FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

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

not pass you by. Previously acknowledged A Friend, Port Hood.... E. G., Toronto Friend, Fort Fried,
G., Toronto
Iriends, Cobden
Nemory of Mother, Niagara
A Friend, Madoc
A Reader, Kamloops.
M. Geough, Omemee
ubilee Aims, Baautvage.
A Friend, Waverley,
A Reader, Waverley
M. F. T. Nova Scotia

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1918

GOOD ADVICE

We are reminded that no indelicate representation should be tolerated in a Christian home. Artistic merit in not heeded by some parents who harcan neither elevate the intelligence nor cultivate the heart. The sense of the beautiful original with man ence of a good picture upon the imand dreams, cannot be overestimated.

A copy of a picture born in the brain, nurtured by the heart and put on canvas by a son of the Church, who is the mother and nurse of the fine arts, has an influence beyond computing on the mind of the children.

In his "Bethlehem" Father Faber puts it well when he says that of a truth art is a revelation from heaven and a mighty power for God. It is a merciful disclosure to men of his more hidden beauty. It brings out things in God which lie too deep for words. In virtue of its heavenly origin it has a special grace to purify men's souls and to unite them to God by first making them unearthly. If art debased is the earthliest of things. true art, not unmindful that it also like our Lord was born in Bethlehem and cradled with Him there, is an influence in the soul that it almost seems akin to grace.

ARTISTIC STERILITY We need not dwell upon the fact

that, according to "Hurst's History of Rationalism." since the Reformation, something painful, desolate, almost evil, characterizes works of art. We remember how Ruskin, no lover of the Church, bursts out in a flood of impassioned eloquence extolling the works of Catholic artists who sought in prayer cunning for the hand and inspiration for the mind. Copies of their productions can be purchased by the owners of little means. The imagined presence of Madonna, as Ruskin puts it, has not only idealized but sanctified womanhood. And the editor of the letters of Rossetti, who if we remember aright, subscribed to no creed, quotes him as saying "that the world would come to see that which would probably make itsurvive upon the idealization of humanity son of Mary, and that whatsoever sects might have, they would always. lacking recognition of Mary, be like church services without music which all can join."

NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

What we must be persuaded of is that pictures that dull the instincts of modesty and delicacy, that can and do impel the imagination to

"critics" say about it. It matters little even if they look upon us with condescending pity. In these matters we are not guided by men, whe can see beauty in the sullied and are blind to corruption framed in courtly diction, but by the Church. And the wonder is that many of us have so little of what we call Catholic architecture in our homes. The walls should speak to us of our faith; its mind and heart, that should be adornments should proclaim our pride and glory in it. We should be true to our ideals, and pattern our houses not according to pagan ideas but to principles which are fragrant

ALWAYS FAIR

We have no desire, we beg to say to a non-Catholic correspondent, to belittle the achievements of Protestants. We are ready, when necessary, to give them just due. We can not be denied the privilege and duty of holding up oft-repeated charges to ridicule, but we do not regard personalities as arguments. Our advice on the question at issue, viz. education, is to read the reputable Protestant historians. They tell what the world owes to the Church. They have no hesitancy in portraying the labors of Catholics who, in the work is no excuse for the danger days of darkness and bloodshed, kept thus presented. But let the walls be burning the lamp of learning. The beautified with what will keep the system of instruction in public inmates in mind of our Divine Lord schools is due to the Church. Every and of His saints and with such normal school is a reminder of the other pictures of the great and good fostering care of the Church. We as will be an incentive to civic and might go on on this well-worn religious virtue. These words are theme, but suffice it to point out that educators who are not under bor pictures that, if not suggestive, the domination of fads are realizing that the methods employed by the masters of long ago, by cowled monks who were as renowned for must be guided and exercised lest it their learning as for their sanctity, be misled or corrupted. The influ- can and should be adopted to-day in order to have results that mean any pressionable souls of children, who thing. They are realizing that mere have the long long thoughts of knowledge is quite incidental. All thought with its illusions, aspirations | reflecting persons are coming to feel that unless schooling makes pupils morally better, purer within and sweeter, kinder, stronger in outward conduct, it is unworthy the name. The madness for book learning is passing, and the sanity that demands character as one of the constituents of a sound education is becoming more and more visible.

REAL HEROISM

The real heroism of our age, says Father Elliot, is not a dash of bravery for God; ours is not the era of the martyrs. It is rather an unvarying patience, inwardly cherished, outwardly maintained under oft-repeated trials. It is constant readiness to postpone judgment with inwardly spoken excuses and palliations whilst untimely and intrusive justice is clamoring at the door. is love's best achievement—a habit of mind that is considerate of our neighbor's failings for Christ's sweet sake. How soon does one clearn the value, not so much to others as to himself, of this kindly way of thinking: for it corrects the inner ferment of a soul nature and it stops the eructations of foul or barsh words.

AN OLD STORY

We are exhorted to remind our readers that the Y. M. C. A. is an organization Protestant in tone and policy. The varnish of non-sectarianism to which it points is too thin It may attract some of the brethren who are under the delusion that membership in it is a passport to success, but not the Catholic who has respect for his manhood and faith. If they have means which tend to allure our youth, why cannot we furnish an antidote. We may the lasting grit of Romish faith-agrit | grumble and complain to no avail. We are not going to compete with the all other Christian sects—was based Y. M. C. A. by talking but by achievement. In a word, we should endeavthrough the mother idea in the per- or to satisfy every legitimate aspiration of the young. If we have the potent development the Protestant gymnasium well equipped, if we can press into service our men of means and education, and drive into them the fact that their lives belong not only to themselves but to others, we may have fewer letters from indignant subscribers.

A SAD SIGHT

There is, perhaps, no sadder sight in the world than the young delving dwell upon sensual pleasure, must into a mass of filth designated by the be banned. It matters not what the critics as a problem novel. These

critics would, if they recommended a deadly drug to the public, be looked upon as enemies of society; but they can with impunity sanction the reading of matter that reeks with corruption as old as the world. It may be garbed in irreproachable diction, but it smells of the gutter and befouls those who handle it. It rubs off the bloom from the soul and fills the tenanted by angels, with things of earth, slimy and repulsive, born only to destroy ideals and to besmirch purity. But nowadays it seems that any author or authorine, who can depict an adventuress with many clothes and a variegated past, can get a public. And the wonder is that some people who are careful, unduly sometimes in the selection of their acquaintances, have never a scruple about hobnobbing with writers who have no standards of fitness and dignity and depend upon morbid curiosity for their success.

THE PROFESSIONAL AGITATOR The Labor Union should beware of the professional agitator who declaims against the inquity of Capital and the private property system as the root of all modern industrial evil. Doubtless his picture of a new world untainted by either poverty or misery is alluring to workingmen who give of their brawn and brain to employers who look upon them as bits of machinery. It tends to give their leaden sky a touch of brightness. But these noisy talkers do not condition themselves by the facts of human nature. The Socialism which they profess is an impractical scheme. It has failed even in small communistic societies. This world will be always a place of sunshine and shadow. We may cover the land with halls of learning and enact laws of every kind, but human nature will still remain, never, because created to love God, to have perfect peace this side of the grave.

To all who are interested in the Labor Problem we recommend Leo XIII's Encyclical on the Condition of Labor. Clear and plain in its enunciation of principles, it is an antidote to the rubbish printed by the yellow journal that "generates a very dirty quality of public opinion." And let us, for the benefit of Leo XIII., speaking out of the garnered wisdom of years and guided by history, said that "the maternal love of the Church for mankind is wide as the paternity of God; but, nevertheless, faithful to her origin, and mindful of the divine example. she has always been accustomed to devote herself by predilection to the prosperous career Father Power lowly, to the afflicted, to the disinlowly, to the afflicted, to the disin herited of fortune."

LOOKING FOR A NAME

Whether the Anglican Church in the United States is to make the momentous discovery that though it has been calling itself the Protestant Episcopal Church for over a hundred years it had really been a Catholic Episcopal Church all the time is still uncertain. The comment of the Church Times is significant of the general unwillingness to be associated in any way with Protestantism
—"Innumerable are the non - Amer ican Churchmen who are conscious of making a wry face when they say they are in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. We-for we share the difficulty of having to pronounce the title-should welcome the day when it would no longer be necessary to undergo that painful exercise, and we only wish that this forty fourth General Convention would settle this ong-debated question out of hand. Perhaps it will make for the peace of the world when we can all be persuaded that there never were any Protestants, and that the religious wars therefore never took place .-

WIFE OF WIZARD

ENTERTAINS ABBOT GASQUET AT

DINNER IN NEW JERSEY HOME Thomas A. Edison and the Right Rev. Francis Aiden Gasquet, Abbot General of the English Benedictines and head of the commission for the revision of the Vulgate, sat down to dinner in the former's house, Glenmont, Llewellyn Park, West Orange N. J., a few evenings ago; and each marveled at the magnitude of the others life's labor. The Abbot praised Edison for his inventions which have made the world his debtor to an incalculable extent, and

in turn Edison had this to say of the

greatly interested in his description of what he is doing, and I must say that it would be far too much for me! Sloane, of Orange; their son, Charles Sloane, who is engaged to Mr. Edison's daughter, Miss Madeline Edison, who was present, and Father Langdon, the Abbot's secretary. Mr. Edison did not know of the

company until he came home from his laboratory in the evening.

MISSIONS IN ENGLAND AN OPEN AIR GATHERING IN

PICKERING

Father Power, S. J., found himself on holy ground when he came here to give the first mission since the Reformation. The place has been hallowed by the labours of Father Nicholas Postgate, the martyr-priest of Pickering, who died on the scaffold at the age of eighty-three. Immediately on his arrival from Edinburgh, Father Power began the mission with a Rosary Procession through the streets, headed by the cross bearer and acolytes in scarlet cassocks. Before each of the mysteries, Father Power delivered a short ferverino; on his right. the processional cross, and on his left, the statue of our Lady borne by four men on a litter. A vast crowd had now gathered and listened with the clos est attention. The time for the local Kensitite party. composed mainly of a drayman an an outdoor porter, had not yet come. The procession over, the carriers of the Roman torch-candles rallied round the missioner, who made his was to the top of the great tower, which is one of the many triumphs of Mr. Stokes. It is not easy to thrill a Yorkshire crowd, but there was something like a sensation as the vast concourse of Protestants, with a handful of some forty-five Catholics saw Father Power scale the parapet, his long gown standing out black against the flare of the torches, and proceed to recite over the town at his feet the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus. A fervent response rose up from the depths into the still night air. Then a deep silence followed, as the missioner, whose foothold looked precarious in the extreme, seized the cross and blessed the burgh of Pickering. Then all retired.

As the Bishop of Middlesbrough had fortold, the strong Protestant element was soon in arms. leader of the opposition was the High Church Anglican Vicar, the Evelyn Drage, now in charge of the old Parish Church of S. S. Peter and Paul, with its curious frescoes of a date not later than 1450. In a leaslet those who forget, remember that widely circulated in Pickering, the Vicar protested against many things such as "the Italian Mission. alien personage, the Pope of Rome, "the arrogant assumption of the title of Catholic without qualification,' Then followed quotations from Cardinal Newman on "the breakwater" of the English Church and from Father Tyrell. The printing press of Pickering now entered on a tion was "marred (1) by bogus history (2) by mutilated quotations, (3) illiterate English, especially in the closing paragraph." The whole controversy was now wisely restricted by Father Power to the second point, until he forced the Vicar to confess to three "unintentional errors." Father Power's retort was, "You plead guilty to three mutilations; you are guilty of six in three and a half lines of a leaflet." The prevailing impression among the Vicar's people was that he had made a grave mistake in entering the field at all, and some pressure seems to have been brought on him to apologize to the missioner He answered in a leaflet that he "never dreamt of apologizing to Father Power, there being no occasion for it. He was never asked to do so by any Catholic.

Every night in the market place, the missioner, standing in a specially constructed pulpit, flanked by crossbearer and acolytes with lamps, explained the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments, the latter being the more popular subject. All the week, both in Pickering and the ad-joining villages, Father Power acted own bellman, but was soon confronted by another of the same profession, announcing that a "Terrible Exposure of the Jesuits" would be given by local experts. Some 500 people assembled to hear the drayman, and not one of them The two policemen had nothing to do new places until the good people even when a Catholic lady from the slums asserted her robust faith by a sounding slap on the face of a no Protestant orator, the Rosary was drowned by the stentorian cries, challenge Father Power to public discussion! He won't accept it! He's no gentleman! Hs's a coward!" The Catholics moved on, saying their another part of the street, and

testants quit their champion and hurry to hear the Catholic preacher on the Seventh Commandment. The second part of the mission services at it would be far too much for me!" was always held in the church.

The dinner at Glenmont was The honest inquirer was asked planned by Mrs. Edison. She had as to drop his question into the Question of the guests Dr. and Mrs. T. O'Connor tion Box, but sad to say, very few tion Box, but sad to say, very few questions were received and very few non Catholics followed the processionists into St. Joseph's. the enemy wanted was "a big row" in the streets, and in this expectation they were baulked by Father Power's assurance that his mission was not to defend the Jesuits against the foulest charges, but to adhere to his 'fixed and unalterable programme" of the exposition of the doctrines of

the Catholic Church. In the wolds of Yorkshire, the faith, and the supernatural alto-gether, are well-nigh dead. In Thornton Dale, "the Queen of Villages," there are about 1,300 inhabitants, only one of whom is a Catholic. The Protestants will not come to hear a Catholic preacher inside the walls of a church, but they will listen to him with avidity outside, especially in the once intensely Catholic neighbourhood of Pickering. But the priest in charge of this ripening harvest must be freed from the trammels of real destitution, before he can brace himself to the ardous campaign for the re-conquest of one of the fairest gardens of the

Catholic Church in England. The lengthy service at the close of the mission was joined by a large contingent of the Catholics of Malton as well as by an immense crowd of Protestants. The large cross was uplifted high in the street, and the re sponse to every article of the Creed, "I do believe," and to every commandment of the Decalogue, "I promise," was heard far and wide over the beautiful town where the drowsy drug of Protestantism has been doing leadly work between the days of the Ven. Father Postage and Father Bryan, his worthy successor.

Well may his little flock rejoice at the success of a mission where 60 confessions were heard and 141 Holy Communions received. The daily Communions were the most en couraging feature among the people of Pickering.-London Tablet.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

How CATHOLICS AND OTHER MIS-IONARIES DIFFER. -Sir Henry New man, an English Protestant writer, illustrates from personal knowledge the difference between Protestant and Catholic missionaries. He says: I believe it to be strictly within the limits of truth to say that foreign missionary effort in China has been productive of more harm than good. Instead of serving as a link between Chinese and foreigners the mission aries formed a growing obstacle.

* * * * A careful distinction
must be made, however, between Catholic and Protestant missionaries. The former, on the whole, enjoy far

more consideration from the natives,

as well as from foreigners, and the

result of their work is beyond ques-

tion much greater. The Roman Catholic missionary goes to China once for all; he adopts native dress, lives on native food, inhabits a native house, supports himself on the most meagre allowance from home, and is an example of the characteristics which are an essential to the eastern idea of priesthood as to the western -poverty, chastity and obedience. To borrow the words of Sir William Hunter, he has 'cut himself off from the world by a solemn act.' * I am not prejudiced in favor of the Roman Catholic propaganda; yet I should not be honest if I did not add the personal character and work of many a Roman Catholic missionary whom I have met in China I have conceived a profound respect. The Protestant missionary, on the other hand, in a majority of cases, looks upon his work as a career like another he proposes to devote a certain part of his life to it, and then to return home with the halo of a Christian pioneer; he has in most cases his comfortable home, his wife, his children, his servants, and his foreign food, and it is even stated that his stipend increases with each addition to his family. For his doctrine he is virtually responsible to nobody but himself. Whatever his views upon mysteries of Christianity happen to be, those he im-

presses upon his native hearers as the one and only truth." IN CALIFORNIA. -- Father Campbell, a Canadian priest, is on the missions in California, "I have to thank you for that nice 'Mass outfit' that you sent me," he writes to The Catholic Church Extension Society. "It is so stirred when Father Power got up to much service to me since it came lecture on the Sixth Commandment. I have been unable to say Mass in the get together to build a church here. I am trying hard to keep alive the spark of Faith in our Eastern people Popery champion. Once when the until we get help, and until more tiny Catholic procession passed a Catholic families come, which we hope will be in the near future.

The places here are beautiful and ideal spots for large parishes in the future. climate here, no priest could keep these missions up. The incoming

finally rewarded by seeing the Protestants quit their champion and crously towards the Church that I am endeavoring to build. Of course, but little is left for the priest. Up to the present I have almost lived on Mass intentions. Some of my friends in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have sent me a few intentions, but I need more. Can you spare me some Mass intentions?"

The Catholic Church Extension Society has a great many calls on its Intention Department. During the month of July 3,160 intentions were given to missionary priests.

BEACON LIGHT IN CHINA.—Through the generosity of a friend of the mis sions, Father Wilfrid Hallam, of Wei hei-wei, China, was enabled to erect a chapel in one of his out missions, where it was much needed. In a letter thanking the society for the chapel he says

"The gift of a chapel to a pagan district is eminently the propagation of the faith; for the faith being firmly planted there, where there is a permanent chapel, diffuses itself to the country round. Friends of the new Christians learn the faith from them, come to see the chapel, admire the generous faith of the donors and take away the impression of things seen and heard to their homes. This process continually repeated on all sides, the parable of the leaven being applicable here, the whole country may become a mass of Catholicity.

WONDERFUL NUMBER OF ADULTS BAPTISED IN PEKIN .- We spoke recently of the fear expressed by some publications in the United States that China would become Catholic. In fact the tide of sentiment in that country seems to be set strongly to wards the doctrines of our Faith. confirmation of this comes another report from Pekin. The writer is a Lazarist missionary, Father Planchet

"The hopes of reaping a good harvest expressed by me last May have not only been realized, but have exceeded my fondest dreams. I need no longer speak of my 35,000 catechumens. but boast rather of 37,000 grown persons, who have just been baptized in this city. The importance of this event cannot fail to im press even the most unobservant.

I make haste to publish this authentic statement in order that those interested in our mission can with us in the extension of God's kingdom in China."

THREE SCHOOLS WITH 1,200 CHIL--" If poverty is any title for your help," writes Father Espelage of Tagudin, P. I., I surely can demand your charity. We have here three schools for 1,200 children. Can you imagine what that means? For the support of these schools, aside from what little we gain from the industrial work, we have no resources ex-

cept charity.

"Two priests look after this department, and they find plenty of employment. We have, however, one of the rare examples in the Philippine Islands-that of parish schools instructing the majority of the children in the parish. The accomplishment of this end, so greatly to be desired, makes us bold to apply to you for aid. To keep our own children safe within the fold is worth any sacrifice."

MONEY NOT THE GREATEST ASSET IN MISSIONARY WORK .- It seems that a new menace exists for some anxiis in danger of becoming Catholic. The number of converts made in that country has indeed surprised even our priests themselves, and this in the face of a constant lack of funds. Catholics throughout the world contributed \$1.610.315.11, as against \$25,000,000 from American Protestants alone last year. The disparity is indeed enormous, yet the result are not equally discouraging.

The Christian Century upon the state of the Church in China

s follows: At the close of 1911 there were in China, 1,363,697 baptized Roman Catholics, with 390,985 catechumens under instruction awaiting baptism, according to a Roman Catholic jour nal published in England and partly reprinted in the Catholic World. Other figures given by the same journal for the same country. follow: Bishops, 49; priests, 1,426 European and 701 Chinese; students for the priesthood, 1,215; nuns, 1,896, of which 1.328 are Chinese. Shall Roman Catholic? think facts like these, once grasped. should result in doubling our efforts all along the line.'

The natives of mission countries are close observers of the white missionaries, and the deductions they draw form the patience, industry and self sacrifice displayed by the Catholic apostle are all in favor of him and the doctrine he preaches.

A MARTYR OF THE PRESENT -- It seems that martyrdom in China is not yet a thing of the past, as recent news of China states that a Franciscan Friar, Father Francis Bernat. was put to death in the latter part of

in the Province of Shensi, was a native of Spain, being born at Castellon, March 14, 1876, and receiving the Were it not for the fine Franciscan habit in 1897. After his forever from time and ordination, Father Bernat asked to well have the instructions of Marbe sent to the Chinese missions, and quette been followed that the cross prayers lustily, took up a position in people are not of great means, but of was entrusted with a large district of another part of the street, and w big heart and courage, and the little which he has become the first martyr. was entrusted with a large district of stands to-day exactly where it was

CATHOLIC NOTES

Eleven new parochial schools were ppened in Greater New York this year. The attendance of pupils show an increase of 12,000 over last year. Then 140,000 were registered; this year the registration is 152,000.

The new English laureate's wife is convert to the Church, as was Mr. Bridges' brother, the late Matthew Bridges, poet and hymn writer. Dr. Bridges was an intimate friend of the late Father Gerard Hopkins, S. J., the poet.

The Bishop of Rochester, N. Y., says that during the year, the Rochester St. Bernard Theological Seminary had 220 students under 12 professors. and representing 32 dioceses. ing the year 23 were ordained for 15

Mrs. Alexander R. Lewisof Metuchen New Jersey, the only living sister of the well known novelist, Spearman, who is himself also a convert to the Catholic faith, was received into the Church recently, making the third conversion out of the 5 children of Simon Spearman of Smyrna, Delaware.

The Marquise de Wentworth's painting, the Death Bed of Leo XIII, presented to the Catholic University, by Mr. John D. Crimmins, was re cently hung in the reception room of the University Caldwell Hall. It is stated the Catholic Club of Paris offered \$15,000 for it for the French Museum, and that an effort had been made to have it added to the Vaticar Gallery.

Right Rev. James A. McFaul, D. D., has taken steps to bring the anti-Catholic Menace to judgment for its recent vile slander on the Catholic Sisters in Camden. Prosecutor Kraft of Camden county, a non Catholic, who by virtue of his office, was called upon to make a thorough investigation of the slander which the Menace published, denounces the story as without any foundation.

A memorial to Father Faber is contemplated in England, and a com-mittee, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, has the matter in charge. It has been decided to erect, in St. Wilfred's Chapel at the London Oratory, a bronze statue of St. Wilfred to whom Father Faber had a special devotion, whose life he wrote before ne was a Catholic, and whose name he took after his conversion.

One thousand children, including infants in arms, assembled in the hurch of the Immaculate Conception at Montclair, N. J., recently as a demonstration against race suicide during the mission conducted by Jesuits, who in their mission ser-mons denounced the modern American tendency to limit the size of the family.

In England the Methodists are following the Catholic plan of giving "Retreats for the People." When a prominent English Methodist was called to task for this by a zealous brother, he responded: method is none the less good for being practised by those from whom one differs in certain respects, and if we are to avoid everything the Catholics do, we should have to give up using the Lord's Prayer."

The late Charles Robert Scott-Murray, while traveling abroad, left whose architecture he had been examining. He returned to look for it, and met the priest. Their acquaint. ance, formed under these peculiar circumstances, ultimately led to Mr. Scott-Murray's reception into the Church. There is a Providence even in the loss of an umbrella.

"Very often and with reason," says the Univers of Paris, "in songs, poems and writings, the statues of the Blessed Virgin, erected on promontories, have been called lighthouses—or lighthouses of succor and of hope to sailors and travelers. Of this figure of speech the Spaniards have made a reality. On the coast of Pontevedra, they have erected a colossal statute of the Blessed Virgin which is in fact a lighthouse. An immense concourse attended its inauguration."

The Rev. Francis Izard, a Bene dictine, recently ordained to the priesthood by the Archbishop of Birmingham, is a fully qualified medical man, and was formerly superintendent of Staffordshire county lunatic asylum at Cheddleton, near Leek Six years ago, on becoming a convert to the Catholic Church, he gave up practice in Lancashire, and went as a novice to Erdington Abbey, where in medi cal and other capacities, he has rendered much acceptable service.

In a little Indian village of Michi gan stands a monument cross of Marquette, the explorer missionary of the Northwest Cross village, as it is known, has about 600 inhabitants equally divided between the white and red races. It was founded as an June by the pagans.

The missionary, who was located quette's exploring trips. It was at the site of this little village that the site of this little village that Marquette erected a large cross and directed his converts to preserve it

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CHOKER

CHAPTER XXXII

HER NAME WAS LAURA " How silver sweet sound lovers ton ues by night, Like sortest music to attending ears!"

"That youth Boysie wants wheeling into line!" muttered Maurice angrily as we stumbled and scrambled along the narrow foot-path, steering by Tuppence, whose white body was our guiding star; " it would afford me a melancholy pleasure to introduce him to a nice new cane." After half an hour's tedious progress we came out on the road, and the moon made her appearance almost simultaneously we were able to get forward at a brisk trot which carried us over nearly three miles of our journey The silver-faced moon threw a bros searching light on every object as we brought our horses once more to a walk, nearly opposite a dreary, deserted bungalow that stood a little way back from the highroad.

That place always gives me feeling of intense repulsion," I re marked, with a little shiver; "no one has ever lived in it since some one shot himself there."

You have horrors on the brain this evening, Nora. Who shot him self in that vile looking habitation? said Maurice, looking back.

"Oh! a Captain Somebody," I answered vaguely; "they say he was jilted by some girl at home, and it preyed on his mind—of course he haunts the bungalow. I don't believe in people committing suicide because they are crossed in love, do you, I do, for I knew a case of the

kind," he returned, gravely. But not because of a girl?" "Of course it was; what else?"
Tell me all about it, do. was she? and did you know her?" I

inquired, eagerly.
"I am glad to say I did not know her. I knew him; he was one of my greatest friends. I never like talking about it, but I don't mind telling you, if you care to listen, and if you are sure that you have not had enough horrors already.'

Tell me about him; I should like to hear," I replied, courageously. I was not afraid of anything with Maurice for my companion.
"This fellow's name was Maitland,

and he and I were passengers out in the same tropper, and struck up an acquaintance. We were quartered in the same garrison, and became great friends; shared the same bungalow and dog cart; and had our servants, horses, and dogs in common. We made lots of shooting trips together, though he preferred sketching to shooting, and had rather a strong bias toward ladies society. At the end of two years he came in for a legacy, and took six months' leave to England, on urgent private affairs. When he came out at the end of that period, the legacy was nearly all spent, but he had found, in its place, an inestimable treasure-her was Laura, and Laura was dinned into my ears from morning till night. She was certainly very good-looking. to judge from a cabinet photo, in a frame, that adorned our bachelor sitting-room, and half a dozen smaller ones that were scattered about in Maitland's own sanctum. He was completely changed. He was bewitched! All his thoughts were centered on her, and on saving money for their future home. All his odd rupees went in the purchase of silver ornaments and feminine gimcracks Our sober bachelor veranda now be came the haunt of all the hawkers in the place. Through the hottest time of year he studied Hindoostanee with a persevering monishi; he toiled from early morn till dewy eve, that he might get a staff appointment, and it would be a capital billet."

I knew him very well up in Bengal, you, Nora. I have been deceived, bitterly deceived and disappointed and marry the girl of his heart. Toiled, while I lay in a long chair, read and wondered more and more at his infatuation. I can understand now," he added, in a low voice, which I was not supposed to hear. Go on. Well?" I urged, im

patiently. He studied hard and passed," proceeded Maurice; "he gave up smoking; he gave up wine; he gave up society; he became uncertain irritable, and almost morose. Whether this was due to Laura, or overtaxing his mind and denving himself all accustomed luxuries, I cannot say. Then there was a sudden falling off in her letters; they became spasmodic instead of regular; sometimes he had no letter for three weeks-by letter, I mean her effusions. Nothing else was a letter in his eyes. I can not adequately describe his state of mind on mail evenings. For fully an hour before the post peon was due there was Maitland pacing the compound, listening eagerly for every step, and querulous at any accidenta sound within the bungalow; and when the letter did come, with what avidity he seized it! His gasp of relief was something pitiable to hear When none came—no letter—his ghastly, drawn face was indeed still

more pitiable to see. You can fancy that things were not particularly pleasant for me. My friend, my companion, was gone, as far as I was concerned. He no longer cared a button for any one in the world but Laura. I looked upon him as suffering from some kind of strange, acute mental derangement and vowed to myself, scores of times over, that I would rather suffer any fate than fall in love. At last I persuaded Maitland to come out for a shooting expedition. We were to be weeks-no longer-and there would be just time for an answer to an all important letter he had recently dispatched-a letter of expect you to notice us then; but tender expostulation and reproach. perhaps in plain clothes—

"So we went off into the jungles far away from the weekly post; and at the end of six weeks, we returned and during those six weeks I believe Maitland had been actually counting the hours and reckoning the minutes No wonder his shooting was out

rageously bad. "He galloped into the canton-ments a whole day ahead of me, no longer able to restrain his impatience; and, as I jogged in quietly after him the next morning. I was beckoned into his bungalow by one of our married with a face as long as my arm, and a paper in his hand.

"There's bad news for Maitland, this mail,' he said; 'the girl he was engaged to, Miss Coupland—'
"What! Is she dead?' I asked,
"'No,' he answered, thrusting the

Times into my grasp' 'married! Poor old fellow!' he said; 'he's safe to be awfully cut up. We knew something of her through mutual cousins. She is a handsome, heartless, worldly girl, and has thrown Maitland over for a decrepit baronet seventy years cf age, with \$20,000 a year. You'd better look after him,' said the major, following me down the steps and,' dropping his voice to a whisper keep his revolver out of his way." Well?" I asked, in a tone of

breathless expectancy.
"Well," returned Maurice, slowly.

I was just too late!" For some moments neither of us spoke; and then he said: "He lies in "He lies in an obscure corner of a garrison cemetery, snd she is thought no end of in society by all accounts; but, nevertheless. in my opinion, she bears upon her forehead the brand of Come we had better be jog-n." My eyesfelt misty as I once Cain! ging on." My eyes felt misty as I more started Cavalier at a brisk trot. which we kept up till we came with in sight of Mulkapore, and within sound of the band, which was dis coursing sweet sounds to a thronged audience round the stand; they were olaying "Die Lieben Langen valtzes as we went by, and somehor those waltzes were always connected with that evening in my memory.

"Hold on, now let them walk," said Maurice; "it seems a sin to go in this lovely night!" "They will be wondering what has

become of us, I murmured, apprehensively. "Oh, they know you are all right, when you are with me," returned Maurice, confidently, "and somehow I seem to see so little of you now, Nora, and who has a better right to your society?" This state ment was certainly open to dispute

"You are always taken up with other people," he continued, in an injured tone.
"Once upon a time, the less you say of me the better," I answered gayly.
"By, Jove, I should think so!" emphatically. "Who would ever have thought—By the way," interrupting himself hastily, "I had something to say to you, to consult you about,

pocket. "The new roof of Gallow; I knew that was what Mr. Moore was driving at when he mentioned the leak.

drawing forth a letter from his breast

was just breaking it to you gently." "No, not Gallow this time," turned my cousin, who, with the reins loose on his horse's neck, was looking over his epistle by the light of the moon. "Tell me, Nora," turning to me with a smile, "how do you think I would look in a cocked hat?

"Magnificent," I replied impressively, without a second's hesitation but I have hitherto imagined that the Horse Artillery-

"Yes, yes; but there is such a thing as an Artillery officer being on the staff-in short, General Ross, the new brigadier at Cheetapore has offered to make me his A. D. C. I had an awfully kind letter from him this morning.

shock. first sight the prospect was unbearble, but, on second thoughts, perhaps it was all for the best. Mrs. ane had been throwing out various unpleasant little hints of late, and I had by no means forgotten Maurice's suggestion under the tamarind tree.

The Rosses, General and Mrs., are two of the nicest people I ever met. The general is a very smart soldier, thorough little gentleman, and a great racing man. Cheetapore is an 1 station; I shall have extra pay, and if there is a row anywhere, I stand a good chance of being in the thick of it; for the general is a man of mark; where he goes I go—so what shall I say to him, Nora?" said ed eyes. Maurice, looking at me, an odd kind of smile lurking behind his

"I say go," I answered, emphati-

cally. "Go!" he echoed, in a tone of most unqualified surprise and disappoint-

Yes, certainly. Never refuse a good offer. Only think," I continued, with a laugh, "you will be what poor Ali Baba called 'an arrangement in scarlet and gold. You will be awful and unapproachable. You can look exceedingly dignified on occasions; you have beautiful manners; you ride and dance admirably-in fact, now that I think of it, you are just cut out for an A. D. C., and will be ex actly the right man in the right

I glanced at Maurice. He was looking straight before him, moodily twirling his mustache. The picture

seemingly did not appeal to him. "Probably you will hardly condescend to know us should we go down to Cheetapore for the races? What a swell you will be, galloping about with the general in a dark frock coat, belts, and cocked hat! We can hardly

"What utter nonsence you are talk-ing now!" interrupted Maurice, hastily. "You know very well that I have not the smallest intention of accepting General Ross's offer."

"Not going to be his aide-de-cam not going to Cheetapore?" I asked in a tone of unqualified amazement And why?"

"Why?" impatiently. "You know the reason perfectly. Because," leaning his hand on my horse's neck and looking full into my eyes, "beause of you, Nora!"
"Because of me! What on earth

have I to do with it?" I foolishly persisted. "Everything," he replied, emphati-

cally. Maurice's face was transformed. Maurice's voice vibrated with some unusual emotion. If Maurice's looks and words were to be believed. I represented everything to him in this wide world. Major Percival's—my plighted lover-words and looks were s moonlight unto sunlight in comparison with those of my cousin. turned abruptly away, my face as hot as fire, my heart beating unusually ast, and suddenly putting Cavalier into a smart canter, crossed our maidan at the top of his speed, with Maurice's words ringing in my ears, "Because of you, Nora!" I pulled up in front of our own veranda, and nere, reposing in various degrees of indignation, were auntie, Mrs. Vane. and Dicky. Auntie was serious, Mrs. Vane sarcastic, and Dicky

"Really, Nora, this is no time for you to be coming home—a quarter to eight. I think you might have contrived to have kept with the others. Thus spoke my aunt, who had been her wrath to keep it warm

and had thoroughly succeeded. "I hope you had a pleasant ridemoonlight tete-à-tete is charming.

sneered Dicky.

Mrs. Vane said nothing. I could see, from a glance she bestowed on me, that she meant to have it out with me by and by, and at present her attention was riveted on Maurice "Vogue la galère," I said to myself

I never had had a more enjoyable ride-never : I felt most delightfully and disgracefully happy. Why should I feel so elated? I, an engaged young lady? Simply because my cousin had ridden with me in the noonlight, and whispered soft nothings in my ear. But were they soft Mrs. Vane's bright were fixed on Maurice : he was standing in the moonlight with his hat off. holding Desertborn by the bridle Never had I seen him look so hand some or so happy. Leaving him to bear the brunt of the fray, and to make what apologies seemed good in his eyes, I sprung to the ground and

hurried away to my own room. My toilet was nearly completed (thanks to Drugo), for I was a uninterested and mechanical as any doll My mind was undergoing a revolution. I did not know what I was doing, nor what I was wearing. The face that I beheld in the glass was dyed with blushes, and, oh, shame wreathed with smiles. Enter to me Mrs. Vane, a fixed purpose in her air and gait.

Send away Drugo. I will faster your dress," she said, imperiously Seeing Drugo effectively and having buttoned my dress in ominous silence, she pushed me down into a low chair, and, transfixing me with her bright dark eyes, aid: "And how much longer is this to go on ?"

What do you mean?" I asked, in a faint voice, as I reached for my bangles with ill-assumed careless-

ness. "Mean ?" she continued, angrily "I mean this flirtation with your Cousin Maurice. I am surprised at The idea came upon me with a hock. Maurice going away! At sincere, open hearted girl, incapable of acting a lie, or playing a part, Now I know you. You are a heart-

less flirt!"
"Mrs. Vane!" I cried, starting to

my feet. 'And." she proceeded, undauntedly "double-faced and deceitful into the bargain! You are acting a shameful treacherous part to two men, your cousin and your intended. I came to give you my candid opinion of your conduct, as I am not deceitful. Now you know my sentiments; and this very night before I sleep, Maur ice Beresford shall know the truth I intend to tell him myself.

ed eyes.
"We all know the place that i said to be paved with good intentions my young friend. You have been in tending to tell him this long time. I will now relieve you of all trouble. Poor fellow, I sincere y pity him! How you have led him on; how you have dared to behave in such a way, is best known to yourself, Nora. It is plain to be seen that he is deeply in love with you-that he worships the very ground you tread on; and when he hears that all this time you

He will despise and execrate the whole sex.' Why should you say he is in love with me?" I answered, feeling that the old argument of cousin and play fellow had been cut from beheath my feet by Maurice's own words not

are engaged to another man what

will he say? what will he think?

half an hour ago.
"Because he comes here daily, see your uncle, forsooth. Why does he linger at your side? Why does look distrait and preoccupied when you are not present? does he devote himself to you absolutely when you appear?"—gesticulating with both hands. "I know that my warning and my news will come too late; nevertheless, I shall summer. But the hardest of them

tell Captain Beresford of your enall, the hardest looking man I ever agement this very evening."
"Do not!" I exclaimed; "please, please do not; give me one day more! On my word of honor I will tell him to morrow!"
"Very well then. I'll give you till

did see, came meandering up one night, his clothes all ragged and dirty,

a scraggly beard on his face and an all-round hard look to him. I was just

sitting around when he came, for I had begun to take things a little bit

easy, and I saw him come slouching along. He was tall and well built

see that he was still in his thirties

I asked him what he wanted, of

course, before telling him to move

I took him over to the bunkhouse

and let the foreman look him over

and he made some kind of dicker with

him, and the first thing I knew h

was one of my hands. Well, I found out that his name was Holcomb

which of course the boys around

soon shortened to Hoke. I must say

he gained experience fast and soo

turned out to be an all round good

hand. I never did see such a hand

with a horse as that fellow turned

out to be. He never seemed to be

afraid of them, even when the boys

were breaking in bronks, or trying

their strength against outlaws or

horses that have a name for meanness. In a few weeks he could ride

with the best of them. But he never changed—he was always the same

surly fellow that he had been when

he first came to me. He wouldn't

mix with any of the men, he wouldn't

speak unless he was spoken to, and

while all the fellows were a little bit

reckless in the language they used

he got a name for his cursing and

swearing even with them. Every

couple of days and when he turned

up again he would be a wreck fron

the cheap liquor they used to sell

he would disappear for

this time to-morrow-

So saying Mrs. Vane, with a very impressive nod—at once of warning and reproof—took up her candle and

when I was left alone (although it was dangerously near dinner time) I indulged myself in a really good cry. I could not help it; I knew that I had done wrong; that I was all Mrs.
Vane had said—deceitful and
treacherous—though I had never
meant to be either. Lack of moral courage was the rock on which I had wrecked my happiness. I was a wicked, a very wicked girl, and miserably unhappy into the bargain; and I buried my face in the pillow of my

sofa and wept right bitterly.

At length I roused myself, bather my eyes, stared at the ceiling in a vain hope of banishing their red rims, and made a tardy appearance at the dinner table. I'm sure that Maurice remarked my recent tears. saw him gazing at me more than once during dinner with amazement and concern; he seemed exceedingly anxious to discover the reason of my and endeavored to elicit the truth in a politely roundabout way His veiled inquiries met with no suc Nevertherless, he did his utmost to efface the recollection of my unknown grievance by every means in his power; but I resolutely avoided him, repelling all his intentions, and, pleeding a bad headache (attributed to the sun!) immediately after din-ner I withdrew from the company and retired to my own apartment.

TO BE CONTINUED

A LITTLE BUT TRUE

around the camps. I used to try to be around near him, simply to see if STORY I could figure him out, but gave that up after a while, for I couldn't get below the surface. He was always the "Father," once said a rugged old same surly, uncommunicative, gruff and rough, with a terrible temper, Westerner to me, "never be too hasty in judging men, for you can't and very abusive when he had been tell what they have been or what they might turn out to be." It was drinking. Well, he worked for us about four or five months, and at the end of that time the boys left when as a young and perhaps over-zealous priest I had been stationed him severely alone. I often planned in a small Western town, whose on letting him go, but workers were mushroom growth on a seemingly scarce and he attended to business illimitable expanse of prairie, had pretty well, and besides I wanted to been a matter of brief interest a few see whether he would turn out he years ago. After my ordination man in the long run. About this time I put an addition to the house. was appointed by good old Bishop X. to expend by energies and few talents on a remote corner of his diocese You know how we build our houses out here. We can't afford to spread There I had for one of my parishion ers an old man. Celtic in name and ourselves very much when we start in on a place; it took most of us origin, who, like so many others of about all we had to get a foothold is race, had risen from poverty to But by and by as we got the money comparative affluence by means of application. and want to make the home a little industry and sober application. After I had come to know him well more comfortable for the woman folk, we add a room here and there. and to realize his worth, I had made It does not make our homes very a sort of lay confession, and indeed architectural, as you might say, ne proved a veritable godsend to me it gives us a lot of comfort. As I was for he lightened many a weary hour saying, I made up my mind to build by drawing on his large fund of anec an extra big room off the parlor, and dote and experience. He had crossed old Father M- who was our priest the sea when a young man, had sur than, heard about it somehow (how vived an attack of the then prevalent do you folks hear about them things, gold fever and had come through anyway?), and he wrote to me to kind of fix it so as it could be used as penniless, yet undaunted. characteristic shrewdness he a chapel when he was making his realized the possibilities of the range country and had toiled until he had rounds, which he could only make about twice a year; for his parish was about half the state in those progressed from cowboy to ranchman, being now practically mon days. I did so, and then one day I arch of all he surveyed." It was got word that he would be with us while seated on the veranda of his the next Sunday. Well, I told the boys about it, as I always used to, comfortable home, sheltered from the rays of the evening sun which and told them that any of them that still lingered warmly in the west by wanted to come would be welcome, a few scattered shade trees which nd of course, included Hoke in the constant care alone kept alive in that invitation, though I did that more as otherwise treeless region, that he had a joke, and he only grunted when he delivered himself of the admonition heard me. So I was a little sur-prised the next Sunday when he above quoted. I had just expressed nyself very scathingly with regard to showed up with some of the others. a certain renegade member of my flock, who had that day repaid me for Father M— put on his vestments in the parlor and then came out to his a long journey to him and an hour's ittle altar and prepared to say Mass earnest pleading, only by a seemingly imperturable indifference. I admit for us. It always kind of made my eyes wet when we had Mass in those that it was wrong of me to speak so lays. I used to think about the harshly of him, particularly before imes in the old country when we another member of the same congrehad it frequent, and then the faces gation but my indignation had been of my folks whom I had not seen extreme and to some extent warrant ever since I left, would kind of come The old man listened patiently up before me, and it would seem to but the light of reminiscence shone in ne that I was kneeling again with his eyes as I reached a caustic peror in the old parish church and that I ation, and when he leaned back in his and only to look around to see my rocker and relit his pipe carefully, dear mother's face, and the faces of knew that he was going to enlarge upon the text he had chosen. "The them I was raised with. So for a few minutes that morning, I didn't notice vay you feel toward that man," said much of what was going on. When reminds me of the way I used did look up I was never so surprised to feel toward a fellow I had here in my life. Father M- had told me awhile for a hand. It was quite a that the boy he always brought with few years ago, help was scarce and him from his last stop to serve his Mass was sick and that he would when we hired a man we always took care not to ask him for any referhave to get along without a server ences for fear we'd learn something But I looked again, and there was about him we wouldn't want to know. Mr. Holcomb, the worst talker and Help was mighty scarce one summer in particular. The Great Northern was putting in its through line, it the hardest character I had ever known, kneeling alongside him and answering him as the Mass went had crowds of laborers who were paid along. I couldn't seem to make it pretty fair wages and men seemed to out at all. It kind of shocked me to ike the excitement of the camps see him kneeling there when I knew But every so often a bunch would he was such a bad actor. But I got drift away from them or get fired to thinking as how Our Lord seemed and then they would scatter through to like to have sinners around Him When He was on earth, to talk with the country looking for just enough work to tide them over till the next them and all during the rest of that Mass I prayed and prayed that the debauch, or to give them sufficient funds to pick up and go elsewhere. near presence of Our God might make So we had many rough customers a change in our Hoke. Of course it pass our way as you want to believe did, as you might judge. I walked into But we picked up as many as we could the parlor after Mass to say a few for with experienced hands coming so high, any sort of help looked words to Father M- as I always did, and he waved me right out again, mighty good to us just then. They but not before I had seen Holcomb sitting in a corner with his head in seemed to be all sorts. There would be college men, doctors and lawyers his hands crying like a child. I tell and others who had hit the down grade you it made me mighty glad to see mixed up with just common hoboes, him there. It turned out that he

and you couldn't tell them one from

another. I tell you we had many hard characters to deal with that

had been an altar boy down East

when he was young, but like many others, he had run away from home

and got in with a bad lot. But after old Father M— had talked with him he changed right away, everbody got just what became of him, he is one the biggest and best Catholic ranchers just across the state line. But I made up my mind that morning, Father"—here the old man and might have been handsome if he hadn't such a tough look, for I could tapped his pipe on his heel and we arose to go in to supper-" I made ap my mind that morning, and I have tried to keep it since, that I would always be just a little bit slow in judging other men, for you don't know all there is about them; you along, and the way he growled back "work" at me made me kind of smile. But I had taken lots of can't tell what they have been chances with man that summer and I kind of thought he couldn't do what they might turn out to be.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

SPIRITUAL READING

As the vegetable kingdom is dis tinguished from the mineral kingdom by its manner of growth and development from the tiny seed or rootlet to the full-grown tree or plant, so man is distinguished from the brute creation by the precious gift of reason, which enables him to advance along the way of knowledge, to profit by the achieve ments and even the mistakes of others, and to rear new intellectual edifices more splendid and more imposing than those that preceded the diligent exercise of his God-given faculty. A tree that should grow only as the rocks grow, that is, by accretion from without, would belong to the mineral kingdom; and a man that should have no reasoning faculty would be but a brute. In other words, both tree and man, in our supposition, would be misnomers, much as we speak familiarly of a hat-tree and a man-of-the-earth, when we mean an article of furniture

and a native plant. But, far as the reasoning faculty raises man above all other animals. the gift of faith produces in him even a greater transformation; for it makes him capable of acts which were before impossible and gives him a title to heavenly glory which his unaided efforts could never give him. As the natural man ought to act always according to the dictates of right reason, so the supernaturally favored man, that is, the man possessed of faith, ought to act always from motives and on principles which have their foundaon tion in faith; for he is a believer not only while he is actually praying, or preparing to receive Sacraments, or assisting at the great Sacrifice, but whenever he is scious of his personality and his dig-

What is the man of faith to believe? How is he to act? general principles of faith and orals come to us through Mother Church, God's duly accredited representative, for whose inerrancy He youches: but it is in applying these general principles to our every day life that we are exposed to the danger of making serious mistakes. As an accountant may know the table of money perfectly yet fall into some inaccuracy in adding up a column of figures, so we may make a faulty application of a general principle and thus warp our whole spiritual life; for, if we are to act at all times according to God's good we must needs make frequent applications of the fundamental principles of our holy re ligion to our personal, private How are we to obtain that spirit-

ual insight into self, and that speediness and dexterity, so to speak, in shaping our lives so as to rep ever more perfectly the Divine Exemplar shown to us on the Mount? Leaving aside those special and wholly extraordinary which, from time to time, Almighty God has seen fit to bestow upon Hi chosen servants, - helps which we may not claim for ourselves, and to which it would be foolhardy to aspire.-we have certain ordinary readily available means of spiritual enlightenment from which we may easily draw abundant profit. The Sunday sermon, for example, though addressed to a congregation composed of old and young, men, women, devout and undevout, will lways provide some solid instruc tion for whoever hears it in a spirit of meekness and docility. Those who are wise in their own conceits men consumed with an exaggerated notion of their own excellence and superiority, will draw nothing from a sermon which might both reclaim Magdalen and inflame a seraph for they have stopped the ears of their understanding to any uplifting call and beguile themselves with the enchanting music of self-praise. But even with the best of wills, the pious hearer will possibly draw less abundant fruit from the spoken Word of God, because, while he is dwelling upon some particularly upifting utterance, the preacher has passed on and his words are not neard, or, if heard, are not assimilated.

Quite otherwise is it when we take up a book of religious instruction, for the printed page really speaks to us and, moreover, does so in a most obliging and condescending way; for, if I wish to pause and reflect upon some striking truth or a touching sentiment, the speaker promptly stops and awaits my good pleasure before going on with the discourse. Spiritual Reading is an abundant a source of enlightenment for the mind and of strength for the

We quite naturally expect that s means so useful and available for progress in piety should be counted and encouraged by Ho encouraged by Holy Mother Church; but she goes farther and makes it a part of the daily duty of all those who have been promoted to major orders. The Breviary, which is the book enjoined for th spiritual reading of the clergy, felicitously combines the three kinds of writings which are commonly distinguished when masters of the interior life treat of this subject. We have, first, selections from the Holy Bible, the greatest and best of books, for in it we have God's message to His children; next, we have moral liscourses from the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, who teach us no less by their lives than by their pens how to raise a splendid spiritual edifice on a solid foundation; and, finally we have brief lives of the Saints, in which we see vivid pic-tures of what the soul becomes by diligently correcting defects and by perseveringly practising virtue. The Breviary has been done into English by the Marquis of Bute for the benefit of those not sufficiently familiar with the Latin tongue, to enjoy to the full the spiritual

which it provides from day to day. Until of late years, the reader of but meagre assortment of spiritual books at his command; but thanks to Father Faber and Father Coleridge, two venerated names which may stand for a group, and thanks, also, to zealous transla tors of foreign spiritual classics, he has now within his reach a surnass ingly rich treasure suited to any and every phase of devotion.

Although, study and pray as we may, we shall never arrive at a comprehension of Almighty God, for the finite mind of man cannot penetrate the deep recesses of the Infinite, and even the Blessed in Heaven, illuminated as they are by the light of glory and thrilled as they are with ecstatic bliss, are incapable of sounding the depths of the mystery of the Godhead still, as the eyes of John the Beloved were opened by the Divine Power to things celestial as he gave witness to the truth in the exile of Patmos, so have other servants of God been privileged to obtain a glimpse, as it vere, of the majesty of the Creator and have striven to express in dull, cold words what eye hath not seen nor hath ear heard. One of the most valuable works on the Divine Per fections lately placed within the reach of readers of English is The Names of God, composed in Latin some three centuries ago by the Venerable Leonard Lessius of the Society of Jesus, and recently translated Father Campbell, who has brought out in faultless style the profound learning, the tender pity, and the affecting unction of the original.

The providential legislation of

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, in the

matter of the frequent reception of the Blessed Eucharist has prompted many devout clients of Our Sacramental Lord to commit to paper the outpourings of their own fervent souls for the purpose of animating the faithful to avail themselves of the inexhaustible spiritual riches of which the voice of the Supreme Pontiff urges them to partake. All nations have felt the impulse of this legislation; all nations have seen books and phamplets issue from the press in a variety of forms suited to very stage of mental and spiritual development, from the innocent, bigyed child to the aged recluse, purified and uplifted by long years of retirement and contemplation. In England, for instance, Father de Zulueta, S. J., has written unceasingly, untiringly, enthusiastically, in favor of frequent and daily Commun ion. Whoever understands English is under obligations to so zealous a Science of Sslvation" is what might be called the systematic study of virtues and defects, with rules or principles for conforming our lives to what must be most pleasing to Almighty God. This branch of Spirit ual Reading will be found to contain among its writers some of the most eminent Saints that have added lustre to the Church. St. Bernard, St. Francis de Sales, and St. Alphon sus Liguori are among them; but though he has not honors of our altars, it would be hard to name a more widely read or more closely studied writer on advancement in the practice of virtue then Alphonsus Rodriguez, S. J., whose Christian Perfection, even in ts archaic English garb, has become the common property of religious and the devout faithful in the world.

The difference that we perceive between a treatise on teaching, for example, and the actual work of a successful teacher explains why the lives of the Saints are more popular than formal treatises on virtue; for a Saint is simply a moving picture of virtues in process of development and of defects in process of eracic tion. The live of the Saints come home to us, for they show us that virtue can be practised by us, since it has been practised by others and under conditions more difficult than we shall find. Nor is this true simply of the holy martyrs, whose heroic zeal led them to sacrifice cheerfully, joyously, what we hold most dear in this world, namely, our lives; for the confessors, the virgins, and the saintly men and women in all ranks and states of life who have glorified God by the practice of ex alted virtue invariably met with trials, hardships and reverses which purified them even as gold is puri fied in the crucible. Open enemies. false friends, insidious tempters, and parrow - minded persecutors often found a place in their lives, which, if these elements of probation

chanced to be wanting, were surely clouded by misunderstandings an suspicions and other occasions for testing their loyalty to God and their generority in His service. In reading of the constancy and spiritual buoyancy which the saints showed in the face of the greatest afflictions, we instinctively compare and con-trast their lives with ours, their trials with our trials, their thoughts and aspirations with ours, and the net result is a gain for us and a gain for the cause of piety; for the re ward is always in proportion to the intensity and duration of the combat. "God loveth a cheerful giver."

It is well to bear in mind, how ever, that we are to distinguish carefully between certain extra ordinary favors that the saints may have enjoyed and what themselves accomplished in the way of living lives of sublime virtue. self effacement and toil; for to be made the vehicle for the communi cation of revelations, or the recipi ent of supernatural visions, or the subject of ecstasies, is not in itself any indication of high sanctity or nearness to God. The reason for this cautious distinction is to be found in the fact that the Almighty may use such instruments as He es in making extraordinary manifestations of His power. Judas the betrayer, may well have wrought miracles, not, indeed, in proof of his sanctity which he did not possess, but in proof of the divine origin of the message of which he was the unworthy exponent As for visions, we read in the twentysecond chapter of the book of Num bers that Balaam's ass saw the angel with a drawn sword blocking the path before the rider saw him; and if Balaam's eyes were also opened to the threatening apparition, we are to remember that he was a wicked man bent upon a wicked errand, for he his way to curse the people of God. But, leaving aside all ques ious fact that many virtuous but sentimental people have fancied that they were the favored recipients of revelations when all these supposed celestial boons were the result or consequence of disturbed bodily health or overwrought nerves. If we ever need the discreet advice of a skilled spiritual director it is when we fancy that we see things and hear things that persons of average intelligence in similar circumstance of time and place could neither see nor hear. As it would be imprudent to pray absolutely for any particular temporal favor, such as wealth, or distinguished social position, or important office, so it would be far more imprudent to pray for, or even hanker after, the exceptional graces that Almighty God has at times be stowed upon His chosen servants.
All that the Saints did as Saints is for our edification; but not all that they did is to be blindly essayed in find themselves in very different surroundings with very differen calls upon their time and strength A holy hermit, for instance, may well spend days and weeks in sil ence, for he has no duty to converse charitably with his fellow-man, since he is living by himself; but, if a wife and mother were to set about imitating to the letter the taciturnity of the hermit, she would lay her-self open to a charge of being wanting in good sense. What must be the feelings of a fond husband who has to sit face to face with a mum

The Saints led laborious lives they practised the virtues that their state demanded of them; they lived in time, but they worked for eternity. In this respect, we cannot go far astray in imitating them. St Frances of Rome sanctified herself in the state of widowhood, but I need not become a widow in order to reproduce in my life the spirit of penance and humility which was so

resplendent in hers. If Spiritual Reading is to be a helpful exercise for our progress in piety, it is hardly necessary to remark that it is not to be undertaken for the gratification of a spirit of curiosity nor to increase our store of varied erudition; for we should thereby defeat the aim and purpose of what is in itself a useful and easy means of perfecting ourselves in the Divine sight. That it may be truly helpful, it should be performed faithfully in a spirit of piety and devotion, for there is a special malediction for him that does the work of God negligently, and the beautifying of our immortal souls by acts of religion is surely the work of God; we are but co-operators. Spiritual reading, rightly performed makes our cooperation far more effective. This an all-sufficient reason, though others are not wanting, why it should be recommended to the prayers of the League.

HENRY J. SWIFT, S. J.

" ESCAPED NUNS "

As to "escaped nuns"—so favorite a theme for ultra-Protestant anti-Catholic bigots—the Catholic Herald (England) observes that:

The superior of a convent has no difficulty in "escaping" at any time she wishes to do so. Any one can see nuns constantly walking about the streets of London, who need not go back to their convents if they do not wish to do so. There is no such thing as an 'escaped nun.' There have been nuns who broke their vows and left the Church, but alleged 'escapes' are merely adver-tised to draw money from the pockets of credulous dupes, or fanatical bigots. If A nun wants to leave her promise to look into the religion, for

convent she has only got to do so he same as any daughter would eave her father's household."

That is the short and the long of t, and the truth of the matter. There are no "escaped nuns." Any nun who wants to can "escape" any time she pleases, without let or mindrance. She has only to open hindrance. the door and walk out and not return-which last part of the program, it may be safely assumed, would be all the better for the convent.—Freeman's Journal.

STORYOFACONVERSION

ILLNESS AND THREATENING POVERTY BLESSINGS IN DIS-GUISE

Note: The following interesting story was written to a Nun, and was forwarded to us. We give it verbatim with only a touch here and there in the interest of continuity and clearness.—The Editors.

Yes, dear Child, certainly I'll tell you of my conversion! You rememper, of course, that I married a Catholic, but not a practical one. I re used to sign any contract, for, while liked some Catholic teachings. eally I knew nothing of the religion. We lived in a country town where a priest seldom came. After a few years we moved to a nearby city where I attended the Episcopal Church, and at times my children attended the Sunday school.

During these years we never dis-cussed religion. When I asked my husband to help me make those chil-dren go to Sunday school he gave me

an astonished stare—nothing more. There was something lacking, however, in our lives. I felt the need of more religion, and was not satisfied entirely where I was going. Have you ever wished that you were living on earth in Our Lord's time, and could follow after Him with the nultitudes down the road, adding your voice in praise, and at last draw ear, perhaps touch His garment Well, frequently I did wish all this. imagine the whole scene.

This was my state of mind, when after twelve years, my husband's health began to fail, and at last came a day when he was unable to go to work. The doctor came and examined him thoroughly. Hehad been prescribing from time to time, but now new symptoms were developing. Soon after the doctor left, violent pains set in. He returned, then left again only to be summoned in a few moments. We called in the best physicians in the city, and they remained the rest of the day working over my husband. A trained nurse came and took charge. I had plenty of time to think of many things.

His sister arrived after a few hours, and was up at day-light the next morning to go to Mass, confession and Holy Communion. I had to wait everal days for Sunday to arrive in order to attend church service, and sent word to my minister asking that he please pray for my husband's life to be spared. Somehow it was not done, neither did the minister, nor any Episcopal neighbor come or telephone—only a sick man, but to me he was my all, and this the crisis of

my life! Meanwhile the priest was telephoning, asking news, and if he could come over. And he was a perfect stranger! I refused to let him come because my husband, knowing that his sister was in the house, would think that she had called him-would lose hope of his recovery, and would rive up. I wished to give him every The doctor and the nurse promised that if he began to fail they would inform me, for I meant then to call the priest. (Great idea, mine, to wait until a man is half dead to

better then.) The sister-in-law hurried out to Mass every morning at day-light. I watched this practical application of her faith—it was something new.

make his confession, but I knew no

I visited the sick room, of course every little while. Sometimes my husband knew me, and sometimes he did not. On one of these visits I thought: "Suppose he should die in a few hours, and stand before his Maker to be judged? He has been a good man as far as human laws were concerned. Suppose now that more than this was required? Then what? When, to my knowledge, had he ever said any prayers, or gone to Church? I had made a good wife in the eyes of the world, but had I not neglected something? Suppose that some day I should have to account for that something?"

Right then I promised that if he lived I would do all in my power to get him to return to his Church. I telephoned one of my husband's good friends to help me with my olan, for I knew that to succeed I must have help, and surround him with everything Catholic. The friend an elderly, kind man, said that of course he would help. "I will have a Mass offered for him to morrow, and God will bless you and yours, madam, for this-even the trying!

The sister was up at day-light to go to that Mass. Then she had a Mass said for him. This practical asking for our need was making an mpression on me, and so now I said: May I now have a Mass? What do ou do?" She explained: "During the Mass the priest prays for you, and you promise to so something, or mention some sacrifice you will make, and you give a small sum of money to the poor." Well, I did. I sent my little offering, and promised to be-come a Catholic! "They cannot accept it," said the young friend who

any promise you make you will be expected to keep, and you know that you can keep that one." Fair enough! What more could any one

Before my husband was out of the house I presented myself at the Rectory for instructions. The dear, kind priest gave me several books. May God bless him! He gave me the "Catechism," "Question Box "and the "Faith of Our Fathers," the latter by Cardinal Gibbons. "Take your time-plenty of time-odd moments to spare while doing your home duties," he said. "Go into the Church for a few moments before going home." I did, and guess what I prayed for! I wished now to carry out my plan to become a Catholic myself, and I prayed that if there was anything in the faith that I would not like that it be kept from "Oh, that everlasting prejudice!

My husband continued to improve, and I to read every moment the "Faith of Our Fathers," and to study the That is a grand book 'Faith of Our Fathers." makes everything so plain. I found a little leaflet that is a fine compan ion to High Mass. One overwhelm ing thing that I discovered was that they believed the Communion was truly our dear Lord's Body! This one to understand the open churches, the devotions, the live given to serve Him, the martyrs go ing to their death - everything in

My husband's health required that we move back to the country, so my study was more or less hampered. I thought that after a while I might pass some sort of an examination to see if I understood perfectly, and be lieved truly. I loved the faith by this time, regardless of my husband If he had died I would still hav considered It my greatest privilege to continue my studies, and some day

be received. At last came the day for my tism, and the next morning I mad my first Holy Communion. I offere my Communion that my husband might return to his Church, and that he might be made well. In just two hours he went to confession, the first time in twenty years!

Now, thanks be to God, my prayers are answered, and I pray every day that we may lead such a life as may allow us to draw a little nearer until the end-be worthy of so great a blessing.

It is a constant marvel to me how it came about that I, of all people, should have been allowed to belong to this Divine Faith. Yes, that is what it is—divine! Could there be any flaw in it then? No, none whatever!

I believe that the prayers of Cath olics are answered, that God loves them, and gives them strength and help. They pray more, perhaps ask for more, and then hurry around to earn it by kind deeds and kind words One works harder when it is to please a loving Father.

You ask why so many afflictions so much misery, poverty, etc. My dear, my husband's illness, and the fear of poverty were the greatest blessings life has ever had for me, for through them I came to be lieve in the One True Faith.

THE STORY OF FATHER TOM BURKE

It was the Irish Famine of 1847 says Father Eaton in his brochure on Father Burke, O. P., one of the greatest preachers of modern times, that turned his thoughts in early life to wards the priesthood as the best means of helping the poor and the oppressed. Young Burke was only seventeen in those days, but here in his own vivid language is what he had to say of the terrible calamity that laid Ireland low in 1847:

"I have seen strong men lie down in the streets and with ashen lips mnrmur a last cry for food, and faint away and die. I have seen the dead infant lying on the breast of the dead mother as she lay by the wayside. I have seen the living in fant trying to draw sustenance for its infant life from the mother who was dead. If I were to live a thousand years, never could I banish them from my memory or shut them out from my eyes-no, nor their dire effects. The storm at length passed away, bearing on its wings millions of Irish victims and leaving Ireland stunned by the greatness of her ruin

"There seemed no hope for the na tion. Ruined homesteads, aban-doned villages, impoverished towns, workhouses filled to overflowing, prisons crowded with political pris oners, hospitals unable to hold vic tims of cholera which came in the wake of war and famine; trade and commerce destroyed, industry paraly zed, a population wasted by disease and privation scarcely able to realize life after such awful contact with death, and crushed by separation from so many loved hearts."

Accordingly, it was in 1847 that the future orator entered the Order of Preachers, the Dominicans, as postulant receiving minor orders from Leo XIII, then Bishop of Perugia in 1849. It is interesting to note his opinion of St. Thomas whose "Summa" he then first read. "When reading it one's faith seems lost in vision so clearly does every point stand out," In Rome he met Cardin al Wiseman, a good judge of charac ters, but somewhat hard towards his juniors. "Young Burke" he said "has a wondrous power of inspiring love. He will be a great priest some day." In 1850 Father Burke was appointed vice-chief of the Order's house at Straud; he reached England from Rome with a bare allowance of off.—George Eliot,

cash to cover the expenses of the journey; having, however, found the means to get by rail to Stroud and after walking several miles to the Priory, he was nearly arrested as tramp.

In 1853 he was ordained and, for the first time, began to preach. At the outset he gave no promise, was very nervous and in every way out Cicero's statement, namely, that the real orator is a nervous person He used to write out his sermons carefully and took great pains in revising them, discoursing them before others, asking their advice and—tak-ing it. He was recalled to Ireland by Dr. Russell, head of the Irish Domin icans, and was given the task of developing a novitiate at Tallaght, a place of great historical interest.

His appearance is described at this time as being "very ascetic, his tall, graceful and attenuated figure. his stern rigid face shaded by the cowl over his head, the deep, sonor-ous voice all presenting the living image of a vigorous and saintly Dominican." His preaching soon attracted attention here, and he was named "Savonarola." It was in 1859 that he preached a sermon that may be said to have attracted universal attention, namely, that one which is entitled "Music in Catholic seurs from all parts studied this discourse, and Father Burke's name as great preacher was instantly estab-Between 1859 and 1864, his time

vas mainly taken up in giving retreats in Ireland, Italy, England and Scotland. It was in 1869 that at the Glasnevin cemetery, on the removal of O'Connell's remains to their final resting place, the great preacher deivered an oration to some fifty thousand spectators—one of his very greatest efforts. He was present at the Vatican Council of 1870, and, while in Rome attraced great crowds by his preaching. As an example of the busy life he was leading in these days t may be cited that in 1871 he gave wenty-one retreats and preached one hundred and seventy two sermons as each retreat lasted seven days, his aggregate amounted to seven hundred and sixty sermons for that one

It was in 1872 that he visited America, which Father Eaton describes as the most busy and glorious period of his life. He purposely selected a vessel with a large number of steerage passengers, preached to them many times during the voyage. At the Church of St. Paul in 1872 he preached the Lenten discourses, the building being filled to overflowing; while men and women of all condi tions and grades waited as long as five or six hours for the opening of the doors, laborers went direct from their work carrying their dinner cans merchants and business men hurried from their offices to the church, in many places the police had to control the traffic before he could make his way to the sacred

At Boston he had one "congregation" of forty thousand, and also vast audiences at Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland and New Orleans, so large being the crowds that he was forced to address them from the church steps. The duel with Mr. Froude, the English historian, took place at this time, and lectures were delivered at the Academy of Music, New York, to audiences of five thousand persons at a time, the series numbering five, in which, says Father Eaton, Froude's justification of the occupation of Ireland by England, as well as of the alien administration, met nuns were too impossible even to quent Dominican. So great and so that convents were not founded to be frequent were the ovations paid to reformatories for the fallen nor re-Father Burke, indeed, that the General of the Dominicans, fearing for the humility of his subject, ordered

him to return to Ireland. Father Burke gave in America some four hundred lectures, the proceeds amounting to over \$400,000 and this sum went to the releasing of churches and convents from debt On his return to Ireland he was received with great and public acclamation by the town officials, the clergy and the people of Queenstown. Th world, says Father Eaton, may talk of Father Burke as the triumphant orator, the brilliant conversionalist: but those who knew him best remember the saintly priest. He was the example of his own teaching and as an English Bishop said, was the Dominican friar first and before all. Cardinal Cullen said of him. "the gentle meek and humble priest remained throughout all his triumphs. and learning in him awakened no intellectual pride."

Cardinal Manning, a strict judge said of him: "He had the grandest talent a man can possess, namely, that of popularizing theology. His was the eloquence of a great soul filled with God, not the eloquence of study or self-manifestation." Al-though he had attained to high rank in the hierarchy, he successfully sought to oppose all attempts at advancing him. In 1880. despite his it is!" Mary O'Neill, Father Vaughfailing health, he preached his famous sermon on "St. Ignatius and the Jesuits" at Farm St., London, and returning to Tallaght, of which he was Prior died there in 1883.-

Infinite love is suffering too-yea. n the fullness of knowledge it suffers, it yearns, it mourns; and that is a blind self-seeking which wants to be freed from the sorrow wherewith the whole creation groaneth and travaileth. Surely it is not true blessedness to be free from sorrow, while there is sorrow and sin in the world; sorrow is then a part of love, and love does not seek to throw it

HALL CAINE'S BOOK

Speaking on Sunday evening, Sept. 29, at St. Mary's, Douglas, Isle of Man, on the inner life of the Catholic Church, Father B. Vaughan referred by special request to Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel. He said he thought it was a pity Mr. Hall Caine did not confine his writings to scenes and situations connected with the Isle of Man, about which he had expert mowledge, and where he was at home. Unfortunately, when he made excursions into the realms of the Catholic Church the Laird of Geeba Castle seemed to be off his bearings in a foreign land. It was quite curious to come across a man professing to be the intimate friend "of th foremost of the Catholic clergy " exhibiting such startling ignorance of Catholic doctrine and Catholic practices. Fancy a Pope wasting time talking platitudes and sermonizing a simple girl on her first visit to him. And how unlikely that she should be afraid of being overwhelmed and of fainting in his presence. Continu-ing, Father Vaughan said if Mr. Caine had presented them with almost s caricature of a Pope, he was not more fortunate in his portraits of cardinals and bishops. His pictures were out of drawing and untrue to life. bishop who so often appeared on the scene had no single trait or characteristic of an Irish prelate. Instead of being a sound theologian and a man of common sense, the novelist made him out to be weak in theology and weaker still in the sense. Mr. Cain's bishop droned out platitudes and indulged in preaching at Mary O'Neil as persistently as the Holy

Father himself. Then there were priests brought upon the stage. Of Father Giovanni, and of his kissing girls under the mistletoe, and running off with a nun, Father Vaughan said that th only thing he could say was that he did not see what purpose such scandals served. Perhaps they might help the sale of the book; they certainly did not help to prove Mr. Caine's contention that he was a friend and admirer of Catholics Then there was Father Dan, who was made to surpass both Pope and pre lates in preaching rigmarole piety to Mary O'Neill. Like the rest of the clergy, Father Dan, instead of helping the girl, quoted catechism to her neglected his duty. Small blame to that vulgarian Lord Raa for treating him as a noddle.

NUNS AND NUNNERIES

Father Vaughan said there wa ome excuse for the Prophet of Douglas not knowing much about Popes and Prelates, but there was none for his altogether absurd misrepresentation of nuns and their ways. He did not seem even to know the difference between "cloistered nuns" and "sisters not enclosed. What in the name of religious propriety was a reverend mother of an enclosed order doing in the Plough Inn? Surely that was no place for her to stay at, even supposing she was such an unmitigated fool as to try and drive the unfortunate fallen girl Mary into the convent.

Father Vaughan said the scene be-

tween the reverend mother and the

sick girl was grotesque, ridiculous

sanctimonious and unctuous scenes as were described by Mr. Caine had no place among Catholics. Nuns did not go to a sickroom singing benediction services and crying out "Ora Pro Nobis." Mr. Caine's scenes with be humorous. Ought he not to know fuges for imbeciles? Nunneries were set up for women who wanted to consecrate their lives to the service of God and their neighbor. The Almighty had excellent taste, said the speaker, and when He gave to a girl a vocation to religious life His choice usually fell on the brightest, sweetest, and most capable girl in the family. Father Vaughan wanted to know how Sister Mildred of the Little Sisters of the Poor came to be "fixed up," of all places, in Piccadilly. always thought the Little Sisters lived in community only. He feared Mr. Caine was no more reliable an authority about religious congregations and their ways of life than he was about the Catholic services of Holy week or about the ritual of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. When Mr. Caine wanted "copy" he started a Benediction service, or intoned the "De Profundis," or sang both first and second vespers, followed by "Laudate Dominum" and closing, of course, with the "De Profundis." Quite marvellous was the author's devotion to the psalm "Out of the Depth's." He opened his first and closed his last chapter with it, informing the public, through Mary O'Neill, that the most beautiful of the services of our Church began with it. Here Father Vaughan paused an contented, was neither an Irisl Catholic nor a Manx Non-conformist. but an output of the two-a contriv ance of Mr. Caine's own creative genius. Outside the novelist's latest story there never lived such a queer embodiment of virtue and vice, o cant and hysteria, as Mary. Truth to tell, said Father Vaughan, Mr. Caine like Miss Corelli, had yet to learn his limitations. His portraits of priests and nuns done for his last book no more resemble the real thing than did a German oleograph an

Italian master. THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM The speaker said it did not, after all, much matter about Mr. Caine's

ways. But he was concerned to find a man writing about the marriage tie in the Catholic Church without FATHER VAUGHAN'S CRITICISM taking the trouble to master its

meaning. Besides, before giving a case to illustrate the hardships which indissolubility might involve. the writer first of all should have made sure that there was no doubt it was a genuine case, with no direct impediment to invalidate the mar riage. It was a mistake for Mr Caine to imply that nuns ought to nstruct girls about the rights and duties of married life, but it was a greater mistake still for him to have soiled his book with the scene of a man demanding his martial right coarsely, grossly.

Father Vaughan said the faults committed by Mr. Caine in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" were not the faults of technique only, but faults betraying ignorance of the fundamentals of the Catholic Church. It was difficult to find excuses for them. If the author did not care to consult any one of his many friends foremost in the Church, he might, at any rate have questioned someone of the children going to Saint Mary's Catholic School, Douglas. Any on of them, of the upper standards, could

other to enlighten the British Association. As for Mr. Hall Caine's position in the literary world, Father Vaughan said it was not his province to estimate that. Already he had won his own unique place here, and the present volume would undoubtedly hold him to it. It was an exponent of Catholic belief that the writer came within the speaker's purview. When he found Catholic pearls had been stolen and dropped in the gutter for the man in the street to pick up and play marbles with, he felt that, as a Catholic priest, he was justified in rising up and crying out "Stop Thief."

have put him right where he had

gone hopelessly wrong. In writing about the Catholic Church Mr Hall

human soul. The one wanted to

patronize the historic Church, the

Marie Corelli writing about

was as impossible as Miss

Father Vaughan said never in any part of the world had he come across group of such vapid, inane, and dull nincompoops as group of Catholics created for Mr Hall Caine's latest novel. When he put the book down after perusing it ne felt he must have been following a love story got up for a picture-drome. The title of the book ought to have been "The Woman Thou Gavest Me Not."

THE LAST-MINUTE CATHOLIC

The man who waits until the last minute to make his peace with God, usually waits too long. When the last minute comes, his enfeebled mind and will are generally too far gone to conceive or carry out a thought of contrition. "As a man lives, so does he die." Nevertheless there are exceptions. God in His mercy does occasionally grant to a dying sinner time to repent. A recent case is reported from France which has a pathetic side. M. Abadie, the mayor of Theil, on his deathbed bethought him of his scandalous, un Catholic life, and in the presence of witnesses made the

following retractation to the pastor Monsieur le Cure, I know my situation from the religious point of view. Divorced, and re-married civilly, I have lived in flagrant opposition to the holy laws of the Church. But, all the while, despite my error, I not an atheist: I wish to die as a

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Christian, a penitent Christian. And if, despite my promise to repair the past in any measure possible, it is not considered proper to bring my body into the church after my death, I pray my brother here present to put a cross on my coffin, and have me pass at least before the door of my church.

In view of this attempt to repair the past, the wish of this particular last minute Catholic was more than fulfilled. He was buried with the rites of the Catholic Church which he had so long scandalized, but back to which, as to a mother, God's grace had led him before he died .- Sacre Heart Review.

THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO"

"As it was with Christ, so it is today with the Church," said Cardinal O'Connell speaking at a recent meeting of the Federation of Catholic socie ties of Boston. "His enemies poisoned the minds of the people; they vilified Him, they misrepresented Him, they distorted His every word, they misconstrued His every act. He gave His strength to doing good-and the malice of His enemies so lied about Him, so maligned Him that in the end they killed Him. If they had only examined facts for themselves, if they had only believed what they saw, Christ would have brought them peace and eternal happiness.

"The people, however, are ever the They often allow themselves to be the victims of the malice, the envy and the jealousy of others keener than they, who blind them with false words and embittered them with lies.

"Christ's prayer revealed it all when He said, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' The prayer of the Church for those who in ignorance assail her is the same-they know not what they do. But we must make them know what they do if only to save them from themselves and from those who are animated not by ignorance, but by designing malice.

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Obstrary and marriage notices cannot be inserted useful in the usual condensed form. Each inserted to contrary the condensed form. Subscribers changing residence will please give old at well as new address. In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased four Mis. M. A. McGuire, 249 Maine street.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION
Apostolic Delegation
Lit. Thomas Coffey Ottaws, June 13th, 1905.
By Dear Sk.—Since coming to Canada I have
been a reader of your paper. I have noted with astifaction that it is directed swith intelligence and
ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a
strong Cathelic spirit. It strenaturely defends Cathelic spirit, lit strenaturely defends Cathelic spirit. It strenaturely defends Cathelic principles and rights, and chands firmly by the
last bings and authority of the Church, at the same
than promoting the best interests of the country.
Pollowing these lines it has done a great deal of
good for the welfare of religion and country, and it
rell' do more and more, as its wholesome influence
rawches more Cathelic homes. I therefore, early
recommend it to Cathelic families. With my
blussing on your work, and best wishes for its contleace success. LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Yours very sincerely in Christ, Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegat UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Caffey:
Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your steinable past the Catronic Racorp, and congrationable past the Catronic Racorp, and congratient you upon the manner in which it is published in matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit parvades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain.

Tour Factoric, Arch. of Lanssa, Apos. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1919

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

How short a time since it was boldly asserted that the school was no place for teaching religion. The world was to receive a great onward and upward impetus, the human race was to be rescued from the darkness of ignorance and superstition by universal "education." But, objected Catholics, education means formation of character, the training of the faculties of the soul, realization of man's supernatural destiny, recognition of one's duty to God, whence flow, as a necessary consequence duties, to self and fellowmen, duties as citizens, duties as Christians This is the sphere of religion. How will religion find its place in such schools since on the question of religion people are so divided? Religion? We shall have nothing to do with religion. That is not the business of the State.

The State must "educate" its fu ture citizens. Jew, Turk, Infidel, equally with the Christian must be at home in the State school. Protestants of every shade and hue side by side with Catholics will be "educated " together as they must live together afterwards. Offence must be given to the religious sensibilities of none. Our schools will be nonsectarian. But-but-but this is not Christian education, still objects the Catholic. Religion is the business of the Churches. (At that time the plural was used : "The Church" is a recent invention.) Religion can be taught in the church, the home and from such institutions. I underthe Sunday school. The Sunday stand that this spirit prevails in school above all for definite and sys tematic instruction of the children in religion. We can not be hampered by religion and religious differences. The people must be "educated" and think for themselves. They will be born again into a new era of right thinking and clean living when they know how to read and write.

Highly desirable as it is that all should be able to read and write, we Catholics did not and do not take our religion so lightly. This desirable object may be attained without sacri-Acing the one thing necessary. Where religion is treated as a mere side issue during the whole formative period of school life, it is likely to be considered of small importance for the rest of life. The test, as usual. has justified the wisdom of the Church with nineteen centuries of experience all her own.

Now the old position is abandoned. The Catholic position is recognized as right, but, in practice, difficult Congress, convention, conference synod, every religious gathering discusses and admits the necessity of religion in education.

That the Sunday school, good as it is in its place, is inadequate, Catholics have always maintained.

Inadequate? Why, Sunday schools are a farce even if the children would go to them, is the verdict of the erstwhile champions of Sunday schools as the right and sufficient medium of religious instruction. The other day in New York the Anglicans note the falling off of 29,000 in Sunday school attendance. At the Ontario Sunday School Association in Ottawa, the Reverend Hiram Huli, B. D., speaking on "The Child

for Christ," dwelt on the best methods of attracting the young to the Sunday school, during which he furnished the joyous news editor with a headline after his own heart: "A child under twelve years of age ought to be sent to Sunday school with a stick." In passing, we may say that we are in entire sympathy with the Rev. Mr. Hull. He puts his finger on a very sore spot. The fathers and mothers of to-day are graduates of our Public Sunday schools, and they and have a woefully inadequate conception of the duties and obligations which the fourth commandment imposes on parents as well as children. As to " making the Sunday school so attractive that a boy would rather attend than stay at home," we question its wisdom. What becomes of the child's sense of duty to parents and to God? Is this not a weak surrender to the very spirit which he deplores in his previously suggested energetic remedy?

The following clipping is big with suggestion of the difficulties of those who would revamp our non-sectarian school system with religious education

Toronto, Sept. 24. - "Many a way farer reader, though no fool, may greatly err, in the reading of the Bible, because we read of so many onceptions of God as held by variou tribes throughout the ages of relig-

ious growth.
"The whole system in the Sunday school is a hopeless inaccuracy and woefully injurious to the child.

The above statements were made by Rev. A. E. Levell, B. A., this morning during the course of a paper read before the joint meeting of the Alumcal colleges, Knox, Wycliffe, Trinity Hall for the purpose of discussing in all its phases the question of the religious education of the child.

Dear, simple souls who would solve the difficulty by having the Bible in the schools, what think you of that? The four theological colleges must get busy and disentangle the true conception of God from the many Scriptural conceptions misleading to the wayfaring reader of the Bible before exposing children to "greatly err" on this matter, which surely must be conceded to be "fundamental."

But Sunday school-read again what the four theological colleges are told about the Sunday school.

The problem of religious education in the schools is not made easier by the light shed on it in the Synod of Huron :

"The schools of the province do not teach religion—they practically teach irreligion," declared Mr. T. H. Luscombe. "The highest ideal set Luscombe. "The highest ideal set before them is the success in money matters. No wonder there is a lac of ministers when this condition prevails. It would be surprising if it were otherwise."

I know of one principal in the Collegiate Institute who sneers whenever the Bible or the Church is mentioned," declared Rev. Canon "How can we expect Chris-Downie. tian young men and women to come nore than one school.

This principal, no doubt, is only smiling at the errors of wayfaring readers of the Bible. As becomes an educated Protestant he is acquainted with the Historic Method and Higher Criticism. Here, however, is a difficulty: unless we insist on no religion we may have that very advanced form which Mr. Luscombe calls irreligion.

"While we have 15 or 20 denomin ations each thinking the other is striving for advantage, it is idle to ask the Government to do anything of the kind," said Mr. W. F. Cock-shutt, M. P. "Get the Protestant denominations together to agree on a basis of teaching and the problem will be easily solved.'

Indeed! Then what becomes of our non-sectarian schools whose sole business is to impart secular knowledge? If 15 or 20 denominations get together and agree on a basis of teaching shall we have this quintessence of Protestantism taught in our non sectarian, undenominational free Public schools? Then what about the other denominations, and the Jews, and the Christian Scientists. and the Agnostics, and others whose citizenship alone entitles them to the benefits and imposes on them the support of State schools?

Rev. Dr. W. Douglas Mackenzie, of Hartford Theological Seminary, at the opening session of the co-Operative Theological Colleges affiliated with McGill University, dealt with the question which absorbs the attention of such bodies. According to the report in the Montreal Star he also bears testimony to the general abandonment of purely secular education:

" If there is any field in which the fruits of reunion and unity are being tion of controversy, he preached

Ten years ago there was a kind of rebellion against any discussion about religion, but now there is no subject more commonly discussed on both sides of the Atlantic than the question of religious educa tion, and it is awakening the Church to its task.'

Discussing "The Church's Problems in Education " in the afternoon Dr. Mackenzie said:

" It was astounding that the Church had once been able to assume to itself control of all branches of human knowledge, and to place restrictions search for vere not the same to-day, he asserted go on. The problem was as to who should have supervision. Attempts were being made to work out the dualism of Church and State, he said, even while both were growing more

If this means anything it means that Dr. McKenzie is astounded to find that Christian education was once Christian. Now, however, "The Church" is-well, so "complex" that it is one with the "complex " State.

After this luminous exposition we are prepared for his illuminating solution :

" The Church and State stood face to face on the matter of religious education, he added. But the time was coming when religious educa-tion would not be confined to the Sunday school and seminary.'

Inanity, thy name is Mackenzie The general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York thus disposes of the burning question:

After adopting the marriage and divorce resolution the deputies took favorable action on a resolution introduced several days ago by the Rev. Dr. Freeman, deputy from Minnesota, intended to further religious training in the public schools. The resolution instructed the general board of religious education to effect, if possible, through co-oper other religious bodies, a system of instruction commensurate gether with forms and exercises calculated to promote patriotism and the 'higher sense of personal integrity and purity of life.' The general board is instructed, as a means to this end, 'to take prompt action to promote the daily reading of a portion of the Holy Scriptures in all public schools.' "

Religious education, "commensurate with the needs of our youth " is a sonorous phrase that ought to commend itself to Dr. MacKenzie's complex Church face to face with the complex State.

We shall conclude with a quotation from a paper by the Rev. Professor Cotton of Wycliffe College on The Religious Education of the Child in the Public School." He thus disposes of the Sunday school:

"At present the Sunday school is trying to do everything, including temperance and moral reform propaganda and succeeding in nothing at all except, it may be, in demonstrating its own futility.'

Well, gentlemen all, after bitter experience you are groping your way back to the truth which the Catholic Church through good report and evil report has ever enunciated. You can not divorce religion from education. Those who really hold the Christian religion as the one thing necessary will never consider a system of State schools from which religion is banished as providing a satisfactory education for Christians.

BISHOP BOUNET'S CONSECRA-TION

last week was the occasion of one of the most notable gatherings of the hierarchy in the history of the Church in Canada. Almost every bishop from Ontario and Quebec was present, and Western Canada, the Maritime Provinces and even New foundland were also represented. The Bishop of Mont Laurier entered into his high office with a remarkable testimony of sympathy and affectionate good will on the part of the Canadian episcopate, which will doubtless be for him an inspiration and an encouragement in the ardu ous work of organizing his new diocese.

Perhaps not less gratifying was the evidence of the esteem on the part of the clergy and laity of the diocese of Ottawa, where Bishop Brunet was born and educated, and where in various capacities he spent the twenty years of his ministry. At least three hundred priests, secular and regular, and a great concourse of the laity thronged the great cathedral during the memorable ceremony.

The recently consecrated Bishop o Peterborough preached the English sermon. With an eloquence direct and simple, and free from all sugges-

given us," said Dr. MacKenzie in his from the text, "As My Father sent English that borders on slang, it is morning remarks, "it is in religious Me. I also send you." The occasion not open to serious chiestics. Me, I also send you." The occasion lent a singular dignity and impressiveness to the straightforward state ment of the Catholic doctrine of the institution and perpetuation of the episcopate. The creation of a new diocese naturally suggested the theme of the growth of the Church in Canada of which Bishop O'Brien in broad outlines drew a striking picture.

> His Lordship Bishop Forbes, him self elevated to the episcopal dignity only three weeks ago, delivered the French sermon, in which he traced the role of the episcopate in the Catholic Church.

Following is a complete list of the Archbishops and Bishops who assisted at the consecration:

Archbishop Gauthier, Ottawa. Archbishop Begin, Quebec. Archbishop Bruchesi, Montreal. Archbishop Spratt. Kingston. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto. Archbishop McCarthy, Halifax Archbishop Legal, St. Albert. Bishop McDonald, Alexandria. Bishop Gabriel, Ogdensburg. Bishop Scollard, Sault Ste Marie. Bishop Clouthier, Three Rivers. Bishop Larocque, Sherbrooke. Bishop Bruneault, Nicolet. Bishop Blais, Rimouski. Bishop Latulippe, Haileybury. Bishop Ryan, Po Bishop Bernard, St. Hyacinth. Bishop Leblanc, St. John, N. B.

Bishop Blanche, Gulf of St. Law-Bishop Gauthier, Montreal. Bishop Fallon, London. Bishop Morrison, Antigonish. Bishop Brunet, Mont Laurier. Bishop Budka, Ruthenian. Bishop McNally, Calgary. Bishop O'Brien, Peterborough. Bishop Forbes, Joliette.

Bishop Power, St. John's, Nfld.

Bishop Leroy, Superior of the Holy Shost Fathers. His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Gauthier was the conse crating prelate, assisted by his two

suffragans, Mgrs. Latulippe of Hailey-

TITLES OF THE POPE II

bury and Ryan of Pembroke.

Our esteemed subscriber who was naturally shocked at the title, "Our Lord God the Pope," which he im. agined Catholics applied to the Holy Father, has found another expression which troubles him. He writes :

"I think there is an error also in following sentence from the Life of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, preface by Bishop Ullathorne, page 438: 'When I heard him sing Mass I cannot express what I felt : it was the God of earth prostrate in adoration before the God of heaven!"

Turning to the work indicated we find the passage with its context reads as follows :

The emotion which Mother Margaret felt in beholding Almighty God served with so magnificant a wor-ship,- in seeing, as she said, "the greatest man of the earth, say Mass was so powerful and absorbing that at the time she was wholly un conscious of fatigue. It was to her the supreme moment of her life, and which she often afterwards "I am afraid of saying referred. what I felt about the Pope," she once remarked, "lest I should scanze people. I wanted to kneel there and look at him for hours. There God has joined them together. was all that was most grand and powerful on earth-the man before shom kings were as nothing! And when I heard him sing Mass I can not express what I felt; it was the god of earth prostrate in adoration before the God of heaven!"

Here, then, is no question of Papal style or title, official or otherwise. It is merely a question of the propriety of the words used by a holy The consecration of the Right spiritual-minded woman in trying to Reverend F. X. Brunet at Ottawa express the emotion she felt when assisting at the greatest of religious functions-a solemn High Mass celebrated by the Pope with all the splendor of ceremony which attends it. We can readily admit that in her exalted mood she uses words that may seem to confirm the preconceived notions of those who have been taught to believe that Catholics actually deify the Pope. However, think what we may about her choice of words, an unprejudiced consideration of them shows that

> In the first place, it will be noted that the expression used by Mother Margaret is not "the God of earth," but "the god of earth." This distinction, whether important or not, is made by Mother Margaret, but overlooked by our correspondent.

such an interpretation is absolutely

baseless.

Then Mother Margaret expressly recognizes the infinite distance which separates the creature from his Creator; she speaks of the Pope, howsoever exalted his office and by whatever title she may refer to him, as prostrate in adoration before the God of heaven.

Now with regard to the term god as applied to men, though unusual ting in little knots of two and three, and in our day confined to colloquial

not open to serious objection on any other ground than that of diction. It is merely a matter of opinion or taste, taking present usage into consideration.

There is the highest possible authority for so using the term.

In the eighty-first psalm we read "God hath stood in the congregation of the gods; and being in the midst of them he judgeth gods."

And again: "I have said: You are gods and

all of you sons of the Most High." Our Lord Himself refers expressly to this usage of the word, John x. 84,

Jesus answered them: Is it not written in your law : I said you are

"If he called them gods to whom the word of God was spoken, and the scripture cannot be broken : etc.

Now what is the meaning of the words-the scripture cannot be broken? Dean Alford, a Protestant, in his

Speaker's Commentary, John x 35, 36, thus explains and paraphrases these words of Our Lord: "You cannot explain this expres-

sion away. It cannot mean nothing, for it rests on the testimony of God's word." Jesus not only quotes the term 'gods" as applied to men, but emphasizes the fact that it is a scriptural

term, adding "and the scripture cannot be broken." Dr. Perowne, the Protestant Bishop of Worcester, commenting on the 81st psalm (82nd in the Protestant version) says :

"They are called gods not merely as having authority from God. . but as His vice gerents."

The same Dr. Perowne writes Side by side with the shameles worship of the Virgin in the Church of Rome is the Divine honor paid to the

His cool common sense and scrip tural scholarship leads him to justify and approve the ascription to earthly rulers the very titles which, ascribed to a spiritual ruler his anti-Catholic animus impels him to condemn as blasphemous!

If Jesus Christ Himself could insist that the term "gods" was properly and lawfully used in reference to the kings, priests and prophets of the Old Testament, surely it can with still greater propriety be applied to the kings, priests and prophets of the New Testament. And in so far as the spiritual is above the temporal, just so far is the spiritual ruler of all Christendom above all temporal rulers in the dignity of his sublime office. He in a very real sense of the unusual but scriptural term - the god of the earth. Mother Margaret, whose use of the title is criticised, in the very sentence where she uses the term, recognizes quite simply and as a matter of course, that the Pope, notwithstanding his sublime office, in virtue of flattering to Turkey, but what shall one the less a creature, infinitely removed from God the Creator, before whom this holy woman sees him prostrate in adoration."

THE MASTER'S WAY

It lay there in the gutter, a poor battered, broken thing, and the crowd of idlers, whom curiosity had drawn together, looked down upon it with immeasurable disgust. A mere skeleton, a typical stray mongrel of the streets, an object of scorn and contempt to everyone, only fit to afford an hour's amusement to the mischievous street arabs who had just done it to death. Even its own kind had made war upon it, as was evidenced by the numerous scars on its emaciated limbs, relics of many a midnight battle, for the great and strong of every species make war on the weak and defenceless. They even dishonored it in death, sniffing disdainfully about its bleeding carcas, growling out contempt for the fallen. There it lay, a pitiful object that had never known what pity was in life, and was denied it even now. The blood-flecked foam oozed out between its gaping teeth; the noonday sun shone down upon the glazed eyes-those eyes that still held the mute appeal with which the dumb creation would make parley with death. And some spurned it with their kicks, and some spat upon it, and of all that crowd of idlers there was not one to pity it. Who would waste pity on a mongrel cur festering in the gutter under the noonday sun?

Having satisfied their idle curios ity, the group of idlers were separa-

arrested them. A strange murmur that the Apostolic spirit holds good ran along the street, and all eyes turned to see a commanding Figure advancing towards them with stately mien. "It is the Master," they whispered one to the other, and awed by the sight of the great Teacher, they stood aside to let Him pass. But He did not pass by. The dark object lying in the gutter atglance of compassion. The spectaters read the compassion in His gaze see in this rotting carcass that can sommand His pity, they asked themselves. Jesus saw the disgust in their eyes-read, too, the thought of their hearts, and He answered their unspoken question. "Even pearls its teeth," He said, and one by one,

they slunk away abashed. It is only a legend, but who will say that it is improbable? Another time, and another crowd, and a And when they heard it they slunk away, even as this crowd, discomfited and abashed. "Neither will I condemn thee."

Suppose we make it our guide and How many a tired soul would be nerved anew for life's weary struggle? "Neither will I condemn thee." Forgiving those who trespass against us as we hope to be forgiven. Cloaking another's fault under the sweet mantle of Charity. Seeing the good that men do rather than the evil. It is the Master's way. COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS THE ABSOLUTE dependence of Pro

testant missions upon the almighty dollar is once more accentuated by the appeal made in behalf of Anatolia College, Turkey, and given widespread publicity through the American and Canadian Press Associations. "Turkey," says Dr. Charles C. Tracy, President of the College, to the American Board of Commission. ers for foreign missions, in session at Kansas City, "can be made Christian for \$1,000,000." The Turk is generally credited with an enthusiastic and ineradicable devotion to Moslemism. For that cause he has in war shown a stolid indifference to death, and in peace, a willingness to part with all his worldly goods, rather than abandon its fanatical by his Archbishop may be seen by tenets. But, according to this Dr. Tracy, the American dollar has never yet had a fair show with him, and he thinks that, confronted with 1,000-000 "bucks," the hitherto impene trable wall of Islam will crumble to

which he is clothed in a pre-eminent | we say of the Christian mind that | studies of the kind ? degree with the authority of God, is formulates it? The truth is, as has more than once been pointed out in these columns, the modern Protestant conception of the Gospel of Christ is | Cullen : inseparably bound up with the dollar. Money is, with them, coming to be the one thing necessary to its propagation. A generation or two ago simple minded devotion and poverty of spirit did count for some thing, but now, if we may judge from their own published deliverances, all that has gone down before financial and business considerations. This may be in harmony with the mammon-worship so much in the ascendant in our time, but is absolutely foreign to the maxims of that same gospel as proclaimed by its Divine

THE NOTION is not particularly

WE ARE far from saying that money, or the substance it represents, is not, humanly speaking. necessary to the spread of Christianity as in every other department of human life. It is the substance given into man's hands whereby he has to work out his destiny here below. But it is, of the accidents, not of the essence of life, according to Christian precept and example. And it is not to the heavily subsidized missionary of nineteenth or twentieth century Protestantism that the world owes its Christianity, but to the bare footed monk or friar of the ages of faith, who, adhering strictly to the Master's injunction to concern themselves not about gold or silver. but to be in all things like unto Himself, went out into the great unknown world to subdue it by the simple proclamation of His message. And notwithstanding the fact that under modern conditions money is a greater factor than it was in a when suddenly a new excitement simpler age, it is none the less true

with the Catholic foreign missionary of to day.

THERE HAS just come to our editorial desk a little book of devotions which merits more than a passing notice. Our readers may recall that a few weeks ago we made reference to a learned Commentary on the tracted his attention, and, pausing Greek text of the Apocalypse written for an instant, He regarded it with a by a Catholic layman of India, which was made the text for a few reflections upon the sphere of usefulness and were astonished. What can He thus exemplified as open to the scholarly laymen. The volume lying before us gives additional emphasis to those reflections. It is a collection of "Bible Meditations and Prayers," drawn exclusively from a Scriptural source, and cannot compare with the beauty of adapted to all the needs of the Christian life and to devout observ. ance of the Church's precepts.

THE BOOK, which is in two parts, was originally written in Spanish, woman, their prisoner, despised as and is the work of a Catholic layman this dead dog in the gutter. And of Buenos Aires, the chief city of the they asked Him for His verdict. Argentine Republic. The first part is a series of meditations upon the great essential truths of the Christian religion, upon the trials and tribulations of the soul, and upon one's duty to one's neighbor. The second motto in our dealings with our part consists of a series of prayers for brother? How many a breaking confession, Communion, attendance heart would find in it a hidden balm. at Mass, for every exigency of life and in preparation for eternity — all, in the very words of Scripture, drawn from its various parts, and pieced together according to the order of ideas. The book in its Spanish original has not only the approval and endorsation of the Apostolic Internuncio in the Argentine, and of the Archbishop of Montevideo, but of the Holy Father himself, who conveyed to the author, by means of an autograph letter, his special blessing. This letter is reproduced in fac-simile in the volume before us. The English translation, which is the work of the author himself, has the imprimatur of Canon Surmont, Vicar General of Westminster, and of Father Henry S. Bowden of the Brompton Oratory, as Censor Deputatus.

> OF THE author of this very interesting and consoling book, all we have been able to learn is from the internal evidence of the letters of approbation prefixed to the volume, Joachim M. Cullen, the son, we conjecture, of an Irish father and a Spanish-American mother, is a Doctor of Laws of Buenos Aires. The estimation in which he is held an extract from a letter of His Grace of Montevideo. This letter also indicates to what advantage a layman may utilize his time and talents along this line in the service of the Church and for the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth. But. we may ask again, why should it be so wonderful or incredible that a lay. man should attain proficiency in

WRITING FROM his cathedral city. Archbishop Soler thus addresses Dr

"With what ever-increasing amaze ment did I read your book. Is is possible? I asked myself. Has Dr. Cullen really written this book? It seemed wonderful almost incred. ible. I found it difficult to persuade myself that a layman could be so nethodical and proficient a student of the Scriptures, and so thoroughly master their contents, as to be able, with Biblical verses and phrases to compile a divine exposition of the teachings, counsels, and precepts of Holy Writ, and the virtues it inculcates. Indeed, to collect and unite under separate headings the various passages scattered through-out the Inspired Books must have demanded extreme laboriousness, no less than intelligence, originality, and natural aptitude for the task

fied with your work; the result is a beautiful manual of piety, and a prayer-book of unsurpassed excellence. For my part I know nothing of the kind to equal it." IN A SIMILAR strain writes Arch

bishop Sabbatucci, the Apostolic Internuncio: "I congratulate you," he says, "with all my heart, and earnestly desire that, with God's blessing, your little books may soon be widely circulated, and that, in passing from hand to hand, the good seed may bear fruit, thus proving the Word of God to be the word of life." So also Cardinal Merry del Val. speaking for the Holy Father: "His Holiness is much pleased with your dutiful offering, and wishing to mark his appreciation of your filial piety, most heartily bestows upon you a special apostolic blessing."

ONE MORE reflection before we leave for the present this timely



FATHER FRASER RESCUING CHINESE CHILDREN ABANDONED BY THEIR PARENTS

FATHER FRASER

ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE GREAT MISSION-ARY

Satholic Mission, Taichowfu, China

Sept. 17, 1913. Dear Mr. Coffey .- Since I wrote you last a dreadful disaster has come upon me and my parish. No less than the ghastly figure of famine is staring us in the face. All my e, about two million in numbe are farmers, each with a little patch of rice field. For them rice is their daily bread. Now, just when they had prospects of a glorious harvest, which would stave them over the winter, the sun kept shining so long and so flercely that nearly the whole crop withered and died. What will crop withered and died. What will they do to keep alive? It is not the case of foodstuffs being rushed into the desolate districts by train, as in America. Here in China no place has ever an abundance of food—all are always just eking out an exist ence and no more, so that when a real famine does come as in my cas all the poor people can do is to knuckle down to their hard lot and

pine away with hunger.

Now here is an occasion to reap a harvest of souls. Hundreds are ask-ing to be admitted to my free schools and catechumenates, dreading the pangs of hunger and death by starva-tion, and at the same time willing to embrace our holy religion with all their heart. Oh! If I could but take in a thousand of them, big and little, men, women and children; I

volume. The basis of all Protestant are hard at work for the coming "missions" to South America is the assumed ignorance of its people regarding the Holy Scriptures, and the determination of their ecclesiastical determination determinat leaders, at any cost, to keep the Bible from them. This is the lever used so industriously to open the money bags of the credulous in the North, and, absurd as the pretence is, it has not proved ineffectual. Well, here is a book which disposes effectually of that silly fable-a book at once showing the familiarity of a layman with the Bible, and the blessing of the highest ecclesiastical authorities upon its circulation among the members of their flock. Not, of course, any mutilated edition from the hands of meddlesome outsiders, but the true Word of God as committed to the Church's keeping in the beginning, and by her safeguarded through the centuries from the assaults alike of insolent heresy and soul-destroying rationalism.

C. L. C. A.

One of the largest gatherings of Catholic young men ever held in Toronto assembled to hear Rev. Father O'Malley, the new spiritual adviser of the Catholic Laymen's Culture association, speak on "Ideals" in St. Mary's Club house on Culture Tuesday evening, October 28th. The reverend speaker handled his subject in his usual masterly manner and the men present were much inspired by the elevating character of the address. A standing vote of thanks was tendered the reverend father at the close. Musical num-bers were rendered by the Misses Scanlon and Mr. B. McCann. Mr. J. D. Cherrier. who occupied the chair, in his opening remarks stated that Catholics had much hostility to contend with in Toronto, and therefore it behooved every Catholic man for at behooved every Cannot man able of contracting. Hence, unless to put into practise the slogan of the C. L. C. A., — "Wake Up, Catholic Men!" if they would obtain their rights. The different committees astical or civil, can make the constitution of the contracting. Hence, unless the promises exchanged have for their matter the matrimonial society ordained by God, no power, ecclesiastical or civil, can make the constitution.

would, besides saving the life of the body, cleanse their souls with the waters of baptism, and feed them with the Bread of Life. "Rice Christians," you will say. But no, let me explain. God uses different means in different places and at different times to attract souls into the bosom of Holy Mother Church. Now it is sovereign who induces his subjects to embrace the Faith, now a miracle worker, and again it is almsgiving that throws the net of Peter about the predestined souls, and I can safely say that thousands in China are to-day safe in the Ark of Salvation through charity received at the

Catholic mission.

When I said above that I would like to rescue a thousand, it may have startled you as a vain hope that could not at all be realized. But let me tell you that I can feed and instruct a child (or a grown person for that matter) for the small sum of 5 cents a day. Now, I don't want any of your readers to put 5 cents in a letter and spend another 5 five cents to send it; but let a number club together and send the result to your office for me. Those who are blessed with wealth might even take a dozen poor unfortunates on their shoulder and bear them up to the mansion of bliss and eternal They are crying to me satiety. daily and through me to you: "Only three grains of corn, it will keep the little life I have till the coming of the morn," yea, even till the morn of the morn," yea, even till the morn of the morn, and the morn of the morn, and the morn of the morn, and the morn of the morn.

the never-ending day.
Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER

GOULD-CASTELLANE CASE

The enemies of the Church are always on the lookout for ways and means to revile it. Such persons are using the Gould Castellane marriage case for that purpose. The has been fully explained in Catholic periodicals, and were the enemies the only ones professing to be troubled by it, we should say no law, on the subject, one would be

more on the subject.

But they are not the only ones. There are others, even Catholics, who in good faith feel upset over the affair, and we have been trying to see what the reason is. We think the fundamental difficulty is a misapprehension of the attitude of the Church with regard to the marriage contract. Suppose a couple before getting married had drawn up an agreement that their union was to be terminable at pleasure and that whatever promises they should make would be under this condition. Should one of them afterwards plead this agreement in a secular court as the grounds for a declaration of nullity, the answer would be most probably: "You have been married according to the form of the law. The court refuses to recognize a previous agreement that would make a mockery of them.' The civil power assumes a jurisdic tion over all contracts, and holds that a couple legally capable and going through all the prescribed legal forms are legally married. The Catholic Church, on the contrary, holds that the essential marriage contract is of divine institution. It is the free mutual promise according to God's ordinance, duly made and accepted, of a man and woman capable of contracting. Hence, unless the promises exchanged have for

tract a real marriage. In such cases, therefore, as the Gould-Castellane there is no question of nullifying marriage. The whole investigation is to discover whether the marriage is, or is not, void in itself by reason of an essential defect in the contract

Hence, a declaration of nullity by an ecclesiastical tribunal does not make the marriage null and void, but merely states that the evidence adduced proves its nullity in foro externo. Yet the tribunal is not in-fallible. It uses every means to test the credibility of the witnesses; but should these impose upon it by per-jury or conspiracy, the guilt rests on them and on the party to the suit that suborned them, and any marriage the parties may afterwards attempt will be null and void in con science. So, too, should the riage have been really null, still, if this cannot be proved before the tribunal, the judgment that nullity has not good marriage in conscience, and the parties must govern themselves by this in their mutual relations, though their failure to establish it in foro externo forbids them to contract new Others find difficulty in the consti-

tution of the Rota and its mode of procedure. The object of every court is to do justice; and we should guard against the idea that this cannot be safeguarded except by English method, or by methods derived from it. The procedure of the French courts differs radically from that of the English. There are some so utterly prejudiced as to think that justice cannot be obtained in them; but we do not count such among our readers. If one considers the procedure of the Rota carefully and impartially he will see that it is eminently calculated to secure justice. Three judges try a case and give their decision. Three others then take it up and give theirs. If they disagree a third set of three sit on it, and to gain a decision of nullity one must have two trials in his favor. This is equivalent to a provision for two appeals; and it has this advantage, that the appeal belongs not to the extraordinry, but to the ordinary procedure. One may object that the appeals are not from a single judge to the full bench, or from a lower to a higher court, as in our practice; but any one will see that this is a mere mat-

sentials of the appeal to the full bench, or to the higher court. A third difficulty is found in this, that the status of the children is affected. A little reflection will show that whatever affects their status comes from the original fact, for which the parents are responsible not from the judgment of the court upon that fact. If the parents con-tracted a marriage null in itself the children are illegitimate; and such cases may come up in our secular courts at any time. Suppose a woman who has not heard of he husband for years, thinking him dead, attempts another marriage in good faith. After ten years the husband turns up. The courts would hold the second marriage null, and justice in the matter. The late Lord De Freyne was not the eldest son. His parents were Catholics and married before a Catholic priest. After three or four children had been born they discovered that their marlegitimate in the eye of the law, and the late Lord, the first to be born after the remedy had been applied was their eldest legitimate son, and

consequently the heir. Some complain that on account of the prevalence of divorce, final de cision against the validity of the Gould Castellane marriage will upset any number of others. Suppose this to be true, the responsibility rests entirely on those who legal ize divorce and those who practice it. Even if it were in the power of the Catholic Church to change its presumptous to ask this. The Catholic Church is older than any modern state, and viewing things from a merely natural standpoint one is justified in holding that it will survive them all. The matrimonial law of the Church was the law of every Christian state. If the states of Christendom have abandoned that law, this hardly gives them a title to demand the same from the Church But in this the Church cannot conform to the modern world. Mar-riage as established by God, as raised by Christ to the status of a sacrament, has been give into her keeping by her divine Founder, and the Church must protect that deposit until He returns to take account of her stewardship.

Nevertheless, the danger is not so great as some think. As we have pointed out, a mere intellectual error regarding the possibility of divorce does not necessarily pass over into the act of the will which makes the contract. It is quite ikely to do so in such marriage as the one that has stirred up the discussion, in which a title on the one side and a fortune on the other are too often the sole motives. But ordinarily speaking, the young man and he young woman, whatever may be their erroneous ideas, have no other ntention than to contract marriage as marriage is rightly understood If they introduce into their consent a formal intention of divorce, should ent occasion. The fine appearance things not turn out well, that is of the De La Salle Cadets in itself

their own affair, and the sooner they retract it and give the proper con-sent the better. But the cases in which such a malicious intention can be proved in foro externo are as yet extremely rare; and in all others the rule holds; we must stand for the validity of the exterior act. If a man and woman say, "till death do us part," we must assume that they mean it, unless they can prove the contrary. Should society deterior-iate still farther until it is generally accepted that those words mean "till death, or the divorce court, do us part," society must be responsible for the consequences. As yet however, it is far from that.—Henry Woods, S. J. in America.

ARCHDIOCESE OF HALIFAX FATHER BROWN, OF WINDSOR,

Rev. Father Brown, of Windsor,

N. S., on the occasion of his being transferred to Amherst, was made the recipient of unusual honors by his people, showing the respect in which he was held. On Friday even ing he was presented with a compli mentary address by the C. M. B. which was signed on behalf of the branch by F. C. Lynch, President, and Samuel McDonald, Secretary The address was accompanied by a handsome gold headed cane. The reverend Father made an appropriate reply. A pleasing incident of his departure from Windsor was the burning of a mortgage amounting to \$2,700, which was the total amount of the debt on the church. He goes to a larger field of labor where his splendid administrative ability will have full scope. There was a large gathering of the congregation on Sunday evening. After Benediction Mr. W. E. Regan and Mr. H. A. Lynch approached the sanctuary and the former read an address on behalf of the congregation. When it was read Mr. Lynch handed Father Brown a purse of gold containing \$140. In his reply the good pastor made a very feeling reference to the pleas ant relations that existed between priest and people during his pastorate in Windsor. He admonished them to be loyal and true to their new pastor, Father Collins, as they had been loyal and true to him. The teachers and children of the Separate school did not forget their be-loved pastor, for they also presented ter of detail. Virtually the second and the third sittings have the eshim with an address and valuable

presents. CATHOLIC RECORD sends Father Brown congratulations and trusts that his work in his new field of labor will be blessed as it was in

A DE LA SALLE CADET HONORED

SIR JOHN GIBSON PINNED HUMANE SOCIETY MEDAL ON CADET CAPTAIN'S BREAST-DEED OF TRUE VALOR-HIGH PRAISE BESTOWED UPON NEIL SMITH BY ARCHBISHOP M'NEIL

The presentation of a Royal Cana dian Humane Society Medal to Mr. Neil McCabe Smith, Captain No 2 Company, De La Salle Cadets, took place at the Armories, Toronto, Monday afternoon. When Sir John Gib son who made the presentation arrived at 4 o'clock he was received by His Grace Archbishop McNeil, Honorable Adam Brown, president of the Royal Canadian Humane Society, and Mr. W. E. Blake, who had charge of the matters of the ceremony. The young cadets were lined up in true military fashion, their neat gray accoutrements presenting a very attractive appearance, and the fine figures of the lads evoking many admirable comments. A salute from the fife and drum band announced the coming of the King's representative, and the lines stood at attention while the Lieutenant-Governor went up and down inspecting the ranks. The cadets then closed in, forming a square with silken standards floating in the centre, and the young captain who was to be rewarded for his bravery was called to the front to receive the medal from the hands of Sir John Gibson. Mr. W. E. Blake then related the circumstance of the rescue. Last summer, in response to cries of distress out on the lake young Smith and a companion had rowed out to where they found a man gesticulating wildly, his lady com-panion, in changing seats, having fallen overboard. There was no sign of the woman. Without divest ing himself of his clothing Smith dived into the lake twice, unsuccess fully. The third time he swan along the bottom, and keeping his eyes open, he found the woman brought her to the surface, put he in the boat, brought her ashore, and assisted in the work of resuscitation until medical service was forthcom-

ing.

Though it was the one immediately under review, the heroic act which received the recognition of the Humane Society was not the only feat which lies to the credit of Smith. At yesterday's presentation, Mr. W. E. Blake, Vice President of the Kew Beach Bowling Association, said that to his knowledge and observation, Smith, in company with his brother a few weeks ago went out in a 14 foot skiff into Lake Ontario, perhaps $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 miles in the face of a very heavy sea and high wind, and succeeded in rescuing from drowning two young men whose sailing boat had been overturned. One of the men was just saved in the nick of time. Sir John Gibson said he had never been more pleased at the be-stowal of a medal than on the pres-

would have been sufficient incentive to be present. He hoped that during the year they would extend their work to rifle and target practice.

When the Lieutenant Governor ha pinned the medal on the coat of the young captain, Archbishop McNeil added his congratulations. Not even with bullets whistling about one could man do more than had he to whom the medal had been given when he went down into the water for the third time, said the Arch bishop. Honorable Adam Brown, who came from his home in Hamilton to be present on the occasion, de livered an eloquent address of congratulation to Captain Neil Smith and to the efficient De La Salle Cadet Corps in which he commands. The singing of The Maple Leaf and cheers for the Lieutenant Governor and the Archbishop were given before the cadets marched from the Armouries to the spirited notes of the fife and drum. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Neil Smith of 135 Kew Beach ave, father and mother of young Captain Smith, Rev. Fathers Minehan, Kernahan, Bench, Kelly, Hayden, Dollard, McGrath, O'Brien and Bonner; Brother Rogation, Principal of De La Salle, and Brothers Edward and Lawrence; Col. Elliott, General Lessard, Colonel Thompson. Sergeant Keith was in command of the Cadet Corps, with Mr. Richard Clarke leading the band.

JUDGE DROMGOLE

On last Thursday evening, in this city, the members of the Knights of Columbus gave a banquet in honor of Judge Dromgole, lately appointed to the Bench in Essex county. There was also presented to him a beautiful sterling silver tea service. Almost the entire membership in London district were present, filling the large hall, a testimony of the great esteem in which Judge Dromgole is held. It was in every respect a worthy expression of regard for the new Judge. In the ranks of the Knights of Columbus he had stood very high, having occupied the position of State Deputy. As a Catholic and as a citizen of London he enjoyed the very highest esteem of its people. The usual toasts were proposed and responded to in an eloquent manner. Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, replied to the coast of the Pope. It was a most interesting discourse, he having had intimate relations with the reigning Pontiff and his predecessor. The other speakers were J. L. Killoran, barrister, Goderich Hon. Senator Coffey; State Deputy T. N. Phelan, of Toronto, and Mr. Fred J. Waud. Dr. Claude Brown proposed the toast of "Our Guest" in very happy terms, which was replied to by the Judge in an eloquent manwas Mr. M. Frank Forristal, Lecturer. There were also present Rev. Fathers Constantineau Constantineau of San Antonio, Texas; Lennon of the diocese of Hamilton, and Laurendeau, Labelle and Hanlon of London.

The CATHOLIC RECORD extends heartiest congratulations to Judge Dromgole and hopes he will have long life and happiness in his new

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO

Bridgeburg, Oct. 27, 1913. The Rev. Father H. J. Murray, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Bridgeburg, for the last six years, has been promoted to the parish of Oshawa, one of the largest parishes Ontario. He has returned from attending the Catholic Congress at change. On the 26th his congregation gave him a purse of \$200, with a congratulatory address. Since he came to Bridgeburg a \$7,500 rectory has been built and a good working sum accumulated towards the new St. Joseph's church, on which work started in the spring. The Rev. Father Murray will assume his new pastorate Sunday. His successor here has not been named as yet Father Murray is known to many Buffalo Catholics by reason of his having conducted services every Sunday in the summer for some years past at Crystal Beach.

THE LATE CANON SHEEHAN Many reminiscences of Canon Sheehan have been published, but none quite so intimate, none quite so touching as those of Mrs. William O'Brien. Her husband and the Canon had been schoolfellows, and the early kindness was renewed and increased as the Cork area more and more a political entity of its own, and separations sadder than death's divided many friends. And then there was their common love of a locality. "He had a passionate love for Mallow, and in the Mallow Convent his two sisters had lived their religious life, and their death had only increased his attachment to the Mallow nuns." Two of these were allowed to the bedside of this happy sufferer. A cloud of depression had enveloped him until his disease was fully declared. Uncer tainty is not perhaps ever an heroic stage. The man who makes a renunciation in the dark, with a "but" and an "if" in it, is afraid of feeling himself guilty of intimate melodrama.

But the Canon had its opportun-ty. "From the hour he knew from he mouth of a skilled specialist that he could not expect to be cured, he threw to the winds all melancholy. To visit him in hospital, or later in his home, was to meet the cheerful-lest, kindliest of spirits. He had

suffering carried off all but an etherealized being. He grew thinner and thinner, and a beauty of another world shone out of his eyes, that were so bright and clear, and the smile of the pale lips became more and more charming as the end grew nearer."-Tablet.

TRIBUTE TO CANON SHEEHAN

Oh Son of Erin! On your lowly bier, In far-famed Doneralle, beyond the main, In peace and rest you lie, while we your friends, Pray for your soul with hope that One will hear. And all His choicest blessings will rain down, And thrice enfold you, in your calm repose And myriad tongues proclaim your high renown, While all men mourn your loss, but chiefly those

Who've stood with you, by some poor dying saint, To marvel at his faith, so pure, so fine, 'Mid direst poverty, whose only plaint Was ever :—" Not my will, dear Lord, but Thine And many a time and oft, with you, for guide, "We've climbed the mountain paths thro' dri-

rain,
Bearing the Master of the World so wide,!
To some poor sinner in his mortal pain. But hark! The daylight fails, and night is here, And in the little cabins, topped with weeds, The tasks are laid aside, and now we hear The voice of Granny as she tells her beads.

And even the youngest there shall have a part, In that sweet symphony of loving praise, And every voice, outpouring from the heart, Pleads: "Mary, Mother, guard us all our days!"

Dear Rosary! How potent is your charm, To soothe our wretched ills, to dry our tears, We lightly lisp our Aves in our youth, But know their solace, in declining years. Thus Granny, bent and old, yet e'er content, To-night with troubled voice, the while she leads Her children, who with mourful heads down ben Pray for the soul of one who loved the beads.

And who are these, at some poor chapel-door Who press so quickly forward, crowd the way, Only the children, school and tasks being o'r. Coming to tell their faults, and then: to pray.

And dear old Daddy Dan with patient air, Sits, while they face him with such loving eyes, As each transgression's told with thoughtful car And Father Dan responds with words so wise!

Ah! How he loves them, and their innocence Looks out from Irish eyes, so clear, so true, With naught of fear in them, without pretence, With naught but truth outlined in heavenly blu We've smiled with you at many a quip and jest Of peasant droll, related by the way, And laughed with glee, at that fine tale—the best-The record of one dolorous Log-wood day.

E'en tho' you're gone from us, your memor**y d**ear Will linger in our hearts, our intellects, Will cheer us, help us on fr.m year to year, Aid us to live good lives, to shun defects.

Oh gifted Scholar! Lover of the poor! Bright judge of human nature's erring bent, Whose criticism, keenly true and sure. Is tinged with Charity, most rarely blent. Sleep well, Oh brilliant son of Erin's isle Your mission ended, final harbor won, After the heat and burden of the day, The golden sands all spent, the race being run.

Then may you hear the Voice you most adored, Proclaim these words: "Come, enter in, my son Proclaim these words: "Come, enter in, my son, Partake you of the glory of your Lord. Your work is finished! Well, and nobly done!" -TERESA M. GARDINER Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 25th, 1913.

DEATH OF MRS. JOHN KIDD

On Monday, October 6th, 1913, the soul of Bridget, relict of the late John Kidd, of Athlone, Ontario, passed peacefully away into the arms to by the Judge in an eloquent manner. The chairman of the banquet business capacity, a fond, devoted mother, a generous friend to the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, her presence will ever be missed, in her home, and throughout the district in which she lived. The funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in the township, took place to St. James' Church, Colgan, Oct. 8th. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Dr. J. T. Kidd. President of St. Augustine's Seminary; son of the deceased. Rev. M. V. Kelly, St. Basil's, Toronto, was deacon, and Father Wilson sub-deacon. Very Rev. Dean Harris preached an eloquent sermon, and the choir was under the direction of Rev. Dr. Tracy. Some twenty-four priests were in the sanctuary Father Jeffcott said the last prayers.

PRAY FOR YOUR DEAD! What is stronger or more lasting

than the love which binds us to those

who share our affection! The mother's love for the child, the friend's love for the friend, are the noblest traits of the human nature, because we were created to love God and our neighbor. Life comes to us and life seems to end when death comes. There is a separation of soul from body of friend from friend. Oh! if the grave meant death forever, then, indeed, would we be miserable. If there were no hope, then to live were pain, and to exist, cruel punishment. Our holy faith tells us what is called death is only separation; that death is but the gateway to eternal life that to die is but to begin to live. Faith tells us that love never dies when love is nourished in the grace of God's sweet mercy. So beyond th grave, love may go still to love those to whom nature or friendship bound us. We believe that beyond the grave is a place of probation for souls not wholly purified having yet some thing to pay to the justice of God for sins already remitted. Those we love and who love us may be in punishment, expiating their sins. Faith tells us that our love may reach them and that our prayers may help them and that we may place to their credit anything of ours which has merit before God. In this life we pray for others, we do works of mercy that they may be saved; but they are still in the world and our benefits depend upon their will not to place obstacles in the way. But in purgatory there is no obstacle. Our prayers, our good works, our merits. go straight to their help and their suffer ing is relieved, their days of punish ment are shortened, and love con tinues toward those we loved or earth. They in turn, in their gratitude pray for us and their prayers mount to heaven and the graces of God come in heavenly dews to our souls. Our dead our beloved dead! Loved even more strongly becaus they are near to God. How consol ing the doctrine that assures us that lest, kindliest of spirits. He had never much of a body, but pain and pray for them, and we should pray for them! Are they in suffering?

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"MRS. ANDREW STAFFORD.

MRS. ANDREW STAFFORD.

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We know not; but love bids us pray for them and pray for them ever, that the hand of the Lord be not laid heavily upon them. Pray for your dead! Never forget you dead! They love you and they plead for your prayers. Pray for the dead that eternal rest may come to them and that perpetual light may shine upon them.—Pittsburg Observer.

From " The Annals," Lackswanna, N. Y. MARY

Shall I whisper a name that was lovely of old, When the tale of the Infant Redeemer was told; The honered of God in her sorrows sublime. Still haunting the heat in the shadows of time?

O'er the starlight of Judah the night mists were rolled
On the Galilee's bosom the shadows lay cold;
When it woke on the midnight so solemn and dim,
With the flame of a star and the sound of a hymn.

And still at the altar and still at the hearth, Fromithe cradle of Chr st to the end of the earth, As gentle in glory, as steadfast in gloom, It bows at the manger and kneels at the tomb.

And many shall bless it, as many have blessed, From the morning of life to the morrow of rest and its tulness of meaning its music shall keep, While a Mary shall watch or a Mary shall weep

BE KIND

Be kind—for oh! a kind word spoken
To those whose hearts are well-nigh broken
Shall never pass away.
That kind word is a secret treasure
Whose recompense, beyond all measure,
Wats the great reckoning day.
Be kind, be kind unto thy brother,
The love thou would'st have for another
Do thou thyself impart
That kind deed wrought shall pass, Oh! never.
Its blessed fruit remains forever
Deep in the Sacred Heart,
Thy kind word again shall greet thee,
When Jesus shall come forth to meet thee,
When from the shall see
The Heart of Jesus has remembered;
"The Kindness," He will say, "thou'st rendered
Was rendered unto Me."
—Voice of the Sacred Heart. -Voice of the Sacred Heart

Let us never forget that an act of goodness is of itself an act of happiness. No reward coming after the event can compare with the sweet reward that went with it,-Materling.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PRORIA, ILL. TWENTY SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

HUMILITY

"I will open my mouth in parab xiii, 35).

In ancient times it was the custom of wise men to use parables and ex to explain truths, so as to make them easily understood by the nand his freedom. Behold him now people. Many eternal truths have as he reels forth, senseless and de people. Many eternal truths have en given to us by our Saviour in parables, and to day's gospel contains two such parables. We will select for our consideration, one of these, that of the mustard seed, and inquire as to what we may learn from it.

A holy writer says Christ compared the kingdom of heaven to the mustard seed because in order to acvirtue which is needed to enter the kingdom of heaven we must possess some of the qualities of the mustard seed. It is the most insignificant of all seeds. If we desire to enter the kingdom of heaven we must possess the virtue of humility. We must be insignificant in our own eyes and not deem ourselves great or important; we must be small before our neighbor, i. e., we must humble ourselves before the world and be satisfied with a lowly place. This virtue is so necessary that no pious deeds will be of any avail if we have not humbled ourselves. Humility procures for us grace, God is well pleased with us, and to the humble is promised a reward in heaven. Therefore, the pious Sirach advises us:
"The greater thou art, the more humble thyself in all things, and thou shalt find grace before God" (Ecclus. and the prophet assures us: He hath regard to the prayer of the humble; and He hath not despised their petition" (Ps. ci, 18.) We see an example of this in Mary Magdal-When she humbled herself and washed the feet of our Saviour, He gave her the comforting assurance that her sins were forgiven her. The publican in the temple is another ex-

ample. He admitted his sinfulness and in humility and penance begged for grace and mercy and he returned justified from the house of the Lord. The ruler at Capharnaum acknowledged with humility that he was not worthy that the Lord should enter his house and upon his return home he found his servant cured. You see how merciful God is toward the humble. Therefore, St. Gregory "He that gathers without humility, he that performs good deeds but is not humble, casts dust to the winds, for his efforts are in vain. For just as the dust is blown away by the wind, so does pride destroy the merits of virtue and good deeds. But just as the waters from the hill flow into the valley below, so all graces flow into an humble heart." Without humility it is impossible to enter the kingdom of heaven. At one time when the disciples came to Jesus and Who thinkest Thou is the

you be converted, and become a little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 1.4.) You see, therefore, what abundant fruit this little mustard seed of humility brings forth. It brings forth grace and the blessing of God. It procures the kingdom of heaven for us. Although the vain world may mock and criticize the humble, let us endeavor to acquire this precious the truth that we are weak and sin ful; let us offer up all our good deeds

for the greater honor of God.

greater in the kingdom of heaven?

He called unto Him a little child.

placed him in the midst of them and

"Amen, I say unto you, unless

The mustard seed, although small, grows to be a large tree, and this teaches us that good deeds, no matter how small, may have great re There is, that buyeth much for a small price" (Ecclus. xx, 12.) What is this small price for which we may buy much? It is a drink of water, an alms, a little suffering for the love of God. For these small deeds Christ will give us eternal life as a reward. Why, then, are we so negligent in performing small deeds? Such a little seed which grows to bear abundant fruit is, for instance, the attendance at Mass on week-days, the attendance at afternoon and even ing services. Another is the curbing of our anger, forgiving our enemies Another is the restraining of our tongues from idle talk. Others are the alms given to the poor; the offer-ing of our work to God; the frequent receiving of the sacraments. people consider these things of little account. The woman in the gospe had lost only one groat, yet she swept her house to find it, and having found it called her neighbors to rejoice with her. How anxious we are about : little money, because we know that great loss may arise from small defects. Should we not also my dear

more so, in regard to things eternal? You see, my dear Christians, what can be learnt from the little mustard seed. Let us take the lessons to heart. Let us humble ourselves in all things and give God alone the honor and praise! Let us in future not neglect small things, as great results may come from them. We may not be able to perform great deeds which call forth the praise of the world, but let us with humility perform our little deeds for the love of God, and our reward shall be great. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast and unmovable; always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that you labor not in vain in the Lord." (I Cor. xv, 58.) Amen.

Should we not also, my dear

Christians, be just as careful, if not

All the best things in life need

TEMPERANCE

DRUNKENNESS

Behold the image of God as he comes forth from the drinking saloon where he has pandered to the meauest, vilest and most degrading of the senses—the sense of taste. He has laid down his soul upon the altar of the poorest devil of them all—the devil of gluttony. Upon that altar he has left his reason, his affections bauched, from the drinking house! Where is his humanity? Where is the image of God? He is unable to con-ceive a thought. He is unable to express an idea with his babbling tongue, which pours forth feeb-ly, like a child, some impotent, outageous blasphemy against heaven. Vhere are his affections? He is incapable of love; no generous emo tion can pass through him; no high and holy love can move that degrad ed, surfeited heart. The most that can come to him is the horrible de mon of impurity, to stir up within him every foulest and grossest de-sire of animal lust. Finally, where is his freedom? Why, he is not able to walk, not able to stand! He is not able to guide himself! It a child came along and pushed him, it would throw him down. He has no free dom left—no will. If, then, the image of the Lord in man be intelligence—in the heart and in the willsay this man is no man. He is a standing reproach to our humanity. -Father Burke, O. P.

WHEN THE SERMON IS AGAINST DRUNKENNESS

Father Thenenet, of the Congrega-tion of St. Francis de Sales, tells in the Bombay Examiner of an address to two thousand Mahars in Indian. in which, supported by statistics and the opinion of celebrated doctors, he showed that strong liquor and opium claim more victims than the most bloody battles. He then described

a Mahar home, where the father, who is a drunkard, spends his day's wages in spends his day's wages in drink, and on his return home gives blows to his wife and children instead of the bread they crave for Then he described the sad descendants of the drunkard, their alcoholic cravings, and in other ways expiating for the vice of their parents until the third and fourth generation.

These arguments were convincing, for the meeting unanimously resolved that henceforth a drunken Mahar would no more be considered a true Mahar. Unfortunately, a little detail which his servant pointed out to him prevented him being swollen pride over his success, for immediately after the morning session a large group of Mahars was seen narching off in the direction of the public house.

We have seen similar instances here following a man's mission serwhere temperance was advocated and not total abstinence, and there was not a man who went to the saloon who thought the sermon applied to him. Drinkers are all moderate in their own estimation. -Catholic Abstainer.

CHIEF HOME WRECKER-DOM-ESTIC RELATIONS COURT SHOWS IT TO BE DRINKING Drinking by an overwhelming majority, is the cause of the wrecking

of most homes whose affairs came

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over 30 and 40 years standing—even in persons of old age.

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under the Chicago Court of Domes tic Relations in the last year. The novel court is about to close its second twelvemonth, and Judge Gem-mill has nearly finished his report or that period. Three thousand six nundred and ninety-nine cases were heard this year. Nearly seven thousand have been handled in the two

rears of the court's existence. Following are the causes of domesic trouble, as tabulated by Judge

Gemmill: Liquor, 42 per cent. Immorality, 14 per cent. Disease, 13 per cent. Ill temper, 11 per cent. Wife's parent's, 6 per cent. Husband's parents, 1 per cent. Laziness, 3 per cent.

Miscellaneous, 6 per cent. "More than \$150,000 has been collected and turned over to dependent wives and children during the years," said Judge Gemmill. "Perhaps the best feature of the court's record is that reconciliations have been brought in 50 per cent. of the cases of separation that have come before

LOURDES AND ITS LESSON

Lourdes is primarily a manifesta tion of faith, in which the frequent recurrence of miraculous cures, mar velous though they be, is but an in cident. Catholics in all ages have been wont to make pilgrimages to the holy places that have been hallowed by the presence or special beneficence of Christ, His Mother or His Saints; and while they some times sought relief of physical ailments, their main purpose was, through prayer and penance in the shadow of the supernatural, to obtain the cure and ransom of their souls, and the souls of their friends and people and all the living and the dead; and always to do honor to God. The Lourdes' pilgrims inherit the same spirit. Cardinal Logue announced that the Irish National Pil grimage was intended as 'a testi mony to the faith, piety and devotion of Irish Catholics and a demonstra tion of the tender love for the Holy Mother of God which has been ever cherished tradition of Catholic Ire land"; and addressing from the Grotto of Lourdes the invalids ranged n front of him and the thousands of pilgrims from all nations, he said not word of physical benefits, but declared that they had come for the glory of God and the spiritual good of themselves and their land and people, to thank Holy Mary Immacu-late for her aid in keeping their faith unbroken in the battles of the past and to ask her in the battles of the future to keep them and their nation unstained of heresy and sin.

This is quite at variance with the non-Catholic concept of the activities of Lourdes, about which secular journalists have spread many mis conceptions. These imply that prac tically all the pilgrims are crippled or diseased and go for physical bene fits only that those of them who are or think they are, cured, owe their temporary betterment to the exalt ation produced by the religious en thusiasm of the environment; and that the greater number return dis illusioned and discontented to their homes; and much eloquent lavished on their misery. Not one of these statements is founded on fact. Of the million people that visit Lourdes annually but a very small fraction are invalids. Among the 4,000 Irish pilgrims there were but 200 sick, and still less in the larger French pilgrimage that preceded it. People go to Lourdes to pray, to atone, to witness to God's wonders and achieve spiritual health; com-

paratively few for physical relief. As to suggestion, we have already shown that the cases to which it is applicable are never recorded as cures at the Medical Bureau; but the fact is, and it is a marvelous one, that the suggestion which psycho therapists recognize does not operate at Lourdes. The medical application of suggestion is extremely limited under any circumstances. It can cure no nervous diseases that have produced, or are produced by, existing organic lesions, only those that are purely pervous in nature and origin; and though it would seem that the enthusiasm of the multitude, the exaltation of faith and hopes at Lourdes: would greatly influence such maladies, there is no record of their cure. Berillion and Bernheim, the masters of hypnotism and suggestion, have admitted that the cures effected involving the reconstruction of dead tissue, were impossible to those agencies, and that whereas the supreme emotion aroused renders the conditions ideal, the special subjects of suggestion remain unaffected. The obvious conclusion was well expressed by an American physician who was comparing the Lourdes with those of clinical institutions: "You have no suggestion at Lourdes, though you ought to have a great deal. The Blessed Virgin wants no mixture in her work; she removes the effects of all merely human intervention.'

To the eye of faith the serene con tent of the invalids who return with wounds and sores uncured, is not less remarkable. They have found better than they sought: God has filled their hearts with assurance of eternal health. The reporter of the Dublin Independent found the uncured patients of the Irish pilrimage "buoyed up with the spirit of having accomplished something very dear to their hearts." To a poor old woman "who had not stirred hand or foot for years." he said:

"I suppose now you're a bit disappointed, going so far and coming

back no better?"
"Indeed you're wrong, sir," she
answered. "We're all better in mind.
There's a great load off me heart, and I'm ready to go back again this minute, and if the Blessed Mother asks God to spare me I'll go ever time I'm let."

She was typical of all: "From the blind, the lame, and the stricken I eard the same opinions in different words. Not one of discouragement or grumbling could I hear, and I have been amongst more than a hundred invalids this day." It has been the universal experience of visitors to This healing of all hearts seems not less supernatural than the sudden rebuilding of organisms Where are the human physicians who can invariably send away content and

happy the patients they fail to cure? The reports of the latest pilgrimage, or indeed of any, will account for this strange content. The repreentatives of the London dailies are bewildered not less by the religious manifestations than the marvelous cures they have witnessed. The Dublin writer enters better into the spirit of the scene. He pictures the Irish procession, under the Flag of St. Patrick and the banners of twentyseven sees, wending its way to the continuous chant of hymn and rosary, he eminences and open spaces aliv with people of many nations united n one song of faith. Thousands with heads bared to the broiling sun

lift up their voices in pæns of praise -"then a hush as Jesus of Nazareth assed by," borne to each invalid one ov one, and "as you respond to the invocations you cannot hear your own voice in the tumultuous chorus f supplication." At night the 20,000 flambeaux of the pilgrims of Belgium. Brittany, Germany, Spain, Italy, land, seem to paint in flame the biland crash over the hills and "stat your heart at every passionate shout." Then the five hundred Masses at which all the pilgrims stream to the altar rails to receive their God, and the continuous murmur of prayer in many tongues, and again the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament at which in sonorous Credo the thou-sands of divers lands unite in thunderous protest of loyalty to Christ to His Church, to His Mother, raise all things of earth to the atmosphere of Heaven: and as the crowds disperse after each soul stirring act of homag they gather in knots here and there around a pilgrim yesterday hope lessly diseased, to-day buoyant with exultant life. "Thinking it all over one knows now why all nations gather to this little wayside village," and, as Father Bertrin puts it in his admirable book on Lourdes, why, "from these burning hours of faith and great enthusiasm remains an after glow which lights up the whole life that follows."

This "happy infection of a great piety" spreads far and fast, but, perhaps more fruitfully contagious is the charity of Lourdes that infects high and low alike and makes them one. There refined ladies of society spend days and nights tending the wounds and caring for and comforting the sick and poor, and hundreds of young men of rank and distinction carry the sick on their shoulders or on stretchers, undress them, regard less of their sores, lift them gently to and from the baths, reconvey them safely to their rooms, and day after day repeat the process. These are the brancardiers of Lourdes, who, like their sister workers, come at their own expense to place riches and disease and poverty for the love of

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received:

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Now if you know of any family needing this remedy, tell them about it. If you have any friend or relative who has formed or is forming he drink habit, help him to release himself from its awful clutches Samaria Prescription is used by phy-

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God and Mary. Lovingly and hum-bly they do their work, the equals or servants of the lowliest. They are all volunteers, and their numbers never fail the needs. It is a thrilling exhibition of Christian virtue that makes Lourdes a grand High School in the charity of Christ.

The faith and piety and charity of Lourdes have won more souls than its miracles, or rather, have won their wills into submission to the evidence of their senses and the law of their minds. But the miracles have started the process. They have awakened France from infidelity are shaking it and the surrounding nations to the centre, and are calling to the skeptics and heretics of our time : The Christ of Galilee is here. Those who have answered are innumerable, and their numbers grow as the news of its miracles, new and old, strikes hard on the ears of the world. And the world is forced to listen. The miracles are count less, covering the whole range of pathology, and attested by irrefragable testimony, but some are environ ed by circumstances that compel the attention and the assent of the mos obdurate

De Rudder, of Belgium, who wa instantaneously cured of a broken suppurating leg, had been a protégé of an unbelieving Viscount, and had been treated without avail by many famous physicians. Two compound fractures and many suppurating sores of eleven years standing were healed, and 11 inch of bone supplied in an instant. The man had asked Mary for only sufficient strength to support his family. He did so in perfect health till stricken by pneumonia twenty three years later. evidence was complete at every stage It converted the Viscount and the Protestant and free thinking doctors, and many others; and the sight of that perfect limb with the marks of the fractures and the new supply of bone, now on exhibition in Brussels been melting the skepticism of hundreds of lay and medical inquir-ers. The mendacities of Zola have drawn world-wide attention to two marvelous cures that would have escaped notice otherwise, and the presence at Lourdes, as a brancardier, of Gabriel Gargam, whose body, broken in a railway wreck, gangrened, parayzed and dying, was suddenly re-stored to perfect health—and with it is soul, for he was till then an unbeliever-has been an object lesson that brought many to the feet of God. The reading of these and other equally striking cures in the books of Bertrin and Boissarie have drawn thousands of visitors to Lourdes and spread its faith-giving influence through distant lands.

nation. The continental countries have each set there a monument, and now Ireland has erected hers. noble Celtic Cross, 17 feet in height, cut from a block of Irish granite by an humble Irish workman, fittingly expresses her faith and devotion. Around the sculptured fig ure of the Crucified Redeemer are Around the sculptured figcarved on twenty one panels the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary and the symbolism of Mary crushing the ser-pent, interlaced with Irish coils and spirals, and the inscriptions in Gælic and French with Irish lettering: "An Humble Offering from the People of Erin to Mary Mother of WHISKEY HOLDS ITS VICTIMS Lourdes," and circling the apex, "Let us stand by the with Thee." cross wrought as a free gift to Mary by William Gaffney, who during years of labor surmounted each problem of workmanship by telling his Rosary or following the Stations of the Cross. It was unveiled on Irish Day, Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, and among the first to run to it and kneel before it was a fresh young Irish girl, who the day before and for many years had been haggard, crippled, and hopelessly

Lourdes belongs no longer to one

The pathos and publicity of Grace Maloney's condition and the shock of the startling contrast stirred the imagination of the journalists, but the Irish Cross looked down on numerous other cures that equally demanded the intervention of Omnipotence. Abstracting from these, Cardinal Logue declared that the lesson of the Pilgrimage of his people was the manifestation of Faith, received and given. It is the lesson of Lourdes. The standing miracle of the origin and the marvels and the spirit of Lourdes that draws the myriads to its shrine and fills them with the fire that burned in the disciples of Emmaus, is a sign set up before an incredulous and materialistic world that the Christ of Calvary and the Virgin of Nazareth are here, and that Faith is the one enduring fact that overmasters all .- M. Kenny, S. J., in America.

THE MAGAZINES

In a just structure on "many of the stern young moralists who are winning fame by their pictures in our magazines," Collier's observes that "their people are gawky, greasy, febrile and mean; they are doing contemptible things in a graceless animal sort of fashion; their back grounds are dingy, tawdry, and slovenly or unsanitary. Life is shown in the guise of the thriftless

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all about them—you can see courtesy them, was fascinating." — Sacred in the subway and devotion to duty in many a dingy shop, but they pre fer the manners and labors of the

"But is not that just the sort of thing the people want?" would doubtless be the surprised query of the publishers. In other words as few as possible must escape the debasing vulgarizing influence of the cheap agazine. For those who are too young, too illiterate or too busy to ead such periodicals can at least enjoy the pictures."-America.

THE PRIEST WAS THERE

Mr. Robert E. Speer, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and a man who has been pilloried for mis-statements concern ing the Catholic Church in South America, received an object lesson in priestly zeal recently which we hope vill do him good. Mr. Speer was a passenger on the Bar Harbor train was wrecked recently. He was among the fortunate uninjured. so also was the Rev. M. C. Wall, a Catholic priest of Dansville, N. Y., who immediately after the crash hastened out to give all the aid he could physical and spiritual, to the wounded. The priest made inquiries of the dying to discover who were Catholics. found three or four, to whom he gave general absolution. The non-Catholics he helped as well as he could. The Rev. Mr. Speer is reported by the New York Sun as saying: "I saw the priest at work, and the manner in which he moved from one person to another, praying with them and seeking to console



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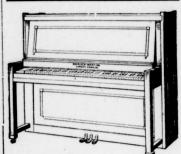
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE GAME OF MAKING GOOD In the game of making good there's

When we were seventeen the future to us was a world unexplored, with time unlimited.

But at thirty ceven or forty seven our perspective has changed. We look into the future through wiser eyes and are startled—time has

We look back at opportunities lost
—at things done which we ought not to have done-at things left undone which we ought to have done-at long hours of well-meant labor which

proved profitless.
And it shows in our score.
We stand at the crest of the hill—
the game is half over—to win we must capitalize the future with experience gathered from the past. But we cannot afford to put off till

There is a limit—a time limit—and every day, every hour, every minute is reducing just that much our chance

of rolling up a good score in the game of making good.

We can't afford to go through the year not knowing whether we are winning, playing even or going behind. A year is 365 precious days-8,760

hours—the best days and hours of our life—and we can't coax them If we are losing we want to know

to-day, so that to morrow we can

change the trump."
And next week we want to know how much we profited by the change.

If we investigate we find that a
large percentage of all failures are
due, not to lack of ambition, ability,
or hard work, but rather to each
man's ignorance of the ratual condiman's ignorance of the actual condition of his own particular business.

Further investigation convinces us that the great majority of small re-tailers are capable hard-working business men, working in the dark, waiting for the end of the year to find out if their score has gone up or down in the game of making good.

But we find the man who is making a "killing"—the man with the best the man who labors less and thinks more, the man who system atizes who installs a proper account-ing system, the man who knows which clerk deserves a raise and which should be fired, who knows which lines should be discontinued and which pushed.

He is the man who knows this week what he made last week.

He is managing. We have the same opportunity. What he is doing we can do; we have the same ambition, ability and energy.

we must be up and doing we've reached the crest of the hill,

In the game of making good. There's a time limit.

CROWDS AND BUSINESS

Having a soul in business pays not because it affords a fine motive power, but because it affords a practical and conclusive method of driving the devil out of business.

The value of a piece of land is the

The value of a piece of tank is of a number of footsteps passing by it in twenty four hours. The value of a railroad is the number of people near it who cannot keep still.

If two great shops could stand side by side on the main street of the world and all the vices could be put in the show window of one of them and all the virtues in the show window of the other, and all the people

A man's success in business to day turns upon his power of getting people to believe he has something

that they want. It is superficial for a comfortable man with a bun in his pocket to talk to a starving man about having some higher motive than getting something

The problem of modern industry is to be not the distribution of money supply, but the distribution of man's supply. Money follows men. Free

en. Free money.
When we admit that business success to day turns or is beginning to with it. But she could set her own turn on a man's power of getting work out of the people, we admit that ciate Joe's mood, which in itself is a man's power of getting work out of people, his business efficiency, turns on his power of supplying his people

The way to lift one's employer off one's back is to make one's back so efficient that he cannot afford to be

It is because when people do right they do it in a kind of general, pleasant, abstract way, and when they do wrong they always do something in particular that they are so wicked .-Extracts from Gerald S. Lee's book, Crowds."

GETTING A LINE ON ROBERT The president of a large manufacturing concern decided a little while ago to start his son in the business, letting him begin at the bottom. Af

ter the boy's first day in the factory, Well, Robert, what did you learn

to-day? Oh, there's nothing much to learn in that place," the young man airily

The father looked worried, but he

works the father asked: things," the young man answered.

At the end of the third day the father again asked:
"Well, Robert what did you learn

Gee, dad," the boy replied, "I never can learn that business."

Then the delighted father clapped

hand upon his son's shoulder and said: Robert, you're all right. I guess you'll be able to take hold of things when I have to let go, but you had

me worried at the start. A BORROWED BOOK

When you borrow a book, treat it with greater care than if it belonged to yourself. The library book must pass from hand to hand, and enter many homes. See that it leaves yours, unstained and whole. The privilege of taking books from a library should not be given to those who do not know how to take care of books.

A bookseller remarked that there were people who could not pick up a book at a counter without injuring its binding and detracting from its value. Regarding a book as a precious possession, either your own or that of another, you will not treat it so as to damage it.—Catholic Colum-

WILLING OBEDIENCE

Sometimes we do become accustomed to suffering our hardships, as we call them, philosophically But how difficult it is to bear our burdens "gladly!" We are bound to earn, as we become older, that life has, and will have, its full share of difficulties, disappointments and con-tradictions. We shall find that we must do many things which we do

what a victory it is, what an evidence it is of a genuine Christian character, if only we are able to meet all these conditions cheerfully, and even gladly. But, surely, the Christian should expect himself to possess this spirit. Since we have Jesus for our pattern in daily living, we may not be satisfied until, in the place of prayer and struggle, if necessary we have learned to have "the same mind" in us "which was also in

There are many Christians who delight us with the happy manner in which they receive the call to service or sacrifice. There is real joyousness in their spirit of service. That manner is for all of us to attain. It is clear, also, that it is the attainment of such a spirit of willing obedience that really brings us "up to grade in our fellowship with Jesus, our Saviour. Let us pray that we may learn a real joy in obedience, even when obedience is hard." - True

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LOAN OF A ROOF

Joe was sitting just outside the tall fence circling the ball park, his ears strained for the sounds within. There was a roar of a certain sort which meant that one of the home team had made a hit, or stolen a base or otherwise distinguished himself There was a roar of another sort indicating that the umpire had made an unpopular decision, or that some something of an expert in interpret ing these sounds, but his satisfaction was only partial. To stand outside a ball park and tell the progress of the game by what you people of Joe's stamp very much like standing outside a kitchen, when you are hungry, and judging by the various appetizing odors wafted out to you what the people in the dining.

room are having to eat. From across the street Alice noticed dowful of virtues as they were and the world would be good in the Joe. She had noticed him before, to her sorrow. For stoning people's pet cats and chasing their chickens and father said. "I know that Harry will sincerely aspire to unity, where must never offered excuses, never tried to her sorrow. For stoning people's pet cats and chasing their chickens and father said. "I know that Harry will one another and clasp hands; and if breaking their windows and trampling over their flowers, Joe had no equal in the neighborhood. He was an ingenious lad, and he used his ingenuity thinking up pranks to play on the people who disapproved of him. This included the circle of his acquaintances, almost without excep-

> But for all that, there was some thing almost pathetic in the sight of that watching figure. Alice found herself sorry for Joe. She did not like baseball herself, and she was always glad when the season ended, and the crowds and the noises ended prejudices aside sufficiently to appreciate Joe's mood, which in itself is

an unusual girl.

The umpire had shouted, "strike two!" and the crowd had roader, when Joe heard his name called. Joe!" a voice said distinctly,

The boy shuddered his shoulders and paid no attention. As though he was going to let a girl call him away from one of the big games of the season! There was a crack telling that bat and ball had come into contact, and a thunderous up roar.

"It's a hit," said Joe with something like a groan.

Then he heard the voice again, " Joe !" To have the thing over with, he

ran across the street. "What d'ye want?" he demanded surlily. He did not raise his eyes sufficiently to discover that Alice was

smiling at him kindly. I didn't know but you'd like to go up on the roof," Alice said. can see the game very well from

there.' Joe looked up then, and Alice looked refrained from giving expression to his disappointment.

After Robert's second day at the Joe looked up then, and Alice looked down. What the eyes said to each other is not easily translated into common speech, but somehow Alice Well, what did you learn to day?" "Well, what did you learn to-day?" in Joe than people supposed, and 'Oh, I learned a good many lings," the young man answered.

"Well, what did you learn to-day?" in Joe than people supposed, and Joe made up his mind that the windows in Alice's home should be

spared as long as he had any voice in

Joe sat on the roof in the scorch ing cun, and enjoyed every second. He joined in the shouts when things went well with the home team, and when Murphy made his home run, it was a wonder that he did not fall off in his ecstacy. When the game was over and he shuffled downstairs, even his freckles were mildly luminous.

"Did you enjoy it, Joe?" Alice asked though the question was not necessary, and the boy smiled sheepishly and said, "Yes," and went his

But that little kindness, costing nothing, had made him a friend of the girl who had shown the consideration, and had brought into his life an influence which would be one of the forces to make a man of him. From which it may be conjectured that the temporary loan of the roof had repaid the lender.—Intermountain Catholic.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

A good priest has written the folowing on our duty to dumb animals : God has made us masters over the lives of animals. To be cruel to animals, to hurt them wantonly, to make them work excessively is an abuse of the trust and authority God gave us, and it betrays a mean and

low disposition.

"If it is necessary to kill an animal, it should be killed as quickly and painlessly as possible. To make and painlessly as possible. To make it suffer unnecessary pains implies an act of faithlessness to the trust God confided to us, and an act of barbarity to a creature that is unable to help itself. People who are cruel to animals are also cruel and heartless to human beings over whom they

have power. That you may understand what influence cruelty to animals has upon the formation of character, it will be enough to ask you towards which animals a boy will be cruel. A boy will never try to be cruel to an animal that is able to resent the cruelty by doing injury to the boy. He will pick out some small animal, an insect, a butterfly or the cat, and tantalize them. Does this not show cowardice in the boy? As a fact, cowardice and cruelty go hand in hand. A coward will always be cruel to those weaker than himself. Upon them he practices the spite and malice that he dare not show towards those stronger than he. He makes the weaker ones suffer innocentiy for the wrongs, real or imaginary, that he suffers from those stronger than

You know how the world hates a coward, how unhappy he is, and what a poor likeness of God is his mean, little shriveled-up soul. Avoid then cruelty to animals. Never permit yourself or others to be cruel to animals but be at all times ready to defend the weak against the strong By so doing you will build up a noble character, a character that will be the pride of God and His angels and your consolation in life and death.

YOUR OWN WAY This is a secret which we would like to whisper to the boys and girls, if they will put their ears down close

You have long wanted your way You have become tired of hearing mother say," Come right home after school," "Don't be late," "Be sure to tell the teacher." It is "Do this," and "Don't do that," all the time. You are sick of it, and would like to have your own way.

Well, put your ear down while we

whisper the word "Obey."
Oh, you think I am making fun! No. I am not. I know a boy who de do what is right." When he went out at night, or to school, or to play, his father never said a word, for he and come to have perfect confidence

in his boy. Honestly, obedience is the road to freedom. If you went to have your way, just begin to obey, and you will find that you are having the happiest time of your life.

ITALY'S GREAT POET

DANTE'S STRANGE AND SAD

CAREER This great poet of Italy was born in Florence on the 14th day of May 1265, and came from an old and dis tinguished family. He is best known in the popular literature as the author of "Dante's Inferno," which stands almost alone in its fearful and daring imagery. He was a most gifted artist and scholar. Boccacio relates that before his birth his mother dreamed that she lay under a very lofty laurel, growing in a green meadow, by a very clear fountain when she felt the pangs of childbirth; that her child, feeding on the berries which fell from the laurel and on the waters of the fountain, in a very short time became a shepherd and attempted to reach the leaves of the laurel, whose fruit had nurtured him; that, trying to obtain them, he

fell, and rose up. no longer a man, but in the guise of a peacock. Dante's career was indeed, most strange and sad. We have space only for the merest reference. became involved in the civil strife which agitated Florence and spent many years of his life in exile. The fame of his learning and philosophy caused those who had ban shed him to offer to permit his return on payment of a nominal fine, but he re-

fused the offer.

When but a boy he met at her father's house a young girl, Beatrice Portinari, only nine years old, and the story of his love for her forms

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one of the strangest chapters of tender and ennobling enchantment, though it was his destiny to meet her but a few times and to marry another, and hers to know but little of him, as she died young. Dante died of a fever in Ravenna on September 14th, His daughter Beatrice named after the love of his youth, became a

AN EARNEST APPEAL TO PROTESTANTS

OF CREMONA SENDS GOOD WISHES TO THOSE
WHO ADVOCATE UNITY—
URGES THE PRACTICE OF CHARITY

Right Rev. Geremain Bonamelli, Bishop of Cremona, Italy, in The Constructive Quarterly for Septem-

ber, says:
"To feel the necessity, and to seek the ways of gathering together the scattered members of Christ-that is all the souls who believe in Him, love Him, and thirst for religious truth-is a surpassingly noble and beautiful aim, and worthy to be studied and translated into action; and it is very consoling to see how our Protestant brothers are striving for this end with evident sincerity and good will. Yes, we must all reunite under one banner; in union is the only means of obviating religious pulverization and preventing the crumbling of faith under the constant gnawing that is independent of every consideration of tradi-tion and authority. Therefore send my salutation and good wishes to the Protestant brothers who, in World Conference of the United States have studied the question and

made wise proposals for reunion.
"I cannot, however, shut my eye to the very grave difficulty of the enterprise : first of all, the situation of the Roman Church, which cannot receive from its position, or yield upor any essential point of its doctrine, without being renegade to itself.
The Roman Church, with its definitions, with the affirmations repeated a thousand times of its divine character, has cut down and is cutting down every bridge behind it. It can well allow itself to be joined by the diffident churches with unconditional submission; but it cannot turn back, review its own decisions, modify its dogmas, change its nierarchy, lessen its authority. In this, I believe, consists the greatest obstacle to that unity, the need of

which is so deeply felt. For those who love the truth and sincerely aspire to unity, there must know that Harry will one another and clasp bands; and if nevertheless, a need that we should reach at some time or other the perfect union of minds and hearts. are still far from this, but the mere consciousness of the need, and wish ing for it, is in itself a great step. For the present, the best plan is to unite ourselves in charity. This most ex alted thing is what was implied by Christ in the sublime prayer, the Pater Noster, which is the universal prayer, which prescinds from all dog-matic divergence and from every form of authority, and which asks no other faith but the fath in the common Father who is in heaven. Charity the teacher of patience, of tolerance of prudence, of kindness, permits the fusing together of the most discord ant elements, and knows how to find the hidden ways of concord. We can love each other, then, and pray to gether; pray to God that He smooth out the difficulties wh ch apnear to us insupe able ; pray to His that a way out may there be found where our powers and insufficient; that He may conquer the resistance

RID of the Dirt from BASEMENT to ATTIC

of our pride and our other passions; that He may pour into us that spirit of generosity which tolerates, overlooks, sympathizes and pardons; that He may place in our hearts the sweet ointment of grace which persuades and overcomes without violence. No other than the Father Who is in heaven can work this miracle and fulfil in us the prayer of Christ that we all may be one as He and

Still, we too must work with our powers, we must study the occasions which have produced the lamentable division in the Church ; we must reduce doctrines within their just limits, and place them in their true light; we must separate what is essential and irreducible from what can be modified; we must endeavor to cut down distances as much as possible; but after this we must again make the command, fervent orayer to our Father and await from Him that spirit the connsummation of which is perfect unity. May it please God that this be not long in coming! Reading over these few lines, in

which I had desired to pour out my whole soul into the breasts of my brothers who are outside of our Church. I feel the need of adding one word more. Previous to the definitions made by the Roman Catholic Church, in the various ecumenical councils, union between the three churches was not difficult so long as they were of one accord to submit themselves sincerely and unreserved. ly to the judgment which the Universal Church itself should in future pronounce; if they all united in the supreme dictum of the whole Church, no church would feel itself offended, and the truth receive on injury thereby. But now that the decisions have been irrevocably pronounced, what further way can be found to secure the supreme authority of the Roman Catholic Church? How can we, as it were, put in doubt what has been declared undoubted and indubita-ble? The more I think of it, the more I feel my heart wrung, as I see the impossibility of finding a way out of so terrible a difficulty. We Catholies cannot suffer that to come in question which we have declared to be the truth. We should be traitors to our faith. But you, my ever brothers, especially you English, you have net the insuperable difficulty which exists for us, because you have not, strictly speaking, adopted any dogmatic definition since your separation. We have the definition behind us, we have the impassible abyss, you have it not. Come over the gulf to us; we will forthwith throw our arms about your neck, we shall all be sons of the same Mother, and of the same Father Who is in heaven; and quickly the earth shall be changed, and e great ship of the united Church will sail in safety upon the troubled waters, and gather in the millions of scattered sons throughout all the coasts. What joy! What an event for the Church of Christ! There will be neither winners nor losers neither humbled nor those who humble; we shall all be brothers. Meanwhile, let us be united, if not in the same faith, in the same charity, and prostrate before our common Saviour, Jesus Christ, let us pray that His will be done-His will that

REVERENCE IN CHURCH

all be saved.'

One of the distinguishing marks between Catholics and our separated brethren is the reverence which we show in church. Not only is the Catholic Church a place wherein to worship God, it is the abiding place of Jesus Christ in the sacram love. When, therefore, we enter a church, gowever humble and unpretentious it may be, we forget its poverty and remember that within tabernacle dwells the sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, the God Who made all things out of nothing, the Redeemer Who offered up His awful sufferings and death to save our souls from eternal damnation. Yet, sometimes in church we act as if we torgot in whose presence we are. is not an uncommon thing to witness people indulging in gossip, smiles, and other indications of levity. In all our churches these re-grettable incidents may be wit-nessed. Ladies in leaving church after holy Mass gossip and nod to friends while walking down the aisles, and recently in a local church an usher might have been observed chewing gum while taking up the offertory. Actions like these display gross disrespect for the house of God, where only the greatest rev erence should be manifested. In

the church, friends and acquaint-ances should be ignored. We should come with but one purpose, to adore and glorify God in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and all persons and worldly affairs should be blotted from the mind. Another unseemly sight may be frequently observed at the termination of the Mass. A number of people are invariably on their feet, ready to rush out of church even before the priest has left the sanctuary. It would seem as if such people begrudged to God the one hour in the week in which they are bound to serve Him under pain of mortal sin. No Catholic should leave his seat till the priest has departed from the sanctuary. This unseemly haste is not a matter of urgency, for the hurried ones may be later found on the sidewalk, pipe in mouth and deep in baseball or other gossip. Let every Catholic show by his or her reverent demeanor in church that there is a strong realization of the presence of on the altar, and let them wait till the celebrant has left the sanctuary before rushing out from the house of God.—Exchange.

STRANGE

PROTESTANTISM

Some time ago a "Catholic League" vas formed in England by a number of Anglican (Church of England) clergymen who manifestly desired to be regarded as Catholics.

"Evidently (says the Catholic Times in telling of the movement) the object was to promote devotions of a Catholic type as publicly as possible in the Church of England. The inaugural service took place in the Anglican Church at Corringham, Essex, lent for the purpose by rector. At this service the Litany of Our Lady was sung in procession to the church. Within the building the 'Salve Regina,' or 'Hail, Holy Queen, was recited or chanted. A prayer was said 'for the loving intercession of the glorious Mother,' and the hymn 'Hail, Queen of Heaven,' was sung. A deed of dedication which was read and laid on the altar placed the society under the protection of Our Lady of Victory, St Joseph and St. Nicholas. The standard and badges of the league were blessed and sprinkled with holy water and incensed, and a similar ceremony was gone through on the admission of members."

Truly a strange fashion of Protestantism. But it did not last long. The Bishop intervened and prohibited a repetition of such service, as to which the Times gives good advice to the Anglicans. "A large proporto the Anglicans. tion of them (it says) are too earnest to be content with playing at being Catholics. They wish to be genuine Catholics, and to be able to make profession of the Catholic faith without let or hindrance. The course which this desire dictates must be plain." And no doubt the "Catholic League" will see it and pursue it into the genuine Catholic League.-Freeman's Journal.

HE SAW THE GHOST

A Protestant clergyman of Oxford University, England, Rev. Reginald F. Elkins, recently received into the Catholic Church, has given some interesting causes for his conversion. Among the points noted in his in quiries, he remembers that "Cardinal Newman had said in his 'Apologia in reference to Rome that when once you had seen the ghost (that Rome might be right) you never quite knew when he would not come back."

Mr. Elkins certainly " saw the which meant, he says, that for his lasting security in the world to come, he must be fair in consider ing the claims of this Roman ghost, in other words give Roman books and Reman advisers an equal chance with Anglican books and Anglican advisers."
Also he "could not help feeling

that if Rome were wrong, then the gates of hell had quite permanently prevailed against the larger 'part of the Church,' whereas Our Lord had said that hell should not prevail."

A strong argument, and Mr. Elkins gave it an "equal chance," with the result usual when the "claims of the Roman ghost" are fairly considered.

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which will be found a great convenience by the busy priest.

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It contains the Rev. Dr. Husser's,

it contains the Rev. Dr. Hueser's, Editor of the American Ecclesiastical Review and Professor at St. Charles Review and Professor at 61. Challes Seminary, Philadelphia, Commentary and brief Summary of the Administration of the Sacrament of Baptism in English. A list of Baptismal Names, for boys and girls as well as a list of corruptions

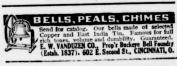
and girls as well as a list of corruptions of Baptismal Names, compiled from various approved sources, will be found very handy.

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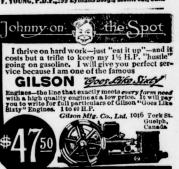
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The raindrops patter against th pane, The wind moans by the door,

Herself, she sees that the fire is bright, And then sweeps up the floor; Himself he tells the beads, the while The others answer low,
"God pity the souls that are out to

night, And rest the dead we know."

So wise are we in our own?conceit, So versed in learned lore, W e smile to think that the holy souls Should wait there by the door, In that old time land where the

things of Faith Are part of the woof of day, Where, though there's always bread

Yet so there's time to pray.

A superstition, a fairy tale,

For us, who measure the things of Faith By scientific brief,

We hold such vain belief. We sift, we measure, we weigh, we We hold the balance straight, We war on the idols of yesterday,

Our creed is up to date. And yet, sometimes, to our smug con

There comes a jarring thought, That this, our boasted Liberty, Has been too dearly bought. ceit, For better than all philosophy, And analytic art, Is the gift denied to the worldly

A child-like faith and heart.

*In some parts of trei and the dead are believed revisit the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage on Souls Night, and before retrining for the night, thousewife sees that everything is in readiness them, when they "come in out of the cold."

THE MASTER'S VOICE

The waves were weary, and they went to sleep
The winds were hushed;
The starlight flushed
The turrowed face of all the mighty deep.

The billows yester eve so dark and wild,
Wore strangely now
A calm upon their brow.
Like that which rests upon a cradled child.

The sky was bright, and every single star, With gleaming face, Was in its place, And looked upon the sea—so fair and far.

And all was still still as a temple dim, When low and faint,

As marmars plaint, Dieth the last note of the Vesper hymn.

A bark slept on the sea, and in the bark
Slept Mary's Son—
The only One
Whose face is light where all, all else is dark. His brow was heavenward turned, His face

fair:
He deamed of me
On that still sea—
The stars He made were gleaming through His hair

And lot a moan moved o'er the mighty deep: The sky grew datk; The little batk Felt all the waves awakening from their sleep.

The winds wailed wild, and wilder billows beat:
The bark was tossed;
Shall all be lost?
But Mary's Son slept on, serene and sweet.

The tempest raged in its mighty wrath, The winds howled on, All hope seemed gone,
And darker waves surged round the bark's lot
path.

The Sleeper woke! He gazed upon the deep:
He waspered: "Peace!
Winds-wild waves, cease!
Be still!" The tempest fled—the ocean fell asleep.

And ah! when human hearts by storms are tossed,
When life's lone bark.
Drufts through the dark,
And mid the wildest waves where all seems lost.

He now, as then with words of power and peace,

Marmureth: "Stormy deep,
Be still, be still—and sleep!"
And lo! a great calm comes—the tempest's perils

Rain.-In London, Ont.

DIED

18, 1913, Annie Gilmour Reid widow of the late Stewart Reid, and motherin-law of His Honor Judge Dromgole, of Windsor, Ont. May her soul rest in peace ! MARRIAGE

ADAMS-O'BRIEN - In St. Helen's Church, Toronto, Sept 29, 1913, by Rev. Father O'Brien, James J. Adams, son of Mr. Francis Adams, of Toronto Teresa, daughter of the late Mr, and Mrs. Michael O'Brien of Orillia.

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Address LAVOL LABORATORIES, the dreaded psoriasis, an forms of skin disease, will be interested to know that a LAVOL LABORATORY know that a LAVOL LABORATORY description of the control closing \$2.00 for the control been established in Toronto, closing \$2.00 for the new treatment.

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