

"Agnes!" he cried, catching the exhausted girl.

"Oh, Charles, fly from here!" she panted. "The men are coming to harm you; Parlow and George are leading them. Hurry before it is too late."

"No, no; I cannot go. My duty is to remain here."

"Listen! What is that?"

"There was a low murmur of voices and the tramping of many feet."

"Come!" she pleaded, grasping his arm.

"It is too late. Quick, Agnes, out the back way. You must not be seen here."

He hurried her through the back office, bidding her avoid the mob. He sprang back through the office and out upon the steps to face an angry crowd. The men fell silent as Kane stepped forward.

"Berry, you have been making fools of us long enough; we want work and no more waiting. We won't be trampled on any longer. We have enough of your lies."

A frown crossed Berry's face at this insulting remark.

"Men, do not blame me, for I have worked day and night to straighten affairs. My report is now in Mr. Croton's hands. In a few days I shall receive his answer and reopen the mills."

A half satisfied murmur passed through the crowd.

"We won't be put off any longer," growled Kane.

These words again aroused the mob to anger. Berry hushed them with a wave of his hand.

"Men, I have been honest and just with you. If I did not work continually the mills would not be open for months. I upheld you in the past, now you stand by me."

"We trusted you long enough," shouted Parlow. "Come on, men, come on!"

A shout of anger arose, and the mob, in a compact mass, rushed at Berry.

When Charles left Agnes, she stood for a moment as if stunned. Suddenly, as the thought came to her, she exclaimed:

"I know, I know; Father Stone will save him."

With renewed strength and courage, and helped on by fear and love, she ran towards the priest's residence. Faint with exhaustion, she turned up the street which led past the rectory. The appearance of a bent figure ahead spurred her on. It was Father Stone. He heard the hurrying foot-steps, and turned as Agnes rushed up to him.

"Why, child, what is the trouble?"

"Oh, father," she panted, "George and Parlow are leading the men to attack Charles. He is in the office. Quick, to the mill! I'll be well—in a minute."

With the fire of excitement rushing through his veins, the priest ran to the mill. As he entered the yard he heard the angry cries of the men. Although darkness had fallen, by the moon's light he could see the crowd swaying back and forth near the steps. He plunged into their midst, crying: "Men, stop; make way!"

Those nearest drew back, opening a path for him. Bounding up the steps, he placed himself between Berry and the men. The crowd halted and fell silent.

"My friends, would you harm one who has never injured you? Is this my thanks for the years spent among you? In the name of our Lord, who suffered for us alike, do not do this."

Many hung their heads in shame. "He has held us down long enough," cried Kane.

"No priest interference," shouted Parlow.

"No, no!" The shout was taken up by a few Parlow satellites.

"Friends, do not listen to the voice of the tempter. For the sake of those who love you, and in the name of God, I ask you to go quietly to your homes. You—"

"Enough, enough!" yelled Parlow. "Come on, men!"

Berry flung open the door to confront Kane, pale and haggard, with fear and repentance stamped upon his countenance.

"Father Stone, how is he?"

"George!" cried the priest.

The young man uttered a cry of joy and flung himself upon his knees before Father Stone.

"Oh, forgive me for this night's work. I am the cause of the trouble. But I did not shoot; it was Parlow. I saw him draw the revolver, but I struck his hand when he fired. Oh, God, I did not think he would do it! He got away; we cannot find him."

"Oh, George, how I have hoped and prayed for your return. No harm is done, all are safe. Look to God for forgiveness and strength."

Kane arose with a happy, contented smile. He turned to Berry and extended his hand.

"Berry, forgive me. This is the awakening; I now see the folly of my way."

Berry grasped the outstretched hand. "Let us forgive and forget."

"George, Charles, I am tired. Let us return home."

As the three passed from the office they met the hushed, bowed, but happy men who lingered about the door. A cry of joy arose as they approached. They passed through the crowd full of joy, exultation, rapture.

When Berry turned from the rectory his mind was filled with thoughts of the late occurrences.

"How noble and self-sacrificing was Father Stone and Agnes. How he swayed the hearts of the crude men, changing their fierce passions to patient penitence. Surely there is more than human influence. And Kane's remorse. What is this something that is in the hearts of all? Yes, it must be, it is their religion."

Two days later there met in the cozy living-room of the rectory four happy people, Father Stone, Berry, Agnes and George Kane.

"Yes, father," Berry was saying, "I also had my awakening. I asked for a sign, and a sign was given. I am in the full glare of the light."

Agnes' face lit with a happy smile as Father Stone replied: "I knew it, I knew it; and I rejoice with you."—Bernard F. Dooley in St. John's Quarterly.

MGR. BENSON

ON DREAMS AND TELEPATHY

In his introductory remarks to a lecture on "the theory of the subconscious self" Monsignor Benson pointed to the growing question, and to be quite frank, he was not an expert, but only a much-interested amateur. He would give no exhaustive account of the various steps; all he proposed to do was to indicate what an amateur psychologist had managed to draw from recent psychology and his timid deductions from it in respect to a theory they met everywhere. The theory aimed often at religious claims, which was disconcerting. It was his endeavor to show that if it were established they need not fear it.

Dealing with the immediate subject: "The Thinker and the Dreamer," Mgr. Benson proceeded to draw attention to a series of facts familiar, yet not belonging quite to the ordinary range of mental processes of which they could give an intelligent account. These curious facts of experience lay in dreams, telepathy, and memory. All who had dreams knew of the extraordinary things they did, that they could not honestly imagine in ordinary waking moments. In the dream state they did things most uncharacteristic of themselves; they imagined themselves flying, commenting crimes, doing the most heroic deeds, seeing the return of the dead, etc. With telepathy, the lecturer continued, all were acquainted in some form. It dealt with the phenomena of thought transference. A little while ago he tried an experiment in this direction with his own sister.

Taking a pack of cards, he questioned her as to the names of a number selected, and out of eleven experiments she was perfectly right in five and nearly right in others. Mankind appeared to have two memories, the speaker continued, namely, that range within call, and the range without call, or nearly so.

This he illustrated by pointing to the man who in telling a story suddenly paused and explained he had forgotten all about the rest of it. He would remember it later when his mind was on another and totally different subject. Again, there was the case of the drowning person whose whole life's deeds passed before him. They appeared to have faculties of thought of which very little was known. Conscious thought was under the will and the reason. For instance, they could set themselves to think, and then think of something else; but dreams, telepathy, and the habit seemed apart from both will and reason.

The theory of subconsciousness, Mgr. Benson continued, was a comparatively new classification of these faculties. This he went on to explain by illustration, asking the audience to imagine a two-storied house, one room in each, and communicating by a trap door. In the top story, called consciousness, resided those powers of thought and feeling that were wholly under their control. In the lower story there resided subconsciousness: those faculties which could not altogether be controlled, such as the imagination, etc. Roughly, then, men's consciousness, controllable, reasonable and critical faculties known as the "objective" faculties, dwelt upstairs; and his unconscious, uncontrollably, unreason-

able and uncritical faculties, known as the "subjective" faculties, resided downstairs.

Pointing to the relations between the objective and the subjective faculties, the speaker went on to explain that they were separate, yet not wholly separate. In some instances they could use the subconscious faculties deliberately; for instance, he said: "If I close my eyes and stop my ears I can make a mental image of the South pole, or remember after a while something I cannot now remember—what I had for lunch. Or again, I can give the lower story a suggestion—begin to form a habit; wave my hand and go on doing it. They might say that there was a trap door between the stories, which was sometimes open and sometimes shut."

Applying this theory to the three phenomena, Mgr. Benson demonstrated that dreams were generated by subconsciousness. A person thought how nice it would be to fly, and feared to commit murder. That person went to sleep; or rather his two-story did. What happened? Subconsciousness was left awake, and had a royal time while reason was asleep. The cat was away, and so all the suggestions the dreamer had sent down by hope or fear ran riot, and in doing so did not appear absurd.

A dreamer then was one who slept only "upstairs." Telepathy was the power of sending or receiving sense-images. It had nothing to do with reason or criticism; it was a will impulse. This the speaker showed by reference to the objective and subjective "stories." Adverting to the subject of the two-fold memory, the lecturer showed how when the top memory was asleep or lulled the lower acted. And very odd folk suffering from senile decay forgot where they were, or thought the dead were living; could not remember yesterday's happenings, yet clearly recollected the patterns of a frock worn in childhood's days. All this threw an interesting light on character.

Roughly, there were two types of character, namely, the practical and the imaginative. A good business man was "top story" man. The centre of gravity lay there, and the "trap-door" was almost closed. The poet, on the other hand, was a "lower-story" man. He was unworldly but perceptive. He thought the business man a fool. Two other types were the madman and the genius. The madman thought himself the emperor of China. Through some injury his critical faculty was dead. He lived below. The genius was one whose "trap-door" worked easily. He could ascend or descend at will. He was the perfectly balanced man. Instancing Napoleon as belonging to this category, the lecturer recalled how the great Emperor used to dream of his plans for conquering nations. It did not stop at dreams, however. He was a thinker and a man of action, and put his dreams into practical form.

Concluding, Mgr. Benson expressed his intention of dealing in a subsequent lecture with the darker side of his subject, namely, possession, black magic, etc.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE LENTEN SEASON

During Lent holy mother Church bids her children pause and consider in a serious way how they stand with God. That they may do this the better she sets apart the Lenten season as a time of special devotion. She opens it in the most solemn way by recalling the lowly origin of man's body that he may regulate the unruly passions of his lower nature and bring them into subjection to the soul. "Remember," she says to him, "O man, that thou art dust and into dust shalt thou return." The body upon which you bestow so much thought and care is of little consequence in comparison with the immortal soul of which you are heedless. Yet your eternity of happiness or unhappiness depends upon the state of the soul. Do not neglect the body, but do pay some attention to the soul; let it share your solicitude, if it does not engross it.

How necessary this warning of the Church is will appear plain to anyone who weighs in a balance the minutes devoted to the welfare of the soul and of the body. So light is the amount in the soul's scale that it is scarcely appreciable, some ten or fifteen minutes would represent the average, while in the body's scale the minutes count up to hours. Yet we claim to be reasonable beings. Judge us by our actions, and do we prove ourselves worthy of the claim? Again, let us test ourselves by our aspirations, and how do we stand? Does the desire of heaven find a place in our minds and hearts at all? Earth and its vanities are so engrossing that they fill both mind and heart, and even when death approaches and the glamor of the world should have lessened, man still clings to earth and what it has to offer, and it requires an effort to turn the thoughts of the dying man to heaven and its real enduring joys.

A good Lent means a good life for another year at least, for this is its purpose, to bring about a better life for everyone. It is a time of reflection and resolution, but above all, it is a season of grace and strength and blessing which, if corresponded with, renews spiritual life within us, and makes us burn with the love of God and the desire to live for Him alone in the exercise of our faculties and powers. On all sides we see in Lent most edifying examples given us by every grade of society. The tender

maiden, the strong mechanic, the ordinary laborer, the banker, the physician, the lawyer, the high-born lady, the steady housewife, the servant maid, the teacher, all are represented by numbers more or less of their class piously passing the Lenten season through the keeping of its fast and observance of its public devotions and exercises. It is a most consoling sight to the clergy, and many a "God bless you" is invoked by them on the good, holy people by their fathers in Christ. Let Lent always mark an era in the sanctification of all.—Catholic Union and Times.

CATHOLIC TOLERANCE

CARDINAL MANNING ONCE DECLARED THAT "THE CHILDREN OF MARTYRS NEVER BECOME PERSECUTORS," AND THE FACTS OF HISTORY BEAR OUT THE CONTENTION

In the course of a sermon delivered in the Baltimore Cathedral lately, Cardinal Gibbons referred with pardonable pride to his native Maryland as "the cradle of civil and religious liberty" and the only one of the American colonies that raised aloft the banner of freedom of conscience and invited the oppressed of other colonies to seek an asylum beneath its folds. "The Charter of Liberties" issued by Thomas Dongan, New York's first Catholic Governor, has won for him a renown equal to that of Calvert.

As Cardinal Manning once said, "the children of martyrs never become persecutors." Dealing with the baseless charge of religious intolerance sometimes made against Irish Catholics the writer of an article in the British Review entitled "Ulsteria" shows that it is refuted by facts of past and present history. As an illustration he recalls the actions of the Irish Parliament of James II. in 1689, when for a brief period the Catholic majority held the reins of power in their own country, and proceeded:

"There was probably," writes Lecky, "scarcely a man in the Irish Parliament of 1689 who had not been deeply injured by the penal enactments in his fortune and family. Yet that Parliament, which the Protestant Unionist historian confesses to be far in advance of its age, established absolute religious freedom and equality. Its authority was, unfortunately, of brief duration, and when power reverted to Protestants, they replied by a Penal Code, which was aptly described by Edmund Burke as 'a machine of vice and elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man.' For centuries the Irish Catholic majority were mere serfs, persecuted and proscribed, 'only existing,' as an eminent judge declared, 'by the clemency of the government.' It seems a little strange at first sight that the bitterness of those days should survive in the persecutors and not in the persecuted. The Orange outcry against Popish intolerance is unsubstantiated by one tittle of proof."

SECTS DYING OUT

The condition of Protestantism today is gloomy and disheartening to those who preach its doctrine and seek to promote in any way its interests. The centuries which have passed since Luther's death have dealt harshly with it as a system of belief. It has met with reverses and with failures in quarters where its most ardent champions looked forward to unlimited success. Never in possession of a strong foundation or of principles guaranteeing unity and cohesiveness, it has been broken into many fragments, and if one sect proclaims itself the custodian of the genuine deposit of Protestant faith, a hundred different others rise up in protest to demand a hearing.

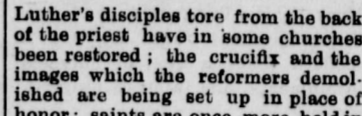
The work of patching and of propping is a constant burden to the minds of its leaders and a never ending tax upon their ingenuity. But the breach in the structure only grows the greater, and with the advance of time, it, like every other structure man made and man-controlled, finds its frame work ever weakening and its timbers passing on gradually to a condition of decay which can end only in collapse.

The principle of private judgment is the disintegrating force at work. Inspired and guided by this principle one man reads the Scriptures and finds himself a Baptist. His next door neighbor borrows the same sacred volume and when he returns it he proclaims himself a Methodist. And so it goes; each man forms or feels religion for himself and there are as many codes of doctrine as there are persons who believe. Those who are bolder consign the Scriptures to the rubbish-heap as too silly and too childish to be read by educated men, and out of their abnormal imaginations springs a vague and vapory philosophy labelled religion but resembling it as little as black resembles white.

Such division and discord have filled the thinking men of Protestantism with dismay. They see the young people breaking away from the Churches of their fathers. They hear complaints about the preacher's unsatisfying sermons, about the dryness and coldness of the forms of worship, about the aloofness of religion from men's lives. Nor have such expressions of dissatisfaction been without effect. Many means have been adopted to make worship more attractive. The vestments which

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Luther's disciples tore from the back of the priest here in some churches been restored; the crucifix and the images which the reformers demolished are being set up in place of honor; saints are once more held in esteem, their statues occupy prominent niches, and their feast days find a place once more in the calendar of religious observances. The most significant introduction of all, however, is that of the Real Presence against which Luther raved with such bitter hate.

These are long steps, unwilling though they be, taken in the direction of the Church of Rome; but they bring the sects no nearer to a united Protestantism. So these days we hear sounded in our ears an appeal for "United Discipline," for a union of all "Christocentric forces and movements." Such a union can only be accomplished when all religious-minded and church-going people profess the creed and kneel before the altars of the Catholic Church. The Catholic has received from his dissenting brethren the invitation to establish unity of faith and of worship. The Catholic's only suggestion can be this. Reject the principle of private interpretation and recognize an inflexible teaching Church: put away all imitation of Catholic belief and ritual, and unbiased by traditions, with the sincerity the situation demands, effect your "union of Discipline" through the acceptance of Christ's teachings, which are the fundamental doctrines of Catholicism.—Pilot.

THE FIRST SALVATION ARMY

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH MAY LAY CLAIM TO THIS TITLE

From the time of the Hebrew sacred writers to our own day, says Robert Cox Stump, life, by a familiar figure of speech, has been called a continual warfare, and the soul, by metonymy, a perpetual battle ground of the passions. Both the old and the New Testaments abound in instances of this martial metaphor which are employed again and again in the Evangelistic and Pauline books and found, as a final culminating picture, briefly sketched, of Armageddon, in Revelations. So, we must concede, the comparison is far from being new.

But is there not another great army, of which the great company of the Redeemed in Paradise, visualized by St. John, is but a part—the Catholic Church, viewed collectively with its children in the Communion of Saints? Broadly speaking, this is the first Salvation Army, composed of all the nations of the world, of which Christ Himself is supreme Commander and Captain, and of which His vicegerent upon earth, the successor of St. Peter, is the visible Head. To this army we must all belong either in fact or in spirit, if we would "fight the good fight" and deserve the laurel crown of ultimate victory. It is of paramount and most vital importance upon which side we enlist ourselves—if with Michael or Lucifer, beneath the banner of the cross, or with "the grisly host who troop under the sooty flag of Acheron," for the issues involved in eternal conflict between good and evil are tremendous. Within the Church we may speak in a more restricted sense of another Salvation Army.

From the earliest centuries of Christianity there have been religious orders that have combined the monastic and military character, being banded together in soldier fashion, to wage the wars of God. Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans and the rest, are all uniformed and valiant chivalry of Christ the Crucified. It remained for the Jesuits, however, to show the world a distinctively religious body, with military rank, titles and discipline, and with a chief commander known to the members as General—a name adopted also by a few of the other orders. The warrior saint of Loyola, injured at the siege of Pamplona, turned his thoughts from temporal to spiritual warfare, and the great Society or Company of Jesus—superb in its conception and perfect in its organization—was the fruit of his new ideals.

This is the order whose herculean might, even in its infancy, made apostate princes tremble, and strangled the hydra of heresy, winning by its indefatigable zeal the grudging admiration of prejudiced historians. To-day it is still one of the Church's most learned, active and influential brotherhoods. Its priests and indeed all priests rightly-ordained and commissioned—penetrate the sin's hidden lurking places and set strong-

holds, combating evil continually, from the pulpit and through the confessional, both by word of mouth and by actual example. Compared to the hierarchy and priesthood of the Catholic Church, the latter-day followers of General Booth are as raw, untrained militia to the seasoned veterans of a thousand fields.

Any Christian, either cleric or layman, may generalize on the cardinal, basic truths of our common faith—may tell the social parish and the sinner in the slums about God, inspiring them with love of His goodness, fear of His justice and hope in His mercy and merits; but none may speak with the voice of the Church, "as one having authority," nor can every man personally apply Christ's abundant merits to the soul of his fellow-man, like "spikenard of great price," a precious, healing unction. The right to administer saving grace, at time with the Sacraments, is vested in priests alone, and is shared by the Pope of Rome with the humblest village curate. But whether serving as chieftain or private, whether in the ranks of the militant, suffering, or triumphant children of the Church, the Catholic Christian is foremost and always a member of the First Salvation Army.

Surely, if we have the spirit of piety in our hearts, the Holy Souls will be a special object of our remembrance and of our prayers.—Cardinal Manning.

You cannot fight liquor or lust in the soul with magic lanterns, or even by clean clothes and nice table manners. Only one thing in the world can do it, and that is religion, conscience and a profound conviction that all acts have a consequence in this world and in the next.—Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.

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