

The Catholic Record.

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

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Unfearing
I fear not Life, now that your arms are
found me,
Now that your heart hath told its tale
to mine,
For Love hath rent the web of doubt
that bound me,
Where once were mistle I see his pure
star shine.

I fear not Death, despite its bitter drink-
ing,
And the sad wretch of parting we must
bear,
Since, sometime, soul to soul shall leap
unshrinking,
Before God's footstool, in the glory
there.

—Ethno Carberry, in "The Four Winds
of Erin."

"Tis Only I"
I thought myself indeed secure
So fast the door was on the lock;
But lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.
My heart were stone, could it with-
stand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
The timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I throw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity
I, like a truant child shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate.
And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry
As at the outer door I plead
"Tis I, O Father! Only I!"

—EUGENE FIELD.

NON-CATHOLIC DEMURRER

The objections made by persons, who are otherwise admirers of Catholicity in its essentials, in many of the practices of the Catholic Church are dealt with by Father Hull, S. J., in his brochure "What the Church is," and are to be commended to the doubter or hesitant on the threshold of the Church's steps. Thus, for example, the question of indulgences and the idea of temporal punishment. The root idea underlying the use of indulgences is that, Christ, in freely gaining for us the grace of forgiveness and reconciliation, did not abrogate the law of right order and healthy discipline which requires that wickedness should never be passed over with impunity, that sin should carry with it some penalty and that forgive-ness should not let us out of the obligation of making some amends for the past, even after the sin itself has been forgiven. According to this principle, the Church teaches that every sin committed after baptism incurs a debt of temporal punishment. This debt or part of it, must remain, even after the offence against God has been condoned, and must be paid to the satisfaction of the most farthing; either in this life, by penance or other works of Christian virtue, or in that state of purgation which intervenes between our death and our entrance into heaven. This doctrine carries with it the double advantage of affording a check of sin and an incentive to earnestness of life. To non-Catholic it may seem novel, but ought not to seem unreasonable.

In ancient times the Church used to take the matter in hand by imposing severe penances for the more grievous sins. The ancient discipline is now obsolete, says Father Hull, except so far as its practice survives in the penance of the confessional. The Church retains, however, the custom of attaching "indulgences" to certain forms of prayer or other good works which she especially wishes to encourage; and still preserves a relic of ancient forms by assigning numbers of days to the indulgence, thus, forty days, one hundred days, or a full and plenary indulgence.

These numbers have definite assign-able value, except for the comparing of one indulgence with another, since we know neither the measure of the debt due, nor the absolute value of each penance in the sight of God. The power of the Church to assign exple-atory value to prayers and good works springs from her jurisdiction over the souls of the faithful, and rests on the belief that the wishes of the Church, expressed in granting an indulgence, will be ratified by the application of Christ's merits to the advantage of those who use them. A plenary indulgence is one in which the wish of the Church is unlimited except by the full needs of the individual soul.

Closely allied with this question is the subject of purgatory, where the residue of penitential satisfaction is undergone if full amends for sin have not been made in this life. We know nothing with certainty about purgatory, except the fact of its existence, and that it involves a delay in entering heaven till the last remnants of sinfulness are purged away. We are told nothing of the amount, kind, or duration of its purgative processes. We know, how- ever, that by our intercession and other good works, we can help those detained there. Hence the practice of prayers for the dead, and the application of indulgences to the souls of the departed.

As to fasting and abstinence, this is a usage recognized and recommended by Christ and His Apostles, and practised by the early Christians. That the Catholic Church is more Scriptural in retaining it than the Protestants are in abandoning it, is certain and beyond dispute. The only question is whether it suits the present age or not to impose fasting as a routine duty, instead of leaving it to each one's devotion, says Father Hull. However, the Church still retains an immemorial custom which seems strange to Protestants only because they have abandoned its ob-

servance. Even for those who, through weakness or excessive occupation, cannot practice it, fasting still serves as a reminder that we do not live for pleasure only, and that self-mortification in moderation is good for the soul.

As to the liturgical services of the Church, they are solemn and dignified, but cannot be called simple. They are more or less dramatic and, as far as possible, magnificent in their appointments; music lights and incense, vessels of gold and silver, embroidered vestments all contributing to this effect.

Protestants have been accustomed to a bald, bare service and fall to understand the Catholic usage.

Our Catholic exhibitions of splendor have ceased to be "sensational" to the Catholic; on the other hand, they have become full of interest, religious significance and devotion. The Catholic taste in this matter happens to have turned towards making the public functions of the Church as splendid as possible. It is not at all a matter of seeking to "draw" the public.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PRESENT POSITION OF ANGLICANS

PRESENT POSITION IS SAME AS FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, NO NOTICE CHANGE HAVING TAKEN PLACE SINCE THEN

To be quite accurate the title should be: Position of Anglicans Fifteen Years Ago, but no notable change has taken place since then, so it must stand. The subject has been made a living issue by certain publications, notably Lord Leo XIII. and Anglican Orders, a valuable series of articles by Mr. Moyes in *The Tablet*, a study in the *Month* for April, 1912, Abbot President Gasquet's vivid article in Rome, and a host of recensions in various English papers. And now the Civiltà Cattolica, which took such an active part in the controversy over Anglican Orders sixteen or seventeen years ago, in its issue for July 6th publishes a prelusory document, hitherto inédit, which was composed for Leo XIII. in 1897 to illustrate the real situation of religion in England and especially of the Anglican Church at that time, and to describe the reception accorded by Protestants to various pontifical documents issued by Leo XIII. It may be useful to observe, for those who do not know or have forgotten, that for a time the late Pontiff himself believed that the Church of England was ready to make its submission to the Holy See, provided some minor concessions on points of discipline, or liturgy were granted. This persuasion and hope passed away long before he died, and one may fairly suppose that the study which now sees the light after fifteen years, had no real part in enabling him to form a judgment on the real state of the case.

The writer of the article, who is designated by the Civiltà Cattolica as a "Prelato peritissimo in questa materia" begins with a brief account of the state of the various religious bodies in England. "The innumerable and ever in-creasing divisions of English Protestantism," he says, and the altogether special conditions of national character, render it very difficult to form an accurately conceived judgment on the religious situation of this country, "and such a judgment becomes entirely impos- sible unless these local divisions and conditions be kept in view." Then he makes the necessary distinction between the Church of England by law established, of which the Sovereign is head, and the Anglican Church as defined by the Privy Council and Parlia-ment forming the Anglican Church. The former has no appeal, and the more than 280 non-conformist bodies; and he points out that the Anglican Church has a bare majority among the people of England itself, and is in a minority in the British Empire. Again, he observes, it must be borne in mind that the National Church of England consists roughly speaking of three parties known as the "High Church," "Broad Church," and "Low Church," each of them with different and at times absolutely contradictory beliefs, and yet all in communion with one another enjoying equal rights, and even when combating one another most vigor- ously in the Anglican Church.

"Thus, for example," he says, speaking of fifteen years ago, "Lord Halifax was the Archbishop of York, who are of the High party and declare that they believe in the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist communicate perfectly in sacris with the Bishops of Liverpool and Exeter, who of the Evangelicalist Low party and who vigorously deny this doctrine; they also communicate with the Dean of the Chapter of Ripon, who recently threw doubt on the exist-ence of a personal God, with the Arch- deacon of Canterbury who denies, among other things, eternal punishment, and with the Bishop of Worcester who has declared that the expression Mother of God is blasphemous."

The "Broad Church" has in reality the largest number of followers because of its tolerance of all creeds it is able to reconcile to some extent all these heterogeneous elements; to it belongs the majority of the Bishops and clergy, "and if we interrogate the individual members of the other parties not exceed- ing the Ritualists we shall find time and again that in fact, though not in name, they belong to this school which steers clear of dogma, leaving to the individual the liberty of believing what he likes and of giving different inter-pretations even to the formulae consecrated by usage and accepted by all."

The party known as the "Low Church" or Christian Evangelical party, is more limited and represents old-fashioned Protestantism. Its followers are imbued with traditional prejudices but they have a more homogeneous creed than they are in rule in good faith. They are straightforward, loyal, and very zealous. As converts they

make excellent Catholics. They too have their representatives in the Angli- can episcopate.

Leo XIII's writer makes a distinction between High Church and the Ritualists who, he declares, form only a part of it and the High Church as the High Church. But the Ritualists form a very active and intelligent body who are making their influence more and more felt. The fear that if they are thwarted they may pass to the Catholic Church obliges the Bishops to treat them with marked consideration and to let them have their way as far as possible. The members of the High Church party in one direction serve the Catholic cause, but in another can do much to in- jure it greatly. The Ritualists accept, though often in an equivocal and non- Catholic sense, all the formulae and practices of the Catholic Church; they refuse to be called Protestants—they are English Catholics or Catholics as Catholics, or just plain Catholics in contradistinction to the Catholics or Romanists or members of the Italian mission sent by the Bishop of Rome to England.

"And here," says the writer of the document published in the Civiltà Cat- tolica, "a really important observation must be made. The Ritualists, like the others of the pseudo-Catholic party, like all the Anglicans, as a fundamental principle and point of departure, refuse absolutely to submit their judgment to a living magistratum, and their wills to a centre of government divinely consti- tuted. They declare that they are ready to accept the authority of the Church of the past, or of the Church of the future; they submit to five, six, seven Ecumenical Councils of the first centuries, and to possible future Coun- cils. But in truth, if by Protestants are meant those who in the last analysis appeal to their own judgment instead of accepting the authority of the Church, the Ritualists are Protestants like the rest—perhaps even more so, be- cause they protest not only against Rome, but against the Church to which they belong, and because more than the others they make and unmake, extend, diminish and interpret every point of faith, and constantly deny in substance the very doctrine they profess in words. True, the Ritualists will often profess a greater number of Catholic doctrines than the Protestant of other parties, but he always professes them for the same formal motive, viz, because they har- monize with his own ideas and tastes, but never because they are defined by the living authority divinely appointed to teach. In a word, the Ritualist like every good Protestant, is a critic, a censor, a student, but never a disciple."

Outside the Anglican Church non-conformity is a generic title embracing all the sects of Methodists, Baptists, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, etc., and represents nearly half the population of England. These religious bodies are of great power in the country and their followers belong mainly to the industrial classes. They foster individualism in religion and they pave the way to rationalism; their religious system is sentimental and not sacramental; they are divided and sub-divided indefinitely according to their personal or local prestige; their ministers. But all Anglicans of every branch and non-con- formists of every hue, are agreed upon two points; hostility to the Holy See as the centre of magistratum and government. Much of the old prejudice has subsided, thanks to the patient and intelligent work of the Catholics of England, bishops, priests and laymen. A moment of excitement might (the writer thinks) once more call forth the cry of "No Popery" and stir up the popular pas- sion against the Catholic Church. Here, however, it is well to note that even fifteen years ago there has been a great change, and it is a "No Popery" outcry which is always possible it is becoming every day more remote.

"In fine," says our author, "it is well to note that while the heretical spirit of pride, deceit and bad faith is revealed in all these parties, especially among the responsible heads and among those in the front ranks, behind them we find an immense number of persons deceived from their childhood, who are living a good faith—a good faith almost impos- sible for a born Catholic, or who has not lived for a long time in England and seen how educated and keenly in- telligent persons can for long years ac- cept the most incoherent creeds without discussion and without becoming aware of their error. Most readers will perhaps be content to accept the second part of this sentence, allowing "good faith" to the multitude, without committing themselves to passing sen- tence on the honesty of the leaders. Nobody can say, with certainty, of any individual among them that he has re- ceived the divine gift of faith or that he has deliberately closed his eyes to the light, and the question of good and bad faith may probably be left to a tribunal where no mistakes are made. But the writer is on safe ground when he affirms that "the ultimate result of all these divisions and the ever increasing evil in all classes and all social conditions in England is religious indifference with the terrible consequences that follow from it. The conventional forms of good manners and a certain natural rectitude are maintained and take the place of religious principles.—Rome.

Knights of Columbus

However individual Knights, and even councils of Knights, may fall below the standards of the Knights of Columbus, the order as a whole has well merited the praise it has received from the Catholic hierarchy of this country. Archbishop Ireland, speaking recently at the laying of the corner-stone of the Knights of Columbus building in St. Paul, said:

"The ideals and purposes of the Association known as the Knights of Colum- bus are worthy of all commendation. As a Bishop of the Church I prize and

praise them, and to the carrying out of them into effective realization I am now most willing to lend my earnest and continuous co-operation.

And before I go further, I take pride and pleasure in stating as a fact that, so far as my observations of men and things teach me, in Minnesota and in the coun- try at large, the ideals and purposes embodied in the constitution and rules of the Association are no mere words or theories, that wherever they work, the Knights of Columbus make the loyal effort to rise in practice to the high altitude of their profession, to be in all things what they profess to be, typical Christians, typical sons and soldiers of Christ's Church—loyal in word and in act to its teachers responsive to its aspirations, generous in defense and support of its interests and its enduring welfare.

BRINGING CATHOLICS TO CHRIST

If there is one form of ignorance or cant that grates on Catholics more than another, it is that indulged in by Protestant missionaries to Catholic coun- tries when they speak of bringing the Gospel of Christ to them, and even while the names of the towns, their streets, and the magnificent cathedrals and shrines speak eloquently of the Saviour of mankind. The Christ of the Andes, that sculptured emblem of peace dividing two South American countries, has been pictured in Protestant papers, which tell their readers in the same issue that with the recent advent of a Protestant missionary the inhabitants first heard of Christ. The editor of the Catholic Ab- stainer was present at a gathering where a lady missionary exhibited an idol worshipped by Mexican "Romanists." She invited closer inspection of it, and the writer advanced to see it, after which he opened his watch and showed the mis- sionary the familiar emblem of the Sacred Heart, upon which she admitted the resemblance and asked what the writer told her, and suggested that the question should have been asked be- fore charging a whole people with idolatry, and that those who laboriously and cruelly pictured the Sacred Heart of our Saviour on tree bark with clay colors, should appear to be said never to have heard of Christ.

The most recent offender in this respect is a writer in the usually fair National Advocate, who cites as his principal difficulty in reforming a victim of drink that he and his family are Catholics, and that if he could only bring him to Christ he would be successful. We respectfully, but firmly, advise that the Catholic may be restored to Christ through the sacrament of penance. We have known a successful Protestant temperance worker who when he found a Catholic who through drink was neglecting his religious duties, enlisted the aid of the Sacred Heart, and what the result was in the Catholic's drink, the Protestant who attempts to proselytize him will defeat his own efforts to reform his drink- ing habits. We trust that the editor of the National Advocate recognizes that Catholics are Christians, and will in the future blue pencil the stuff that suggests differently.—Catholic Abstainer.

THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA

In England they are praying constantly for the conversion of England to the true Faith, says the Missionary. These prayers for this specific purpose have become a part of the devotional life of the people. On a special Sunday in the month, by order of the Hierarchy a Litany is recited after Benediction, so that the entire Catholic people are operating in this mission work by their prayers. Recently a solemn novena for the conversion of England was finished in the chapel of the 'Tyburn Convent. This convent stands on the very spot where so many English martyrs were done to death, and as one of the martyrs was yielding up his soul to God he saw in vision a home of the Blessed Mother in the spot where his blood was spilled. This novena has become a yearly occurrence, and it is always crowned by notable conversions. The English people pray for converts and the grace of God captures many noble souls by their prayers.

In America we probably work harder and spend more money, but it is doubt- ful if we are praying with greater devo- tion than the English people. During the past few years the chorus of prayers has increased with ever greater intensity but though a glorious start has been made in this way, still it has not by any means stirred the hearts of the Catholic people in the United States. One organization, the Knights of the Cross, through the means of the Sunday Companion, has enrolled probably a hundred thousand children, who are saying every day three Hail Marys for the conversion of America. At the Corpus Christi Monastery in New York another league of devout souls have been registered, who pray constantly for the same purpose. During the last few months nearly fifty thousand copies of the Litany for the Conversion of America, that is recited every day at the Apostolic Mission House, have been distributed throughout the country, and there are many other convents and societies where public prayers are offered for the children. All this indicates a growing volume of prayer and an ever-increasing number who are earnestly petitioning Our Blessed Lord, that He may pour forth the bountiful graces of conversion to the many pure and up- right souls who are seeking a haven of spiritual rest within the True Fold. There are millions of devoted souls in outer Christianity who would give all that they possess if they could believe in the Real Presence and receive the Blessed Sacrament into their souls as we do, but they need that divine impulse that will give them the grace "boldly to take the step that leads from darkness

into light." This grace comes as an answer to our prayers. The Apostolic Mission House will gladly furnish copies of this Litany for the Conversion of America to all who ask for it. Cut out the following prayer and put it in your prayerbook and recite it daily for the conversion of America:

A PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA—LET US PRAY

O, most loving Lord Jesus, who hang- ing on the Cross, didst commend us all, in the person of Thy disciple John, to Thy most sweet Mother, and we may find in her our refuge, our solace and our hope; and who hast appointed her under the title of Her Immaculate Con- ception to be America's special patron; look graciously upon our beloved country, and upon those who are be- lievers of the Cross, didst commend us all, in the person of Thy disciple John, to Thy most sweet Mother, and we may find in her our refuge, our solace and our hope; and who hast appointed her under the title of Her Immaculate Con- ception to be America's special patron; look graciously upon our beloved country, and upon those who are be- lievers of the Cross, didst commend us all, in the person of Thy disciple John, to Thy most sweet Mother, and we may find in her our refuge, our solace and our hope; and who hast appointed her under the title of Her Immaculate Con- ception to be America's special patron; look graciously upon our beloved country, and upon those who are be- lievers of the Cross, didst commend us all, in the person of Thy disciple John, to Thy most sweet Mother, and we may find in her our refuge, our solace and our hope; 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LUNCHEON FOR TWO

He was a tall old man, with a slight stoop and thin gray hair. His garments were shiny with wear, the sleeves of his coat being fairly slippery in their threadbare state. But there was little trace of the infirmities of age in his strong features and the sharp glance of the gray eyes beneath the heavy brows. Those sharp gray eyes turned towards the dingy old clock over the dingy old mantel. It was just noon. There was a door that opened into the counting-room and its upper half was glass. Through this transparent medium the old man could keep a watchful eye on his employees. It saved sudden incursions into the outer room. Those clerks and bookkeepers never knew when the sleepy eyes of the grim old master were turned in their direction. There was no loitering or any other form of relaxation in that busy counting-room.

From the clock the old man's gaze turned to the door. The desks were deserted. It was luncheon hour. He arose from his creaky wicker chair and crossed the room to the door. He unlocked the door and stepped out. The door closed behind him. He turned back to his desk and reproducing a small parcel wrapped in a newspaper, opened it and disclosed an apple and a few biscuits. He spread them out on the paper and fell to munching them. He was gnawing at the apple when a light rap crossed the room. The door opened and attention. At first he was inclined to believe that his ears had deceived him. Then the rap came again—rat, tat, tat. "Come in," he cried, and there was nothing suggestive of hospitality in the peremptory tone. "Come in."

A hand fumbled with the knob, and then the door swung open. A child was standing on the threshold, a little girl with sunny curls and a dainty pink frock.

"How do you do?" said the astonished visitor. "Are you pretty well? So am I, thank you." And she made him a little bowing courtesy and threw him a fascinating smile.

"When did you come from?" growled the old man.

"I came from out here," replied the little maid. "I peeked through the glass under the curtain and I saw you." She laughed merrily. "An' I thought you was a big ogre eating all by yourself. You don't eat little girls, do you?"

"You yielded for a moment to the wilyery of her smile. "Not when they are good little girls," he gruffly said.

"You're a splendid ogre," she cried, and clasped her hands. "Much better'n papa. 'What's you eatin'?"

He hastily pushed the biscuits and the remains of the apple aside.

"My luncheon has answered. 'But you haven't told me where you came from.'"

He was surprised at himself for showing this interest in the child. "I come down to see papa," she answered. "Mamma brought me an' left me here 'cause she's goin' to a shoppin', an' she's big crowds an' she might get hurt. An' I brought papa lunch, an' mamma will call for me. An' I'm to keep awful still, 'cause the man papa works for is very cross, an' he can't bear to have children 'round. Please can't I come in a wee bit further?"

"Come in if you want to," said the old man, a little begrudgingly.

She stepped as far as the doorway, advanced. "It always pays to be polite," she said. "That's what mamma tells me. If I had said, 'Can I come in?' without any please, you might have said, 'We don't want no little girls 'round here to-day; they're such a nuisance.' An', besides, I was a little tired of stayin' out there all alone. 'Cause you see, papa had to go to the Custom House 'bout somethin' pertickler, an' I'm most sure I heard a big rat under the desk brushin' his whiskers.'"

She came quite close to him and leaned against the ancient hairoloath chair that stood by his desk.

"Who is your father?" the old man asked.

"My papa? He's Mister Fenton, Mr. Russell Fenton. Do you know him? He's a very nice man."

"Yes, I know him. And did he tell you to come in here and see me?"

"Meroy, no!" cried the child. "He didn't say nothin' about you. He just said I was to keep very quiet an' he would see me as soon as he could. An' I said, 'Ain't you goin' to eat your lunch, papa?' An' he said no; he didn't have time. An' I said it was a shame to waste such a nice lunch, an' he laughed an' said, 'You eat it.' But after I heard that rat I didn't seem to feel hungry." She looked at him and her dark eyes sparkled. "Please will you watch through the door very close for just a minute? If the rat sees you lookin' he won't come out. Just a minute," and she turned and trotted into the counting-room. In a moment she was back again with a long cardboard box. "Here's the lunch."

She looked at him and half closed her eyes. "Is this yours?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"Eat it yourself," he muttered.

"I can't eat it all," she cried. "I'm not greedy. It's very nice. Mamma took such pains with it. Let's divide. What's yours?" He hesitated. Then he pushed his apple and biscuits into view. She looked at the display gravely.

"My papa had it once," she said.

"Had what?"

"Dyspepsy. He couldn't eat hardly anythin' neither."

"I eat quite enough," the old man dryly remarked.

The child looked at him curiously.

"You're pretty thin," she said.

"Maybe I'm pretty thin, too, if I live on apple an' biscuits. An' now it's my turn. See this." And she whisked the cover off the box and showed the neatly-packed contents.

"Now," she said as she drew out a sandwich. "I'll give you this for two biscuits. I don't much care for biscuits but it will seem more fair."

She held the sandwich toward him. He hesitated again. A frosty smile stole across his wrinkled face. He gravely extended the two biscuits and took the proffered sandwich. Then he bit a goodly piece from it.

"Very good," he said.

"Mamma made 'em herself. Papa says she's a dabster at makin' sandwiches. But, then, I think mamma

always makes things better than anybody else can. Don't you find it so?"

He paised with the remains of the sandwich uplifted. His face grew more gentle.

"I believe it's a fact that's generally admitted," he said.

The child looked at him with a quick laugh.

"That's just the way papa talks sometimes," she said, "an' I don't understand a word he says. But ain't we havin' a good time, jus' you an' me?"

"Why, yes," said the old man. "I think it must be a good time, although I'm afraid I'm a pretty poor judge."

The child regarded him critically.

"You do look pretty poor," she said.

"Have another sandwich? Oh, do! I've here some cheese an' a nice pickle. Yes, you must. Papa says it isn't polite to refuse a lady. That's when mamma offers him the second cup of coffee." The old man took the second sandwich, but he frowned a little at the cheese and biscuits.

"Father extravagant," he growled.

"That's just what papa says to mamma sometimes," cried the child. "An' mamma says she knows he'd have hard work to find anybody who could make a shilling go further than she can. We have to be awful careful, you know. There's clothes to buy, an' what we eat, an' the rent. Why, mamma says she's always afraid to look at the calendar in the face for fear she'll see some round again. Where do you live?"

"I live in a house away from town," he answered.

"Can you swing a cat in it?"

"Swing a cat?"

"You can't in our rooms, you know. They're the tenebrous things. We're on the fifth floor, but the porter's a real nice man. He asked me to ask my papa if he'd exchange me for two boys. An' papa said to tell him that he might do for the two boys an' a couple o' pounds of radium to boot. An' I told the porter an' he said he guessed papa wasn't very anxious to trade. An' I told papa what Mr. Ryan said, an' he pulled one of my curls and said he wouldn't part with me for all John Ramsey's millions twice over. That's the man papa works for. Do you know him?"

The old man had frowned, and then suddenly smiled.

"Yes, I've met him," he replied.

"He's very rich, papa says, an' he lives all alone in a great big house, an' he has a little girl, an' he needs somebody to take care of him, an' all he thinks about is money, money, money! It's too bad to be as rich as that, isn't it?"

The old man looked hard at the child.

"Money is a pretty good thing, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," the child replied. "But mamma says it's only good for what it will buy. It's good for clothes and what you eat, an' the rent. Then it's good for helpin' those that need helpin', like lame Joe, an' when people is sick. An' it's good to have a little in the bank for a rainy day, though I don't see what difference the rain makes. Ain't this sponge cake good?"

"Money is very useful, then."

"It is sometimes. When mamma's mamma died, way out in the country, mamma couldn't go to the funeral 'cause papa was just gettin' over a fever an' all our money was gone, every penny, an' we owed the doctor an' the rent. Mamma and I cried all day."

"There was a little silence.

"And what would you do if you had lots of money child?"

She looked up at him with her eyes sparkling.

"I'd give most all of it to mamma and papa. But I'd keep a little myself. I'd give it to him to buy some better clothes. 'You don't know what a lot of things you can buy for a shilling! An' then I'd keep some for a chair—the kind you wheel around—for lame Joe. He's a little boy that lives near our house, an' he can't never walk any more. An' he sits on the steps an' makes faces at the children, an' says, 'An' mamma says it's too bad somebody who has the money to spare can't get him a chair like he needs, 'cause it would be such a happiness to him. An' mamma says maybe Mr. Ramsey would buy it, and papa laughed in such a funny way. Mr. Ramsey is the man he works for, you remember.'"

"I remember," said the old man.

"An' mamma said she guessed she'd come down some day an' tell Mr. Ramsey about lame Joe, and papa said she'd better not. An' mamma said she was only joking. Funny kind of joking, wasn't it?"

"It sounds so to me," said the old man, dryly.

"I think so, too. When a man's got so much money as Mr. Ramsey it wouldn't be any trouble at all for him to buy a chair for a little lame boy, would it?"

"He did not answer her."

"How old are you?" he presently asked.

"Six. How old are you?"

He laughed in his unaccustomed way.

"I'm seventy—today."

The child gave a little scream of delight.

"Meroy! It's your birthday! Oh, I wish I had known it! Mamma could make you such a beautiful birthday cake. Wouldn't it be to be a big one? We think a lot of birthdays at our house. Do you get many presents?"

"Not one."

She looked at him with startled eyes.

"Why, that's too bad. Did you folks forget?"

"I haven't any folks."

"I'm so sorry for you," she said. Her little hand pushed the pasteboard box towards him. "You shall have the other piece of cake." Then her face brightened. "Couldn't you buy some presents for yourself?"

He shook his head.

"No," he answered. "I don't believe I ever bought any."

Her glance fell on the half-eaten apple and the biscuits.

"Perhaps you are too poor?" she softly said.

"Yes," he answered, "I am too poor." Her little heart was touched.

"Have you worked here long?" she asked.

"Nearly fifty years."

"Meroy that's a long time." Her quick glance traveled over his threadbare suit. "Maybe Mr. Ramsey would give you more wages."

He laughed again.

"He seems to think I'm worth only my board and clothes."

"Dear, dear! An' he's so very rich. We went by his house once—papa an' mamma an' me—and it looked so big and dark. Mamma said she'd just like to have the care of it for a while. She'd let in the air and sunshine, an' drive out the dust an' the gloom, an' she'd try to make life really worth livin' for the lonely old man. That's what mamma could do if anybody could. You know Mr. Ramsey. What do you think about it?" He suddenly laughed.

"It might be an experiment worth tryin'," he said. Then he stared into the cardboard box. "Why, look at this!" he cried. "The lunch has all disappeared! I'm sure I ate more than half of it. Come, now, how much do I owe you?"

"Meroy," cried the child, "you don't owe me anythin'! I couldn't eat it all, an' papa didn't have time. I hoped you liked it."

"It was the best luncheon I have eaten for years," said the old man.

"I'll remember an' tell mamma that. She will be pleased. An' how she'll laugh when I tell her you asked what she owed me."

The old man put his hand deep in his pocket and drew out an ancient leather pocketbook. From this he extracted a banknote and smoothed it in his knee.

"There is a lame boy whose name is Joe," he slowly said. "He needs a chair. Do you know anything about the price of these things?"

The child's eyes sparkled as she stared at the note.

"Yes, yes," she answered. "Mamma went an' found out. You can get the kind of chair Joe wants for \$15. An' a real good one."

"Here's \$25," said the old man. "Get a good one, and tell Joe it's a present from you. What's your name?"

"Elie."

He watched her with an amused smile as she quickly drew a tiny purse from the pocket in her frock and tucked the note into it. Then when the little purse was restored to its place, she looked up at the old man.

"Now," she said, "if you please, I'm goin' to give you a kiss. I always give papa a kiss when he's nice."

The old man flushed a little.

"Just as you please," he said.

He stepped, and she touched the wrinkled cheek with her lips.

"You're a very nice man," she said. Then she hesitated. "But didn't you need that money for yourself?"

He shook his head.

"I think I can spare it," he answered. "Elie," a voice called from the doorway.

"That's me," cried the child.

"The old man looked around.

"Well, Fenton?"

"I trust she hasn't bothered you, sir?"

"We haven't bothered each other a bit," cried the child.

"The old man shook his head.

"No," he answered, "not a bit." Then he looked back to the man in the doorway.

"Fenton," he said, "when your wife comes for the child tell her, please, that I want to have a little business talk with her. I'm thinking of opening up my house."

The eyes of the man in the doorway couldn't conceal their wonderment.

"I'll tell her, sir."

"And, Fenton?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can leave the child here until the mother comes."—Mount Angel Magazine.

He set sail for the Flowery Land. She had desired novelty, and had it in very truth. Even her tressera was different from that of other girls. Instead of pretty frocks and hats, she had the ugly Celestial dress made. One thing I felt I must do. My little Lulu was a year old, so I put her discarded baby things into the big trunk, in readiness for any small Li-Hungs who might make their appearance. Clarrie paled when she saw them.

"O Louisa, how strange, how unusual, to put a 'ladyette' with my tressera! And Li has made me promise that any children we may have shall be brought up in the Chinese way."

"Goodness! What a—!" I was going to say "tyrant," but turned it into "despot"; for, after all, she had married the man. When I began to cry, for I couldn't help it. "Clarrie, for old-time's sake, keep the things and use them if ever they are needed; and tie this round the baby's neck, underneath its robe."

"Our Lady," was a tiny silver medal of that order, which my own child had worn; and Clarissa, smiling at my childishness, as she thought it, whispered: "I'll do it for your sake."

Then she went downstairs; and Li-Hung, with an inscrutable look in his dark eyes, bore her away to his own land and people. And I, with a heart full of pity for her, walked up my street, passed Carlisle Hospital, to the church.

It was May and the good prior had been presented with a famous Black Madonna from some foreign shrine for the love and veneration of his flock. It stood in a bower of lilies, with waxed tapers and vases of white narcissi round it; and it could with truth be said:

Thou art black with the smoke of ages,
O Queen, thou art fair—
As fair as the wreath of roses,
Thy clients have given to wear!
The golden lilies are tarnished,
On the mantle of faded blue,
Cold fingers that once embroidered,
Still hearts once faithful and true.

Li-Hung knelt down beside her. His heavy eyes were dim. He raised the poor head on his arm, and laid it upon his breast.

"What is it, White Narcissus?" he asked, as he bent down and kissed her. "This," she said, brokenly, "let them go free, and let my little babe go with them."

And it came to pass. We took Lulu and the Yellow Lily to Canton with us; and when I found myself in a friendly merchant's house, I undressed the half-Chinese child and put it into a cot next my own. I held it to my neck as a blue ribbon from which was suspended the small silver medal I had given to Clarrie; and a mission priest baptised her as Marie Providence.—By Nora Ryeman in the Ave Maria.

I poured out my soul at the shrine; and I, who I feared for Clarrie; in the words of the Saint of Avila, asked Mary's Son to have pity upon those who did not know, to open to those who did not knock.

Paradoxical as it seems, one of the first things that came into my mind when I reached Pekin, then came silence; and I murmured to myself: "Dead." But said Eric: "You know how volatile the poor girl was. 'She'd be all right if she met us; but we're back numbers, and as such put on the safe.' I would not consent with him; and when I accompanied him to China, whether his firm had sent him as their agent, thought: "Now I'll find Clarrie!"

Eric and I were passing slowly along the street of Perpetual Repose in Pekin—and surely a name was never a greater misnomer, for it was one of the noisiest thoroughfares in a noisy city. It was a strange and picturesque scene, vastly different from Maryville, with its gabled houses and Gothic churches. Brightly tinted paper lamps hung over the shops; there were travelling blacksmiths, and itinerant tradesmen of all sorts, from the fish seller with his live fish, to the most splendid of the kitchen. Long strings of blind men and camels had right of way.

We were looking at a shoemaker's sign, on which was inscribed, "Look here for a mending, not for credit," when a voice said "Hist!" in my ear, and a hand was placed on my arm. I turned round hastily. Behind me stood a woman clad in the formless Chinese dress. All I could see of the face was two blue eyes, deeply sunken, and dimmed with much weeping. Where had I seen eyes like unto those before? Ah, I remembered! They had smiled on me many a time in the quiet squares of the old city.

"I am a cosmopolitan, Louise."

"Yes, I know; but what has your having been born in Ceylon and having been a globe-trotter to do with your marrying a Chinese interpreter, Clarrie?"

"Everything, my stupid cousin! Listen! You and Eric have been living a humdrum life in Maryville for some years. Eric has punctually gone to his business, punctually grumbled if his chop has not been done to a turn and if his morning rasher has been too salt, and (let me do him justice!) punctually been Father Ephraim's right-hand in all his undertakings. You, on your part, have always rewarded him; you have been a good wife, a good Catholic. But you've been moose—a woman's joy! Fois—a and Mary's Town has been your tree. You've never cared to go about and see the world; and I, I came to live with you, I've spent a year in the same place. Now I'm tired. I'd like to see life under novel conditions—to be in the hub of the Flowery Land which I can be as Li-Hung's wife; and, besides, I like him."

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Clarissa's pretty face flushed.

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I made a point of seeing the Chinaman, and begged him to leave Clarrie alone—to choose one of his own for a wife; but I found him as unimpressional as marble. Miss Clarissa was her own mistress, and had already learned to eat with chopsticks; their union need not be for life; if the lady disagreed with him, she could take ship home, and so on.

The end of it all was this: Clarissa, looking like a Dresden China shepherdess, married Mr. Li, and then she

set sail for the Flowery Land. She had desired novelty, and had it in very truth. Even her tressera was different from that of other girls. Instead of pretty frocks and hats, she had the ugly Celestial dress made. One thing I felt I must do. My little Lulu was a year old, so I put her discarded baby things into the big trunk, in readiness for any small Li-Hungs who might make their appearance. Clarrie paled when she saw them.

"O Louisa, how strange, how unusual, to put a 'ladyette' with my tressera! And Li has made me promise that any children we may have shall be brought up in the Chinese way."

"Goodness! What a—!" I was going to say "tyrant," but turned it into "despot"; for, after all, she had married the man. When I began to cry, for I couldn't help it. "Clarrie, for old-time's sake, keep the things and use them if ever they are needed; and tie this round the baby's neck, underneath its robe."

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It was a lovely day when we left the station—the first of Mary's month. The sun shone on the wide river, with its flowers-decorated banks. When we came in view of it, we saw a long procession—a motley crowd of men and women, carrying drums and banners on which blazed the Red Dragon.

"The Boxes!" muttered Eric. "Let us give a greeting and pass on."

He put us behind him and walked on, with head erect. I said a "Hail Mary" and felt myself turn cold. We were in a terrible fix. Words are powerless to describe it.

"Stop there, you foreign devils!" thundered a voice in English.

Rude hands tore my dress, sticks burned; we were jeered at and taunted. As last an unsexed Amazon tried to wrest Lulu from me, and at that I screamed aloud.

"My child—our little Lu! Eric! Eric! They want to steal her!"

That scream was our salvation. From a bamboo-thatched hut some distance away came a woman with a babe, in long, white, caecio baby clothes.

"Clarrie, Clarrie!" cried. "Help me!" And the woman came on till she stood by my side.

"Give me Lulu!" she panted. "Take Yellow Lily!"

And I quickly made the exchange—not, as it proved, a minute too soon; for we were all going to be hustled off immediately to the joss-house. The leader came up to me.

"Hey," said he—"hey, we meet again in my land, among my own people! That London, with its fogs and plots, is far away now. I hated it—I hate all England."

"Yes," said I, "you loved an English woman and took her away from every friend she had."

"That is different. Once in a lifetime all men are fools."

He broke off suddenly; one of his followers had aimed a rusty spear at my husband's breast, and Clarissa had thrown herself as a shield before him. He had transfixed the poor, foolish, loving heart, and she lay dying on the ground.

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Let us now look from the Eastern to the Western Church.

Just at this period, too, the widowed See of Hippo was mourning the death of the great Augustine. About the time St. Patrick was receiving his commission from Pope Celestine, this intellect-giant was closing his wondrous career. For more than a quarter of a century he stood as the bulwark of Catholic truth against the fierce assaults of error. The ranks of heresy were shivered, and the ablest foes went down before the crushing strength of his resistless logic. North Africa in his day rejoiced in five hundred Bishops, and the splendour of Augustine's genius shed a glory over all.

Where are they now? Alas! If grief could enter a sainted breast, looking down from the high heavens, he might sigh over the desolation of his native land—the land of Cypris and Tertullian. The temples that once dotted it have vanished, and their scattered ruins scarce afford shelter to the wandering Arab.

The day Patrick touched our shores, these two sees, Hippo and Constantinople, exulted in populonsness and majesty; adorned as they were by the twin stars, Augustine and Chrysostom, they formed the brightest jewels in the Church's crown. To-day they are vanished as if the world had never known them, while our nation's apostle looks down on the little island of his love and sees her towering above the Atlantic breakers, a pharos of spiritual splendour, with a faith as unshaken, as her rock-bound towers, the hermitic jewels in the Church's crown. To-day they are vanished as if the world had never known them, while our nation's apostle looks down on the little island of his love and sees her towering above the Atlantic breakers, a pharos of spiritual splendour, with a faith as unshaken, as her rock-bound towers, the hermitic jewels in the Church's crown.

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Which have never questioned it; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of an empire and York, which Augustine and Palladius founded and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people that had a long night and will have an inevitable day."

ITS VITAL ENERGY.—THE PAST

In a healthy body we expect to see more than self-preservation. Now, each portion of the Catholic Church is impelled by the spirit of Pentecost. Hence it is not satisfied with mere stagnant existence. It pants for higher things, for the music of battle. This is strikingly illustrated in the early century of the Irish Church, and in her life history to-day.

The deluge of barbarian invasion that rolled over the Roman Empire between the fifth and ninth centuries swept away, like a black wind, the fairer and nobler of religion and civilization. When the waves subsided it was discovered that every country from Italy to the Belgian coast was left desolate.

Now Ireland never belonged to the Empire of Caesars. She was, by her insular position, out away from the rest of the world, and therefore immune from its corruption and final ruin. During this period, too, the land was studded with religious homes, storehouses of apostolic life. Not satisfied with educating and sanctifying her own children, scholars from every part of Europe found shelter in our great universities of Downpatrick, Bangor, and Armagh. From these, swarms of Irish missionaries poured into every land restoring religion and science, well-nigh buried under the tidal wave of barbarism.

England and Scotland, France and Germany, Italy and Switzerland were the theatres of our apostles' zeal. Each of these nations has embalmed their glories, and their canonized names live engrained in the martyrology of every country of Western Europe.

As again we unroll the canvas of time what a saintly drama passes before our enraptured vision! We see Aidan preaching to the Northumbrians with a King for his interpreter. We see Vergilius proving to the astonished scholars of the Continent the fairness of our faith and the existence of the Antipodes, eight centuries before Magellan doubled the Cape. We see Columbanus erecting monastic institutes from Belgium to the centre of Italy. We see John Scotus standing on the steps of the French throne, with a palace for his schools and kings for his scholars. Whether in the outpouring of martyr blood, or the triumphs in the domain of science, or in the fiery conquests of their zeal, they knew no rivals. Europe for four centuries rang with the fame of Ireland's sons; their names are the bright spots of our history, and their achievements more imperishable than the steeplest column of the proudest arch of triumph.

THE PRESENT

Turn your eyes wherever you will to-day, and two bold facts confront you—the same crying need for supernatural regeneration on the one hand, and the same marvellous activities of our race in pursuit of the apostolic vocation on the other.

The religious revolution of the sixteenth century produced two disastrous results. It dethroned infallible authority, setting up on the empty seat feckle human reason; and it cut the cords that bound man to his own Pope, to retain or reject as much of the Bible as suited him. Secondly, it unbared the moral restraints of the lower appetites, letting loose the wolves of human passion. Fasting, celibacy, confession, an unbroken marriage tie—every power that checked the rebellion of our lower selves was flung as the winds. Licence of intellect and licence of sensuality got free sport. Religious and moral anarchy was the inevitable result. Men to-day stand aghast when they see faith dying, the idea of God's sovereignty and punishments vanishing, people openly scoffing at the bare possibility of virtue, and nations and races perishing through systematic immorality.

Well, almost fifteen centuries have rolled by since and look at Constantinople now.

The Roman eagles have long since fled its walls. Swarms of followers of Mahomet are its masters. The crescent, and not the cross, now glistles above the dome of St. Sophia. And John Chrysostom, in his most despondent hour, could never imagine that the city made illustrious by his life and eloquence, sanctified by his prayers and blood, could so

forget the faith he taught as to become the stronghold of anti-Christian hate and the sink of modern pollution.

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THE FUTURE

With such a past and present it is not difficult to forecast the future. Analogies from the histories of other peoples not only render the task easy, but illumine and make transparent one evident destiny of our race.

Pagan Rome built roads through the world, she broke down the barriers that divided separate nationalities; she united Frank and Teuton, Spaniard and African under a common standard. She then completed the work by giving the world a common language.

All this God used for His own purposes. These roads facilitated the march of His Apostles with His message. Their preaching was understood and wafted abroad through the common language of the empire; and the separate nationalities were gradually accustomed to unite under the Roman cross, to render allegiance once more to Rome—not to Caesar this time but to Peter.

The application to the life destiny of our race is startling. English commerce and enterprise are penetrating every land, and the English tongue is becoming the world's language. These the Irish are concentrating to the service of Christ. In the wake of English enterprise is flowing the full tide of Ireland's Apostolate. The men who are flying in pursuit of gold are the precursors used by God to prepare the way for the men of higher mission, the men who fly in pursuit of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Jews who enlisted in Alexander's army were swept into every corner of the universe. With them went their sacred books, holding the prophecies concerning the coming Messiah. Through their agency a knowledge of the Redeemer's advent was diffused the world over.

To-day God uses the tidal wave of

"Go forth and teach," that banner you can no more wrench from her grasp than you can tear the star from the firmament.

CATHOLIC "IDOL-WORSHIPPERS"

New York Freeman's Journal. Time was when many intelligent non-Catholics actually believed that Catholics worshipped images. They had read it so often in books which they felt might be trusted; they had heard it, perhaps, from pulpits whose duty it was to speak the truth as well as warning, that they had become convinced of it. They wondered how it might be so, especially after they were thrown into intimate relations with Catholics. How, they often must have asked themselves, can men and women otherwise so intelligent, yield to such a deep superstition.

Later on, they saw that it was themselves who had been deceived. They had been misled in a calamity so often repeated that it came to be accepted as truth. The falsifying books were thrown in the ash barrel; the voice of bigotry was no longer heeded from the pulpit and died away in silence. They now knew different of their Catholic friends. They did not worship images; they did not bend before idols. They simply gave these images and representations a relative honor as calling before them the sacred characters whom they represented, just as a dutiful son would value and cherish and respect the picture of his mother on account of her whom it depicted.

How unreasonable it became, this honor shown to statues of Catholics when it was seen from the proper angle! And how these sacred objects served to bring God and His saints nearer to the devout Catholic!

We thought, indeed, that the day of these vile accusations against Catholics had passed away forever.

But to our surprise we picked up a few numbers of the Christian Herald, and we could not miss reading the heavy caption: "Romanist Idol-Worship in Peru." The word "Romanist" betrayed bigotry; "Idol-Worship" evidenced calumny, and distant "Peru" would likely find no defenders in this climate. And so the old, old calumny, revamped through some petty mind, served again to defame the Catholic Church.

We read the article through, and we are going to submit it to our readers to show how willing must be the victims who will fall to this story from Peru.

There is absolutely no evidence of idol-worship—just a primitive and demonstrative people celebrating in their own way, but with striking fervor and with all the splendor they might command, the solemn days of Holy Week.

The insinuation that these fervent simple people believed that an image of Our Saviour rose from the dead is thin ice even for the gullible readers of the Christian Herald—these latter must have smiled as they read. The moral drawn with such utter abandon of theological lore is all to no purpose, as nothing in the context justifies it.

Taking it all in all, the story is a pitiable attempt to describe some "idol worship" which existed two weeks in the bigoted brain of an unsympathetic interpoler. The Christian Herald should be ashamed of itself.

But we save the story: "Semana Santa," or Holy Week, is a week of preparation. The sacred white donkey is decked with "trappings rich and rare," and, as a primitive and "visitation of the faithful, even entering the houses to collect money to carry on the festa. Booths dedicated to different saints are erected and arches built at intervals from the church to the foot of the Calle de las Palmas, or Street of Palma. On Saturday the arches are decorated with fruit, vegetables, live fowls, kide, etc., and everything is gotten in readiness for the great day Palm Sunday.

Early Sunday morning the few remaining things are added to the arches, and the procession leaves the church. The procession consists of the Sacred donkey with the image of Jesus on its back, the donkey bedecked with her rich trappings, the image which by the way looks like a North American Indian, with flying hair, war paint and feathers, and wearing a royal purple mantle adorned with gold and precious stones—and the priests. This year there were two priests here, all these under a canopy carried by four men, taking its way to the booth at the foot of the street, where they remain for the faithful to make their offerings until between five and six at night, when the procession again forms at this booth and is accompanied by soldiers, the band and a crowd of people. After they form there is a song by the musical professor or singer of the church, music by the band, and they start slowly, all carrying palms, (young branches of sugar cane) in their hands, and waving them. They stop at each booth for more singing and to worship each saint, so the trip to the church is a long time getting over.

We stopped in front of one of the booths to see what was done. Gertrude and I were benighted, as it was just at night. All the people reverently uncover their heads, and as Mr. Stevens (the missionary) is not barring his head to taboo, lest the preacher be misunderstood.

It does seem strange that any Protestant preacher "would be misunderstood" because he saw fit to call attention to the Mother of Our Lord. If it were a question of eulogizing the mother of any great distinguished man, the mother of Washington for instance,

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HOUSE FLIES

are hatched in manure and revel in filth. Scientists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of Tuberculosis, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Infantile Diarrhoea, etc.

Every packet of

WILSON'S FLY PADS

will kill more flies than 500 sheets of sticky paper.



the cock that crows. This was followed by a float beautifully trimmed and lighted, containing the image of Our Lord so painted that blood appeared to be on the forehead and face. Very realistic it looked in the semi-darkness.

Next was a float containing the Blessed Virgin Mary beautifully dressed in purple velvet, trimmed with priceless lace and jewels, her long train held up by angels. As the streets were dark only for the lights on the floats and torches carried by the crowd, who were all dressed in black, and the procession moved so slowly, appearing to mark time, and swaying from side to side, they were more than two hours going around two blocks. On reaching the church, the floats were put within to remain till the resurrection at 9:30 Saturday morning. No train whistled no bells rang, no teams were in the street from Thursday noon. Even the children were told not to talk for "the Lord is dead," till 9:30 Saturday day, when the bells, bands, play firecrackers—anything to make noise—the image is restored to its niche in the church, and the Lord is risen. And the people believe it.

I asked one who is now a convert, "Did you really believe all this before?" He said: "I truly did, but since then the Lord has opened my eyes."

Now some questions: What is a Christian? What is a Christian? A Christian is one who believes in the truth of the Christian religion and studies to follow the example and obey the precepts of Christ; a believer in Christ, who is characterized by real piety. So the Christian must be one whose laws are founded on God's Word, and where He is worshipped and respected, must it not?

What is an idolater? A worshipper of idols, one who pays divine honors to images, statues, or representations of anything made by hands, one who worships as a deity that which is not God; a pagan.

What is an idol? An image, form or representation, usually of a man or other animal, consecrated as an object of worship.

What is idolatry? The worship of idols, images, or anything made by hands, or which is not God.

What is God's command? "Thou shalt have unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow thyself to them, nor serve them," etc.

According to the above definitions, and the Word of God, it is easy to tell whether a country has the right to be called Christian or not. Pray that the lands now in the darkness of Romanism may be liberated by the Gospel.—L. E. S., Monsefu, Peru.

PROTESTANT ATTITUDE TOWARD THE BLESSED VIRGIN

The Western Christian Advocate of Cincinnati, commenting on an article upon the Blessed Virgin from the pen of the Rev. Lyman Abbot, which appeared in The Outlook, commends it highly for the manner in which a subject rarely treated by Protestants is handled. Whilst giving the writer of it unstinted praise for the glowing tributes he pays to the Mother of God, the Western Christian Advocate adverts to the prevailing Protestant attitude toward the Blessed Virgin. It is one of indifference, almostavoring of hostility. "We have been carried almost into a reaction against Mary herself" are the words employed to describe the Protestant frame of mind toward her to whom redeemed humanity is under such a deep obligation. The editor of the Western Christian Advocate in speaking of his own experience, says: "We cannot recall ever having heard a sermon preached from our Protestant pulpits upon the character of Mary, and the subject would seem almost to be tabooed, lest the preacher be misunderstood."

It does seem strange that any Protestant preacher "would be misunderstood" because he saw fit to call attention to the Mother of Our Lord. If it were a question of eulogizing the mother of any great distinguished man, the mother of Washington for instance,

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no one would think that the praises lavished upon such a mother would be derogatory to her son. It is no answer to say that the honor paid to Catholics to the Blessed Virgin and that bestowed upon the mothers of distinguished men are radically different, in so far as the former consists of divine worship and the latter in the respect one human being pays to another human being. In this statement we have condensed a view persistently entertained by the average Protestant, although it has been refuted over and over again by Catholic writers. The Blessed Virgin, who was the most highly privileged of mortals, was nevertheless a mortal. Catholics have never worshipped her, in the modern sense of that English word, as they do her Divine Son. Let us say in passing that there was a time when it would have been proper to say that Catholics worshipped the Blessed Virgin. That was when worshipping was synonymous with honoring.

But to return to the Western Christian Advocate article. The writer of it recognizes and regrets the loss Protestantism suffers from the species of boycott it practices in respect to the Mother of Our Lord. Here is a description of that boycott: "Mary of Nazareth is scarcely mentioned even in any list of the world's greatest women, and yet she gave birth to the World's Redeemer, watched over His infancy, trained Him in His boyhood, and He was subject to His parents, and it was in her home that Jesus lived, influenced by her counsel and example, as well as by that of Joseph, until He was thirty years of age." There was here enumerated strong claims upon the reverence of every Christian. If they are ignored by Protestantism, so much the worse for Protestantism. It is to be regretted that Protestantism deprives Protestants of the benefits they would derive from having the highest type of womanhood constantly kept before them. As the editor of the Western Christian Advocate puts it: "We surely ought to do more than merely mention her name in the repetition of her name in the Apostles' Creed. We deprive ourselves of our heritage, of her great example in character, and of her inspiration in holy living by this singular reticence. 'Highly favored' was she, and 'endued with grace' in the words of the Angel of Annunciation; 'blessed among women' in the language of Elizabeth; and in the 'Magnificat' Mary herself is heard to say, 'From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.' Why should not Protestants, then, look upon her with veneration and present her as the type and representative of the highest and holiest womanhood?"

The question here propounded to Protestants is one that is worthy of their consideration. Years ago Cardinal Newman, dealing with the effects of the Protestant attitude toward the Blessed Virgin, pointed out that the dishonor of the Mother inevitably would be followed by dishonor of the Son. He declared that the Church and man agreed in this, that the Son and Mother went together. He thus deplores the result of Protestantism ignoring this union: "Catholics who have honored the Mother still worship the Son, while Protestants, who now have ceased to confess the Son, began their scoffing at the Mother." The extracts we have given from the Western Christian Advocate to the world go to show the wisdom of Cardinal Newman's statement in beginning to be recognized dimly by Protestants.—Freeman's Journal.

CLOSING HELL

It is all settled at last. There is no Hell, according to the unanimous vote of the International Bible Student Association, assembled in Washington. Perhaps Washington has been chosen these days and the wish has been father to the thought in matters theological with the Bible students. Perhaps, too, the Catholicity of the Columbus celebration and the splendid showing made by the Knights of Columbus have moved these students to voice a protest against the solid old Catholic doctrine of eternal punishment. And so the resolution was adopted "unreservedly repudiating as unscriptural the teaching of a place, state or condition of 'hell fire and brimstone' for the torment of the wicked."

Said a Protestant minister at a ministers meeting in Chicago recently: "Protestant ministers are often opposed to Catholic priests because the latter obey the Pope, but it is probably true when a thousand of our Protestant ministers are assembled and I happen to be one of them—we are quite likely to have more than nine hundred and ninety nine little popes there present."

It was so in Washington with this gathering of Bible students. Every one of them had the assurance to feel that he was qualified to declare what is of faith and what is not. It made no difference what other members of his church believed. For all he cared they might be convinced that there is a Hell. They had the same reasons for their belief as he—private judgment. And, according to that system of private interpretation, there is no such thing as objective truth.

It all comes to this finally, that you may have membership in any of the Protestant sects but need not feel obliged to accept its rule of faith. You make your own rule of faith, for you have the same right to do so as that Church which makes no pretence even to speak with authority. And thus it practically means that you may read what you will into the Bible. If you do not fancy the devil, deny his existence; if you do not like the idea of Hell, close the place as far as you are concerned. You can do this very easily if you act on the principle that there is on earth no authoritative interpreter of the word of God. The fact that those private individuals have convened to the number of a hundred or more does not alter the fact that they are speaking merely as individuals.

It is all so preparatory that it would be laughable were it not so sad, so irreligious. One of the fundamental truths of Christianity is denied because a few Bible students do not wish to believe it. No doubt these students believe that they are part of the salt of the earth. They would despise the red-headed anarchist who threatened the stability of the state, but how are they better

when they repudiate the doctrine of punishment which more than anything else has made men abide by the law. Such a statement from a Bible Society is a greater menace to civilization than the machinations of the ultra Socialist. Let the thieves rejoice; let the murderers rejoice; let the slaves to impurity rejoice; let all workers of evil rejoice. Let them break the laws of God according to their pleasure, for the Bible Students have closed Hell.—Pilot.

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM

With the caption "Party Lying Personal" the Hartford, Conn., Catholic Transcript prints the following editorial in its last issue: "A clergyman has called our attention to the following passage from an editorial on 'Party Lying, Ancient and Modern,' which appeared in Wednesday's Conrant: 'Again in the heat and stress of party strife, men are prone to place the success of party above all other considerations, and to adopt the Jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means, and that one may do evil in order to compass a supposed good.' 'Our friend was keen to resent the injustice against the Jesuit Order which is implied in the words quoted. Although he is gifted with a keen sense of humor, still his perfect loyalty to his ancient preceptors prevailed and moved him to denounce the wrong. 'We are free to confess that we do not share his dissent. The word 'Jesuitical' has passed into the English language. It is an abhorrent epithet and has a delectable sweetness as it falls on the partisan ear. There are some who cannot refrain from using it even at the expense of good manners and good fellowship. But what of that? 'The Jesuits have thousands of times repudiated the principle that 'the end justifies the means.' They have challenged the world to cite a single passage from a reputable Jesuit author

wherein the infamous principle is inculcated or defended. On the contrary, they are prepared to give passages without number which assert and maintain the contrary principle, i. e., that it is never permitted to do evil in order that good may be compassed. 'The Jesuits and their friends will, we fear, never be able to rid themselves of the calumny. It will follow them because their opponents are apparently satisfied that the end justifies the means when it is a question of dealing with things Catholic. Nor need we look further than the editorial of Wednesday morning for an explanation of the phenomena. The author of the article, who, we suspect, has a venerable and an undoubted right to speak for men of the cloth, makes this striking admission: 'The same perplexing problem often confronts one who is conversant with the contentions and

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 15th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have read a number of your papers.

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

Each succeeding census shows a steadily increasing stream of migration from rural districts into the towns and cities.

Just because agriculture is the basic industry on which the prosperity of the country rests, it is important that Catholics should retain or increase their relative strength in the farming community.

Later we shall attempt to show that the farmer has exceptional advantages in the matter of educating his children, a fact that too frequently he is the last to recognize.

There is one great handicap very generally recognized and complained of, that is, the difficulty of procuring the necessary farm help.

Sometimes it is a question of wages. The law of supply and demand has enormously increased the average wage which a laborer can command.

The writer knows of a farmer who this year paid \$300 in wages to save one hundred and fifty tons of hay, for which he refused in the barn \$1,500.

His zealous advocate of anti-Catholic propaganda pretends to think that it would be easy for the "independent" missionaries to replace the great conservative force of the Catholic religion.

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farm laborer does not get what we may call a living wage. Leo XIII. has defined the living wage as what is sufficient to maintain a family in frugal comfort.

Now we think that it is not only possible but comparatively easy to so change the conditions of life for farm laborers as to call back into being a class that has practically disappeared.

If an acre of land and a cottage were provided where the farm laborer could live a decent human life in the midst of his own family, the conditions would attract many where present conditions repel them.

Whether or not the farmers themselves should provide such facilities for home life for the farm help; or, as in Ireland, the Department of Agriculture should assist, the question of farm help will never be settled until, like other laborers, the farm laborer has an opportunity to live the normal human life, to provide for a family by his work; in other words, until he receives a living wage.

With the conditions changed as indicated, the money cost of farm help might decrease.

OUR RUTHENIAN BRETHREN

Our readers will remember the indignation aroused some time ago when it was found that so-called missionaries to the Ruthenians dared to pose as priests, to administer sacraments, and to celebrate bogus Masses.

Recently Mr. A. J. Hunter, through the columns of The Presbyterian, makes an appeal for funds for what he is pleased to call the Independent Greek Church.

"For Canadian Protestantism to permit it to be abandoned at this stage would be incredible folly. That vast body of Ruthenians in the hands of a scheming hierarchy would be a menace to the liberty of every Canadian.

Yes, that is the real object—to detach them from the hierarchy, to lead them away from the Catholic Church, to rob them of their faith. And always the burden of the appeal is for funds and more funds.

But there is besides the menace of a "scheming hierarchy" another danger which we shall allow the writer to describe in his own way:

But now is the critical time for the Ruthenian people. A quarter of a million of them here are trembling in the balance. A hundred wild notions are in their brains. Their minds are moved hither and thither as the autumn leaves by the changing winds.

Yes, here are people simple in their habits, thrifty, with a strong religious bent, who if left under the influence of their religion would be in no danger from materialistic socialism or atheism.

Now while every Catholic understands what is meant by papal infallibility, sometimes he finds this a difficult doctrine to explain to his Protestant friend.

As for the materialist and atheistic movements, they must be fought, but I do not think them more dangerous than among our own people, for the Ruthenians seem to have a strong religious bent.

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Moses Barris, the official organizer of the Socialist party for Ontario, was honest enough to state plainly and unequivocally that Socialism and Christianity were as light and darkness:

"The Socialist party of Canada is opposed to the unscientific worship of Christ, Buddha or Mahomet. We do not believe in the salvation of the Church. We oppose that idea. It is far better to have the people to understand this now than let the confusion exist or let it be disseminated in the pulpits.

Socialists cannot believe in any supernatural God. If they do they are not Socialists.

The pamphlet issued by the Socialist party of Great Britain on "Socialism and Religion" is the only attitude we can take up.

The Church will find in us their unrelenting foe. Christianity with its superstitions must be submerged before the workers obtain their complete emancipation.

Far better let it be known now and so avoid misconception in the future.

Finally, a Christian cannot be a Socialist, and a Socialist cannot be a believer in Christ or God.

The Presbyterian writer professes to regard the Ruthenian Catholics as not real Roman Catholics. Of course he may be honest, but if so he is woefully ignorant.

We shall be very much surprised if straightforward Presbyterians can feel anything but contempt for the arrogant hypocrisy of the sort of proselytism suggested in the following:

"If he is in a settlement already favorably disposed to Protestant ideas, his problem is easier perhaps. He may be able to reform the ritual without much complaint, but in many places any such change in the form of service will lead to hostility and withdrawal of support.

It is surprising that the honest Ruthenians on discovering the knavish hypocrisy of such missionaries "sometimes resort to the most vigorous ways of vanquishing their opponents?"

On the 27th of this month the Orangemen of Toronto will hold demonstration and the event will be called "Ulster Day."

One Phase of Papal Infallibility. If our Divine Saviour founded a Church to teach mankind to the end of the world, that Church must be infallible.

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shining lights of virtue. Was not Solomon's heart turned away to serve strange gods; was David not guilty of adultery and murder? And yet Solomon and David were the infallible instruments through which God gave to man parts of the Bible.

Whether or not he uses the word, the Protestant believes in the infallibility of the inspired writers, while he illogically and flippantly derides the possibility of Papal infallibility.

A BISHOP'S DREAM

His Lordship the Episcopal Bishop of Nova Scotia preached recently at Fredericton, N. B. As is their wont Anglican Bishops cling fondly to the belief that they are still a healthy branch of the Roman tree.

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half being untrue."—Letter to Dean Church, December 21, 1881.

May it be that the "Kindly Light" will add more and more to the number of our Anglican friends, both clerical and lay, who are seeking peace of mind in Peter's barque.

IN OWEN SOUND there exists a youthful robber gang captured by a fourteen year old boy. Five of them have been arrested and sent to the Industrial School.

The leader has also been captured and he no doubt will be taken care of as well. Upon investigation it will, we think, be found that Godless education and the reading of dime novels have given the community these young desperadoes.

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cover. Still other thousands search the Scriptures, and without chart or compass to guide them, without an infallible Church to interpret them, are hopelessly divided in their estimate of the meaning of the Word of God.

The gentleman from France and the ladies accompanying him will find in Quebec no divorces, no race suicide, and various other abominations which are quite common in the other provinces which make claim of "advanced Christianity," and the people of which spend freely their means to sustain those miserably small, inefficient and unsuccessful schemes for weaning the habitants from the ancient faith.

In the Toronto Globe of the 31st ult. we are told that the record of illegitimacy and infanticide in that city during the last few months is startling.

These things, there should not, as we have said, be any violence in dealing with these meddling missionaries who do not know what they believe themselves. Contempt only do they deserve and contempt only should be meted out to them.

A LORD ON THE RAMPAGE

A person rejoicing in the somewhat attractive title of Lord Claude Hamilton—possessed of very great wealth—is on a visit to this country for the purpose of funding out ways and means for its distribution, primarily for his own advantage, was a party to a scene on the Royal Edward when coming to this country.

The speech, we are told, created not only surprise but disgust amongst the many Canadians and Americans on board. Allowance might be made for this titled person on the score of verandage. Before he leaves Canada he will learn many things which will bring about a chastening of conduct.

Just because agriculture is the basic industry on which the prosperity of the country rests, it is important that Catholics should retain or increase their relative strength in the farming community; it also behooves Catholics to lead the way in the solution of what unquestionably is a serious problem.

Later we shall attempt to show that the farmer has exceptional advantages in the matter of educating his children, a fact that too frequently he is the last to recognize.

There is one great handicap very generally recognized and complained of, that is, the difficulty of procuring the necessary farm help. That this is a real difficulty is patent; and it is frequently the impelling reason for selling the farm and moving to town.

Sometimes it is a question of wages. The law of supply and demand has enormously increased the average wage which a laborer can command.

The writer knows of a farmer who this year paid \$300 in wages to save one hundred and fifty tons of hay, for which he refused in the barn \$1,500.

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displays a botheadedness and unreasonableness unbecoming a minister of the gospel. His argument is in effect: "I will permit the well-to-do to go to Port Stanley with their team of horses or with an auto; but I will not allow the poor man's conveyance to operate on the Lord's Day." The pot is boiling for Mr. Rochester. Some day he will find that there will be a very pronounced rebellion in the congregations of the sects against the domination of these puritanically-minded preachers.

THE FIRST ACADIAN BISHOP

The appointment of the first Acadian Bishop serves to recall the part played by the devoted French settlers in the history of the Maritime Provinces. They settled in the most fertile stretches of Acadia—on the broad marshlands of Grand Pre and Tantramar, in the beautiful Annapolis valley—and there can be little doubt that their rich possessions excited the cupidity of the English settlers and the New England raiders, long before the Expulsion took place.

The sad story of the Expulsion has been immortalized in the beautiful poem of Longfellow, and the defence set up by the apologists of Governor Lawrence, who the Expulsion was a measure of military necessity in the then condition of the country, altogether fails to satisfy those who approach the question without prejudice.

The fact is that the remnants of that brave people found their way back to Nova Scotia, and joined such of their friends as escaped the expulsion by hiding in the forests. The fine lands which were once theirs had passed into other hands, and they were obliged to make new homes for themselves in less favored parts of the provinces.

They live in large and prosperous communities in different sections of the Provinces. They have a zealous and devoted clergy, speaking their own tongue, caring for their spiritual interests. They have three colleges where their youth receive a careful education, and to the credit of one of their principal Societies—the Society of the Assumption—about forty young Acadians are now receiving a college education at the expense of that Society.

The appointment of Bishop Le Blanc, which was altogether unexpected by him, is a deserved tribute to the French Acadians, whose loyalty to the Church has always been unflinching in the hard experience through which they have passed.

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Crowd." This is quite true. But here again there is a difficulty. There is a possibility that the appointing power under the Crown may itself be corrupt, in which case, we would have corrupt officials all along the line. We can see no way out of the trouble save by an awakening of the people, of weight, of intelligence and of Christian conduct. Until such conditions come we may expect that the dishonest ward boss, who takes a deep interest in public affairs because of the profits which may accrue to him therefrom, will hold the power to govern us. The great majority of the people are conscientious and honest and mean to do what is right, but failing to take an active personal interest in public affairs the grater and the hoodler continues on in his course of ruining and ruling us. Besides a monetary loss, the escapades of these people bring dishonor to the city as a whole.

A MESSAGE FROM IRELAND

The members of the English House of Commons, by a majority of one hundred, favor Home Rule for Ireland. Five-sixths of the Irish people will not be contented and feel they cannot be prosperous until they are working out their destiny through a local parliament. The British possessions abroad through their different legislatures have time and again almost unanimously passed resolutions praying the Home Government to restore Ireland's parliament, of which it had been robbed by the Carson and Londonderry of a century ago. Notwithstanding all this Rev. Dr. J. C. Speer, Methodist, Toronto, makes declaration that, having heard the arguments on both sides of the question, he is thoroughly convinced that Home Rule would prove the ruin of Ireland. He fears that if a change takes place the greater number of the best people would leave the country. We suppose the Rev. gentleman means by the "best people" those who on occasion are given to furious rioting and the hurling of confetti, (iron scraps) at the heads of offending Nationalists. If the Rev. Mr. Speer's "best people" were to leave Ireland it would be a distinct advantage to that country and the Empire would be none the weaker. But, after all, we must be charitably disposed. It is well to consider the position occupied by Rev. Mr. Speer. He is pastor of a church in Toronto, and were he to give utterance to Home Rule sentiments there would be a pretty kettle of fish in the lodges, and the pews would ask his resignation. We know of many Methodist clergymen who are ardent Home Rulers, as that distinguished gentleman the late Rev. Mr. Burns of Hamilton and others. They are many men—not afraid to be Irish in face of unreasoning and ignorant prejudice.

AN EXAMPLE AND A WARNING

To Ireland belongs the distinction of dealing in a summary and most effective manner with the poisonous emanations of the printing press. Both England and the United States produce and circulate matter of this sort of such quantity that the minds of many of the rising generation become utterly depraved by the perusal of it. In the former country the literature is known as the "Penny Dreadful," and in the Republic "the Dime Novel." To be added to these classes of publications, however, is the yellow newspaper, and the majority of the Sunday papers reach the same of foulness. They are but compendiums of crime and scandal with a little unreliable news used to fill up the columns. The parents who allow these publications to enter their homes are criminally negligent, and in the days to come will realize, when too late, that they made a fatal mistake—that their children have gross minds, that they care little for the moral code and have chosen a place in the "tough" column. The following excerpt from the London Tablet, being a report of an address delivered by Rev. C. Plater, S. J., before the apostolate of the press, is well worthy careful study in every household:

"That shrewd old humbug, Lord Bacon, tells us that 'reading maketh full man.' Yes; but full of what? That makes all the difference. Eating, likewise, maketh a full man; but are we, therefore, to devour sausage or tinnacks? It is something to be full; but it is far better to be healthy. Health of body depends upon the quality as well as the quantity of the stuff we eat; health of mind and soul depends on the quality of the stuff we read. Society tries to stop the sale of diseased meat, adulterated bread, or sweets colored an attractive emerald by means of copper arsenite—and rightly. We do not like to see our neighbors writhing in anguish, as the result of such a diet. Yet many people are fatuously indifferent about mental food-stuff. They will read anything that comes their way. They exercise no discrimination. They do not stop to ask: 'Will this poison my mind? Will it taint my imagination, weaken my will, sully my faith?' To avoid poison is the first rule of wise reading. The people of Ireland have realized that, and have lately acted upon it. Poisonous literature used to be imported into Ireland from this country. The evil was Ireland's Vigilance committee could write as follows:

"Objectionable books, which arrived in single copies a few years ago, for individuals, are now despatched to our people by the score and by the hundred. Five pamphlets of the most degrading and vile type are privately circulated among the youth of this country. Newspapers practically unknown in Ireland up to a short time ago, now reach our shores by the thousand. These papers contain, as the only appeal to their readers, every minute particular of the most revolting criminal cases. Nor does their power for evil end in exciting their readers to depraved imaginings. These papers contain advertisements constituting even a greater public danger than the papers themselves. Now what happened? The Catholics of Ireland suddenly said: 'We won't have this stuff!' and they chucked it out, literally, in some cases, chucked it into the sea. News-vendors wouldn't sell it, newspaper-boys wouldn't touch it, people wouldn't buy it. Public opinion was roused, and it worked a miracle. It drove out the poisonous literature as St. Patrick had driven out the snakes. But, besides avoiding poison, we must eat good food. If we limit our efforts to avoiding poison, we shall starve. It is so with reading. It is a splendid thing to banish bad literature, to turn out the snakes. But we must also assimilate good literature, or our minds will become, if not poisoned, at least weak and stunted, and a prey to circumambient microbes. As a matter of fact, people must read something; and if we do not provide them with good literature they will read bad. So you see, the work of the Catholic Reading Guild is two-fold: it not only circulates good literature, but by doing so it replaces bad literature. It creates a taste for healthy reading, which will reject unhealthy reading. Many publishers and agencies to-day give starving people a serpent when they ask for bread. The Catholic Reading Guild gives them bread—and starves the serpent. It was that, that! Besides being a father to the hungry, the Guild is a caution to snakes."

DON'T BUY THEM

America quotes Mgr. Henry A. Brann as saying: "Let us pray for the newspapers: let us pray that they may purify themselves; that the good ones may be models for the poor ones." And he added: "As for the bad ones, don't buy them; don't read them." This is sound Catholic doctrine. The most effective way of remedying the evil is, it seems to us, to take steps to purify the newspaper readers. In this age of materialism quantity has displaced quality. The newspaper man gives his patrons what they want, and there are altogether too many who want but the gross and the sensational. We have very little to complain of in this respect in Canada. Toronto is endeavoring to produce a Hearst Sunday newspaper but it does not seem to make much headway; and we are glad of it. The Sunday newspaper is as a rule a compendium of sloppiness, much of the table of contents being the work of penny-a-liners of easy virtue who have their own opinions as to things eternal—graduates of the godless school who wear the button inscribed "Make Money." All good men should, without being told, make it a practice to buy the best in newspaperdom. If this were done the editors who pander to vulgarity would be starved out of business.

A WORD TO OUR SECTARIAN BRETHREN

On the 4th of September appeared a despatch from Toronto in all the daily papers giving account of a deplorable scandal in Moody Church, Chicago. A noted preacher belonging to that place of worship has fallen from grace. It has been discovered that he was not only the victim of the drug habit but that he had as well violated the moral code. He was well known in Toronto, having been the leading spirit in revival exercises in that city. This leads us to some thought as to the lamentable absence of the real spirit of Christianity so evident amongst some of those who make pretence of being its champions and its missionaries. This unfortunate man, whose name in charity we will withhold, may have been guilty of all he has been charged with, and more. It may be, however, that he has not gone beyond redemption. It may be that he is not utterly bad, and that if he were treated as Christ treated the fallen ones his better nature might once again become predominant. If he showed penitence and expressed a wish to reform would it not have been better were his brother ministers to take care of him, put him in a sanatorium, treat him with kindness and consideration and bring him once again within the fold—a new man who had conquered the flesh and was willing once again to give of his strength for the betterment of the world. In place of all this an account of his delinquencies has been published in sensational form, (perhaps colored a little to gratify the appetite for sensationalism) and duly served up to the people all over the continent. In loud headings his name is given special prominence. In addition to this five thousand circulars, giving the whole lamentable story, have been printed and circulated amongst the members of the Moody church. What is now before the erstwhile clergyman? Little save despair. The press and his brother clergymen have pinned upon him the "Scarlet Letter," and he will go about amongst his fellow-

men as did the wearer of the "Scarlet Letter" in the novel, "Oh charity! sweet charity! In our workaday life, in some quarters, your shade is becoming less and less."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

READING IN English exchanges the report of the Catholic Congress held at Norwich, we are led to query whether such an annual gathering is not possible to the English-speaking Catholics of Canada? Our French-speaking brothers in the Faith held such a convocation recently in Quebec, much to their advantage, we are assured, collectively and individually. There are questions of moment concerning our own people lying about for discussion and adjustment which only an all Canada gathering could deal with effectively. The subject is worthy of consideration.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD had occasion last week to refer in terms of commendation to the sermon preached by Canon Hensley Ingham in Westminster Abbey on the Patnamy atrocities. It was certainly an act very creditable to the Canon's sense of right and wrong—like-for-like to his caudor and fearlessness. For, as we remarked, the proneness of his class to trim their utterances to the fables and prejudices of their hearers has ever been one of their predominant characteristics. The Canon evidently does not so conceive his duty. It is one of the misfortunes of the age that he should stand so much alone.

CANON HENSON has recently distinguished himself in another capacity. As a clergyman of the Church of England he has frequently been called upon to read the burial service at the graveside. The incongruity, or sense of contrast, between the words of assured hope prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, and the notorious facts of the lives of some of those over whose remains the service was read, were not lost upon him, and he has accordingly moved to invent an alternative service more in keeping, as he thinks, in its phraseology, with such occasions. This again speaks volumes for the Canon's courage and sense of propriety.

BUT, AS SAID a writer in the Tablet, consider the prospect which this proposal opens up. The parson is to anticipate the Day of Judgment, and making the feeble discernment of man the last word of appeal as to the state of the deceased's soul, is to publicly brand him as a sinner. In other words, he is to assume the functions of the Almighty, and at the spot to separate the sheep from the goats. For those whom he regards as righteous there will continue to be the expression of "a sure and certain hope" of a glorious resurrection, while for others something suggestive of his fragile hold upon such a prospect will be substituted. But what about the relatives of the departed in whose hearing the verdict is to be pronounced? The Canon evidently left that out of his reckoning. Happily for the peace of graveyards, says the Tablet, the inventions of Convocation count for nothing until they receive the sanction of Parliament. The incident emphasizes once more the poverty and inconsistencies of the religion invented by Cranmer.

FREEMASONRY has received a set-back in the Argentine Republic. The craft a few months ago applied to the Government for official recognition, which was refused on the ground that Freemasonry is pernicious and un-Christian, and that its influence tends to undermine the supremacy of the state. The Government's reply should be written in letters of gold and inscribed on the statute book of all South American republics. Its essential clauses are as follows:

"The Masonic society does not look for the general good of all the citizens, but only seeks to promote the selfish interests of its members to the detriment of the citizens at large. Its constitution obliges its members to oppose the liberty of teaching in order to exclude from the schools the clergy and religious communities, a policy contrary to the constitution of the Argentine Republic. Masonry is anti-Christian, and requires its members to combat Christian faith. The Argentine Republic is bound by its constitution to protect the Catholic religion, and on that account, cannot tolerate the Masonic sect which is opposed to it. Masonry grants to its members political liberty and independence; but, at the same time, obliges them to vote for the candidates that belong to the Masonic association. Masonry constitutes a State within the State, imperium in imperio, though it is rather a travesty of the State."

A little of this doctrine would have saved France and Portugal an ocean of blood and tears.

BECAUSE of his high position as the first Catholic layman of the day in England, and much more so because of his admirable personal qualities and great benefactions to the Church, and to God's poor, the Duke of Norfolk is justly the object of respect and veneration throughout the world. He is the more regrettable, therefore, to read of his appearing on the platform at Blenheim Palace beside Sir Edward Carson, while that inciter to violence and bloodshed in Ulster was telling his audience that "steps are already being taken in Ulster to make Home Rule impossible."

WHAT THOSE "steps" are we are not left in doubt. The Philadelphia-Catholic Standard and Times, quoting a cor-

respondent of the London Morning Post, mentions some of their results. Walking through a Belfast hospital on July 13th, he noted a tender slip of a girl whose face was pinched black and blue, whose hair was pulled from her head in handfuls, and whose clothes were torn to shreds by an Orange mob because she happened to be walking with her sweetheart, whom they called "a Fenian," notwithstanding he was a Protestant. The young man was in bed in an adjoining ward, because he tried to defend the girl, and near by lay another victim, a shipwright, who had been attacked by a mob, kicked all over the body, and had his nose smashed by an iron bar and another bar with a point to it poked into his left eye. These were but three of the many victims to the Orange sense of toleration and chivalry in Belfast. No one would accuse the Duke of Norfolk of sympathy with such outrages, nor, on the other hand, would anyone deny him the right to approve or disapprove of the Government's policy towards Ireland. But that he should lend the weight of his great name to the violent and treasonable distriber of Sir Edward Carson, and through him, to the brutality and fanaticism of Orange mobs, is surely fit subject for sorrow and concern.

THAT IRELAND is a priest-ridden and over-churched country is one of the stock assertions of Protestant controversialists. Like all such assertions it is, when examined in the light of the authentic, found to be baseless and absurd. And those who make it, with characteristic blindness and stupidity, fall to scan the horizon nearer home. The blinkers are an effective part of their mental harness.

FOR INSTANCE, as a correspondent of the English Catholic News points out, there is a typical Scottish country town at which he was summering, which had no less than ten Protestant kirks, belonging to various denominations, although the population was less than five thousand. And the same or something similar is true of most towns in Scotland, in England, or, for that matter, in Canada. On the other hand, in any typical Irish town, such as Portadown, Lisburn, Dungannon or Letterkenny, with a Catholic population corresponding to the Scots town referred to, you will find as a rule but one Catholic Church—never more than two. Furthermore, as it has been very pertinently pointed out, for every ten sovereigns spent in Ireland in church building, one hundred are practically wasted in Scotland in the same way. And as every non-Catholic church has to support not only a minister, but his family, while in Ireland one or two priests minister to from five to ten times as many people, the absurdity of this pet mammy needs no further demonstration. It is a question of religious unity and economy of resources, nothing more.

It is the same with regard to Catholic and Protestant missions. Every dollar that is contributed by Catholics for Church, charitable or mission purposes, is expended for the purpose intended, while with non-Catholics, it is certain, from their own showing, that not less than 75 per cent of (it must be owned) their very generous offerings are frittered away in expenses of administration. Thus it comes to pass that while the growth of Catholic missions is substantial and permanent, there can never be any guarantee that those of non-Catholics represent more than the spending power of its officials, and are absolutely dependent upon it.

THE IRISH PARTY AND CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

In a recent editorial the Toronto Globe insinuates that through their alliance with the Liberal Government the Irish Party are prepared to betray the English Catholic schools in return for the Assquith Home Rule Bill. The presence of the Duke of Norfolk, at the recent English Catholic layman, at the recent Unionist meeting at Blenheim Palace, may incline many towards the same belief. But what are the facts of the case? The Education Act of 1902, enacted by the Unionist ministry, whilst improving the position of the Catholic schools, inflicted or perpetuated an intolerable grievance on Non-conformists in numerous rural districts of England. The Liberal ministry in 1906 attempted to remove the Non-conformist grievance. The interests of the Catholic schools were safeguarded by the Irish Party, for which they were publicly thanked by the Archbishop of Westminster, now Cardinal Bourne. The Act of 1906 was rejected by the House of Lords. Was it because it was unjust to the Catholic schools?

It so the House of Lords was more Catholic than the English Catholic hierarchy, which accepted it, or than the Irish Party, which consistently supported the Catholic demands. Since when did the House of Lords become so enamoured of Popery? Since they discovered that this question of the Catholic schools was a good electioneer-

ing dodge wherewith to draw the Irish Catholic vote to their side. There are at least sixty constituencies in Great Britain where the Irish vote holds the balance of power, and as an Irishman is a Catholic first and a Nationalist afterwards, the Tories thought it well to hold this trump card up to their sleeve. To represent the Liberal party as the enemy of the Catholic schools would ensure them the Irish Catholic vote which otherwise would be given to the Liberals. But the Irishmen of Britain can be trusted to see through the game. The Irish Party is the official custodian of the Catholic schools, and surely no one will believe that the Liberal ministry in alliance with that party will penalise them. But the strength of the Irish Party in defending the Catholic schools is derived more from their influence in being able to command the Irish vote in the constituencies than from their number in the division lobby. Therefore if Home Rule were carried to-morrow, although the Irish representation would be reduced by half, the Irish contingent would still be able to safeguard Catholic interests because of this fact that they commanded the Irish vote in the constituencies. Moreover with a friendly Catholic ministry in power in Dublin the Parliament at Westminster is not very likely to be in a hurry to inflict any injustice on English Catholics. Anything, then, that would undermine the power of the Irish Party over the Catholic vote must be inimical to the very interests such a step is supposed to serve. The sane course is to let the English government see that in dealing with the Irish party it is dealing with a representation that commands the Irish vote in English constituencies.

One of the Unionist cries at the recent Manchester election was "A vote for the Unionist is a vote for your schools." If so how is it that the leaders of this same party are openly inciting their dupes in Belfast to maltreat and assault their Catholic fellow-workmen? How can they be rabidly ultra montane in England and just as rabidly anti-Catholic in Ulster? Perhaps His Grace of Norfolk, who sat silent at Blenheim whilst Sir Edward Carson, Craig, Law, and others waxed eloquent over Catholic intolerance in Ireland, can explain the contradiction? The truth is, English Catholics, titled or otherwise, are dyed in the bluest Toryism. They are at one with Carson, Craig, and others of their kind in denying the right of the Irish Catholic majority to have any voice in the management of the affairs of their country. They are ready to "die in the last ditch" for the Union which Gladstone described as "the blackest transaction in the history of man," and which the Protestant Lecky called "a crime of the deepest turpitude." One would almost think they never heard of Catholic Emancipation. No wonder the great O'Connell regretted that he ever emancipated them. It is a little too late in the day to tell us that Ireland is willing to purchase political freedom at the price of Catholic principles. We have read history.

"COLUMBA"

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY

I have just finished reading the voluminous History of France edited by Prof. Lavisse, and I regret that it ends with 1789. No other country possesses so fine a national history as this. I feel that I can be criticised justly at many points, but I think it fair in purpose and generally just, as well as very complete and graphic. In reading and closing chapters which describe the preparation for the meeting of the States General, I am impressed by the curious blindness as to the volcanic possibilities of French society at that moment. Reforms are discussed, and the limits laid down, beyond which they must not proceed.

The monarchy, the Church, the Nobility are to be retained as part of the French system. There is to be an end of exemption from taxes for any class. There is to be a simplification of the administration of justice. Pensions are to be swept away, and the expenses of the royal court reduced. And the ship of State is to drift quietly and calmly into a safe harbor, where the storms of social strife shall not even ruffle her sails, and all will be well.

DISCOVERED THEIR ERROR TOO LATE

At the same time these urbane prophets were getting the country ready for the great collapse. Half of them were joining in the Voltairian laughter, which robbed the ruling classes of all faith and loyalty, and left them confused and powerless when their hour came to stand by the Church and the King. Half of them were helping to diffuse the revolutionary principles of Rousseau, which made all existing institutions detestable and unnatural. It was not until they had the leisure of exile to study the subject, that what the guillotine had spared of the old nobility and their friends discovered the harm they had been doing, and saw the wisdom of returning to the political and religious principles of their forefathers.

PRECEDING THE GREAT REVOLUTION

France might have delayed the Revolution for years, or have come through it with half the wreckage she incurred, but for the industrial prostration of 1789. The first blow came, as Lavisse shows, through the treaty of Alliance and reciprocity with Great Britain in 1789. The sentimentalists of that age predicted an era of universal peace and good will as a consequence of

that treaty. Within a year it closed most of the workshops of France, filled the cities, especially Paris, with unemployed and discontented workmen, and got the inflammable material ready for the torch.

Then came two years of excessive rain and bad harvests, sending the price of food up to starvation levels. France and its government were put under a strain few countries could have stood and they gave way. The loss of all mutual confidence and of faith in social order, percolated downward to peasant and workman, and the day was lost for political order and religious discipline.

WISDOM OF CONSERVATISM OF AMERICA

I am impressed with the resemblance of France at that time to the America of our times. We have, indeed, no such abuses in our body politic as France had. We have no such general distress among our working people. The pillars of social confidence and religious faith have not been so insidiously undermined.

There still are strong elements of a wise conservatism in American society. But we see the vigorous propagation of principles more revolutionary than those of Rousseau, and that with the zealous co-operation of many who probably would be among the first victims of their success, just as the enthusiasts of 1789 laid their intelligent but ill-balanced heads under the knife of the guillotine.

A SOCIALISTIC PHASE

Modern Socialism owes its vogue to the general disposition of modern society to look to legislation and to the State for the remedy of every evil. The tendency is illustrated by the Prohibitionist and Local Option plans for ridding us of the traffic in intoxicants, as contrasted with the Temperance Reformation of 1826-50, which relied on moral suasion with wonderful results.

In almost every other sphere the same tendency is shown, and when we come to the problem presented by poverty and hunger in our big cities, why not invoke the aid of the law to effect a better distribution of wealth? There the Socialist finds his opportunity, and persuades the kind and superficial observers of the situation that there is no real remedy but a special law. The distribution of the whole product among the workmen, and enforced labor for all classes of society.

Most of our American Socialists, not excepting Mr. Eugene Debs, declare that this is a purely economic question, that it does not affect the social position of the Church and religion, and that it cannot fairly be opposed on that ground. Yet they cannot but be aware that the European authors of their principles and plans were universally atheistic, and declared that to be the philosophy of Socialism must take the stand. They know that Mr. Bischoff's weekly, the Clarion, was started to propagate Socialism, and is become the propagandist of Hecker's scientific atheism. They also probably know of complaints made that the depositaries for the sale of Socialist literature in Great Britain made a special point of selling atheistic books and tracts, and of the most prominent. In the eastern wards of Philadelphia, where our immigrants from eastern Europe abound, I find the two literatures sold in the same shops.

But we are met with the objection that men and women of all creeds work together in the support of Socialism, and sit together in its councils.

There are even bodies of Christian Socialists in Germany, in Great Britain, and in America. Why, then, distrust their religious influence, and call it anti-Christian?

CARRY THEIR HEARTS IN THEIR HEADS

There are people who carry their hearts in their heads, and to those class must belong those who try honestly to combat Christian beliefs with Socialist principles. They feel for the condition of the poor, but they do not think out the problem of getting rid of poverty without bringing in greater evils than hunger and nakedness. Such persons are like the well-meaning propagandists of Rousseau's gospel of nature. In the France of 1789, they also foretold an era of universal toleration, yet the Revolution passed into the hands of the Atheistic party who showed their love of religious liberty by hunting down, like wild beasts, the priests who would give an oath their consciences forbad.

SOCIALISM SAYS "NO HEREAFTER"

The antagonism of Socialist to Christian principles goes down to the roots of things. Socialism implies, and when candid it teaches, that the life that now is all that there is for man. Its exclusive stress upon men's making the best of this world implies so much. It regards with impatience those who put time and thought into hopes of a life after death, and knows that the enthusiasts for a Socialist revolution are not to be found among them. "Convince Abraham's bosom awaits him in the next world, and he will not lie at Dives' gate. He will go in and pitch Dives out of the window."

WOULD SCUTTLE CHURCH AND STATE

It is just the temper that Socialists are trying to produce in the working classes of both Europe and America. Those who have lost all hope of a hereafter easily become inflexible Socialists. If all the good they are to enjoy is to be in this life, why be either dilatory or scrupulous in getting hold of it?

In a sense, they are right. Such an overthrow of the present order of society as they propose is worth discussing only if death be the eternal sleep that the French revolutionists declared it. To take such risks, to inflict such sufferings, to force on society such sacrifices, to turn their backs on the achievements and glories of the past, for the sake of a life which is but an infinitesimal fragment of our whole existence, is a folly I will not charge upon Mr. Bischoff and his friends.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

The methods of Christianity and of Socialism, considered as programs of social reform, are different by the width of the sky. Christian teaching tells us

that the evils of the world are rooted in the hearts of men, that sin is the blight of society as well as of individuals, and that the problem of problems is to get men's wills into harmony with that of God.

The Church sets itself to get the fruits of life made good by getting the true good. It values no reform as of primary worth, unless it mean a growth of faith, hope, and charity in men's hearts.

Socialism in this matter has not advanced a step beyond the falsehood Robert Owen made his disciples subscribe to: "Man's character is made for him, not by him." It tells us that men would be all right, if they were given a chance; that the evil called sin is merely an incident to human development; thus the right environment will bring out the good in human nature.

It traces vice and crime to faults of human institution, and it looks forward to an age of innocence when the Socialist State is established. And so it rejects the shallow view of human nature as its enemy.

A QUESTION OF ENVIRONMENT

Some of our Christian Socialists put in the plea that nobody can be a Christian in such surroundings as fall to the lot of the very poor in our great cities, and that we must begin to improve these before we ask them to live better lives. In what sort of surroundings did the early Christians live and bring up their children in such cities as Antioch, Corinth, and Rome?

What sights did they see at every turn? What words did they hear every hour? And in what wretchedness were most of them plunged in the quarters occupied by the poor, where the packing and crowding for content even East London or the Glasgow wryds? "The Lord of this country, rich in faith," they held fast the faith, and prevailed.

NOT SLAVES OF SURROUNDINGS

NOR is the Christian faith weaker now. In the darkest places of our greatest cities men and women are living as good Christians, loyal to Our Blessed Lord.

I do not say that we should be content to have them so placed; but I object to the statement that they are the slaves of their surroundings.

"ENDURETH UNTO EVERLASTING LIFE"

The Kingdom of our blessed Lord, like every other kingdom, has its own weights and measures; and it is an act of disloyalty to try to put in their place any other system. The weights and measures He announces are not recognized either by the money-worshippers or the Socialists of our time. He tells us to labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life." But both the Mammonite and the Socialist put that which perishes foremost.

The very burden of Socialism is a demand that we shall postpone everything—faith, loyalty, civilization, liberty, and the business of securing a sufficient supply of "the meat that perisheth" into the hungry mouths of the modern world. To feed the hungry, our blessed Lord treated as a good matter, when He twice, by a miracle, fed the multitudes in the desert. But He refused to have that treated as the chief thing in His ministry, and rebuked those who followed Him on that account.

SOCIALISM IS MERE SOPHISTRY

Christianity and Socialism are antagonistic in the spirit which animate them. The former wins men and achieves its great purposes by the spirit of love. It requires us to love even our enemies, and so to good to those who do evil to us. The latter diffuses bitterness between classes, and even hate.

It tells the poor they have been robbed by the rich, and that all the accumulations of property in the world belong to them as they produced them. It bids them look for a day when all will have to work but five hours a day to secure abundance. It tells them that their poor quarters, their scanty clothing, their meagre rations are the results of bad laws manipulated by selfish and unscrupulous men.

WHERE THE DANGER LIES

Let such teaching pervade the working classes to the exclusion or weakening of religious faith, and then let a time of scarcity come upon the land, as in France in 1789-89, and will there not be an uprising against order and ownership, which will write its story in blood on the pages of history?—Robert Ellis Thompson in Freeman's Journal.

CLIMAX OF THE ABOMINABLE

The moving-picture men have assailed the world by the vast sums of money they expend and the incredible hardships and dangers they face to secure realistic pictures for their films. Physical perils never daunt them nor does the profanation of the most sacred mysteries of religion ever seem to suggest to them a reason even for hesitation. Thus a recent issue of the Moving Picture News informs us that an attempt was made to operate the cinematograph in the vicinity of the Holy Sepulchre on Mount Calvary where the crucifixion took place. "Can it be that they intended to re-enact the whole terrible scene of the Passion as they do for their other pictures? The thought of it makes one shudder. Fortunately, however, though great sums of money were offered, the authorities refused permission, and a hill four miles away was taken instead. Here a mob was gathered by the picture men to consider Calvary itself, but the motley character of the crowd and a riot that ensued thwarted the efforts of the photographers."

The whole affair is very shocking. One can pardon the crude attempts of the Mexican magicians in their representations of Holy Week. They are prompted by motives of piety which may, of course, be sometimes mistaken in its manifestations, but this reproduction in cheap and often vile theatres, of the most sacred scenes the world ever witnessed has no excuse of that sort. It is a money-making scheme and nothing else. Judas Iscariot, who profited financially by the death of Christ, still lives.—America.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

MEDITATION "That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened by his Spirit with might into the inward man." (Eph. iii. 16)

Brethren, mark those last words—the inward man. The outward man is easily known, you see him, touch him, hear him when you will or not.

But the inward man is known fully only to God. Not even one's father-confessor knows much of the inward man of the penitent.

Yet that is the real man; the reasoning, thinking, loving, longing, deciding, judging, accountable and responsible man.

That is the man God deals with in an especial manner. He has his outward, visible Church and the Sacraments to reach through the outward man to the inward man—to reach what God alone can reach.

What is Holy Mass—the central act of all religion? The death of our Redeemer to the outward man nearly two thousand years past and gone and many thousands of miles away; to the inward man the Mass is the death of Christ here and now.

Without the inward spirit, then, the sacraments, the Sacrifice, the whole Christian religion is distant and forgotten and unreal. The object of all that is done by religion for the outward man is to build up the inward man.

So much for the general principles of the outward symbolism of religion. Much might be said on this topic that would be highly profitable. But just one little part of it will engage the rest of our sermon to-day: mental prayer. What is mental prayer?

Mental prayer is the inward man turning towards God. It is that free, reasoning, responsible being called man acting with a view to his end—God. The life of a really prayerful man is reasoning towards God, the essential truth; loving God, the essential joy; responsible to God, the essential right.

Hence the cultivation of union with God by inward or mental prayer is the duty of the intelligent Christian. All prayer, to be sure, has an inward character, even that which is most loudly spoken. Piously vocal prayer is that of a parrot or a man in a dream. But there is a prayer in which no sound is uttered, except the voiceless eloquence of the heart. Oh! how we should long for that prayer. Oh! how we should try to understand God even as we understand our dearest friends; as man and wife know each other's souls, as parent and child know each other, by a species of communion too sacred to be clothed in words.

Now, brethren, I know that many excellent Catholics think that mental prayer, or meditation, is for monks and nuns and priests. What a mistake! Try it yourself. Take the Our Father, study over word for word the meaning of that prayer, excluding the world and its distractions meantime, and you will meditate. Take the psalms and go from verse to verse, and let your thoughts and wishes and resolutions have play upon the meaning of the words you read—do it slowly, and you will meditate. Take our Lord's parables, or the scenes of His life and death and glory, and ponder over them, picture the scenes, the places, the persons; ask yourself questions. Who did this or that? why? where? with what effect? with what help? and how does it affect me? Try it five minutes every day? you never knew God as you will learn to know Him in five minutes of inner life. Try it fifteen minutes of a Sunday. Give half an hour some day of every week to hearing a weak man in his spirit. "God is a spirit, and they that adore Him must adore Him in spirit and truth."

Makes Sweet, Wholesome Bread Women write that the yeast they've used makes sour bread, but White Swan Yeast Cakes, makes bread sweet, light and wholesome. Sold by live grocers 6 Cakes for 5c. Get free sample from White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited Toronto, Ont.

TEMPERANCE THE "BEEF IRON AND WINE" FALLACY A young girl in her teens is living a very important part of her existence. During this time she may develop good health or become the victim of some fatal disease.

The manner of living is very important. The body is a very complex grouping of millions of cells that have special tasks to perform; while a disturbance of a single group of these organisms will effect the entire body. There is a collection of cells forming the brain and nerves; another, the heart, arteries, veins and capillaries; another, the digestive organs, and so on throughout the body.

If a few simple hygienic laws are disobeyed, there will be serious results oftentimes. Good air, good water, good food, sensible and healthy clothing that will not interfere with the circulation of the blood, the digestion and assimilation of the food are essential to good health.

When the development at this age is abnormal, there is apt to be loss of appetite, sleeplessness, pallor and other symptoms which cause much anxiety and for which certain "tonics" are given which may produce a slight improvement at first. It is well to remember that there is no "tonic" whether it contains alcohol or not, that is as efficient, or as permanent as nourishing food, pure air, cold bathing, with a brisk rubdown, plenty of sleep and invigorating exercise in the open air.

On the other hand, it is the usual custom, in many families, to give some malt extract, which is advertised as a builder of blood and muscle, and also beer which is said to be a "tonic," the bitter principle of which is a necessity for the sick and a pleasure for the well. There is a familiar remedy, "beef, iron and wine" which not only has added directly 12 1/2 per cent. of alcohol, but the ingredients are mixed in enough sherry wine, which equals in amount nearly two-thirds of

"IMPOSSIBLE TO HELP MY KIDNEYS"

Until I Used "Fruit-a-lives" Worlds Greatest Kidney Cure

Practically everybody in Toronto knows Professor J. F. Davis. For years, the elite of that city has taken lessons from Prof. Davis in the art of Dancing and Deportment.

His constant activity gradually weakened his kidneys, which calamity threatened to make him an invalid.

But read Prof. Davis' letter— 563 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT. DICKENS ST. 29th, 1911

"I want to say that 'Fruit-a-lives' is my only medicine, and has been for the past five years. Previous to that, I had been troubled with Rheumatism and Kidney Disease, and had taken many remedies without satisfactory results.

Noticing the advertisements of 'Fruit-a-lives' I adopted this treatment altogether, and as everyone knows, I am now—and have been since taking 'Fruit-a-lives'—enjoying the best of health."

If Rheumatism or Kidney Trouble is making you miserable, take "Fruit-a-lives" and get well. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

the preparation, so that in reality there is very little nourishment from the beef, which is only the so-called "extract," composed of a little fat, some coloring matter and a few extractives, that have a very little nutritive value, a very small amount of iron and a large amount of alcohol. The iron used is in the form of a tincture, which contains 15 per cent. of alcohol, so that the actual "tonic" effect of this concoction is a myth.

The alcohol of any preparation, whether it is of 1 per cent. or more, is not a stimulant to the growing cells of the young girl's body. She may feel better, it is true, but this does not indicate the actual condition, for the alcohol will weaken the irritable condition of her nerves with no improvement. On the contrary, the drug, even in very small quantities, is an irritant to every part of her body.—Temperance Cause.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. STOPS LIQUOR SELLING The sale of all intoxicating liquors on the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburgh has been abandoned. This was announced by Traffic Manager Wood in Philadelphia, July 16. Similar action, he said, will soon be taken on all other lines of the Pennsylvania.

The decision of the railroad to abandon the sale of intoxicants in Pullmans and dining cars is due to the efforts of the Anti-Saloon League in Pennsylvania. State Superintendent Charles W. Carroll of Harrisburg said that the company had entered into an agreement with the League to stop the sale of liquor on its lines, and that there had been negotiations looking toward that end for some time.

AT THE SIGHT OF A DRUNKARD A neatly dressed man was staggering along a thoroughfare in New York the other day, so intoxicated that he could hardly keep on his feet.

Three young men standing on a street corner, laughed out loud at the drunken man as he went by. A lady, passing there at that moment, said to them quietly:

"Don't laugh at that poor man—he is somebody's son, somebody's husband, somebody's father; and hearts will ache when he gets home."

The sight of a drunken man is one for tears—tears for his own degradation and tears from the hearts that will ache when he comes staggering home.

KEPT WARM A patient was arguing with the doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he:

"But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold, and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here. This stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke and then burst into a flame, and replied:

"Of course not. It is burning itself." "And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."

TEMPERANCE NOTES Archbishop Prendergast has given his approval to the Father Mathew day

One little boy put it just right when he said: "My! But ain't Kellogg's easy to eat!"

Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES 10c

On the other hand, it is the usual custom, in many families, to give some malt extract, which is advertised as a builder of blood and muscle, and also beer which is said to be a "tonic," the bitter principle of which is a necessity for the sick and a pleasure for the well.

There is a familiar remedy, "beef, iron and wine" which not only has added directly 12 1/2 per cent. of alcohol, but the ingredients are mixed in enough sherry wine, which equals in amount nearly two-thirds of

celebration scheduled for Sunday, Oct. 13, in Philadelphia, and arrangements have been made for the religious services in the Cathedral, at which the Archbishop will preside.—Sacred Heart Review.

"Every summer," says Bystander in the Providence Visitor, "a good many men, and some women, conduct exhaustive personal experiments to prove that alcoholic drinks are cooling and refreshing. Repeated failures rarely convince them. Every human being who ever drank a gin rickey or even a glass of beer at ninety in the shade was immediately obliged to redouble his brow-mopping exertions, but few of us who draw the inference remember it until the next time. Alcohol may or may not be a food, but if it is a food it is certainly the least desirable food as an item of summer diet."

A man need not be a "crank" to appreciate the force of this argument from Governor Stubbs of Kansas: "There is nothing radical or unreasonable in helping a weak man to carry his week's wages home to his wife on Saturday night; there is nothing fanatical in enabling her to send her children to school with good clothes, good shoes, and a good dinner in the little basket. Prohibition serves the child as well as the man. It is for the wife as well as for the husband and the society, as well as for the individual. It is for the government as well as for the governed. In Kansas it pays the doctor his bills, the lawyer his fees, the pastor his salary. It helps the milkman, the farmer, the baker, the butcher, the grocer, the newsboy, the dentist, the book-store, the photographer, the tailor, the dress-maker, the merchant, and the manufacturer. This is why the people of our State are so thoroughly committed to its support."

The Catholic Church and Other Churches Here is the mission for the Catholic Church, and it demands all the time and intelligence she can give it. She will soon learn that there is no greater joy than that found in the moulding of hearts and minds to fit the best that life can offer. Be it hers to point out the evil checked, the good achieved, in the constant struggle renewed each day between the world and the Church of Christ.

Her motherhood can never become obsolete while she is the rallying center for children and grandchildren—the guardian of an eternal relationship which death is unable to overthrow. Her convictions can be so effectively communicated that relaxation of morals or commercial dishonesty is an impossibility to those around her. It is the sure voice of the mother in the home that carries the day, and the virtues of her sons is the corollary of the truths she holds. Imperfect or distorted vision is spared to the child nurtured on Catholic doctrine. If mothers of the near past had done their duty, they would have escaped the humiliation of

seeing splinters foremost in the work of reconstituting the moral standard. Infidelity has grown as mothers have deserted their posts, and the loathsome plague of divorce is an outcome of their apathy. Familiarity with legalized vice has so debased us that the maintenance of obligations, rarely transgressed half a century ago, is now commonly held to be inconsistent with the "natural law."

When mothers are superficial, society will be vile. She who leaves immortal life outside her combinations for her son's prosperity, is slack in love and undermines her own pedestal. With the acknowledgment of her incapacity to deal with anything affecting his future destiny, she deliberately abandons him to worldly influence and atheistic propaganda. Should the college to which she often confines him be non-religious (often means being virtually pagan), she has sacrificed his soul and betrayed her motherhood.—Ave Maria.

Other churches have preachers; other churches tell about the Gospel; other churches claim to be Christian; but there is only one church that ever hangs on the lips of Christ. The Catholic Church never pretends to teach anything that Jesus Christ Himself did not preach; she never attempts to do anything that Jesus Christ did not do. You cannot coax her; you cannot esjole her; you cannot tempt her to go from this straight and narrow path trodden by Him. She is here in the world to continue the work of Jesus Christ; and the St. Paul, she does not know anything else. St. Paul says, "I do not know anything else but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. The Church of God knows nothing else. The Catholic Church has been teaching nothing else, and she never will teach anything else. And that all truthful men admit; the

The Catholic Church and Other Churches

THE GREAT MISSION OF CATHOLIC MOTHERHOOD

One of the most disastrous effects of modern conditions of life has been the disappearance of the home, properly so called, and the consequent deviation of the mother from her true place, which is the center of the family and the pivot of her children's lives. The standard of civilization is judged by the quality of the home, and the nucleus of the home in every race and clime is indisputably the mother. The trend of Socialism is to separate the child from the mother and hand him over to the State; and reason must have reached a very low ebb with the woman of to-day when they listen unmoved to theories that would, if realized, rob them of their highest prerogatives. But the vocation of motherhood was already on the decrease. Materialism now pushes it hard. A more alarming symptom than the declining birth-rate is the assumption of the name of mother by woman who have merely brought a child into the world.

Can she be titled mother who does not devote even one-fourth of her day to the care and upbringing of her offspring? What are her claims to reverence and obedience whose life is filled with a thousand occupations in which her children have no part? Can irresponsible, frivolous butterflies of fashion, whose ambition is to do as young as their grown-up daughters, command allegiance and affection? With the introduction of a hundred labor-saving machines, hands formerly busy with household work were made idle; and swifter, easier methods of locomotion draw apart the inmates of the home. But whatever the mother faithfully fulfill her responsibilities, there need be no disruption of the family circle. Unfortunately, very many women seem to have lost their footing, and are striving by new departures in all directions to fill up the gap in their lives occasioned by superfluous leisure.

It should be remembered that the greatest leaders and profoundest thinkers were formed in the quiet sanctity of the perfect home. When life was not frittered between travel and the theatre, when, instead of a host of acquaintances, one had a few friends, interests fostered and shared were more intense. There were time and capacity for enjoyment of the purest, deeper springs of thought, and home was needed a haven of love and rest. To-day there is every inducement to abandon serious work or thought. The charm of the superficial attracts from every side; meaningless and corrupt vapors, under the name of literature, confront us at every turn. This is the danger when mothers should reassert their dignity—come forward and check the advance of materialism that is demoralizing their sons, and profit of every weapon within their reach to banish the demon of Anarchy, who is scheming for their degradation. No mother worthy of the name can remain indifferent while a return to barbarism is threatened by the Socialistic doctrines preached with impunity on all.

With every barrier removed that guards the home, the position of woman and child reverts to what it was before Christianity elevated it in the holy sacrament of matrimony—the only safeguard of the family. With Socialism's appalling menace so close and so persistent, there is no excuse for any mother, but more particularly for the Catholic mother, to live in apathy or indifference. Hers is the greatest responsibility; for every means is within her reach to cope successfully with the enemy.

Certainty of doctrine, glorious example, enlightened instruction on all subjects of public morality, belong to her by right as a member of the mightiest institution the world has ever seen, a divinely-inspired Church. What a sorry mental caliber must be that of the woman who directs her energies to anything but the formation of young souls, to carry on the sublime ideal taught by this wonderful agency in every zone of the earth! Those who realize what Catholic motherhood means will rejoice in their power and opportunities, spur all lesser goals of worldly ambition, and combine all their talents in one aim; the guidance of the children confided to them by God.

The spirit of charity permeates the Catholic mother's acts. Her motherhood extends beyond her immediate own, not only to the motherless lads in her neighborhood, but wherever the

missionary flag attracts her attention. Her views are large, bounded by neither ocean nor continent; her goals are high; for she is a part of a whole, a unit of one vast aggregation held together by supernatural ties. Whatever she imparts is authoritative; it has the sanction of a living, active direction; she cannot easily go astray. Thus entrenched, her position is impregnable, her opinion carries weight; she is entitled to all honor and respect. As her children grow, her zeal for good increases; she enters into all phases of their lives; her own education is completed by the interchange of sentiments and experiences. Her spiritual development will be richer as her little ones are trained in devotion and loyalty to the grandest cause the world can boast. Their fighting instincts can be turned against the degraders of humanity; their sweetness and gentleness can be fostered to enhance virtue and comradeship.

Here is the mission for the Catholic Church, and it demands all the time and intelligence she can give it. She will soon learn that there is no greater joy than that found in the moulding of hearts and minds to fit the best that life can offer. Be it hers to point out the evil checked, the good achieved, in the constant struggle renewed each day between the world and the Church of Christ. Her motherhood can never become obsolete while she is the rallying center for children and grandchildren—the guardian of an eternal relationship which death is unable to overthrow. Her convictions can be so effectively communicated that relaxation of morals or commercial dishonesty is an impossibility to those around her. It is the sure voice of the mother in the home that carries the day, and the virtues of her sons is the corollary of the truths she holds. Imperfect or distorted vision is spared to the child nurtured on Catholic doctrine. If mothers of the near past had done their duty, they would have escaped the humiliation of

seeing splinters foremost in the work of reconstituting the moral standard. Infidelity has grown as mothers have deserted their posts, and the loathsome plague of divorce is an outcome of their apathy. Familiarity with legalized vice has so debased us that the maintenance of obligations, rarely transgressed half a century ago, is now commonly held to be inconsistent with the "natural law."

When mothers are superficial, society will be vile. She who leaves immortal life outside her combinations for her son's prosperity, is slack in love and undermines her own pedestal. With the acknowledgment of her incapacity to deal with anything affecting his future destiny, she deliberately abandons him to worldly influence and atheistic propaganda. Should the college to which she often confines him be non-religious (often means being virtually pagan), she has sacrificed his soul and betrayed her motherhood.—Ave Maria.

Other churches have preachers; other churches tell about the Gospel; other churches claim to be Christian; but there is only one church that ever hangs on the lips of Christ. The Catholic Church never pretends to teach anything that Jesus Christ Himself did not preach; she never attempts to do anything that Jesus Christ did not do. You cannot coax her; you cannot esjole her; you cannot tempt her to go from this straight and narrow path trodden by Him. She is here in the world to continue the work of Jesus Christ; and the St. Paul, she does not know anything else. St. Paul says, "I do not know anything else but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. The Church of God knows nothing else. The Catholic Church has been teaching nothing else, and she never will teach anything else. And that all truthful men admit; the

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KEEP OUT OF RUTS We hear a great deal about the disadvantage of falling into a rut. We are told that in order to keep up our interest in a study or to carry forward an enterprise vigorously we must constantly make our endeavor to vary our variety. To fall into a rut on the road, doing the same thing in the same way, day in and day out, is supposed to be most unfortunate, and we are warned against it as if routine in itself were fatal to advancement. Yet there is something to be said in favor of a rut. Not long ago a thoughtful teacher was discussing the talents and attainments of several lads in her class. "Blohard," she said, "has remarkable facility. He learns with the rapidity of a bird on the wing, but the trouble is that he does not stay in one place long enough to retain much of what he acquires. He has no concentration. He is continually in search of a new impression. Harold, who is his opposite in temperament, marches steadily along and loses nothing that he has once gained. With him habits of accuracy and attention have become established. By and by Harold will surpass Richard. It will be as if a freight train were attached to the express when Harold is ready for action, but he will go forward by straight lines and according to a right way. Habits either good or bad are said to become ruts in the brain by imperceptible degrees. The formation of a bad habit is therefore to be dreaded, because there is something deeply and permanently about it made. We may as well be warned on this score, if we letting ourselves drop into a habit, of foolish self-indulgence, of using language of which we are ashamed, or of neglecting plain duties. Ruts of this kind are clearly out of the question if we would lead honorable lives. The advantage of the rut is perhaps best shown by illustration. Observe the plowman who crosses the field with a deep, straight furrow. Watch the engineer who never takes a needless risk on the road, but with eye and hand directing and controlling his marvelous machine carries passengers safely the same way over the same course year after year. There may be monotony in a rut, but there is sometimes safety. POWDER-MILL PIETY There is an old adage to the effect that "he who works in a powder-mill should be pious." The thought behind this semi-facetious counsel is that one who is in hourly danger of being translated to the other world should be on good terms with his Maker. Many a man displays a faith of this powder-mill variety. In positions of extreme difficulty or danger he becomes conscious, apparently for the first time, that there is a God. When he is desperately sick, or his ship is sinking, he calls on the Almighty for help. When the steamship "Speed" broke her shaft in mid-ocean, practically the whole ship's company, including the most frivolous, fell to praying. Before some of the battles of the Civil War, whole regiments were as monster prayer meetings. We feel, and rightly, that God is our help in our direct extremities. He is a very present help in trouble." He loves to save us out of our distresses. But it is the part of cowardice to acknowledge Him only in the hours of darkness and terror. The Almighty is not to be regarded merely as a court of last appeal. Religion is not a sort of safety appliance to be used only in case of danger. Rather, he who knows not what the most sheltered hour may bring forth, are called into hourly companionship with the great Friend whose power and whose love are alike perfect. A YOUTH'S GOOD MORNING I started out the other morning to walk about a mile to the street car by which I come to my duties. It was a

beautiful morning. It seemed glorious to live. I made up my mind to leave a cheerful greeting with each man I met. The following was my experience: A man of wealth was coming out of his fine residence. I called out to him: "What a magnificent morning it is, is it not?" He replied: "Yes, pretty fair, but yesterday was a horrible day." The next greeting was to a man sitting on his veranda taking his morning smoke. He was a man of assured income, fine home, and every advantage of life. I greeted him with much the same words, calling attention to the splendid morning. "Yes, pretty good, but it is a weather breeder; we will not have good weather very long." The next one I saluted was a gentleman walking along the street taking a leisurely smoke. "What a splendid morning," I said as we passed. He removed his pipe from his mouth, and stared me out of countenance without a word of response. We had not met in our "swallowtails" at some social function, and I therefore had no right to remark upon the beauty of the weather to him. Soon there came into my view a working man. He was perhaps fifty-five years old, bent wrinkled, worn with the hard toil of a lifetime. He looked just a little hungry as he approached me. I flaked the morning greeting, however, saying to him: "What a beautiful morning we have." "Sure, air," he said, "it is a beautiful morning. I have been thanking God ever since I left home at the beautiful day He is givin' us." Which life was valuable? Which life was honest? Which life was Christian? And so I say, the subjective and not objective, largely determines the value of life. If hardships and privations and numerous trials come to one, there are also the sunshine and the bright sky and the hills and tossing waters which may bring cheer and satisfaction.—Catholic Sun. A BLIND SENATOR When a young man has won for himself high political honor we applaud him, but when he has done the same thing in spite of serious physical handicaps we more than admire, we are inspired by him. For this reason it is a remarkable thing that the youngest man in the United States Senate, Senator Gore of Oklahoma, has been blind from boyhood. The misfortune which condemned him to walk forever in darkness did not break his courage. He went right on with his school work, getting friends to read his lessons to him, and grasping them with his alert mind in a single reading. The manly spirit that neither refused to take the aid it requires nor yet makes weak demands for a sentimental pity cannot be too greatly admired. For every step of his advance he has had to depend on his friends, latterly on his wife, for the loss of eyes. Yet he never obtrudes his misfortune. "Glad to see you," is his invariable greeting to friends and strangers, as if the sight of them were his. "Glad to see you!" How often we use the expression carelessly when we have felt nothing but the most languid interest in meeting a casual acquaintance. Suppose the next time we say it we think of the darkness in which the blind man lives. Perhaps then we may feel keen enjoyment out of the ability to see even the most common-place and uninteresting face. HOW TO BE POPULAR Every one would like to have a gracious manner, to be popular, to be loved by everybody. It is a legitimate ambition to be well thought of and admired by our fellow-men. Yet the majority of us are willing to make any great sacrifice to acquire this art of arts—in fact we are all the time doing

things which repel others and which inevitably tend to make us unpopular. We have to take infinite pains to succeed in our vocations or any accomplishment worth while, and should we expect to gain the air of arts, the charm of personality, the power to please, to attract, to interest, without making great efforts? Selfishness in all its forms is always and everywhere despised. No one likes a person who is bound up in himself, who is constantly thinking how he can advance his own interests and promote his own comfort. The secret of popularity is to make everybody you meet feel that you are especially interested in him. If you really feel kindly towards others, if you sincerely wish to please, you will have no difficulty in doing so. But if you are cold, indifferent, reticent, alien, selfish; if you are all wrapped up in yourself and think only of what may advance your own interests or increase your own comfort, you never can become popular.—Catholic Columbian. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS TO YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL Boys and girls who may fancy themselves too grown-up to repeat the "Dear Angel" prayer of their early childhood should know that the greatest men of our faith are as little children in their devotion to the invisible Guardian Angel. Father Russell, now past seventy-five years of age, thus addresses his lifelong comrade: Still with me, still with me, my Guardian more dear! But oh I have wearied your patience, I fear. You have watched over me since my first feeble breath. You will watch till mine eyes close forever in death. But your care and your peril must now soon be past; How near is the day God has fixed as my last? Be with me, be with me, dear Angel, till then. And oh I how I'll thank you in heaven, Amen. THE POTENCY OF KINDNESS OR THE BOY APOSTLE There was intense excitement in the sleepy Southern town. The whole population was filled with ill-suppressed anger. Curses of men, and boys through the streets, particularly around the court house and jail. Women gathered in groups on their verandas and in the shops to discuss the fearful crime that had been committed in their midst. It was a brutal murder, and the murderer was a negro. Only strict surveillance kept the poor wretch from being dragged from custody and hanged to the nearest tree. The murdered man was his master. What matter if the slayer was goaded to madness by cruel treatment and insulting words? Was he not a despised negro? The murder was committed in a moment of frenzy and there was no defense. The wretched man was sentenced to a foregone conclusion. The learned court made haste to have the trial, and the jury to a man pronounced the fatal word, "Guilty." Public opinion was satisfied, and the excitement cooled down. In his death cell the slayer sat alone with a terrible fear of death and the world beyond the death chair. They asked him did he want religious aid. No! He never knew religion in his life; it was an unknown factor in his thoughts, and as he sat and brooded with sullen brow and muttered oath, in the dark and in the light of the few days that were between him and eternity, people came and looked curiously into the barred window of his little cell. But no one pitied him. Among the throng that passed through the jail were two lads, who, like small boys, were curious to see a condemned man before execution. One of them heartlessly called him to the window, and the poor wretch unkindly answered the lad to call at him: "You scoundrel! You murderer! The country does well to turn you over to the gallows!" The negro, who expected a kind word, turned away with a bitter oath on his lips. "Shame on you, Tom!" said the other lad. "The Lord you talk that way to a poor condemned fellow! Watch out that the Lord doesn't take his part, since nobody else does." "Pshaw!" said the first boy; "he deserves his fate. I have no pity for him, the black devil!" "Stop!" said his companion. "We didn't come here to act the judge. He has my compass pipe." And calling to the poor black wretch, he said some kindly words. The darkey's eyes filled with tears. "Young massa," he whispered, "if you done cum hear by yourself, I've got sunnup' to ast you. K'in you cum tomorrer—all alone?" "Sure!" whispered the boy, somewhat startled, as he made off down the corridor after his companion, who had turned disgustedly away. The guard who was standing by, and who had heard the whole conversation, nodded approvingly, and the boy disappeared. This was a Catholic lad of fourteen, whose faith commanded him to be charitable to the unfortunate and treat his neighbor with consideration. His Catholic faith taught him also that this black man had an immortal soul that could be made as white as snow if he repented of his sins and became reconciled with God. The kind words he uttered brought God's grace, and the boy determined he would go on the morrow and see if he could do something towards saving that soul. He said nothing at home, but his promise never left his mind. At the hour appointed he went alone to the jail to see his word. As he passed the guard, the man said to him: "I'm glad you came; that nigger has been raving about you ever since yesterday. Took a wonderful fancy to you. You are the first one he's ever talked about!" They opened the cell door, and the boy, with certain tremors easily accounted for, found himself alone with

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the condemned man. The negro fell on his knees before him. "I've got to go to die, and I've a poor nigger wid murder on my soul. Dey want me to git religion, but I don't see dat any 'ligion counts dat sin't got no kindness in it. You took up loah me 'gainst dat gemplin dat cum 'long wid you, an' you said dat de Lord would take my part, an' all night I bin thinkin' dat your 'ligion must be de kurrent one, for you gib me comfort. If I die in any 'ligion, it's yours, young massa; so gib me you'n way ob thinkin', an' maybe I'll see de Lord!" The boy felt his heart swell with pity. He determined to save the poor fellow. He made him sit down on his poor bed and gave him the fundamentals of faith, in the words of the catechism. He taught him one or two little aspirations, and finally told him he would bring him his pastor if he desired it. The negro was all anxiety to follow the boy's instructions, and sent for the warden, who promised the priest should come. The lad departed and went immediately to his pastor, who listened in astonishment. A formal request soon came for his presence in the jail. He went accompanied by the lad, who became the idol of the negro's heart, who looked upon him with the blind adoration of his race. The priest found his sincerity was not to be doubted. He instructed him for baptism and taught him the faith. The fellow had been sulky, untractable, dangerous; now he became gentle, resigned and penitent. The lad was his sponsor, in baptism, and before his execution had the satisfaction of seeing him make his First Communion. Every day he spent an hour with him, and on the eve of the fatal day stayed as long as was permitted. At the last moment the negro held the boy's hands close to his, and in a choking voice said: "Goodby, young massa: you have opened de doob ob hebben to dis poor nigger. When he is a white angel befoah de Lord, he will watch ober youah footsteps and you will hab luck and de Lord's blessing whereever you go. Let me hold dese hands tight in mine loah just a minute, an' den nobody else shall touch dem. Goodby!" The black, blood-stained hands held the boy's tightly. The lad could not speak, but his face told all the poor fellow wanted of sympathy and kindness and pity. The boy left hurriedly. When all was over they told him that the Negro went to his doom with clasped hands and praying audibly. He refused, gently, to shake hands with any one, saying, "My young massa must be de last! His white hands kept me from destruction, an' I've goin' to take his shake-hands to the Lord!" And so he died, paying the awful penalty of his crime, and he held these hands tightly in mine loah, and he is reconciled to God, deeply penitent. The lad still lives, a man deeply imbued with the spirit of faith, and he tells his own boys now what a privilege it was to help one immortal soul. How many souls might be won if the thoughtless cruelty of unkindness were eliminated from our lives!—Rev. Richard W. Alexander in Catholic Standard and Times. "GOOD-NIGHT" There is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart. Good night! The little one licks it as, gowned in white, with shining face and hands, and prayers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish; parents and children, friends and friends, familiarity has robbed it of its significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically without much thought. But consider. We are, as voyagers, putting off from time to time, upon an unexplored sea. Our barques of life set sail and go onward into the darkness, and we, asleep on our pillows, take no care as we do when awake and journeying by day-light. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. As unslumbering vigilance watches over us; it is the vigilance of one stronger and wiser than we, who is the Eternal God, God and God spring from the same root, are the same meaning. "Good-night" is only "God with you." "Good-night" is really "God-night," or "God guard the night." It would be a church household in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alas, the happy and the sorrowful, day by day, may say, "Good-night,"—Catholic Sun. To Make America Catholic The Guardians of Bigotry are raising a great clamor over the enthusiastic words of Archbishop Ireland that we must make America Catholic. They represent us as plotting to destroy the republic, as forming military organizations, as drilling by night, as intending to slay our Protestant neighbors, etc., etc. Idiotic as these charges are, they are believed by a multitude of Protestants. Our efforts to make America Catholic are confined to prayer, to giving a good example by leading pious Christian lives, to spreading good books and papers, and to endeavoring to convince our neigh-

voices from a tomb. There was a swift, tense moment of silence. Tapers white and slender were lighted amidst the sea of leaf and flower at the Lady's feet. Two monks moved from their stalls with deep courtesy to the Maid, and began that masterpiece of joy, the "Litany of Loretto," in a swift, mirthful chaunt. The bearded monks in their stalls kneel upright as a regiment reviewed by their Queen, and gave back verse for verse. Suddenly my eyes and heart were opened. It was not a choir of the Church's sternest monks I saw. It was a troop of children welcoming a beloved mother home again, crowding round her, clinging to her garments, and saying again and again those childlike nothings that are everything to those that love and are beloved.

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The heart of the people at large is still old-fashioned in its adherence to the idea that every man is responsible to a higher moral and spiritual power—that duty is more than pleasure—that life cannot be translated in terms of the five senses, and that the attempt to do so lowers and degrades the man who makes it—that religion alone can give an adequate interpretation of life and that morality alone can make it worthy of respect and admiration. This is the characteristic American way of looking at the complicated and interested business of living which we men and women have upon our hands.—Henry Van Dyke.

THE ABSORBINE JR. OINTMENT Painful, Rheumatic, Swollen Joints, Milk Legs, Mammites, Old Sores, Etc.—It is healing, soothing, strengthening and stimulating—always pain and inflammation causing, germicide and antiseptic. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. W. F. YOUNG, P.O. Box 112, Toronto.

Better Dinners "Is dinner ready, Mary?" "Yes, Madam—it is ready, and, I think, a great success." "Your cooking is improving." "Well perhaps it is, and I hope so, but really, Mrs. Housewife, I think our new Gurney-Oxford is partly responsible for the success I have had lately. I was never able to cook roasts and fowl so well on our old stove, and as for bread and biscuits, I used to tremble when I went to take them from the oven—they were so often soggy and heavy. Now they are always light and beautifully brown, and, if I do say it myself, something to be proud of." "That's true, Mary, my husband has said almost the same thing. I'm awfully glad you approve of my choice of a Gurney-Oxford. He approves because of the saving in coal since we got it, also because of the better meals he is getting." "Indeed he's right, Madam—and it requires so little attention." "That's fine, Mary. Will you serve dinner in a few minutes please?"

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WHY WARM AIR HEATING IS BEST "DEAD AIR IS BAD AIR." There are comparatively few houses built with any provision for regular ventilation beyond that afforded by doors and windows, and these cannot be left open ALL the time during the winter. Yet the impure air in the different rooms must be constantly carried away. PEASE WARM AIR FURNACE properly installed, changes the air constantly. The warm, fresh air is forced up through every register and the stale, cool air being drawn out by suction and natural gravitation through the cold air pipes. Our books, "The Question of Heating," or "ASK THE MAN WHO HAS ONE," PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, TORONTO, ONT.

CONVERTING A LANGUAGE

CARDINAL BOURNE'S APPEAL TO MAKE ENGLISH AGAIN A CATHOLIC TONGUE. LOOKS TO CANADA FOR THE REVIVAL

The Congress of English Catholics held early in August at Norwich brought together a great number of Catholics from every part of the kingdom. The principal address was delivered by Cardinal Bourne.

At the time of the breach with the Holy See, said the Cardinal, the English race was practically confined within the limits of the soil of England, and the English tongue, still in process of development, was spoken but little beyond those same borders.

INCREASE OF ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLE After three centuries and three-quarters of a century have passed the population of England alone has risen to 36,000,000, and our English speech has become the mother tongue of 163,000,000 souls, of which the British Empire claims as subjects 98,000,000.

Before the Reformation in England, small in population though it was, exercised a real and constant influence in favor of the Catholic Church. While in matters of policy and government, disputes often arose between the Holy See and our civil rulers, it was felt and acknowledged on all hands that nowhere else in union with the See of Rome could a unity of faith be found.

Since those days the very contrary has been the case. Slowly but steadily the power of England and the English tongue has been exerted on the side of religious division and disruption, not in the beginning, of set purpose, but out of a spirit of resistance and hostility to the central authority of the Catholic Church.

The breach has widened, and the chaos that now yawns between the forefathers of the English-speaking race in the sixteenth century and their greatly multiplied and world-wide children to-day is such that the latter think to find in universal compromise of religious truth a basis of union which to the former would have seemed sheer madness.

The whole standpoint has changed radically, and the conception of religious unity which commands itself to those even who, apart from Catholics, desire it the most, is become fundamentally different. Out of the 160,000,000 of whom we have spoken, not more than 24,000,000 profess the Catholic faith.

In other words, we have arrayed against the idea of unity which our 4,000,000 Catholic forefathers accepted, a vast army, 136,000,000 strong, to whom that idea is foreign, if not absolutely repugnant, however strong may be their longing for reunion in some other sense.

Side by side with the enormous growth of the English-speaking world there has grown up an expression of human thought in English speech of most varied and magnificent types, and of most varied literature, primitive and uniform, for the most part, in the days of Henry VIII., has since then become a glorious development of our race.

Side by side with the enormous growth of the Catholic Church, but very largely in direct opposition to her influence. Instead of a help it is rather a hindrance to an acceptance of the Catholic idea of unity. Who can tell the immense loss that has thus accrued to the cause of the reunion of Christendom? It is a loss immeasurable and irreparable.

For an English literature, great and magnificent, exists, which can be of little or no service to the cause that we have at heart. It is no use attempting to hide the facts from ourselves. It would be folly to do so; there can be no gain from the attempt. We have to accept the incontrovertible fact that the English-speaking world has, as far as the vast majority is concerned, lost the Catholic idea of religious unity, and has made itself a literature of most varied kind, of wonderful power, of extraordinary range, all of it hostile, or at least indifferent, to those purposes which in the eyes of Catholics, are of supreme importance, both for the well-being of our nation and for the welfare of the human race.

The problem, then, may be stated thus. The 4,000,000 who once gave allegiance in religious matters to the Holy See have expanded into a vast multitude, comprising many nations, the vast majority of whom utterly renounce that allegiance. And their common speech has been fashioned into a weapon, marvelous and beautiful, which for the most part has been engaged in a struggle against the reunion of all things in unity. Under the Institute's free tuition offer you will be asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging 14 cents a week) to cover postage and the necessary sheet music.

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IRELIGIOUS TENDENCIES IN THE UNITED STATES Strange to say the Cardinal does not look to the United States for any great religious revival that might lead to Christian unity. He says: "There are, doubtless, those who may expect to find in the great Church of the United States of America the center of the efforts to bring the minds of those who use the English tongue into obedience to the Holy See. A hierarchy of some 14 archbishops and 97 bishops, of a Catholic population of over 15,000,000, forming a considerable percentage of the whole population, these are factors of the strength of which no one will gainsay. Again, the absence of a State Church, the material resources at the disposition of Catholics, the general willingness to look at old conditions from a new standpoint which is characteristic of a new nation, all these are conditions which enable our brethren under the Stars and Stripes to take a very prominent part in that Catholicizing of the English language of which

Cardinal Newman spoke. But, great though their share of the work must certainly be, they are handicapped by an already long and deeply-rooted Protestant tradition; they have close to their purely material aspirations; exalting to potent a way in their public life; they are already surrounded by large numbers to whom an abnormal seeking after wealth has brought the curse which is devastating family life in the Old World. To raise such as these to the supernatural conception of life without which it is not possible to embrace the Catholic faith; to gain a hearing for God's voice from those whose lives are centered in this life, and are ever absorbed in its cares and interests—these are tasks comparable to ours at home in another order of ideas, and will make our Catholicism's lot, in all probability, proportionately, as long and toilsome as our own.

CANADA THE CARDINAL'S HOPE It is to Canada that the English prelate turns in his search for a country which seems destined by Divine Providence to take the leading place in bridging over the chasm that still separates the English-speaking people from their rightful position in the great work of evangelization entrusted to the Catholic Church. According to his view, it is a country with a long and noble Catholic ancestry; with a long-established ecclesiastical hierarchy; with glorious traditions of devotion and self-sacrifice; with a population of which already two-fifths are professing Catholics, showing forth in their family lives those sound and moral principles which the Church has ever inculcated, but which at the present day, other religious organizations possess little power to enforce. It is a country which is becoming every year more conscious of its own definite and separate nationality, while clinging with enthusiastic loyalty to the place that it holds within the British Empire. It is to Canada that we naturally look if we are to find once more a link that will make all those who use the English speech, and bind them together in service to the Church of Jesus Christ.

Cardinal Bourne, who has just returned from a tour of his own diocese, is so impressed with the English-speaking Catholics, and such a college for English-speaking Catholics, and such a college for French-speaking Catholics." But why not take steps to bring about a union? Of course, it is a matter upon which the heads of the Church can alone take effective steps. If they can be assured of the full sympathy of the laity—and that surely can be guaranteed—it may be that a scheme can be successfully worked out. I write this letter not so much to give publicity to my own views as to elicit the opinions of others who have given the subject consideration.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir,—Your articles a few weeks ago on the position of Catholics in Nova Scotia suggest the consideration of the state of Catholic higher education in the Maritime Provinces. The campaign whereby the sum of \$500,000 was recently raised for Dalhousie College shows what can be done by hard work and thorough canvassing for a secular institution. This fund, with its present endowments, will put Dalhousie in a strong position, and with its faculties of law, medicine and dentistry, it will attract many Catholic students in those provinces. At the same time, it must be remembered that in arts our Catholic students ought to attend and will attend some of the Catholic Colleges. The chief difficulty under which our Catholic Colleges labor is the want of funds, and the want of sufficient funds arises largely from the fact that there are so many Catholic Colleges. The Catholics of the three Maritime Provinces are fewer in number than the Catholics of Ontario, but they probably have three or four times as many degree-conferring colleges. There are three Catholic colleges in Nova Scotia, one in Prince Edward Island and two, if not more, in New Brunswick. In this there is a duplication—if that is the correct term to use in this sense—of work and a dissipation of resources. If the Catholics of the Lower Provinces could write on one or at most two colleges, they would, it seems to me, do much to advance the cause of Catholic education in these provinces.

On account of the existence of the two languages in the Maritime Provinces, as well as an English college. If the energies of our people were bent on the

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO DIABETICS

Kamsack, Sask., Aug. 5, 1912. Messrs. The Sanol Manufacturing Co. Winnipeg, Man. Gentlemen—Today I write you and am as healthy as a healthy man could be. I was told by several doctors that I am troubled with "Diabetes," and that the only thing for me was to keep a strict diet to prolong my life. But a few days after I heard of Sanol's Cure for Diabetes and began to take their cure, as this is the only cure for Diabetes, and am proud to say that not only has it done me good, but has completely cured me. I am obliged by the doctors to eat anything and everything and am healthy and live like any healthy man. My cure finished completely on July 29, 1912.

I can recommend any one suffering from Diabetes to apply to Sanol Mfg. Co., and they are sure to be cured. I thank you, and I fail in words to express my thanks to you. Anyone wishing to get any information how I was cured and everything about it, may write to me. Yours truly, JOE KNAZAN, Kamsack, Sask.

P. S.—A word more to the Sanol Mfg. Co.: I feel now just like going out in Main Street, Winnipeg, and "yell out": I was cured of Diabetes by the Sanol Mfg. Co. who have the only cure for Diabetes. Sanol's Anti-Diabetics is the new German Cure, Manufactured in Winnipeg by The Sanol Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd., 977 Main Street. Price, per bottle, \$2.00, from drug stores or direct.

Support of even two colleges, better results would surely be attained than from the scattering of forces as at present. It would perhaps be invidious to say, "unlike on such and such a college for English-speaking Catholics, and such and such a college for French-speaking Catholics." But why not take steps to bring about a union? Of course, it is a matter upon which the heads of the Church can alone take effective steps. If they can be assured of the full sympathy of the laity—and that surely can be guaranteed—it may be that a scheme can be successfully worked out. I write this letter not so much to give publicity to my own views as to elicit the opinions of others who have given the subject consideration.

CATHOLIC PARENT Halifax, Aug. 30, 1912. HILAIRE BELLOC It is announced in the Eye Witness, of London, that Hilaire Belloc will retire as one of its editors, on the first anniversary of the foundation of the paper, of which G. K. Chesterton is another editor. Hilaire Belloc, M. P., is the son of a French barrister, and was born in 1870. His mother, Bessie Kayner Parkes, comes of strong Protestant stock, a granddaughter of Dr. Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of Oxygen. She became a Catholic in 1855. In his forty-two years Mr. Belloc has accomplished a great amount of work, wonderful in its quantity, its quality, and its variety. He was educated at Cardinal Newman's school, Birmingham, and after serving in the French army entered Balliol college, Oxford, of which he is senior Brackenbury scholar.

After graduating, he began his journalistic career in London, and has become one of the most brilliant of contemporary English writers. In 1904 he was chosen as Liberal candidate for South Salway, and was returned in 1906. He is the first of living authorities on French history and literature.

Mr. Belloc has written a number of brilliant satirical novels, and his essays "On Something," "On Anything," "On Everything" and "On Nothing" are as fascinating and as full of personal charm as Charles Lamb's.

Mr. James O'Brien Buried The funeral of the late J. O'Brien, Aylmer street, took place from the Sacred Heart Church, yesterday morning to St. Peter's cemetery. The Rev. Dr. O'Brien, rector and son of the deceased, sang a Requiem High Mass. Rev. Fr. McColl, St. Peter's Cathedral; Rev. Fr. John O'Brien, Rev. Fr. Kelly of Newwood, and the Rev. Fr. John McCarthy, Trout Creek, assisted in the services. The sermon was preached by the Venerable Archdeacon Casey, of Lindsay. Many friends followed the remains of the esteemed citizen to his last resting place.—Peterborough Times, August 31.

DIED KELLY—In this city, on the 8th inst., Mrs. Maria Kelly, widow of the late Patrick Kelly, Governor of Ontario, at her late residence in Pease street.

FAVORS RECEIVED A reader requests the prayers of the faithful for a very special favor. A reader wishes to return thanks for favor received through prayers for the Sacred Heart and a promise to publish in the CATHOLIC RECORD. A reader wishes to return thanks for four favors received after prayers to the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph and St. Anthony and promising to publish. I promised the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary to return thanks through the RECORD if I obtained two important temporal favors. My wishes were granted, and I now ask you to publish my thanksgiving, and oblige me by return of a card.

TEACHERS WANTED TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE S. S. section, No. 15, St. Raphael's, Ont., and class certified. Apply to Mr. J. H. McDonald, Sec. St. Raphael's West, Ont. 1766-3. WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR Tenfold school, No. 10, for the next four months, salary \$85 per month. Address Peter Zimmerman, Marlinton, Sask. 1765-4. TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOL No. 6, Ellice and Logan. First or second class professional certificate. Salary \$425 per month. References required. Duties to begin Sept. 3rd, 1912. Apply to John Walsh, Secretary, Kinross, Ont. 1764-1.

EXPERIENCED CATHOLIC TEACHER wanted for school Section 1, Ruthford, second class certificate to teach in Public schools. Male or female. Salary \$350 per annum. Duties to begin 1st September next. Apply to P. R. de Lagardiere, Kilmaley, Ont. 1769-2. WANTED QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR Junior room C. S. S. No. 5 and 8 Sandwith Street and Madoc. Duties to commence about Oct. 1st. Salary \$420. School close to church, P.O., Steam and Electric Railway. Apply stating qualifications and experience to John J. Conigan, Sec. Treas., Maidstone. 1769-1. WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR S. S. No. 6, Dikie. Must teach French and English. Salary offered \$200 per annum. Apply to Rev. J. L. Bastien, P. P. Sec. Pinewood, Ontario. 1769-3. WANTED TEACHER WITH PROFESSIONAL certificate to take charge of primary class in Amherburg Separate school at the salary of \$400 per annum. Separate school, church, post office C. S. S. Board, Box 23, Amherburg, Ont. 1769-4.

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