

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1916

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RED CROSS WORK

The greatest burdens of this war are borne by women who wait and watch in the quietude and loneliness of home. They who have loved ones in that dreary bloodstained waste called The Front understand, and for their consolation, that freedom is the child of suffering.

But the other women who are care-free and to whom the casualty lists give no poignant agony should realize that they are concerned in the war and hence should be not only willing but grateful for any opportunity to join the army that is fighting for them. There are some women, we hear, who, troubled with an attack of super-zeal, are unduly anxious about the economic habits of soldiers' dependents. We might call them meddlesome busy-bodies, but we refrain, because they are trained social workers who can talk to you about balanced diets and efficiency with an assurance that bewilders the average mortal. They will continue to talk in this manner until some other scientific scheme is elaborated by other women as to the best method of making social politics.

We do not refer to them—they have no time—but to the women who have leisure moments and to women also who can manage to have leisure moments. To these women we commend the Red Cross work. It is a personal and necessary work. It means that they are represented at the Front. It means that they go, in the guise of the things they fashion, to some stricken soldier, who has given his all that they may live. It means that they realize that our pleasures must be curtailed and sacrifices made—and how petty these are—in order not to be recreant to duty. Our Catholic women should have no peers in persevering devotion to Red Cross work.

THE HOLY MASS

In the Catechism we learn that the Church has laid down the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays and holidays of obligation. We know that circumstances may and do render the fulfillment of this obligation physically or morally impossible.

However, persons who are neither sick nor detained by duty sometimes save their consciences with the fact that they are a great distance from the Church. They are never too far from a theatre or a social engagement. Distance, which is no impediment to making money during the week, is regarded as a legitimate excuse for non-attendance at Holy Mass on Sunday. In most instances it is a case of good will, of faith, of appreciation of the value and appreciation of the Mass. They who are so immersed in the world as to think little of their immortal souls will regard even the merest pretext sufficient to keep them from Mass.

In rural districts we have had occasion to see families tramping ten miles to Church. In the city, a short distance overwhelms some people with insuperable fatigue on Sunday. The tired business man thinks nothing of a two mile walk during the week just to facilitate digestion, but on Sunday the tired feet cannot limp that far to Church. He could and ought to go, and knows that he should go, but he avails himself of pretexts to condone his remission and sloth. He is neither honest with himself nor with God. Anxious always to give his fellow-man a square deal and intelligent enough to discern crooked dealing at his expense, he is the same man on Sunday morning, not willing to give a square deal to his soul and not shrewd enough to see that the devil is blinding and pushing him on to destruction.

We always feel like saying to these poor Catholics: "You are a successful man of the world. You have money. You are a citizen of repute. Your name is respected in the market-places and in the houses of politics. But you are going to die, and the body you take so much care of on Sundays will be a banquet-hall for worms. You will be forgotten ere your funeral bell ceases to toll by all

save those interested in your will Your name may be mentioned in some hackneyed resolutions of regret, and then as far as men are concerned you will have no remembrance." These are facts. The sensible man who sees them will not try to shirk his obligations as a Catholic.

SOME PRETEXTS

Some people stay from Mass on account of the weather. If we could manufacture Sunday weather of the right temperature, balmy and conducive to the development of facial beauty, some of us would be in sore straits for an excuse. But cloudy skies portending rain—very bad for the rheumatism; winds a bit iced which may bring us to premature death are relied upon as solid arguments to justify our absence from Mass. Pretexts for the majority of cases—shallow, foolish and un-Catholic. They seem to imagine that going heavenwards is a very easy business. They believe in effort and in self-denial for other people. Sackcloth was quite the fitting dress for Catholics in the past; but in these literal days devoted to softness and effeminacy in things spiritual, it would be, to say the least, in bad taste. In serving the God of Getting On, weather does not dampen the ardour; in fact, they would scorn the man who would permit snow or rain or elemental disturbance to check his pursuit of the dollar. Energy, enthusiasm, health they have to spare for the world; but for Christ a half-heartedness weighed to a nicety on the scales of self-indulgence and ignorance. When the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays is dismissed for mere pretexts, a spiritual blight falls upon those guilty. They lose sight of the stars. Their way is untracked, and they may perchance in the hour of danger cry out for help lest they perish. The experience of pastors is that the Mass-missers are the apostles of indifference that stands sometimes for "leakage" and always for apathy, and a tendency to take the world's side as against the Church. The history of the Church shows that her greatest enemy has been and is now, not the demagogue or despot, but the worldly Catholic who is too proud to obey her loyalty and with constancy, and too fearful to denounce her defiantly and completely.

READ THE BIBLE

The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in its postorate letters, exhorts every family to have a Bible and urges the head of the family to read it every day to the family.

It is a book of all ages and of all styles, speaking in figure and trope, now rising to the highest poetic inspiration, now descending to the level of thoughts of children. It teaches wisdom and reveals mysteries. Kings and beggars, warriors and shepherds, people of dissimilar languages and customs move dramatically through its pages. It leaves all literature, so that no well-read man can afford to be ill-acquainted with it. In its pages we read the inspired word of God, which stirs the conscience and unfolds before it the reward and punishment awaiting the faithful and unfaithful. The people cannot understand all that they read in the Bible, but they can understand the greater part of it. So long as they attach to it that sense which the Church has held, it will console and strengthen them. Leo XIII. granted on the 13th of December, 1898, an indulgence to the faithful of both sexes of three hundred days for each quarter of an hour's reading of the approved edition of the Holy Gospel, and to those who shall have continued the above reading each day for a month on any day within the month, on condition of receiving Holy Communion and prayers for the Holy Father.

THE IDEAL OF THE CHURCH

"Daily Communion for the faithful is the ideal of the Church," says the Catholic Bulletin. "It is within reach of many more than now take advantage of it. A little less self-indulgence in the morning would add considerably to the number who begin the daily round of activity at the altar rail."

SEIZE THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

DEVLIN'S PLEA FOR LLOYD GEORGE PLAN

From Ireland

In a letter to the Dublin Independent complaining of an unfair report of a meeting of the Belfast Nationalists, Mr. Joseph Devlin, M. P., sets forth the reasons for adopting the Lloyd George proposals:

It would, no doubt, be the ideal solution if Mr. Asquith could put the Home Rule Act in immediate operation in its entirety. But then, there are certain facts which must be faced, and which cannot be effaced by merely shutting our eyes to them. Ulster Unionists may be conciliated. Who says they should be coerced? Does anyone light-heartedly propose to provoke another rebellion in the North, and if such were provoked, what hope would there be for many a long year of wiping out the fatal legacy it would leave behind? All Ulster, therefore, cannot be compelled against its will to come immediately under the control of a Home Rule Parliament.

Is there no middle course, leading by gentle suasion, and the powerful influence of allied interests, that would bring the six counties of Ulster to follow the path that the Unionists in three Ulster counties are not unwilling to tread? Would not the immediate operation of Home Rule in twenty-six counties inevitably tend to draw the remaining six to seek the enormous advantages of complete identity of interest and administration with the rest of Ireland? The acceptance of Lloyd George's proposals by the Unionists would mean the end of the famous Covenant which aimed at the defeat of any attempt to set up a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland.

Already Unionists in the South and West are crying out against exclusion in any shape or form. If Home Rule was put into immediate operation, would that hostility be any the less? Would it not be immensely strengthened? Would not all the Unionists in Leinster, Munster and Connaught, plus all the Unionists in the three Ulster counties, which had come under the Irish Parliament, be a mighty influence ever exerting its power with increasing intensity to get those who share their religious and political views in the remaining counties to join hands in an assembly in which they would exercise a great and, on many questions, perhaps, a dominating power? In the Imperial Parliament Ulster Unionists would be an utterly hopeless and entirely negligible quantity. On the balance between Nationalist and Unionist representatives, the effectiveness of the Ulster Unionist Party at Westminster would be practically nil. On the other hand, in a native Parliament the same forces throughout the whole of Ireland would form a strong, cohesive and compelling influence at College Green. Self-interest would dictate to the Unionists of the six counties the advisability of joining hands with the rest of their co-religionists throughout the country. Reunion would be effected under conditions that would appeal to Protestant sentiment and afford powerful safeguards for Protestant interests, whilst Nationalists would gladly welcome into the councils of the nation men representing those great industrial concerns in the North-east which are such a valuable asset and of which all Ireland is so justly proud. Lloyd George's scheme thus puts into immediate operation forces that tend strongly to bring all Ireland into harmonious unity and cooperation. Might it not be that before the time came when the Imperial Conference would assemble immediately after the war to deal with the Ulster problem, that problem would already have largely solved itself?

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

Mr. Vesey Knox has pointed out that for fifty years Northeast Ulster has been becoming steadily more Protestant and less Irish. Are we to accelerate the process? And if, as some of the apostles of pessimism say, "Better wait for another fifty years," until Ulster has become almost completely Anglicized, and the Catholic Celtic section has grown correspondingly weak and impotent, what likelihood will there be then of bringing about the reunion of North and South that is now within our grasp? Meanwhile the rest of Ireland will be dissipating its energies, not in the great and beneficent work of building up a prosperous and self-governed nation, but in the difficult and possibly fruitless task of trying to get back the golden opportunity that we are asked today so recklessly to fling aside.

In the resolution passed by the Ulster Unionist Council, reference was made to a "definite" exclusion of six Ulster counties. Immediately the opponents of Home Rule seized upon this ambiguous adjective and interpreted it as meaning "permanent." As might be expected, the nation was told that Mr. John Redmond has misrepresented Lloyd George's proposals, and Irishmen were asked to discredit and disbelieve the explicit statement of the Irish leader. The precipitate rush to declare that Mr. Redmond was unworthy of credence is but an illustration of the whole spirit of reckless desperation with which the apostles of dissension are bent upon the work of National destruction. By a happy chance, the speech of the Prime Minister at Ladybank has come just at the appropriate moment to nail this deliberate lie; but it is lies like that the mind of Ireland is being poisoned, and that will-intentioned but ill-informed persons and public boards are being stampeded into condemnation of supposed schemes which have no more relation to Mr. Lloyd George's proposals for immediate Home Rule than Tenterden Steeple to the Goodwin Sands. "What is desired now," said Mr. Asquith, "is a provisional settlement. When the war comes to an end, when the reign of peace is re-established, we shall have to take stock as an Empire of our internal relations as an Empire. The fabric of Empire will have to be refashioned, and the relations not only between Great Britain and Ireland, but between the United Kingdom and our dominions, will of necessity be brought, and brought promptly, under close and connected review." Will it be better for Ireland to go into this conference with Home Rule in operation for twenty-six counties with the consent of the Ulster Unionists, with a new spirit of conciliation and co-operation

growing up between North and South, with an Irish Parliament giving to our Unionist fellow-countrymen an object lesson in the marvelous opportunities for national development and progress that such an assembly affords; or will it be to our advantage as Irish Nationalists to come before that conference with our people in sullen revolt, the country honeycombed with anti-constitutional societies, and poisoned by a campaign of disruption and dissension, with all the healing influences of nearly forty years of a most successful constitutional movement, smashed and discredited, with racial passions aroused, in their most appalling intensity, and all the forces that have fought for Irish freedom amongst the English democracy disillusioned, embittered and antagonized by the fatal consequences of a rash and suicidal rejection of the greatest chance that has ever been offered to our people to win not only the freedom of their native land, but the friendly co-operation of our Unionist fellow-countrymen in building up a self-governed, a prosperous and, above all, a united Irish nation? This is the issue the delegates to the forthcoming Ulster Conference will have to face. Let there be no misconception. There is no third alternative. The English people will give us anything that we can agree amongst ourselves to accept; but they will not shoot down Ulster Unionists at the behest of those who reject the olive branch now offered.

As I have pointed out, the extension of Home Rule to the six counties is not defeated, but merely delayed. The Nationalists in these counties will still have the full strength of the entire Nationalist representation of all Ireland to protect their interests, and there is the additional safeguard that, until their future is definitely settled, no contentious legislation affecting them can be passed through the Imperial Parliament. It is not pleasant for them to be asked to wait for a little while longer, but will their position be made pleasanter by having Home Rule denied to the rest of Ireland in the meantime, and increased strength thus given to the forces fighting against Irish freedom? The dog in the manger policy is not one, I fancy, that would appeal to any section of Ulster Nationalists.

What the Ulster Unionists have been asking is to be allowed to remain under the Imperial Parliament. No one knows better than the Unionists of the Northeast of Ulster that such a claim is only part of the game of political tactics. They realize fully the appalling cost and the abnormal delays that any project involving any legislation at Westminster entails. How would it be under Lloyd George's scheme? Whilst twenty-six counties would be able immediately to deal with their local wants in an assembly where Irish needs are the supreme consideration, the other six counties would be feebly trying to make their voices heard amidst the welter of conflicting and complex interests of a world-wide Empire. Northeast Ulster would have to go to the Imperial Parliament for leave to carry out the simplest measure of social reform or industrial development. What chance would the representatives of Northeast Ulster have of getting their wants attended to in such a legislative assembly? They would simply be swamped. Whatever their failings or prejudices, the people of Northeast Ulster have never lacked a keen appreciation of business needs. Does anyone think they would not soon feel the pressure of an impossible position driving them into an Irish Parliament where their local wants would find prompt attention at a cost infinitesimally smaller than would be wasted in a futile effort in a Parliament now more than ever devoted to the needs of an expanding Empire? It is not merely that Lloyd George's proposals open the way to a united Ireland; they make a united Ireland, under a native Parliament, an absolute necessity to the Orangemen of the North in quite as imperative a degree as to the Nationalists of the South. Can any sane Nationalist hesitate as to how he should act in this great crisis? We have been given a great opportunity. Let us not incur a terrible responsibility by lightly rejecting a proposal which brings the freedom and the amicable unity of all Ireland immediately into view. The enemies of Home Rule are right from their point of view in calling on Nationalists to reject the present offer. The putting of Home Rule into immediate operation in twenty-six counties would be the putting into operation of powerful and irresistible influences, tending steadily and with cumulative effect to draw all Ulster of its own accord to seek the protection and fostering care of a native Parliament. That is an ideal which appeals to the Orangemen as well as to the Nationalist. That is the goal towards which every patriotic Irishman should anxiously strive. Sir Edward Carson, on a notable occasion in the House of Commons, foreshadowed the prospect of a Home Rule Parliament winning the confidence of the Ulster Unionists, and thus bringing about

what we all desire—an Ireland, one and undivided, under a native legislature. Here are his words: "I will say this, that if Home Rule is passed, much as I detest it, and loyally as I will accept the responsibility for opposing it, my earnest hope, and I would say my most earnest prayer, would be that the Government of Ireland for the South and West should prove such a success in the future, notwithstanding all our anticipations, that it might be best for the interests of Ulster itself to move towards that Government and come in with and form one unit in relation to Ireland. I would be glad to see such a state of affairs arising in Ireland that you would find such mutual confidence and good will between all classes in Ireland as would lead to a stronger Ireland as an integral unit in a federal system."

There is a tide in the affairs of nations as well as of individuals. If we fail to take it at the flood, then, indeed, the future of the nation's life may be "bound in shallows and in miseries." The forthcoming Ulster Conference should be a deliberative assembly whose decision should be the result not of preliminary mandates, but of unfettered discussion of all the facts.

No delegate should go to that conference determined to shut his eyes to the voice of reason, and blind his eyes to obvious facts, or with his mind made up not to listen to argument. The delegates should not go asgramophones incapable of more than the reproduction of catch cries and shibboleths. There is a weightier responsibility, a responsibility which may be betrayed but cannot be evaded. Ireland is being given a great chance. May God guide her sons to arrive at a wise decision which shall bring immediate benefit to our Fatherland, and open the way to a glorious and an early future in which all its children shall rejoice in their new-found freedom and fraternity. Let us not add another to what the Prime Minister has described as the "tragic series of missed and misused opportunities."

PORTIUNCULA INDULGENCE IS EXTENDED BY PONTIFF TO COVER WHOLE YEAR

Rome, July 10th, 1916.—In order to honor the occasion of the celebration of the seventh centenary of the Portiuncula Indulgence divinely granted to the great St. Francis and confirmed by Pope Honorius III., His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. has granted a special concession in a pontifical brief addressed to the Very Rev. Father Cimenzo, General of the order of Friars Minor, appointing Cardinal Guistini, who is at present Protector of the order, Papal Legate to represent the Holy Father at the solemnities which are to be held at Assisi.

In this brief Pope Benedict extends the Portiuncula Indulgence throughout the whole year that will begin on August 1, 1916, and will end on August 2, 1917.

The great importance of this concession may be realized when the fact is borne in mind that at first this plenary indulgence could be gained only in the little chapel of the Portiuncula, situated near Assisi, Italy, between the afternoon of August 1 and sunset the next day, August 2.

In accordance with the respectfully worded request of the government of the Argentine Republic Pope Benedict has, in honor of the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the independence of that nation, raised the present Intercurrence there to the status of a Nunciature.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL SCAPULAR

For priests as well as the faithful there is an item in the latest issue of the Acta Apostolicae Sedis of especial interest. It is an answer returned by the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office to the following doubt submitted to it by the Capuchin Order:

"Since it is sufficient to bless the first scapular (e.g. that of Our Lady of Mount Carmel) which is used in the act of enrollment, without their afterwards being any need for a new blessing for scapulars for the same person of the same kind, is it likewise sufficient to bless the first medal and not to bless the subsequent medals which are worn when the first gets lost or destroyed by use; or must the medal be blessed as often as a new one is employed when the first gets lost or the worst for wear?"

"Answer—Their Eminences the General Inquisitors at the meeting held on Wednesday, May 10, 1916, replied:

"To the first part in the negative. To the second part in the affirmative."

And in audience given on Thursday May 11, Our Most Holy Lord Benedict XV., by Divine Providence Pope graciously approved of this solution of the doubt.

R. CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL, Secretary.

Donatus Archbishop of Ephesus, Assessor.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Hon. Judge Albert C. Baker, attorney, and chief justice of Arizona, 1893-7, has just been received into the Church in Phoenix, Arizona.

The Papal honor of Knighthood of St. Gregory has been conferred upon W. Bourke Cockran and Clarence H. Mackay of New York.

The Very Rev. Dr. Canice O'Gorman, Assistant-General of the Augustinian Order, St. Patrick's, Rome, has been appointed a Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office.

The Pope has promised a donation of \$500 per annum for four years to help the monks of Caldey that convert community in England to surmount the difficulties caused by their conversion to the Church.

The President has appointed the Rev. Edmund J. Griffin of the District of Columbia, a chaplain in the army, with the rank of first lieutenant, vice Chaplain Alexander P. Landry, 12th Cavalry, resigned.

Official announcement was made on July 7, of the appointment by Pope Benedict of Mgr. Locatelli as Papal Nuncio to Belgium. Unofficial reports last month forecast the transfer of Mgr. Locatelli from the post of Papal Intercurrence at Buenos Aires to that of Nuncio at Brussels.

By the demise of Count Agostino Antonelli, grand nephew of the great Secretary of State to Pius IX., Cardinal Antonelli, Rome has lost a prominent figure of the old school. Count Antonelli was seventy-one years of age. He was an energetic promoter and generous benefactor of a great many good works in Italy.

Manchester Catholics are incensed by the prohibition, for the first time, of their great Whitsuntide procession, in which some 35,000 persons ordinarily take part. The Protestant den objected to the obstruction caused by the procession some weeks ago, and the hour was put forward by the Catholic authorities in consequence. Then the city council prohibited all public processions from the 12th to the 19th.

At Portsmouth, N. H., recently, the bodies of thirty-one Spanish sailors who had died in the stockades after the battle of Santiago were transferred to the Spanish steamer Almirante Lobo, with imposing naval and military honors, in accordance with the undertaking given by President Wilson. Very cordial speeches were made by representatives of both nations, over the unique function.

The Rev. Jules Albert Baisnee, S.S., a well known professor of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, having taught philosophy there for many years, is back at his post again after having lost an arm in the service of his country, France. He was wounded while engaged in his duties as chaplain. His superiors have obtained permission from the Holy Father for him to say Mass with his one arm, a rare privilege.

Amongst the valued treasures owned by the Sisters of Charity at the Mother-house of the Order at Mt. St. Joseph in the Ohio, are the Journals of Mother Seton, old volumes from the first days of American printing, a precious gold chalice of 1644, rare books and files of papers, and in its art gallery are, 'tis said, original paintings by Guido, Titian, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Domenichino, Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Carlo Dolci, Raphael, Carracci, and others.

The largest garrison in the American army is located on the island of Oahu, Hawaii. There a little less than 6,000 sturdy soldier boys in khaki are encamped for the protection of the archipelago and the Pacific coast. About 4,000 soldiers are quartered in various other posts on the same island. The spiritual interests of the Catholic boys are attended to by two chaplains, Father Jeremiah A. Lenehan, of the diocese of Wichita, and Father Ignatius Fealy, of the archdiocese of Baltimore.

His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, states that the number of chaplains available for the spiritual wants of British Catholic soldiers and sailors falls far short of what is necessary. Forty at least are urgently needed at present. The priests are willing and can be found, but the government seems indifferent and has made no provision for their service. In the meantime thousands of Catholic soldiers and sailors are dying without spiritual ministrations.

The havoc and perils experienced on the battle fronts in France has brought about conditions similar to those which faced the Christians of the earliest centuries of our era, when to escape persecution they worshipped underground in the catacombs. The constant shelling of the towns and villages has demolished the church, school-house, and many of the dwellings. But the parish priests have moved both church and school into the caves, and there the children have learned their lessons on week days and on Sunday have gathered with their elders in the caves for the church services, secure from both bullets and shells.

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

IN SEARCH OF HIS SORROW

Nine years crowded with successful enterprise had made Will Sheridan a strong man in worldly wisdom and wealth.

He had raised the sandalwood trade into cosmopolitan commerce. In nine years he had made a national industry for the country in which he lived.

When men of large intelligence, foresight, and boldness, break into new fields, they may gather gold by the handful.

He at once shipped twenty tons of it to Liverpool as an experiment. The next year he transported two hundred thousand pounds' worth.

He saw a felled bodal-tree change in the rainy season into a transparent substance like gum arabic.

One might conclude that the man who could set his mind so persistently at work in this energetic fashion must be thoroughly engaged, and that his rapid success must have brought with it a rare and solid satisfaction.

Darkest of all mysteries, O secret heart of man, that even to its owners is unthought and occult! Here worked a brave man from year to year, smiled on by men and women, transmuting all things to gold.

While working, there was no time to heed the pain—the ache shape. But it was there always—it was alive under the ice—moving in restless throngs and memories.

No wonder that the man who carried such a heart should sooner or later show signs of the hidden sorrow in his face.

He became a grave man before his time; and one deep line in his face, that to most people would have denoted his energy and intensity of will, was truly graven by the unceasing presence of his sorrow.

He had loved Alice Walmsey with that one love which thorough natures only know. It had grown into his young life as firmly as an organic part of his being.

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At last the thought came that he must look his misery in the face—that he must put an end to all uncertainty. Answering the unceasing yearning in his breast, he came to a decision.

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with decreased speed past the docks in the long line of Liverpool shipping.

The man was young, but, with deep marks of care and experience on his face, looked nearly ten years older than he really was.

It was Will Sheridan; but not the determined, thoughtful Agent Sheridan of the Australian sandalwood trade.

As soon as the steamer was moored, heedless of the babel of voices around him, the stranger passed through the crowd.

The great city in which he walked was as empty to him as the great ocean he had just left.

At first, the noise and rush of the train through the cold evening of a winter day was a relief to the rest- less traveller.

A man came and lighted a lamp in the carriage, and all the outer world grew suddenly dark.

At home! He passed through the little station-house, where the old porter stared at his strange face and strange clothes.

Down the main street of the village he walked, glancing at the bright windows of the cottage homes, that looked like smiles on well known faces.

He passed the post office, the church, and the inn; and a few steps more brought him to the corner of his own little street.

The windows of the Drapers' house were lighted, as if for a feast or merry-making within; but he passed rapidly, and stopped before the garden-gate of the widow's cottage.

He glanced through the trees at his own old home, which lay beyond, and saw a light from the kitchen, and the moonlight shining on the window of his own room.

He stood in the cheerless place for a moment, looking into his heart, that was as empty as the cottage porch, and as cold.

He passed on to his own home, which had been shut out from his heart by the cloud that covered his way.

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hand on his shoulder, said earnestly, "Be this William Sheridan, that we thought were dead?"

Then William Sheridan felt his kind's sister's arms on his neck, and with them came the sweet spirit of his boy's love for Alice.

Brother and sister were alone during this scene; but after a while, Mary's kind hearted husband entered, a rugged but tender-hearted Lancashire farmer.

And this was Samuel Draper's work?" asked Sheridan, slowly.

William Sheridan said no more that night. His sister prepared his own room for him, and he went to it, but not to sleep.

Tom Bates ceased speaking, as if all were told, and stared straight at the fire; his wife Mary, who was sitting on a low seat near him, also stared.

What became of Alice Walmsey? Did she—Is she dead, also?"

Will Sheridan raised his head at the word, repeating it to himself in blank amazement.

Had they said that she was dead, or even that she was married, he could have faced the news manfully.

"God give her peace, and in some way enable me to bring comfort to her," he said.

From his sister and her husband he learned that Alice was confined in Millbank Prison in London.

Will Sheridan looked at him with a piteous face, and uttered a sound like the baffled cry of a suffering animal that finds the last door of escape shut against it.

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passed between them—they two were alone; but the woman showed the papers that proved what she said.

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He passed on to his own home, which had been shut out from his heart by the cloud that covered his way.

THE LAST PAINTING

There once dwelt in a stately castle a beautiful, dark-eyed boy, the last of a noble race, and a fair, golden-haired lady, his mother.

Then one day the waiting came to an end, when, through the gates of the castle, they bore its dead lord, wrapped in a blood-stained flag.

The years went on, and the young lord of the castle grew from childhood to boyhood, nurtured by a mother's tender love, guarded by a mother's prayers.

Early in his life the fire of genius began to glow, and sitting at his mother's knee, his dark curly head against her shoulder.

When he awoke from his knees, he looked upon every familiar object around him with awakened interest.

The years passed by, and the boy had become a man, and the ambitious dreams of his boyhood had all come to pass.

Then came a time when the first great sorrow darkened his young life and grief and gloom hung over his castle, for its sweet and gentle lady lay ill unto death.

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The long summer day grew to its close, the artist's face grew whiter and whiter, the sweat of exhaustion stood thick upon his brow.

A face infinitely, pathetically beautiful, with great, mournful, patient eyes, in which lay a world of sadness and mute reproach.

The artist rose slowly, with fascinated gaze still bent upon the picture. The beautiful, pathetic eyes seemed to be looking their sad reproach right into his very soul.

What thoughts were those? Had this face, which had grown so strangely under his hand, made a weak fool of him?

He felt that he could not bear this agony much longer—that he must pray, that he could do nothing.

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deeply than ever, the necessity that all men shall recollect that they are brothers and that their salvation lies in the return of the law of love, which is the law of the Gospels.

The answer is worthy of the traditions of the Papacy. The petitioners themselves recalled with gratitude, that in the past, several of the predecessors of His Holiness had extended their protection to those of the Jewish faith, in the interest of right and justice.

The history of the Papacy extends over well-nigh two thousand years, and during all that time the conduct of the Popes toward the Jews has been far more tolerant and humane than was that of contemporary rulers. In the Decretals (v, vi, 9) under the name of Clement III., (1190), we find the famous Bull *Sicut Judaeis*, which might be called the Jewish Bill of Rights. The Pope who first promulgated it, seems to have been Nicholas II., (1061). The Bull was renewed by Calixtus II., Eugenius III., Alexander III., Clement III., Celestine III., Innocent III., Gregory IX., Innocent IV., Urban IV., Martin V., Eugenius IV., and several others. It is a fairly liberal document and protects the members of the outlawed race in essential human rights. Under pain of excommunication, it forbids baptizing them against their will, killing or wounding them, injuring their property, interfering with their religious ceremonies, etc. Should adult Jews be baptized against their will, their baptism is considered invalid, and children must not be baptized without the consent of their parents or guardians. Moreover, Jews were to be left in tranquil possession of their synagogues, though as a rule, not permitted to build new ones. But Alexander III., allowed their houses of worship to be repaired. Paul IV., who dealt severely with the Jews, decreed that they could have but one synagogue in each city or locality where they dwelt. Many Popes, however, abrogated the more rigorous decrees. And the Protestant Basnage informs us that in his day (1658-72), there were 9 synagogues in Rome, 19 in the Roman Campagna, 12 in the remainder of the Patrimony of St. Peter, besides 36 in the March of Ancona.

The Popes have ever condemned the persecution of the Jew. They have always proclaimed his right to life, property, freedom of conscience and worship. But the Church is the depository of the Faith, and the Popes are its guardians. They saw that at times Judaism was a real peril to the faith of Christians and they placed certain restrictions on the practice of the Jewish religion. Thus, for instance, the children of Israel were not allowed to make proselytes or to have Christian slaves. At times, they were forbidden to live in familiar intercourse with the Faithful, and Paul IV., while never infringing on their essential rights, confined them in Rome to one quarter of the city, the well-known Ghetto. The Papacy, according to Rodocanachi, in his book, "e Saint-Siege et les Juifs" always endeavored to treat with justice and equity the Jews dwelling in the Eternal City, though it felt at the same time, a certain mistrust "of these suspicious guests." And in his "History of the Jews," Basnage tells us that the dealings of the Popes with them were milder than those of other sovereigns; that they favored the persecuted race, made some of its members their treasurers, gave them special privileges and left them liberty of conscience. And to their credit, the Jews in Rome, when under Arnold of Brescia, Crescenzo, Stephen Porcari and Cola di Rienzi, revolted in the city, remained loyal subjects of the Holy See.

To use the words of Lord Rothschild in his letter to Cardinal Merry del Val, October 7, 1913, Jews thankfully remember "that a great number of Sovereign Pontiffs on a great many occasions extended their generous protection to their persecuted coreligionists." How different this opinion from that of the usually discriminating New York Sun which finds the present Pope's charity toward the Jew a marvelous reversal of the policies of his predecessors. The Sun has forgotten the liberal statesmen of the Vatican. Let us recall one or two. When the synagogues of Palermo had been damaged by the populace, Pope St. Gregory (690-604) held Bishop Victor responsible and forced him to make restitution; and when an over-zealous convert from Judaism had forcibly taken possession of a synagogue in Sardinia, the Pope ordered it to be at once restored to its rightful owners. The persecuted Jews of Spain found a friend in Alexander II., for writing to the Spanish Bishops, he says: "We have just heard with pleasure, that you have protected the Jews who dwell in your midst, preventing them from being killed by those who have entered Spain against the Saracens." About the middle of the fourteenth century, that mysterious pestilence, the Black Death, one of the most terrible scourges that ever devastated Europe, was gathering its frightful harvest. Popular superstition blindly and unreasonably looked upon the Jews as its authors. Where they were not killed and indiscriminately massacred, they were plundered and sent into exile. But as Froissart tells us, and his testimony is confirmed by contemporary documents, Clement VI., made heroic efforts to save them, called them to Avignon, where the Popes then resided, and gave the wretched outcasts a shelter and a home. In Popes like Innocent VII., Martin V., Julius II., Leo X., Clement VII., and Paul III., they found generous

defenders. When in 1891, the Christian population of Corfu, owing to an accusation of "ritual murder" brought against the Jewish population, threatened it with all the violence of mob-law, Leo XIII. exhorted the clergy to allay the fury. This accusation of ritual murder, the murder namely of a Christian, and preferably of a Christian child, as an official act prescribed out of hatred of Christianity by the Jewish Law, the Jewish liturgy or a Jewish sect, has ever been keenly resented by the whole nation. But even the Popes who, like Paul IV., St. Pius V., and Clement VIII., charged the Jews with usury, theft and magic, never accused them of this odious crime, while scholars like Thurston declare that Innocent IV., Gregory X., Martin V., Paul III., have entirely exonerated them from it.

Impartial history cannot so easily clear the Jews of other charges. But for their crimes, national and individual they have cruelly suffered. It is time that the age-long persecution under which they have groaned, and which the Catholic Church and her Pontiffs ever tried to mitigate, should cease. The Jew may be grasping, selfish, cold-hearted and proud, but his sorrows and tragic woes, even when caused by his own fault, should stir sympathetic chord in every heart. Christians and Catholics, to whom the names of the Prophets and Seers of Israel are household words, who adore as their God One who came in the veiled form and majesty of a Son of David, who reveres a daughter of Judah as the Virgin Mother of the Saviour of the world, should deem it a crime and a sin, not to exercise toward the Jew Christian charity.—John C. Reville, S. J., in America.

STRANGE WEDDING PRESENTS

A grandfather bequeathed unto his granddaughter as wedding presents, a broom, a looking-glass and a crucifix. With the broom he said: "You shall only sweep before your own door. In the glass you will consider and correct your own shortcomings and faults. In that way you will have peace with strangers, and humbleness, patience and indulgence in your own household. You may remain ever so far from foreign disputes; you may keep clean before your own door; you may correct and watch yourself ever so much, and treat your own with patience and indulgence in their weakness; you may save yourself much trouble, but you can never keep all crosses and afflictions out of your house. Should it please the dear Lord to try you with crosses and afflictions, look at your crucifix. Remember that only through the carrying of your cross you can follow your Saviour into heaven. Don't tell everybody your trouble, but kneel silently before the crucifix and make your complaints to the Lord and He will give you the best consolation."

ROBT. HUGH BENSON

Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson was unusual progeny for an Anglican Primate, as Father Martindale in another way is an unusual son of St. Ignatius. The combination makes a distinctive and fascinating book. Father Martindale has worked out the multi-colored patterns of this life rather like a beautiful Turkey carpet—in compartments. The wool is stuffed and illumined with bright critiques, pleasant padding, exciting excursions, quaint under-ones and no slight psychological insight. It is the most refreshing Church literature the reviewer can remember.

As a variant to the subject, we glean a great deal from the biography which is on a very high level of Catholic writing. In fact the contrast makes one feel regret that Benson so often wrote second-rate. Father Martindale brings out his literary defects as gently and properly as he sifts and excuses the weaknesses of his temperament. But his touch is velvet. The work is not so much a record or dry summary of Benson's life as a series of excursions into literature and temperament.

Not unpleasant are countless letters of Randal, Archbishop of Canterbury. Like many Anglicans he looked on Hugh Benson as a spoiled child and possibly as a prodigal son for whom the fatted calf might one day steam the Lambeth chimneys. In early days, when Hugh wished to become an Anglican monk, the Primate was "keenly interested," and in a typical sentence speaks of the correspondence of Ritualist training with his own views as "really a minor though a most important subject." So also in the Anglican compromise is the Virgin Birth or the Divinity of Christ "a minor though most important subject."

Peter Pan, he never seemed to grow up.

Father Martindale restrains himself from painting the situation of father and son in comic relief, content to notice that there was no "radical and total schism of temperaments" between them. But Archbishop Benson reminds one of a dear old fussy Anglican hen, who took a duckling down to the shallow waters of Ritualism to sip, and who, had he survived, would have been agitated to see Hugh swim away Romeward.

It was to the Dominicans that Benson turned to pull him aboard the Church. There followed a period of hectic study and mental convalescence at Rome, and after being priested within a year of his reception into the Church, the neophyte returned conquering and to conquer! But a severe check was imposed. His loneliness was never "the solitude of the Saints." He lived near to excitement than to ecstasy. A "certain externality of mind," while it made him a novelist, prevented him from becoming a Jesuit or a contemplative. He was too buoyant and artistic ever to become meditative or mortified in the uttermost sense. He struggled fiercely for self-expression and felt all the joys of artistic creation. Father Martindale even detects "a layer of hardness" which he used in self-protection of his delicate and sensitive gifts. He was troubled between his sacerdotal duty of being all things to all men and yet keeping his artistic soul alive.

Besides his priesthood he felt a real call to write books *pro Ecclesia*. He was deeply fond of colors, vestments, sunsets, fancies, flowers and all that make the artist's heaven, though not the ascetic's. In fine, he cared intensely for many things—all them his whims, his toys, his hobby-horses for he brought them like a child with him into the Church. "At the foot of Peter's throne he plays like the innocents on the altar steps," says his biographer.

Hugh Benson was no saint, and to spite the ladies who insisted on his supernatural piety, and proved such a trial to him, and doubtless to his biographer, he slipped the word *peccator* into his epitaph. He could not be a saint because he got too much fun out of life, but he was the next best thing, a child! He always remained afraid of the dark and the dentist. He preferred ghosts to scholastic logic to buttress his belief in the unseen. His was "the summons of the weird." But in hilarious moments the universe seemed a Divine "movie-show" as of God at play with himself. He cried out: "Oh, my dear isn't it all tremendous? Isn't it sport? Isn't it all fun? So it is sometimes. During the years of his Cambridge apostasy he would seem as radiant as an orthodox Apollo one moment and like a petulant boy the next, when a favorite toy goes wrong. An incident not in the book gave us great amusement. Hugh had once solemnly blessed the new house of a Catholic pair in order to impress a Protestant neighborhood. Soon afterwards they left, incidentally leaving the "blest" furniture unpaid for! Benson was hugely mortified, but the Bensonians agreed that it was "somehow all very Roman Catholic."

There is very little omitted from the book, though Benson's relations with his Archbishop are barely touched upon. It would have been interesting to bring out the contrast between the fervid and emotional dreamer and the keenly logical (may we say artistically ascetic?) Cardinal who still rules Westminster. The discipline the Cardinal laid on him was galling, but it was wise. The Bensonians felt sore that "Archie" (Bensonian for Archbishop) was warring against converts, but in the end all came to recognize a keener-sighted and more generous man than they thought. If Benson and his Cardinal did not always understand each other, it was typical that Benson should leave him his house and playthings in his will, and that the Cardinal should go a long journey in order to bury him in the rose-garden where he would lie, for of such is the Catholic religion.

And Hugh Benson dying at the outbreak of war was a sudden, symbolic, and sympathetic as his whole self. Perhaps it was a little careless to his friends and perhaps it was not altogether inartistic. But before the blasts of Armageddon he flickered

out like a sanctuary lamp, and neither he nor his friends could be really ungrateful to Death, the Snuffer. To follow death must have been far sweeter to him than to follow the war. And the quest of the supernatural, which he had followed all his life—and been so disappointed at never seeing a ghost or finding a stigmata—was fulfilled as he died. The very night that he passed away in the grimy Midlands it befell that the Bishop of Menavia slept in the bed wherein Hugh was accustomed to sleep at the Benedictine monastery of Caldey, and behold it was revealed to the Bishop in a dream that Hugh had died that night, all of which was a sign and a symbol to the good monks. And so like a figure of the medieval ages, which he had wished to re-live in modern England, passed away Robertus Hugo Benson, *sacerdos Catholicus et Romane Ecclesie, Peccator Expectans ad Revelationem Filiorum Dei*.—Shane Leslie, in America.

THE SACRED HEART IN THE TABERNACLE

"Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls." This, says a devout writer, is a sublime epitome of the gospel. Our Lord seems to sum up all Christian perfections in these two virtues, meekness and humility, as though we had nothing else whatever to learn of Him. He says nothing of faith, hope and charity; nothing of temperance, prudence, justice and fortitude, evidently meaning that they were all comprised in some way in these two; either presupposed to them or following on them by natural consequence, or else actually included in their wide acceptance.

"Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart." This is the portrait that our Lord has left of Himself. It is beautiful. Study it every day of your life, with a view to self-improvement, and greater conformity to the likeness of your divine Model.

When we apply ourselves to the study of that Model, as we find it in the gospel story we read how He went about doing good. He taught from place to place. He cured the sick and cast out devils. He preached to thousands of persons, and journeyed from place to place to heal the souls and bodies of men.

In the Blessed Sacrament is the continuation of all these mercies. The life of our dear Lord in the divine Host is most active. He remains still in the tabernacle, it is true; but the thousands of persons come to visit Him, to be cured of the diseases of their souls. Graces are flying forth from His heart in inconceivable abundance. Sinners are struck with contrition. A poor, sad-hearted child comes in and kneels by the door. The Lord in the Sacrament sends forth His power. He casts forth the seven devils from her heart. She seeks the confessional, washes the feet of Jesus with her tears, and goes forth from before the tabernacle, another Mary Magdalen. A grief-stricken mother weeps for her son, who is dead in sin. The Lord in the Sacrament, being moved with compassion, says to her, "Weep not." He stretches forth His hand, and raises the youth from the death of sin and restores him to life. A mission is going on in a church, a thousand people and more are present; the preacher speaks from the pulpit, the Lord in the tabernacle sends forth His light and His grace; power has gone forth from Him, and the hearts of the people are touched, and hundreds are converted. It was Our Lord preaching from the tabernacle; the preacher in the pulpit was His instrument. Do you not see how like it is now to the time when He did all these same things in Galilee and Judea? From the tabernacle Our Lord works miracles, both on souls and bodies. He goes forth in the hands of His priesthood, and visits the sick. He cures the lepers by cleansing from sin. He gives sight to the blind, by opening the eyes of unbelievers to the truths of faith. In Holy Communion He renews the miracle of feeding five thousand people with five loaves for He gives Himself wholly and entire to each one of thousands, nor does He multiply Himself, nor does He become diminished.

He is with us in the Blessed Sacrament as a consequence of the resurrection and ascension, and His sacramental presence is a constant reminder of those happy mysteries.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CALLS IT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IN THE BIBLE

By Rev. L. O. Bricker (Prot.) in the "Christian Call," Atlanta, Ga., May 29, 1916. I think the most tragically beautiful thing in all the Bible is that one short sentence in the story of the crucifixion: "There stood by the cross of Jesus His mother." There is nothing in all the Bible that goes quite to my heart like that. The multitudes whom He had taught and fed and healed and helped were not there. The traitorous disciple had betrayed Him, the boastful disciple had denied Him, they all had forsaken Him and fled; but "there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother." What a pitiless storm beat about that poor lone woman! What thoughts crowded in upon her poor tired brain! It seemed but yesterday that she had held Him in her arms and kissed His baby lips; but yesterday that they two had walked hand in hand through the wood and wild flowers,

her heart full of mother pride at His quick intelligence and His winsome ways. And now He was dying—dying before her eyes, but beyond her reach, like a vile and cruel criminal; the rulers of her nation, and leaders of her religion, looking on in scornful hatred, and the rabble shouting insults. And she, standing there alone, in all the world the only one who still believed in Him. For was He not hers? Had she not borne Him? Had she not loved Him and called Him "Son?" and had He not loved and called her "Mother?" Yet, come what will, He was still hers and she will be with Him unto the end. "And there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother."

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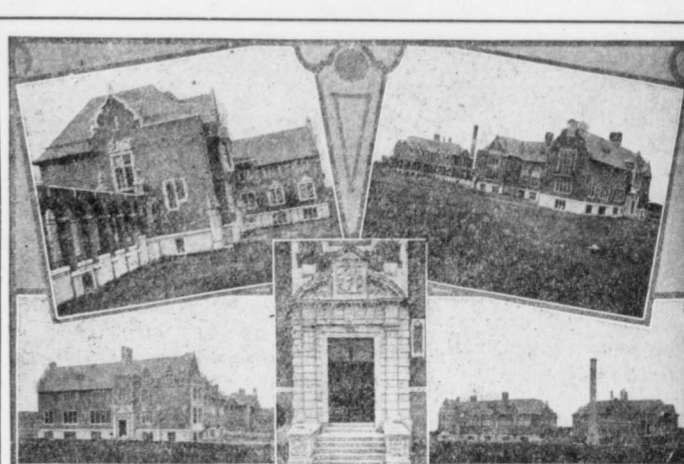
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1916

THE STANDARD COLLEGE

Last week we noted that the Catholic Educational Association of America called attention to the regrettable fact that promotion in the elementary schools is, as a rule, too slow, with the result that capable and industrious pupils are unduly and unintelligently retarded.

We are glad to note that the same Association endorses another position taken by the CATHOLIC RECORD. We have advocated the taking up by our colleges of the regular High school course leading to Matriculation and Entrance to Normal.

Reporting the recent convention the New World says:

"One of the most interesting and important discussions at this year's meeting of the Catholic Educational Association, which closed at Baltimore last Thursday night, was that relating to the Standard College. At the closing session of the College Department there was an animated discussion on the problem of the Standard College, and it was the leading topic in every group throughout the entire meeting.

Out of the confusion which reigns everywhere in this country in educational matters secular educators are seeking earnestly to bring an order that will be fruitful as well as practical; and at this year's meeting a determination was evident among all departments of the Catholic Educational Association to arrive at some common understanding by which the various departments of the Association could be brought into complete harmonious relations with each other, working each one to the advancement of its own interests without forgetting the well-being and growth of the others."

The Association accordingly formed a new section to be known as the College Department. Here in Ontario, by taking up the regular High school course, we should attain the desired object of standardizing our colleges. And as the standard of matriculation varies but little in the different provinces the solution could well apply to all Canada.

Several considerations seem to make such action eminently desirable. In the first place the college courses proper would all begin with matriculation. And as a great many Catholics use the High schools and Continuation classes near home they would on coming to college be properly classified with those who had taken the same examination in the college.

But there is the very distinct advantage of affording parents the opportunity of sending their boys to a Catholic college for their High school course. Many desire their sons to take the course that leads definitely to an examination of accepted value. The reason is so obvious that the late Pope Pius X. enjoined the Catholic colleges of Italy to prepare even students who intended to go on for the priesthood for the State examinations. The Holy Father recognized that many at such immature age could not then decide definitely and finally such an important question. And if after some years they decided they had no vocation to the priesthood they would find themselves at a great disadvantage if they had not taken the regular State examinations.

It seems very probable, also, that we lose vocations precisely because boys cannot decide finally at the age they usually go to college. If the regular High school work were done in the college boys might have the inestimable advantage of Catholic college discipline and live in an atmosphere and environment that would foster and develop vocations to the priesthood.

The more this question is studied in all its bearings on actual educational conditions, the more evident will be its importance to the colleges, the students and to general Catholic people.

SOME ENTRANCE RESULTS

For the fifth consecutive year a pupil of the London Separate schools has led the city at the Entrance examination. Frances Smith, a pupil of St. Mary's school, fourteen years and one month old, has the place of honor this year.

But an analysis of results show some things which we consider still more gratifying. The Minister's Report for 1915 contains the statistics on which the following table is based:

HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE EXAMINATION, LONDON, 1915

Table with columns: Public Separate, Attendance 1915, Candidates, Average Age, Passed, Percentage of Passed. Data rows for Public and Separate schools.

The gratifying features are that the London Separate schools are a full year and more ahead of the Public schools in age; a higher percentage wrote and a higher percentage passed; the average attendance of the Separate schools is better than that of the Public schools.

The Sisters are to be congratulated especially on the matter of age and on the fact that they sent up for examination practically their entire fourth classes. The stupid notion that a school had a better standing if all passed after culling out the weak ones is happily disappearing.

CATHOLIC CHURCH GROWTH AND WHAT EXPLAINS IT

If there be one thing more than another that next to the welfare of his own soul should interest every thinking man in the world today, it is the growth of the Catholic Church. This growth is the most striking fact in the history of the past hundred years. The railway, the telegraph, the telephone, the automobile, are all products of the last century, but all these triumphs of science are merely concerned with material affairs. Scientific men have invented many things that contribute to the comfort of our bodies, but they are powerless when it comes to a question of helping the soul.

Material science can tell us nothing as to the ultimate end of man. Yet this is the very question to which every thinking man and woman wishes an answer. Man recognizes in his heart that he is a wanderer upon earth. His intellect strives after truth, his heart yearns after goodness. Nothing can satisfy the mind and heart of man except God. And where is man to obtain an accurate knowledge about God? Only in the Catholic Church, with its divine science. So the growth of the Catholic Church, next to the saving of a man's own soul, is the most important fact for each one of us today.

What a growth the Catholic Church has had! In Canada today she outnumbers all other religious denominations. In the United States, where in the year of the declaration of independence, the Catholic population, centred in Maryland, did not number 50,000 souls, it is estimated today there are 20,000,000 Catholics. In Great Britain the stream of converts is growing apace. The best and brightest of the Anglican clergy are either entering the Catholic Church or at any rate accepting her doctrines. Catholic missions are everywhere. The world is hearing the gospel of Christ as never before. The total Catholic population of the world today is over 300,000,000 souls.

Everywhere the progress of the Catholic Church is a theme of interest. Mr. H. G. Wells, the well known writer, not long ago stated his belief that England was on the eve of one of the greatest Catholic revivals the world had ever seen. Mr. Benson was of the same opinion. With converts in Great Britain coming in at the rate of over eight thousand annually, including some of the brightest intellects that the old land possesses; at a time when Pasteur, one of the greatest scientific thinkers of modern times, could declare that all the researches of his science had left him with the faith of the Breton peasant, and that further researches, he doubted not, would leave him with the faith of the Breton peasant's wife; when the man in the street openly declares that if he had any religion at all it would be that of the Catholic

Church; when writers from the battlefield declare that the one great comfort, amid the hardships of war, is our Lord's Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist and the reception of their Lord by the soldiers in the trenches; surely in days like these we must feel with special vividness that there is something about this Catholic Church of ours which can only be divine.

The whole history of the Catholic Church is a miracle of the moral order. If she had been merely a human institution, she should have perished long ago. She should have perished in the days of Nero, when the Christians were thrown to wild beasts and tortured, as Tacitus tells us. She should have perished in the days of Decius, when the Christians were ordered on pain of death to offer sacrifice to the pagan gods; and in the days of Diocletian, when Christians were ordered as the price of their life to surrender the Holy Scriptures. She should have perished in the German "Reformation," when Luther arose to deny that the Mass was a sacrifice, and at countless other times of trial and persecution. But the Catholic Church survived. Today, of all institutions that existed nineteen hundred years ago, she alone remains. Human institutions change and pass. They have their day and cease to be. The Catholic Church lives forever.

Only the Catholic Church can claim a divine origin. Read the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, verses 18 and 19, and the divine origin of the Catholic Church is shown as clear as day: "And I say to thee," declares our Lord, "that thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Only the Catholic Church can claim the above credentials. Only the Catholic Church teaches truth as our Lord taught it. All other religious denominations are forced to sacrifice a portion of truth to defend their very existence.

PLAIN REASONS FOR GOING TO CHURCH

Why should I go to Church?

Such is the question which every Catholic must have heard at least once in his relations with people around him. The non-churchgoer has existed in every age. He is a feature of all times and places. Met with in all grades of society, to the zealous Catholic he is one of life's most urgent problems. As a rule, he belongs to one of three classes; the first of which has no belief in a personal God; the second of which, while believing in a personal God, declares that He is indifferent to the question of whether He is worshipped or not; while the third class declare they are satisfied with worship at home and see no need of going to church.

Now the problem of the atheist and pantheist, who compose the first class, we will leave for another time, for before we could hope to convince them of the necessity of external worship, we should have to prove to them the existence of a personal God. Men cannot be expected to worship a mere abstraction. Our task is to consider the case of those who sometimes put the question: why should I go to church?

What shall be our reply? First of all, let us take the man who says he prefers to worship God at home. We need not question his sincerity or press him with the question as to how often he actually does worship God in the privacy of his home. In dealing with this question, it would be better to employ a brief parable. "Suppose there were a great king," we might say, "who had for years been sending us gifts of the choicest quality, so that we owed to his generosity practically all we possessed in this world. Suppose this king were to send us word by an ambassador that he desired to see us in a certain place for an hour and a half each week, in order that he might confer upon us some other rich gifts which he had decided must not be sent to us in the privacy of our homes. Suppose there were people who refused to accept his invitation and who sent back word that they could not come to the place he had named, but that they would think of him in the quiet of their homes!"

What would the king think of such people? Surely he would be greatly

grieved by their ingratitude, and no one would be surprised if he withdrew all future gifts from people who had treated him so shamefully.

Yet this is the way in which some people are treating God to-day, though God has treated them so well. The human race has reason for deep gratitude to God. He created our souls and bodies; all our faculties are His gift. He preserves us in being. If He ceased to sustain us for a moment, our lives would cease. The very air we breathe is a product of His power. All the pleasures of sight and sound, the beauty of earth and sea and sky, the glory of sunrise and sunset, the startling loveliness of night, field and forest, the song of birds, happy-faced children—what are these but His creation? Have they not all a voice that speaks to us of His love and goodness? Surely the God who has so blessed us is entitled to some return? A natural sense of justice assures us it is so.

To worship God is a need of man's nature. Religion connects man with God; it satisfies the noblest cravings of his nature, viz. his desire for truth, goodness and happiness; it supplies him with a firm foundation for moral action; it elevates family life; it secures respect for duty and law; it promotes the temporal welfare of nations; it encourages intellectual progress. And apart from external worship in a church, individual religion soon fades and dies.

External religion is a primitive, universal and constant phenomenon in the life of nations. No atheistic nations exist. Plutarch tells us that cities can be found without walls, without literature, without kings, without theatres and wrestling schools, but no one, he says, has ever seen, or ever will see, a city without a sanctuary and a deity, without prayers, prophecies and sacrifices to obtain what is good and avert what is evil. "The statement," writes Tiele, "that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion, rests either on inaccurate observation or on a confusion of ideas. No tribe or nation has yet been met with destitute of a belief in a higher being, and travellers who have asserted their existence have been afterwards refuted by facts."

All the best people in history have been church-goers. When did a man ever dare to assert that his personal holiness had been derived from a habit of avoiding Church? What man of common sense would care to have written on his tombstone the words:

Here lies John Stayathome, who never went to church. Non-churchgoers usually convict themselves by their own words and actions. Take for example the man who says he likes his wife and children to go to church but sees no use in going himself. Surely any reasonable man must see that if church-going be good for his family, it must be good for him too.

This life is brief. There is a future life. Church-going is the preparation for this future life. The sacraments are God's means of fitting us for Heaven. By going to church, we correspond with the means by which God desires to bring us to the vision of Himself.

THE WAR'S TRAGEDIES AT HOME

When a ship goes down at sea and thousands are drowned, or when a battalion is slaughtered on the field of battle, it is a national tragedy. But back of that is the individual tragedy of the death of each sailor or soldier. Now and then a correspondent gives little flash-light views of these sad scenes; but he only tells of a few instances and, even then, our imagination is left to picture the struggle and the anguish in the soul during those last moments, when the little world in which the dying man moved—his home, his native village, the familiar faces—is to him no more, as he trembles on the brink of eternity. These casualty lists that sometimes fill an entire page of the paper, speak of a national tragedy; but back of the name of at least every native born son is a tragedy here at home. O yes! the war is getting very close to us. There is now scarcely a town or village in our land in which death in the trenches has not wrought its tragedy in the home.

It was our painful duty to witness recently a scene which circumstances rendered especially typical of this phase of the great world struggle. In a Canadian town there dwelt, on an unfrequented street, a little girl, the only child of her mother and she was a widow. They

were poor, in fact so poor that the Benevolent Society had to aid them till the child was old enough to go to work. Although her environments were not the best, she grew up to womanhood virtuous and religious. She was kind and patient with her mother, who possessed a much less refined nature and was "hard to get on with." In the factory in which she worked was an orphan boy of about her own age. They became acquainted and friendship ripened into love. They were married in the parish church and he hung up his hat in his mother-in-law's home. That was six years ago.

Shortly after the war broke out he answered his country's call. Soon came news that he was in the trenches. At home the young wife spent anxious days, notwithstanding the reassuring letters from the front. She attended faithfully to her domestic duties, caring for her aged mother, now almost blind, and her two little ones, a girl of five and a boy of three years. She did not squander her money, as so many soldiers' wives have done, but stunted herself that there might be something for her Vincent and the children, when the war would be over and they would all be together again.

One day a false report was brought to her that her husband was killed. She rushed out into a winter rain storm to interview the military authorities, and thus contracted a cold, which, settling upon her lungs, caused a rapid decline. At last it was decided that she should go to the hospital. On the very day that she was to leave, a message arrived from Ottawa, stating that Private—No.— was killed in action. It was impossible to keep the news from her, for in every community there are imprudent people. Two days afterwards she was dead. Thus passed out a pure, sweet life, another of the unnumbered victims of the war; and two little child hearts were crushed by a tragedy that they could not understand. The old blind mother was sent to the Home, the children to the Orphanage and the little house was boarded up; but at a window could still be seen a faded bouquet, an emblem of the blasted hopes and joys of a once happy family.

She was buried from the parish church, in which only a few years before she had worn her bridal wreath. When her husband had her adieu, he was told by the civil and military authorities that she would be honoured in the community and given every care that gratitude could suggest. But at her funeral there was no khaki, though it was much in evidence upon the streets of the town. Only some charitably disposed persons and neighbors, poor like themselves and for that reason able to understand the poor, attended the obsequies. No soldiers were deputed to carry to their resting place the remains of the girl-wife of their dead comrade-in-arms. But then he was only Private No. 436729 and she was a poor Irish Catholic girl.

to be, but selfish desire for territorial gain or such other advantages as may accrue to the winning side.

ROUMANIA, whose prompt alignment by the side of stricken Serbia might have perceptibly shortened the War and reduced thereby the sum of human misery which it has brought upon the world, has as a nation chosen rather to adopt the attitude of waiting for the cat to jump that (if we may be pardoned a mixed metaphor) it may reap where it has not sown. It has had a keen eye to the main chance, and the nations which have borne the heat and burden of the conflict will no doubt see to it that, even should it at the eleventh hour wheel into line its reward shall be proportioned to the measure of its sacrifice. To Serbia, the martyr-nation of the Balkans, is the long account due. Roumania has now ceased to occupy the position of a deciding factor, and the War is already won without her.

A COPY of the prospectus of the Kilmarnock edition of the poems of Robert Burns, published in 1786, was sold at Sotheby's in London the other day for \$1,375, and a scrap of his hand-writing for \$1,000. Burns during his lifetime found some difficulty in getting together money sufficient for his needs, and it may be doubted if the entire proceeds of the sale of this, the first collected edition of his poems, realized what has now been paid for the single printed sheet in which he solicited subscriptions for the volume. Such is life, and such is fame.

AN EVEN more remarkable instance of what may be called posthumous prosperity is that of the American poetic genius, Edgar Allan Poe. Poe's was a life of continuous struggle with poverty which sometimes dragged him down into the very depths of misery and degradation. Ill-health and hope deferred had much to do with his unhappy downfalls, and his genius, which was really of the first order, found little practical recognition during his life. His first book of poetry "Tamerlane," was published anonymously at Boston in 1827, and probably realized to the author sufficient coin to keep him in food for a week. Some years ago a single copy was sold at auction for \$1,450—a sum sufficient to have made Poe feel actually prosperous had it been realized from the sale of an entire edition of one of his later publications. The world is sometimes slow to realize its own treasures.

INSTANCES of the kind might be multiplied indefinitely. One more occurs to us at the moment. The struggle for existence which characterized the life of Oliver Goldsmith—the much-loved author of the "Vicar of Wakefield"—is part and parcel of English literary history, and the circumstance under which his famous novel was given to the world is widely known. It will be remembered that Dr. Johnson found him sick and depressed, and, haunted by creditors in his London attic, and casting about for some means to relieve the situation, unearthed from a drawer the manuscript of the "Vicar," which he took away with him and sold presently to a bookseller for £40. A single copy of this first edition brought at Sotheby's the other day £80—just twice the proceeds realized to Goldsmith by this product of his genius. Why will not the good public anticipate fame?

DISCUSSING the reported seizure by the English police of a printed exposition of the Sermon on the Mount by the Anglican Bishop Gore of Oxford, the Toronto Star affirms that "whenever the Bible is searched for maxims applicable to modern life, the usual course is to quote what is convenient, ignoring the context." This is a truth which scarcely needs vindication. But does it not also accurately describe the unchanging attitude of Protestantism towards the Bible and the Catholic Church for nearly four centuries?

ROUMANIA, it is said, is now almost ready to join hands with the Allies in the further prosecution of the War. The assistance of the lower Danubian kingdom would no doubt be welcome even at this stage of the conflict, but its value must necessarily be appraised by the underlying motives which have prompted its waiting attitude throughout. Not zeal for freedom or hatred of tyranny can this be said

out in regard to many of the past worthies of Protestantism. Dr. Martin Luther, for example, has come in for some pretty hard knocks. A few years ago, when they celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, he was elevated to the very topmost pinnacle among the world's benefactors. And now, read this from the Church Times. Referring to the harsh treatment of war-prisoners in the camp at Wittenberg, Luther's home town, this Protestant journal says:

"We are inclined, however, to think that this is no case of a fall from a great height of goodness to a depth of wickedness. Dr. Martin Luther was the spiritual progenitor of Oberstabsarzt, Dr. Aschenbach and that other criminal, Herr Kommandant General von Dassel; and it is a case of 'like father, like son.' The disregard of solemn treaties as mere scraps of paper 'has its analogue in Luther's broken vows; the ruins of Louvain and Reims and Ypres are of a piece with the havoc made of the Catholic Church and creed; the gross living of so many a German of today is the reflection of his table talk."

In the present day vernacular, that is "going some" for a Protestant!

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Relative calm was reported from the battlefields of Somme yesterday following the fierce fighting of Thursday. The combined advance of the French and British on that day, which had carried the British upon the north side of the wedge thrust into the German lines as far as the wood of Fouraux, to the northeast of Bazentin, and the French well passed the first line trenches of the enemy south of the Somme, was followed during the night by determined counter-attacks. The endeavor to recapture the lost German trenches and field works south of the Somme, on which the enemy had expended almost two years of labor, was fruitless. The French were on the alert, and turned such a volume of artillery and machine gun fire upon the battalion which led the assault that it was thrown back in disorder after suffering very great losses. The failure of this attack so discouraged the Germans that the French were left to consolidate their gains without further molestation. The midnight French report was one of the shortest on record, and merely stated that "there is nothing to add to this forenoon's communique."

The British battle-front, north of the river, was the scene of a more serious struggle. There the Germans, after being turned out of Fouraux Wood, directed an intense artillery fire upon the wood, using gas shells. Following this up, they secured a foothold in the northern part, and amid the shattered tree trunks a stubbornly fought engagement continued throughout the night. The report of General Haig issued late last night says there is no change in the situation. During yesterday the Germans made a bombing attack on the Leipzig salient, and succeeded at one point in entering the British front trenches. They were immediately driven out. In the aerial combats of the day the Germans lost five machines and the British only one.

The German official report makes a good deal of the engagement at Fromelles on Thursday, referred to by Sir Douglas Haig as an important raid on the enemy's trenches carried out on a front of two miles, in which Australian troops took part and about 140 Germans were captured. Berlin asserts that this attack "resulted in the loss by the attackers of more than 2,000 men killed and nearly 500 made prisoners." The statement is probably a lie. The Germans have no accurate means of knowing how many Australian dead lie in front of their positions. There is no indication that the affair was more than what Sir Douglas Haig says, an important raid intended to convince the enemy that it would be dangerous to strip his trenches of men for the reinforcement of the hard pressed Germans engaged in the battle of the Somme. Berlin also belittles the progress made in the attacks of Thursday, and tells of the capture of 1,200 prisoners during the day's operations and the repulse of 200,000 British and French troops who took part in them. The German people may begin to consult the map and see for themselves what is happening.

Another advance of General Brusiloff's army on the Styria is recorded in official despatches from Petrograd and admitted by the Austrian War Office. The battle took place on the Styria near its confluence with the Lipa, and the result was the dislodging of the Austrians from their positions at Werbene, possession of the crossings of the Styria, and the capture on another part of the field of over 1,600 prisoners, including many officers. The official statement speaks of the Austrians posted on the heights near the town of Beresteck as "beginning partially to surrender." A despatch from Rome, speaking of the effect of the Russian advance toward Brody, says that the town has been hastily evacuated, the inhabitants fleeing in confusion in the belief that the Russians would soon be in occupation. Brody is fifty-five miles from Lemberg, on the main line between that city and Rovno.

The Teuton losses in the desperate battles of the past ten days on the Volhynian front have been great. A

It is refreshing in these times of transition to find how truth will

correspondent of The London Times, who is with Brusiloff's army, says that, according to prisoners, the enemy's losses during the last ten days have been extremely heavy. From 75,000 to 100,000 this week would be no exaggeration. This estimate, of course, includes prisoners, and it must be remembered that one day's haul totalled over 13,000. The second Austro-German army of Volhynia is suffering the fate that overtook its predecessor in June. A general retirement to prepared positions east of Kovel and of Lemberg seems inevitable.—Globe, July 22.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, July 22.—Three names wide apart are joined to-day in Parliamentary warfare, Mesopotamia, Dardanelles-Ireland. The fact that brings such dissimilar elements together, is that in all three cases the same charges are made against the present Ministry, namely: delay, procrastination, indecision, and divided councils.

It is possible that Premier Asquith's extraordinary adroitness, especially in view of the terror caused by the thought of substituting for him, in the middle of the war, another man of untried capacity, together with the universal respect his abilities command as acknowledged by all his former foes as well as friends, may save him once again at a time when his fate seems sealed. However, this has been his worst week in the House of Commons since the beginning of the war, many of his statements being received with derisive laughter from several parts of the House.

This growing dissatisfaction found its climax in the extraordinary delays incident to the Irish negotiations. It is now three weeks since John Redmond, immediately after Devlin's triumph at the Ulster Convention, signified his acceptance of the Lloyd George terms. In the interval, the only thing that has occurred is the speech of Lord Lansdowne. That speech threatened the whole settlement by its naked avowal of coercion not only in the interval until the new Irish Government comes into existence, but also afterwards. The Irish Nationalists saw their new government reduced by this speech to a shadow with all real power in the hands of a military dictator and an English Executive.

It is known that Lloyd George was angry and Premier Asquith disturbed by the speech, but although it was roundly denounced by Redmond, no repudiation came from Lansdowne. In the meantime things in Ireland became worse instead of better. Disappointment over the delay and resentment of Lansdowne's speech, the general unrest caused by Maxwell's executions, and raids, were ready weapons in the hands of factional extremists who desired to destroy both the settlement and the Irish Party.

Suggestions also were made of modifications to the settlement which would have made it impossible of acceptance and Redmond working incessantly, though quietly, had to warn the Ministry in the strongest terms of the perils of the situation. It is not possible to say just what will be the final outcome, for everything both in and outside of the House of Commons at present is in a state of delicate balance. Anything may happen from a breakup in the Ministry to a return to open conflict on Ireland between the Irish Party and the present Ministry.

It looks at the moment like another of England's many lost opportunities of winning the confidence and affections of the Irish people.

There will never be an authentic account of the remarkable convention of Irish Nationalists at Belfast, which practically decided the fate of Ireland for many generations. This is a great loss to history and perhaps to Ireland. One speech alone would have been sufficient to make the meeting historic, apart altogether from the fatefulness of the decisions; that speech, of course, was Mr. Devlin's, which swept the Convention off its feet, and made what was a very doubtful result at the beginning, quite certain. Indeed that speech accounted for the majority in favour of the Lloyd George Settlement; for it not only gained votes, but it so disturbed and moved the consciences of some of the men who had come into the room pledged to vote against the settlement, that they left the room rather than break their pledge on the one side; or on the other side against what Mr. Devlin had shown them to be the interest of Ireland.

I do not go back, however, on the Ulster Nationalist Convention for the purpose of relating the personal incidents, but rather to point out its significance in the future of Ireland. It is admitted by everybody who was present that the Convention was orderly, patient, self-restrained; that everybody was listened to in patience; that the interruptions were few and far between, and then were sternly repressed; that there was a particle of that flapping talk of which there has been a regular debase in Ireland since the Rebellion; in fact, that a great Convention was worthy of a great historic moment and of the portentous issues. An Englishman who was present declared that if he had ever any doubts of the fitness of Irishmen for self-government, this convention would have removed them.

But now comes the sad reflection, that Ireland will have to start the experiment of self-government without the assistance of these Ulstermen, and of the Ulstermen of both camps. For it is right to put the Ulstermen together—widely as they differ in political and religious conviction. They resemble each other much more than either of them resembles their political friends in the South. Of course there is a tendency on both the one side and the other to bitterness and narrowness; this is inevitable; for the bigotry of the Orangemen naturally reacts on the Nationalist, and renders his creed a little harder and more assertive than in the softer atmosphere of the South. On the other hand, these politicians of the North have infused into each other a number of strong political virtues. They are uncompromising; they are at the same time businesslike; above all, they have discipline and unity. In all the many splits that have divided the rest of Ireland, the Ulster Nationalists stood apart; even in those hours when a spirit of something approaching despair dried up the courage and the funds of the Nationalists in the South of Ireland and even among the Irish abroad, the Ulster Nationalists still maintained their organization and their subscriptions. Every year for more than a quarter of a century, the subscription of £1,000 came regularly from Belfast. These are the men who will not be represented in the new Irish Parliament. On the other hand, the other type of Ulsterman is equally a loss; for they again have revealed very remarkable business powers. The harbour of Belfast is very well managed; the Belfast man is very businesslike, prompt, ready to meet the views of his customers, able to get hold of trade; building up a city with something of the feverishness of an American city; and gradually attracting to his capital a great proportion of the business of the whole of South of Ireland. It is from Belfast that the Southern draper gets his tea, it is from Belfast that the Southern draper gets a great part of his cloth and the ready-made clothing business which at one time belonged most exclusively to Leeds and other English cities has now been taken in hand by Belfast. I may add the well-known fact that the banks of Belfast collect the money which the thrifty and now prosperous farmers of the South of Ireland are willing to give at 2½% or 3% on deposit account and invest it in a thriving and go-ahead city like Belfast at 6% or 7%.

CECIL CHESTERTON TELLS GEORGE B. SHAW OF GOSPELS

NOTED ENGLISH PLAYWRIGHT IS TOLD WHY HE COMES TO GROTESQUE CONCLUSIONS FROM STUDY OF GOSPELS

I notice that my friend, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, writing in 'The New Statesman', says of the preface on Christianity which Mr. Bernard Shaw attaches to the printed version of his play 'Androcles and the Lion,' that 'those who believe Jesus is God will find this preface intolerably blasphemous.' He goes on to say that though—and I think he means to include himself—who reject this belief will yet be somewhat repelled by the picture presented. Now the curious thing is that I happen to belong to the probably very tiny minority (though it is larger than it was in my boyhood) of Englishmen, who have given thought to these subjects and who have arrived, as so many pagan intellectuals of the third and fourth centuries arrived, at the conclusion that Jesus Christ was God, and I do not find Mr. Shaw's preface 'intolerably blasphemous' or even 'offensive.' On the contrary, I find it curiously interesting.

When I say that I find it interesting I do not mean that for me it has thrown any new light upon the problem which Mr. Shaw has attempted to solve—the problem of the real nature and teaching of Jesus Christ. That problem Mr. Shaw could not possibly solve, because he had not got the key. The key was given a little over nineteen hundred years ago to another than Mr. Shaw, to one whom Mr. Shaw regards as a good fisherman spoilt. Mr. Shaw would never think of asking him for it, though, as I shall presently show, it is the most rationally scientific thing to do. But what he has written is extraordinarily valuable as an illustration of what a man of exceptional ability and exceptional candor, honestly and diligently reading the Four Gospels without further guidance, can make of the story.

The attempt is, of course, a failure, and some of the conclusions are really grotesque, and must, I think, be felt by Mr. Shaw himself to be grotesque. Yet, because Mr. Shaw has attempted to solve a task which is impossible for any honest mind and a desire to know the truth, and to have used his very powerful intelligence to that end he really does bring out some conclusions which are as interesting as (in a Modern) they are startling.

For instance, Mr. Shaw is too well acquainted with the manner in which readable books are written to believe that certain professors, who cannot write readable books, when they tell him that each Gospel is a mosaic composed of sentences written at different periods and strung together by some typically industrious official who added the art of forgery to the accomplishment of writing, so that the part of a given sentence was written in the first century and the second part in the fifth. Bernard Shaw at least knows that his own plays could not be written in that fashion; by the same token he knows that the Gospels could not. It is also not without significance that by the same literary insight Mr. Shaw perceives that the Gospel of St. John—so especially attacked throughout the ages by all the heretics, from Marcion in the second century (who maintained that his own sister was the Holy Ghost, and complained that the evangelist did bear him out) to Professor Harnack in the twentieth, simply because it lays particular emphasis on Catholic Doctrine—is the one which conveys to the reader the strongest internal evidence of being the work of an eye-witness.

But most important of all is this fact: After studying the Gospels with complete intellectual detachment and I should think, with a certain unwillingness to reach such a conclusion, Mr. Shaw is forced to acknowledge that these documents, on the face of them, bear unmistakable and reiterated testimony to the fact that Our Lord claimed to be God. He seems even to have abandoned an earlier position in which, if I am not mistaken, he was disposed to maintain that Jesus Christ claimed the God-head only as the common appanage of all humanity. Having re-examined the text, Mr. Shaw has arrived at the only conclusion at which an honest investigator could arrive, namely, that, if that text is to be taken as authoritative, He claimed to be God in a wholly unique and incomparable sense, claimed that He was the actual Creator of the Universe. He also claimed that He could give men His Flesh and Blood to eat, and Mr. Shaw, having read the passage for himself, seems clearly to agree that it must be taken in its natural sense. Mr. Shaw's conclusion is that Jesus Christ—having been up to that point an eminently sane and clear-headed thinker—suddenly went mad. I do not complain

of that conclusion. It is a very natural one, and was probably shared by those disciples who (anticipating Protestantism) after that last declaration, as we are told, 'went back and walked no more with them.' For those of us who declined to take that course, without having the key, Mr. Shaw should have got so far by the more study of the Gospel towards a true conception of the starting claim upon which the Christian Faith is undoubtedly based. For Mr. Shaw is an Irish Protestant, and until I had read this preface I had not realized how completely this fact divorced him not only from the theology, but from the history of Christendom. It seems almost literally true to say that he has never heard of the Catholic Church. He must, I suppose, have heard in his youth of people called 'Papists' or 'Papistishers.' He probably conceived of them as something like Mormons. At any rate, it is a literal and incontrovertible fact that in his account of 'Christianity' he jumps straight from the Apostles to Luther and Calvin, and that for all that one could gather from the record he gives there might never have been any such thing as the domination of Europe by the Christian Faith for over a thousand years, or as that tremendous attempt to base human society on its dogmas which we call the Middle Ages or, alternatively, Christendom.

WHEN PROTESTANTS PROTEST

So far, as will be observed, I have not so much as mentioned the Gospels, and that for the obvious reason that, scientifically, the Gospels come last in the process which I am attempting. They are documents produced by the Catholic Church as an explanation of how she came into existence. She attributes the divine authority which she claims to the fact that she was founded by an incarnate God, and she offers you her records of His earthly life. Now, even if these records had, as in fact these have not, any other guarantee than that derived from the traditions of the Catholic Church, it would still be historically reasonable to presume, until the contrary was proved, that the Catholic Church was the only Church which was the only known result of His teaching. Our Lord Himself confirmed this obvious truth, which is the foundation among other things of modern science. 'By their fruits shall ye know them.' The principle is as applicable to a false religion as to a true one. I know nothing about the original teaching of Robert Brown, the founder of the Independents; he may, for all I can say, have been an extreme High Churchman, but it is not likely that he was, because such a man would hardly have founded the Independents. I know nothing about the Countess of Huntingdon, whose 'Connection' I believe still exists. She may have been a Voltairian Rationalist, but it is not probable, for such has not been the fate of the religious society which owes its origin to her. Similarly, Jesus Christ (if we reject authority) may have taught Protestantism, but the fact remains that, as Newman said, 'the Christianity of history is not Protestantism.' Neither is it Pacifism or Shavianism or any other of its varieties. It is Catholicism.

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It was not the more teaching that was new. The Jews were not scandalized at hearing that they should do to others as they would that

become corrupt. On the other hand, those who do believe in its divine authority are quite free to admit development in its discipline and doctrine. With such theological matters I am not at the moment concerned, but only with history. To anyone who has a sense of reality it must be obvious that the Catholic Church as we see it fully for the first time in the fourth century is of the same type as the Catholic Church of to-day. Classify it, as you would classify an animal, and you will say—if you are candid and know the facts—this religion is not Buddhism or Mormonism or Puritanism or Liberal-Christianism, but quite unmistakably the thing we now know as Catholicism.

CECIL CHESTERTON TELLS GEORGE B. SHAW OF GOSPELS

And yet it is there that one must find the history key to the Gospels; and in saying this I am not necessarily speaking as a believer. The other day I asked one of the most uncompromising Atheists (I do not think that he would repudiate the name) of my acquaintance who is also a valued contributor to this paper, how he would begin an article on Jesus Christ for an Agnostic Encyclopaedia. He professed that he had never considered the matter; thereupon I said: 'What do you say to this? Jesus Christ is the name given by the Catholic Church to the Founder.' He admitted that that would be a sound definition. Mr. Bernard Shaw searches the Scriptures because, like the Pharisees, he thinks that in them he has eternal life. It is interesting to observe how Protestantism quotes the phrase 'to search the Scriptures' as if Our Lord had specifically recommended it, whereas what He did was to point out its utter futility unless you had the key. 'Ye will not come to Me that ye may have life, and these are they that testify of Me.' When Mr. Shaw wants to know what Christianity he goes to the Four Gospels. Why, I do not know, unless it is because he is an Irish Protestant. He does not consult the Shepherd of Hermas or the Gospel according to Peter or the Gospel according to the Twelve Apostles. Yet there is only one reason for preferring the canonical Gospels to these documents, and that is that the former have the name of the Catholic Church. But to this obvious fact and to its corollaries Mr. Shaw is as blind as John Knox was. He pays superstitious reverence—superstitious because not based on reason—to these writings, and accepts them as the final authority as to the meaning of Christianity. The conclusion he brings out is that Jesus Christ was mad; but really not mad in the method of investigation.

Now, suppose that instead of proceeding in the fashion of an Irish Protestant, Mr. Shaw had proceeded in the spirit of a genuine Free Thinker with a sense of the realities of history, what would he have found? Well, he would have examined 'Christianity' as an inconceivable historic fact, and searching back for its origins he would have discovered that as early as the end of the first century there existed in the Roman Empire a secret society called the 'Ecclesia' or Church. Its members were also called 'Christians' or Christians. He would find this institution continually and increasingly persecuted by the State and its tenets in consequence, difficult to ascertain with precision. But he would find two points of its secret doctrine recurring with sufficient regularity to make it pretty clear that they have something to do with the essence of the thing: one is the belief that a Divine Being took on flesh, died and rose again; the other is that this Divine Being feeds men upon His Body and Blood. The last belief leads to the natural accusation of cannibalism. We hear also something of a sacerdotal priesthood, and of a mystical honor paid to virginity. Of many things which in later ages have been supposed to be of the essence of 'Christianity'—sacerdotalism, the rights of animals, and the wickedness of international warfare—we do not hear at all. The last point of faith would indeed have been awkward, for almost as soon as we hear of Christians existence we hear of them in the legions. Towards the end of the third century this persecuted secret society comes more and more into the open, and we can see and recognize its outline. It is an outline which, whether we like it or hate it, we ought all to be able to study. It is the outline of the Catholic Church.

It is open to anyone who does not recognize that Church as a divine institution (though hardly the one who does) to say that in certain points wherein it was once pure it has now

others should do to them; that they had learned from their own Rabbis from their youth up. The Pagan world was not converted by the statement that the merciful were blessed, or that love was better than hate. Every philosopher had said that a hundred times. What was new was not the message, but the Voice—a voice speaking to them with authority and not as the scribes. And it spoke to them with authority because it was the voice of their Author.—Cecil Chesterton in The New Witness.

WHEN PROTESTANTS PROTEST

Catholic faith is all that is left to the Belgian refugee. Wrote the Protestant, Cora Harris, in an article called 'The New Militants,' in the Saturday Evening Post of November 21, 1914, of a group of Belgian women at a railroad station where English women met them to take them to English homes. 'These pallid-faced Flemish women craved another shelter. Their first question was: "Where is the church?" And by the church they meant the Catholic Church. * * * Presently they filed out, strangely comforted, their faces sweetly calm. They had been fed and clothed in that place by their faith.' The men of these women laid down their lives for England. It is not, therefore, to be supposed that any Englishman would deny his pro-Catholic survivors spiritual food or clothes. But according to English Protestant testimony, some English Protestants have not only withheld religious opportunities from the Belgians, but have tried to buy Belgian birthrights for pottage. That Belgians have been refused religious opportunities may be seen from this letter written by an Episcopalian clergyman from Shebber Vicarage, North Devon, to the Western Morning News: 'We English people pride ourselves on our tolerance, but is it not intolerance to bring these sad people to country villages far from the opportunities of hearing Mass, which is dearer to them than their daily bread, at a time when they need all the comforts of their faith? "That English Protestants are tempting Belgians to betray their faith in gratitude for material favors is testified to by a Protestant editor. In the Anglican Church Times of June 16, 1916, the Belgian Relief Committee of the Protestant Alliance is scored for proselytization of refugees. "It is evident," writes the editor, "that a propaganda for subverting the faith of Belgian Catholics is being carried on, as we can see from letters addressed to the Alliance by recipients of its charity. In one we read: "We are glad that the family who were once R. C.'s, are in London under your care. I learn they go to the church (presumably the Gospel Mission) on Sundays with you. Another family 'now converted from Romanism,' expresses its thanks; a third says, "When we arrived in England we were Roman Catholics. Now we are all Protestants in heart and soul." There are other letters written in the same strain, but these should suffice to warrant the presumption that advantage is being taken of the distress of these poor people to subvert their faith. It is an abuse of hospitality which should be sternly discouraged.'

Hope not only for the immediate situation but for the happier relationship between Protestant and Catholic lies in the readiness of the members of one communion to condemn the unworthy acts of fellow members toward the opposite sect. Pre-millennium days, in our opinion, will be those in which Protestants com-monly protest against Protestants for injustice toward Catholics, and Catholics take Catholics to task for injustice toward Protestants.—Chicago New World.

And now comes the odd thing. If you read the Gospels by themselves, I do not think (I speak subject to authority) that you could get the Catholic religion or any other intelligible religion out of them. But if you read them with the historically reasonable presumption that what they teach is the religion of those who, so far as we know, produced them—that is, Catholicism—you suddenly find the key fitting the lock in a fashion which seems (what it doubtless is) miraculous. I will take a single example, not because it is the strongest I could find, but because it is suggested by Mr. Shaw. Mr. Shaw maintains that Our Lord was violently hostile to the institution of marriage, and in support of his contention, he is undoubtedly able to quote certain sayings attributed to Him in the Gospels. Now, these were just the texts which were stumbling blocks to what I may call the Romantic Christians of the Victorian age. Men like Kingsley were always denouncing the idea of virginity as an unworthy and inhuman ideal. To them marital love seemed not only a holy thing but the one and supreme holy thing—the image of divinity. Mr. Shaw, as we all know, is not of that opinion; and he has trotted out these texts in order to show that Jesus Christ detested the family, and approved either of celibacy or free love—I am not quite clear which. But Mr. Shaw is up against another set of texts which are as difficult for him as these were for the Romantics; and he has to suppress 'Therefore let a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife.' 'The twain shall be one flesh,' the repeated denunciations of divorce and so on, just as Kingsley had to suppress 'There be eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake.'

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LISTEN We borrow, In our sorrow, From the sun of some tomorrow Half the light that glids to-day; And the splendor Flashes tender O'er hope's footsteps to defend her From the fears that haunt the way. We never Here can sever Any now from the forever Interclasping near and far! For each minute Holds within it All the hours of the infinite, As one sky holds every star. —REV. ABRAM J. RYAN

A CATHOLIC MARQUIS IN THE RANKS

From the Catholic Herald of India A young Irishman who has recently enlisted in the Inns of Court O. T. C., London, tells of an amusing coincidence which he experienced not long ago. A new pair of breeches having been served out to him, and finding it convenient at the moment to dispose of them he asked a fellow-private in the corps, who was a perfect stranger to him, to oblige him by putting the article of wearing apparel in his kit-bag and keep it for him until later in the afternoon, when they would meet at the law courts. The Irish soldier, in turning up to claim his breeches, got them back. After thanking the unknown comrade who had thus done him a good turn, the owner of the breeches observed to him casually, "I hear the Marquis of Bute has joined our corps to-day." "Yes," replied the other, and after a short pause, added quietly, "I am the Marquis of Bute."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the Record, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year. Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER. Previously acknowledged... \$7,595 75 D. D. Barracks, Kingston... 10 00 Annie O'C., Quebec... 1 50 In memory of mother... 1 00 W. J. C., Ottawa... 1 00 Miss M. Kenny, Newton... 1 00 F. A. Gallagher, St. John... 2 00 A Friend, Pakenham... 5 00

THOMAS SIMPSON, applying to the British Parliament in 1760 for a charter for the Equitable Society, based his petition on the following grounds: "The great numbers of His Majesty's subjects whose subsistence principally depends on the salaries, stipends and other incomes payable to them during their natural lives or on the profits arising from their several trades, occupations, labor and industry, are very desirous of entering into a society for assuring the lives of each other in order to extend, after their decease, the benefit of their present incomes to their families and relations, who may otherwise be reduced to extreme poverty and distress by the premature death of their several husbands, fathers and friends."

The Benefits of Life Insurance No Better Statement Than this of the true purpose of Life Insurance has ever been issued The impelling motive for taking out a policy is the same now as it was in Simpson's day, but the facilities are greater. Are you "extending the benefit of your present income" to your family? If not, you are to blame for neglecting to shield them from the chance of "extreme poverty and distress." Send us your date of birth. We can fit you with a policy. Licensed by Dominion Government - Premiums cannot be raised once policy issued. Surrender and Loan Values in the contract.

THE Capital Life Assurance Company of Canada HEAD OFFICE - OTTAWA

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Redmond
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

The practical followers of our Lord distinguish themselves in their daily lives from those who are not so, their profession nothing to the contrary, by their works.

If you love Me, keep My commandments. The practical followers of our Lord only are true Christians, whilst all others, be their profession or pretensions what they may, have to be classed with the heathen and the publican.

Our Lord is, as well as man, the God of all truth—Truth itself. Those, therefore, who oppose His law and the precepts of His Church, not being with Him, are against Him.

These are the false prophets to whom we should give thought today. They are daily engaged in blasting good in souls.

A child will instinctively turn from liquor, and if given it, its body will shudder at the unnatural administration.

Mr. Burdick was a man who never touched liquor in any form, but he had several men in his employ who imbibed more or less.

Mr. Burdick muttered something in an undertone. Then rising, he said: "Well, for a man who don't drink, I certainly suffer more from the effects of liquor than any one I ever knew."

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ST. THOMAS AND DANTE

ON ST. PAUL'S DEFINITION OF FAITH

I have often heard it said, and have seen it in print, that Dante's "Divina Commedia" is St. Thomas's "Summa Theologica" in verse.

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TEMPERANCE

THE EFFECTS OF LIQUOR

The evil consequences of drink extend much farther than the drinker himself imagines, as is illustrated by the following story:

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HOW THE HABIT GROWS

The Delinquent, (May, 1916) has an article by former Governor Malcolm Patterson of Tennessee, who describes among other things the beginnings and the hold of the alcohol habit:

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OBSTACLES

We meet them everywhere. Even good people are confronted with an obstacle to their goodness now and then.

Those early champions of the cause of Christ, the holy women, found a hindrance to their work of love in the great stone that sealed His tomb.

Now let us take Dante's interpretation. It occurs in the "Paradiso," canto xxiv, where St. Peter examines him touching faith, and Dante replies (Cary's translation):

"E'en as set down by the unerring style Of thy dear brother, who with thee conspired To bring Rome into the way of life."

Faith of things hoped in substance and the proof Of things not seen; and herein dost consist Me thinks its essence.—"Rightly hast thou deemed."

Was answered, "if thou well discern why first He hath defined it substance and then proof."

"The deep things," I replied, "which here I scan Distinctly, are below from mortal eye."

So hidden, they have in belief alone Their being: on which credence hope sublime Is built: and therefore substance it intends."

That, is, contains in its definition, concept, idea. Then he goes on to give the meaning of proof:

"And inasmuch as we must needs infer From such belief our reasoning, all respect To other view excluded, hence of proof The intention is derived."

St. Paul's definition is of the act of faith. After his explanation of this, Dante goes on to state how he is led up to it, how his mind is convinced of its infallible certainty, in other words, what motives of credibility brings him to it, but with these we are not here concerned.

We see, then, that in this, what may be called crucial test, Dante had no notion of rendering St. Thomas in verse. Had he, surely on what is the foundation of all, he would have taken care to consult and give the explanation of his master.

They had both taken "all knowledge for their province." They were both deep in Aristotelian philosophy, physical and metaphysical; both well seen "in theology; both great at the pen," whether in prose or verse.

Now, when a learned man like Dante wrote a poem to outlast imperishable Rome designed, it had to be a dream of learning.

However the matter may be viewed, it is worth while calling attention to Dante's and St. Thomas's independent interpretation of St. Paul's definition of faith.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

FALLING AWAY FROM CHURCH

Who will insure that the faith which now rules the conduct of your Catholic household will last beyond the present generation?

The Church, will last, but the Church does not come to the people. The people are said to "fall away from the Church."

Study the meaning of the expression: They "fall away" from the Church by neglecting to go to church. They lose their interest in religion. They do not come to hear the priest. They do not come to gain spiritual inspiration.

One remedy for "fallen away Catholics" would be for the priest to go to their household—or for their Catholic neighbors to visit them and exhort them to come back. But this is rarely or ever done.

We know of no better means of bringing religion to those who fail to come for it than the silent missionary of the press—the fifty-two times a year visit to a Catholic paper speaking to every member, young and old, and speaking by every device from the insinuated Catholicism of the story to the five minute sermon.

OCCASIONS OF SIN

The following passages from a pastoral of the late Bishop of Newport, England, are peculiarly timely:

"There are those," says the Bishop, "who will not profess the creed of the libertines, but will refuse to renounce the frequentation of places, the company of persons and the readings of books which are plainly and experimentally dangerous occasions of sin."

These occasions occur under pretext, sometimes of amusement and sometimes friendship. The following principle may here be laid down: If a thing is a grievous sin, we commit a grievous sin by exposing ourselves to the strong temptation of committing it.

There are practically no exceptions to this rule, for the large majority of persons. Next, a thing that is a grievous sin to do, it is a grievous sin to desire, and even to dwell upon the thought.

And finally no excuse of friendship, relationship or company can make a thing not to be a sin which would be a sin under other circumstances.

It is wrong to read books and newspapers which tend to excite the passion. No doubt, it is very difficult, under our modern conditions, to choose what to read, and to avoid all that is objectionable.

But even if you do think thus, that day is always thought of as off in the future; you will be very old, all your friends of earlier times shall have passed over to the other side, and you shall be glad to cross yourself—

you shall be glad to go, then; but when you hear a church bell toll do you say to yourself: some morning I, too, shall lie before the altar; some morning for me the Requiem shall, too, be sung; some morning I shall leave the old church to enter it no more?

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LORD NINIAN

CHAPLAIN'S MEMORIES OF LAST DAYS OF HEROIC FIGURE

A French priest who was a vicar in one of the Paris churches and is now serving as a priest-interpreter with the English staff has sent the Croix the following letter in which he tells of the last Communion received by Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, son of the late Marquis of Bute, and brother of present holder of title, two days before his death:

"This accursed war, with all its horrors, is yet fruitful in thousands of encouraging incidents. Here is one which happened in the last days of September in Artois, of which I was a witness.

Having in the general confusion lost contact with the English unit to which I was attached as interpreter, I wandered in the cold and rain all night until the small hours of the morning, when I found myself near a little country church standing amid ruins.

I made my way quickly to it, but scarcely had I crossed the threshold when my foot tripped in the gloom against a human form on its knees on the cold damp floor.

I found that I had disturbed the prayers of a colonel of the brave English army. I excused myself as well as I could, and telling him that I was a priest, and that I had come in to see if I could say Mass.

THE LAST CONFESSION

At the mention of this word the good colonel rose quickly and said, "We will go and see." Signing to me to follow him, he went before me between two rows of wounded men lying on the straw with which the floor of the nave was covered.

"We climbed over a heap of chairs and got into the sacristy, where we introduced ourselves to each other and then set to work to search for vestments and the necessities for Mass. Lord Ninian found what was wanted like a familiar of the house. Scarcely had I vested before the colonel asked me to hear his confession, and cut short any hesitation on my part by offering me a chair, and going down on his knees beside it.

It goes without saying that he wished to communicate at the Mass which he was going to serve. But there was no small altar there, but a large one broken into quarters quickly got us out of our difficulty, and so I could proceed to the celebration of the holy mysteries.

DEATH

DO YOU EVER THINK OF IT

Do you ever think that you will die? I do not mean thinking in a general way—it is appointed unto all men once to die—it will be all the same a hundred years from now—when I am gone—; but as you look up sometimes from your work, and your window shows you a funeral procession filing past, do you stop and think: some morning I, too, shall make that last journey through the haunts of living men, while the heedless passersby look on, and drivers and motormen fret because the cortege causes them delay? Or when you hear a church bell toll do you say to yourself: some morning I, too, shall lie before the altar; some morning for me the Requiem shall, too, be sung; some morning I shall leave the old church to enter it no more?

But even if you do think thus, that day is always thought of as off in the future; you will be very old, all your friends of earlier times shall have passed over to the other side, and you shall be glad to cross yourself—

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WHEN EDITORS MUST SPEAK PLAINLY

"An editor's task," remarks America, "would be a pleasant one had he never to write anything but what is agreeable to his readers, and never to receive any letters but such as tell him he is a great man, and his periodical simply perfect. Sometimes, however, it is his duty to speak plainly concerning some move-

APPLES, ORANGES, FIGS AND PRUNES

Are The Four Fruits Used in Making "Fruit-a-tives"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is the only medicine in the world that is made from the juices of fresh ripe fruits. Thus, it is manifestly unfair to say, "I won't take Fruit-a-tives because I have tried other remedies and they did me no good!"

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Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are non-poisonous, and there is no danger whatever if the children get hold of the bottle. It retains its germicidal powers even when diluted one part Absorbine Jr., to 100 parts of water—and its antiseptic powers one part Absorbine, Jr., to 200 parts water.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"I HEARD"

The sins of the tongue are so prevalent and destructive that Redemptorist priests when preaching missions always give a sermon on them.

There are sweet, sunny souls that gather notes of cheer and comfort as naturally as the bee gathers honey.

One wonders why anyone should choose to gather up unkind criticisms and to pour them upon sensitive souls already too heavily burdened.

This matter of hearing has not only to do with what help or hindrance we carry to others, it has still more to do with what we build into our own lives.

Do not flatter yourself because you have a good brain and a large stock of self confidence, that you do not need to be so particular about your manners.

No matter how much ability you have nobody will want you unless you are pleasant and agreeable.

The law can touch us here and there now and then," said Burke, "but manners are of more importance than the laws.

Our boys and girls to boys. You are made to be kind boys, generous and magnanimous, said Horace Mann, the great teacher, to a class of boys on one occasion.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running.

If there is a dull one, help him to start his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before.

If a larger and stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.

GOUNDED AS A SCHOLAR. When Gounod was at the school of one who was called the poor Papa Pierson, he was constantly scribbling musical notes.

"Your parents complain," said Pierson. "They do not wish any musician in their family. You must be a professor."

"Never!" "Your only choice is between Greek and Latin."

"But I will be a musician," Gounod said.

"You will? Give it up, I say; it is no profession at all. However, we will just see what you can do. Here's pen and paper. Compose for me a new air to St. Joseph's words, 'A peine au sortir de l'enfance.'"

Before the bell sounded for the studies to begin again Gounod came back with the paper completely covered.

"Already!" cried Pierson. "Well, sing it, then."

Gounod sang and accompanied himself and so deeply affected poor Papa Pierson that with tears he exclaimed: "Oh, my dear boy! henceforth they may say what they like, but a musician you shall be and nothing else."

AN ALTAR BOYS RETORT

The following interesting anecdote is related in the Transcript of Hartford:

Not long ago a Catholic boy was traveling in a train between Brussels and Namur. In the same train was an infidel school inspector.

On passing before a Catholic church the boy uncovered his head in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, which he knew was kept in the church.

The inspector, who up to this time had been reading a newspaper, on seeing the reverence paid to the house of God, began to laugh, and the following dialogue ensued:

"To be sure, my little friend, you must be an altar-boy?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "and I am just preparing for my First Communion."

"And would you please tell me what the curate teaches you?"

"Well, he is just instructing me in the mysteries of religion."

"And, please, what are those mysteries? I have forgotten all about those mysteries a long time ago, and in a couple of years it will be the same with you."

"No, sir; I will never forget the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation and of the Redemption."

"What do you mean by the Holy Trinity?"

"One God in three Persons."

"Do you understand that now, my little friend?"

"Where there is a question of mysteries three things are to be distinguished; to know, to believe, to understand. I know and I believe, but I do not understand. We will understand only in heaven."

"These are idle stories; I believe only what I understand."

"Well, sir, if you believe only what you understand, will you tell me this: How is it that you can move your finger at will?"

"My finger is moved because my will impresses a motion to the muscles of my finger."

"But do you understand how this is?"

"Oh, yes, I understand it."

"Very well, if you understand it, then tell me why your will can move your finger and not, as in the case of a donkey, your ear?"

"That was too much for the learned school inspector. He made a sorry face, coughed and muttered between his teeth: 'Let me alone little fellow; you are far too young to teach me a lesson.'"

He resumed reading his newspaper, and never took his eyes from it until his unpleasant little traveling companion had stepped off at the next station and disappeared from sight.

A CORPUS CHRISTI MEMORY

From a pleasantly written account of a holiday season at Gavarnie, in the Alps, contributed to Harper's Magazine, by Amy Oakley, we take the following description of a Corpus Christi celebration:

We were awakened on the 14th of June by eager voices under our windows and on looking out we saw that the peasants were bringing greens from the valley, branches of ash and poplar, for this was the Fete Dieu, and there was, of course, to be a procession.

The fresh, woody smell of twigs and boughs and the grassy fragrance of meadows come back to me with my memories of that morning. The children had been out since sunrise, and had gathered tall violets and buttercups and giant blue columbines, which they carried in tight nosebags. The houses and walls were being trimmed with branches, and the way strewn with field flowers. Two altars were being erected, one near the church, another outside our windows at the foot of the crucifix.

We watched this one being draped, first with lace curtains, borrowed from our host, then with a canopy of branches and masses of alpen roses, a cross of which stood upon the altar between brass candlesticks.

The little boys conscious of their tight Sunday homespun and best berets. The nave was filled with women, a few wearing the scarlet caplet, but most of them the all-enveloping, medieval black capuchon covering the head and falling to the feet. Some of the youths sat in the choir, but the rest of the males, with a clatter of sabots, mounted the winding, worn steps, to gallery. Through clouds of incense came high-pitched, melancholy chants.

Miss Oakley then describes the procession as follows: It was led by the children with fluttering banners; next came the priest, splendid in orange and gold, accompanied by four redrobed acolytes; then, the choir and congregation. While the deep bell tolled, the procession filed out from the cool church into the sunlight, where glowing red and orange flashed against the snowy Cirque, then passed into the shadows of walls and houses. At each wayside altar the Host was raised. . . . while the peasants knelt, and the bell paused, to renew its ringing as the procession wound back into the church for benediction.

Another day that was celebrated with due ceremony was the feast of St. John the Baptist:

The shepherds rarely come down from the plateaus during the summer months, but on June 24th they celebrated their special fete day, that of St. Jean Baptiste, the patron of Gavarnie. On the eve they burned beacons, which we could see lighted above us on the pastures. A bonfire of pine branches was kindled at the church. It was built at the foot of the crucifix and blessed by the priest.

We watched it roar and crackle as the cones and needles caught, lighting up the faces of the villagers. As the blaze died down each householder rescued from the embers a charred stick. This he took home to throw on the fields, carrying with it a blessing for the coming year and the protection of his crops from hail.

Sacred Heart Review.

THE FAILURE OF CHRISTIANITY

(By Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J., in the Bombay Examiner.)

People have been telling us "ad nauseam" that the present war is conclusive evidence of the failure of Christianity. A correspondent sends us some cuttings from Ceylon dealing with the subject, otherwise we should have left it alone. Being stimulated to handle it, we shall try to be as brief and precise as possible.

We have already explained in "Civilization and Culture" how in an ideal world war would never occur. People would be so reasonable in mind, and so moderate in will, that everybody would be bound to agree with everybody else on all things where only one sound view is possible; and they would at least agree to differ on all things where two sound views are possible. But in the world as it is constituted, war is altogether a natural contingency. Even if everybody were actuated by the spirit of justice and charity, there must always occur cases in which men will take different views as to where justice lies. When such a difference arises, and an agreement cannot be arrived at, neither can be expected to yield to the other whom he thinks wrong; and unless they deem it more profitable to come to a compromise, they must come to a fight.

Even Christianity could not prevent that; nor has Christianity ever claimed to prevent it. Hence if Christianity does not do what it never professed to do, you cannot call it a failure.

If it is possible for two powers to go to war, each conscientiously convinced of the rightness of its own side; it is also possible for two powers to go to war when either or both are blessed with no such conscientious conviction. In this case a war is an act of malice and wickedness, the product of pride or ambition or avarice, on the side which is not in good faith. So far as there is malice or malice, so far as there is sin; and the only failure of Christianity is the failure to prevent sin. But, then, while admitting this failure to prevent sin, Christianity is in itself not to be blamed. Christianity possesses no coercive power over the wills of men. It can only deliver the message and lay down the law of right, without having the slightest power to enforce it. If in spite of an over-bridge, and a notice that "passengers must not cross the line," someone gets under an engine, you cannot say that the company has failed. It is the stupid or disobedient passenger who has failed. Similarly if a Christian falls deliberately into sin, it is not Christianity which has failed. It is the man that has failed to act as a Christian. In one sense we say that a boy's education is a failure if, after a sound training, he turns out a worthless fellow or a rascal. But the failure does not reflect on the reputation of the school, which is an altogether excellent institution. The failure is on the part of the boy not responding to his education, and not following out its lessons in later life. So with the members of the Church. Every defection from Christian standards is a partial apostasy from Christianity, and not an outcome of it.

But you will argue that "it takes two to make a war." This is true in a sense, but only in the sense which proves war inevitable. If one side starts an aggression out

of malice, the other side is bound to defend itself; and a defensive war for a just cause is not a vice but a virtue. It does not really matter whether the aggressive party is in good faith or bad faith; the aggression is there, and must be resisted. The aggressor may try to justify his aggression by attributing tacit aggression to the other side; but in any case the party which is genuinely on the defensive not only can but must engage in war, without the least departure from Christian principles. Are you convinced that in a given war both sides are from their own point of view right? Then both must be relieved of all blame. Are you convinced that both sides are wrong? Then both must be blamed. Are you convinced that one is right and the other wrong? In that case the wrong side is to blame for the war, but the right side is not to be blamed, because on grounds of self-defence war is unavoidable.

THE CHRISTIAN COUNCIL. There is another bit of confusion of mind which needs eliminating. If it is a question of dealing with individual, then the full and perfect spirit of Christianity will put fighting and quarrelling out of the question. Christianity includes (not among its commandments but among its counsels) the maxim that "If one would smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also; or if one would take away thy coat, give him thy cloak also." In other words, the higher Christianity includes the spirit of self-sacrifice and abnegation. Saints have done such things on a heroic scale, and the edification they have given is stupendous. But no Christian exegete would tell us that they ought to be practised wholesale; and this for the following reason:

St. Augustine says, "Mali sunt in hoc mundo aut in corrigantur, aut ut peccato boni exerceantur." "The wicked are in the world either that they may be corrected, or that the good may be exercised by them in virtue." Now it is all very well now and then letting the wicked exercise the good by hitting them on one cheek and then by invitation, hitting them on the other. In some cases the wicked would be so astonished by the offer that they might get ashamed of themselves and use the example for the amendment of their evil lives. But there are numbers of wicked men who would hardly profit of the lesson. By the submission of the good, they would only grow more aggressive and would make the world intolerable.

What I am coming to is this. It is a practice of Christian virtue, when struck, to turn the other cheek. But it can also be a practice of Christian virtue, when struck, to roll up your sleeves and knock the striker down. One of the spiritual works of mercy is to convert the sinner. Again, as we have seen, the wicked are in this world "ut corrigantur"; and perhaps the most effective way of correcting and converting certain kinds of sinners is to prove that they cannot misbehave with impunity. Therefore, however disposed a high-class Christian might be to turn the other cheek, as far as he personally is concerned, he will be doing an excellent work in abstaining from this, and taking drastic measures against aggression for the correction of the sinner. It would never do to let the wicked feel that they can trample on the good as much as they care to; and it is greatly for the general interests of the community to resist evil for that reason, rather than to yield to it for the sake of personal self-abnegation. Of the two, the social act can be higher than the individual act, because it is a benefit to others. A man who helps to the punishment of rogues and impostors is or may be doing God a higher service than he would by putting the Gospel counsels of meekness into practice.

It is a commonplace of theology that the counsels of Christianity are things not of obligation but of free option. They are things which no mediocre man will ever do; things which only a choice and noble spirit will do. But even the choice and noble spirit will recognize that they are not to be done indiscriminately, and regardless of ulterior consequences. If, therefore, we want a rule showing when the counsels can legitimately and laudably be put into practice, and when they ought to be abstained from, the rule is this: Where the heroic act of self-abnegation is wholly good in its effect; when it will be good for me to perform it and good for others as well, or at least not harmful, then the field for the counsels is open. But as soon as the interests of others are involved, there comes a bar. If the practice of a counsel would deprive the rights of others, or enroach on the rights of others, or deprive them of some advantage general or particular, it becomes an act of even higher virtue to abstain from the practice of a counsel. In this case to abstain from an act of self-abnegation would in itself be an act of higher self-abnegation for the sake of charity towards others. Thus a man with a religious vocation will and must abandon it where the needs of the poverty-stricken family make it necessary for him to remain in the world for their support. Thus again, a man must defend his property if the sustenance of his family or the claims of his relations require it. Similarly a man must resist evil and punish evil doers if yielding to them would make evil triumphant and rebound to the general detriment. The duties of justice and charity belong to the essentials and necessities of Christianity; whereas the counsels are a

sort of luxury, only to be indulged in when nothing more fundamental stands in the way. If, in the case of the individual, this is so, much more is it so in case of the rulers of a country, who are not merely looking after themselves, but are looking after the well-being of a whole population. They are the defenders of the realm, and are obliged to undertake its defence. As soon as a ruler comes to the conclusion that the national well-being is jeopardized by the action of some other power, he is bound to take a firm stand and resist that action. He may even have to be the first to declare war, because the action of the aggressor constitutes in effect an aggression. A ruler under such circumstances, if he were imbued with the idea that war is an essentially un-Christian thing, would be unfit for his post. He would simply be betraying his trust. He must recognize that war is sometimes a necessity—a regrettable one, of course, but still a necessity. To apply the cheek-turning principle in such an emergency would be to misapply it. It would be a fantastic misinterpretation of that principle to imagine that it should stand in his way where the vital well-being of the people under him is at stake. Under such circumstance it is nothing inconsistent with Christian principles to declare a war. Christianity only requires that the war should begin, continue and end in the cause and according to the modes and manner of justice, and that nothing should be done out of wantonness, but everything out of necessity, subject to the laws of justice.

These are platitudes so stark-staring that one feels ashamed of putting them in print. But it is precisely because these platitudes are ignored that people are writing reams of nonsense about the failure of Christianity on account of the war.

THE CATHOLIC WORKING GIRL

Some months after I had been working for a firm, the president was dictating a letter, when he asked kindly: "Are you not feeling well, Miss M?" "I am quite well, thank you! Why?" "I think you look so tired." "Has my work been below par?" I asked, anxiously. "No, but you seem tired—not your active self." I then explained that I was attending a mission, and arose at 4.15 to get to 5 o'clock Mass, made a noon visit to the Blessed Sacrament in a church near by, and after office hours ate supper and hurried to church at 7 o'clock or earlier, to secure a seat, for the crowds were great. Nothing further was said, but I noticed my work was made lighter; and Saturday I was called to the office and given a week's vacation with full salary—because we are glad to have conscientious girls in our employ."

"Was this a Catholic firm?" you may ask. Not at all. Both gentlemen were Masons.—Extension.

LAY APOSTLE CARRIES WORK INTO BIG INDUSTRY

Death recently took a Denver citizen who had won an odd sort of renown, writes Maximilian in the Catholic Register. Before coming to Denver he worked in an industrial establishment where several hundred men were employed. As in the case frequently in such places, there were many discussions about religion. And the controversialists often became stuck.

"Let us go to S——. He can set us right," they then declared. And it is said that they never found him wanting.

He was the son of good Irish immigrant parents, whose religion was dearer to them than life itself. Every evening they gathered their children around them and taught them the catechism. The result was a family that gave one-third of its members to the service of the Church. And those sons and daughters who did not hear the call of a religious vocation were so firmly imbued with the faith that not a single one has ever wavered. The Denver son who recently died is said to have been so familiar with the renowned old Butler's Catechism that he was able to give almost every question and answer word for word. He could even tell in what chapter the various interrogations occurred. If a longer explanation than the one of Dr. Butler was needed, this Denver man could give it without faltering. He was a lay apostle in the true sense of the word.

Yet he was only an ordinary workman. He never claimed to be a great leader. He never boasted. He could have pushed himself forward if he had wished to. But he preferred not to accept the political honors and dignities which were offered to him as a direct result of his ever-apparent integrity.

The writer a few days ago heard a clever orator make a plea for an educated laity. The speaker showed the need of college-trained Catholics, in order to offset the enemies of the Church who cannot be reached by the clergy. The life of this recently-deceased Denver man, with the good he did despite the fact that he was not the possessor of a classical degree is proof, however, that even the ordinary educated Catholic laic can do tremendous good for his Church, although we do need more men of deeper learning. All lay apostles do not need A. B. degrees.

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THE VALUE OF DEPTH. "The Schoolmaster," is discussed by John Jay Chapman in the Atlantic Monthly. The great defect in modern teaching, or in the results it secures, according to Mr. Chapman, is the absence of depth. He says: "What we need is depth. Depth can be imparted through the teaching of anything. It can be imparted through Latin grammar, through hand-writing, through carpenter-work, through arithmetic or history. The one element required is time. Depth can not be imparted quickly, or in many subjects at once. Leisure is necessary—a slowing down, a taking of things—not easily—but slowly, determinedly, patiently, as if there were plenty of time and nothing else counted. This is the road to rapid and brilliant work, and there is no other. The smallest children should be set on this road, and guided and governed and helped and slaved over by the best of your masters. One subject understood means the world mastered."

THE FRUITS OF LOVE

The following beautiful sentiments are translated from the French: "You have only a day to spend here on earth; act in such a manner that you may spend it in peace. 'If you cannot bear with your brother, how will he bear with you?' 'Peace is the fruit of love; for, in order to live in peace, we must bear with a great many things. 'None is perfect; each has his failings, each hangs upon the other, and love alone renders that weight light. 'It is written of the Son of Mary that 'having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.' 'For that reason love your brother, who is in the world, and love him unto the end. 'Love is indefatigable; it never grows weary. 'Love is inexhaustible; it lives and is born anew in the living; and the more it pours itself out, the fuller the fountain. —Catholic Columbian.

FITTING PUNISHMENT TO CRIME

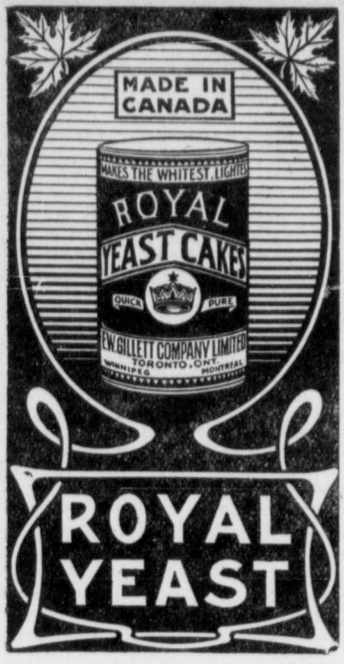
Slander is a crime that seems to be lightly passed over in modern times. In more barbaric ages there was a keener appreciation of the evils wrought by the slanderer, if we may judge by penalties imposed for the offense. Truth recently printed the following item: "In the Kingdom of Poland there was formerly a law according to which any person found guilty of slander was compelled to walk on all fours through the streets of the town where he lived accompanied by a beadle, as a sign that he was disgraced and unworthy of the name of man. At the next public festival the delinquent was forced to appear and to crawl on hands and knees under the banquet table barking like a dog as he went. Every guest was at liberty to give him as many kicks as he chose; and the person who had been slandered, would towards the end of the banquet throw a picked bone to the culprit, who would pick it up with his mouth, and leave the room on all fours. "A base punishment!" the fastidious reader will exclaim. But the offense too is base, and the person

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THE SAINT MARY HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING. BROOKLYN, N. Y. REGISTERED by the University of the State of New York. Three years' course, including three months' probation. Students in the residence of the school, in a modern fireproof building affording every comfort for the students. The hospital has 250 beds, and affords excellent opportunities for training. For information, address: The Principal of the Saint Mary Hospital School of Nursing, Saint Mary and Madison Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS. B. LEONARD QUEBEC : P. Q. We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows



THE DISCORD IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

ASK WHAT'S WHAT

London, June 30, 1916.—Discord and jangling are the dominant notes in Anglican circles over questions which would seem to involve some of the very essentials of Christianity itself.

For instance, what can be hoped for from a Christian church in which the crucifix is a matter of contention and division in this the twentieth century of the Christian era?

Just a short time ago the chancellor of the Anglican cathedral of Newcastle-on-Tyne refused a faculty for the figure of the Lord which had been placed upon the cross surmounting the rood screen in that edifice.

The vicar, the wardens and the vestry unanimously asked for the faculty, and after it had been refused declined to remove the figure.

Then the Bishop summoned them to meet him and explain their disregard for the ruling of the court.

They complied and the vicar had no difficulty in justifying his own and the vestry's doctrinal position. For forty-four years, he said, he had endeavored to set before his people the saving power of the cross. People have eyes as well as ears and it seemed to him to be his duty to appeal to both. The figure had been carefully designed by his express wish, not to represent a suffering or a dead Christ but rather a living Christ. That he claimed to be a legitimate preaching of the Gospel, more eloquent than words. The Bishop declined, however, to enter into a discussion but said he must uphold the decision of the court.

The vicar and the wardens have accordingly intimated to him that the chancellor's ruling will be obeyed and the figure removed.

Here is a case in which the vicar and his congregation claim a right which the Catholic Church has always upheld, and it is denied them by the chancellor's court and their Bishop. Under such circumstances how absurd it appears for Anglicans to persist in calling their Church Catholic.

Complaints regarding the heterodox beliefs of clergymen holding prominent positions in the Church of England have long been rife and are growing more so. In a recent issue of the Saturday Review, there is a correspondence on "The Decay of Faith," and writers who contribute to it state that people have failed to find spiritual sustenance in the Church of England and are tired of their formulas. "The truth is," says one of them, "a restoration of religious belief is necessary if the church is to free itself from dry rot."

If these mean anything it means a confession that the Church of England is out of date and teaching error to its members.

The belief in Christian truth, according to this stand, must be changed from age to age and from year to year, and what was essential to salvation in one year is not at all essential in another.

THE FAITH AT THE FRONT

From many quarters, and from all the armies, there continues to accumulate fresh and powerful evidence of the strength which the Catholic faith imparts to the men under arms.

The following account is from a letter written by a British officer in Flanders, to his sister, a lady now residing in Piedmont, Cal. This officer writes: "We have a Church of England chaplain attached to the battery—a youngster and a very decent chap; been with us for a month now and we have a lot of fun with him. And this brings me round to a subject that must be of the greatest possible interest to you—speaking of chaplains.

"The chaplain at the front is not present in great numbers. There are about twelve to a division (twenty thousand men)—four Roman Catholics, four Church of England, and four non-Conformists. Every Sunday there are compulsory church parades and I have as yet failed to find a single man of Protestant persuasion whose religion means anything whatsoever to him. Church parades are the most completely perfunctory affairs that I have ever seen in my life. The men hate them

offering himself as a holocaust to appease the Divine judgment on mankind. There has been much criticism of the design in the Roman papers but the keen interest shown by so many members of the general public in the artistic decoration of St. Peter's, and indeed in every new monument and important bridge and building erected in the Eternal City, is one of the healthy signs of the times," comments the Tablet. Two details of the design refer to the work of Pope Pius X. in crushing Modernism, and in restoring the early discipline of the Church in giving Holy Communion to little children.—Sacred Heart Review.

NOTED CHAPLAIN DEAD

THE BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM, HERO OF MANY CAMPAIGNS, DIES AT ADVANCED AGE

London, June 29, 1916.—One of the most celebrated chaplains of the British army and a well-known figure in the episcopate has passed to his reward in the person of Bishop Brindle, who died on Tuesday at Mount St. Mary's College, Sheffield, where he had been nursed during the past three months. He was in his seventy-eighth year and his health had been failing for some time, this being the cause of his retirement from the See of Nottingham. The bishop, who came of a good Lancashire family, was an alumnus of the English College, Lisbon, and spent twenty-five years in the army, seeing service with the late Lord Kitchener and Sir Evelyn Wood, both of whom he counted amongst his friends.

The latter speaks of him in the rush to Waidi-Halfa, rowing stroke with blistered face and hands in one of the boats of the Royal Irish Regiment, the boat first to reach its destination. In the Dongola expedition his devotion to the men during the cholera outbreak was something which the army will never forget. His prayer in Khartoum beside the grave of Gordon and his gallant comrades was printed and distributed amongst the Catholics of the Egyptian army by special order of Lord Kitchener. He held the orders of the Medjidi and Osmanieh, and received the D. S. O. for riding forty miles across enemy country in the hot sun to take the last Sacraments to a dying soldier. He was essentially a soldier of Christ, his tall thin figure and "saturine" face giving his diocesan a too large idea of his military discipline, which, though he carried it with him into the administration of a difficult diocese, always concealed a warm heart. He was appointed Auxiliary Bishop to Cardinal Vaughan in 1899, and two years later was translated to the See of Nottingham. He came prominently before the public as the instructor of Princess Ena Battenburg, whom he received into the Church before her marriage with King Alfonso of Spain, at which ceremony he was an honored guest.

HISTORIC FRENCH CONVENT DESTROYED

Paris, June 29th, 1916.—The ancient convent of the Celestines of Avignon, one of the richest works of art and history in France, was destroyed by fire, and the damage is estimated at 200,000 francs, but is in reality irreparable. It was built in 1393, and the great halls, which with their wonderful ceilings were admirably preserved, succumbed to the flames, only the chapel being saved. In its nave are the tombs of seventeen Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, grouped around that of Blessed Pierre of Luxembourg. The convent was founded by the anti-Pope, Robert of Geneva, on a Gallo-Roman cemetery. After the revolution it was given to the Invalides and later became a military prison. Recently it was appropriated as the barracks of the Seventh Engineers. There have been questions asked in the Chamber of Deputies and long commentaries in official circles on the scandal of permitting this building, which was classed as an historic monument, to be used as a barrack, which contributed to its destruction.

THE DAUGHTER OF A FRENCH SOCIALIST DEPUTY ENTERS CONVENT

Germaine Jaures, the daughter of the French Socialist deputy and persecutor of the Church, has left the paternal home and has taken the veil in a convent.

The last conversation between father and daughter, when she made her resolution known to him: "Has become public.

One day Jaures asked his daughter whether she had already thought of making a choice in life.

Germaine smilingly replied: "I trust you will leave me free in the choice I have made. As a good father you will not force me to take a young man against my will."

"Have you found one, already?" continued Jaures.

"Yes father."

"And who is he? Tell me."

"He is the one who is superior to all others," the girl replied.

Jaures moved and was disconcerted by the firm tone with which his daughter spoke. She knelt down at his side and continued calmly: "Father, I wish to dedicate myself to God and take the veil."

As her father did not reply for some moments, she lifted her eyes and saw that he had grown pale as death. Terrified, she rose to her feet but Jaures succeeded in mastering his emotion and calmly asked: "How long ago did you form this resolution?"

"Three years, father."

"Three years, already; and who has put this into your head?"

"Nobody father."

"I cannot believe it. It must be some priest or other."

"I have never spoken to priests, monks or, religious brothers. You have forbidden me, and I have obeyed. You know that I never tell a lie."

"Did you speak about it to Miss Verdolet?"

"No, I did not mention it to her, nor to anybody else. You are the first to whom I tell it."

"But has perhaps one of your lady friends enticed you to this abyss by false allurement and promises?"

"No, dear father. You yourself have been the cause of my vocation."

like poison and growl mightily at being drawn for them.

"The experience of all these non-Catholic chaplains is alike in this—they meet with the most desperate sort of discouragement in their work out here that it would be possible to imagine. Respect, of course, they get on all sides, and comradeship outside of religious matters; but always are they made to feel that their services are an imposition and that professionally they are not wanted. To see one of them in the trenches is the rarest experience in the world. It must be tragedy to them, and it is a problem to me how any of them can last six months out here without complete disillusionment. Contrast this with what I am now going to tell you."

"Of late I have been shooting over an Irish regiment who (an ancient privilege) have their own chaplain and imagine my delight to find him an old friend and mentor of my Father Tim Carey's of Beaumont College. Father Doyle is his name, an English Jesuit, and in the two or three nights that we have spent together, I have howled with joy over the tales of the Catholic side of the case. This good man, instead of having to work up interest in the minds of his fighting parish, is worked hard to satisfy their spiritual needs. Every morning he says Mass for the reserve company behind the trenches at which every free man is present a couple of times each week. Every evening he says the rosary in the front line fire trench for the whole battalion and at the end administers general absolution to every man there.

"Quite as often as not he is cut down to two or three decades by hostile shelling and once, at least, men have been killed and wounded by German fire while the rosary was being said. Add to this that when the regiment is out at rest, every man comes faithfully to the Sacraments and that in times of straining, this intrepid priest goes straight to the front lines and absolves the wounded and the dying, and you have a picture of what the Church can mean to men of faith in the midst of sudden death. He has told me that some of the acts of contrition of the wounded men have been the most wonderful thing he has ever listened to—perfect contrition such as he never before thought could be put into words at all.

"The other morning I was at Mass just behind the lines—two planes overhead most of the times; machine guns from the Bosch trenches popping away to beat the band; and the brethren in Italy, where in the rear—the whole thing was intensely dramatic. A number of Anglican chaplains have 'gone over to Rome' here in the middle of war; that of agnosticism was all that was left to the ones who faced the truth.—The Monitor.

BECOMES A NUN

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"But has perhaps one of your lady friends enticed you to this abyss by false allurement and promises?"

"No, dear father. You yourself have been the cause of my vocation."

Germaine was silent for a moment as if she were afraid to continue; then she added tenderly: "It is now some three years ago since I was walking with Miss Verdolet in the country. We came to a solitary road where I saw a crucifix at a short distance. When we came near to it I looked up to the cross and saw that the figure of Christ had been taken off; it was lying on the

ground broken in pieces. I understood that sacrilegious hands had been at work. My friend sat down on a heap of stones, whilst I carefully gathered all the pieces of the broken image. I laid them on a large flat stone, and tried to join them together and restore the profaned statue. I was nearly ready when Miss Verdolet sprang to her feet and loaded me with horrible reproaches. When she was quite close to me she broke into a satiric laugh, snatched suddenly at the fragments of the figure and threw them up in the air, one by one. I felt a pain and sorrow in my soul which I cannot describe. It is true I had not the courage to utter a word of protest, but from those scattered fragments arose a light which illuminated the inner recesses of my soul."

Germaine looked at her father, but he remained silent. Then she continued: "The remainder of this sacrilegious offense against Christ has never been effaced from my thoughts, and continually I beseech Him to make me suffer the greatest pain, in order that a ray of light and faith may also shine on you, and that you also may know and love Jesus as I love Him now."—Catholic Transcript.

HOW THE CHURCH IS ROBBED

An old colored preacher was asked how his church was getting on, and his answer was: "Mighty poor, mighty poor, brother." "What is the trouble?" he replied: "De 'cieties, 'cieties. Dey is jist drawin' all de fatness and marrow outen de body and bones ob de blessed Lord's body. We can't do nuffin widout de 'ciety. Dar is de Lincoln 'City, wid Sister Jones and Brudder Brown to run it; Sister Williams mus' march in front of de Daughters ob Rebecca. Den dar is de Dorcas, de Marthas ob de Daughters ob Han, and de Liberian Ladies."

"Well, you have the brethren to help the Church," we suggested. "No, sah, dar am de Masons, de Odd Fellows, de Sons ob Han, and de Oklahoma Promised Land Pilgrims. Why, brudder, by de time de brudders an' sisters pays all de dues an' tends all de meetings der is nuffin left for Mount Pisgan Church but jist de cob; de corn has been shelled off and frowed to dese speckled chickens."—Catholic Transcript.

CHURCH STRANGER TO DIFFUSION

WAR STORIES ABOUT MIRACLES

The English weekly record, Rome, published in the Eternal City, says: "Shortly after the war broke out we began to hear of innumerable prophecies about it and its results. Father Thurston, S. J., has given the quietus to not a few of them, but they continue to grow and to propagate themselves from mouth to mouth among the people where the assiduous knife of the censor cannot reach them. A short time ago, too, we published in Rome an authoritative decree of the holy office, condemning and forbidding all writings on the so-called Secret of Salette which is also supposed to be connected with the immense conflict. And now it seems that here in Italy, and perhaps elsewhere, newspapers have been publishing stories of apparitions at various shrines, all of them connected with the war. Anyway the 'National Agency of the Press' prints the following information on the subject: In the last few days the newspapers have spread accounts of various kinds about alleged miraculous apparitions and other supernatural manifestations in several shrines and churches. As the press occupied itself with the matter, we have asked for definite information from a competent source, and this is what has been communicated to us: 'The constant teaching of the Catholic Church is very explicit on this matter, which is of course of a very delicate nature. The Church does not wish that any faith be given to rumors of the kind mentioned which instead of favouring a true and sound religious feeling, foment superstition and are calculated to disturb people's minds in moments of grave crisis like the present, producing alarm and fear. The Church, therefore, remains an entire stranger to the diffusion of these fantasies. Only when the evidence of trustworthy persons, with all the other necessary guarantees for the authenticity of an alleged miraculous fact, is forthcoming may the local bishops, using the utmost prudence, proceed to a preliminary examination of it, and get together the elements necessary to enable the competent organs of the holy see to pronounce a clear judgment. But until such judgment has been pronounced, the Church not only does not allow the fact to be described as supernatural, but absolutely imposes that only human faith be attributed to it, even when it seems to be attested by the subordinate ecclesiastical authorities.'"

CATHOLICS OF '76

"Dominiciana," of the House of Studies, Washington, has an article on Revolutionary heroes, which says: "Sitting down through the countless names that appear on the records for this special period, we come to three that stand out paramount. They are styled as the 'Three Fathers of '76, Pulaski, Kosciusko and Barry, Catholics, all three of them. Pulaski, 'Father of the American

Cavalry; Barry, 'Father of the American Navy'; Kosciusko, 'Father of the American Artillery.' In a word, Catholics headed three of the nation's most important defenses. These are not merely arbitrary titles but acknowledged, either directly or indirectly, by Congress itself.—Intermountain Catholic.

STRIVE TO KEEP ALIVE THEIR FAITH

Dispatches received in Washington, D. C. from Columbus, New Mexico, contained information of the manner in which the Catholics of Mexico are striving to keep alive the faith despite the handicaps under which they are laboring as a result of the anti-religious laws passed by the Carranzista governors. The story, which was brought to Columbus comes from Naniquipa, was written by a non-Catholic. It is as follows:

"Divine worship without music, priests, the Sacrament or vestments, with only women and children present, was viewed on a recent Sunday at Naniquipa by sightseers from the American expeditionary column. In a church built two years before the start of the American war for independence, under the faint light of sunshine sifting in through breaks in the roof, a few Mexican women and children knelt on the floor. One candle, stuck in a bottle, illuminated the altar. There were no pews and the worship was in complete silence.

One of these women, it was learned since, banditry, revolution and unfavorable legislation have all but closed the church, has taken upon herself the office of janitor and as nearly as she may, that of priestess. On saints' days and Sundays she, with the women who still cling to their religion, dress in their best—decal clothing it is—and perform such rites of worship as are left to them.

"Near the door stands a large wooden cross which the women reverently kissed as they left the church.

"No priests, no Mass, no Sacraments—that is the achievement of the Carranza revolution—that is the government and the religious liberty that we have recognized.—The Tablet.

CALLS UNION SEMINARY PAGAN

THE REV. G. W. McPHERSON SAYS "DEVIL HAS CAPTURED IT"

The Rev. G. W. McPherson, superintendent of Tent Evangel at West 124th and Manhattan streets, preached a sermon recently in which he assailed the Union Theological Seminary as the most radical religious teaching centre in America. The new theology, he said, as taught there and in some other institutions, is based primarily on the "old Pagan philosophy of evolution." "As a result of our educational methods and philosophy the devil has captured here our institutions of learning, as he has done in Germany. No man who is true to the Church and the Bible can hold his peace when we see the religious wrecks that this and similar institutions are making.

"It is clear that this institution has become an arch enemy of the evangelical Church of Christ. Let its doors be closed or let it be turned into a hospital to minister to the world's needs."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

COMBES AND A SISTER

M. Combes, the ardent persecutor, who turned thousands of unfortunate Sisters out of France to live or die as they might, has just distinguished himself by writing this most peculiar note in answer to a communication sent him by Sister Julie Bizard, the heroine of Gerbeviller: Venerated Sister Julie: I feel that I should be wanting in the most elementary duty of good manners if I did not thank you for your post-card and send you in return. It may be that in doing so I shall expose you to the blame of some extravagant persons who will not forgive you for having opened relations with one who is considered as the worst of sectarians. You may console yourself for this by remembering that this sectarian was simply a freethinker who respected sincere beliefs in a spirit of help for the liberty of the individual. In any case this sectarian was happy to meet amid the ruins of Gerbeviller a religious who distinguished herself by her courage and her patriotic abnegation, and to clasp her hand with the utmost cordially.

From this it appears that Combes has the usual Freethinker's ideas about liberty,—freedom for himself persecution for all who dare differ from him.—America.

THE WESTERN FAIR

SEPTEMBER 8TH TO 16TH, 1916 LONDON, ONTARIO

One of the changes that will be noticed by visitors to the Exhibition in September next, at London, will be the new Palace Building which has been erected since last year's Exhibition. It is expected that this building will be a hive of industry during Exhibition week. Some of our largest Manufacturers have already taken space in this building which will be made up of one with machinery in motion, showing different kinds of goods in course of manufacturing. If any firms require space in this, or any other building, application should be made to the Secretary at once, as a large amount of space has already been allotted. This is a very important matter to Exhibitors as late applications have to take what is left. All applications for space and all other information regarding the Exhibition should be addressed to the Secretary, A. M. Hunt, London, Ontario.

Many a man has found himself in a tight place because, he didn't remain sober.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, No. 4, Ashford, Ont. An experienced teacher, holding 2nd class normal certificate. Salary \$500. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply to David Garvey, Sec., Indian River, Ont., R. R. No. 3. 1916-2

CATHOLIC NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER for S. S. No. 4, Ogouchee, Ontario. Apply stating experience to Terence Daley, Sec. Treas., Ogouchee Station, Ont. 1916-2

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED ONE holding a second class certificate preferred for Separate school, section No. 2, North Burgess, Salary \$450. Duties to commence after the holidays. Apply stating qualifications to W. E. Money, Newboro, Ont. 1916-3

TEACHER FOR SEPARATE S. S. No. 10, Arthur, Tp. Duties to begin after summer holidays. State salary and qualifications and experience. Apply to George Corbett, Sec. Treas., Kenilworth Ont., R. R. No. 2. 1916-2

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 4, 5, 10 Gloucester. Apply stating salary, experience and qualifications to M. J. Kerwin, Sec., Indian River, Ont., R. R. No. 3. 1916-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, No. 7, Township of Glenora, holding 2nd class certificate, qualifications for separate school, salary \$400 per year. Apply stating experience and qualifications to J. S. Black, Route 2, Pricville, Ont. 1916-2

TEACHER WANTED CATHOLIC FURNITION School No. 1, McKillop, to teach, address until Sept 4th. Salary \$450 per year. Forward all applications to John Halpe, R. R. No. 4, Separ, Ont. 1916-2

WANTED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, section No. 2, Hullett, holding 2nd class professional certificate. State experience and salary expected. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply to George Corbett, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 1, Clinton, Ont. 1916-3

NORMAL TRAINED TEACHERS HOLDING 2nd class certificate, for separate school, section No. 3, Peel Township, Wellington Co. Number of pupils on register 17. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating salary and experience to John Connely, Alma, Ont., R. R. No. 2. 1916-3

CATHOLIC TEACHER (MALE OR FEMALE) Fully qualified to teach in separate French and English for C. S. No. 3, B. Colchester North. For the term beginning 1st Sept. 1916. All applications will please state salary and experience. Address D. A. Ouellette, R. R. No. 1, Amherstburg, Ont. 1916-4

WANTED A SECOND CLASS QUALIFIED TEACHER for Catholic S. S. No. 22, Town of Gloucester. Salary \$450 per annum. Duties begin 1st Sept. Apply to R. J. Smith, R. R. No. 1, Ottawa, Ont. 1916-2

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, section No. 5, Glenora. Duties to begin after summer holidays. State experience and salary. Applications received until Aug. 1. Apply to Frank Meagher, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 4, Markdale, Ont. 1916-2

CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, No. 10, East and West Williams. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating salary, experience and qualifications to Angus O'Hanley, Sec. Treas., Parkhill, Ont. 1916-2

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING 1ST OR 2ND class professional certificate for S. S. No. 1, Cornwall Township. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply to Hugh Cahley, Sec. Treas., Northfield Station, R. R. No. 1, Cornwall, Ont. 1916-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, No. 10, Adelaide. Holding 2nd class professional certificate with normal training. Duties to commence Sept. 4th. Apply stating experience and qualifications to Angus O'Leary, Sec. Treas., Colgan, Ont. 1916-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE KEEWATIN Separate school, holding 2nd class certificate with normal training. State salary and experience. Apply to Joseph Garzon, Sec. Treas., Kewatin, Ont. 1916-6

WANTED FEMALE TEACHER FOR S. S. No. 6, holding 1st or 2nd class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating experience and salary required, giving references to William Wilke, Sec. Treas., Kenilworth, R. R. No. 2. 1916-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, No. 6, Proton, holding 1st or 2nd class professional certificate with normal training. Sept. 1st. State salary experience and references. Apply to Thomas Bagley, Sec. Treas., Conn, Ont. 1916-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 1, Douro. One mile from station. Apply stating salary and qualifications to William O'Leary, Sec. Treas., Indian River, R. R. No. 1, Ont. 1916-2

TEACHER FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL No. 1, McGilivray, 2nd class certificate. Salary \$500. Duties to commence after holidays. Apply to Patk. Buckley, Clandeboye, Ont. 1916-2

QUALIFIED ASSISTANT TEACHER FOR Catholic school of Ontario, one able to speak French. Salary \$500. Apply to A. J. Bormain, R. R. No. 2, Essex, Ont. 1916-2

SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL TEACHER wanted for Catholic Separate school, section No. 3, Huntley. Experience necessary. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. All applications are to be received up to August 10. Apply stating experience and salary to John Delaney, Sec. Treas., Corbett, R. R. No. 1, 1916-3

TEACHER WANTED CATHOLIC PRE-ferred for S. S. No. 2, Gurd, Parry Sound, 3rd class certificate. Salary \$400 per annum. State experience and references. Apply to James W. McGuiness, Sec. Treas., Granite Hill, Ont. 1916-3

FOR CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOL NO. 3, March, holding 2nd class certificate. Salary \$600. 1st duties to commence Sept. 1st. For further particulars apply to Ambrose Carroll, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 2, Dunrobin, Ont. 1916-4

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate School Section No. 3, Bala. 1st or 2nd class certificate required. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Salary \$550 with an increase if satisfactory. Address Wm. A. Dillon, Sec. Treas., Merlin, Ont. 1916-3

AN ASSISTANT TEACHER FOR BELIEFS In Catholic Separate school, Chestport, Ont. Holding a 2nd class normal certificate. State salary, experience and references, if any. Applications will be received up to Aug. 1st, 1916. Duties to begin Sept. 1st. Apply to M. M. Schurter, Sec. Treas., Chestport, Ont. 1916-3

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING 1ST OR 2ND class certificate for Catholic School Section No. 2, Madstone. Salary \$600 per year. Duties to commence after holidays. Agricultural training preferred. Apply to James Quinlan, Sec. Treas., Essex, P. O., R. R. No. 3. 1916-4

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POSITION WANTED A SCHOOL TEACHER HOLDING A 2ND class certificate desires position. Three years successful experience in grade schools and the best of references. A school in some city, doing either Senior III or IV, form work preferred. Salary about \$600. Apply to Box O, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1916-2

FOR THE SEPARATE SCHOOL TOWN OF Oakville, Ont. An experienced teacher holding 2nd class normal certificate. Salary \$500. Apply to L. V. Cote, Sec. Treas., Oakville, Ont. 1916-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR CAT-O-LIC Separate school, Section No. 1, Morley, Itany River District. Third class qualification required. Salary \$450 per year. Apply to John J. Hunt, Sec. Treas., Stratton, P. O., Ont. 1916-2

MEDICAL PRACTICE WANTED YOUNG CATHOLIC DOCTOR DESIRES to correspond with physicians in Ontario with the object of purchasing a practice. All correspondence considered as confidential. Address Box N, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1916-3

AMERICAN HOUSE, LAKE MUSKOKA. Good boating, bathing, fishing, Catholic church class by. For further information address Mrs. M. A. Walker, American House, Lake Muskoka, Ont.

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