

the sermon? Clara asked after a short pause in which she saw with pleasure that her announcement had struck home.

"Oh, I never contradict sermons—it's bad form!" Roderick said. "But it struck me as rather commonplace—a man-to-day who has anything in him must not content himself with small things. He must be an aviator, not a thing crawling on the earth."

"But aviators get some hard knocks from the earth they despise. Goodby!" Clara kissed Mrs. Bell affectionately, and the group separated.

The bells walked through the fields on the way home. Mrs. Bell hoped that Roderick would pick a bunch of cornflowers and daisies, as he used to do on summer Sundays when he was a boy; they had always been put in the big blue vase on the dinner table; but Roderick had forgotten.

The path through the fields was narrow, and they went in Indian file. Suddenly a chill came over the mother. She felt very much alone, though her boy was physically near her. He was well, he had brought home the symbols of college honors, he was the noblest of young men, but she was lonely.

"It seems to me, mother," said Mr. Bell, one day after a particularly hard morning on the farm, "that we've done nothing all our lives but make sacrifices for our children. I hope I'll never pay back."

"You're spoiling me!" said Clara. "Take your pleasure; don't save for me. When my chance comes I'll work. I ought to be working now."

But the general only smiled indolently, and limited himself to one cigar a day.

"There's a lot of good in Roderick Bell," Clara said during the family discussions of the affairs of the small neighborhood, "but he's like most people of to-day; he's an individual, he thinks—yet I like him all the same—he thinks—oh, I don't know what he thinks!"

Clara looked scornful. "I despise the class of young men brought up in some of these colleges. They learn to take everything for granted. Their character is not formed." Mrs. Walters dropped her knitting, in order to laugh more freely. "Don't care, mother, if you do laugh. They seem to think that they're the pick of the race!—oh, I know—Roderick Bell has good qualities, but he has never learned to be grateful. Didn't I see him sulky at church this morning. I caught him looking at his mother's only silk dress, and in his heart, blaming his father for not giving her a new one!" Clara flushed with indignation. "If she hadn't a new frock or bonnet for years, he'd be a saint. And his father's pneumonia getting worse every year! I don't say he didn't used to be a nice boy—but I almost hate him, ungrateful beast!"

"Clara!" The general smiled in his turn. "You take a great interest in young Bell!"

"No I don't," said Clara. "I'm glad we're going off for a trip," he said that evening to his wife. "I would either quarrel with our neighbor's son, or," he added, "would find out with Mrs. Malaprop, that love begins with a little aversion."

Roderick took no interest in the affairs of the farm. He was polite to his parents, but not effusive. He had no companions. Most of the people about him were hard-working Poles, who had their own interests. Nearly all the old neighbors had gone to Canada. One day, after dinner, when his father had tried to explain just what this farm of five hundred acres needed, Roderick answered that he was going into the city to live.

"I've the \$100 I won for the Essay on Absolution under Charles I., so I shall not want much money at once."

"There was silence. Mr. Bell was dumb before his son. Bitter disappointment, hurt pride, love twisted awry filled the elder man's heart.

"Well," his voice was singularly calm, "you can go, Roderick."

"His mother said nothing. And he went."

"They don't care," he said, "they are in a rut. They don't want me to go upward." Fortunately, he did not say this aloud.

"Oh, father," his mother cried, as her husband sat in the porch under the honeysuckle, "why didn't you tell him? He is a good boy; he has a kind heart!"

"Tell him!" answered the father, too numb, too broken even to smoke his evening pipe. "Tell him! The ungrateful young fool ought to know!"

"Children never know."

"When I'm dead and you're in the almshouse, mother, he'll know. Oh, I don't get on in new ways; I'm sick half the time. But I know that this farm could be made to pay if he had all the energy of one of these Polish peasants—or half the heart!"

The mother went over to him, and put her arm on his shoulder.

"The bitterest thing in life is to have a son who can't understand."

"But he is our son, all the same," said the mother. "Poor Roderick! I must have set him wrong somewhere."

The father turned up the lamp. "Clara Walters doesn't forget us. She has sent the new book, Intensive Cultivation, and written me a long letter about it. When I think of her and compare her with this heartless scoundrel of ours—"

"Don't!" said his wife, "oh, don't!"

The time of the snow came. Roderick Bell had found work that enabled him to occupy a pleasant room in a decent boarding-house and to wear good clothes, by no means that of the city. He had not recognized his genius. There were thousands like him claiming every post. He had hoped to become a secretary to some important man or corporation, but a smattering of Horace, the ability to read a German book, and a little political economy stood no chance as recommendations in comparison with an expert proficiency in stenography and typewriting. But he was honest, and some of his college friends knew this. He was quick, too, and he found himself glad to get the post of assistant in the box-office of a popular theatre; and there he stuck. Where were now the budding grandeur and fame?

He wrote home regularly, but somewhat better. In the beginning of winter he began to think more frequently and sadly of the old folk. They had asked no favors. His mother had made only one request, in the slightly tremulous hand; she once wrote, "Sometimes, dear boy, pray for us!"

Roderick began to realize that it was hard to get money. And it occurred to him that the tremulous lines of his mother's hand, and the thought that he had worked hard and thought hard to keep him so well supplied with cash at college. Once he needed a new overcoat, and he wrote about it to his father. His mother answered, sending him half the price. He was disagreeably surprised at this.

In early winter, late in the afternoon, he was walking home, after an unusually annoying alteration with a difficult customer, when he thought suddenly came to him: "Perhaps those three five dollar bills represented all his mother had."

A flood of uneasiness suddenly filled his heart, as the tremulous lines of his mother's writing flashed before his eyes. "Sometimes, dear boy, pray for us!"

He turned impulsively into a side street, and in a few moments he was kneeling under the red lamp that burnt before the Holy of Holies in St. Ann's.

What came upon him, he could not tell. It was like a panic; it was as if a great fear had made him see only one thing—the object of his fear. What this he did not know. He simply felt.

In fifteen minutes he had found a telephone. He announced that immediate business called him away. He did not think of possible consequences, he thought of nothing but this strange fear.

At 7 o'clock, he entered the express for Woodstock which stopped at midnight at Special, to meet the Riverview Special. It was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning when the express reached Blackwell. It had been due two hours before, but the snow came down so heavily, that even the new plows had proved ineffective in preventing this celebrated train from losing time outrageously.

There was no vehicle at the station. The special had gone, and the four passengers thus delayed were piloted through the deep drifts to the little hotel near the sideway. Roderick followed them with the intention of telephoning home.

"Rather late, ain't it?" asked the proprietor of the hotel, who had known Roderick for years. "Besides, all the wires are down; you can't reach them to-night."

He raised the shade that shielded the window of the office, and pointed to the swiftly falling snow, which by the electric lights in front of the door illuminated the new nearer the red-lit stove, and said:

"You had better go to bed, Mr. Bell."

"When did you see my father?"

"Not for a coon's age," answered the landlady, yawning. "Let me see. Oh, yes—only one day, and your mother came down to the depot, to say good-by to the General's daughter;—she was going somewhere. Nice girl! It's a caution to see how she takes care of them old folks of hers. They don't seem to be out of her mind for a minute."

Roderick's face flushed.

"Your father looked about as usual; but old people can't expect to be as spry as they were, every marked place. Have a cup of coffee? It's ready. All right! You need it!"

"I shall need it," Roderick answered. "I shall want the cutter at once."

"To-night?" exclaimed the landlady, shocked. "To-night?"

"Yes," Roderick put on his overcoat. "If it kills your horse I'll pay. I must see my people."

"Argument was vain. The landlady reluctantly gave way, and finally Roderick went out and harnessed the horse himself.

The landlady murmured discontentedly as the young man drove off. "But as for my wife, let her have the horse if I wasn't anxious about the old folks myself. They haven't been about here for weeks, not even to the grocery store."

Roderick clenched his teeth against the sleeted snow and biting hail-stones. He was alone, and he was alone. He was alone, and he was alone. He was alone, and he was alone.

The old horse knew the road, there were no lights anywhere, every marked place was now unmarked; the snow levelled all it could remorselessly. Where the crossing of the trolley road had been, there was now soft drifts, through which the horse waded deep.

It was slow work. Every minute of delay seemed an hour. The forest of the horse went down into the ditch. Roderick, beside himself with feverish impatience, forced him upon the road again; but the poor beast was bewildered, and when his driver fancied that it was a matter of a broken leg. Just

then the tinkle of bells sounded behind, and, emerging through the snow, came a big automobile. The horse, half crazed, dashed back again into the ditch, and dragged the sleigh into the yielding white mass.

The automobile stopped. Roderick saw that his horse was prone beside the road, half-buried in the snow. The horse would right himself no doubt, but he must not lose time! The voice of his father seemed to call him! The horse dragged himself up, and Roderick pulled the sleigh, filled with snow, back upon the road.

"Where are you going?" asked a voice from the interior of the automobile. It was a crisp, clear voice; Roderick recognized it.

"To Mr. Bell's."

"Jump in, then. I hope that we shall find him living. Miss Walters telephoned me that she hadn't heard from the Bells for a week; they've been snowed up in the old man's barn for some time."

"Is it so bad as that, Dr. Jensen?"

"What, Roderick Bell?" cried the doctor. "I'm glad you've come, I was thinking of you; and wondering how you'd feel about the chauffeur."

"Get out, and take the sleigh up to Bell's farm. I'll run this car."

The doctor evidently thought that the most merciful thing was silence, and Roderick did not care to speak.

There was only one light in the farmhouse—a feeble one in an upstairs room. A ring at the bell brought nobody; Roderick, wild with impatience, put his shoulders against the door, and the lock gave way. It was cold and dark downstairs.

Upstairs, the father lay pallid on the bed, with the crucifix clasped in his hands. Near him, wrapped in a shawl, sat the mother. A candle near the window cast a dim light.

Roderick looked into his mother's pale, eager, shrunken face, and his heart seemed to stop.

"I kept the light always there. I knew you would come," she said. "I couldn't send for you. We've been alone here, snowed up for a week—but I prayed."

Mr. Bell opened his eyes. "He hasn't come, mother. I knew he'd forget us."

"He has!" exclaimed his mother triumphantly.

"In time, I hope, asked Roderick, besting the doctor with his eyes.

"Yes," said the doctor, with his eyes on the sick man, "he'll live."

The next day, Miss Walters came out. "You'll be lonely here," she said to Roderick.

"No—my place is with them."

"But some day—"

"Some day," he said, emboldened by the light in her eyes, "you'll keep me company. When I am worthy."

She smiled; and Roderick Bell felt that in this little place in the world where Providence had placed him he would never be lonely.

MARCE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE OLD BROWN CHAIR

"Jane, when the man from the Orphan Home calls for Miss Lawrence's chair be sure and get the one her uncle left her," said Mrs. Feelan as she took up her basket to do her marketing.

A few days before Ellen Lawrence's uncle had died leaving her the quaint upholstered chair, the topic of Mrs. Feelan's order. Never a day had passed but Ellen visited the old man, bringing him some dainty and cheering up his lonely life.

One day when she was leaving him he said, "Ellen, my dear, I am very tired, draw the curtains and perhaps I will sleep."

The next morning Ellen received a message saying her uncle was dying. Hurrying to his boarding-house, she found him struggling with that awful monster of death. His face seemed to brighten when he saw her. Pointing to the old chair, he tried to speak, but his strength failed, and he died.

He had been so kind to her, and he had cherished her so, and she understood that he wished her to have it.

"Yes, I will keep it always for your sake," she said with tears in her beautiful eyes.

The old man closed his eyes and slowly surrendered his spirit. After the funeral Ellen had the old chair removed to her boarding-house. Here a problem confronted her. Where would she put it? There was no place in her room for it with her rocker. The rocking chair must go, and she would send it to the Orphan Home.

The sharp ring of the door bell awoke Jane from her dreamy thoughts. Here was the man for the chair which Mrs. Feelan had told her to give him? Poor Jane! Her stupid brain whirled. Going into Miss Lawrence's she looked at the two chairs.

"It can't be the rocker she wants to send away. It's too good. It must be that old brown one," said Jane to herself. "This is what the old chair was put on the rug."

Mrs. Montgomery's son was coming home from college in a week, and his mother was saving his den refurbished. He had expressed a desire to have it quaint. She sought out all the shops in the town and had found nearly everything she needed.

Returning one day from such an expedition, she saw Ellen's chair on the Orphan Home wagon. Here was the very thing she needed. Stopping the wagon she bargained for the chair. "Now will you please take it to Brown's to be upholstered?" asked Mrs. Montgomery. "Certainly," said the driver, and touching his hat drove off.

holstered. This afternoon they sent a messenger to Mr. Bell's box. It had been found in the seat of the chair under the upholstered cushion. Telephone to the Home to find where they got the chair. They gave me your address and so I have found the rightful owner of the box."

"How can I ever thank you?" asked Ellen as she took the box in her trembling hands. She lifted the cover and found a thousand shares of the Consolidated Steel Corporation. Below was a note written by her uncle.

"My dear Ellen—Accept this little recompense for the many kindnesses you have done me. But for your last days would have been dull and dreary."

Your affectionate uncle, JOHN CLARK.

"Now my dear, I will leave you," said Mrs. Montgomery. "I will have your chair sent to you to-morrow. And remember if you ever need a friend call on me."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

FAITH AND MORALS IN THE UNITED STATES

The splendid opportunity presented by the United States for the development of Catholic faith and Catholic morality has long been recognized by the directors of the Apostleship of Prayer.

As early as 1891, 300,000,000, five years before our English Canadian edition of The Messenger of the Sacred Heart began, the original French Messenger, then published at Le Puy, in France, had a sympathetic general intention entitled "The United States of America." Father Ramiere the originator and editor of the first Messenger of the Sacred Heart, which has since given rise to thirty-seven other Messengers, published in twenty-three different languages, representing all parts of the world, wrote, as the above data shows, less than a year after the Civil War:

"The Americans are a youthful people and who they have the highest and most free all the capacities of that age, they also experience most violently all its dangerous propensities. Their prodigious growth has inspired them with a boundless confidence in their own strength, and the terrible crisis which they have just come through triumphantly has but increased that feeling. They feel life bubbling up in their veins, and they see nothing in all creation that seems to them able to withstand the Masters of an immense territory the wealth of which to be multiplied a hundredfold, needs but little labor; commanding the two greatest oceans of the globe; except the impetuous and equally indomitable in the strife of industrialism and on the field of battle; combining national riches, unparalleled by any other nation, with all the resources which science has bestowed upon the countries of the Old World, what wonder that they should experience that sort of frenzy which possessed of yore the King of Tyre, and that they should be tempted to adore themselves, saying, 'Who is like us, who is our equal?'"

Father Ramiere then notes how the craze for purely material progress stifles higher aspirations and dwarfs religious interests. Vast numbers of Americans are indifferent to all spiritual doctrines, and accept with careless and unreflecting impartiality all forms of worship, ranking the most absurd with the most rational. But many do not stop at indifference, they are aggressively hostile to Catholic truth. The fanatic excesses of the Know-nothings, then still fresh in people's minds, are secretly cherished and applauded by secret organizations thirsting for similar criminal exploits.

Opposed to these disintegrating and degenerate influences is the large body of American Catholics. Their growth, as Father Ramiere points out, has increased steadily, and they are becoming more and more numerous. During the first half of the nineteenth century, from one to forty-eight, and this number, as well as that of the priests and faithful, has a constant upward tendency. But we must acknowledge that this increase is due much less to the conquests of true faith over heresy than to the continual immigration to the New World of Catholics from the older continent. This influx of Catholics, by means at least, of a legitimate motive for unadmitted joy if all these Catholic immigrants preserved, in their new country, the faith of their fathers. Unfortunately it is not so; a great number of them settle far from any Catholic centers, and in the absence of the necessities of their material existence, they fall, by little and little, into forgetfulness of God and of their salvation. They themselves may, perhaps, remain true Catholics, but they are at least; but their children, deprived of all religious instruction and of all supernatural help, will become complete strangers to the Church, and will be carried irresistibly away by the fanaticism of the first itinerant preacher. Who could count the number of those poor sheep strayed yearly from Christ's fold, for lack of shepherds numerous enough to go after them? If our zeal should, according to St. Paul's advice, be solicitous above all for those who belong to the household of the true faith, assuredly there are few souls more worthy of our prayers than these hapless ones who daily leave that holy house almost without being aware of their desertion."

1890 there were already thirteen archbishops, sixty-seven bishops and five vicars apostolic under the Stars and Stripes. He adds, "It may be found that before the end of the century these eighty-five hierarchical titles will have reached the round hundred, if they do not go beyond it." Although this prediction is in every way verified in 1910, it is more than verified now that Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands have been ecclesiastically organized under the American flag.

Since the foregoing Messenger articles on the United States were written, while the dangers arising from the environment of indifference and open or secret antagonism have remained as real as ever, the tremendous leakage is gradually diminishing thanks to the better organization of parochial and missionary effort. Nor should we be unduly appalled at the multitude of those who fall away from the Church. Leakage there always has been and always will be in every country, so long as most men and women are stupidly weak, and the allurements of the world, the flesh and the devil are mighty. Had there been no leakage since the days of the first Christian missionaries, so long as the present heathen majority would now be Catholic. No doubt the American Church loses far more adherents by direct perversion or simple drifting than it gains by conversions; but what gains it immeasurably better than what it loses; it loses the careless, the ignorant, the criminal; it gains the highly educated, the pure-minded, the heroic.

The dangers lurking within the Catholic body are set forth by the late illustrious and far-seeing Leo XIII. in his Apostolic Letter to Cardinal Gibbons on "True and False Americanism in Religion." The twelve years that have elapsed since the publication of this masterly document have fully vindicated its necessity and opportuneness. To be sure, the men whom the prudent Pope so gently rebuked apologized for the sins of their fathers; but they were tilting at windmills; there was no such thing as Americanism in the wrong sense. But they immediately drew in their horns, put the lid down on their errors, and proclaimed the true American Catholicism had always maintained with the Holy Father that dogmas were unchangeable and cannot be explained away, that licence must not be confounded with liberty, that the guidance of the Holy Ghost must be proved according to the time-honored directions of the Church, and that the natural are inferior to the supernatural virtues. True, some of these Americans are still impetuous. One of them wrote lately that "his early training in France has given him a special insight into such controversies as arose when French formalism made its attack on the new phases of what was dubbed Americanism in apparent ignorance of the existence of an idealistic school of Catholic thought in all ages and among all people." Such attempts, however, to confuse the issue in a cloud of meaningless generalities deserve no mention. Meanwhile the big drum has ceased to beat out, even in manifold tones, the superiority of the commandments over the councils, of velleus congregations over religious orders, of the guidance of the Holy Ghost over Christ-like obedience. Moreover, the harrowing disclosures of the unspeakable muck-rakers have plucked the heart out of those fiery patriots often born in the old country—who used to extol the American character as the finest in the world and American political life as the noblest expression of human liberty. We hear less of the beauty of a system engineered by graft, of the excellence of the criminal law in a country in which the law is so honest as to cite himself. Here are clauses of the petition:

1. The giving of religious instruction, as far as it is desired by the parents of the children, should be left to the different religious bodies.

2. Moral instruction should be given as heretofore, but not in conjunction with religious instruction, as has been hitherto done.

Classes 3 and 4 tell us that "the moral instruction is to be conceived in the broad spirit of a knowledge of human nature and the Universe," and "for the lower middle grades" it is to consist of selections from the whole literature of the world. "Not a word about religion of any character, or shading whatever is here mentioned as a requirement of the school curriculum; and so, welcome, Dr. Draper; you are in the same boat with the dogmatists and theologians. It seems the scientific men of Germany want neither "theological differences" nor "religious influences" unlike Dr. Draper. They believe in Strafford's

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theory of "Be-Through," and clean up with all religion in the schools, whether of the watered or unwatered kind.

But Dr. Draper takes no heed of that, but turns upon the theological dogmatists and says, (p. 59): "So the protests against dogmatic religious instruction were high, theory general" and have become both very general and very strong" and, (p. 57): "It is a protest against the rule-of-thumb instruction in religious dogma, and intellectual teaching by churchmen." Doctor, don't you see you were some share in the rest of us? Here is your situation: You were insulted by Paul, and you turn upon Peter to punish him for the insult. Is that right? Is that fair? "Be fair and think what you will."

The only comment we would yet make upon the above two statements is, first, that since the doctor says the protests were high, theory general" and "very strong," I notice, when it comes to their own case, the teachers of the "freer faith" are as strenuous in defending their positions as are the theological dogmatists believe. That is, the teachers, don't you see you were some share in the rest of us?

Then, since the doctor has so many love-assurances for the dogmas, I am not surprised to see him resort to dogmatic teaching as "rule-of-thumb instruction." As to that we would remark:

(1). We are not acquainted with any "rule-of-thumb" law of the Church which forces or can oblige a man to believe or disbelieve a dogma or divine doctrine.

(2). We do remember Dr. Draper saying on (p. 88) that he intends making "use of the law of the Church, his religious influences" with absolute authority of theological interpretation" (p. 90) as potent as possible. We do remember that he considers it "not inconsistent . . . to urge that all of the children in the public schools, who some share in simple exercises which stir the religious feeling," (p. 90). We do remember that (p. 82) the doctor goes so far as to say: "It may be well to explain the reasons for some things so that the pupil who wants to think otherwise will have difficulty in doing so."

What do you call that, doctor? "Rule is in that, for me, too much of the rule-of-thumb instruction." This remark of ours may not be appreciated, but an saying his is, doctor, "A had penny always comes back."

GEORGE J. WEBER.

If thou carry thy cross willingly, it will carry thee.—Thomas a Kempis.

"We pass this way but once." What a good thing that is to keep in our minds. To-day is passing. We will never see it again, on earth, or in eternity. It is gone forever. Did we turn from our work with a smiling face to-day, or were we surly and cross? Did we send a shaft of immortal sunshine into a neighbor's soul, or did we cast a cloud upon it?—Edwin Carlisle Litsey, in Men and Women.

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ADDRESS
Rev. A. L. Zinger, C.R., Ph.D., Pres.

CATHOLIC DEFENCE LEAGUE

DR. ANDREW S. DRAPER'S CHARACTERIZATION OF THE CHRISTIAN DOGMAS AND HIS IDEA OF LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE

Catholic Union and Times

An honest question, dear reader: If you were in good company, and a Mr. Smith gave you a direct slap in the face, not only on one, but on half a dozen different occasions, would you not feel very good over it, would you? Made up your mind by that time that you are not wanted, not liked by Mr. Smith.

Well, now, thus it is with Dr. Draper and ourselves who believe in the theological and Christian dogmas. Dogmas, as we saw heretofore, are nothing more nor less than the doctrines which orthodox Christians believe. Have the dogmas no right of existence? Can not those who wish to believe in them do so without being called by the opprobrious name of "sectarians"?

Why Dr. Draper used the number six may be forever locked in the doctor's "prison-house," that is, memory, but it is that