

reason as still to need penal enactments to transmit it safely to more enlightened successors?—London Catholic Times.

MENTAL PERSPECTIVE

An address delivered by the Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J., on Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1938, in Manitoba College, Genoa, Ontario, in the presence of representatives from thirty-eight Universities and Colleges, at the first meeting for the inauguration of James Alexander MacLean, Ph. D., LL. D., as President of the University of Manitoba.

Having been requested to give an address before so distinguished an assemblage of college and university men, I have chosen a subject which seems to me sufficiently comprehensive to engage the attention of all and at the same time sufficiently suggestive to stimulate thought. The "mental perspective"—so far as I have been able to grasp it during my personal experience of nearly sixty years of conscious thought and contact with men of divergent views and during more than thirty years as a teacher and lecturer—is the development of the intellect and the will in such a way that the mind will seize upon the relative value of things and that the will may be trained to do what the intellect points out as best. This is what is frequently called "mental perspective," putting each thing in its proper place, giving to each its relative prominence. Of course, this is originally a gift, the gift of a well balanced mind. An ill balanced mind can never attain to the proper mental perspective. The great lawyer, who promptly notices the strong point in every case and despises the weak points or the irrelevant details, is born rather than made. From his youth up he has always had small esteem for weak arguments and great esteem for strong ones. But the embryo sense of mental perspective may be found in a certain number of ordinarily clever youths and these are the only ones who will ultimately do credit to their college and university education, provided their professors realize the paramount importance of mental perspective.

VALUE OF ATHLETICS

Athletic sports, as the wisest men will readily grant, are an important factor in the development of courage, will power, the sense of fairplay, self-effacement for the sake of team work, and general straightness of character. Means they are to a higher end, but to make sports be all and end-all of life is to take as one's own the lowest possible standard of education. The vast multitude of baseball enthusiasts who look upon Ty Cobb as a far greater man than Woodrow Wilson, the singularly efficient President of the United States, have not a dream of mental perspective. It is probable that the foot-ball fields of Old England trained the conquerors of Waterloo; but self-conquest for righteousness' sake is a greater victory than Waterloo.

Few intelligent persons come to middle life without some conception of these relative values. I say "middle life" advisedly, bearing in mind Plato's dictum that no man can grapple successfully with the philosophic difficulties of ethics till he is forty years of age. Plato begins where Dr. Osler ends, but Plato flourished immediately after the golden age of Pericles, when great thinkers did not aim at smartness but at truth. Reflecting men of mature age realize that their highest satisfaction depends not upon their exterior acquisitions, but upon their own personalities have become. There is no escape from this conclusion. The physical satisfactions are limited and disappointing, the intellectual and mortal, and especially the spiritual satisfactions are irradiated with possibilities that are everlastingly limitless.

COMMON MISTAKES

The mistake commonly made is that the things of sense are as important as the things of the mind. That mistake is made by those who cater to popular ignorance and conceit so far as to direct college and university education to sordid ends. "We don't want colleges, we want workshops," exclaimed a noisy member of the legislature in one of the Northern United States. This idea was expressed in another form by a representative of the lower house in Washington, who said: "The average ignorance of the country has a right to be represented here." It is not for me to say whether it is represented there.

Each man's thoughts are lodged in the inmost chamber of his soul, whither no one can penetrate but himself and his Maker. To improve those thoughts is the aim of an ideal education. On this view, the imagination is only an instrument for higher mental development. It must be cultivated, it should not be forced. The fancy is the handmaid of poetry, the ornament of oratory, the slave of scientific research; but she must ever remain a servant. Should she become the mistress of the other faculties, she, like the proverbial beggar on horseback, ride them to the devil. She is doing the selfsame mischief to a number of our contemporaries young and old. Whereas the mind, too apt of itself to sink beneath the high level of its destiny, should be surrounded by those brain-pictures that may elevate and refine it, that may lift it heavenward, it is, on the contrary, too often hedged round about by vivid scenes of sensuality. One of those contemporary novels in which a glamour is flung over sin and a dignity over unbelief

does more harm than a direct attack on the fortress of virtue. The Citadel is undermined by sweetly rippling water-courses more surely and thoroughly than by a frontal attack which the beleaguered garrison could more easily resist.

THE PRACTICAL QUESTION

The practical question is how best to cultivate the imagination. By "practical" I mean "productive of the best results." The popular view of a practical education is quite different. It aims at immediate results, as skill in business, in electrical engineering, or in agricultural chemistry; but as soon as you aim at the best ultimate results you will find that the best preparation for a practical and useful life is the complete all-round development of the higher powers of the mind by a culture that is not commonly considered practical. It is a notable fact that in the days of George III. the great masters of finance were the classically trained orators: William Pitt and Charles James Fox, and that in recent years the framer of those wonderfully practical budgets that year by year astonished the world was William Ewart Gladstone, a far better classical scholar than either Pitt or Fox.

But, someone may object, that result was due to the fact that Gladstone was also a mathematician, precisely he was also a mathematician, not exclusively. He was an all round mathematical training turns out a one-sided monster who measures everything by plus and minus, who reduces all syllogisms to the sole test of equality: A equals B, B equals C, therefore A equals C, while in point of fact men, for the most part unconsciously, reason by inclusion or exclusion in a great variety of degrees. Similarly, and exclusively scientific training is apt to breed on the one hand an ignorant contempt for moral certitude and, on the other, a childlike trust in unproved hypotheses simply because they have a scientific air. Compared with a purely mathematical or a purely scientific education, a classical training is the most perfect instrument for the healthy development of the imagination and the consequent adaptability to all kinds of situations in which knowledge of human nature is an essential requisite. Some years ago the Educational Department of Berlin reported that the Realschule students i. e., as we should say, the students of the Commercial schools, no Latin is taught, seemed at first to succeed better in business than the students from the classical schools, but that the latter generally surpassed the former as soon as they got accustomed to their environment. The reason is that the masterpieces of ancient Greece and Rome contain a vast deal of practical wisdom imparted in a way that is a fountain of deepest delight, growing with the growth of years, to men of taste.

WHAT'S INTELLECT

Taste may be defined as a sense of the fitness of things; an appreciation of law and order; in other words, a correct mental perspective. And now we find ourselves in the higher realms of intellect, since taste leads up from sense-impressions, such as prose and verse rhythm, to law and order, which are essentially intellectual concepts. What, then, do we understand by intellect? Surely, the power of judging, the power of, as we say, putting two and two together, the power of combining and separating two or more thoughts, and of drawing inferences from their similarity or their dissimilarity, their identity or incompatibility. I am now about to quote from Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University." "Judgment does not here stand for that homely, useful good sense, that guards a person from committing mistakes to the injury of his fortune or reputation, but for that master-principle of business, literature and talent which gives him a strength in any subject he chooses to grapple with, and enable him to seize the strong point in it. Whether this definition be metaphysically correct or not, it comes home to the subject of our inquiry. It describes the power that everyone desires to possess, when he comes in act in a profession or elsewhere, and corresponds to our best idea of a cultivated mind." So far that deepest and most practical of thinkers, John Henry Newman.

IDEAL EDUCATION

Thus we have narrowed down the subject of our inquiry to this question: Where is the ideal education that trains a man to seize the strong point in everything? I have no hesitation in answering that it is to be found in those colleges and universities where young men are taught to do their own thinking in a logical methodical way. Without applied logic a young man will be, generally speaking, at a great disadvantage in weighing the relative value of arguments. He may easily drift into scepticism, which, while masquerading as intellectual superiority, merely betrays its incapacity to weigh evidence. The sceptic is simply blind to the difference between sophistry and truth. Nor is it enough for the student to have only a superficial course of logic, such as a quick and retentive memory can master, as a parrot might, in a few weeks. No habit of exact thinking could be formed in so short a time. Nature is slow in forming habits and nature will not be driven. If you drive her at a gallop, she will avenge herself by breaking down in the long run. The student must be practised for at least a year or two in applying the principles of logic and the method of close accurate reasoning to all other branches of knowledge. He will thus develop, if he has it in him, that most

precious of mental gifts, the power of analysis. No cleverness, no ingenuity, can make up for the lack of this properly trained faculty.

Nonsense! We have changed all that. Things move faster now. We have hit on short cuts to knowledge. You have indeed! Pardon me if I doubt it. I admit that we have shortened many of the processes in elementary, technical and scientific training. Our admirable school appliances have made writing, arithmetic and geography much less of a weariness than they used to be. But in the realm of hard consecutive thinking we are much behind our forefathers. The present generation, viewed in the majority of its representatives, has lost its grasp on the eternal principles of right reasoning, sophistry and mere assertion are mistaken for real proof. Or, if any use is made of the argumentative faculty, it is chiefly centred in mathematical deductions. Now mathematics are very useful in their sphere; a certain dose of them is a necessary discipline for the would-be cultured mind; but it is an egregious blunder to limit all certainty to mathematics. I have attacked the proofs of Christ's resurrection by the supposedly incontrovertible assertion that moral certainty cannot be compared to the physical certainty that the dead cannot rise. This was of course a wretched sophism. Physical certainty does not say that the dead cannot rise; it has nothing to do with possibility but only with fact, and that fact is strictly limited to the experience of Hume and a large number of other men who have never seen a dead man come to life. If a sufficient number of witnesses die to testify that they have seen the risen Christ, their positive testimony quite outweighs the negative testimony of Hume and his followers. In point of fact moral certitude based on human testimony alone is just as firm as physical certitude based on the laws of nature. Although I have never visited the city of Rome I am just as sure that it exists as I am that I see you here present. Yet no law of nature verifies to me the existence of Rome. I know of it merely from reading or hearsay, but the cloud of witnesses is so great that I should be a fool were I to doubt that fact. Nay, were some future Socialist tyrant to oblige me under pain of death to deny the existence of the city of Rome, I should be justified in dying, as the apostles did for Christ's resurrection rather than tell a lie.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

Sir Oliver Lodge, in his inaugural address at the meeting of the British Association in Birmingham, on Sept. 10th last, pointed out another of those sophisms which have long bewitched the world of what proudly calls itself "modern thought," and what is really a congeries of contradictory theories, acting like an explosion of gunpowder which destroys by howling outwards all points of the compass and builds up absolutely nothing. These, I need hardly remind you, are not Sir Oliver's words; they are simply my way of clearing the decks for action. A large number of modern philosophers treat psychology as a mere study of phenomena and have absolutely nothing to say about the subject of those phenomena, the human soul. They have got so far that they do not even try to refute the really convincing and able arguments for the spirituality and consequent immortality of the soul, they simply ignore the soul altogether and though they must be aware that psychology means the science of the soul, yet the soul is almost the only subject that is not handled in their psychologies. Now Sir Oliver gently suggests to them that it is not easy to conceive a series of phenomena always confined to definite individual without our cultivating at least a hazy acquaintance with that individual. It is, of course, from Sir Oliver's point of view, a valuable discovery, though it was originally made many thousands of years ago and therefore naturally falls into the category of those time-honored finds which Frenchmen describe as "discovering the Mediterranean." But when you find scientists completely busied in material phenomena and denying the existence of substance, beneath those phenomena, because, forsooth, they cannot see or feel those substances which the healthy and unerringly deduces, we cease to wonder at the vagaries of modern thought, we decidedly decline to adopt them. The philosophers whom Sir Oliver Longe strives to set right have lost the power of mental perspective, hence it is that they cannot project each class of argument in its proper plane. A brilliantly worded hypothesis, a series of tentative suggestions, each beginning with "perhaps" and ending with "beyond a doubt," a collection of bold and baseless assertions, all these are mistaken for proofs. A single objection or a doubt will often be supposed capable of breaking a chain of reasoning in which every link is as strong as steel. This betokens a weakening of the intellect. A hundred objections can never do away with the basis of a well proved truth, unless the objections disprove that basis itself. It is very difficult effectually to upset an argument that has satisfied the master-minds of many centuries.

SECOND-HAND THOUGHT

I believe this tendency to be appalled by objections against the known truth is due mainly to the fact that most of us do our thinking at second-hand, or rather allow other people to foist their fancies upon us. Fancies they are rather than thoughts; for the majority of popular objections rest on the imagination rather than on the intellect. There are many things we can conceive but cannot imagine. I can form a quite definite concept of the difference between a figure of a thousand sides and another figure of a thousand and one sides, but I cannot imagine, i. e., I cannot form a picture in my imagination of two figures so slightly different. The intellect, not the imagination, sees the difference. We live so much in public, we are so accustomed to expect something new every day, to be swayed by fashions in literature and in science that we have almost come to accept the sophism: "They all say so, they all do so, therefore they must be right." The number of fools who are already in Solomon's day, infinite. In our day it has received a host of recruits in the army of the alert, ready and shallow, self-confident and half-educated fools. For them there is but one God—Originality, and Erratic Genius is his prophet. They are too vain and uphish to walk in the paths their fathers trod, and so, away from the old landmarks, they flounder about in ignorant self-complacency. What everybody says or does may be the very thing a cultured man should avoid. I am not denying that there is a common sense of mankind which is really a most valuable criterion of truth; I am merely insisting that the present looseness of thought is not that honorable common sense of which the ancients spoke: first, because it tends to sensuality and licence, whereas the common agreement of mankind is an argument only so far as it tends to self-denial and law, and secondly because "modern thought" is too intangible and self-contradicting to tend in any one positive direction at all. What the wide world needs, now more than ever, is a constructive philosophy, one that will set every branch of learning in its proper perspective, that will show how religion and science must agree, since they both come from the same God, how that infinitely perfect Being, though to a vast extent unknowable by our finite minds, can yet be known enough to ravish our minds and hearts, what the soul of man is, what are the foundations of natural morality, why is it that the supernatural must be added thereto.

Thoughts; for the majority of popular objections rest on the imagination rather than on the intellect. There are many things we can conceive but cannot imagine. I can form a quite definite concept of the difference between a figure of a thousand sides and another figure of a thousand and one sides, but I cannot imagine, i. e., I cannot form a picture in my imagination of two figures so slightly different. The intellect, not the imagination, sees the difference. We live so much in public, we are so accustomed to expect something new every day, to be swayed by fashions in literature and in science that we have almost come to accept the sophism: "They all say so, they all do so, therefore they must be right." The number of fools who are already in Solomon's day, infinite. In our day it has received a host of recruits in the army of the alert, ready and shallow, self-confident and half-educated fools. For them there is but one God—Originality, and Erratic Genius is his prophet. They are too vain and uphish to walk in the paths their fathers trod, and so, away from the old landmarks, they flounder about in ignorant self-complacency. What everybody says or does may be the very thing a cultured man should avoid. I am not denying that there is a common sense of mankind which is really a most valuable criterion of truth; I am merely insisting that the present looseness of thought is not that honorable common sense of which the ancients spoke: first, because it tends to sensuality and licence, whereas the common agreement of mankind is an argument only so far as it tends to self-denial and law, and secondly because "modern thought" is too intangible and self-contradicting to tend in any one positive direction at all. What the wide world needs, now more than ever, is a constructive philosophy, one that will set every branch of learning in its proper perspective, that will show how religion and science must agree, since they both come from the same God, how that infinitely perfect Being, though to a vast extent unknowable by our finite minds, can yet be known enough to ravish our minds and hearts, what the soul of man is, what are the foundations of natural morality, why is it that the supernatural must be added thereto.

NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL

There must always be a gulf between the natural and the supernatural. The latter should, as I have just said, be postulated and added to the former, but the bridge across that gulf can be built by God alone. In this I beg to differ from Sir Oliver Lodge, while welcoming his acknowledgment, however vague, of the supernatural. He is reported to have, in that same address of last September declared his conviction that "occult" forces now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science carefully and persistently applied, that "already the facts so examined have convinced him that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death." He further declared that "the evidence to his mind goes to prove that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us on the material side, and that we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm." AN OLD TEACHING

Much of this the Bible and the Church have been telling us these many thousand years; for instance, the persistence of personality beyond that bodily death, that memory and affection exist between the dead and the living, and that we have already attained some understanding of a really ethereal existence. But what the Bible and the Church have never taught is that the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm may be discovered by natural science. The reason is that man can never know, unless enlightened supernaturally by God, whether the discarnate intelligences are telling the truth. The evidence to which Sir Oliver alludes is in large part gathered in an atmosphere of such fraud on one side and such credulity on the other as to breed the gravest suspicion in the minds of reasonable men. But even if we grant that honest and trustworthy investigators do sometimes establish communication with spiritual beings, there is not a shadow of a guarantee that those beings are the disembodied spirits of men and women. More probably and I speak as recording the nineteen hundred years' experience of a church which is still investigating such occurrences—more probably these are evil spirits masquerading, for the deception of mankind, one of their chief occupations, as the spirits of the departed. Lucifer and his fallen angels are vastly more keen and more than the greatest human geniuses. They have watched our departed friends while these latter were alive. The devils never forget. They can reproduce all peculiarities of voice, appearance and manner.

When I was a young man there came to Montreal a marvellous showman who advertised that he could reproduce the gestures and voice of any one's dead relatives. His performance was so startling that one of my boy friends, though a well instructed Catholic and therefore fully aware of the Bible and the Church's prohibition against seeking communication with spirits went through curiosity, to see this wonderful impersonator, and asked him to shake

hands as the boy's grandfather, then dead, used to do. This grandfather, who, by the way, was far from being a paragon of virtue, had a very peculiar handshake. My boy friend told me about it afterwards in these precise words: "I knew it was the devil, but it was just like Grandpapa!"

AND OTHER SHEEP I HAVE

MISSIONARY ZEAL LEADS BROTHER AND SISTER INTO TRUE FOLD

The "Apostolate of the Press," or rather an article on the subject which I chanced to read, has stirred me up to write these lines. Many will think them egotistical, and too sacred and too personal for print and for the outside world, but when one draws near to the "three score years and ten" the criticisms of the world have but little weight. May the perusal of this o'er true tale do some little good to those who read it. For some years my brother Jim and I were not comrades. I was two years older than he, and it was not until he was old enough to be sent away to school that I ceased to patronize and consider him too young to play with. Then came a great change, and I began to look up to him and choose him for my guide in all things.

We had the very best of mothers, a devout Episcopalian, and she taught us the prayer book catechism almost as soon as we could learn anything. The lesson over, we would get into a large rocker together, and rock and sing all the hymns that we knew: no doubt, to the discomfort of the elders. When Jim came home on his vacation we finally discovered that we were both aiming at the same thing—a mission among the Rocky Mountain Indians! "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" had come out about this time, and we could never have enough of them. Into the little Episcopal church we would steal in an evening, and while Jim would play on the organ or sing, I would join my voice with his, sometimes drifting into the Misereere. When tired of this we would go out and walk up and down the lovely street, shaded with arching elms, and build our Castles in Spain. After the vacation, and my brother had gone, I would draw the plans for the future mission—always a log house and cruciform. I had, great difficulty, however, in getting the chapel, orphanage, and our own house under one roof.

Our correspondence was voluminous, but as our plans were strictly private, we having been unwilling to pose them to the vision of the cold world, and too, family letters were generally considered as common property—he used to write on the outside of the envelope, "private" until my mother begged him not to let such epistles go through the village post-office, and promised that no one should open my letters. Imagine, then, the shock I received when one day on going home I found my poor mother weeping bitterly over one of Jim's letters to her, and hearing that he had become a Jesuit, nay more, he was to enter the Order of the Jesuits! No one could make me believe that my dear brother could do wrong, and I tried to console my mother by telling her that no doubt Jim believed he was right just as we also believed that we were right. But my life became cold and lonely, and I drifted about through some sad months, like a boat without a rudder. We had decided, Jim and I—the one a bit of common sense in our plans—that it might be well if I took some months of training in a Protestant Sisterhood before going on our mission. So I decided to carry out my side of the plan, and finally asked my mother to let me enter one. I think her decided refusal was rather a relief, for I loved our home, and the little church and village. But the good God to whom I had dedicated my life would not leave me there. And mother, seeing me sad and drooping, finally gave a reluctant consent saying only: "If I am bereaved of my children I am indeed bereaved."

Of the years that followed I will say but little. The dear mother was called to her rest, and my brother only remarked that he was sure she was glad now that she had a Jesuit son. I was allowed to correspond with him on condition that no matter of controversy should be alluded to. The day came when he wrote me of his ordination, and that he had sent in his name for foreign missions. He was consistently carrying out our ideals, but, alas, not I. One day my old father came in to see me. I ventured to suggest, without any thought of its being carried out, "Why should we not spend my vacation period in going to see Jim? He may be sent to the ends of the earth," said I, "and this may be our last chance of seeing him."

To my great surprise my father assented, and then—I have always regarded it as a miracle—the Superior of the community also gave her consent, adding voluntarily, "You may go and hear him preach once if you wish." She has now gone to join the great majority, and may God reward her for that permission. Well, we went to hear my brother preach, and when I found that he had instructed the sexton to place us in the very front seats—my poor father being very deaf—and moreover, when he at once began on the "Marks of the True Church" I thought it shockingly bad taste, and,

to put it mildly, was extremely annoyed. His sermon came like so many stunning blows. "It was one it was Holy; it was Catholic; it was Apostolic"—had I not said those words every week of my life without giving much, if any thought to their meaning?

We did not leave without having his holy hands placed in blessing upon our heads, but in all the journey back the car-wheels seemed to sing but one song, "It is One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic." Finally, weakened and confused, I could only close my eyes and say, "Only to know thy Will, and the grace to perform it." At the Forty second Street station my father and I separated, he to go back to our little village home; I to my Community. When we parted he said to me solemnly, "I would rather see my boy where he is than see him as the richest man in Wall Street," and this from a man who always said that one church was as good as another. Almost mechanically, and without previous intention, I went up the stairs and took the "Elevated" to the Ladies' of the Sacred Heart, while my trunk went on to the Protestant community. We had to send there after it.—Alan Earncliffe.

BEGIN AT HOME

"It has come to this," said Monsignor Biekersstaffe Drew, at the Catholic Congress, held at Plymouth, England, "that the future of Christianity in England will depend on the quality of those who make up the Catholic Church in England." The work of the clergy and teachers, in training up generations of practising, edifying Catholics, was a foremost influence in the healing of the whole country, "for it was more than anything else, State-provided denominational schools which had brought it into the land without even knowing who Jesus Christ was." While depending on clergy and teacher to further develop the minds and souls of their children, parents should never forget that theirs is the duty to give the receptive young life its first training in the knowledge and love of God. For a Catholic child to enter school without knowing its prayers used to be a reproach to Catholic parents. To-day we have very many more educated parents, and to their shame be it said, there is an increasing number of children who cannot repeat the Lord's Prayer or Hail Mary when they are old enough to enter school. "Let their mother teach them," says the busy father, who may see his children, awake, only on Sundays; and "they'll learn them soon enough," says the equally busy

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