

CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL COMPANY... SUBSCRIPTION RATES... SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1903.

CATHOLICITY AND ITS RELATION TO THE SCRIPTURES. While the sects are tearing the Bible apart...

Activity of His Holiness in This Field of Church Work. A letter to a prominent priest in New York City...

"Six months, with hard labor," said the magistrate to the prisoner. "I'll be quits with you afore long..."

Then, his list shoes making set the slightest sound, he crept into a room which served Mr. Timpany for a kind of home office.

The structure from which the rattlesnake takes its name—the rattle—consists mainly of three or more solid, horny rings placed around the end of the tail.

Weekly Church Calendar. Sunday February 22—Hospital St. Luke, 12-14 St. Peter's Church at Antioch...



Jesus gives sight to the Blind Man. The blind man according to St. Gregory was a figure of two things.

The blind man saw neither the magnificence of his country, nor the road that leads to it, nor the face of any one from whom he could ask assistance.

We should learn from this blind man never to let a favorable opportunity pass nor delay a single moment to improve the healing of our souls whenever God passes with His grace.

An assistant at the New York Law library went to the librarian one time in a state of great agitation.

"There's a stout old man sitting in an alcove almost out of sight, and he acts as if he owned the whole library, and he wants me to bring him about half the books there are in the building, and I think he's crazy."

A Delicate Point in Golf. A golf fiend writes to our query editor as follows: "I was playing golf against a friend the other day and after a magnificent drive was attounded to see a cow swallow my ball."

The old and untried claim that the Catholic church has kept the Bible from the people is still heard from Protestants despite the fact that history as it is beginning to be written in the twentieth century is giving us some of the truth so long withheld.

To begin with the church's relation to the Bible, it is necessary to go back to the fifteenth century. Printing was not invented until 1438, and prior to that time the number of Bibles in the world was necessarily small.

A stogy and melodramatic story is told by a French historian of Luther's discovery of the Bible—how he came upon it hid away among dusty tomes in the library of his monastery.

History, as I said before, is beginning to tell the truth, and facts like these are becoming known. The most interesting affair in some time was the recent sermon of a Protestant clergyman of Brooklyn who quoted the pope's opinion in support of the Bible.

Thomas Addis Emmet, a nephew of General Louis Botha, according to information received from England, has become a convert to the Roman Catholic church.

An innovation is about to be introduced in the Vatican. The papal noble guards will receive new and gorgeous uniforms to be worn for the first time on March 3, 1903.

The men and women who forget God in their struggling, insane, careless, money seeking, dancing, laughing, weeping, cursing or fame seeking days forget the best that is in them.

His eminence Cardinal Vaughan has received from the Rev. Count Campello, formerly a canon of St. Peter's, Rome, a letter expressing regret for the scandal he has given in England.

Another commission which the pope has just founded is the historical-liturgical commission. In the interest over the Biblical commission it has escaped public attention, but in ecclesiastical circles it is considered of much consequence.

The pope is now engaged on an apostolic letter to the bishops of Holland. He has of late frequently expressed his gratification at the noteworthy progress of the Catholic church in that country.

On one occasion when his holiness had an important speech to deliver he was suffering from a severe cold and his physician was strongly of opinion that the speech ought to be deferred.

At last came the hour when he stepped forth a free man—anyway for a time. He began to look about for occupation, not work. He had had six months at that, and if he had cared for honest work outside prison walls it would have been difficult to find.

One, two, three months since the expiration of Renshaw's sentence had expired, and Mr. Timpany began to imagine that he had forgotten his promise and to sleep soundly of nights. He even ventured occasionally to bring home valuable documents of title and securities in his black bag.

With a snorting growl that was his usual expression of delight the bulldog rose and sniffed it. Then he licked it, and it tasted even more savory than it smelled.

A few minutes later a marvelous centerbit was running its way silently but surely through Mr. Timpany's iron shutters.

There is in Galloway, Scotland, an ancient ruin known as Sweetheart abbey. Within its ivy covered, storm battered walls lies buried the affectionate and devoted Dervorgill, with the heart of her husband, John Baliol, embalmed upon her breast.

Mr. Timpany's politeness to the policeman whose beat embraced his house and who had once been seen kissing his housemaid was surprising, having regard to the indignation he had evinced when some time previously he had been informed of the housemaid incident.

He began to think how exposed his house was, how low the back garden wall, how close the balconies to the ground, how rusty the front door chain and how insecure the window fastenings.

Joe was averse to labor of any kind, more especially to the hard variety. He had, however, ample time and opportunity for meditation on what he considered the vindictive wickedness of Mr. Timpany and the means for its requital.

Artist as he was in his own line, in the operation contemplated he meant to excel himself. He would not hurry over it. He would bide his time. Everything comes, he reflected, to the man who waits.

Much to his surprise, as if by magic, a savory piece of horseflesh, just sufficiently underdone to suit the palate of so dainty a canine epicure, fell within a yard of his nose.

With a snorting growl that was his usual expression of delight the bulldog rose and sniffed it. Then he licked it, and it tasted even more savory than it smelled.

There is in Galloway, Scotland, an ancient ruin known as Sweetheart abbey. Within its ivy covered, storm battered walls lies buried the affectionate and devoted Dervorgill, with the heart of her husband, John Baliol, embalmed upon her breast.

And, taking up the bottle, Mr. Renshaw placed it to his lips and drank and drank until he had drained it to the dregs.

Repeating the bottle on the table, he picked up his tools. He was a bit tired after his exertions, though he had not felt it so unmistakably as now.

He slid into a chair to rest for a moment. He felt quite sleepy. If there had been more than half a bottle of port, he would have fancied he was drunk.

"This won't do," he muttered. "I must get back to the pony trap. Wasser matter, so sleepy-eeep-eeey! Ahoo!" And he yawned loudly.

And there five hours later Mr. Timpany, trotting down in his dressing gown, found him. For a moment he started, then he said: "My friend's a man of his word. I thought he was, though I began to give him up. So the glass bottles on the wall, the bulldog, the electric bells and the iron shutters all failed me."

During the agitation at Johannesburg among the uitlanders who sought burgher rights for themselves President Kruger thus explained his philosophy of it to Sir Henry Loch: "Sir Henry, these people remind me of a baboon I once had which was so fond of me that he would not let any one touch me."

"The fact that I am a good musician," said the lady from a country village, "was the means of saving my life during a flood in our town a few years ago."

The Status of Children. A child of British parents, whether born in France, China or any other country, is a British subject. So, too, is the child of American parents wherever they are situated.

Injury From Tightly Laced Shoes. Tightly laced shoes or overtight gaiters which fit closely about the ankles have an extremely bad effect on the health of the foot.

The Brain of an Ant. Although an ant is a tiny creature, yet its brain is even tinier. But although it is necessarily smaller than the ant's head which contains it, yet it is larger in proportion, according to the ant's size, than the brain of any known creature.

Marvelous Escape. "The fact that I am a good musician," said the lady from a country village, "was the means of saving my life during a flood in our town a few years ago."

How do you make that out? I asked. "Why," said he, "you hit the cow with your creak thirteen times, which will your drive and putt, makes a noise. I have been wondering if any one has had experience somewhat similar to above."