
The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1915

WITH THE BRETHREN

Clearly some happy dispositions have the knack of getting more out of the ordinary occupations which fall to their lot than others do. These are they who give point to Lauder's somewhat dubious reflection. He queries, "wise or unwise who doubts for a moment that contentment is the cause of happiness?' And he answers his question out of his own stormy and exacting temperament. "Yet the universe is true-we are contented because we are happy, and not happy because we are not contented." No doubt a wellbalanced mind finds and keeps open sources of pleasure in greater num hers and variety than an unsteady one. Few can afford to stake every thing in one venture unless it be one of a complete and comprehensive kind. The artist, the broad minded philanthropist or the saintly toiler after perfection may sit loosely by ties that hold most of us too firmly: may even attain to a finer joy than that which is dependent in outward stimulus. Yet anything that isolates us from our fellows is fraught with danger. The calling of most of us demands a robust discipline, a training for conflict with the ordinary foes that are ever active in life's commo ways. By sympathy we multiply and deepen the most lasting springs of that truer self which, in relating us

THE DEATHLY GERM

to all who need us, expands to take

in larger experiences than the indi-

vidual unaided can reach.

There are certain germs that get lodged in the human body, induce little by little disease beyond the skill of medicine or scalpel. At first the sensation produced is pleasurable, but as time goes on discomfort is awakened and then follows, by slow stages, atrophy of the faculties and death. No wonder that some people are scrupulous in observance of rules by which the human organism can be regulated and saved from the fate of an early dissolution. They have a discriminating taste in food: they sterilize the utensils used by them and seclude themselves from contagion. Spring water, much and often, judicious exercise, fresh air, are the factors in the development of sturdy vitality. We are not, however, so concerned with our spiritual

Our specialists, who have to do guage in warning us against the germs that endanger its vitality. Take for example the germ of indifference. This, we are told, is a menace to spiritual health, and if unchecked will ravage the soul to the extent of making it blind. It flour. ishes in homes in which there is little prayer, or in which eternity is a word without meaning. It enters the blood by the way of the cheap magazine, of the sensational newspaper, of environment, or fireside chatter and worldly custom. The body indeed must be sheltered and armed in mail against the enemies, while the soul may be wide open to any foe. The body must be strong though it shalters a soul ragged and starved and perhaps wrapped up in the cere ments of death. And they who think most wonder betimes why so many are apathetic in this matter. We pity the children who succumb to the germ of indifference. They are despoiled of their birth-right. They are unable to hear the whispering of the angels, and to think the long, long thoughts of childhood. The only vision is that of the market place, for they have been taught by word and example that success means money, means social favor and dis. tinction. No wonder that their heroes are they who ruthlessly exon that of my brothers in the episcopate, to convey to Your Lordship and ploit their fellows to the increasing Your Lordship's faithful the heart of their own money bags. Fashioned by negligent parents, and played upon by worldly influences, undisciplined, and surcharged with indifference, they go out to their life's received. work that can never bring them the happiness of the clear - visioned worker whose face is towards the city.

"Assuredly, the United States of America will rank among the first and most generous of our saviours, and the name of Philadelphia will in the jaw. He collapsed. worker whose face is towards the city beyond the stars.

THE RIGHT WAY Happily we are not left to mourn

life's illusions without remedy. Too many lose buoyancy when the years bring toil and pain instead of leisure and pleasure. If they escape the lower incitements of the world and the flesh they easily succumb to the pressure of dull custom, declining at last into drudges in the mill round of duty, mere waiters and watchers in the hours and the markets of opportunity. These should serve as warning sign-boards to the unwary. But when we see in duty but the angel who leads us to the eternal gates, then all work, however hard, is but a means to keep the heart young, and to blunt the edge of difficulty. Every worker is joyous because he is one of those who are burning thought into achievement, and transmitting the lowliest effort into permanent beauty.

GOOD ADVICE

The Catholic who undertakes to b a good citizen cutside of the sway of his conscience—why it is not God. but his pocket; not the nation, but his party or his "boss" that rules that man. What is the dominant trait of a naturally good man? Sincerity: at the alarm of conscience he awake and obeys. What is the dominant trait of the venal voter ? Trickiness : He is a liar in his deepest consciousness. He awakes at the voice of conscience, and he forthwith smothers it. He is true to his pocket. He is expert in coining ballots into dollars. And if such a one be a Catholic he uses that sacred name and its associations for foul purposes. We owe a manly, candid, honest citizenship to our country. If the true religion does not bring out any manhood, there is something wrong with the practice of it. A sneak, a coward, a slave of a political "boss" is no product of Catholicity. There is no coward so mean as a pious coward. There is no such sham in the wide world as the man that goes to Communion, and is all the same addicted to venal politics: gathers and organizes voters for the lucrative places he can dirtribute among them: acquires a fortune by the favours of men, or corporations whom he serves by his "influence" and his intrigues.

CARDINAL MERCIER

SENDS TOUCHING MESSAGE OF GRATITUDE TO ARCHBISHOP PRENDERGAST

Catholic Standard and Times His Grace Archbishop Prendergast | We could work in all security.

lowing and touching letter from His Eminence Cardinal Mercier :

" Archeveche de Malines ' April 10, 1915. Dear and Venerable Lord Arch

bishop:
"No sooner were our woes made
than from all known to the world than from all sides help and sympathy were lavishly extended to us, and amongst the premost and most generous of our benefactors the noble American

Magnanimity is the only word for the Aid America has given us so cordially, and the gratitude of our hearts and our admiration for you are great indeed.

and of liberty, the United States felt to the quick the violation of our independence, and the injuries inflicted on us wafted a great wave of sympathy throughout the land, thrilling its smallest townships as well as its largest cities.

And in this sympathy originated the wonderful charity which both by contributions in money and in kind has saved hundreds of thousands of Belgians from misery, starvation and

"Your Lordship has been so generous as to add to all this a further most bountiful donation of \$14,000 on behalf of the faithful of your

diocese.
"More than half this gift has already been distributed by me in the dioceses of Belgium, which, like my own, have been most sorely tried by the war, and I hasten, on my behalf and felt expression of our deepest grati-tude. When some day, with God's help, peace and good-will have again been restored to our unhappy country, then Belgians must raise a memorial to commemorate benefits

emember the deep debt their forefathers owed to the people of the United States, and that this aspect of our misfortune may become one of our most cherished traditions.

I beg Your Lordship to receive the expression of our most grateful thanks and remain, dear and vener able Lord Archbishop, yours very sincerely in Christ."

D. J. CARD. MERCIER, Archbishop of Malines.

ALL FRANCE ON ITS KNEES

Mary Roberts Rinehart in Saturday Evening Pos As we left the flat land toward the coast the country grow more and more beautiful. It rolled gently and there were many trees.

The white houses with their low that hed roofs, which ended in a bordering of red tiles, looked prosperous. But there were soldiers again

We were approaching the war zone The sun was high when we reached the little town where General Foch. Commander of the Armies of the North, had his headquarters. It was not difficult to find the building. The French flag furled at the door way, a gendarme at one side of the door and a sentry at the other, dend a sentry at the other, denoted the headquarters of the staff. But General Foch was not there at the moment. He had gone to church.

The building was near. Thinking that there might be a service, I decided to go also. Going up a steep street to where at the top stood a stone church with an image of the stone church, with an image of the Virgin almost covered by that virgin vine which we call Virginia creeper opened the leather-covered door and went quietly in.

There was no service. The building was quite empty. And the Commander of the Armies of the North, probably the greatest general the French have in the field to day, was kneeling there alone.

He never knew I had seen him. I left before he did. Now, as I look back, it seems to me that that great general on this knees alone in that ttle church is typical of the attitude of France to day toward the war.

It is a totally different attitude

from the English-not more heroic. not braver, not more resolute to an end. But it is peculiarly reverential. The enemy is on the soil of France The French are fighting for their homes, for their children, for their country. And in this great struggle France daily, hourly, on its knees asks for help.

"UP, YOU DEAD!" CRY SAVES THE TRENCH FRENCH LIEUTENANT TELLS

Paris, France, May 20 .- A French lieutenant, now lying wounded in a Paris hospital, has given this account of the thrilling action in which he received his injury:

OF THRILLING FIGHT

We were fortifying a trench which we had taken. Behind a barrier of sacks which blocked one end of it, two sentinels kept careful watch.

tumbled down on our heads. Before we could recover, ten of our men were stretched on the ground, dead or wounded, pellmell.

"I opened my mouth to urge them on again, when a stone from the parapet, torn out by a projectile, hit me on the head. I fell unconscious. My stupor lasted a second only. splinter of shell tore my left hand and the pain brought me to.

"As I opened my eyes, weakened,
my mind benumbed, I saw the 'boches'

jump over the barrier of sacks and the trench. There about twenty. They had no guns but they carried in front of them a sort of wicker basket filled with

"I looked to the left. Our men had one, the trench was empty. The boches' advanced; a few more steps

and they were on me. "Just then one of my men, lying on the ground, a wound on his fore head, a wound on his chin. blood streaming from his face, dragged himself to a sitting position, seized sack of grenades near him and cried

out, 'Up, you dead!'
"He pulled himself to his knees dived into the sack and flung the grenades at the group of assailants.

"In answer to his cry, three more wounded men dragged them selves up. Two of them, who had broken legs, took guns and opening the magazines, started a rapid fire each shot of which hit home. The third, whose left arm was inert seized a bayonet with his right. When I picked myself up, having

unite recovered my senses, about half the hostile group had been felled the rest having retreated in disorder "All that remained was a huge, perspiring subofficer, congested with rage, who, leaning against the barrier protected by the iron shield, continmed most courageously, I must say, to fire his revolver in our direction.

been crawling from corpse to corpse, stopped about four feet from the bar-rier, drew himself up, dodged two bullets fired at him, and plunged his bayonet into the German's throat.

"The position was saved. The wounded soldier's sublime appeal had resuscitated the 'dead.'

THE LAW STILL STANDS

The "war zone" proclamations and the sinking of the Lucitania have not in the smallest degree changed the laws of war any more than the shooting of a man in the streets of St. Louis, after warning of the intention of the slayer, could change the laws of Missouri.

The history of the law of nations with respect to the usages of war is a story of consistent developm extending over many centuries in the direction of mercy and humanity Beginning from the wars of Rome when the slave dealer went with the victorious legions and sent captives of all ages and both sexes to the rear to be sold into servitude, there has been a spirit of mercy—the spirit of the Man of Nazareth, Who, when He hang on the cross, prayed for those who took His life-at strife with the spirit of war. Is is not very con sistent or logical, this story of the amelioration of the horrors of war, but it shows a tide running through the centuries, setting steadily toward a wider humanity and an assertion of certain vaguely perceived principles of justice against war's in justices.

Particularly in the matter of the treatment of noncombatants is the progress notable. At the beginning of the story every citizen of an nemy's country was held an enemy To day the usage of nations holds and has held for many decades that the lives and persons of noncombatants are sacred and that to slay them

wantonly is murder. This great tide running toward humanity and mercy cannot be reversed in its flow. Humanity can never go back to the days when armed men with the approval of the world poisoned wells, quar-tered soldiers in the homes of noncombatants by force, turned armies loose to plunder cities taken by storm and slew women and children. Those things are as hopelessly condemned as the examination of witnesses under torture.

Acts do not make law. Proclamations do not make law. The founda-tion of law is neither in deeds nor in books. It is in the minds and con-sciences of mankind. Law is but a reflection, in formal rules, of the standards of thought and feeling set

up in the souls of men. The sinking of the Lusitania should not be permitted to bewilder us or destroy our vision of the land-marks of the ages. International law may be disregarded on occasion, but that does not annul it. For more than a thousand years the spirit of mercy has grown in its power on the field of war. Kings and Empires have risen and fallen, but this conquest has not ceased nor slackened. The charter of the odern world is not in rules pro mulgated by war offices or decrees written by the dusty hands of written by the dusty hands of Generals and Emperors; the charter of the modern world is the Sermon on the Mount. What a small thing is an isolated deed of violence co pared with the tidal lift of a thousand "Love your enemies" is a mightier decree than any ever spoken from an imperial throne. Violence and blood will pass, but the words of years of Christian history will wax in power with the passing years and prevail .- St. Louis Republic.

A REBUKE

In an open letter addressed to the Buffalo Express, the Rev. R. W. Boyn ton administers a rebuke to that zealous patriot, Bishop Burt, which readily wins him a place among the enemies of our beloved country. In pursuance of his "call to arms," the Bishop had requested the Protestant clergymen of Buffalo to read a notice rom their pulpits, inviting the attendance of the Protestant people of Buffalo at a series of lectures on "Protestantism and Education." Mr. Boynton refused to be a party to this proceeding, and his letter Bishop Burt concludes with the following words :

The time of the orphans' stay is "I do not intend to read the notice from my pulpit nor do I believe that it will be read from a number of the influential Protestant pulpits of this city. I am writing you publicly for the sake of informing our Catholic fellow-citizens that the methods of sectarian agitation in politics with which you seem to be identified do not have anything like the unanimous support of the non-Catholic part of the community and can not in the end succeed in the purpose which their promoters have in view.'

It is true, as Mr. Boynton points out, that this miserable appeal to anti-Catholic bigotry has little or no

mough to understand that the Church can not be held responsible for the excesses of those nominal Catholics, who in their daily lives reject her teaching. But has the Bishop never heard of the fate of those who "sow discord among brethren?" It is indeed a weak and unworthy cause which is content to appeal to prejudice and ignorance.

-America.

PRIVATE O'LEARY KILLED IN ACTION

HEROIC IRISH BOY HAS GIVEN HIS

Special Cable to The Free Press Dublin, May 27.—Relatives of Sergt. Michael O'Leary of the Irish Guards, who has been hailed as "The bravest man in the British army," because of his feat in capturing, un aided, a German position at Cuinchy

were notified to day that he had been killed in battle. For his valor at Cuinchy, O'Leary, who was twenty four years old, was awarded the Victoria Cross and promoted from corporal to sergeant. He formerly served in the Northwest Mounted Police. He was in Calgary when the war broke out and at once took up arms for the empire.

POPE BENEDICT XV.

THANKS AMERICA FOR THE GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION Rome, May 5, 1915.

Castelgandolfo lies on the slope of the Alban Hills looking back towards tome and out to the Mediterranean The pontifical palace lies there—the only bit of extraterritoriality outside Rome, but to which, as is well known His Holiness cannot go. Cardinal Merry del Val used to pass some ago, but those were the days of flere anticlericalism" and the roughs of Marino, some of the worst anywhere passed through and His Eminence enjoyed the hospitality of the Villa Slumenstill on Monte Mario during his later years as Secretary of State The beautiful summer villa of the American College is at Castelgandolfo also, and both this and the pontifical palace have been filled for the past few months with orphan survivors from the earthquake in the Abruzzi In previous letters and cables men tion has been made of how Mgr. Kennedy took the overflow from th Holy Father's house into that of the American College, fed them, clothed them and made them happy. In addition to the Holy Father's thanks the rector can now look with pride on the following letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State :

HIS HOLINESS' LETTER TO BISHOP

"My Lord : From the august Pontiff I have received the venerated charge to present warm and specia thanks to Your Lordship for the great charity shown by you towards numerous children who have had the great misfortune to lose their parents in the disastrous earthquake unhappy ones you generously opened the Villa of Santa Caterina, in Castelgandolfo, and you were please to supply them several times with clothing and to comfort them with other useful things. God will not fail to give a worthy reward to Your Lordship who are serving Him so well in the person of the little orphan. Meanwhile the Supreme Pontiff, too uniting his prayers with those of the numerous children you have be-friended, invokes upon you every hoicest grace and from his hear imparts to you a special apostolic blessing, which he also extends to all the superiors and alumni of the American College."

POPE GRATEFUL TO AMERICANS

Also, in addition to the rector, the superiors and alumni of the college mentioned in the above letter. His Holiness has made no secret of his great gratitude to all in the United States whose generous subscriptions have helped to make it possible for him to relieve the suffering—not only bodily, but spiritual-of the earthquake victims.

Every American mail brings a list of subscriptions for the earthquake victims which does bonor to Ameri can Catholics and gladdens the heart of the Holy Father.

GRATITUDE OF THE LITTLE ONES

drawing to a close. Very little is said or written now about the earthquake because the thoughts of all Italians are riveted on the imminent decision of a crisis which may mean for them a far greater holocaust and must in any case mean their country's position in the Europe that is to be after this world e has subsided. But work has been going on up in the hills; new little towns and villages have arisenstreets and streets of wooden huts to give the people some sort of shelter and enable them to return to what remains of their homes. So the America will rank among the first and most generous of our saviours, and most generous of our saviours, and the name of Philadelphia will in the jaw. He collapsed.

Suddenly, the soldier with the future generations may know and supposed, who for some minutes had church, and who are intelligent of the gratitude they felt to the Holy will be doing Christ's own work. orphans who soon will be leaving a big need, a home where the inmates

Father for his loving care of them. The Cardinal Secretary of State motored out there in the afternoon in the great hall of the papal palace the children gathered, first to enter-tain him with a concert, each item of which was a heartfelt vote of thanks, then to receive at his hands a medal and the Holy Father's blessing straight from Rome itself.

IRELAND SHOCKED BUT ALSO CALM

THOUGH IRELAND IS HORRIFIED AT THE LUSITANIA DISASTER THERE IS NO RIOTING

Dublin, May 11, 1915. All Ireland is still shivering under he horror of the Lusitania. The tragedy occurring as it were on the very doorstep of Ireland comes home all the more strongly to the people

The historic Old Head of Kinsale has been the scene or rather the witness of many dramatic and tragic events, but this surpasses all in the intensity of the emotions and the passions that it has aroused. It is gratifying, however, to be able to say that although Ireland is as deeply involved as the sister island in the war with Germany and tens of thou sands of the flower of its manhoo are at the front enduring all the rigors and sufferings of a merciles and sanguinary war, no such ex cesses and violent outbursts which the destruction of the great Atlantic liner called forth in England cities have occurred here. As might naturally be expected, our public bodies such as the corporations of city councils of Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Limerick and other Irish cities, have in formal manner expressed their horror of the deed, but there expres-

sions of feeling have stopped. IRISH HOSPITALITY EXEMPLIFIED Talking of Ireland's hospitable shores, one consoling incident arisng out of this dreadful calamity, is the splendid way in which our Irish seaport, Queenstown, did its duty in the cause of humanity during the terrible days that followed the terrible days that followed the destruction of the Lusitania. It gave an exemplification of Shuman sympathy, kindness and generosity worthy of the traditional hospitality of the Green Isle. Every home, from hose of the rich and titled to those of the humblest, tradesmen, fisher olks or laborers was thrown open to the victims and sufferers, all that he people of Queenstown and vicin ity has was placed at their disposal. and aid of every kind was hurried from the four quarters of Ireland to the scene of the disaster. I venture to say that hundreds will carry away with them grateful memories of the

HOUSES OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD NEEDED

little Irish seaport city, that time can never efface.

ASSISTANT PROSECUTOR MOTT. OF NEWARK, N. J., PRAISES CATHOLICS' CORRECTIVE

From the Newark Evening New Assistant Prosecutor Wilbur Mott, in urging constructive reform work, commended the Catholics for their maintenance of corrective institutions like the House of the Good Shepherd and the Protectory, and charged the Protestant churches having failed in doing their duty by society. Mr. Mott is not a Catholic

Commending the work, which has fact that the Protestant churches are behind their Catholic brothers in th establishment of homes where girls and boys needing reformatory care and moral upbuilding can be sent.

We have penal institutions to which these girls can be sent," he said, "but what is greatly needed is some place to which they can be sent and their reform undertaken without making it necessary to commit them to prison and thus branding them for all time.

We spend large sums of money in maintaining courts, in the con-struction and upkeep of jails for the punishment of crime, but very little in comparison to prevent the com-

mission of crime.
"What I would like to see is an institution not only to provide for those coming out of jail, but more than that, an institution which could be substituted for the jail; where the character of the charge could be built up and a new perspective and appreciation of right and wrong incul-

cated in her. "What a commendable thing it would be if you could regulate the lives of girls and boys between the ages of ten and fifteen. We spend certain vile charges which they had too much effort in trying to reform women and men after they have been branded with a prison sentence, when if the effort were made before they had been dragged into crime

they could be saved.

"If you can establish a home as I have outlined and which will fill can have strong moral influences which will aid in their salvation, you

CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris, May 16.—To day for the first time Protestants and civic groups joined in the celebration of the fete of Blessed Joan of Arc.

The Catholic Truth Society book shelves at Westminster Cathedral were responsible during last year for the sale of 40,000 pamphlets. During Holy Week alone 2,000 were disposed

Lisgar Castle and an estate of over a hundred acres near Baille borough, Country Cavan, Ireland, has been bought by the Marist Christian It is to be used as a training college for young men who join

Writing of the sinking of the "Lusitania," the True Voice says: "It will be recalled that another convert priest and hero, Father Byles, went down with the Titanic three years ago. The sad coincidence is a striking one."

Thirty thousand people, including the Archduke Albert and the Arch duchess, took part in a procession which was held lately in Vienna to pray for a happy termination of the

The ordinations by Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Ferns, at Enniscorthy, Ireland, on Easter Sunday, of 4 Benedictine monks was unique by reason of the fact that the candidates be longed to distinguished Belgian

Fourteen Sisters of the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Brooklyn, N. Y., sailed not long ago on the American liner St. Paul for the mother house near Paris, where 500 wounded soldiers are now being cared for. They will relieve the 12 Sisters now on duty, who will return to Brooklyn.

The war did not stop this year the annual procession of Catholic pil-grims to Tyburn, London, where so many Catholics suffered for the faith during the days of persecution. In dull, dismal weather, heavy rain, and a penetrating damp mist, many Cath-

"I have been with the army in various parts of France and Belgium since August, and not one single case of indecent conduct on the part of a Catholic soldier has come to my knowledge," writes a British sergeant at the front, who adds: "Men with such reputations and strong character are a national asset, and wield enormous influence by their very presence.

The president and the dean of the aculties of the Polytechnicum, of Chicago, have awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to Chicago, have awarded the honorary Right Rev. Monsignor Ernest thorst, paster of the Holy Trinity Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, in appreciation of his excellent work in the field of applied sciences and of the effectve encouragement which Mgr. Windthorst has rendered to talented scientists and technologists

For the first time in its history, extending over forty-two years, the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, recently in session in Baltimore, has chosen a Catholic priest as its President. He is the Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, Chancellor of the diocese of Indianapolis. Father Gavisk has been a member of the Indiana State Board of Charities for the last ten years, and has been actively engaged in the charitable and reformatory work in that State. Father Gavisk's election is a wellmerited recognition of his zeal and successful efforts in behalf of the unfortunate. The Conference is to be congratulated upon its choice.

The Holy Father has appointed Father Henry Rosa editor of the celebrated review, Civilta Cattolica Father Rosa is one of the most remarkable of the brilliant group of writers of this review, much appreciated by his colleagues and liked by the readers. He commenced his functions as assistant editor when the malady of Father Brandi compelled him to give up the direction of the magazine. Important studies or the doctrinal movement and religious controversies have for several years been confined to Father Rosa, who treated them with great insight, courage and weight. He was one of the very first to unmask "Modern-ism," which he traced with unerring hand to its founders, prophesying its various developments

On May 19 a motion to continue the trial of the Government's case against the publishers of an anti-Catholic newspaper published at Aurora, Missouri, was overruled in certain vile charges which they had alleged against the Catholic Church. In his ruling, however, Judge Van Valkenburgh held that in the action before the court, certain individuals named in the indictment, and not the Catholic Church, were on trial, and that even " were the defendants able to secure testimony on the points they have raised, it would not be admissable as testimony." "The question is, whether the defendants have violated the penal code."

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

Copyright
BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XXIV fter she had sat with the docto during his light breakfast and saw him depart, Mrs. Martins returned to her watch by her husband's souch, sending Preston away to seek the rest which she said he needed. He rest which she said he needed. He left at her wish, with the heavy consciousness that his last night's admittance of knowledge of his father's sinful past, had made her to set up a barrier between her mother's heart and him. This consciousness was confirmed by her averted eyes and a certain apartness in her tones. But he felt no blame for her, for he understood her so thoroughly. To have known that her husband was aught than the stainless gentleman she deemed him would have been the demolition of her entire life. Sooner demolition of her entire life. Sconer than see her standing amid such ruin, he would rather that she should not only regard him with this certain dis trust, but thrust him irrevocably from her heart. After last night's words, husband and son could not both hold their old places in her One had wronged her. One outraged her wifely trust and love. By reason of her woman's love she must believe that it was the son of the man she knew? But where had he met the Indian? Not on his rather than the father; rather set down his words to unfilial suspicion way to town, for at that time their or the acceptance of base calumny instead of seeing in them the revela common foe was still in the house. Not on his return, because he was then in the company of the priest tion of a harrowing truth. And so loyal was his heart to her, his lady with whom he was hastening to his ther, he rejoiced because of her father. He could not have gained But oh! the sorrow, the choice. access to the house afterwards; and Preston's face had shown that exloneliness it brought him! He went downstairs to her little sitting room. pression, she now remembared, as he had knelt by his father's bed. Could it have been St. John? She felt that Its windows were unclosed, and the velvety pink and purple morning glories were resting against their wet she must know and as they rose from the table, she asked in a hoarse green leaves and each blossom was a trumpet through which the hours blew a message from his happy past. voice. He turned away and took a seat on again last night?"
He paused, with his eyes on her, surprised at the question: then he said, "No, when I got back from the sofa. After awhile Aunt Dilsey came in to tell him that breakfast was ready. He asked if Teresa were coming down, and on being informed that his mother had ordered break fast sent up to her room, he dismissed the woman, saying that he wanted nothing just then. A few hours later Teresa came down, seeking him. It was St. The change in his attitude toward her she could not understand, and through all the tumultucus joy the knowledge of her parentage and

of coffee ? He smiled a wintry smile down on her fair anxious face and then went her fair anxious face and then went with her to the breakfast room. The knowledge that "Miss Creacy" was her own precious child, the little child that she had cared for during those few weeks after her arrival in Kentucky so bewildred Aunt Dilsey that she had frequently to go in quest of her old man, Zach, to hear his oft-repeated assurance that it was a reality, not the strange notions of sudden lunacy. As she entered the room with the toast and coffee Teresa had ordered for Preston, and saw the man and girl seated at the table, she

George Martins' conversion brought her, it smote her with a hand of pain.

To his inquiries about her health she replied that she was feeling rested, and informed him that his

was no indication of the fever which the doctor feared. "But Preston," she added, "you have taken no rest.

Aunt Dilsey says that you have eaten

no breakfast. Won't you come," she

was awake, and that there

" and let me pour you a cup

cried out, Praise God! de good God! doan have to change 'way frum such a good young Mastah! I doan have see mah happy home bruk up ! The ejaculatory words of the negress, who was standing with the coffee urn in one hand, the plate of toast in the other, made Teresa look up in bewilderment, if not actual alarm.

Dah yous lookin' at me wif dem big eyes, jus' like yoh ust to do w'en we wuz libin' in de cabin wif yoh we waz him is she cried, all her old heart's joy bubbling through her voice. "I know'd I couldn't evah voice. "I know'd I couldn't evan
fohgit dem big eyes, an' we'n I seed
yoh dat fust Sunday mawnin' standin'
a-foh Saha's cabin, I sed to myself,
de grab's dun give up its dead, sho
'nough! I thought yoh wuz a speerit. Den wen yoh said yoh ain't mah leetle Miss Amy, I tuhned sick like an' went back to de cabin an' jus' cried an' cried. An' now 'tis Miss Amy, sho' 'nough. An' it's goin' to be jus' ez I ust to t'ink it might a be'n -Marse Pres'un an' Miss Amy's goin' to live hyah in de ole house, wif Missus, an' keep de fambly togethah. An' evahy-body's goin' to be happy, jus' ez et nothin' evah happnt. Oh! praise God! praise

They understood her words now words that embarrassed the girl and made the young man feel uncomfortable. But he let his eyes rest kindly on the affectionate old face, while the ghost of a smile met hers so broad and beaming.

"Aunt Dilsey never forgot her little Miss Amy," he said. "And she never tired of telling me about her great dark eyes and beautiful face. She made me love the little cousin I had never seen "-but he broke off abruptly, as he remembered the child's nder the lone tree, and for he first time realized that his boyish love and devotion had been poured out over the dust of a little stranger,

by her parents' side, been the lost ided of his boyish wership. Was it jealousy? She waited for him to turn his face toward her and say that he was glad that the dead child-love was the living woman-love; and when his glances continued to follow Aunt Dilsey's movements a sudden chilled sense of repulsion orept over her heart. continued to follow Adm brisdy movements a sudden chilled sense of repulsion crept over her heart. While he drank the coffee and made a pretense at eating, she stole an occasional glance at his face, and she was overpowered by its frozen tragedy. What had brought it there? Not his father's danger, she well knew, nor the story that St. John Worthington had told them of her parents' death. Had he been told, by Worthington, on his return from Lexington, what that paper contained? Why had Worthington done that? Why had worthington done that? Why had he not saved him from pain as she had done? Had the jealousy of the lover overmastered from pain as she had done? Had the jealousy of the lover overmastered the honor of the man? Could St. John Worthington entertain, much less be ruled by, a sentiment so base? He could not! And yet what was written on this face by her side if not knowledge, the knowledge only the sean the two could give ? Had he seen Indian again? Yes, that must be the informant, not St. John Worthington. He could not be so cruel. O poor Preston! what had he heard that had struck youth and serenity and happy smiles from his face, the old tender light from his eyes, life and love from his heart, leaving him but the shadow

'Preston, did you see that man

town, he was gone." Base! crue!! And this was the man she loved, held to be as a god among men! had heard his for her, though the affianced wife of Preston Martins? The pair that wrenched her made her moan aloud and cover her face with her

hands. "Mr. Worthington told me all," then said Preston that her emotion was caused by the recollection of her own dangerous ncounter with that man. "Teresa, owe you a debt of gratitude that he devotion of a thousand years could not repay. You spared my mother! You tried to spare me! O noble hearted woman! It is such as you that make God spare humanity rom annihilation!

But she did not hear his words. But she did not hear his words.
Her ears had been deafened by the
first sentence. She let him lead her
to Mrs. Martins' sitting room, but
when they entered it, she slipped her
hand from his arm, and opening the
glass door, passed out to the vinecovered portico. He followed her,
and when she could bring her eyes to
his face, she started at the complete his face, she started at the complete change, which was made more apparent by the clear morning light. Pity for the man whom she could not love, made her heart cry out as it made her yearn to draw that stricken face to her bosom and bathe it in repentant tears. But Preston Martins, not dreaming how near he now was to the great blessing which his soul knew had never been his, despite the heart's protests, was wondering how he should tell her he

freed her from her promise to him. "Teresa," he began, speaking with calmness, "last night brought me many revelations, and they have made me a man other than the one made me a man other than the one whom you knew. Yesterday I thought I possessed much. To-day I know that I possess nothing. Nothing but life." He paused looking at her. Oh! if she would now lift her glorious eyes and their reproach would say, "Is my love aothing, Preston?" But the eyes were fixed on the morning-glories. were fixed on the morning glories, which tears hid, and the face was quivering pitifully with the heart's suppressed sorrow for his misery, hatred of her own foolishness which had blinded her to his perfect worth detestation of the one who in truth stood between them, and a strange indefinable fear of something, she knew not what, until he added,

"Not even your love!" He had indeed told all, all! The bright red of shame mounted to her brow, burned on her cheeks, colored he alabaster whiteness of her necksuch a red as none had ever seen thus to cover Teresa Martinez with its unspeakable confusion. His love for her, made him turn away his eyes, and in the silence of that follows. ing moment, Preston Martins' angel held his chalice to his lips. Gone! all, all gone! wealth, place, home; And she his stainless name; reverence for father and mother's love; and crowning loss! his belief in Teresa! He folded his arms and raised his head. He could endure any future now. Fate had spent her cruelest shaft. But Teresa sinking to the floor, her face hidden in her lap, drew his thoughts from the bitterness of his situation to the painfulness of hers. The awfulness of the realization that she had deceived him, was now out over the dust of a little stranger, sold by an unnatural mother to his robber father. It was a bitter moment for him, and an uncomfortable one for her. She felt, in that instant, an unreasoning dislike of the child who had occupied that place of so entirely sacrificing self to bring spiritual aid to others. He did not

thereby set sacrifice above or beside truth, but his unerring insight showed him that her imagination had showed him that her imagination had been worked upon so dexterously that her sense of right and justice had been warped; and this made him reverence the soul capable of such ab-negation. He stooped and raised her from her humiliating position. She thought that he had forgiven. "My thought that he had forgiven. "My father and that other one wronged you grievously," said he. "But my wrong to you is far, far greater. But you forgave them—can you also forgive me, cousin Amy?"

"Preston! Preston!" she cried piteously, for she knew all that was meant by his giving her that title of

piteously, for she knew all that was meant by his giving her that title of kinship. He was setting her aside from him, forever, forever!

"And forget me, Amy," he finished.
"Forget what has been and be happy. You deserve the best that can come to mortals. In your joys, I, too, shall be blest." He let his eyes fall over her in a farewell caress, then he turned from the portico, passed through the little sitting room and library and went upstairs to his father's bedside. As he entered the room, his father

"Preston, I wish you to take this," pointing to an envelope on the coverlid, "to Mr. Foster. It is my resignation from the guberna-torial race. Make him understand that it is decisive. Even though I do recover, my public life is over."

The news of Mr. Martins' attempted suicide was received in Lexington with horror. As it spread, the truth of the affair was lost and the of the affair was lost and the story of assassination was substituted. One report stated that the shot had been fired through the window; an other, that the murderer, using the name of a friend, had gained entrance to the house and attract Mr. Merting. o the house and struck Mr. Martine down as he sat writing in his library It was in vain that Preston Martine attempted to controvert the story.
The Democrats had had their hour's
martyr, and the Whigs insisted upon
a similar honor. Thinking men
knew that Worthington had had ome grave reason for his unexpected resignation, and, connecting it with the shooting of Mr. Martins, and his subsequent withdrawal from the contest, divined that some hidden cause underlay these circumstances; but that cause they should never now. The Democrats had lost no time in choosing a worthy successor to St. John Worthington; and the night after Preston Martins had laid his father's resignation in the hands of the Whig chairman, the delegates met in solemn conclave. On the streets, men were shouting the name of Preston Martins, and couriers were riding through the country call ing upon the people to demand that the banner of their party should be placed in the hands of this worthy son of their martyred leader.
Against those who urged that his youth debarred him from the office, they asked, who, when riot had broken on the city of Lexington and threatened to plunge the common-wealth into civil war, had braved its danger and quelled it but Preston Martins. Was his youth called into question in that hour when danger confronted the State? Who then was

better fitted to rule a people than he who knew how to protect them? While his name was being thus tossed hither and thither on the wave of popular opinion, Preston
Martins sat alone, except for the
servants, by his father's bedside.
All danger from the self-inflicted wound was past; time and care, would, in a short time, set George Martins back on the way from which so tragically tried to turn. What change will recovery brin thought Preston. Will he acknowledge Teresa's unsupported claim and give her back her property? Will he effect some compromise with her to save his pride? or will he be great and generous enough to admit to the world that Gerald Martins' daughter was not dead and had returned to her own? Teresa would be gener ous, he knew. Perhaps she would ous, he knew. Fernaps she would restrain him from letting the world into their affairs. As his mind followed the train of thoughts these suggested, he knew that his early suspicion that his father had warned the ludden of his densor of account. suspicion that his sather had warned the Indian of his danger of arrest was correct. He was not to be blamed so much perhaps. It would have been a sad day for all when that paper fell under the publiceye. He was glad that it was destroyed; glad that his mother's proud people would nothave to blush for the shame of her husband's crimes. And could he have endured the obloquy? He saw himself pointed out as the son of George Martins, the murderer, and he shuddered. Yet he was such and he would have to go through life weighted with this secret. And what was that life to be? He must live, but how? He would abandon his legal profession, for never could he stand before a jury and demand punishment for the transgressor of the law, when he was a partaker, by his silence, of his father's guilt. He could not turn his attention to agricould not turn his attention to agri-cultural pursuits for he was dispos-sessed of all property. Buginess avenues were also closed to him, be-cause of his new poverty—and to dig he was not able, to beg he was ashamed! Then, his thoughts fell book to Teresa and his broken love. he was not able, to begine was ashamed! Then, his thoughts fell back to Teresa and his broken love. He recalled their betrothal evening by the low stone wall. How strangely, bewilderingly bright was that world in which he had then walked! Would he yet know himself to be a fool in not accepting her willing sacrifice? It was not too late yet, whispered the voice in his heart; but save him till the following day to leave you with your or bent the scale for your acceptance of your accept whispered the voice in his heart; but the tempter received neither encour-aging attention nor resistance; for though organically it lived, when he

be more cold and dead to feeling. Nature had left him insensible to suffering, but whether this stone-weight in the breast is more merciful than living pain, let those whom woe thus affects determine. But he marveled now that he had not read the meaning of her words that eventure. of the Trapplet monk had so appealed to her. That story recurred to him. What had he said of it?

That it was unjust to himself and to the others. If she had but understood him then, understood that justice to him, truth to herself, demanded that she should refuse his love! Then in this hour, his love would have been the strong white shaft for his soul to lean upon, instead of lying a broken reed at his feet. "It women could but realize how men look to them for truth in all things, above all things! truth to themselves, truth to us, there would be fewer unhappy marhad marriage meant for the monk's brother? what had it meant for the oman? and what had the cell and the silence brought to the monk? Had sacrifice brought peace to his soul, mitigation for his father's punish-ment? What if he, too, could take his broken life to Gethsemani and offer it to God, for the mitigation of his father's sentence, the securing of his own peace? Gethsemani! Had he not his Gethsemani here? Was not his soul set, for evermore, in

silence and loneliness?
Then with vividness of a flash of lightning there came to him the thought of the woman his father wronged, his primal sin whose results, gathering strength by delay had wrought such devastation. "A Natchez maiden," so Worthington had called her, answering his ques-tion. Gentle, perhaps, and guileless, loving the wonderful white stranger with all the depth and devotion of her young heart; and the blood of a hundred flerce sires transferring it into hatred when she found herself and child forsaken.

The wrong done to her by hi father, but typified the larger wrong perpetrated by the white race against the red. The awakened conscience of the nation was now trying to nant of the ancient tribes besought them to accept the manifold blessings of their friendship. Why should not be make amends to the should not he make amends to the individual for his father, as the present generation was doing for the committed against the race by the generations that had gone be-

Did he ask that question of him-

self or another voice like unto his own uttered it? Spoken they

seemed to be and they made Preston

Martins sit bolt upright in his chair while the blood of indignation surged into his face. What! he sacrifice his life, leave home and country, turn his back upon the civilization that was his heritage from the centuries, and make himself the companion of the barbarian, live the life that implied! Never—though a thousand souls were saved thereby. When the heat engendered by the the heat engendered by the thought had died, the inner opponent he had aroused asked, if he could in truth regard himself as so far removed from those people, when their blood flowed in the veins of his their plood howed in the veins of his father's first born, when their color showed on the face of the man who was his brother? Had his father been as loyal to the wife he had wronged would he not be a member of some wandering tribe, instead of lying here watched by his white son? And that was his place, by every law main in the place which he had vol-untarily entered upon, repudiation of the duties of the laws he had invoked, and denial of the duties that companied them, opened the gate way to even greater sin. That sin had ound its punishment, full, adequate since it fell heaviest upon the inno-cent; but the first debt remained. Had his father been unfortunate in the financial world, and the vast wealth which in the insture of things would descend to his son and hence might be regarded by that man as his own, were sacrificed to pay his in-debtedness, Preston Martins knew he would raise no protest, make no would raise no protest, make no murmur against destiny. Why then, he asked himself, did he find the payment of a debt in the moral world so severe. And if his father lay broken under that suppositious debt as under this real one, and he, Preston, should be brought to recognized. nize that an earlier debt remaine unpaid, would he not immediately set to work nor know an hour's seace and happiness until it to were paid? Why then did he repudiate the claim upon him of his

father's first moral debt ? He did not believe in vicarious atonement he had told Teresa that night of their strange betrottal: nor did he accept the doctrine now. Those who sin must suffer in them. selves; but might it not be possible to make restitution for the effect of that sin upon the lives of others? At that question he paused until the young day began to smile in the

young man's well-known modesty, but gave him till the following day to consider their wishes. When his own and his father's friends had departed, St. John Worthington en-tered the office. lay in his ceffin the heart would not

"My congratulations, Preston! oried. "For once I cannot wish

man leads our opponents."
"I have not accepted," said Preston.
"But you will! you must!" urged
Worthington. Preston looked at him
for a long, sorrowful moment; then

Reflect, Worthington, upon what renect, workingson, upon what you counsel! You would have me to try to place myself above the people of Kentucky, I the son of such a father! You to whom conscience is umpire, will not say that because his sins are unknown, they should have no influence over my settion?"

no influence over my action?"
"But I do say," interrupted Mr.
Worthington, "that as you are not guilty of your father's sins, neither can you permit them to stand between you and your duty to yourself them. and to society. I am no flatterer Preston. I hold the truth above everything, even my love for my friend. When I assert that there is not in this state one worthier of filling the office of its chief ruler than you, I am uttering my sincere conviction, as it is the conviction of every honest man who knows you. Look into your own soul! Is there on it one stain? Would you shrink from the most critical inspection of your entire life? The only thing that stands in your disfavor is your youth, according to years, for your mind has the ripeness of mature

A wintry smile showed for moment on Preston's face, but it faded as he said :

"While I cannot question sincerity, my friend, I ask you to re-flect further. As the governor of this State I would pledge myself to enforce its laws. How could I affix my name to the death warrant of an offender against society, knowing that my own father was deserving of a like fate ?"

a like fate?"
"You would do your duty," replied Mr. Worthington. Personal feelings would not deter you from it. You would rise above them as truly great men do. You must learn to separate the office from the man." "And the man, St. John, must be

nobler than the office." So he should be, with Preston Martins filling it. You have now come to the turning point of your life," went on Mr. Worthington. 'You must now decide whether you are going to sink under the burden of another man's sins-

That man is my father," inter

posed Preston.

"According to the law of nature, yes. Further than that, his influ ence upon your existence ceases. You are yourself, a distinct, individual being. As he could not live your life for you, neither does his ife determine what you shall make of yours. If men thus strictly held emselves to be the direct bearer of their father's wrongdoings and suffer themselves to sink under their obloquy, there would be many a glorious name dropped from the roll call of saints and heroes. Your life and its work are ordained for you by the Supreme Being. The sin of another individual life will scarcely stand as an excuse before God for your wreck ing the one, neglecting the other. would not urge another to do what seems best to me for him, unless l were so thoroughly convinced that it is the best for him that I could stake my very existence upon it for a fact; but I am thus convinced in this matter for you; hence I say, it ever words had weight let mine sink to day into your heart. Let them act as a safeguard against the fatal desire to sink your promising young life with the wreck of your father's."

The words, uttered with all the power of truth, silenced the objections of the younger man's sensitiveness. They impressed him as a General's address does his soldiers. It was the cry of one heroic soul to another. It was recognized as such when the two men looked each other

in the eyes.
"They have given me until to morrow to decide," said Preston.
"Decide now!" commanded

I cannot! I must have ti "There is something else then? asked Worthington.

There is. May I ask what it is?"

"A teacher among the Indian " Ah! Because of the wrong done by him to one of them!" and Preston

bowed his head in answer. "Then Preston Martins," cried St. John Worthington, "hear my ver-dict! Though I admire with all my soul your sacrifice on the filial altar, I declare to you that you are doing what is wrong. Your sacrifice on the altar of self might be harder to make: because of your highly strung nature. I believe that it would be, yet it would be the right one, for ti is your duty to yourself, and con-sequently your duty to God and your fellowman. You do not wonder that I urge this as I am your friend. But if I stood not in this relation to you-nay, if I still headed the ticket for my party, but knew you as well as id now, I declare that, holding as do my patriotiem higher than my partisanship, I must have thus thrown my voice into the scale for leave you with your own soul. It will make the desision for you—the right one. "Till to-morrow—good-bye!" and they clasped hands.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MEXICAN REBEL

Towards evening a tall and hand-some man, dressed like a rebel offi-cer, but not bearing any arms, was directing his steps toward the rebel camp, situated then at about ten miles from X, the city he had just left. His business was doubtless of an urgent nature, since he continued to walk even when the night overtook him on the lonely road.

The rebel encampment toward which he was going was a large one Rodriguez was famous not only by reason of the many victories he had gained over the Federals, but also because of his severity toward his soldiers and his cruelty toward prisoners. All feared him, and his name was whispered with awe in many

The Constitutionalists had been stationed around X for about a week or two and were soon to move south. ward. This was known to the stran ger and was the cause of his haste. "I must see the General before they strike tents," he was muttering be tween his nervous strides, when sud ienly out of the darkness ahead of him came a sharp "Quien vive ?"

"A friend," he answered.
"Halt, or you will be shot," was

the reply.

The stranger had stopped already. Through the gloom of the night he could scarcely distinguish the trees, and the mountain road was almost completely hidden. He had been sold that the rebel camp was on the western slope of the mountain and he had directed his steps thither, but did not expect to encounter the

pickets so soon.

Three armed men approached him and asked him where he was going who he was and what he wanted The stranger told them that he was a gentleman of a neighboring town, a gentleman of a neighboring town, on his way to their camp, where he hoped to find their chief, whom he must see on important business. "All right," they said, "we will bring you to him, but if he is asleep you will have to remain the whole night as a prisoner of war." The stranger made no protest, and so was led forward, with an armed soldier on either side of him.

They walked together for about

quarter of an hour, meeting now and then sentinels on duty, who, on receiving the watchword, let them pass and finally, after marching through long line of tents, they reached a small house guarded by severa armed men. The stranger was told that the general had not yet retired

and after a short time was shown in. Like many of the colleagues, the general was a young man; his eyes. his gait, his whole bearing, bespoke his Spanish descent. He asked the stranger his name, and on hearing it seemed to start. The stranger explained the reason of his visit. young man who was worked in hacienda not far away had been forced by his (the general's) soldiers to join the rebel army, and as he was the only support of a large family, the visitor had come to ask for his release.

On leaving the town for the rebe

camp the stranger had been warned that it was very difficult to secure such a favor as he was going to ask. Great, then, was his surprise and joy when the general not only granted his petition, but offered him two horses, one for himself and another for the young man, and placed at the visitor's disposal for the night his own quarters. The stranger thanked the general for his kind ness, and was about to leave him, when, to his great surprise, he was asked to follow his host into another room. When there, after having locked the door with great care, the man of war uncovered his head and, kissing the right hand of his guest, said: "Father, it is useless for you to hide yourself under such clothes

Your name is Rodriguez, and I do not remember having had a pupil of that name in all my life as a pro-

The general smiled. "I know I "Rodriguez can trust you," he said. is not my name. I am John Bernal."
"You. John!" the priest exclaimed "And you, one of my best boys, have become the sanguinary Rodriguez?"

"Sanguinary," came the sad reply.
"How many are the crimes imputed
to me which I never knew of? Still. let it pass. I became the sanguinary General Rodriguez in a very simple way. I joined the Constitutionalist revolution at the very beginning thinking I was right in doing so. My superior education, my courage, my will power have done the rest. After a few months I have found myself at the head of a thousand men with the title of general." "And are you happy?" asked the

old professor.

"Happy?" he answered. "I was happy at the beginning of the revo-lution. I thought we were fighting for a good cause. I thought we were But when I saw the predatory instinct of my soldiers; when I sav justice and chastity and religion trampled under foot; when I saw that we were more like bandits than soldiers of liberty, I began to grow weary of this life and to think of leaving it."

"Why do you not leave it?"

"Leave it? How can I? As long as I lead my soldiers against the enemy or to plunder I am obeyed as never general was obeyed, and I can dispose of my soldiers' lives as I can of my pocket money. But were I to give any sign of being remiss in the cause I am fighting for; were I to man's Journal.

show any disgust for it, God only what the consequences migh be. A few weeks ago a lifelong friend of mine, Januarius Caso ; Lara, the one who was so lively and so studious in our old class, was sho simply because he disapproved the burning of the houses of innocent people. And Black, the Yankee filibuster, who has brought so much sorrow to many a Mexican home by his sword and his lust, killed one of his lieutenants because he had de-layed for a few minutes the execu-Father, we are bandits, that's all, and I am tired of it. It is indeed inpiring to fight against the enemy otone's country or otone's liberties, but to fight against brothers, and not in for thirst of plunder and power is un

pearable. I am tired of it all."
"Poor John," said the priest, soothingly. "How I pity you. Would that ingly. "How I pity you. Would that I could do something to relieve your distressed soul. But, tell me, do you happy you were when you were faithful to it."

"How often have I thought of that Father! At times after a boisterous victory or a hurried flight, when all was hushed and still in the camp, while my soldiers were heavily sleep-ing, tired to death, or drunk, sitting under my tent or by the window of some lonely house. I remembered the beautiful days of yose, and I wished I could be a good Christian again. But with the rising sun and the bustle of the day the good thoughts faded away, leaving behind them

nought but painful remorse."
"John," said the priest, "what hinders you from being reconciled with God? You know that I am a priest, and a priest, even under the disguise of a rebel officer, has power to forgive sins. Come, John, do as you often did in those happy college ays. Kneel down and make a good confession."

"Not now, Father," he replied, not now. I do not feel that well prepared for it. It is not the number of my sins that frightens me. I have ordered the shooting of Federal spies and of unruly prisoners, but I was forced to do so. At times but I was forced to do so. I have led my men to plunder, but I could not help it and I tried to restrain them as much as I could. I do not think I have more sins than these, but I do not feel prepared for confession, nor have I as ye cient strength to leave this mine. Father, to morrow I will have another talk with you; now please go to rest. Do not be afraid of sleeping here; nobody will dare to harm the general's guest." He spoke and without giving his old teacher any time to answer, called one of his officers and told him to accompany separated.

Father Tapia knew not how long he slept that night. The only thing he knew was that after his interview with the general he prayed for a long long time, begging the Lord to finish his work by completing John's conversion. Sleep overtook him conversion. Sleep overtook him during his prayer. It was morning when the firing of many guns awoke him. At about 300 yards' distance from the house where he was located fighting was going on. It lasted only a few minutes; a scouting party of Federals, about twenty in number, had suddenly approached the camp. They were easily put to flight by the rebels, who were already beginning to exult over their easily gained victory when their joy was change into sorrow. There on the ground lay their general. He, the bravest of them all, had been the first to meet the Federals and had received mortal wound. of the momentary consternation of officers and men, Father Tapia mingled with the crowd that pressed around their leader, whose life blood was ebbing fast, and at last succeeded in approaching the prostrate form said: Father, to hide yourself under such clotnes as you are wearing now; you are Father Tapia; you taught me seven years ago in old Puebla. Do you not years ago in old Puebla. Do you not remember me?"

Temember me?"

strength faintly whispered a single which was meant for him alone. word which was meant for him alone. The tone of penitence in which the word was uttered brought a flood of joy to the priest's heart, who, with tears of gratitude to God, breathed in the general's ear the sacramental words which restored the prodigal on to his Maker.

A few hours later Father Tapia was galloping with the young man he had delivered from the rebels away from the camp toward X.— Joseph M. Sorrentino, S. J., in the Pilgrim.

"ENEMIES OF THE BIBLE"

There are still many Protestants who regard, or profess to regard, the Pope and the Catholic Church as "enemies of the Bible." To such people the recent letter of Pope Benedict to the English "Catholic Truth Society" must have been disappointing, if not disgusting. Addressed to the Society through Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, the letter emphasized that "It was with no little gladness of heart the Holy Eather Lorred of the

the Holy Father learned of the work of the Society and of its diligence in spreading far and wide copies of the Holy Gospels as well as of the other books of the Holy Scriptures, and in the latest the second of the Society Scriptures. multiplying them so as to reach all men of good will." And "most lov-ingly, therefore, His Holiness blesses all who have put their hand to this very excellent work; and he earnestly exhorts them to persevere with ardor in so holy an enterprise."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

CANONIZATION OF BLESSED MARGARET

All friends of the devotion to the Sacred Heart will welcome the Intention for the present month. If the Holy See were to confer the honors of canonization on Blessed Margaret Mary, the great apostle of the Sacred Heart, this Pontifical act would give a marvellous impetus to brought millions nearer to God. The mission of this saintly religious was, in the words of Pius IX., to moisten the whole earth with the waters of sweetness which she had drawn rom the open Heart of Jesus; she was the one chosen to bring the mys-tery of the immense love of God for men within reach of the humblest : and she invited the whole world to slake its thirst at a fountain of holiness which up till her time had been reserved for a small number of selec

Margaret Mary was the herald of the revelations of the Sacred Heart, revelations which, one of her histor-ians tells us, were the greatest given to men since the days of the Incar-nation and the institution of the Holy Eucharist. In her monastery at Paray-le Monial she planted the dling which has since beco great tree, whose roots are solidly branches have spread over the Catholic world. Born in 1647, she entered the Visitandines in 1671. great physical and mental sufferings; but our Lord was her consolidate but our Lord was her consolation and her strength. He called her "the beloyed disciple of His Sacred Heart" and the heiress of all His treasures. He Himself acted as her Spiritual Director; He appeared to her frequently, conversed intimately with her, and confided to her the mission to make His Heart better known among men. To this privi-leged soul belongs the glory of having tablished publicly the cultus of the Sacred Heart, a sublime apostolate surely, by which she efficaciously cooperated in the work of the Redemp tion. She died in 1690, leaving behind her a reputation of lofty sanctity. When the Cause of her beatification was introduced, all her actions, her revelations, her spiritual maxims, her writings, her teachings

regarding the devotion to the Sacred Heart, were submitted to a critical

gregation of Rites, and received a favorable vote from that august body. In 1824, she was declared "Venerable." In 1830, when her

tomb was opened, two instantaneous

later, on September 18, 1864, Pius IX.

granted her the honors of beatifica-

tion; henceforth she was to be known officially as Blessed Margaret The friends of the Sacred Heart throughout the world rejoiced at this act of the Sovereign Pontiff, for it gave an impetus to the devotion which she had done so much to foster, and resulted in many remark able manifestations of Catholic piety. Let it suffice to recall the consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart by Pius IX., the more recent solemn s of Leo XIII. and Pius X. in the same direction, the pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial, the multiplication of Communions of Reparation fled until all the honor due to her is throughout the world, the First conferred on her. Half a century Friday devotions, the Holy Hour, the Guard of Honor, and most remarkole of all, the rapid spread of the League of the Sacred Heart on every continent, and the consequent in-crease of personal piety among the millions who make up its member-

But, as in the decrees of beatifica tion of other servants of God, the one giving the title of "Blessed" to Margaret Mary had its limitations. It was a solemn pronouncement of the Holy See, but it was not definite or final; the veneration authorized by the Church was partial and restricted. Beatification is only one stage of the glory with which the Church may gratify the memory of the saints. There is another, which is the high est earthly honor which can be conferred on those heroes and heroines canonization. This is also a solemn act which extends the veneration of the saints to the Universal Church : to implore their intercessory power it establishes feasts in their honor ermits churches and alters to be and encourages other methods of glorifying them, the writing of their biographies, and even the raising of statues to them in public thorough fares, so that the lesson of their lives saints deserve all this glory; they fought the good fight and were victorious; death for them meant the beginning of eternal life and happi ness; they live in the light of the Beatific Vision; they are the true children of God; but they are not officially recognized as such in the eyes of men until the Church canon-

The Catholic world still awaits the canonization of Blessed Margaret In his 'Confessions of Mary, and we are asked during the Monsignor Benson says: Mary, and we are asked during the present month to pray earnestly that God may inspire His Vicar on earth church, "and it seems to me still, a selamn approval to her

tions to be fulfilled, the most import tions to be fulfilled, the most important of which is the securing of absolute proof that at least two miracles have been wrought by God through the intercession of the Blessed since her beatification. After this further proof of her intercessory power has been fully established, a decree will be drawn up by the Sacred Congregation of Rites declaring that no doubt exists relative to the Canan doubt exists relative to the Canan loubt exists relative to the Cause presented for investigation, and that there is no longer any reason why the honors of canonization should be withheld from one who is undoubtedly

Friends and clients of Blessed Friends and clients of Blessed Margaret Mary everywhere long for the day when this honor will be conferred on her. But while they are convinced that she is safe with God and enjoying the fruit of her labors and her life of virtue, her solemn beatification being sufficient proof of that still that comprehens or their that, still their own wishes or their urgent demands on the Holy See are urgent demands on the Holy See are not sufficient to justify the Church to proceed in such an important step. In an affair of this magnitude God also has a role to play. Suppension of the laws of nature, through the intercession of a creature, is the best proof that that creature enjoys the friendship of Nature's Lawgiver. In the present instance God must sive the present instance, God must give a preliminary sanction to any action His Vicar may take by performing at least two miracles through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary; and it should be a pleasing duty for us during the present month to beg of God to gratify us with those two examples of His mighty power. This would hasten the Cause already in hand, and secure forever to the great apostle of the Sacred Heart her

ficial position in the calendar of the

Church. place assured in the hearts of the faithful, but her canonization would give pleasure to the whole Catholic world; it would also put the final seal of approval of the infallible Church on the mission she was prov-Heart, the symbol of His love, loved and honored by men, that He wished pious souls to make reparation to His Heart for the sins of the world. Secondly, the canonization of this Servant of God would be a proof that the Church recognizes as authentic and genuine the wonderful promises made to her by the Divine Master, promises as consoling as they are magnificent, and with which we are alı familiar. Thirdly, Margaret Mary's whole life would be presented to us again as a model to admire and possibly to imitate. She was consumed with a tender affection for her Blessed Redeemer, whose apparitions to her only intensified her affection, and she endeavored by her words, her examples, her writings, her self immolation, to spread de votion to His Sacred Heart, Her absolute certainty of what God wanted her to do made her work in eason and out of season to enkindle in the hearts of others the fire of Divine love. To carry out God's will in this respect she left no stone unturned both in her own monaster; and among those outside who were within reach of her influence. God helped her in her consoling work; it will suffice to look over the world Margaret Mary's zeal. If, therefore we love our Lord's Sacred Heart, and if we appreciate the work of His devoted Servant, let us not rest satis-fled until all the honor due to her is has passed since Margaret Mary beatified. May God hasten the day when the greater honor of canonization

E. J. DEVINE, S. J. IS CATHOLICISM

"MATERIAL?"

tion will be hers, an honor which

will give her a higher status in the

influence in the world of souls

Church and a correspondingly wider

"Sensual" is the epithet, some critics apply to the Church. "Materialistic," the description of kinder

But kind or unkind wish to express the fact that our church is not like theirs. Their churches are purely spiritual, they say. They do away with most exterior aids to prayer or penance. They would break the statue that helps the dull plodder to think of God and His saints; they would do away with the act of auricular confession, which is justified by millions of lightened hearts: some of them would abolish Communion, although Catholics without end, in the precious moments after Communion, discharge their Christian duty of adoration more

completely than at any other time.

High spiritual life has undoubtedly been attained by many, many Protestants who have received no further exterior aid than reading, conversation, study and sermons But to deny other sorts of exterior help to people, is to display an un-sympathetic indifference to their psychological needs, as well, as we Catholics think, as to misinter-

pret Scripture. to the words of a former Episcopalian clergyman on this score. In his 'Confessions of a Convert'

of those who live under the stress of of those who live under the stress of East London sordidness and pressure lies in what may be called the materialization of religion—I mean the supplying of acts and images on which religious emotion may concentrate itself. Extreme definiteness seems necessary, and that not only in the bright and impressive adjuncts of worship, but in the modes in which individual approach to God is made.

"Men's clubs, where religious and litical conversation is against the ous visiting, children's pantomimes, and general activity and fervor cer-tainly have their place and function; but unless the individual under-stands where and how he may discharge his penitence or adoration not merely as a member of a congre gation, but as a unique soul which God has made and redeemed, plety can never be more than vague and diffusive."

That, however, need of "material" aid is felt, not only by the uneduca-ted, is shown by the fact that shortly after he came to this conclusion, Benson, in order to concentrate vague desires for doing penance made his

As the critics say, and in obedience to its Founder, Catholicism is materialistic; she uses "materialism" to develop spirituality.—New World.

LIFE WITHOUT FAITH

A well known and gifted American artist committed suicide a few days ago by drinking poison. It appears that he had just received a work that was to be his masterpiece. and he realized that he would not be able to finish the work. In his de-spair he ended his life. To a fellow-artist he said only a few days before his death :

"There is nothing left for me; the world; it would also put the final seal of approval of the infallible Church on the mission she was providentially called to fulfil. In the first place, it would be equivalent to a new approbation of those dozens of passages in her writings wherein she relates that Jesus Himself really appeared to her, that He wished to see His Heart the symbol of His level of the symbol of the o only goal of his ambition he killed himself. There was nothing for him in life, there was no hope for here-after. As he did not know that God gave him the sense of sight that he might use it to glorify the Divine the same Lord was about to deprive him of this gift for the very same

> pitiable is a life which reckons out God. It is one of the sad, inexplicable things that people of great talent are often lacking in faith in that spiritual light, the posappraise earthly success and worldly praise and distinction at their true value.-Intermountain Catholic

CORPUS CHRISTI

FATHER FABER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE FEAST-ITS OUTER SPLENDOR, ITS INNER GLORY

Now the first thing we have to do is to get the spirit of the Feast into us. Thus writes Father Faber of Corpus Christi in his precious volume "The Blessed Sacrament." When this is once accomplished, he con-tinues, we shall be better able to mystery. Nay, the whole theology is nothing less than angelic music when our souls are attuned to it we shall the better understand the sweet secrets which it reveals to our delighted minds. But we must go far away in order to catch the spirit of the Feast. We must put before ourselves, as on a map, the aspect which the whole Church is presenting to the Eye of God to-day. Our great city is deafened with her noise; she can not hear. She is blinded with her own dazzle; she cannot see. must not mind her; we must put the thought of her away, with sadness if it were any other than this, but to-day, because it is to day with complete indifference.

O the joy of the immense glory the Church is sending up to God this hour: verily! As if the world was all unfallen still! We think, and as we think, the thoughts are like to many successive tide waves filling our whole soul with the fulness of de-light, of all the thousands of Masses which are being said or sung the whole world over, and all rising with one note of blissful acclamation from grateful creatures to the Majesty of our merciful Creator.

EXTERNAL MAGNIFICENCE

How many glorious processions with the sun upon their banners, are now winding their way round the squares of mighty cities, through the villages, through the antique cloisters of the glorious cathedral or through the grounds of the devout seminary, where the various colours of the faces and the different of the faces and the different languages of the people are only so many fresh tokens of the unity of that faith which they are all exult-ingly professing in the single voice of the magnificent ritual of Rome! Upon how many altars of various architecture, amid sweet flowers and they lights amid clouds of hypothestarry lights, amid clouds of humble incense and the tumult of thrilling God may inspire His Vicar on earth to give this solemn approval to her incomparable mission. However, before this can be done there are fore this can be done there are formalities to be observed and condi-

of triumph and of reparation, do not each of these things surely repre-sent! The world over, the summer air is filled with the voice of song. The gardens are shorn of their fairest blossoms to be flung beneath the feet of the Sacramental God. The steeples are reeling with clang of bells; the canon are booming in the gorges of the Andes and the Apen-nines; the ships of the harbours are painting the bays of the sea with their show of gaudy flags; the pomp of royal or republican armies salutes the King of kings. The Pope on his throne and the school-girl in her village, cloistered nuns and seques-tered hermits, bishops and dignitar ies and preachers, emperors and kings and princes, all are engrossed to-day with the Blessed Sacrament. Cities are illuminated; the dwelling Joy so abounds that men rejoice they now not why, and their joy over flows on sad hearts, and on the poor and the imprisoned and the wander-ing and the orphaned, and the home-sick exiles. All the millions of souls that belong to the royal family and spiritual lineage of St. Peter are to day engaged more or less with the Blessed Sacrament; so that the whole Church Militant is thrilling with rocking of the mighty sea. Sin seems forgotten; tears even of rapture rather than of penance. It is like the soul's first day in heaven; or as if earth itself were passing into heaven, as it well might do, for sheer joy of the Blessed Sacrament.

GLORY OF THE INTERNAL CELEBRA

But all this represents and reveals an interior world of deep worship and of countless supernatural operations of the Holy Ghost, and of the exuberant activity and inexhaustible energy of the Precious Blood. A single supernatural act—how much dearer is it to God than a thousand sins are hateful; for the odour of Christ and the unction of His grace and the ornament of His Blood and the seal of His merits are on that single act. Grace grows active as great feasts draw nigh; and its pretheir spiritual physicians. Crowds that were in sin yesterday now for the love of Jesus have made to day's sun to rise upon their penance; as over each one all heaven's angels rejoiced, more than over a newly-created world. Millions have made heir preparation for Communion and the least fervent of them all did something for God he would not else have done. The same millions communicated; and think of all that Jesus did in them, and with them and for them, while the sacramental union lasted! The same millions made their thanksgiving, and what a choir of praise was there. How many aged men will the evening flud less worldly than the morning saw them. In how many souls of children has whole year's growth in one brief day: and what a glorious thing is each growth of faith in a childish soul, seeing there comes along with it such a what shall I say of those deeper depths, the souls of mortified interior men? I suppose that the mere exercise of faith, to say nothing of love, in a saint is something so deen and nigh, so far reaching and full of union with Christ that we commor Christians can know nothing of it And how many real saints, how many of the Church, have been in rapture in ecstacy, in transcendent communion with God this day, through the stirring of the life giving mystery in their rather small, with prostrate stems souls. The silent cloister has sent up thousands of sweet perfumes from espoused souls throughout the day; acts of faith enough to win grace for unconverted tribes, acts of love sufficient to expiste a sea of blasphemies and a world of sacrilege, acts of union which have strength. ened and invigorated the whole Church and quickened all it pulses in places far remote from the cells, where the acts were perfected in solitude and prayer and austere concealment. Who can tell the vocations begun or achieved to day, the conversions suggested or effected, the first blows given to a sinful habit or the crowning virtue to a devout resolve, the sins remitted or the sinful purposes abandoned, the death-beds illuminated or the souls liberated from purgatory through the quickened charity of earth? has been a vast and busy and populous empire of interior acts open to the eye of God to-day, so beautiful, so glorious, so religious, so acceptable. that the feast of the outer world has been the poorest possible expression spirit. And what is it all but triumph, riumph of our hidden Lord ?—St. Paul Bulletin.

TO PROMOTE GOOD FEELING

The Congregationalist devotes whole page to an editorial: "Four Things Which Protestants Should Here they are in brief : (1) "Do not circulate rumors prejudicial to Catholics; (2) Do not get into a panic over the likelihood of the Catholic Church dominating this country;
(3) Make friends with Catholics as widely as possible; and (4) Care as much for your religion as your Cath-olic neighbor does for his." We trust, olic neighbor does for his." We trust, says the Sacred Heart Review, the readers of the Congregationalist will follow these four simple rules. If they do they will help greatly to modify the bitter, anti-Catholic feeling that is now so prevalent, and that finds expression in convent inspection bills and similar legislation.

Meanwhile Catholics can do some thing by an increase of Catholic fervor, by leading better Catholic lives and by showing a better Chris-tien example to their non-Catholic neighbors. Every Catholic worthy of the name should be above narrowness and bigotry. Indeed, the truly pious Catholic is so Christ like that he has no place in his heart for anything but kind thoughts of his neighbors of all religions. Unhappily, however, all Catholics are not like this. Many who bear the name are ostensibly great champions of the Church, but at heart they are looking out for themselves and their own temporal welfare. Such men often raise a race and religious issue

where there is no warrant for it.

They pretend to see in a persons discrimination against themselves an attack upon the religion of Catholics; and they work mischief among those whom they mislead. It is just as well for us all to remember this, and be alarmed at every cry of bigotry." —Canadian Freeman.

MONSIGNOR BENSON

It is not often that one brothe writes about another, but the task did not present any special difficulty to Arthur C. Benson who has just published a sketch of his brother lonsignor Benson under the title Hush . Memories of a Brother

In this delightfully intimate sketch we have references to their parents which all readers will devour with avidity. It seems that Monsignor Benson was bound to his mother by the closest of ties, and that he con sulted her about everything. And she merited the confidence. When he contemplated leaving the Anglican Church in which his father been a bishop she wished him to make up his own mind, although she never concealed her own views, and when, after his reception into the Church, he was leaving for Rome she accompanied him to the train.

A Bishop Wilkinson was a witness to the parting between mother and son, and his comment brings the father into relief. "If" said he addressing Mrs. Benson in languag which was meant to console her, "Hugh's father, when he was here on earth, would—and he would— have always wished him to follow his conscience, how much more in

Paradise." These delicate touches which show the broadness of Monsignor Benson's parents have a tendency to whet our appetite for the larger biography which is promised later on.—South

CROWN OF THORNS

Though the words thorns, briars nd thistles have a very indefinite meaning, not only in scripture. not faith started and grown, strong, but also in modern nomenclature, we supple, juicy shoots, more than a are quite certain as to the identity of of Thorns. The spinous plant used was undoubtedly the shrub known to botanists of our day as Ziphus Spins Christi. It was formerly considered a buckthorn, and included by Lin-naeus in the genus Rhamnus. The plant is common in Syria, and is a native of the east, where it sometimes grows to the height of twenty

There is an opinion-not very prevalent, however—that the plant from which the Crown of Thorns was made may have been another common spinosum, but neither tradition nor high above the ground. There is no cience in which names have been so conservatively and unchangeably held to as botany previous to the eighteenth century, and the very name of the plant-Spina Christi, as it was known before this time, and ever since—suggests its identity.

The Crown of Thorns is not mentioned among the relics discovered by St. Helena on Mount Calvary, nor are others, such as the holy tunic, for the crown passed from the hands of the soldiers into the possession of one of our Lord's disciples. Paulinus first refers to its existence in a letter to Macarius, and later on we hear of it from St. Gregory of speaks of the relic in the year 1100 Louis of France in 1238. The follow ing year it went to Sens, and was kept in a special chapel, where it re-

After the restoration of peace, it was solemnly transferred, in 1806, to the Church of Notre Dame, Paris.

In 1896, when the Crown placed in a new reliquary, it was photographed, and at the time com-letent persons established the identity of the plants composing it. It plant above mentioned, and certainly identified as Ziphus Spina Christi The branches of this plant are wound and held together by stems of the common rush (identified as Juncus balticus), which grows throughout northern Asia, Europe and America, and is abundant in the Holy Land. The whole crown is about seven inches in diameter.

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THE SUPERIOR

The thorny plant is no longer so abundant in the crown itself as formerly, because pieces have been taken as relies to various other places, the principal being at Pisa, Treves and Weveighem, in the diocese of Bruges, Belgium. All these relies above the present the control of show thorns very unlike those of the plant called Poterium spinosum, which are often much branched, and to the identity of the plant of which the Crown of Thorns was made.—Intermountain Catholic

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THE REGENERATION OF FRANCE

That the heart and soul of France is turning to God and returning to the practice of religion is so striking. ly apparent that no one gainsays the multiplied evidence of that consoling fact. Nevertheless there are those who, mindful of recent political history, cannot refrain from quoting the old couplet which alas often contains more truth than postry :

set to work enthusiastically to assist "When the devil was sick the devil s a monk would be, When the devil got well the devil s

Such doubters forget that there was a marvellous revival of religion in France before the War, a revival which was characterized by the Headmaster of Eton preaching in Westminster Abbeyin November, 1918. as "the most momentous event occurring in Europe for at least a century." The War has only accelerated and widened that momentous movement to a degree unexpected and unhoped for even by the most devoutly optimistic believer in France and her mission.

There are many things in the pres ent situation that indicate a permanent change for the better in the national life of France.

Only ten years ago was exposed the most contemptible, and at the same time the most dangerous of the petty intrigues that have disgraced and degraded French political life. J. E. C. Bodley, M. A., of Balliol College, Oxford, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, is the author of several works on modern French history and he betrays no sympathy with Catholics at any time. He thus describes the exposure:

M. Guyot de Villeneuve, Nationalist deputy for St. Denis, who had been dismissed from the army by General de Gallifet, brought before the Chamber a collection of documents which, it seemed, had been abstract ed from the Grand Orient of France, the headquarters of French sonry, by an official of that order? These papers showed that an elaborate system of espionage and delation had been organized by the freemasons throughout France for the purpose of obtaining information as to the political opinions and religious practices of the officers of the and that this system was worked with the connivance of cer tain officials of the ministry of war Its aim appeared to be to ascertain if children to convent schools or in any way were in sympathy with the Roman Catholic religion, the names of officers so secretly denounced being placed on a black-list at the War Office, whereby they were disqualified for promotion. There was no doubt about the authenticity of the documents or of the facts which they revealed. Radical ex ministers joined with moderate Republicant and reactionaries in denouncing the system. . . General André minister of war, was so clearly implicated, with the evident approva of the prime minister (Combes) that revulsion of feeling against the policy of the anticlerical cabinet began to operate in the Chamber."

It is necessary to glance at this degradation of anticlerical politics in order to realize the incredible advance from such politics to patriotism which France has achieved in one short decade. The Church since the separation has given abundant proof of her never failing vitality. "She became," says Abbe Dimnet, "conscious of her own possibilities, and she learned the miracle-working virtue of association; in a word she won for herself the respect which life and strength invariably command."

In politics we have seen the recognition of this life and strength of the Church in France by the greatest and most patriotic of her freethinking statesmen in the inauguration of the great movement of apaisement. Though not immedi- been so prominent in the dechris. in brute force is limitless. Above

ately successful in securing a parliamentary majority the movement did its share in preparing the way for the magnificent national unity which France to-day is showing to

her enemies In an article "Joffre and the New France," James Middleten, in the World's Work, gives a luminous and ccurate account of the transforma tion effected in the last few years. In 1911, when France determined to reform and reorganize the army demoralized by anti-clerical politician the whole French mind and hear turned towards General Pau, the one armed survivor of the Franco Prussian War. The Cabinet and the army heads themselves indorsed this popular demand. While France was eagerly preparing to applaud Pau's elevation it was suddenly informed that General Joseph Joffre had accepted the appointment. The newspapers made rather disagreeable comments. Once more, we were in formed, politics had taken possession of the army. General Pau was a monarchist : General Castelnau, who also had great claims, was a re actionary and a clerical. Joffre, the newspapers soon discovered, was a Protestant in religion, a Free Mason and an ardent republican. These facts, of course, explained his pre

the new general in his mighty tackto prepare the French army for the daily expected attack of Germanythe real truth became public property. The fact was that the Superior War Council had offered the headship of the army to Pau, who had refused it. ing nations praying to the same God No patriotic Frenchman,' he declared, 'had any right to accept this post when such a man as Joffre was available." This is a great fact of double significance. That Pau the Catholic mon archist should be offered the su preme command of the army would

ferment. In a few months, however,

when Pau and Castelnau, both or

Joffre's recommendation, received

the next highest appointments and

have been impossible a years previously; that he should decline in favor of his Masonic and Republican rival is a glorious evidence that patriots are superseding petty politicians in the control of affairs in France. And Joffre was patriotic enough to dismiss forthwith several generals, who owed their promotion to political and Masonic influence. Astounded France heard that in future promotion would go purely by merit.

Another interesting sidelight on the passing of the clique of Masonic politicians is furnished by this extract from an article in the New York Times on "General Foch, the New Master of War :"

When King George of England was at the front in France recently he conferred the Grand Cross of the tary distinction in the form of an order within the gift of the British Crown—on two Frenchmen. Joffre was one. The other was Foch.

Foch ? Foch ? Who is Foch ?" when the newspapers printed the

The English newspapers demanded from their correspondents in France an answer to the query, Why the Grand Cross ?"

And the main features of the answers to that query were these : Foch is the "greatest strategist in Europe and the humblest," in the words of Joffre.

Foch is the hero of the Marne, the man who perceived on Sept. 9 that there must be a gap between the Prussian Guard and the Saxon Army, and who gathered enough artillery to crush the guard in the St. Gond marshes and forced both the Prussians and the Saxons, now separated, to

Foch is the man of Ypres, the commander who was in general control of the first successful fight made by the French and the British, aided by the Belgians, to prevent the Germans from breaking through to Calais.

Foch, in short, is one of the mili

tary geniuses of the War, so record observers at the front. They are old friends, as are French

and Joffre, and Joffre and Foch. The inclination of Foch to some thing of the Napoleonic is shown be yond the realm of strategy and tac tics. Foch is credited with know ing the French soldier, his heart, his mind, his capabilities, and the method of getting the most out of those capabilities, in a way reminiscent of the winner of Jena. And Foch knows not only the privates, but the he visited each commander; the Colonels he called by name ; the corps commanders, without exception, had attended his lectures at the Ecole de

Yet General Foch would have been blacklisted by the Masonic spies ten years ago, for he is a devout Catholic and the brother of a Jesuit priest.

M. Ferdinand Buisson, who has

tianization of the schools of France, declared lately to an interviewer:

"If you ask me to summarize my views, my choice is made : the policy of to morrow should be the methodical and organic continuation of what is called to day the 'sacred union.' "

These and many other things which we have noted from time to time lead us to believe that the War will go far to complete the regeneration of Catholic France.

PRAYER FOR PEACE

So much heathenish humbug has been talked about prayer, and so much savagery has entered into the discussion of peace that it is perhaps not surprising that Dr. Eliot's advice on prayer for peace should receive such respectful not to say reverential hearing. It was given at a meeting of Baptist ministers in Boston :

"Do not pray for peace now. I cannot conceive a worse catastrophe for the human race than peace in Europe now." And so on.

Asked when ministers might begin to pray for peace, Dr. Eliot said : "When Germany is driven back into her own territory and forced to pay full indemnity to Belgium."

Dr. Eliot is a great educationalist and was for forty years president of Harvard University; but he is not a Christian; he posses as the prophe of a new religion. That is perhaps the reason why he is sure of a re spectful hearing from professedly Christian clergymen.

We had grown accustomed to the cheap scoffing of shallow and irreverent writers at the people of contend for victory for their respective sides in the great War. President Eliot gives us a slight variation of the popular misconception of prayer.

It is necessary to clarify our idea of prayer when such rubbish passes for wisdom. The Catechism teaches that "prayer is an elevation of the soul to God, to adore Him, to bless His holy name, to praise His goodness, and to return Him thanks for all His benefits."

And prayer is also but only in the econd place "an humble petition to God for all necessaries for soul and body."

Primarily and above all prayer is the spiritual union with God the Source of all grace, all strength, the all-powerful and all knowing Creator, "It is not necessary," remarks some intellectual weakling who fancies himself a Christian, "it is not necessary that the Deity be told what is just and right, still, etc." What a conception of prayer! Of course God needs nothing from us; He does not need our prayer; but we need prayer, and God in His infinite mercy allows us to soar on the wings of prayer above all earthly things and unite ourselves with the Creator who has revealed Himself as the loving Father of all mankind. asked the British public, perplexed, And this loving Father allows us also to participate in his counsels news of the granting of this signal and to influence his judgments. Humility is an essential condition of prayer. "Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord." No Christian soul prays without sinking into the wholesome depths of humility, Charity, all-pervading and all-embrac ing, is another fundamental condi tion. Resignation to God's Holy will is elementary. The Christian praying for victory for his country's arms in all humility acknowledges his own and his country's sins and while he begs for mercy according to the multitude of God's mercies, he says in all humility, "Father, not my will but Thine be done." He accepts even the scourge of War and the bitterness of defeat as the chastening of an all-wise, all loving

> Father. Oar divine Lord in the parable of the Pharises and Publican taught a great lesson of prayer; but some seem to think that the Pharisee is the model for imitation. They thank God they are not as the rest of men . . even as those Germans. The

publican of to day honestly and humbly acknowledging his own and his country's sins would be regarded with suspicion and distrust.

" Do not pray for peace now " says Dr. Eliot : lest, it would seem, the infinite and omniscient God might be led into some mistaken course. The god such men appeal to is force, brute force. We must overcome the brute force of Germany with brute force, leave God out of it. One hes itates between amusement and horror, at this gross materialism. The conception of God and of prayer is ludicrous; the faith

worship of force Our Holy Father's voice is heard pleading for peace, praying for peace, enjoining on all the faithful prayers for peace that God may touch the hearts of the rulers of the warring nations, that the death and agony and destruction and horrors of this fratricidal war may cease. That does not mean that injustice shall be perpetuated we pray to the God of Justice. It means only that we who pray have a humble and unlimited faith in God's justice, His wisdom and His mercy. We believe that the merits and grace of Jesus Christ are infinitely more

potent to change the hearts of men

than brutal and bloody god of Force.

And we pray as Christ taught us to

pray to our common Father that the

blessings of peace may quickly suc-

all such insane phariseeism and

ABOUT BOOKS AND READERS

ceed to the horrors of war.

III The Catholic author and the Catholic reading public are usually strangers to one another. For this neglect of our own writers we have many excuses. In the first place, Cath olic books are inferior. Are they? What non-Catholic novelists excel Benson, Sheehan, John Ayscough, to mention but a few. What non-Catholic poets are superior to Francis Thompson or Alice (Meynell? What essayist is more charming than Agnes Repplier? Who has given us more delightful history as "The Little Corporal, books than Ross Mulholland? Right here in Ontario we have writers whose books are worthy of a place and an honored place, in any library. Why should we read Service and ignore Father Dollard? If we are in search of a good story why should we pass over Fischer's"Child of Destiny?" How many of us are acquainted with the sweet poetry of Dr. O'Hagan? We could fill columns of the RECORD with queries such as these. Let us hear no more, then, of this excuse that Catholic writers cannot deliver the goods. To advance such an argument is but to advertise our own ignorance.

Again we are told that Catholic books are too dear. If Catholic books are dearer than the like publications of non Catholics there must be a reason. And it hardly ever occurs to us that the reason is our own rigorous boycott of the literary output of our co-religionists. The cost of the production of two books of similar size and binding, etc., will be the same. The price of the two books will vary in accordance with the probable circulation. If the non-Catholic publisher can count on a circulation of 5.000 copies, it follows that he can sell his wares at a lower price than the Catholic publisher who knows that 1,000 copies will be the high water mark of his sales. We refuse to patronize our own writers, and then raise an outcry against exorbitant prices, when it is our refusal to buy his books that forces the Catholic publisher to charge more than his trade rival. readers, and even authors, have to live, and if the non-Catholic publisher sells five books for the Catholic publisher's one, he can fix his price considerably lower and still make a

larger profit. Another objection that our indifferent Catholic readers make is that one has to hunt in the byways, and have the detective sense highly developed, before he can discover Cath. olic books, whereas the works of other writers stare us in the face at every book stall. Again the reason lies with ourselves. Demand creates the supply, and if booksellers do not carry Catholic books it is simply because they are never asked for them. When we are educated up to the point that we will read our own authors, then, and not till then, will

the book stalls carry them. The most crushing argument of all is that very many of our people cannot afford to buy books, and have to be satisfied with what is provided for them in the public libraries. But this is no argument at all, for just as the booksellers will carry our books when it pays them to do so, in the same way the public libraries will stock our authors when their clients teach them the necessity of so doing. If the patrons of the libraries ask for Catholic books, and keep on asking, they will eventually have their needs COLUMBA. supplied.

The colored sunsets and the starry eavens, the beautiful mountain and the shiny seas, the fragrant painted flowers,they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.—Faber.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE LATEST information about General Joffre is that while always at least a nominal Catholic or nothing, he has since the outbreak of the Great War become what we are accustomed to call, a practical Catholic. This is definitely and undeniably asserted and proved by the well-known author and Academician, M. Maurice Barres. In the course of a remarkable article in one of the French reviews, M. Barres lays special stress upon the confidence which the French people repose in their Commander-in-Chief, and the affection with which he is regarded not in the Army alone, but by civil ians who know him only through the tributes of subordinates and friends.

THAT A GREAT commander should inspire such affection is perhaps not extraordinary. Genius has ever had its warmest devotees in the multitude. Its possessor may be a man of austere character and frigid exterior, but, in the case of a soldier, the strong arm, the penetrating intellect and the far seeing sagacity which is able to anticipate the designs of the enemy and to forestall them, not only effects conquests in the field but becomes a conqueror also of the far wider realm of the hearts of his countrymen. Thus we have the endearing sobriquets applied to many of the great commanders of "Old Jack," "Bobs" and many others. To this category must now be added "Papa," applied to the latest but not the least of them, General Joffre.

REVERTING TO the religious charac ter of the French Generalissimo, it may be said that though always a man of high character-above reproach, it is said, in public as well as in private life -he could not, before the War be said to belong to the body" of the Church. Pablic life in France within the past decade could not be said to be conducive to the development of the religious character, and to be a practical Catholic was not the passport to favor or promo tion. It is probable that in this respect General Joffre was the victim rather of the secular character of state education, than that he carried favor with officialdom. His demean or since the War began is not in harmony with the latter supposition Whatever may have been his deficiencies toadyism certainly was not amongst them, and now that he has been brought face to face with the dependence of man upon his Creator. his real character has come into view and the religion of his fathers claimed him for its own.

IT IS stated authoritatively that of the members of the Newfoundland contingent to Europe the majority are of Irish descent. From Water ford and from County Wexford chiefly, came those sturdy men whose pluck and tenacity laid the foundation of the Island's fisheries, producing the best of the world's seamen. From the same stock come these soldiers who at the call of duty have now placed themselves at humanity's disposal. The Governor of the Island has officially testified to this fact in a letter, now made public. addressed to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, thanking him for the courtesy and hospitality extended to the Newfoundland Regiment placed in garrison at the Castle. The 'Oldest Colony" is nobly represented in both Army and Navy.

WE HAVE seen little reference in the daily papers to the death on the field of battle of "Jimmy" Duffy the well-known athlete, who has so often carried the colors of Canada to the front on many a hard fought cinder path. Duffy enlisted in the First Contingent and was assigned to the 16th Battalion. In this capacity he served valiantly in the trenches and, dying a hero's death, has found his last resting place in the bloodstained soil of France. His death has caused profound regret in athletic circles in Great Britain where he was well and favorably known as in the United States and Canada.

ALTHOUGH DUFFY has been in Canada for several years, he was by birth a Scotsman. His progenitors of well-remembered in Edinburgh where he was born, educated, and first came into prominence as a runner. Having early showed signs of speed and remarkable powers of endurance he was taken in hand by Father Smith Steinmetz, then of St. Patrick's, who foresaw his possibilities, and assisted

25 minutes, 52 seconds. This was in 1910. A few months later he came to Canada and his subsequent achievements are fresh in memory He was easily the premier longdistance runner of America when the War broke out, and he found a still more strenuous vocation as a soldier

on active service.

IT IS pleasant now to remember that Duffy remained to the last unspoiled by success. It is related of him that much as he prized his athletic honors he thought still more highly of his mother's letters of ap preciation. It she were pleased it seemed to him that nothing else mattered. He was always attentive to his religious duties, and now that he is gone those who knew him but speak of him as "so exemplary a son and so good and practical a Catholic." His amiable disposition and agree able manners endeared him to all and the memory of Private James Duffy will not soon be forgotten.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE SUBMARINE

The Admiralty announced last night that the battleship Majestic was torpedoed and sunk yesterday morning while supporting the army on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and that nearly all her officers and men had been saved. The submarine which has sunk two battleships in two days is still foot loose in the Aegean Sea, with at least half a dozen more toredoes to use, and a great fleet of British and French warships from mong which to choose its victim The combat between submarine and battleship is like that between the swordfish and the whale. Size and trength count for nothing against the lightning stroke of the torpedo rushing through the water at a speed of thirty miles an hour. The situation is serious. Five British battleships and a French pre Dread nought have been sunk in the Dar danelles by mine or torpedo in ittle over two months. Several of them were on the way to the scrap heap in any event, and Britain car still risk and lose more of the same class without impairing materially her naval supremacy; but the facility with which the lurking submar ine, manned by a crew of perhaps 25 men, can send a mighty irouclas with 700 or 800 men upon her to the bottom makes it plain that Sir Parcy Scott's recent assertion that the sub marine would revolutionize nava warfare and ultimately drive the battleship off the seas is not the idle chatter of an alarmist, but the reasoned judgment of a profound tudent of maritime warfare. The range of under-water graft in

nostile areas closed to other ships of war was further illustrated vesterday by an announcement that in a raid upon shipping in the Sea of Marmora the British submarine E-11 sauk Turkish vessel with a great quantity tornedged a supply ship off Rodosto between Gallipoli and Constantinopl ran another ship ashore, and finally entered the harbor of Constantinople port lying alongside the arsenal. The torpedo was heard to strike. A few more raids like those of the E 14 recently and now of the E 11 in de stroying Turkish shipping will even the score run up by the submarin that sank the Triumph and the Majestic .- Globe, May 29.

IN GALICIA

For the first time since the Austro German drive toward Przemysl and Lemberg began the German official bulletin reports areverse. It is stated that a German force on the right, or eastern bank of the San, ten miles north of Jaroslau, was driven back and lost six cannon during the retreat. The Russians claim that there is no possibility of the Germans cut-ting off and besieging Przemysl. The strength of their attacks has greatly diminished, and to the southeast of the city, in the marshes lying along the Dniester, they have had very great losses without making appreci able progress. The German casual ties alone during the advance from the Dunajec are understood to have totalled 106,000, while those of the Austrians, who form a large part of the army operating along the Dniester, have been even greater. The problem of supplies and ammunition for the large number of troops fighting in districts not served by railways is also becoming a serious one. Rus sian Staff officers conversant with the conditions are convinced that Przemysl is safe.-Globe, May 29.

Upon the front there has been birth a Scoteman. His progenitors of relative quiet, and the centre of in-course were Irish. He is especially terest in the west is the region between Armentieres and Arras, where the British and the French are hammering away in the direction of Lille official report issued last night it was stated that the British have made progress toward La Bassee. To the south, where the French have recent ly made important advances, the fare of all his soldiers here, and he Germans are attacking with absolute goes to a lot of pains to meet every-

in his early training. To the careful coaching of this priest "Jimmy" undoubtedly owed his later successes. Chief of these in Scotland was the making the new five-mile record of Thursday night atwo similar attacks had been made, so that in less than twenty four hours the Germans near twenty four hours the Germans near Angres tried seven times to retake their lost positions and failed every time. In addition to these infantry attacks an artillery duel of sepecial violence continued throughout the day, It would seem that the storm of war which recently spent it violence around Ypres has spent its violence around Ypres has now broken out with increased strength east of the Lys.

ST. PETER'S SEMINARY

On Saturday, May 29th, the Ordination services conducted in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, were among the most impressive Bishop Fallon ordained six young men to the Holy Priesthood as well as a large number to the other orders. In officiating he was assistof St. Peter's Seminary, Archdeacon; Very Rev. P. J. McKeon, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral and Rev. J.

Harding, Master of Ceremonies.

Those ordained to the Holy Priesthood were, Rev. Wilfred J. Langlois, Windsor; Rev. Arthur Finn, Windsor; Rev. Joseph Bell, Blyth; Rev. Frederick Costello, London; Rev. Hubert Dignan, London; Rev. Francis McCarthy, Kinkora; to Tonsure, Maxime Brisson, Drysdale; John Isaac Ducharme and Joseph Gerard : to Minor Orders, Leon Forristal.

After the ceremony the Bishop addressed the newly ordained priests and the congregation in telling words, encouraging the young men to zealous and faithful work in the house of God, thanking the parents of the newly ordained for their sacrifice and inspiring every one of the hundreds present with faith and

piety.

The following priests were present in the sanctuary: Right Rev. Mgr. Aylward, Sarnia; Very Rev. C. E. McGee, Stratford; Very Rev. D. J. Downey, Windsor; Rev. St. Columban; Ray, J. Hogan, Lucan Rev. W. J. Kelly, Logan; Rev. D. J Egan, Stratford: Rev. A. E. Good win, St. Thomas; Rev. E. Goetz, Til sonburg : Rev. J. Gnam. Ingersoll : Rev. T. Stroeder, Zurich; Rev. W. Mur ray, C. S. B., Toronto ; Rev. F. Powell Woodstock; Rsv. P. Mahoney, Wood stock; Rev. J. Mahoney, Both-well; Rev. Father Carey, Datroit; Rev. R. Fleming, Detroit; Rev. P. Lennon, Hamilton; Rev. M. J. Brady, Wallaceburg; Rev. J. Ronan, St. Mary's; Rev. P. Quinlan, Strathroy; Rev. Father Hodgkinson, London; Rev. T. Valentin, London : Rev. P. N. lon, London's: Rev. F. X. Laurendeau. Rev. J. V. Tobin. London: Rev. C. Parent, Tilbury; Rev. J. P. Brennan, LaSalette: Rev. F. Brennan London ; Rev. J. G. Labelle. London ; Rev. T. Corcoran, London; Rev. T. G. Hussey, Kinkora; Rev. T. Ford, Woodslee: Rev. C. Laliberte, Ruscom River; Rev. P. McCabe, Maidstone; Rev. D. Forster, Ridgetown: Rev. J Dantzer, Hesson; Rev. H. R: Robert Windsor; Rev. E. L. Tierney, Mount Carmel; Rev. T. McCarthy, Mount Carmel; Rev. A. Fuerth, West Lorne; Rev. M. O'Neill, Parkhill; Rev. J Fallon, Wingham

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLISHMEN By way of contrast with the above the following testimony from tha offered by a fine art publisher, re-cently returned to Germany from England, and printed in the Berliner

Tageblatt, may be given : Hatred against Germany does not exist, and the great feeling of hatred that one encounters on arriving in Germany is quite foreign, and in-deed, is incomprehensible to the English. . . Both I and my re-lations, as well as numerous German friends and acquaintances, have received from all classes nothing but friendly sympathy and exceeding politeness. . . Still greater consideration and friendliness were shown us by the Home Office officials in the numerous conversations I had with regard to obtaining a permit to leave the country. No English official and no Englishman with whom we had to deal during the days preceding our departure parted from us without the most cordia wishes for our journey. Germans who go away may take with them any sum of money they like, though, of course, gold is prohibited. Not only do Germans receive kind words but the tremendous amount of relief work, which is undertaken for German prisoners as well as for German women and children, would not have been possible without the collaboration of the authorities, and especially without the financial help of English people.

LIKE SARDINES IN A BOX

Private N. Revelle, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment. writing from France in acknowledge ment of a packet of religious articles

says:
We had a small service in one of the wooden huts at this place, and there were some of the men who came a long distance to go to contession and Communion. . Father King is very anxious about the wel

one, night and day, and he is not satisfied, unless everyone from here who is going up to the Front again receives Holy Communion. . In one of the places our regiment have been in I have gone to Mass in a temporary chapel, and the nuns there were very nice, and so small was the place that we were like sardines in a box. The original chapel was destroyed by the German guns. There was not an inch of the guns. There was not an inch of the building inside but was riddled with shrapnel, but, strange to say, there were statues of the Blessed Virgin, a grotto, and the altar, none of which were touched, though all the win-dows, roof, and walls were blown in, and it was surprising to see all the statues and the altar with not a scratch on them. There are some ery strange stories to be told about

A VOICE FROM THE ANTIPODES

On the day of intercession (January 8), in St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Adelaide, Father Stanislaus Hogan, O. P., preached a sermon in which he thus described the peace for which the people were asked to

Surely there was never a reques so urgent, never a boon to be prayed for with greater insistence than this, that the days of strife shall be quickly shortened, and that peace shall speedily reign in the land once again. speedily reign in the land once again.

And the peace we pray for is not any kind of peace, not the mere cessation from hostilities which after half a from hostilities which after half a century more will be renewed, neither do we pray for an armed peace, which has been fitly named an economic warfase. We do not ask for this. . . . We ask for such a peace as will know no partisanship, in which Might will not be Right, and in which the strong shall never lord it ever the weak. We pray for a peace that shall be universal, when liberty shall not be trampled on, and a nation's word shall be indeed a nation's bond. We pray, too, and with all the fervor of our soul, that when peace shall be given unto us at last, our Holy Mother the Church may reign throughout the world in the full possession of her freedom, and that she may not be enslaved, as has so often happened in the past, by those who wear the laurel leaves of

THE SOLDIER'S RELIGIOUS OPPORTUN-ITIES

Private J. McDonnell, of the Royal Irish Rifles, with the Expeditionary Force, in a letter of thanks for a cket of rosaries, etc., with which he says "the boys were very de-lighted," thus describes their oppor-

tunities for religious exercises : We have a priest called N---is very good to us. Every time we come out of the trenches we have every chance of going to confession and to Holy Mass, also we have devotions in the evening, so we are not badly off as regards attending our We do six days in the

CONVERSION IN THE TRENCHES A priest soldier, writing to the curé of Valence d'Agen tells the following incident :

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of January 9, I presented myself with another soldier (a man of German birth, who, after four years in the Prussian Army, had passed into the Foreign Legion), before our chaplain. My catechumen went through his examination in the Catechism splendidly. Next morning I went with him to the church, where he made his abjuration and his confes sion, and received conditional bao absolution. Then I said Mass, and had the joy of giving him his First Communion. He was ara of aga. a nounced Protestantism for Catholicism. You can imagine what joy I

A CHANGED SITUATION

The Abbé Langé, of Carcassonne, who is a corporal stretcher bearer, after telling of tragic doings at La

Bassée adds: I notice here the change that has come over the souls of the soldiers of the South. All my stretcherbearers are devout; few of them fail to say their resary, and one of them, the mayor of his commune, serves my Mass. Several whom I knew when with the regiment as hostile to religion, now openly wear on their breasts the badge of the Sacred Heart. . And this return to re-ligion is nothing when compared with that amongst the soldiers who are in constant contact with the enemy, and continually exposed to bullets and shells. Very many of those in the trenches have asked me for resaries, and I often notice at my Mass men who had never before set

SOLDIERS' TESTIMONY

And this is borne out by the witness of the soldiers themselves. The curé of Valence d'Agen has received a letter from one who writes I have a little confession to make to you. My life until the war was anything but edifying. I was not even a believer, though I had come to like the curé during the two years of service for the interest he showed in us all. But now it is not that men should understand it before only the cure that I reverence, but they accepted the word of God. ligion of which he is a minister. And so if God gives me the happiness of returning to Valence, I shall go tures, we are not surpirsed to se

regarded himself as "irreligious":
You say that since I go to Mass I

I have been in the past. Little by little I came to see my faults. We have had a word of praise and congratulation to day, and I have just come away from singing at Mass.

FATHER VAUGHAN, S.J. ON ENGLAND'S TASK

The Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan S. J., preached at Exmouth recently in connection with the formal open-ing of the new Church of the Holy

Ghost in its finished state.

Touching upon the present unprecedented conflict, the preacher said millions of our fellow-beings were engaged in a life and death struggle, but the sword would not be sheathed and the sword would not be sheathed the sword w until from Petrograd to London the chorus of a shout of victory could be heard. Directing his words to a numerous contingent of soldiers who occupied part of the nave, Father Vaughan said: "You, my brave men, are ready to spill your blood and sacrifice your lives for the conour of the old country. England never shone so conspicuously from her place in the sun as to day. She has proved to the world that the old stamina and grit is in her still, that the traditions that made our country what it is are still alive, inspiring the nation, and actuating her to great achievements. Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate. We have to fight an enemy that has prepared for this war for nearly haif a century—an enemy splendidly led and fully equipped; n enemy like a great war mi with the position of every man fixed like a cog or wheel in a machine We are up against a terrible proposi-tion. No half measure, but whole-hearted service, and I think that the story of our Empire during the past months is covered with glory We have achieved the impossible.
We cannot but feel that God is on
our side, that God is blessing our
efforts and that God will give us the

This terrible war had taught us a good many lessons. Patriotism in a Catholic was no mere policy. Patriotism in a right-minded Catholic was that rare and rich bloom that has been sown by the hand of God Himself into the soil of Catholic hearts, and in the measure in which they were thorough going Catholics they were thorough going patriots. be Catholics themselves only. They else Catholics. Some people said to him, "Why, Father Vaughan, are you so aggressive? You would be much more popular with Anglicans if you were more suave and gentle. I don't aim at being diplomati My wish is to be apostolic," said the preacher. "I love them and I would do all I can for them, but the best thing out of Heaven that I can do for them would be to try and adorn their brow with a pearl be-yond all price—the Catholic faith."— B. C. Orphans' Friend.

NEWMAN ON FAITH

There is only one way of remaining a Catholic, says Newman, in effect in a tract bearing the above title, and that is to submit to the authority of the Catholic Church and accept all the teachings of Christ, even as the Apostles and Early Christians accepted them, that is to say, without questioning any one of them.

Faith, the Cardinal defines as "a state of mind, a peculiar mode of cised, always, indeed, towards God, religion in the hearts of Catholics, but in various ways." Of this quality and to make better known and better of mind the majority of non Catholics are devoid, he eave, and this is the reason why their minds are, in the first place, not attracted toward religious ideas, or to be influenced by them in proportion to their importance, the truth being that the great mass of men have not the particular virtue called faith.

Faith, says Newman, is assenting to a doctrine as true, simply because God says it is true through the voice of His messengers. It has two pecu-liarities: it is most certain, decided, positive, immovable in its assent, and it gives this assent without evidence and unconditionally. This is the type of faith which prevailed in the time of the Apostles. It cannot have changed since those days, else it would cease to be the same thing, and faith that differs from that faith, is not faith at all. Men then submitted their reason to a living authority; the Church was their teacher; it was not Church was their teacher; it was not theirs to reason why they had either to accept all, or to stay outside. There was no room then for what is now known as Private Judgment; either the Apostles were from God, or they were not from God, and if they were not, then there was nothing for their hearers to believe, and consequently they were impostors. The persistent declaration of the first preachers was: 'Believe and ye shall be saved," nor was there any condition

Since men who advocate the pro priety of Private Judgment deduce their own judgments from the Scrip ck a believer and less unworthy of them waver, to find them convinced the interest you have in me.

Here is similar testimony from a soldier belonging to Lavelnet, in the diocese of Pamier, who says that he holding from Christ and for the regarded himself an "interest you have in me." So it is that St. Paul in sists on the necessity of teachers holding from Christ and for the reason that unity in doctrine cannot otherwise be attained. Yet nonmust be in good company there. Cathelics laugh at the very notion of

and superstitious to assent to what the Church "chooses that we should believe," as they put it. The state of mind which can so debase itself, they erm slavish, and such demands upon the unressoning faith of men, they call priestoraft. What they feel now is just what both Jew and Greek felt before them in the time of the Apostles, and what the natural man has felt ever since.
The great and wise man of the day
(says Newman) looked down upon
fait's as a thing unworthy the dignity
of human nature, and it is plain that men of our own time have inherited the feelings of these falsely wise and fatally prudent persons of Christ's day. So it is that the very char-acteristic of the Catholic teaching is o them a preliminary objection.

What belief, in the sense of faith

dinal, in effect? His answer is that he believes the Protestant acceptance of the Scriptures is 'nothing better than a prejudice or inveterate feeling impressed on them when they were children," and proof of this is shown by the fact that although they mock at Catholic miracles, they easily assent to the miracles of Holy Writ. assent to the miracles of Holy Wrtt.
And (says Newman) they believe not
because, as Christ said, they "are
not of My sheep." Yet faith has not
changed its meaning, nor is it less
necessary now than it was. It is
still what it was in the days of the Apostles, the very (i. e. true) characteristic of Christianity, the special instrument of renovation, the first disposition for justification—one out of the three theological virtues, the others being Hope and Charity. God chose this especial means—He could have chosen the method of sight, or reason, or love —to "purify our hearts by faith," and it was His will to select an instrument which the world despises, but which is of im-mense power. He preferred it in His infinite wisdom to every other, and if men have it not, they have not the very element and rudiment out of which are formed the servants of of a proud flend; they determine to be their own masters in matters of thought about which they know so little, nor will they admit that any one comes from God who contradicts their own view of truth. If the pretensions of the Catholic Church do not satisfy them, let them go elsewhere, if they can, says Newman Let them, if they can, put faith in some of those religions which have lasted a whole two or three centuries in a corner of the earth. Let them stake their eternal prospects on Kings and nobles, and parliament and soldiery; let them take some mere fiction of the law, or abortion of the school, or idol of the populace. or upstart of a crisis, or oracle of the lecture rooms—as the prophet of God. As for us Catholics, we may be certain that reason if left to itself will bring us to the conclusion that we have sufficient grounds for believing. But belief is the gift of Grace.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal,

CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON FEDERATION

Under the direction of the Middle sex County Branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, a mass meeting was held recently in Lowell, Mass., at which an address was delivered by His Eminence Car purpose in attending the meeting was to encourage a greater interest in Federation on the part of the Catholics of Lowell. "Federation," said His Eminence, 'is an organiza-tion intended to increase the love for and to make better known and better understood the doctrines and principles of our faith by those who are not Catholics. All this united action is bound to result in a more enduring spirit of faith and in a better citizenship. We're working not only for the progress of the Church, but for the welfare of the country. Of all the countries of the world the stability of our nation depends most of its citizens, and that uprightness and morality depend upon one thing alone-religion."

LEARNING AND PHILOSOPHY NOT

ENOUGH Continuing the Cardinal pointed out the fact that the countries now at each other's throats in Europ had learning and philosophy enough and yet it did not prevent them from going to war. "Of what avail, then," he asked, "is the boasting of learnin and enlightenment? It is not knowledge of principles which constitute morality; it is the will and deter mination to follow right principles and not merely selfish ones. And that power which can move the national will at all times, even under stress and strain, to follow right and law comes from religion alone. Federation, therefore, strengthens the power and stability of the State by the strengthening of the sense of moral obligations toward the government and toward humanity. But it also seeks to make fold the meaning and purport of Catholics' faith."

THE CASE CLEARLY STATED

Stating the present situation as it

Cardinal said : "Let us look at the situation clear-

ency. For all this, which they are ready to do all over again to morrow by the law and constitution of the state and country. And a little noisy group of self constituted guardians of liberty rise up like the tailors of Tooley street and say 'No.' The effrontery and insolence would be inconceivable were it not a fact. Not only they dare to attempt to make the constitution a scrap of paper, but they flood the country with intamous, vulgar and dirty literature, full of indecency and calumny. They of course, are not fools enough to believe these things but they know that there are thousands of men and women-whose mental outfit seems to be antagonism to everything Catholic, and they trade upon these poor ignorant dupes for their own selfish end and purposes. Now it is the duty not only of every Catholic but every honest man to make the truth known; to state precisely the posi-tion of Catholics in the country and to put to shame this miser able attempt to arouse racia and religious autagonisms. We want everyone to have his legal and constitutional rights and we shall insist upon having ours. That, in a word, is the purpose of Federation, and every American citizen who understands what liberty means must rejoice that for the sake of public morality and righteousness and for the safeguarding of the per force and such an organization for justice and right."-Sacred Heart

THE PRESS A POWER

What a power is the press! The devil, in intelligence an archangel quotes it as a confirmation of his diabolical tenet, while our dear Lord, to confirm His argument, declare "it is written again." So the written word is powerful. It lives after the hand that wrote it is dust. It molds sentiments has passed. It shapes souls as Holy Writ has done and will do until all time touches eternity in the general judgment.

In our own day the written word fashions the thought of the times; it begets public sentiment that in turn establishes or perpetuates peace-de clares or destroys war. It is a great agent in diffusing truth or propagat-ing falsehood. It is an uplift to morality or the destruction of virtuous

what the printed word is worth to religion has been often pronounced by the Popes. All of them have placed the press a compeer of the pulpit, and more powerful for good than the material buildings in which

devotees worship.

The Catholic paper is more necessary than a prayerbook. You cannot be abreast of the history of the faith without being schooled in its current record. You cannot know your religion without being in consta touch with its application to life and living. What it does shows its power for good. You can say your prayers, and the best of all—the Rosary and Ejaculations—without the use of a book, but the triumphs of the faith. teaching its salutary power, inspire

our love and veneration.

The Catholic, then, should support his paper, particularly the diocesan organ, that is filled with interesting periods regarding places that we know or authority on people with whom we are conversant. It draws a lesson from the facts of the day; it points a moral from them and glories in the principles and works of Christ. We should learn from our paper. See how villainy sweats in crucifying Christ's truth now that it has not Christ Himself to lay murderous hands upon. What have we done in this age of newspaper read ers to have our Lord's interests advanced?

the cause of our faith, we can do equally as well by furthering the paper that does.

A word aptly and timely spoken sometimes can convert a soul to God. Surely, then, the paper can do gigan-

Have it as a religious duty to advance Christ's cause by making our Catholic paper diffusive of iteelf. And then the good you do you your-self will not know until God reveals it in His promised rewards to His devoted followers.—Catholic Colum-

WON BY KINDNESS

It is not only among the soldiers on the line of fire that the Church is daily gaining converts; the work begun in the trenches by the soldier priests is brought to a happy con-clusion in the hospitals directed by nuns. The Superioress of one of the few Catholic hospitals of Paris tells me that, among the wounded soldiers brought from the front was one whose moody, anxious almost hostile attitude impressed the nuns painfully. He was badly hurt and they tended him with special care. One day, the Superioress ventured to ask him if anything had pained or an-noyed him. "Well, I will tell you what noyed him. "Well, I will tell you what it is, ma Soeur," he answered. "I was brought up to hate priests and affects Catholics in this country, the nus. I have never been baptized. Cardinal said: field, a stretcher bearer who was a priest saved my life. Later, in the 'Let us look at the situation cross.

ly and we shall see that it resolves itself into this: Catholics discovered ambulance, another priest dressed my wounds. Here I am nursed by I do not know what to think. nuns. I do not know what to think.
All the evil I was told about priests must be in good company there. Cathelics laugh at the very notion of the church is packed every time, this submission of the reason to a material progress and gave their material progress and gave their and nuns must be false; they have lives for its security and permandone me nothing but good."

Needless to add that by degrees the rounded man's attitude completely ounded man's attitude completely hanged. Old prejudices gave way no new convictions, based upon ersonal experience, and the happy ouvert was baptized in the chapel of the hospital.—B. C. Orphans' Friend.

THE SACRED HEART

What wouldst thou have, O soul, Thou weary soul? Lo! I have sought for rest On the Earth's heaving breast, From pole to pole. Sleep—I have been with her, But she gave dreams; Death—nay, the rest he gives Rest only seems.
Fair nature knows it not-The grass is growing; The blue air knows it not— The winds are blowing : Not in the changing sky, The stormy sea, Yet somewhere in God's wide world

Rest there must be. Within thy Saviour's Heart Place all thy care, And learn, O weary soul, Thy Rest is there. What wouldst thou, trembling soul? Strength for the strife,— Strength for this flery war

That we call Life. Fears gather thickly round ; Shadowy foes, Like unto armed men, Around me close. What am I, frail and poor, When griefs arise?
No help from the weak earth.
Or the cold skies.
Lo! I can find no guards, No weapons borrow; Shrinking, alone I stand,

With mighty sorrow. Courage, thou trembling soul, Grief thou must bear, Yet thou canst find a strength Will metch despair; Within thy Saviour's Heart-

What wouldst thou have, sad soul Oppressed with grief ?-Comfort · I seek in vain, Nor find relief. Nature, all pitiless,

Smiles on my pain ; I ask my fellow men, They give disdain.
I asked the babbling streams, But they flowed on; I asked the wise and good, But they gave none. Though I have asked the stars,

Coldly they shine.
They are too bright to know Grief such as mine. I asked for comfort still. And I found tears, And I have sought in vain Long, weary years. Listen, thou mournful soul, Deep in His sacred Heart

Dwells joy and peace. Yes, in that Heart divine The Angels bright Find, through eternal years, Still new delight. From thence his constancy

The martyr drew, And there the virgin band Their refuge knew.
There, racked by pain without,
And dread within,
How many souls have found Heaven's blies begin. Then leave thy vain attempts To seek for peace ; The world can never give

But in thy Saviour's Heart Securely dwell, No pain can harm thee, hid In that sweet cell. Then fly, O coward soul. Delay no more : What words can speak the joy

For thee in store? What smiles of earth can tell Of peace like thine? For things divine.

TRIBUTE TO NUNS

A splendid tribute to the business ability of Catholic nuns was paid on a recent Sunday by Vernon Z. Reed the millionaire non-Catholic, who was speaking before a large assemblage at Mount St. Vincent's orphanage in Mount St. vincent's orphanage in Denver, Colo,, says the Catholic Register. Rev. T. H. Malone, who preceded Mr. Reed on the program, had said that this eminent business man would be able to give excellent advice about figancial matters to the institution.

"Instead of my giving advice," said Mr. Reed, 'I wish the Sisters would advise me in a business way. They can do more with a dollar than you and I can with five. It is remarkable how they are able to erect and sustain such large institutions with so little money. I wish I could get some of them to assist me in my business affairs."

A thousand friends of the orphanage visited it on a recent Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Thomas Morrow, who presided, said that the reception had been arranged by the Sisters and Aid Society to give the public a chance to inspect the institution and become acquainted with the work being done there. No collection was taken up, the meeting having been arranged merely to bring the home

before the public.
In Mr. Reed's talk he said that ever since the day of Cain, men and nations have been constantly asking, 'Am I my brother's keeper ?" and various answers have been given. "Your Church," he said, "which has come down the centuries, having been badly rocked at times but never hav-

ing sunk, frankly answers, 'I am my

brother's keeper.'"
He said that the Sisters in charge of the orphanage had taken on them-selves a work which belonged to all men, for we are all members of one great family, and the duty devolves on us to care for our less fortunate brethren. Denver, he said, is an exceedingly charitable city, but is sometimes prone to forget the need of its institutions for the care of the poor. Forgetfulness alone is responpoor. Forgetfulness alone is respon

sible for any negligence on its part.
"We should not make the Sisters come to us to ask assistance for their charges," he said. "We should come

One day, he declared, he was near St. Vincent's orphanage, and went into the place to visit a Sister, a friend of his. "I was taken through," he said, "and found that this is not a charitable institution. It is a home for boys."

He closed his talk with describing a master painting which hangs in an obscure convent in Granada, Spain. A man, dead and naked, lies on a bier. Opposite him lie a king's crown, the sword of a conqueror, the sextant of a scientist, the gold of a Midas, and other emblems. The in scriptions on the picture tell the lesson that whathe kept of his earthly wealth, he has lost, what he distributed, he has gained. At the tor is a five-word sermon as strong a any he has ever heard, said Mr. Reed "What I gave, I have."

A PROTESTANT IN MEXICO

In a letter to the Churchman, at organ of the Protestant Episcopal church, William Watson, who has lived for nearly eight years in Mexico in some of its best known centers of population, used vigorous language in criticizing the statements regard ing the religious condition of Mexico that appear in the American press says the Catholic News. He does not agree with those who ascribe the present revolution to religious causes. While the uprising is supposedly conducted for the unpropertied class, the peon, it seems strange, he says, that their churches suffer just as much from robbery and outrage as the churches of the rich.

Dealing with the question of ecclesiastical fees, Mr. Watson finds much exaggeration in recent reports. For the places where he has lived-Mexico City—he quotes the very low fees for baptisms, marriages, requiems, etc., explaining that confes sions and communions cost nothing. "Once a year," he writes, "in all these places mission priests go around holding missions. During the mis-sions beptisms and marriages are gratis, although sometimes fifty centavos is asked for a marriage during a mission. When it is also taken into consideration that the Roman Church has no 'envelope system' for its support, but depends upon these methods for collecting from the poor people, it will be seen that the peon contributes but little to the support of the Church, a fact patent to all who visit their little shrines and see the priests. The Church has also a practice of asking for 'diezmos,' or the Jewish tenth. But this does not touch the peon, who has no land or money. The diezmo is given on New Year's eve. People with money are always charged according to their ability to pay. It is commonly reported that the Roman Church is responsible for the ignorance of the people. This is not true, either. In Mexico City there are many fine schools controlled by the church, and there are not more than three or four decent buildings built by the State for school purposes. The Church has schools because the public schools do not begin to make provision for the children. Over fifty years ago Juarez robbed the churches of their all in order to benefit the people, just as the present warring factions are doing. And just as the peons did not benefit by the Juarez theft, neither will they J. A. Devine, Victoria...... benefit by it now. Let us be honest Alberta Subscriber........

Thornton-Smith Co. Mural Paintings

11 King St. W. Toronto

about the Roman Church, even if we

Church Decorating

do not love it."

This plain recital of facts by a Protestant Episcopalian on religious conditions in Mexico is a sufficient answer to the clerical agitators who, for their own purposes, seek to put all the blame for the misery and strife in Mexico upon the Catholic

BIBLES HERE AND THERE

The American Bible Society has just published its annual report: The work achieved is marvelous: 6,370,465 copies of the Scriptures were scattered broadcast over the earth. This is an increase of 1,119,-289 volumes over last year, so that 289 volumes over last year, so that now after almost a century of existence. the society has distributed 108,890,356 bibles. The books have gone to Mexico and Central America and South America, to all parts of Europe, to China, Japan and the Philippines and to most other parts of the earth. The people to whom the volume is sold or given are exhorted to read it prayerfully, for it is the word of God and contains salvathe word of God and contains salvation for the many. This is one side of the shield: the other side is not so bright: on it is written the sad and ominous fact that some few years since there were but two prominent ministers in one of our largest cities who believed that the Bible was the inspired word of God. Here the Bible is a human book, replete with errors; then it is a divine book, man's only hope. Thus the temple is erected with the left hand and pulled down with the right, and confusion worse confounded gradually replaces the peace and light that come from the reading of the true Scriptures, under the proper guidances. Some day Japanese and Chinese, and others too, hearing the discordant sounds from out this Babylon will realize that altars are toppling and shrines crashing cown, and smiling complacently they will conclude that "paganism is not so bad after all." Figs can not be gathered from thorns nor grapes from thistles .- America.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD : Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest bless LIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and eniarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary,

J. M. FRASER. Previously acknowledged.... \$5,908 87 J. G. Zimmerman, Hamilton Friend, Ponoka..... 1 00 F. B. M..... Promoter, Pt. Lambton..... 1000 1600

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPERT SECOND SUNDAY AFTER

PENTECOST "They began all at once to make excuse (Luke xiv, 18.)

Our time is spent in all sorts of different occupations; we think one thing very important and another absolutely necessary, and we are only too apt to devote all our attention to what appears indispensable, and to overlook what is really of e importance. Our Lord told us what the most important of all things was when He said: "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" (Luke ii, 49.) All that concerns our Father's busias and our own eternal salvation ought to take precedence of our worldly interests. Not that we are required to neglect our ordinary occupations, but our care for what is eternal should sanctify all our work, stimulate our energy, and guard us from sin whilst engaged in

our ordinary pursuits.
Why are we bound to busy ourselves with what concerns God, rather than with anything else?
We belong to Him with all that we are and all that we have. "In Him we live and move and be," as St. Paul said (acts xvii, 28) Our chief duty therefore is, as our Lord Himself taught us, to render to God the things that are God's. Whatever tends to God's honor must be done first of all. If anyone thinks more of what is temporal than of what is eternal, more of what concerns himself than of what concerns God, he is robbing God and is horribly ungrate ful towards Him, and such ingrati-tude will sconer or later be punished. We enjoy the greatest happiness of which we are capable on earth only if we give ourselves wholly to God. What is earthly and temporal cannot really make us happy, because it can not satisfy the an heart. Sometimes we cherish some earthly desire in our hearts, and imagine that we should be per fectly happy is that wish were gratified, but it is not so, and we are deceiving ourselves. If we obtained what we desired, we should find that the fulfilment of our wish was attended by certain circumstances that we had not taken into consider. n, but that greatly diminished, or altogether destroyed, the pleasure which we anticipated. Many a man fancies that he would be happy if only this or that circumstance could be altered; the world may deem him happy, but it knows nothing of his secret troubles. As long as we live in this world there will always be something that we wish to be other wise; here every day has its end, every blossom withers and dies, and earth with all its joys cannot satisfy us; so that, whoever seeks happiness in earthly pleasures has only himself to blame if he is never quite happy. God alone with His infinite love is able to satisfy the craving of the human heart; and we shall enjoy happiness proportionate to our love of Him. The desire for happiness is implanted within us, and ought to urge us on to busy ourselves chiefly ith things that concern our Father

in heaven. Such an effort to reach higher things is alone worthy of creatures endowed with reason. If we pursue earthly pleasures and occupy our-selves exclusively with what is temporal, what have we at last? Everything passes away, and what we acquired with so much exertion vanishes, and our labor is wasted. No trace remains even in our memory of many days spent in fruitless toil, and many a man who has worn him-self out in the pursuit of earthly riches has to acknowledge, when he comes to die, that all has been in vain ; his efforts have been unprofit le, he came into the world poor and he must leave it poor. He, on the other hand, who has cared most for what concerns his Father in heaven, has been striving after what is temporal; and he does not leave the results of his labor in this world; they have gone before him into the ie, and there before the world to come, and there before the throne of God are all his prayers, all the mourners' tears that he has dried, all the thanks that he has de served during his life, all the in-stances of self-denial practiced unknown to men, but known to God— all these are stored up for him in heaven, ready to afford him eternal happiness when he has reached his

O, let us beware of bartering what is eternal for what is temporal! Let us engrave deeply on our hearts the words: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, but to love God and serve Him alone." Let us serve God and busy ourselves chiefly about that concerns Him, and then all that we do, whether great or small, will win us merit for eternity. "To them us merit for eternity. "To them that love God all things work together unto good" (Rom. viii, 28,) and St. Paul is perfectly right in and St. Paul is perfectly right in making this assertion, for they are helped in all their undertakings by the Divine grace that Christ obtained for us, and whatever is done with the help of God's grace merits an eternal reward. What does a lover of the world secure by all his work and trouble? If successful, he enjoys a little money and a little honor, and often he gets nothing at all. Which is preferable, the gold of earth or the infinite treasure of God's grace? The esteem of men or the grace? The esteem of men or the honor of being God's child for ever? Let us therefore do our utmost to busy ourselves chiefly about matters concerning our heavenly Father. Let us do our everyday work, what-ever it may be, for love of Him, and then we shall be serving His inter-

ANY DYSPEPTIC CAN GET WELL

By Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Biliousness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble.

PORT BURWELL, ONT., May 8th, 1913.

"A man has a poor chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken "Fruita-tives" and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that "Fruita-tives" have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking "Fruit-a-tives" according to directions, any person with Dyspepsia will get benefit." any person with Dyspepsia will get benefit".

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

ests. Even if all our toil and effort meet with no temporal reward, if they are unappreciated by men and bring us nothing but poverty, con-tempt, ingratitude and insults, we need not be disturbed, for we know that we shall not have our reward here, but, when nothing remains to a worldly minded man but the grave, when perhaps his soul is irretriev ably lost, we shall be admitted to the Paradise of God's infinite love.

Indeed, even on earth those who busy themselves with the things of God, enjoy great consolation. A worldling may complain of being disappointed, but one who seeks God is sure of his reward. A worldling is despondent in time of tribulation, but one whose conversation is in heaven sees in his trials only a fresh admonition to occupy himself with his heavenly Father's interests, and so to store up merit for himself. He is reminded to be submissive to God's will, to be gentle and patient, and to make progress in the practice of all virtues pleasing to Him. Let us aim first at God and His interests, and then life will become to us a ladder, up which we shall climb higher day by day towards our goal, which can none other than to become more and more like God, and more and

more worthy of His eternal glory. Let us therefore ask God for grace o occupy ourselves principally with the things of eternity. The more our hearts are filled with this spirit, the more blessed and pleasing to God will our whole lives become, and the greater will be our joy in heaven.

TEMPERANCE

A PROBLEM IN INSANITY

The latest census report on insan ity in the United States seems to show that a very puzzling shift has taken place in the last generation. In 1880, there were 20,635 men and 20,307 women in American asylums. The nominal excess of males was very slight, and in proportion to their share of the population a somewhat larger number of women than men came insane in those days.

In 1910, the condition was more than reversed. There were then 98,695 insane males and 80,096 insane females in the United States —a ratio of 111 men to 100 women. Taking admissions to hospitals for that year, the figures were even more startling, 128 men to 100 women.

The census bureau explains the excess of men in two words, whisky and vice. The forms of insanity due to alcohol and venereal disease count more than four times as many male as female victims, and aside from these cases the numbers of the two sexes in asylums are substantially

equal. equal.

Very good—but how does it come
that the drinking and dissipating
tendency of the male sex did not
show to its disadvantage until after 1880? Practically the whole campaign against alcohol has been made since that time, vast areas have become "dry;" drinking even moderate drinking, has been abolished in many occupations; sex hygiene has been born—yet "alcoholic psychoses" and general paralysis are claiming more victims than ever. Why?



The Journal can see three possible

1. That the modern excess of male insanity is really due to the increase of disease spread by commercialized vice, and that its association with alcohol is accidental.

2. That some new and at present unknown factor makes liquor drinking more dangerous now than formerly, a factor strong enough to more than offset all the gains of temper-

That the increased strain of modern industrial life bears more heavily on men than on women, so that masculine habits which once wreaked little damage now cause atter breakdowns.

Each of these explanations is plaus. ible, but this paper is unable even to guess which one is true — if any. The question is decidedly interesting.

NO MENTAL AID

There used to be an idea abroad that wine was a help to wit because many men of genius drank wine and drank it to excess. But it is not the men of genius but their admirers who hold this theory most firmly. George Meredith in his novels wrote more in praise of wine than any other author of his day. It was with all the more astonishment that, when his letters were published, one discovered how harsh a critic of wine he was. He wrote in May, 1887. "I take it rarely. I think that the

notion of drinking any kind of alcohol as a stimulant for intellectual work, can have entered the minds of those only who snatch at the former that they may conceive a fictitious execution of the latter. Stimulants may refresh, and may even temporar-ily comfort the body after labor of brain; they do not help it—not even in the lighter kinds of labor. They unseat the judgment, pervert vision. Productions cast off by the aid of the use of them, are but flashy, trashy stuff—or exhibitions of the prodigious in wildness or grotesque conceit of the kind which Hoffman's Tale give, for example : he was one of the ew at all eminent who wrote after drinking. Schiller, in a minor degree —not to the advantage of his com-position. None of the great French or English."—St. Paul Bulletin.

BIBLE'S INTERPRETER

In a series of lectures on the Bible delivered recently by Rev. John Cor-bett, S. J., the lecturer treated first on the Church's doctrine regarding the inspiration of the Bible, which teaches that every book in our Cath. olic Bible is truly the word of God.

He then answered the often re-

peated .calumny that the Church is the enemy of the Bible by appealing to her past history, which showed that from the very earliest days she taught her children to love, revere and with patient toil copy out the sacred books. Humanly speaking, there would not have been a copy of the Bible in existence today had it not been for the monks and nuns of the middle ages. Every Protestant who has a copy of the Bible owes it to the Catholic Church.

Going on to the important question of the interpretation of the Bible, Father Corbett said in part as reported in the Passaic Daily News:

"For the mere possession of the Bible is of little avail, if I do not un. derstand its meaning correctly. It is unity. It will be built on Peter, who my duty to find out the truth of God's will have the keys of the Kingdom word. If we draw out of the Bible what God did not put in, if we fail to grasp the meaning that was in the mind of the sacred writer, we have not God's word, we have not God's such a church on earth, the truth. No. matter how insistent people or preachers may be in calling themselves 'Bible Christians,' they are teaching men their own opinions and not God's holy word, unless they have the correct interpretation. On this point there is often a misapprehension on the part of non Catholics. They will say to a Catholic friend: 'You believe in the Church, I believe in the Bible,' as if there were an antagonism between the Bible and the Church. Not at all. We, Catholics, believe in the Bible; as scon as I am sure that I understand any sentence in the Bible just as it was meant by the writer I must believe it to be infallibly true Otherwise I have suffered ship-wreck in my faith. The point at issue is this: 'Who will tell me with certainty what the Bible means?' To this the Catholic answers, 'The Church; the non Catholic says: 'I am myself the legitimate interpreter: my private judgment is the final

"Now we hold, my dear brethren, which Christ, our Lord, laid so much stress. Moreover, we hold that the Bible, interpreted by private judgment cannot possibly be the rule of faith for Christians. As a matter of fact the Protestants who still bereally by those very words asserting

ment was written. We know that during the first century Christians

For the last book was written about the year of our Lord 100. Now there is no trace of any change whereby a book or set of books was to be sub-stituted for the living voice of the Church.

"Is there then no room for private judgment? Yes, my brethren, and we ask our sincere, earnest Protest-ants to use their judgmenf. It is our conviction that if they will cast off the opinion of men which they accept without examination and set themselves to the Gospels with fervent prayer for light, they will find there the Catholic Church. The late Very Rev. Monsignor Benson has shown this admirably in an excellent little book entitled "The Religion of a Plain Man." He pictures to us a non Catholic who had grown up without much attention to religious helicity moved by grace to religious belief, moved by grace to the desire of knowing how to be a real Christian. On application to a Protestant minister he is told to read the Bible. This he does. He reads the Gospels with care and is enamored of the beautiful character of Jesus as it is there depicted. He earns to love Him more and more as he realizes the love of Christ fo im, a love that led Him even to the death of the cross. But as he reads he finds many texts about which he is not sure. He selects four of these and applies to half a dozen Protestants of different churches for an ex planation of them. The texts he chooses are. 'Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God, (John iii. 5:) 'This is My body' (Matth. xxvi, 26:) 'Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose you shall re-tain, they are ratained' (John xx. 23:) The Word was made flash, (John i, 14.) No two of the ministers

agree in their explanations of these four important texts. At last he meets an Anglican minister to whom he opens his heart about the bewilderment he is in and his despair of really knowing what Christ would have us believe. He is told that the remedy for his doubt is to believe in the church. She will guide him aright and so he attends this Anglican church where the minister teaches that the Episcopalians are a branch of the Catholic Church and hold the Catholic faith. One Sunday, however, he attends a nearby church f the same denomination and he finds that the Catholic doctrines which he has learned to believe are rejected as impious fables. He nakes inquiry and he learns that in the pulpits of this denomination men preach, seemingly, what they please, that there is no authority to tell what is true and that they even boast of a comprehensiveness mitting preachers to deny the divinity of Christ and the resurrection of our Lord from the dead. 'Surely,' he says to himself, 'this city of confusion cannot be the Church of

Christ. " Our friend takes up the Gospele again to learn what ought to be the characteristics of Christ's church. It ought to talk like Christ with authority. It has Christ's promise that He will be with it all days even to the end of the world. It cannot err. The gates of hell cannot prevail against it. It will be distrusted and hated by men as Christ was. It will include sinners as well as the just. It will claim that miracles are wrought according to Christ's promise. It will be remarkable for its church throughout the world of 264,000,000 of members, absolutely

one in faith, in worship and in obedience to the Holy See of Rome." Father Corbett then explained how the Church exercises her power of interpreting the Bible by her solemn decisions and in most cases by the analogy of faith. No interpretation can be correct that differs in any way from what the Church teaches in her creeds.

NOVELIST DESCRIBES AN AUD IENCE WITH POPE BENEDICT

Rene Bazin, the famous French novelist, has been in Rome and has ad an audience with the Holy Father.

"I have had the great honor," he says, of being received by the new Pope. I have seen restored the old ceremonial which so well suits that universal spiritual power which alone has kept up the habit of "Now we hold, my dear brethren, that there is absolutely no warrant for such norm. The private interpretation of Scripture has resulted in thousands of people giving up all belief in the sacred character of these books. It results inevitably in the disruption of Christian unity on which Christ, our Lord, laid so much stress. Moreover, we hold that the judging without delegation the great tured his face. Rarely have I encountered a look so intelligent, so grave, so intensely full of attention. ment cannot possibly be the rule of faith for Christians. As a matter of fact the Protestants who still believe in the Bible, who maintain that they accept 'the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, are really by those very words agarting the grant by those very words agarting the second by the s has given his word, or in his friend that they believe something more than the Bible. For nowhere in the Bible is this fundamental principle of defense for the truth. I shall not re-"We know that the Church existed on Pentecost day, twenty years at least before a word of the New Testament was written. We know that during the arms the conflict which is the divides the world, I found him as clear sighted as I had hoped, and learned their religion without having the whole of the New Testament.

but the most perfect of the blessings of peace: a keen sanse of justice, pity for the suffer-ing, power of divining causes. I left him truly happy and thanking God for having given another good Pope to the Church."— Intermountain

TELL THE TRUTH

Mr. George Moore's volume, "Hail and Farewell," has recently been med in the Yale Review by Mr. W. L. Ferris, who declares Catholicism has produced no great literature." Well, Mr. Ferris, this is to laugh. Would you have any literature at all, only for the Church which saved from Goth and vandal ancient and modern letters. The works of the monks in illuminating the classics and the scriptures, so that they would be admired and preserved, is certainly very evident history.

Then from Dante, whose divine omedy points to his Divine church o Thompsons' "Hound of the Lord" what a multitude of master minds has Catholicism, loving literature, making it, and advancing the mind for the sake of the soul. Has Mr.

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garments

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extra care-

woollens and

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Ferris ever heard of the Fathers, whose profoundity astound, of St. Thomas whose lights are useful to universities, or of St. Francis the inspiration of art and literature not only in Tuscany but all the world

Mr. Ferris, tell the truth, and never mind the audience that your bigoted ignorance will tickle.—Cath-olic Columbian.

WHAT PRESERVED OUR CIVILI. ZATION

An article in The Dublin Review, by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, entitled "The Entry into the Dark Ages," does not agree with a writer in a late number of the Fortnightly Review that Monarchy was the force that kept together and developed the modern currents of civilization. He very justly finds a power greater than that of Royalty as the shaping force in ques-

"All other civilizations save ours have sterilized or have died. Ours in a perpetual change has preserved its identity and has proved unceas ingly vital. The institution which preserved it, the institution which performed the continuous miracle o

creation within the European body is not the Monarchy, that only held the rudder. The institution The Missionary.

> WE'LL SEND THE FIRST few doses of Gin Pills to you free—if you have any ee—if you have any Kidney Bladder Trouble. After you see how good they are—get the 50c. size at your dealer's. National Drug & Chemical Co.



Actress Tells Secret

Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home Made Mixture

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and \(\frac{1}{4}\) oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drog store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humors and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

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DR. MCTAGGART'S REMEDIES



GILLET

LYE EATS

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THROUGH THE EYES OF AN

OUT-OF-WORK "You should think more and read less. Think by the yard, read by the foot—and talk by the inch," said a father who had never been to school, to a son who was "a very fine cul-tured fellow indeed." The son tells the story, (in the British Review,) of his absorption of culture, and of his con-

tempt for his ignorant father:

I thought it rather a joke that my father should lecture me on reading, I was rather inclined to patronize him. . . I wonder often just what his feelings were in those days.

what his feelings were in close days.

. . . If only he had pulled off his belt just once and leathered me!

What the father neglected to do, the more severe discipline of the world ished. But not hastily. The youth kept on reading by the yard,
"almost by the mile." Every penny
over and above what his mother
"held her apron out for " on Saturdays went into second-hand books.
The reader admits that it was not

knowledge he sought :
My reading was intellectual dram drinking, drug-taking—call it what you will. A fresh book was opened as soon as its predecessor was closed (just as a cigarette flend lights a fresh cigarette on the stump of the old.) In short, books were my curse. They hypnotized me, drugged me, left me without ambition, without de-sire for anything save a little work (not much) and plenty of time for

His superior attitude towards his father grew more marked, but "he had the laugh on me before the end." The despised father rose to be manager where he had been a laborer, spent his spare time happily in his garden or green house, with his pipe between his teeth. The cul-tured son became an "out-of-work." He failed as a man of businessfirst jolt to his high opinion of him-self; then he decided to go to Birmingham, where some employer would be jolly glad of the chance of raising the tone of his staff by adding to it so smart looking and intelligent a young fellow as I." Birmingham was non appreciative; Coventry also; so he went on to Bol-ton. "The exchequer was almost ex-hausted," and the student was almost humbled to the point of falling back on his trade, but the cabinet makers

could find work for :
At 5 30 I was dead beat, no nearer a situation than when I started off, and the total amount of cash in the

of Bolton had more men than they

exchequer was threepence!
A visit to the pawn-shop brought "ten bob" on the young man's bag, enough to keep him alive for several days of tramping from town to town. His fastidious appetite and cultured tastes were sorely tried, and often he was conscious that "nothing had entered my stomach that day save the east wind." A wretched bed in a cheap lodging house became a lux ury, though the youth's nerves were badly jarred the first morning by a man marching along and "beating the devil's tattoo on an old frying pan, with a poker as drum-stick." The superior young man was beginning to wish he had taken his father's advice. The wish grew stronger, when with blistered feet and "blue devils for company "he tramped into Burnley, only to be againdenied work.

"Haven't you an odd job I can do
—if it's only an hour's work? I'm
beat," he pleaded. "If you like you beat," he pleased.
can clean the windows, and I'll give
you sixpence," said the owner of the
then "I did the job and I did it well," the out of work recalls. What followed deserves to be told in full—as an illustration of practical

Christian charity.

He had a cup of tea and some food ready when I had finished the windows. and, as I was eating, he, noticing that the very light shoes I wore had given way under the strain, brought me a pair of heavy boots which he told me to put on. Afterwards, giving me a shilling instead of the promised sixpence, he shook me by the hand and wished me Godspeed.

I don't know if Mr. S— has given

a thought to the matter since, but I shall always be grateful to him, not spiritual (if I may use the word with-When I went into his shop I was weary, miserable, at odds with the world. I felt that I was down and that no one cared a damn whether I went under or not. My belief in myself had gradually cozed way, and I did not care very much what happened or what I did

His kindly words cheered me up. I came out of his shop with my head up, feeling that after all I was akin to the people who were hurrying along on business or pleasure bent; that present experiences were but a stage in my education; that I would emerge from them a better, because a more understanding man.

with a cabinet maker :

He found me three days' work. On an upturned packing case in his this article has been written, and after the short rest the three days' work has enabled me to enjoy, I am resuming my Odyssey.— Sacred Heart Review.

Let us bear in mind this truththat on the bed of death, and in the day of judgment, to have saved one soul will be not only better than to have wen a kingdom, but will ever-pay by an exceeding great reward all the pains and toils of the longest and most toilsome life.—Cardinal Man-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GIRLS AND THE ROSES "My pink rose bush is going to be planted right here where folks can see it," said Amy, showing a sunny place on the lawn that was easy to see from the street. "I want people to say, 'Look at that lovely rose,' as thay go by "

they go by."
"I'm afraid I can't plant mine
where folk can see," said Bess, soberly. "We have such a teeney weeny
lawn, and it's so crowded now."

Well, it doesn't make much difference, for you've planned to cut off all your flowers," said Amy. "You said you would send one to Jennie Gay, and one to Grandma Curtis, and one to that lame boy back of our house and—I can't remember who all, so your bush won't have anything on it

"I don't suppose it will," said Bess "There's so many folks who need pink roses that maybe there won't be enough to go around."

"Your roses will do only one person good, while mine will make loss of folks happy," said Amy. "I'm so anxious to hear what they'll say when they see the lovely flowers. Mamma says the book told about these bushes, and said they were big and sweet and

"I'm so glad," cried Bess, jumping up and down. "I guess Grandma Curtis never saw a big, sweet, pink

rose. Won't she be surprised?"
When the rain and sunshine had done their work the dainty pink buds began to appear on the sturdy rose bushes. The two little girls could hardly eat or sleep for watching the wonderful plants. They carefully watered them in dry weather, and put coarse grass about the roots to protect them when it was too hot, so that it was no wonder the plants did

that it was no wonder the plants did their best to send out pretty buds. "For me!" cried poor old Grandma Curtis, when the first fine rose was laid on her lap. "This is the most beautiful flower I ever saw. Dearie, will you put it in a glass of water

where I can see it all day?" where I can see it all day?

The next rose went to Jennie, and
the next to the lame boy, and everytime a rose opened there was some
body to give it to. The poor bush
went the entire summer looking almost bare as it did in spring, though it always had pretty green

"Your rose bush hasn't anything on it either?" said Amy, one day in August, when she happened to see the bare rose bush in Bess' yard. "Mine hasn't bloomed for a long

"Mine has bloomed all summer ! ried Bess, in surprise. "I took a big rose to Aunt Letty only yesterday."
"You did! I haven't had a rose for weeks and weeks. And I took such good care of mins. Let's ask Mr. Anderson about it."

And what do you think Mr. Ander son said? He told the little girls that roses must be cut off if one expects more roses. "Amy did the wrong thing with her plant in saving the flowers, while Bess had roses all summer to give away. It is very much like giving away happiness," said the old gentleman. "The more we give the more we have, and Bess will have roses till frost comes."—

True Voice. FOR TRUTH AND RIGHT

He was a boy, most likely just such a boy as you are. He grew up and did great things for his country; and when General Outram died it was written of him, "For truth and right this hand has always striven."

Is that what you are aiming to have said of you, in those long years

before you realize it?

Are you his kind of boy, and do you wish to be his kind of man, whether you come to be as great s

leader or are only a consecrated private in the army of the Lord?

A KIND WORD Did you ever think-That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation? That though a loving thought may not seem appreciated it has yet made you better and braver because of it? That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness once a year? That to be always polite to the people at home is better and more refined than having "company nanners." That to learn to talk leasantly about nothing in particu lar is a great art and prevents you saving things that you may regret That to judge anybody by his person al appearance stamps you as no only ignorant, but vulgar ?

OF USE

M. Emile Vandervelde, announcing himself socialist, internationalist, and republican, writes in the literary tongue of Belgium an article on the present and the future of his country The recital ends with the cultured in the Nineteenth Century. A paraone in possession of a transient job graph, referring to a certain incident of the Yser warfare, may be thus translated from his French: other day, or rather the other night, I went with some officers to visit the Grand' Garde at X. There we found was dwelling, and had dwelt for a month past in a ruined farm, one of the most heroic figures of this war. This is Lieutenant L, a Franciscan friar who has left the shelter of his Religious House, in order to defend

his country." Having changed his habit for the miterm, he keeps in the new life the scetic habits of the old: "To-day, as

shrapnel. During all the hours of daylight the telephone wire is his only tie with the army he serves. The men he commands are relieved; he will not consent to be relieved. At night, when it is possible, he re-ceives food; when it is impossible he fasts. Lately he had to pass three days without drinkable water. All but dying of thirst, he distilled the water in which refuse and the very bodies of the dead were macerating; boiling it, he collected the drops of the steam with his tongue. The night before that of our visit, a shell burst into the garret which serves him as a chamber. By some extraordinary chance, perhaps a miracle, he escaped with a grazed finger. When we asked him whether his life was intolerable, he answered, 'I have never been so happy, for I know I am of use.'"—New World.

JUNE-THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

May, the beautiful month of May May, the beautiful month of May, has now come to a close. Throughout the land her devoted children have practiced some devotion daily in her honor. No doubt she will reward all her clients and obtain for them many graces and blessings. Now that May is over are her faithful children. dren no longer to practice any devo-tion? Since the day when Our Saviour was crucified, there have been cious and holy souls who have had special devotion to His Sacred Heart The Church has set aside the month of June as the month of the Sacred Heart. There can be no more pleas ing devotion to Our Lord than devo tion to His Sacred Heart—that Heart which loved men so much. The Sacred Heart is the symbol of the indraws our hearts and makes them vibrate with love for Him. The heart is the seat of the affections and whom should we love is not Jesus? During this month of June we should practice some devotion in honor of the Sacred Heart and be as faithful in that practice as we were during May in our devotion to the Blessed Mother of God.

In the year 1674 our Lord revealed

to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque His pleasure regarding the devotion to His Sacred Heart. At first many doubted the story of the humble Visitation nun, but to day the devotion is world wide. What benefits do we expect to derive from this devotion? e answer in the words of Blessed Margaret Mary-people in the world will find in this devotion all the help they need in their state of life; peace in the family circle, comfort in their labors and the blessing of heaven faithful, then, during the month of June to devotion to the Sacred Heart.—True Voice.

IN CONVERSATION

It is the Correct Thing: To remember that, according to the old philosophers, speech is silver, and silence is golden. To remember that those who think

twice before they speak, and in some instances do not speak at all, save themselves many after regrets.

To remember that mere talk lacks

a great deal of being conversation.

To remember that personalities are

To listen respectfully to old people and those whose position entitles them to consideration.

as one would the leprosy.

To remember that stabbing one's body is not half so great a crime as stabbing one's reputation.

To remember the Golden Rule and do unto others as you would have them do unto you, when tempted to repeat an ill natured or compromis-

ing bit of gossip.

To remember that women, old and young, married and single, who in-dulge in indelicate and coarse expressions, and select topics for conversation which they would blush to have overheard by gentlemen, have forfeited all right to the title of Chris-

To manifest marked displeasure when indelicate and immodest subects are broached.

To frown down all mention even of salacious books and newspaper scan-dals. Good breeding as well as delicacy requires this. To speak deferentially to superiors,

kindly to inferiors, and courteously to equals. To remember that if you can not

keep your own secrets, it is hardly fair to expect your friends to keep them for you. nember that slander is a grievous sin.

To remember that religious discussions in general conversation are usually productive of but little good. To explain patiently, clearly, lucidly any point connected with the Church to those who are sincere in seeking information.

If unable to give a clear answer, might prove a serious matter. To correct patiently and courteous-

ly any mis-statement made in regard to the Church or her history. For a person who mingles much in cultivated society to be familiar with the Catholic position in regard to the leading questions of the day, and to be "loaded and primed" conversationally when the occasion demands.

tion, and then decline, if he feels like sweep us down with one sudden it, any further discussion as the stroke of his fatal sickle. Should not these thoughts, then, inspire us To practise Hannibal's tactics and to "watch and pray" that so we may be always prepared to meet Him as our Judge? carry the war into Africa, in an argu-ment; in other words, to ask an ex-

planation of the creed of an opponent rather than spend all one's force in defending one's own.

To remember that a fool can ask more questions in a minute than a wise man can answer in an hour. Correct Thing for Catholics."

LIFE

Have you ever watched a child blow a scap bubble? That seems to me to represent our life. Just as the youngster makes the bubble by breathing into the scapy water, so God made man by breathing into the clay He had formed into human shape. The child breathes a soul, as it were, into the bubble. He makes it exist. God breathed a soul into man and made him exist. And just as the child's bubble floats around for a time and then suddenly bursts and is no more, so does God's crea ture wander the earth for a brief period and then dies.

Therein lies the mystery of life For the problem here on earth is a stone wall against which many are continually knocking their heads. The human intellect of its nature questions and seeks to solve such riddles. But the tragic part of it is that so many, when they feel that they have found the solution or are close upon it, keep beating their heads against the wall rather than acknowledge the truth and live up to its reasonable demands. When such men begin to guess the truth -that life is a serious prelude to an eternity of reward or punishment -they edge away from it to back contentedly in the lurid sunshine self-indulgence. It is their self indulgence that throws a cloak of God's angels among men — the mystery over life. The one bit of innocent little children, the poor, mystery about it-that the God of the pure hearts which have life and death permits them to abuse themselves like unto the little ones. His gift—they will not acknowledge But on the altar every Sunday, there or give it a moment's consideration A mystery is such a nice, respectable xcase for a life of pleasure!

Those who make use of this excuse are the doubting Thomases of every age. Because they cannot see and feel the spirit—which in reality is the secret of life—they give them-selves up wholly to their lower, sensual, material nature. The things of the spirit are so difficult to attain! To listen respectfully to old people and those whose position entitles them to consideration.

To avoid talking scandal and growing the serve the purpose of gratifying his lofty desires admirable. Why, consequently, bother our heads about anything pertaining to a rari fled atmosphere, and the manner of

arriving there? Would these cowards but have cour age enough to face the issue squarely, their own common sense would an swer all these questions. Thoughtgood, honest meditations—would impress upon them the fact that man's very nature, his unsatiated desires is perpetual longings after and seeking for something he never seems abl to attain here argue another spiritual, unending life. Therein the bubble and the man differ. For when the former disappears, its history is over. But when man dies, his life is only beginning. The bubble flits to and fro for the amusement of the child and is no more. Whereas man lives to die-and dying he lives to God.

The truth makes life what it is -a weary period of exile, struggle, sor-row, uncertainty and longing. Its realization prompts men so to live in this land of trial and purgation that when the supreme moment of life comes—that is the hour of death -they may be purified and perfected enough to assure their attainment of God's object in creating them. In brief, when a man is convinced he lives but to die, he takes precautions so to live that in dying he shall live

The thought of his having to die would lose much of its dreadful aspect were it not enhanced by the menacing background of uncertainty as to the hour. The Master of life has told us that "we know neither the day nor the hour when the Son to say so at once, and not run the risk of man shall come." He has told us of giving a false impression in what that He comes "as a thief in the night prove a serious matter. sively every day in the number of sudden and unexpected deaths. None of us can assure ourselves to-day that we shall have a to morrow. When we go to bed at night we never know whether we shall

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We shall be so vigilant if we but keep ourselves in the state of grace. And if we could only make life a practical contemplation on death, we would always be in this state of readiness. If we do this, we may rest assured that death will mean eternal life with God. This, after all, is the end of created life. — Intermountain

THE SUNDAY MASS

The Holy Mass is the central act of our religion. The Catholic who is careless about Holy Mass is a victim of the terrible spiritual malady that is destroying so many souls to day. His soul, his brain, his will, are pros-trated by the disease of indifferentism. God, eternity, heaven, hell, are so many mere sounds to him, devoid of meaning. Earnest men who grope in the dark regions where the light of faith does not shine, simply cannot understand the conduct of such Cath olics. They say that if Catholics really believed the tremendous doctrines which they profess, they would be sure to prove it at least once a

week. Thus, he who misses Mass stands in the way of God's light shin-

ing on benighted souls : he is a scan dal to the outsider.

To himself he is unjust and unkind. What treasures of divine favour doss he not simply ignore and neglect! And surely we need all the help we can get to keep us from sin, from disease from misfortune. It is probable that even the most indifferent Catholic would be glad to get the aid of the prayers of the pure white souls that are is our Divine Saviour Himself plead ing for us with a power and an effi cacy that cannot fail; and yet some of us will not come and ask Him to mention our own names to His Father in heaven. We all have our troubles and worries and trials. How are we to get strength to bear up bravely and to make out of suffering itself the brightest ornament of our character? Surely nothing can be more efficacious for that end than participation in the Adorable Sacrifice that renews and commemorates the sufferings of the Son of God "for us men and for our planning for our work and our business, and our bolidays, unbusiness, and our holidays, un-less God, in Whose hand we always are, blesses our undertakings? Unless God build the house, they

labour in vain who build it.

It can be safely said and committed to the serious consideration of our busy men and women, that hearing Holy Mass faithfully and devoutly Sunday after Sunday is, to put it or low ground, nothing more or less than a business proposition. "Seek ye, first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things else will be added unto you." Come to the Sun day Mass, and, with your family and friends and neighbours, with the angels of God who throng around the altar, with our Divine Saviour Himself, the High Priest and the Victim of our Holy Sacrifice, bow down in adoration, in thanksgiving, in sorrow, in prayer, before God Who loves you and can do all things for you. Parents, see that your little ones learn early and practice faithfully this beautiful lesson. Urge them to draw nigh to Jesus in the happy hours of their innocence. Thus you build up in them character and strength for the battle of life. Everybody ought to be an apostle in this matter. It is a fine thing to see a man go to the poorfellow who is growing careless and blind to the harm he is doing and the good he is miss ing, and just tell him in a few manly words to come along with all the others and stop making an oddity of himself.

Some stay away because they de not know, or fail to realize, the awful sacredness of this supreme act of Christian worship, and the immense privilege it is to be allowed to assist at even one Mass. Then, too, at Mass there is the sermon. Come and stay for the sermon and you will hear a little of what you need to hear. It is never know whether we shall little of what you need to hear. It is awaken again in time, or in a curious fast that the very men who sternity. Should we go on a acurious fast that the very men who sternity. Should we go on a have no time for the Sunday Mass accepted habits of the old: "To-day, as in the past, he lives in a cell, apart from the world. He has charge of a post of observation, inaccessible by day, for its approaches are swept by

be "loaded and primed" conversationally when the occasion demands. To remain always calm, coel, and collected in an argument.

For a Catholic to offer to loan suitable books to one seeking information alive. Even walking destination alive. Even walking the nonsense of every lecturer who comes along to boost the latest fad that is to make a sick world all right,

to sit out interminable games of cards, to hear all the dreary yarns and chestnuts that helped Shem, Ham and Japhet to while away the time in the ark, or to read all the trash of the Sunday papers. The fact is that such persons are not straight and honest with themselves. What they need is a good talking to. The paster cannot be there to do it in all cases. Let the laymen lend a hand. This is the age of the lay apostolate, and right here is the place o begin.

NO NEW CATHEDRAL FOR DUBLIN

Great disappointment has fallen on the people of Dublin. It was only a few weeks ago that Catholic

him. In a letter he has just sent the housing committee of the city council His Grace says that the opposition shown by certain of the tenants on the quay site would make the cost of the quay site would make the cost of

acquiring such site prohibitive, and he is forced back to the conclusion he came to twenty years ago, that there is no adequate site in Dublin obtainable for a Catholic Cathedral. The city council has therefore de-

olded to proceed with their scheme for dwellings in the proposed area which they had abandoned in deference to the plans of the Archishop. Speculation is rife as to the influences which have been at work to nullify this fine project.—Church

MGR. BENSON

Mr. Arthur C. Benson in his book "Hugh"—which is the story of the life of his brother, the late Monsig-nor Robert Hugh Benson relates an only a few weeks ago that Catholic hopes for a suitable mother church of Ireland, a Cathedral in Dublin worthy of the nation, were raised to the highest pitch by the announcement that Archbishop Walsh was in negotiation with the City Fathers for the acquisition of an important site on Ormond Quay for the new edifice, the money being already in hand.

The Archbishop homewore has spirit of levity. Hesterned and turned works a spirit of levity. Hesterned and turned spirit of levity. Hesterned and spirit of levity hesterned in cident that showed his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The brothers were accustomed to talking freely and openly on all subjects, and sometimes argued on religion. The Archbishop, however, has spirit of levity. Hestopped and turned found vested interests too strong for quite pale. 'Ah, don't say that,' he quite pale. 'Ah, don't say that,' he said, 'I feel as if you had said something cynical about someone very dear to me, and far more than that



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quently, less heat-energy is required than if the water had to travel a much longer route, as it does in ordinary boilers. The less heat-energy required, the less fuel con-sumed. Economy in fuel consumption is the keynote of the whole Safford System.

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THE C. M. B. A.

RE MR. BRODERICK'S PROPOSED READJUSTMENT

To The Editor-In a recent issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD there appeared a letter from Mr. Broderick, President of Branch 28 of the C. M. B. A. at Seaforth, Ont. I was struck with the fairness of the writer and his evident desire to solve the difficult problem of the readjustment of rates for the C. M. B. A. so as to accomplish two great objects: 1st, the placing of the Association on a sound financial basis, and secondly, that in doing so the burden should be made to fall as lightly as possible upon the member-ship. I would now ask you to reprint ship. I would now ask you to reprint the letter again, believing that it merits the fair and full consideration of every member of the C. M. B. A. We are sorry that we cannot afford

the space to publish Mr. Broderick's letter a second time.—Ed. C. R. I desire to express my appreciation of Mr. Broderick's fair, intelligent and comprehensive review of the general situation and the principles underlying life insurance. He has shown very clearly that the time has arrived when the rates of the C. M. B. A. should be adjusted on a basis that would provide an adequate rate and that any attempt to deviate from that principle "would destroy all the virtue it possesses and would not be

safe insurance." In addition to this Mr. Broderick submitted a proposition as a basis for readjustment which he thinks would be not only financially sound but would be acceptable to the membership at large inasmuch as it would bear less heavily upon them than the proposals submitted by the Board of Trustees and Grand President in

September last.

Not being an actuary it is not to be wondered at that he should have fallen into some error.

In thing is that he should have dealt with the matter. dealt with the matter with so much penetration and insight. His general views as expressed in his letter are in the main sound (except as to the sufficiency of his proposed scheme) and should do good. If I could satisfy Mr. Broderick of his errors in his calculation he chould are a most value his general. should prove a most valuable support to the Executive in their present efforts to place the Association on a sound solvent basis. I have seen a copy of the plan prepared by Mr. Broderick and have gone into the figures very carefully. In this plan Mr. Broderick admits that his scheme might not make the Association actuarially solvent, but none the less solvent from the ordinary business standpoint. Again he states "It may not be actuarially sound but it is adequate and sufficient to place the C. M. B. A. solvent in any other sense of the word." It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that actuarial solvency, adequacy and sufficiency are nothing more or less than business solvency, adequacy and sufficiency. To test the solvency of an Association such as the C. M. B. A. and the adequancy of its rates it is necessary to make an actuarial investigation, such as Mr. Broderick had endeavored to do, but avoiding

he has fallen. For the present accepting Mr. Broderick's calculations to be sound in theory and correct in arithmetical in theory and correct in arithmetical work it should be noted that he figures out a deficiency of over \$175,000, assuming (1) that each member is assured for \$1,000, and (2) Association could be appropriated for the members over fifty-three

certain important errors into which

A very large portion of the assets must, however, be left for those who entered since 1907, as their rates are not to be increased as at age attained. A large number of the policies of those affected by readjustment are \$2,000 so that even if all the assets could be appropriated for the aged the deficiency would still amount to over \$350,000. Making corrections as to both items the deficiency would still be over \$1,000,

On Nov. 1, 1907, a new table of rates took effect. These rates for all ages of entry, were the full N. F. C. 4 per cent. net monthly rates, less per cent, and all members entering since that time have, of course. been paying according to this scale. This new class which carries almost one quarter of the total outstanding insurance is solvent beyond all doubt. In other words not only have the members admitted since Nov. 1, 1907, considered as a class, paid the death claims currently among them, but they have con-tributed in addition an amount which, with its earnings, is sufficient to cover the reserve proper to their certificates, amounting approximate-ly to about \$300,000, therefore this reserve belonging to the class admitted since Nov. 1, 1907, is available for the purpose of reliev-ing the conditions of the members

admitted before that time.

Mr. Broderick assumes that the \$175,000 would be made good out of (1) favourable mortality (2) lapses (3)

interest in excess of 4 per cent.

As to the error underlying Mr. Broderick's calculations it will be noted that he bases his calculations on the expectations of life. The ex-pectation of life at any age is merely which will be lived after that age by a large number of observed persons. If we refer to the N. F. C. table we will see that out of 1,000,000 living at age twenty, 500 die twenty to twenty one; 501, twenty one to twenty two; 502, twenty one to twenty three; and so on to the end of life. If the numbers dying twenty,

twenty-one, twenty-one-twenty-two, twenty-two-twenty-three, etc., are assumed to live one half year, one and a half years etc., after age twenty, then if we take the total years occalculated and divide by 100,000, we will have 45.6, the average lifetime or expectation of each at age twenty, as shown by Mr. Broderick.

Mr. Broderick assumed that the

Mr. Broderick assumed that the present value of the payments to be made by members is the same as if each member were certain to pay for a term of years equal to his expecta-tion and no longer. It would, however, he manifestly more correct to find the present value of the pay-ments which would be made by each of 100,000 up to death as shown by the N.F.C. table and divide the total by 100,000. If Mr. Broderick had done this he would have found the done this he would have found the present value of contributions at age twenty to be \$211.06 as against \$226.90 as shown by him. The following table shows for quinquennial ages the present value of the proposed contributions in comparison

with	h Mr. Bro	derick's:	
		Value	of Contribution
Age	Annual Contribution	Mr. Broderick's Calculation	By N. F. C. 4 Annuities
20	\$10 56	\$ 226 90	\$211 07
25	11 88	244 76	229 84
30	14 04	282 17	260 78
35	16 68	319 59	294 45
40	20 16	361 92	334 05
45	24 72	410 87	378 81
50	30 96	467 85	430 72
55		512 13	490 34
55 60	51 84	570 70	552 46
65	69 28	648 qt	616 80
70		705 18	• 683 69
1 '		clear that Mi	. Broderic

It is thus clear that Mr. Broderick places too high a value on the con-

tributions throughout. Mr. Broderick in effect assume that the amount of \$1.00 invested for two years plus the amount of \$1.00 invested for fifty years would be the same as \$2.00 invested for twenty six years, the average period of invest-ment in the first case. The former amount would be \$8.19; the latter

\$5.54. I am unable to ascertain how Mr. Broderick has calculated his present value of single premium per N. F. C. rate for \$1,000 insurance, column (8). At first I thought he had made the same assumptions as in the calcula tion of the valuation of the contri-butions, namely, that all members would die at the end of a number of years equal to the expectation of life. This, however, does not appear to have been the assumption. The fol lowing table shows Mr. Broderick's single premiums in comparison with

	Single Premium Per \$1,000 payable at death		
Age	Mr. Broderic	ck's N. F. C. 4%	
20	\$215 17	\$216 06	
25	240 92	241 19	
30	271 52	271 50	
35 40 45 50	308 71	307 65	
40	351 48	350 11	
:45	391 24		
50	447 89	454 36 515 82	
55	483 77	582 03	
60	417 31 347 54		
65	278 38		
35	Duadoniolr's	single premium	

Mr. Broderick's single premiums in whatever manner calculated are about the same as the N. F. C. 4 per cent. for ages under forty-five. From forty five onward there is a marked falling away. That Mr. Broderick's figures are incorrect is at once evident from the fact that his single premiums decrease with the increase in age for all ages over fifty four. It vould be manifestly absurd to sell \$1,000 of insurance for a single premium of \$483 77 at age of fifty-five,

and for \$278.38 at age of seventy.

Mr. Broderick's proposal does not
differ in principle from that already advanced by the Executive. He holds, however, that the maximum member is assured for \$1,000, and (2) rate could be fixed at a lower age that all the present assets of the than found by the C. M. B. A. Actuary. As Mr. Broderick's calculations are based on erroneous assumptions of importance, his case must be regarded as unproved. Judging from the material before me, I am disposed to think that Mr. Broderick will readily appreciate the importance of the errors underlying his calculations. In conclusion I believe that there

is no means whereby any considerable reduction can be made in the maximum rate of contribution. The members rated as an age attained will do more than pay their own way. To help out the aged there is only a few hundred thousand dollars. All that can be done is to make calculations to see how far it will go. In making such calculations actuaries who are accustomed to such work are quite unlikely to fall into any

EDWARD RYAN, M. D. Supervising Medical Examiner Kingston, Ont.

> CANADIAN EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Coincident with the holding in Montreal of the Canadian Eucharis-tic Congress on July 18th, 14th, 15th next there will take place (in that city) the solemn dedication of the new Congress hall adjoining St. Patrick's Church. The new building is of reinforced concrete faced with Montreal lime stone and is of the most thoroughly fire proof construc-tion available and cost approximate

It includes besides a spacious auditorium in which the Congress meetings of the English Section will be held, a number of other interesting departments, viz.—A Lady Chapel, Vestry for Clergy and Sanctuary Boys' Choir Practice Room, two Assembly Halls for Societies, a Board Room, a

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The preacher on the occasion will be His Lordship Bishop Hays, the well-known auxilliary of Cardinal Farley of New York.

ROSARY HALL

If young women coming from our owncountry to the city could be assured beforehand of a safe, comfort able home to which they might go at once and find themselves surrounded by Catholic influences and a friendly feeling of hospitality, it should make their entrance into an oftentimes strange city, a good deal more pleasant than it unfortunately is, to the many who experience the feeling of being that very undesirable thing, a stranger in a strange place. Rosary Hall, the Catholic home, situated at 218 John St., Toronto, is a place that supplies all the requisites of a comfortable and safe residence for girls or women employed in the city or who may be seeking employment in Toronto. The institution is carried on under the auspices of Rosary Hall Association, of which a number of the most reliable Catholics are directors and have office on the Board, and has as matron a kind, capable woman, who takes a motherly interest in any who may come as strangers under her notice. Room and board may be had at reasonable rates—from \$8.25 to \$5 per week. There is also accommodation for transients who while shopping or transacting other business might like to remain at the Hall. The Bloor street car may be taken from the Station, which without trans fer would bring the traveller to with in a minute's walk of Rosary Hall.
Anyone desiring accommodation should apply at once to the Matron at shove address.

METHODIST MINISTER TO BECOME A PRIEST

From the Savannah Press, May 7. Yesterday atternoon at 3 o'clock at the Cathedral of St. John the Bap-tist, Rev. Wilmoth Alexander Farmer, of Atlanta, was confirmed as a mem-ber of the Catholic Church, after

having served for fourteen years as a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in China. Bishop Kelley, who confirmed Mr. Farmer, announced to his congregation two weeks ago that there would be service of this character in Savannah soon, but it was not until vesterday afternoon that the name of the convert became known. It is Mr. Farmer's idea to become a Catholic priest and if possible return to China to resume his missionary work

in his new station.

Mr. Farmer, who is a native of Conyers, and who has resided in Covington and Atlanta, has many friends throughout the State who will be interested in his change of faith. He is a graduate of Emory College, class of 1898, and he has a number of friends in Savannah who went through Emory at the same time he did. After graduating, Mr. Farmer entered the mission field and was sent to Cheh-King province, Huchow Fu, China. He remained there, except for occasional vacation trips home, until last November when he returned to the United

States and has been there since.
Discussing his change of faith and the circumstances that led up to it,

Mr. Farmer said:
"To state all the minute details and influences which have led me, and influences which have let hat after being Protestant missionary to China for fourteen years, to leave the church of my childhood and embrace the Catholic faith could not, of course, be given in few words, and besides would be out of place in an interview like this.
"I think I can sum it up by stating

that the most powerful argument which really includes all, at least to my mind, is the historical one. I have always loved the study of church history, and in no department of literature have I devoted more earnest, serious and devout The past two years or mor study. The past two years or more of my life in Central China have been such as to cause me to turn afresh to the annals of the Christian Church. The nature of my work at

But when a year and a half ago I began to turn my attention again to a serious study of Christian doctrine. its development, dogmas, together with the history of the Church, I, of course, brought to it a maturer mind and a fund of much experience derived from active pioneer mission-ary work in inland China. "I had come to feel more and more

as many others are doing, the neces-sity of union in Christian work; and at the same time crushed at the sight of abortive attempts on the part of Protestant Christianity to effect a united message to the heathen world. It is a deplorable fact that the Protestant world stands to day before an unbelieving, materialistic age in an attitude of division and irreconcilable difference regarding the original faith of Christianity. Christianty is an objective fact in the history of the world, as well as the greatest subjective experience of the individual intellect and heart. It came into the world with divine credentials, having a certain definite meaning, and demanded of mankind absolute faith and obedience if he would attain unto eternal happiness and glory.
"When I came in the course of my

studies to English Christianity, I naturally felt a deeper interest especially anything centering around Oxford, because as a Methodist its very name had become endeared to me. The Tractarian movement, led by John Henry Newman and others, drew my attention as never before I bought his 'Apologia' and read it with the greatest of interest, and was most forcibly struck with his arguments and, above all, his intense sincerity. Knowing, of course, something of his position in the Christian world, I wished to know more of the man and his work Accordingly, I sketched two or three other volumes of his which chanced to be convenient. I then ordered his great 'Essay on the Develop-ment of Christian Dectrine,' which he wrote at the time of his leaving the Anglican church for Rome. This book, in connection with my Protestant Church History, more than any other, so completely upset and convinced me of the vast amount of historical evidence in favor of the Catholic Church being the true Church founded by Christ and His Apostles, that I conscientiously felt that I could not continue longer in the work in which I was engaged. In a word, I owe more to John Henry Newman than any other author

have ever read, because he taught me to value historic Christianity. "As I look down the course of his-tory I find that there is only one Church which has existed from the beginning of Christianity to the present, teaching one faith and being ander the one ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Rome. This is established beyond doubt by Scripture, tradition, patristic writing and by all history. In a word, as Cardinal Manning has so tersely put it, 'If Christianity is historical, Catholicism is Christian-

ity.'
"It takes a mind of wonderful inconsistent, illogical and unhistorical agility to jump from the council of Nicea to the time of Luther, ignoring in its prodigious leap twelve centuries concerned with the most important spread of the Christian faith. Alas, that the so-called reformers, in their desire to purge the Church of many unquestioned abuses, ended by actually attacking the faith itself, and attempting to give to many of its ancient formularies and practices a new meaning, entirely perversive of the original and

" It is so apparent to any impartial student of Church History that Christianity had scarcely made its appearance known in the world before a host of philosophical heresies arose and with a subtle eclecticism en deavored to incorporate it with their systems. Behold Gnosticism, Montanism, Arianism, Monophysitism, etc. The Church was compelled, and she had the divine prerogative to decline faith and reject error, if the truth itself would remain incorrupt, and she did it. Hence the definition of many of those fundamental dogmas concerning the Godhead, trinity, incarnation, and so on, tenaciously and jealously held by Protestants against those who differ with them, as well as by Catholics. To admit her decisions then makes it logical and imperatively necessary to admit them now, for she still stands in the midst of an unbelieving, critical, materialistic and philosophical age as a mighty bulwark against the disintegrating and corrupting forces of nodern rationalism and as a source of the truth, faith and practice for her children.

"It was this historical view of the Church and her prerogatives which convinced John Henry Newman when he studied the question of Arianism Monophysitism, and so on; and it is this view which became to me so convincingly true that I could do nothing else but bow in submission to the claims of the Catholic Church. 'How true it is one does not on becoming a Catholic part with one

iota of truth he already possesses, but merely adds that which gives him a richer and fuller creed and places him in vital communication with the Church of the ages, its apostles, saints, martyrs and doctors.

I can truly say I find the deepest peace and the fullest satisfaction in Catholic truth and worship, and wonder that I could have been so blind before to what are indubitable. that time and the loneliness of my condition tended to drive me to my books, for companionship as never before.

"I went to China at twenty four years of age and after having had, besides a good collegiate education, a splendid English theological course.

"Naturally, a treasure so great as this could not be obtained at a light cause for stressing the "rights of woman." This long time past the non-Catholic world has felt its loss,

price, and consequently it has cost many tears, heart-aches, misunder-standings, painful severance from the past; all of which are made more unbearable when I recall the deep love, kindness, goodness and even honor which have unstintingly been manifested towards me by my dear brethren of the Methodist com ion. For me to enter the Catholic Church has been to face the literal

renunciation of everything the heart holds dear. "But as Christianity is a divine revelation, whose message has no un-certain meaning and demands of man absolute faith and obedience, no re lation or tie upon earth, not even life itself, may be considered before it; and to paraphrase and make per sonal the words of another who once gave up all he had to buy this priceless treasure—I can truly say: Time is short, eternity is long. I cannot put from me what I have found; it is not a matter of mere controversy; I cannot refute it; I cannot convince myself that it comes of disappoint. ment, or disguet, or restlessness, wounded feelings, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. I cannot wrap myself in the associations of past years, nor determine that to be truth which I might wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished antiipations. Time is short, eternity

is long. "But no one ever for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ forsook all but what he found even in this life a hundred fold blessing, and will cer tainly have a glorious reward in the world to come. I am not the first one who has taken this step, most assuredly will not be the last."

ANOTHER "TRUCE" Toronto News

One of the humors of the time is the suggestion that the movement for Church Union should be abandoned until the war is over. It is represented as undesirable that there should be any provocation to strife and discord. The implication hat a movement for peace and unity within the churches cannot proceed with propriety during a state of war is a new revelation of the human spirit. Apparently we can neither divide in politics nor unite in the churches.

MR. EDITOR OF THE " PROTEST. ANT MAGAZINE"

The man who loathes exercise himself a hero when he has walked haif a mile. Just so the bigot considers himself a man of profound y liberal views when he acknowl edges a single virtue in Catholicism The editor of the Protestant Magazine advises us of his anxiety to deal fairly with Catholics, to do by Catholics as he would like them to do by him. He submits an editorial proof to us to demonstrate his broadmindedness, from which we quote a paragraph :

Furthermore, it is unfair and un-American to inflict civil disabilities upon Roman Catholics indiscriminately because they belong to a church which dabbles in politics and teaches un-American political doctrines. There are many Roman Catholics who are better than their creed, and each individual should stand upon

Shall we do by you, then, Mr. Editor of the Protestant Magazine, just as you have done by us? Hearing you assent, we say: "There are many Protestants who are better than their creed." You must say "yes," Mr. Editor. What's that, Mr. Editor, a mere finite mortal better than his ereed? Then that creed can not be the religion of the Infinite God! So Protestantism is really only a manmade religion since a finite being can excel it? Thank you, Mr. Editor, it is then as we asserted long ago But let us tell you at the same time, no Catholic was ever better than his religion, for his religion is that of the Infinite God !- New World.

MARY AND THE POSITION OF WOMAN

A gentle Hebrew maid bending tenderly over a Son of Divine Linsage -has the picture ever been surpassed for loveliness, or can it, by any chance, ever be shorn of its splendor? It contains all the ele ments that make for strength; all the charm of maidenhood, glory of motherhood, all the filial deference of sonship.

As we see them together, Mother and Babe, somehow or other the in sistent, rasping voices that sound about us to-day, clamoring to be heard; speaking of "recognition," of "equality," and of many things strange to the ears of the Lily of Israel, seem charged with a note that is common and bizarre.
Surely, it is well that woman be

given her place in the world's scheme of social service, of education, of politics. Only let us remember that the according it is but the restora-tion to her of a confiscated right, not the granting to her of a privilege. When Mary bowed her head in acceptance of the honor conterred

apon her from on high she was ex-alted and all womanhood was ex-alted with her. If woman has been dishonored it has been at the behest

and whatever victories Catholic women may win for home, for country or for God will be won through Mary; and whatever laurels they may wear will be but faint counter-parts of the crown of glory that shines on Mary's brow.—New World. shines on Mary's brow.-New

KELLY.—At Bray's Crossing, Ont., on May 10, 1915, Mr. Edward M. Kelly. May his soul rest in peace!

O'BRIEN .- At Paris, Ont., Mr. Tim. othy O'Brien, in his seventy sixth year. May his soul rest in peace!

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