

want me, Susie. I was afraid I was a trouble," he said tremulously. "A trouble! Why, father!" she cried, in amazed reproach.

Then the boys began to point out to their grandfather such places of interest as the parish church, a row of houses which their father owned, the baseball ground, and a corner shop where unusually good ice cream and cake could be bought; and by this time they had reached the heart of the city. Soon Mr. Swartzlander stepped the car before a large store, and, leaning over the back of his seat, he said to Mr. Kinsella:

"Father, I want you to look well at the outside of our place before we go in; and, first of all, I want you to notice our new sign. It was put up only a few days ago."

Mr. Kinsella did look at the hand-

HYPOCRISY AND RELIGION

By Osmond Braun, O. F. M.

Occasionally we happen to run across some frauds and fakes that merit our respect and even our reverence—they are men and women who succeed in hiding their piety and holiness and are by far better and more religious than they would have the world believe. As the frame of an ugly oyster sometimes conceals a precious pearl, so too, at times do we find people whose delightful hearts, soft and tender, beat beneath an exterior, rough and hard as adamant. But I am not speaking of such saints. I am only referring to such who are continually trying to be in the limelight on the path of virtue and spiritual perfection.

VARIETIES

There are different kinds of saints in this world. Some fill us with wondering because of their holiness—others amuse us with their eccentricities, and others again spoil our appetites because of their hypocrisy. These nauseating specimens of "saints" pass mere nerve than the hides of their bodies can cover. They are the ones who do more harm to the cause of religion than any infidel because they make piety and holiness odious in the eyes of non-Catholics and unbelievers. Don't mind them, ladies and gentlemen. Like the screeching of an owl in the darkness of the night, they are disagreeable but won't be able to harm your piety and saintliness provided you do not imitate them in their hypocrisy.

WHAT IT IS

What is hypocrisy? To leave the parlor of diplomatic speech and enter into the back room of plain language, it is nothing else but sanctimonious rot. It is playing the part of the wolf in sheep's clothing. It is nerve positive and gall superlative. It is an insult to your fellow-man, taking it for granted that he is too ignorant and stupid to recognize true piety and genuine virtue. Ye gods! Humbug is the real name for some people's religion.

DISROBING THE FAKE

Why is it that some pious women who go to church as regularly as they fall to prepare breakfast for their husbands in the morning, allow their visitors whom they cordially dislike to stand outside the porch trying to make them believe that nobody is at home? Why is it that with a birdlike voice they say to their callers for whom they have no more use than they have for book agents, "I am so glad to see you" whilst down in their hearts they are wishing that they would not know them from Washington's little hatched wonder all the time why the old gabbling geese do not stay at home where they belong? Why is it that when some old fellow gives a donation to any charitable institution he insists on having his name smeared around in the newspapers? Why is it that when some good brother comes along and asks you to loan him \$25 you swear by all the gods of ancient Rome, that you have not got a penny when in fact your pockets are filled with gold and silver, to say nothing of your bank account? Why is it that some pretend to host their friends, but secretly stab them in the back? If this is true religion, then there is no name in my vocabulary for hypocrisy.

A WRONG DIAGNOSIS

Some people think they have religion when in reality they have a bad case of chronic indigestion. Others again imagine themselves pious and holy as soon as they have succeeded in acquiring a bombastic expression on their faces and are able to squint angrily at their neighbors because they are enjoying themselves. Many never get through praying on Sundays, and on Mondays they never get through working their poisonous tongues to a frazzle, meaning thereby that praying is piety and gossiping merely a heart-to-heart talk. On Sundays they cultivate their faces to look as long as a turkey's neck accompanied by a weeping willow effect and the balance of the week their faces look like undercrackers in operation. I am always suspicious about the fellow who claims that he is religious and at the same time sinks around as if he had robbed a water-melon patch or just got through witnessing an execution in some death-chamber.

HYPOCRISY JUST RUNS ITS COURSE AND THEN—

No one can help admiring true piety and real religion, but the kind that puts all the fine big red cheeks apples on the top in the barrel not bethering about the quality of apples that occupy the depths of the barrel is absolute hypocrisy. For the kind of piety that is put on with the Sunday shirt I have no more respect than I'd have for a Bolshevik candidate for president on the reform ticket.

THE TEST

If you wish to know whether you are truly religious and possess genuine piety, then put to yourself this simple question: "Do I truly love God?" If you do, then you will do what He wants you to do. You will love Him not only on Sundays but also on Mondays and all the year round. If you really love God then you will keep His commandments and the laws of His Church. You will love justice and not harm your fellow-man in any way. You will subject your will and your intellect to His. You will try to accept from His hands anything that may befall you in life in a spirit of resignation to His holy will. If in all true sincerity you can say: "Yes, that is what I am continually trying to do," then you can consider yourself on the right path. The necessary in the thermometer of your life will then rise in proportion as there is love of God to heat it, and cause it to register good works which are as necessary for your religion as food is for your body.

THROUGH COLORED GLASSES

We are all conscious of the fact that we must love God in order to be truly pious and religious. There is usually no lack of education, knowledge or information; but the nigger in the woodpile of our religion is often this, that we torture and twist what is meant by love of God into love of self, and imagine that God will kindly close one eye on the whole transaction. Hypocrisy or delusion will never do. God has driven the pegs of religion, upon which to hang our faith, deeper into our hearts than mere outward show would have some believe. It would be easier for a hypocritical saint to use the face of the moon for a mask at some hallow-e'en party than to ride into heaven upon the chariot of his religion.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

CATHOLIC LEADERS

Thoughts, words, and actions make or mar a man's career. The profound thinker whose conclusions are accepted with respect, the convincing speaker on whose lips enchanted thoughts delight to hang, and the hero who achieves far-reaching results are not the consequence of a chance toss of the die. They are the natural and necessary result of reflection, of endeavor, of toil. Hence it is that, since these three words connote persevering effort, whereas the generality of men are whimsical and spasmodic in their attempts to rise above the uninteresting and inert level of drifting human existence, leaders in thought, in persuasive eloquence, and in mighty achievement are strikingly and painfully few.

In these our days, when we hear and read so much about a certain alleged "democracy," it is well to bear in mind that, outside an insignificant town meeting in some petty community, there can be no real democracy in practice, nor, despite what we or future generations live to contemplate a real democracy in actual operation. Without going far afield, there is none so dense as not to see that, owing to the greatly diversified limitations perceptible in men, a "democracy" is like a mathematical line: As soon as the senses desert it, it has infallibly fallen short of the definition.

My health, my mental ability, my occupations, my opportunities for self-improvement, and my environment are so strictly mine to the exclusion of all others that they suffice in combination to designate and distinguish me from my fellows. The bedfellow and the athlete, the dullard and the sage, the idler and the drudge, the child of nature who has known naught but a wigwam, and the voluptuary whose one rule is the life of the senses, are found repeated again and again in the list of humanity. The one common law to which they all are subject is the law of personal, national, and racial inequality. Therefore, there must be leaders of thoughts and actions.

But, I may ask with more than a show of reason, must men think for me? Must men act for me? Neither one nor the other demands an affirmative answer; yet what both imply is that I individually need guidance or tutoring of some kind for the right and proper exercise of my own powers of thought and of thought translated into words and deeds.

The history of any great movement among men, whether for weal or for woe, is invariably but the biography of a leader with an account of his success in moulding the thoughts and directing the activities of others. Lucifer raised the standard of revolt at the very gate of Heaven, in Heaven's vestibule, and a third of the

angelic hosts was swayed by his pernicious example; and the succeeding pages of the history of events are in no way unlike the first. Indeed, one's effectiveness as a leader often outlasts one's actual presence and influence. Are not the sculptors of ancient Greece the guides of the art student of the present day? And the legend which William of Orange displayed when he came over the sea to dispossess his dear father-in-law, is it not the rallying-cry of his spiritual descendants today? Leaders, therefore, there must be, and on them hangeth the well-being of the body politic.

Why is it that the wrong and the forbidden so often exhibit a glamor of attractiveness? We may answer, first, that in all wrong systems of ethics or religion or politics, there must be of necessity some great truth or something in the guise of a great truth. "There is no God but God," is a mighty truth, even it is set down as the watchword of the Mahometans. In like manner, "Hellness unto the Lord" implies a mighty truth, even if the so-called "Last-day Saints," or Mormons, make it their shibboleth.

Again, we surrender as little as possible of our freedom of action in submission to the exigencies of the social or political conditions in which we find ourselves; and consequently there is a natural tendency to push the limits of what is permissible always a little farther and thus make room for a greater degree of personal independence.

How many men are qualified to examine and pass upon deep questions of ethics or politics, and draw their own conclusions for properly laying their course? Why, if there be nothing more weighty than the candidacy of this or that individual for some petty office within the gift of the people, so very few of the electors are fit to make original investigations of the man's fitness that they depend upon their political friends to direct their choice at the polls.

From every direction, therefore, there swarm in upon us fresh arguments to prove man's need of leaders in every field of activity; and the need of such leaders, which is established by so many powerful reasons, proves in the same breath the vital importance of having honorable, dependable, conscientious leaders for upon them rests in no small measure the happiness of the people.

Whether shall we turn in quest of such leaders? A serious-minded man is swayed by principle; a shallow thinker is a mere weather-vane that coquettes with every vagrant breeze. The man of principle, therefore, is more likely to be consistent; and if his private life is in strict conformity with his publicly professed principles, his guidance commands greater submission and respect.

The Catholic has a divine foundation for his religious and moral principles; another more solid foundation, or even another equally solid foundation, no man can devise. The guiding star for the Catholic, therefore, and above all, for the leader of Catholic thought and activities, must ever be what God has made known, what God has preserved in the Church, and what the Church, commissioned of God for the work, teaches as God's revelation. Other foundation in faith and morals no Catholic may have; this foundation no Catholic may reject.

There are, however, many matters that are not, strictly speaking, within the purview of revealed truth with regard to faith and morals; they are connections rather than relations of the truths in the divine Deposit. Now, it is in just such subjects that the true leader shows himself. He knows, for long centuries have taught the lesson, that to think in harmony with the Church is the safest way to avoid any deviation from the rule of orthodoxy. Filippine remarks about "matters not of faith" may easily lead, as they have led in the past, to the flippant treatment of what is of faith. The faithful child is not he who obeys only when his father commands with red in hand.

The serious thinker is charitable towards his neighbor's mistakes and errors; but his very seriousness throws such a brilliant light on truth that he cannot be tolerant of error.

Latitudinarianism is the legitimate offspring of hazy principles and shallow thinking. A latitudinarian leader is a Pied Piper on his second trip.

How is the ideal Catholic leader to be formed? How he to ally forth into hitherto unpenetrated jungles? Is he the first to essay the task of Catholic leadership? Every age has had its great ecclesiastics and its great laymen; every nation that has known the Christian revelation has named carved high on the pillar of fame, names that represent the loftiest and purest crystallization of Catholic thought. Even in circumscribed districts, we are free to aver, there have been men who, as leaders, have animated their fellows to the achieving of high ideals. With the divinely revealed principles of religion and morals as the wings by which to rise above what is of the earth, earthy, and with those same principles represented in action in the lives of so many earnest Catholics of local or nation-wide or world-wide fame, the path of the leaders is marked out. It is for him, when duly equipped with the gifts of nature and grace, to show by precept and example, the way in which our Catholic mankind should walk. Many individuals, though insignificant in themselves need but to be captained by a sound Catholic thinker and worker and they become a tower of strength in the cause of these religious and moral principles which God has

revealed for man's present betterment and future beatitude.

HENRY J. SWIFT, S. J.

THE SACRED HEART

"If you love the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Sacrament by its own light will teach you to know and love the Sacred Heart; and the Sacred Heart will open itself, and will teach us to know its own character. We shall know all its love—the love which is from eternity to eternity; the love ineffable, divine fervor, of unspeakable human tenderness; the Love that died for us. We shall know, too, the commandment of that Love when He was about to die for us. And we shall learn not only His love, but also His patience; for He abides in the midst of us."

"He waits for you. He has waited for you from childhood and in your youth and in your manhood; in all your wanderings He has been waiting for you still, trying to draw you toward Him, that some day, at last, you may come to true repentance, and that some day before you die you may be His disciple. And in all this I see what I may call His unobtrusiveness. Friends suspect one another, they form rash judgments of one another, they are always harboring hard thoughts of each other; they draw to themselves pictures and characters of other men and seldom in their favor. How does the Sacred Heart deal with us? He knows everything that is in us, and yet He speaks to us with the same unchangeable love and the same unchangeable patience as if we were within altogether what we show ourselves without. What a perfect love, then, is this divine and human love of our Master!

"We who murmur and repine and strive and fret all the day, if anything goes wrong, call ourselves disciples of the Sacred Heart, and yet we have not as much as the will to bear the cross, much less to love it. We must learn to be forgiving, to be patient, to be severe against the least sin, not in others—we must bear with them in charity, hoping for their salvation—but in ourselves. Be as sharp as you will with yourself, and do not bear with the least in your own temper; give no impunity to yourselves or to your own fault. These are the tokens of the true disciples of the Sacred Heart."—Cardinal Manning.

"ART FOR ART'S SAKE"

Ever since so many of our modern novelists have disregarded the limitations of decency our ears have been given familiar with the plea that "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien as to be hated needs but to be seen," and consequently art in perverting the seamy side of life defends the cause of morality as eloquently and effectively as when it rebores virtue in the garb of innocence. The lines that follow those we have quoted are usually forgotten or ignored by the champions of "art for art's sake." For the objectionable fact is that such art so portrays vice as to make it seem to be less half—at least half—its grossness, with the terrible result that "Seen too oft, familiar with its face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Vice looked at in the abstract is one thing; seen in the concrete it is, or seems to be, quite another. Lying, theft, intemperance, sensuality, infidelity, all the profane terms of vice are repulsive and loathsome when analyzed and viewed in the cold, white light of reason. The normal mind cannot but condemn what is seen to be naturally and irreconcilably hostile. For vice goes against the true dignity of man, and the instinct of self-preservation warns nature against any alliance with a declared and recognized foe. But unfortunately lying, theft, intemperance and the rest never existed as abstractions, as universal ideas. They are concrete acts and are always

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So it is that vice may seem to lose half its evil by apparently losing all its grossness. A lie will serve at times to further a good project, or save us from a crushing humiliation or preclude embarrassing explanations. In such circumstances a deliberate falsehood may well seem to lose at least half its evil and all its grossness. An act of theft may put us in possession of the means we sorely need to gain an object that we crave for, and the circumstances of the deed, the time, the place and the opportunity, may be such as to make detection a practical impossibility. So, too, under the stress of an insistent and persistent temptation the inclination to allow the appetite for drink excessive satisfaction, let the results be what they may, will in the moment of trial leadly sentence as unreasonable and insensibly autocratic the command of conscience not to hearken to such a foe of nature as intemperance. Loyalty to the marriage bond, in the scorn of consequence, must ever win the admiration of the morally high-minded, and even of those by whom virtue is praised, though meanwhile she is forced to remain outside the door chilled to the bone. But for her whose fidelity entails many a bitter struggle with insidious temptations arising from within and without, the consciousness of having espoused the right will not always be accompanied by the consolation that the poets would have us believe were the dowry of the martyrs in their age.

While then it is quite true that the attractions of vice are due to its trapping and not to any beauty from within, it must not be forgotten that the trappings are there. If vice were to stalk abroad undarned with the pigments and false charms that appeal to the senses we should have, if not a staler world, at least a far less sinful one. But men are made of flesh and blood; they are not angels.

—America.



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