

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXV.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1913

1815

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### MY UNKNOWN CHUM

"Aquecheek." With a foreword by Henry Garrity, New York. The Devin-Adair Co. In this foreword Mr. Garrity tells us that the volume is a reprint of the work of "an unknown author who saw in travel, in art, in literature, in life and humanity much that travelers and other writers and scholars have failed to observe."

Charles B. Fairbanks is the reputed author, but the records show that he died in 1859, when but thirty-two years old—an age that the text discredits. The first part of the book, entitled "Sketches of Foreign Travel," manifests a man of high ideals, of wide culture, of shrewd, kindly observation of men and things with a gift of singing sentences. He is a deft artificer of melodious prose. Humor irradiates the book, always, however, with sunshine of a kindly heart. At sea in a sailing vessel the mariners' chorus reminds him somewhat of the solemn Gregorian tones in a monastery chapel and the getting of the sun's altitude to the examination of conscience among the devout dwellers in the convent, which shows them how much they have varied from the course laid down in the divine chart and how far they are from the wished-for port of perfection. The author sees London through the glass of cultured broad-mindedness. He is not an ordinary tourist, with guide-book in hand, but one who sees the storied past in streets and monuments. But London's poverty affrights him. There he sees not the comfortable, jolly-looking beggars you may see in Rome or Naples, who know that charity is enjoined upon the people as a religious duty, but the thin, pallid, high-cheeked supplicants whose look is a petition which tells a more effective story than words can frame of destitution and starvation. And speaking of a phase of London life, sadder by far than that of mere poverty, he says: "There is work yet to be done in London which would stagger a philanthropist if he were gifted with thrice the heroism and patience and self-forgetfulness of St. Vincent de Paul. Rome is for him a veritable fairy-land. He wanders about it reverentially, describing its churches, its monuments and inhabitants. He knows of nothing more grand than the sight of the simple throne of the Sovereign Pontiff, to whom more than two hundred millions of people look with veneration as to a father and a teacher. He loves the great basilicas, clouded with fragrant incense, filled with the music of silver bells and choirs, but the little temples scattered through the city attract him in a manner especially fascinating. These, he says, are the places where the real power of the Catholic religion makes itself felt more unmistakably than in the grandest cathedrals, where every form and sound is eloquent of worship. For him Rome's most enduring glories are the memories of the times when her great missionary orders civilized and evangelized the countries which her arms had won, when her martyrs sowed the seed of Christianity with their blood, and her confessors illumined the world with their virtues: when her Pontiffs single-handed turned back barbarian invasions, or mitigated the severities of the feudal age, or defended the sanctity of marriage and the rights of helpless women against divorce-seeking monarchs and conquerors."

We might quote passage after passage, but we content ourselves with recommending the book to our readers. It is an oasis in the desert of commonplace. It is always dignified in tone, not primly so, but always conscious of the meaning of words, and mindful of the respect due to the minds of others. In the second part of the volume, entitled "Essays," the author pours out the garnered wisdom of years. He sees life at many angles; he punctures shams with a laugh; is insistent about the responsibility of living, and from an unspooled heart wells up many a tribute to the influence of virtue. To our mind this is a book which can give both pleasure and profit.

### ABOUT CRANKS

It would be a dull world without cranks. We assume that some of our correspondents will look askance at this statement. For cranks are disagreeable in manner, tactless and prone to play life's music in minor chords or to interpret it in thunderous rhapsodies. A crank, however, is invaluable to a community. His criticisms are often suggestive, and his contentions have a tonic-like quality. His not keeping step with us guards us from drab uniformity; and because he does not see eye to eye with us is proof that he is unintelligent. On the contrary, his mentality is sometimes of high order, and this, combined with earnestness and pertinacity, has a disturbing effect upon people who think in crowds and are content with things as they are. With opinions of his own he is not at the beck of caprice. Nor is he daunted by show of wealth or glamour of position. He drives shame into the hearts of the indolent. He likes conservatism, but not enough to make it a pretext for dry-rot. We do not advise our readers to seek the title; but if in their work, in the outlining of new schemes, they should be given it by the critics they should not worry about it. They who are in the firing line are always exposed to danger. Every man who is a positive factor must arouse criticism and provoke opposition. The negative characters, the men and women of colorless lives, are dead and receive obituary notices.

### GREAT MOVEMENT

The greatest movement of this generation, at least the movement which has attracted the greatest amount of attention, has undoubtedly been the higher education of women. They demand these days, and justly so, the same privileges as possessed by their sterner competitors. These have to all intents and purposes been granted them, but if we judge from results it would seem evident that the world moves on at the same sure, slow and steady pace that marked its progress in olden times. George Eliot's are no more numerous. The old masters in art and music sleep on securely, for their fame is not yet dimmed by the productions of women who have had the incentive of their example to assist them. The present day Suffragettes are examples which should be carefully suppressed. They think that they do a little passing good; but they have done any amount of permanent evil. It is quite likely that men and women were very much the same in Old Testament days as they are now. It is probable that women duly discussed social problems, that they were seeking to emancipate themselves then; that is to say, a certain number of them, and in very much the same proportion as to-day. It has always been a feminine characteristic to betray a certain inextinguishable thirst for knowledge; to know something of which she is better left in ignorance. It began with a desire to taste a forbidden fruit, and after a considerable lapse of time it has come to matters of medicine, politics and law. Of course there is the other side of the question—the lamentable fact that there are women—and this number has existed in other ages as well as in our own—who are endowed with intellect and who are the favored and fortunate recipients of the charity of those bland distributors of advice—the lords of creation—who from their pinnacle look upon women as useful adjuncts to old age, and talk to them as if they were babies or foreigners. It is true that woman's voice is heard more frequently today, but it is also true that her work is less perceptible. It is easy to say that this is the beginning—if it is so, it is a bad beginning. Woman's womanliness will always secure a higher esteem than her shrewdness. Although women talk more now it is a query whether they are really progressing so rapidly as the enthusiasts imagine. A high place in the world is not gained by talking of it but by working first and talking after. Let women make their position. If they cannot make it they can never occupy it to the exclusion of men. The truly intellectual men and women are, after all is said (a

good deal) and done (a very little) but a minority and a surprisingly small one.

### A QUOTATION

It is only, says an author, in virtue of a faint survival of charity—the fruit of Christianity—that the "New Woman," whether she likes to allow it or not, can elbow her way to the front as she does. If man is ever rebarbarized by the withdrawal of the softening influence of home, if woman becomes nothing more to him than a competitor in the general struggle for wealth, she will eventually be forced down to that degradation which has been her lot under the reign of pure selfishness and brute force. It is the Church which has raised her, and through her the world, though both processes are still struggling but slowly towards completion.

### FOREIGN MISSIONS

**VICISSITUDES OF A CHINESE MISSION**  
Father Ceccherelli sends an interesting account of the progress of Christianity in his Chinese mission. At one time Blessed Perboyre was imprisoned in this very place, but it was not until some thirty years ago that the first converts were made. The Church continued very humble and obscure in this section until about 1905, when thanks to the tireless efforts of Father Cyprian Silvestri, and the special protection of a sub-prefect, who happened to be his devoted friend, a great religious movement was started.

After three years, owing to a change of mandarins, there came a storm. It was almost a persecution, and hardly one-half of the entire number of Christians remained when Father Ceccherelli arrived in 1910. This state of things lasted until the Revolution of 1911, when in the course of the upheaval, many friends of the Catholic missionaries set themselves with real earnestness to protect Christianity. In January, 1912, the Commander-in-chief of the troops became a Christian and two hundred officers followed his example. Next, a number of civil mandarins, men of letters, students, merchants, and others embraced the faith. Catechumens were enrolled by thousands, for it had actually become the style to be converted.

"I began to have misgivings," writes Father Ceccherelli, "about this excessive prosperity, and sure enough the new Church soon began to have its troubles, its trials and its calamities. On the evening of June 28, 1912, we heard a sudden shot, then ten, twenty, in a few moments the fusillade had become general and the place was being bombarded by artillery. It seems that the rebels, led by an ex-highwayman, were attacking the city. The general, quite unprepared for such a surprise, and unaware of the genuine danger, went out to inspect the walls and guards, but finding himself surrounded by soldiers was forced to run for his life. After twelve hours of fighting, our men were completely routed and fled in all directions. The rebels, left masters of the situation, proceeded to sack the city, and for three days committed such horrors as would shame even a barbarian. More than one hundred Christian families were robbed of all they possessed, many were killed and hundreds were driven away. I myself barely escaped being shot and cut to pieces by the savage horde."

Another misfortune was in store for this sorely tried mission. Last September, whether by accident or malice, the powder magazine within the city walls blew up. Many were killed or injured and a good part of the city was destroyed. The mission was almost entirely demolished, only the walls of the new church remaining. This calamity, however, marked the close of the period of trials, and already the devastated central mission has been encouraged by the opening of new stations in the surrounding country. It is to be hoped that a new and more stable prosperity is at hand.—Sacred Heart Review.

**AN ARAB MARTYR**—A process of beatification of singular interest to missionaries has just been commenced by the Congregation of Rites, to wit, that of the Venerable Geromino, an Arab Christian or Oran, who was cruelly done to death in Algiers, 18th September, 1569, for steadfastness to the faith. The victim was a convert of the Spanish missionaries, and was captured by the Turkish pirates, with the result that his master, a renegade Pasha, attempted to make him forswear Christianity, promising him in this case his freedom. But the captive refusing, he was barbarously condemned to be walled up alive in a fortress, the sentence being carried out with the most horrible ferocity.

It was at the demolition of that same fortress in 1853 that the remains of the martyrs were discovered by an Italian officer, Cardinal Lavignola, the Apostle of the Arabs, who was the first to take steps for the martyr's beatification. The postulator of the

cause is Father Burton procurator-general of the White Fathers.

**THEY SEE A PRIEST ONLY ONCE A YEAR**—American Catholics interested in mission work in the Philippine Islands are familiar with the name of Bishop O'Doherty, who has jurisdiction over about 700,000 souls in the diocese of Zamboanga. They will be interested in reading a communication from him, just received, giving a few details of his strenuous life and the natives whose spiritual condition he is trying to improve:

"I have been in the mountains for the last month, and only got my mail to day for the first time in five weeks. I had several trying experiences and found many needs; there are parochial houses without roofs and churches without walls; but the greatest of all needs is the want of priests. There are parishes of 10,000 and 15,000 souls who have had no resident priest since 1898, and only see a priest once a year on the occasion of the parish feast."

"I thank you sincerely for the alms sent me, and may God bless you and all those who help you."

### BISHOP FALLON IN ROME

Rome, July 25.—A group of Canadian pilgrims were received in private audience to-day by the Pope. They were conducted by the Right Rev. Michael F. Fallon, Bishop of London, Ontario, who presented Peter's Pence amounting to \$2,000. Bishop Fallon delivered an address expressing the loyalty of Canadian Catholics to the Holy See. The Pope then imparted the apostolic benediction.

The pilgrims afterwards visited Cardinal Merry del Val, papal secretary of State.

The pilgrims to Rome under the spiritual direction of Bishop Fallon, of London, arrived there on July 19 after eight-seen days in Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples, Pompeii and Capri. After visiting Rome the party will visit the following cities in Europe: Florence, Venice, Lido, Padua, Milan, Lucerne, Strassburg, Mayence, the Rhine, Cologne, Paris, Versailles, Lourdes, London, Dublin, Killarney, Glengarriff, Cork and Queenstown, returning home from Queenstown, on Aug. 27. There were sixty-eight in the party, and besides Bishop Fallon three were from the diocese of London. They are Father Brady, of Wallaceburg; Father Downey, of Windsor, and Father McCabe of Maidstone.

### SACRED HEART CONVENT, LONDON

A FAREWELL TRIBUTE  
London Advertiser

Mrs. James Rigney, of Kingston, formerly Maud Regan, of this city, has written for The Advertiser an appreciation of the Sacred Heart convent which is about to be moved. Miss Regan is a daughter of the late D. Regan and graduated from the convent. She has contributed to many leading journals. Under the heading "A Farewell and a Tribute," she says:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new," are words as true today as in that dim, storied past when King Arthur spoke them in comfort and farewell to the latest left of all his knights.

Much of sadness must always attach to their utterance, and never were the words fraught with more regret than when they recur to us today in connection with the passing of one of London's ancient educational institutions.

Fifty-six years of devoted service in the cause of Christian education has established the Sacred Heart Convent among our historic foundations, and as such we feel assured its passing will be deplored by the citizens at large, but only those whose acquaintance with the order was more intimate can appreciate the unique work accomplished by its religious and realize how much of old world grace, of lofty ideal, of the fine flower of courtesy and of that intangible love which lies beyond the realm of the textbook, had its abode within those walls so soon to be tenanted.

**ROMANTIC HISTORY**  
Much of historic, as well as of romantic interest attaches to the foundation of the order by a French peasant girl in the troublous times following upon the French revolution, for the education of the daughters of those aristocrats whose pride and ruthlessness had been made inevitable the grim reprisals of civil war.

Its training at the outset was dictated by the needs of a class of leisured gentlewomen, whose sphere was the adorning of the home and the uplifting of their social world.

Its religious were mainly recruited from the nobility and gentry of the old world, but theirs was the colonist spirit which Canada honors in many a historic French name blazoned large in her own annals.

**A DEVOTED ORDER**  
Sacrificing nothing of the old world courtesy and charm, which was their birthright, they yet adapted themselves to the educational needs of

of our younger civilization, with a devotedness and efficiency to which successive generations of their pupils bear grateful witness.

The coarse dark habit of the Sacred Heart uniform religious has been a soldiers uniform, to do which women as remarkable for mental endowments as for spiritual zeal, have sacrificed identity, fortune, place and power.

Through more than half a century the torch of their zeal has passed from hand to willing hand—"held high, valved wide"—an inspiration and a beacon.

Brick and mortar may encroach upon those cloistered solitudes, but upon those crannies shall surely flourish that rosemary which grows "for remembrance," and when the tide of civic growth shall have engulfed the ancient convent there are very many in whose tender recollection it shall always remain. "Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns, and bowery-hollows," an abode of peace and graciousness and sacrifice.

MAUD REGAN.

### WHEN ABBESSES MADE LAWS

In a question of privilege brought up recently before the British House of Lords that women who are peers in their own right are entitled to vote on the floor of that august body of legislators, an interesting point of pre-reformation ruling was adduced to support the contention of the present blue-blooded suffragists. A statement was made by Swift MacNeil, an authority on constitutional law, that the records show abbesses or other heads of feminine religious orders had the right to sit and vote in parliament.

As in those times lady abbesses were members of the aristocracy, the prerogatives of medieval woman suffrage would seem to be vested in the one. And those were the days when the same lady abbesses enjoyed another privilege—right of offering sanctuary to a criminal, even acting as a high court of appeal which might give life or death to the condemned. The destruction of churches is the latest degradation of the British militant suffragist. But, surely, not the most rabid amongst them will dare to set a torch to a church which contains the Blessed Sacrament. Not that it would be the first time such a thing happened in England or Scotland, but that was in the past when religious rancor was rampant. With the high church ritualists claiming to have the Real Presence, there would seem to be a chance for consideration for the one in which Christ himself decreed to dwell "even to the consummation of the world."

This happy change of attitude towards Catholic belief and practice was evinced recently in Los Angeles, Cal. The Episcopal ministers of that place have instigated a movement to raise on the crest of Mt. Lowe a gigantic cross. It is to be 150 feet high and, in having the surface enameled, the reflected sunshine will make it visible throughout the day for a great distance.

The fund for erecting the gigantic foundation for the cross and maintaining the whole in condition, is estimated at \$200,000, a large portion of which is said to be already subscribed.—Catholic Union and Times.

### SCHOOLS IN SCOTLAND

Here is how they do with Catholic schools in Protestant Scotland, as stated by the Glasgow Observer:

"In all Catholic elementary schools in Scotland at present receiving State aid, a time table is framed by or with the approval of his Majesty's inspectors. That time table is usually framed so that religious teaching is given before the beginning or after the close of the State school day. For example, if the State school day begins at 10 a. m., religious teaching may start at 9:30, and if the State school day finish at 3:30, religious teaching follows from 3:30 to 4. It is given in school hours, but not in the hours of the State school day. The state pays nothing for it. The school buildings are the property of the Catholic Church. The teachers are employed by the Catholic managers. The State grant, of course, goes towards the paying of those teachers, but since the State inspector takes no cognizance of religious teaching whatever, no part of the grant can be said to be made on account of religious teaching."

### A NOTED CONVERT

Frank Spearman, the American Catholic novelist, in a personal account of his reasons for becoming a Catholic, mentions among a number of obstacles which he found in his path to Catholicity the fact that he was a Freemason. To become a Catholic Mr. Spearman knew that he must, of course, give up his membership in that order. He writes: "From the Masonic side of the question in my case, there was no reason that I could not belong to the church and to the order. But what I realized instinctively was that Masonry was not vital in my life, whereas the choice of an authoritative religion was extremely vital."

### FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China.

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest. Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow-Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

### REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,621 70
Subscriber, Blairmore.....	1 00
A Friend, Hamilton.....	1 00
A Friend, Bobcaygeon.....	1 00
Subscriber, Chepstow.....	1 00
A Friend, Paris.....	1 00
A. A. McDonald, Marmora.....	2 00
M. J. P., Halifax.....	1 25
J. Cunningham, Hamilton.....	1 00
Reader, Warminster.....	30
Miss M. McGregor, North Bay.....	1 00
R. H. McLean, New Waterford.....	1 00
McDonald, Glen Robertson	1 00
Mrs. P. Coughlin, White River.....	1 00
A Friend, Quadville.....	1 00
REMITTANCES TO FATHER FRASER	
By cheque April 25, 1913.....	\$780 00
May 15, 1913.....	5 00
(Special).....	5 00
July 11, 1913.....	736 70

### A "WELL-INFORMED" REVIEWER

The Outlook seems to be wonderfully impressed with the high critical value of Joseph McCabe's "Candid History of the Jesuits."

"Well-informed readers," we are told, "will probably conclude that this ample narrative presents as impartial a history as will for many a day be written of a religious order that has been as unsparingly condemned by Roman Catholics as by Protestants. Distinguished both by its virtues and its vices, alternately touching the zenith and the nadir in its extraordinary career of four hundred years, it is a subject in which Mr. McCabe is certainly a competent authority."

Yet America's reviewer, who may be reasonably presumed to know more about the history of the Society of Jesus than those who write the Outlook's book notices, found Mr. McCabe's volume, strange to say, unscholarly, calumnious and teeming with errors. Owing to want of space we could not give in our review of June 28, anything like a complete catalogue of the "History's" blunders and falsehoods, so we contented ourselves with pointing out some of the lies and errors that were conspicuous in the short account of the Canadian missions. Now, regarding the Outlook's favorable criticism of Mr. McCabe's work, it is hard to understand how any "well-informed" reader can consider the history an "impartial" one, or how a religious order whose members take vows to model their lives on that of Christ would be permitted by the Church to exist to-day if they are as "distinguished" for their vices as for their virtues.

Apropos of the Outlook's conviction that "Mr. McCabe is certainly a competent authority" on the history of the Society, it is not at all clear just what qualifications an ex-Franciscan priest, who has become a virulent agnostic, can have for telling the truth about the Jesuits. But since the Outlook's reviewer seems to believe that, "as the dictator of papal policy, the Society of Jesus is to-day the imperial power behind the throne of a spiritual empire," it is not surprising perhaps that he drinks in eagerly all the absurd fables that Mr. McCabe relates about the dark and devious ways of Jesuits—America.

### THE CARDINAL'S BIRTHDAY

Baltimore, July 23.—In a modest chapel at the home of Rev. T. Herbert Shriver, at Union Mills, near Westminster, Md., Cardinal Gibbons celebrated this morning the Mass of thanksgiving that marked his seventy-ninth anniversary of his birth.

Telegrams and letters of felicitation in large numbers arrived at the cardinal's home here to-day. The Pope's message is included in the cablegrams, as are congratulations from some of the rulers of Europe.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Many conversions have followed the Eucharistic Congress at Malta. We hear of an entire Catholic family also a Protestant chaplain of a small church, who rang his church bells at the Blessed Sacrament in the Procession passed his church.

By the will of the late Senator Palmer, of Detroit, Mich. (a non-Catholic), \$5,000 is left to St. Francis Home for Orphans Boys, \$2,000 to St. Vincent's Asylum for Girls and \$2,000 to the House of the Good Shepherd.

On June 11, the Feast of St. Barnabas, the Bishop of Menavia, had the consolation of clothing with the Benedictine habit twenty-seven nuns of the once Anglican Convent of St. Bride's Millford Haven. The late Abbess, Mother Scholastic Mary Ewart, had been clothed on the Feast of the Sacred Heart by the Bishop of Stanbrook Abbey. She had returned to assist at the clothing of her daughters.

On June 17, a bust, in white Carrara marble, of the Irish Dominican Father Joseph Mullooly, was unveiled in the subterranean (Constantinian) basilica of Sans Clemente. The publication, Rome issued in the Eternal City, says that "the world is indebted to Father Mullooly's acumen and energy for the discovery of this most precious link with the early Christian history of Rome."

Another chaplain of the Catholic faith has been selected and assigned for duty in the Philippine Islands. Orders have just been issued from the War Department, directing Father Frederick Lawrence Kunceske, chaplain, Coast Artillery Corps, to proceed to San Francisco, at the expiration of his leave of absence on July 30, to embark on the transport leaving there on August 5.

The St. Catherine's Church, which was burned by the "suffragettes" in London and the St. Paul's Cathedral, which they attempted to blow up, are not Catholic edifices. St. Paul's was Catholic before the so-called reformation, but it passed into other hands with the rest of the Church property in England at that time. It was destroyed in the great London fire in 1667 and was rebuilt according to the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

The majority action of the Board of School Commissioners of Charlotte, North Carolina, in refusing to re-elect the two Misses Clifford as teachers, for no other reason than that they are Catholics, has had a notable sequel. On June 24, at a mass meeting of citizens that filled the civil court-room of the County Court House, after forceful addresses, delivered in every instance by non-Catholics, resolutions were unanimously adopted protesting against the action of the commissioners.

An audience with the Holy Father that had a peculiar interest for Catholics the world over, was the reception of the little First Communicants of this season from all the parishes of Rome by the Sovereign Pontiff. More than 7,000 persons were present including teachers, religious and priests. The Holy Father asked God's choicest blessings on the children and their families; and retired with an affectionate parting word, and waving his hand to the little ones.

Among the students of the Propaganda at Rome recently ordained to the priesthood, was a young Zulu, the son of a prominent chief, who is still a pagan. He made a brilliant course in theology, and speaks fluently, besides his own language, French, Italian and English, the latter with a pronounced southern drawl. He will work among his own people in South Africa. He is the fourth of his tribe to be ordained to the holy priesthood in the last eleven years. Ordained with him were three Chinamen, who also speak English.

It is not often, particularly in a Catholic country, that a Bishop is called upon to administer the sacrament of confirmation to the head of the municipality which he is visiting. Such an unique occurrence took place, however, a few days ago at Bezac, near Panniers, France. On the arrival of the Bishop he was greeted by the Mayor and corporation of this Catholic town. After the children had been confirmed the Mayor, M. Marfaing, presented himself for the sacrament, which he had never received, and Monsignor Izard administered it. This has very much annoyed the anti-clerical mayors of France.

According to the London Morning Post, there is at the present time a most serious falling off among the Non-conformist membership in England. If the figures of 1907 are compared with those for 1913 the Baptist churches show a decline in membership of 15,364; those of the Congregational churches, a decline of 8,194; the Primitive Methodists (1912), of 1,066, while those of the Wesleyan Methodist (1912) show a decrease of no less than 28,093. The last five years (1008-12) have seen a decrease in the total, as compared with 1907, of 51,205, or an average annual decrease of 10,241.



PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER  
CHAPTER XVII  
OUR NEIGHBORS

"Why temptress she to clothe her heart with love?"—Pittacus.

Mrs. Gower (who always took excellent care of herself) was among the first who fled from Mulkapore at the earliest symptom of the hot weather. Those who remained on the plains were few and far between. During the months of March, April and May it certainly was warm. We had cuscuta tatters in every available aperture, and punkahs going night and day. Only when the sun had quite gone down did we venture out for a breath of air—and it was not always to be had! Everything was hot; even one's clothes, when first put on, felt as if they were laid out from being thoroughly well aired at the kitchen fire. Water was invariably tepid, and only for our daily supply of ice, I don't know what would have become of us. Colonel Keith lived in a small bungalow about half a mile from ours. Three or four times a week he arrived to dinner, in his grass-green gharry, drawn by an old white "caster" that, thanks to his long neck, rejoiced in the name of "The Gander." Colonel Keith filled the back seat of his gharry to admiration; and there was no concealing from one's self the fact that he was unusually stout. He somehow, when you came to know him pretty well, the impression faded, and he seemed the best-tempered, best-natured, and most jovial, delightful, elderly gentleman you ever met in all your life; and there was not an ounce too much of him in his friends' opinion. His fair, open countenance surmounted a massive double chin, his twinkling blue eyes beamed with perennial good-humor, and he was the possessor of a hand grip that nearly dislocated your bones, and of a laugh that literally shook a room. He was exceedingly popular, poor as he was. He had the spirit and energy of a boy of twenty, disguised in the outward raiment of a stout elderly gentleman. He saw everything and everybody from the best point of view, and wore spectacles *couleur de rose*. Few men in his situation would have been so light-hearted. True, he had good health, and drew nine hundred rupees a month; but out of that sum he had to provide a home in England for an invalid wife, and to educate, feed, and clothe three growing sons and two daughters. All this had to come out of his pay, and when remitted home, at a ruinous rate of exchange, very few rupees remained to Colonel Keith's own personal expenditure.

"A light heart and a light purse," he would say. "Here I am, a gray-headed, fat old fellow, living on two hundred rupees a month, in my old age, in the very same station where, as a youngster, I kept my three horses, a buggy, two shika-camels, and tribes of servants, and lived on the fat of the land. Oh, those good old days! when gram was eighty measures for the rupee, food and lodging nominal prices, and Teddy Keith a gay young bachelor! To what have matrimony and age reduced me!" he would exclaim, laying his hands on his fat sides, and surveying his goodly proportions. "Make gay while the sun shines—there are evil days in store for you," he would say to various bachelors.

It was no uncommon sight to see him lie back in his chair, hold his sides, and laugh till he cried—laugh till the tears rolled forth from his eyes, and his anxious friends trembled lest he should go off in a fit of apoplexy. He was the repository of more jokes and confidences (matrimonial and monetary), than any one else in Mulkapore; and his good sense was as proverbial as his good-humor. He and uncle had been school-fellows and brother-officers, and he was just as much at home in our house as in his own tiny, scantily furnished bungalow.

We had neighbors living in the bungalows on either side of ours. To the left resided Major and Mrs. Towers and family—the latter consisting of seven small, noisy, ill-conducted olive-branches, whom their mother colonized among her friends as much as possible, constantly sending Boyisie and Rosie and Teddy abroad to spend a long and happy day. Their mother was the laziest woman I ever met. She never rose before eleven o'clock, never did any housekeeping—leaving all to her butler. He provided everything—even the children's clothes, which were gaudy and ridiculous to the last degree. Once a month he brought his little account to master, and master would swear and storm, and call him a thief and a swindler—epithets that Ramsavage received with many expostulations and salaams, and for which he recouped himself in hard coin of the realm.

Major Towers spent his afternoons at rackets, his evenings at whist, and very little time at home; indeed, home was not a particularly inviting place. The servants were lazy, dirty, and disorderly; a grimy mat would respond to visitors (after they had bewailed themselves hoarse), bringing forth a cracked soup-plate for their cards. If "missus could see," you were shown into a gloomy, frowzy drawing-room, decked with undusted furniture, broken ornaments, and withered flowers; cobwebs descended from every corner, and dirt and toys and dogs reigned supreme. Enter the lady of the house—handsome, in a large, fair, phlegmatic style; her dress and hair and general appearance leading one to imagine that she had been recently dragged through a

hedge backward; her collar unpinned, her hands ringless, her hair untidy, and no pretty little softening details to complete her toilet. She was always exceedingly agreeable, most amusing and entertaining, and one almost forgot her squalid surroundings in the charms of her conversation. Being such very near neighbors of the Towers, we were subject to incursions from the juveniles at all times. Boyisie, I am sorry to say, spent many of his leisure hours with us, and he was an *enfant terrible* of the first water. Auntie tolerated him, so did uncle, marvelously to relate; but I looked on his visits with anything but favor.

Our other near neighbors were a Colonel and Mrs. Fox, and their two grown-up daughters. Mrs. Fox had been a noted beauty in her day, and still possessed considerable remains of good looks. She had piercing dark eyes and a well-cut, aquiline nose, and was by no means averse to being reminded of her charms, plump and *passée* as she was. For years she had devoted herself to society, and society to her; and as her beauty waned she had called in money in large sums to her aid, trying to keep her footing against the more youthful rivals by the means of magnificent dresses and costly entertainments. Her husband went his way, ably assisting his wife to spend the contents of the family purse by the help of a string of third-rate race-horses. A large family of children had been drafted home at an early age, and kept at cheap boarding-schools, and as much in the background as possible, while *pater* and *mater familias* pursued each their own line of amusement in the gorgeous East.

However, young people will grow up, and at length they found themselves obliged to give a home to two stout, plain girls, well on in their teens, and large, unpaid school bills outrivaled old, long standing Indian debts. These young ladies had to be brought out, and that speedily, as two other equally well-grown sisters were rapidly "coming on," and to keep them all at home was a feat even beyond Mrs. Fox.

Some of the most pressing bills were paid off, some of the least promising racers sold, and Colonel and Mrs. Fox made a second departure in life, as the heads of a large and partly visible family. They were now deeply involved in the soucar's hands; and the one great thing for Mrs. Fox to achieve was her daughters' speedy marriage—a feat she seemed to know how to set about accomplishing; and in her girls' social successes hoped to live her own youth over again.

"But 'Mossy' and 'Tossy'—still, well-nourished-looking young people, had no pretensions whatever to their mother's good looks. They were lively and agreeable, and were invariably voted "such jolly girls by their admirers; but no dancing or tennis-playing or agreeableness could make them otherwise than short and stout and plain. One of them, alas! had a snub nose; the other, weak eyes. Nevertheless, their admirable mother did her duty by them nobly.

At first, each eligible bachelor colonel and major had a pressing invitation to "consider himself as one of the family," to drop in at dinner, tiffin, or chobah-huzar at any time he pleased. This invitation not being seized upon with the avidity she anticipated, the wily parent transferred her interest to captains and well-allowed subalterns. Mrs. Fox assumed a kind, motherly air, that captivated certain young men, especially if recently from home. She had a friendly, solicitous way of asking after their mothers and sisters she took an affectionate interest in their flannels and their health, their prospects and their pay. In short, these "dear, gentlemanly boys" reminded her so forcibly of her own son—such a handsome fellow!—that she could not help feeling like a mother to them, and desired them to come in and out whenever they pleased, and to make themselves quite at home. Often, some foolish youth, fresh from the loss of his own home, had taken Mrs. Fox literally at her word, and became quite confidential respecting his income and future prospects. She would figuratively rock and dandle all his suspicions to sleep, and make him over to the society of her dear amiable girls, in order that they might exercise their fascinations upon their adopted brother. More than once a proposal was the result; but alas! men were deceivers ever—they love and they ride away; and although every nerve would be strained, although Colonel Fox invariably seized the earliest opportunity of asking a young man's "intentions," urgent private affairs or a long shooting excursion, in fact, prompt flight, had hitherto been the unfortunate conclusion of all the Misses Fox's *affaires de coeur*. Their partners had so frequently "revoked" that their matrimonial prospects occasioned their mother serious uneasiness.

The Fox family went out a great deal, and seldom had any time to spare for such humdrum people as aunt and uncle. They were more accessible during the hot weather, when nothing in the way of gayeties was going on; and evinced a short but flickering interest in me when my boxes of various very smart dresses arrived from home. They condescendingly borrowed patterns, tried on hats, and made themselves quite familiar with my wardrobe. If I had any garment that I fondly imagined was particularly becoming,

they would exclaim, in one breath: "Oh, don't wear that! You have no idea how hideous it makes you look. Don't wear blue! Pink and red are certainly your colors."

And I, silly goose, believed them, and hastened to act upon their advice. They distinctly approved of the seclusion in which I had been kept, and suggested to auntie that I should not come out for another season. "I looked so absurdly young; I could not be eighteen." Colonel Fox had a daughter by a previous marriage, a girl rarely alluded to by her relations, and at present consigned to the keeping of an uncle in the northwest provinces, until the marriage of one of her step-sisters would make a vacancy for her in the family nest.

"Three girls are too much to chaperon," quoth Mrs. Fox; "and really, if Ellen is as pretty as they say she is, she is sure to settle very well from her uncle's house!"

One day I was buried deep in a novel and arm-chair in the drawing-room, when in came Mrs. Fox in a great state of mental excitement, bearing in her hand a letter. She did not notice me, but accosted auntie breathlessly:

"Dear Mrs. Neville, I've come over to you to tell you the news. Just had a letter from Dick's brother, and I know you'll be interested, as you know her mother."

Auntie gazed in mild interrogation at her visitor, who had taken a seat in front of her, and sat with her hands on her knees and her toe upon the back of her head, evidently in a state of the liveliest exultation.

"Just had this letter—read it," putting the envelope into auntie's hand. "It's about Ellen."

"I have not my glasses; will you tell me what it is about, and that will do as well?" said auntie sympathetically.

"Then I'll read it to you, my dear Mrs. Neville, with pleasure," returned her visitor unfolding the letter withunction.

"Ellen—that's my step-daughter—has had a most excellent proposal of marriage. Hem! hem!" reading the introduction to herself, then, clearing her voice, she said, "Here's what my brother-in-law says: Young Green, of the Feniches, has come to the scratch at last. Richard will have his job," she supplemented, coloring, and only that her pride and triumph carried all before it, she would have given us a revised edition of the missive in her hand. "He has been nibbling for some time, in spite of Ellen's standoffishness and folly. He came to my office yesterday and proposed, asked for my sanction and yours. I made some little demur, as became an all-but parent. However, I closed the bargain, as I have made most searching inquiries, and hear he is a most prudent, sensible young man, with very good expectations from his father, who is in the wool trade; he has an allowance of three hundred a year and has no debts. He is not, strictly speaking, handsome—in fact, between ourselves, he is very plain; but you cannot expect everything, and I think that Ellen has done uncommonly well for herself. He is to speak to her to-day. I suppose I may take your consent for granted?"

"It seems most satisfactory," said auntie, as Mrs. Fox folded up the letter. "Of course you will write and give your consent?"

"Write!" echoed Mrs. Fox. "I sent off a telegram the instant I read the letter. Just four words in it—'With all my heart.' I expect another letter to-morrow or next day, telling me every particular. You cannot think how pleased I am! It is such a desirable thing to get one of our daughters well-married—looking over in my direction, as much as to say, 'it is quite time you were settled, young lady!'"

Then Mrs. Fox and auntie commenced a discussion about trousseau, which lasted for nearly an hour, and at last our visitor took her departure. Three days later the expected letter arrived, and Mrs. Fox brought it to auntie with a very long face. Alas for her hopes and plans! Ellen would have nothing to say to Mr. Green, and he and his prospects had been absolutely and definitely rejected.

"I call it flying in the face of Providence," said Mrs. Fox angrily; "and Richard is furious, and says he won't keep Ellen any longer, and is about to send her home without another week's delay." I heard all this second-hand from auntie, and also that the dismay and indignation of Mrs. Fox were impossible to describe.

Within ten days Miss Fox had arrived, and no doubt received a very tepid reception from her disappointed relatives. I took a great fancy to her at first sight. She was not the least like her step-sisters, but resembled her mother, auntie's former school-fellow. She was rather small, and very slight and graceful, and had a nice, pleasant, but not exactly pretty face, gray eyes, an aquiline nose, and a late-looking mouth; it was this resemblance that spoiled her beauty, and made people say, "What a determined-looking girl that Miss Fox is!" She was three years older than I, and talked as if she were fifty, being, according to uncle, "a rock of sense."

We became great friends, and she was allowed to come over and spend a good deal of her time with us; in fact, I have reason to believe that her sisters and step-mother were by no means ill-pleased to dispense with her society. For, in spite of all her endeavors to restrain them, her sisters' admirers would leave their lawful spouses, to offer up incense to their plump and elegant-looking newly-arrived relation.

In due time I make my *debut* at a grand ball at the Residency, and, though "I say it as should not," had a great success. My card was crammed before I had been ten minutes in the room, and I could have had three partners for every dance if so inclined.

Now that I was launched in society, I was invited everywhere with uncle and aunt. I went to balls, dances, dinners, and picnics, and enjoyed myself vastly. Uncle used to grumble and growl at being dragged about, and kept up till all hours; but in his heart I think he secretly liked it, and auntie too. I made all her caps, and arranged her lappets and laces, and provided uncle with dainty little *boutonnieres*. As I pinned one of these in his button-hole, preparatory to starting to some entertainment, he would say: "We little knew what we were saddling ourselves with when we took the charge of you, you spoiled puss." He would declare over and again that I received far more attention than was good for me; that my head (such as it was), was completely turned, and that for his part, for the life of him he could not discover what there was to admire in such a conceited, overbearing little flirt.

But I think that he and auntie were not ill-pleased to see their Nora surrounded by crowds of competitive partners, nor to hear her spoken of as "the beautiful Miss Neville, the belle of Mulkapore!" Yes—I, the hideous toad, the ugly duckling, had really become the fine young swan that Mrs. Roper had predicted.

Although I had various admirers, my heart was still exclusively mine own; it was perfectly immaterial to me who my partner was; so long as he was a good dancer or tennis-player, as the case might be. No one in the whole world had it in his power to make my pulse beat one throb faster—in fact, I began to question within myself whether I had an organ of that particular kind at all! The instant any of my friends became in the least degree personal or sentimental I used to be seized with an uncontrollable desire to laugh; and laughing, we all know, is fatal to tender speeches, and always had the effect of bringing my cavalier's eloquent outpourings to an abrupt and indignant conclusion. Uncle Jim declared "that I was a hard-hearted, mercenary little wretch, reserving my hand for some octogenarian old general, with many bags of rupees;" and I would retaliate by ruffling up his grizzly locks all over his head, carrying off his *puercet*, or his cheerful case, much to the indignation and amazement of our dignified butler, who, being a Mohammedan, sincerely despised all white woman-kind (except auntie), and did not half relish seeing his respected "shahib" treated with such off-hand familiarity.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

It was the year of 1849, that memorable year which saw thousands of men leave their comfortable homes, and face dangers and death, in order to reach the newly-found gold fields of California. This year had wrought great changes in the West. The dormant missions and pueblos had been rudely awakened from their peaceful slumbers by the imporing tide of active, ambitious, bustling gold-seekers; but San Antonio, nestled among the hills, away from the public road and all intercourse with the world, still undisturbed amid its rich olive groves and vineyards. The most prominent feature of the village was the church, an adobe building dating a century back. Around this, were scattered two or three small houses, the dwellings of the mission Indians, and farther down the slope ran the little brook which had its source in the creek west of the mission. In this brook the women did their washing, while the barefoot children played and gambled, splashing one another, much to the displeasure of their mothers. Here too, under the cool shade of two stately sycamores, the men would sit after the work of the day, and talk of pleasant, homelike things. The news which had caused such much alarm among other missions was heard by these men with disdainful indifference. No one could harm them, they said, while Father Ambrís and Don Carlos Rodriguez stood by them. Besides, they had very vague notions of things outside. They did not know how closely connected they had been with the other missions in prosperity, and how this connection would hold good in adversity. Of all the Indian population only two men had gone far enough from the mission to lose sight of the Campanilla. The rolling, treeless hills which surrounded the fertile San Antonio Valley bounded their world. Under the shadow of these hills they had been born, and here, where they had toiled and labored, they hoped to rest some day with their ancestors, in the little graveyard, with its half-ruinous adobe wall and mouldering crucifix.

Father Ambrís, the tutelary genius of San Antonio, was a man past middle age, a true specimen of the heroic Franciscan missionaries who civilized the New World. In appearance he was prepossessing, tall and spare, with regular sunburnt features, and soft gray eyes that could speak volumes at one glance—all these united to a deep melodious voice and unsurpassed eloquence, made him beloved, not only of the Indians, but of all who came in contact with him. Many years had passed since he had come from

Mexico, a young priest full of ambition and dreams, and during those years he had accomplished much. Many of his dreams had come true; others, alas! had dissolved into nothingness. He had formed many enduring friendships in the country and his friends vied with one another to show him their love and reverence. Foremost among these had been Don Enrique Rodriguez, the Master of Las Rosas. At his arrival from Mexico the priest had been joyfully welcomed to "Las Rosas," and the short distance which separated it from the mission made it so easy of access that he considered it a second home. Here his advice was eagerly sought and followed, and when both master and mistress had passed away, leaving the weight of the vast estate on Don Carlo's young shoulders, it was he who proved both father and counsellor to him, and helped him bear the burden, until the poor lad looked to him as a second father. To-day as Father Ambrís sat on the mission veranda, the soft autumn breeze fanning his temples, and the monotonous droning of the bees lulling him to rest, he saw a horseman riding towards the church. With a quick movement of pleasure he left his seat and walked briskly down the steps to meet him. It was Carlos. Alighting he advanced to shake hands, and on doing so, the priest noticed the sad look on the fine young face and the unwonted tremor of the hand. "Why didn't you come before, Carlos?" he asked. "I was away, Padre. I have just returned from a trip to San Francisco." And as he spoke his eyes wandered over the golden cornfields and waving pastures until they rested on the distant roofs and chimneys of Las Rosas. Dear Las Rosas, where he had grown to manhood, and where, till yesterday he had hoped to die!

"Ah! you do not seem in good spirits, my son. Has anything unpleasant befallen you, or is your sadness but the outcome of the tiresome ride?"

Carlos seated himself on one of the stone steps leading to the church, then looking into the priest's kindly eyes, he said, "Padre, what I feared so long has happened. Las Rosas has passed from my hands forever."

"What!" burst from Father Ambrís' ashen lips. "You have sold Las Rosas?"

"The government has sold it for me, Padre. In vain I presented my papers of possession to the court. They are of no value now that California belongs to the United States. Las Rosas is government land now, and as such it has been sold to a man from Washington."

If the poor Indians could have seen Father Ambrís' white, drawn face no doubt they would have been terrified. His lips were compressed, his nostrils dilated, his eyes, so gentle before, flashed with intense excitement and his breath came thick and irregular.

"And what will you do now? What will become of Carmelita? Of your grandmother and grandfather?"

"I have vast tracts of land in Mexico, Padre, with my sister and grandparents I will go there. I will strive to live there, and to forget even the name of California. But before we go we must have the great wedding feast. You will arrange everything, won't you, Padre? See that all the Indians come, and that all enjoy themselves. I want my grandmother's golden wedding to be the greatest feast that San Antonio ever witnessed—our farewell feast. And, Padre, we will keep the sale of Las Rosas a profound secret; for but you and I know it now. The time will come soon enough when I will have to tell them."

There were tears in his voice, and tears in his heart, as he bade the priest farewell, and he slowly away. The first streaks of dawn had just appeared in the East, where the morning star still twinkled, and the cock had not yet stopped crowing, when the door of the saguan of Las Rosas opened noiselessly, and a girl, fresh and lovely as the flowers themselves walked into the garden. Lightly she went from bush to bush gathering the fragrant, dew-washed roses, and handing them to the maid who followed her. "You must arrange them prettily Estefana," she whispered.

"Yes, Senorita, I will fill every room with them."

The big shepherd dog, stretched on the veranda, pricked his ears, as the murmur of low voices reached him. He listened a moment, then giving a deep growl, he bounded into the garden barking furiously.

"Hush! Pastor! We must not awake them before the Padre comes," said Carmelita, patting his head.

The dog recognizing his young mistress stopped barking and wagging his tail meekly followed her into the house. But a few minutes afterward his bark was heard again, loud and clear, this time aroused by the sound of hoofs on the gravel walk.

"It must be the Padre and Carlos," said Carmelita running out to meet them.

The guests were slowly assembling in the salon and as Father Ambrís entered he was greeted by a chorus of glad voices.

"Come, children," he said smiling, "let us sing 'Las Mananitas' and wake our old people." This is a quaint custom still prevalent in the recesses of the South. Early in the morning of the feast of any member of the family, the relatives and friends gather under the window, and sing his favorite songs to the accompaniment of the guitar. Then and not till then is he supposed to wake and greet the singers.

How swiftly the hours glided on that happy autumn day! There were songs and toasts and revelry, and many a fancy dance to the metallic click of the castanets. The house was a bower of roses. In the dining room the table groaned under its weight of silver and flowers, and the parlor, with its low-broad-beamed ceiling, was filled with dark-eyed senoritas and gallant caballeros. Here sat Senor and Senora Hernandez opening with eager, shaky hands the many presents brought to them by the friends and relatives sitting around them. How happy everyone looked! Contentment reigned supreme. Only Carlos and the priest looked sad, when by chance their eyes met. Down in their hearts they had a sad, sad secret.

Outside, under the spreading pepper trees and slender palms, long tables had been prepared for the Indians, who had come in groups from the missions, laden with fruits, flowers and ferns, their simple offerings to the Senora. And how they enjoyed themselves, these dark-skinned siles. This was their gala day. They ate, drank and ran races. The women sang the sweet, low melodies of their people, and the men told wonderful stories, handed down to them by their fathers.

That night when the late moon appeared behind the hills, flooding the valley with its mellow light, all was repose at Las Rosas. Only Don Carlos stood in the balcony, his hand pressed to his forehead, thinking of the awful revelation he had to make on the morrow.

A month afterward Las Rosas stood vacant and silent awaiting the advent of its new owner.

Fifteen years had elapsed. Don Carlos impelled by the unconquering longing to see his former home, was again riding down the Valley of San Antonio. It was the hour of noon as he approached the mission. The hot, vertical rays of the sun enveloped the earth and held it spell-bound. In vain he waited to hear the Angelus ring across the meadows, in vain he looked around for some familiar face. On the church steps he met an Indian girl.

"Padre Ambrís?" he asked.

For her only answer the girl turned to the left, to the little graveyard, and pointed out a grave whose cross was a trifle larger than the rest. Amid the rootless huts of the Indians, and the dead, broken branches of his orchard trees, Padre Ambrís slept.

With an aching heart, Carlos visited each long loved spot. He slowly followed the grass grown road that led to La Rosas. What a change he found there! The rose bushes, dead, the roof tiles broken, the massive doors gone. The west end of the veranda, his grandmother's favorite spot, here where she sat for the last time the day of her golden wedding, had been turned into stable, where four splendid horses were now feeding. In the East end three rough miners sitting on the floor laughed and jested and as he approached, one of them glanced up with a good natured grin.

"Looking for a job, partner?" he asked. "No, I am simply a traveller on my way South."

He turned away, and mounting his horse, galloped off across the San Antonio Valley, and far beyond those hills which hid from view the little adobe church—that dead deserted church which he would never see again.—Helen Proto, in The Tidings.

THE LIGHT OF HIS EYES

(A TRUE STORY)  
By Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

How marvellous are God's ways when He brings the forces of His power and tenderness to bear on human souls?"

Thus said a good Jesuit to me not long ago.

"Let me tell you a little incident," he continued, "that happened a few years since and which was told me by one of the participants."

"It was in the days now past when we used bicycles. One of our younger men, by no means an expert, was directly wobbling his wheel along a dirt road behind an elderly man who was about as poor a rider as himself. Suddenly the elder man's wheel dashed against a cart at a crossing. The wheel overturned and was smashed, while the prostrate man received in his face the full force of a broken spoke, gouging out an eye which lay on his cheek, a bloody and hideous spectacle. Immediately, before the crowd gathered, the priest sprang from his wheel, and ran to assist the prostrate man. He found that the poor man was more stunned than hurt except for his face, and his eye, which was a terrible sight. Having brushed off the dust and mud, he took a clean handkerchief from his pocket, and giving it to the first small boy at hand—and they were at hand in a trice—told him to wet it at the nearest hydrant. The boy wasn't ten seconds gone, and came back with the dripping handkerchief. The priest carefully wiped the blood from the eye all and raised the eye, forced back the ball into its socket. He then tied the wet handkerchief over the eye, and around the head. The man was much shaken, and the priest advised him to go to the nearest doctor. On finding that the injured man could walk, he started him on his way, and mounted the wheel to continue his own journey.

As he sped along, the thought occurred to him that maybe he was too hasty. What did he know of sur-

gery, or of the replacing of an eye-ball? Suppose blood poison should set in, on account of his unskillful act! Suppose the man should die! He blamed himself for not taking his wheel and hunting up a surgeon. But then he reflected, he did the best he knew how—and his motive was pure charity. He had never seen the man before, so he left him to God and went about his daily work.

Next day he read in the paper a greatly exaggerated account of the accident. He was lauded as a hero, and the gentleman in question was described as one of the well-known, highly respected citizens of the town. The latter was reported to be completely out of danger, and his eye saved. Not anxious for notoriety the Father took good care to keep the matter as quiet as possible. He remembered, however, that the man to whom the accident happened, was a noted bigot, a Puritan of the bluest type.

A prayer rose to his lips, however, that the Lord would have pity on that poor man's soul.

Time passed on, a year at least, and the accident was forgotten, when one day the priest in question was called to the parlor of the rectory. A card was handed to him, but the name meant nothing, as it was not among those of his acquaintances. An elderly, dignified gentleman who wore glasses arose to greet him. Taking a folded white handkerchief from his breast pocket, he displayed a name in the corner of it.

"Is that your name, Father?" said the visitor.

"The priest looked at the handkerchief in astonishment. It was his name without doubt.

"Yes Sir," was the reply, "but how did you come into possession of my handkerchief?"

"Do you remember a bicycle accident about a year ago in which you figured, together with a smashed-up party and his bicycle? You put a man's eye back into its socket as deftly as if you had studied surgery all your life!"

"Why," laughed the priest, "now that you mention it, I remember all about it. Are you the sufferer?"

"I was the sufferer," said the man, "and were it not for you I would be blind to-day. You did the job so quickly and so well that there are left behind no ill effects worth mentioning. When I showed my eye to a specialist he was amazed at the completeness of the job, and when I told him I lost track of you, he said I owed you my sight, and perhaps my life. But I had the handkerchief you tied around my head, and your name was there in full. I wasn't long in finding you out and I found your house pretty soon, too. I have been visiting your church, attracted by my desire to see you, and have been listening to your sermons, and to those of the other Fathers here. My mind was enlightened, and my heart touched. I went to one of your priests, and having been instructed, I have lately been received into the Church. I repressed my desire to talk to you, wishing to wait until I could tell you that you had given sight, not only to my eyes, but to my soul. I am a Catholic now, and to you I owe the light of my eyes, and the light of faith. Moreover, my family—wife and children—are all under instruction, and will follow me into the Catholic Church. Your act of charity, and this white handkerchief which revealed your identity, were the means God gave me to see the faith, and I have come this morning to tell you the whole beautiful story, and to thank you."

Need it be said that the priest blessed God, who had made him an instrument in so remarkable a conversion? How little we know of the influence we exercise by our simplest words and works of charity upon those we meet!—The Missionary.

AN EUCHARISTIC CONVERSION

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION

Fittingly, it would seem, is this story of a conversion to our holy faith written in the little town of Golden Gate, just opposite the entrance to the great harbor of San Francisco, for it was here that the subject of this sketch lived when he entered the Church. And fittingly, too, is it written, as the sequel will show, within the octave of Corpus Christi.

Far away, in the distant Hawaiian Islands, took place what I may rightly call the first step towards the realization of that for which I constantly prayed—the conversion of my husband. From the beginning that conversion would seem to have been intimately connected with the Holy Eucharist. An act of generosity and justice towards the priest began the drama. It is unnecessary to enter into details, but suffice it to say, that this priest, absolutely through no fault of his own, found himself involved in serious difficulties of a political nature. Being a foreigner and without friends, he was in serious danger when Mr.—, inspired by a sense of justice and fairness, went to his aid and extricated him from the difficulties.

"For this day's work," I said to Mr.—, "you will be protected while you live; no one will be allowed to harm you."

A few years later Mr.— had occasion to befriend another priest, the famous and saintly Father Damien. It was expedient at that time that Father Damien should come from Molokai to Honolulu for important reasons. But it would seem that the authorities, both ecclesiastical and civil, did not consider that there was



any place where he could stay. There was no room for him at either the Mission, or the Receiving Station. When I heard this I was reminded of that other time when "there was no room for them at the inn." At the suggestion of Mr. —, I offered to see that Father Damien, if he came, should be taken care of. I said to a priest: "Father, we have a large place here. Mr. — will put up a cottage for Father Damien, and I will care for his food. He can say Mass in the little chapel at Kallih."

It was only a week later that I received a message by telephone: "Tell Mr. — to come to the Receiving Station to see Father Damien, as he is here; and you come also." We went immediately. When we entered the courtyard this holy man was standing in converse with the Bishop and the Premier of the Kingdom. The latter was also president of the Board of Health, and was the one who had been trying to prevent Father Damien from coming to Honolulu. When Father Damien heard that Mr. — was present, he turned his back on those to whom he was talking, and ran towards him with both hands outstretched. He said to me: "I could not go to the Mission; there was no room for me here, so I was going to the little chapel at Kallih." He had taken French leave, boarded a steamer, and, in spite of opposition had come. Once in Honolulu all his demands were granted, and he returned to Molokai, very happy. Just here a pen picture of him may not be out of place. He was very handsome, of medium height, good complexion. He had a long, brown beard, glowing brown eyes, that sparkled with love and zeal for his poor people. Altogether he was full of animation and very quick in his actions.

At the time of this occurrence, in speaking of the premier, I said to Mr. —: "You shall see that it will be only a matter of time until this man is deposed, because of the way in which he tried to circumvent Father Damien." I thought this might happen in a few years, but in a few months he walked through the streets, a manacled prisoner, arrested on grave charges.

The conversion of Mr. — was the one object of my life. Heaven was stormed by prayer to effect this. One day I received a letter from home telling me that the Paulist Fathers were to be located in San Francisco, at Old St. Mary's. A prayer went up from my heart that we might return to California. If I could only get him there to hear some of the mission sermons surely he would be brought to say, *Credo*. This prayer must have been recorded, as it was subsequently granted.

During two years Mr. — read and studied much, and his studies, though I knew it not at the time, were bringing him gradually nearer to the Church. In the midst of his studies he said to me one day: "There is something going to happen on the 15th of April in 1898; I don't know what it is, but there will be something." This was in 1895. Often would I say to myself: "What can it mean, will anything really happen?"

We returned to California in 1896, and located in Golden Gate. While there, in February, 1898, I was shown a picture of a Paulist missionary in a newspaper. He was to give a mission for non-Catholics in Old St. Mary's, San Francisco. Here was the opportunity so long prayed for, come at last! But the elements were in opposition; the wind storms were so severe that it was, for a time, impossible to cross the Bay. The days of the mission were passing by, but on Friday (this was always our lucky day) we went to the city. In the evening we were walking along Kearney street near California, when I was asked, "Where are you going?" I replied, "To Old St. Mary's." "You know I don't want to go to those places," he said; to which I replied very firmly, "But you are going there to-night. I am not going to be disappointed." As this was not my usual way of answering him, he was surprised into acquiescence. We attended the lecture. The subject was the Blessed Eucharist. Mr. — was amazed; never had he heard anything approaching it. He remarked that that struck him most forcibly was that the missionary spoke with such an air of authority.

On Sunday we again attended. The pew-holders who gave up their seats to the non-Catholic guests during the evenings, occupied them at High Mass. I requested the usher to give Mr. — a good seat, as he could not hear if too far back. A chair was placed for him in front of all the pews. A notable lady, a well known figure in Old St. Mary's, went up to her pew. She beckoned to the usher, spoke to him, and then he went up to Mr. — and brought him to her pew. This saintly woman had the success of the non-Catholic Mission very much at heart, and by her efforts she helped many towards the Church. Discovering that I had left my rosary with Mr. —, I went up to get it, and I, too, was invited into the pew. We were treated to another striking sermon. The lady whispered to me, "Take your husband in to call on the Missionary." I did so after Mass. As we stood at the bottom of the steps leading to the front door, the door was opened, and we could see the Missionary standing far back in the hall literally surrounded by people. When we reached the door he left those around him, and with arms outstretched took hold of Mr. —'s hands and drew him over the thresh-

hold into the hall. The Missionary, his face radiant, held Mr. —'s hands until one by one the others left, and only our party remained. He then invited Mr. — most cordially to attend the class of inquiry that was to be formed the following night.

After we left, Mr. — expressed his amazement at the manner of his reception by the priest. All day he was absorbed in thought. "I cannot understand why that priest should have treated me as he did." This he would say over and over again. I was afraid to speak, I was so anxious. When we returned to our home he was still mystified, and I said to him then, "It was Almighty God: it was His will." The next night when he returned from the class he had a number of books with him, which he began studying with a will. The Missionary went away for a time, but another priest continued the class of inquiry. Later the Missionary returned to give a Tridium in Holy Week. Again, the sermons were beautiful, and the one on "The Agony In the Garden," was so overwhelming that it determined Mr. — to act. I asked him on Saturday morning what he was going to do. He answered, "I am going with you, Molly." At last, thank God! And, on the 15 of April, 1898, the date upon which he predicted three years previously that something would happen, he was baptized a Catholic. He told me that from the exhaustive study he had made of the Bible, he knew that there must be a Church in the world where the Body and Blood of Christ was given in Holy Communion. From his knowledge of the Episcopal church, in which he was reared, he had come to the conclusion that this church was not the one, and at first he had not thought that the Catholic Church could be the one. No doubt, therefore, it was providential that the first Catholic sermon he heard was on the subject of the "Blessed Eucharist."

We left Golden Gate, to make our home in San Francisco. Every month regularly he approached the Sacraments. It was never necessary to remind him of the day. He belonged to the League of the Sacred Heart, and the Communion of Reparation took place on the first Sunday of the month.

There came a Communion Sunday, however, when he did not receive. Not knowing that there was anything in the matter, I told him that he could receive on the following Sunday. This was the second Sunday in November. He went to confession. We attended the 8 o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Church. The children of the parochial schools were assembled in the galleries. When Communion time arrived I whispered to him to go up to the altar before the children should come down. With a very resolute expression around his mouth he shook his head, "No!" I knew what this meant; there was no appeal. I felt he would not receive that morning; and in my anxiety, I wondered what was the cause. But the next instant he arose, and went up to the Communion railing. At this I was more mystified than ever. When he returned, his eyes were full of tears. I was so bewildered. What did it all mean?

When we returned to our home he ate his breakfast in silence; not a word of explanation did he offer. It was my rule not to ask questions. When he was ready to speak he would do so. All day he kept aloof from everyone. We had an engagement to visit relatives that day, and while at their house he made an excuse and went out for a walk. This disinclination to talk continued until we reached our home at night. When we entered the house, and I was removing my wraps, he said, "Now sit down, I have something to tell you. I have had grave doubts in my mind about the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. I did not tell you, I did not want to disturb you. You know I did not receive last Sunday. When you asked me to go up this morning I said that I would not. I thought that I never would receive again. But when I looked up at the altar I saw our Lord standing on the steps, with His arms outstretched towards me. Immediately I arose and went up to the Communion railing. He stood looking at me until I knelt down. I looked up again, but He was gone."

I was bewildered at what I had heard. I said, "But there were three priests giving Holy Communion; have you not mistaken the celebrant for what you saw?" "No," he replied, "they were down at the railing, while He stood on the altar steps. His countenance was very beautiful. He was clothed in white with a stole about His neck that seemed to have stars on the end of it. Never, never can I doubt again after what He did for me."

Mr. — lived a most devout and edifying Catholic life for ten years. His death was a happy one. His face was fairly illuminated with an expression of joyous expectancy upon it. A priest whom he dearly loved prepared him for death. The last night he was able to talk he insisted that I should go to the piano and play and sing for him. I pretended not to hear the request, as the task seemed impossible. The nurse came and said, "You will have to do it, as nothing else will quiet him." Wearily, and with a heart full of grief, I went to the piano and opened wide the door so that the sound might reach that bed of death. I played "Nearer, My God, To Thee" and the "Adeste Fideles." The strains of this latter beautiful hymn had but just died away in our churches. The

next morning he recited the rosary for the last time. During all his life even while a non-Catholic, he was devoted to the rosary. Late that afternoon as he was sinking into unconsciousness, I heard him whispering something. I tried to hear what it was, and this is what I heard: "Lord I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, only say the word and my soul shall be healed." He was wrapped up, heart and soul, in the thought of the Blessed Eucharist. The next morning he passed into Eternity. "Jesus into Thy Hands I commend this soul for which I have prayed for many years," was the prayer that went up from my heart.

I have kept this secret in my breast for years. It seemed too sacred to talk to a priest about it. During the octave of Pentecost at the mission given in St. Columba's Church, Oakland, I prayed earnestly to the Holy Ghost that God's will might be done in the matter. I had a talk with one of the missionaries. I told him that he would scarcely believe what I had to relate. To my surprise and delight he put the stamp of approval upon it; and in doing this, I think he did God's holy will. This has been written at his request.—The Missionary.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN  
"My mother," wrote Saint Augustine in his "Confessions," "spared nothing to share with me, even as a little child, her faith in God and in Jesus Christ. Holy woman that she was, while speaking to me of the justice of God, she shuddered, and her intense earnestness penetrated my very flesh. Never afterwards, even amid the disorders of my life, and while doing my utmost to imitate wicked men, could I forget her lessons."

The example of St. Monica is held up to all Christian mothers, as one to be followed in the early education of their children. In a true Catholic home, the training of character should begin long before the dawn of reason, for noble impulses may find their place in a little child's heart. Concrete notions of the love of God, of authority, generosity, kindness, and other virtues, should be insisted on. These notions will become later more and more defined, and will produce their effect in a child's conduct long before the moment of full personal responsibility arrives.

Unhappily there are many mothers who have not yet fully understood this obligation. A false sentimentalism keeps them from doing their duty until habits are formed in little children that are not easily rooted out. How many mothers there are who allow their affection to get the better of their reason! The graciousness and amiability of a child plead exemption from authority and its sanctions, and rather than hurt the feelings of this tender plant, its foibles and inclinations are passed over unchecked. Caresses and marks of affection should not exclude the careful moral and ethical training of a child. It is not by yielding to the caprices of a child, or gloating over its physical grace and beauty, thereby exciting its vanity, or holding it up to admiration, or turning it into a family idol, that its character is formed. If children are "mothers' angels" they do not cease to be children of Adam, and mothers should not blind themselves to the possibilities of evil that lie latent in those little souls which, like flowers in the springtime, are slowly blossoming.

Even though they are still too young to distinguish between good and evil, every sign of evil inclination noticed in them should be quickly crushed. Every occasion should be seized to teach them the beauty of virtue and hatred of sin. Parents are too prone to put off to other times the duties of the present. How often do we hear them exclaim: "Oh, there is yet time; we shall attend to this at other moments," etc. Usually those other moments never come, for while the body is growing the soul is slowly developing. A child is a sapling which, if not straightened when tender and pliable, will grow stronger every year until the time comes when it will resist pressure. If an inclination to anger, or gluttony, or avarice, or selfishness, or other vice, is detected, even in the earliest years, it should be promptly nipped in the bud. Not by yielding to whims and fancies, or condoning faults, will parents correct their wilful children. Unbending sternness, mingled with kindness, will awe them into submission; parental authority, prudently exercised, will overcome the nature of those little rebels. Children must be taught that they are not the masters, or the mistresses of their home. They quickly learn the lesson, and the earlier it is presented to them, the deeper it will sink, the longer will it last.

Naturally, on their part, parents should avoid everything that could wound the delicacy of those budding souls. The eyes of children are always open; their minds are keen; their memories retentive; their very innocence makes their curiosity all the more acute; they want to see and hear; they usually understand and guess at more than their elders think. For this reason, parents cannot be too careful about the companions their little ones associate

with, the servants in whom they trust, the objects that meet their eyes and ears. Impressions enter quickly through the windows of those little souls, strike their imaginations and remain there indelibly fixed.

Religious instruction adapted to their years, and lessons founded on religious truths, will help children to form a standard of right and wrong. Those who have had experience know how interested they always are in incidents drawn from the life of Our Lord and the lives of His saints. The sight of a holy picture will furnish a mother the occasion to explain the scene depicted and to draw conclusions adapted to child-life. The approach of religious feasts and the mysteries they recall, are also sources of instruction. For instance, if a child is dissatisfied and complains of wanting something, how easy it is to tell it that the Infant Jesus, in the stable of Bethlehem, was also in want and yet did not complain. The example of the sufferings of Our Lord will also work on the sympathetic nature of a child and leave an impression which will never fade away. The thousand and one circumstances of daily life in a Catholic home will give occasion to a mother to impress some good thought or some useful lesson. And thus the early years of a child's life, those years of minor joys and sorrows, of tears and laughter, will pass delightfully in the display of delicate feelings and noble impulses.

Other duties await the parent when the age of reason comes, and when new horizons begin to loom up. The will has already received its orientation, but being still weak, other motives besides appeals to the feelings or to noble impulses must be presented to strengthen it. The time has arrived when children can put their concepts together to form a judgment. A yearning for knowledge and to know the reason for things, has seized them. They are no longer satisfied with mere appeals to their feelings, or other sentimental reasons for their judgment; they are asserting their loftier way. This is the time to show them that their love of virtue and the hatred of sin, that their whole conduct in life, must be based on the laws of God and His Church.

And yet parents need not go too far in their dogmatizing. While reason has its privileges that should not be subordinated to mere displays of natural feelings, the heart of a child who has reached the age of reason should none the less continue to be excited to action by generous sentiments and ideals proportioned to its age and capacity. The lessons of duty, based on the laws of God, expounded in the penny catechism, do not necessarily exclude the promise of a motherly caress or other evidences of love and sympathy.

In this work, however, as in all else there is much that is relative. Even amid caresses, it may be sometimes necessary to show signs of sternness. A mother's threatening look, or the raising of her finger, will often put a stop to childish caprice, and will remind the little one that, though kindness is predominant, there is authority behind it ready to act. Later, the child will learn more about the nature of authority; let it merely feel its gentle pressure for the present. In the case of children, as with its elders, fear, no matter how tenuous, is the beginning of wisdom.

The benefits of this early home training will soon be evident; the love, respect and obedience which it infuses will be lasting. In after years, in school, convent or college, in relations with society, study and reflection will add their lights and appreciable benefits, but it should be the proud boast of every human heart that its first formation was received in the home.

Let us ask the Sacred Heart during the present month to inspire parents with true wisdom in the noble work they are engaged in. The results will turn inevitably to the greater happiness of human society and the welfare of the Catholic Church.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

CATHOLIC CHARITY

Genuine Catholic charity, says Right Reverend Monsignor Thos. J. Shahan, always sees Jesus Christ in our neighbors, and from the earliest days of our religion, the popular Christian conscience has consecrated this truth in many a lovely legend that exhibits Christ himself as the recipient of benefits conferred on the beggar, the leper, or some other distressed member of His mystic body. This is also why Catholic charity sprang into being at the foot of the cross itself, the first divine plant to spring up from the Blood of the Redeemer, and why it goes always with religion as its other self, its full and perfect flower, its radiant effusion of intimate love, consuming and spreading like a fire, and re-kindling itself always in the hearts that admit it for what it is.

It is this divine, this original, purely religious character of Catholic charity that lends it the vigor, the universality, the sweetness, the infinite variety, the intimate gentleness and tenderness that characterizes it. This charity, while it is based on the divinity of Christ Jesus, is also Christ Jesus indwelling and working in all the vast framework of Catholicism, its driving force, its irresistible uplift, its salt and light, its sweet odor, its invincible proof, its solid guarantee, at once its author, life and consummation. Even as the clean oblation of His Body and Blood is offered up the world over and through all time, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof,

so does that other clean oblation of charitable works go on forever from countless millions of pure and loving hearts, itself, in His own words, a holy and immaculate work of religion.

The life of charity is, indeed, the highest approach to Him. Indeed, were it not for Catholic faith in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, that hard-won universal brotherhood would soon disappear, for it arose only through Him and has no other efficient cause than a strong faith in Him as the divine all-compassionate Head of the human race. Could that persuasion disappear, we should soon relapse into the moral ignorance and spiritual helplessness that preceded the Redemption.

A FIGHTING BISHOP

The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Right Reverend Robert Brindle, Bishop of Nottingham England, was celebrated recently with great eclat. A more remarkable prelate, it would be hard to find in the world.

The Bishop is a born fighter; and is probably the only prelate living who has been in command of a gunboat and taken it into action. Incidentally, he possesses as many military decorations as do many generals, including the Distinguished Service Order, which is second only to the Victoria Cross in the estimation of military men.

These martial experiences came to the Bishop in the early eighties and nineties, or when England was fighting her foes in Egypt and the Sudan. Born in 1837, he was ordained at the English College at Lisbon in 1862, and after mission work in Plymouth, became a chaplain in the army in 1874. In 1882 he was drafted to Egypt, being the first chaplain to arrive at the front, and he served throughout the whole of the Egyptian campaign. He was present at the battles outside Suakim in 1884, and took part in the Nile expedition; captaining one of the boats of the Royal Irish regiment, which won the prize given by Lord Wolsley to the first boat to complete the river journey.

At the end of the campaign, Father Brindle, as he then was, was ordered to Aldershot, the military headquarters near London, and spent ten years there, but he was back in Egypt again in 1896. It was in the Dongola expedition of that year that

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New Camera Takes Finished Pictures in Two Minutes

Mr. Edmond F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer.

This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Corporation, of New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell models H at \$5.00 and Model B at \$7.00. The regular price of Model H, which takes pictures 3x1 1/2 inches, is \$8.00 and the regular price of Model B, which takes pictures 3x5 inches, is \$10.00. Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model H is 5 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches in size and weighs 3 pounds 7 ounces. Model B is 6 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, and weighs 4 pounds.

The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards for Model H can be bought for 2 cents each (cards for Model B, 3 cents each) and 10 cents worth of developer will develop over 40 pictures. The Gordon Corporation sells flash light lamps for \$1.00 which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out of doors.

The operation of this new camera, is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. There is no customs duty to be paid as the Gordon Corporation will ship to you from their Canadian branch which is near Toronto. All orders and letters, however, must be sent to their office, which is at 692A Stuyvesant Building, New York, N. Y. When ordering a camera under this special offer be sure to mention that you are a reader of the London Weekly CATHOLIC RECORD.

he took a gunboat into action, being the only priest who ever has commanded such a ship in the British service. He served under Lord Kitchener in the Khartoum expedition in 1898 and got the D. S. O. for his conduct in the field at Atbara and Khartoum. No other chaplain ever had gained it.

He left the army in 1899, and became Cardinal Vaughan's assistant bishop of Westminster. Three years later he was translated to the See of Nottingham, where he has remained since. It was he who received the present Queen of Spain into the Catholic Church previous to her marriage, and for this he was decorated with the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic. The medals and decorations which the Bishop is entitled to wear for service in the field include beside the "D. S. O.," the British medals for the Sudan and Egyptian campaigns, the Egyptian war medals for Egypt and Sudan, the Egyptian bronze star, the Turkish Fourth Class of the Osmanieh, and Third Class of the Mejlid.

LET US MAKE THIS DISTINCTION  
"To believe," says the Ave Maria, "that sacramentals possess greater efficacy than the Church ascribes to them—to believe, for instance, that our wearing the scapular or medal will infallibly protect us from death by drowning or other accidental cause—is no doubt superstitious; but to hope that, in virtue of the specific blessing of God invoked on these objects we may be preserved from such a fate is an instance of normal piety to be commended rather than condemned."

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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Advertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc. costs each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order. Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION Apostolic Delegation Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have read with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DOMATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate OTTAWA, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your admirable paper the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1918

THE CATHOLIC RECORD AND THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE

I

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THE MATTER

An old and very intelligent friend, writing from the prairies of Saskatchewan, sends us some words of appreciation and encouragement, but at the same time gives forceful and pointed expression to a complaint we have sometimes heard from other sources. He encloses a clipping of an advertisement which offers an eighteen page Western Weekly and "that enormous Family Herald and Weekly Star, with a premium (which alone would bring \$2 in any store) all for \$1.25 a year."

The weekly papers in question are merely reprints of the daily editions. Dailies are necessarily limited in their circulation. A daily paper must reach its readers the same day that it is published. Practically its circulation is limited to its own city and immediate vicinity. Toronto dailies are not read in Ottawa. Montreal cannot supply the demand for newspapers in Ottawa or Kingston or Toronto or London any more than it can supply Winnipeg.

Publishing a Catholic newspaper is a business proposition. It must be conducted on business principles. The writer of these lines remembers the Montreal True Witness when it was a live Catholic paper wielding a widespread Catholic influence. The True Witness is dead. It was replaced by the Tribune, which after a few years also died, or at least suspended publication.

Advertising, of course, is a consideration with a Catholic paper. Its value is determined by the circulation of the paper and the class of its subscribers. The circulation of the CATHOLIC RECORD was less than 10,000 in 1900; in 1906 it was 18,600; at the end of 1912 it was 27,400; at the close of this year we hope it will have reached 30,000.

Then there is advertising and advertising. Most of the papers in this country are affiliated with one or the other political party. With the ups and downs, the ins and outs, of political parties their revenues fluctuate. But if not a constant source of revenue, political support is generous.

Another sort of advertising the RECORD is obliged consistently to reject. Thousands of dollars a year from people who thrust their advertisements on us are refused because of the nature of the things they seek to advertise in our columns.

There are patent medicine advertisements that are a thousand times worse than liquor advertisements. The point, however, is that papers which depend primarily and chiefly on advertising instead of on sub-

scriptions cannot be too squeamish as to the advertising they admit into their columns.

Our correspondent mentions the high cost of living. Does it not occur to him that this weighs on the publisher quite as much as on the subscriber? John McBain, in the London Daily Mail, has an interesting and instructive article on the cost of newspapers in England as compared with America.

"The American publisher has met the difficulty in several ways. In many localities the newspapers are combining to increase their price from a halfpenny to a penny. This was done at Bridgeport, Conn., one of the leading industrial cities of the United States, where the inhabitants on going to purchase their halfpenny morning newspaper were surprised to find that its price had suddenly doubled.

The CATHOLIC RECORD will reduce its price to one dollar just as soon as this can prudently be done. But in the meantime we must be guided by the business principles that apply to the publication of a Catholic weekly quite as urgently as to any other venture in the business world.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

A good deal of utter nonsense passed for profoundly intelligent criticism of the Entrance Examination. In Ottawa the teacher's recommendation replaces to a very large extent the written test. The Journal apparently feels obliged to defend the change and proceeds to do so in this way:

"The written test is a 'catch' test. The pupil who has idled for weeks may 'plug' at the last moment and pass it. Anyone who has often and successfully this is done, and how it leads to much unfortunate use of stimulants, while the successful students soon forget what they have hurriedly stored in their minds."

"No written examination can comprehensively cover the whole subject. At best, the test is on what the examination sets forth. If the promotion of pupils depends upon the recommendation of their teachers, there should be better order observed in the class rooms and better done for the pupil will be on trial every day."

What "catch" is there in these questions? What will be the cost (to the nearest cent) of 18 2 1/2 inch planks 16 feet long and 10 inches wide, and 33 pieces of 2x4 scantling 16 feet long, at \$22 per M., board measure?

Write a composition of at least thirty lines on "A Canadian Christmas" or any one of a list of six subjects.

Write a letter to Edmonton describing a home gathering.

Describe Manitoba under the following headings: (a) the soil, (b) the climate, (c) the products. Go through every question on every paper and then ask yourself what people mean by referring to this common-place test of ordinary work as a nerve-racking annual ordeal.

Mr. Balfour is quoted as opposed to written examinations. Mr. Balfour expressly recognized their necessity, but deprecated the tendency to regard the passing of examinations as the sole test of a teacher's efficiency. The greatest and most valuable influence of a good teacher is not measured by the written test of the pupil's ordinary school work.

Abolish the written test for Entrance to High Schools and we shall have a "checker-board" standard in good earnest. Every school in the Province takes or should take this examination, though, as we have already pointed out, it should be a primary school leaving examination.

The Globe, referring editorially for the second time to the question, has this to say that may be of more than ordinary interest to readers of the RECORD:

"At a recent High school entrance examination in Toronto the candidates from the Roman Catholic Separate schools secured a considerably higher percentage of marks than the candidates from the Public schools obtained. This is not the first time such an incident has occurred, but it has not happened so frequently as to become anything like a general rule. Toronto is not the only city in which this has taken place this year, however, and it may not be amiss for the public inspectors, principals and fourth-class teachers of Toronto to look carefully into the educational situation to ascertain whether they are working at any removable disadvantage. It must be borne in mind that the entrance examination is fixed at the close of the fourth year of the Public school course, and that failure to pass it debar a pupil from the privilege of attending a High school in Toronto or anywhere else in Ontario for the following year."

The fourth form is not the fourth year. Very frequently the entrance examination comes at the close of the eighth year, when the pupils are 14 or 15 years old! Sometimes the delicate little infants are 16 before submitting to the awful ordeal of an examination that others take at 10, 11, or 12 without shock to their nervous system or injury to their health.

SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK

In making comparison of the splendid showing made by Separate schools, as compared with Public schools, it is not our desire to cast any odium on the latter. We wish them every success, and the more efficient they become the better we will like it. There is one point, however, to which we wish to draw attention. Our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, with few exceptions, for long years have been ringing the changes upon the refrain that a satisfactory education of the rising generation could not be attained were the attempt made to combine religious and secular training.

Why do teachers in Quebec province get only \$133 per year whilst teachers doing the same work in Ontario get \$488? Why does Rev. Mr. Orman and his fellow Orangemen persist in meddling with other people's business? We believe Mr. Orman's figures are not correct; but even if they were it is a local matter which pertains only to the people

of Quebec. Mr. Orman ought to know if he reads the papers that not long since there was an uprising against the Protestant Separate schools of Quebec because of their inefficiency. We know of no Catholic who on this account endeavored to cast a slur upon Protestantism. But we will ask him another question. How comes it that in the cities of Ontario where Catholic religious teachers get from \$200 to \$300 in the Separate schools and the teachers in the Public schools get from \$600 to \$1,000, the Separate schools are far more efficient than the Public schools.

"The Separate school scholars of Toronto are said to have made a better showing at the entrance examinations than those of the Public schools. This calls for congratulations, and possible revision of sundry previous judgments."

Rev. Father Minehan, that public spirited and exemplary priest of Toronto, has written a letter to the Globe on this question which is of considerable interest. In making comparison of the two systems of education he has this to say:

"The Public school teachers of Toronto, for whom I have the highest regard and no little sympathy, are hampered for lack of that authority and driving power which a strong and definite religious teaching alone can supply. The Separate school pupil has obedience toward, and reverence for, his teachers drilled into him as a fundamental moral obligation, whilst for the teachers themselves their avocation is a vocation with opportunities and responsibilities of a never-ending character attached. The pupil who shirks his work is guilty of a serious moral dereliction."

ECHOES OF THE TWELFTH

The midsummer madness which takes possession of our Orange neighbors has now passed for another year. We are still, however, receiving exchanges by the dozen from all over the Dominion asking us to notice this or that utterance of some orator, principally a preacher of some of the sects who is over fond of notoriety. The Patriot, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., contained a long account of a demonstration in that place. The orator on this occasion was Rev. George Orman. The rev. gentleman is, it seems, Past Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge. He began by saying that the day was one of good fellowship and general rejoicing, and he hoped that nothing would be said to raise any feeling of "irritation."

Notwithstanding the fact that Orangemen in some places, notably in Belfast, have driven their Catholic fellow workmen from the shipyards, Rev. Mr. Orman still contends that the followers of William preach peace on earth and good will to all men. They were banded together, he furthermore assures us, for the purpose of securing the free and unfettered circulation of the word of God. We might here remark that we would like to see a more free circulation of the holy book and a closer study of it on the part of the Orangemen themselves.

Mr. Orman's question is that of a shallow rustic, betraying want of an ordinary strength of mind. We will answer it by quoting the observation of one of Mr. Orman's brother Orangemen to us while strolling about Parliament Hill in Ottawa. It was a beautiful summer evening and our Orange friend asked us indignantly, as he looked over toward Hull, how it was that the sun always set in the Province of Quebec.

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Perhaps the high cost of living would account for this. But, seriously, this is also a very silly question. How will Mr. Orman account for the fact that there are as many divorce cases in Toronto alone as in all other parts of the Dominion combined, and that there are comparatively none in the great Catholic city of Montreal.

Mr. Orman concluded his speech by asking why there were two hundred and fifty thousand people in Quebec who could not read or write and one hundred and fifty thousand who do not attend schools. As press agents are in the habit of saying, this report needs confirmation, as also some other statements which Mr. Orman advanced at the celebration. We hope he will take it kindly if we offer him a little advice: "Give up your Orangemen and preach Christian charity. You cannot combine the two. The man who is known as a firebrand in a community may on occasion receive the plaudits of an unthinking multitude, but he grades very low in the minds of the most worthy citizens."

ST. ANGELA'S COLLEGE LONDON

The opening of St. Angela's College, the announcement of which will be found in another column, will be hailed with pleasure by the Catholics of London. It will offer them a select Day School in which their daughters, while acquiring that thorough education in all the branches of the Ontario school curricula which will enable them to become practical women, will at the same time receive that excellent culture of heart and mind and the aids in the formation of character and exterior deportment which will fit them to fill honorably and usefully any vocation in life.

The college will be conducted by Ursuline religious of "The Pines," Chatham, a teaching community that is well known as one of the greatest bodies of educators in Ontario. Glancing over the history of the Ursuline Order, we find that it was founded in Brescia, in 1555, by St. Angela Merici, who sought, by the education of young girls, to check and counteract the evils of that epoch. With a prudence truly inspired she moulded her society into a perfect instrument for the needs of her time while leaving it free to adapt itself to the altered conditions which its world-wide distribution and time-long endurance would inevitably occasion. For St. Angela was building not for her own day alone, but for all time, according to the promise given her by God Himself that her order would continue to exist as long as the Church. She established its spirit of mutual charity and zeal for God through the education of youth; its form she left to the exigencies of time and circumstances. Thus it is that while the spirit of her constitution remains and ever will remain intact, the intervening centuries have revealed the wonderful facility of the Order for adapting itself to the ever-changing demands upon its resources occasioned by the advance of time and its own distribution over all the civilized countries of the globe.

It was in 1639 that Ven. Mother Mary of the Incarnation founded the first monastery in the New World, at Quebec. At present there are numerous communities in the United States and Canada, each carrying out the designs of St. Angela according as the times and locality require. The community at Chatham conduct an excellent academy, while its members have charge also of several Separate schools in the diocese. The

success of these schools conducted by the Ursulines in other places, leads us to predict for St. Angela's College of London a career of steady achievement in the great work of education.

ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN CONVERTED

Our Newfoundland correspondent states that recently Rev. Mr. Dall, Anglican clergyman at St. Anthony, in that province, severed his connection with that church. He has had interviews with the Catholic Church authorities in St. John's and gave assurance that his intention was to study for the Catholic priesthood. May he be given the grace to persevere and finally seek rest in the "City of Peace" like many more of his brother Anglican clergymen. St. Anthony is about three hundred miles north-east of St. John's, on the Newfoundland sea coast, and is the headquarters of the Grenfell mission, which is charged with being somewhat of a proselytizing agency.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

The population of Ireland is increasing. For the first time in many years the Registrar-General reports a gain of 1,102 in the year ending June 1912.

In any normal country such an increase, so far from being regarded as a matter for congratulation, would be calculated to cause uneasiness and depression. A gain of only 1,000 within a year would be looked upon as no gain at all. But Ireland is not a normal country—and has not been so for more than half a century. With a high birth rate and a very low death rate, the country has steadily declined in population ever since the famine of "Black 47." The natural increase was not able to compensate for the loss by emigration, and year after year the Registrar-General's Report recorded the same dreary fact of a declining population, until it began to be considered as inevitable. In the words of the London Times, "the Celts were going with a vengeance." Ireland was bleeding to death at every pore, and the great English newspaper chuckled at the thought that the day was fast approaching when an Irishman would be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as a red Indian on the shores of Manhattan. In fifty years the population decreased by half dropping from more than eight millions to a little better than four. Now, at last the tide has turned. The decrease has been arrested, and although the gain is small numerically, it is big with significance. Considered in conjunction with the near approach of Home Rule, it is surely an augury of the future, and we may now look forward with confidence to the day when such an increase will excite no astonishment, and when, instead of a population of four millions, the Green Isle will number within its shore, twice, and it may be three times, that number. Everything comes in, God's good time, and the Irish people, having fulfilled their mission as apostles of the English-speaking world, will now proceed to build anew the vanished greatness of their motherland.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ACCORDING to Associated Press despatches, the English Methodists will not press the heresy charges preferred against Rev. Dr. Jackson, whose rationalist teachings in Victoria College, Toronto, have received much publicity through Canadian papers within the past two years. It would take a wise man to distinguish heresy from ordinary Methodist theology these days. And if appearances count for anything, Dr. Jackson certainly had popular ministerial opinion with him.

IN CHRONICLING the death of a reverend educator of some celebrity in Methodist circles, the Christian Guardian remarked that his life had been largely devoted to warning Protestant parents against sending their daughters to Catholic schools and convents. Of course it was not necessary to inform its readers at the same time that in residential schools which the deceased gentleman had himself conducted, the payment of covenanted salaries was a minor consideration. Perhaps he wished to give to economy a new and practical demonstration.

THE MAIL AND EMPIRE had an article last week on "Sing Sing Prison: a House of Horrors," in which the deplorable conditions



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found to exist there by a grand jury working under Governor Sulzer's State Prison Commission, were described as "barbarous and incredible." "As sure as I am alive," said James W. Osborne, foreman of the jury, and one of the best known New York lawyers, "if the people of New York knew what has been going on up there, they would go and tear the prison down." In face of the revelations described it is some consolation to know that the prison is doomed, and that the new one in course of erection at Comstock, N. Y., is approaching completion. But even this will be too small to accommodate the convicts of the State, and consequently Sing Sing, with all its horrors, must continue to house a portion of them. It remains to be seen how long the people of New York will still tolerate what their own grand jury has condemned as "the worst prison in the world."

THE EXISTING conditions at Sing Sing, as described by Mr. Osborne, may well be called "incredible." The prison was built more than eighty years ago, when the population of the State, outside of New York City, was small and widely scattered. What may well have served the requirements of that time must necessarily fall far short of those of the great commonwealth of to-day. Yet, with all its great wealth and boasted progressiveness, New York, while becoming the backwardness of nations abroad, has been content to shut its eyes to the festering sore within its own bosom. The sanitary appliances of eighty years ago are still in use, and the furniture of the prison then remains the furniture to-day. This, however, is the mildest indictment in the jury's finding. We may be pardoned a glance at the others.

FOR MANY years past, says the report, there have been more convicts than cells, and the result is that at present practically every cell contains two convicts, some of them three. Let the Mail's contributor summarize the result for us:

"When there are three in the cell the face of the man sleeping in the upper bunk is just six inches from the ceiling. That the herding of men together in this way should be responsible for the spread of disease, both moral and physical, was to have been expected, and the investigations have revealed a state of affairs that cannot be printed by a newspaper. Into the cells little light enters. The bottom cells have never had a ray of sunlight since the day they were built. In damp weather water drips from the walls. The cells are infected with vermin. Even the hospital was found to possess other than human inmates. The prison laundry was shown to have been an agency in the spread of disease. Men entered Sing Sing in excellent health. Hundreds left it suffering from diseases that eventually claimed their lives."

Each cell, it may be added, is 7 feet long, 3 1/2 feet wide, and 7 feet high. In these cramped quarters it is the practice even now to shut the men on Sundays and holidays, which, to hundreds of them means spending the day in utter darkness. Cases have been reported of men leaving their cells on Monday morning and walking into a wall, so unaccustomed were their eyes to the light.

OUR PURPOSE in referring to the matter is simply this. We are so accustomed to homilies in papers of the Mail and Empire type on the backward condition of the Latin countries, and of their barbarities in regard to just such matters as prisons and the treatment of criminals. We are on such occasions pharisaically reminded of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon in this as in every other respect. Our older readers may recall the wave of indignation which swept over Europe and America when Gladstone denounced the horrors of the prisons of Naples fifty years ago, just as the world has stood aghast in our day over the Putnam affair. These revelations were perhaps not overdone, nor Gladstone's arraignment too severe. But we doubt if in the worst Neapolitan prison of that age of transition and as described by apostles of the Revolution, conditions were any worse than in the Sing Sing of to-day, according to the authentic revelations of State commissioners. The world has advanced, materially at least, a great way in fifty years, but that in what is known as the Empire State of one of the richest countries in its most famous prison which stagger the imagination and shock the moral sense, should surely give occasion for the exercise of a little modesty in regard to themselves as contrasted with

other and older nations. It is time to set their own house in order.

ATTENTION HAS recently been drawn to the old Scots College in Paris, and to the part it bore in the education of priests under the Penal Laws. A project is on foot to acquire the old building from its present holders and restore it to its former uses. Unlike the colleges at Rome, Valladolid and Ratisbon, the Paris institution was long ago secularized, and while its endowments remain, and the revenue provides for the ecclesiastical education of a number of students elsewhere, it is a matter of regret that a structure of such venerable and hallowed memories should remain alienated from its intended uses. A few incidents in its history may prove acceptable to our numerous Scots readers.

ALTHOUGH THE college, in embryo, dates back to the year 1325, when David, Bishop of Moray, purchased the farm of Grisy en Brie, situated in Champagne, about twelve leagues from Paris, and devoted its revenues to the maintenance of four burses in the University of Paris, Archbishop Betoun of Glasgow is generally regarded as its real founder. The Archbishop was in exile in Paris in 1573, the year in which died the last Catholic Bishop of Moray. The care of the foundation then devolved upon him, and when in 1586 the emoluments of his See were restored to him, and with them the dignity of Scottish Ambassador, he (1602) made a second foundation in the purchase of a house in the Rue des Amandiers, close to the Rue des Ecoisais, where the Scots students were in the habit of lodging. At his death a year later all his possessions were left as provision for the Administration of this and the earlier foundation. Thus came into existence the Scots College of Paris.

In 1640 the French Parliament incorporated the funds of these foundations for Scots scholars making profession of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion, and in attendance at the Rue des Amandiers College, and in 1688 confirmation of all former benefactions was granted by Louis XIV. The new Letters Patent defined the objects of the institution to be the education of ecclesiastical missionaries for Scotland and the instruction of the youth of that country in knowledge and virtue.

THE THIRD PERIOD of the College dates from the erection in 1662 of the building which still stands in the Rue des Fosses St. Victor. Father Barclay was Principal at that time. The structure is described as a substantial one of five stories, with the words "College des Ecoisais" cut in the keystone of the arch over the main door. The balustrade, panels, and other furnishings bear designs with St. Andrew's cross as the distinguishing feature. Looking down the Rue Clovis, the college fills the vista not unattractively. The interior, to which we may refer again, with the still existing chapel, is reminiscent of its departed glories as the shrine of Scots Catholics in Paris and the rallying ground of the Jacobite exiles.

THE FOURTH and last period of the college as a distinct institution came to an end with the Revolution. Father Alexander Innes, whose memory is dear to Scots Catholics, was then in authority, and, remaining heroically at his post, did all he could to secure the property and the valuable MSS. under his care. He was, however, cast into prison and was saved from execution only by the death of Robespierre on the day fixed for the event. A considerable part of the property was lost altogether, but when in 1821, Bishop Patterson laid the matter before the authorities, all that portion of the two foundations at Paris and at Douay that had not been sold under the Revolutionary Government, was restored to the Bishops of Scotland. The building in Rue des Fosses St. Victor has, however, remained in other hands, and the college, therefore, as an institution does not now exist, but a number of students continue in Paris supported at other ecclesiastical seminaries by the funds of the Moray and Betoun Foundations. At present there are twenty in the colleges of St. Sulpice, Paris, Issy, Versailles and Bourges.

SUCH, briefly, is the history of the Scots College of Paris. The Franco-Scottish Society is interesting itself in the old building, and it is incumbent upon Scottish Catholics to fore-

stall any project it may have towards acquiring the property. "Historically, legally, and traditionally," says Father Gillon, its latest historian, "the Catholic origin and destination of these Scottish foundations in France cannot be contested, but it is expedient at a moment such as this that the Catholics of Scotland should realize that their proprietary interest is coveted by gentlemen whose forbears in Betoun's time repudiated the auld alliance with France, and by their savage Penal Laws forced Betoun to found the Scots College in Paris in the same spirit as Clement VIII. founded that of Rome in 1600, and Colonel Semple that of Madrid in 1633, to educate young Scotsmen to serve as Catholic missionaries in Scotland."

A TOUCHING SCENE

FOND FAREWELLS TO NUNS WHO HAVE SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES FOR LEPERS IN CHINA

The following affecting incident is related in the Montreal Star: Sobbing mothers and sisters, moistened fathers and brothers, gazed through their tear-dimmed eyes for the last time this morning up into the smiling faces of the three black-robed young Sisters who stood waving a last loving farewell from the observation platform of the Imperial Limited as it throbbed out of Windsor station to-day. "Farewell," in its deepest, most tragic sense is the one word that describes that touching scene in the railway station this morning, for these three smiling Sisters, bending over their weeping relatives, are the three Nuns who eagerly volunteered to bury their young lives for ever in the leper colony on Sheeklung Island in China, from which there is no return.

"My daughter, My God, my daughter!" With a wail of despair, an aged mother, who had borne the strain of parting to the very last moment, was led away, almost in a collapse. Happily in the excitement, the black-robed daughter did not notice her mother's condition and bent over to kiss the cheek of the Superior of her convent, for whom she was parting forever.

Then at the last moment a shrill voice shrieked in the sober crowd around the train, and strong arms lifted up the tiny form of the five-year-old sister of Miss Clara Hebert, who will work among the lepers under the name of Sister St. Francis. The young nun clasped the little girl in her arms for one last moment, pressed a last kiss against her cheek and let her down again in the crowd, while the little girl sobbed bitterly, though she did not realize the poignant tragedy of the moment.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, but although the train started to move, another woman in the crowd, rushed for the car steps, ascended them and kissed the three Sisters for the last time.

As long as the black-robed nuns could be seen standing on the rear platform as the train rapidly gathered speed, the crowd stood in the station gazing at the three who thought so little of leaving everything behind them forever. There were few dry eyes in that crowd. The sobs of heart-broken mothers and sisters pierced the air and many a stern woman attracted by the scene, to whom this was not a personal question, felt the tears gather in his eyes when he realized what it meant to see those three Sisters, far out from the station now, but still waving to the crowd on the platform.

"For the three heroic young women—Sister St. Raphael (Miss Clara Hebert), Sister St. Bernard (Miss Melvina Biron), and Sister Mary Bernadette (Miss Alma Leger)—it was not a tragic moment. No tears dimmed their eyes as they said farewell; they smiled cheerfully while consoling their weeping kindred, and for ought anyone could tell from their bright faces, they might have been just starting out on a pleasure trip instead of gazing at the last time upon their loved ones.

Before the train left when the three brothers of Sister St. Raphael (Miss Melvina Biron), ascended the car steps and kissed her on the cheek in turn. They were strong men, but they were also brothers, and it was no disgrace because their eyes were wet with tears.

There were two mothers in the crowd which watched the train disappear and for mother-love to stand by the trial of this departure, was the hardest task of all; both of them bore up till the last moment, and then broke down, and who could wonder? "When will they return?" asked a by-stander, looking up at the three nuns on the train platform. "They will never return," replied a priest near-by. "They are going to live in a leper colony for the rest of their lives." "For their lives," echoed the astonished by-stander. "I did not think there was that much courage and heroism left in this age." Leaving the little convent of the Immaculate Conception, Outremont, where they have spent months of training the three Sisters left early in the morning for the Church of St. Viateur, where Mass was celebrated in their honor. They sat in the front seat, where their sorrowing

relatives were grouped behind them, and in the rear of the church there sat a unique choir, consisting of the twelve other Sisters from the Convent of the Immaculate Conception. These Sisters had also volunteered to go to the leper colony, and it was not their fault that they were not chosen, and as their clear voices rose in the solemn music of the Mass, it could be understood easily how full were their hearts with the solemnity of the occasion. More than anything else connected with the service, these sweet female voices touched a tender note on the solemn occasion.

Behind the three Sisters sitting in the front row, a noise was heard and a young woman fell fainting to the floor. She had been a close friend of one of the departing nuns, but the three in front did not turn around as the young woman was being carried out of the church. Their thoughts were not fixed on the things of this world as they knelt in that solemn moment.

Rev. Father Charbonneau, parish priest of Outremont, addressed a few farewell words to the three Sisters at the close of the service. "Your example," he declared, "will shine all over the world. Such devotion as yours to the faith has never been surpassed—that three young virgins should tear asunder all human ties, and place themselves entirely in the service of the Saviour. You, in truth, are bearing the Light with you into the shadow of death. Yours is an example stronger than words. And yet you are happy in your sacrifice, you have been prepared for the call, and although everyone is astonished by your self-sacrifice and obedience, it is a glad occasion, and occasion for the happy singing of a Te Deum." "And when you reach that far-off land and start your life's work of tending to the suffering ones and bringing them to the knowledge of the Saviour, think and pray for those whom you have left behind. Let your thoughts often be with us, as ours will be with you throughout the long years to come."

That note of finality, of sweet resignation was characteristic of the whole farewell scene. "It was unusual or in any way uncommon for three young women in the twentieth century to sacrifice their lives, their home and kindred, for the suffering, never seemed to strike these young women, who started forth so cheerfully for the far-off leper colony, from which, when they once enter, there can be no hope of return."

THE SACRED HEART ACADEMY

FAREWELL VISIT OF THE ALUMNAE AT THEIR BELOVED CONVENT HOME

Last Monday afternoon all the members of the Alumnae of the Sacred Heart gathered at the Convent on Queen's avenue, London, and spent a few hours visiting their former mistresses. Many were the regrets expressed by those present at the decision made by the Mother General of the Order to discontinue their good work in this city. The news came to the former pupils as a surprise, and caused the deepest sorrow amongst those who had the special privilege of knowing and loving the dear Religious who guided and guarded them in their younger years. The President of the Alumnae, Mrs. Robert M. Burns, read an address on behalf of the Alumnae to the Religious of the community, expressing their heartfelt regret at the coming departure of their devoted mistresses. It was indeed a touching incident in the life of the Sacred Heart Religious and a touching incident also in the lives of those who had come to bid adieu to those who had forged links of love binding the pupils of the old days and of the later period which will never be sundered.

There were present those advanced in life, some who have for half a century kept green in their affections the blessed ties of long ago, and whose periodical visit to their Alma Mater was ever a joy unalloyed—some who held prominent place in the world's work, and whose children had now taken their old places in the class-room, all deeply touched as the words of loving farewell fell from the lips of the President. Following the address Mrs. M. P. McDonagh presented Reverend Mother, on behalf of the Alumnae, with a purse of gold. Reverend Mother gave expression to words of deepest affection for the former pupils of the Academy, and in the most appreciative terms thanked them for their generous gift. Their loyalty to their school day home touched her very much indeed, and after giving them a beautiful instruction regarding their future lives bade them a mother's fond farewell.

THE ADDRESS

Rev. and dear Mother, devoted Mistresses and kind Sisters.—It is well over a century since the saintly foundress of the Order of the Sacred Heart conceived the sublime purpose of establishing schools for the education of the young modeled on the Divine Ideal. In time branches of the parent tree were planted and bore blessed fruit in the countries of Europe, and in time also spread to the continent of America. It is well over half a century since London was blessed with the introduction of a house of this order. Three or four generations have passed through this sacred and beloved sanctuary and now circumstances have rendered it

necessary to close the school in this city. Because of this decision the Alumnae of the Sacred Heart have gathered to say a sad farewell. It is God's will that this separation should take place, and we bow in obedience, but our hearts, dear Rev. Mother, are distressed beyond measure at the thought of separation. We realize that your departure will be a painful event in our lives and a deprivation for coming generations. It becomes all the more grievous when we realize what noble endeavor has been yours in the cause of Christian education when we realize what a benediction your counsel and instruction have been to our families, when we realize how heroically you have labored to stem that tide of Materialism which is corroding so many hearts and how successful you have been in implanting and nourishing in the hearts of God's little one those lessons of love for the Eternal One which should be the foundation of all education. Yes, dear rev. Mother, we are sore distressed, and would it were in our power to postpone the parting day. We will miss the dear faces of other days, but memory will cherish them whilst life endures. When far away we will ask you to remember that there will always abide in the Alumnae a place for you in their affections and a prayer will be said that God will be with you and bless your work. May it be that in other lands the same graces and worldly success will flow from it. We will miss the continued good counsel of our former mistresses, which we found so helpful in our worldly affairs, but what is our loss will be a gain to others wherever you may go. We will ask you to accept this small testimonial of our regard. It is a trifle, but our hearts' warmest love go with it. Again we say farewell and may He Whose exemplar you are be ever with you to guide and guard and bless in all your undertakings.

FRANCE AT HOME AND ABROAD

Gambetta or some one else, it does not matter much, made current a saying in France that "anti-clericalism" was not an article for exportation, which means when translated that it is good politics to row with the Church in France but bad policy to misbehave in that fashion abroad.

Montreal had an illustration of this contrary the other day, when the French Consul organized a celebration of the fall of the Bastille. The 14th of July was the anniversary of that much misrepresented exploit, but three days more were added to enhance the splendor of the festivities.

The unveiling of a statue of modern France was the chief event around which most of the ceremonies revolved and it went off in the usual conventional fashion. But even the busy newspaper men noted that opposite this bronze presentation of the Republic, at the entrance of the French Consulate in Viger Square, stood the figure of Joan of Arc, the representative of France of the past. They were conflicting ideals confronting each other. The modern figure wears the Phrygian cap, an pagan emblem that often signifies license, whereas the panoply of war with which the maid is clad suggests, along with love of country, love of God. It is not hard to choose between them.

The ceremonies centred chiefly around the lady with the liberty cap, though France of the New World would have preferred the lady with the halo. However, it bravely smothered its feelings and grasped the hands outstretched across the sea, though they had not been outstretched when needed most; and it is doubtful if the listeners in Viger Square were comforted over much by the assurance that to compensate for the loss of Canada a new French colonial empire had been formed of the Congo, Madagascar and the land between the Mediterranean and the African desert. The patches are far apart, and are all black, so that France may have to add a new color to its national flag. But it was a good celebration, nevertheless, and its most significant feature was the unexpected display of faith by the visitors. The Archbishop was to have been one of the chief figures at the unveiling. For some reason he was not present, but, on the other hand, when he went on board the French warship Descartes he was received with honors only accorded to a Minister of State in France. A squad of sailors with fixed bayonets stood at attention on the main deck and presented arms when His Grace came aboard. At his coming the booming of seventeen guns over the great river announced that France recognized the exalted ecclesiastical station of its illustrious guest.

He was conducted with great ceremony through the various sections of the ship, and as he walked along, the sailors, most of them Bretons and Normans, dropped on their knees to receive his fatherly blessing. But the most surprising thing of all was that on the next morning he celebrated Mass on board. As before, he was met by the commandant and officers of the ship and on his departure was saluted by the ship's guard drawn up in line on the upper deck. During the Mass he addressed the crew and with his usual eloquence expounded for them the true meaning of love of country, reminding them at the same time of the glorious traditions of Catholic France. Even if he did not refer to the failure of France



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to remember its famous past, the clever Frenchmen who were listening to him understood the implication conveyed by the Archbishop's words.

The general result of it all was that although the chief purpose of the celebration was to glorify the gory French Revolution, it demonstrated the fact that faith is not dead in the Eldest Daughter of the Church. Her heart is throbbing warmly in the great centres at home, and when the terrible politicians and police are far enough away, she gratifies those religious instincts which her many centuries of Catholicity still seem strong enough to keep even in the hearts of those who have been openly irreligious. The manifestation of faith at Montreal was not perfunctory and official, but earnest and sincere.

DIocese of CHARLOTTETOWN WELCOME TO THE BISHOP

When Bishop O'Leary visited Indian River, P. E. I., to administer confirmation, the members of Branch 254, C. M. B. A., presented His Lordship with the following address:

Right Rev. Henry J. O'Leary, D.D., Bishop of Charlottetown:—On this occasion of your first visit to our parish, we, the members of Branch 254, of the C. M. B. A. of Canada, embrace the opportunity of extending to you a sincere welcome and hearty congratulations. You have come to us a stranger in person but not in reputation. Years before the episcopal office here became vacant by the death of the late lamented Bishop McDonald, the fame of your talents had spread among us, and the appreciation of those competent to judge was duly evidenced. We trust that you will enjoy a long and prosperous rule in our diocese, and that in every parish your influence for good will be received and exercised. In the discharge of the important functions of your high office we assure you that you will receive the heartiest and warmest support, and that the church in Prince Edward Island will continue to increase, multiply and flourish with the most delectable results.

To the Throne of Grace will ascend our prayers, invoking the Most High to give you the strength and the grace efficiently to discharge your comprehensive duties of your high office in the fullest measure of perfection.

Signed: COMMITTEE His Lordship replied in brief but adequate terms, warmly thanking the members of Branch 254 for their sincere kind and encouraging greetings, and ardently promised that the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association would always receive from him the warmest and most effective support. He highly praised the people in every part of the Province visited by him, and confidently foretold for the Church in Prince Edward Island and for the C. M. B. A. the attainment of the most desirable results.

NEW MIRACLES AT LOURDES

ITALIAN PRIEST TELLS OF WONDERFUL CURES

The Abbe John-Baptist Bert is a zealous young priest, the curate of his native parish of Pragalato. Writing recently of Lourdes, he said: "I send you greetings from Lourdes. I am one of 3,000 pilgrims; and I have witnessed three miracles. One is a most extraordinary cure of a little child, belonging to my own parish." A few days later, he wrote: "I return home with the sweetest memories of Lourdes. There is an immense improvement in the state of the paralytic child from Pragalato. I trust that the cure will become thorough and complete." Afterwards he continues about the cure of a Hungarian nun. "We were

witnesses of bodily cures, pronounced miraculously by scientific men, and, amongst others, that of Sister Rosalia Rimpfel, of the Order of the Saviour, who had lain motionless on her bed for five years, owing to tuberculosis of the bones, and particularly of the spinal column. She was declared to be incurable by the doctors. But she became suddenly sound and healthy as she left the bath. She walked by herself to the Grotto, to give thanks to Our Lady, and left her plaster cast there, as a trophy attesting her miraculous cure."

Dr. Boissarie is the head of the Bureau which examines into alleged cures wrought at Lourdes. Father Bert asked the doctor's assistant for statistics regarding the healed. The answer came: "We cannot obtain such statistics. You know that when Our Lord cures ten lepers, only one of them returned and gave thanks! Many go home from here, are cured, and do not take the trouble to tell us the fact. Others expressly hide their cure because they shun notoriety and even fear it." Of Zola's Lourdes book, this distinguished physician declared that it did good sending a host of learned men to investigate the facts for themselves. He added: "We open our doors to every comer. We shroud nothing in mystery. We hope that conviction will have reached the minds of many enquirers."

AT THE END OF THE ROSARY

Help me to kiss the Cross—  
Not lightly—understanding that its pain  
Must still be suffered tho' Christ rose again;  
Knowing the Cross is mine if I would be  
His child, beside Him in Gethsemane;  
Knowing the joy and love His coming brings  
Means most to those whose souls deep anguish wings  
Knowing the radiance of our risen Lord  
Glow brighter if our hearts have felt the sword.  
Help me to kiss the Cross, O Christ, Whose heavy burden I may share,  
Help me to feel the honor that is there  
That I, all stained with earth's de-spairing dross,  
Unworthy, poor and blind, and wayward still,  
Knowing Thy love yet working my weak will,  
May come so close that I may kiss Thy Cross!  
O Christ, Who gavest all that we might live,  
Who calls us to Thee that Thou still mayst give  
Grant me Thy grace, my cross to bravely take,  
To bear it, patient, humble, for Thy sake;  
Welcome the hurt because the hurt is Thine  
And glad all lesser treasure to resign  
To thank Thee for the love, the pain, the loss,  
Help me to kiss the Cross!  
—JULIA C. DOX

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

LOVE OF GOD AND OF OUR NEIGHBOR Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. (St. Luke x. 27.)

The love of God and the love of our neighbor go hand in hand. We cannot love God and hate our neighbor. The ten commandments of God are included in the two commandments of the love of God and of our neighbor.

If we love God above all things, we will give Him the honor that is due Him; we will not take His holy name in vain, and we will give Him that adoration, that love, and that service which He requires.

If we love our neighbor for the love of God, we will say nothing and do nothing to injure him in his person, in his property or in his character.

God wishes us to love Him. Love is the end of our existence, the solution of the great problem. Love is love and preserved by love. Let us love God, says St. John, "because God first loved us."

God has shown His love for us in many ways. He showed His great love for us by creating us in preference to many thousand of possible beings whom He could have created and who would have given Him greater love, greater honor, than we have given Him.

He showed His great love for us by sending His only begotten Son to redeem us after we had turned our back upon Him by breaking His commandments.

Again He showed His great love for us by leaving us a Church to continue His mission, through whose sevenfold channels, the seven sacraments, the waters of grace may flow from the fountain of the Holy Spirit to purify our souls and make them worthy of eternal life.

Never did mother love her infant so tenderly as God loves man. He makes Himself man's companion, his food and his heavenly reward. Surely one who has so loved us deserves to be loved with all our heart and mind and soul.

If we love God, we will do His holy will. "If any man love me, he will keep my word." There is a perfect union of wills between persons who love one another. We know God loves us. Let us show by our lives that we love Him.

Love of God comes first, of our neighbor next. By our neighbor is meant everyone, no matter what may be his race, color, or creed. We must love all for God's sake, because He created all in His image and sent His own Divine Son to die for all.

We must love our parents, our children, our brothers, our sisters, our friends and all mankind. We do not love them, if we quarrel with them constantly, or wish them evil. Nor do we love God, if we do not love them.

Love one another, then, with a truly Christian love. Parents love your children. Give them good example. Provide for all their wants. Above all, see that they receive a good Christian education.

Children love your parents. Obey them at all times. Be kind to them, especially when they are old and helpless, and God will love, bless and protect you.

We must love our neighbor with a genuine love, a love springing from the heart, a love that prompts us to do unto him as we would have him to do to us.

Love of our neighbor demands that we forgive those who may have injured us. Do we always do unto others as we would like to have others do unto us? Do we always forgive others, or is there someone whom we will not forgive? Let us examine ourselves on this point. If there is any one against whom we harbor in our hearts feelings of revenge, we do not love God. For if we loved God, we would love and forgive our neighbor.

The essence of religion is the love of God and of our neighbor. Love is as old as religion, as old as man. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" was whispered into Adam's ear in the garden of Paradise. The second great commandment came a little later. When Eve was formed and two of the same race stood in Eden's groves God spoke to the hearts of both "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Do this and you will do no wrong. Love God; love your neighbor with a true, genuine love, and you will keep all the commandments of God and God's Church and will save your immortal soul.

AN "ANGEL OF THE BATTLE-FIELD" "Sister Marie Therese! When scarcely twenty years old, you were wounded on the battlefield of Balaklava, whilst devoting yourself to the care of the wounded. At Magenta you were again wounded in the front line of battle. After that you nursed our warriors at Syria, in China, and in Mexico. At the battle of Reichshofen you were carried wounded from the field amidst a hail of shell bullets. Later on a bombshell fell in the midst of the ambulance committed to your care. You immediately seized it and carried it some eighty yards away from the ambulance where it fell to the ground, and by its explosion wounded you seriously. After you had recovered, you followed your vocation here to Tonkin."

In such remarkable words did the Governor of Tonkin, surrounded by his staff, in front of all the troops, lately address the superiors of the Sisters of Mercy. He then bade her kneel down, and touching her shoulder thrice, with his drawn sword added: "In the name of the French people and army, I confer upon you the Cross for Tried Bravery. Nobody can show more heroic deeds to merit it, nobody can claim a more self-denying career, one entirely devoted to the service of his fellowmen and his fatherland. Soldiers, present arms!"—Tablet, London.

TEMPERANCE

"MODERATE" IN NAME ONLY

The man who drinks strong liquor has usually some excuse or pretext to justify it. He drinks because the weather is hot or cold or because of habit or sociability or business. We refer to him who thinks he can leave it alone when he wishes and is never in a bemused or befuddled condition. To others he may seem at times rather frayed around the eyes and unsteady in the legs, but in his own opinion he is a shining example of sobriety. He may even dwell upon the dangers of intemperance, professing the while, however, a mild contempt for the advocates of total abstinence. He may never become an actual drunkard but he is always a potent factor in the spread of intemperance. The young man recoils from the very sight of the full-developed product of the saloon. The bleary-eyed, besotted thing that was once a man fills him with horror. But when he sees men, whom he has been taught to respect, not disdain- ing the use of liquor, and when he is encouraged by these moderate drinkers to do likewise, he begins to acquire a habit that must, to put it mildly, lessen his efficiency, weaken his will and impair his character. He may advise medical authorities to abstain from the use of alcohol, and be aware that the clear brain and steady nerves, so requisite for the strain and stress of competition, are not to be found in the saloon or the club. He may have before him the wrecks of men who were once as buoyant, as manly, as intelligent as he is. But the respectable drinker can, by example, silence his arguments and dispel his fears. And in our opinion many a young man has had his career blighted or destroyed, because of the negligence of those who, because they are advised and shielded him, have advised and shielded him. A word would have helped him; example would have clothed him as with invulnerable armor. But no word was vouchsafed him and the daily spectacle of drinking led him into the belief that could be a "tank" without incurring odium or flirting with disaster and death; experience may open his eyes, but the price he pays is always high.

WHAT THEN REMAINS OF LUTHER

The first volume of a translation of Father Grisar's Luther has now appeared. The popular success of the great German work among Protestant specialists, as well as its favorable reception by certain classes of Anglicans no less than by Catholics, amply justifies the publication of an English version. Even those most interested in combating the work have contributed no slight quota to its popularity. Thus the first book, of which one half has been translated into English, and which is by far the shortest of the three massive lexicon- octavo size volumes which constitute the "magnum opus" of the original, has already called forth entire treatises from the foremost Luther students of Germany. Father James MacCaffrey of Maynooth expresses the opinion that we have here "as reliable an account of Luther as we are likely ever to get."

It is interesting, therefore, to note the perplexity caused to thinking Protestants by Father Grisar's volumes, "every sentence carefully documented," so that his own deductions need hardly be taken into account. Nowhere, perhaps, is this embarrassment more faithfully reflected than in an article written by the Protestant theologian Lic. Braun for the "Evangelische Kirchenzeitung," March 30, 1913. The writer, as we can perceive, had hardly recovered from the profound shock produced upon him by Denifle's "Luther and Lutherism," when he again felt the earth trembling beneath his feet as the second mine was sprung, even more destructive than the first. "What, then, remains of Luther?" was the startled question that forced itself to his lips. No one, he saw, could be more courteous, more considerate, more absolutely objective than the Jesuit author; and here precisely lay his power. "The quiet and objective language of the book," only makes it the more dangerous. After candidly admitting the superior facilities possessed by the Dominican and Jesuit authors over Protestant theologians and historians in the field of Luther research (p. 169), Braun draws up the following remarkable summary of his impressions:

"The reading of Grisar should afford food for reflection to us Evangelical theologians. With strips cut from our own skin the Catholic author has pieced together his 'only makes it the more dangerous.' After candidly admitting the superior facilities possessed by the Dominican and Jesuit authors over Protestant theologians and historians in the field of Luther research (p. 169), Braun draws up the following remarkable summary of his impressions:

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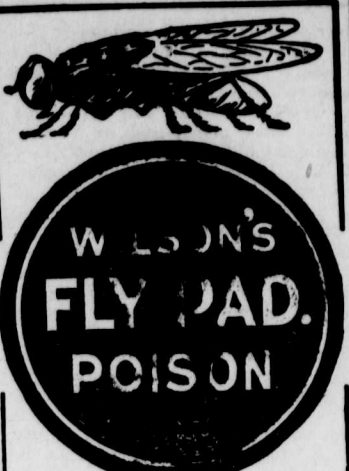
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Ask your Druggist or Grocer to show you the new plan for killing all the flies in your house or store in one night, and have neither flies nor fly killers about in the daytime.

ier age than the average.—Sacred Heart Review.

WHAT THEN REMAINS OF LUTHER

The first volume of a translation of Father Grisar's Luther has now appeared. The popular success of the great German work among Protestant specialists, as well as its favorable reception by certain classes of Anglicans no less than by Catholics, amply justifies the publication of an English version. Even those most interested in combating the work have contributed no slight quota to its popularity. Thus the first book, of which one half has been translated into English, and which is by far the shortest of the three massive lexicon- octavo size volumes which constitute the "magnum opus" of the original, has already called forth entire treatises from the foremost Luther students of Germany. Father James MacCaffrey of Maynooth expresses the opinion that we have here "as reliable an account of Luther as we are likely ever to get."

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Protestant historians continue to speak of Luther in tones of admiration, in spite of the admissions which a 'love of truth' compels them to make. Looking upon the 'results' of their work thus gathered together, we cannot help asking the question, 'What, then, remains of Luther?' Verily, the praises chanted to him sound hollow in our ears, while at the same time we see jewel after jewel plucked from his crown." (Evangelische Kirchenzeitung, March 30, 1913, p. 195.)

Striking as these concessions are, yet Grisar gives full credit to all the natural gifts possessed by Luther and does not stint his approval where this is merited. It is the moral evidence, however, which becomes annihilating. The reviewer in the Nation freely says in regard to Luther, that "it was his own ineradicable concupiscence that, by convincing him of the hopelessness of man's own efforts, originated his doctrine of the bondage of the will."

"The religious experience," he continues, "supposed to be at the head of his career did not, according to Grisar, come until late in 1518 or 1519, and then the great message, which he regarded as a revelation of the Holy Ghost, was vouchsafed to him in the least suitable and most incoherent imaginable p. a. c. . . Luther was narrow, intolerant, hot-tempered, unfair, and foul-mouthed in his treatment of enemies, and towards the end of his life he almost completely lost control of himself." (May 1, 1913.)

Truly a marvelous complexus of qualities for a religious reformer. Luther himself is careful to tell us that he cured his "temptations" against his self-imposed faith by a "stout drink of beer," or by indulging more than usually in his wonted obscenities. His highly spiritual advice to others is to combat similar "temptations" by freely committing "some sin to show our hatred and contempt of the devil." An advice easily followed! . . . His relations with women and his doctrines regarding them are not matters for popular description. In a joking way, which certainly is not highly edifying, he wrote to Spalatin, April 16, 1525: "I had three wives at the same time, 'tres simul uxores habui' and I loved them so exceedingly that I lost two of them who were once other bridegrooms." The nervous maladies, which are urged in extenuation for his temper, are sufficiently taken into account by Father Grisar, but cannot be accepted as an excuse for the intolerance, the patent falsehoods and the frequent wallowings in the mire of impurity which Protestant Luther specialists admit, and certainly must admit upon the testimony which the "Reformer" himself affords. Father Grisar's work is in no sense an attack upon Luther. It is, as non-Catholic critics fully admit, a purely objective study—a hearing of evidence where Luther himself is the prime witness.

Why, then, the reader may wonder, does Luther, "the first Protestant," still remain an object of superstitious hero-worship? The very obscenity of his language alone, had he never said anything more than we find quoted in Grisar, should be sufficient to discredit him forever as a religious teacher. And yet the answer to our question is not difficult. "That Luther started the separation of the ecclesiastical and temporal," to quote once more from the Nation, "that his teaching founded modern subjectivism, individualism, and secularism, that he was—unwittingly, to be sure—the first to break the road to undogmatic Christianity and to rationalism, these facts, made articles of impeachment against him, are at the heart of the Reformation!" For these things, whose logical termination is atheism the modern world worships him today, and will continue in its worship in spite of all that may be proved against him. "Luther," says the same writer, referring to Father Grisar's judgment, "is called great even in the eyes of his enemies, particularly in his strength to labor and in his gift of expression. It is only his moral and religious standpoint that is condemned." Only this! Moral and religious considerations are of little consequence to many of our modern writers in their estimate of Luther, if only it can be said of him that he freed the world from the dreadful bondage of Rome.

Here, therefore, is the explanation why critics, who have truly taken the full measure of the man Luther, and have found it to be something far indeed beneath the measure—we will not say of an angel—but of an ordinary God-fearing Christian, still continue, and will continue in their blind adulation. Yet this achievement of Luther, the separation of a portion of the Christian world from the divinely constituted authority of the Holy See, was far from being a blessing to mankind, as men are daily perceiving with greater clearness, although many are still reluctant to make the open confession. Nothing whatsoever was added by Luther to human liberty, since all the freedom of thought and action which man can rightfully vindicate for himself, without license or godlessness, has ever been granted by the Catholic Church since the days of Saint Peter. To the unguided freedom of private interpretation and the revolt from all spiritual authority, however, as preached by Luther, we owe on the one hand the excesses of Capitalism, and on the other the doctrines of Socialism and Anarchism. At sight of its own work Protestantism stands helpless, involved in the endless confusion of those countless sects which

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

are the inevitable result of a man-made religion. Vainly it has sought to supersede that Church which Christ has founded on the rock of Peter.

From a religious standpoint, Protestantism owes nothing to Luther except the loss of the greatest and most vital part of the original inheritance bequeathed by Christ to His Church, and found entire and inviolate nowhere else.

We are now, therefore, in a position to answer satisfactorily the question asked by the great Protestant theologian, "What, then, remains of Luther?" Nothing, we reply, apart from what the Church had already bestowed upon mankind in far more perfect ways. The results of his work may all be summed up in a mere negation. They are dissensions among his followers, uncertainty, rationalism and, in civic and social life, individualism, with its consequent extortion on the part of the rich and resolution among the classes of the toilers and the poor.

All these are negative things: denials of unity, faith, authority, charity and order. The revolt of Luther was nothing less than a rejection of the divine guidance of the Holy Spirit Whom Christ promised to send upon His Church to abide with her forever. The entire work of Luther's life, summed up in brief, was to nullify, as far as God's Providence permitted, the solemn prayer made by our Lord upon His departure from this earth: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." It is this Unity in Catholicity which has, ever remained the distinctive mark of His Church.—Joseph Huslein, S. J., in America.

WANT RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS The question, "should religion be taught in the schools?" was answered affirmatively by the conference of ministers attending the twenty-sixth international convention of Christian Endeavor societies at Los Angeles, recently. To strengthen the influence of Protestantism it was recommended that the churches join a federation and work in unison. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kan., leader of the conference, recommended the compilation of a bible text book for use in the schools. We quote above from the secular press dispatches. It shows that non-Catholics are beginning to come over to the Catholic view as to the desirability of education being religious. A few years ago such an item would have been regarded as an unwarranted reflection on our present system of education. To-day such items are quite common. Note, however, that the Christian Endeavorers at Los Angeles did not decide to build their own schools where their religion can be taught. No. They recommended a church federation "to strengthen the influence of Protestantism," and a bible text book for use in the Public schools.

Evidently their conviction that "religion should be taught in the schools" means that the Protestant religion should be taught in the Public schools at the expense of Catholic taxpayers. That is one way of teaching religion in the schools; but it involves an injustice that supposedly religious people should shrink from advocating. But it is only an impractical theory, that will scarcely get beyond the stage of academic discussion by Protestant religious conventions. The great mass of Americans to-day are too thoroughly committed to secularism to pay much attention to such views. Still they are interesting as illustrating the change that is

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taking place in the minds of Protestants regarding the need of religious education.—True Voice.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON

Love is a wonderful thing as has been often said. We can hardly see, often, how it is that a person can love some people. It cannot be explained how a friend's love will endure for one who has "gone to the bad," or for one who is mean or cruel. It is surely a God-given and God-strengthened thing in a mother's life, when that mother can still love a child who has ruined his own life and who has broken the mother's heart.

One of the hardest things to hear, then, anyone say, is ingratitude. How we despise that, when we see it in another; and yet how often we exhibit ingratitude ourselves! The son who was a prodigal, in the lesson of the Bible, had rare advantages—a home of great plenty was his, with many luxuries perhaps, and with much love. Maybe he never had much to do but enjoy himself, and receive training for his future life. Maybe he was a dashing, brilliant young fellow, who was popular in society life; and perhaps it was just because he got into the places where he was honored and admired, and for excessive pleasures—such as finally wasted his life—that he forgot the good things of his father's home, and went ungratefully out from it to break his father's heart and life.

But the prodigal son is less important, in this story, than the father of the boy. The great teachings of this parable of Jesus is that the Father—who represents our Father in Heaven—never forgot the boy, and yearned after him, ever hoping for the boy's return.

It was several years ago that an illustration in modern life, of this parable occurred in a Pittsburgh man's life. At the time that the fleet of the United States navy sailed around the world, a Pittsburgh boy left his home to run away and join the navy, for that great voyage. He left without asking permission from his parents; and he went away without telling anyone of where he was going. The parents were almost distracted, were broken in their lives; they did not hear from the boy for months, and in all that time did not know whether he was in sickness or poverty or in good condition—they did not know whether he was alive or dead!

After the fleet had reached the coast of California, the parents in Pittsburgh had their first communication from their son. He sent them a post card from San Francisco. And then the orders were given to the fleet to sail across the Pacific, and months passed before the vessels returned to our Atlantic coast. Through all of that time these Pennsylvania parents carried the heavy burden of sorrow and care in their souls. The father was a blacksmith; and blacksmiths are often thought to be so strong that nothing can hurt them; but the soul of any man can suffer anguish. One day the pastor of the church which the blacksmith was a member of met the man and was talking with him. The father told the story of the boy—his prodigal son—who had gone to far countries; and he ended the account with the statement, "I never before understood the father's part in the parable. I know now what he suffered and what he desired. Every night since my boy went away I have left our outer door unfastened; so that, whenever and as soon as he comes home—whether at day or at night—he will find his home open and a welcome for him, and he will know that his father wants him back."

God yearns for the return of His children who have gone astray from Him—rebellious, ungrateful, willful, foolish, selfish, unkind, thoughtless, unloving though they may be.—Catholic Sun.

THOUGHTS HERE AT HOME

Laugh whenever you can; but let the heart warm up the laugh. It is cold humor that is all noise.

A quick temper is a destroying angel; it gives crabbed lines to the face and bitterness to the soul.

Be more interested in humans than in things, and let them know it.

Think more of giving than of getting, and give.

Assume there is a pathway of God to every heart and seek to find it.

Sympathize with suffering, and seek to relieve it.

Seek to give joy and notice how swiftly dull eyes will brighten.

Recall the hasty word before it passes the lips, and keep it.

Do not notice all you see, nor heed all you hear.

Let the roots of your life be deep in God, and the flowers will be pleasing to men.

Have in you richly the spirit of Jesus, and wherever you go take Him with you.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

He sins against this life who slights the next.

He sees enough who doth his darkness see.

Watch thy tongue; out of it are the issues of life.

Everything that lives lives not alone nor for itself.

Take what is, trust what may be, that's life's true lesson.

He who cannot hold his tongue cannot keep his friends.

Things gained are gone, but great things do endure.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances.—True Voice.

LITTLE VIRTUES

On a very pertinent subject the greatness of little virtues I wish to speak writes the Rev. F. Marchant, S. J. By little virtues I mean acts of virtue in little matters, in the little occasions of every-day life. It is by the constant practice of little acts the greatness of virtue is acquired.

The little virtues are in reality great, even in the order of nature, but they are far greater in the supernatural order, the order of grace. They are virtues that are only thought little because they are so little thought of, and hence so little value, and so little positively prayed for and cultivated.

Lastly, there is, perhaps, the greatest of little virtues, namely, charity, love, and kindness, shown by sincere heartfelt sympathy for others in their trials and troubles and by real encouragement of others in the work they do; an encouragement shown by being anxious and glad for their success as for your own. He who encourages the good works of others, shares in them.

The practice of these little virtues can only be cultivated through earnest thought, and by not letting oneself be discouraged when one sometimes fails. Whosoever does practice constantly, readily, and cheerfully, the little virtues, or rather the little acts of great virtues, in little things, for God's sake and his brethren's sake, as to his brethren in the sight of God, is near to being a saint, and he who is truly trying to practice the little virtues is on the road to holiness; on the way to becoming meek and humble of heart, and of going about doing good to all, after the example of our Divine Saviour.

Just as the mean and petty faults of those whose aims and standards are mean and petty, so the little virtues are the virtues of the truly great.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DO NOT JEER AT AN AWKWARD BOY

Speaking of the troubles of an awkward boy, Dr. Edwin H. Hughes of De Pauw University, says in "Mother's World":

"The boy is in a constant state of flitting moods. In the morning he believes, and believes tremendously, that his father is the finest man to be found anywhere, and in the evening he knows without a doubt that there never was a meaner man on the face of the earth than that same father."

"In the morning he adores his mother with all the ardor of a boy's heart, and believes that there is no throne so lofty as to be beyond her wrath, and in the evening, when he has been refused, maybe, a second of pie at the dinner table, he knows that there never was a more tyrannical being."

"And if he is a normal boy, he is not fond of books, and he goes to school largely because his father pushes him from home and the school-master pulls him into school."

"Now, what the boy needs at this time is adroit sympathy. If you are at some social gathering and you see some boy standing off by the door suffering like a modern martyr, go to him and make him forget that he has hands, feet, a collar that chokes him, clothes that are too big for him, and for just a minute let him be a human being."

"He may also need an appeal to his self-respect at this period. We do not have the one thousandth part of the self-respect that we ought to have. And the boy at this time needs to have real tribute paid to his personality, so that he will feel that, after all, he is somebody in the world."

"The man-conscious age is when the boy seeks companions and he reads books, and the chances are that he will get hold of a bad book. Unless you get him a good book to take the place of the one that he has, he is more than likely to get a worse book. It is the same with respect to his companions. You can never reform a boy by vacancy."

MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA, the singer, once upon returning from a concert tour, decided to go straight to her villa in France, accompanied only by her maid. She knew there were no servants there at the time, but felt no alarm. They arrived in the early evening, and enjoyed being "home again." Towards midnight they sat softly talking together, with only the mellow moonlight flooding the rooms, when they heard a window off the south balcony being raised, and an instant later steps were heard in the hall.

Almost paralyzed with fear—no one to help, no weapons at hand—there flashed over the prima donna a realization of her power of song. "It has moved thousands," she thought; and with trembling notes she began to sing what had been uppermost in her thoughts before the entrance of the intruder: "Home Sweet Home!" The exquisite voice grew steadier, and it rang out in its sweetest, purest strains. Then followed "Old Folks at Home"—but her audience had gone. The maid saw a dark figure creep through the window and steal across the lawn and out of the gate.

Some weeks later Nordica received the following letter: "Dear Madame: On the night of the 10th I entered your home to relieve you of all your diamonds, jewels and money, but an angel's song rang out in the sweet words of Mother's songs, and my hand and heart were arrested; and I vowed never, never again to do aught that would sorrow that sainted one. I am now engaged in honest work. God bless you!"

THE SECRET OF CHARM

Perhaps you know a girl whose attractions are great and you sigh and whisper to yourself: "I wish I had her charm."

Now pick to pieces the character of the charming one and see if by so doing you cannot find out her secret. What is natural to one may be copied by another and studied quietly until it becomes a second nature.

What is charm? Certainly it is never hidden under a cloak of reserve. We are so fond of wrapping ourselves up in this winter garment that our sun charms are often concealed from those round about us. We are so cautious of others penetrating our real hearts and feelings that we appear to outsiders formal and chilly.

Just resolve when you meet a stranger to take off that cloak. Let the human note be struck and banish formality.

Teach yourself to seek for interest in other people's affairs, not as a busybody but as a real sympathizer. Friend making is an occupation that breeds charm. You can make friends by overlooking their shortcomings and magnifying their pleasant traits.

In this way charm is born in your own soul and shines out through your eyes.

HE WAS SORRY

"I wish I hadn't done that," said the boy frankly. He held in his hand the little feathered victim of a carelessly flung stone. His aim had been only too true, and the songster lay still and lifeless. The boy was not cruelly inclined, just thoughtless; but the small tragedy made him stop and think now, with a little aching pain of regret in his heart at sight of the harm he had done.

Boys are more apt to do wrong thoughtlessly than deliberately. Yet such thoughtlessness is wrong in itself. The secret of the remedy is in the words of a certain writer who has said, "The only way to prevent what's past is to put a stop to it before it happens." Forethought is always better and usually happier than afterthought. Cultivate it.

GENTLENESS

In this day much emphasis is put on the strong, masculine traits of character. Teachers of youth are speaking of what they call robustness of character, by which they mean the embodiment of those recognized manly or masculine elements which are regarded as essential to success. No one questions the value of such traits, but the fact that gentleness is necessary to a well-rounded character should not be overlooked. By gentleness is not meant effeminacy, or softness of any kind, but that real, genuine, sterling quality in one which has ever marked the truly great men of the world. Someone says, "The truly great are the most gentle."

The grace of gentleness is worth cultivating for both its elemental and utility value. The absence of it makes one crude, rough, boorish, and unfit for respectable, cultured society. Perhaps one feels that he is not always as gentle as he should be. That is a hopeful sign. It is one's privilege to cultivate this virtue in daily life until it increases. The fact that one knows he is not gentle prepares him to become gentle.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE INDULGENCE OF THE PORTIUNCULA

The 2nd of August annually reminds the faithful and zealous soul of the great St. Francis, who was not only similar to Our Lord and Redeemer for being born in a stable, practicing extreme poverty, and being favored with the sacred five wounds, but also by feeling deep compassion for the poor sinners. Our Saviour was accused of conversing and eating with the sinners, and He wept over the impenitent sinners of Jerusalem. St. Francis endeavored to bring his fellow-men to repentance by speaking to their hearts, and he prayed to God for their conversion—yes, even wept often and protractedly when he considered how so many were heedlessly continuing in sin and thus hastening to their temporal and eternal destruction. He wept so much over the sufferings of Our Lord and the indifference and carelessness of the world, that he nearly lost his sight. Our Lord, seeing the glowing heart of His servant, lamenting the offenses offered to His God and his all, was much pleased, hearing the suppliant prayers of his ardent intercession. At one time, when St. Francis was again fervently praying for the conversion of sinners, an angel urged him to go quickly into his beloved chapel, called Portiuncula. He hastened there and saw the most wonderful spectacle. Our dear Lord appeared over the tabernacle, His face beaming with infinite kindness and His most glorious Mother Mary at His side, and both surrounded by a host of bright angels. St. Francis prostrated himself in deep adoration and sweet ecstasy. But Jesus bade him rise and ask a favor for his poor sinners. And St. Francis said: "Merciful Lord, grant to all the sinners coming into this chapel and praying with a contrite heart a full forgiveness of all their sins and the punishment thereof." When Jesus seemed to hesitate, saying: "This is something very great, what thou askest," St. Francis turned with touching simplicity to Mary, the refuge of sinners, to plead with Him for the poor sinners. Thereupon Jesus granted one extraordinary Indulgence of Portiuncula.

For two hundred years this Indulgence was confined to that little chapel of the Portiuncula, which was each 2nd of August the scene of a wondrous gathering of penitents. After this the Pope was moved to extend it to all the Franciscan churches of the world.

Succeeding Popes have still further extended it to churches where members of the Third Order meet, and even to other churches where no Franciscan church is available. The obligation of receiving Holy Communion, either on that day, Aug. 2nd, or on the day before, is required for all the churches outside of Assisi, however.

Confession and Communion and a visit to the church so privileged are all that is necessary to the gaining of the Indulgence of the Portiuncula.

One may not gain it oftener than once for himself, but he can gain it as many as a hundred times for the souls in Purgatory if he can go in and pray and come out so often. There is no set form or duration of prayer. Five Our Fathers, and Hail Marys, and Gloria in union with the Sovereign Pontiff's prayers are recommended, but any form of prayer may be followed.

FATHER HECKER AND CARDINAL NEWMAN

Cardinal Newman's own words have been instrumental in suggesting the subject for this article. In his letter to Father Hewitt upon the death of Father Hecker, the Cardinal wrote as follows: "I have ever felt that there was this sort of unity in our lives—that we had both begun a work of the same kind, he in America and I in England." And in concluding he says: "Now I am left with one friend less."

In studying and analyzing the lives of these two great geniuses, one finds a large field of resemblance between them. There was truly a touch "of unity" as the Cardinal expresses it, which grows more striking and refined the closer one examines into it. In the present article we shall touch upon only a few points of the likeness and the unity in their lives.

As we examine their early days, even there we find them very much resembling each other. It can be said of Father Hecker, as it has been said of Cardinal Newman, that "he was utterly in earnest, masterful by temperament, severe on self, oftentimes disinclined to hope, and sometimes even melancholy as youth will be until it finds a definite vocation." Neither struck the note of joy in their early days. Each "shuddered at the sight of his own failings; and the world seemed so completely out of joint that, were it not for conscience speaking within, either might have been perhaps an Atheist or Pantheist."

Thus then, both had their days of dread darkness and dreary doubt, and as one passes in thought over these torturing hours in life of Father Hecker, one is made to feel that he, too, like the great Newman, experienced a distress like unto that which is set forth in the Cardinal's tender prayer of a wandering soul: "Lead, kindly Light." For Father Hecker too "the night was dark and he was far from home"—and he, too, pleaded with the Holy Spirit of Light to "lead him on, o'er moor and len, o'er crag and torrent, till the night was gone."

Later on, as we know, the night disappeared for both of them, and a new dawn broke—the dawn of Catholicity broke upon their lives with an enchanting brightness and splendor that was henceforth to remain for an everlasting glow.

As philosophers, both displayed keen minds, and they resembled each other in their uniqueness and individual thought. What has been said of Cardinal Newman might very truly be said of Father Hecker; that "he had a philosophy of his own, vast and overshadowed with eternal mysteries, akin rather to the poet's deep and creative reason." This we can well attribute to the fact that they both possessed "strong imaginations" which indeed "tended to the rhythmic form" of the poet. However, although poetic in temperament, their minds were so constituted that each "must have the main reason of things, whether religious or not, firmly settled before he could enjoy their use."

As students of religion they were essentially one; their ways and methods were searching, and they penetrated deeply yet broadly into its truths and mysteries—penetrated in a keen clear-sighted, and decisive manner. They differed only in their external trappings. Newman was a trained schoolman, a scholar of university polish and culture. Hecker was a self-trained schoolman,

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a scholar of "the University of the World" and of thought—a student self-taught, yet none the less refined.

Newman was a mystic; Hecker was a mystic. And as we peruse their writings now penned by their Catholic hands we find hardly a page that is not tinged with the mystic purple. It was in their writings, it was in their lives.

So purified and refined were their spiritual faculties and senses as to enable them to "hear the most delicate, the sweetest, the stillest sounds and murmurings of the angels" who were about them—even as now they are about us. How full and rich were their lives, "acutely sensitive and finely textured." What a pure world surrounded them—a world of which "none but holy prophets and poets have had a glimpse." To Cardinal Newman there were but two beings in the whole world: himself and God. So, too, with Father Hecker: it was himself, and God dwelling within him, in the person of the Holy Spirit. This was Hecker, this was Newman. Both great, both simple; both courageous, both unselfish.

They resembled each other very much, too, in the founding of communities. In 1848 Newman instituted in England the Community of Oratorians, "a body of priests laboring in the conversion of great towns," a community peculiarly fitted for the needs of the time. Ten years later Hecker instituted in America the Community of Paulists, a body of priests whose purpose was that of laboring in the conversion of their own native land, a community equally fitted for the needs of the time. It might be interesting to note here in parenthesis, that the first recruit to join Father Hecker's little band of Paulist Missionaries, was Father Robert Beverly Tillotson, a convert, who, though an American, had been for some time a member of Newman's Oratory. It is said of Father Tillotson that "he was a charming preacher and a noble character, much beloved by all the Fathers, and especially by Father Hecker. He died in the summer of 1868, having given the Community nine years of most valuable service."

Herein then, we see a striking similarity in these two newly founded Communities: the Oratorians in England, the Paulists in America. Like the Apostle Paul of old, preacher and teacher of the Gentiles, so Newman and Hecker, each in his own country was above all things a preacher and teacher.

Thus both of them, afar adrift in early years, became united in faith to the Church of God—for which both their hearts had thirsted, and of which their spirit was in great need. Both became heads of Communities. But now, we see them separate—Newman advances and becomes a Cardinal while Hecker remains the simple priest. Yet it is said of Newman that as Cardinal he was the same humble priest of the Oratory, even taking his regular turn at waiting on table and at reading in the refectory. Twenty-four years ago Father Hecker passed from this earth to the Kingdom beyond, at the age of sixty-nine. A year and a half later the great Cardinal followed him into eternity, at the age of eighty-nine. United in many kindred things in this life, Cardinal Newman and Father Hecker were, we trust, in the end made one in their final all perfect and eternal union with Christ in Paradise.—The Missionary.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Woman suffrage is a question of the day. The agitation for it is as universal now as it was sudden in its development from a mere academic opinion of a few enthusiasts. One has to consider, therefore, what view he ought to take of it. Much that is said about it is beside the question, which must be separated from all irrelevances. Thus, that there have been queens, as well as kings, and very good queens, too, is no more an argument in favor of woman suffrage than that there have been prophets, as well as prophets, demonstrates the propriety of female preachers. In the first place, queens became such usually by hereditary right, by accident, through default of male heirs of equal proximity to the defunct ruler. Secondly, though the sovereign may be the supreme possessor of the three powers, the executive, the legislative and the judicial, though the acts of these stand in her name, yet their preparation, administration and execution are in the hands of others, advisers, ministers, judges, agents of various kinds who are always men. If an example could be brought of a king governing successfully by means of women, it would give an argument of some value; but even then it would prove no more than capacity to govern, and mere capacity does not establish an antecedent right. Secondly, the argument from queens is only a *pari*. Such an argument is valid only under the conditions are the same in both cases; otherwise it is a fallacy. For example, compressed paper wheels are said to work well in railway carriages, therefore they will work well as driving wheels of locomotives. It does not follow, and we think experiment would prove the contrary.

"Where woman suffrage exists it works well." This is a pragmatic argument, but it does not prove a right. Moreover "works well" is a rather vague, and needs clearer definition. Does it mean only that certain particular advantages are gained, or does it mean that the whole social organization is perfected? Besides

it is a universal assertion. Does it rest, with those who make it, on a complete knowledge of all those places where it is found, or on a knowledge, often incomplete, of certain places only? However these things may be, the argument can only prove that the question of woman suffrage is worth considering. We may add that our experience even in all such places is very limited. If women vote they will, as a logical consequence, be voted for eventually, and will hold office executive, legislative and judicial. We have no satisfactory example of a body politic so organized. Resuming our example, let us suppose it proved by experience that locomotive driving wheels of compressed paper work well, it does not follow that the whole machine, boiler and fire box included, can be made of that material. In connection with this argument authority is quoted, "Bishops A, B and C have declared in favor of woman suffrage." But they express only their individual views. Against them can be quoted Bishops D, E and F. Sometimes, too, they have given no opinion on the question in itself. Finding woman suffrage an accomplished fact, they have declared that all women should exercise the suffrage, lest the community find itself at the mercy of doctrinaires in education, matrimonial matters, and such like.

There are many women with property interests, wage earners, or in trade. They are independent, unmarried. They have a right to be represented; but unless they vote their interests are unrepresented." The last assertion is not quite true. Their interests are represented in the general representation of similar interests. The interests of real estate, of stocks and bonds, of labor and of trade, do not change because the owner, or worker, or trader happens to be a woman, not a man. The argument assumes that every individual interest must be represented in the government formally and directly. This is nowhere the case. But suppose it is true, it would not prove that a woman, as a woman, has a right to vote, but that certain women should do so on account of accidental circumstances that have nothing to do with their womanhood.

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her chariot horses; and one does not care to dwell upon the more authentic records of the conduct of women in imperial times. All must know the long bloody history of the mutual hatred of the Merovingian Brunhild and Fredegond, and the infamy of Theodora and Metrozia in the dark times of the Papacy. Coming to later times the most persistent critics for blood from the galleries of the French Revolutionary Convention were those of women's voices; it was women who sat around the guillotine knitting and counting the heads that fell; it was women chiefly that were active agents of the burning of Paris in 1871, and the acts of the militant suffragists show that woman's nature is unchanged. In a moment she can be transformed from a quiet, gentle lady, into a maenad.

On the other hand, the status of women has changed greatly during the last fifty years. Through this change, for which they are not responsible, they enter into public life in a way they never did before. They take part in municipal matters in many places where, as yet, they have not the general suffrage, and one must admit that on the whole they bear their functions well. Where they have the general suffrage, though at times they show impatience in urging reforms, and perhaps would have these too drastic, we have testimony that, on the whole, their influence has been good. The question, then, of Woman Suffrage is, as we said, a question of the day, and it has to be solved everywhere. To put it, therefore, in its proper form is the duty of everyone who seeks the public welfare. In comes, in our opinion, to this: first, is the indirect influence which women exercise in public affairs sufficient, or would it be useful to the public welfare to give them the vote? Second, if so, is the opening to them of some or all public offices a necessary consequence, and would this be to the public welfare? Third, if one or both be desirable, what means must be taken to safeguard the natural relations of woman to man confirmed by supernatural revelation, especially in the family, and to prevent the new order of things from being a hindrance to the entering by women into their normal state as mothers and mistresses in the family and household? Lastly, would it be necessary by some constitutional arrangement to provide a check for the natural emotionalism of women; and, if so, what should be the nature of such an arrangement? If the question be discussed in this manner, we are quite ready to accept the decision arrived at reasonably. At present, however, we fear that it is very far from being on a proper basis.—Henry Woods, S. J., in America.

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LOGIC AS A FACTOR IN "SECESSIONS" TO ROME

HONEST REASONERS, LOOKING FOR THE SIGN PROMISED BY CHRIST, FIND IT AND ARE LED BY IT

In a series of articles contributed to the Catholic Universe and Weekly of London, by Bishop John S. Vaughan, that learned prelate points out (1) that a man who is generous minded and ready to deny himself in all things is much more likely than another to become a Catholic, for the simple reason that a convert is called upon to make many sacrifices;

"In fact," says the Bishop, "logic (aided, of course, by God's grace) has led vast numbers into the Church, and is largely accountable for the numerous 'secessions' to Rome, of which we have been treating." Continuing, he says:

"A few examples will not be out of place. Thus a logical mind, contemplating the four hundred and sixty-four religious officially registered, will see at a glance that four hundred and sixty-three must necessarily be wrong, and that only one can possibly be wholly and completely right. Of course, all might be wrong except for the solemn guarantee given by our Lord. One must be right, because Christ, who is God, promised that His Church should teach all truth, and (c) be guarded from all error. But, since every other differs from it, every other must be wrong. The vital question is: Which is the one solitary Church that is wholly right?"

"Perhaps the inquirer, having got so far, will strive to relieve the difficult situation by flattering himself that it really does not very much matter which is true and which is false, and that it is enough to know that there is some good in every sect. But a true logician will not be able to rest there. He will soon correct such an outrageously false notion by recalling the divine words of our Lord Himself, who declared in the most emphatic manner and on the most solemn occasion that of all things truth is the most important, 'For this was I born,' He says, 'and for this came I into the world, that I might bear testimony to the truth.' (John xviii, 37.) What could be stronger than that?"

"Having pondered over these words, and weighed them well, he will perceive that it is of the utmost importance that he should understand not any Church—but the one and only Church, that possesses the whole and perfect truth; that truth, in short, which God Incarnate esteemed so highly and deemed so essential that He actually came down from heaven to bear witness to it."

"A logical mind will not stay there. Having realized the vital importance of arriving at a knowledge of the absolute truth, and having seen that the whole truth cannot be the possession of more than one Church, among the hundreds of contradictory churches, he will conclude, firstly, from the importance of truth, indicated by Christ's own words, and secondly, from the extreme difficulty of discovering truth, amid such a host of claimants, that Christ must have given some mark or pointed to some character, by which His Church might be known and recognized, and readily differentiated from all the rest."

"What is more, he will discover that this inference is abundantly justified, and that Christ did, most undoubtedly, give such a sign."

"What is it? The answer is Unity. Any one carefully reading Christ's words will acknowledge that He virtually says to every sincere inquirer: 'In order that you may know My Church, and be able to distinguish it, without difficulty, from all others, I have set My own seal upon it; I have attached to it a sign, by which all may recognize it. And that sign is Unity. All you have to do is to notice where true unity of doctrine exists. So soon as ever you discover a Church in which all the members are absolutely agreed in faith, you need seek no further. You have already found My Church. If, on the contrary, the members are divided; if there are parties, such as 'high' and 'low' and 'broad'; if there are different doctrines held by different members, then leave it. Have nothing to do with it. It is not My foundation; it is not My Church. I do not acknowledge it.'"

"That we are not misrepresenting our Lord is clear. Listen to His very words: Addressing His Heavenly Father He prays for His followers and for all who should believe in Him; 'Father, that they may all be one, as Thou, that in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us.' And why one? For what purpose? Answer: As a sign or mark."



On this point He leaves us no doubt for He tells us that it is in order that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' (John xvii, 21.)

"Oneness of doctrine; oneness of faith was given by Christ Himself and pointed out, from the beginning as the special sign-manual and distinctive mark of the true Church. WHERE IT IS FOUND

"An honest man, with a logical head on his shoulders, will reason thus: 'Christ assures me that His Church is always to be recognized by reason of its unity. Where is unity? Is it found among Anglicans? No. Among Methodists? No. Among any one of the numberless Protestant sects? No. Then, where is it? It can be found only among Catholics. Yes, though the Catholic Church is vaster than all the Protestant churches added together, yet she is undivided, they are not—no, not one of them. She bears the mark; they do not. This mark of unity is always displayed by her; never by her adversaries. And just as a man on the lookout can tell a British man-of-war by seeing the Union Jack flying from the masthead so can any inquirer tell the true Church of God by noting the presence of the distinctive mark of Unity."

"Further, if a man is logical, he will accept the consequences and join the Catholic Church. But supposing he is not? What then? Well, then he will begin to temporize and to hesitate and excuse himself on some feeble plea or another. He will, perhaps, say: 'Oh yes, of course, it is true, Papists are united, but then, you see, I am quite sure the truth cannot possibly be with them.' Or he will say: 'True, it certainly must be acknowledged that they are all one in faith, but that, you know, is owing simply to their splendid organization, as though that fact detracted in some mysterious way from the force of the argument. In any case, he will refuse to yield to the demands of logic, and will remain outside the true fold; while a more logical mind will say, with all simplicity: 'Christ assures me that His Church is the Church in which all the members are united. But that is undoubtedly the Catholic Church. Therefore, the Catholic Church is the true Church of Christ.' He may feel a natural prejudice against it. He may even believe the evil spoken falsely against it; he may dislike it; but in spite of all he will argue that, if Christ's words are to be trusted, the truth must be there where He says it is, all the same, and that he must renounce his prejudices, overcome his dislike and go where Christ's finger points."

"When God became Incarnate many thought there was not much use looking for Him in the cave of Bethlehem. Some, even later, when He had grown up, asked: 'What good can possibly come out of Nazareth?' In such cases it is self that speaks, but that is not the point. The point is that Christ, who is God, tells us that His Church is where unity reigns. It reigns nowhere but in the Catholic Church, so that if Christ's words go for anything, there must be His Church."

"If we are logical, we shall see our duty. If we are honest, we shall do it. But if we confuse things and choose to live in a fog, we may very easily end our days without ever finding our way out of the 'City of Confusion.' 'People ask for a sign, and when a clear and unmistakable sign is given them, they either pretend they cannot see it or else they refuse to be led by it. There is a want either of logic or of honesty.'"

REV. MR. WALSH'S INDISCRETION HE WILL BE FORCED TO EXPLAIN WHAT HE MEANS

To the editor of the Brantford Expositor: Since private requests have failed, I am compelled to draw public attention to a matter too serious and important to be allowed to pass unnoticed. My attention has been called to a report of the 12th of July celebrated in the town of Sarnia, which appeared in the London Free Press, wherein the chief speaker of the day, the Rev. Canon Walsh, Grand Chaplain of the Orange Order, Brampton, Ont., among other insulting and misleading statements is reported to have said, after denouncing the Catholic Church and everything Catholic, "that there was a bar against Roman Catholic girls who seek positions as stenographers." Now, sir, on behalf of those girls in question and against whom Canon Walsh has made a criminal charge, I have written the Canon requesting a public apology, advising him that failing to comply with my request I shall be compelled to cause his appearance in court to show proof of the employment of Catholic girls as stenographers.

So insulting were the remarks of Canon Walsh that a Protestant gentleman, of St. Thomas, Ont., wrote a letter to the Free Press suggesting an apology from the Canon for the insult offered every Catholic and many Protestants like himself.

I take this opportunity to thank the Protestant gentleman of St. Thomas, whose name I cannot now recall, for his timely rebuke to Canon Walsh for his insulting remarks. Ignorance of the law excuses no man; neither will ignorance of the Catholic Church and its teachings excuse the Canon for his unchristian utterances, regarding his Catholic neighbor, at Sarnia on the 12th of July. C. L. HENDERSON, R. C. L.

MONK DIED IN PEACE

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND OF THE "BELLS OF SHANDON," AT CORK

There is a beautiful legend told about the bells that hang in St. Anne's Tower in Cork, Ireland, those bells which have been immortalized by Father Prout's charming poem "The Bells of Shandon." This legend, which is little known, increases one's interest in the poem, and makes even more interesting those bells about which history and tradition have already woven many an interesting tale. The legend runs as follows: Many years ago, among the inmates of a Monastery situated in one of the most beautiful portions of Italy, was a pious lay brother who was a skilled bell founder. His dearest ambition was that he might one day found bells perfect in tone. At last his work was fulfilled, and a chime of bells cast by him and hung in the tower of the Monastery, at once became known far and wide for the fullness and sweetness of their tone. For years it was his greatest delight to listen to their chimings; they soothed his soul and brought him peace and comfort. But soon war with its devastation swept over Italy, the land dowered with the fatal gift of beauty. The Monastery was destroyed, the bells carried away and the Monks disbanded. The lay brother with the others was driven from his native land. For many years he travelled throughout Europe; the longing for the sound of his bells drove him on and on until he became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

One evening in the City of Cork, just as the sun was throwing its last rays "on the golden waters of the River Lee," a wayworn traveller approached the shore and signalled for the boatman to row him across. The boat with its single passenger approached the middle of the stream, the Shannon Bells rang out over the waters with a joyful peal. The traveller started, his face was irradiated with a light of joy, for he recognized the voice of his beloved bells. In an ecstasy of surprise and delight he listened until the last echoes of the sweet-toned chimes had died away over the hills, and then sank back upon his seat. When the boatman came to arouse his passenger he found him dead, with a happy smile on his weary face.—(The College Spokesman, Dubuque.)

A GOOD APPOINTMENT

An important step in the reorganization of the Executive Staff of M. Rumely Company is the election of Mr. E. D. Owings as Vice-President in special charge of the Credit and Collection Department of the business, which has just been announced. Mr. Owings has had a long and varied experience in the implement business. Beginning with a preliminary training in the business of the Standard Manufacturing Company, he entered the employ of the Milwaukee Harvester Company, where he became a member of the staff, and was shortly thereafter appointed its Auditor. He then became Assistant to the General Manager of the same company, and in 1905 was made Secretary of the Company which office he held at the time of the organization of the International Harvester Company. During the reorganization period in the Harvester Company Mr. Owings took an important part in the organization of the International branch offices, establishing the Credit Bureau, reorganizing the office system at the various plants, and assisting in much of the organization work at the Head Office of the company, thus extending his experience into all parts of the business. For the past eight years Mr. Owings has been in charge of the Advertising and Publicity Departments and Service Bureau of the International Harvester Company and has been instrumental in the development of agricultural education and settlement, not only in the United States, but all over the world. Mr. Owings is one of the first men in the implement business to recognize the fact that the making and selling of farm machines is more than a business enterprise, because of its vital connection with the food supply of the world, and has been largely instrumental in enlarging the great resources of the Harvester Company in the encouragement of improved methods in agriculture. In his new position as Vice-President of the Rumely Company, Mr. Owings will bring to his work an accumulated experience as an organizer on a large scale, as a trained advertiser, and as a credit and collection man of long and successful experience. His training in all departments of the implement business will be of especial benefit in his new field. Mr. Owings leaves the International organization on the friendly terms, and there is no doubt that his connection with the re-organized Rumely Company will have a marked benefit upon the trade. He will be a valuable factor of strength in his new field.

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THE WESTERN FAIR SEPTEMBER 5th to 12th The management of the Western Fair, London, Ontario, will present a programme of attractions this year that will commend itself to all right thinking people. While keeping away from the sensational programme will provide all kinds of amusement and educational features. There will be something for everybody with music by bands at every performance. There will be two special events, namely, the grand parade and the grand parade for this department ever seen at the Western Fair. More money has been appropriated for fireworks this year than ever before, and there is no doubt results will justify the expenditure. The price for the Grand Stand will be the same as last year, on Sunday afternoon 15c, and the remainder of the week covered stand 25c, with a reserved section 50c, open stand 15c. The programme will be given twice a day. Prizes, prize lists, entry forms and information of all kinds regarding the Exhibition will be given on application to the Secretary, A. M. Hunt, Room 302, Dominion Savings Building, London, Ontario.

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