

him, always accompanying her to Mass on Sundays. But at length he began to look about in S— for a place where he could leave Kate in comfort during his long absences.

Months passed and Kate began considering the possibility of remaining in S—, but dreading another change, she hesitated to do so. Her father continued to take his long trips on business, never failing, however, to write her frequently.

Kate had a life interest in a small farm. It was her father's wish that she make her home with his sister Elizabeth, or his brother Henry. To the latter, especially Kate's affairs were entrusted. Should the suggested arrangements of making her home with his relatives prove unsatisfactory, possibly another could be made for placing her in an institution, preferably Catholic, as Kate was accustomed to Catholics.

It was Saturday evening when Kate arrived at her aunt's home. After she had received the greetings of the household, her aunt remarked, as she was about to show Kate to her room, that perhaps she would be too tired in the morning to attend church.

Just why it was no place for her because of these things Kate did not understand, and one of her cousins, endeavoring to explain, puzzled her further. "The priest is not any ahead of his flock," he was saying loftily, while Kate listened fearfully, expectant of some grave charge against the clergyman.

"Probably he was waiting for someone," Kate said serenely. Turning to her aunt she continued, "As you say, likely I will be too tired tomorrow to attend church."

A few Sundays later her Uncle Henry took her to the Congregational Church in L—. The church he generally attended. Kate was at once attracted by the gentle, kindly old minister; but the church itself was to her absolutely lonely and forsaken—empty, even as her own heart, longing for a Presence that now, perhaps, would never come to her.

Meanwhile, carefully and constantly, Kate's relatives did their best to rid her of her Catholic notions. Every evil lie that has ever been invented against Catholicism was told her—every nun was an impostor, every priest a rascal, and the Church itself, an institution for making money. When in anger loyalty she denied these things, she was informed that they had been kept hidden from her—her uncle knew. This only served to strengthen her desire for the Faith they calumniated. At length she told her uncle that she did not think she could be satisfied, situated as she was. She had kept up correspondence with Father Long, and it was arranged that her uncle should meet him in O—, as he knew of a convent in the city which (could terms be agreed upon) would receive Kate.

Praying, hoping, the girl awaited her uncle's return. At once, on his arrival, he came to her. "It's all off, Kate," he announced, "we couldn't come to terms. They asked more than we could afford." He looked away from her face, which was piteous in its suffering. "This ought to be a lesson to you," he continued, "as it shows how little these Catholics care for you. If they are as interested in a soul's welfare as they claim, why do they hesitate over money? Father Long said there was no reason why you should not be a Catholic at home, and have the priest occasionally come to you here. What do you think about it?"

"I think it would be impossible," Kate answered wearily. "If I were you, Kate," her uncle went on judiciously, "I wouldn't

write to that Father Long any more. Just sever connections with Catholics altogether."

"I do not care to do that," replied Kate. She was very silent that evening, and after supper discontentedly climbed the steps to her own room. It had become her custom to withdraw from the family circle. At that time, as things were, she felt especially her own isolation. She was supposed to be reading her Bible in her room—the Protestant Bible of which she was somewhat afraid, not knowing how much heresy it contained. Its beauty and poetry she loved, and many of the Gospel characters, as well as the Divine Christ, though generally she found solace and spiritual guidance in the "Imitation of Christ." Her aunt, however, had considered it her duty to burn this, as well as her prayer-book. So to-night, in her own room, Kate took the Protestant Bible and laid it unopened on her lap.

Then over her soul suddenly swept a sea of bitter anguish. Ah, why had she, the Light, Truth, been granted her, but the Way itself denied? She must take the husks of Protestantism for her portion; not for her even a crumb from the Table of the King. Well she must grow accustomed to it. Catholicity had rejected her, and in turn she would reject it. She would forget it. But her heart leaped in swift denial. No, that could never be, and she knew that should the opportunity ever come she would joyfully enter the Catholic Church.

Night after night she sat alone in her room with the closed Bible before her, brooding over the past, fearing the future. What must she do? She had written to Father Long, and anxiously awaited his reply. None came, none ever came, even in response to her second letter. Yet, knowing his past friendship, she believed even now that there was some reason for his silence and seeming forgetfulness.

One day, when Kate was not feeling so well, she did not trouble to rise when she heard the door-bell ring, although she knew that some visitor had called. Against the wall hung a small cross, though without the Christ-figure on it. Her aunt while permitting the cross, strongly objected to the figure. Kate's loving imagination could easily place it there. Presently her aunt came to her, "Kate," she began, "a young minister has called, a Moravian, you know, of our own old Faith that your father was baptized in. He is coming up to see you."

Kate was pleased. For generations her family had belonged to the Moravian Faith, and doubtless the young minister would be kind. Was he not the representative of Christ? Already he was standing in the doorway. There he stopped abruptly, his horrified eyes resting upon her cross. "Well," he said, glancing at her suspiciously, "this looks as if you are a Catholic."

"I'm as much a Catholic as anything else," Kate answered. "That's bad," the young man remarked warningly, "don't like Catholics, especially priests. They are so impudent and bold."

Sternly Kate held back the words, "It's a lie," that struggled for utterance. She was not particularly cordial to the visitor, and he did not stay long. As he went out he remarked irritably to Kate's aunt that afflicted people were always distressing to him, and he never knew what to say to them. To which remark she loyally replied with some asperity that she would advise him to make a study of the matter, otherwise he could hardly hope to be successful as a minister.

Kate heard, and hot tears sprang to her eyes. How different this minister had been from the priests she had known. She remembered many of them at the convent; cheery, busy, yet frequently the centre of interest, as they recounted a true story to the school children. They had been especially kind to her, and for them her affliction had been rather an attraction than otherwise. Her heart went out in grateful acknowledgment that here, also, was the true priesthood, brought to her at times by some wild Judas, yet standing as the Good Shepherd with His lambs; loving and beloved in the midst of little children; bending over the sorrowful, the afflicted, with strange power of comfort. Against the lies and revilings of centuries, yesterday, to-day, rise up these true witnesses proclaiming here another Christ; His touch in the anointed hands, His love in the priest's heart.

Some years had passed when Kate's unhappiness began to prey upon her weak health, and she became seriously ill. With home-sick longing she remembered, as she had seen at the convent, all the comforting things that Catholicity could do for the sick and dying. She thought restlessly of sending for the priest of L—, but in conversation she heard between her aunt and some visitor detested her. Catholics lived on a neighboring farm, and one of them becoming seriously ill, the priest was sent for. Some non-Catholic friends had called at the time the priest was there, and were told that they could not see the patient just then, as the priest was with her. To this the visitors replied that they would not mind—they'd just go in at the same time. When not allowed to go they became indignant. The lady was making her confession, but why should such a secret be made of that? They considered the whole affair highly improper. To all of which Kate's aunt agreed, and the girl realized to ask the priest to come to her would be to subject him to insult, while she herself would not be

Rich Yet Delicate— Clean and Full of Aroma.

"SALADA"

is blended from selected hill-grown teas, famed for their fine flavory qualities. Imitated yet never equalled.

allowed any private conversation with him. Therefore, denied the substance, Kate caught at shadows. The Congregational minister for whom she had a sincere liking, was out of town, and the young Moravian had not remained in L—. So, at her request, the Methodist minister came to pray with her, and celebrate, in her sick room, the "Lord's Supper," only that she might realize more acutely than ever the shallowness of Protestantism, and the fact that for her the choice was between unbelief and Catholicity. Though seriously ill, she at length recovered her usual health.

Kate had recalled seven years with her aunt, when it was decided that she should now live with her Uncle Henry. There she went through the same ordeal as at her aunt's home, but now she had learned silence and the uselessness of contradiction, even when some assertion was made which she knew to be utterly false. She wondered greatly at the contrast between her father, and there his own people. She felt that should the Catholic Faith ever come to her she would owe it to him, as it was he who had first turned her thoughts in this direction. Aside from religion she and her uncle were constantly at variance. He was old and irritable, and gradually it came to him that possibly it might be better for all concerned to place Kate in some institution. Upon making inquiries, he heard of a good Protestant one in the city of S—; also, a Catholic one near the same city. He decided to visit each. Strangely enough, the Catholic institutions pleased him. Perhaps the terms on which the good nun agreed to take the invalid really decided him. She was to pay what she could afford. If her income should cease she should still remain at the convent; it would be her home.

There is little more to tell of Kate's story. Something of her trials I have recounted; but there are no words to tell of her joys, for in this convent the longing of her heart was granted, and she was received into the true Fold. It was the writer's privilege to see Kate Lorrimer at her convent home last summer, and to hear from her own lips most of this story. She told also of the perfect happiness that is now hers. Perfect? Yes, for though she is still afflicted, and must bear the cross of suffering, she had learned through the cross and sufferings of Christ to accept these things—to offer them as prayers for the souls of others.

In the chapel of that same convent there is a place of honor, a secluded corner, and a chair next to the altar railing. Daily Kate is there at Mass; daily at the time of Holy Communion the priest sends over her to administer the Sacred Host. And the heart that hungered for Him through long years He comforted at last—at last—her Eucharistic Lord.

O, Church of Christ holding aloft throughout the ages the emblem of the Saviour's Crucifixion, in Thee do the weak, the sorrowful, the afflicted find rest and consolation! At the foot of Thy cross do they find the courage and strength to bear their burdens and their afflictions!

A CITY OF CONFUSION

SETTLING KIKUYU

The Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury is well known as a master of ecclesiastical compromise. When any difficult problem of Anglican doctrine or worship is referred to him, he manages generally to side-step a clear-cut decision, and to embrace both sides of the controversy in a vague, comprehensive platitudinous. His statement on the notorious Kikuyu trouble is thoroughly characteristic. The Anglican Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda would grant Church communion to African Non-conformists, and their brother Bishop of Zanzibar protests against their action as a violation of the most fundamental terms of Catholic unity. The matter is referred to his Grace of Canterbury, and his answer is, as might be expected, a feeble compromise. "The Church of England," he says in effect, "emphasizes the episcopal system"; here is a sop to the Bishop of Zanzibar. "But," he continues, "she does not place outside the Church every other system and body of men." Hence, he concludes, an Anglican Bishop may invite Non-conformist ministers to officiate in his Church, and may himself give Sacraments to persons belonging to other Protestant Churches than his own. The last part of the Archbishop's decision is an affirmation of the case put up by the other side. And thus, in the broad folds of his "comprehensive" theology, the Archbishop whips in the ears of both that both are right after all.

One could admire this clever evasion of the real point at issue were the matter one of mere politics. Compromise is the soul of politics. But the question is one that touches on the Truth of Jesus Christ, and compromise is the death of truth. The Archbishop was asked to decide whether or not the episcopal form of Church government is of divine appointment, so that those who form churches without Bishops are at once clearly discernible as outside the fold of the One Church established by Christ. In the Anglican Church there are two radically opposed schools of thought on this matter. They appeal for a decision to the highest official of their body, and are answered by a compromise which is in reality a confession of dogmatic helplessness, an inability to answer a plain question touching the most fundamental matters of theology.

And yet one cannot altogether blame the Archbishop. If he is vague and helpless, if he seeks to preserve the "status quo" by an evasive compromise, this is not so much his fault as the religious system to which he belongs. Anglicanism permits her people to be taught one set of doctrines by one section of her clergy, and a contradictory set by another section. She leaves them free to follow the preacher who keeps his hearers locked up in the icy theology of Elizabethan theology, and she leaves them equally free to follow him who leads them to the very gates of Rome. Or she may permit them to choose a "via media," a middle path of their own somewhere between these wide extremes.

And this hopeless chaos is allowed not merely for some months, or some years, or during a time of intense controversial excitement; it has been one of the most striking characteristics during the century past. In the midst of the clamor and chaos made by her mutually contradictory teachers, she raises no controlling voice to tell her people who is right and who is wrong. She has no such voice at her command. Her Bishops, as well as her clergy, form a divided house, and range themselves on opposite sides, each professing to be the true exponent of the Anglican creed. She admits to important offices, and retains therein, those who view the Gospel from an entirely different standpoint. In the same city, in the same small town, sometimes, contradiction is the keynote of her pulpit, and when questioned for a definite decision, she stands before her members in an attitude of impotent bewilderment or opportunism. She virtually acknowledges that she is unable to point out where the right path is to be found, or which of her various contradictory "schools of thought" represents the Gospel of Christ, as He revealed it, and which does not. She lets her people look around, judge for themselves, and take their choice. Not merely does the Church of England contradict herself, but—making a virtue of hard necessity—she even glories in the fact that she comprehends within her fold two or more schools of thought, which are in direct antagonism to each other in regard to almost every doctrine supposed to be found in the New Testament.

It is impossible to see how an institution teaching this mass of contradiction can claim to be considered in any sense the true Church of Jesus Christ. She once robbed the people of England of the clearly defined Catholic faith, and now when they look to her for the Gospel she would put in its place, she answers their questions in terms of a misty, vague compromise, which may mean anything. From this point of view, the Anglican Archbishop is right in his statement on the Kikuyu trouble. He is asked for a definite decision. He cannot give it; he cannot solve the controversy; if he did answer clearly, his word would have no weight, for he has no teaching authority. And so, in the circumstances, the best thing is to affirm

the "status quo," to throw dust in the eyes of the disputants, and to escape in the confusion from an embarrassing position.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has not had long to wait for a staggering blow at his Kikuyu pronouncement. Dr. Dawell Stone, in a letter to the Bishop of Oxford, expresses the conviction that the Archbishop of Canterbury has misinterpreted the rubric about confirmation, and that it is a mistake to think that the Archbishop's statement must be regarded as a metropolitan utterance of such a character as would commit to it the Province of Canterbury and the Church people of the Province. The Bishop of Oxford assents to this view, and as a prelate of the Province gives the Archbishop plainly to understand that he does not consider himself in any way affected by the Archbishop's statement. "It is quite plain to me," he writes, "that the opinion of the Archbishop does not bind us, and is not intended to refer to us. The authority which is over us is that of the Bishops of the Province, with the Archbishop at their head, and not that of the Archbishop acting apart." The Bishop of London has also been outspoken. The statement does not directly affect his diocese, and he does not intend to be influenced by it. What of the Anglican Bishops in Africa? Doubtless as true Anglicans they will each pursue the course previously determined on. The Archbishop of Canterbury's statement will change nothing, and the Kikuyu affair will continue to trouble the Church of England for some time to come.—Truth.

MINISTER SEES FALL OF CHRISTIANITY

STARTLING INDICTMENT OF RELIGIOUS LEADERS BECAUSE OF THE WAR

In dealing with problems called up by the present world war some preachers have fallen into a mood of despondency about the blessings of Christianity. Among these prophets of woe the Rev. G. Monroe Royce, a Protestant Episcopal rector of New Windsor-on-Hudson, has attained a sad eminence. His lamentations appeared first in the New York Evening Post, were afterwards taken up by the Literary Digest and are now being scattered, in pamphlet form, broadcast over the country. Here is a specimen of his indictment of Christianity:

"That Christianity continues to exist in the outward seeming is most true. True, there are still popes, patriarchs, bishops, missionaries and thousands of churches where the Bible is read and prayers are said the year round. But if these popes, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, ministers and churches all combined can not enforce upon the nations of the Christian world the first principles of the religion they profess, then it is perfectly evident that Christianity has broken down—in practice at least—and the question presents itself to practical minds, why this waste of men and money upon a mere theory of life that is not workable; upon a mere sentiment that has no practical value."

First of all, is it not inconsistent in these men who deprecate any influence of the Church upon the States manage their affairs independently of the Church. Would it not be strange in their ears if it were claimed that declarations of war between nations must have no effect before they were ratified by the Holy Father? And yet the Pope must bear the principal moral reproach because the war in Europe was not prevented. We are well aware, indeed, that the New York pulpit denounces both Catholic and Protestant Christianity; but the frequent repetition of "popes, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops," like a mournful refrain—with "churches and missionary societies" as a weak echo in the rear—shows where he wants you to look for the chief culprits.

In this connection another consideration obtrudes itself. For the last four hundred years the various governments of Europe have followed a policy of emancipating themselves from the influence of the Church. Even in Catholic countries the spirit of "Protestantism" has borne fruits. Instead of being guided by the supernatural principles of Christianity, represented by the Church, modern states have been drunk with the philosophy of materialism. Worship of mammon and greed of power have become their controlling forces. And now, as a consequence we have a war, the like of which the world has never seen. What does this prove? The collapse of Christianity? Not at all; if anything, it signifies the breaking down of a civilization not supported by the principles of Christianity.

Far, then, from being an indictment of Christianity, the present war is with all its ugly features, rather a demonstration of what governments are coming to when they attempt to get along without Christianity; it is an argument, however negative, in favor of Christianity. An illustration from the Old Testament is here in point. Whenever the Jews forsook their God and ran after strange idols, they were delivered into the hands of their enemies, until humbled by defeat, they returned to Jehovah. May we not suppose that God is dealing similarly with His children in the New Testament? Setting aside the warning of Christ to seek before all things the kingdom of God and its righteousness, the

nations have fallen prostrate before the idols of wealth and power; and those idols have set them against one another in internecine strife. We have a hope that they will emerge from the ordeal with a higher appreciation of the need of Christianity. For Christianity is in the land yet with all its saving grace and healing balm, if only the nations are humble enough to welcome its blessings.—Brooklyn Tablet.

FAITH

Faith is our greatest treasure—it is a gift most precious bestowed upon us by Almighty God. Were some jewel given to us by an earthly king, we would never tire of exhibiting it to our friends and acquaintances, and would guard it most securely that it might not be lost or stolen.

There are many who fall by the wayside, many with whom God is not well pleased. Persisting in an evil bent, God permits them to follow a perverse free will to the precipice of apostasy. Like the stubborn people of Jerusalem they do not recognize the day of their visitation until the enemy casts a trench round about them.

Only those who persevere to the end shall be saved. The atheistic spirit is abroad and it is active. It uses all kinds of means to undermine faith. It takes God from education by making education dumb concerning even His existence. Some parents quite willingly expose their children to imbibes such a spirit and form of education, and appear to forget that the act tends to weaken the faith of both themselves and their children. Some appear disposed to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

The Christian home should be safeguarded by good example, by exemplary associations and by good Catholic family newspapers and other Catholic periodicals. There are many Catholic homes which claim to be "above" these essentials, and really show that the side of Catholic faith is at so low an ebb that they need to pray, "Save us, Lord, or we perish."

Faith is the cornerstone and foundation of salvation and the root of all justification. Faith is the full assent to all that God has revealed and to all that the Catholic Church, as His ambassador, proposes to our belief. Faith is not knowledge. Yet the truths which faith teaches are no less certain than those which reason demonstrates, because the authority of God is the best source of certitude. The perfection of the intellect is to come "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away; but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known."—Catholic Universe.

Faith is the cornerstone and foundation of salvation and the root of all justification. Faith is the full assent to all that God has revealed and to all that the Catholic Church, as His ambassador, proposes to our belief. Faith is not knowledge. Yet the truths which faith teaches are no less certain than those which reason demonstrates, because the authority of God is the best source of certitude. The perfection of the intellect is to come "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away; but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known."—Catholic Universe.

Be Convinced before you pay a cent.



If you only knew how quickly the 1909 M.P. Morris Washer disposes of the week's wash, you would never again allow your clothes to be washed by hand. Clothes washed by a 1909 Gravity last longer. Saves your clothes, saves your hands, saves your health and time or the money you perhaps pay to have someone else do the work. Try it anyway, for 30 days. I not only send it free—pay the freight—and I ask not a cent from you until you are convinced as I am that you need this machine. If you should not agree with me, send it back. My book is free too. Write for it.

M. P. MORRIS, Manager, 1200 WASHINGTON COMPANY, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO OR ORGAN IN A FEW HOURS

A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in an hour or two.

Send us your name and address on a postal card or in a letter, and we shall send you our guide and three sheets of music, absolutely free of charge.

Address: Numeral Method Music Co., 934B Trussed Concrete Building, Detroit, Mich.

Assumption College, SANDWICH, ONTARIO

Conducted by the Fathers of St. Basil

Boarding School for Young Men and Boys

Offering College or Arts Course, High School Course, Business Course, and Preparatory Course for Younger Boys

A new Gymnasium will be opened this fall. Swimming Pool, Running Track, Handball Courts. Acres of Campus extending to the banks of the Detroit River. New Dormitory Building to be opened in September. Private Room accommodation for 100 students.

FALL TERM OPENS MONDAY, SEPT. 6, 1918

For Catalogue and particulars address Rev. F. Forester, C. S. B., President.

IMPERIAL CARBIDE

Gives More Gas

It costs less to use acetylene when you buy Imperial Carbide. A new and better Carbide made in the largest and most modern carbide factory in Canada.

Stocked in all sizes by dealers everywhere. Write for free booklet and the name of your nearest dealer—do it now, so you will know where to get Imperial when you need more Carbide.

UNION CARBIDE Co.
of Canada Limited
Dept. D
Dominion Bank Building
TORONTO ONTARIO

AUTOMOBILES LIVERY GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS
Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night.
479 to 483 Richmond St. W. Wellington St.
Phone 433 Phone 447

FINANCIAL

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEPOSIT COY
Capital Paid Up, \$1,500,000. Reserves \$1,000,000.
Deposits received, \$1,000,000. Loans made, \$1,000,000.
Office: Dundas St. W., Cor. Market Lane, London.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.
Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan,
E. L. Middleton, George Keough
Cable Address: "FOY"
Telephone: Main 794
Office: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
TORONTO

H. L. O'ROURKE, B. A.
(Also of Ontario Bar)
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
Money to Loan
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building,
311 Eighth Avenue West,
CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN T. LOFTUS,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc.
712 TEMPLE BUILDING
TORONTO
Telephone Main 632

P. J. O'GRAN
ARCHITECT
Plans, Specifications, Estimates prepared.
SUBURBY, ONT.

FRANK J. FOLEY, L.L.B.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
The Kent Building
Corner Yonge and Richmond Streets
TORONTO, ONT.

D. BUCKLES, Solicitors for Bank of Montreal
R. DONALD Solicitor, Notary
M. A. MACPHERSON, LL.B. Notary, Crown Bank
BUCKLES, DONALD & MACPHERSON
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Suite 206
Healy-Baker Block Swift Current, Sask.

Funeral Directors

John Ferguson & Sons
180 King Street
The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers
Open Night and Day
Telephone—Home 373 Factory—543

E. C. Killingsworth
Funeral Director
Open Day and Night
491 Richmond St. Phone 3971

Westwell School
Y.M.C.A. BLDG., LONDON, ONT.
Students assisted to positions. College opens Sept. 1st. Catalogue free. Enter any time.
J. W. WESTWELL, J. W. WESTWELL, JR., C.A.
Principal Vice-Principal

St. Jerome's College
Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO
Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department.
Address:
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph. D., Pass.
Loretto Ladies' Business College
385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto
MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED

Bath Tubs

cleaned with half the rubs by



Old Dutch Cleanser