THE LIFTING OF THE BURDEN

"Mother Sinclair," complained "Mother Sinclair," complained her daughter-in-law, "I do wish you could learn to sit properly in a chair—that is, a drawing-room chair," she corrected, with a veiled sneer in her softly modulated voice. "Yesterday I was extremely mortified when you came in while Mrs. Van Schuyler was here and sat on the

"I wouldn't 'a' went in, Grace," she began apologetically, "but I didn't hear any talkin," and I'd left the doll hood I s makin' for Genevieve on the window Then, when you motioned me to sill. Then, when you motioned me to that little pink satin chair, I remembered that I'd been rummagain' in the attic for Archie—Archibald's," she corrected hastily, with a furtive glance at her daughter-in-law, "Archibald's roller skates, and I was afraid I

bald's roller skates, as the least mite dusty."

"How many times must I tell you to the many times must I tell you to such things?" asked

"I know; but Archibald wanted me to help him," returned Mrs. Sinclair, a note of gratification in her voice. "I was some flustered right at the start," she continued; "but when she turned them magnifyin' glasses with a handle to em on me, I got plumb rattled and 'spose I harked. looked as silly and out of place as we young ones used to when they let us into the parior for Thanksgivin's and Christ-

"You certainly did," agreed her daughter in-law.

"But, really, Grace," Mrs. Sinclair explained, as she turned to go, "I will practice settin' in them spindle-legged

things in there till everybody'l think I was raised on 'em instead of them old splint-bottomed kickories back "I wish you would," returned the

other. "And there is something else I wish to speak to you about, mother, now that we are on the subject." The elder woman repressed a sigh of weariness as she turned back, but her weariness as she turned back, but her face contained no hint of impatience. "All right," she agreed. "You know, Grace, I want to be as near as I can what you and Robbie want."

"Well, then, I wish you would not say,
'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No ma'am,' quite so
abjectly, just as though you felt you
were inferior to my guesta."

ere inferior to my guests."
"Do you know what makes me feel Grace?" asked the elder woman eagerly. "It's their fine clothes that I was always just orazy to have—and didn't," she added regretfully. "But, my! you just get that Mrs. Van Schuyler into a faded old wrapper and set her to scrubbin' the back porch, or put overalls onto the Reverend Nashaiel Calderwood and put him to sawi wood, and I'd likely say, Uh huh !' and

wood, and I d likely say, on the last 'Nope!' as nifty as you please.'.
"Suppose you compromise on plain 'Yes' and 'No,' mother," returned her daughter-in-law, smiling in spite of her vexation as she imagined her two dis-tinguished guests in the garb pictured but the smile was quickly replafrown. "You speak as though you still longed for nice things and couldn't have them;" she objected. "You know, I told you last fall, when you first came, to go to Carswell's and get everything you needed, and even made out a list of things I thought you ought to have, though I suppose I should have attended myself. But I have so much to

do," she concluded fretfully.

The unwonted color faded from Mrs Sinclair's face and she sat down in a nearby chair as though suddenly grown very tired. "I did pick 'em out, Grace," she said wearily. "I'm ashamed to think of the hours I spent thinkin' of 'em and lookin' through that big store, de cidin' what I was goin' to have. Why, I used to look into my closet and laugh at that shabby old dolms and the alpacky that Miss Simms made the summer sh had the yeller janders, and I could just see all the pretty, stylish things hangin' there instead. I'd picked out some beautiful furs and a bunnit—"She paused, as though overcome by the re-

memberance of its grandenr, and her thin shoulders dropped dejectedly. Her daughter-in-law methodically sealed a dinner invitation in its square, white envelope and laid it on the pile "What was the with it? Why didn't you take

it?" she asked impatiently.
"On, there wasn't nothin' the matter with it," Mrs. Sinclair hastily inter "It was the sweetest old woman" posed. "It was the sweetest old woman's bunnit I ever saw—all sort of reffly and hixed up in front, with a little bunch of forget me-nots right next to my hair. I wish you and Robbie could have seen me wish you and Rouble could have seen me in it," she said regretfully. "But I give em all up that night he lost that money Bard of Trade?" questioned Grace

Yes, that was it. He was awful blue; said his expenses were fearful, and—well, I give 'em up, thinkin' that it wouldn't make any difference to the De Schuylers and the Van Quinceys what I wore if I dida't give 'em a chance to turn their magnifyin' glasses on me."

"I don't see why Robert should complain to see why Robert should complain the see and see the see and see the see that our account of the see that o plain to you about our expenses," re-turded her daughter-in-law stiffly. "I know they are considerable, but so is our income. Anyway, I want you to have clothes and—and manners," she interpolated, with sudden anger, "be-

interpolated, with student anger, see fatting my husband's mother!"

"I'll do the very best I can, Grace,"
Mrs. Sinclair promised, and wearily mounted the stairs to her room.

Her face had been calm during the or the crimson spot that burned each cheek was the only evidence of the shrinking agony within, but, once in her own room, she wrung her tremb-ling, work worn hands, and her thin shoulders shook with convulsive sobbing. It was all so different from what she had expected. For a long time Robbie had urged her to come and make her home with them, and at last she had consented, believing that she would be a loved and useful member of the household. How earnestly, while making her meagre preparations for the change, she had wished that Silas might have lived to share the happiness with her; but how fervently she had thanked the Lord, when she found that she was

"Yes he returned harriedly probably run in this evening."

So Robbie had lost evening.

little more abstracted and forgetful— but he was the member of the family of whom she saw the least. She felt sure she had won the interest of those poor, stiffly attrched little puppets, Gen-

"Mother Sinclair," complained her daughter-in-law, "I do wish you could learn to sit properly in a chair—that is, a drawing-room chair," she corrected, with a veiled sneer in her softly modulated voice. "Yesterday I was extremely mortified when you came in while Mrs. Van Schuyler was here and sat on the very edge of your chair and plaited your apron like a bashful school giri."

Mrs. Sinclair's withered cheeks flushed and a hurt look crept into her eyes, but she smiled bravely.

"I wouldn't 'a' went in, Grace," she had won the interest of those poor, stiffly starched little puppets, Genevieve and Archibald; but even they coused her many heartaches. Should she resume her admiring, covetous tours of the big store, this time to some purpose? Her frugal soul qualled at the total at the bottom of the list her daughter-in-law had furnished her. Why, it was a small fortune! Had she any right? No! she thought decidedly. She would live within her income from the rocky, wornout old farm. And, too, if she got all those fine things, she would have no out old farm. And, too, it she got all those fine things, she would have no excuse to offer Grace for not appearing whenever Robbie's friends asked for her, which they often did. She knew her limitations even better than Grac did, and realized that fine raiment would and restized that the raiment would only accentuate her lack of manners and education. No, she must efface herself as much as possible till—"Oh, Lord," she whispered, "not for

It seemed that it was to be "not for "How many times must I tell you to
t Tompkins do such things?" saked
e other coldly.
"I know; but Archibald wanted me to
hp him," returned Mrs. Sinclair, a note
gratification in her voice. "I was
gratification in her voice. "I was
the control with at the start" and the control was to be "not for bong" when, a few days later, they
found her lying, cold and still, in front
of her bed; but the wonderful vitality
engendered by years of plain living
triumphed, and she reluctantly came triumphed, and she reluctantly came back to life—though not to strength—and realized more strongly than before that she was a burden. Taey had been very tender—somewhat remorseful, she imagined — during those first days of her illness; but that had soon passed, and with a shrinking dread she saw the anxious frown reappear on her daughter-in-law's forehead when she ushered in a in law's forehead when she ushered in a mildly interested or possibly curious guest. Even that haven of refuge, the attic, was denied her now, she though with a whimsical smile, though ther was some compensation in the thought that there could be no possibility of her sitting awkwardly on the edge of her chair and playing nervously with her apron ; but all these were mere vexs tions compared with a very real trouble

that began to obtrude itself.

It was bad enough in all conscience he thought grimly, to be the cause o embarrassment to her loved ones, but to become an object of great expense as well was unendurable. Of late Kobbie
—the dear, patient boy—had looked
worried and anxious, and by careful tioning she had learned from him that times were very hard. Then he had pinched her cheek and had asked her sternly what possible concern she could have with the money market. He could have with the moter material rate. The told her she was a miseriy old woman and that when she got around again, which would be very soon, he must watch her or she'd be dabbling in Wall

His teasing did not fool her. why couldn't she be sick here in the good old-fashioned, economical way? But, no! she must have an elegant, whitecapped lady to wait on her night and day that they paid—it made her sick to think what Robbie had to pay her each week! Poor Robbie! Poor Grace! It that snippy hired girl had only talked to Tompkins a little longer only talked to Tompsins a little longer the morning she was taken sick, instead of coming nosing around and finding her unconscious on the floor, she would be safely at home with Silas to-day, inbe safely at home with Silas to-day, instead of being a burden. Of course, if she had found things here at Robbie's as she had expected to, she wouldn't want to go—no sir-ee! She liked life as well as the next one and had always got a sight of enjoyment out of everything; but this being a burden and having them ashamed of her—
"How long do you think I'll last?"

she asked the doctor binntly one day.
"Not very long, if you don't give me more help than you are doing," he an-

wered with equal candor.
"But, doctor, I'm such a care and expense!" she complained. "I nursed Robbie's pa for a year, and buried bim, and got mournin' for myself, on what it's costin' him a month for me. I ain't

"You'd be worth it to me. Mother Sinclair," he said soberly; and stooping, kissed her on the forehead.
"You are a real nice boy to say so, she

returned, patting his arm affectionately, "But, don't you see, the way things are goin' with them, they can't afford it." "They shouldn't have told you that!" he muttered angrily, a cork between his teeth. "I've suspected all the time it was worry over their affairs that was

keeping you down.' She turned wide, startled eyes toward him, but he was busy counting drops in-to a glass, the cork still gripped between

his teath "You mean—" she began craftily. "Bob's failure," he answered prompt ly. 'Of course it's a serious thing to be wiped out slick and clean at his age; but he'll get onto his feet again, neve fear. Now, take this"—he raised the spoon to her lips—"and then, at last, try to feel a little better. Why, what have you got all those stones on the bed for? To throw at us when we don't do

things to suit you?" he demanded laughingly, as he laid her down.
"I wouldn't waste 'em on ye!" she re-torted, in pretended disdain; then added eagerly, as she saw him examin ing one with great interest, "they're our specimens. I took a notion I'd like to look at 'em this morning. Silas and I used to be mighty interested in speci-

nused to be mignly interested in speci-mens. That white one with the little black streaks on it come from Pike's Peak, and this spotted one—"
"And these?" he said, extending a handful. "Where did these come

"Those? Oh, Robbie picked them up back on the Ridge," she answered in-differently. "And this one Brother differently. "And this one Brother Simons brought from Jerusalem

"You don't happen to own the Ridge, do you, Mrs. Sinclair?" he interrupted,

in an odd voice.

"Why, yes. It ain't good for nothin' much except blackberries — and rattlers!" she returned, with a little chuckle. "Silas bought it off n old man when his wife died, an'-Goin?" sne broke off to ask as he abruptly exshe broke off to ask as he abruptly ex-tended one hand, while dropping the "specimens" into his pocket with the other.

"Yes he returned hurriedly; "but I'll

the Lord, when she found that she was looked upon as a burden and a care, that he had not. Robbie was still the same loving boy he had always been—a

that polite Mr. Tompkins and all the rest and leave this beautiful house. There was the farm left to them, if it came to a pinch. Robbie would love it, but Grace—She had to laugh, bad as she felt, when she thought of Grace sleeping in the little attic chamber and sitting on the old splint-bottomed hickories. And the children! Well, she'd like to see those little pert wax dolls, making mud pies and splashing round in the duck pies and splashing round in the duck pond. But Grace would never go to the farm—she knew that. She would never be satisfied with anything less than she had now; and likely, if she was beautiful and smart like Grace, instead of being an old-fashioned no account, she'd feel the same way, she admitted loyally.

The doctor did not come back that night, as he had promised, but Robbie, strangely excited and unstrang, spent an hour with her, talking about the old place. He even spoke of the Ridge,

an hour with her, taking about the old place. He even spoke of the Ridge, and she told him how the doctor had run off with the specimens he had picked up when he was a little boy. Later Grace had come in, and, though she was very pale and silent, she had kissed her good-night—something so unusual that it brought the tears to the older woman's

Neither Robbie nor Grace mentioned what had happened, however, and whe she remembered how she had gotten th truth out of the doctor, she decided to say nothing herself. During the next few days she felt a subdued excitement among those about her; even the doctor acted more like a big, happy boy than anything else, racing up and down stairs to see her a half dozen times a day instead of his customary one visit. wondered wearily if he charged Robbie for all of them. Surely not, when, lots of times, he didn't give her a speck of nedicine, but just sat and visited and asked her questions about the farm Dear, dear! She wished he wouldn't for bear, dear: She wished he wouldn't be they brought back memories that nearly broke her old heart—her weary old heart, she told herself, that longed in-

expressibly for rest.

Then Robbie went away, on busine they told her; and though, to her sur-prise and joy, Grace spent hours with her where she had minutes heretofore,

her where she had minutes herecorder, she missed her boy terribly.

One night, however, when she was feeling particularly blue, the three of them came trooping into her room. Robbie kissed her and gave her a bear hug, as he used to call it when he was and natted her hand. Then the big doctor boy, who had been standing ing down on her for a spell with funniest look on his face, suddenly sat down beside her and with his fingers on her wrist, leaned over and kissed her

"How do you feel ?" he asked. "Strong enough to box your ears for takin' libersies!" she retorted; but she didn't slap very hard—oh, no! for she liked it. But what was the matter with them, they acted so strange? Maybe they'd come to get her ready to move But the doctor was speaking.
"Mrs. Sinclair, I've done my best to

get you out of bed in a professional way but I've failed," he said sternly, though his eyes were twinkling. "Now, I purpose to jar you out."
"Go on!" Robbie said eagerly when

he paused. "You know those specimens of yours

ook away the other day?" he asked.
She nodeed wonderingly.
"Well, they were coal—anthracite

"I-don't understand !" she faltered. "It's on the farm, mother—or under t 'Robbie explained excitedly. Tons of it! I've just been down there with an expere, and if what he says is true, you are a very rich woman." "Me—a rich—woman?" she repeated.

"Yes, you," Robbie affirmed. "Then I'll not be a bur—that is, I guess I won't be sick any more," she said decidedly; then added, "Land!

how I wish Silas was here to enjoy it ! * * * * * * * * * he elder Mrs. Sinclair had just re-The turned from an atternoon's shopping on her danghter-in-law

the drawing-room.
"Brother Calderwood wishes to see you about that orphanage entertainment dear," she explained, as she drew an easy chair near her guest, "Just let Cecile take your wraps and—Ab, Mrs. Van Schuyler!" she broke off to exclaim, advancing to meet her friend, am so glad you came! We were just about to speak of the concert. Will you sit here? And you mother dear—"
Again she indicated the easy chair;
but the elder Mrs. Sinclair, laying aside her coatly furs, seated herself squarely on a little gilt chair and, inclining her on a little gilt chair and, inclining her head, allowed the obsequious Cecile to remove a beautiful "old woman's bunnit,"

trimmed with forget-me-nots, from her soft, white hair.
"Are you entirely recovered, my dear Mrs. Sinclair?" asked Rev. Nathaniel

Calderwood sonorously.
"Uh kuh !" she returned brightly.
"Naver felt more peart in my life!" Mrs. Van Schuyler placed her lorgneste to her eye and regarded her in-tently. "And you have no recurrence se alarming fainting spells ?" she

or mose atarming fainting spells?" she asked with interest.
"Nope!" returned the older woman, with a little, bird-like toss of her head. "Been too busy shoppin' and runnin round seein' things to have 'em, I guess Now let's talk about the concert, for I'm goin' ridin' with the big doctor boy at four."—Le-lie's Weekly.

A Suggestion to Others

Says the Catholic Telegraph: "Many s childless couple, or parents whose the altar, feel keen regret since they may not have the happiness of giving a priest to the Church. For such, a outhern Catholic couple set an example southern Catholic couple set an example worthy of imitation. Having no chil-dren, they resolved to educate a young man for the priesthood. They were poor when they undertook the work, poor when they undertook the work, but their means gradually increasing, they continued it. To day there are six priests laboring in the South, who, under God, owe it to this zealous husband and wife that they were able to follow their sublime voestion. Could a better use be made of worldly wealth than thus employing it to give disciples to Christ?"

THROUGH LIVES THAT ARE HOLY

THUS, AND NOT BY THE SWORD SHALL AMERICA BE MADE CATHOLIC

ARHBISHOP GLENNON'S SERMON TO THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

We are pleased to be able to present the following full report of Archbishop Gleanon's splendid sermon to the Knights of Columbus as their recent

convention held at Colorado Springs: An imposing parade of two thousa men and a ringing discourse by Most Rev. John J. Giennen, D. D., Archbishop of St. Louis, in which that elo-quent prelate replied spiritedly to the absurd charges of the 'Guardians of Bigotry," the Kaownothings of our day, were striking features of the thirtieth annual meeting of the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus, which was held at Colorado Springs on August 6,

held at Colorado Springs on August 6, 7 and 8.

Archbishop Glennon ridiculed the charge that the Knights are planning to make the United States Catholic by means of the sword, and that the members of the order have weapons in the churches and in their homes awaiting the general cail to arms. He declared that the order wishes to make this country Catholic, but by force of righteons example only.

eous example only.

The convention opened with two hundred and ten delegates present and almost two thousand visitors in the city. Headquarters were established at the Antiers Hotel, and the business meet Antiers Hotel, and the business meet-ings were held in the Chamber of Com-

erce hesdquarters.
At 8 30 o'clock Tuesday morning the supreme officers, delegates and visiting Knights assembled in front of the Antiers. A few minutes later, headed by the Colorado Midland Band, St. Vincent's Band, of Denver, and a plascon of police, the parade started, with Fire Chief P. D. McCartin, mar-

with Fire Chief P. D. McCartin, marshal, in charge. In the line of march were over two thousand.

At the close of the parade Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Church. Right Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, D D., of Kansas City, was the celebrant, and Archbishop Glenson preached. After Mass, at the invitation of President James M. Lynch, of the International Typographical Union, and of Superintendent Charles Deacon, Archbishop Glenson visited the Union Printers' Home.

Archbishop Giennon Tarkhally welcomed Printers' Home.

The Knights were formally welcomed to the Pike's Peak region at noon Tuesday by Mayor Henry F. Avery on behalf of Colorado Springs and by Grand Knight Michael B Hurley, representation Colorado Springs Council. The senting Colorado Springs Council. The exercises took place in the Opera House. "Colorado Springs has no key at the present time save that tiny badge which you are wearing," said Mayor Avery to Supreme Knight James A. Fisherty. "Your badges are an open sesame not only to the public institutions, but to private homes as well. Eujoy your-selves to the utmost. The city is yours. Stay as long as you can, and don't wait until another convention before you come back again."

The annual banquet was held in the

Antlers Tuesday night. BUSINESS OF THE CONVENTION

Wednesday and Thursday were de voted to business sessions and sight-seeing. Since the supreme officers are elected biennially, the only officers elected at this convention are four national directors. They are Daniel J. Griffin of Brooklyn, and William Guiliver, of Portiand, Maine, who were re-elected, and John F. Martin, of Green Bay, Wis., and Ciarence E. Martin, of

Martinsburg, W. Va.
Dr. James J. Walsh, Professor James C. Monaghan and Rev. John T. Creagh D. D., of the Catholic University of America, committee on higher education, made a report, which was referred

tion, made a report, which was referred to the Board of Directors for action. The committee on the Catholic Uni-versity \$500,000 endowment fund made a report through the secretary, Philip A. Hart, showing that the sum of

\$414,000 had been collected and invested in securities yielding 41 per cent. The project of establishing a national home of the order at Washington, D. C., was referred to the Board of Directors to investigate and report at the next Supreme Council at Boston in 1913. The report of the secretary showed a

healthy increase in the various jurisdic-tions of the order.

The special committee of insurance ed at the Detroit convention made a report with recommendations; the same was referred to the Board

Directors for considerations and After the convention the delegate After the convention the delegates, where they were entertained on Friday and Saturday. On Friday evening a reception was tendered them at the Hotel Albany, and on Saturday they were taken in automobiles on a sight seeing trip. A large number of the delegates continued farther West, and will visit

Yellowstone Park. ARCHRISHOP GLENNON'S SERMON

In his sermon at the Pontifical Mass on Tuesday Archbishop Glennon spoke

in part as follows:

I wonder if this motto of yours,
"Excelsior;" this watchword of yours, "ever onward," may not furnish reason why your leaders have called you here; up here in the skadow of the world's mightiest mountain range: wonder if it was not their purpose that coming here your thoughts might thus be as clear as its atmosphere, your aspirations as lofty as the mountain peaks, your resolutions take on the ower and strength of the mountain and your prayers become s soul's symphony, wherein, under leadership of the Royal Paslmist, the hills and the mountains

and running waters would join you in praising the Lord.

If at other conventions progress and namerical increase were recorded, the same will hold good to-day. You have grown until I believe I can state that you are to-day the largest single organization of Oatholic men in the world.

There may be federations of societies that boast of a larger membership. basing it on the membership of con stituent societies; or there may be

lice and their citizenship, which include practically every adult Catholic in the districts organized; even so, neither of these stated cases conflict with the premier position your society occupies to-day in the Catholic world. And this on is still more accentuated when to superior numbers you may also, with-out conceit, claim superior quality on the part of your membership. I would not say that all your members are picked men, but I would most dec redicate for your body that, taken all all, it is above the average in culture, patriotism and religion.

THE SERPENT OF RELIGIOUS, PREJUDICE

this numeral strength of yours, while it has, on the one hand, won for you admir-ation from your many friends, has, on ation from your many friends, has, on the other, created many enemies. You are fiattered to-day on the one hand, but again you have to submit to the poisoned shafts that are hurled from enemies of your faith and order. The last few years show a return of the old and miserable A. P. A. men and methods. It is hard to kill the serpent of hittorness and religious prejudices. of bitterness and religious preje In its latest attacks upon the Catholic Church it gives you an honored place as the Church's most potent, if not most insidious defenders. You are, in their opinion, an armed body. They assert that your club rooms and the basements of churches, as usual, are stocked with gun and sabre, and that you are train o use both one and the other to defend They claim you cannot be patriots; that you must nemies of America and democracy, and

that your mission is to make America the fief of Papal Rome.

And to prove their position they say that Pius X. has boldly ordered his re-tainers here to "make America Catholic." And, of course, America can be made Catholic only through the swords of the valiant Knights of Columbus. Or, in other words, we have the two statements which runs up and down the gamut of the present-day anti Catho-lic agitation. They are, first, "America shall be made Catholic;" second. "the Knights of Columbus are an armed body to help in its accomplishment."

"YES, WE HOPE TO MAKE AMERICA

To the first of these statements namely, that there is a purpose, a mi sion, nay, even a duty, incumbent on us to make America Catholic is a state-ment that I readily admit; nay I am nancions to go on record that is is al-together true. It is our hope, it is our prayer, and with God's help we may succeed—yes, we hope to make America

Catholic.

"And while we are not aware that our Holy Father Pins X., has spoken this command in so many words, yet were he to do so, while not outstepping his own God-given duty and mission, he would not be the first to give such a command. Neither would his predecessor Leo XIII. For this command we must go further, even beyond the days when Columbus brought the Cross here to conquer new kingdoms for his nation and his faith. For this command we must go to the very fountain head and listen to the Great Commander Himself, the One who once commanded the waters to be still, the dead to rise and humanity itself to hope. He it was who in the long ago spoke to our forefathers in the faith, "Ge teach all nations, teach them all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and I shall be with ou all days, even unto the consumma-

tion of the world. As it was that same Christ that founded our faith, the one, holy, Catho-lic apostolic faith, founded it on the Aposties, at whose head was Peter, to whom He gave the commands that I have just now spoken, so in Peter's successor that command still obtains that duty still remains—in God's name to go and teach all nations, even Amerca, to teach all truth that He has commanded, whether it be in the Scripture and with America, the other nations go to the islanders of the Parific; preach to the brown men of the East; beit the world with proclamation of one faith, one Lord, one baptism, one Holy Catho-lic Church." Yes, we must confess to the first of their charges. It is our hope and prayer that America shall be Catholic, because we believe that Catholicity is true, and we believethat America should be admitted to its partic

THROUGH LIVES THAT ARE HOLY But if America should ever become Casholis, its becoming so shall not be by the sword of the Knight of Columhas por the wiles of so-called Jesuits. nor the mathods of scheming politics or politicians. We have not in the past, nor in the future do we intend following the methods that have been popularized and practiced by some of the separated brethren, as, for instance, the kidnap-ping of the children of the poor, the mission agent taking advantage of the mother's poverty or the feeding of Cath-olic children alternately with sand-wiches and anti-Catholic literature. No, it has not been promoted and it shall not be by means, such as these. It will come, first of all, through God's intervening grace, through the Holy Spiris's kindly light; and under them and energized by them, through teachings that are truthful, through lives that are holy. It will come the one another in the name of Christ and religion. Its advent will be easier when patriotism ceases to be a clock for the scoundrel and the guillotine no longer serves the cause of liberty.

And were our hopes ever realized that merica became Catholic, or nearly so, it will be a blessed day for all of us, equally blessed even for those who to-day blaspheme the Catholic name For the blessings that will come in its rain, like the quality of mercy, will not be limited, but, like rain from heaven, they will fall on just and unjust

AMERICA CATHOLIC WILL BE AMERICA BLESSED

They will see in those days that Catholic manhood will be as brave as it shall be knightly; that Catholic wemanhood

again, societies, as in Germany, created for the defence of their rights as Cathowill notice the absence of divorce will notice the absence of divorce courts, for there will be no need of such when the entire nation shall recognize that bonds inviolable bind husband and wife, under God's benediction, and as a consequence their children reverence them as the permanent protectors of their home and of one another. It is doubtful whether in those days we will even have a suffragette movement. It will not be necessary. The women of will not be necessary. The women of any age are what the men make them. Where Catholicity is supreme the woman is queen—not the sport of divorce courts! The movement of to-day towards woman's emancipation and larger political functions is due largely to the insetaled conditions that confront her. the doubtful protection she obtains in her home, the zordid worthlessness o This progress and prosperity and many of the men who pose as victims of the system they themselves have inau gurated. Again, expect peace in thos days, for we expect the reign of the Prince of Peace, when men shall be, in the highest and the hollest, the best and only sense, brothers, with the spirit of fraternity that Christ has given, and with the liberty that belongs to the

children of God. And let me say, too, not in prophecy but in truth, that whatever be the glory of our Republic of to-day, how broad may be its liberties, how hopeful its na tional aspirations, broader still and better shall it become in those later days, when Christian democracy shall days, when Caristian democracy small reign triumphant and men will know what it is to be truly free. The republics of the Middle Ages were the Church's creation—more than two-thirds of the republics that exist to-day are under Catholic auspices. In many vital points the Church itself, a spiritual points in force a requisite. True to empire, is in form a republic. True to our past, then, and true to ourselves, why should we not in the future, as in the fathers have fought for-the her tage, the proud heritage of Columbia ? And now to return to the second for-

midable charge made specifically against the Columbus Knights. Would it be worth while to deny, since no sane man to-day believes that there is anything in your ranks that savors of militarism or slaughter? I believe that of your three hundred thousand members, have an ornamental group of some few cadet or zourve companies, numbering, in all the land, a hundred men or boys not at all a formidable company against a national army. Indeed a warrior's standpoint, not worth the consideration of naming them. Not now, nor in the future, does the Church depend on such as these, or such means as those for her upbuilding. In this re-gard specifically her kingdom is not of rid. The armies to-day that defend the thrones of kings and the standards of republics are numbered by the millions; one nation alone is credited with three million of armed with three million of armed men. The Church has no quarrel with them; and if she had it can be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that in all the world to day not a thousand men, including even the few guards that still remain around the Vatican as soldiers are ready to fight the battles or join in the crusade her enemies claim she is preaching. Her rights may be violated in this country or shat, her properties confiscated, but from the injustice done she appeals not to the sword, but to th God of justice, and remains strong in the conviction that He, who has pr to be with her all days, shall not forsake her. And, though her material possessions remain in the hands of the spoiler yet secure in the protection of her Lord and Master, she walks serenely onward in the plenitude of that spiritual life given her by God, is beyond the power of man's destroying. Least of all in this America of to-day is there need for a resort to violence. The few who taunt us, though their words be bitter and their attacks aggravating, are still unworthy of more than passing notice. The great body of our people, whatever their religion or lack of religion, are so fortunately endowed with the spirit of intelligence and jusand their advance in culture, toleration and fair play makes such an appeal ridiculous, if not impossible, in the tature. There is not much reason for the Guardians of Liberty to remain on guard. Their occupation is gone, in so ar as Catholics are concerned. We can only pity, as Madame Roland did in the long ago, the liberty that has to tolerate such worthless bigots in her train. BIGHTS BUT NO FAVORS

But though unarmed, we Catholics of America feel that just what rights the others have, we also may claim; not only claim, but should obtain and in this only claim, out of rights, this claim of justice statement of rights, this claim of justice we wish it to be deliberately understood that we have no favors to ask, no partic-ular consideration to demand. In the ular consideration to demand. past I can safely assert we have asked for no favors, and to relieve your overgrateful minds, I wish to add we have obtained none. In the long list of those who occupied the position of president their relationship to the Catholic body is not measured by so-called favors granted, but rather by the sense of justice and the absence of prejudice that appeared more in one than in the other. Here, also is our position for the future. not to ask for favors, but to claim equal rights with your fellow-citizens, and to sustain the one who recognizes your rights as he does the rights of others, who is broad enough to treat all Ameri cans equally, whatever their origin, whatever their tribe or their creed.

To conclude therefore, while we deny one of the enemy's slanders, we are perfeetly willing to take the other for our text. Unarmed, except in the panoply of truth; unguarded, save in the guardianship of Christ, we go forth to preach the gospei, we go forth to tell the truth, and in the gladness of our possession we then the sad in the gladness of our possession we have the sad in the gladness of our possession we desire to fulfill the duty we owe to the God of truth to give others a chance to participate therein. Not in anger, not in bitterness, but in the fullness of Christian charity, we face the duty of to-day, which has been the duty of the Church during all these years, that is, to preach Christ crucified before the nations. In this land of ours, while you may not see the consummation, your reward will be in knowing that, so far as in you lay, you have done the best you could. The swords of steel you never had you cannot draw; the muskets you

stead thereof you will, with all the bravery of the knights of old, draw the sword of the Spirit to defend the cause of God and truth. Would you hesitate? or God and truth. Would you nestate?
Only cravens hesitate. If our separated brethren believe in the righteousness of their cause, of their faith, then from out that conviction is begotten for them a duty similar to that I urge on you. Why should they, then, find fault with us in hoping to accomplish what in their order might be a similar duty for them; or would they want us to be cravens all? Should not we all realize the soundness of this principle, that they who have the truth must do as the one in the gospel to whom the talents were given; as the talents should be expended, so the truth must be preached

TO PREACH THE TRUTH AND TO LIVE IT Tais, therefore, is specifically your work: To preach the truth and to live it. But how best are you to make your faith known? You must rememyour faith known? You must remem-ber in this regard that not every one that sayeth. "Lord! Lord!" shall enter the kingdom; that preaching without practice is vain; that faith without good works is dead. Yours, therefore, is to preach not alone through words but through works. Yours the duty because of the special conditions in which you are placed to join your brother knight and your brother man in the great uplift whither your Catholic faith urges in the promotion of culture, broad and liberal: in the sustaining of Catholic education; in the upbuilding of Catholic homes; in the promotion and defense of the sacred bonds of matrimony. As Catholics, loyal you shall be to the great centre of Catholicity, the Holy See; as Americans true to your country—Americs, and to your Church in America, carrying your devotion to the needs of your diocese; and downward (but nearer) to the claims of your individual parishes; until lastly, which is firstly, you shall stand complete in the splendid

panoply of your faith.—Catholic men and Catholic knights. and Catholic knights.

I pray you fling away petty ambitions, at least the ambitioning that seeks sole-ly material advantage or temporal re-ward. The knight of old was clean of hand, was pure of heart. Human un-doubtedly he was, but, exalted by his profession and his faith, his consecration and unselfishness set the merely human in the background; he was flame and fire rather than dust and ashes. You. too, both in your convention here, and when you return to the councils and chapters of your order must hold aloft that sacred torch wherein is consumed selfishness, wherein is symbolized sacri-fice, wherein is evidenced consecration the torch of faith to light and warm, the torch of faith to be borne by steady hands, and the standard-bearers none other than the Knights of Columbus.

As a prelude the Archbishop made a

special appeal for the immediate com-pletion of the Catholic University en-dowment fund. The pledges of the councils, if fulfilled, would exceed the entire amount promised (\$500 000.) This year and this administration ought o complete this very generous gift.

WHERE LARGE FAMILIES ABOUND

By Eugene Rouillard in Extension Magazine, Chicago

The birth rate of France is practically at a standatill. The latest statis-tics show that there is an excess of only 40,000 births a year over the deaths. It requires no expert knowl-edge of mathematics to figure that at this rate France as a nation is not building up but tearing down. Economists the world over are carefully watching and studying French vital tions as regard the ultimate wisdom of the Malthusian theory point out that a low birth-rate carries with it many material advantages. Others see in or apostolic tradition. In other words, tice and genuine Americanism as to overlooking the so-called "advantages," of the command to us would read, "Make America Catholic in My Name, least for the defense of a religious creed; the progress of neighboring nations, while France is standing still, as re-

gards numbers at least.
France, however, is not solitary. The tendency toward smaller fa making inroads everywhere. toward smaller families is the purpose of the writer to pursue this subject the net result of his conclusions would be that other nations are rapidly following in the wake of France. this is not the object here. Special emphasis is laid on the present-day condition in France solely because this article will deal with a class of French people whose fecundity has not been de ibsrately restricted. M. Leroy Beaulien, one of the best-

known French economists, recently said: "Give us 10.000 French-Cansdians and we will re-people France."
In this sentence he has stated the truth of the situation. France has deliberately restricted its birth-rate; the French-Canadians have not. As a resuit the French-Canadians have grown quantitatively as well as qualitatively. In 1754 the last census under French regime was taken; the French in Canada regime was taken; the Freuch in Canada at that time numbered 55,000. Guilt-less of any race-suicide tendencies this number has doubled every 25 years, so that now the French-Canadians number 3,300 000. Of this number 1 600 000 are in the Province of Quebec; 232 000 in the Province of Ontario; 60,000 are cattered through the western Canadian provinces, and 200 000 Acadians inhabit the maritime provinces of the Dominion. About 1 200 000 have settled in the New England States.

When we compare the increase as regard, numbers among the French Canadians of the Cana

gards numbers among the French Canadians with the situation in France there is but one explanation to be made. The French-Canadians have kept the Faith. The early French settlers had to endure all the hardships of pioneer life. With few exceptions they were farmers, and farming in those days in Canada, as elsewhere, necessitated the hardest kind of labor, and even then afforded but s of labor, and even then anoroced but a miserable living. During these early days the French clergy constituted themselves the guides and protectors of their people. They instructed them; the sound principles of morality they taught became interwoven into the very fabric of the social life of the French Canadians. Even to-day the de attachment between people and cler Even to-day the deep