speaking in a language all the more impressive because she did not understand it, the sobs of the people—that was the fragmentary picture she had of her mother's deathbed. And this was so different, so quiet and composed it seemed like murder to wait so, listening to the heavy breaths as they became shorter and shorter, waiting, waiting idly for the last, and then the undertakers would come. They were only waiting for him to stop breathing. He was dying now — dying. Maybe his soul was calling to them for help. She remembered somewhere seeing that even the saints feared death, or was it Father Moriarty told them that one day? His face looked troubled. Maybe he wanted their prayers; maybe somewhere on the dark verge he was stretching out his hands imploring for help. And in spite of all her dread of her mother-in-law, and all her shame for disclosing such un-Methodist thoughts, she flung herself on her knees, and from the depth of her un-changed, un-Methodized Celtic nature she cried: "Oh, Mother of Jesus, forget my sins and have pity on him! Mother of pity, pity him in this his last hour!"

She caught the reproving but tear-filled eyes of the mother fastened on her, but at that moment the last sigh left his lips. Mr. Gilchrist, who was present, gently spread a cloth over the face, and both stricken women passed quietly out of the room. Nellie would a thousand times rather have thrown herself on the bed and cried her heart out there, and died there, for that part, but the orderly grief of the mother froze the tears in her heart, and she made a supreme effort to follow her quietly, acting the part of a nature that, whether for better or worse, was as unlike Nellie as snow is unlike fire.

The son was buried. But from that day Mrs. Jocelyn, Sr., had some half-veiled doubts about her convert, and set to work with more zeal than ever to make Nellie what she ought to be. She took her to live in her own house, so that she could better superintend the bringing up of the grandson. This was not a very wise arrangement, as the old lady was growing quite irritable from her recent loss and the little boy more mischievous as became his years, and poor Nellie less able to conform.

The cold, lonely deathbed of her husband haunted her, and as she often said to herself, it wasn't so bad for him, because he did not know any better.

Her boy was growing up unbaptized and uninstructed, except what his grandmother taught him and she had a habit of trailing off into the habits and customs of the heathens, which as Nellie knew, "was not catechism."

Every day she heard the bell of old St. John's ring out the Angelus and often she heard it toll for funerals. Once she caught a glimpse through the open door of rows and rows of little white-dressed, veiled and flower-crowned girls waiting for Holy Communion.

She got thinner and more nervous every day. At last she felt that she could stand it no longer. "Take me away!" she cried. "Take me away until I forget!" She was not sure what she wanted to forget—her husband's death, or his lonely deathbed, or the voice of the bell from St. John's.

Mrs. Jocelyn, Sr., always kind, but later with a sort of bone in her kindness consented to make a trip with her to California. She had never really forgiven her for marrying her son, and now that he was gone it was harder to be kind, and somehow Nellie did not seem so pliant or so grateful for her teachings as before.

It was damp weather and cold in the fall, and Nellie contracted a cough during the process of getting ready. The trip was delayed a few days, then a few weeks, and then the news was spread that Nellie was not going to California, but to the dark grave.

The few of her confirmation class that remembered her said: "God grant her grace before she dies," and Father Moriarty said nothing, but he thought daily as he offered the Holy Sacrifice of the bright little girl he had baptized and instructed and that "had gone astray."

Her acquaintances thought what a fine match she had made, and how sad everything was turning out: and if she had made a "will," and if she had anything to will.

Meantime Nellie was gliding rapidly downward to what she remembered in her girlhood praying against, "an unprovided death."

On her splendid bed in her beautiful room she felt poorer than the poorest of her old girl friends. Not a prayer could she say. How could she get a priest? Would Father Moriarty come after the way she had talked to him? Yes, of that she was certain. He would come. Her little, petty quarrel seemed very small compared with what Father Moriarty could bring her. Oh, if she could only get word. But no. She opened her eyes, only to see the calm, strong face of her mother-in-law watching beside her. Somehow she felt that this woman was quite resigned to her death. She thought of all the kindnesses she had shown her, and they all seemed so small in the light of future life that was beginning to beam on her compared with what she had given up.

Could she ask her now to bring her the priest? Her courage failed. The nurse? No; she would only ask Mrs. Jocelyn's permission. The doctor, perhaps. But then she sang for years in the Methodist choir with him, and was ashamed.

Back and forth beat the words on her brain that she had learned long ago:

Question—Why is the conversion of an apostate so extremely difficult?

Answer—Because by their apostasy they crucify again the Son of God and make a mockery of Him."

Back and forth the question and answer swayed, until at last she cried in agony: "Oh, Jesus, I did not crucify Thee in my heart!"

Mrs. Jocelyn, who sat by her, was very much moved almost frightened. She shifted the ice bag on her head and sponged off her face. Still the lips mumbled, and stooping down, she caught the words of a muttered prayer: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph! Jesus, Mary, Joseph!" The words seemed foolish to her. Still she grew more and more uneasy. Nellie was clinging to life in a strange manner. She looked no more like dying than yesterday, but still her face worked and lips murmured.

Mrs. Jocelyn slipped down to the telephone and called Mr. Gilchrist. She was getting nervous, and that good man left his half-finished sermon and came immediately. She seemed such a good Methodist, and his experience with converts from the old faith had not been very reassuring. He once even confessed that the best of them remained in their own faith.

He read from the Scriptures the most hopeful passages, and prayed with great unction, using the most comforting words he could think of.

Nellie's face, that had been working so anxiously since his coming into the room, gradually settled, not in peace, but resolve.

When his prayer was ended she clasped her wasted hands around his arm and raising her dark, sunken eyes to his face, she whispered hoarsely: "Mr. Gilchrist, for the love of Christ, Who died in agony on the cross for you and me, bring me a priest, that I may make my peace with God!"

The minister was thunderstruck. It had never occurred to him that Nellie had not been glad and thankful that she was led into the light. And the older Mrs. Jocelyn, what could she say? What would she do? She was the most influential member of his church. He knew her attitude well toward Catholics in general and priests in particular. It was a trying moment, but Mr. Gilchrist had many trying moments in his life, and when he was sure of his way he never failed to act. He laid his hand kindly on the poor girl's forehead, "Nellie," he said, "as I expect God's mercy, so will I do by you." He passed quickly out, pausing only for a moment to tell Mrs. Jocelyn that he would be back presently.

Mrs. Jocelyn took her place rather anxiously by the side of her sufferer, who now lay with white face and sunken eyes, her hands clasped loosely on the coverlet and her lips moving slightly.

Soon she heard steps ascending the stair, and when she answered the light knock on the door Mr. Gilchrist stood there, and just back of him, who of all men in town, but Father Moriarty—in her house, without leave or permit. Hot anger flamed into her face and wrathful words struggled on her lips. "What does this mean, Mr. Gilchrist?" The minister never flinched. "It means Mrs. Jocelyn, that you and I both have been mistaken in your son's wife. At this last moment she wishes to be reconciled to her Church." Mrs. Jocelyn was a Greek, and could take defeat with the grace of a triumph. "Poor child," she said. "I wonder she never told me."

After a long time Father Moriarty emerged from the sick room. He had the wonder on his face of a man that had seen beyond the eternal curtain.

Mr. Gilchrist accompanied him to the door. "Good-bye," he said. "You are well called 'Gilchrist.' In the Gaelic that means the 'servant of Christ,' and you indeed have been His servant tonight."

Nellie lingered a day or two longer, too near death to feel ashamed of her conduct toward Mrs. Jocelyn.

She worried only for her boy. Father Moriarty had said: "I think you may trust him to God, Nellie, after what He has done for you." But still her heart ached for her child. Once she caught him in her arms and forgetting the presence of the grandmother, prayed God in her wild, picturesque Celtic manner to take him in his innocence rather than let him grow up a stranger to Him. And Mrs. Jocelyn, whose heart was hard against her, said grimly: "There is not much fear of my grandson growing up a stranger to God." But she couldn't help remembering how her son had gone down into the dark valley alone, so to speak, while the miserable Nellie spoke of "Our Saviour" as if she expected Him to reach out His hands for her, called on His Mother as if she were her own parent, and seemed, beside to have a speaking acquaintance with the whole court of heaven.

Father Moriarty came every evening after dark, for which thoughtfulness she was glad, and never spoke with her more than the time of day, for which she was thankful, for she did not like his kind.

So the days passed, and Nellie died and was buried; and Mrs. Jocelyn lived in the empty house, brightened only by the presence of the little grandson. As months passed away it seemed that even this comfort would be denied her, for the little fellow began to droop and droop. Poor Mrs. Jocelyn—she was not superstitious, not very—but every day there was the call of the mother's voice from the grave: "Take him home rather than he grow up a stranger to Thee." At first it was very faint but as the child became more and more frail the voice rang louder in her ears: "Take him home," and her widowed, childless heart was crushed as in a vice at the thought of her utter loneliness if he should be really taken away.

A design began to form in her heart, at first vague and distasteful, but taking body with time until it seemed the only hope. The result of these cogitations was shown when she placed the boy in a Jesuit school—selecting this one as the worst violence, she could offer to her own convictions. She was a Greek to the last, and did nothing by halves.

Whether it was the plain food or regular life, or what, the boy waxed strong and literally kicked, for the last I heard of him he was a captain in a football team. This, by the way, is considered a sign, though not, of course, a certain indication, of a priestly vocation in this house.—Helen Hughes in the New World.

Presbyterian "Pat"

The "Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work" has sent out into the world, says the Notre Dame Scholastic, a beautiful little story, or maybe it is a track, that tickles the dullest sense. The leaflet bears the pathetic title, "The Dying Irish Girl," an inspiring theme, you may be sure. The story is very, very interesting and deliciously humorous. We are taken into the sanctuary of the chamber of the "dying Irish girl," and there we witness a lugubrious discussion between the colleen and her mother, in which said colleen is in a state of ferment about the existence of Purgatory and such like. The plot thickens when the reader learns that the penniless mother will not be able to pay for the masses that will buy her loved one a way to heaven. The prospect is dark indeed not a ray of sunshine brightens the gloom. Our hearts go out to the helpless Irish colleen on her bed of pain, and then—enters "Pat." The historic "Pat" has been made to assume many roles, as he has been found under well nigh every set of circumstances; but when the Presbyterian brethren place him, bible in hand, over the bedside of a dying colleen attempting to prove salvation by faith and justification by Presbyterianism — we concede them the best in the business for farce-comedy. The exotic Presbyterian "Pat" is delicious; for unconscious humor the Presbyterian Board is unsurpassed. The pamphlet won't do much either for good or evil, but it is the funniest bit we have seen this many a day.—New World.

"A CONVERT'S REASON WHY"

Some years ago, a copy of the Sacred Heart Review came into the hands of an earnest non-Catholic, Miss Alice J. Hayes whose serious duties at a certain institution in our State included the supervision of such reading matter as was sent in for the inmates of the place.

Miss Hayes was in this way led to read more and more upon Catholic subjects; light came to her through unexpected sources, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, and finally she was received into the Church by the Rev. John Joseph Milan, P. R., of St. Joseph's Church, Amesbury, now Bishop of Hartford. This daughter of an old Methodist minister became the humble and loving child of the Catholic Church. In her new book, "A Convert's Reason Why," Miss Hayes remarks in her interesting preface, which leads one to wish to know more of her conversion and its results:

"It has been said that no one was ever converted to Catholicity by books alone; nevertheless, the compiler of this little work came as far as the portals of the Church with no human help other than that obtained by the printed page. When the quest for truth began, every Catholic doctrine and practise seemed a difficulty; but as light was thrown upon one question after another—sometimes from most unexpected sources,—the collecting of these notes began, and continued until no difficulty remained; their full value, however,—like the unset stones of a necklace—did not appear until they fell into their places under the teaching of the catechism. The work of collecting and arranging has been an incalculable help in lighting one soul

"O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone."

Should the Holy Spirit allow this labor of love again to light the way for even one seeking the house founded upon a rock, the reward would indeed be ample."

Thus we now possess a unique work, having, for its ground-plan, questions and answers from the little "Penny Catechism," and, following on each of these, a quotation or quotations from different authors (mostly from non-Catholics or from converts) which have seemed to Miss Hayes peculiarly applicable to the topic in view. She always sustains and illustrates the doctrine stated in the catechism by apt quotations from the Old and New Testaments. The book is specially meant for Protestants. As Miss Hayes remarks:

"Nowadays people of New England ancestry are hearing, with increasing frequency, of conversions to the Catholic Church. This arouses no great interest until the convert happens to be a friend or acquaintance, and then they are shocked at what seems to them a long step backward—a return to medievalism; later, they become curious as to the mental processes of one hitherto considered sane. This is an opportunity the convert would not willingly let slip; for charity urges him to share his new-found treasure with those among whom God has placed him by birth or by association. The difficulties of belief, which his friends have looked upon as so great that "a careful examination is preposterous," he knows as no difficulties at all when once the Church's teaching is understood.

To show an instance of Miss Hayes' somewhat unusual methods, she gives question and answer from the Catechism as follows:

"What do you mean by the indefectibility of the Church? By the indefectibility of the Church I mean that the Church, as Christ founded it, will last to the end of time."

The doctrine of this answer is explained by quotations from James Kent Stone, (Father Fidelis, C. P.,) once an Episcopalian, now a Catholic; from Cardinal Newman; as well as from the non-Catholic Lord Macaulay who said:

"Four times since the authority of the Western Church was established over Western Christendom has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice that Church remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish."

Then Miss Hayes suddenly and fittingly answers Macauley's words with those of our Divine Lord Himself as recorded in St. Matthew's gospel:

"And I say also unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will built My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon the house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."

On Extreme Unction, Miss Hayes quotes from a Unitarian Tract:

"As a matter of fact, though men die happily in all religions, yet, if the ability to quiet a dying person's fears, and enable him to die peacefully, be regarded as a sufficient test of the truth and efficacy of a religion, the palm must be awarded to the Roman Catholic faith. . . . . Taken as a rule, no Christian believers die so peacefully, so confident of salvation, as Catholics; and if enabling one to die is a fair test of truth of a religion, their religion is truest and best."

One picks up the book again and again to read and reread one or other of the many felicitous quotations. No description can convey an adequate idea of this peculiar book. One must read for one's self.

Biographical notes concerning the authors quoted are given at the end of this interesting and instructive book, and are drawn largely from non-Catholic sources. The King James version of Holy Scripture is used, "as this little book is intended only for those to whom that masterpiece of English literature, mutilated and faulty as it is, will be more familiar, and so carrying a greater weight of authority [to them] than the more complete text and accurate translations used by Catholics." We commend this work as one which may be usefully given to non-Catholics whom we wish to influence towards the Church. The work has received the Nihil Obstat of the Censor Librorum, Dr. Supple, and the Imprimatur of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston. It has been admirably printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge; type, paper and cover are all that could be desired; it may be obtained at our principal book-stores. Trade supplied by T. J. Flynn & Co., 64 Essex St., Boston. Pages 212, Price $1.00

SOME HOMELY TRUTHS

By the Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Editor The Monitor

Great Cathedrals are necessary; they are especially necessary among Catholics.

They are necessary, because they are the highest material expression of the Christian's faith; because they are the places of worship to God and, rightfully the grandest that the mind of man can conceive the grandest that the hand of man can build. No one with a proper appreciation of the relations between the creature and his Creator can object to them.

Great cathedrals are necessary among Catholics especially, because the church is the home of God; it is there, in the tabernacle, that the Abiding Presence dwells. And who will put limits to the costliness and the beauty of God's house? Shame on the great Catholic diocese that does not aspire to have a great cathedral, the crown and glory of the diocese and the supreme tabernacle of the Blessed Sacrament!

Great universities are necessary; they are necessary as the abodes of the highest learning and the citadel of truth. The universities are the filling out of the Church's ideal in education; from their walls must come the defenders of her doctrines; they must house the profound scholars who will cope with a profane science which insists that there is a perpetual conflict between the natural and the supernatural order.

But though cathedrals and universities are necessary, there are two agencies which are far more necessary for the spiritual well-being of the children of God; we mean the parochial school and the Catholic press.

No man who thinks, can doubt this. And we have the direct testimony of Our Holy Father Pius X. to the same effect.

New Jersey has a magnificent parochial school system. There are few states indeed, if any, which are better provided with parish schools than New Jersey. The diocese of Newark presses to the first among the dioceses in the number of children in parish schools and in the equipment of the system. The diocese of Trenton with a scattering population and with many obstacles is forging ahead in the number and character of its parish schools. We may safely claim that the Christian education of the children of the Church in New Jersey is a settled fact. We are all proud of this; but we do not forget that it was the holy bishops and the zealous priests who have gone before, who have laid the foundation deep and strong of our present parish school system. And what words can tell the sacrifices of the noble Sisterhoods and the generosity of a faithful people.

We have reason for gratitude here in New Jersey; but we cannot overlook the fact that only about one-third of the Catholic children in our country receive their education in Catholic schools. How much then remains to be done! And there is no work in the Church so important.

Leo XIII. and Pius X. have both insisted over and over again on the necessity of the Catholic press. Leo XIII. has declared that a Catholic paper is a continuous mission and Pius X. has announced that in vain will we build churches and schools, if we neglect the press. What stronger testimony could Pius X. give to the importance of the Catholic press than his command that over the little print-shop in Venice which he had established and from which a Catholic paper he had founded was published, there should be placed this inscription:

"THE GREATEST WORK OF PIUS X"

The indifference of Catholics in the United States to the Catholics press is unaccountable. We cannot explain it in an intelligent Catholic people. Were it not for the self-sacrifice of a comparatively few individuals, the Catholic press of the United States might be represented by a series of noughts. We have not one single English daily; and we have but few Catholic weeklies that are not battling against extinction. The poverty and the neglect of Catholic editors are almost a proverb. And it is only through the fascination of the faith that men like Daly and McCarthy and O'Shea and O'Hagan and so many other fine Catholic laymen cling to their work. When the gifted O'Malley died he left his family struggling.

We charged that the Catholic laity in general are dead to the necessity of a strong Catholic press and we are of the opinion that much of this indifference is due to the priesthood.

Some one has said that the curse of the Celt is his individualism. Does it come down from the old patriarchal idea which held so deeply in the Irish life? The Celt is an individualist. The joke that you never saw an Irish orchestra, because every man would want to be a leader, seems to have a foundation in fact.

No priest in the world works harder within the limits of his parish than the Irish-American priest. He is supreme there. But no priest in the world is less disposed to aid the Church's work outside of these limits. In comparison to our Protestant neighbors, what we Catholics do for the missions of the Church is insignificant. Place any of us priests in charge of a missionary department, we are willing to work ourselves to death; ask any of us parish priests for a collection for the missions and we turn away with indifference. Is it the individualism of the Celt?

And who cares for the Catholic press? It does not concern the priest, why should it concern the people? It is not a parish matter, let it live or die. In the meanwhile, two thirds of the Catholic people rarely hear a sermon. There are four, five, six or seven Masses; priest and church edifice are pressed to meet the demand; the sermon is at the last Mass. Circumstances make a sermon of any length an impossibility. The most successful preacher is the newsboy on the street-corner. The Sunday reading is the scandals, the sensations, the crimes, the heresies, the false principles, the suspicious morality of the daily press. Might we not have at least the antidote in the home? Even poison, when deprived of its poisonous element, as it enters, is not dangerous; it is really no longer poison. A mind and heart fortified against this worldly and dangerous reading by right principles and solid instruction, is to some degree proof against the poison. We must rid the serpent of his poisonous fangs.

Is New Jersey doing its share for the Catholic press? Who knows? Who cares? Does a Catholic paper enter every Catholic home? Till this is accomplished, much remains to be done. A beautiful stone church? Yes! But Our Lord did not consent to change the stones into bread!

France, Italy, Spain and Portugal have magnificent churches; they are the wonder of the world. For centuries these nations have possessed colleges and universities.

But they were without a Catholic press: they are now without a Catholic press. It is true that each of them has some Catholic papers and likely many theological reviews; but these did not reach the bulk of the people. They were of limited circulation. And the great heart of a Catholic people has been corrupted by a vile press. The glitter of churchly vestments—beautiful and commendable in themselves—cannot deliver the message which the ugly black little type can deliver. The vestments soon lose their meaning for the minds of the people. Experience every day is proving the truth of the words of the saintly Pius X.

How much cruel truth and bitter irony in the following which we take from the current number of the Jesuit periodical America.

The following notice signed, 'A Religious Community,' appears in a provincial newspaper of Spain. 'All religious communities ought to make some sacrifice for the Catholic press; the fate that awaits them is intimately bound up with the prosperity of the press; the more powerful the Catholic press, the further will extend its influence to keep up or to create in public opinion an atmosphere favorable to the existence of associations of religious. If the religious communities in France had made for the Catholic press a hundredth part of the sacrifices that they made to put up magnificent buildings, which were afterwards stolen from them, the Catholic newspapers could have striven fruitfully against the sectarian press which contributed so much to the enactment of the laws of exploitation and expulsion. Let us learn from this what Spanish religious communities ought to do.'"

UNHAPPY HOMES

Unhappy homes—how incongruous are the words. Should not home be always happy, whatever sorrows, caused by bereavement, illness or the like, may occur there? Oh, only too often there are unhappy homes from other causes than these. The Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., in his useful book called "The Plain Gold Ring," says very forcibly. "All the causes from which may come the unhappiness of a home may be grouped under three chief ideas; in the first place, there may be downright sin or wilful faults; in the second place, there may be natural unsuitedness or the inevitable clash of uncongenial characters; in the third place, there may be selfishness, whether it be conscious or unconscious. The first heading includes all unhappiness which is distinctly blameworthy. The second heading includes such unhappiness as is directly beyond one's control. The third heading includes that unhappiness which arises not from deliberate fault, nor from indeliberate unfitness, but from the failing to appreciate or to apply the real source and standard of Christian friendship."

Let us pause, each for himself, and consider which of these three causes seems to be the one that makes ours—if such be the pitiful case—"an unhappy home." Then let us also ask ourselves if the unhappiness is so deeply rooted that it must last while life lasts; or, on the other hand, is there a remedy for this painful state of things?

Thank God there is a remedy. If our home is unhappy through deliberate fault, that fault may be crushed by the grace of God, through the use of His divine sacraments, through the clear accusation of one's self in confession, through the help derived not only from absolution but from priestly direction in the tribunal of penance.

Do as Father Kane plainly advises,—"First, let the honor of your married love be ever without spot or blemish. Let no faintest trace of unworthy flirtation, let no slightest speck of unbecoming levity, ever tarnish the chaste beauty of your marriage vow. Secondly, keep far from you, or, if it come near you, crush with desperate determination, the demon that breeds every disorder within each unhappy home, the demon Drink. Thus keep sin from your door."

But another cause of unhappy homes lies in incompatibility of temper, "the antagonism of natural unfitness or the clash of uncongenial characters. What remedy can be found for this trouble? How can that home ever be happy where tastes differ radically, where deeply rooted habits are contrary one to the other, mind and sentiment prove to be uncongenial, and two people mated for life, find out too late, or think they find out, that they are "absolutely unsuited to each other?" Oh, never say this! Is not God all-powerful all-loving? He can find a remedy for even such a situation as this. He can help you to win love by love, not the first blind wild love of youth, but the tender, patient love, the source of which is in the Sacrament of Matrimony itself, and which God will increase very holily in you if you look with faith to Him.

"Bear with what you cannot avoid. Do not brood over it, but make the best of it. Keep your own mind calm, your own temper unruffled, your own heart hopeful, and your life must lose most of its bitterness. Nay! Your own patience will produce patience in the mind and heart to which you are wedded.

And remember, thirdly, that much of this seeming or actual incompatibility may rise from a germ of selfishness in both the husband and the wife. Alas! who among us is not tainted with this defect? We want our own way, our own will, instead of yielding very often, gently, patiently, yes and lovingly, to the will and way, and even to the tastes and whims of another. We are not yet versed in the important method of making homes happy by our own readiness, our own delight, to bring sunshine into others' hearts. After all, what is the ideal of a Christian marriage?

"Husbands love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it." Did Christ count the cost? Did Christ measure the devotedness of His love? So, too, Christian wives, reverence your husbands. Thus the truest, tenderest, mightiest friendship of earth shall knit your two hearts into one love of home, so that even in this vale of tears you shall journey in happy peace, hand in hand, heavenward."

Glad shall we be if these few but important thoughts shall win readers, among our home-makers, to Father Kane's very practical book, "The Plain Gold Ring"—the wedding ring, that type of the pure and holy family circle, a Christian home.—Sacred Heart Review.

DEVOTION TO MARY

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which is so often a stumbling block to non-Catholics, is, for us Catholics, a protection, a help, and a safeguard for our faith. Devotion to Mary shields the faith in the Divinity of Christ and in the fact that the Son of God was made man to redeem us from our sins. The "Hail Mary," unnumbered times repeated, keeps in our hearts these fundamental truths.

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.

The words, "Mother of God," keep constantly before our minds the doctrine of our salvation. Man has sinned against the infinite majesty of God; and man, by himself, possessed nothing wherewith to atone for his offense. But God so loved the world that He was willing to give for our redemption His only begotten Son, the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity. This Divine Saviour came down from heaven and took our nature upon Him, being, as the Apostles' Creed says, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary. In this manner did He suffer under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried.

By our use of the "Hail Mary," and by our devotion to the Blessed Virgin, we help to keep alive in our hearts, and to display before a doubting world, our steadfast faith in the Divinity of Jesus Christ. He took man's nature upon Him indeed, but never did His Personality cease to be divine. It is God Who was made man, it was God Who was born of Mary, and Mary is the mother of God, Jesus Christ our Saviour is indeed Emmanuel, God with us. He is the God-Man.

It is from this that Mary's sublime dignity arises—she is the Mother of God, as the catechism plainly teaches us, the Blessed Virgin Mary is truly the Mother of God, because the same divine Person Who is the Son of God is also the Son of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

But this is not all. When the time comes for Jesus Christ to begin His public career, although not yet ready, it would appear, to display His Divine power, at Mary's word He performs His first miracle. At the wedding feast, Mary, observing that there was not wine enough, presents the situation to her Divine Son: "They have no wine." Although Jesus says, "My hour is not yet come," the Blessed Mother simply says: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye," and behold, Jesus, to provide not for spiritual but material needs, changes water into wine. Here we see how Mary knows and anticipates our wants. She presents them to her Son, and indicates to us the means by which our petitions may be answered: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye."—Sacred Heart Review.

GERMAN PROTESTANT DECADENCE

The Berlin correspondent of the Christian World gives a very gloomy account of the condition of German Protestantism, viewed from the stand-point of candidates for orders. The ranks of the clergy are thinning for want of recruits. Thus, in Saxony, the list of candidates for the ministry had sunk in 1907 from an average of 190 to 113, a number barely sufficient to fill vacancies; in 1911 there are no candidates at all! What is the reason? Various explanations are put forward. Some say that liberal theology is making acceptance of the traditional formularies impossible. Others say that the course of training is too long and the salaries of clergymen too small. Professor Richter bluntly remarks that the service of the Church no longer attracts young men, and that the feeling grows more and more pronounced among the youth of Germany that it is unworthy of an educated man, something indeed to be ashamed of, to enter the Church. With such ideas current among the educated, the end of German Christianity cannot be far distant. An empty pulpit must mean empty pews. The failure of the German ministers to hold fast to definite doctrine and the prevalence among them of a spirit of disregard for doctrinal definiteness is having the inevitable result. Doctrinal belief is ceasing to be regarded as intelligent, and young men naturally hesitate to devote their lives to the service of a Church which does not know what it teaches. The principle of private judgment has dried its own wells to the last drop.—New World.

NO DIVORCE IN IRELAND

Mr. Arthur W. Samuels, a distinguished attorney who has practiced at the bar both in Ireland and England, not long ago reported to the Government Commission sitting in London on the question of divorces. Speaking of Ireland, he said:

"There had never been conferred on the court in Ireland any such power to dissolve marriage as was exercised by the Divorce Court in England. The strongest opposition would be offered to any measure embodying the principle of dissolution of marriage by the whole body of the Roman Catholic clergy and by the vast majority of the Protestant clergy of all denominations in Ireland. Nor could there be said to prevail any desire on the part of the laity of any denomination to have such an act passed for Ireland. On the whole, the number of cases requiring the intervention of a Divorce Court to dissolve marriage was, in proportion to the population, very small. Individual cases occurred where an injured spouse had recourse to parliament to seek by a divorce bill complete relief. The expenses entailed by the procedure for parliamentary divorce were very great. He believed they could be greatly reduced if certain reforms in Irish procedure were introduced, and individual hardship would be thus greatly mitigated, but a storm would undoubtedly be raised if any proposal was made to grant such complete divorce in Ireland as was decreed in England or Scotland."

THE MODERN WAY OF HOME DYEING

Is to use ONE Dye that will color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly, You will find this in

DY-O-LA ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

Send for Sample Card and Story Booklet 89 The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal Can.

With this Modern Dye all you have to do is to ask for DY-O-LA then you CAN'T make a mistake and use the Wrong Dye for the goods you have to color.

"No hard, rough hands for dat bride"
Aunt Salina

¶ A bride appreciates a sensible gift from her friends. So many wedding gifts are useless.

¶ Something that will relieve her of the back-breaking, nerve-racking worries of ordinary household duties —a

New Century Washer

for instance. It sweetens a woman's disposition. It enables her to get cheaper help and keep them longer. It saves the clothes and thoroughly cleanses them, because it forces the water through the fabrics without rubbing. It prevents disease entering the home from public laundries.

¶ Write for "Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy."

¶ At the busy store in your town or direct.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL HAMILTON, ONT. Ltd.