"Yes, Shane, surely; but oh, much more beautiful. She is like a May norning, and like a sweet wild flower She is a queen. Her portrait hangs in many a gallery in the Old World. Her hair is like a shower of burn-ished copper, and her eyes are like the sun-lit sea. Her face is like the Madonna's, and her soul is like snow, avick; and her heart is gold-pure monds, the talk of the Old World cities. I've seen her carry a poor bruised dog home in her arms and tend it herself. I've seen her ride over fences and hedges where every other one feared to follow. I've seen her peerless; among beauty and rank and I've seen her kneeling in poor cottages weeping with those who wept. She has all the world can give, avick, but I think there are where his heart craves for something else. Her nature is dif-ferent, Shane. There are times when I think she needs her father."
Shane sobbed softly, "Ah, my little girl, my little girl, I did it for the best. They have given you what I never could, and you don't know, and if I suffer, what matter?"

Out of the gloom rose the figure from the couch, the glory of hair falling about her shoulders; and coming straight to Shane, she knelt at his feet and put her arms about him and drew his white head down

on her shoulder.

"Oh, my father, my father!" she cooed.

"My poor, brave father. Your daughter has found you, and never again will you leave her. Oh, my own, my own! Kiss your little girl. We shall have our Christmas together, daddy. Where you go, I go, too. Wherever your home is, it is mine, too. Oh they were good and kind and loving, but they're not my own. I think my heart told me so at times, and he should not have tempted you then. Oh, I'm glad, I'm glad, my own father!"

Alice was wringing her hands and moaning.

What will the master say, alannah! Think before you act. They'll turn me off in my old age. Alanaah; where did you come from? I thought you were in your bed."

You dear old goose, they won't turn you off. They wouldn't lose their oldest and most valued servant for all the world; and if they do, why you can come to us. I went out early to bathe, and then came back here to wait until you would come along to get me a cup of tea. I had fallen asleep, and then your voices woke me, and then—I found my father. Get him some tea, like a dear soul, and then we'll go home. Where is home, father? And she looked at him eagerly.
"Ah, sweetheart, it's a wee cottage

on a station many good miles from all that stood up in the cart, his anywhere, where we have a jolly hands tied before him, and his black boy to mind us and the best young master in the world."

She smiled and ran off, and then went slowly up the luxurious stairway to her own dainty room. She locked the door and in a storm of silent weeping threw herself on her knees before an " Ecce Homo."

"Oh my suffering God," she prayed, 'give me strength. He is my father, with him, be he rich or poor. Give me strength to do right." She dressed herself plainly, took a few necessaries and then hastily wrote:

My Dears-May heaven bless you for all your loving goodness and kindness to me, and dears, forgive me for leaving you without a goodbye, but I dare not trust myself. The gulf between us is a great one now, for I have found my own father-your old servant, Shane O'Shane - and my With my heart's love. Joan.

Billy's eyes goggled when they fell on the radiant vision that sat beside Shane when they drove up to the cottage in the gloaming, and as he took the horse away he walked backwards, gazing. The doctor's wife and her sister had been to him ideal, but this girl—he was amazed.

Shane gently draw his daughter into his little sitting-room.

"Welcome home, my own brave child," he said brokenly. "It's not much I have to give you but the pent-up love of my lonely, longing heart." Which is all in the world I ask, my father."

The low, thrilling voice brought the man who sat dreaming in Shane's easy chair to his feet with a bound that apprised him of the fact that he still had a very weak knee. He sank down quietly with a smothered groan.

Shane, old man," he said. sorry I startled you, but I've been awfully anxious about you, so I came down to wait and see if you'd turn up. I gave my knee a little twist ; it does take a while to strengthen.

"Master Kevin! Why, God bless u boy. Sit there and Billy will you boy. Sit the bring the light."

Billy brought the lamp along and revealed to Kevin O'Neill's waiting eyes his "one woman "-his dream

He staved at the cottage for tea and heard the whole of the story, and when Shane said: "Praise God for when Shane said: "Praise God for working it out in His own wonderful way," he answered a fervent "Amen."

There was some little trouble about the organist for a while.

"No," said Father Lyons: "no one else shall play it. It's either you Kevin, or the mistress of Wirribirri." And so there was no music in the little church, and the organ remained

How could I," Kevin told himself go fumbling with my clumsy fingers while her magical ones are there?" But one joyous day he ran into the

presbytery.
"Father," he exclaimed, "you are

going to have your organist and Wirribirri its mistress!

Father Lyons extended both hands "I'm glad, my boy, glad, Who is it ?"

Kevin's eyes dropped. "Why, Joan O'Shane," he said softly. "Good! cried the genial priest. "Good! The grandest soul and the noblest heart I know. God bless the

THE CROSS

Those who have observed that the spires of Protestant meeting houses that were built in the last century generally bear aloft a disastrously symbolical weather vane, will under stand "The Point of View" of a writer in the June Scribner's who

asks:
"Hamlet said he was 'but mad
"Bara we but north-northwest'; are we but religious north-northwest also, or east, as the wind of opinion may blow? It is unpleasantly suggestive of faith rationalized, faith that is a matter of changing thought, not of steady, heavenward-pointing hope founded on something more solid than the play of mere intellect. The old-fashioned Catholic Church does symbol on its spires; there shines the cross, against the blue of noonday, or golden against gray gathering clouds; and there is no gainsaying, no evading, its unchanging significance.

Nowadays, however, Protestants seldom build plain meeting houses surmounted by weather vanes, but erect more often "churches" and even "cathedrals," which are adorned with far more crosses and graven images than can be found, as a rule, on the exteriors of our own temples of worship. But we should rejoice at this, for such edifices will require but few alterations to convert them some day into excellent Catholic

A STORY OF PIUS IX

One day nearly ninety years ago a strange cortege was seen filing out of the gates of the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome. It had a funeral aspect. They were hooded brothers of a pious confraternity walking with a measured pace, and chanting in a mournful cadence. They were fol-lowed by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, who surrounded a cart draped in black. None of the hundreds who stopped on the bridge of St. Angelo to see the procession pass asked what it meant. The ominous black was but too eloquent. But many asked who was the criminshaggy head cast down in a sad and penitent manner. It was Gajetano the most notorious revolution ist plotter against the State, and outlaw of his time. He had just been convicted of treason of the highest degree and was sentenced to be exe cuted. His appearance excited the compassion of the bystanders. Just as the cart reached the other side of the bridge, a handsome young priest emerged from one of the streets which open into the square. He glanced at the prisoner for an instant. People noticed that he had lovely eyes, and they seemed bathed in tears. Touched with a noble im pulse he rushed into the crowd and worked his way up to the officer in charge, who was on horseback. He begged for God's sake that the procession might be delayed a few moments, until he could run up to the Vatican and back. There was something irresistible in those pleading eyes, and besides, the officer recognized in the young priest one who was seen frequently in the Apostolic Palace. He promised acquiescence, and the priest sped to the Vatican into the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XII. and throwing himself upon his knees, begged with an earnestness almost supernatural for the life of the criminal. The Pontiff was moved, and commuted the sentence of death into solitary imprisonment for life, in the fortress of St. Angelo. The clergyman flew, rather than ran from the Vatican, in pursuit of the pro cession. He soon overtook it, for it moved slowly, as the officer in com mand had promised, and produced the autograph order of the Pope, forbidding the execution, and remanding the captive to St. Angelo's. Life is dear. The criminal was grateful

was connected. He was known to the boys as Padre Giovanni. Years rolled by, Leo slept with hi predecessors, Gregory XVI. succeeded him, and he too paid the debt of nature, and rested in St. Peter's. The glorious Pontificate of Pius IX. had been inaugurated but a few days when a handsome priest, dressed in the simple cassock and farrainlo of the Roman clergy, presented himself at the fortress of St. Angelo, and asked if there was a prisoner confined therein called Gaietano. Yes he was answered, but the prisoner being a solitary, could not be seen without an express permission from the governor of the fortress.

to live at any cost, and would have

fallen down at the feet of his de

liverer to thank him. But he disappeared, and was next seen in the

vicinity of a hospice for little boys

called Tata Giovanni, with which he

The priest went away, and appeared soon after with the necessary order. Being ushered into the cell, the prisoner asked, "What do you want?" "I come," said the visitor to bring

you tidings of your mother."
"She still lives," exclaimed the captive, "O God be thanked!" captive, "O God be thanked!"
"Yes she still lives, and she sent

hope for better days."
"All the angels are not in heaven;

years of his living death.

I have done so time and again without effect," was the reply. "Another petition," he continued, "would the same fate as the rest. It would never reach Gregory XVI."
"Gregory XVI is dead; write to

Pius IX. "And who will present my petition? Myself: write, here is paper and

pencil.

the paper, he said:

"Have confidence. This very evening the Pope will have your come to ask grace in favor of the prisoner Gajetano."

"The Pope alone can grant it," said the governor. Asking for writing materials, the stranger wrote: In virtue of the present order, the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo will set the prisoner Gajetano at lib-

erty immediately." Pius IX. There was no mistaking the signature. The order was obeyed on the instant and when Gajetano sought his mother, his liberator had already disappeared. She told him how a certain young priest called Giovanna both occasions, how he had provided for her, and how they made a Bishop of him first, then a Cardinal and finally. Pope.

DESTROYS FREE WILL

SOCIALISM WOULD FORCE ALL

MEN TO BELIEVE ONE WAY Due to its faulty conception of human nature, Socialism advocates the very evils which it pretends to combat and eradicate. For Socialism, of itself and by itself, can do nothing to diminish or discipline the inordinate and materialistic desires of men, because Socialism, in itself, is the most exaggerated and universalized expression of their lust yet

known to men.

The first condition of man's nature is free will; hence, free choice be-tween good and evil. This free choice on the material side, is provided by private ownership; on the material and spiritual side by the Christian family, and on the purely spiritual side, by religion. The Socialistic system attacks every one of these three conditions.

Socialism denies the existence of free will; hence, makes man irrespon-

sible for his acts. It is anti-Christian, because is has for its philosophical basis pure materialism. Its religious basis is pure negation. Its ethical basis consists in the theory that society makes the individual of which it is composed, whilst the contrary is true, because individuals make society, which could not exist without them. Its economic pasis is the theory that labor is the finally, is found in the industrial revolution.

may try to change the form of their doctrine, the principles of Socialism will always remain the same; to-wit, substitution of public for private ownership.

The consequences of such a principle are far-reaching, because they attack the very foundation of society. It eliminates, first of all, religion.

"The worker must not seek re-demption beyond the grave; he must find it on earth. He must become his own redeemer. Thus he will need neither God nor eternity. 'In the Socialistic state, religion

will die a natural death. The school must be mobilized against the Church; the schoolmaster against the priest. If I were prefect of police for only twenty-four hours," blasphemes Rigault, "my first official act would be the arrest of God. Should He refuse to submit to arrest. I would condemn Him to death, and have Him publicly executed in effigy." Time does not permit to enter into

nore details. I can but call your attention to the pernicious doctrine in regard to private ownership. This is strenuously opposed by Socialism; for it forms a bulwark around the Christian home. This, too, Socialism tries to destroy. Nor are the leaders any way backward in acknowledging their aversion to marriage. riage," says one of the writers," is the first crime committed by capitalism against society." And again, Marriage is the greatest of all existing evils in present day society. To be married is synonymous with

slavery. Socialism is, therefore, logical in advocating divorce, not because it forms a plank in their system, but it provides, for the time being, at least,

'Divorce." says a writer, " for the time being, is the best remedy against moral corruption." No, Socialism cannot provide an efficient remedy against the moral, social and econo mic evils that afflict modern society This is easily understood when it is real sect. It is an economic and moral heresy which has for its ulti- on that of others.

me to console you and tell you to mate end the dethronement of God and the debasement of man. It preaches a crude materialism with I see one before me." said the penitre tent criminal. He then narrated all in general, and of the Catholic Church that he had suffered during the long in particular. Instead of strengthening society, it weakens its already tottering foundations by de Christian "Why have you not appealed to the clemency of the Pope?" said the izing the schools; by the destruction of private property and by the aboli-tion of the Christian family. Indeed, filled to the bursting point, like the frog in the fable, with the concupis cence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life, it has proved a dismal failure in the attempt of curing the social cancer of which our godless age is rotting

away."
. No, Socialism was never cut out to be the remedy for the present-day illness; the only cure for such illness The prisoner wrote a touching appeal to the new Pontiff, full of protestations of repentance and of loyalty. When the priest received loyalty. When the priest received loyalty. When the priest received loyalty work awaiting you, and it is through your united you, and it is through your united work that our social problems must efforts that our social problems must be solved. Maybe we cannot see the memorial. Courage, my friend, and end of it, but we can lay the founda-pray to God for Pius IX." He left tion upon which the coming generathe cell, and presenting himself to tions may rest, in a Catholic atmosthe governor of the castle said: "I phere, the atmosphere of Catholic schools and Catholic homes, and by coping with the weapons of Catholic intelligence and truth. Thus may we expect victory once more to perch upon our banner, and this banner is the cross.

The present year witnesses the centenary of the first public triumph of the cross. We of the Catholic Federation hear the same consoling promise repeated to us, as it was given to the great Constantine, "In hoc Signo vinces." "In this sign thou shalt conquer." The Cross must be our standard, and this standard we must hold aloft. The Cross once more must be carried publicly before the minds of the people. In the Cross there is salvation, and in the Cross only, because only the truth can make us free."—Rev. Leo Gassler in address before New Orleans

THE CHURCH AND SOCIALISM

The words of our Lord Himself, Whom some Socialists are desirous to claim as the first of their number, are quite explicit to this effect. We read in St. Matthew's Gospel (chap. xix.)—and the same event is also recorded by St. Mark and St. Luke that a rich young man came to our Lord, and inquired what he should do to have life everlasting. Our Lord told him that he should keep the commandments; and on the young man's asking Him what command ments He meant, He mentioned several of the Ten Commandments of the Decalogue, adding also that of loving one's neighbor as oneself. One of the Commandments He men-tioned was, "Thou shalt not steal." The young man answered that he had kept all these. Our Lord did not say, "No, you have not, for you have no right to possess private property of your own, for you, in doing so, are taking what belongs to the community." No, He acknowledged community." that the lawful possession of private property is not stealing. But on the young man asking what yet was wanting to him, Our Lord said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou shalt, and give it to the poor, surplus value produced by labor, but stolen by the capitalists. Its juristic heaven; and come, follow Me." In basis consists in the right of labor to its whole product. Its historic basis, You will notice that He told the young man to sell what he had. But other's presence, and each showing how could he sell it, if it was not an intensity of purpose that seemed really his to sell these words of Our Lord were in reply to the young man's repeated question. He told him to sell what he had and give the money to the poor. But He did not absolutely require this. He told the young man to do this, if he wanted to be perfect. Now the Catholic, and really the

only possible explanation of these last words is that there are some things which a man may do to please God, but which are not required as of obligation, or under pain of sin. These are known in the Church not as laws, but as "counsels of perfection." They principally come under three heads: namely, the renunciation of property, of marriage, and of one's own will by obedience to someone to whom one gives a right to require it in the name of God. This obedience, of course, only extends to actions not contrary to the laws of God, or of some regularly constituted general authority—as that of the Stateacting also, of course, in a way not contrary to the divine law.

Let it be thoroughly understood then, that 1. The Church does not reject

Socialism in the sense of voluntary agreement as to the renunciation of individual property, or the sacrifice of the individual will among a certain number of chosen souls called by God to this renunciation and sacri-fice, and specially aided by His Grace to carry it out.
2. She does absolutely reject it as

far as it teaches that individual ownership is forbidden to all, or that the only right condition of things in any nation is the thorough subject ion of all to the State system which Socialism proposes.
3. She holds that this system, so

far from being the only right system. is fraught with great dangers to the liberty which we all so highly prize since it is not in human nature, unaided by a special grace, to carry it out in the perfection necessary to its success: and that, therefore, corruption is sure to ensue in it, and the borne in mind that Socialism is a virtues which it requires to become tyranny on the part of some, slavery

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Now, in conclusion, it must also be thoroughly understood that the Church fully realizes the great evils which have grown up by the accumu lation of immense amounts of wealth in the hands of a few, which threatmankind to a condition of practical slavery, and that she sympathizes with the advocates of Socialism in their desire to abolish these evils; but that she simply rejects this special plan as being primarily founded on statements as to human rights which are absolutely false, and which, if carried out in practice, would tend to increase these very evils rather than to abate them

IS THE MASS AN EMPTY FORM?

"On a recent Sunday I attended service at a Catholic Church," says a correspondent of the North Western Christian Advocate. "The priest went through his role without a wrinkle in his gown, the choir did their stunt without a discordant note, and the people went away as they came. It was all passing show 'for man's illusion given.'

The emptiness, as we Catholics know, was not in the hearts of the people who attended Mass piously but in the head of the man who knowing nothing of the meaning of the service, set down such an ignor-ant statement as that we have

Far different have been the thoughts and sentiments evoked by the Mass, in numberless non-Catholics who have brought to the service not a cheap, cocksure attitude of mind, but a sincere desire to know what the Mass means to those who. hot or cold, rain or shine, faithfully attend church every Sunday and holyday of the year, and many other times besides. Here for instance is what Mr. Stanley E. Bowdie, a non-Catholic correspondent and publicist writes, (as quoted by Church Progress) of a visit to Mexico City:

'I attended Mass there morning. At least three thousand Mexicans were kneeling in the Cathedral—an impressive sight anywhere out in this setting of majesty, solemnity, and historic association, a picture of touching eloquence. And hey knelt throughout the services. for Mexican churches are without

seats.
"I stood in the shade of a pillar, to render my Protestantism less conspicuous. . . There was no rustle of skirts; no vain, studied spicuous. stride: no looking about to see the milliner's creation worn by neighbors. There were no unctuous ushers to to high seats. It was one tremen--the rich, the poor, kneeling side by side, each class oblivious to the to say: "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" The thousand Masses they had attended had brought no callous ness. Time had but intensified the august mystery of the Mass. To them it was a veritable Mount of Transfiguration, for they seemed to

see no one save Jesus.' This is only one of many similar testimonies that might be quoted re garding the effect of the Mass upor the souls of those who attend it. That there may be some Catholics who come away empty from Mass we have no doubt. But it is their own fault. They are those who allow themselves to be distracted from contemplating the stupendous Mystery at which they have been assist-With most Catholics, however, attendance at Mass is an act of the deepest devotion; and they bear from it a soul charged with strength to persevere in the faith and love and service of God.-Sacred Heart Re-

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