

They consumed the meal in silence, and when the time came for the millionaire to go, Kerrigan and his son made ready to accompany him to the station.

"You'll not be puttin' any more talk in his head about goin' to America," said Mrs. Kerrigan, as the millionaire bade her good-bye.

"Sure, it'll be for his own good if he goes," replied Mahaffy. "Maybe, if he looks after himself, he'll be as rich a man as I am meself!"

"I never had indigestion in my life," said Michael, "and I can sleep brave and well, but I'd like to go all the same!"

"I'll be writin' to you when I get to London," said the millionaire, as he and the Kerrigans were off toward the station. "I'll see what I can do for you."

"You'll be goin' first class, I suppose," said Michael to Mahaffy, as they entered the station.

"No, I always travel third," he replied. "You're not so sure of company in the first as you are in the thirds, and I never travel alone! You never know what will happen to you!"

"Sure, what would you be afraid of?"

"The like of me has a lot to be afraid of! I can't here under a false name, so's no one should know me. When I am at home I have a lot of detectives patrolin' me house at night with loaded revolvers for fear of men tryin' to kill me!"

"For dear sake!" "There was a man shot at me once and just missed me. It was the time I cornered the cotton! I made a pile of money that time."

The train came slowly into the station, and the millionaire, selecting the most crowded third-class carriage he could find, entered. He shook hands with the old man and his son. "Be sure and come out to America," he said to Michael, as the train went out.

"I'll think about it," said young Kerrigan. — St. John C. Irvine in T. P.'s Weekly.

GOD, NOT HYGIENE, NEED OF THE HOUR

REV. R. H. TIERNEY, S. J., SAYS THAT CHARACTER TRAINING IS THE FIRST STEP TO PURITY

The question of sex hygiene is not merely pedagogical, nor is one that affects temporal interests only, such as the health of the individual and the present welfare of the family and State, said Rev. R. H. Tierney, S. J., in a recent address. Though it does not neglect these, still it reaches beyond them and has its chief concern with the eternal destiny of man the fate of his immortal soul. Man's temporal and eternal interests are involved in the problem. Hence its unique importance.

In the last analysis, the question concerns the abolition of sexual sin. Many suggestions have been made for the accomplishment of this. That which is most in favor at present advocates the teaching of detailed sex hygiene to our school children.

A careful study of the proposed courses reveals therein two elements, one intellectual, the other ethical. The former is clear, definite, detailed; the latter vague and purely naturalistic. The course adopted therefore will appeal primarily to the intellect. Its main effect will be to give information, not will power, not virtue, either natural or supernatural. The course is incapable of arousing strong moral forces. The appeal is made to the wrong faculty. The emphasis is put in the wrong place. Hence motives for right conduct will be weak and ineffective. Information, eye, even learning and love of learning, cannot keep a man upright before God, cannot cleanse a heart or keep it clean. Knowledge is not moral power. There is a deep psychological truth in the words of St. Augustine: "The knowledge of the heart is the knowledge of the soul. It is not the knowledge of the intellect, but the knowledge of the heart, that is the knowledge of the soul. It is not the knowledge of the intellect, but the knowledge of the heart, that is the knowledge of the soul. It is not the knowledge of the intellect, but the knowledge of the heart, that is the knowledge of the soul."

Most of our sinful men and youths realize that some dread disease follows sexual sin. The result is not virtue, but precaution to avoid the disease. Better sanitation, not more morality is the outcome. A race of hygienists, not a galaxy of saints is the result. An apostle of this movement sums up my contention in the pithy sentence: "I confess that I am not moral, but I am hygienic."

Gentlemen, hygiene is a barrier of straw before the flaming onrush of the primal passion in man. Christ, not hygiene, saved the world. Christ, not hygiene will clean the world and keep it clean.

Some ten or twelve years ago the physical dangers of this sin were brought to the attention of our college boys. The horrors of venereal disease were laid bare in lecture and pamphlet. Nothing was hid. A marked improvement in morals has not been noted. Your society is distributing a play called "Damaged Goods," whose lesson is my lesson, to wit: Knowledge does not protect a man from the effects of passion. The keen psychologist, William James, approaches the same truth when he insists that, sensuous images must be combated by ideals that lie beyond the intellect.

Why ladies and gentlemen, if belief in a personal God and an eternal hell is at times scarce sufficient to keep men clear of impurity, is it too much to say that insistence on hygiene will be altogether ineffective for the preservation of chastity? Solomon, who was wise beyond measure, answers. "As I know that I could not otherwise be continent except God gave it. . . . I went to the Lord and besought Him." As it appears to me, not only will the detailed teaching of sex hygiene prove ineffective to the very noble purpose in view, but it will even thwart that purpose.

This phase of the question must be examined critically and dispassionately. Such an examination necessitates the consideration of some aspects concerning children of ten or twelve or fifteen years. At these ages the faculties are untrained and to a large extent undisciplined. The imagination is lightly and irresponsible and extremely susceptible to sensuous images. These images impress themselves on the phantasy and notably influence the action and often the whole life of the youth. Moreover, the will of child and youth is weak and vacillating, and subject to the allurements of pleasure in whatever form it may appear. Now the sex passion is for the most part aroused through the imagination. As a rule the first impulse is not physiological. It is psychological. It almost invariably begins in the phantasy. A vivid sensuous image occupies the phantasy. Sensible pleasure is then experienced, and there is no force to combat it effectively. The will is weak, untrained. It appreciates a good, and either fails to it forthwith or delays its poor resistance till the soul is aflame with the fire of concupiscence. The detailed teaching of sex hygiene—especially if it be done through book and chart—will make a strong impression on the young imagination. Sensuous images will crowd the faculty as bats crowd a deserted house. The condition already described will follow, viz., sinful thoughts, sinful desires, sinful conversation, preludes to other crimes which we prefer to pass over in silence.

Nor is this all. For obvious reasons, this instruction is apt to put forward by some years the time of suggestion and temptation. Temptations which normally belong to the age of eighteen will be experienced at the age of twelve to fourteen. Experience and psychology tell the result. A month ago a medical doctor told me that the pastor of some boys who had attended lectures on sex hygiene, complained that he found his lads joking and laughing unseemly over the pictures drawn by the lecturer on the board. There is scarcely need of pointing the lesson; but I will say that we cannot afford to concentrate the attention of our children on sex details. Safety lies in diverting their attention from them. In truth, the safety of most adults, trained though they are, depends largely on the same process. A moment's reflection will convince the thoughtful that even physiology supports this contention.

But to continue. Two of the great natural protections of our children are modesty (reserve, if you will), and shame, not prudery, mark you, but healthy and healthful shame. Both are sniffed at as an outgrowth and upgrowth of dogma and superstition. They are neither one nor the other. They are an instinct of nature. This is especially true of the latter, which is seen in children before they reach the age of reason. Modesty and shame, then, are natural protectors of chastity. But the public and frequent discussion of sex details will destroy both. Familiarity will breed carelessness. The lesson of the class will become the topic of conversation. Reserve will go. Shame will disappear. Sin will follow. Thus your good intentions will be frustrated.

A few weeks ago a careful periodical announced that discriminating writers attribute the deplorable condition of morals in one of our high schools to the very cause just now discussed. The more I ponder the means advocated to combat the social evil, the stronger grows my conviction that this whole movement will eventually fail of its high purpose. Successful house-building does not begin high in the air at the steepletop. It begins in the ground. Therein are laid firm and fast foundations which ultimately support the tower. Chastity is the tower. Deep down in the soul must be placed foundations for its support. Such foundations are self-control, self-sacrifice, obedience to conscience and external authority, modesty, love of purity, respect for self and others, high reverence for motherhood and all the traits which combine to make a sweet, noble, strong character. Elemental character training is the first important step towards purity. Sex instruction will not give character—if for no other reason, because it is not deep and comprehensive enough. With-out character sex instruction is as chaff before the wind. And, sad to say, our children lack character. Their ideals are low. Their wills are slack of purpose. At home the youths are absorbed in luxury or frivolity, or both. And for reasons which we need not discuss here, our schools do not open the eyes of their souls to the higher and finer realities of life. For only too many, life is but food and raiment and pleasure. Indeed, in the estimation of many, meat is more than life; raiment more than modesty; pleasure more than virtue.

If your movement would be successful, it must first concern itself with the state of affairs. It must reach down to the very elements of character. It must acquaint the child with the things of the spirit, and then teach him to love the things of the spirit. A child is naturally moral. Even the new experiences of the age of puberty are accompanied by strong moral impulses. As a consequence, the task of forming his soul is not supremely difficult. Failure in this matter does not come from the difficulty of the task, but from the neglect of the task. A boy properly managed is as willing to care for the soul as the body. His delight over his growing muscle is often exceeded by the joy over his growing strength of character. Athleticism of the spirit can be made as congenial to him as athleticism of the body. But, alas, his instructors are often more concerned with the latter than the former. Mutatis mutandis, all this is also true of the girl.

But do not misunderstand me. Though I insist that such formation is both the first necessary step towards your final aim, and an excellent though perhaps indirect training for purity, yet it is sadly inadequate. Life on the highest plane is impossible without God and religion. And chastity belongs to the life on the highest plane. The conclusion is Solomon's: chastity is a gift of God. And if you dislike Solomon, the conviction is Plato's and the converted Carlyle's and others who have fought the battle of life. This is not mere rhetoric. Experience as a priest has taught me that the children of religious schools are vastly more moral than the children of non-religious schools. The differences between the two classes is striking to a degree little appreciated by most people. And there is a certain fiery nation—a Niobe amongst nations—distinguished for its faithfulness of religion. The result is a purity which is the admiration of the unprejudiced.

Not long since a doctor who has given lectures on sex hygiene in one of our Western States spoke to me of her work. No one could have been more earnest in your cause. Yet she insisted on two points: the difficulty of getting suitable instructors (an item worthy of your consideration), and the utility of sex instruction which is not supported by an appeal to God and prayer. As far as she could see, the boys and girls got profit through that alone, if not entirely from that. Unfortunately her appeal to the religious sentiment raised so strong a protest that it had to be discontinued. Will the same not happen if the saving element is introduced into the lectures by this federation? And if such an element is not introduced, will your lectures be fruitful of good, or evil?

Be convinced, ladies and gentlemen, that religion alone will be of lasting benefit in this campaign. God, not hygiene, is the supreme need of the hour. Our children must have brought home to them the ideas of a personal omnipresent, omniscient God, who rewards virtue and punishes vice. Nothing can replace God to their souls. The human heart is made for God. It is "an hungered" for Him, athirst for Him. Without Him there is a void in the soul, a craving for something that should be and is not, a haunting sense of lack which, in St. Paul's judgment, causes the ungodly to make unto themselves gods of the things of earth. The need of this federation bears eloquent testimony to the nature of the things of earth, which is the god of many.

On the other hand, if God is put into the life of the child, all is different. The child is consecrated to something holy, and has no serious thought for sin. God is present in his thoughts. God is present in his words. God is present in his actions. The child and all that is his, thoughts, words and actions are wrapped round with divinity. He stands with God and for God, not with vice and for vice. Herein is the lasting hope of your movement. Herein is profit, herein protection, herein eternal life.

These, then, are my convictions about the public and detailed teaching of sex hygiene in our schools. They are not favorable to your movement in all its details. Neither are they adverse to it in all its details. Begin your campaign in the right place. If necessary call upon female doctors to instruct mothers and male doctors to instruct fathers so that mother's in turn may guide their daughter's and fathers their sons as necessity may demand. In talks to children eliminate all details of sex hygiene; cast aside textbook and chart. Train the children's character. Teach them that purity is noble and possible; that vice is vile, and carries with it punishment; that marriage is inviolable; that the family is sacred. The boys: teach them that their bodies are vessels of honor, the habitation of an immortal soul made in the image and likeness of God, redeemed in the blood of Christ; train them from their early years to reverence womanhood, to fall down in veneration before motherhood, God's sweet gift to woman. The girls: teach them reserve, modesty in manner and dress; tell, oh, tell them that in them, in their purity and self sacrifice lies the hope of our beloved nation. This done, carry your campaign further. Purge the press, cleanse the novels, elevate the theatre, abolish animal dances, frown on co-education after the age of puberty. In the words of St. Paul "Insta oportune, importune, argue obsecra,"



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HIS LAST MISSION

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

From several persons whom we are bound to heed, requests have come for the republication of the Rosary incident in Father Doyle's last journey. It is here given; and we beg for prayers, first for the conversion of the young lady, the answer to whose mute inquiries was Father Doyle's final missionary effort; and then for the happy repose of his soul.

THE EDITOR.

All day long the heavy train rolled westward under the August sky. The sun beat down fiercely, and the passengers counted the hours until they should reach the "Golden Gate." Over the flat prairies, over the mountains, through towns and cities, with pauses at quaint Spanish Stations, South through the Santa Fe Route until the "Great Divide" was reached, and the train plunged into the mission-country, the land of the old Franciscan Padres.

Some days back the angels were watching a scene in one of the parlor cars on this particular train. A young woman was travelling alone. She was refined in appearance, evidently intelligent and educated. There was not much to interest her when she threw aside her novel, but it happened on one weary, long day that her eyes fell on a fellow passenger, a distinguished figure. He was a man of splendid build and handsome appearance, who was seated some distance off in one of the chairs. His head rested on the back of the chair, and his eyes were closed. His face was strikingly peaceful, but there was a painful earnestness about his mouth that told a tale of ill health. He wore a Roman collar, and the atmosphere of purity that seemed to hover around him spoke eloquently of the Catholic priest. The lady looked at him attentively for some time, for she thought he was sleeping. But she finally noticed his lips were moving. His hands were passing a string of beads through his fingers. They were plain, small, yellowish wooden beads, strung on a steel chain, with a little cross attached and a small round medal.

She was not a Catholic, and had heard of the "Romanists and their Rosary," and that they prayed to "the Virgin" in preference to God. A feeling of disappointment surged up in her heart that this splendid man, this intellectual looking gentleman, should be a slave to such superstition. She was filled with indignation. That moment Father Doyle opened his eyes. He was a reader of the apostolic indirect rose in his heart and he went to the chair opposite hers, with his hands still in his hands.

"You are wondering what I am doing?" he said, with that winning smile and indescribable magnetism that was always his own. The lady could not resist his attractive personality. "Well, I confess I was wondering how a man of your apparent intelligence and education could find time for such superstition as praying on beads," she replied.

Father Doyle laughed. "Do you know anything about these beads?" he said.

WOODWARD'S GIPE WATER MAKES CHILD REARING A PLEASURE! To Messrs. WOODWARD, I thought you might like to know that my boy, aged six months, won the championship over 122 babies at All Saints' Baby Show last Friday. Let me add that the only medicine he has had since he was born is WOODWARD'S GIPE WATER. Yours obediently, A. F. W., Camden Grove, Peckham, London, July 10, 1912. The Great British Remedy for Infants and Young Children.

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"Not a thing, except they look extremely childish to me."

"Well, you will allow me to explain their meaning? It is very monotonous on the train. This journey is long, for I presume you are bound for San Francisco like we are (pointing to two nuns who were seated some distance off), and anything is better than counting the miles till we get there. Shall I explain the beads?"

Who could resist Father Doyle? "Why, I will be delighted if you take the trouble," said the lady, "but, don't try to make a Roman Catholic of me, for you will fail ignominiously."

Father Doyle held up his rosary with both hands; his face was reverent, and his rich voice very gentle. "These beads are a sort of Bible to me," he said; "they contain the life of the Saviour from His birth until His death. You believe in the Bible, do you not?"

"Assuredly," was the prompt reply. "It is my religion!" "Then," said Father Doyle, "you believe in the Rosary. . . . are all human, impressionable beings. Things we see appeal to us. We are apt when we pray to have our minds carried away by other thoughts. If we have something to touch and draw us back, we pray better. Hence we finger our Rosary. We Catholics believe that the Redemption of the world was effected by Christ becoming a man, while still remaining God. If He became man, He was human, and had a human mother. The Rosary is powerful with Christ as an intercessory prayer, because He is the Son of this blessed Mother, and we ask her to plead with Him for us, because He is God as well as Man. See these beads! There are five divisions of ten beads; each division marks part of His life closely connected with hers. In the first and second chapters of St. Luke you will find each of these parts or 'mysteries'—and we think of them as we pray. There is the Incarnation; the visit of Mary to Elizabeth; the Nativity; the Presentation of the Child in the old Jewish temple; His Dispute with the Doctors. You have seen Hoffman's pictures of that scene, haven't you?"

"Why, yes," replied the lady, much interested. "You say you think of these Bible scenes while you pray? Why, that is beautiful!" "Yes," said Father Doyle, still holding out the heaven-born prayer the angel first uttered, "Hail Mary full of Grace!" You will find that in the same chapter of St. Luke, we say first the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father who art in Heaven." Then the Hail Mary, ten times at each Mystery, to make our prayer more earnest and emphatic, as a child who begs its mother for a favor never ceases to cry, 'out-please! please! please! We love this blessed Mother, Christ's Mother, and we know she will plead for us who are sinners!'"

"But this is not all. These beads of mine have only five divisions. There are three times five in the whole Rosary. The next five are the Sorrowful mysteries, as those I have described are the joyful ones. The sorrowful part tells of Christ's sufferings and death; all to be found in the Bible. The last part is called Glorious, because it tells of the Resurrection from the Dead and all the rest. I will explain more of it to you later if you are not weary. We Catholics love our beads; and we lay these prayers as a crown of roses at the Throne in Heaven, being assured that where the Son of God is King His Mother is Queen. Not one jot or tittle of honor do we take from the Almighty. We praise Him for the noble, splendid, tender gift of His Mother to us. She is as Wordsworth says:

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast. Here Father Doyle paused. The lady looked thoughtful. A new expression was on her face, the dawning of grace. She took the well-worn rosary from the priest's hands, held it for a moment, and reverently returned it.

With a beautiful smile Father Doyle rose, kissed his beads, placed them in his pocket, and in leaving said: "We shall meet later. Think over what I have said. I have more to tell you if you wish it. May the blessed Mother have you in her keeping!"

There was a new look on the lady's face, a softened light in her eyes. The train rolled on. Father Doyle had given his last mission. Less than a week later he lay dead in the church of his Paulist brethren in San Francisco. God rest his precious soul!

If these lines ever meet the eyes of her to whom he spoke on the Santa Fe train, may her heart melt at the remembrance of the zeal of this dying Apostle of Christ, and may her ransomed soul add to the burning glories that crown the works of this noble missionary of the Faith, whose heart-cry was over the conversion of America.—The Missionary.

This was enough to prove it higher and truer than all the creeds the world has known before.

When the devotion to the blessed among women could make so great an appeal to the heart of one outside the fold, how much more it is to us, though we cannot tell it better than Longfellow told it by the lips of his Prince Henry.

CONVERTS FROM KNOW-NOTHINGISM

MANY MEN ONCE IDENTIFIED WITH BIGOTED MOVEMENT LATER CAME INTO THE CHURCH

Not long since, in looking up the history of the men prominently identified with the old Know-Nothing movement, the writer, says Scannel O'Neill in the Fortnightly Review, was amazed to find that with but few exceptions, almost all of them either themselves became converts, or gave some one or other member of their immediate households to the Church.

For instance, take Louis C. Levin of Philadelphia, who is generally credited to have been the founder of the Native American party, and one of the first members of Congress elected by that body; his wife and family eventually found their way into the Church. Levin's intimate friend and fellow-laborer in the movement, William R. Smith of Alabama, who helped to shape the policy of the party and for years represented it in Congress not only witnessed the reconciliation to the Church of his wife and family but he himself, shortly before his death, also received the great grace of conversion.

Editor McClaugher of Vincennes, Ind., was still another prominent member of the party to become a Catholic.

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