ed several good jokes or "josbes"—they say he loves the latter occassionally—for all the Italians who heard his words broke out in ripples of laughter, while a merry twinkle appeared in the eyes of the good old Pope.

In still another room a flock of beautiful Italian misses, all garbed in pretty white dresses, and all from convent school, awaited his blessing. He spoke for a few moments to them, and his simple words must have been clothed in simple and touching eloquence, for the eyelashes of men and women who could get near enough to hear him, and who could understand what he said, were wet with tears.

This Pope of and from the people leads the simple life. He has banished nearly all semblance of aristocracy from the Vatican. The very air breathes democracy. His being and his hearing spread it abroad. He has vetoed many of the traditions of the Papacy. For instance, he does not eat alone. When he came into his present position he asked one of his secretaries to dine with him. The secretary said he could not, and the Pope asked why. The reply was that it was the rule and custom for Popes to dine alone.

"How long has that rule and custom been in force?" asked the Pope.

"For hundreds and hundreds of years," was the answer.

"Well, it exists no longer," said the Holy Father, "for you will dine with me this evening."

And since then Pope Pius X. has never dined alone.

A Bishop from Ireland, now here to render a report of the work and progress in the diocese, who told me the above, and many other little particulars about the Pope, also narrated a personal experience he had—an experience which shows the successor of St. Peter is happy occasionally with his little "josh."

The good Bishop is a big, brawny six-footer, somewhat inclined to embonpoint, but yet a man evidently of great physical strength. He was telling the Pope of the conditions in his diocese. Unconsciously, in running along in the conversation, and without any desire to blow his own trumpet, he was expatiating upon the difficult work he had to perform, the arduous task in a very trying diocese.

The Pope listened gravely. Then, patting the Bishop's hand affectionately and yet humorously, he said, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "I would advise you to continue on in the good work my dear Bishop, for it certainly seems to agree with you."

Such simplicity, such naturalness, breeds affection in all who study the present Pope. And there is nothing in such simplicity, nothing in such naturalness, nothing in such democracy, which detracts in the slightest from the dignity of his high office. On the contrary, these very attributes clothe it therewith as with a garment.

Christ Jesus lost no godlike quality in being in His daily walks as other men. In the household of Martha and Mary; at the wedding feast at Cana; with the fishermen at Galilee; among the vineyards and along the roads; visiting with the common people and being one of them, a fisherman among fishermen, a peasant among peasants—surely Christ Jesus lost none of His dignity, none of His majesty, thereby. On the contrary, these very actions, these very characteristics, built a glorious frame for the Sermon on the Mount, the most precious thought picture ever fashioned by lips, human or divine.

Human and humane qualities did not detract from the dignity of Abraham Lincoln. That highest exaltation of the proletariat since the morning stars first sang together increased his dignity by his democracy and his simplicity. A man is always more dignified, no matter what position he occupies, when he follows the example set by Christ Jesus in His life upon earth as a man.

In many ways the present Pope reminds of America's greatest and grandest man. Their physiognomies are not at all alike. The Holy Father has handsome features; no one could say that of Abraham Lincoln.

And yet there is in Pius' eyes the same shadow of almost tragical pathos that was so prominent in those of the martyred president. Behind the veil you can catch a glimpse of a Lincoln twinkle that betokens the same latent humor. Now and then the fun breaks out upon the surface, and all is wreathed in smiles—then the veil of sadness is drawn down again and your heart aches with pity at the burdens of the man.

In simplicity, in naturalness, in democracy, in an abiding love for the common people, in their alternating shades of sadness and of humor, Pius X. and Abraham Lincoln have much in similiarity.

AIMS OF SOCIALISM

SOCIALISM AN IMPOSSIBLE DREAM — CHURCH'S OPPOSITION NOT MERELY ECONOMIC. SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM FRANKLY MATERIALISTIC

Like empire, the course of Socialism is westward. Not in Wisconsin, but in California and some other western states do the leaders of the Socialist party hope in the near future to see their principles triumph. It is hard to see on what they base their hope; but the hope is there, and a strong Socialistic propaganda in the west may be looked for in the next few years. In the face of this radical movement, what is the attitude of the Catholic Church? How does she look on this propaganda? It would seem that any movement that has for its aim the bettering of conditions under which the poor live would have her hearty support.

Socialism claims that there will be no poverty when there are no capitalists, that every man, though he may not sit under his own vine and fig tree, will have enough of this earth's goods to make him independent. Ask the next Socialist you meet if this is not so. It was once said, "The poor, ye have always with you," but the Socialist scoffs at the idea. Just make land and machinery the property of the people and the trick is done. Poverty disappears and the social evil gets its death blow.

How can the Church withhold her blessing from a movement where results, in the minds of the Socialists at least, are so certain; surely she must have great love for capitalists when she condemns a movement which, while it makes their occupation impossible, transforms the world into paradise, a land flowing with milk and honey.

It is hard to be serious when the preposterous claims of Socialists are made; it is hard to understand the child-like confidence which radical reformers have in the power of popular ownership of the resources and means of production.

Yet Socialists are in earnest; dreadfully so. Whatever we may think of their thought processes, we cannot but admire the ardor with which they carry on their propaganda. Their heart is in their work and their money is freely spent for the cause. Ridicule or exaggerated statements are weak weapons in our hands. We must fight this radical movement with other weapons. Yes, we must fight Socialism, for in spite of its promises to liberate the workingman from the thralldom of wage slavery, Socialism would forge the fetters that would make the man who toils a state slave, fed and clothed and housed, but at the beck and call of that new divinity, the State.

Socialists complain bitterly that they are often misrepresented, that all sorts of wild schemes for the uplift of mankind are labelled Socialism by an unthinking public. They have been linked with anarchists and communists, their motives have been questioned. They are accused of being too lazy to work, and a periodical dividing up is the way out for them. It is true Solialists have been misrepresented, their social and political doctrines distorted and their idealism wrongly attributed to laziness, but they have fallen into the same bad habit of misrepresentation themselves. They call the Church names and declare that the secret of opposition to the movement on the part of Bishops and priests is an economic one. We are afraid to offend Mr. Capitalist or Mr. Moneybags. Now, this is not true. The Church's opposition to Socialism is based on other grounds. On its ethical side, Socialism is rankly materialistic, and on its economic side impossible. Right here our Socialist friend with a copy of the party platform in his hands will declare that Socialism has nothing to do with religion. Does not the platform say so? And that settles it. But does it? Marxian scientific Socialism, the kind that is being preached from the editorials sanctums of Socialistic newspapers, that is expounded in Socialist reviews and moulds the thoughts of the leaders of the movement, is frankly materialistic. If you doubt this statement, get some of the books listed in the Socialist and Book Bulletin of Charles H. Kerr Co., Chicago, or read some of the "Thousand Books of Socialism," gotten our by the Willshire Book Company, 200 William street, New York, and be convinced. In "Social Uptopian and Scientific," by Frederick Engels, one of the founders of scientific Socialism, we read on page xv of the introduction: "Nowadays in our evolutionary conception of the universe, there is absolutely no room for either a Creator or a Ruler.

On page xvii he says, "All life is but the normal mode of existence of albuminous bodies." Hence there is no place for the soul. It dies with the body.

In Socialism and Modern Science by Enrico Ferri, page 63, the statement is made that the absence or impairment of belief in God is one of the most powerful factors for its (Socialism's) extension. "Christianity," says Ladoff, in the passing of Capitalism, page 49, "must of necessity be diametrically opposed to modern Socialism."

Of course it will be expected that such bold statements would shock the minds of men who had a leaning towards Socialism and yet had some faith in a Creator and Providence ruling the world. At the Socialist convention in Chicago in 1908, one of the speakers outlined a plan by which this difficulty could be overcome.

"We must get these men convinced of the rationality of our economic and political platform," said Delegate Untermann of Idaho, "and then when we have made Socialists out of them and members of the Socialistic party, we can talk to them inside our ranks of the higher philosophy and of its logical consequences, of our explanation of society and nature." At this same convention Delegate Hilquit of New York made the statement (page 193, Proceedings) that 99 per cent of the Socialist party were agnostics. Yet he hastened to add that Socialism had nothing to do with religion!

It is easy to see that the Church's opposition to Socialism is based on solid grounds. It is not the fear of economic consequences to herself; Socialism scoffs at redemption; it aims to transform the marriage tie which in the opinion of some of the writers whose works are recommended in the catalogue I have quoted above, is a reflex of present capitalistic methods of production. Destroy Capitalism as we know it and our present form of marriage goes by the board.

Of course Mr. Socialist when he hears such a statement will declare that it is false. But read your own writers. Hear what the leaders of thought in the movement have to say. I know Mr. Socialist that you have never given any thought to this side of the question. You see the wrongs that our present industrial system have perpetrated. Vast fortunes are amassed by chicanery and every form of injustice and the bitter cry of the poor and defrauded workingman is ever in your ears. You feel that there is only one remedy for it all, Socialism. You are taken off your feet by the promises of some Socialist orator and you begin to frequent Socialist meetings. If mere promises and rosy pictures of the future will satisfy you, then there is no room to argue with you. But fine words butter no parsnips and socialistic pictures are not the reality. As long as ambition, envy, pride lust and laziness are in the world, your Socialistic paradise will be impossible. The only force capable of dealing with these vices is religion. You can change a man's environment, you can give him a living wage, you can make him economically independent, but you cannot make him by these changes virtuous or even happy. Just look at the class of men and women in the community who to-day live in what you call a favorable environment, and whose income is assured. Are they happy? Are they contented? If religion is a vital force in their lives, helping them to tame their passions, to keep the lid on, as it were, then they are getting as much pleasure out of this life as is possible, in this vale of tears, but if they have banished religion, then impulse has leaped into the saddle and their end is destruction.

The Catholic Church has at heart the welfare of the workingman. You know that. In this country of ours she is in closer touch with the poor and suffering than any other organization. While you claim to be a friend of the poor and bring forward your plan for the abolition of poverty, she examines your credentials, she looks up your history and her deliberate conclusion is that a movement that robs a man of his belief in God, that takes Jesus Christ out of his place in the world and that makes the human soul to be as mortal as the body, is dangerous to the welfare of society. As the guardian of faith and morals she must fight it.—Mgr. White, in Northwest Progress.

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF CARDINAL MANNING

In the Records and Reminiscences of Sir Francis C. Burnand, for many years editor of Punch, and a voluminous writer of dramas and light literature, may be found an account of his first meeting with Cardinal Manning, which is decidedly interesting.

Sir Francis C. Burnand, then plain Frand Burnand, a student for orders in the Anglican Church, had decided that the Protestant Established Church of England was not the true Church of Christ, and that to be true to his conscience he must become a Catholic. When he came home to announce to his father his decision, he found the elder Burnand already aware of his son's change of religious conviction, and in a towering temper. A painful scene ensued in which Frank was virtually ordered to leave the home of his youth. Knowing not where to go, he turned his steps to the house of a friend whom he had known intimately at Oxford, and whom he found, to his surprise, already a convert to Catholicity. This friend advised young Burnand to seek the advice of Dr. Manning, at that time Superior of the Oblates at St. Charles, Bayswater. He wrote to Dr. Manning who appointed a day on which to see Mr. Burnand. We shall let Mr. Burnand tell the rest in his own words:

Dr. Manning's appointment with me was for 5 o'clock on an evening in the second week of December, the date of which, I regret, has not been entered in my diary. I was to meet the man whose care was public property, who had been one of the burning and shining lights of the Anglican Church, and whose name, coupled with that of John Henry Newman, had been in the mouth of everyone interested in what had been originally known, in the earlier part of the last century, as "the Oxford Movement."

In his reply to a letter of mine, Dr. Manning had answered all my difficulties, and I had nothing left to ask him. It was for him to finally decide on the next step.

Nervously, then, I inquired of the "brother" who opened the door, "if Dr. Manning expected me?"

The "brother" didn't know.

"The Father," he said, in language quite new to my ears, "was just going out. In fact, there was, at the door, the carriage that had been sent to fetch him."

Out of the dark December night, hazy with London fog, I saw the two carriage lights shining, and, dimly, the horses and coachman.

I hesitated. Should I call again? At what hour to-morrow? When the "brother" exclaimed:—

"Ah! here is the Father."

And descending the steps, illumined by only one gaslight, I saw a cloaked figure, whose face was hidden by a broad brimmed, low-crowned hat. It paused for a minute as the little porter, rendered still less by contrast, ran up the stairs and arrested his descent.

"Ah!" said Dr. Manning, removing his hat and inclining his head towards me as I bowed, "I have a few minutes to spare. Will you"—this to me most persuasively—come this way?"

FACE TO FACE WITH DR. MANNING

And turning, he ascended the steps, leading the way up another short flight into a wide corridor—I noticed nothing, except that the architecture was Gothic—at the end of which was a door; this he pushed open, and after the briefest possible pause, as if to ascertain whether there was anybody there, he beckoned to me, and made his way up towards the large fireplace of the plain Gothic hall which, as I found out afterwards, was the refectory. He motioned me to a chair on the right of the fireplace as he seated himself on a bench on the opposite side. Then, with his right hand, long and thin, screening himself from the fire, he looked me full in the face. What a wonderful look! The thin sharp outlines of the features, the massive forehead, the broad bald head, of which the crown was covered by a skull-cap, called, as I afterwards ascertained, a solideo, because never raised except when in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, in fact the whole appearance of the man who had given up everything "for conscience' sake," so strongly impressed me that for a few seconds I was utterly overcome; not with visible emotion, but I had no words.

At once Dr. Manning put me at my ease. His summary of his own difficulties years ago, an expression of deepest sympathy with mine now, and, not only with mine, but with those of all whom I was leaving at "the parting of the ways," at once won me. My doubts had been his doubts, my difficulties his difficulties, his course of action was to be my course of action.

And so within half an hour, for this momentous interview scarcely lasted so much, all was settled. Dr. Manning was deeply moved; his voice trembled as he gave me his blessing, and then shaking me cordially by the hand, bade me goodnight, swiftly descended the stairs and passed out.

I followed slowly, meditating; so far contented, for the end of my journey was in sight.

That was my first interview with Dr. Manning, afterwards Henry Edward, Cardinal, Archbishop of Westminster.

AN INTIMATE VIEW

And then when I came to know him better, when after being received into the Church, he entertained me as a guest, permitting and encouraging me to serve a novitate on trial, just to see if I had a vocation or not, how delightfully boyish he could be in moments of relaxation!

It delighted him to give us reminiscences of his youthful Oxford days, of how he rode to hounds, and was not an indifferent pugilist. He would throw himself into what Dickens has described as a "paralytic attitude" supposed to be that of a scientific prize-fighter, and there he would "spar," "letting out" with his long arms at his nephew Willie Manning (then a novice at St. Charles'), as at Walter Richards (now a D. D. and one of the gravest of school inspectors), or at Cyril Forster, the youngest of the Oblates, then a lad of about sixteen, my pupil in classics, and enjoying his exercise amazingly. Those who did not know Dr. Manning like this did not Dr. Manning know. His private room was poorly furnished with the bare necessities; his cassocks were old; all his money, from first to last, went in charity (the Manning family were wealthy), and, when he died, I think the assets of this Cardinal Prince of the Holy Roman Church amounted to about £100. A Liberal in the truest sense, he was in sympathy with General Booth and with those honest Radicals who, without attempting to subvert existing Government, and without aim of self-aggrandisement, were willing to devote all their energies to benefiting the laborer who was "worthy of his hire" and those helpless poor dependent on him.

ANOTHER INTERVIEW

Thinking he had a vocation to the priesthood young Mr. Burnand became a member of the community at Bayswater. After a while however, he found that he had no vocation, and determined to go back into the world and continue the study of law which he had interrupted on his becoming a student for the Anglican ministry. This decision necessitated another interview with Dr. Manning, and this Mr. Burnand describes in his inimitable way:

So to Dr. Manning in his ascetic little room I went. The interview was decidedly a difficult one, not exactly painful; but he was disappointed in me, and I had a kind of feeling, when in his presence, that I was choosing a line in life very inferior to the one that he would have selected for me, but upon which only those who have a "vocation" can venture to enter. "Vocation," as most of my readers will be aware, in its special religious sense signifies being "called" to the priesthood or to a professedly religious life, whether it be that of a "secular" or "regular." The conversation between Dr. Manning and myself somewhat languished. I had nothing to say. Dr. Manning thought a great deal; sniffed occasionally, as was his habit, at the same time moving his closed lips from side to side as if arguing with himself on both sides of the question. Then he spoke. He pointed out to me what I was renouncing; how afterwards I might regret it; how I had originally intended to be an Anglican clergyman, and how this idea of mine could only receive its full development by my becoming a Catholic priest. There were several steps, it was true, and I should be yet some time before I received "minor orders" and proceeded to the subdiaconate. It would be three years or more ere I could be ordained priest. To decide so grave a question in haste was perilous. "Would it not be better to wait—to wait? eh?—and not to decide too hastily?" Certainly he, Dr. Manning would be the last to urge me to a step that was irrevocable, but between now and that particular time there would be, as he had pointed out, an interval of months, nay of years, for I was only twenty-one—"yes, exactly that and any step now taken in a hurry—well—well—" and so forth. But I was firm. I believed that I was not acting hurriedly, *and I was absolutely certain that I had no "vocation."*

"Ah!" repeated Dr. Manning, raising his eyebrows, and nodding gravely towards the fireplace, in front of which he was now seated. "No vocation,—hem. It is a solemn thing; very solemn."

"But," I humbly and timidly ventured to object, for I was, I admit it, dreadfully vervous—"but Dr. Manning, there are other vocations—not to the priesthood."

"He looked round at me as if quite surprised. Then again regarded the fire musingly, nursing his knee.

"Other vocations?" he repeated, as if courting an explanation, either from me or the fireplace.

"Yes—there are," I replied, becoming hotter and hotter as approaching the "burning question," "there are — other vocations."

"Well, well," he murmured, stroking his chin; and, what," he asked, slowly dwelling on every word, as he resumed his swaying movement, and addressing himself to the fire in the first place, and to me incidentally—"and—what— what—what—*are*—these 'other vocations'?"

I was taken aback. I knew what I meant. I knew that there was "the Bar," but I was equally aware that I could not hope to start there in my present penniless condition. Thus "cornered," I thought I could come out with what was in my mind at that time and so have done with it.

"I was thinking, I said tremblingly, and becoming hotter and more uncomfortable every second—"I was thinking"—

"Well—well," said Dr. Manning musingly, noticing my hesitation, but still taking the fire into our confidence as a third party to the interview. "Well—you—were—thinking—go on—go on."

"I was thinking, Dr. Manning," said I taking my courage with both hands, "of—of," then I came out with it desperately, plump, "of going on the stage."

GOING ON THE STAGE

I had expected that this declaration would have blown him out of his chair; but it didn't. It didn't stir him; it didn't move him. Still he sniffed still he moved his mouth, still he slowly stroked his chin, and then once more resumed his confidential communications with the fire. He did not look at me he occasionally looked across me at nothing in particular; but his glance skimmed me and took off the cream of decision. Presently he murmured:

"Go—on—the—stage—hem—" Then he inquired, always musingly, "And you call *that* a vocation?"

"Well, Dr. Manning,"—I began.

"My dear boy," he interrupted, with a somewhat impatient sniff, "you forget what 'a vocation' means. When we speak of a 'vocation, we mean a vocation to the priesthood."

I ventured to protest that I was not ignorant of this fact, and that I thoroughly appreciated its gravity, but he continued calmly and dispassionately to define with admirable emphasis and lucidity the nature of a vocation. I listened attentively. I agreed entirely: I was in perfect accord. All I wanted to explain was that I had not used the word "vocation" in its highest sense. But Dr. Manning wouldn't admit the application of the word, as I had applied it, at all. I was becoming more and more nervous as I began to see that I should have to yield to the force of his reasoning, and should not be able, yet awhile, to decide for myself whether I had, or had not, a vocation. I was simply melting away; so were my arguments. At last he wound up by recurring to my expressed intention of going on the stage.

MR. BURNANDS JOKE

"My dear boy," he said, sniffing briskly, as if now he were going to clench matters *hic et nunc*. "Consider that the question of 'vocation' is one for the individual soul." "It is to be regarded only in the light of what is best for the soul." Here Dr. Manning paused, sniffed, and nursed his right knee clasping it with both hands. Then rocking himself, in measured rhythm as it were, slowly forwards and backwards, he continued, in his playfully sarcastic manner: "Why you might as well say—that to be—a—cobbler—is a 'vocation.'"

Whereupon nervously inspired I blurted out, "Well—er—a—a cobbler has a *great deal to do for the sole.*

The situation was too much for even for Dr. Mannings gravity. In vain he tried with his hand to hide his smile; the smile would spread, and did. But he shook his head as he rose from his chair, and so gave me to understand that our interview was at an end. He raised his hand in benediction, and I knelt as he gave me his blessing.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE

In the course of his address at the national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union held in Scranton, Pa., recently, Archbishop Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, said:

"I have accepted with pleasure your kind invitation to be present at this total abstinence convention, in the hope that the presence amongst you of the representative in the United States of our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, will have a salutary influence amongst our people in promoting the cause of temperance.

"And indeed, your total abstinence societies deserve our encouragement and sincerest best wishes. The object which you have in view—namely, to check a vice which degrades human nature so as to render man, the noblest earthly creature, inferior to the brute—is truly praiseworthy and commendable. Oh, the inexpressible folly of the vice of intemperance! God, in the vast and sublime work of creation, placed man above all other earthly creatures by endowing him with an immortal soul and with the faculty of reason; and man, by the abuse of intoxicating liquors, renounces all these precious gifts and lowers himself beneath the condition of the brute.

"No wonder, then, that drunkenness is stigmatized by the Scriptures and by the fathers of the Church as the basest and most degrading of vices. "What is it," asks Caesarius, 'that distinguishes a man from a beast? It is his reason, but by the abuse of liquor he deprives himself, for a time at least, of this precious and noble gift and reduces himself to the rank of an irrational brute.' Excessive drinking, moreover, by inflaming the passions, leads to a multitude of disorders and crimes. Thus we can understand the terrible warnings which we read in the Holy Scriptures against the drunkard: "Woe to you that are mighty in drinking.' says Isaias, and St. Paul declares that 'drunkards shall not possess the kingdom of God.' At the sight of the appalling evils caused by intemperance even the pagans raised their warning voice. Their most renowned philosophers, such as Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle and others, denounced it in an unmistakable manner, while they praised the virtue of temperance as one of the most beautiful virtues that can ennoble a human soul.

HOW IS IT TO BE ERADICATED

"Since, then, the vice of intemperance is such as to deserve the condemnation of God and man, and since its fatal consequences are of such a nature that they entail temporal and eternal misery; it is our duty to make use of every possible means at our disposal in order to protect our people from its allurements. But just here there arises the question, 'What are the means best adapted for the eradication of this fatal vice?"

"There are some who place their whole confidence in prohibitory laws, and there is no doubt that these laws, wisely administered, prevent to some degree the spreading of evil of which we are speaking. A wise observer, however, justly remarks that 'no laws, however stringent, can make the idle industrious, the thriftless provident or or the drunkard sober.' The man who is not restrained by a sentiment of self-respect and a sense of moral obligation will, at the first opportunity that is offered, easily evade the law and plunge himself again into the mire of this abominable passion. While, therefore, I appreciate fully the efforts which are being made to do away altogether with the traffic in liquor, especially in districts where moral suasion finds no response amongst the people, I do believe that the real secret of success in the temperance movement lies principally in the firm determination of each individual person to live a sober Christian life, so that, even if the temptation be offered, he or she may be able to resist.

CAUSE DESERVES ENCOURAGEMENT

"Therefore, since a complete social reformation can be effected only by means of united efforts proceeding from energetic individual action, let every man and woman keep present to the mind the sublimity of their Christian character and this degradation of the vice of intemperance, and let them all, in every possible manner, work for the extirpation of this detestable vice, and especially let them give their support to the temperance movement so well organized by means of our total abstinence societies.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you here find in your presence a great body of men who, with manly courage and the true Christian spirit, have bound themselves together for the great cause of temperance. Follow their example, for the cause of temperance means the cause of Christian perfection and the cause of suffering humanity. Should you, however, not find it convenient to join their ranks, at least help their cause by your prayers and your constant co-operation.

"Gentlemen of the Total Abstinence Union, we admire your spirit of self-abnegation in professing the great virtue of total abstinence, and we appreciate your efforts in encouraging it both by words and example. Your associations are of paramount importance for the spiritual and temporal welfare of our people, and are, consequently, of great service to religion and to society. Continue, then, with renewed energy, in your efforts of checking the abominable vice of intemperance and God will bless your work with success. Let my presence here to-day be a source of encouragement and an evident proof that your societies have my approval and that of the Vicar of Christ, our Holy Father Pope Pius X, whom I have the honor of representing in the United States. Your great cause deserves every encouragement, and it has, it will always have, the blessing of the Pope and my sincerest best wishes."

Don't underrate yourself—leave that to others; there are many who will.—J. E. White.

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Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary

Departments — Collegiate, Academic, Intermediate and Primary. Schools of Music and Art affiliated to the Toronto University and to the Detroit Conservatory of Music.

Monthly lectures on Art are included.

Special attention paid to French and Domestic Science.

For terms and other particulars address Sister Superior.

Convent of the Sacred Heart

LONDON, ONTARIO

The training given by the Religious of the Sacred Heart comprises besides a thorough grounding in the ordinary branches of education:

GROTTO OF LOURDES ON THE GROUNDS

Christian Doctrine.
Elements of Philosophy.
Ancient and Modern History.
Literature, Ancient and Modern.
The English Language in all its branches.
Elements of Natural Science.
Mathematics.
Latin, French, German.
Needlework.
Music.
Drawing, Painting.

Conversation in foreign languages is made a specialty.

The Convent is agreeably situated, surrounded with large play grounds and every arrangement is made that may contribute to the improvement and comfort of the pupils.