strong and sure, before some temptation of surpassing strength, which comes from time to time in the life of every man, he cannot meet the call. He has no wish to meet the call. His habits of a life-time have unfitted him for this conflict. He weakly yields and gives way. The waters of moral destruction close over his head

I now take my leave of the subject with a last glimpse of the true man, who, in the words of the ancient poet, "lifts up, in humility and yet in the consciousness of strength, a face, unscathed and unriven by debauchery or crime, whose every lineament tells of victory and self-conquest and strife after all that is noble and true, even to the stars!"—London Tablet.

THE RELIGIOUS INSTINCT IN WOMEN

Side by side with or, if you like, at the back of the woman's instinct for moral goodness is her instinct for religion or piety, says Rev. Father Hull, S. J., in his admirable series on "Love" in the Bombay (India) Examiner. There is a stock sneer going around nowadays that religion is a thing for women, not for men; that where a church is filled it is always with women, the men being too enlightened, too advanced to go. Even the clergy tacitly acknowledge the insinuation. In talking over attendance at church services they often make a point of it if there happened to be "also a good number of men present;" and if the men preponderate it becomes a matter of special remark and surprised congratulation. They feel that religion is really flourishing if the men are there. The fact gives them comfort and relief, and fortifies them against the sneer. Both parties therefore agree about the fact; but there ought to be a difference in the interpretation. The unbeliever thinks it a point of credit not to believe, and proves his point by saying that man, who is the superior sex, does not believe. The believing party are not a little non-plussed by this argument. They take for granted that man is the superior sex; and, though resisting the inference, feel uncomfortable to think that the superior sex should abandon religion so easily and leave it to the inferior sex as much as they do. Now it is just here that the Chestertonian philosophy comes so handily in. Suppose after all that woman is the superior sex; that one of her points of superiority lies precisely in her sticking to religion while man abandons it—and the tables are reversed.

SUPERIORITY OF INTELLECT?

It is usually supposed that man is the superior sex because of his superior intellect? But has man a superior intellect? Let us go back once more to the distinction between calculation and intuition, policy and impulse. So long as you regard intuition and impulse as a sense quality, an animal quality, so long will you remain under the delusion that man has a superior intellect. But as soon as you realize that intuition is a quality of intellect, and impulse a property of will acting under the intuition of the intellect, you will begin to hesitate; and in the end you may begin to think that after all the woman's intellect is the better thing of the two.

The active intellect of a man is always groping in the dark, stimulated and confused by glimmering half-lights, and fumbling about things till he has felt round them and found out what they are. Intuition is a far nobler thing. It is like a great searchlight of the mind, projecting forth its fierce white rays athwart the gloom, lighting up the dark corners, making hidden things visible, revealing them in clear strong outlines just as they are. When we come across this quality in a man we call it "genius."

The ordinary statesman is always debating and reading up his subject: the ordinary general is always consulting his maps and his books of strategy; the ordinary poet is always laboriously working out his program and consulting the laws of prosody and rhetoric; the ordinary scientist is always grubbing in the ground after earth-worms or racking his brains with mathematics. But the great statesman, the great poet, the great scientist, all soar above these things. They do not crawl along with a microscope in hand; they fly aloft like keen eyed eagles on the wings of the wind. They are not merely the hares that outrun the tortoise by ten miles an hour, with a chance of falling asleep half way and letting the tortoise win. They outrun the hare himself by ten miles an hour—nay, by infinite miles an hour—and land at the winning post merely by thinking they are there.

THE QUALITY OF GENIUS

That is what we call genius in a man. And if so, it looks very much as if genius is nothing better than a woman's sex-mentality implanted in a man, and conjoined with the specialism of the man—the mentality of intuition and impulse; the mentality of an angel rather than a human being; the mentality which does not merely get into contact with the temporal, material, phenomenal and surface appearance of things, but looks straight through into the eternal, spiritual, noumenal and intimate essence of things—the ding an sich, as Kant called it; but which Kant could not see. Thereby he affords us a splendid lesson in this matter. When Kant found out that the human mind could only touch the phenomenal, and never know the noumenal he showed himself truly a man—a man getting himself entangled in the meshes of his antinomies before he knew where he was. And then he had to patch up his system somehow by appealing to the intuitionalism of the moral sense and the categorical imperative.

Had Kant been a woman he would never have got himself into such a mess. He would never have written his Kritik. No woman could ever have written it—not because it was above her, but because it was beneath her. To the woman the intuitional truths are the first truths. It is an intuitional truth that the mind conforms itself to the clear object; this she would see so clearly that she would never bring herself to any such topsy-turvy state of mind as to fancy—like Kant did—that the thing might conform itself to the mind. The woman could never have started a mental process which results in the suicide of all mental processes, and the baffling of their aim. Her intuitional grasp of things is too keen, too clear, too stable for that.

So it was Kant with the man's mind that got himself into the mess; and it was Kant with the woman's mind that got him out of it. God, the immortality of the soul, free-will, the objective reality of the universe, are things which only a man could get perplexed about. A woman sees them too clearly to fall into the least doubt about them.

THE INTUITIVE MIND

Even the most sedate scholastic philosophers say that our primary perceptions are intuitions—things which are seen in themselves; things which cannot be proved because they are not derived from or dependent upon other things; because they are things in themselves which you may see or not see, but which you cannot think about unless you see them, and if you see them you cannot argue about them. There they stand; and his huge monument of Black Hawk, the Indian Chief, recently finished at that is an end of it.

Now these primary truths include or immediately involve the realization of freedom, goodness, infinity and the existence of God; and the intimate outcome of them is faith, morality and religion. Woman is naturally moral and religious just because she sees these things without calculating about them. And that is why she takes so kindly to prayers and church and sticks to them.

Man is prone to be immoral and irreligious just because he does not see these things, or only half sees them, and has to search after them and reason about them, and can only grasp them as derived knowledge, as the product of a logical process, as abstract truths to which he can at most give a notional assent.

Granting that the woman's mind can go wrong just as the man's mind can, it needs a much more elaborate and systematic spoiling before it can get wrong. Whereas a man's mind is so prone to go wrong that nothing but an elaborate and systematic effort will keep it right.

The consequence is, a woman needs only a little grace and a little effort to keep good, whereas a man needs much grace and much heroism even to become good. Woman's nature is so near to grace that a touch will unite them, while a man's nature—if one may say so—is so far off that a transatlantic cable is needed to bring them in touch.

But still, you may yet be disposed to argue, the woman's intellect is not so deep, not so penetrating as that of the man.

Sometimes for instance in cultured society, if the subject of conversation becomes complicated and metaphysical, the woman will listen attentively, but begin to look dull; and after a while she will tell you she does not understand, the subject is too deep for her. The man here thinks he finds a clear indication of the limits, the shallowness of a woman's mind. But he is mistaken. Such an incident really shows his shallowness and her depth. A man's metaphysics generally means that he is trying to puzzle out things which it is useless for him to puzzle out.

Instead of having the common-sense to see this, he goes on struggling incoherently on, with all the headstrong pertinacity of a specialist; while the woman, with her universalist mind, sees at once that such gropings are useless.

Hence they give her no satisfaction; and so like an absurd conundrum she gracefully "gives it up." The woman's intellect is keen for the clear idea, which is accessible to the mind's eye at a glance. The man is not content till he has muddled up his clear idea by trying to mix it up with half-a-dozen other obscure ideas. The woman is content with knowing the things which God Almighty meant her to know. The man is ever restless till he has known the things which God Almighty never intended him to know.

In the interest of science, therefore, the man's mind has its proper and useful place; but in the interests of life the woman's mind is the better mind—just because it is the simpler mind; the mind which is happy in the what, and does not perpetually try to understand the how and why; the mind which enjoys the plain facts of nature which stare us in the face, to realize and to relish them as they are. The why and how she prefers to leave a sacred mystery, to be enjoyed for sake of the mystery. The man hates mysteries, and wants to fathom them, and is hardly willing to believe that a stone really falls to the earth until he has discovered the secret of gravitation; while the woman enjoys seeing things fall to the earth ten times more just because it is a mystery how and why they do it.

Hence among men the development of the rationalistic spirit—the spirit diametrically opposed to faith; the spirit of not believing anything which the mind cannot understand.

Thus we see explained why the man's mind is tendentially irreligious while the woman's mind is tendentially religious. The mysteriousness of religion, repellent to the man, is a positive attraction to the woman. And so she continues to go to church, and enjoys the transcendentalism of religion with all the gusto of an Hegelian, while the man gives up religion just because of its transcendentalism, and like a brute materialist, takes to his pipe and his newspaper instead.

WHY MEN FALL OFF

The prevailing tendency of the men to fall off from religious observance certainly does not come from any superior intellectuality of the sex. It comes first from the fact that man as a sex is lazy and indifferent, and drops down in the observance of religion by the law of gravitation, where there is no strong public opinion to keep him up to the mark.

Secondly, the least weakness in his grasp of principles lay him open to the contagion from without. The fact is, a man is much more susceptible to the influence of environment than a woman.

The Zeitgeist is the ruler of the male. He it is that reflects most rapidly all the vagaries of the spirit of each age. Woman, with her more simple, intuitive mind and her grip of fundamental nations, is above the zeitgeist. She is in all the ages more or less the same. She is no disciple of fleeting schools of philosophy, but is the embodiment of the philosophy of nature—the permanent truth called common sense, the conglomerate mind of the human race.

Then again, another reason is that man as a sex is so easily bored. He cannot stand the same thing over and over again, because after a few repetitions it becomes stale. You often hear it from men, but seldom from women, that they "stand in need of a change." This is undoubtedly due to the constitutional difference of the sexes and their different occupations.

Specialism tires the mind, professionalism tires the mind, hum-drum service under an employer tires the mind, utilitarianism tires the mind, collectivism tires the mind—so that the very life-work of a man is bound up with boredom—is boredom itself.

The woman with her universalism, her amateurism, her ornamentalism, her individualism, escapes all this.

Hence she preserves one most precious gift—that freshness of mind which always sees the originality, the interestingness of things—the thrilling romance of the obvious.

As soon as women abdicate their domestic queenship, and take to hustling with men in the outside world, they will gradually lose all this. It is one of the points which those poor Pankhurst people miss so badly.

—But we are running into a digression. Let us quit it at once, and return to the main point.

The main point is, that what has hitherto been said applies just as much to religion as to anything else. The man at best plods patiently through his allotted task of prayers, and then rushes out for a cigar and a chat; while the woman heartily enjoys praying and loves it as a hobby. One month of Rosary devotions in October would be an heroic task for the average Catholic layman to undertake; while up to the average Catholic laywoman the Rosary devotions all the year round would be a positive treat—thanks to her enviable capacity for doing the same thing over and over again, as if every time were the first time—thanks, in short, to the freshness of the woman's mind

HOME INFLUENCE

But with the woman it is not merely a question of being moral and religious herself. Far more vital is her moral and religious influence on others, and particularly on her offspring for whose development she is responsible.

Providence, in making her the creator and organizer of the home, has admirably fitted her for this task, by endowing her with the intuitional qualities we have just described.

We have seen in Formation of Character how training can be divided into formal and informal; the one consisting of express lessons or precepts annunciated as truths, supported by motives, and enforced by command, rewards and punishments; the other consisting in personality dominated by high ideals and expressing these ideals through the silent eloquence of life and example—or, in other words, the teacher teaching not so much by what he says as by what he does, or more subtly; by what he is.

In the ideal home this informal training is a thing which radiates through the atmosphere from the two parents. But however ideal a father may be, the mother is of her very nature ten times the more eloquent agency of the two.

Hence it has been suitably arranged by providence that the wife should spend her whole day in the home, while the husband merely gives to it his leisure hours; and that the woman's influence should be thus perpetual, while that of the man is occasional—hers priscipal and immediate — something held in reserve, to back up the mother's sweetness by the father's severity, the mother's graciousness, by the father's gravity, when need should require.

Hence it is that the father, though supreme ruler of the family, is not meant to make his authority felt except as a final resort and re-enforcement — just as in the Church, the magisterium of the bishops and theologians answers all purposes in the ordinary run of affairs, but can always fall back on the supreme pontiff in case of necessity.

I do not here intend to belittle the influence of the father on the family, which will be noble and great if his personality is noble and great. But somehow or other it is always of a more austere and distant kind — something which strikes the children with awe like the thunder and lightning and the darkness round about Mount Sinai; whereas the influence of the mother is something more subtle, more intimate, gliding smoothly into the souls of the children, and infusing into them the goodness and religiousness which it is their greatest privilege to acquire, and making them from within that which they are intended to be.

There is a permeation, a saturation in the influence of the mother which goes like oil into the bones, and renders them supple and strong; and what is more, something which once infused, is calculated to become part of themselves and likely therefore to last the whole of their life.

Hence, once more, the importance of home life and home-training as the chief and most vital factor in the making of men and women. Hence the makeshift character of education and training by the hands of outsiders, however excellent in their way. Hence the advantage of the day-school and the disadvantage of the boarding-school — except of course as the only substitute where home-life and home training is not to be had, or is wanting in the right qualities to make it a success.

For between bad home-training and good school-training, the boarding-school is obviously the lesser evil of two. But between good home-training and good school-training there is no shadow of a question which is the better.—The Examiner, Bombay.

Just Like Them

Even when a priest risks his own life to save another's, his conduct seems to be viewed with suspicion in official circles in France. A correspondent of The Evening Standard draws attention to the following instance of the sort of hostile discrimination of which the Catholic clergy are the victims: "Recently, as will be remembered, a motor-bus fell into the Seine, and a number of the passengers were drowned. One of them, a priest, the Abbe Richard, risked his life half-a-dozen times to save those of his fellow-passengers, and did save four or more of them from certain death. The Home Office has just decided to give M. Abbe Richard a medal for his bravery instead of gratifying him with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which has certainly never been better deserved. Another man, who also saved lives from the wrecked omnibus, has been given the red ribbon. He did less than the Abbe Richard did, and his risk was much smaller, for he was not hampered with the soutane. But the French Home Office, or rather the Minister at his head, did not dare to give the red ribbon to a member of the priesthood.—London Tablet.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON ON THE SAVIOUR'S COMMANDMENT

COMPLETION AND PERFECTION OF ALL LAW THAT WAS AND WILL BE SET UP FOR HUMANITY'S GUIDANCE

St. Louis Church Progress

For his sermon recently at the New Cathedral, Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon took as his text, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind . . . and thy neighbor as thyself," saying in part:

"My dear brethren, the Jewish legislators had for their people's guidance the decalogue of old, but that decalogue they interpreted into precepts innumerable. Over six hundred of such precepts are written down as observances by the Jewish people.

"Our Blessed Lord came to tell the world that the letter of the law counts for little; that the spirit quickeneth, while the letter killeth. He came to bring a new law to the world, and to declare it the completion and perfection of all the law that was, and all the law that ever will be set up for humanity's guidance, and this new law is told us in the gospel of to-day. A twofold commandment in form but in reality only one. And this law is simple, yet, it comes as a last expression of divinity itself. It is the law of charity. Twofold in form it may be, namely, the love of God, and, secondly, the love of our neighbor; but this second is expressed in the first, for as St. John says, 'now can one love God, and hate his neighbor?' It is this law that gives to us the meaning of our Saviour's coming, the purpose of His life on earth, and its consecration to the humanity He would serve and save.

"As St. John says again, 'For God so loved the world as to give His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but have life everlasting.' It is therefore the mystery of divine love that alone explains the redemption of the world.

"When the Blessed Saviour came to the world His life expressed of all things else that love for man. He will help the poor and lowly, He will be the refreshment of those who are heavily burdened; He will be a good shepherd to the flock and lay down His life for them. He will heal the sick and forgive the sinner, making the motive of that forgiveness the love that is shown; He will be a father to the orphan, and when the open tomb is before Him He will declare in His last address, that, 'having loved His own, He will love them to the end.'

"And as a result of the divine love which prompted the sacrifice that Christ should die, Christ died for all that they also should live, not now to live unto themselves, but unto Him. Easily then can this First Commandment be understood, for if God has so loved the world, if it be the reason of His coming, the motive of His sacrifice; if man is to be the sole beneficiary of that love and that mercy; it surely is a most reasonable commandment that such love and such sacrifice should be reciprocated. And as heart and soul and life, and mind are all of God's giving and of His redemption, equally clear is it that we should love the Lord our God with 'our whole heart, and with our whole soul, and with our whole mind.'

"And the second commandment is like unto this. In fact, it is founded on the first; for as St. John says, 'Behold the manner of charity the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called, and should be the sons of God.' The love of Christ, which promoted His becoming man and redeeming the world, brought those whom He has redeemed into a family and the bond of this union is in that fatherhood of God, and in the brotherhood of Christ. With this bond before us; with this headship established, the second commandment becomes a sequel to the first commandment, merely, to love our neighbor as ourselves.

"This second commandment, coming as it does from Christ, representing, as it were the fruitage of His life sacrifice, is urged, is commended and commanded all through the new testament. In fact it is made the test of right living. 'By this shall all men know that you are My disciples if you have loved one for another.' Or again, for all the law is fulfilled in one word. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Conversely, where such charity is absent, there also the first commandment is impossible. St. John says 'He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is charity.'

"It is this second commandment that has the most bearing upon our daily life. In its expression and fulfillment here on earth, the first becomes actualized and fulfilled. But to this commandment exception is invariably made; as a commandment quite impossible of being realized, as one that represents an ideal state of mind, and an ideal state of society too good for this earth; a commandment which if practised in its fullest could mean only the undoing of the one who lived up to it.

"I can understand the individual looking around at the world, including even their neighbors, with all their pettiness and misery and trickery, and then hearing this command given to love such people as you do yourselves and treat them accordingly; and I can readily hear you say that were you to do so, it would mean simply discomfiture for yourself with the belief that you had lost, or were beginning to lose your mind. Again you say what are courts of justice for, and why are laws written, and why have we policemen; all such would yield if this commandment were to be supreme? It would be then one law instead of the many, and one law and one virtue which would engulf all, it alone remaining in supremacy.

"I will admit that the law appears to be a drastic one, and apparently incapable of realization, yet we are to remember first of all that it is a command, in fact it is the one command that the Blessed Saviour has given us above all others. Yet while giving us this law as supreme, it does not mean that other virtues should yield to its monopoly, nor that our civilization must become of entirely different character. You have frequently heard the counterpart of this law, which is some time called the golden rule, it is that 'you will do unto others as you would have others do to you.' What is this but a negative form of the commandment just cited. You would treat others as others would treat you. You would consequently, based upon that equal treatment, extend to them equal charity. Nor is the virtue of justice, or the force of law entirely obliterated. These, indeed, shall remain. They shall be supplemented, invigorated and crowned by the divine command.

"Think you that where people are members of the same family there can be no justice there because fraternal love exists? Is it not more true to say that where such love exists justice must also abound? And so in our social order justice must remain, justice be achieved, but it were well that added thereto, as its inspiration and crown there be that love of brotherhood taught by Christ. Justice will remain, and as the world appears to-day, it will have ample opportunity for its development and application. Even if the ends of justice were attained, and man to man should brother be the world over and all that, yet will justice remain a virtue passing from time and humanity even to divinity and eternity—for God also is justice.

"We have dreamers, and students and commissions appointed to study how to promote social justice how to protect individual rights, how to give highest opportunity for individual development, how to govern the world by just law; and we are liable, in this movement, to place too much importance on the letter of the law. For the letter of the law killeth; it is the spirit that quickeneth.' 'Where there is only the law and the letter thereof, and no higher motive for its fulfillment, then we find humanity resorts again to trickery,' inherent in its nature. There is a constant effort to evade, and a vicious circle created—the legislator trying to reach the law-breaker and lawbreaker trying to evade the legislator. Thus we have one more law after another, and write them upon the statute book. And as we write them, we find those that are affected thereby will find ever new ways to evade the law, creating new associations, new combinations, new methods, violating no laws that are written, but laws that should be written. Then we start writing down new laws, and again there is a new form of effort to evade the law. What is the meaning of this? It is that it is the letter of the law that we are worrying about—not fraternal justice and the supreme law of God—membership in that family Christ has redeemed, loving thy neighbor as thyself, not because there is a law written on the statute books, but because it is the law of God.

"And so when we speak of the love of our neighbor as a command of God, we seek to place where Christ has placed it, not as the only virtue, but as the crown of virtue, making of the others as it were, scaffolding to climb to reach the summits of love divine. That love is the underlying substance, the soul of life of every other virtue, the litany of holiness. Even when faith is merged in victory, and hope in fruition, then will charity become in very truth, the bond of perfection, and endure for ever and ever 'for God is love.'

"It remains for us, as best we may, to make this commandment, a keynote of our life's activity, to fulfill it as best we may, considering the times and things that are, to give it place in our hearts and minds, and though its fulfillment and application be stopped by the injustice and sins and selfishness of those around us, yet must we preserve that attitude of mind and soul. And when we face the social problems which to-day stand so threateningly before us, while demanding justice and fair play, should not forget that the love of the brotherhood is more potent in the final solution of these difficulties than all the commissions that have been created, or the schools that have studied, or the legislators that have enacted, or the judges that have decided.

"Were this command supreme in the guidance of men's lives and in their activities, you would have little of social injustice to undo, little of human misery to assuage. In that commandment, which is divine in its origin, there would be divinity in its execution, there would be the restoration of all things in Christ."

A MATRIMONIAL PUZZLE

One of the perplexing problems which clergymen frequently meet with when a couple present themselves for marriage is to ascertain the exact degrees of affinity or consanguinity that may exist between them. The genealogical tree, if one may mix metaphors, is the assesbridge of theological students. It was a test of patience in the days when marriage was marriage, but now that divorce has become fashionable, it is almost impossible to see one's way in the maze. How, for instance, could a searcher, lay or clerical solve the problem that is now before the courts of New York if affinities had to be considered.

In 1879 a certian Robert Tysen married Ida Rowe. After a divorce in 1892 Mrs Rowe-Tysen married Harry Kane and Tysen married Fannie Dawson, who had been divorced from William Pollock while Pollock, not to be left in the lurch, married a Mrs. Kernochan. After a few years the second wife of the original Tysen divorced him and married J. Campbell Thompson, while Tysen made a third venture and married a Mrs. Benrimo; Mrs. B.'s husband meantime mating with an English actress named Robertson. A fourth time the terrible Tysen appears on the scene, and seeks to get rid of Mrs. Benrimo. To make it easier for himself, the judge appoints J. Campbell Thompson as referee. But Thompson is objected to, for he or his homonyn had been married to one or other of the Tysen wives in 1899. Bad as the muddle is another complication arises. The former husband of the Tysen Benrimo woman appears, and asks to be a party in the divorce proceedings, so that he might know where he stood in this matrimonial circus with regard to Helen Robertson. What the court did to Benrimo is too technical for any one but a lawyer to make out.

Such is the pass to which civil marriage has brought the most sacred of human obligations. It is worse than progressive polygamy; it as a descent into the grade of the animal. It furnishes a sufficient reason for the recent Ne Temere Decree of the Sovereign Pontiff forbidding Catholics to contract civil marriages.—America.

A PROTESTANT BOOK ON FATHER DAMIEN

Sacred Heart Review

"The other day," writes a friend of the Review, "browsing in an old bookstore in Boston, I came upon a small volume which gave me such a vivid picture of Father Damien, that I immediately purchased it, at a ridiculously small price, and I take the liberty of sending it to the editors of the Review that they may, perhaps, think some passages in it worthy to reproduce, if only to recall the nobility of character of that splendid priest who, ministering to the lepers of Molokai, became himself a leper like unto them, and died and was buried among the unfortunates for whom he labored."

The book sent us by this good friend is "Father Damien and Molokai," in which Edward Clifford, an English artist, and a member of the Anglican Church, republishes three articles which he had already written in the Nineteenth Century, on the leper priest and his work, together with other matter bearing on the same subject. The book was published in 1889 by the Macmillan Co., and contains as a frontispiece a picture of Father Damien by Mr. Clifford. It also has on another introductory page these words in a fac-simile of Father Damien's handwriting: "I was sick and—ye visited me," with his signature, "J. Damien de Veuster," the place, "Kalawao, Molokai," and the date, "Dec. 20, 1888."

The writer of this book, Edward Clifford, is so anxious to have it known that he is a Protestant that he goes out of his way to prove it by certain arguments that to a Catholic are somewhat stale and decidedly unconvincing. Nevertheless his admiration for Father Damien's heroism overleaps this religious misunderstanding, and he writes of him with an enthusiasm comparable to that of that other Protestant, Robert Louis Stevenson, who defended the leper priest from the vile attack of the Rev. Mr. Hyde.

In his preliminary protest of his Protestantism Mr. Clifford writes:

"When I was a little boy I thought that all Rome Catholics were wicked and went steadily to hell. If I saw a nun, I thought she wanted to catch me and burn me. The glaring redness of Bloody Mary was unrelieved by any quieter color.

"As I grew older I found I had been mistaken, I read Charles Kingsley's "Hermit" and the lives of St. Francis and St. Catherine of Sienna. I read Thomas a Kempis, and I found that the Church of Rome had undoubtedly produced saints."

But this revelation did not cause the author to appreciate the Catholic Church's true worth, and he protests, as we have said, his staunch Protestantism. Perhaps this, after all, makes his tributes to Father Damien all the more valuable.

He says that in the spring of 1887 the casual reading of an account of Father Damien in an obscure magazine impelled him almost immediately to visit Molokai and its leper priest. In December of that year he reached Molokai. As we are not concerned with much else save his impressions of Father Damien we will skip his descriptions of Hawaiian scenery and quote what he says about his first encounter with the priest of the lepers:

"Finally it was decided to put off a boat for a rocky point about a mile and a half distant from the town. Climbing down this point we saw about twenty lepers, and 'There is Father Damien!' said our purser; and slowly moving along the hillside. I saw a dark figure with a large straw hat. He came rather painfully down, and sat near the waterside, and we exchanged friendly signals across the waves while my baggage was being got out of the hold. . .

"He is now about forty-nine years old—a thick-set, strongly built man, with black curly hair and short beard turning gray. His countenance must have been handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth and a short, straight nose; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face. His forehead is swollen and ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is somewhat sunk and the ears are greatly enlarged. His hands and face look uneven with a sort of incipient boils and his body also shows many signs of the disease."

Father Damien lived on Molokai among the lepers ten years before he himself became infected with the disease. He told Mr. Clifford that he had always expected that he should sooner or later become a leper, though exactly how he eventually caught it, he did not know. "But," said Mr. Clifford, "it is not likely he would escape, as he was constantly living in a polluted atmosphere, dressing the sufferers' sores, washing their bodies, visiting their deathbeds and even digging their graves."

Mr. Clifford describing the walk from the point where the boat landed to Kalawao, the leper settlement, says that it was long and, as he carried his own bag, fearing infection should it be carried by a leper, somewhat wearisome; but he says, "the pleasure of finding Father Damien a finer man than I had even expected made it delightful. . . I was impressed by the quiet way in which he sat down and read and prayed while I bathed, retiring at once into that hidden life which was so real to him."

Some pathetic little touches in Mr. Clifford's book will perhaps make more real to our readers the human side of the leper priest:

"Some of my happiest times at Molokai were spent in this little balcony, sketching him and listening to what he said. . . . I offered to give a photograph of the picture to his brother in Belgium, but he said perhaps it would be better not to do so, as it might pain his brother to see how he was disfigured.

"He looked mournfully at my work. 'What an ugly face!' he said; 'I did not know the disease had made such progress.' Looking-glasses are not in great request at Molokai!

"While I sketched him he often read his breviary. At other times we talked on subjects that interested us both. . . .

"One day I asked him if he would like to send a message to Cardinal Manning. He said that it was not for such as he to send a message to so great a dignitary but after a moment's hesitation he added, "I send him my humble respects and thanks."

"I need scarcely say that he gives himself no airs of martyr, saint or hero—a humbler man I never saw."

No wonder after seeing face to face and knowing such a man as Father Damien that Mr Clifford, with all his militant Protestantism, is constrained to exclaim:

"We must all rejoice that the Roman Catholic Church produces such saints, and not hesitate to accord them the fellowship, the sympathy, and the hearty honest praise which they deserve. To Father Damien we render more than praise. He has our love."

Only a great moral purpose can sustain a great soul, and a great moral purpose rests finally on faith in God.

Mingle occasionally with the temporal alms you give, or the kindness you show, the blessed name of the good God.

He who will not accept orders has no right to give them; he who will not serve has no right to command; he who cannot keep silence has no right to speak.—The Philistine.

BLACK KNIGHT

The best stove polish on the market—and the biggest can for the money. "Black Knight" is a paste—no mixing—no trouble—no dirt. Convenient, economical—shines quick as a wink—and the shine stays on. Just as good for pipes, grates and ironwork as for stoves.

If your dealer does not carry "Black Knight" Stove Polish, send us his name and 10c. and we will send a full size tin by return mail.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.
Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish. 33

STOVE POLISH

GOOD HEALTH FOR 1c

Will you let one cent stand between you and good health? For more than 20 years we have been helping humanity to overcome diseases of every character, in all forms, without the use of drugs, medicines, doctors.

Send a 1c postal, with your name and address and we will send you FREE a little book which tells you how health is regained, without drugs, medicines, or doctors. No fads, faith cures, braces, exercises, health food, or anything in that line.

The means we urge you to employ to regain your health are scientific, therefore, natural. Time tried, time tested, for more than 20 years under the antagonistic scrutiny, investigations and attacks of cynics and skeptics, and in the face of all this, overcoming triumphant, as testified by thousands.

Originated and invented by an eminent physician. Endorsed by Physicians.

Surely if you are ill it is worth a 1c stamp to investigate our claims. No matter what the disease you suffer from, send for the Book.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO.
DEPT. 28 364 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST, MONTREAL