old, spare and white-haired. Hardships he had suffered had left their traces. His eyes were bright and his smile swift to come and go.

The missionary explained his errand briefly. He was the bearer of a little package the Sisters had sent to Mr. and Mrs. Winter. He had left Dawson City as soon as the river was navigable, but had met with many delays en route. He told what he had come to say briefly, not too precipitately, and with a sympathetic grasp of the hand he bade farewell to his hosts.

After his departure the wife returned to the parlor with her husband. Together they opened the package. It contained the crucifix that had hung by Sister Augustine's bed.

Summer passed; autumn brought its leaves to the ground, and the streets were taking on a festive ante-Christmas appearance. Business was brisk and times prosperous. John Winter, benefited by the summer vacation, felt better than he had felt for years. His nephew, Robert Deland had just made his office a visit and had told him of his engagement to "the dearest girl in the world." That was pleasant. John Winter had closed the street door after Robert and stood examining some boxes ready for shipping when this same door opened, and he turned suddenly.

"We have nothing for you this morning," he said.

His voice was gruff, almost harsh, as he took the step forward. His unwelcome visitors, the two Little Sisters, moved toward the door with murmured excuses. One was very young, and she did not lose any time. She returned to the sidewalk and awaited the older woman. Very pale, the latter walked to the doorstep. As she closed the door after her, her habit caught fast within it.

John Winter saw it. He gave a swift look toward the general office behind him. Apparently no one was watching.

Several seconds passed while his gaze remained rivited upon the black cloth in the door, then, "Why doesn't she open the door, and take it out?" he murmured, and performed that office himself. There stood the humble Sister upon the threshold, motionless, with eyes lowered and the color stealing into her pale cheeks.

"Will you come back a moment, madam?" he asked stiffy. The young Sister did not move, and showed plainly her fright of him. She was not yet accustomed to the hardships exacted of her by her vocation. The entrapped Sister followed John Winter; the other walked reluctantly behind them. They stood holding baskets within the sacred precincts of the private office.

He brought forward two chairs, but as they declined them, he stood also, and his eyes rested for the first time upon the younger Sister. Her innocent face in its fragile beauty reminded him.

"Why, she is only a child, a perfect child!" he exclaimed.

"She's twenty," the older Sister said.

"A perfect child he repeated, a look of pain crossing his face. "And you go out to beg," he said gently to the young Sister. How do you get the courage?"

"It's for God," she answered timidly. "I haven't much courage," she added.

He smiled a little. "I beg your pardon for my rudeness," he said. "I let my only daughter become a Sister—she was very little older than you when she died." The younger Sister's mobile face encouraged him to go on. "They let her nurse a horrible drunken miner up in Klondyke, way up in Alaska, you know. She drank from a glass he used and died. I never understood the circumstances. I have always felt it was someone's carelessness, not hers. I never have been able to feel anything but aversion for Catholic religious orders since."

"You say your daughter died by her own mistake?" the older Sister now inquired.

"Yes, madam; at least, so they wrote us."

"Then it was no fault of the community that she died. Besides, she had given herself to God. What mattered it whether she went soon or late?"

"But what of us, her father and mother?"

"'He that loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.' You know who said that. She died at her post. She might have died at home, or might have married and left you and died. Sir, I hope you will see this differently in time."

"What was your daughter's name?" the younger Sister asked softly.

"Mary — Mary Winter. They called her Sister Augustine."

"Oh," the young Sister cried out, "was it Mary? I went to school with her. Oh, sir, I know how you must feel to lose any one so beautiful and good as Mary." The tears coursed down her cheeks. It was the needed human touch.

John Winter put out his arm as though he would caress her, but he remembered, and his hand fell to his side.

"What is your name?" he asked.

She told him. The name was one familiar to his ears in the days of Mary's school days, yet he had never seen the owner of it. A mist obscured his sight, and he felt the old weakness, but the flush and the hatred had gone.

"Then you are not apathetic members of an apathetic system? You can feel for individuals?"

"Sir?"

"He saw the puzzled look on the young Sister's clear brow. The older one understood, however.

"There are no abstractions in the religious life," she answered, with impressive dignity. "As Christ hung on the cross to save you, or to save me, and would have hung there for you or for me alone, so each soul is dear to us in Him. The drunkard needed your daughter—"

He raised his hand. The gesture stopped her. He was not angry, but he could not bear the thought her words implied.

"Wait, please." He took a generous note from his pocketbook, gave it to the older Sister. "My wife will be to see you," he said. "There's a young nephew of mine, Robert Deland, whose mother is a friend of yours. My wife will be, too. She is now, indeed, but she doesn't talk much to me, knowing," he colored, "how I feel." His eyes again sought the pure young face. "How I felt," he corrected himself.

"You will never know what you have done for me," he said, looking at her tenderly, as he would have looked at Mary. "And you, too," he continued to the older Sister; "and I hope you will not remember anything about the way I greeted you."

He escorted them to the door and held it open until they disappeared.

The whistle blew for midday, and he put on his hat and overcoat.

"I'll not be back this afternoon," he said to the head bookkeeper; then to himself he added: "Yes, I think I'd better go home and have a talk with Mary."—Florence Selby Barrett in the Colored Harvest.

THE GOODNESS OF THE MASTER

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary

I had come from a visit to the city, where I found a young clerical friend about leaving for the West to regain his lost health. I was grieved; for his zeal and usefulness were unbounded, and the few years he had spent in the ministry gave promise of an apostolate worthy of a hero of Christ.

While I was with him, I could not but be impressed with his cheerful optimism, which rode down all the appearances that were against him. He was determined to get well and return to his work.

My heart misgave me as he told me he had been chaplain to the City Pest House and the Tuberculosis Hospital.

He had labored untiringly and without a thought of danger, and with the assurance that he was taking all possible care against infection, that he was immune.

Suddenly he awoke to the fact of the approach of the insidious "white plague." Instantly this Bishop had ordered him to Colorado where, physicians declared, he might shut off the danger and recover what he had lost. A new volunteer was appointed in his place and my young friend was relieved of the fear that his dear patients might be neglected.

I looked at him with dubious eyes; he was pale and frail, and now and then a tell-tale cough was in evidence. But he had youth and hope, and with a silent prayer I encouraged him. Heroes are scarce in this selfish world! and here was surely one!

Before we parted he told me of an experience he had just had. I could find no greater incentive to trust in the Heart of Christ than the story which fell from his lips! Let me quote the young priest's words:

Father Alexander, he said, I have had some strange experiences in the Pest House and Consumptives' Hospital, but this one happened only a week or two ago and is still fresh in my memory.

I was called to the 'phone by one of the nurses at the Pest House. A smallpox patient, a Catholic, was very low and had not received the sacraments.

I instantly changed my clothes, took the usual precautions and went to the church, where I placed the Sacred Host in my pyx and started for the hospital. When I arrived there I went at once to the patient, who was perfectly conscious but had every appearance of a dying man. I heard his confession, exhorted him to patience and resignation, and told him I would give him the Holy Viaticum and then extreme unction. He was calm and resigned. When the table was prepared and I opened my pyx I found to my amazement there were two Sacred Hosts quite detached from each other. Now I was positive I had only taken one from the tabernacle at home; I was absolutely sure of it. There was no sign of there having adhered to each other. Both were quite perfect and it seemed impossible they could have been lifted from the ciborium together.

I was considerably distracted, and it took me several seconds to collect myself and administer the sacraments to the poor dying man. I did so, however, and when I gave the final blessing to the poor fellow he seemed to have but a few hours to live.

I was disturbed over the presence of the second sacred Particle that remained in the pyx, and I asked the nurse if there was any other Catholic in the house.

"No, father," was the reply; "there is no one else."

I turned to leave the hospital and had reached the door. As I was about passing through, the porter who opened it said:

"Did you see the new patient who was brought in last night, father?"

"Why, no," I replied. "Is he a Catholic?"

"Nobody knows what he is, for he has never spoken. But he doesn't look like a Catholic; he was fixed up too fine! He isn't a poor man, that's sure," and the man smiled.

I was about to go on when some impulse arrested me.

"I'll see about him," I said in a low voice, for I carried the sacred pyx.

I went to the office and inquired. I learned that a strange man, a gentleman by his dress, was brought there quite insensible. He had been picked up in the street, and lookers-on, judging from his inflamed face, thought he was intoxicated. An examination by medical experts at the police station proved that it was a developed case of smallpox, with high fever. At once everybody drew back and he was hustled into the pesthouse ambulance and hurried off. He had a valuable watch and a diamond pin, plenty of money and his clothes were of the best material, but there were no papers—nothing that could as yet identify him. He had not spoken or unclosed his eyes since he came.

"And father," said the office man, "they say he is an awful sight. You wouldn't know whether he was a white man or a negro; it is the worst form of black smallpox!"

"I must see him," I said.

"I don't think there is much use," said the clerk. "No one knows anything about him, and as he is entirely unconscious you can't give him religious rites, for there is no mark of religion about him!"

The impulse within me was too strong to resist. "I want to see to him," I persisted.

"All right, father; just as you say!" and he led the way down the corridor with its pungent smell of iodoform, and pointed to a closed door. "In there, father."

I knew the place. It led to a room where hopeless cases lay, never again to see the outside world.

I opened the door of the passage and found the room. The door was ajar. The light was dim, but I could see the man was alone. He was breathing heavily. The nurse was pacing the hallway.

The patient was a terrible sight! His face was so swollen it was hardly human and in the dim light would not be recognized by his closest friend. I stood by the bed. There was no sign of life save the heavy breathing.

"My friend," I said in a distinct voice, "I am a Catholic priest. Are you a Catholic?"

With a quick flutter the eyelids moved, there was a flash of intelligence and they dropped shut. Just then the orderly entered and said respectfully:

"Father, he is unconscious. He will die in this stupor; the doctors say there is not the slightest hope!" I motioned him away.

"My dear friend," I said to the patient, "I think you are conscious; if you understand me, and wish to go to confession and Holy Communion, I have the blessed Sacrament with me. Let me know by pressing my hand," and I took the swollen hand in mine. Instantly I felt a strong pressure. I turned to the orderly.

"The man is speechless, but he is conscious," I said, "and I mean to hear his confession; stay outside till I call you."

The orderly gave me an incredulous look, but obeyed and closed the door.

I began by telling the poor sufferer I would make his confession and he must press my hand. It was touching, and almost drew tears from my eyes, the effort he made to respond. I was perfectly satisfied. When I told him I had our Lord with me, he tried to extend his poor swollen tongue to prove to me his desire to receive Holy Communion, and when I gave him the Blessed Sacrament, a great tear rolled down his face. There was a glass of water near, and I assisted him with spoonfuls, to swallow the Sacred Particle. When he did so I anointed him, scarcely finding a healthy spot for the holy oil.

All this time his eyes spoke the most pitiful language ever seen in a human face.

My feelings almost overcame me, I never thought of contagion. I gave every consolation of the Church, to this poor, speechless, disfigured Christian, and left with the conviction that another soul would soon be in Paradise. I knew now the destination of the second sacred host, so strangely placed in my pyx.

When I returned to the rectory I changed my clothes and bathed, while my mind still ran on the strange circumstance.

Next day the telephone rang about noon. It was from the Pest House. "Father," said the office man. "I thought you would like to hear about the stranger you saw yesterday.

"He was a respectable man—a man of property from—His friends were almost crazy when they heard he was here. He was a good Catholic and went to his duty every week. They said he often told them he prayed every day he might not die without the priest.

"When we told him you were with him, they wept with gratitude. He died an hour after you left. The remains were sealed in a lead casket and they sent a special hearse for them just now. I thought you would like to know about it," said the clerk.

"Thank you," I said, "and what about the man I was sent for."

"Oh," he is better. He will get well," was the reply.

I hung up the receiver. How strange it seemed. That good man, lying helpless, speechless and unknown, dying of a dread disease, and yet passing into eternity with all the helps of holy church. The Sacraments administered by a priest, who did not know of his existence until the marvelous and puzzling appearance of a second host in his pyx impelled him to seek him out.

Oh, Heart of Christ, how could we fail to trust in Thee!

* * * * *

The young priest paused. We were both touched. I grasped his hand.

"God-speed your journey," I murmured. "Come back, well! We need you!"

RELIGIOUS ARCHITECTURE

PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY SECOND EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS, HELD AT MONTREAL, SEPT. 10, 1910

My Lords and Gentleman: Religious architecture has in all times exercised a preponderant influence upon Art. Its history is, so as to speak, blended with that of the Fine Arts. The ruins of the Parthenon, the Pantheon of Agrippa, the cathedrals of Paris, of Chartres, of Rheims, of Cologne, St. Peter's Basilica at Rome, shall ever remain sentinelled at the turning point of history as the triumphs of that Art which the poet has so beautifully surnamed the King of Fine Arts. Moreover religion gives to the artists of every century the most lofty ideal, and is pleased when the work is accomplished, to cast upon it a reflection of her own immortality.

But if there is a temple to which the Beautiful must shine in the harmony of the lines and the splendor of the adornments, it is surely the Catholic temple, destined to shelter God himself, hidden beneath the mysterious veils of Holy Eucharist. In a Catholic country the churches are nothing else than the act of faith, the permanent, visible, social act of faith of the people in the adorable Presence of Christ in the Sacrament of His love. Let me ask you, my lords and gentlemen, who has built these numerous churches and chapels which bejewell our vast territory, and chant our faith in the Holy Eucharist from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the shores of our great lakes to the glaciers of the north. Is it the munificence of millionaires, the wealth of the State? No; it is the money of the people; and the money of the people is the sweat of their brow, the work of their arms, the blood of their veins, the brightness of their mind, a particle of their life. Here as in Europe the people have become the guardians of the good God because they believe in the Real Presence of Christ in the Most Holy Eucharist. The city of Mary especially is the city of Holy Eucharist. Yes, the faith of the de Maisonneuves, of the Dollards, of the Bourgeois, of all the heroes and heroines of our national infancy, is as it were, crystallized in the numerous Catholic temples which have won for metropolis the beautiful name of "City of the Churches."

If faith in the Eucharist is the reason of the existence of our churches, this Sacrament of our altars itself is the inspiration of their beauty. We wish that the shelter which we give to God on earth shall be beautiful, grand, magnificent, so that as Father Sertillange, O. P. says: "the dwelling place reveals the host." The Sacrament of Holy Eucharist has therefore made the Catholic temple the artistic synthesis par excellence,' the most complete expression and the most august triumph of Art. The ages of faith have been the ages of the triumphs of Christian architecture.

Moreover the lofty arches and the magnificent naves of the Gothic cathedrals were necessary to afford fulness in intoning and chanting the "Lauda Sion," and the "Sacris Solemnis" of the singer of the Eucharist.

In Canada perhaps more than elsewhere, the people love their Church, and in order to see it spacious and grand they make the greatest sacrifices. Even in the most remote country places may be seen churches whose imposing proportions strike the eye of the observer with astonishment. It is true we have not, as in Europe, the benefit of the past. We do not perceive rising in the centre of our cities those ancient cathedrals which the centuries themselves have respected, and whose sole presence would be a reproach to what I would willingly call "modernism" in religious architecture, and an invitation to us to be more inspired by the true traditions of sacred art. The want of monuments and of the artistic traditions which are naturally attached to them, the youth of our country, the exigencies of its first hours, the rigor of its climate, have not permitted us as perhaps we would have wished, to explore the vast domain of religious architecture, and to profit by its immense wealth. It is thus a joy for us to take advantage of this Congress, the first Eucharistic Congress on American soil, to labor together for the advancement of a work so essentially Eucharistic, to profit by the light and experience of our friends from beyond the seas, and thereby to become as in the middle ages, the worthy guardians of the "good God."

To expose the general principles of Christian architecture, to suggest a few means of action to render our churches beautiful and practical, in a word, to unite theory to practice, such is my happy fortune. I say happy, for I bring my humble assistance to the glorification of the Holy Eucharist, and I hope that the grandeur of the subject will atone for the feebleness of its reporter.

St. Thomas Aquinas has given Art a vast field of action when he says that an object is more beautiful as its form shows more clearly and more perfectly its nature, its destiny, and its preponderant qualities. In truth, the thought governs every architectural conception, and the more this master thought reigns in the ensemble of the lines and is found in the details of the edifice, the more beautiful is this edifice, the more does it speak to our intelligence, the more does it capture our admiration. Thus, a town hall, worthy of the name, tells the stranger the opulence and civic pride of the place. The palace of justice inspires respect of the Law, the imposing banks and business institutions speak of the wealth and activity of commerce.

A church in order to be truly beautiful must also express in its architecture the idea of a temple, that is, the abode of the Divine Majesty, the sanctuary of prayer. The grandeur and immensity of God, the love and condescension of our Divine Redeemer, the confidence and prayer of man, the joys and hopes of salvation, the sorrows and combats of earth, all these, my lords and gentlemen, must be, so as to speak, stamped upon that mass of stone, that union of forms and lines, in which the mind of the architect has brought forth the ideal of a temple. The more the artist makes the stone speak and take possession of our soul by the elevation and the harmony of the lines, the more does he give us the impression of beauty, calm, dignified, and I would say, to a certain degree, austere, and the more also, is his architecture religious. One must in entering a church, be able to say what Napoleon the First said when passing the threshold of the Cathedral of Chartres. "Oh! how uneasy an atheist must feel here."

Why is a church built? In order to pray therein. All, then, must promote recollection and sentiments of piety. The exterior itself must be an invitation to prayer.

Unhappily, as we have elsewhere stated, many of our "beautiful" churches are of that style which we would willingly call the drawing-room, or theatrical style. They are beautiful, they are rich, they are even costly, but they are not of the beauty which suits the house of God. They are brilliant fantasies. To borrow the language of the sarcastic Boilleau, we are scarcely able to count the circles and the ovals of the ceiling; they are nothing but festoons and astrigals. The principal lines are buried in an abundance of detail. The emblems multiplied to excess, the numberless ornaments conceal the leading thought of the architect.

Is it our wish, my lords and gentlemen, to make our churches the worthy abode of the Majesty of God, the sanctury of prayer? Then, let us remain faithful to the laws of religious architecture, of Christian art. Let us place the beauty of the sacred edifice, not in a multiplicity of ornaments, but in the architectural lines. Let these lines dominate everywhere, let them be brought out with force, amplitude and clearness. Let us respect even in the most minute detail the laws of the adopted style. We practice, alas, too often, a false eclecticism. This Gothic church will have a Roman vestibule; this Roman church will be filled with Renaissance ornaments. The Ogee alone does not constitute the Gothic style, nor the full arch, the Roman. These styles have their characteristics which are at the same time their strength and their beauty. An architect who swerves from them under pretext of originality is often apt to fall into the absurd. How many ornaments, how many consoles, how many pilasters, how many columns in certain churches have not an architectural role? The wide, the reasonable interpretation of the fundamentals of each style, that is the source of true originality and of architectural beauty. We do not ask that our churches be archaeological reproductions or that our architects construct mere imitations of the thirteenth century, or of classicism.

No; what we suggest is a unity of style which does not excuse originality from the architectural composition. As a proof of what I adduce, is there, I ask you, a greater variety in unity, than that which is presented to us by the long and interesting series of cathedrals and chapels of the Middle Ages. And since we now speak of mediaeval, religious architecture, why do we not, in certain regions, give it the preference. Is not the Gothic style Christian art in its highest and most perfect expression? The sole fact of it being the product of Christian thought gives it this right to supremacy. Moreover, from the architectural point of view, there is no style more logical, more sincere, more true. Its grace and beauty is always a form of the useful. Therefore, the thought of the artist is expressed in breaking away as much as possible from the embrace of matter.

It does not come within our scope to give the history and the apology of Gothic architecture. Nevertheless we wished to bring it into relief in order to combat the prejudices which exist in certain localities against that form of architecture, preeminently Christian.

Decoration and furniture are necessary complements of architecture. "The architect," as Father Sertillange, O. P. truly says, "rears the edifice; the sculptor gives life to its rigid frame; the painting adds splendor; whether it breaks forth in the windows, whether it adorns, upholds, divides the architectural plans, whether it elevates with its brightness a light too uniform or too gloomy, whether finally it hangs upon the walls or stretches as a veil covering the nudity of the surfaces, over the panoply of the isolated curtains or the ample dress of the frescoes." Architecture, as we stated at the outset, is the "King of Fine Arts." Respect for that royalty is the first condition of success in the fruitful collaboration of the sculptor, the painter and the decorating artist. All the arts in the Christian temple, must join hands, must keep their respective rank, and concur each in its sphere, to the general effect. The window, therefore, will not be a picture painted on glass, but a real, translucent mosaic, in harmony with the architectural characteristics of the church whose precious ornament it is justly called. Let us not permit the decorator to paint a number of ornaments more suitable to the drawing-room or the vestibule than the temple. Let us not give place to those altars filled with columns and consoles, and adorned with mirrors and colored glasses.

Let us superintend each detail of the furniture, such as seats, confessional boxes, pulpit, in order that everything may be stamped with art, and may be in perfect unison with the style of the church. Let the ornaments, sacred vessels, candle sticks, crucifix, holy images, be marked not with a vile mercantilism, but with sacred art. Let us reject from the temple those commercial products which reduce the most holy and beautiful objects of our religion to commonplace vulgarities.

If from the serene regions of the ideal we descend to real practice, we shall quickly perceive that in architecture as well as anything else, we must consult circumstances. The financial state, the necessities of the worship, the rigors and caprices of our climate, the topography of the place,—these, in truth, are so many important factors which must be counted in the construction of a church. Let us, nevertheless, remember that art is not initiative and that it can be perfectly conciliated with necessity and utility. Architecture is pre-eminently the practical art, and its beauty accommodates itself to every necessity. Nevertheless, let us not sacrifice to the utility of a few, the architectural beauty of a temple as is the case in the churches where under pretext that the altar must be seen by all, the columns were suppressed, thus lending to the temple the aspect of a railway station or an auditorium. The limits of this report does not permit us to insist at more length on those essentially varying circumstances.

Considering that the glory of the Holy Eucharist is intimately connected with the diffusion of the true principles of sacred art; considering that in order to rear beautiful and practical churches it is necessary to know and apply these principles, this Congress give forth the wish; that

1. To establish in the Grand Seminaries a course of Archeology and of Sacred Art, therein to give a series of lectures on sacred architecture in order to render the priests who must direct the construction or the restoration of our churches, able and competent.

2. To found in every diocese a permanent committee of competent men to examine from an artistic standpoint the plans of new churches.

3. To patronize the production and the diffusion of works of religious art, truly artistic.

G. Daly, C. SS. R.

Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Beware, Parents!

Blessed be the Catholic families that scorn to admit within their home on Sundays the so-called "Sunday newspaper!" What a contrast to the holiness and peace that should attend the Lord's Day in our households is that voluminous sheet, with its gossip about games, and fashions, and "society," etc., etc., etc. Is it any wonder that memories, overburdened with the names of leaders of fashion and winners of football contests, have no room left for the names and annals of the saints, and have even lost the taste for hearing about the saints? Is it any wonder that young people grow up into frivolous and foolish men and women, when their Sunday reading consists of such degrading food as the so-called, "Sunday paper" contains?—S. H. Review.

LAXITY IN MORALS

NON-CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY LIFE DECLARED TO BE BAD

At a meeting of the western section of the Northern Illinois Teachers' Association, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, Massachusetts, made the following statement: "Reports from thirty of our oldest colleges indicate that the moral conditions of the students in most of our universities is indescribable. This condition exists more in the east than through this section."

This is a fair arraignment of the sort of education given to thousands of young Americans. Instruction of the mind is the end and all of non-Catholic colleges. The heart and soul are rarely considered. Coming as the statement does from such an educator as Dr. Hall, it merits strong attention.

There has always been more or less reason to believe that life led by young men in the secular universities has not squared with Christian conduct. Removed from the restraining influences of home and answerable to the college authorities for their conduct only during recitation time, it is little wonder that young fellows find fertile opportunities to sow wild oats. And when we taken into consideration that most of the youths who attend non-Catholic colleges and universities have no settled form of religious belief, the wonder is that any of them escape a life of license.

The Catholic boy, therefore, who is thrown into such an atmosphere can not escape its vitiating odor. His character must be pretty strongly developed, his moral sense the finest and his will power the firmest, if he would go through four years of college life in a non-Catholic institution and preserve his morals untainted. Is it fair to ask young men raw and untried to become paragons of virtue as soon as they leave the high school? Can we blame them if they go far astray when college officials disclaim responsibility for their conduct?

If Dr. Hall had asked for reports from any number of our Catholic colleges, he would have received replies that would have delighted his heart. Not that all boys in Catholic colleges are angels, nor that the Catholic college can make over and turn into saints young fellows who had been allowed at home to act pretty much as they please; but the example of what religion does for men is exemplified in the lives of their professors, and the constant urging to better things, which is poured out in the Christian doctrine classes and from the pulpit, must touch a young fellow's moral sense and direct it right. Add to this the disciplinary regulations enforced in all our Catholic colleges, rules are founded on the right government of the young men in their own homes, and you have an ideal code for conduct in youth to be found in every Catholic college in the land. At the University of Notre Dame, for instance, there is a rule which prohibits the introduction of intoxicating liquors on the grounds. Any student who is detected using liquor is subject to expulsion. In order the better to safeguard the young men at Notre Dame, the university officials have an advertisement which runs the year round in the papers of South Bend, where dealers are warned that they will be prosecuted and punished to the full extent of the law, if they are known to sell intoxicants to any boy at Notre Dame; and this warning is rigidly lived up to.

It would be interesting to learn how many of our non-Catholic colleges would place about their students similar safeguards. If they should do so, the rowdyism in colleges that we read so much about in the newspapers would be at an end. The Catholic colleges guarantee to stand in place of the parent; the non-Catholic college makes no such guarantee.—Notre Dame Scholastic.

UNBAPTIZED MILLIONS

POPE PIUS X. LIFTS HIS VOICE IN BEHALF OF THE COLORED APOSTOLATE

Readers of Catholic papers may be astounded on hearing this, but it is a fact: there are 10,000,000 of colored people in the United States. Think of it, 10,000,000 of souls with the same claim upon the Catholic Church for salvation as any of its cherished sons and daughters, and but 200,000 of them are in the fold! The Catholic Church wishes to save the other millions. It is her duty to do it. She is going to do it. She has set out to make the colored man and the colored woman understand that they are as dear to God and His Church as those brought into the world under more fortunate circumstances. The Church proposes to uplift the colored man and the colored woman morally and intellectually. Father John E. Burke, director-general of the Catholic Board for Mission Work among the colored people, which has headquarters at 1 Madison avenue, New York City, has been engaged in this special field about twenty-seven years. The negroes of the southland know him, respect him, believe in him.

Because of his intimate knowledge of the negro character and because of his zeal for the salvation of the colored race, the leaders of the Catholic religion in this country, the bishops, the arch bishops, and Cardinal Gibbons, took Father Burke away from his church for colored Catholics in New York and imposed upon him the burden of directing the Catholic movement for the redemption of this people. Father Burke has undertaken to raise, annually, $100,000 for this movement. Every cent of it is needed to build schools and churches, to support the priests and members of religious orders, men and women, who are giving their lives for the home mission. To carry on this work the widow's mite is as necessary and as welcome as the gift of those better able to accord it. And there is no time like the present, during the season when the Church wishes her children to be especially mindful of the unbaptized.

There is no more important missionary work under Catholic auspices in the United States. The colored missions are part of our home missions. The colored people are at our doors. The Holy Father, Pius X. is particularly solicitous about the welfare of the negroes. He wishes the Church in America to leave nothing undone to propagate the home mission work. Indeed he seems to put it above all other missionary activities of the present day, so anxious is he to urge its support upon the priests and the laity. Here is an excerpt from a letter addressed in his name to Bishop Byrne, secretary and treasurer of the board by Cardinal Merry del Val:

"His Holiness most earnestly wishes that the work of the apostolate to the colored people, worthy of being encouraged and applauded beyond any other undertaking of Christian civilization may find numerous and generous contributors, to all of whom he imparts from this day his apostolic benediction."

The national headquarters of the board were opened in 1907. The total receipts to June this year were $42,345.81. It is almost a trifle alongside of the enormous contributions made to home missions by our non Catholics; it represents a little over $100,000 a year. The cry of souls wanting to be saved eager for moral and intellectual enlightenment, anxious to hear and know what the Catholic Church will do for them, calls for the speedy disbursement of such a sum. Ten thousand dollars is a great deal of money, and it is a contribution wholly appreciated by those directing the movement, but it is not enough. A $100,000 are needed annually to perform the work as the fathers wish it, to build and conduct schools, to emulate, in a word, the zeal of our Protestant brethren!

The American Federation of Catholic Societies called special attention to Father Burke's mission at its recent meeting. If every member of the Federation would send Father Burke today, say 25 cents, the price of 3 cigars, think of what could be accomplished! And all because of an act of self-denial. Isn't it worth while, reader? Think over it. Tell your father about it, suggest it to your mother and your sister, ask the boys to think of the hundreds of thousands of little colored children who would like to know and worship God as they do, to be little Catholics.

Father Burke in the name of the bishops and archbishops and the Cardinal, will acknowledge every offering. Join the league of laymen and women assisting Father Burke. Apply for membership to-day. Write now to Father Burke. Surprise him. Ask him to tell you all about the 3 leagues and what they mean.

IMPRESSIVE EVIDENCES OF ITALIAN FAITH

Writing of the magnificent tercentenary festival of the canonization of St. Charles Borromeo recently held in Milan, a correspondent of The Tablet, of London, says:

"Much has been said and written about the irreligion and unbelief rampant in many parts of Italy. Certainly the behavior of the people of Milan during the whole week gave no support to such a charge, at least as concerns that great city. The many thousands who crowded the Duomo gave every appearance of deep faith and a piety that was often enthusiastic—witness the congregational singing at Benediction and the 'Te Deum'—and they were made up of every social class. Another feature particularly struck me, both in Milan and in the neighboring districts. In a country like Italy, containing some two hundred and sixty five bishoprics, Bishops and Archbishops (not to quote a well-known Gilbertian phrase) must be as plentiful as blackberries, yet nowhere else have I have seen such extradinory respect for a Bishop, even though quite unknown, and such eagerness to obtain his blessing. As the prelates proceeded in single file from the Duomo to the archiepiscopal palace it was every day a real struggle for them to make their way through the crowds who pressed in upon them on all sides, throwing themselves on their knees and seizing their hands in order to kiss their rings."

Diseases of the Skin

Often Appear With Sudden Changes of Temperature. Eczema and Salt Rheum Are Cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Cold, damp weather brings out eczema and salt rheum. Many who are subject to these ailments do not suffer except during the changeable weather of fall and spring.

The annoying itching and the disfiguring blotches on the skin make this trouble almost unbearable to those who are not familiar with the soothing, healing influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Relief comes almost as soon as this ointment is applied. Gradually the irritation disappears, the sores are healed up and the skin is left soft, smooth and natural.

There is always danger of eczema spreading and becoming chronic. For this reason the use of the ointment should be regular and persistent until the cure is thorough and complete.

Mrs. John J. Delory, Linwood, Antigonish county, N. S., writes: "I want to say that Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a great blessing to me. I had salt rheum on one hand, and could not get it healed up. The itching was most distressing at times. Two boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment has cured me completely, and I gladly recommend it to every sufferer.

In every home there is a demand for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is particularly useful where there are children. Chafing and skin irritation are relieved at once. Obstinate wounds are readily healed. Baby eczema and all forms of poisoned or irritated skin are soon cured by this soothing, healing ointment. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.