

parture from the old unhappy tradition which made contempt for Catholic saints synonymous with zeal for religion for another. Our contemporary, the Glasgow Observer, commenting upon the incident, has this to say, which could not well be better said: "The Glaswegians of Kentigern's day lacked much knowledge of material things that their successors to day may possess, but will Dr. M'Adam Muir venture to say that they were poorer Christians in the mass than their successors in St. Mungo's city to-day? Was there any unfortunate woman found dead on a door step, practically under the shadow of the cathedral, on St. Kentigern's Day a thousand years ago? And anyhow, if it was "childish effort and crude superstition" to observe saints' days in the old Catholic times, Dr. M'Adam Muir is to be congratulated on his courage in returning to a salutary and picturesque practice, even if he has to throw to modern bigotry or iconoclasm the sop of designating the saint he honors as a superstitious child."

THIS SAME CONTEMPORARY has for a head-piece on its editorial page, a view of the Cathedral, surrounded by a scroll bearing these words: "It was and yet shall be." This expresses the hope that is the animating spirit of every true Catholic son of Scotland. Glasgow Cathedral is the one sole survivor of the many beautiful ecclesiastical buildings which were the glory and the pride of the nation in mediæval times—spared as if by a miracle from the tempest of fury and fanaticism which Knox let loose upon Scotland. Standing, as it does, a desecrated temple in the midst of a great modern city, it is yet the solitary witness of what the country once was, and as such it is looked upon with longing eyes by the faithful remnant which slowly but surely has re-erected the spiritual fabric of which the cathedral's founders are the ancient counterpart. Scotland as a nation is still a stranger to its true heritage, but may it not be that the motto we have quoted points to a time, if even yet distant, when the words will echo back from no empty or desecrated fane!

WE HAVE frequently commented upon the tenacity of old Catholic ideas even among people who for centuries have been strangers to the Faith. A curious example of this has recently come to our notice in perusing an article by the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge in the current number of Cornhill. The writer gives an entertaining sketch of an old Highland deer-stalker, "Rory of the Glen," and incidentally relates the following:

The proprietor was out with his head keeper one day, and on hearing a stag roar, remarked that it was early in the season for the stags to begin roaring. "They generally roar about Ferolch," was the answer. "What is that," he queried. "It's just the time when the stags begin to roar." "Why is it called Ferolch?" "Deed I don't know; they always call it that." "But what is the meaning of the word?" "I don't know; it's the name they give it." The proprietor was of an enquiring turn of mind, so he looked in the Gaelic Dictionary, and found that the first part of the word meant a "festival." The second part was a puzzle, but after more research it was found to be the genitive of a word meaning "road" or "cross." But the Festival of the Cross was surely in the spring, at Easter? At last, after much hunting up of authorities, it was discovered that there was an autumn Festival of the Cross in the early Christian Church to commemorate the vision of the Cross by the Emperor Constantine. Here was a Free Kirk man, in a district in which there is no trace of Catholicism ever having existed, fixing the date of the rutting season by an old Roman Catholic feast day without knowing it!

"OUR LADY OF LIMERICK"

In the national Hibernian the other day, Mrs. Jolly, the president of the Ladies' Auxiliary, is reported to have done a deed which should make her name gracious to all Irish ladies at home and abroad. She sent to Limerick many boxes of candles to be burned before the statue of "Our Lady of Limerick." "Our Lady of Limerick" sounds well. It is a name that is an inspiration—a name that links religion and history, for Limerick stands for bravery in the annals of Erin. The statue of Our Lady, standing on the banks of the sparkling Shannon, lay buried for a century and a half. Now the sick and distressed besiege the shrine of exposition of this marvel and find there cure for their infirmity and comfort for their wretchedness.

"Lady of Limerick" pray for us has a rich fullness for the mouth of piety. Our Lady should be employed particularly now, by every Irish exile, for on the 10th of February parliament convenes and the world will know whether Home Rule is made or married.—Buffalo Union and Times.

WILFRID WARD AND CARDINAL NEWMAN

SOME ASPECTS OF THE RECENT BIOGRAPHY OF THE GREAT CARDINAL

(Written for The Catholic Bulletin by Cecil Underwood)

Wilfrid Ward, the present editor of the Dublin Review, enjoys the distinction of being the foremost Catholic writer in England. In publishing the biography of Cardinal Newman—a work issued a little over one year ago—he has earned the gratitude of the whole literary world, irrespective of country or creed.

Quite recently the prohibitive price of 36 shillings placed upon both volumes was reduced to 16 shillings, thus bringing the work within the range of the average purse. Doubtless in time it will sell at a still more popular figure.

It would be unfortunate if the wider circle of Newman's admirers and friends had not an opportunity to read this biography, for the most careless student cannot fail to be charmed by the sweet magnetic personality revealed in the ample space of two bulky volumes. Throughout these liberal pages one who is familiar with the Cardinal's writings, will find a confirmation of any favorable opinion previously entertained respecting the "Oxford Plate." For the Cardinal is allowed to tell his own story by means of letters and private journals. On more than one occasion Newman declared that the best part of a man's life is in his letters. And the reader of Ward's Biography is struck at once by the number of private letters running into the hundreds, which are scattered throughout these volumes.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

Along with the letters which Newman wrote—many of them now published for the first time—the reader meets with a mass of correspondence from relatives, friends, and co-workers in the vineyard. Antagonists, too like Kingsley and Gladstone supply a large part, so that an English History for the century might almost be compiled from the richness and variety of this material.

A cloud of witnesses are produced to show the strong religious bent of his character. As Father Neville writes of him: "His was a life of prayer. The works and ways of God, the mercies of Christ, the real purpose and uses of this life, the unseen things of the spiritual world, were always uppermost in his mind. His speech showed it. It pleased God to show to all around him the state of his heart and spirit by the greens and the direct religiousness of his conversation. Yet he never spoke for mere display—he was quite unaffected and showed his deep religion quite naturally."

Not a perfect portrayal. Here we come upon the great defect of Ward's volumes considered in the light of true biography. The author does not report the conversations—the table talk and intimate life—of Newman. Such conversations are quite as necessary as letters and diaries in order to complete a biography and disclose the man in his full human stature. If Wilfrid Ward's father—George Ward—had undertaken the task or some member of the Oratory who had lived with Newman as, for example, Boswell lived with Johnson, then we might expect completeness. The picture would be rounded out, and we would have Newman clothed in his habit as he lived, a real Newman of flesh and bone, not a geometrical ghost or intellectual abstraction. It is true that these letters and diaries help to reveal the personality of the man; but an intimate personal knowledge with a wealth of conversation and anecdote such as Boswell had at his command is still more essential to perfect portrayal. And such intimate knowledge is nowhere exhibited for the simple reason that Mr. Ward did not possess it. Accordingly his work however meritorious in other respects, cannot take the highest rank in the realm of biographical literature.

Nevertheless the student of his pages will glean much that is important to the Christian Church to commemorate the vision of the Cross by the Emperor Constantine. Here was a Free Kirk man, in a district in which there is no trace of Catholicism ever having existed, fixing the date of the rutting season by an old Roman Catholic feast day without knowing it!

NEWMAN'S DARKEST HOUR

Ward thus sketches the darkest days in Newman's life: "The years between 1850 and 1864 may be called the low water mark of Newman's life-story; they were years of great sadness and despondency. Every work he had undertaken proved a failure. Among his former Anglican friends he was deemed a traitor; in the Church of his adoption he was suspected, distrusted, and lived, as he said himself, 'under a cloud.' The university he attempted to found in Ireland proved a failure, his much heralded translation of the Holy Scriptures came to nothing. The magazine called the Rambler, which he started soon fell under the ban because of dangerous intel-

lectualism if not for 'heretical leanings.' Doubt had been thrown on his whole-hearted loyalty in the matter of the Temporal Power. And while English Catholics for the most part suspected him, while practical and ecclesiastical circumstances made him out a failure, he penned the following lines in his journal: 'Not a star in my sky is now left shining but thee, O St. Philip! My God! when shall I learn that I have so parted with the world, as never again to make friend with it! This is the cry of a human spirit bowed to the very earth beneath a weight of misfortune and sorrow. Newman continues: 'I am writing on my knees and in God's sight. No one putting his hand to the plow and looking back, is worthy of the kingdom of heaven. And yet, O Lord, be gracious unto me for the way has grown dark, and trouble and sorrow and defeat and disappointment have come upon me. Yet have I remembered my Creator in the days of my youth; I have not wilfully opposed Thy grace. I became a Catholic because I felt it was Thy holy will. Yet now I have no friend at Rome; I have labored in England only to be misrepresented, backbitten and scorned. I have labored in Ireland with a door ever shut in my face, and seem to have failed for my portion wherever I go and in whatever I undertake, and what I have done has been misunderstood. But, O my Dear Lord, Thou canst make it otherwise. In the Blessed Sacrament my great consolation. Thou canst give me grace to endure. Thou who didst lead in my youth to Thy Holy Tabernacle, wilt not desert me in my old age. Thy hand is not strengthened that it can not save. What I now feel Thy servants felt before me at the earliest times felt before me: Job and Moses and Habacuc felt as I feel thousands of years ago, and I am able to plead with Thee in their never-dying words. O Lord! I remember me in this dark, this terrible hour of my affliction.'

It is a tragic cry from the depths—a tragic prayer similar to that uttered on the Ash-Heap or on the winter gloom of Valley Forge or beneath the Olive Trees. It is the "de profundis" of David with David's beautiful faith and trust in the mercies of God. The supreme lesson taught in Newman's darkest hour is his absolute trust and confidence in God.

THE LIFTED CLOUD

After the long night a glorious morning broke with all the glory of a second spring or a resurrection. The Apologia came, and then the Cardinal's hat, and the cloud was lifted forever. The biography of Newman will repay careful reading and study. The literary style of Wilfrid Ward, so elegant and refined, makes the subject matter doubly interesting. Yet quite apart from the classic beauty and finish of the literary dress, the reader will become absorbed more and more in the theme itself—the story of a life replete with the deepest moral and religious lessons—the story of a man sent by God to restore the true faith to England.

REUNITED CHRISTENDOM

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON IS NOT SANGUINE OF ITS ATTAINMENT UNLESS BY A GREAT MIRACLE OF DIVINE GRACE AND LOVE

There are many religious people outside the church to day who are praying and hoping to see a reunited Christendom. They see the utility of division and of the contradictions which division engenders and the defects that it leads to. They are (at least the great majority) serious and religious minded. They have a right to our sympathy; and they, and their purpose, should have a place in our prayers; for unity, properly understood, was the desire, the prayer, and the command of our Blessed Lord Himself. Was it not the burden of the Saviour's prayer, uttered while the shadow of the cross and the darkness of Calvary was gathering around Him? "Was not it His prayer to His heavenly Father 'to preserve us from whom Thou hast given me that they may be one, as we also are; and not for them only do I pray, but for those who through their word shall believe in Me; that they may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that they also may believe that thou hast sent me.' And in the parable of the Good Shepherd was it not the same Blessed Saviour, the Good Shepherd, who said: 'And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; and they shall also I must bring, and they shall also be one shepherd.' Those, then, who would deem themselves followers of the Good Shepherd should deal with kindness and sympathy, and with prayer approach those other sheep, that there may be for all races and tribes but one fold and one shepherd.

Yet I am not sanguine (unless by a great miracle of divine grace and love) of a reunited Christendom—of the conquest of the world, or the immediate attainment of Christ's prayer—of the triumph of His gospel; for there lies between His gospel and its consummation the conquest of the human will unto the will of the Christ, the moulding together, according to that Holy will of so many diverse, independent and revolutionary human wills the world over. The spirit of the world to day—I suppose

it was the spirit from the beginning—is to hold for the independence of the human will. Something of the original curse of the fallen angels, who did "not serve" appears to be mingled in this weak human nature of ours, whereby we refuse to bend our human wills, even when we admit the supremacy and divinity of Christ, our God.

Next, there are the inherited prejudices, begotten of the schisms, contentions and misrepresentations, which appear of all other places, to find their home in the world of religion. Theological hatred is the most intense; and religious jealousies are the most unreasonable, and of all others, the most difficult to be fair to say that religious wars have caused more bloodshed than any other, yet it is, unfortunately, true that in the name of the gentle Christ more agony has been caused and more misery inflicted than in the name of the world's worst tyrant. Even to-day, with their boast of increased enlightenment and greater breadth of vision—even in this America of ours, whereof the greatest progress has been prophesied, we have the spectacle of an anti-Catholic propaganda so unfair, so untrue, and so vulgar that decency can make no answer. We can only wait for the foulness to blow by and the pure air and sunshine, which we believe still native to the American character and the American life, to take their wonted places.

And there is another reason standing in the way of this hope for reunion—it is the jealousy of the nations. As the nations have grown in strength, it has been (possibly for their own preservation) a purpose with them to each give its own interests, form and character to its citizens and thus promote a national, but stand quite opposed to an international unity. It has been a policy with the nations to form what is called a national life weaving into it virtues and conceits, which in the promotion and in the weaving, would somehow bring the members thereof one to another and produce a result helpful to the nation's stability and power. Now this policy is altogether a worthy and commendable one. Patriotism is a real virtue; but it should be exercised in the temporal and the secular, for it has no place in the spiritual or the eternal. The temptation, however, has been too great, and the desire for power too keen to keep national ideas out of the domain of the spiritual. And hence, we find that all through the history of the Christendom of the past there has been a constant effort to draw the peoples' conscience and the form of their religion under the national impress, or in other words, to seek to have a national church and a national religion. Now this tendency stands opposed to united Christendom, just as in the past, it has been the cause of most of the schisms and heresies recorded. God and the king were supposed to go together, and the Almighty was supposed to smile upon the king's de-faulting, while the king proclaimed a national creed.

These are some of the difficulties in the way of our friends who yearn for the reunion. And yet we hope that, somehow, the outcome will be good. The way, however, will be easier if, before there be oneness of faith, there could be established a consistent unity. Consistency, to be consistent with itself, should not be a member calling for unity in the east, while in the west its agents are publishing slanders against the Church of Christendom, when Christendom was united, and doing their best to promote distrust, hatred and discord among Christian people. Religious discussion is well; and the freedom of it should be protected by law, but that is not all religious discussion which stoops to personal attacks, palpable untruths and gross misrepresentations, and in many instances, downright blasphemies.

There is next the duty of prayer. Our Lord prayed that His disciples should be one. And those who to day would be His disciples and seek to retain a reign that unity, should do as He did to the Father to make these His children, brethren one to another. Prayer accomplishes more than argument, for though prayer is argument, while it comes through argument and discussion only mediately.

Lastly, there is study. If unity is to be found in Christ, the mode of the unity is to be found in His teachings. The unity that He preached to His apostles—the unity that they were to hand down through the ages. Has that unity been preserved? Is the crucial question. History read rightly, prayer uttered fervently, and the holy desire to do what Christ willed each one to do will bring an answer and a solution.

It will be seen in the last analysis that the "One Faith, one Lord, one baptism" of the beginning is the "one faith, one Lord and one baptism" of to-day, and that it is only under that standard that genuine unity is to be preserved—and reunion to be obtained is only by a return to that standard. In the dispersion they went out, in the reunion they will return home again.

FORGET THE FAILURES

To be habitually interested in seeing and speaking about the failures of others, to dry up our own powers of good, and the reverse is equally true; to be sensitively conscious of the good that is in others, to discover it and talk about it freely, is to bring good into being in our own lives that might never come into existence.

LENTE REGULATIONS FOR 1914

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE LENTE REGULATIONS FOR DIOCESE OF LONDON

1st. All days in Lent Sundays excepted, are fast days.

2nd. By special permission of the Holy See, meat is allowed at all meals on Sundays and at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturdays of Ember Week and Holy Saturday.

3rd. The use of fish and flesh at the same meal is not permitted during Lent.

Children under seven years of age are exempted from the law of fasting.

Persons under twenty one years or over sixty years of age, are not bound by the law of fasting; and all persons in ill health or engaged in hard labor, or who have any other legitimate excuse, may be exempted both from the law of fast and of abstinence.

In order, however, to safeguard conscience, the faithful should have the judgment of their pastor or confessor in all cases where they seek exemption from the law of fast or abstinence.

Whatever may be the obligation in the matter of fast or abstinence, Lent is for every body a season of mortification and of penance. From this law no one can escape, and in it no one has the right of dispensation. Pastors are earnestly requested to preach during the holy season of Lent the necessity of penance and the obligation of Christian mortification. They will also provide special means whereby their people may advance in devotion and piety.

As in the past, two appropriate week day services will be held in each Church, and the necessary permission for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on these occasions is hereby accorded.

A special effort ought also to be made to have the sacred practice of family prayer in common, and especially the recitation of the rosary, a duty of honor and religion during this penitential time.

MICHAEL FRANCIS FALLON, Bishop of London.

ONE OF THE MENACE STAFF IN SERIOUS TROUBLE

A MINISTER CHARGED WITH BURNING HIS HOUSE BLAMES IT ON THE CATHOLICS

Rev. J. A. Cottam, of Dearborn, suspected of setting fire to his parsonage on the night of January 25, was locked in the country jail Wednesday night after an investigation by Fire Marshal Sam Robinson and Chief Deputy Sheriff John Smith, who announced that a warrant, charging the pastor with arson, would be asked for Thursday morning.

Before being led away to jail, Mr. Cottam sent the following message to his people in Dearborn: "I beg of you to keep your minds and hearts open and not to judge me prematurely. I will clear myself of this charge and place the blame where it belongs. Truth will out. I have nothing to fear."

The delivery of the message was entrusted to Ward N. Choate, attorney for Mr. Cottam.

BURNS MEN TO INVESTIGATE Mr. Cottam's detention is the sensational climax of a secret investigation pursued by Burns detectives, and state, county and Dearborn officials of the incident which threw the village of Dearborn into a fever of speculation for days.

The destruction of the parsonage was attributed in certain quarters to persons actuated by a desire for revenge against the preacher because he announced a sermon on "Why I Am a Protestant." There was no apparent feeling over the matter in or around the village, but Mr. Cottam immediately after the fire, said that he had received letters threatening him with harm if he persisted in giving the sermon.

Mr. Cottam emphatically denies the charges of the investigators. His wife supports his contentions. The officers, however, assert that they possess enough incriminating evidence and have recorded enough discrepancies in the several utterances of the pastor to rout any defense he may establish. Their assertion is based upon the following: Deputy Sheriff Ed. Johnson, of Dearborn, claims to have a sales slip showing that Mr. Cottam purchased three gallons of kerosene oil from William Bpford, a grocer at Dearborn, on the Saturday night preceding the fire.

INSURED BOOKS REMOVED Examination of the fire ruins revealed no trace of the solidly bound volumes which were said to be included in the pastor's expensive library.

Under the third degree, the pastor is alleged to have admitted that the entire library was not destroyed as he had at first reported, but that one box of books had been placed in the church shed and a candle of papers had been placed in the care of a friend a few days before the fire.

Insurance on the library was \$3,000, instead of \$2,000, as was at first reported.

On the night of the fire, Mr. Cottam's niece, who had been housed at the parsonage during the church service for several Sunday

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you; let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged: \$702.85 Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Connolly, Kirkcaldy 2.00 A Reader, Bergrerville 2.00 Friend, Lawn, N.B. 2.00 Macdonell, Toronto 1.00 John McHugh, Sault Ste. Marie 1.00 Cous. d'Alene, Idaho 1.00 In memory of Mary St. John 3.00 P. J. O'Connor, Ottawa 1.00 A. J. L. Hamon 5.00 In memory of parents, Belleville 5.00 Branch 154 C. M. B. A. Egmontville 5.00

REMITTANCES TO FATHER FRASER By cheque April 25, 1913 \$750.00 " May 15, 1913 (Special) 5.00 " July 11, 1913 230.70 " Nov. 15, 1913 93.20 " Feb. 11, 1914 1,320.80

When directly charged with the alleged arson, Mr. Cottam's face paled visibly. He started violently, recovered his poise, and refused to talk further.

Besides Mr. Cottam, the persons questioned in the investigation were: Clarence Foster, John Boltz, Lawrence Edmunds, Guy Weber, Fred Reamer, Miss Maude Shaw, who negotiated with the insurance adjusters; for Mr. Cottam; Emil Raddie, grocery clerk, alleged to have sold the pastor the kerosene, and Mrs. Cottam.

SOME CONVERTS

NOTED LITERARY PEOPLE WHO HAVE COME INTO THE CHURCH

Anti-Catholic preachers and publications fairly revel in telling of the Church's attempt to foster ignorance among her people. In doing so bigotry merely exposes its own ignorance.

Among men and women well known in our literary life the following are converts to the Church: Miss B. Anderson ("White Avis"), "John Ayscough," Rev. F. Aveling, "C. M. Anthony," Miss E. Austice Baker, Anita Bartle, Madame Belloc, Dudley Baxter, David Beane, S. J., Egerton Beck, Edmund Bishop James Britton, K. S. G., Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper ("Michael Field") Montgomery Garmichael, Madame Cecilia, Cecil Chesterton, Rev. J. Copas, S. J., Mrs. V. M. Crawford, Isabel Clarke, Felicia Curtis, Mary Angela Dickens, Herbert Dean, Louisa E. Dobree, Mrs. Eastwick ("Pleydell North"), Ruth Egerton, F. Y. Eccles, Rev. G. A. Erlington, O. P. Margaret Fletcher, Robert Francillon, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Rev. R. Garrole, S. J., S. T., Gatty, F. S. A., Rev. T. J. Gerard, E. Gilliat Smith, Emily Hickory, Margaret Howitt, Rev. E. R. Hull, S. J., Mrs. Arthur W. Hutton, Wentworth Husho, Genevieve Irons, Frances Jackson, Mrs. Conson Kernahan, Mrs. Hamilton King, Mrs. Leggett, Shane Leslie, W. S. Lilly, T. Longueville ("The Prig"), Miss M. Mallock, "Lucas Malet," J. Hobson Matthews, Mrs. William Maude, Wilfred Meynell, Mrs. Meynell, Rev. P. M. Northcott, W. Vance Packman, May Pemberton, Mrs. Hungerford Pollen, J. F. Raymond Barker, Robert Ross, J. F. Scholfield, Aimee Sewell, Hugh Shield, Rev. S. F. Smith, S. J., Hugh Spender, Miss E. M. Siebe, Ida Taylor, Leslie Toke, Rev. Vassalli-Phillips, C. S. R. Canon Vere, Mary Alice Vialle, E. Vincent Wareing, Maude Valerie White, G. C. Williams, Mrs. Yorke Smit h, Rev. B. Zimmerman.

TO MY WIFE

Richard Mansfield

Bring me that coat! I wore it when I wooed her first! Her mittened hand was on that sleeve And stayed me when I feigned to read Her silence a command to leave. Search well the pockets, will you find A tiny, useless bit of lace? I stole it from the hand that hid The smile that dawned upon her face.

Seek, is the glove no longer there That she unclasped to smooth my hair, As I had knelt and bowed my head Upon her knee, in mute despair?

Bring me that coat! Be there no vestige of these now, Of amber scented lock no trace? There is a silent witness still More precious far than glove or lace: 'Tis here where you may scarcely see That little rent a blackthorn tore; That's where her loving fingers delved, That's where her loving glances bore!

Look at the stitches close and neat, You'll barely find the rent I tore; She mended all my life like that; Bring me that coat, that coat once more!

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY

A Protestant Welshman and member of British Parliament, Mr. Llewellyn Williams, lecturing recently on "The Reformation in Wales" said: "There was no portion of Great Britain more attached than Wales" to Catholicism during the pre-Reformation days, and every scrap of history showed that the people of Wales were bitterly opposed to accepting the Royal behest."

And like the Celts of Ireland, thousands of the Welsh Celts didn't accept it. They fled the country rather than do so and "amongst them was Morgan Phillips, the precursor of St. David's Cathedral, who settled down at Douai, in France, where he met another Welshman, William Allen, afterwards Cardinal Allen. These two men founded a college at Douai for the training of men for the mission field in England and Wales, and it was there that the Catholic Donay Version of the Bible was written."

There was persecution in those days and since but not by Catholics, a record which those who to day talk about persecution by Catholics in connection with Home Rule for Ireland fail to note.—Freeman's Journal.

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