

any place where he could stay. There was no room for him at either the Mission, or the Receiving Station. When I heard this I was reminded of that other time when "there was no room for them at the inn." At the suggestion of Mr. —, I offered to see that Father Damien, if he came, should be taken care of. I said to a priest: "Father, we have a large place here. Mr. — will put up a cottage for Father Damien, and I will care for his food. He can say Mass in the little chapel at Kalihli."

It was only a week later that I received a message by telephone: "Tell Mr. — to come to the Receiving Station to see Father Damien, as he is here; and you come also." We went immediately. When we entered the courtyard this holy man was standing in converse with the Bishop and the Premier of the Kingdom. The latter was also president of the Board of Health, and was the one who had been trying to prevent Father Damien from coming to Honolulu. When Father Damien heard that Mr. — was present, he turned his back on those to whom he was talking, and ran towards him with both hands outstretched. He said to me: "I could not go to the Mission; there was no room for me here, so I was going to the little chapel at Kalihli." He had taken French leave, boarded a steamer, and, in spite of opposition had come. Once in Honolulu all his demands were granted, and he returned to Molokai, very happy. Just here a pen picture of him may not be out of place. He was very handsome, of medium height, good complexion. He had a long, brown beard, glowing brown eyes, that sparkled with love and zeal for his poor people. Altogether he was full of animation and very quick in his actions.

At the time of this occurrence, in speaking of the premier, I said to Mr. —: "You shall see that it will be only a matter of time until this man is deposed, because of the way in which he tried to circumvent Father Damien." I thought this might happen in a few years, but in a few months he walked through the streets, a manacled prisoner, arrested on grave charges.

The conversion of Mr. — was the one object of my life. Heaven was stormed by prayer to effect this. One day I received a letter from home telling me that the Paulist Fathers were to be located in San Francisco, at Old St. Mary's. A prayer went up from my heart that we might return to California. If I could only get him there to hear some of the mission sermons surely he would be brought to say, *Credo*. This prayer must have been recorded, as it was subsequently granted.

During two years Mr. — read and studied much, and his studies, though I knew it not at the time, were bringing him gradually nearer to the Church. In the midst of his studies he said to me one day: "There is something going to happen on the 15th of April in 1898; I don't know what it is, but there will be something." This was in 1895. Often would I say to myself: "What can it mean, will anything really happen?"

We returned to California in 1896, and located in Golden Gate. While there, in February, 1898, I was shown a picture of a Paulist missionary in a newspaper. He was to give a mission for non-Catholics in Old St. Mary's, San Francisco. Here was the opportunity so long prayed for, come at last! But the elements were in opposition; the wind storms were so severe that it was, for a time, impossible to cross the Bay. The days of the mission were passing by, but on Friday (this was always our lucky day) we went to the city. In the evening we were walking along Kearney street near California, when I was asked, "Where are you going?" I replied, "To Old St. Mary's." "You know I don't want to go to those places," he said; to which I replied very firmly, "But you are going there to-night. I am not going to be disappointed." As this was not my usual way of answering him, he was surprised into acquiescence. We attended the lecture. The subject was the Blessed Eucharist. Mr. — was amazed; never had he heard anything approaching it. He remarked that what struck him most forcibly was that the missionary spoke with such an air of authority.

On Sunday we again attended. The pew-holders who gave up their seats to the non-Catholic guests during the evenings, occupied them at High Mass. I requested the usher to give Mr. — a good seat, as he could not hear if too far back. A chair was placed for him in front of all the pews. A notable lady, a well known figure in Old St. Mary's, went up to her pew. She beckoned to the usher, spoke to him, and then he went up to Mr. —, and brought him to her pew. This saintly woman had the success of the non-Catholic Mission very much at heart, and by her efforts she helped many towards the Church. Discovering that I had left my rosary with Mr. —, I went up to get it, and I too was invited into the pew. We were treated to another striking sermon. The lady whispered to me, "Take your husband in to call on the Missionary." I did so after Mass. As we stood at the bottom of the steps leading to the front door, the door was opened, and we could see the Missionary standing far back in the hall literally surrounded by people. When we reached the door he left those around him, and with arms outstretched took hold of Mr. —'s hands and drew him over the thresh-

old into the hall. The Missionary, his face radiant, held Mr. —'s hands until one by one the others left, and only our party remained. He then invited Mr. — most cordially to attend the class of inquiry that was to be formed the following night.

After we left, Mr. — expressed his amazement at the manner of his reception by the priest. All day he was absorbed in thought. "I cannot understand why that priest should have treated me as he did." This he would say over and over again. I was afraid to speak, I was so anxious. When we returned to our home he was still mystified, and I said to him then, "It was Almighty God: it was His will." The next night when he returned from the class he had a number of books with him, which he began studying with a will. The Missionary went away for a time, but another priest continued the class of inquiry. Later the Missionary returned to give a Triduum in Holy Week. Again, the sermons were beautiful, and the one on "The Agony In The Garden," was so overwhelming that it determined Mr. — to act. I asked him on Saturday morning what he was going to do. He answered, "I am going with you, Molly." At last, thank God! And, on the 15 of April, 1898, the date upon which he predicted three years previously that something would happen, he was baptized a Catholic. He told me that from the exhaustive study he had made of the Bible, he knew that there must be a Church in the world where the Body and Blood of Christ was given in Holy Communion. From his knowledge of the Episcopal church, in which he was reared, he had come to the conclusion that this church was not the one, and at first he had not thought that the Catholic Church could be the one. No doubt, therefore, it was providential that the first Catholic sermon he heard was on the subject of the "Blessed Eucharist."

We left Golden Gate, to make our home in San Francisco. Every month regularly he approached the Sacraments. It was never necessary to remind him of the day. He belonged to the League of the Sacred Heart, and the Communion of Reparation took place on the first Sunday of the month.

There came a Communion Sunday, however, when he did not receive. Not knowing that there was anything the matter, I told him that he could receive on the following Sunday. This was the second Sunday in November. He went to confession. We attended the 8 o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Church. The children of the parochial schools were assembled in the galleries. When Communion time arrived I whispered to him to go up to the altar before the children should come down. With a very resolute expression around his mouth he shook his head, "No!" I knew what this meant; there was no appeal. I felt he would not receive that morning; and in my anxiety, I wondered what was the cause. But the next instant he arose, and went up to the Communion railing. At this I was more mystified than ever. When he returned, his eyes were full of tears. I was so bewildered. What did it all mean?

When we returned to our home he ate his breakfast in silence; not a word of explanation did he offer. It was my rule not to ask questions. When he was ready to speak he would do so. All day he kept aloof from everyone. We had an engagement to visit relatives that day, and while at their house he made an excuse and went out for a walk. This disinclination to talk continued until we reached our home at night. When we entered the house, and I was removing my wraps, he said, "Now sit down, I have something to tell you. I have had grave doubts in my mind about the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. I did not tell you, I did not want to disturb you. You know I did not receive last Sunday. When you asked me to go up this morning I said that I would not. I thought that I never would receive again. But when I looked up at the altar I saw Our Lord standing on the steps, with His arms outstretched towards me. Immediately I arose and went up to the Communion railing. He stood looking at me until I knelt down. I looked up again, but He was gone."

I was bewildered at what I had heard. I said, "But there were three priests giving Holy Communion; have you not mistaken the celebrant for what you saw?" "No," he replied, "they were down at the railing, while He stood on the altar steps. His countenance was very beautiful. He was clothed in white with a stole about His neck that seemed to have stars on the end of it. Never, never can I doubt again after what He did for me."

Mr. — lived a most devout and edifying Catholic life for ten years. His death was a happy one. His face was fairly illuminated with an expression of joyous expectancy upon it. A priest whom he dearly loved prepared him for death. The last night he was able to talk he insisted that I should go to the piano and play and sing for him. I pretended not to hear the request, as the task seemed impossible. The nurse came and said, "You will have to do it, as nothing else will quiet him." Wearily, and with a heart full of grief, I went to the parlor and opened wide the door so that the sound might reach that bed of death. I played "Nearer, My God, To Thee" and the "Adeste Fideles." The strains of this latter beautiful hymn had but just died away in our churches. The

next morning he recited the rosary for the last time. During all his life even while a non-Catholic, he was devoted to the rosary. Late that afternoon as he was sinking into unconsciousness, I heard him whispering something. I tried to hear what it was, and this is what I heard: "Lord I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, only say the word and my soul shall be healed." He was wrapped up, heart and soul, in the thought of the Blessed Eucharist. The next morning he passed into Eternity. "Jesus into Thy Hands I commend this soul for which I have prayed for many years," was the prayer that went up from my heart.

I have kept this secret in my breast for years. It seemed too sacred to be spoken of. I had long desired to talk to a priest about it. During the octave of Pentecost at the mission given in St. Columba's Church, Oakland, I prayed earnestly to the Holy Ghost that God's will might be done in the matter. I had a talk with one of the missionaries. I told him that he would scarcely believe what I had to relate. To my surprise and delight he put the stamp of approval upon it; and in doing this, I think he did God's holy will. This has been written at his request.—The Missionary.

## GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

### TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

"My mother," wrote Saint Augustine in his "Confessions," "spared nothing to share with me, even as a little child, her faith in God and in Jesus Christ. Holy woman that she was, while speaking to me of the justice of God, she shuddered, and her intense earnestness penetrated my very flesh. Never afterwards, even amid the disorders of my life, and while doing my utmost to imitate wicked men, could I forget her lessons."

The example of St. Monica is held up to all Christian mothers, as one to be followed in the early education of their children. In a true Catholic home, the training of character should begin long before the dawn of reason, for noble impulses may find their place in a little child's heart. Concrete notions of the love of God, of authority, generosity, kindness, and other virtues, should be insisted on. These notions will become later more and more defined, and will produce their effect in a child's conduct long before the moment of full personal responsibility arrives.

Unhappily there are many mothers who have not yet fully understood this obligation. A false sentimentalism keeps them from doing their duty until habits are formed in little children that are not easily rooted out. How many mothers there are who allow their affection to get the better of their reason! The graciousness and amiability of a child pleased exemption from authority and its sanctions, and rather than hurt the feelings of this tender plant, its foibles and inclinations are passed over unchecked. Caresses and marks of affection should not exclude the careful moral and ethical training of a child. It is not by yielding to the caprices of a child, or gloating over its physical grace and beauty, thereby exciting its vanity, or holding it up to admiration, or turning it into a family idol, that its character is formed. If children are "mothers' angels" they do not cease to be children of Adam, and mothers should not blind themselves to the possibilities of evil that lie latent in those little souls which, like flowers in the springtime, are slowly blossoming.

Even though they are still too young to distinguish between good and evil, every sign of evil inclination noticed in them should be quickly crushed. Every occasion should be seized to teach them the beauty of virtue and hatred of sin. Parents are too prone to put off to other times the duties of the present. How often do we hear them exclaim: "Oh, there is yet time; we shall attend to this at other moments." etc. Usually those other moments never come, for while the body is growing the soul is slowly developing. A child is a sapling which, if not straightened when tender and pliable, will grow stronger every year until the time comes when it will resist pressure. If an inclination to anger, or gluttony, or avarice, or selfishness, or other vice, is detected, even in the earliest years, it should be promptly nipped in the bud. Not by yielding to whims and fancies, or condoning faults, will parents correct their wilful children. Unbending sternness, mingled with kindness, will awe them into submission; parental authority, prudently exercised, will overcome the nature of those little rebels. Children must be taught that they are not the masters, or the mistresses of the home. They quickly learn the lesson, and the earlier it is presented to them, the deeper it will sink, the longer will it last.

Naturally, on their part, parents should avoid everything that could wound the delicacy of those budding souls. The eyes of children are always open; their minds are keen; their memories retentive; their very innocence makes their curiosity all the more acute; they want to see and hear; they usually understand and guess at more than their elders think. For this reason, parents cannot be too careful about the companions their little ones associate

with, the servants in whom they trust, the objects that meet their eyes and ears. Impressions enter quickly through the windows of those little souls, strike their imaginations and remain there indelibly fixed.

Religious instruction adapted to their years, and lessons founded on religious truths, will help children to form a standard of right and wrong. Those who have had experience know how interested they always are in incidents drawn from the life of Our Lord and the lives of His saints. The sight of a holy picture will furnish a mother the occasion to explain the scene depicted and to draw conclusions adapted to child-life. The approach of religious feasts and the mysteries they recall, are also sources of instruction. For instance, if a child is dissatisfied and complains of wanting something, how easy it is to tell it that the Infant Jesus, in the stable of Bethlehem, was also in want and yet did not complain. The example of the sufferings of Our Lord will also work on the sympathetic nature of a child and leave an impression which will never fade away. The thousand and one circumstances of daily life in a Catholic home will give occasion to a mother to impress some good thought or some useful lesson. And thus the early years of a child's life, those years of minor joys and sorrows, of tears and laughter, will pass delightfully in the display of delicate feelings and noble impulses.

Other duties await the parent when the age of reason comes, and when new horizons begin to loom up. The will has already received its orientation, but being still weak, other motives besides appeals to the feelings or to noble impulses must be presented to strengthen it. The time has arrived when children can put their concepts together to form a judgment. A yearning for knowledge and to know the reason for things, has seized them. They are no longer satisfied with mere appeals to their feelings, or other sentimental reasons for their judgment in asserting its loftier way. This is the time to show them that their love of virtue and the hatred of sin, that their whole conduct in life, must be based on the laws of God and His Church.

And yet parents need not go too far in their dogmatizing. While reason has its privileges that should not be subordinated to mere displays of natural feelings, the heart of a child who has reached the age of reason should none the less continue to be excited to action by generous sentiments and ideals proportioned to its age and capacity. The lessons of duty, based on the laws of God as expounded in the penny catechism, do not necessarily exclude the promise of a motherly caress or other evidences of love and sympathy.

In this work, however, as in all else there is much that is relative. Even amid caresses, it may be sometimes necessary to show signs of sternness. A mother's threatening look, or the raising of her finger, will often put a stop to childish caprice, and will remind the little one that, though kindness is predominant, there is authority behind it ready to act. Later, the child will learn more about the nature of authority; let it merely feel its gentle pressure for the present. In the case of children, as with its elders, fear, no matter how tenuous, is the beginning of wisdom.

The benefits of this early home training will soon be evident; the love, respect and obedience which it infuses will be lasting. In after years, in school, convent or college, in relations with society, study and reflection will add their lights and appreciable developments, but it should be the proud boast of every human heart that its first formation was received in the home.

Let us ask the Sacred Heart during the present month to inspire parents with true wisdom in the noble work they are engaged in. The results will turn inevitably to the greater happiness of human society and the welfare of the Catholic Church.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

## CATHOLIC CHARITY

Genuine Catholic charity, says Right Reverend Monsignor Thos. J. Shanahan, always sees Jesus Christ in our neighbors, and from the earliest days of our religion, the popular Christian conscience has consecrated this truth in many a lovely legend that exhibits Christ himself as the recipient of benefits conferred on the beggar, the leper, or some other distressed member of His mystic body. This is also why Catholic charity sprang into being at the foot of the cross itself, the first divine plant to spring up from the Blood of the Redeemer, and why it goes always with religion as its other self, its full and perfect flower, its radiant effusion of intimate love, consuming and spreading like a fire, and re-kindling itself always in the hearts that admit it for what it is.

It is this divine, this original, purely religious character of Catholic charity that lends it the vigor, the universality, the sweetness, the infinite variety, the intimate gentleness and tenderness that characterizes it. This charity, while it is based on the divinity of Christ Jesus, is also Christ Jesus indwelling and working in all the vast framework of Catholicism, its driving force, its irresistible uplift, its salt and light, its sweet odor, its invincible proof, its solid guarantee, at once its author, life and consummation. Even as the clean oblation of His Body and Blood is offered up the world over and through all time, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof,

so does that other clean oblation of charitable works go up forever from countless millions of pure and loving hearts, itself, in His own words, a holy and immaculate work of religion.

The life of charity is, indeed, the highest approach to Him. Indeed, were it not for Catholic faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ, that hard-won beneficent persuasion of our universal brotherhood would soon disappear, for it arose only through Him and has no other efficient cause than a strong faith in Him as the divine all-compassionate Head of the human race. Could that persuasion disappear, we should soon relapse into the moral ignorance and spiritual helplessness that preceded the Redemption.

## A FIGHTING BISHOP

The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Right Reverend Robert Brindle, Bishop of Nottingham England, was celebrated recently with great eclat. A more remarkable prelate, it would be hard to find in the world.

The Bishop is a born fighter; and is probably the only prelate living who has been in command of a gunboat and taken it into action. Incidentally, he possesses as many military decorations as do many generals, including the Distinguished Service Order, which is second only to the Victoria Cross in the estimation of military men.

These martial experiences came to the Bishop in the early eighties and nineties, or when England was fighting her foes in Egypt and the Sudan. Born in 1837, he was ordained at the English College at Lisbon in 1862, and after mission work in Plymouth, became a chaplain in the army in 1874. In 1882 he was drafted to Egypt, being the first chaplain to arrive at the front, and he served throughout the whole of the Egyptian campaign. He was present at the battles outside Suakim in 1884, and took part in the Nile expedition; captaining one of the boats of the Royal Irish regiment, which won the prize given by Lord Wolsley to the first boat to complete the river journey.

At the end of the campaign, Father Brindle, as he then was, was ordered to Aldershot, the military headquarters in London, and spent ten years there, but he was back in Egypt again in 1896. It was in the Dongola expedition of that year that

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New Camera Takes Finished Pictures in Two Minutes

Mr. Edmond F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer.

This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Corporation, of New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell models H at \$5.00 and Model B at \$7.00. The regular price of Model H, which takes pictures 3x4 inches, is \$8.00 and the regular price of Model B, which takes pictures 3x5 inches, is \$10.00. Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model H is 5 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches in size and weighs 3 pounds 7 ounces. Model B is 6 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, and weighs 4 pounds. The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards for Model H can be bought for 25 cents each (cards for Model B, 3 cents each) and 10 cents worth of developer will develop over 40 pictures. The Gordon Corporation sells flash light lamps for \$1.00 which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out of doors.

The operation of this new camera, is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. There is no customs duty to be paid as the Gordon Corporation will ship to you from their Canadian branch which is near Toronto. All orders and letters, however, must be sent to their office, which is at 692A Stuyvesant Building, New York, N. Y. When ordering a camera under this special offer be sure to mention that you are a reader of the London Weekly CATHOLIC RECORD.

he took a gunboat into action, being the only priest who ever has commanded such a ship in the British service. He served under Lord Kitchener in the Khartoum expedition in 1898 and got the D. S. O. for his conduct in the field at Atbara and Khartoum. No other chaplain ever had gained it.

He left the army in 1899, and became Cardinal Vaughan's assistant bishop of Westminster. Three years later he was translated to the See of Nottingham, where he has remained since. It was he who received the present Queen of Spain into the Catholic Church previous to her marriage, and for this he was decorated with the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic. The medals and decorations which the Bishop is entitled to wear for service in the field include beside the "D. S. O.," the British medals for the Sudan and Egyptian campaigns, the Egyptian war medals for Egypt and Sudan, the Egyptian bronze star, the Turkish Fourth Class of the Osmanieh, and Third Class of the Mejdide.

## LET US MAKE THIS DISTINCTION

"To believe," says the Ave Maria, "that sacraments possess greater efficacy than the Church ascribes to them—to believe, for instance, that our wearing the scapular or medal will infallibly protect us from death by drowning or other accidental cause—is no doubt superstitious; but to hope that, in virtue of the specific blessing of God invoked on these objects we may be preserved from such a fate is an instance of normal piety to be commended rather than condemned."

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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