

mode of living established by Christ and practiced by the primitive Christians."

THAT THE Globe editor put his finger upon the festering sore of the age cannot reasonably be doubted, and that his warning pointed to the cause is scarcely less open to question. Also, as in many other evils he has arraigned, he seems to have a glimmering as to the direction in which the remedy lies. But only a glimmering, for as other words of his in the same address indicate, he spoils all by harking back as to heroes to the very men who upset the old order and laid the foundation for the materialism, the hardness and the selfishness which have corroded to the very heart our present civilization, and made it the hateful and unlovely thing he describes. What must be said of a man who can find no more amiable or honest figure upon which to hang his appeal than an apostate priest of the sixteenth century who, according to every reputable historian, was also a traitor to his country, and a coward and bully into the bargain? Yet Knox is the name invoked by this thundering mentor of modern sectarian conditions. As it is, his warning comes several centuries too late. To make it effective at all, he must first undo the work of the men he so glibly apostrophizes. Then, and not until then, will the well-to-doness and the respectability which he bemoans cease to be the gods of the market place.

A GREAT FLUTTER has been occasioned in anti-clerical circles in France by the death-bed recantation and repentance of one of their foremost advocates in the person of M. Besnard, Radical Senator of Yonne. This man had taken an active part in the persecution of the Religious Orders, and had signed and voted for all the acts of spoliation of the Church, when Ministers were blasphemously boasting that they would "hunt Christ from the schools, from the navy, the army and the State," and "put out the light of Heaven." That for many souls they have done the latter is, alas! too true, but that their wicked work has the approval of the great mass of the French people cannot in the face of patent facts for a moment be believed. For these atheistic Frenchmen—those of them at least who have had a Catholic education and bringing up—have deep down in their hearts an innate respect for religion and a fear of the hereafter. They may, in the days of their strength, blaspheme the Most High, and make sport of His handiwork, but in the face of death they usually foreswear their evil works and cry out for the ministrations which the Church alone can give to them. Happy are they, even in that dread moment, if their cries can be heard beyond the small circle who by every evil art would deprive them of the consolations they crave.

SUCH A MAN was Senator Besnard. When he found the end approaching he decided to let it be publicly known that he repented of his evil life and sorrowed for his acts of persecution of the Church. He therefore requested that witnesses should hear his retraction and proclaim in his behalf to the world that he died a Christian and a Catholic. This being done he begged for a priest, and one being summoned, he sought God's forgiveness, received the last rites, and died peacefully in the thought that Providence had thus given him the opportunity of rectifying his many misdeeds. He spoke fearfully, we are told, of his childhood days, when he was a good Catholic, and begged only that his life might end as it began.

A RETRACTION of this kind is always exceedingly hateful to those whom it necessarily impugns. In Mr. Besnard's case, when it became known that he was dying, the anti-clericals set about arranging a secular funeral. It was to be made the occasion of a fresh demonstration of their strength and of their contempt for the Church and all that she represents. It was to be a triumphant proclamation of their undying hatred for religion and of their independence, so they boasted, of every supernatural consideration. When it was announced, therefore, that the very man whom they were proposing to "honor," had renounced their principles and died repentant and a Catholic, their fury was unbounded and still continues to re-echo through the lodges and the anti-clerical newspapers of France.

Alive and an atheist, M. Besnard could not be too highly honored—as a Catholic who had departed hence he became the object of obloquy and derision. Thus it is and ever was with the forces of irreligion. History has too many examples not to enable us to understand.

THE SCHOOL SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME

The following very interesting article has reference to the educational work being done by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. This is one of the most excellent teaching orders connected with the Church. The account will be of special interest in view of the fact that these accomplished and self-sacrificing ladies are engaged in educational work in the Diocese of Hamilton.

The Congregation of Notre Dame was founded by St. Peter Fourier at Maitaincourt, Lorraine, France, towards the close of the sixteenth century. Mother Alexia LeClerc, the first superior, saw it spread over France before her holy death, and, on the breaking out of the French Revolution, it was widely extended throughout other countries of Europe.

The Order had many convents and schools in Germany but, after the Revolution and the ensuing wars of Napoleon, all were suppressed in consequence of the well-known Act of Secularization, A. D. 1809. Divine Providence, however, so directed events, that through the instrumentality of two great and holy men, Bishop Michael Wittmann of Ratisbon and Rev. Sebastian Job, Confessor to the Empress of Austria, the Congregation was re-organized in 1838.

The rule and constitutions given by St. Peter Fourier to the Congregation of Notre Dame were retained in all their essential features, the only modifications made being such as were needed to meet the changed conditions of the times. Mother Theresa Gerhardinger, a pupil of the Sisters whose community had been suppressed twenty-four years before, was the saintly foundress and first superior general. The first foundation was at Neuburg-vorn-Wald, near Ratisbon, but at the request of King Louis, the motherhouse was transferred to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, in 1841.

The venerable Mother Theresa herself accompanied the first "School Sisters of Notre Dame" to America. On the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, 1847, the little party of six landed at New York from the steamer "Washington" after its first trip across the Atlantic. The youngest of them all was Sister Mary Caroline, destined to be for two and forty years the Mother and Superior of the Sisters in America, a truly providential woman whose equal is, perhaps, seldom found in generations. Soon a permanent foundation was made in Baltimore and, in 1850, a motherhouse was established in Milwaukee with Sister M. Caroline at its head as "Vicar General of America."

Members increased so rapidly that in a short time it became necessary to divide the American community into two provinces, the Western Province with Motherhouse at Milwaukee, and the Eastern Province with Motherhouse at Baltimore. In 1895 the Southern Province was formed with Motherhouse at St. Louis and, in 1912, the fourth one was erected with Motherhouse at Mankato, Minnesota. Each province has a Provincial Mother Superior, but all are subject to the Mother Commissary General who resides at the head Motherhouse in Milwaukee when not making her visitations of her community. Reverend Mother Marianne who recently visited Canada as the present Commissary General, The Mother General of the entire Order resides at the Motherhouse in Munich. The European division of the Order comprises 286 houses with 3,400 Sisters; the American division, 301 houses with 3,789 Sisters.

At the invitation of the Very Rev. Louis and Eugene Funcken, C. R., the School Sisters established their first foundation in Canada, St. Agatha's Orphanage, present day, 1871. Up to the present day, the good people and worthy pastors of the counties of Waterloo and Bruce have most generously supported this institution by annual collections, donations, legacies, and an occasional bazaar. In twenty years, the Sisters opened nine separate schools, one each in St. Agatha's, Formosa, Berlin, St. Clement's, Walkerton, Deemerton, Mildmay, New Germany, and Waterloo. Two more are about to be added to the list—one at Owen Sound; the other at Preston. These missions form a part of the Western Province.

To meet the requirements of the Department of Education, the Sisters opened St. Ann's Training School at Berlin in 1907. Young ladies intending to join the Community are here put through a thorough four year's High School Course conducted by a staff of able teachers holding University degrees. They are then sent to the Normal School at Hamilton and, after successfully completing its course, enter the Novitiate, a school of religious training at the Motherhouse in Milwaukee. A year later, they return to the "Land of the Maple" to teach in the Separate schools conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. There are at present seven certificated Canadian

Normalites in the Milwaukee Novitiate.

St. Ann's Training School is the happy, let us say, providential inspiration of the universally lamented Very Rev. W. Kloefer, C. R., substantially aided in its materialization by the other clerical friends of the Sisters in the counties of Bruce and Waterloo, and the generous Separate School Board of Berlin.

Although parochial school work is the main purpose of the Order, all grades of schools have their proper place according to its rule, and the Sisters conduct colleges, academies, select schools, orphan asylums, a deaf mute institute, an Indian and a Negro school. The college in Baltimore has an average attendance of two hundred young ladies. With the increase of houses and numbers, the time may not be far distant when Canadian missions will be formed into the Canadian Province of the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

MOVING TOWARDS ROME

A SINCERE SOUL WHO IS SEEKING THE LIGHT OF THE TRUE FAITH

The following letters from a Methodist gentleman in Manitoba will explain themselves:

Hamiota, Man., June 6, 1913.

Dear Sir,—Would you please forward me a specimen copy of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and one of the Catholic periodicals. I am a Protestant but am studying the Catholic faith from a Catholic point of view. I should like to take an interest in Catholic work, and if possible become acquainted with one or two Catholics. I should also like to have a catalogue of other Catholic books if you publish any more and the name of some Catholic bookseller at Winnipeg. I have obtained some Catholic books from Kilmear & Co., Philadelphia, and after reading one of them, "Catholic Belief," I was surprised at the erroneous ideas which I had gathered from Protestant writers and workers whom I had come in contact with, regarding the Catholic faith.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. HAMMOND.

Hamiota, Man., June 21, 1913.

Dear Mr. Coffey,—I wish to thank you for your kind letter as also for the catalogue of books and a bundle of CATHOLIC RECORDS. Will you kindly send me the paper every week. I am a sincere Protestant and I desire to follow in the footsteps of my dear Lord and Master. To attain this purpose one must not only try to lead an honest and a pure life, but even be ready to beggar oneself in the Lord's service to do so. It is not easy to lead such a life as is expected of us. But Oh! the blessed peace and joy that comes in the sacrifice of one's self and all he possesses for those for whom Christ died. I am a member of the Methodist church at present and a church worker. Last Sunday I arose at 5 o'clock and did not retire until after midnight as I took three services at three different places, driving about forty miles. Besides this I did some necessary work on the farm. In the old country I was a member of the Low or Evangelical church of England, which, as you are aware, is bitterly prejudiced against the Catholic faith. I believe that Jesus was my Saviour, and, accepting this fact, I attended open air meetings in various Protestant mission halls near London. The reason why I left the church of England was because I was in no sympathy whatever with the High Church and as I found more active work in the Methodist church as a Christian worker here in Canada. I am now in favor of the belief held by Catholics, but before taking the step to become a member of the Catholic Church I feel that I should, to be a good Catholic and to be fair to Protestantism, study the Catholic faith thoroughly and also take note of its effect on the lives of its members. I also desire to become acquainted with its missionary work and its influence upon the whole world. I wish to return your thanks also for the copy of the Question Box which you so kindly sent. Nothing touches my heart more than kindness, as it shows a Christ-like spirit.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. HAMMOND.

Hamiota, Man., July 7, 1913.

Dear Mr. Coffey,—I received your communication to-night together with the devotional books which you so kindly sent. Thank you very much for your kindness to one who is an utter stranger to you. I am glad and as I sit on the plough or some other farming implement my mind is at work and I cannot help but say that my conclusions are Rome-ward, if I might use that expression. True, there at present one or two points which I cannot grasp. It may be partly due to prejudice but more probably to ignorance. I am praying every day that I might be guided aright and led into the way of truth. May I ask you to pray for me also. I feel a deep consciousness of the Saviour's presence and I am overawed at times as I think of those things which pertain to the Catholic Church. So far as scandals are concerned I suppose there is hardly an institution, Protestant or Catholic, or anything connected with social reform work which has not had its scandals some time or another. Even amongst the twelve apostles there was a Judas Iscariot. It has been so all through

the ages. I myself would not think of comparing a Judas Iscariot with St. Peter or St. Paul or one who professes to be a Catholic, but nevertheless swears, blasphemes and is given up to drink and vice and other evils, as an example of what Catholics are the same with Protestants. One thing I especially admire about the Catholics is their self-sacrifice and self-denial, while Protestants on the whole I find are not given to fasting and denying themselves the pleasures of this world that they might try and help some one else on the heavenly road. The only sect which sacrifices themselves in any way are the Salvation Army men and women. If I happen to speak to one Methodist or Anglican or other Protestant about a life of self-sacrifice and self-denial he will say that Christ did not mean that to be taken literally but in a spiritual sense. But I know from practical experience that the more I give up for Christ the happier I am. And so it will be if I become a member of the Catholic Church. It will mean my giving up (or rather they will give me up) many of my nearest and dearest friends, probably my home. Even now I am under suspicion by those who employ me. But sir, what is that compared to the friendship of Jesus and the holy saints. And when I think of what Christ suffered and gave up for me my own self-sacrifices sink out of sight. I will use the devotional books you sent me to the best advantage and use my best efforts to become acquainted with the Catholic services and ceremonies so that I may be prepared to take that step which will lead me to your query, sir, I give you free leave to publish my last letter and also any correspondence which may pass between us, as I never write or say anything I am ashamed of. I try to be as open and as straightforward as possible in every way. Some persecution may come to me. I may be hearing about this matter from friends, but I feel that I must stand true to my conscience and to my God. Having put my hand to the plough I have no intention of withdrawing it. No crown is obtained without bearing the cross below. Christ said to St. Paul: My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in thy weakness.

I will now draw to a close thanking you once again for your kindness as well as your interest in me, and I pray and trust that the time may not be far distant when I shall be received into the Catholic Church. I will not take this step, however, until I am fully convinced that that church is really what it claims to be. I pray that the work of the Church may go on in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and be glorified.

Yours truly

GEO. HAMMOND

FATHER VAUGHAN TO LONDON 'SMART SET'

Some four hundred automobiles rolled up on a recent Sunday to the Church of the Immaculate Conception in the heart of fashionable Mayfair, London, to hear the third of Father Bernard Vaughan's course of sermons on Christ as Guest and Host. An hour before the sermon six hundred extra chairs were all occupied, and when the preacher entered the pulpit there was no more standing room anywhere. Taking his text from Luke xix, 8: "Zacheus, make haste and come down, for today I must abide in thy house," the preacher said:

"The people of robber-haunted Jericho were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Jesus Christ in their city, where they hoped He would break His journey before making the long and arduous ascent of nearly four thousand feet though the rock-heated gorge, emerging on the more level and fertile plain of Jerusalem. Jericho, rather a town than a city, was a colony alive with publicans, and one of the chiefs of these publicans was a man named Zacheus.

"I want to call your attention to Zacheus, the ill-famed and much-hated Zacheus. Few persons fall desperately in love with tax-gatherers. Now Zacheus, though a Jew, exercised the functions of a tax-gatherer for the Romans, and in a rather priestly city. You may be sure, then, that there was no love lost upon him, and he felt certain that being small of stature, he would get badly jostled in the crowd, and driven far into the background, were he to attempt to push to the front, when Jesus, whose fame as the healer of blind Bartimeus was at its height, would be coming into the town.

ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

"But the little rich man was not going to be done. Accordingly, he conceived the plan of getting right above the crowd by climbing into a sycamore overhanging the main thoroughfare of Jericho, where the procession was bound to pass. There, hidden away among the foliage, he intended to look out and feast his eyes on the crowd, and most especially on the chief figure in it, Jesus, the Wonder-worker, and the reputed friend of publicans. That He really was so seemed almost too good to be true.

"What a supreme moment, then, must have been in the life of Zacheus, when, from his commanding viewpoint, for the first time he actually saw with his own eyes, standing out in the cloud of dust and amid a forest of gesticulating arms and wav-

ing palm branches, the calm, majestic and gracious presence of Jesus—the all-good and all-beautiful. The procession drew nigh, and as it came all halted; there was a pause in the music, when our Lord turned and, looking up, called out so that all might hear: 'Zacheus, make haste and come down, for today I must abide in thy house.'

"TO-DAY IS SALVATION COME"

"You may be sure that in less than no time the bewildered publican leapt into the roadway and bowed with forehead in the dust. He rose, leading homeward with a sense of unutterable triumph the great Prophet, the actual Healer of the beggar man, blind Bartimeus. There, within doors, Zacheus played the part of host, not only entertaining, but edifying his Guest by promising to pay his debts—observe it well, perhaps the good resolution of being kindly and generous to his brethren, God's poor.

ENTHUSIASM FOR JESUS CHRIST

"It was a worth while visit on the part of Jesus Christ, and being unwilling to be outdone in generosity, on leaving, our Lord bade His host farewell in those words which have been echoed to us through the ages: 'To-day is salvation come to this house.' With a few pencil strokes, so to speak, I have roughly sketched the picture from a story so fully described for us by an Evangelist. I have called your attention to it because I see in it a lesson which I want you to take in and lay to heart before leaving church for Sunday's parade.

"What Zacheus teaches you and me is the need we have of enthusiasm for Jesus Christ. Had he been less enthusiastic about seeing our Lord, had he been no more enthusiastic than some of us, he would not have caught sight of Him at all; Zacheus and Jesus would not have met, and you and I would have been the poorer by the loss of the beautiful story, mere reference to which has, I perceive, interested you not a little. Of course, I know that it is 'bad form' to show enthusiasm. It kindles fire, and wastes energy, and implies that ourselves are on top of the hill. The refrain running through society to-day is: 'How can you care; there is nothing to be excited about.' Zacheus tells us just the contrary; he assures us that we must care, that there is something to be wildly enthusiastic about, and that is getting above the crowd where we may see Jesus Christ.

"If this enthusiastic publican were occupying my place here this morning, I can quite fancy how he would finish up the account of his lovely interview with our Lord by saying to you: 'Whatever happens, don't miss seeing Him. Why, only to get a glimpse of Him is to put heaven into life, and to flood it with the sunshine of hope and love.' He would say to you: 'If you really want to see Jesus, you must get above the crowd of gross and common things blocking the arteries of your nightmare city; you must get above the suffocating crushes of your drawing-rooms, above the crowded enclosures of Ascot, above the revels of Henley; nay, you must, if you are in dead earnest about seeing Jesus, get above the mob of your own passions, and beyond the reach of worldly and carnal longings dragging you down to the mud and filth of the street.' In a word, 'like me,' he would conclude, 'you must swing into the branches of contemplation, where, above the dust and the noise of the passing city, you may rest your souls and feast them on the beauty of Jesus—the beauty of His person, the beauty of His teaching, and the beauty of His character.'

TOUCHED BY THE APPEAL OF ZACHEUS

"Does this Zachean pleading fall upon dull ears? Does it strike any cry of longing in your tired lives and hungry hearts? Your uplifted faces and streaming eyes tell me you have been touched by the appeal of Zacheus, you have been caught by his spirit, and enticed by his fire.

"What a relief it is to find myself talking to you so closely packing these benches, and to you, too, standing out to the street, yonder, wanting to make Jesus Christ your best and dearest friend. But how could it be otherwise, seeing you learnt to love Him when as little children you stood with naked feet on your mother's hands and with your pink and dimpled arms folded round her neck, you repeated after her some such prayer as: 'Jesus, I love you; I love with all my heart and soul.'

CHILDREN OF THE DESERT

"Hear this: Some two months ago I landed at Djibouti, on the coast of Somaliland. We had anchored to coal. It was a barren, pathless, sun-scorched land; not a tree, only the dust-dusted cactus and here and there a sagebrush thirsting for rain. As usual with me on such occasions, I wandered to the native village, where soon I was surrounded and followed by a troop of Arabs, Turks, Indians, Abyssinians, and Somalim: all pressing me to buy their wares of cut stones and other gee-gaw rubbish. How my heart went out to these poor children of the desert, whose hearts were as empty as yours are full of Jesus Christ! But in His own good time He will win them and save them, too.

After trying to make them happy I ploughed through sand and over dunes till, beyond the straggling village, I saw standing out against the blood-red sunset a mud-built little chapel with a statue outside it

of the blessed Mother of God, her arms extended as though inviting me to come in and see her Son. Gladly I accepted her dear invitation, and passed into the presence chamber, served by a small community of Franciscan friars. The chapel was rude, unbenched; but to me attractive with tokens of Catholic piety everywhere about. It was like a bit of home, and I sank down and sobbed with love of my religion.

A MUSSULMAN INCIDENT

"It was dusk when I entered, and at first I thought I was alone, but presently I heard the accents of some voice pleading with God in broken English. I turned to my friend, with his face to the ground, and asked him if I could be of service. He told me he was a Mussulman from Madras, that he had been educated in a Christian school, and had lost his faith in the Great Prophet. With his dark face wet with tears, he went on to say how he longed to become a Christian and was praying to know in which, out of the many conflicting Christian Churches, he was to find Jesus, and safe anchorage for his soul.

"Father," he said, clinging to me, 'if you can bring me to Him, do not delay, else I shall despair. I am drifting out to sea.' How touching and pathetic it was to find this copper-colored Zacheus out in the desert, enthusiastic to know Jesus, while some Catholics there are on this London clay altogether indifferent about Him and His friendship. Why—must I say it?—I have actually come across Catholics who seem to imply they are half-ashamed of their religion, so that the problem they set themselves to solve is, how to remain Catholics without being known to be such. They are like exhausted volcanoes, when they ought to be on fire.

NOT FASHIONABLE TO BE A CATHOLIC

"I grant you that at present the religion of Jesus Christ is not very fashionable. Truth to tell from what I read of Him in the gospel story, neither was He Himself in Palestine very fashionable. He would be almost blasphemous to say He was. Without any doubt at all, Jesus Christ is more at home in slumdom than in clubland, in Whitechapel more than in Mayfair. You should have seen Commercial Road last Sunday, when tens of thousands followed through the streets His picture carried in procession with music and song. How are we to draw Him from the East to the West End? What can be done Zacheus-like to entice Him into your well-appointed homes in Mayfair and Belgrave?

"My brethren, there is one way, and one only, of captivating and capturing Him. Ignore an unwritten law of Society, and become enthusiastic about Him. Go forth from your luxurious abodes and make your way through the thronged roadways and thoroughfares of the city, and get above the crowd; mount to the steps of the hospital and pass into the children's ward; or press onward to some Settlement or Workmen's Club; or, if you will, grope your way through the thronged roadways and thoroughfares of the city, and get through some alley and climb the ladder of stairs, and behold the single sordid attic holds the living and the dead."

GET BUSY FOR CHRIST'S DEAR SAKE

"Go where you will, but go somewhere. Get busy for Christ's dear sake, and let Him feel that you are not only on His side, but wild with enthusiasm for it, and that in the future He may so count on your care of His poor, and of your interest in their well-being." Continuing the preacher pointed out in the many ways in which they might see and get hold of Jesus Christ and make Him their best friend in life and death. He pointed out how his visit to the United States had revitalized him, and how the 16,000,000 of Catholics were like live wires making themselves felt as potent factors in that ever-expanding community of 90,000,000 of souls. He instanced the work done by the Knights of Columbus and the Holy Name Societies. He was proud of the Church in the States.

Turning once more to the need there was of enthusiasm, he said: "Lately I have been reading of explorers and others who in their enthusiasm to attain the goal of their ambition have laughed at every sort of hardship, privation and peril. Some of these enthusiasts have risked life over the ice, crevasses and snowfields to reach the Southern Pole, others have pushed through swamps and forests to secure some rare and precious orchid, others again have perched on beetling crags where the eyes of their camera might drink in some unusual sight.

"Lastly, I have read how one enthusiast has spent ten years among cannibals of the South Sea Islands in order to see and capture the fair-winged butterfly—a butterfly! my brethren. As I put the book down, I asked myself: 'And what are we doing to see and capture Jesus Christ, the Author, Upholder, and Lover of all these wonders?' Father Vaughan concluded with a most touching appeal to his hearers to escort Christ back to their homes that morning and not to let Him go till they heard the words: 'To-day is salvation come to this house.'—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

If, instead of looking at what our superiors possess, we could see what they actually enjoy, there would be less envy and more pity in the world.—Horace Smith.

CATHOLIC OLD ENGLAND

SUFFERINGS OF ENGLISH CATHOLICS WHO WOULD NOT RENOUNCE THE FAITH

When old England was Merrie England in the best sense of that term, and when England was in heart and deed Our Lady's Dower, those were blessed days indeed, writes Dr. W. T. Parker in the Philadelphia Standard and Times. Let no Catholic speak slightly of Englishmen, as if they had in the gloomy, bloody days of the sixteenth century willingly denied their holy faith and willfully turned Protestant, for such is not the case. How few in these days call to mind the gallant battles fought for Holy Mother the Church by Englishmen, who shed their good blood right willingly in her defense, especially upon that dreadful day when the flower of English knighthood fought to the death, under the most holy banner of our Five Wounds, against overwhelming hosts of the servants of the cruel English Government.

The brave Catholics of England had no mountains or caves wherein to hide from their persecutors; they stood up and fought for their holy Catholic faith as bravely as thousands have fought in the east and in the west, in the north and in the south during centuries and centuries of barbarous persecution. They were simply overwhelmed, crushed, subdued. Those who survived and were captured were thrust into pitiless prisons; they learned what was the rack, the rope, the awful knife cutting them to death while yet they lived to offer their life-blood to Christ—the seed of Christians. They emulated the victims of cruel Rome in the catacombs.

Now they join in our prayers, recited all over England and in many lands where English is spoken, "Jesus, convert England!" These were the golden words of the dying prayer of the Venerable Henry Heath, of the holy order of St. Francis. He perished, as did so many other faithful Franciscans and other Catholics on the awful scaffold at Tyburn in 1643, and suffered worse torture in being let down from the gibbet before death, to be cut open while yet alive by the awful knives of the legal quarterers.

This is the manner of the deaths of English Catholics who died by scores and even hundreds in defense of our most holy faith.

Say a prayer for them and for England, a Pater and an Ave, too. For every devout prayer said for the conversion of England Pope Pius IX., of blessed memory, in 1850 decreed three hundred days' indulgence. "The children of them that afflict These shall come bowing down to Thee, and all that slandered Thee shall worship the steps of Thy feet."

Oh, what glorious faith those martyrs possessed, and that faith has never died and shall not die.

NEW CHURCH ORGAN

A new Karn-Warren pipe organ has been installed in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Sarnia. On the 15th a sacred concert was given by the choir, Prof. C. E. Wheeler, of London, presiding at the organ. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Aylward, of London, performed the ceremony of dedicating the organ. He was assisted by Rev. Father Kennedy the highly esteemed parish priest of that town. The sermon was preached by Mgr. Aylward, and in his well chosen words, first thanked Almighty God for the inspiration, by which the congregation co-operated so generously with their pastor's zealous efforts in this work; then the pastor and the faithful for the active part they had taken. Continuing, he told how this majestic instrument could be of benefit spiritually. By assisting us in our public worship to elevate our souls to God, its pleasing tones help us to realize the greatness of God, to offer praise and thanksgiving for His many graces and to petition Him to supply our necessities.

SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK IN ST. CATHARINES.—Pupils of the Separate schools of the city and neighboring towns did exceptionally well and in fact established an enviable record at the recent entrance exams. Not a single pupil from these schools who went up for the exams failed. Thirty-five wrote and the same number passed. The result reflects high and well-merited credit on the Sisters of St. Joseph, who taught in all the schools.

The number of pupils writing and passing from the different schools was—St. Nicholas, 11; St. Catharines, 7; St. Mary's, 5; Port Dalhousie, 2; Merriton, 3; Thorold, 7; Total 35.—St. Catharines Journal, July 17.

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