

er. Then I made my
pe to the floor. As I
man, I fancied I
the quarry move,
med my imagination
I had barely
men, men!
pointing to a great
haved and crashed
to the floor of the
up the dust as it
d with its thunder,
covered my eyes,
that I most feared. At
pausing breath and
t. Clare was nowhere

I found myself as
ul nightmare helping
It took us one hour or
a great Boulder from
body. They brought
neighboring cottage,
ide, leaving me to raise
if it were my right.
him—no, the still
d helples. Was this
a dream? Was this
very truth my friend
crushed out of
to himself, but the
? Once, we had held
Now, the gulf of
between us. Yet no;
y dies, the soul lives

a solemn procession
d across the common
afternoon.
advance to break the
How would she re-
dered? I entered the
e trim table, the
h, the home-made bread
for the man who would
to minister to him.
on the hob; the cat
dly on the hearth by
el feeder; where he
it himself, I flung my-
d beside her without a
risen in her usual
rhaps it was something
at arrested her, I made
to speak, but the
e. At last, "Sit down,
said with quiet author-
ity, trembling a little,
and, creeping into her
he broke the news to her,
uld, sparing her as much
as it was possible. Her
eadly white. She rose
to the door, and she
seesingly one moment
d, then she fell heavily
before me. Not a word
spoke. Raising her eyes,
she was searching mine
ough she still doubted

a sound of the slow tramp
garden path. Someone
and flung open the door.
e stood transfixed; then
arms she sent up a long
ry and rushed madly to-
ward it, half-depressed.
I between her and the
s, I said, "you are not
to hear it," and I forced
to her own place, I imp

at followed were full of
a stricken widow. Her
and flung open the door.
e stood transfixed; then
arms she sent up a long
ry and rushed madly to-
ward it, half-depressed.
I between her and the
s, I said, "you are not
to hear it," and I forced
to her own place, I imp

and comfort in
pend largely on keep-
ver and kidneys in

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FEBRUARY 5, 1910

"You will meet again: God Himself
has promised that."
She looked at me with a patient,
pathetic smile.

"Tell me more," she said, "I want to
know more."
Then I spoke to her as simply as I
could of the Church foreshadowed in the
Old Testament, of Christ and the hidden
wonders of His life, of the one and only
Church He founded on the Rock of St.
Peter, how He promised to be ever with
that one Church to the end of time,
keeping her free from those errors which
must inevitably creep into every merely
man-made institution such as the Pro-
testant Church and her own little Pri-
vative Methodist. I pointed out to her
how He spoke of His Church, the King-
dom of God, as growing from that little
grain of mustard seed then being planted
in Palestine, until, as one great un-
divided tree it should cover all the earth;
how no branch lopped off from that
divine parent tree by human hands can
live.

She drank in my words, her eyes glow-
ing with wonder and new-born under-
standing; and as the words passed I realized
that God had wonderfully answered my
prayers at last. It was the soul's
awakening to divine truth.

Her happiness now was to kneel in the
little French chapel in the place where
her husband had arisen to life. Through
his death she had arisen to life. The
two divided souls were united at last.
Some time afterward I heard of her re-
ception into the Church. She was called
and, therefore, free to follow where-
ever God might call. I was never told
the details as to how it came to pass, but
the last I heard of her was that she had
become a Carmelite nun. —From the
English Messenger.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

ROBERT BURNS

BY A. J. MOGILVERAY

The strength and greatness of the
British empire owes much to English
literature. The bullet may turn back
the empire's foot, but literature in-
spires the patriotism and the moral
strength that nerves the soldier's heart
in the hour of battle. The warrior soul
of Scotland has experienced the blood-
rousing effect of the songs of the bards,
as well as of the music of the bagpipes,
when hard pressed in front of the
apert, crossing the sands of Egypt, rush-
ing the Crimean frontiers, or watching
for the elusive enemy on the lonely
Veldt. When a country's literature is
destroyed, it is like the loss of its
strength, its pride of birth and
race, its enthusiasm for mastery, and
the traditional glory of arms stagnate
and perish. Shakespeare, Tennyson,
Byron, and the "Hollyhocks" and "Tom
Moore," have done much to make the
British people king. If the Irish Celts
race the word were drawn into
closer sympathy with England by the
conquest to Ireland of Home Rule, the
goal of centuries of Irish endeavor and
just aspiration, Irish literature, would
become a new and richer source of Irish
patriotism, to the vast gain of the
British empire, a gain greater than the
interests of peace and of defensive war
than the mere physical value of dread-
noughts and torpedoes.

Robert Burns leaving his unpreten-
sious occupation of ploughman, in the
flush of the success of the first edition of
his poems, decided to try one more
suited to his ambition and genius in
Edinburgh. His appearance in that
city in November, 1786, caused a flutter
among its literary celebrities by whom
he was cordially received. The visit
to the city, however, was a disappointment
of the brilliant and aristocratic capital,
where he was entertained with munifi-
cent hospitality and loaded with sup-
per and the most brilliant of the
in his true element. The monotonous
sights and noises of the city had re-
placed the green sward, the sound of
tumbling waters, and the exhilarating
music of the softly-whistling birds.
Before long, tired and satiated, he
yearned to return to his humble station
to view his rustic muse at the
plough-tail, although the desire to visit
the principal battlefields of Scotland
caused him for a while to hesitate. Very
dear to his heart was such a tour, so well
calculated to fix his muse and when in
April, 1787, a second edition of his
poems appeared netting him £500 he
yielded to his strong inclination to make
this patriotic excursion among scenes
eloquent of the warlike spirit of Scotland
heretofore, renowned in song and story.
In company with Robert Ainslie he made
this interesting trip which lasted about
a month, during which he "dandered
over" the kindred scene of Selkirk
craig, before returning to his home at
Mauchline. Subsequently he made one
or two other visits to the Highlands
before returning to Edinburgh, which
then to the West Highlands, which does
not seem to have created a very pleasant
impression on his mind, being plagued
at the fancied neglect shown by
some of the inhabitants towards him.
With his characteristic impetuosity
he resented this by depicting this pri-
vative region as "a country where
savage streams tumble over savage
mountains, thinly overpread with
flocks, which starvantly stare as
savage inhabitants." These pungent
words can readily be forgiven in view of
the lavish praise bestowed by him upon the
Highlands and its people on other
occasions.

He finally settled on a farm at Ellis-
land near Dumfries but his poor suc-
cess as a farmer and the fact that later
his duties of excise-man took up most of his
time and attention induced him to
abandon it. The largest part of his
income he received in the Government service
was only £70 and he had some
difficulty in retaining the position
on account of being suspected of dis-
loyalty towards the Crown. The vic-
tims of this disloyalty was super-
fluous, although his frank and sometimes
incautious conduct and his impetuosity,
aggravated by his fanciful indulgence
in the deceptive cup, rendered him ap-
parently subject to this charge. It is
certain that his patriotism was the
opposite of that of the selfish, moun-
tain-dweller, proclaimed from the house-
tops, or that of the narrow minded and
un-Christian race-hater, for it was en-
nobled by a humanity that over-leaped
the boundaries of race and country and
embraced the world in its compre-
hensive grasp.

The sudden termination in July, 1796,
of his brilliant, but in some respects,
erratic career, is a warning text, es-
pecially to those who put the bottle to
their own or to their neighbor's lips.
His boon companions of yesterday that
found him a young man with jest and
fun upon his lips find him to-day with
the signs of old age and early death
creeping stealthily upon him. In fleet-
ing sunshine and dawning shadow he
lived his few years. The enjoyment of
the great distinction which he had
honestly attained by his genius ere yet
he had reached the prime of manhood
was short-lived as the hues of the rain-
bow. His Celtic light-heartedness, the
compositions of his genius and his na-
tive courage, enabled him to bear his
adversity with apparent ease; but his
beautiful poem "Man was made to
mourn" is probably the truest expres-
sion of his experience of life.

That Scotland's fervid bard, Robert
Burns, attained high rank among the
immortals is the verdict of his world-
wide celebrity. His prolific muse has
captivatingly sung the most exquisite
feelings of the heart, the fluctuating
passions, the joys and sorrows of man-
kind.

The subjects of his muse, it may be
truly said, were often enough common-
place, but this fact is a strong tribute
to his rare genius which could find
material for its exercise even in the or-
dinary experiences and incidents of
daily life and vividly interpret the
charms of nature's humblest offerings.
Pain, suffering and helplessness, how
ever exhibited, struck at once a res-
ponsive chord in the tender heart. The
unpoetic "we, sleeket, cowen, tim'rous
beastie," the unlucky mouse whose
house was demolished by his ser-
vant, as well as the wounded hare, or
the mountain daisy, "we, modest, crim-
son tipped flow'r," disappearing under
the soil turned by his ploughshare,
etched each his feeling emotions.

The simplicity of his rhyme, its
"hamely wootin' jingle" unaided by
the rules of the metre or the tricks of
the poet's art, its strength and charm alone
to Nature's inspiration.

"Give me a spark o' Nature's fire,
That's all the learning I desire,
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub and mire
At plough or cart,
My Muse tho' hampy in attire,
May touch the heart."

Like a master musician who makes
the instrument upon which he plays an
almost living power, the very reflex of
his own being, although comparatively dull
and mute in the hands of an ordinary
player, he revealed not only some of the
sublime riches of nature, but also its
simple beauties otherwise hidden to
ordinary mortals. The blue sky, the
murmuring streams, the bright sunshine
and the merrily singing birds.

"The Tay meandering sweet in infant
pride,
The palace rising on its verdant
side,
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's
native taste,
The hillocks dropt in Nature's care-
less haste,
The archers striding o'er the new-
born stream,
The village glittering in the moon-
tide beam
The sweeping theatre of hanging
woods,
The incessant roar of headlong
tumbling floods,"

Poetic ardors in his soul enkindled.
His graphic brevity, so true to life, is
often times strikingly effective in a line
or two as this from "Winter Night,"
mercy's immortal plea for man and
beast:

"List'ning, the doors an' winnocks
rattle;
Or this other portrayal:
"So, when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends
And patient chirps securely."

"By early poverty to hardship
steeld," Robert Burns had to bear the
chief share of the burden which a poor
kindly father imposed upon a poor
struggling family. Failure of
crops or of markets, and kindred misfor-
tunes incident to a farmer's life, dark-
ened his boyhood when he as first born
had to bear the unequal burden. In that
struggling period his health was seri-
ously affected and he became much dis-
satisfied with the daily drudgery to
which he was doomed. But his naturally
buoyant mind and the saving grace of
his genius which thus attuned his heart
to song even in the gloom of his misfor-
tunes, doubtless mitigated the austere
of his lot. We love to think of him
then as:

"The simple bard, rough at the rustic
plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from
his own tongue."

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largest dealer, I pay
highest prices. Your
shipments solicited.
I pay mail and ex-
press charges; remit
promptly. Also largest
assortment of furs
sent free.
JOHN HALLAM, TORONTO

His immutable songs displaying rich
pathos, rollicking humour and Celtic
sprightliness, appeared as spontaneous-
ly as the flowers of the field, or leaves
of the forest, each a new creation
stamped with the impress of his origi-
nality. What Scotsman has not felt the
warm thrill of one or other of these
songs which, at their best, combine
tenderness with strength, gravity with
laughter, or pathos with sprightliness as
in the following air:

"We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie!
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather
And live and die with Charlie!"

Come beat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come beat me o'er to Charlie!
I'll gie John Ross another babbee
To boot me o'er to Charlie."

Others of his spirited songs, such as
"Auld Lang Syne," "Duncan Gray,"
"McPherson's Farewell," "My High-
land Laddie" and "Annie Laurie,"
heard and endorsed in every town and
city of Europe and of America almost
with as much delight as they are re-
ceived in the glens of the Highlands.
But "Scots Wha Hae," pronounced by
Carlyle the best song ever written,
is naturally the Scotsman's favorite.
When he hears it sung he feels as if
actually present at Bannockburn where
"Tyrants fall in every blow"
Liberty's in every blow!"

But some of his songs, although of
great poetical merit are merely amorous
lyrics and might well have given way
to more of his poems like "Tam O'Shanter,"
brilliantly honest, "The Cotter's
Saturday Night," a graphic word picture
of the peaceful homes and religious lives
of humble Scottish families. In turning
the leaves of his published poems and
assertions of his songs, contributed to
Mr. George Thomson's "Collection of
Scottish Airs" and Johnson's "Musical
Museum," one cannot fail to be impressed
by the disproportion between the num-
ber of the former and that of the latter.
If the proportion had been re-
versed the numerical disparity would
have been, it seems, much more
welcome and befitting. "Poetry would
then have been enriched by more of his
beautiful poems, any one of which would
be worth many of his songs that are of
little or no ethical value, however vir-
tue and perfect in the expression of
natural love.

Whether quaffing his glass at a road-
side inn, or "lone wand'ring by the
hermit's mossy cell," his versatility
asserted itself. The following he wrote
on the back of a bank note:

"Wae woth thy power, thou cursed
leaf!
Fell force of a' my woe and grief,
For lack of thee I've lost my sleep;
For lack of thee I've lost my glass;
I see the children of affliction,
Unaided, through thy curs'd re-
striction,
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
And his helpless victims spoil;
And for thy potency vainly wish'd
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack of thee I leave this murch,
Never, perhaps to greet old Scotland more."

On a goblet he wrote:
"There's Death in the cup, so beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in
touching!
But who can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's so bewitch-
ing."

After breakfasting at the inn, he com-
posed the following:
"My blessings on ye, honest wife,
Ye've wath'red before;
Ye've wath'red of gear for spoon and
knife!
Heart could not wish for more,
Heav'n keep you clear o' sturt and
strife,
Till far aye extant fourscore,
And by the Lord o' death and life
I'll ne'er gae you your doot!"

On seeing the royal palace at Stirling
in ruins, he gave expression to these
words:

"Here Stewarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal or-
dair'd;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre fallen to their hands;
Fallen indeed, and to the earth,
Whence grovelling reptiles take
their birth!

The injured Stewart line is gone,
A race undaunted fills their throne;
An idiot race, to honour lost—
Who know them best despise them
most."

Of his numerous amusing epigrams the
following, referring to an innkeeper,
John Dove, is a fair sample:

"Here lies Johnnie Pigeon:
What was his religion?
What he desired to ken

To some other war!
Mann follow the car!
For here Johnnie Pigeon had nane!
Strong ale was abluition;
Small beer persecution,
A dram was mento mori;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory."

His love for the Highlands is ex-
pressed in the song beginning—
"My heart is in the Highlands, my heart
is not here,
My heart is in the Highlands
A-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following
the roe,
My heart is in the Highlands
Wherever I go."

And to Highland hospitality he paid
this tribute:
"When death's dark stream I ferry o'er
(A time that surely shall come)
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome."

The following composed on hearing a
thrush sing in the morning glow in
January, is one of his beautiful sonnets:
"Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leaf-
less bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy
strain;
See aged Winter, mid his surly reign,
At thy thy thy carol clears his fur-
rowed brow."

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meet Content with light, un-
anxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids
them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to
hope or fear.
I thank thee, Author of this opening
day,
Thou whose bright sun gilds yon
orient skies!
Richer than I, Thy boon was purer
joy,
What wealth could never give nor
take away!

Yet come, thou child of Poverty and
Care,
The mite high heart bestow'd,
That might with thee I'll share."

During moments of anguish or des-
pondency to which he was sometimes
subject, his muse became as grave as
on auspicious occasions he was humor-
ous and gay. In such unhappy moods
he hung his harp upon the willow
trees "to be resumed again when the
clouds rolled away. His "Prayer
Under the Pressure of Violent
Anguish" illustrates his despondency:

"O Thou Great Being! What Thou
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.
Thy creature here before Thee stands
All wretched and distressed;
Yet sure Thou wilt that wring my soul
All sorrow from my breast,
Sure Thou Almightiest canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!"

But it was most afflicted he
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!"

Such serious, religious sentiments in
contrast with his accustomed hilarity
may seem to some but the beginning of
his wisdom.
His "Verses in Friar's Carse Hermit-
age" contrast also strongly with his
wonted optimism, so absent from the
following lines:

"Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim,
Ambition is a meteor gleam;
Fame a restless airy dream;
Pleasures, insects on the wing
Round Peace, the tend'rest flower
of spring."

And this from "Tam O'Shanter" has a
similarly sober tint:
"But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place,
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."

More characteristic are the lines:
"A blessing on the cheery gang
By squall like a jig or sang,
An' never think o' right an' wrong
By the claps o' feeling stang
Are woe or fool."

His strain is joyous as the voice of
Spring, tender as an angel's smile, or in
the supreme earnestness, torse intense
as the rush of the winds that tear the
bills of the North. Welling from the
heart in artless and uncheated
strength, like the best songs of the
Highland Bards and other great rugged
masters of lyrics, it strongly contrasts
with the still-born, half-hearted efforts
of many of our much lauded modern
rhymesters. Is there something in
the rustic, the materialistic age of aeo-
planes and auto cars that accounts for
this difference? Or is it that the voca-
bulary of the poet has been exhausted
by the long and thinly spread use of the
genre of thought? He is not generally
acknowledged to be so great a poet as
Shakespeare, but like Shakespeare his
touch of nature made the world kin.
The sturdy tree, the rugged rock, the
storm has a different nurture from that
which majestically grows under milder
skies. Whether his song is enriched
with the vesture of luxuriant nature, or
plainly severs as the barrenness of the
humblest Cotter's home, it speaks with
equal clearness to the human heart.
Mrs. Oliphant has said: "Not even
for a second Shakespeare could we let
go our Burns."

We may well leave the criticism of
the life of such a deathless singer to
himself, moralizing in his "Bard's
Epitaph," three verses of which are:
"Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the coast to steer,
Yet runs himself, life's mad career
Wild as the wave?
Here pause, and through the starting
tear,
Survey this grave."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

3

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The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name.

Reader, attend! Whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or dorking grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit of
Know, prude art, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root."

This, in the last analysis, is a truer
estimate of himself than that of Em-
erson's lopsided judgment of poets or
other gifted children of nature when he
says:
"Nature's darlings, the great,
The strong, the beautiful are not children of
our law; do not come out of Sunday
School, nor weigh their food, nor punctu-
ally keep the Commandments."
Burns was mighty, even great in one
sense, but not great in the true mean-
ing of that word.

Most rare really to admit that Burns'
admirable virtues, his love of the simple
domestic life and retirement, as shown
by his attachment to home and family,
his many frankness and disgust with
hypocrisy, his disdain for flattery, and
above all his great universal
humanity, made amends for his vices;
the former have made posterity his
debtors, the latter which were largely
due to evil associations, the intemper-
ate habits of the age in which he lived,
and to pitifully adverse circumstances,
which he was not slow to admit and
repent himself, may be remembered
rather to be forgiven than for self-right-
eous accusation. We can only now
stand in admiration at his tomb and
recite the following touching lines with
William Watson:

"To him, the powers that made him
brave,
We weak to avoid the fatal wave,
A mighty gift of hatred gave,
A gift above
All other gifts benefic, save
The gift of love!

He held with cant a bitter feud;
Singly he faced the bloodied sword;
The meanly wise, the feebly good,—
He fought them well,
But, ah! the stupid million stood,
And he—he fell.

All bright and glorious at the start,
"Twas his, ignominy to depart,
Slain by his own too generous heart
And affluent blood;
And blindly, having lost life's chart,
To seek death's hood."

But "Doon's care-haunted" bank and
brae
Will live in memory's book alive,
With "Annie Laurie's" deathless lay,
And "Auld Lang Syne,"
While "Highland Mary's" name for
aye
Our hearts enshrine.

Thus Burns' fierce and tender strain
Lives, and his lighted words remain
To bid oblivion, that in vain
Seeks to destroy
One single record of his pain
Or of his joy."

**FOUND EVERY SUNDAY IN
THEIR CHURCHES**
CATHOLICS AFFORD LITTLE MATERIAL
FOR WRITERS ON THE DECLINE OF
CHRISTIANITY

For several weeks the Sun (New York)
has been publishing on its editorial
page letters from despairing Protest-
ants who see in the frankly admitted
disintegration of their several sects
the prodigal sign of the end of open
and honest Christianity. Now and again
a more hopeful believer is heard from,
but the general tone of the correspond-
ence is pessimistic, with an occasional
"It's all true, but I'm glad of it" from
the agnostic laic. A New Jersey priest,
Rev. George F. Brown, of Rahway,
directs the attention of the correspond-
ents to the fact that there is a consid-
erable body of Christians of whose exist-
ence the several parties to the discus-
sion seem to be ignorant. In a letter to
the Sun, Father Brown says:
—"With due regard for the point of
view expressed by the ministers, ex-
ministers and others in their recent

letters to the Sun on the decline of
Christianity, I have looked in vain for
even a passing comment on the facts
that there are no empty seats in any of
the numerous Catholic churches and
that the Catholic Church in America
is doubling her membership each score
of years. According to the last census
report she has increased 93.9 per cent.
in twenty years.

"That the tide of Catholic immigra-
tion in that period has been large and
that she includes baptized infants in
reckoning her members by no means
explains this marvelous growth. It
would be more honest to confess that
she cares for the immigrant classes and
that race suicide is rare in the Church
when explaining the proportion of her
growth due to those two causes.

"Regarding attendance at church it
is a marvel to non-Catholics every-
where the crowds that pour in and out
of the Catholic churches on Sundays
and holy days, even at what heretics
them unseemly hours of the morning.
Rain or shine, summer or winter, it is
the same.

"Why do they come? What brings
them? It is not the priest, the sermon,
the music, the ceremonies, the lights or
the flowers. It is the Sacrifice of the
Mass. It is the willing obedience that
Catholics render the precept of the
Church obliging them to hear Mass on
Sundays and holy days of obligation.

"Upon those two points precisely
Catholics and all others are poles apart
—authority and the Mass. The former
they think a usurpation, and the latter
an abomination.

"Yet here is the answer to the ques-
tion: 'How do you fill your churches?'
Catholics acknowledge the authority of
their Church in matters of faith and
morals; they believe the Mass to be the
sacrifice of the Body and Blood of
Christ.

"Of course, there are Catholics and
Catholics. There are good, bad and in-
different Catholics. Even so, Christ
has taught by His own word and
example our duty to sinners. Witness
the beautiful parable of the lost sheep
and the prodigal son. But of the rank
and file of Catholics and their fidelity
to their Church we are justly proud.

"At all events they are found every-
where in their churches. The Mass is
the magnet that draws them. They
come to worship God, not to be enter-
tained."

**UNREST IN CATHOLIC
COUNTRIES**
The Christian Register sheds tears
over the "loss of interest by Jews or
Roman Catholics in the religion of their
ancestors," and adduces for example the
assertion that "The worst forms of an-
archy and infidelity are found in Catho-
lic countries and some of the worst immor-
alities and social disintegrations attend
the emancipation of the Jews in New
York and Chicago." One often wonders
how Catholic Italy with her thousands of
priests, must be deeply read, such as the editors
of the Christian Register, cannot see, or
is it, will not see?—that an assertion
such as the above is only a half truth at
the best, and even then owes its origin
not to any Catholic influence but simply
and solely to a satanic influence, born
originally in England and Germany and
carried out by the way of open and
honest propaganda, but through the
channels of falsehood, defamation and
immoral suggestion, to the minds of Latin
Catholics, who would otherwise abhor
infidelity and anarchy as they would the
devil himself. The sins of anarchy and
infidelity are the mightiest indictment for
which England and Germany will yet
have to answer before the bar of the Al-
mighty's outraged justice. God is eter-
nal, and can afford to wait; but when He
strikes finally the matter is settled, and
settled forever. Hence there is a cer-
tain uneasy cynicism in an English or
German paper which would reflect upon
the infidelity existing in Catholic coun-
tries when it is certain that the Latin
mind has been polished deliberately and
of set purpose by the evil spirits that
came from more northern latitudes.

At the same time, however, one cannot
judge of a national attitude by the re-
ports coming through the medium of the
associated press. Very often "a national
uprising" had been found upon investiga-
tion to have been nothing but a street

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