame," he continues, "that we are so small in our religious conceptions and so narrow in our view of the Bible that our children are denied religious instruction in our Public schools, and the world's noblest literature is barred from the subjects of study in the Public schools. Let us hope that soon we shall outgrow such narrow sectarianism and its consequent moral death."

It is strange that some minds will not see that religious truth is not of man's making; that no matter how deeply and how broadly university professors may think, they are not the interpreters of God's Revelation. It is we Catholics, of course, who are "so small in our religious conception," that we will not allow the Word of God to be bandied about in the public schools according as some teacher who has no sympathy with the cherished Catholic faith of her pupils may see fit. We have nothing to say about other children, but we refuse to have our children given the brand of dogma which Boston University professes. What, too, of the Jewish pupils? Would Doctor Murlin compel them to listen to the New Testament? Perhaps he would limit Bible reading to the Old Testament, but would Christian pupils be satisfied with that? It is very simple to make critical assertions, but another thing to suggest a working plan acceptable to all who have a right to say how public money will be employed. Broadness alone will not lead to truth; more often will it lead to all manner of error. And if university professors were as broad as the Doctor maintains, he would not make the assertion that early Christianity in its desire of personal fitness became "forgetful of social relations and earthly obligations." That Christians expected an early transit did not blind them to their duties to their neighbors. One has only to read the Epistles to discover that.

Evidently Dr. Murlin has been bitten by the popular germ that thrives among latter day Protestants of chanting the praises of broadness, forgetting the saying of Our Lord that the way to destruction is broad and the path of righteousness narrow and straight. Which authority are we to follow?

Breadth is a much abused term, taken from its true meaning to signify something vague and indefinite, to cover a shallowness of thought that is becoming daily more common. Mr. Bird Coler, author of "Socialism in the Schools," and "The Residuary Sect," puts it clearly thus:

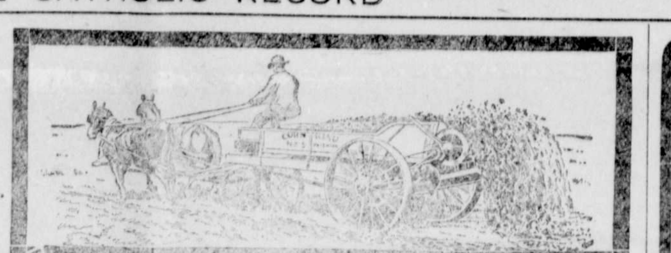
"We are apt to give respectful attention to 'breadth' as if it were something in itself respectable. At its own fireside it is a respectable and worthy thing; a broad sympathy is a fine thing; a broad vision is a fine thing; but a broad religion is nothing at all. The widest possible angle is no angle at all. The last generalization is an infinite thing necessarily too big to fit in a finite thing like a human mind. So 'broad' is a decent member of society when it sticks to its mate, but it is a corrupter and a mischief maker when it runs off, as it often does, with the term 'religion.' Religion should not be broad; tolerance should be. Religion is the shortest distance between man and God; it should have only one dimension. I would have the religion of men as straight and narrow as the road to Paradise; their sympathy as broad as the need of it." Which one is the sane thinker?—Pilot.

WHO IS THE IDOLATOR?

Mr. Edison is a sneerer at Catholic reverence for sacred shrines and "pietas." The figure of the dead Saviour in His grief-transfixed Mother's arms and the image of His Cross made his gall boil over whenever he encountered them on Italian or French highways, and beheld devout peasants kneeling and praying before these chastening reminders of the price of man's salvation. But yet the great man has his own idols. He worships a great idol of stone and bronze—the tall statue of Liberty that rises out of New York harbor. It represents only an idea—a human idea—and yet Mr. Edison grows rapturous over it, he who sneers at Catholics paying reverence to the fact of God incarnate, and represented in a sanctified shrine, accompanied by the symbol of redemption. Mr. Edison began his attacks on the Catholic religion by saying that every one ought to be free to believe and worship according to his conscience, but he immediately proceeded to prove that he did not practice what he preached. He launched out into a panegyric of gross materialism. He said that tall chimney stacks were his patron saints; that church steeples represent superstition, and other drivel of the scoffing infidel class. Tubal Cain seems to be god of the modern Cyclop. The statue in New York harbor represents "Liberty enlightening the world," but the symbol of salvation that Mr. Edison despises represents Him who is really the "Lux Mundi." "Behold," He said, "I am the Light of the World." He is the Lord of the world and Maker of that material light which Mr. Edison manipulates so cleverly, yet confesses that he cannot tell what it is. But Mr. Edison knows Him not.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

It is as hard for God to bless a stingy man as it is for rain to fall on a desert.

Whatever you do, do not judge people hastily; try and judge them as you would wish them to judge you.



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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know that our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know that it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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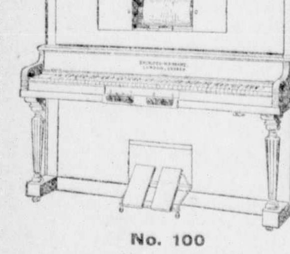

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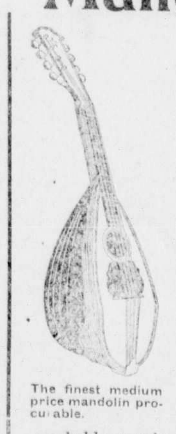

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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WORK AND INCLINATION

It is a hard saying, that we usually do our best work in the things that come hardest to us. But this is a truth that is being abundantly proved, in every walk of life, with every passing year. It calls only for a fair facing of the facts to recognize it.

It is as wrong to seek for difficulties as to seek for ease. It is not possible, but it is a positive duty, to enjoy our work. It is wrong to "hunt trouble," though readiness to meet difficulties is needful as commendable.

It is true that one's best work is likely to be hard work, rather than easy; on this account, inclination and facility in a certain direction are likely to be barriers rather than helps to real success; God is likely to call one into the work within which he can be best: and God's call, not man's best, should be the determining factor every time. We are not as a rule safe judges of our own fitness or unfitness in any line, and man is seldom to be trusted to pick out his own field of labor. It is safer to let God do this, and God's call, not personal inclination, should settle the matter for us all. If God's call be in accordance with our own inclination and liking, that does not alter the case. Duty is none the less duty because it is pleasant from the start. But it is only fair to recognize that ease in doing our best work is the exception rather than the rule.

As for enjoying our God-ordained work, that is a duty to which divine ordinance summons everyone. And there is no joy that compares with the joy of overcoming. The joy that is found in hard work makes the joy of easy work pale and colorless. This vigorous, full-blooded joy is a growth and a result; it comes out of effort, in and by accomplishment. It is possible in every form of effort to which God calls — but in no other. There is therefore no gain nor sense in seeking obstacles for obstacles' sake, of course; but there is tremendous gain in refusing to be deterred by obstacles if they lie between us and God's work and in recognizing that God's call is very likely to be in that direction.—The Angelus.

HOPEFULNESS

God has outlined this divine virtue in granting us a naturally hopeful temperament. Among the kinds of men we know, none is more lovely than he who has a particularly hopeful character. He looks on the bright side—what side but that is God's side? As we hear that the darkest cloud has its silver lining, so must we say that God always sees that side, for He is enthroned beyond the clouds. "Heaven's door is iron on our side and golden on God's side," says Wiseman by one of his characters in Fabiola.

In religious activities the busy, pushing man is the hopeful man; and he is the thriving man. He alone has daring plans for God's cause. Difficulties do not daunt him, because his temperament and his grace make sacrifices easy. A supine soul has no place in a saint's following. Cowardice never takes counsel of an energetic friend—it seeks out a minimizing confidant for its perplexities and a temporizing negotiator for its scruples, instead of abounting in plans it overflows with excuses. Reasons for not acting are abundant in proportion to the vacancy of hopefulness. A safe man, such a one is sometimes called — safe he is because he keeps at a safe distance from the firing line. He can boast that he has never been knocked down—for he is always lying flat on the ground.

One says of an evil that called for remedying. "I was afraid to make matters worse, and so I quietly withdrew." Another kind of a man says: "I did my best." God does not always give a victory to such a one, but he always comforts his conscience with inner approval.—Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P.

REGRETS

Never let regret poison your present or hamper your future. If you have made a mistake, try to retrieve it; if this is impossible, make the best of a bad bargain.

Some people are forever repining over this or that action, wishing they had done differently, and wondering how things would have gone if they had. This is an idle waste of time and works good for no one. We all make mistakes, some more glaring than others, but no one is exempt. "What can't be cured must be endured," as an old proverb that has good sense in it.

Here is a pithy paragraph along the same lines: "Never be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous, if the people were mean afterwards. Never be sorry that you gave. It was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean."

In other words, don't mind if your generosity is unappreciated, or kind acts misunderstood and misrepresented. You have had the pleasure of giving, and that is after all the best payment; for of the gifts of the heart it always remains true, the more you give the more you have.

AFFABILITY

When a young man starts out in the world, after his education is finished, he finds that it is not what he expected. It is altogether different from the college, where he may have been popular with his teachers because he was a brilliant pupil. All the knowledge in the world will not make one popular or successful—in fact some of our most intelligent people have been among the most disagreeable. The ability to get along with people is more to be desired than great wisdom, and is a gift that will bring us almost anything the world has to give.

Friendship, expansiveness, having a good word for everybody, helping someone out of trouble, shaking hands with another man, bowing, smiling here and there—that makes a man broad. It gives him happiness, pleasure and sympathy. It suggests to him, oh! ever so many things and makes him useful to the world. Affability is the greatest of all gifts. The man who can make others feel at ease in his presence and bring out the best that is in them is generally the man who is sought after, while the man who is grouchy, gloomy and pessimistic seldom finds anything but failure in this world.—Intermountain Catholic.

WORK, NOT WORDS

The world wants results, not excuses. The one who is quick at making excuses is rarely good for anything else. Work, not words, is needed. Labor conquers all things. Words are often nothing better than sounds. A girl has been too lazy to study her lessons, next morning she has an excuse to offer. She has an excuse for every fault she is found guilty of. She often does wrong and then tries to cover her faults by making excuses. This is an old trick. Adam tried to play it on God Himself, but it would not work. Don't be so foolish as to try to play the same trick; it will never do. Those who strive to excuse themselves when they do wrong instead of owning up that they did wrong will never win the good opinion of others.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

STORY OF RUBENS

The great painter, Rubens, during his stay at Madrid, in the year 1628, made many excursions into the neighboring paris, and the following occurrence is related as happening during one of them:

There was, in the environs of the city, a convent inhabited by one of the most austere and rigid orders of monks; into this Rubens entered, and observed much to his surprise, in the choir even meanly adorned, a picture which evinced the most superior talent.

The subject of this picture was the Death of a Monk. Every shade, every touch, spoke of the high soul and sublime genius of the painter; and Rubens, delighted, called his pupils, some of whom usually accompanied him in his expeditions, and showed them the picture. All joined with him in the loudest expressions of admiration.

"But who can be the author of this chef d'ouvre ?" exclaimed Van Dyck, the master's favorite pupil.

"A name has evidently been written beneath the painting, but some one has carefully effaced it," replied Van Thulden.

Rubens craved an interview with the prior of the convent, and at the old monk's approach, eagerly inquired the name of the artist whose work so excited his admiration.

"The painter is no longer in the world," replied the monk.

"Dead !" exclaimed Rubens. "He is dead. And did he die unknown ? Was there no one after he was gone to give to the world a name which should have been immortal—a name before which even mine might bow ? Notwithstanding,' added the great artist, with a noble pride, "notwithstanding, my Father, that I am Peter Paul Rubens !"

At this name the pale face of the prior lighted up with an unwonted brightness. His eyes sparkled and the fixed and eager look which he turned on Rubens spoke of somewhat more than curiosity; but this excitement only lasted for an instant. The monk's eyes were again cast on the ground, and his hands, which he had raised to heaven in the moment of enthusiasm, he once more crossed upon his breast, and repeated:

"The painter is no longer in the world."

"But his name, my Father, his name, that I may tell it to his country, and that he may receive, though late, the glory which is justly due to him."

And Rubens, as well as Van Dyck Jacques, Jordaesa and Van Thulden his pupils, one might almost say his rivals, surrounded the prior, and earnestly entreated him to name the unknown artist. The monk trembled—a cold perspiration trickled from his forehead down his wrinkled cheek and his lips contracted almost convulsively as though eager to reveal a mystery of the secret of which he alone was master.

"His name ! his name !" repeated Rubens.

The monk made a solemn gesture with his hand.

"Listen !" said he "You have misunderstood me. I told you that the author of this picture was no longer in the world, but I did not mean to say that he was actually dead."

"He is living !" exclaimed simultaneously Rubens and his pupils. "Oh, tell us then his name, that we may become acquainted with so sublime a genius !"

"He has long since renounced the world," replied the prior calmly. "He has entered the cloister—he is a monk."

"A monk, my Father, a monk !" cried Rubens. "Oh, tell me in what convent, for he must leave it. I will bring him forth and show him, the glory that awaits him. If he refuse me I will obtain an order from our Holy Father the Pope for him to return to the world, and resume his brush. The Pope loves me, my Father; the Pope would grant my request."

"I can neither tell you his name, nor that of the convent to which he has retired," replied the monk in a resolute tone.

"The Pope will command you to do so," cried Rubens, exasperated.

"Listen to me," said the prior. "For heaven's sake, listen ! Do you believe that this man, before giving up the world, before bidding adieu to fortune and glory, had not hard struggles against such resolution ? Do you not feel that he must have experienced bitter deceptions and cruel disappointments before he was brought to acknowledge that all here is but vanity ?" said he, striking his breast. Leave him, then, to die peacefully in that asylum which he has at length found from the world and its deception. On the other hand, your efforts I am convinced, would be of no avail; it is a temptation, I feel assured, he would resist," added he, crossing himself, "for God will not withdraw His help. God, who in mercy deigned to call him, will not chase him from His presence."

"But, my Father, it is immortality which he renounces !"

"My son, immortality is nothing in presence of eternity."

And the prior, pulling his hood over his face and slightly bowing, quitted the chapel, thus leaving Rubens no time to press his solicitations further.

The celebrated Fleming retired from the convent with his brilliant cortege of pupils, and all returned to Madrid, silently musing on what had transpired.

The prior sought his cell, and throwing himself upon his knees on the straw mat which was his only couch, he prayed long and fervently; then, gathering together his pencils, his colors, and an easel which was lying on the floor of his dormitory, he threw them all into the river which flowed beneath the window. He gazed for some time with a melancholy smile upon the water which bore them away from his sight. When they had entirely disappeared he returned once more to kneel on his straw mat, before his wooden crucifix, to pray.—True Voice.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DEVOTION

"An incident that I shall never forget," said Daniel O'Connell speaking to a group of Irish patriots who were discussing the woes of Ireland under a foreign government, "is one which occured when I first began my public life."

"It was when I was in the southern part of the County Kerry. I entered old Saint Patrick's church to ask God's blessing on the meeting we were to have there that evening. As I approached the Altar, I noticed a little maid kneeling, her hands clasped in prayer. Golden curls peeped out from beneath the hood of her coarse cloak, framing a face of unusual beauty.

"I watched her for a few moments, and then purposely made a noise to attract her attention, but in vain.

"I confess I was curious to know who she was, 'for,' thought I, 'if Kerry is made up of such Catholics we will win the day.'

"I finished my devotions, and arose to leave the church. I glanced at the child, she still knelt unmindful of anything except the Divine Presence on the Altar.

" 'What is your name little one ?' I said. She did not answer.

" 'What is your name ?' I repeated. She did not heed the question, but, persistent, I asked her again.

"She looked at me wonderingly for a moment, then pointing her finger to the Tabernacle, said in a whisper: 'Jesus is there.'

"I turned away, humbled at the sublime Faith of that little child, and thanked God for the Church that in the past has made Ireland the land of saints and heroes, and in the future will guide her until once more she takes her place among the nations of the world."—Sunday Companion.

HOW TO BE MISSED

"Oh I shan't be missed !" a girl said the other day when she was asked to join with her people in some little outing. She said it very bitterly too.

But if things are like this there must be something wrong somewhere.

Everyone has a place to fill in the world, no matter how small or insignificant that niche appears to be, and if we find that others do not miss us it must surely be because we have not yet learned how to fill our niche properly.

As a matter of fact it isn't enough just to fill the niche Providence has given us. We must hold that little corner by being as kind and helpful to other people as ever we can.

If we do that I do not think we shall long have to complain that we "shan't be missed."—True Voice.

IMPROPER CONVERSATION

It is a well-known fact that certain snakes have poisonous fangs. Woe betide the unhappy traveler in the forest who is bitten by one of them! The poison circulates in his blood, the wounded member swells up, fever sets in and not unfrequently death follows. The Psalmist speaks of the poison of snakes and the venom of asps and indicates that a similar poison may flow from the mouth of man. "They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; the venom of asps is under their lips." This poison is the wicked words and the foul language which proceed from the mouth of some. As the poison of snakes injures the body so and in a greater degree evil conversations injures the soul of man. To these the Apostle refers when he says: "The tongue is indeed a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how small a fire kindleth a great wood" (James iii, 5.) Impure conversation kindles a great fire, laying waste both the soul of him that speaks and of him that listens.

Impure language is a disgrace to him who utters it on account of the source from which it comes. It proceeds from an illregulated heart. Who, as a rule, are they that indulge in this kind of language? Silly young men that do not weigh their words, who think themselves smart in speaking of such subjects. Or they are frivolous men whose age has not yet taught them the gravity due to good manners or good morals. They think they can not laugh unless there be scurrility and impurity in their conversation.

Impure language arises from an impure heart. Have you ever met with a single modest and well-behaved young man who indulged in impure language? Saintly youths, such as St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus, actually swooned away if anything unfit for chaste ears was said in their presence, such was the sensitiveness of their pure souls. Our Lord says: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." (Luke vi. 45.) "From the heart come forth evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications." (Matt. xv. 19.) The axiom of St. Chrysostom was: "As the heart, so the words." St. Bernard tells us, "The inmost heart is often revealed by the testimony of speech because the tongue expresses that of which the heart is full. Impure conversation is the index to an impure heart. Such a heart is like a swamp from which evil words arise like a poisonous exhalation."

The subject of impure conversation is one which every one ought to be ashamed, for it is impurity. Impurity brings the curse of God upon those that practise it. The man who talks in a filthy manner proclaims his own shame by showing that he delights in what is low and degrading. Moreover, the subject of impure conversation is one that gives great scandal. Immodest words fall like red hot sparks into the soul of the listener and cause it to burn with a great flame. It is an incitement to sin. To lead others into sin is a shameful and accursed deed, which our Lord condemned in the strongest terms: "Woe to the world because of scandals. For it must needs be that scandals come; nevertheless woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh," (Matt. xviii, 7.) Such a one disgraces himself and calls down the condemnation of God upon his head. Shame upon him who prostitutes his lips by uttering such language!

The instrument used in uttering words that are unchaste is the tongue. God gave us speech to praise Him, and the unclean man abuses it for filthy language. "Let no evil proceed from your mouth, but that which is good, that it may minister grace to the hearers." (Ephes. iv., 29.) He who talks in an immodest manner frustrates the purpose for which God gave him the tongue; he employs it for a purpose directly opposed to that for which it was made.

The tongue is the member on which we receive the body of Christ, and the evil speaker defiles it with impurity. No other member is allowed to touch the sacred Host than the tongue; as often as we receive the body of Our Lord the tongue becomes for a few moments the throne of His Majesty. Thus the tongue is sanctified. By uttering filthy words it is desecrated in the most shameful manner. "How shameful a thing it is," exclaims St. Chrysostom, "that the tongue, the noble member, the tongue which has often touched the body of Christ, which has been moistened with the blood of the Lord, should be misused to so vile a purpose! Is it right and fitting that a speech or a song that outrages decency should proceed out of the mouth of a Christian, the same mouth which has so often received the body of the Lord?" He who speaks indecently disgraces himself and defiles the tongue which has been sanctified by contact with God.—Rev. Joseph Schuen.

PROTESTANT MINISTER

GIVES HIS IMPRESSIONS OF CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT MAYENCE

The Liberal and Protestant organ, the Frackfurter Nachrichten, publishes some impressions of a Protestant pastor Dr. Maximilian Maurenbrecher, on the recent Catholic congress at Mayence. The writer says:

"Instead of seeing, as I had expected, but a performance of marionettes, I only saw gravity, conviction and fervor, such as their adversaries might well themselves turn to account. Politics were not at all to the front; rather that which was much more in evidence at the congress was solicitude for the security of the Catholic religion, and it was just because of this that persons of a different way of thinking could not but be struck by its sessions."

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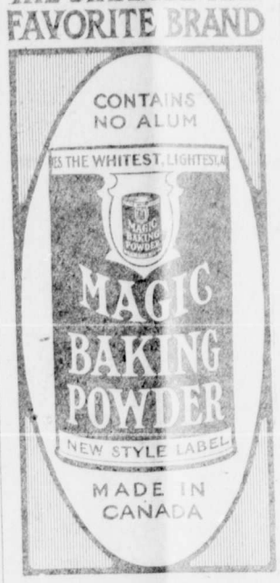

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THE CRUEL SEX

Observers of feminine human nature inform us, with how much reason we do not venture to say, that one never knows what a woman is going to do next, and that very often she herself does not know, nor can she tell why she so acted. Possibly it was that curious uncertainty of purpose that prompted the Ladies' Home Journal for November to give a full page to an alleged poem by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The Female of the Species." Four or five of the stanzas end with the refrain, "She is more deadly than the male." In proof of his discovery, this cruel artist of the lyre alleges the fury of the she-bear and the malignity of the female cobra. He also invokes the aid of the clergy to bolster up his pretensions, and assures us that:

"When the early Jesuit fathers preached
to Hurons and Choctaws,
They prayed to be delivered from the
vengeance of the squaws;
'Twas the women, not the warriors,
turned those stark enthusiasts
pale,
For the female of the species is more
deadly than the male."

This is poor stuff, but it shows that Kipling has as little knowledge of the squaws as he has of pronunciation and fact. There were no "early Jesuits" among the Choctaws or Chahtas or Cha'htas or Chactas or Chassés, and when they did arrive they were treated with tolerable decency. Indeed, the tribe showed its affection for them on one occasion by lifting the scalps of eighteen Yazoos who had murdered a missionary; and perhaps it is worth recording that the corpse which was horribly mangled by the cruel males was given an honorable burial because of the entreaties of a captive squaw—white, it is true, but the red ones would have done the same. Nor were the Huron women notorious for their barbarity to "the stark enthusiasts." Could Kipling call up the spirit of de Brébeuf or of Chaumonot from the vasty deep he would hear how a heroic squaw had defended them for weeks in her cabin at the risk of her own life from a bloodthirsty mob of the other sex that was raging outside. Jogues also, who was slain by the cousins of the Hurons, would have told with gratitude how, again and again, the squaws wept over his bleeding wounds and tried in their helpless way to give him relief. They warned him of danger which beset him on all sides, and at the end of his terrible trial, before the hatchet descended on his head, one dear old squaw pleaded for his life with tears in her eyes, and offered to die in his stead. Indeed, there are many other examples in those savage days which show, if it were necessary to do so, how very much superior woman is, whether red or white, or black or yellow, over her male companion in those qualities which are inherently hers, of gentleness, tenderness, mercy and compassion. Of course, there were fiendish hags among those old copper colored females, but as the noble Indian taught his children to be as fierce and cruel as wild beasts, to make them successful in life, he probably did the same for the unfortunate squaw, whom he commonly treated with the most atrocious inhumanity.

But Kipling's attitude of mind in this matter, whether real or assumed, is of little consequence. What surprises us is that the editors of the Ladies' Home Journal should not only admit to their pages this brutal attack on their sex, but should give us a full-length portrait of their cigar-smoking and rather worried-looking and badly dressed executioner. Perhaps it was an act of vengeance on their part.—America.

THOUGHTS OF A CATHOLIC ANATOMIST

James J. Walsh, M. D., in the November Catholic World.

For both scientists who know so little about religion that their opinion as to the relation of science to faith is quite worthless, and for the greater number who get their science at second-hand there is need of an authoritative declaration from a man who knows both science and religion. This we now have in the book issued shortly before his recent death, by professor Dwight of Harvard which in his modest way he called simply Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist.

A smart expression used by a distinguished professor of the philosophical department of the university in which Professor Dwight has held the chair of anatomy for nearly a quarter of a century was, that if a man has faith and knows science he must keep them in water-tight compartments in his consciousness, for, if by any chance they should mingle, faith would inevitably disappear in the reaction that would take place. Professor Dwight deliberately courted the mingling of his faith and science. Science was always and continued to be until the end of his principle occupation, yet faith—and a faith for which he knew the reason—was the guiding star of his life. He was an eminently practical Catholic. He was one of the most prominent members of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference of Boston and spent much time in its noble works of charity. For him service to humanity was one of the highest expressions of religion. He had no illusion, however, with regard to service to humanity as being man's only duty or the only manifestation of his religious feelings required of him. Protestantism which began with claiming that faith without works was the essence of religion has now come to claim that works without faith are what count; not what a man believes, but what he does for others constitutes the fulfilment of his religious duty. Professor Dwight however, looked to the life of the spirit as well, and it is to him that the establishment in his native city of the practice of the Holy Hour, the spending of an hour every month before the Blessed Sacrament, is due.

In the light of what we know of professor Dwights last days, his concluding paragraph is especially interesting. Friends were highly edified by the calm Christian spirit in which he met what he knew was inevitable. For more than a year he was quite aware that death was upon him and that all that surgery could do was merely palliative. A surgeon who was a dear personal friend for many years had done all that was possible, and then Professor Dwight went about his work as calmly as if the end were not so near and there were years of work ahead of him. As the end approached and bodily suffering were added to the mental strain under which he lived, friends who were not themselves Catholics said that "if the Catholic religion could make a man and all his family receive affliction in such a spirit it was a faith that all must reverence."

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COUNTERFEIT FEES FOR COUNTERFEIT MARRIAGES

A press dispatch from Chicago, dated September 25, says:

"A dozen preachers are condoling with each other over the loss of good money, of which they were defrauded by a counterfeiter and a woman accomplice, who repeatedly presented themselves for marriage and also presented false $20 bills in payment of a $10 fee.

"The clergyman who told of the fraud refused to give the names of the preachers involved, as secrecy had been agreed on at a denominational meeting at which the victims condoled each other.

"Under the names of Gustave Foster and Amanda Thomas, an elderly but apparently loving pair, at various times presented themselves at the parsonages of the several preachers and desired to be married.

"After the ceremony had been performed the man said:

"'I wish, sir, that I could reward you with $20 for this kind act of yours, which makes a happy ending to a courtship lasting many years, but my purse is somewhat slim and I can afford but $10.'

"So saying, he tendered a $20 bill and the clergyman, well pleased to have performed this noble office as well as to get a windfall of $10 gave him back $10 in real money."

AS A CONVERT SEES IT

By the way of introduction, two instances:

In a small town in this state, with a population of three hundred Catholics out of a total of five thousand, there was a mission conducted by the Cleveland Apostolate. For the convenience of the working men of the parish who desired to "make the mission," Mass was said each week day morning at 5:30 o'clock. The attendance, needless to recount, was full each day. The leading Protestant minister of the city, remarking upon that fact, which was a source of general discussion in the town, said: "I cannot understand it. If I were to have a meeting one day morning, let alone six consecutive mornings, for the men of my Church, I couldn't get five of them out."

(His Church had the largest male membership in the town)

Last Sunday in one of the purely English-speaking parishes of this city, at the 8 o'clock Mass every seat was taken, fully half being occupied by men, and a crowd of young men four deep stood in the rear of that church throughout the hour's service, devoutedly worshipping. At the Protestant Churches in this city, the old problem was apparent, concerning which Protestant clergymen council much, as to the emptiness of pews and the paucity of men.

What is it then that hold men fast to the faith of Holy Mother Church and which Protestant creeds lack and which fills the Catholic churches while Protestant denominations are only united upon the one agreed topic that they cannot fill their pews?

Men must believe. Atheism is not human but pervert. And believing, they believe in something. And, as a convert sees it, therein lies the virility of the Catholic faith. The Catholic man is given something tangible to believe in.

He believes in the actual presence of our blessed Lord in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is a substantial, concrete truth upon which he can concentrate his faith and by which he can direct his life and upon which he can base his hope of eternity.

He believes it. He knows it in his inner consciousness and his attendance upon Church is with him a positive act of participation in the Sacrifice which is offered up on every Catholic altar in the world. He has a tangible and a substantial faith, unshifting and with a divine Foundation and Authority.

The Protestant Church member is denied that fact to grasp. He has seen the leaders of his sect abandon most of the sacraments of Holy Mother Church, devitalize the central thought of worship in denying the actual presence. In the stead of these great essentials of faith in our blessed Lord, He is offered a sort of academical intellectual gymnastics which lacks even the element of faith.

The religion of Jesus Christ is Infinite. It is at once miraculous and divine. It is founded upon faith propagated through faith and rewarded in faith.

Holy Mother Church brings to her children the blessing of an opportunity to believe in and enjoy that faith. She does not attempt to reason out calvary or to analyze the cross. She takes our blessed Lord and His crucifixion, she takes His teachings and the wonderful truth of His perpetuated sacrifice and says to her children: "Believe and thou shalt be saved."

The mistake which the Protestant leader makes is that he seeks to alloy faith in the Infinite with reason by the finite. The result is that his follower has neither saving faith nor unbeduddled reason left. And, as a convert sees it, it is the strong faith of strong men that fills the seats of Catholic churches at four or five Masses every Sunday with worshiping, devout men while the Protestant meeting houses minus faith, are as well, with only one service, minus people to fill them.—Cleveland Universe.

Imposing Funeral of Murdered Nun

All through Italy and especially in Ancona, feelings of deep horror are expressed at the murder of Sister Serafina in the hospital of that town by an Italian, who had been carried there for treatment the same day as that on which he committed the crime, says the Rome correspondent of the London Catholic Times. On entering the apartment of the man the poor Sister was beaten to death by the infuriated homicide. After thirty-five years of self sacrificing labor in the hospital she died in terrible agony her head being completely smashed in by the iron bar used by the miscreant.

The funeral of the poor Sister has been made the occasion of a public demonstration, the Mayor and City Councillors, the Archbishop of Ancona, the civil authorities and chief citizens walking after the hearse between two lines composed of thousands of the people.

It is stated the man is not a lunatic, though it has been found necessary to keep him in a strait-jacket. Banished from Austria as an "undesirable citizen," he now shows himself in the hospital cynical and sour in the moments he spares from bursts of ungovernable fury

DIED

DAVERUE.—In Buffalo, N. Y., on Oct. 14, 1911, Mrs. Ellen Teresa Daverue, relict of the late Richard Daverue. May her soul rest in peace!

New Book

"The Story of Cecilia," by Katherine Tynan Hinkson. (12 mo. cloth, $1.25.)

This is a delightful story of domestic life, entirely free from any sensational features. As the story opens Cicely (who, afterwards, is Cecilia's mother) learns of the reported death of her betrothed, Sir Paul Chadwick. She is taken ill, and Dr. Grace is engaged to attend her. He is attracted by his patient and falls in love with her, while she, half-crazed, conceives the idea that he is her lost lover come back to her. She marries Dr. Grace, who devoted his life to her. Cecilia is born, and grows up to be a beautiful girl, both in body and mind. Cecilia now enters the story. She takes part in a concert at the convent school, and by her skill in playing the harp she charms the guests. It is here that her cousin Betty Wynne introduces Lord Kilrush to her.

Cecilia pays a visit to the Dromores. Here she meets Sir Paul Chadwick, the report of whose death was unfounded. Cecilia unfortunately sprains her ankle, and is helped by Lord Kilrush to the nearest doctor's. Cecilia overhears a conversation between Lady Dromore and a friend, from which the girl infers that she is interfering with a match between Kilrush and Betty Wynne. She retires to a convent, but eventually everything is made plain, and the story ends with everyone happy. Price $1.25 Published by Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay St. New York, N. Y.

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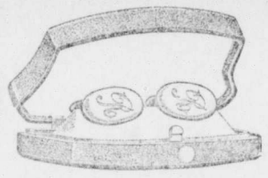
The Catholic Record
LONDON, ONT.

DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING NOW

Would you like your Christmas money to stretch further than it ever did before? Then make this a Delivery-paid Christmas, by buying everything you want from The Simpson Store. Here are some amazing values, the prices representing exactly what you pay at your nearest station.

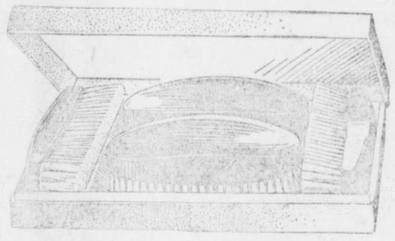
BS-8834.—This Man's 17-Jewel Watch in a sterling silver open-face case for $5.95, is remarkable value. It's fitted with the Simpson special nickel movement, which you will find reliable. The case is a thin model, neither heavy nor bulky in the pocket. Purchase one of these watches for personal use or for Christmas giving. Write for it to-day. Price, delivered.. $5.95

BS-8835.—Give half a dozen Roger's Silver-plated Tea Spoons, packed in fancy lined box. Your gift will be appreciated. Dainty floral design. Price per half dozen, delivered ..... .99

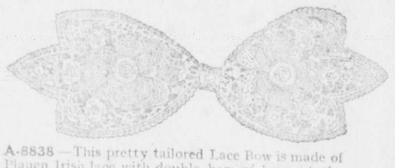


B-8840.—Gold filled, Roman finished Cuff Links. $1.00 value for .39
B8841.—Sterling silver Cuff Links. 50c. value for..... .29
NOTE.—Send your order early and we'll engrave any letter free of charge.

Y-8842.—This splendid Black Velvet Bag is quite correct. Inside is a small purse for coins. Excellent gilt frame, durable cord handle, dainty tassels. Price, delivered..... $1.25



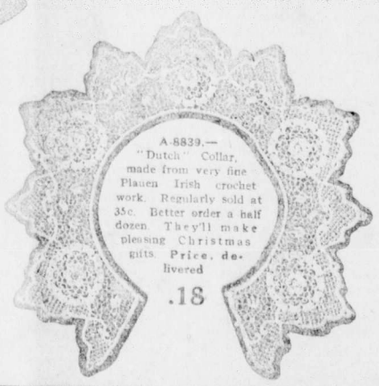
HT-8843.—Men's four-piece Brush Set. Two REAL ebony wood military brushes with 13 rows of hand-drawn bristles, and a hat and cloth brush to match. Warranted solid backs. Regular $3.00. Price, delivered..... $1.98



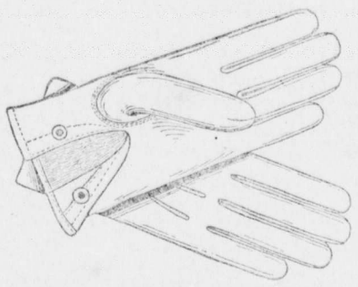
A-8838.—This pretty tailored Lace Bow is made of Plauen Irish lace with double bow of lawn at the back. Very dainty and usually sold for 25c. Price, delivered ..... .15

B5-8836.—Here's sterling value in a Sterling Silver Watch for women. Inside the case, (on which, by the way, we'll engrave any script monogram,) is a 7-jewel, nickel Swiss Lever movement. This splendid watch can be worn as a chatelaine or in leather wristlet. Price delivered..... $5.85

B5-8837.—Leather Wristlet for above watch, in tan or black. Price, delivered ..... .35



A-8839.—"Dutch" Collar, made from very fine Plauen Irish crochet work. Regularly sold at 35c. Better order a half dozen. They'll make pleasing Christmas gifts. Price, delivered .18



FM-8844.—No article for a man is more acceptable at Christmas time than gloves. These are splendid winter gloves of tan, suede leather, with warm wool lining and one dome fastener. They are strongly made and perfectly finished in every detail. Sizes 7 to 9½. We have several thousand pairs to sell, but at this very low price, it will be wisest to send your order at once. Price, delivered .59

We publish no Christmas Catalogue this year, but our Fall and Winter one is crowded with Christmas suggestions. A post card will bring it. Whether you order fifty cents' or fifty dollars' worth of goods, WE PAY ALL DELIVERY CHARGES.

The Robert SIMPSON Company Limited
TORONTO