

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1907

1520

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CHILDREN AND THE THEATRE.

Bishop Hoban says that it is a question in his mind as to whether it is a good thing to allow children to go to the theatre frequently. He is not satisfied that it is wise or prudent to let them go to the theatre so often that they will get the theatre habit. It is dangerous to train children to feel that they must always be amused; that they should always be indulging in pleasures. We may add that many parents who dwell in towns wherein the moving picture shows flourish are not so perturbed as is Bishop Hoban. The children flock to them, and their promoters count the nickels, smiling the while at the success of shows that have been banned in some places in the United States. We forbear criticism. For when we are assured that they are instructive, and when we see the civic fathers tolerating a half-dozen or more of them in small towns, we are certain that comment on our part would be ineffective. But we pity the children. In school half of the day, and in the theatre half of the night, they will, with the aid of their teachers and of the gentlemen of the films and the streets, be instructed in wondrous fashion.

"A QUERY."

We do not know why a marked copy of L'Aurore has been sent to us. We have examined some of its articles and found them to be a rehash of sundry things which appear from time to time in the anti-Catholic press. This may be good diet for some people, but the most of us do not care for "left-overs." One of the cooks, named Fournier, seasons his "creations" with the spice of vulgar bigotry. His specialty is the "mud pie" just plain and unadorned by any sprig of Gaelic courtesy. But how this can please the French Protestant, or any kind of Protestant, passes our comprehension. Why M. Fournier must devote his culinary abilities to mud is a problem to us, but not to M. Fournier. Without wishing to be disrespectful, (for this individual, however he may talk about the Church, resents any discomfiture to Fournier) we beg to say that the distinguished chef is not honest with his customers. They are entitled to good food instead of garbage dredged with the venom of a renegade.

WANTED—A GAG FOR THE MILLIONAIRE.

Our wise men would, by gagging the retired millionaire, ease the sufferings of a much abused public. We must bear with the Captains of Industry while they fill the daily prints with accounts of their operations and deals, but after they bid farewell to the market they should count their dollars instead of being with preachment on success. How they amassed wealth, the only thing they seem to value, is not alluded to. They divulge nothing as to the route to money, but their little homelies are so constructed as to give the impression that they spent little and saved much and were models of virtue. Perhaps they were, but they never made a million or so by those methods. Instead of talking they should write cheques for the benefit of squeezed competitors or their memoirs as a warning not to get rich at the expense of all that makes a man lovable and respected. And the man who has lived only to make money is a failure and can learn much from those who see the beauty of the stars and know that every bush is alive with God.

THE VERBAL FLOOD.

Just now torrents of words are rushing over the world because the Holy Father has done his duty in condemning Modernism. The Pope is reactionary and wrong and ill-advised because—well because. The popes of the editorial rooms wax dogmatic and command us to see eye to eye with them; and so sure are they of their own infallibility or of our gullibility that their assertions are unaccompanied by any argument. But we have heard all this before—it is age-old talk. Ere this the message of Jesus Christ, the deposit of faith, has been challenged in its progress down the centuries, but it is marching and its challengers are dead. Ere this, also, the Church has been dubbed an antique, but it is vital and able enough to stem the tide of irreligion. So pulsing is it with life that they who are arrayed against

Christianity concentrate their attacks upon her—that institution, to quote Frederic Harrison, the most august and durable compared to which all other forms of Christianity are more or less perversions for transitional and morbid and sterile offshoots. The sects bother them not at all.

PRIDE THE CAUSE.

Many, however, who render no allegiance to the sects, disapprove the action of the Holy Father. If they do, it is because pride obscures their mental vision. Pope Pius bans neither science nor anything that can ennoble man. His concern is with the message entrusted to him. Our duty is to obey—to say, with one whose mental calibre is equal, to put it mildly, to that of the critics of Rome: "Be ye more staid O Christians. Not like feathers by each wind removable: nor think to cleanse yourselves in every water. Either Testament, the Old or New, is yours; and for your Guide, the Shepherd of the Church. Let this suffice you." (Dante, Paradise, Canto v.)

We heed the Church, the pillar and ground of the truth, which is Christ teaching and living in the world even to the consummation of ages.

TO BE REMEMBERED.

We should remember that the Church is a spiritual organization, founded for a supernatural end, and as such has nothing to do with science whatsoever. She teaches supernatural truth beyond the reach of reason: science teaches natural truth, and deals with the transient and material, with phenomena and their laws. Supernatural truth cannot be changed: scientific truth is subject to change and progress. Between them there can be no real conflict, for both are derived from God Who is the Author of all truth. The God, to quote an author, Who wrote the Bible, wrote the illuminated manuscript of the skies. And He Who wrote Jewish history, the Divine preface of Christianity, sent His Son Who accomplished the prophecies and established the Church which has filled and fills the world with its beauty and holiness. The Church is neither a theory nor a system of philosophy, but a permanent supernatural fact.

THE CHURCH AND PROGRESS.

So, far, however, have we progressed that we are under a new heaven, and upon a new earth, and hence religion must step swiftly to keep abreast of the times. Therefore, we must cast aside, as of little consequence, truths which the Lord deigned to declare to us. We must patch up new creeds and add to the house built upon the rock, thinking that in so doing we are wise when we are but blasphemous. They prose about the soul as if its wants and aspirations had been modified by our civilization. But it is still the same as when men lived in tents and were strangers to the marvels named indeed by the learned, but so far as their real nature goes, hidden in the folds of mystery. What can science do for the soul? Its origin and destiny are as a sealed book to it. The soul needs God; and that science which speaks of destroying the Church must begin with wresting God from the mind and heart of man.

SECULAR EDUCATION.

Going the rounds of the English press is a letter blaming the Indian troubles on the sedition which is taught in the schools. "It is obvious," it says, "that in handing over Mill, Macaulay, Rousseau, our own English history, our moral philosophy of the cheaper sort, to Bengali schools, we fill their minds with ideas of equality and nationalism, which only sober intelligence and higher education would enable them to understand and apply to surrounding circumstances. The tendency of such ill-digested learning is revolutionary, anti-caste, anti-religious. Our schools have undermined the old religious foundations and have set up none in their place."

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

The most of us will admit that the English-speaking Catholics of the Dominion have, with regard to education, much to learn from their French Canadian compatriots. We have, indeed, the people of Antigonish working for their university, which, a monument to their zeal and self-sacrifice, must render invaluable service both to the state and religion. But, as a rule, we are content to jog on trustfully and hopefully,

forgetting that if miracles do happen they are not to reward indifference.

If we wish to have a university in Ontario we must pay for it. Our men of means must emulate those who have enabled Toronto University to become a factor of national importance. If indifferent to the whole matter we pay the price in the loss of prestige and the diminution of our power as a social force. Eloquence or what the Church has done in other ages is futile so far as the world is concerned. Futility, also, to talk about our principles unless we have men to apply them to social problems. If we are to be intellectually the equals of others we must have, with them, equal advantages of education—in a word, we must support and strengthen Ottawa University. If we do not we must either petition the men of Laval to speak for us, or let our silence manifest our incompetence and ignorance. But are we willing to be beggars or noddies? Are the Catholics of Ontario, so generous to church and orphanage, prepared to close their purses against this education, which, powerful to day, is destined to become tenfold more powerful when the open spaces of this country are filled and its problems numerous and complicated.

OUR OPINION.

We are of the opinion that we should attend meetings held for the discussion of matters pertaining to the common weal. Our presence might lead some non-Catholics to question the utility of bearing the yoke of inherited prejudices. But as citizens we should contribute our quota to good government, as Catholics should give to the benefit of our principles. Meetings, however, cease and go without our attendance. The preachers speak at them: the non-Catholic jurist or merchant says a word or so; and we, preternaturally modest, stay in the back-ground or speak a piece in our halls about our progress. But modesty can be overdone, and our policy of isolation be a breeder of prejudices. We should remember that in his letter to the Bishop of Grenoble, Pope Leo XIII. counsels Catholics to work for truth and virtue wherever they are allowed to work, and with men who, though not themselves Catholics, are led by their good sense and their natural instincts of righteousness to do what is right and to oppose what is evil.

WAKE UP.

The gentlemen busied with the plan for the Federation of our societies have not emerged from their retirement. Their meditations are profound, doubtless, but a word from them would calm our apprehensions and beguile the suspicion that they have tabulated the question for future investigation. Perhaps not, but some argument will be necessary to show that our surmise is unjust. The individuals to whom we allude volunteered to do this work; they were assured our prelates would not ban the movement; and, despite the fact that they were given direction and counsel, they have done nothing so far as Federation is concerned. Politicians may have frightened them, or the prudent ones warned them not to do anything lest the non-Catholic, who exists in their over heated brains, take umbrage. But these prudent ones are dead ones on the question of our interests. For some of their energy is given up to the pursuit of a position, and the rest is spent in the cultivation of non-Catholic society. They who believe that Federation would develop a healthy public opinion and unite us wait upon the pleasure of the Toronto gentlemen.

SITIO—I THIRST.

A Jesuit on the Passion. Jesuits are apt to resist the *dolce far niente*, even when proscribed under obedience, and something in the shape of missionary work was a necessity of Father Spee's life, which no form of literature could supply. This he satisfied by looking up and consoling every afflicted person in his thinly populated neighborhood. He lets us into the secret of his unrest: "When on a fair morning," he says, "I was considering the sufferings of Christ, and weeping sore with compassion, I asked my Lord which word out of His whole Passion ought to move me the most strongly; He answered: 'That little word, *Sitio—I thirst*, for it transpierces body and soul; and not only in My flesh, but inwardly in My soul, have I thirsted for the salvation of men.'"—Rev. Father Spee, S. J., from the Nineteenth Century, 1885.

One of the fundamental principles of religion is growth. Our devotion is not very warm if increased love and strictness do not keep pace with it.

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF MODERN PROTESTANTISM.

ITS CHURCHES HAVE DEGENERATED INTO MERE SOCIAL CLUBS—CONTRAST WITH THE TRUE HOUSES OF GOD.

From the Monitor, Newark. A short time ago a leading secular magazine sent out a young woman correspondent with instructions to visit the chief churches in the different cities of the United States and to report the welcome she received in each, how the ministers in charge and the members of the church met a stranger, what interest they manifested in her, what courtesies they extended to her. This bright young woman visited the churches of many cities and has reported her experiences in the columns of the magazine which sent her on the errand. We note that she never visited the churches of the non-Catholic churches. We take this fact as a compliment to the Catholic Church, even though perhaps it might not have been so intended.

It must be evident by this time to observant men that the Protestant churches have degenerated into mere social clubs. They have no other binding tie and seemingly have no other ulterior end than the social features. There is no longer required any unity of doctrine among the members of the Protestant Church, in fact, doctrine is rather considered the badge of narrowness and illiberalism. Modern Protestantism has lost all appreciation of doctrine and the sweet tyranny of truth. The teachings of its ministers within the same sect differ widely. Each preaches his own opinions, ventilates his own views. He ignores any such duty as measuring his utterances by the standard of his Church's confession of faith.

The confusion of the pulpit is reflected in the pew. Each member sets his own standard of belief, if he does not ignore all positive doctrine. He goes to the church service to be entertained or amused. His mental attitude is not that of a man of faith, seeking the doctrine of his church.

Dogmatic preaching satisfactory to the minister must develop the social side of his make up. In this a rich wife is a useful accessory. For a short time an unmarried minister is at an advantage in his parish till curiosity deepens and darkness into gossip. Constant intercourse among the church members develops friendship among them. Acquaintance ripens into family ties. Sitting under the same teacher, similarity of view is likely to follow; similar opinions may lead to similar interests. By degrees the unity of fellowship has built up a successful club. Divergent members fall away or follow the path of least resistance into more congenial atmosphere. And thus finally compact social organization is developed—a Siamese twin type. This is the modern Protestant church in the United States.

Now each church that presents herself at the Church door on a Sunday morning or evening is looked upon as a possible applicant for membership in the club. Acquaintance must disclose the desirability of the applicant. Therefore, any stranger who appears is taken in charge. The better dressed she is, the more refined, the more well-to-do, the more she is to be promoted; a new hymn book is provided; her attention to the sermon is duly noted and the quality of her voice. After service the responsiveness to the churchly courtesies draws a group of women members around her; they compare notes with her till the minister appears and is introduced. She is invited to return the following Sunday, and all the ladies await her the next Sabbath—if she has come in a coach. Gradually a new member is annexed to the club to become part and parcel of its working force. Possibly the stranger is neglected at the church door. Her mien or her habit is not attractive. Mayhap the neglect is the vilest oversight. But her feelings are wounded. There is an undercurrent of bitterness in the new-comer's notion is somehow or other not that of a Church, but of a club. And so the sad comedy goes on from Sunday to Sunday—the tragi-comedy of modern Protestantism.

A CONTRAST.

How different the conditions in the Catholic Church. Catholics go to church because it is a church. For every Catholic his church is essentially the house of God. There the doctrines of God are announced. There the sacraments are administered; his intimate relations with the Divinity are consummated. There, before the altar, is he married to the wife of his choice and love; there his children are baptized; there in the confessional are the wounds of his soul healed. But above and beyond all else, there is the holy Sacrifice of the Mass accomplished there in the presence of the Body and Blood of Christ; there on the altar, in the silent recesses of the tabernacle, Jesus Christ will dwell. The Catholic church is the home of God. The tiny taper that glows and flickers in the sanctuary lamp announces the presence of the living Jesus. The Catholic goes to his church to adore and worship our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and as he reverently bends his knees on entering, his heart exults in the joy and consolation of communion with the Son of God. And so there are no strangers in the Catholic Church. The worshiper who enters the church, whether it be on a Sunday morning when the throngs are flocking thither on an errand like his own, or whether it be on a week-day

afternoon, the desolate hour for churches, when a sacred silence hangs over the holy place, goes always for the same purpose, to adore and honor the Son in God in the mystery of His love. The Catholic expects no human welcome; his welcome comes from the depths of the tabernacle. He cares not whether his fellow-worshippers greet him or whether courtesies are extended to him. He goes to his church because he has a right and because it is his duty. Bound together by a common belief, after with the same love, urgent on the same purpose all the worshippers are brethren—brethren whether in the jungles of Africa or in the stately edifices in the crowded city. There are no strangers.

The young lady correspondent did well in confining her investigations to the non-Catholic churches. We realize her disappointment when many of them received her coldly or paid no attention to her presence. She recognized it somehow or other as an affront, something for what that church and its ministers and its congregation were to be held responsible for as a dereliction of duty. The warmth of welcome was, unconsciously to her, to make up for the warmth that glows in a Catholic heart on entering before the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

And all this from the essential fact that the Protestant church is a club; but the Catholic Church is the house of God.

FREQUENT COMMUNION.

The need for frequent Communion was the note most emphasized at the Eucharistic Congress. Father Bachmann, of Louisville, read a paper on this subject which formed the basis for the resolutions. Father Bachmann said in part:

Our Holy Father reminds us of the necessity and of the effects of Holy Communion. One is expressed in the "Give us this day our daily bread," and the other in the well-known antiphon: *O Sacrament Conventium*. On the watch-tower for the salvation of souls, the Chief Shepherd discourses present needs and future troubles. As Lourdes prepared unhappy France for her present sore trials, may it not be that, today, the Pope designates this sovereign remedy to satisfy our present need and to fortify us for coming conflict? Eucharistians from the Holy See for the Universal Church has always deep significance.

The new decrees open to us the fount of the martyr's strength; Jansenism is silenced; rigorism is rebuked; theology rests forever about the requirements for Holy Communion; and fervent souls are at rest. The state of grace, pure motive, resolve to avoid deliberate grievous sin, and to lead the way to Holy Communion is open. Then, too, the Church has never limited the frequency of Holy Communion. Strongly the word, urge us: Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you." (John vi., 51) Rightly the Church penalizes in life and death him who refuses annual Communion. Her yearning and express desire is far different. She constantly preaches the need of Holy Communion for all according to opportunity. She teaches that the practice of virtue, the life and progress in things spiritual, the soul's sanctification, are impeded and dwarfed without it; that the weak need it to become strong and the strong to abide so; and that, as a pledge of perseverance and salvation and of the increase of the spiritual life of grace, it gives grace in extent and wealth known only to God and the soul.

The Church sends her religious to Communion frequently, but she leaves unfettered judgment to the confessor regarding the frequency of Holy Communion for both religious and lay people.

A French committee investigated a hospital for incurables under charge of Sisters, seeking to replace them with lay nurses. In the first ward, the awful ravages of ulcers and cancers, with their loathsome odors, caused the inspectors to hurry. The second ward was worse. They decided to omit the rest, but the superiors insisted as it was for the government. Then were seen bodies living and all but dead, beyond dressing, features unrecognizable, the most hideous forms of disease, and everywhere penetrated the repulsive odor of living decomposition. Quickly the inspectors escaped to the sunshine and air outside. They then learned that the Sisters had been in charge for forty years; and on inquiry how they could endure such awful conditions, were told that it was due to daily Holy Communion. Indeed, the Blessed Sacrament is truly the mainstay of every religious soul. Take away the Blessed Sacrament from the cloister, and it becomes a prison. Through the Blessed Sacrament we have the virgins, saints and martyrs.

Frequent reception of the Blessed Eucharist opens the remedy for the sin of our age—infidelity with its cohort of attendant vices. The world's schools, sciences, and general way of living carry the stamp of godlessness. "Will the Son of man when He cometh, find faith upon earth?" Non-Catholic churches are disintegrating; religion languishes outside; there is lack of life within the fold. Here is the remedy. In the Eucharistic movement we have Faith, Hope, Love and Contrition, all the elements to bring back to Christ a world that is fast drifting away from Him. Ours is the blessed privilege to be in the van; to transmit to posterity this movement with added momentum and increased force; no longer to rest content with adoration and visits to the Blessed Sacrament, but to increase and multiply the num-

ber of communicants. Ours must be the endeavor, as faith falls without, to make it abound the more in the Church's fold; as people drift from Christ, to bring the faithful closer; to lead the little ones; to bring Christ nearer to all; to lift high the watchword: "Come to Me all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."—Catholic Universe.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Miss Florence Lyman, who died the other day in Boston, and who was a convert to the Church, left \$235,000 to Catholic works of piety and charity.

English Catholic literature has suffered a loss by the death of Rev. Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder, Cardinal Newman's successor as Father Superior of the Birmingham Oratory.

The congregation of the Little Sisters of the Poor has been definitely approved by the Holy Father through decree of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars.

The celebrated English Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan, in a lecture recently delivered in Dublin, said there was no country in Christendom so Catholic as Ireland, and no capital as teeming with faith and the practice of it as Dublin.

The Congregation of the Propaganda has decided to raise the vicariate apostolic of Saskatchewan to a Bishopric, and change its name to Prince Albert. Monsignor Pascal will be Bishop of the new diocese.

Six of the Anarchists who attacked Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State at Marino in August have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from four to two months and to pay a fine \$10 each.

Dr. Frederick E. J. Lloyd, of Chicago, the convert to the Catholic Church from the Episcopal ministry whose lectures attracted attention in Cleveland last year, is now engaged in delivering lectures to non-Catholics in Toledo.

As a result of a three weeks' mission conducted by Father Alexis and other Pastoralists at St. Edward's Church, Philadelphia, thirty-one converts were received into the Church and a large inquiry class was left under the care of the parish clergy.

Miss Hall, daughter of one of the most prominent Protestant families in Quebec, last week solemnly abjured the errors of Protestantism and was baptized by Rev. Father Dasey, S. J. The day following she received Holy Communion and was confirmed by the Archbishop of Quebec.

Rev. Gabriel R. A. Browne, O. C. C., whose death occurred in Pittsburgh, Oct. 20, enlisted in the Navy before the War between the States, and had a brilliant war record. After the war he studied for the priesthood. Eight years ago he gave up his parish in Pittsburgh and entered the Carmelite Order.

According to the construction of the anti-pass law, Office Assistant Attorney General of Texas holds that the exemption for free transportation for Sisters of Charity applies only to the well-recognized Sisters of Charity of the Catholic Church, and not to other persons who might desire to travel on charitable matters.

There is no scarcity of vocations to the priesthood in the diocese of Philadelphia. Archbishop Ryan announces that he has accepted one hundred and ten seminarians and that a number of others who applied had been temporarily rejected for want of room or for lack of preparation in studies on their part. What other diocese is equally blessed?

The crusade started by Archbishop Falconio, the papal delegate, against the sale of indecent foreign periodicals in the United States, has come to a successful conclusion in Pittsburgh, a starting point. Employees of the police bureau have recently ordered Italian newspapermen not to handle such literature. The police bureau will prosecute them if they disobey.

At Malone, N. Y., the Paulist Fathers recently conducted a mission. The newspapers of the town printed the sermons, and as a result a large number of non-Catholics attended the mission. The minister of the Presbyterian church publicly advised his congregation to read the sermons, and spoke high words of praise of the work of the Fathers.

Mme. Melba, the Australian prima donna, is known in private life as Mrs. Armstrong. She was married in 1832 to Charles Armstrong, a Queensland sugar planter, and the sixth son of Sir Archibald Armstrong of King's county, Ireland. As Mrs. Armstrong she sang in Melbourne for some years before coming to London. She was the principal soprano in the choir of the Catholic Church in that city.

Five handed singers combined in a recital given in St. Martin's Church, Chicago, recently, when Archbishop Quigley blessed the magnificent pipe organ given to the church by the estate of the late Marshall Field. Archbishop Messner of Milwaukee, preached. The organ is valued at \$25,000 and until the building was razed to make room for a new Field store, Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., a Catholic, now in England, where her boys are being educated, acted as sponsor by proxy for the organ.

When thou shalt arrive thus far, that tribulation becomes sweet and savory to thee for the love of Christ, then think that it is well with thee, for thou has found a paradise upon earth.

LUKE DELMEGE.

BY MISS REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "THE NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE TRUCIMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LOGWOOD DAY.

"What's going on?" he whispered to a venerable old man by his side. "A novena for Pentecost," he whispered.

The Rosary was then recited the moment their red-robed acolytes had taken their places in a corona around the high altar. After the Rosary a sermon was preached on the first gift of the Holy Ghost—wisdom.

"Who's the preacher?" whispered Luke to his neighbour. "Father—," was the reply. "A grand man, your reverence!"

"I'm in Ireland for a surety," thought Luke, as he saw the priest, who was dying for a cup of tea; but there was no escape until Benediction was over, at 9 o'clock.

Next morning he presented himself at the same church to say Mass. As he passed up the corridor to the left of the church, he saw a number of men awaiting confession. They, too, were young and well-dressed and in good costume.

"I beg pardon," said Luke; "I have been misdirected." "Ha, my dear young friend, you fall—ha—to recognize your old friend?"

"A thousand pardons, sir," said Luke. "I really did. I took you for one of the greater prophets, come back to life."

"Ha, indeed? And is my—personal appearance so greatly changed? I have scarcely thought of it here. There were other things—other things," said the Canon, wearily drawing his hand across his brow.

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strange, where the Divine Lover of her and of all was hidden. Then with a violent start she would wake up and look around, and behold with a little shudder her dread abjection. And then again she would robuke herself sternly amidst her tears for her involuntary treason to her mighty vow. Had not the Eternal kept His contract, and why should she repudiate hers? Had not the All-Merciful snatched her brother from the pains of hell and the deep pit, and why should she repine for a few years of such sweet penance? If God had sent Louis—our dear Louis—to hell—oh! he thought was too dreadful; and she would go out on her wings of resignation and clasped her great patroness, the nail-pierced feet, and cry, "Elegi! elegi! I have chosen to be a despised one in the house of my God rather than dwell in the tents of sinners!"

And the waking dream of the white, spotless and obedient veil of honorifics and the organ and the choir, and herself amidst it all, would recur again and again; and the very respect and love, of which she now found herself an object, only intensified the vision.

One such day Sister Mary was in the infirmary, tending on Laura Desmond, now a hopeless and helpless invalid. She had done some trifling list service to her patient, and the doctor had been down with her and whispered: "Won't you ever tell me who you are?"

"What difference, dear, does it make, so long as we love one another?" "No; but I should love you more, only that sometimes I am afraid of you."

"Why should you be afraid, dear? I am but one like yourself, only perhaps more sinful before God." "You are not," said the patient, quietly.

"I shall not die easy till I see you in that dress," said Laura; "that is, if you do not put on something even better." Sister Mary shook her head, and after a little while, when Laura slept, she went over to the farthest southern window and took up her book to read. The Holy Mountain now seemed very near. She did not know that she had passed through the deepest and darkest valley of humiliation before she reached the shining summit.

On this same day Luke Delmege was in the city, in obedience to a peremptory summons from the Bishop. Before he left Dublin for home, he satisfied a long-felt desire to see his Alma Mater once more.

He went down to Maynooth by an early train, hoping to be able to pass through some of its best remembered spots, the chapel, his own old room, the circular walk, etc., unnoticed. When he entered the great gate, beneath the Old Geraldine Keep, it struck him for the first time that sphinxes were placed to guard the portals of the greatest Catholic college in the world.

Strange that I never noticed such an anomalous, or, perhaps, significant circumstance, during all my college years!" he said.

All around was still as death. For, if academic peace is to be found on earth, it is within the hallowed precincts of Maynooth.

"They have all gone to breakfast," he cried, looking at his watch. "I shall have the Senior Chapel all to myself. I shall see the place which my primate the morning of my ordination, my resolutions. I have seen so much lately to cast me into the past again, and to compel me to retrace my steps, that is, my ideas and principles, back to the fresh inspirations of the most hallowed and peaceful days of my life."

He entered the narrow porch at the northern side, touched his forehead with holy water, and again, for the third time these last few days, felt a breath of hot air fanning him, and found himself in the presence of a great multitude. He had forgotten that it was Whit Sunday. The Church was full; the very drama of his own ordination, that most sublime of the Church's ceremonies, was being re-enacted before his eyes. Quietly and unobserved he stole up the short aisle, the students courteously yielding place, and his hand on the top of the altar, he found himself in the presence of a great multitude.

He was overwhelmed with kind ness. He said he was returning home to-morrow, Wednesday.

"Nonsense! No vacation ever terminated on Wednesday. He was expected home on Saturday at midnight; and there in Maynooth he should remain until the last train started!"

And he did remain; and he drew up the entire past with all its happy reminiscences, met old classmates and talked of old times; challenged disputations here, where at last he felt he was on congenial soil and would not be misunderstood; recalled old debates and theses, and formulated any number of new plans for the social and intellectual regeneration of Ireland.

It was a happy man that passed out on Saturday morning between the sphinxes on the gates.

quency, he presented himself before his Bishop. The Bishop was cold and stern as his letter.

"Sit down," he said. Luke sat, wondering.

"Now, Father Delmege," said the Bishop, "I have tolerated a good deal from you, but my patience is nearly exhausted. I passed by that imprudence on your first mission, because you acted consistently with the statutes, although you might have acted more prudently; I also contented myself with a gentle reprimand when you, I dare say innocently, introduced a system of proselytism into your parish. I have also not noticed your singular habit of introducing into your sermons rather painful contrasts between the customs of our Irish Church and those which obtain, under happier circumstances, in other more favored countries. Even your very periphrastic variations at your lectures in the city some months ago I left unnoticed, because I knew you could do no harm there. But now I hold in my hand a melancholy report of a sermon delivered by you, immediately after the last mission in your parish, and in which, if I am rightly informed, you denounced the use of the ordinary mass sanctioned by the Church for the sanctification of the faithful, and insisted on the individual power of self-sanctification, apart from the ordinary channels of divine grace."

"Might I ask the name of my accuser?" said Luke, faintly.

"I cannot give it, unless the matter proceeds to an official investigation and trial. Your parish priest writes to me that he is quite sure you have a satisfactory defence; but the Rev. Dr. Keating is always inclined to take an easy and optimistic view of things."

"My only defence, my Lord," said Luke, "is to deny the allegation in toto. I see clearly what originated the report. A poor fellow, intoxicated, came to the closing ceremony of the mission. I took him from the church and bade him go home, for that he could derive no benefit from the renewal of vows in his then state. I made the incident the text of my discourse the following Sunday. I warned the people not to confound the means of sanctification with the end—not to repose in external observances, but to look within; and to use the sacraments and sacramentals with a view to their own sanctification, and not as finalities that would operate miracles without co-operation on their part."

"That puts a rather different complexion on the matter," said the Bishop, softening. "I should be surprised that one who obtained such distinctions in his college course should fall into such a lamentable blunder. Have you any further observations to make?"

"None, my Lord," said Luke, in despair. "My college distinctions have availed me but little. I am a weary and perplexed man."

down: "Ye may come up, yer reverence; but mind this step, and don't lose too heavy agen the banister."

The ante room into which Luke was ushered was miserable enough. It served as a bed room; and, though clean, it was denuded of every stick of furniture, except the wooden chair, the wash-stand, and the simple pallet where the old man sought his often-broken repose. He passed into the inner room. The old man, dressed in a green soutane, stood up, and, without asking his name, greeted him warmly, and asked him to be seated, while he broke the seal on the Bishop's letter. The contents must have been pleasant, for the old man smiled.

"I have for a long time cherished the idea," said Luke, "that I should wish to make your acquaintance. My sister at the Good Shepherd Convent has again and again asked me to call, but one circumstance after another prevented me."

"Then you have a sister at the convent?" said the old man, nervously, frowning about and showing not a little trepidation.

"Yes, Father—Sister Eulalia—you know her name?" "God bless me, you don't say so," said the old man, rising up and greeting Luke again warmly. "And you are Luke Delmege, the great theologian and lecturer?"

"My name is Luke Delmege," he said meekly.

"Well, I heard of you long before I saw you," said the old man. "God bless me! And you are Luke Delmege?"

"I have had a rather bitter trial to-day," said Luke. "I was summoned before the Bishop to repel a most calumnious accusation."

"God bless me, now! And what did you say?" "Of course I defended myself," said Luke, "and I think I satisfied the Bishop that I had said or done nothing wrong. But the sting remains."

The old man remained silent, looking steadily at Luke. The latter grew embarrassed now.

"You seem to think I have been wrong," he broke out at last. "What can a man do but defend himself?"

"God bless me! quite true, quite true! But he could say nothing you know, my dear."

"And remain silent and condemned under a frightful accusation?" No theologian binds a man to that," said Luke.

"Of course not, of course not," said Father Tracey. "But I think, well—I am not sure—but I think our Lord was silent before His accusers, my dear. And He was justified by His Father!"

"That's very true, Father," said Luke, twisting around on the hard chair; "but these things are written for our admiration, not for our imitation. At least," he continued, noticing the look of pain on the aged face, "I heard a distinguished man say so very many years ago."

And then the old man opened up to Luke's wondering eyes, out of the treasures of his own holy experiences, the riches of knowledge that come not to the learned, but to the simple—the wisdom of the child and the angel of Bethlehem and Calvary. And just as a clever artist shifts his scenery so that light falls behind light, and scenes blend into scenes, yet are absolutely distinct, so did this old man show to the wondering Luke how the mighty empire of the Precious Blood permeates and leaves the entire world, and holds undisturbed possession only where its laws and maxims are fully acknowledged. And that elsewhere, where that most agreeable and fascinating amusement of men—the neat mortising and fitting in of the world's maxims with the Church's precepts—is practiced, there the shadows are deeper and the lines that bound the empire fainter. And Luke also learned that the one central decree of the empire is: Lose thyself to find all; and that the old familiar watchword of self-renunciation and vicarious suffering was in reality the peculiar and exclusive possession of Christianity and the Church. And he looked back over his own life and saw that his own soul was naked and ashamed. Then he flung aside the riddle.

was only for a moment. There was nothing repulsive or alarming here. Seven or eight long tables, running parallel to each other, filled the room; and at each table, eight or ten women, ranging from the young girl of fifteen to the woman of sixty, were silently occupied in laundry work. All modern appliances to save human labor were there. The workers were neatly dressed and happy, if one could judge by their smiles. No human imagination, however powerful, could associate these eager workers with the midnight streets, the padded cell, the dock, the jail, the river. It was a happy sight, too, working in perfect silence and discipline. And over all these presided a young novice, in her white veil, who stood calmly working, like her poor sisters, taking up now a white cuff, now a collar, and giving her gentle instructions.

"It is the old mechanism and perfection I once desired," thought Luke; "but the motive power is love, not fear."

"They passed into an inner room. Here was miracle number two. The Claretian silence no longer reigned; but over the boom and buzz of vast machinery came a Babel of voices as the workers fluted to and fro.

"Ver blissin', Feyther," cried one; "and in a moment all were on their knees for Luke's benediction. And then, with easy familiarity, these poor girls took Luke around, and showed with intense pride the mighty secrets of the machinery; how steam was let on and shut off; how the slides worked on the rails in the drying-room, etc. And, moving hither and thither among them, in an attitude of absolute equality, were the white-robed Sisters, their spotless habits carefully tucked, for the floor was wet, and they labored and toiled like the rest.

"Tis the commonwealth of Jesus Christ," said Luke.

"And dear old Sister Petar came forward, an octogenarian, and showed him all her treasures and her pretty little oratory, with all its dainty pictures.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Fifty years, yer reverence, come Michaelmas."

"Then your purgatory is over," said Luke.

"I don't want purgatory, nor heaven anyther," she said; "as long as God loves me with the Sisters."

The Sister and Luke passed out of the steamy atmosphere and the rumble of the machinery into a narrow corridor, which led to the boiler-room and engine house.

"I should like you to see our new boiler," she said; "I'll run on and tell the engineer to have all ready. This is our infirmary. Perhaps you would like to see it. There's but one patient here."

She opened the door, and pointed to the bed where Laura was lying. He went over at once, and leaning over the sick girl, said a few kind words. Then looking around, he saw another figure over near the southern window, her face bent down over the book she was reading. He thought it would seem unkind to pass her by, so he went over and said cheerily:

"Convalescent, I suppose?"

She rose up, trembling all over. Then a blush of untold horror and shame flashed her face, and she turned her eyes to the floor. He thought she was faint, but she only turned her face to the wall and burst into a fit of sobs. He started back as if stung, and cried:

"Great God! Barbara! Miss Wilson!"

"Hush!" she said softly, placing her trembling finger on her lips. "That poor child is watching."

"But what? what? what?" he stammered.

"What? What? God's name is this mystery? Why are you here?"

"God's will, Father," she said simply.

"Of course," he said, in an excited manner; "but in what, in what capacity? Are you infirmarian?"

"No," she said, casting down her eyes.

"And how long have you been here?" he cried, his eyes wandering vaguely over her blue penitential's dress, and searching the calm depths of her face.

"Ten years," she said, in a low tone. "Ever since Louis died."

"Ten years! And your uncle and father searching all Europe for you! What is this horrible mystery? How long are you professed?"

"I am not a professed Sister, Father," she said bravely.

"Then you are a nursing Sister attached to the city and coming in here—"

She shook her head. Her heart was breaking with shame and sorrow, as she plunged deeper and deeper in the valley of humiliation. He drew back, as the horrible thought flashed across his mind, and he recalled the dress of the Magdalen. She saw the gesture and flushed again.

"I am afraid to ask further," he said coldly, and with reserve; "but do you belong to the community?"

"No Father," she said bravely—it was the *Consummatum est* of her agony of ten years—"I am a penitent."

She was looking out over the trees and shrubs, looking with eyes dilated, like a consumptive's, her temples still flushed, and her face drawn and strained in agony. He, too, looked steadily through the window as she scarcely concealed the longing with which she gazed at the flowers. He had seen this young girl, standing there, apparently so calm. The shudder he felt on entering the laundry where the Magdalens worked, and which gave way instantly before the sublime spectacle of their re-erectio, now filled him with tenfold horror. Here, he thought, there was no excuse. Neither ignorance, nor poverty, nor heredity palliated the shame. He was beside by side, not with a sinful woman, but a lost angel. The transformation was perfect. He thought he read it in her face. There was—there could be—no resurrection here. He paused for a moment to consider what he would do. As he did so, the vision that had once seen in the garden of the Schweiserhof came up before him,

the vision of the wrecked soul and its guardian angel. The thought was too terrible. His memory of that one tempted him to stretch out his hand and say a kind farewell to one he should never see again. But one side glance at that ill-made, coarse, bulky dress of penitence deterred him. He bowed stiffly and said "Good-day!" with a frown. Barbara continued staring blindly through the window. Then slowly, as her heart broke under the agony, her hot tears fell, burned her hand, and blistered the book which she held.

As Luke passed Laura's bed, she beckoned to him.

"Would yer reverence tell me," she said, "on yer word of honor as a priest, do ye know that girl?"

"Yes," he said sharply; "I know something of her."

"Would ye tell me, yer reverence, once and for all, is she the Blessed Virgin Mary?"

"No," he said shortly; "she is not!"

"Taan' God an' you," the poor girl cried. "I struck her wance with them five fingers. I saw the print of 'em this morn' on her face when she blushed. Taan' God, I now die sisy."

The Sister, who was awaiting him in the corridor, was surprised at the change in his manner and appearance. There was a wire cutting outside the window, to ward off the stones that were habitually aimed at window panes, according to the established custom of the quarter.

To-night, no one threw any stones, and in the tenement room an eerie silence reigned. I cannot say why, but the unwonted stillness gave me a curious impression of unreality. I felt somehow as if I had been a disembodied spirit listening at the gates of earth.

Not that I was particularly interested in what was passing outside the tenement room; nor, to be frank, did I wish to hear. But sometimes I became conscious of certain impressions that stood out quite clearly in the darkness, as the waves of human sound ebbed and flowed throughout the night.

It was early yet. But through the tenement wall I could hear the swing and counter-swing of a door. It was the public house door and every other swing meant a client. The clients were of both sexes. I could hear the sound of their voices. I could not distinguish the words—only the intonation. Occasionally some one spoke in a loud or shriller tone, then I could hear what they said.

There was a weekly sing-song tonight, in the saloon bar several voices called for drinks. After that there was a scratching of matches, as the men lighted up. Presently the musician of the evening sat down, and the piano stool creaked as a preliminary. The first strain was a waltz, ending in shakes and arpeggios. A pause ensued. Some one was asked to sing. I heard the click of a pipe as the man laid it on the table. Then, in the accent of the quarter, he lifted up his voice in a comic song. The first verse finished, the saloon bar responded in a nasal chorus. Verse after verse followed, each more drawn out than the last, until finally the chorus was merged in applause. Pipes and glasses were evidently refilled; the men talked.

Here my thoughts drifted into more congenial channels, and I was only recalled to my surroundings by the sound of women's voices outside the window. They were standing under the street lamp, with their shawls drawn around them. Their faces were turned away, but the voices reached me over the area railings. They spoke in half tones, and they seemed weary. It was of sin and of sorrow that they spoke. One of them was sobbing, while the other tried to soothe.

Then the voices got rabbed up in the night, and the footsteps led away. I was following those women in thought down the squalid side streets, when the sound of renewed revelry broke in upon me. The saloon bar was becoming exhilarated. "Why can't every man have three wives?" came the refrain. Glasses were banged on the table to mark the rhythm, and a slow voice from a far corner came in half a bar late.

The spirit of the revellers was in no way dissimilar to the spirit of the quarter. But it struck me as lacking in modernity. It suggested an older and a pagan spirit, as when the Persian poet rallied his adherents to his banner and sang to them the song of earth.

But the sunlight in the tent is creeping. The drowsy soon will fall to death's sure sleep. Attune thy harp and fill a brimming measure. Not when will'er return, of all the sleeping.

This was the song of ancient agnosticism. But it is a song which is fast becoming the principle of the Christian masses of to-day. The plea for materialism is threaded in and out of the "Rubaiyat," yet who shall say that the theory of finality satisfied the tent-maker whose doubt peeps out in many a closing line. Thus he says:

Ah make the most of what we yet may spend, Before we too into the dust descend; But into dust, and under dust we lie, Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end.

The public house door now swung open and a man lurked out. His gait was unsteady. I could hear the uneven sound of his feet. He was muttering thickly as he propped himself up against the area railings. A while he groaned, then stopped. He was trying to recall the words of the song. It seemed an effort, for he felt each iron rail sturdily, as if for an inspiration, but words and tune evaded him. He was using his temper, when a woman emerged from the darkness. She threw back her shawl and hurled reproaches at him. Then it seemed as if the air became obscured with curses.

The sick woman moved restlessly, otherwise the tenement room was still. In the saloon bar the evening was relating the joke of the profligate; roars of laughter came through the dividing wall.

Outside the window, and in the middle of the public street, a man and a woman exchanged blows. Both had been drinking freely. At the prospect of a fight, all the windows of the neighboring tenements were thrown open, and dishevelled heads appeared. Leaning out of a top window was a

stout man with his short sleeves rolled up. His face beamed with the enjoyment of the scene. He might have been some old-time pugilist watching the fray, thumb down. "Chortling" in evil mirth, his stentorian voice rang out:

"Pay 'im, Susan! let 'im 'ave it!"

The encouragement was addressed to his own wife. Thus adjured she struck out from the shoulder, and her fist came against her antagonist's head. A burst of appreciation came from the top window. But the crowd now intervened and the combatants were separated.

"Time was wearing on. The men in the bar emptied their glasses and had them refilled. The musician turned on his stool for a final effort. With a harsh, strong touch he struck a few chords, and with one voice they sang the latest music hall ditty:

"Ear, ear!" ejaculated a sleepy enthusiast.

"'Ave it again," suggested a coarse voice in a far corner. Again they sang it, some of them standing up to roar the chorus. Glasses rattled; irresponsible fists thumped the table. There was a noisy shuffling of feet as the men passed out. Then the door closed for the night.

It was now Sunday. A church clock hid its face in the darkness and struck the hour. Twelve o'clock! Each stroke rang out as if in condemnation of an erring world. And as I sat in the tenement room and counted the strokes, it seemed to me as if the evening angel were holding up the scales, piled high with human crime. And then I thought of another angel came with pity in his eyes, who when he had marked how the scales fell, raised a pitcher—and the pitcher was filled with tears. Then, one by one, like so many precious stones, he poured them into the opposite scale—and lo! the sorrow outweighed the sin. Twelve o'clock! A new leaf was turned in the Book of Life; a new day was begun.

After a while the sound of children's voices came through the window. They were playing on the steps. Then two people approached and claimed the step for themselves.

"Go home," they said, with a curse. But the home of the little ones was opposite—at the top window. So they crept down a side street instead.

Next door the potman seemed to be tidying up the bar. I could hear the swish of the broom as he swept up the bits and set the chairs straight. Then his broom lingered—the publican and he began to dispute. High words filtered through the tenement wall, after which the publican made his way up stairs. Each stair creaked under him. The publican had drunk deep.

A few minutes later the sounds died away, and for the first time that night there was silence.

Half an hour passed, during which the breathing of the sick woman was the only thing to be heard. Then through the wall came the sound of a piano. The publican tossed in his bed. He was evidently querulous, but his wife answered nothing. I could hear him upbraiding her. Still she was silent. Then it seemed as if her negative attitude became a supportable something heavy was flung on the floor.

An hour passed. A vagrant cat now stole along the leads and mewed forlornly. It mewed again. It went on mewing. By and by another came; then more. They increased and multiplied. Presently the mewing ceased and the teine assembly opened its mouth wide and howled. They hissed and spat. A furry scull's entrance was interrupted by a tenement window being opened, whereupon someone threw straight. There was a diminuendo of sound, and the cats vanished.

The night seemed very long. The clock had not struck for a long time. I was beginning to wonder if time had gone to sleep, for the world appeared to be dead.

Then I heard a new sound, a sound that seemed to cleave the silence, ruffling the air with its quick, frightened flight. It reminded me of the fluttering of a bird, whose wings were beating with a sickening fear, of a feeble, wounded bird who knows that its capture is but a matter of moments. But this was the flight of a woman—hurried and fearful. I could hear her quick breathing as she tried to outdistance her pursuer; now he was on her heels. They were under the window. A blow was struck and a body fell. And as it fell I heard a voice break upon the night. It was only a faint cry; but it was an ugly whisper. Immediately, as if by magic, the whispered accusation ran through the tenement, as if it were dominions, wherefrom of ragged humanity fled out. From all directions they came, springing up from the side streets; and on every lip was the cry of murder. Then, amid the general excitement, the voices were merged into a confused undertone of sound.

Instinctively I had risen; and from where I stood in the shadow I could see what passed outside. The street was blocked; it was a moving sea of heads. Here and there a policeman's lantern flashed in and out among the crowd, and presently a dark mass was lifted up and carried away.

There was no pall for covering, only a woman's rage. Neither were there any tears—just horror strained faces as a scene for a painter's brush; as striking as if it were lurid. It was a glimpse of life such as Aubrey de Vere might have seen in vision when he penned those lines that throb with deepest pity:

Touch thou the gates of hell and see; Touch darkening eyes and dying ears; Touch stiffening hands and feet and hence Remove the traces of sin and tears.

And then, with a cry for heaven's forgiveness, he strikes the note of the Christian's hope, gathering into a single stanza that strong spirit of faith, of which his own soul is filled. Listen to the pleading which he flings out in challenge to a materialistic world:

This night in 'Abolition' issues forth: This the 'E'nal Vic' in blood. 'Tis wind and words! 'Tis heaven and earth. Be still this night. The riot proceeds. A hush lay upon the crowd. Even the

denizens of the quarter were not proof against it. It was the sudden transition from life to death, from the visible to the invisible, that stayed their speech. They loitered a while in silent, sheltering groups. Then, with noiseless feet, they melted away into the night. But before they dispersed I saw an upturned face. It was the face of a woman. On it were penciled the lines of want and privation, but in that face there was a look of horror mingled with entreaty. And as the light fell upon her, I saw her cross herself, while her lips moved. What petition she uttered, whether she prayed for the living or the dead. But it seemed to me as if the De Profundis surely fitted the time and place. For, indeed, it was out of the depths that her prayer went forth, whether it were for the living or the dead. It was the fact that counted; the fact that, amid a sea of unbelief, she held fast to her faith. For, like a rainbow that lights up a sullen sky, the prayer of the woman seemed to proclaim the promises to a forgetful world.

All was silent again. I made up the fire afresh, and wandered when the night would end. The sick woman had almost ceased breathing. Her fingers no longer twitched. She lay still and motionless. For an hour she remained thus. Then the crisis passed and the woman slept.

So I sat and dreamed by the fire; and in my dream I visited the spot I loved best. And little by little England became blotted out and memory lent its wings, and together we passed over sea plains, and through the snow clad Alps. And down through the sun kissed vineyards we went, and on through the sad olive groves, until the salt lagoons lay out before us. Beneath the shadow of the flight of steps a gondola lay in readiness, and stepping in, we drifted through the quaint Venetian streets, which were all so still. There was no sound but the long swish of the single oar as the boatman handled it lovingly. I could feel the prow of the gondola cleave the water as the waves rippled past. Then a voice rose up from the stern—a rich Southern voice, that sang the sweet songs of Venice. I could hear the notes of the gondolier flooding the night. The echoes seemed to float out across the face of the waters and, with dreamy, outstretched arms, they feel asleep in the moonlight. The church domes glistened against the azure sky. The porticoes were wrapped in gloom; while across the steps lay a broad band of light. And all the time came the lap, lap of the waves as they played against the white marble. Presently the boatman gave their lingering cry of warning and the gondola shot round a sharp corner. The side canal was the home of shadows. It looked dark and sad, save for a flickering gleam above, where a lamp burned before a wayside shrine of the Mother and Child. Then I said:

"'Twas all a dream—the wrong, the strife. The scorn, the blow, the loss, the pain! 'Tis mortal gladness, love and life. Alone are lords by right and reign; The earth is tossed about, as though A young angel tossed a cowslip ball; But rough or level, high or low.

Ah! not so; not so, at least, in city slums.

Two cockney voices broke in upon my reverie. And at the sound the picture of faith vanished. Gone was the wayside shrine, and the church cupolas melted away. Instead of being in the streets of Venice, I found myself in a filthy room in a London slum. On the night of the night, a couple who spoke words of love. Their speech was unsavory and unwelcome, but there was no escape from the voices of the two. And when they rose and went their way I thought that

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the sound of their feet seemed to de-secrate the night.

In the sick room the woman slept quietly, while the first streak of dawn appeared in the sky. My vigil was nearing its end. At any moment now the woman's husband would return. I was glad to think that a fresh day had begun, because many things had begun to seem different. Amid such surroundings, sin appeared less evil, and it seemed to me little wonder that crime was rife in the quarter.

And, thinking thus, my heart went out in pity to those vast numbers of wretches whose lives are cast in such arid places; to the denizens of mean streets; and to the dwellers in slum tenements, where the decay of things becomes a mockery.

But even as I pondered those things, there was a loud crash in the basement below. Then I heard a woman scream. This was followed by a volley of curses from a man. Furniture was being hurled across the room. I could hear it strike against the wall to the accompaniment of shuffling feet. There were cries of protest—cries which were stopped up with blows. A low moaning ensued. And just as the domestic brawl was at its height, a key turned in the tenement door and the sick woman's husband came in.

"Listen," I said, while something went crashing against the basement wall. "What if he murders her?"

"'Wot ev' 'e do," answered the man, "'tain't the fact."

He pointed to those dark splashes on the wall of the tenement room.

"Rooms is cheap wooter them marks is," he said. And taking his pipe from his pocket he rolled some tobacco in the palm of his hand.—M. F. Quinlan, in Catholic World.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC 7, 1907.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

To-morrow being the Feast of Our Lady's Conception, we turn in love and praise to thank God with our dear Mother for her singular privilege which draws her so much nearer to Jesus and makes her so much more like Him than she would otherwise have been.

move the one and replace the other in order that we may be freer from stain, and burn with a spark of her love of her ever blessed Son.

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property is just and is founded on the natural law. But it is conditioned by three things—by justice in the acquisition and increase of it; by orderliness and goodness in the employment of it; and thirdly, by the recognition of the claims of charity, which regards the human race as one family.

SOCIALISM.

Coming more directly to the principles of Socialism, an insuperable objection to it is that it denies all rights of private ownership. Its philosophy is that of Proudhon, a thorough atheist, who not only separates morality from God but from all transcendent action and metaphysical principle.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have read your paper with satisfaction.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1907. 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.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC 7, 1907.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

To-morrow being the Feast of Our Lady's Conception, we turn in love and praise to thank God with our dear Mother for her singular privilege which draws her so much nearer to Jesus and makes her so much more like Him than she would otherwise have been.

DANCING.

We have received a letter requesting information upon the above named subject. Considerable discussion, it seems, was aroused in the writer's neighborhood by the impression that in some places certain dances were allowed which were forbidden in others.

These (the round) dances are condemned here under severe penalty and young ladies come here from a city in Ontario and say they dance such dances publicly there without interference and engage in the same kind here.

VOCATION.

There is one quality of God's wisdom which opens such vast depths of His unfathomable love that no mariner on life's ocean can sound them. Deeper and deeper they lie in the bed of that infinitude which stretches from eternity to eternity and enfolds all creation in the embrace of omnipotence and the watchful care of an all-seeing providence.

THE "PATRIOT" FOR REVENUE.

Newspapers, without regard to political stripe, advise us every day that, in the United States as well as in the Dominion, there is a very large number of professional politicians who are in the business solely for the purpose of enriching either themselves or their relatives or both.

Beware of Quack Medicines.

There are medicines and medicines to be had in the drug stores, some good, some bad, some indifferent. As a general rule it will be found that one's family physician is his best friend when sickness comes.

THE narrow type of Presbyterian or Baptist or Methodist or Orangeman, than for one of these creatures who pose as Catholics—who are Catholics for revenue purposes—who stand close by the Church when they want some thing from it—who shout their faith in the bar-rooms, where they spend their money freely, but whose hearts would be grieved were they to put a dollar on the collection plate on Sundays.

These (the round) dances are condemned here under severe penalty and young ladies come here from a city in Ontario and say they dance such dances publicly there without interference and engage in the same kind here.

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THE BUSINESS SIDE OF

By Rev. J. T. Roche, L.L.D., Catholic Standard and Those Whose Religion is Nothing.

It is not a question here of those who are not a From these the Church poets nothing. It is a those who are able to will not. Let there be words and no man's vague words and gentle case of this kind are w less. They elicit nothing smiles from those for chiefly intended. Pastors through excessive gent these people have come to they can pursue their co purity. If the shoe pinch to pinch so good, and effects will be felt in t days next Sunday, and days throughout the ye all been in the habit of people too gingerly. We with feelings which they The real truth is that t tute of shame; they are respect. The plainest ca talk is what they need, else will do.

Again, let there be standings. I am treating who still claim to be C frequent Catholic church from time to time, who sacraments at more o intervals, who do not he for a priest in a time of state of grace and of being the last rites of the worshipping in edifices tow struction of which they but a little or nothing of the Mass of the priest support. They enjoy all of divine worship for wh and they do this year a cause there are enough people to bear the burd should share, and becau tional charity of the p tates about publicly expo comings of any particu sinners.

PLAINEST EXTRE The following extract received within the past a well known pastor in Buffalo, N. Y., is very point: "Don't mince treatment of your subj tirely too easy. I have ig my Church the o money I have never which I have never rec I have people coming t after Sunday, and crow pays out of their pov will not do their dut contributing, and waru itions seem to be mere They have no shame, n no honor. I was going ion, but I will not pro so weighty a matter. I the country has its qu people, and pastors o puzzled over the prob bring them to time. I one way. Force them light. Focus public opi and the problem is alre ALWAYS A PRE When approached as for not contributing, t always found to have a commonest pretext of the parish. It is a venerable one, and ev the Prophet Jeremias i seriously from overwork pastor has been impru contract a debt without permission, or it may erected a building w judgment, was whol money talks and ha generally very acute, the old priest of that n early Christian Anania fitted wife, Sapphira, pretended poverty. T that historic couple have deterred penurio our own days from mak These people like mo a frequent change, a who remains for any l change of a parish i enemy. He knows th enough. They are ge the first on the gro new pastor, and the future support and s character to deceive t experienced. The old easily deceived. The before, and they recog too, of the critics of f tion. They know th the tried and truste pastors, can always b to do the right thing. listen and say no tent to wait for wh may unfries. They kno and "knockers" tion are largely re class, and that thei case cases out of t They could be reall able Christians, if th posted to pay.

The saddest thing in this whole matter of dren. It is a well est many of them fall Church. It could n wise. From the be in a certain sense, they soon come to a n omalous position of t they feel keenly m have no effect up selves. They are t that the Church is stitution, and that gather too much financial side of the They become gra against both Churc the final step of s taken.

He who is not a source of faith, of courage, of joy for those about him, has no well spring of divine life within himself.

He who is not a source of faith, of courage, of joy for those about him, has no well spring of divine life within himself.

He who is not a source of faith, of courage, of joy for those about him, has no well spring of divine life within himself.

Making Savings in Foolish Ven...

It seems especially incredib...

Great numbers of vast for...

For the sake of your home...

Many men who once had go...

How many inventors and d...

Thousands of people who...

Work is the Secret of Su...

A correspondent of the N...

Self-consciousness is a...

Self-consciousness is a...

Self-consciousness is a...

Self-consciousness is a...

Self-consciousness is a...

MACULA NON EST IN TE.

Antigonish Coasts. It is very rare to find any outside the Catholic Church who understands what is meant by the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Adam, by his sin, lost the right to heaven; and from that time, that is the very beginning of our race, his descendants have also lost that title to heaven.

The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin is now a dogma of faith; but before it was such, three hundred years before, the Fathers of the Council of Trent, in treating of original sin, expressly declared that they did not mean to say that the Blessed Virgin was free from the stain of original sin.

Speaking of the subject in our awkward human fashion we may say that each Person of the adorable Trinity has special reasons for wishing Mary to be Immaculate in her Conception.

God the Holy Ghost foresees in Mary the masterpiece of grace, a creature upon whom He will work greater wonders than upon all others together.

Moreover, the manner in which this privilege was granted is glorious and honorable for Mary. It is granted only to her. God so prodigal of His other gifts, is sparing of this one.

In the midst of the flames one tree remains untouched, not burned nor even scorched; it puts forth most beautiful flowers and bears a fruit which shall be the food of mankind unto everlasting life.

Finally, how many precious prerogatives were the complement or consequence of this privilege: fullness of grace and of spiritual gifts which from this first instant raises the holiness of Mary above that of the greatest saints.

Because of her Immaculate Conception, honor is paid to Mary on earth. We should rejoice with her and thank God for her. This we shall do if we pray for her.

"I will extol Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast upheld me and hast not made my enemies to rejoice over me." (Psalm 29.) The Gradual applies to Our Lady the words spoken to Judith by Ozias, the prince of the people of Israel.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Second Sunday of Advent. PURITY.

We celebrate to-day, my brethren, the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Holy Church bids us meditate on the perfection of her nature and on the supreme fullness of her supernatural gifts.

Now, in thinking of Our Lady's spotless soul, we cannot help adverting to the opposite vice, impurity. How widespread is that vice among the people of today!

Then take the theatres. I know that there are some decent ones; yet you know better than I can tell you how hard it is ordinarily to come away from a theatre with an untainted soul.

I.H.C. GASOLINE ENGINE A Money Making Power for Farmers

DOING a job with an engine less than one-half the time and with less than one-half the labor required.

There are plenty of such jobs on the farm. And while you are making money this way you are saving your strength and lengthening your days.

Call on our Local Agent or write nearest branch house for catalog.

CANADIAN BRANCHES: Calgary, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Points worth considering

The North American Life has a well earned reputation of more than a quarter of a century for conservative, yet progressive business methods.

It is primarily a Policy-holders' Company, paying consistently from year to year dividends which compare most favorably with those paid by the very best companies in America or elsewhere.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Table showing financial results for 1906: Insurance in force, Cash Income, Total Assets, Government Reserve, Surplus security for policy-holders, Expenses decreased by three per cent., Interest income paid all death claims, Financial gain during year, Surplus over all liabilities.

Success Brings Success!

We want our pay BUT NOT UNTIL YOU SAY. If you can say that we and Vita-Ore have earned the \$1, we want our pay, as we say at the top, but not otherwise.

OUR TRIAL OFFER

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full Vita-Ore enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial.

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many of our most curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

In all parts of the Dominion have testified to the efficacy of Vita-Ore in curing Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases.

THEO. NOEL CO., LIMITED, YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.

London Mutual Fire HOME BANK AND CANADA

INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859. Assets including re-insurance, Reserve \$14,000,000, Surplus \$1,400,000.

Archbishop O'Brien.

We have now on sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD office, this most interesting little book of a great Canadian churchman, written by Miss Katherine Hughes.

and brush the religion of Jesus Christ sets the Virgin Mother Immaculate, whom Holy Scripture describes as "terrible as an army set in battle array." Who but the purest of creatures, hates lust most?

AN ABOMINABLE DECISION

ITALIAN COURTS' COUNTERANCE INDECENT NEWSPAPER ATTACKS ON THE CLERGY. Rome, the admirable weekly published in English in the Eternal City, urges its Catholic contemporaries throughout the world to note the bearings of a truly abominable decision recently handed down by an Italian court.

ITALIANS NEED A LITTLE IRISH.

If the Italian Catholics in Italy had a little of the Irish spirit, says The Freeman's Journal, we would hear less of the ruffianism of the anti-clericals.

PRIEST RISKS LIFE TO PREVENT WRECK.

THRILLING INCIDENT OF THE RECENT FLOODS IN FRANCE. Writing of the recent floods in France, in which many lives were lost and a vast amount of property destroyed, the Paris correspondent of the Irish Catholic describes a thrilling case.

TO DO THE WILL OF GOD PERFECTLY IS TO BE A SAINT.

Sanctity is not the exclusive possession of those who have given themselves to religion. To lay persons in the midst of the world may attain to perfection by simply doing God's will.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

A great many leading medical men after studying the matter say: "O'Keefe's is the best Liquid Extract of Malt on the market. Ask your doctor if it is not so."

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist General Agent, TORONTO.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It seems especially incredible that a strong, sturdy, self-made man, who has had to fight his way up from poverty, and who feels the backbone in every dollar he has earned, should let his savings slip through his fingers in the most foolish investments, with scarcely any investigation, often sending his money thousands of miles away to people he has never seen and about whom he knows practically nothing, except through an advertisement which has attracted his attention, or through the wiles of some smooth, unprincipled promoter.

Great numbers of vast fortunes in this country have been and are being built up on the very ignorance of the masses in regard to business methods. The schemers bank on it that it is easy to swindle people who do not know how to protect their property. They thrive on the ignorance of their fellow-citizens, and get it as early in life as possible. It will save you from a fall, from a thousand embarrassments, and, perhaps, from the humiliation of being compelled to face your wife and children and confess that you have been a failure. It may save you from the mortification of having to move from a good home to a poor one, of seeing your property slip out of your hands, and having to acknowledge your weakness and thoughtfulness, or your being made the dupe of sharpers.

Many men who once had good stores of their own, are working as clerks, floorwalkers, or superintendents of departments in other people's stores, just because they risked and lost every thing in some venture. As they now have others depending on them, they do not dare to take any more risks. They took in the young manhood to get a few start, and so they struggle along in mediocre positions, still mocked with ambitions which they have no chance to gratify.

How many inventors and discoverers have fought the fight of desperation amidst poverty and deprivation for years and years, and have succeeded in giving the world that which helps to ameliorate the hard conditions of civilization, and yet have allowed others to snatch their victories away from them and leave them penniless, just because they did not know how to protect themselves!

Thousands of people who were once in easy circumstances are living in poverty and wretchedness to-day because they failed to put an understanding on an agreement in writing, or to do business in a business way. Families have been turned out of house and home, penniless, because they trusted to a relative or a friend to "do what was right" by them, without making a hard and fast, practical business arrangement with him.—O. S. M. in Success.

Work is the Secret of Success. A correspondent of the New Zealand Tablet, having asked what becomes of all the "orphan boys" and "promising youths," the editor replies: "We have also tried at times to puzzle out the mystery of the 'bright boy' and the 'promising youth' that go out into the world and fail to illumine it with even the dull ray of a will o' the-wisp. The boy who is to make his mark does not need to pray for genius, but for capacity for work and for 'sticking to it.' For genius has been described as a capacity for hard, methodical, persevering work. A navy or a hodman can do better work than the most brilliant youth who would loaf and haze than the youth who would be a skiffed mechanic or electrical on a ship, or a lawyer or journalist. And it takes longer to learn how to use brain tools than hand-tools, such as shears or shovels, lasts or planes. The price of the best success is ever work, work, work. There is nothing for nothing, little for little, and much for much. Steady, plodding work makes no great brain in what most cases makes so great a difference between boys that stand on a level in class. Meyerbeer worked fifteen hours a day. Handel is said to have done the work of twelve men. 'Unter, the great medical scientist, slept only five hours out of twenty-four. Edison's hours of rest are sometimes shorter. And Lord Brougham's work was so great that Sydney Smith once recommended him to transact only as much business as three strong men could get through. These are, of course, extreme cases; but they serve to illustrate our point."

Self-consciousness is a great hindrance to success of any kind. It is the result of nervousness, timidity, shyness and too much solitude. The remedy is found in coming in contact with individuals who have dignity and control, and by cultivating a little self-respect and self-esteem. Good taste accommodates itself to every circumstance and is in harmony with every social atmosphere. It is the same in poverty or fortune, in the drawing room or on the street. This dignity and sureness of self may be cultivated, but its perfect development is the result of years of practice. Self-consciousness can be overcome only by losing self-interest, and in keeping interest in others so keen and strong that one's awkwardness is forgotten.—True Voice.

Carlyle's Advice. The real business of life, as Carlyle tried so hard to make us believe, is to find the truth, and to live by it. If, in doing this, what men call happiness falls to our lot, well and good; but it must be as an incident, not as an end. There comes to great, solitary, and secret smitten souls moments of clear

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW EFFIE'S TALENT WAS USED.

"I'm afraid I haven't any talent," Effie Graham looked doubtful. "If I have, it's certainly lost about making itself known," she added.

"Oh, Effie, your music," said Margaret Moore reprovingly. "If I could play the way you can, I'd never say I hadn't any talent!"

"But of what use is it?" Effie persisted. "If it were something useful, now, like sewing or embroidering, or even painting—but playing the piano! That never helped anybody that I know of."

"I think, Effie," Miss Mills said, quietly, "that a great many lives would be brightened by a little music. It means something to make a sad heart happier, you know. That surely would be following the example of our Master."

Effie looked up with a smile. "I can't think of any sad people right now," she said, "but I'll try, Miss Mills. I'll consecrate my talent, if it really is a talent, to the Master's use, and do my very best."

"Then He will find a way to use it," Miss Mills replied with quiet conviction. And very soon the opportunity came.

Miss Prentiss lifted her face from the bunch of roses in her hand, and smiled at the very pretty young girl who had just brought them to her. Miss Prentiss was a delicate little old lady, looking not unlike a flower herself. "It's such a pleasure to see a bright young face," she added; and Effie's cheeks grew rosier than ever.

"You don't know," Miss Prentiss continued, "how tired one gets of seeing only old people. I know I'm old myself; but some way, I have never felt old. I do like young company, Miss Graham."

"There was a wistfulness in her voice and eyes that went straight to Effie's generous girlish heart. She looked around the plain room, with its pot of geraniums in the window, its two small rockers, and the white unpapered walls. It was neat, but not very home like and attractive. This was the "O'D Ladies' Home," where Miss Prentiss had lived for over two years.

"Is there never any young company?" Effie asked, smiling back at the delicate old face above the roses.

"Not often; sometimes some of the young people from the churches—flower committees, you know—bring flowers, just as you have done. It gives us a glimpse of brightness, and we appreciate it; but we do not know them, you see, and they are soon gone. They cannot realize how we long for a closer touch with young life."

Effie wondered a little that so refined and lonely a lady as little Miss Prentiss should be living in an institution like this. What was her story? But before she could reply, the gentle voice went on:

"We are so alone with our griefs and memories that we sometimes almost forget there is brightness and happiness outside. If we could only have a little good music occasionally, it would brighten things up wonderfully."

Effie started. Could this be her opportunity? "There is a piano in the reception room," she suggested.

"Yes; we use that for the Sunday afternoon services. Mrs. Chapin comes and plays the hymns for us."

The young girl hesitated, reluctant to speak of her music; but remembering her resolve, she said timidly: "Would the matron mind if I played a little for you?"

Miss Prentiss' face lightened up at once. "Oh, do you play?" she asked eagerly. "Of course she wouldn't mind. We'll go right across to her room now. Oh, I'm so glad."

She placed the roses carefully in a vase, and slipped her hand affectionately through Effie's arm. The kind-hearted matron was glad to accept Effie's offer; and went through the halls, putting her head into the various rooms to announce the welcome news. So an appreciative audience followed Effie and Miss Prentiss down the broad stairs.

services of Christ and His Church, will find their place and be used by Him to lighten the burdens of others.—Alice Miller Weeks in Our Young People.

ON DEATH.

By His Grace Archbishop Glennon.

"I was out giving confirmation in one of the woodland cemeteries of Missouri, and after services in the church, I wandered out into the little cemetery which was there—as it should be everywhere—the 'churchyard.' The long grass was brown over the silent houses there, and many of the tombstones that had done duty as sentinels of the dead were falling into decay. There was a great silence there, interrupted save by the leaves falling from the trees and the winds that, like, wandering spirits, sang in the treetops, nature's requiem.

"It was a place for meditation, alike on life's vanities and death's conquest. There, beneath the charitable turf in the democracy of death, the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept, their once restless hearts at rest forever. The leaves from above, like the night dew, fell impartially on the just and unjust, not despising the unnamed mound of the lowly nor the marble cenotaph that marked the graves of those of high degree.

"I began to read the inscriptions, 'here rest in peace, so and so.' He was born and lived and died; and so to the next tomb. 'Here lieth so and so.' It read like a chapter from the Old Testament telling of the long succession of Judean chiefs, with that did, and concluding always with their most integral feature of everyone's biography, 'and he died.'

"Everywhere I turned the evidence was there of Death's triumph and man's defeat. Death; it was spoken by the falling leaf, the sighing wind, the setting sun. Death; its raucous accents arose from the crunching leaves beneath your feet, the distorted flower stems, the bare arms of the trees above.

"It was, you would say, a proper place for those who rested there, but not, you think for the living, for those who have work to do, and hopes to realize, and duties to perform. Their place is with the quick and not with the dead. Let the dead rest; for the living, their place is in the midst of the living world, the world of commerce, of society, of struggle. And so you work and worry and you go to the cemetery only when you can't help it. You are saddened with the occasional visit which courtesy and charity compel you to make, when your friends are laid away.

"And yet it is just now that the Church tells us that the dead must not be forgotten, nor their last resting place remain unvisited. We are told that the dead are calling to us, 'to have pity on them who are left behind.' Let the sufferings of the Church in prayer for the extension of God's mercy to them, that they may thereby reach their final rest.

"And far from this being a grievous task, its practice is in the last measure helpful, not alone to the ones who are gone, but equally so in shaping the destinies and chastening the lives of those who remain. You claim to belong to an age that eschews sentimentality and demands realities as the warp of your being. What sterner reality can you set before you, what event more definite and certain, than that written there in every mound in the cemetery, 'dust thou art and into dust shalt thou return?' How better can you face the study of life's pathetic mystery than those, at the goal which you belong to an age that eschews sentimentality and demands realities as the warp of your being. What sterner reality can you set before you, what event more definite and certain, than that written there in every mound in the cemetery, 'dust thou art and into dust shalt thou return?' 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