

is in your favor. We all think you are going to get over this accident, and that you will not be long in the hospital. Have you a family?"

He flushed and said in a subdued voice:

"Yes, father I have a wife and child, wonder if I could see them?"

"Certainly, my friend," I said, "give me your address and I will soon gratify you."

He gave me the address and I dispatched a messenger, warning him, however, not to tell the extent of the accident, but to say the man was injured by the railroad and was in the Hospital.

When I returned to the patient's room, his gratitude was touching and he began to tell me how he had been going down hill. No work, discouragement, bad company and drink. He was a Catholic, yes, but he had not been his duty for years, a good many years. His wife was a good Catholic, and his little girl—two years old—loved with deep affection. He had a good position, made money at the time of his marriage, but luck turned against him. He gave up going to church—although it nearly broke his wife's heart—and quarrelled with her and got intoxicated, and when he came to himself he was in an ambulance rushing to the hospital. And now—what could he do without both hands! Wouldn't it be better to die? I consoled him and told him how God never sends a trial without the grace to bear it, and begged him to be patient, and to try to think that God was infinitely good to spare his life even with the loss of his hands. He was young and who knows what would be done for him. Most of all was God good to give him time to think of the past and repent. He might have been swept into eternity without a moment's warning, his sins upon his soul. And then his wife and child!

At mention of them tears came to his eyes, and I saw he was deeply attached to them.

"I am not worthy of a good woman's affection, father," he said brokenly. "My wife is an angel—patient, forgiving and ready to forget everything if I only do right."

"Most women are that way," I returned. "God has been good to you. She will be here soon and you will be brave and hopeful I am sure."

All this time I had not even known his name, but an hour or two later when a message came that Mrs. Preston had arrived, I knew at once who it was. I was at the door when a pale girl looking young woman with deep brown eyes full of trouble, appeared in the hall. I felt it was his wife, and advanced to meet her, "Oh, father!" she cried. "Will Jack die? Oh! it would kill me! What has happened to him? He is the best man on earth, and I had not heard one word of the accident until your message came. What happened? They would not tell me down stairs."

Her pleading face, and eyes brimming with tears almost unmanned me. I motioned her into a vacant room opposite, and prepared her for the fact that her husband was a helpless cripple as to his hands, but that he was otherwise uninjured.

She covered her face with her hands and wept softly. I allowed her to give vent to her grief for a few moments, and then I said:

"Stay here until I tell you husband of your coming. Now be brave and remember a good wife always bears the heaviest share of the burden in a case like this. Be encouraging and bright, and help him to bear his great trial. Come in after a few minutes."

I went to Jack, and told him his wife was there. He became greatly agitated, but when the door opened, and his wife flew to his side, threw her arms around his neck, her face bathed in tears, yet smiling, the big fellow broke down and laid his head on her shoulder and cried aloud. He held up the bandaged stumps of both arms!

"Look, Amy!" he said bitterly, "see what kind of a man you have to support you and the baby!"

"Don't fret Jack, dear," she said without seeming to notice them, "you are going to get well, and you have your feet and your brains and your voice. Suppose I had lost you," she wept, laying her head on his breast.

"God forgive me, Amy! I'll be a better man if I get well. It's just like you to forget what I have been but where will I ever find a job?"

"There are dozens of things you can do! You have been the dearest husband in the world. We will get along splendidly. Don't bother until you are well; how we ought to thank God for sparing your life!"

"It was a close call wasn't it, father?" said Jack.

"It was indeed," I returned, "and as Mrs. Preston says, you have much to be grateful for."

"I am grateful," said Jack, fervently, "and I'll go to my duty and be a different man!" I knew he was in earnest and so took leave, promising Mrs. Preston as she pleaded with tears in her eyes, to be good to Jack and to see him as frequently as possible.

I did not visit him until the next day, when I found him alone, and suffering greatly from both arms. I talked to him, and saw he was in excellent disposition. Then I suggested he should prepare for a good confession next day, and receive Holy Communion. "I will, father! I don't know why the Lord is so good to me. Look at Amy, my wife. Why would you think I had never given her a minute's pain—and God knows I've been a wretch to her. And then, to hear her talk, you would think a man without hands had a better

chance than a man that had them both. She will bring the baby to see me to-day, and with them around I'll get well. And then we'll see if I will be useless altogether. She says not, and so I'll grit my teeth and bear the pain; for I deserve it father—I have not been a good man!" I cheered him up, and I appointed the next day for his confession.

That morning his wife and little girl came. The mother had drilled the little thing so well that she did not wince at her father's appearance, even when he tried in vain to embrace her with his poor stumps, but with the sweetest of baby ways chatted to the poor invalid as if nothing was wrong. She was a beautiful little girl with brown eyes like her mother's, and a smile like her father's, and a pretty little way of talking. The caresses of the child were evidently a delight to the sufferer, and he was relieved that his swathed and bandaged arms did not frighten her. His wife was all affection and sympathy and, although the visit was short because he was in pain, it was comforting to both. When she was leaving and she looked at me goodly, he whispered: "I am going to confession to-day, Amy—you will pray for me won't you?" Another warm kiss was the reply; indeed I will, Jack; you know nothing could please me more."

This was told me afterwards by Jack.

I began to get deeply interested in this little family. There was evident refinement in the mother. The child was charming, and Jack was a fine, clever fellow spoiled somewhat by a hasty temper and self will, but so forgiving and repentant that all his misdeeds were forgotten.

He made his confession that day, and I brought him Holy Communion next morning. He wore a peaceful, happy expression when his wife came to visit him. She noticed it, and when she knew the cause her happiness was radiant. Soon his thoughts turned to the future. What would become of him. They were not destitute, as they had the rent of one or two small houses, besides their little home; but he could no longer work with his hands, and this thought depressed him greatly. Amy's efforts were now directed towards getting him something to do. Fortunately the right arm was amputated below the elbow, and an artificial hand could be supplied. This arm healed first, and it was measured for an artificial hand. Jack's hopes were raised as each day brought a better condition.

One evening while sitting up in his room, he began to talk to me of his past. "Father," he said, "my curse has been my hot-temper. Ever since I was a boy my fits of rage have always ended in some misfortune. Do you know as I lie here on my bed, I can trace it back year after year, and the memories are not such as to make me proud. I had a good father and mother, and a good comfortable home, and I should have been better. The more I think of my past, the more I believe that the appointed punishment from God. I am sure of it. Why do you say that, Jack?" I ventured to remark as he became suddenly silent. "Well, I will tell you father, and you may tell others. It may be a lesson to some hot-headed fellow like I was."

"When I was twelve years old I became an altar boy in our church, and because I was quick at understanding things about the altar and the Church, I was a favorite with our pastor, who always wanted me if there was a strange priest, or the Bishop, or a festival coming. Of course I liked it, and after two years our priest was always gentle to me when he saw me growing hot, and so we got along. But when I was fourteen years old the crisis came, and I am going to tell you why I feel that the loss of my two hands is a special punishment from God. It was some feast-day and I was to serve at the altar. It was on a Sunday. I was working in a store, and forgot about the hour. When I thought of it I was half an hour late, but I rushed like mad down to the Church, and was just slipping into the Boys' Sacristy when, our priest, who was not officiating, appeared at the door.

"You young rascal," he said, "coming at this hour into the Sacristy when services are over. I'll teach you to loiter around when your business is here," and he lifted his hand and gave me a box on the ear that sent me spinning against the wall. But he was half smiling all the time. Enraged at being held up without being able to explain, I doubled my two fists, and made at the priest like a mad fury. I wanted to strike him to the ground if I could. My mouth frothed, and my forehead became full of sweat.

"But the priest who was a big, strong man, grabbed my two fists easily in his hands, and with his voice trembling said:

"Oh Jack! Jack! you don't mean to strike your Pastor! Don't you know the Lord punishes those who raise their hands to the Lord's anointed? Stop my Son!"

"I don't care!" I choked out, "I will hit you! Let me go!" But the priest held me as if I were a baby. Then, as we neared the door he took both my hands in his strong fist, picked up my cap, put it on my head, and opened the door.

"Go home Jack!" he said, "and when your temper is over, come back and tell me you are sorry for raising your hands against a priest of God!" and he shut the door. Still wild with anger I yelled at the closed door: "I'll never come back, and I'll never tell you!"

"And, father—I never went back; I told my mother I didn't want to be an altar boy. Shortly afterwards we moved away from that place, and I began to stop going to church and to go down hill; for I vowed I would never make up with that priest. But now since this accident, I feel more and more that it is the punishment for having dared to lift my hands against a priest. Both of my hands are gone! It might have been my feet, but you see it was the hands I raised against the Lord's anointed. Father, don't you see it is a punishment? Oh! if I could only see that priest, and tell him—late as it is—how sorry he is that I am so sorry. Then I might get God's forgiveness, and some good luck. It's a poor lookout for my life, and I am only twenty-five. Don't you see, father?" The poor fellow choked back a sob, and looked at the bandaged stumps on both arms with a despairing, heavy sigh.

I had listened with deep sympathy. I knew such things had happened. I had known before of persons who had lifted their hands to strike a priest, and had been punished instantly. But I was loth to think that Jack was as hardened as these examples I had heard about. I desired much to console him, and it was hard to do so. He had been so open and candid with me. "My poor fellow," I said, and he saw from my face and the tone of my voice all that I was feeling, "I will not deny that such punishments have come to you, but you must not lose hope for the future, you are sorry now."

"Deeply sorry, father. And if I only knew where he lived I would go to the priest and ask his pardon on my knees. "I am sure of it, Jack," I said, "but you have not told me his name."

"He must be old now," he said, "he was not young then." "He was Father McCort."

I started at the name. That same priest, Father McCort was at present in the hospital, ill unto death, in the very same hospital where we were both convalescing.

Jack said the start.

"What is it, father? Do you know him?"

"Not only do I know him, but he is here in this house."

"Here?" cried Jack. "Here in this house? Father McCort of X—?"

"It's impossible!"

"It is true," I said, "and I will see him this very day, and bring you to his mind. It will all be fixed up, and your soul. See how good God is. Oh! Jack, be grateful." The poor fellow broke down. Tears streamed from his eyes; and when he raised it, I had to wipe away the tears—he was helpless to do so. Oh, father, do you think he had had a hope at all these years? Do you think he will keep up the bad luck I have had, by turning me down, and saying I deserve what I got?"

"No, No! No!" I said. "Do not even think of such things. A priest would never harbor such thoughts. Try to be calm. Come Jack! I can see the light already shining on your future. Be humble and God will smooth all the hard things away. I will go and talk to Father McCort." And with a glad nod at the poor young man, I left the room.

At once I sought Father McCort's corridor, and entered his room. He had been ill some time, but his gentle kindly face warmed into a smile as he held out his thin, wasted hand in greeting.

"Glad to see you, father Alexander. Making converts still?"

"Something better, father McCort. I trust you are not suffering to-day, you look improved," I said.

"Sit down and tell me some of your active work," he rejoined. "My time is not long and it matters little how I feel; still I am some better."

I seated myself, and inwardly thanking God, I said aloud, "Father, do you remember when you were parish priest in X—?"

"Indeed I do. It was a fine little town. Good people, and prosperous families; not so very progressive, but solidly Catholic. I remember a family of Prestons; they had a fine son Jack, who had a temper as hot as fire, but as for forgiving a lad as ever breathed—just a blowup and it was over. I wonder where he is?"

"Suppose you were to hear that he is in this hospital, present," I said, watching him closely.

"What? You don't mean it! In this hospital? It cannot be possible! What is wrong with poor Jack?"

And then I told him of the accident that robbed him of his hands; Tears gathered in the old priest's eyes.

"Poor fellow! poor Jack! that's a dreadful misfortune. Is he still single?"

"He is married to a fine little wife, and has a beautiful baby girl. I saw them both," I added.

"A Catholic wife did you say?"

"Yes, indeed; a brave little woman." Then I proceeded to tell him of Jack's anguish, his sad tale of the day he lifted his hands to the priest, and that he believed the accident to have been a punishment.

"I remember the very day," said Father McCort. "I recall distinctly the whole occurrence. Just you tell Jack to come here as soon as he can, and I'll fix the matter in his mind, and put him at ease forever."

After a few more pleasant words I took my departure. I went at once to Jack's room. Mrs. Preston was there. Her husband had been telling her the story he told me, for her eyes were wet with tears, and her bright face very serious. "I have just come from Father McCort's room," I said joyfully. "He remem-

bers you perfectly, Jack, and is impatient to see you. You will get a warm, kindly reception from the dear old priest. He is not long for this world. He spoke of you as soon as I mentioned the town of X—and said you were a fine lad."

"The splendid old hero!" said Jack. "I don't deserve one kind word from him. Oh, father! I'll have to go to see him. When do you think I could venture? My arms are getting on fine, and the right one will have the artificial hand next week."

"Ask the doctor," I said. "You are sitting up and moving around the room. A trip through the hospital surely won't hurt you." Jack asked the doctor if he could visit a friend down stairs. "Anything to divert your mind, Mr. Preston, will help hasten your recovery," said the surgeon.

So it was decided that the next day, if Father McCort was strong enough, Jack and his wife would visit him. Of course I would be of the party.

Father McCort signalled his assent and next afternoon Jack, leaning on his wife's shoulder, went slowly down the elevator. Quietly and leisurely we made our way to the priest's room.

He lay on the pillow, very white and still, his eyes turned to the door. When the little group entered a beautiful smile brightened his wasted face. He held out his hand.

"My dear son, Jack! I would know you at once. Whose arm you are in the empty sleeves of the dressing gown he said with tears in his voice. "My poor fellow! my poor boy!"

But Jack fell on his knees. The sight of the old priest, with death stamped on his face, tore at his heart. He cried out: "Oh father McCort! I don't deserve a kind word from you. Once I lifted my hands against you, and swore I would never ask your pardon, though I knew I was in the wrong. Will you forgive me now? God has punished me for my sin."

The priest raised himself on his pillow and put his trembling arms around the man. "Forgive you, Jack? Forgive you? Why there's nothing to forgive! You have suffered enough in your thoughts about this matter. My poor boy! You have had expiation enough! Of course I forgive you; for you were in one of your tempers, Jack, and you didn't know what you were doing. You were a boy. Soon your old pastor will be with God; and if he has any influence with the heart of Christ you will never feel the loss of your hands. Do you hear, Jack?"

And then the good priest exhausted, sank back on his pillow.

"Oh, father!" sobbed the man, shaken to the roots of his being, "I believe you. Give me your blessing. Tell me I will get well, and I will be a better man. My wife will listen, will be my witness, and I will be soothed by his wife, herself crying softly, wiped the tears from his eyes—supplying his lost hands."

Father McCort made a supreme effort, and raised his hand.

"May God almighty bless you, Jack, and give you prosperity, comfort with your family, and peace with your own soul. May your poor lost hands never stand in the way of your advancement; and may you be happy as long as you serve Him. Amen."

And the priest solemnly made the sign of the Cross over the boy he had known in childhood; and he allowed his hand to rest on the bowed head.

There was silence; it was a solemn scene. We all knelt, and then as the priest closed his eyes wearily I motioned for them to rise. Jack stooped and kissed the thin hand that had given him his First Communion. His wife did the same. As they left the room, Jack turned again for a last look at his friend.

"The priest smiled faintly and feebly waved good-by."

They never saw him alive again. He died within a week, and his promise was kept before God.

Jack Preston recovered rapidly, procured an artificial hand, learned to use it surprisingly well before he left the hospital, and finally departed, a new man in soul and body. He obtained an excellent position almost at once, and has successfully kept it. He has persevered faithfully in his promise to his pastor, and he holds no brief against him.

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ARE CATHOLICS INTOLERANT?

W. T. GEER, A. M., UNTIL RECENTLY ANGLICAN CURATE IN WOOLLAHORA, GIVES IMPORTANT FACTS

When the Samoan High Chief, Mataafa, died last February the newspapers of Sydney, New South Wales, made various comments. He was described by one as a "noble figure—perhaps the greatest Samoan that has ever lived." The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph wrote: "Mataafa died, as he had lived for many years, a devout Catholic, but, though a Catholic all his life, and a regular attendant at the church, he was ever tolerant in his manner."

W. T. Geer, A. M., until recently Anglican curate in All Saints', Woollahora, using these comments as a text writes as follows:

Here we have the quiet assumption that Catholics, as a rule, are tolerant, and that it is an exception to the general rule to find one who is not tolerant.

This is the ordinary Protestant notion. How many times have I heard the remark: "If they (the Catholics) get the upper hand again they would be just the same as they used to be and persecute us Protestants." And then some reference is made about "Bloody Mary," or "The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition," or, perhaps, "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew" is given as a proof that "Rev. Mr. Smith and his nice young curate and Miss Jones, who sings in the choir, and our family would all be wiped out." It is very curious that Protestants should be under this strange delusion when, as a matter of fact, history shows that the boot is on the other foot.

The plain truth is that the Catholic Church never has claimed—and never will claim—the right to compel people by force to become Catholics. Her only methods are those of persuasion, instruction and example. It is true that a few Catholic sovereigns have allowed persecutions, as did Queen Mary of England, or have even been persecutors as was Louis XIV. of France in his measures against the Huguenots—likewise some Spanish kings—likewise the Spanish Inquisition was the creation of the government, and dealt in most cases with political offenders. It was not the creation of the Church to deal with heretics. Indeed, the Popes tried to induce the inquisitors to mitigate the extreme penalties.

We live in an age of toleration, and it is hard for us to understand the fierce persecutions of days gone by. Cato, when at the age of eighty-six he was accused of certain offences by Queen Mary or of the French and Spanish monarchs, nor do they wish to maintain that their measures were right. Nor is it fair to the Catholic Church to pick out the blackest acts of some of her members, and then call Catholicism a religion of tyranny. Suppose you picked out all the fatal mistakes of doctors, and called their profession one of murder, that would be just as crying out about "the fires of Smithfield" and the massacre of the Huguenots," and then branding the Catholic Church as persecuting and intolerant.

But Protestants should be the very last to speak about religious intolerance. Protestant victims of religious persecution are few in number compared with Catholic victims. Suppose we compare them. During Queen Mary's reign about two hundred were put to death. Who advised their execution? Certainly not the Catholic Church. The Protestant Bishop Burnet writes that "Cardinal Pole, the Papal Legate, never set on the clergy to persecute heretics, but to reform themselves;" and that "he advised that no open persecution should be raised against the Protestants."

Nor was it Queen Mary. Although many of the 200 had aimed at stirring up a rebellion and deposing her, Queen Mary continually advised her council to act "with moderation," and "without rashness." When we remember how Mary had seen the Catholic Bishops confined for years in dungeons, how the Protestant reformers wrote and preached against her in the filthiest terms, and how terribly she suffered from ill health, the wonder is that Mary pleaded for and obtained the release of as many as she did. Her biographer shows that the Queen was not present at the council when

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Crammer's case was dealt with. In any case, Queen Mary was not the instigator of the persecution in her reign. It was the work of her ministers and her council, and almost every one of them had conformed to Protestantism in Edward's reign. This shows that they were men of no religious principle, who simply acted from motives of political expediency. Crammer, Ridley and Latimer were fanatics who would again kill and destroy the moment they had the power, therefore (so they argued) they had better be put out of the way.

But compare 200 put to death in Mary's reign with more than 70,000 who were executed under Henry VIII. And poor "Bloody" Mary had no such blot on her memory as had "good Queen Bess," who kept Mary Queen of Scots shut up in prison for nineteen years and then had her beheaded. In contrast with the policy of Cardinal Pole, the Protestant Archbishop Parker urged the "taking of her away." The Protestant tradition about "Bloody" Mary is no doubt mainly due to Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." The Anglican Church has now dropped this "Book of Lies." Dr. Littledale, a bitter opponent of "Romanism," though one of the first to introduce "Roman" doctrines and practices into the Church of England, described Foxe as "that unmitigated liar," in the Church Times, when he was the editor of that High Anglican paper. However, Foxe and many another "mitigated liar" helped to create the Protestant tradition when, for nearly three centuries, no one was allowed to write or speak on the other side.

"Good Queen Bess" had her Catholic victims tortured before their death. "The rack," says the historian Hallam, "seldom stood idle in the tower for all the latter part of Elizabeth's reign." Many forms of torture were introduced in her reign, one of the most horrible being "the dungeon of rats" into which water flowed at high tide. Queen Elizabeth established the reformed religion in England by making the profession of the Catholic religion a crime by law, and by enforcing that law with the most barbarous penalties. All the Catholic Bishops save one were deprived of their sees, and took refuge on the continent, and every Catholic priest who was caught was tortured, drawn, hanged and quartered.

The story of the sufferings of Irish Catholics is well known. English Protestants for more than 200 years starved, robbed and slaughtered helpless Irish Catholics. It is estimated that two millions of the Irish died for their faith. Cromwell butchered 600,000 men, women and children, and sold 20,000 as slaves to the planters of the West Indies. The sole crime of the Irish was their allegiance to the old faith, and the history of the world has no parallel for such savage and such long-continued persecutions. The sufferings of the early Christians under Nero were not so terrible as the sufferings of the Irish Catholic Bishops, priests and people under Protestant rule.

Ronald Stewart, a Scotchman, has written of "the long-drawn-out agony" of Scotch Catholics. He says: "The endurance of the survivors of the old Catholic Church of Scotland through those slow-dragging ages of slavery and persecution can never be sufficiently honored. And what can be more heroic than the story of the little band of priests. To comfort and security they said good-by forever. Tracked by spies, hidden in rocks and hillsides, or concealed in the house of some Catholic family; exposed, shelterless, to the rigors of the northern winters; or, again, suffering in filthy and overcrowded prisons, the priests of the Scottish mission never flattered from their duty. They were doomed to witness every day some new exercise of oppression and persecution on the sorely-tried and impoverished people, to see frequently some noble Scotchman, formerly renowned for his fidelity to the ancient faith, sink into a beggary under the confiscations of the dominant enemies of the Church; and they had to console the afflicted and encourage them to persevere, despite their misfortunes, and not to purchase ease and security as the price of apostasy."

I think Cardinal Newman said: "To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant." If only Protestants could learn the true facts about the beginning of their various religions, they would not for very shame talk any more about "Bloody" Mary or "those bigoted Catholics." The Catholics of to-day do not want to show any bitterness for what they have suffered in the past, but to live on friendly terms with their Protestant citizens. My work in the Anglican Church began on the east side of Ballarat, where Irish Catholics are in an overwhelming majority. From Elaine to Ballarat, from Wallace to Footflax, I knew almost every Protestant family, and they always spoke in the highest terms of the good will and kindness of their Catholic neighbors. I remember an exciting State election there, when the seat was contested by a Methodist and a Catholic, and the Methodist won easily. My late father often said that he had always been treated with the greatest respect by Catholics.

In the south of Ireland, where Catholics greatly outnumber Protestants, in some parts by 100 to 1, a Protestant mayor is quite common; and in the north, where Protestants are in the minority, Catholics and Protestants live side by side on the best of terms until the 12th of July comes, when Orange preachers, by

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their wild and whirling talk, so work upon the feeling of their hearers that they come out shouting "to hell with the Pope," and almost ready to eat their unoffending Catholic neighbors.

The record of Protestantism is the record of persecution. Luther advocated persecution. Calvin burnt Servetus, John Knox taught "The people are bound to put to death the Queen, along with all her priests," Crammer, Ridley and Latimer revelled in blood-shedding.

The Protestant Archbishop Usher taught: "To give any toleration to Papists is a grievous sin." The Huguenots butchered thousands of priests and buried some alive.

Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that everyone who refused to attend Mass should be heavily fined? Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that no Protestant should keep a horse worth more than 5 pounds, and if he did so, Catholics might take it from him? And that no Protestant children could inherit lands until they conformed to the Catholic faith? Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that a Protestant should be racked ten times for his Protestantism, a punishment which was inflicted upon Father Southwell; or that a Protestant woman should be pressed to death between stones for harboring a Protestant clergyman; a punishment which was inflicted upon Margaret Clitheroe? But enough of this. Everyone knows the reality of these horrors, though for three hundred years they have been omitted from Protestant histories.

Frequently recollect that Jesus is looking on, and counting the degrees of glory He is to obtain from each pain that you patiently bear.

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