

live within the town limits. Why Nairnshire should be singled out in the application of the theory is not explained. In geographical position, in physical features, and in the interior economy of its residents it is not particularly unlike the counties of Inverness, Elgin and Banff, which adjoin. So that we are to that extent left in the dark as to the working out of the theory.

Mr. Green, however, goes on to show that while cancer is extremely prevalent in districts where coal (bituminous coal?) is burned, it is absent where the fuel is peat. This being so, it would be interesting to know how Ireland, which is largely a peat-burning country, is affected in regard to cancer statistics. Mr. Green does not appear to have pursued his investigations in that direction, particularly. But in the matter of fuel consumption, the inference is drawn that a fuel rich in sulphur is responsible for the prevalence of this disease. A case is cited, where, in a district burning sulphur-bearing peat, cases of cancer were found.

WHAT APPEARS to be Mr. Green's ruling contention is that where the houses of the people are built on sloping sites or in hollows the incidence is higher owing to smoke accumulation. Where there is free draught, on the other hand, the incidence falls. This, he avers, is the obvious reason why cancer should account for one death in seven in the Strand district of London, and but one death in fifty-four in Stepney. Recent work has shown that cancer is associated with the pitch and tar industries, while "chimney sweep's cancer" has been known to the medical profession for a long time. The moral is obvious: if the theory can be shown to be well-founded, an additional argument is advanced, in the judgment of our contemporary, for the rigorous enforcement of smoke consumption regulations.

IN ONE OF his lectures in Toronto last week, Dr. James J. Walsh, the distinguished New York physician and publicist, laid stress upon the fact that cancer is responsible for eighty thousand deaths every year in the United States. It would be to the general benefit if investigations along Mr. Green's lines were made as to the geographical distribution of this heavy mortality. Canada too affords an important field for such research. As yet science has made but little headway towards the understanding, much less the conquest of this dread malady. The discoverer of the great secret will take his place beside Pasteur and others of the world's greatest benefactors.

THE CHURCH AND THE UNEMPLOYED

The problem of unemployment has rightly been called a world problem. Congresses, legislatures, popular conventions of every kind are engaged with it. Mass meetings, processions and other public demonstrations give expression to the sentiments of the workless population itself in Europe as well as in America. The most pathetic of all manifestations is the sad and eager search for opportunities to work by that far greater portion of the unemployed who suffer their miseries in silence. The men who speak loudest are often the least anxious to earn their living by the labor of their hands. They seek occasions like the present to stir up discontent with the entire social order and to scatter broadcast the seeds of radicalism which will in time bear evil fruit.

Is the husbandman asleep while the enemy sows the cockle? Catholics in particular must consider it their duty to devote to this question their serious attention. Justice and charity alone will be sufficient motives. But there are still other considerations which should appeal to their zeal. Idleness is the mother of vice, and enforced idleness is only too likely to add rancor and bitterness to all other dangers.

The problem of unemployment is not local or temporary. It is universal and chronic. At the first International Unemployment Congress which met at Ghent in September, 1913, 16 nations were represented. In our own country, at the first National Conference on Unemployment, held at New York on February 27, delegates from 25 States of the Union were assembled. Peculiarly significant was the fact that in spite of the great popular demonstration which had marked this year the speakers at the convention could not agree "whether the present unemployment situation is acute or normal." To give point to their discussion we need only refer to the census figures for 1900. We will find that of all workers over ten years of age engaged in remunerative occupations, 6,468,965 were out of work for at least a portion of that year. For the male workers alone these periods of unemployment ranged from four to

six months in no fewer than 2,069,546 cases.

It is plain, therefore, that we are confronted with a great problem. It would be puerile to think that it can be solved after the manner of the L. W. W. by invading churches. Their supreme purpose was to advertise their revolutionary organization. Some Protestant clergymen have not failed to throw out innuendoes at the action of the priests on that recent winter's night when an army of the unemployed, under the leadership of the L. W. W., broke into St. Alphonsus' Church, in New York, while the faithful were kneeling in worship before the Blessed Sacrament.

Whatever opinion a believing Protestant may have regarding his house of prayer, and the propriety of converting it into a dormitory for men of all creeds and none, and for such as even enter with the words of blasphemy upon their lips, the attitude which must be assumed by the Catholic priesthood is plain. They know with a certainty of faith, surpassing all human evidence, that they stand in the living presence of Christ abiding in the sacred tabernacle. He invites all who are burdened and heavily laden to come to Him. It is His supreme joy to see the poor gathered about Him here where He holds His court amid the unseen splendors of adoring angels. Certainly it was not with a spirit becoming this infinitely sacred Presence that the shouting crowds, who had refused the municipal hospitality, burst open the doors of the church and rudely brushed against the frightened women kneeling in the pews. Many had nothing but insult for that Incomprehensible Sanctity before which Moses was bidden to unbind the sandals of his feet, for the place on which he stood was hallowed ground. A Catholic with the least instinct of Catholicity would have sought shelter under any covert rather than have intruded with such company into the sanctuary of God, where the poorest are indeed the most welcome, but where angels are unworthy to tread. Is it a wonder that Catholic priests would lay down their lives rather than permit such a desecration?

Yet the Church loves the poor more truly than the world can ever love them. Pagan civilization was not concerned for them. Whatever true charity there exists to-day was kindled at her hearth. It is to this that men must return if pauperism is ever to disappear. It is an evil which never found any place under her dispensation and wherever her influence was felt. Neither would she hesitate now, if no other refuge could be found—as in fact is not the case—and all due reverence be observed, to throw open her churches. The Blessed Sacrament could be removed. No other institution has done for the poor all that she has done and still is doing. Where have the world's castaways and unemployed found safer refuge than in her convents of the Good Shepherd and among her Little Sisters of the Poor? Yet these are only two of her countless orders devoted to the needs of suffering humanity.

Had her voice been heeded in the past the problem of unemployment would not exist to-day. It is the inevitable consequence of economic principles of which she has never approved and never can approve. On the other hand, this problem is not the necessary result, as we are often told, either of modern inventions or of modern methods of living. Justice and charity are compatible with every stage of industrial progress. Were her Sunday rest observed religiously, were her holidays of obligation in force at the end of the ages of faith, were the home preserved in its integrity and not replaced to such an extent by factory and shop, were senseless excesses and expenditures avoided and the law of brotherhood and Christian solidarity obeyed in the spirit of her teaching, there would be work and bread for all to-day. Charity would supply in the love of Christ for whatever might still be wanting in times of private or public distress. There would be less display, there would be fewer fortunes made, but the happiness of the people would increase a thousandfold. There would be a place neither for Liberalism nor Socialism in such a world.

But we must take conditions as we find them. Ideal they can never be. Original sin is a fact which the world may try to ignore, but whose consequences it must always feel. As Catholics every social problem is of interest to us, and the problem of unemployment not least of all. Our Lord Himself, we may well suppose, had suffered bitterly from it.

What Catholic does not feel the gentle touch of grateful pity when he contemplates the Flight into Egypt? How the heart of Joseph sank as with Mother and Child he hastened in the night, through the silent moon-lit streets of Bethlehem, at the angel's warning! He looked to God's Providence alone to find a living for those most dear to him. But it was not in the ruling of that Providence to remove the suffering which should be so meritorious for him and in which Christ and Mary were to have so large a part, the blessings of which we were all to share. We can picture him humbled and abashed, perhaps penniless and breadless, seeking for work in a pagan city from people of an alien tongue. There was no pang of that royal, faithful heart in which Christ and Mary did not bear their bitter yet their happy part. They were winning even then the special graces of patience and of sanctification for those multitudes of the unemployed through all the ages who would thereafter suffer in union with them.

While therefore the spirit of resignation is the spirit of Christ, yet it does not free us from the duty of relieving to the utmost in our power the human miseries of the present life. In striving to solve the problem of unemployment our Catholic brethren in other lands are setting us a glorious example. Even in our own country Catholics are not wanting who stand foremost in the work of solving this momentous question. The principles and methods which may be applied in this important task we shall consider in another article.—Joseph Husslein, S. J., in America.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY

RELIC OF THE DAYS WHEN ENGLAND WAS A CATHOLIC COUNTRY—ITS GLORIOUS TRADITIONS

Members of the Devon Antiquarian Society visited Glastonbury Abbey, England, some time ago. After a general study of the extensive ruins and the portions laid bare during recent excavations, they were met by Mr. F. Bligh Bond, who had consented to give an account of the fabric and of the work being carried out to preserve the more precarious portions, and the light thrown on the connection of the various sections during the excavations, now being made under Mr. Bond's direction. The portions especially touched on were, commencing at the west end, St. Joseph's Chapel, with its rich treatment of transitional works.

CHURCH OF WOOD AND WATILES

It was suggested that this building succeeded an early church built of wood and wattle, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Joseph, and that the great work of permanent restoration was begun in 1184. Abbot Benedict began building the Monks' Church beyond St. Joseph's eastward for 223 feet, up to the east wall of the transepts, and this portion was continued for 154 feet to the end of the retro-choir, occupying two-thirds the length of the present choir, which was further extended in the fourteenth century.

At this juncture Mr. Bond described the difficulty in solving the problem of the position and extent of the north porch. All doubt, however, was set at rest by the results of the excavations, for some 8 or 10 feet below the surface most massive foundations were encountered, portions with examples of splendid cut masonry, which clearly corroborated the plan propounded many years previously by that distinguished archaeologist, Professor Willis, William of Worcester described this north porch, and his description coincided with the outline as now traced.

THE BELL TOWER

A bell tower stood, presumably, over the north end of this long porch, extending 45 feet to the north—a unique arrangement, and comparative with Chichester Cathedral and the smaller examples at Burton. Some exquisite remains of early moulded bands and bases of Purbeck marble, dating 1230-40, were near this porch. Later in the history of the Abbey a crypt was formed under St. Joseph's Chapel, with a well, the history of which was not known. A former owner appeared to have done his best to ruin this chapel, one of the most ornate and stately examples of the period. The removal of portions for utilitarian in buildings of the neighborhood and even for road materials, had caused the arches and walls to become distorted—in one case a buttress leaned over quite 8 inches. Powder was used to destroy the west end of this famous chapel, with the loss of one of the turrets and the destruction of other valuable features. The Monks' Church had fine western towers and a central tower, besides the conjectural bell tower over the north porch.

THE CHOIR

The choir was begun four or five years later than the neighboring structure of Wells Cathedral, yet this building retained its work in the Transition style from the Norman, while that at Wells was distinctly Early English. Little was known as yet of the Lady Chapel beyond the general outline, except that, like the transepts, its foot level was considerably above the western portions. This Lady Chapel formerly occupied a part of the choir, and beyond it, eastward, there was the Edgar Chapel, of great length, with an apsidal termination, apparently chosen as the most honored situation. The excavations of this eastern portion proved the correctness of the length of the whole structure—viz. 580 feet, as given by the antiquary Hearn, in the seventeenth century, and exactly determined the limit of the apsidal end as built by Abbot Whiting. Mr. Bond pointed out the elaborate provision made for draining the sub structure by water channels, still preserved in good order.

THE CLOISTERS

The cloisters next received attention. Situated as usual, on the south side of the church, they had the Chapter House, of rectangular plan, on the east end, the doorway being still in evidence of the fourteenth century—the work of Abbot Mornington, 1342-1374, and Abbot Chinnock, 1374-1420. The slype and dormitory approach were also here. The capacious cellars occupied the south side of the cloisters and the refectory, with the monks' kitchen, and from this spot the more capacious and ornate kitchen of the Abbot was seen in the distance to the southeast.

Mr. Bond's description terminated at the west end of the Galilee and St.

Joseph's Chapel, where excavations had revealed a chapel to St. Dunstan, apparently about 20 feet by 16 feet internally, and which, it was thought, was elevated on arches, so that the pilgrims might pass under it in procession.

GLORIOUS TRADITION

The legendary visit of St. Joseph of Arimathea and the Arthurian romances were indefinite until Geoffrey of Monmouth, in the seventh century, brought them into English history, but surer ground was reached in the history of this great and world-famed Abbey in the Charter of King Ine, who in 888, on the advice of Alhelm, afterwards Bishop of Sherborne, built and endowed a monastery here.

With glorious traditions, through the times down to 1539, when the monastery was dissolved, it remained the only structure of this kind that had not been despoiled, and the sad chapter of its history closed with the unjustifiable execution of Abbot Whiting, a scholar and a divine, who had been nominated as Abbot by Cardinal Wolsey, and had even conformed to the law by taking the required oath, making his indictment inexcusable, and his execution what has been described as the "blackest page in the Reformation."

FATHER HEALY

About this priestly "lord among wits," as Doctor Johnson would have called him, they tell the following story: Once while dining at a house in London, the Irish priest was being very openly patronized by a prelate of the Anglican Church who made the obtuse and impolite remark that he had been sixty years in this world without being able to discover the difference between a bad Protestant and a good Catholic. "Faith," came the swift retort, "you won't be sixty seconds in the next world before you'll find out all about it."

On another occasion the formidable wit was dining at Corless's famous oyster shop in London, when its Irish proprietor drew the priest's attention to the fact that his daughter had recently won a prize for singing at a well-known college of music. Mr. Corless assured Father Healy that he intended to bring his daughter out on the operatic stage.

"You'll want to turn her into an oyster Patti, then," was the priest's comment.

At the time when A. J. Balfour was the English Chief Secretary in Ireland, he once met Father Healy and asked him if the people of Ireland disliked him as it was stated. "Well, Mr. Balfour," replied the priest, "if the Irish people only hated the devil half as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone."

The famous wit was about to enter a railway car at a Dublin station when, to his surprise, he found it filled with Protestant prelates most of whom were known to him. "Come in, Father Healy," said the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, "I want to ask you a question." The priest at once took a vacant seat in front of the Archbishop who went on to say that a Catholic had requested him to ordain him to the Anglican Church. "But," explained the Archbishop (Lord Plunket), "I don't know what orders to give him." "Give him the Pledge," advised Father Healy.

A vendor of cats once took a litter of kittens to the Protestant Rector's house where Father Healy happened to be dining. The kittens were refused, although their vendor guaranteed them to be "good Protestant kittens." In the same week the same merchant called at Father Healy's rectory, offering the same kittens for sale. "Why," said the priest, "these are the very kittens you offered to the Rector as good Protestant ones!" "Sure an' I did, your reverence," was the reply, "but that was before their eyes were opened."

They tell that some English hosts of the priest once asked him to attend a Ritualistic service on the ground that it was "so like the Catholic service." He replied: "I have the true diamond, do I need the paste?" On another passage through London he met a Dublin friend of his who had a habit of sticking his tongue out. "Trying to catch the English accent?" asked Father Healy innocently.

America, like most other countries of the world, was visited by Father Healy. From New York he went to Baltimore, Washington and Chicago. On hearing an American declare he could live nowhere but in Paris, the Irish priest playfully suggested that the American had become a regular Parisite.

He was pleased with Montreal and struck by Quebec, but the ocean journey proved too much of a test for even Father Healy who failed to "show up" in America as he did elsewhere.

In 1880 (according to the story told by Father Healy himself) he met Burnand, the editor of Punch, who in those days had not yet become a Catholic. In years afterwards Father Healy told the story of Burnand's conversion to the Catholic faith, as the editor of Punch had himself told it to the Irish priest. Burnand had picked up at a cheap bookseller's the "Confessions of St. Augustine," and thinking he was likely to find in this work suggestions for a parody, took it to his office and began reading. A friend of his, an Anglican Bishop, was shown into the editorial room, and Burnand put down the book. The Bishop concluded that the editor was turning towards Rome, and asked Burnand if he had really considered

the step he was about to take. "Certainly, I have," replied Burnand, who fancied the Bishop alluded to his projected parody. "Well," replied the prelate, "come to me to-morrow and I will give you reasons against it."

Burnand accordingly went and the Bishop explained the Anglican attitude to him. "Now," the prelate concluded, "I will show you what the Roman position is." Burnand thanked him, but said he thought it would be better for him to see Cardinal Newman for the "Roman position," and having seen the Cardinal his course was decided. This is the story as told by Father Healy.—Freeman's Journal.

"WHITE LIST" OF PLAYS PUBLISHED

CATHOLIC THEATRE MOVEMENT ISSUES CATALOG OF CLEAN MODERN DRAMA

About a year ago, at Cardinal Farley's earnest desire the Catholic Theatre Movement was inaugurated. Since that time a "White List" of plays has been selected and thousands of people from all parts of the country have signified their intention to patronize only those dramas placed upon such a list. The making of this clean catalog of plays is based upon the fact that "it is accident fully as often as design that takes people to performances of a degrading character."

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION

A play is admitted to the "White" List if it fulfills the following conditions:

A play must not, with regard to morals, occupy debatable ground. There should be a general agreement that a play is clean and wholesome.

The appeal should be simple and universal. The play should be fit for theatregoers of all ages, and suited to varied tastes.

This too was stipulated: that the choice of plays should be made with due regard to practicability, and that counsels of perfection should not be insisted upon.

A "WHITE" LIST OF PLAYS

Admirable Christion. Alabama. Alias Jimmy Valentine. Along Came Ruth. The Amazons. The Auctioneer. Arizona. Barbara Frietchie. The Bells. Ben Hur. Brewster's Millions. Broadway Jones. Broken Hearts. Brown of Harvard. Bunty Pulls the Strings. Caste. The Cavalier. Classmates. The College Widow. Confession. The County Chairman. The Crisis. Cyrano de Bergerac. David Garrick. Diplomacy. D'Ireland. Duke of Killarney. Everyman. Everywoman. Father and the Boys. The Fortune. Hunter The Five Frankforters. A Gentleman from Mississippi. The Girl I Left Behind Me. The Girl of the Golden West. The Ghost Breaker. The Gringoire. Lady. A Grand Army Man. Grumpy. Grumpy. Held by the Enemy. The House Next Door. Jack Straw. The Jilt. Jim the Penman. King Renee's Daughter. L'Aiglon. The Legend of Leonora. Liberty Hall. The Lion and the Mouse. The Little Minister. The Little Princess. The Little Women. The Little Rebel. The Lost Paradise. The Man from Home. Marks and Faces. Merely Mary Ann. A Message from Mars. Mice and Men. The Middleman. Milestones. The Mollusc. Monsieur Beauchamp. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. The Music Master. Nathan Hale. The New Henrietta. Officer 666. Old Homestead. The Only Way. Ours. A Pair of Sixes. Pair of Spectacles. Passing of the Third Floor Back. Peg o' My Heart. Peter Pan. Pilate's Daughter. Polly of the Circus. Pomander Walk. The Poor Little Rich Girl. Potash and Perlmutter. Prince and Pauper. The Private Secretary. The Professor's Love Story. Pygmalion and Galatea. Quality Street. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. The Return of Peter Grimm. Richard Carvel. Rip Van Winkle. The Road to Yesterday. Les Romanesques. Rose of the Rancho. Rosemary. Rosedale. The Round-Up. A Royal Family. Salomy Jane. The Scarlet Pimpernel. School. Second in Command. Secret Service. The Senator Keeps House. Sham. Shameless Dhu. Shenandoah. The Shepherd King. Sherlock Holmes. Silver King. Shore Acres. Soldiers of Fortune. Stop Thief. Strongheart. Such a Little Queen. Sweet Kitty Bellairs. The Things That Count. The Third Degree. Too Many Cooks. Tom Pinch. Trevelyan of the Wells. The Two Orphans. The Tyranny of Tears. The Virginian. The Warrens of Virginia. Way Down East. What Every Woman Knows. When Knighthood was in Flower. The Will. The Withering Hour.

FINAL WORDS

The sponsors of the movement add these words to the publication of their list:

"In good faith, not without a sense of the delicacy and difficulty of the task, the 'White List' has been prepared, and is now submitted to the members of the Catholic Theatre Movement. It has not proven feasible to make an absolutely complete list, nor to include the very latest plays. The list, however, is comprehensive enough to form some sort of standard by which plays of inferior quality may be judged, after the personal investigation, which it is one of the purposes of The Catholic Theatre Movement to foster and encourage on the part of its members. There is no desire to shirk responsibility for sins of omission or commission, though hostile, carping criticism from unfriendly sources need not

be taken seriously. The 'White List' must be a permanent institution. The cooperation of every member and friend is solicited in keeping the list accurate and up-to-date.—Chicago New World.

SPECIAL TO THE RECORD THE EXILE

You smile at an old man's fancy, You wonder I should complain, When every want is satisfied, And I know not ache or pain; For sure the great God's good and kind, And I thank Him night and day, But can I forget Old Ireland When my thoughts are there away?

You talk of your parks and gardens, But I tell you they can't compare With a country lane in Ireland When summer is in the air. God gives of His own sweet beauty To every land, I know, But ah, you should be in Ireland Where the hawthorn hedges grow.

You boast of your asphalt pavement, 'Tis hard on an old man's feet, And never a kind "God save you" You hear in the busy streets; But the winding roads of Ireland Lead up to the throne of God, And many's the prayerful greeting They breathe in the dear old soil.

Your houses are large and spacious, And furnished with regal store, And sure in the homes of Ireland No carpets are on the floor, But there is a gem surpassing The glitter of richest gold, The Faith of the sons of Ireland Where the evening "beads" is told.

Though yours is a land of plenty, There are things that gold can't buy, The lilt of the birds in Ireland, The grey of an Irish sky, The smile on the cheerful faces, The hearts that are quick to pray, God keep you and guard you, Ireland, My heart is with you to-day.

—REV. D. A. CASEY (COLUMBA)

"PROTESTANT ULSTER"

The phrase "Protestant Ulster" has been long in use in newspapers and taken to be the truth as indicated namely, that the population of the Province mentioned is Protestant by a large majority. That the fact is far from being so, however, is shown in figures thus stated from official statistics:

Antrim and Down are the only Ulster counties which are overwhelmingly Protestant, including, as they do, Belfast. The last census showed that in these counties the numbers were:

Protestants.....587,635 Catholics.....207,685

In the other seven of the nine Ulster counties the religious proportions are returned as:

Catholics.....438,837 Protestants.....303,246

Such is "Protestant Ulster"—Catholic by a large majority in the large majority of its counties.—Freeman's Journal.

DON'T RUSH YOUR PRAYERS

Don't rush your prayers. Don't shorten or omit them on the pretext that duty calls you to some other task. The highest of all duties commands you to make ample provision for this daily communion with God. There will always be distractions. There will always be something to be done, if you permit such good things to stand between you and God. There is no economy when there is a question of useless conversation, amusements, or recreation. Hour after hour is spent with our families, friends and neighbors, but the time spent with God is, as a general rule, exceedingly brief. In the morning we are hurried. In the evening we are fatigued. The only one thing that can keep us close to God, that can keep alive the fear of sin, the one thing that can procure for us the supernatural light whereby we discern the true from the false in spiritual matters, is hurried, slurred over, and gotten through mechanically. Some morning, when we least expect it, the sun rises on our last day of life. The time is short, and we make a hurried preparation. We pray then as we never prayed before. We pour our souls in regret for the lost days and hours. We would give a million worlds for another week, another year, in which to make up for lost time. Lost time! The time that could be devoted to prayer and good works! The time that has no importance in our eyes while we are well and strong, the time that is spent in worldliness, in sin, in vain amusements, in the things that do not count in everything but the one thing useful and profitable—prayer. The world blinds us, the flesh draws us away from God; the devil always furnishes us with a pretext, and we go along through life, giving no thought to the wasted hours, and never thinking of economizing time until there is question of spending it in the things for which time was made—prayer and the love and service of God, which have their root in frequent and daily prayer.

Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent dullness. He does more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer.—Thomas Carlyle.

THE
Thornton-Smith Co.
are fully qualified
to execute the most
elaborate schemes of
**CHURCH
DECORATION**
They are responsible for the
decoration of one of the finest
churches in Montreal, a work
which, when completed, satisfied
the most exacting critics.
Correspondence invited
11 King St. West, Toronto

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer.

It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,088.20
Friend, Jarvis.....	1.00
For the Souls in Purgatory, Dunville.....	1.00
For the souls of the forfeited disaster.....	1.00
St. John's.....	2.00
In honor of the Sacred Heart.....	1.00
Ten Young Ladies, St. John's, Nfld.....	10.00
A Friend, Raymond, Ont.....	1.00
A Friend, Madison, N. S.....	1.00
A Friend, Whitney, N. B.....	1.00
In honor of St. Anthony.....	1.00
A Friend, Mabon, N. S.....	1.00
Mrs. M. E. McBride, Milton, Ont.....	1.00
A memory of Uncle.....	1.00
Wm. Lee, Regina, Sask.....	1.00
A Subscriber, Brantford.....	1.00
Frank MacDonald, New Waterford.....	1.00

LOGIC AND CONSISTENCY IN PROTESTANT NORWEGIAN

Mgr. Fallize, Apostolic Vicar of Norway, tells us the following story of a conversion, says the Missionary. "A short time after I had settled in Tromsø a Protestant of that town came to ask me this question: 'Tell me, priest, is there still a Pope in your Church?'

"Certainly, my friend! There always was and is now a Pope in Rome. The Catholic Church was never from the beginning to this very day, without her supreme shepherd, the Pope." "Then immediately receive me into your Church."

"I would be only too glad to do so; but tell me, what is it that led you so quickly to this decision?" "The matter lies in a nutshell! Luther, the founder of our religion said, as perhaps you know: 'I shall be the ruin and death of the Papacy.' Now if the Papacy still exists to-day, after three and a half centuries' elapse, it is evident that Luther told a falsehood. Yet God cannot have selected a liar either to found or to reform his Church. Therefore, Luther's work necessarily must be ineffective and unable to save souls. This is the reason why I wish to return to that Church, which Luther never should have dared to betray and forsake!"

There was logic and consistency in this Protestant Norwegian. Needless to say, he and his whole family became converts to the "Pope's Church."

THE SWEET-FACED SISTER

These are the words of Rev. Russell H. Conwell, the well known lyceum lecturer, spoken by his Protestant flock from his pulpit in Philadelphia: "I remember having been in Rome in 1868, alone without a friend, and the Roman fever upon me. I staggered back to my hotel, went up to my little room and gave myself up to the fever."

"I remember nothing of the succeeding days until I opened my eyes one morning; the sun was shining in and over me was leaning a sweet-faced Sister of the Roman Catholic Church. Her hand was upon my head, and as I looked up into that sacred face, seemingly so devoted to God, and looked into those womanly eyes so human, so spiritual, and felt the touch of that hand upon my forehead, I believed it was an angel sent from God to me."

All through the years since that Roman fever, I have dreamed frequently that I was sick again, that I lay upon that sacred face, and felt again the touch of that motherly hand. To me it was Christian. Although we differed in denomination, and though I could not approve of her Church, yet that act was Christianity pure and simple. God let His blessings come upon me and I stand in the pulpit to testify of His goodness then, in sending that Sister to care for an entire stranger, one she had never seen before, and one she has never seen since.—St. Paul Bulletin.