

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1911

1708

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1911

TRUE CIVILIZATION

We are told oftentimes that personal dignity, manliness, reverence for authority and unselfishness are qualities of true civilization. Or, as Edmund Burke put it, the essence of true civilization consists in the spirit of religion and the spirit of a gentleman—that is, the union of all that is sacred in religion with all that is strong and gentle in humanity. It is well to remember this, for this pushing, crowding generation, with its idols of wealth and show, and love of the transitory, takes little account of the constituents of true civilization.

TO THE POINT

The Catholic Truth Society of Halifax, N. S., has sent to the public press an explanation of the No Temper. It is a lucid and terse presentation of the doctrine and should cause the agitators to cease discussing things which do not exist. The explanation has been accorded a favorable reception by many non-Catholics of Halifax who abhor the childish and irreligious follies and disorders which so often embitter social relations elsewhere. They may not see eye to eye with us, but knowing our case they will neither mistake it nor change it into a caricature. The request for publication was made by two officials of the Halifax society, viz., Sir Malachy B. Daly, an ex-governor of Nova Scotia, a distinguished Canadian beloved of all classes and creeds and a cultured Catholic gentleman, and Mr. W. Page, who enjoys universal respect for his integrity and ability.

USELESS TALKING

Before us is a pamphlet in which the author indulges in speculation on the status of Canada in the Empire. He does not like the word Empire on the ground that it cannot be applied with propriety to an aggregation of self-governing states. But why quarrel with that when there are so many anomalies everywhere? Words are retained because of past significance. The average Canadian is neither troubled nor swayed by words which seek to determine his standing in the Empire. He is proud to be a Canadian—a citizen of the Empire whose flag is the symbol of our strength and unity. He glories in his citizenship which is more significant and more fruitful in its wealth of rights and privileges than that which was the boast of imperial Rome. And we are sure that if ever the Empire flashed the signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," there would be an immediate and enthusiastic response from Canadians. We are aware of the progress of democracy, but there are no countries on the globe where freedom is more prized and rights more safeguarded and law, both in its administration and enforcement, more in honor than in the countries which owe allegiance to King George V. Nor are we given to over-much protestation of loyalty. Flag raising and addresses have their uses doubtless, but the Canadian, by his industry and thrift and devotion to duty, is demonstrating daily his appreciation of the right to dwell under the shadow of the flag which guards his home. He believes that the best test of civilization is the kind of men it turns out and hence pays little attention to theories or speculation which are fruitless.

THE SAME OLD THING

We came upon a passage in one of the novels belauded by the "critics" on the uselessness of nuns and monks. The book is of the "problem" type. We knew not what this means; and we see no problem in the life of a heroine who snaps her fingers at the code of morality and lives carelessly and foolishly. The wise female, finding but wisdom in over-fed and over-stimulated members of her set, must utter prohoristic platitudes on the futility of the lives of religious. We are not going to write about the contributions of the monks and nuns to our civilization. Suffice it to say that they are the wisest of people. The one thing necessary is their business. The author of the book thinks otherwise, and would have them strutting in the world, adding to its clamor and sin and purchasing his ill-smelling wares made up of the fotsam and jetsam of literary rubbish.

OUR OPINION

In our opinion many of us are falling into a loose observance of the Sunday. It is a day of joy and relaxation, not to be confounded with the Puritan Sabbath. But it is also a day of prayer. With some, however, it is a day for pleasure jaunts, for picnics and diversion. They

hear Mass at the earliest hour, and the rest of the day is given up to amusement, not perhaps of the noisy kind, but necessary, it is said, for the mind and body wearied after the week's work. We are loathe to believe that rowing a canoe for hours, or lugging picnic baskets, or prowling around a lake are essential to physical and mental well-being. We do not think that the picnickers who, to the accompaniment of motor-car music and laden with hampers, sally forth on the Sunday, give good example. We are overdoing the business of relaxation. Unless the tendency to lax indulgence be counteracted the children may regard the Sunday as the great day for pleasure, seasoned with a modicum of religion.

THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC

The "liberal Catholic," said Pius IX., is a worse enemy of religion than even the infidel or the heretic. And years ago, Brownson, in his Quarterly Review, declared that it is the liberalism which has penetrated the Catholic camp that renders Catholics throughout Europe so imbecile in the defence of the rights and interests of their religion, and enables the enemies of God and society to usurp the government of once Catholic nations. It is accused liberalism, so glib in its tones, so sweet to the taste, yet so fatal in its effects on the system, that has brought the Catholic population of Europe into their present deplorable condition. . . . It is all the work of liberal Catholics, without whom Protestants and infidels would be reduced to impotency and become the laughing stock of the world.

ANOTHER WORD

In many of our cities the Y. M. C. A. is housed in structures which are equipped with many things to attract the attention of the young. Libraries and reading rooms, swimming pools and gymnasiums are as so many magnets to draw the young men to its membership roll. Some of our brethren write us rather dolefully about the Catholics who are members of the Y. M. C. A. They lament that indifferentism is responsible for these Catholics forming part of an organization not under the auspices of the Church. But it seems to us that they can furnish as antidote something better than exercising their laudable muscles. If our young men wish gymnasiums why not provide them. If, again, they will not content themselves with billiards and cards, why not endeavor, so as to keep them under our influence, to furnish them with the recreation that is offered them elsewhere. Why not imitate the energy and self-sacrifice that are evidenced by the splendid halls of the Y. M. C. A.

STILL AT IT

A few noisy divines are talking about the No Temper violating the sanctity and integrity of the law, and they want the State to save them from papal usurpation and domination. This childish clamor is pathetic and wearisome and futile. Pathetic it is because men who can read and have with trained minds should be able to see that the decree does not trench upon the domain of the civil law. And it is futile because all this unnecessary agitation has no effect upon the Canadians who believe in minding their own business and who know that an exercise of legitimate authority is not an act of usurpation. Do the preachers wish the State to prevent the Church from determining her own members? We do not read, however, that Christ consulted the civil authorities. He made the spiritual power independent in its own province. To the State loyalty in all things not condemned by religion was commanded as a burden duty. We do not imagine for a moment that these protests, these invitations to assault the most sacred rights of conscience will find, in the Dominion Parliament a sympathetic echo. The preachers would fain legislate for us, but we are content as we are—and wish but for fair play.

KEEP IT UP

We hope that the scheme for the federation of our societies will be placed before the laity at no distant time. We may say that we have been handed a very drastic criticism to the effect that federation will create ill-will and opposition and be used for political aims. Our Catholic friend may pride himself on his prophetic power, but we may be pardoned for thinking that his imagination was overheated when he penned the criticism. He condemns it without a fair trial. He summons the scheme to the bar of prejudice, reads the indictment, and then a long drop for federation. Upon what does he base his assertion that Federation will provoke animosity and opposition? Has it done

this in the United States, where it has achieved to its credit? Is there any possibility of arousing antagonism when its aims stand not only for Catholic interests but for the moral and intellectual development of the Dominion? Our friend is haunted by the spectres of his undisciplined imagination. He walks the land with bated breath, sits only for the smiles of the outsider and convinced that any expression of opinion will get him ostracized from society with a big S. But fear not, friends. Remain among the "prudent ones," be patient to the verge of cowardice and you will live and die a poor, backhanded individual. There are some, says Bishop McPaul, who at the mention of Federation cry out, "politics, politics." Those who have raised this cry are either unacquainted with the literature of the movement or they are scheming, selfish politicians who realize that Federation is a new factor which they can neither hope to influence nor control.

FINDING THE TRUTH

Concerning the Separation Law in Portugal the London Times says that if through its provisions affecting the finances of congregations, it seems to strike a deathblow at any possible Roman Catholic Church in Portugal its prohibition of services after sundown no less effectually blights the hopes of any Protestantism for Portugal. It is only in the evening that mission congregations can be got together and any furtherance of the evangelic cause accomplished. With public worship confined to the hours of sunlight the most that can be expected is that the Protestant congregations already constituted will be enabled to have their Sunday services till, by their gradual extinction, that time is hastened when Senor Afonso Costa's prophecy of no God and no religion in Portugal will be fulfilled. Speaking at Oporto, but a short time ago, this same Senor Afonso Costa declared that "the religious sentiment that merely human laws are and remain quite distinct from party questions and from the changes of circumstances, and that it is unlawful for Catholics to allow the craving for novelty which has seized upon the people, to be a means for throwing aside the faith of their fathers. For besides that of Christ, there is no other name under heaven given to men in which we are to be saved." (Acts, iv, 12). Moreover it should be abhorrent to the noted gentleness of character and manners of the Portuguese, as well as a grave insult and a total forgetfulness of benefits received, to reject the paternal embrace of the Church which took them to her bosom the moment they saw the light and regenerating them in Christ sedulously fostered them and enriched them with those gifts which brought such a high degree of civilization to their nation, and conferred such glory upon their name even to the farthest shores of the Orient, as their national history testifies.

Quite in harmony with our mind are those teachings you have treated at length in the course of your epistle regarding the obedience which is to be shown to those in authority but which is to be denied to unjust laws. For great to be ever abolished or annulled by the will of men, and they are also the perpetual discipline of the Church whatever be the regime by which a State is governed. Equally true and timely is the last admonition you give, viz., that in the present great crisis it is of the first importance for you to look to the most closely united and to have the utmost reverence for the sacred and solemnity of the Prayers of the Church. For the one needs the help of the other and both combine to increase the Catholic strength and to enable the Catholic multitude to face the conflict like an army in battle array. Besides, there is no other way by which your faithful can free themselves from the daily increasing difficulties and prepare better times for the Church.

These, Venerable Brothers, are the matters of greatest moment dealt with in your letter; a letter full of counsel and forethought and one that constitutes no obscure proof of your charity both for religion and for your country. We trust that by the help of Divine grace your zeal may be rewarded with rich fruit. Meanwhile continue. We beg you, with the same activity and prudence to perform the most holy and most important task committed to you, and God forbid that you should ever be cast down by the storm raging round you. *God is faithful, you well know, and will not suffer you to be tempted beyond your powers, but with the temptation will also make provision (I Cor. x, 13). This we would have you all firmly remember for we know it from experience; that although the forces of the enemy, which for a long time have destroyed the peace of the Church in nearly every part of Europe by attacks of all kinds, are about to recede, and that many of the sources of grief can be spared to us and to you and many calamities to the people of Portugal if all the Catholics there lend a willing ear to the discipline laid down by the clergy; if all the clergy instructed in every good work, listen to your words; and finally if you, Venerable Brothers, observing mutual charity, constantly adhere to Him who in the Church of Christ is the pillar and the foundation. Be constant, therefore, and held together by the ties of charity and concord, act manfully. For he who*

ACTS OF THE HOLY SEE

FROM ROME

PONTIFICAL LETTER TO DIOCESAN MISSIONS IN FRANCE

To Our Venerable Brothers the Archbishops and Bishops of France.

P. P. P. X.

Venerable Brothers, Health and the Apostolic Benediction.—At the meeting which you are about to hold for the purpose of promoting diocesan missions you must not be deprived of the encouragement of Our paternal charity, by which, as we trust, your efforts to secure abundant fruit for the increase of the glory of God and for the salvation of souls may be further stimulated. And in truth, Venerable Brothers, you see clearly the great efficacy in promoting Christian living among the people which attaches to those sacred expeditions, in which select members of the clergy address the people, not in the learned words of human wisdom but in plain language adapted to the understanding of the most untutored, explaining those eternal truths and precepts of the Gospel which contain the chief points of Christian teaching and which, once they have found a home in minds that lend a willing ear to them, become at once for them a fount of water springing to eternal life.

Let it be your most earnest care, therefore, to so increase the number of apostolic men engaged in this task that there be no parish in your diocese long deprived of their ministry. We are not unaware that in France there is no lack of men who, instant in prayer and in the ministry of the word after the example of the Apostles, devote themselves wholly to the making of saints and to the building up of the body of Christ. But as you well know they are not sufficiently numerous to go through all the parishes and establish them in the discipline of the Gospel. Hence we would also most earnestly commend to your pastoral care to provide that every diocese may be furnished with its branch of that salutary and profitable Association for forming and supplying Diocesan Missionaries, duly constituted and provided with all the means for promoting piety and doctrine.

The undertaking is not without its difficulties from the lack of priests and of means. But you realize that the work of which we speak is of such great utility for the promotion of piety as to deserve your favor beyond other pious works. Nor is there any reason to fear that development might mean the diminution of such works: on the contrary it should be said that the latter will be greatly benefited since it is clear that the piety which the sacred Missions so greatly stimulate and foster is so

necessary for these Christian organizations that where it falls the result is the failure of everything that springs from it and finds its daily subsistence in it. Charity also urges us to commend to your diligence those most salutary precepts and admonitions for the preachers of the Divine Word which we recalled a short time since in Our Motu proprio *Sacrovere Anathematum*. Do you also, Venerable Brothers, press them with all zeal at your meetings, and take the utmost care that they be religiously observed in your dioceses by all remembering that very little profit to the Catholic religion will result from your efforts unless, while increasing the number of preachers you take pains also that they be equipped excellently for their mission.

May God, the Father of lights, We pray, assist you in your deliberations and pouring the Light of His Counsel upon you, enable you to decide upon what will bring the greatest profit for the faithful and to put it into operation as soon as possible. In the meantime we impart the Apostolic Blessing most lovingly in the Lord, as a pledge of Our affection, to you, Venerable Brothers, and to all who attend the meeting with you.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, May 15, 1911, in the eighth year of Our Pontificate.

P. P. P. X.

PONTIFICAL LETTER TO THE PATRIARCH OF LISBON AND THE ARCHBISHOP AND BISHOPS OF PORTUGAL

P. P. P. X.

Venerable Brothers, Health and the Apostolic Benediction. You submitted for our inspection the letter which, by reason of your apostolic office, you jointly addressed some short time since to your people. We regard it with the greatest interest and deem it suitable for the present time and circumstances. Placed by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church, you have a clear perception of the evils which press and impend in the present crisis of public affairs and of the dangers they threaten to religion; and in the above letter, which affords a striking proof of your zeal, you have set forth the duties to be religiously fulfilled by the Catholics of Portugal for whom We have long been solicitous.

Of those great importance rightly attaches to the one you treat of first, viz., that questions affecting religion and the Church, which are so admirably important to the present time and circumstances, should be treated with the greatest care and with the most scrupulous attention. For besides that of Christ, there is no other name under heaven given to men in which we are to be saved. (Acts, iv, 12). Moreover it should be abhorrent to the noted gentleness of character and manners of the Portuguese, as well as a grave insult and a total forgetfulness of benefits received, to reject the paternal embrace of the Church which took them to her bosom the moment they saw the light and regenerating them in Christ sedulously fostered them and enriched them with those gifts which brought such a high degree of civilization to their nation, and conferred such glory upon their name even to the farthest shores of the Orient, as their national history testifies.

Quite in harmony with our mind are those teachings you have treated at length in the course of your epistle regarding the obedience which is to be shown to those in authority but which is to be denied to unjust laws. For great to be ever abolished or annulled by the will of men, and they are also the perpetual discipline of the Church whatever be the regime by which a State is governed. Equally true and timely is the last admonition you give, viz., that in the present great crisis it is of the first importance for you to look to the most closely united and to have the utmost reverence for the sacred and solemnity of the Prayers of the Church. For the one needs the help of the other and both combine to increase the Catholic strength and to enable the Catholic multitude to face the conflict like an army in battle array. Besides, there is no other way by which your faithful can free themselves from the daily increasing difficulties and prepare better times for the Church.

These, Venerable Brothers, are the matters of greatest moment dealt with in your letter; a letter full of counsel and forethought and one that constitutes no obscure proof of your charity both for religion and for your country. We trust that by the help of Divine grace your zeal may be rewarded with rich fruit. Meanwhile continue. We beg you, with the same activity and prudence to perform the most holy and most important task committed to you, and God forbid that you should ever be cast down by the storm raging round you. *God is faithful, you well know, and will not suffer you to be tempted beyond your powers, but with the temptation will also make provision (I Cor. x, 13). This we would have you all firmly remember for we know it from experience; that although the forces of the enemy, which for a long time have destroyed the peace of the Church in nearly every part of Europe by attacks of all kinds, are about to recede, and that many of the sources of grief can be spared to us and to you and many calamities to the people of Portugal if all the Catholics there lend a willing ear to the discipline laid down by the clergy; if all the clergy instructed in every good work, listen to your words; and finally if you, Venerable Brothers, observing mutual charity, constantly adhere to Him who in the Church of Christ is the pillar and the foundation. Be constant, therefore, and held together by the ties of charity and concord, act manfully. For he who*

REJOICES IN THE TRIUMPH OF VICTORY SHALL NOT BE DAUNTED BY THE DANGER OF THE BATTLE, AND ASSUREDLY THIS IS THE VICTORY WHICH CONQUERS THE WORLD: OUR FAITH.

As a harbinger of Divine gifts and a pledge of Our affection, we most lovingly impart the Lord's Imparatus Apostolic Benediction to you, Venerable Brothers, and to your clergy and people.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, March 15, 1911, in the eighth year of Our Pontificate.

P. P. P. X.

SUPREME S. CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY OFFICE

DECREE ON THE FORTUNICULA INDULGENCE

As the day approaches for gaining the Indulgence known as that of Fortunucula petitions almost innumerable have been sent from all quarters to the Apostolic See, and others are likely to follow, both for the concession of the indulgence already given and to ask that other concessions be made. Since, therefore, it is the mind of this Supreme S. Congregation of the Holy Office, which has the charge of regulating Indulgences, to lay down certain and fixed rules regarding this most striking spiritual favor, lest the faithful anywhere should be deprived of it while these rules are being prepared, the Most Excellent and Reverend Cardinals Inquisitors General in a plenary meeting held on Wednesday May 24, by a general Decree, to have force until a new disposition is made, decided to do the following things:

1. Both for all the faithful living in the world and for pious communities, the concessions for the Fortunucula Indulgence which have hitherto been granted by the Holy See and which have expired or are to expire in the future, are to be held as indefinitely extended, with the proviso that the clauses and conditions of the preceding Indult are to remain valid and taking into account, as regards the time fixed for making the sacred visits, the recent Decree of January 25 of the current year issued by this Supreme S. Congregation (Acta Apostolicae Sedis an. III, vol. III, pag. 61).

2. For new concessions both for the faithful living in the world and for pious communities the provision is also indefinitely extended to the respective Ordinaries with the necessary and opportune facilities, saving however the clauses and conditions prescribed in the Motu proprio of June 11 of last year (Acta Apostolicae Sedis an. II, vol. II, pag. 443).

3. Finally for respective Ordinaries is indefinitely extended the faculty granted to them in the said Motu proprio of last year, of appointing for the gaining of the above-mentioned Indulgence, instead of August 2, the Sunday immediately following with observance of the clauses and conditions thereto attached.

All things to the contrary, even those calling for most special and individual mention, notwithstanding.

Rome, from the Seat of the H. O. May 26, 1911.

A. LOUIS GIAMBESE

Substitute for Indulgences.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORK

What has come, in our day, to be called "social work" is not a new thing in the world. It is as old as Christianity. The teachings of Christ regenerated the social as well as the religious spirit of man, and it is one of the glories of the history of Europe, that to see how earnestly the Church, from the very beginning, sought to ameliorate the condition of classes oppressed and degraded under the pagan system of civilization. Monsignor Parkinson, D. D. president of the Catholic Social Guild of Ireland, calling attention to this very fact for our encouragement, says: "The earliest and most successful of the social work of the Church, that is, the work of the man who feels that he ought to be active in this field and who wishes to do something worth while, we can offer no better advice than this: 'Join some conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.'—Sacred Heart Review

loss of the power and influence of the Church, it is impossible for her to-day to work for the betterment of the social conditions of her people with the same success as in older, simpler and more Catholic days. The state of society that has evolved since the Protestant Reformation is none of the Church's doing. It has in great measure come about despite her protests, and its acknowledged evils are the direct and indirect consequences of the false principles of the great religious revolt of the sixteenth century. On this point Monsignor Parkinson says again:

The deplorable decadence of the last centuries has been due to a desertion of the principles of true charity and industrial co-operation—the might of capital has suppressed co-operation, the State has gradually divorced itself from religion; business has treated with scant courtesy the varied elements of justice and equity; even people who at home have been examples of rectitude have adopted a wholly different tone in matters outside the circle of home and the relations of friendship."

To offset these conditions, so menacing to the present and future welfare of society what has the Catholic Church to offer? Monsignor Parkinson asserts confidently that the power of Catholic social principles is not less now than in the past. But it is less generally applied. And though the Church as an organization can not to-day wield such influence as in the days when all acknowledged her authority, individual Catholics and Catholic societies are bound to learn what the Catholic remedy for unjust social conditions is, and to apply it so far as they can. Too long have Catholics been asleep to their duty here. Too long have they who are best able to remedy social maladies been circumscribed in their charitable activities. To a regrettable extent they have neglected the duties of social work to others—the non-Catholic, the agnostic, and the humanitarian. They acquiesce in a state of society when they should study how to put it right. They are content with the spirit of the hour, when they ought to return to the maxima of Christian social action so long ignored.

It is true that the great majority of our Catholic people, here in America, and of course also in England and Ireland, are themselves toilers in the field, the shop and the factory, wage-earners with little opportunity to give any study to this social question. But there are many Catholics nevertheless who have the time and the intelligence to be earnest workers; but alas, many of them are to Monsignor Parkinson's words "untouched by the crying injustice, the depressing inequalities, the degrading miseries of the times. They are apathetic, and believe somehow that the masses are meant to be without the amenities of life, are themselves largely to blame for their condition, and after all do not seem to mind it very much; and when compassion stirs them, it is only to the vicarious assistance of a donation, and rarely, if ever, to personal service.

Person I service—that is what we want! Unless we are much more taken personal service in religious and social work is coming more and more to be the test of practical Catholicity all over the world. For the Catholic who is man who feels that he ought to be active in this field and who wishes to do something worth while, we can offer no better advice than this: 'Join some conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.'—Sacred Heart Review

Open The Door Of Your Heart

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angels of love and truth;
When the world is full of unnumbered joys,
In the beautiful dawn of youth,
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling you,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide;
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
Like the stars at eventide,
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours, if you'll only give them room,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Headless of class or creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a child in need,
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends,
Open the door of your heart.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Pope has ratified the Consistorial Congregation's decision appointing Father Patrick Morris, Dean of Maynooth College, Bishop of Aheoyru.

Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky., president of Eucharistic Congresses in the United States, has issued the call for the national congress, to be held at Cincinnati from Sept. 28, to Oct. 1.

Martin I. J. Griffin, the Catholic American historian, states that the first American Bishop to introduce the devotion to the Sacred Heart into the United States.

Although Irish Catholics are said to constitute ninety per cent of the Catholics of Great Britain there is only one native-born Irishman in the hierarchy of England. This is the recently appointed Bishop Kelly of Plymouth.

The Catholic celebration of Cardinal Gibbons' jubilee will take place on Sunday Oct. 15. A Pontifical Mass will be celebrated at the Baltimore Cathedral. All the Bishops of North and South America will be invited to attend it. It will be a memorable function.

Archbishop Farley of New York has kindly given \$500 towards the erection of a residence for the Carmelite Fathers at Ossipee, N. Y. These Fathers have recently taken charge of the Catholics of a large county district, including the New York Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Ossipee.

A memorial altar has been erected in the monastery of the Church of the Paulist Fathers, Columbus Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, as a tribute to Father Isaac Hecker and other founders of the community. It was consecrated by Father Hecker and other priests before the community was organized.

The Christian Brothers are preparing to celebrate this summer the centenary of the Order's establishment in Cork. Five hundred of their pupils will present at this celebration a pageant of Irish history. Already dress rehearsals have been held, and the local press is enthusiastic in its praise of the work of the boys and their instructors.

It is stated that five Sisters of the Franciscan Order, from Milwaukee, Wis., left recently for the Philippine Islands, from whence they will go, later on, to the Caroline Islands. The Sisters are missionaries, and will be occupied, principally, with hospital and missionary work, though they plan to do some teaching also.

On the morning of June 11, six candidates for the priesthood were ordained sub-deacons by Cardinal Merry del Val in Rome. Everyone of the six new sub-deacons had been ministers of the Established Church of England. After their conversion they made their ecclesiastical studies in the Academy of Nobles. The new sub-deacons were presented by the Cardinal Secretary of State to the Pope.

While a crowd of ten thousand persons were shouting in the street below, Father Duffy of St. Ann's Church, New York, crawled beneath a car of an uptown Third Avenue "L" train at the Fourteenth street station, June 9, and, braving the third rail, administered the last Sacraments to John Brennan. Brennan had fallen from the platform in front of a moving train and lay dying for forty-five minutes, wedged between the brake shoe and the shell box of the forward truck.

The Pope said it afforded him the greatest consolation that six Protestant clergymen should join the church, as he was convinced that their example would be followed by other Anglicans in England and America.

Continuing, the Pope said that he prayed daily for the conversion of England, which constituted his fondest hope, as he believed that if this occurred it would lead to the conversion of all English speaking countries. Catholic.

He closed by saying that the Protestants joined the Catholic Church spontaneously, thus showing that their conversion was wrought by Providence.

After the address, which deeply moved the converts, the Pope knelt and recited a prayer for the conversion of the English-speaking countries. He then asked the sub-deacons to join him in repeating the same prayer every day of their lives.

"Jesus wishes," says Father Galwey, "so to die that we may understand that which changes but no change in Him through the time to come. Forever, our Lord will remain as He dies,—with His ear bowed down to hear us; His arms stretched out to welcome us; His sacred lips bowed down to kiss His repentant prodigal. St. Augustine says: 'We return His kiss as often as through love for Him we are contrite and moved to compunction.'"

Open The Door Of Your Heart

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angels of love and truth;
When the world is full of unnumbered joys,
In the beautiful dawn of youth,
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling you,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide;
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
Like the stars at eventide,
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours, if you'll only give them room,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Headless of class or creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a child in need,
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends,
Open the door of your heart.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Pope has ratified the Consistorial Congregation's decision appointing Father Patrick Morris, Dean of Maynooth College, Bishop of Aheoyru.

Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky., president of Eucharistic Congresses in the United States, has issued the call for the national congress, to be held at Cincinnati from Sept. 28, to Oct. 1.

Martin I. J. Griffin, the Catholic American historian, states that the first American Bishop to introduce the devotion to the Sacred Heart into the United States.

Although Irish Catholics are said to constitute ninety per cent of the Catholics of Great Britain there is only one native-born Irishman in the hierarchy of England. This is the recently appointed Bishop Kelly of Plymouth.

The Catholic celebration of Cardinal Gibbons' jubilee will take place on Sunday Oct. 15. A Pontifical Mass will be celebrated at the Baltimore Cathedral. All the Bishops of North and South America will be invited to attend it. It will be a memorable function.

Archbishop Farley of New York has kindly given \$500 towards the erection of a residence for the Carmelite Fathers at Ossipee, N. Y. These Fathers have recently taken charge of the Catholics of a large county district, including the New York Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Ossipee.

A memorial altar has been erected in the monastery of the Church of the Paulist Fathers, Columbus Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, as a tribute to Father Isaac Hecker and other founders of the community. It was consecrated by Father Hecker and other priests before the community was organized.

The Christian Brothers are preparing to celebrate this summer the centenary of the Order's establishment in Cork. Five hundred of their pupils will present at this celebration a pageant of Irish history. Already dress rehearsals have been held, and the local press is enthusiastic in its praise of the work of the boys and their instructors.

It is stated that five Sisters of the Franciscan Order, from Milwaukee, Wis., left recently for the Philippine Islands, from whence they will go, later on, to the Caroline Islands. The Sisters are missionaries, and will be occupied, principally, with hospital and missionary work, though they plan to do some teaching also.

On the morning of June 11, six candidates for the priesthood were ordained sub-deacons by Cardinal Merry del Val in Rome. Everyone of the six new sub-deacons had been ministers of the Established Church of England. After their conversion they made their ecclesiastical studies in the Academy of Nobles. The new sub-deacons were presented by the Cardinal Secretary of State to the Pope.

While a crowd of ten thousand persons were shouting in the street below, Father Duffy of St. Ann's Church, New York, crawled beneath a car of an uptown Third Avenue "L" train at the Fourteenth street station, June 9, and, braving the third rail, administered the last Sacraments to John Brennan. Brennan had fallen from the platform in front of a moving train and lay dying for forty-five minutes, wedged between the brake shoe and the shell box of the forward truck.

The Pope said it afforded him the greatest consolation that six Protestant clergymen should join the church, as he was convinced that their example would be followed by other Anglicans in England and America.

Continuing, the Pope said that he prayed daily for the conversion of England, which constituted his fondest hope, as he believed that if this occurred it would lead to the conversion of all English speaking countries. Catholic.

He closed by saying that the Protestants joined the Catholic Church spontaneously, thus showing that their conversion was wrought by Providence.

After the address, which deeply moved the converts, the Pope knelt and recited a prayer for the conversion of the English-speaking countries. He then asked the sub-deacons to join him in repeating the same prayer every day of their lives.

"Jesus wishes," says Father Galwey, "so to die that we may understand that which changes but no change in Him through the time to come. Forever, our Lord will remain as He dies,—with His ear bowed down to hear us; His arms stretched out to welcome us; His sacred lips bowed down to kiss His repentant prodigal. St. Augustine says: 'We return His kiss as often as through love for Him we are contrite and moved to compunction.'"

By arrangement with Longmans, Green & Co. All rights reserved.

LISHEEN

By Rev. P. A. SHEERAN, D. D. Author of "My New Curate," "Lisheen," "Lisheen," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY

When Darby did see the "masher," he wrapped himself up in that cloak of mystery that used to be exasperating, but was now only amusing to Maxwell.

"Where were you last evening, Darby?" he said. "You never returned after dinner."

"Such a thing!" said Darby. "I suppose the attractions of home life and Noney are too much for you?"

"The queerest thing yer 'anner ivir hard of," said Darby. "I'll tell you a quarter's wages in future if you don't mind your business," said Maxwell.

This recalled to Maxwell's life, Darby commenced his narrative. "I was going down the hill," said he, "saying my prayers, because Noney had been complaining that I do so long at 'em that I keeps the supper cooling, while I and behold you, I saw the punt on the lake. 'Who the devil are out coolin' their selves at this hour of night?' sez I to meself. 'They must be the quare people out an' out to boating at such an hour.' So I watched 'em; an' begogs I aimed me watchin' well."

Maxwell grew attentive. It was so like something he had formerly seen, and which had changed the whole course of his life.

"Here!" he said, flinging a cigarette to Darby, who now got into the full swing of his narrative.

"There was a lady an' gentleman, he pullin' an' she steerin' the boat, until they got out of the rough waters and pulled into the shallows where we hooked the salmon."

Maxwell nodded.

"Well, there they were, talkin' an' coo'raulin' an' they niver see the wind come down from the hills, an' risin' the lake like mad. This I halloed to 'em; an' they d'dn't hear me, they were so occupied with 'atet other. I halloed agin. This, 'the gentleman saw his danger; an' he pulled out. But the wind was too much for him, and the waters were too strong. Have you a light about you, yer 'anner?' he cried, suddenly stopping, and addressing Maxwell.

Maxwell flung him a box of wax vestas, and waited. He knew from experience there was no use in hurrying Darby.

Darby smoked placidly; and then resumed, pausing between each puff of smoke.

"Hat, begogs, he could handle the oar well. 'Twas a pity, out an' out . . . I could him hold her head to the says . . . for she was bobbin' like a cork . . . an' he did me a grand sight of a walk, and came home drenched. I feared she would be ill, as she is not used to this changeable climate."

Satara smiled, showing her white teeth, and passed on with the perambulator.

"Who are these?" asked Maxwell. "Anglo-Indians," said Mabel, with a little shudder. "They came on here only yesterday."

"And that is a native, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes. A native nurse, who has become attached to them."

"I suppose you will return home at once," Mabel said kindly. "I fear there is but little use in your remaining here."

"I should like to remain," she said, "while there is still a little hope."

"After a pause, she said: 'Ralph was about to visit you yesterday afternoon, partly in courtesy, partly on business. Can you imagine what it was?'"

"I suppose about that wretched ring, Outram attached a superstitious importance to the thing."

"I wonder would it have saved him?" she said musingly. "He often said, 'I wish I had it back! I should not have parted with it.'"

"I don't know!" said her cousin. "Perhaps I should have sent it to him. It was useless to me. But you know, Mabel, he had a way of setting you up against him by the manner in which he asked, or demanded a favour. He was so peremptory. I suppose it was his Indian training."

"I suppose so," she said meekly. "Well, in case you decide to leave for home, that is when you are assured that all hope is abandoned, you'll send for me, won't you?"

"Certainly, I shall claim your help." Then, after a pause: "I haven't asked after your wife. She's well?"

"Yes, indeed. But I haven't heard for a few days."

"Then, there was no truth in the newspaper report about your father-in-law?"

"What?" he cried. "What report?"

"I shouldn't have mentioned it. But there was a paragraph a day or two ago in the paper that Mr. Hamberton—"

"That the name—was killed in a heroic attempt to save some children from drowning?"

"My God! I never heard it. This comes from my hatred of newspapers. What paper was it, Mabel? Wonder Claire never wrote me."

"I think it was some local paper," she replied. "I'm sorry I told you. There seems to be some 'Fate pursuing' us."

Horried at the thought of Hamberton's death, Maxwell soon forgot all about Outram. He had to make his own preparations for leaving home; and safety, they found a minor trouble in raising him from the waters that now were seething around him. He was quite unconscious; and all they could do was to raise him up, and take him beyond the rescue of the waves, until his carriage would arrive from Brandon

"Then keep it close," said Maxwell. "If all you say is true, there's a mystery somewhere, and you may get by my way, and did you tell anyone about the ducking Outram gave you?"

"Divil a wan," said Darby. "Oyeb, what am I saying? Yarra, sure I could half the parish and could em too that I'd be even wid him was day."

"Precisely. Now, take care, and keep a silent tongue in your head; or that may come against you. Many a man has been hanged for less."

Darby's tongue on that subject for ever.

He called down to the hotel in the afternoon, inquired and found that Outram and Mater were registered as guests, asked to see them, and saw Mabel alone.

She was anxious and terrified enough; and made no secret of the cause. Outram had dined, and gone out. There had not been seen since. He had been so frightened and disturbed these last days—why, Mabel could not conjecture. He had been anxious to change from place to place; and appeared to be haunted by a great fear, and she didn't know. She feared to utter what she thought.

The hotel was in commotion. The shadow of a great fear was over the place. Something had happened. There was one being at least in terrible distress; and she the proudest and haughtiest, who would not deign to speak to anyone. It was interesting, and the guests gathered here and there in little knots and nooks, and whispered, and pointed, and conjectured, as is the way with these creatures, when one of their class is in trouble.

Then a search party was organized, with Maxwell at their head. And they had not gone far when they found the shattered punt amongst the sedges that lined the lake, and later on, the oars floating, and later on, a man's felt hat, which was unquestionably Outram's. And Maxwell had to tell Mabel the sad news there in the very portico of the hotel, where barely twelve months ago Outram was showing his tallems to an admiring group, and which he knew only too well as the scene of his own fair courting for ever.

He was uttering the usual commonplaces, "the vacant chaff well meant for grain," that are said on such occasions, when a lady appeared, and just behind her came a perambulator, pushed by a dark young girl clothed in white but for a red sash around her waist, and a red veil in her hair. The lady stopped to speak a word of sympathy to Mabel; the perambulator stopped also; and Maxwell had an opportunity of studying the dark, immobile features of Satara. The girl looked around her in a cool, impassive way, resting her great eyes solemnly on Mabel, and just glancing in curiosity at Maxwell. He was so absorbed in his study of her that he was quite oblivious of the conversation between the ladies, until he heard the words:

"Yes! it was a sudden and dangerous squall. My ayah was out also for a walk, and came home drenched. I feared she would be ill, as she is not used to this changeable climate."

Satara smiled, showing her white teeth, and passed on with the perambulator.

"Who are these?" asked Maxwell. "Anglo-Indians," said Mabel, with a little shudder. "They came on here only yesterday."

"And that is a native, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes. A native nurse, who has become attached to them."

"I suppose you will return home at once," Mabel said kindly. "I fear there is but little use in your remaining here."

"I should like to remain," she said, "while there is still a little hope."

"After a pause, she said: 'Ralph was about to visit you yesterday afternoon, partly in courtesy, partly on business. Can you imagine what it was?'"

"I suppose about that wretched ring, Outram attached a superstitious importance to the thing."

"I wonder would it have saved him?" she said musingly. "He often said, 'I wish I had it back! I should not have parted with it.'"

"I don't know!" said her cousin. "Perhaps I should have sent it to him. It was useless to me. But you know, Mabel, he had a way of setting you up against him by the manner in which he asked, or demanded a favour. He was so peremptory. I suppose it was his Indian training."

"I suppose so," she said meekly. "Well, in case you decide to leave for home, that is when you are assured that all hope is abandoned, you'll send for me, won't you?"

"Certainly, I shall claim your help." Then, after a pause: "I haven't asked after your wife. She's well?"

"Yes, indeed. But I haven't heard for a few days."

"Then, there was no truth in the newspaper report about your father-in-law?"

"What?" he cried. "What report?"

"I shouldn't have mentioned it. But there was a paragraph a day or two ago in the paper that Mr. Hamberton—"

"That the name—was killed in a heroic attempt to save some children from drowning?"

"My God! I never heard it. This comes from my hatred of newspapers. What paper was it, Mabel? Wonder Claire never wrote me."

"I think it was some local paper," she replied. "I'm sorry I told you. There seems to be some 'Fate pursuing' us."

Horried at the thought of Hamberton's death, Maxwell soon forgot all about Outram. He had to make his own preparations for leaving home; and safety, they found a minor trouble in raising him from the waters that now were seething around him. He was quite unconscious; and all they could do was to raise him up, and take him beyond the rescue of the waves, until his carriage would arrive from Brandon

ate consistently in a weird and tragic manner. Yet the new-born love that Mabel bore towards her husband made his unhappy death doubly painful. The woman's soul was disappointed of its ambition to consecrate and make happy a life that she had rescued from worse than a death, she thought, and therefore, noble sadness that weighed her down, a sense of lost opportunities,—of a life, which she might have enjoyed, but snatched from her hand by Death. Fortunately, her husband, there was the natural and honest Outram had not gone down in disgrace, nor by his own hand, nor under dark circumstances. A sudden mountain squall, unforeseen and unguessed, a frail boat, and that in all its glory, the lynx eyes of society could see nothing there. There could be no room for scorn in the pity that met her from so many eyes.

One thing seemed to embarrass her, as the evil day wore on towards night. She found that she never left her room but that dark Indian girl was somewhere in her path. In the corridor, on the stairs, everywhere she met, there was the strange girl, sometimes playing with the children, sometimes alone and crooning some old Indian rhyme about her gods; sometimes knitting, as those dregged *tricotieuses* on their dreary feet. It was as if she were in the line of Terror; but always there, and always rolling round her great eyes, and letting them fall and burn on the white, beautiful face that was trying to conceal its grief. During the day, she gradually grew uneasy. Towards night, she became fascinated and alarmed. She didn't know what to make of it. Once, in the course of the evening, she was coming down the stairs, and she saw a man, who she later stood aside and stared. A strong light fell from a window on the face of the girl. Mabel noticed that he looked odd, strangely odd,—that she was a woman, although at a distance she was a child. And there was always that strange, inquiring, half-triumphant stare as of one who could be despised, but could not be put aside, as of one who seemed to claim a right to her attention. It was as if she were a woman, although her position would not allow her to presume to express it.

As the evening advanced towards night, the idea sprang up in Mabel's mind that in some mysterious manner, this girl was connected with her husband's death; and it was almost with a gasp of pain that she remembered the words: "My ayah, too, was out for a walk, and came home drenched."

What could take that girl, who shivered under the sunshine, out under the evening's chill?

But then the idea of connecting her husband with this Indian servant was preposterous, and Mabel began to fear that she was over-imaginative and anxious, perhaps her own imagination was conjuring her reason. But there is that curious subter-fuge, or intuition, or whatever you wish to call it, in some minds that anticipates all kinds of revelations, and jumps at its own conclusions with a sure and certain foot. And Mabel could not shake aside the fear that, if the mystery of her husband's death was ever unravelled, it would be found that this girl was not altogether unconnected with it.

Haunted by the thought, she was proceeding slowly upstairs, just about 11 o'clock, as the oil-lamps in the hotel-lobby were being lit, when she was arrested, when, on turning a narrow step, she stumbled against the girl. She drew back with a certain loathing, which the girl was not slow to notice; and just then a door opened on the next corridor, and a lady's voice cried, in a suppressed way:

"Satara! Satara! be quick! The lights are being put out; and you must make your way back in the darkness!"

Mabel started, and she was alone, one hand; and placed the other over her beating heart. The girl saw the gesture and smiled, showing her white teeth, and also two deep lines around the mouth, which made her, Mabel's eyes, an old and hag-like woman.

She had barely strength to reach her room, and fling herself, in a kind of paralysis of fear, on an arm-chair.

The next morning, Maxwell had a tiny note to say that his cousin had all preparations made for her journey to Killarney to catch the up-mail to Dublin. He promptly obeyed the summons, as all his arrangements had been made, merely warning Darby that, as he valued his life and his future prosperity, he should keep a closed mouth about all that he had witnessed.

They travelled by the stage-coach to Killarney, scarcely exchanging a word by the way. And without a word Maxwell saw his cousin into her compartment, provided all necessities for her personal comfort, ordered dinner at 10 p. m. in the dining-car, etc. Then as he said good-bye, his eyes lingered a moment on the stony, impassive face. He was not surprised to see the tears silently gather and fall. And he knew that the tears of a proud woman are treacherous tears.

They never met again.

After a few weeks of suffering, and longing once more to see the face of "Bob," Maxwell, who had been half-paralysed, was gathered into his rest.

Mabel went abroad. And sometimes, in the great hotels at Vevey, Montreux, Cap Martin, etc., the guests amused themselves by watching the stately, silent figure of the girl, whose hair was prematurely gray, and who walked so silently and gravely from the dining-room, never exchanging a word with themselves. And it helped to pass pleasantly the winter evenings, when someone proposed, as a kind of charade, the conjecture as to whether she had a story.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"QUAST PIONEM"

Hugh Hamberton was not killed by his fall from the cliff. But when the fishermen, who had pulled in furiously to save the children, had leaped from their boat, and placed the girls in safety, they found a minor trouble in raising him from the waters that now were seething around him. He was quite unconscious; and all they could do was to raise him up, and take him beyond the rescue of the waves, until his carriage would arrive from Brandon

Hall. But they lifted him tenderly and reverently as a hero, who had probably given his life to save little children from a terrible death.

And when the news of the event had reached the village, all hands struck work, and hastened to assist in every way the brave man who was now, and forevermore, enshrined in their hearts. Around the cottage freeds for many a night, the tale was told, and every circumstance gone over again and again, as if it were the most interesting story of the day. The cry of the fisherman, the screams of the girls, the gallant manner in which Hamberton had attempted to rescue them, his fall, etc., etc., all were narrated with some poetical exaggeration that only enhanced its reputation, and sent it flying wide and far.

Claire Maxwell was terribly shocked and grieved; but kept her feelings to herself under an appearance of calm composure. She would have written or wired to her husband, but she could not obtain the doctor's verdict. That was soon ascertained. No danger to life, but probably hopeless paralysis from spinal injury. It was terrible, but it might be worse; as it was some as of world's taken in battle in some glorious, if impossible, enterprise.

After some days, Maxwell returned, and Hamberton recovered consciousness. For some time his recollection of things that had happened, and his succession of ideas and events ranged themselves solemnly before him, and gave him much food for thought during the weary hours that dragged themselves along through the sick man's chamber.

Father Cosgrove was one of the first to call and offer his sympathies. He was elated at the idea that his friend, who was always denying and protesting against his duties, had been so truly heroic in his glorious manner. Father Cosgrove had preached to his own congregation a sermon on the event, taking for his text:

"Greater proof of love no man can give, than that a man should lay down his life for his friend."

And he drew tears from the eyes of his people by his picture of the glorious usefulness of this man, rich, powerful, and with all the accessories of happiness in his days, who had sacrificed all to save the lives of little children. And a mighty torrent of love and admiration surged around the lonely couch in Brandon Hall, where the invalid was now, and for many a long day to be imprisoned.

The interview between Father Cosgrove and his friend was very touching. They silently grasped each other's hands, and said but little; the little on that, which was the most precious of all the popular applause and tumult about nothing.

"Look here," he feebly stammered, holding up the many newspaper notices that had been written about him, "what foolish man made me of themselves. Now, there is how reputations are made. It is the entirely hopeless imbecility of men—the eternal tomfoolery of the world."

But Father Cosgrove would only shake his head.

"I'm sure now," Hamberton would continue, "if all the great names and great deeds of the world were examined, and put to the test, as they are, they would be found to be bubbles as thin as soap-bubbles, and unless he is a fool no one has such a poor opinion of a man as himself."

"That is quite right!" Father Cosgrove said. "That is what all our saints are never tired of repeating."

"Pah! I don't want your saints with their fastings, and haircloth, and non-resistance, and all that sort of thing. It is common sense! The confessional of an honest man in his own bedroom and his looking-glass. There he admits everything to himself; and a sorry estimate he makes of his little godhead."

"He is incorrigible!" his friend would say. "But you are a hero! Nothing now can change that."

"Even you do not know me," Hamberton would reply in a kind of despair, "and you are a hero! I wish I had it back! I should not have parted with it."

But one day, after he had railed at everybody in this way, just as Father Cosgrove was leaving the room, he called him back, and said:

"Don't be too proud at what I'm going to say."

"Then, after a pause, he added: 'After all, there is a God!'"

When the first shock was over, and all that medical skill could effect, was done for Hamberton, Maxwell thought the time had come when he might visit his friends at Lisheen. He was safe now. The report of his munificence and generosity toward these poor people had been waited far and wide; and by degrees, the imagination of the people, so slow to disentangle itself from its preconceived ideas, began to revolve around and finally settle down to the fact that verily, and indeed, and without doubt, Robert Maxwell, Esq., was the man who had served as saviour and labourer in their midst; and this for the noble and humane purpose of ascertaining their condition with a view to its betterment. It was like a fresh dawn of hope in the growing dusk of a nation's despair; for as yet the man acts of the legislature, that have revolutionized the condition of the tenant farmers of Ireland, had not been placed on the statute-book.

If Maxwell were one of those dwarfed souls who are the objects of popular applause, and the sound of fiddle drums and still more futile cheering, he could have had an ovation that would have made any of the leading politicians green with envy. But he shrank from such things as delicate and somewhat absurd; and he felt even a kind of shyness at the thought that he would have to face these poor people, and receive their honest thanks.

They had seen that everything that could be done for the comfort and ease of the loneliness of the poor invalid had been done, and in a quiet hour of a still autumn afternoon Claire and Maxwell drove over, after luncheon, to Lisheen.

They chose the road which Maxwell had travelled the night that he quitted in shame and remorse the humble roof that had given him shelter; and as they went he pointed out to his wife the places where he had stopped, the thoughts that passed through his mind; the very spot where he was going to throw all up in despair, and creep in amidst the bracken, and lie down and die; and the lake that glittered in the starlight, the river that murmured on his right hand and directed his course, the labourer's cottage where he had obtained a little food. It is a pleasant thing to prosperity to retrace the footsteps of adversity, and recall, with all the delight of the contrast, the mournful thoughts that seemed to make these footsteps in blood.

It was five o'clock when they turned in from the main road, and drove slowly up along the boren that led to the dwelling-house, Maxwell still pointing out each spot with its own association.

"I can tell you I was footsore and weary and hungry enough the evening I came along here," he said, "and I had many a time to turn back, but I thought the dog would be set loose on me here. Look, there I lay down to gather my little together, and pluck up a little courage."

They reached the yard; and a great brown collie came out to challenge them, and demand their business.

Maxwell whistled, and the angry dog came whining and whispering and fawning upon him.

"You remain here a moment, Claire," he said, counting, "I should like to enter alone."

Claire remained on the trap, holding the reins loosely, and Maxwell entered the old salutation:

"Exactly the same as twelve months ago, there was no one there but the old rattle, and she was crouching half-asleep over the wood and turf-fire, that was now dying down into white ashes, although the pungent fragrance of it filled the entire kitchen."

"God save you kindly!" she said, rising up, with that air and stone of respectful welcome that belong to these Irish women.

"Wish, this, yer 'anner, I suppose they're up among the pratties still. The days are drawn in," an' they must hurry."

"I don't know me!" he said, anxious to break the spell of mystery that hung around him.

"Wish, this, yer 'anner," she replied, peering closely at him through the bars of the kitchen, "you have the advantage of me, but shure 'er welcome, whoever you are!"

"You said the same words twelve months ago to a poor tramp that came to your door," he said.

"I did this; an' a sure 'twas God brought me on my way, and shure 'twas well he repaid us!"

"'Twas a quare thing," he replied, dropping into the country *patois*, "that a man could be six months under your roof, and that you don't recognize him!"

"Oh, holy mother of God! An' it's yer 'anner that's shakin' to me? Oh, wish, this, a thousand welcomes; and 'tis well you deserve it, for shure all we have is you."

And rubbing her hand in her cheek apron, she timidly held it out to him.

"He grasped it in his own; and something like a sob came into his voice, as he said: 'I'm sure now, if all the great names and great deeds of the world were examined, and put to the test, as they are, they would be found to be bubbles as thin as soap-bubbles, and unless he is a fool no one has such a poor opinion of a man as himself.'"

"That is quite right!" Father Cosgrove said. "That is what all our saints are never tired of repeating."

"Pah! I don't want your saints with their fastings, and haircloth, and non-resistance, and all that sort of thing. It is common sense! The confessional of an honest man in his own bedroom and his looking-glass. There he admits everything to himself; and a sorry estimate he makes of his little godhead."

"He is incorrigible!" his friend would say. "But you are a hero! Nothing now can change that."

"Even you do not know me," Hamberton would reply in a kind of despair, "and you are a hero! I wish I had it back! I should not have parted with it."

But one day, after he had railed at everybody in this way, just as Father Cosgrove was leaving the room, he called him back, and said:

"Don't be too proud at what I'm going to say."

"Then, after a pause, he added: 'After all, there is a God!'"

When the first shock was over, and all that medical skill could effect, was done for Hamberton, Maxwell thought the time had come when he might visit his friends at Lisheen. He was safe now. The report of his munificence and generosity toward these poor people had been waited far and wide; and by degrees, the imagination of the people, so slow to disentangle itself from its preconceived ideas, began to revolve around and finally settle down to the fact that verily, and indeed, and without doubt, Robert Maxwell, Esq., was the man who had served as saviour and labourer in their midst; and this for the noble and humane purpose of ascertaining their condition with a view to its betterment. It was like a fresh dawn of hope in the growing dusk of a nation's despair; for as yet the man acts of the legislature, that have revolutionized the condition of the tenant farmers of Ireland, had not been placed on the statute-book.

If Maxwell were one of those dwarfed souls who are the objects of popular applause, and the sound of fiddle drums and still more futile cheering, he could have had an ovation that would have made any of the leading politicians green with envy. But he shrank from such things as delicate and somewhat absurd; and he felt even a kind of shyness at the thought that he would have to face these poor people, and receive their honest thanks.

They had seen that everything that could be done for the comfort and ease of the loneliness of the poor invalid had been done, and in a quiet hour of a still autumn afternoon Claire and Maxwell drove over, after luncheon, to Lisheen.

'tis all a dhrame; an' somebody has put the comether on us. And thin we have to go out an' see ev'rythin' agin all over—the new house, the barns, the shooek, the crops, the walls an' hedges an' ditches; an' thin we comes back to go on our knees and thank the Lord and ax him to pour down blessings on yer 'anner an' on yer 'anner's wife all the days of yere lives."

And so with all mute and spoken deference and gratitude, these poor people poured out their souls to their benefactor; and Maxwell felt that he had been more than amply recompensed for his outlay, just as he felt that he had grown in all mental and moral stature by reason of the sharp experience he had passed through there in that humble home.

"I suppose I could hardly keep it up," he thought, "nor would I care to repeat it. But it was a gift of the gods. I feel that I am moving on, and that I am getting on my feet."

The one drawback was Debbie's stubborn refusal to make friends. And yet Maxwell was not sorry. He pitied the girl; but he knew well that far down beneath her rude and dejected appearance, Debbie had the misplaced love for himself.

"Only one thing is wanting now to your happiness," said Maxwell, as they rose to go, "you must get Pierry here married as soon as possible. No house is rightly blessed unless the faces of little children are here. Isn't that true, Owen?"

"'Tis thrue, yer 'anner; and I begs and begs the Almighty to bless our marriage as soon as possible. No house is rightly blessed unless the faces of little children are here. Isn't that true, Owen?"

"Excuse me 'mam, but there goes the school bell; I'll have to be off," interrupted the youngster, politely raising his cap.

"Very well, but come in on your way back from school this afternoon; I have another message to send you with."

Mrs. Mahon could not drive the pacer the school steps with a tight hold on the cookies; for had it not been for them little Dan McGee would have had no lunch at all, and would have been the image of the child from her mind all day. Beneath that gentle, amiable exterior she knew that a still more gentle—yes, even an angelic—disposition lay hidden. She had noticed the embarrassed look on his face when she asked him about his parents, and how he stammered in getting out the account of his little brother's death. She suspected that something must be wrong, and thinking that it might be the condition of his home, she was about to get ready to pay a visit to Forest street when she heard the voices of the crowd of school children who were passing the house, and presently she saw the slight form of little Dan McGee coming through the side alley to the kitchen door. A gentle pat brought the good lady to her feet, and she hurriedly unlatched the door.

"So school is out, is it Dan? What's your comin' and was yourself at the fireplace while I get the message ready?"

"Thank you, 'mam, but I don't feel cold; I have just come out of the school-room."

"Then, now, sit down on this chair, Dan. It will be a few minutes before I get ready the message for you, so drink this cup of chocolate, and here are some cookies, and make yourself comfortable until I come back."

She turned to go upstairs, and when she was half way up to the next floor she called out: "Perhaps your mother will be expecting you."

"Oh, no, 'mam, she will know that I am on an errand, and I won't be much behind time getting home, anyhow."

"Very well; I'll be back presently," and she continued on up the stairs.

"Poor Dan! He had never been used to such treatment, and when he saw the steaming cup before him and the plate filled with those tempting sweet-breads, he wandered in thought to his own poor home

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00

THOR COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher.

Advertisement for teaching positions wanted, etc. Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Letters of Recommendation. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your paper with interest and pleasure. It is published in a matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

was no room for misunderstanding then as to the simple faith and devotion of the worshippers towards the Real Presence on the altar.

And that this, outwardly at least, correctly describes the bogus Presbyterian mass, there can be no doubt whatever from the foregoing extract regarding the masquerade in St. Andrew's Institute. The deluded worshippers were led to believe as through the entire campaign amongst them in the North-West they are led to believe, that they were really assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. Whence otherwise the handsome vestments, the "altar" decorated with crosses and lighted candles, the burning incense and the tinkling of the sacros bell? These things are senseless mummery if divorced from the object of worship which they were intended to signify and safeguard, but were "necessary", according to the celebrant from Knox College, "as it is the only way the people understand"—or, in other words, to maintain the hollow mockery and delusion in the minds of the poor people that they were assisting at a genuine Mass, as for long centuries their forefathers had before them. Could fraud and duplicity any farther go?

In this matter then of the Ruthenian mission the Presbyterian Church of Canada stands convicted of a gross perversion of Christian morals. It is not a question of an individual minister here and there going astray, but of the entire body as represented in its presbyteries, synods and General assembly, lending its countenance and support, officially, to the propagation of a lie. Through its creeds and formularies, the Mass is denounced as blasphemous and "abominably injurious to the institution of Christ"; forms and ceremonies, rituals and litanies, incense and holy water, vestments and candles, and even the sacred representation of the crucified Christ itself held up to ridicule and contempt, as heathenish and idolatrous relics of a bygone age. The entire history of the Calvinistic heresy reeks with such imputations against the Catholic Roman Church, and that especial brand of Presbyterian Scotsmen, the National Covenant of 1580, confirmed and re-enacted by the General Assembly at Edinburgh in 1639 and 1640, stigmatizes every such rite as "devilish," "blasphemous" and "contrary to the word of God." And yet in these opening years of a century heralded as the harbinger of universal peace, progress, enlightenment and righteousness, a body of men is found who, under the aegis of the official and corporate authority of their church, deem it consistent with Christian truth and honor to parody the much despised Mass and to masquerade in the vestments of that "blasphemous priesthood" which they declare to be "damned and confuted by the word of God," that in so doing they may delude a trusting and unsophisticated people into the idea that they are assisting at a genuine rite of their religion. Well may the onlooker, reflecting upon these things, in the language of the Redeemer Himself, exclaim: "Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing but inwardly are ravening wolves."

THE METHODISTS OF England feel somewhat aggrieved because their church as well as all the other free churches were put in a humiliating position in regard to the coronation service at Westminster Abbey. All the honor given them was the bestowal of a few free tickets of admission. Our friends of the sects must remember that the management of the service would be somewhat embarrassed were they to invite representatives of all the different religious denominations in the country. If they did so greater representatives would occupy a much greater space in the Abbey than could be spared. The exponents of different phases of religious thought run into the hundreds.

THE CHILD LIFE. Dr. Boris Sidis is a famed physiologist. He has a son who, we are told, is a prodigy. He is thirteen years of age and has just concluded his second year at Harvard. Dr. Boris Sidis is a prodigy too. People who are in the habit of using strong language would call him a freak. Dr. Sidis speaks in very uncomplimentary terms of college professors in general, for the reason, we suppose, that they do not possess his patent device for making men out of children by the automobile on a rampage process. He calls the professors "poor old college owls, academic barn-yard fowls," and he says they are in agonizing terror of critical reflective thought. Likewise, he says, they suppress the genius of the young. He would have us start educating our children at two or three years of age. His plan would be to encourage the child to ask questions, and then answer them, and he would have us keep on stuffing the little brain with facts and figures, with history, geometry, mathematics, navigation, astronomy, botany, and all the rest. We pity the thirteen year old son of Prof. Sidis and we pray that he will not end

up in the asylum. There is about this scheme of the physiologist a something which it would not be too strong to characterize as heartless and brutal. The child life is perhaps the most beautiful of all his years, and as he grows old he ever looks back to it with charming recollections. This gloomy individual would destroy this child life—at its earliest period he would begin to burden its little mind with the world and its affairs when he ought to be romping and playing ball. There is a law against cruelty to animals. There is one also against cruelty to children. The little boy of Prof. Sidis should be taken from under his care and placed with some Children's Aid Society. Likewise the children of some puritanical parents we know. The time they are not at Sunday school or church must, according to the Calvinistic mandate of the parents, be employed sitting on a straight back chair pouring over chapters of the Scriptures, the meaning of which to the child mind is almost incomprehensible. Many a Robt. G. Ingersoll has come from this school of thought. The man who does not like to see children at innocent play even on the Sabbath must have a very small soul indeed and is not much of an asset to any community. The One who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me" was not of one mind with the Puritan Sabbatarian. He was all love. The Puritan would make the world not fit to live in. We may be thankful he is not given his full bent. If such were the case what a gloomy world would be ours—one long funeral procession.

EVERY DAY brings us items in the daily paper which go to show that both in the United States, but to a lesser degree in Canada, the marriage ceremony is becoming a farce, and that the salutary enactments of the Holy See in regard to marriage were promulgated none too soon. In the London, Ontario, police court a man had an engagement to be married at ten o'clock. He celebrated the coming event by getting drunk, and had therefore another engagement to appear before the police magistrate at the precise hour of the day on which he was to be united in wedlock. The police, however, allowed their little engagement with him to stand so that the nuptial party might not be disappointed. Another case. At Albuquerque, New Mexico, on June 29, Rev. Thos. H. Harwood, aged 91, national chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic, announced his betrothal to Mrs. Mary Clarke of the place mentioned. Old shoes, rice, confetti, blowing of horns outside the doors of the old church, which has given it a profound religious significance, the marriage ceremony is fast becoming something close akin to vaudeville.

A GIDDY SOCIALIST. The Socialists sometimes run amuck. Carried away with the idea that it would be a grand condition of things were property owners to take them under their care and divide their wealth with them, they often do things with the purpose of hurrying on this earthly paradise which gets them into trouble. One of them, a young man in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, thought it would further the "cause" were he in his socialist paper to libel a priest. The reverend gentleman had him arrested and now the courts will deal with him. This young socialist is not worldly wise. That he may keep clear of the policeman's baton he should adopt the same methods as the returned missionaries from Brazil. In libelling the Catholic Church and its priests these gentlemen never condescend to give particulars. They make one fell swoop upon almost the entire priesthood of the Latin countries, and this is followed by another fell swoop on the pockets of their wealthy votaries who have much money but with whom nature has been sparing with one of her greatest gifts—common sense. A notable case was that in which a Methodist Bishop made serious accusations against the priesthood of Brazil. We published lately a letter from that country characterizing his statements as utterly without foundation and libellous. Will he apologize? Not at all. Nor do we expect apology from the religious papers of the sects who gave prominence to his pronouncement. We have been looking carefully over the Christian Guardian of Toronto expecting an apology to be made for the remarks of Bishop Hendrix, which were published in its columns, but up to the present writing there is "nothing from the front."

AT THE Baptist convention in Ottawa recently held, the following resolution was passed: "Whereas in connection with the negotiations for union of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches, it has been proposed by some to effect a substitute for organic union of these bodies, which will include the Baptist, by which federation or demerger would be effected to restrict its work to such areas as the combined bodies might decide. "Be it resolved that this association puts itself on record as unalterably opposed to any proposition which, if approved, would prevent us from discharging in all their fullness the fundamental

obligations which we believe our Lord imposes on us." This places the Baptist sect in a position at war with the fundamentals of Protestantism—the corner stone of the edifice being private interpretation. Every Baptist in every country in the world, to be a good Protestant, should be given the right to believe what he pleases and reject what he pleases. It is not fair, according to the Protestant idea, to bind him up to any particular line of thought. Taking a general survey of the union of the sects, we can conceive no result except perhaps the saving of resources in small places by doing away with what is called over-lapping. There will be no real union on doctrinal standards. Each minister and each member will still be quite free to believe what he pleases, as becometh those who broke away from the centre of unity, the Mother Church, at the time of the great rebellion.

AS TO PORTUGAL. Wherever the Catholic Church is a notable feature of the life of any particular nation, and whenever there is an upheaval in the political atmosphere, a certain class of non-Catholics are wont to single out that Church as the cause. In their minds it is always wrong—always seeking to oppress the people, etc. Such was the cry which resounded through the land when that atrocious monarch Henry VIII sat on the throne of England. He and his courtiers, together with a large number of individuals who in our day would be known as grafters, conceived the idea that the dwellers in the monasteries and nunneries were an undesirable class of citizens because valuable property lay in their possession. This property was looked upon with an envious eye by Henry and his bootlickers. The monks and nuns were robbed, the King and his courtiers became wealthy. Many a time has the same expedient been resorted to from that day to this by those who have a keen desire for the possession of that which does not of right belong to them. Portugal is a case in point. The following extract from a paper in The Bay Magazine for December last tells the story of the turn-over in Portugal. It will be interesting reading to those who have been under the impression that the Church is to blame for the uprising: "A great many people have been telling their betters going down in the street cars in the mornings, that, of course, they knew what caused the revolution. They had known it for a long time, they hint. In short, Protestants have been of the belief that the Church of Rome was to blame for the conditions in Portugal, which brought about the Republic, and only our Roman Catholic fellow citizens have refrained from discussing it as the possible reason. "But there are two articles in the current reviews which seek to correct this impression. One is an unsigned essay in the Quarterly Review, and the other is by Francis McCullagh in the Nineteenth Century. The former speaks of the Roman Church in Spain, and the latter deals with the part which that Church played, among the other causes, in the Portuguese revolution. "From all I can learn," says the writer in the Nineteenth Century, "this (the clerical question) was largely artificial. I once knew a lady suffering from epileptic fits who imagined that the attacks were due to her wearing glasses which were a shade too strong for her sight; and I have frequently met neurotic people who were convinced that the irritability of the other unpleasant symptoms of their complaint would disappear if they wore a larger size in boots or made some trivial change in their habits. The Portuguese people, who seek to correct this impression, are keenly sensitive to the fact that now, in the twentieth century, they do not occupy the same relative position in Europe which they occupied in the fifteenth century. They have declined, and are, in consequence, irritable and despondent. Suddenly they are told that this decline is due to clericalism. The statement is repeated in a hundred different forms. The cry is taken up by fanatics, who are as much opposed to Catholicity as the Jesuits are devoted to it. These anti-clericals are as well organized and as self-sacrificing as the Jesuits themselves. Their propaganda is carried out with great skill, persistence and courage. Finally, the Portuguese people believe them, just as the average man in the street comes in time to believe the persistent advertisers who scream at him from every hoarding and every station on the underground that their pale pills cure cramp! . . . This is the principle which lies at the root of all quack advertising, either in medicine or in politics, and it accounts in part for the success of the anti-clerical cry in Portugal. That cry was popular because it flattered Portuguese pride and Portuguese indolence. They were still a great nation, but they were being taken up by fanatics, who were as much opposed to Catholicity as the Jesuits are devoted to it. These anti-clericals and they would at once tower head and shoulders over all the other nations in Europe. Such was the remedy, so simple, so attractive. No need for a long and painful diagnosis, for long years of self-discipline. Put out the monks, and all will be well. This cry appealed, moreover, to Southern impatience and impulsiveness. Nothing needed but one short angry upheaval, one delirious week of rioting and convent-smashing. How perfectly delightful! I do not think that the departure of the monks will make much difference to Portugal. There are proportionately more monks in Germany than there were in Portugal, yet Germany prospers. Whether or not the clericalism injured Portugal in the past is another matter. Probably the Inquisition did injure the

country, but the Inquisition was more Governmental than clerical. In the middle of the last century it was in the hands of the Marquis de Pombal, who expelled the Jesuits, and whose brother, the head of the Inquisition, even burned a Jesuit at the stake."

A WORD to our contemporaries. Would it not be well to discontinue the publication of police court doings save in certain cases where the public interest is involved? Some unfortunate gets drunk and the reporter hastens to his desk, writes down the facts, and proclaims to the world that John Jones is in the ranks of the inebriates. The offender resolves to turn over a new leaf, to live a decent, sober life. He may be out of work and he seeks a position, but the reporter has done his fell work. The man's character is blackened and nobody wants him. Another case. A young girl is guilty of a trifling offense, the appropriation of a small article of wearing apparel which does not belong to her. She is brought before the police court, the reporter proclaims her name to the public and the stigma remains with her through life. The same in the case of many a young man. Pity it is that the managing editors of our papers do not give more heed to the precept of charity in dispensing the news of the day. Would it not be a good plan to enact a law closing the doors of the police courts to reporters except in such cases as we have mentioned?

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY. For many reasons it is of importance that the different branches of the Catholic Truth Societies throughout the country should be in closer touch one with the other. The work is of vast importance, and concerted action will lead to better results. That this end may be attained we would ask the secretaries of Catholic Truth Societies in all parts of the country to send their address to the Catholic Truth Society of Canada, P. O. Box 383, Toronto.

WE HAVE been favored with a circular which reads: "The Pastor Russell Lecture Bureau, as handlers of Pastor Russell's three-column 'Sunday Sermons,' one column 'Sermon Report Services,' and the 'Brooklyn Tabernacle Bible Studies' on the International Sunday School topics, is interested in sending their customers sample sheets of a new 'Miller Service.' For a time they will be furnished free. Their value we need not comment upon, as it will be evident to you. Beginning with July next this monthly manuscript service will cost you \$1.00 per year. Until then it will be free."

WE are sorry we cannot see Pastor Russell's ready-made sermons, even with a very life-like half-tone of Pastor Russell accompanying them. The headings are of the up-to-date display order in bold type. Judging by a very hasty glance at the sermons we would say that Pastor Russell aims at tickling the intellect of the intellectuals. Not a word do we see about prayer and good works, humility, or any other of those pious exercises which come down to us through the ages—the treasures of the old Church. The only sermon of Pastor Russell which we feel a kindly regard for is that on the "Holy Name," but the sentiments therein expressed he has taken from Catholic practice and forgot to give credit. When we publish sermons we prefer to report those delivered from the old baroque of Peter—undulterated—a message of salvation from the gospel of the day.

EVERY THAT great monthly publication, the Ladies' Home Journal, has fallen foul of the Little Red School House. A writer in a late edition says that "louder each year grows the murmur of dissatisfaction on the part of parents with the education given their children. On every hand the signs are evident of a widely growing distrust of the effectiveness of the present educational system in this country." We are glad to know our separated brethren are fast becoming cognizable of the fact that the public school is not what it ought to be. If the class rooms are pagan we will have a pagan nation. The proof: The contents of the morning papers.

NOTES AND COMMENTS. THE DEATH of Archbishop O'Connor, following so close upon that of his successor in the Archdiocese of Toronto, recalls to mind a somewhat similar event in the earlier annals of the Church in Ontario. Right Rev. Romigius Gaulin, who had in 1833 been consecrated Bishop of Tabraca, and coadjutor to Bishop Macdonell of Kingston, succeeded to the latter See on Bishop Macdonell's death in 1840. His health, however, proved unequal to the strain and in 1842 he retired to his native Province, relinquishing the duties of the office into the hands of his coadjutor, Bishop Phelan. Bishop Gaulin died at St. Philomene on 8th of May, 1857, when Bishop O'Connor, who had been administrator for fifteen years, succeeded to the title of Bishop of Kingston. He retained it but one month, however, as, on 6th June of the same year, he too was called to his reward amid the tears of a sorrowing people. To Archbishop O'Connor this tribute may likewise be paid, as though of a retiring disposition and not

on that account as well known personally to his people as either his predecessor or his successor, the holiness of his life and the wisdom of his enactments made a deep and lasting impression upon the archdiocese. And now that he has passed to his account the prayers of his former flock will, it need scarcely be said, ascend to Heaven in his behalf. May he rest in peace.

METHODIST CHURCHES in Toronto have been much agitated of late over the missionary peregrinations among them of a Mormon elder. Why he should make a dead-set against these people in particular, can only be conjectured, but one cannot be very far astray in attributing it to the increasing evidences of unrest in Methodist ministerial circles, with the accompanying break-up of earlier convictions among the people at large. The Presbyterians, too, have taken alarm at the growth of Mormonism in the Northwest, and the last general assembly passed a resolution looking to the inauguration of a vigorous campaign throughout the Dominion against it. It is said that 300 Mormon proselytes from Great Britain have passed through Toronto already this season on their way to the prairie provinces. And as evidence of the sect's increasing boldness, the elder who has caused the disturbance in Toronto publishes a manifesto claiming for the religion of Joseph Smith that it is the one, only, true exponent of Christianity. Two reflections arise legitimately from this episode. First, that Protestantism in any form is the natural prey of these fantastic distortions of religion, and second, that we never hear of any similar attempts on the part of Mormonism among a Catholic people. There is a wealth of food for thought here for devout, earnest Protestants of the old school. We commend it to them in all charity.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that the degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred by Fordham University upon Father Edward P. Graham, of Sandusky, Ohio, whose timely book "The Mystery of Naples," was briefly reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago, will be agreeable news to his many friends in Canada. The degree was conferred in recognition of Dr. Graham's services to Catholic literature, more particularly through the medium of the weekly press, but it may also be taken as a tribute to his industry and usefulness as a friend of Catholic education. As a preacher, too, he has a high reputation, and he has conducted many notable retreats for the Knights of Columbus and other religious and fraternal societies. Few priests, says the Catholic Universe, have given more unstintedly of their time and energy to the advancement of Catholic culture generally, and all this while discharging the duties of a pastor of souls. As Dr. Graham, we may be assured, his name will continue to be identified with every movement that makes for the progress of the Faith in the land of his adoption.

A RECENT dispatch from Lisbon states that the Government inventory of Church property despoiled at the revolution has disclosed great wealth in the several churches, the Patriarchate of Lisbon alone, it is added, yielding numerous images of saints studded with jewels. What is likely to become of this treasure—the pious offering of generations of devout Christians—we may form a pretty shrewd idea from similar spoils in the past. When Henry VIII laid covetous eyes upon the splendors of the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket, in Canterbury cathedral, he was careful to let the world know that the treasure was to be devoted to the "good of his people." "The jewels and gold," we are told, "were carried off in two strong coffers, on the shoulders of eight men, and for the removal of the rest of the spoils six-and-twenty carts were said to have waited at the cathedral door." "The good of his people," as then became apparent, was a pious fraud, and found no realization beyond Henry's private coffers and the gratification of his beastly appetites.

SO IT WAS, in our own day in the plundering of the Church of France. Its treasures have become the sport of corporate greed and what is left has fallen a prey to official embezzlement. And in England in Henry's day and in France in ours, so in Portugal, we may be sure, if it pleases not God to avert the blow, the suffering will fall alone upon the poor and the little ones of Christ. What was consecrated to the glory of God by the faith and devotion of bygone generations in the most tangible form to which it is given to man here below to express his devotion—by offering of his material possessions—will pass to the worship of mammon. Meanwhile certain people calling themselves Christians look on and applaud.

WHILE BELFAST Orangemen and its offshoots elsewhere are prognosticating all sorts of evils to Protestantism in Ireland as the inevitable result of the forthcoming restoration of self-government

to the Irish people—prognostications that, as has been shown, are entirely devoid of historical warrant—Orange circles in Armagh are aiming to show by contrast just what Catholics might expect, if the "brethren" ever got the upper hand again in the councils of the nation as a whole. In the County Council of Armagh, when the matter of appointing representatives to the assembly committee came up, the time-honored Catholic representation thereon was by the vote of the majority reduced from five to three. The committee comprises sixteen representatives, and notwithstanding that the Catholic population has steadily increased in recent years—the proportion of the whole, if we remember aright, being now about two-fifths—it was deemed altogether fitting on the part of the majority to hark back to the spirit of the darkest days of Orange ascendancy. Comment would be superfluous. "Tolerance" is so transcendently a Protestant virtue!

THE STEADY revival of industrial activity in Ireland is one of the most gratifying evidences of the new spirit which, thanks to the perseverance of Irish patriots and the increasing enlightenment of English statesmen, now breathes over the land. One of the most recent instances of this lies in the re-opening of the copper mines at Ardullough near Kenmare. The first shipment of ore was despatched to Swansea a few weeks ago, and experts who have carefully examined the mines report operations thus far as highly satisfactory and prospects as most promising. These mines produced rich results a century ago and were working as late as 1860. But from the spirit that destroyed the manufacturing industries of Ireland, mining was not exempt, and for fifty years the copper deposits of Ardullough have lain idle and neglected. Their re-opening now is an augury of the dawning of a better day. Great interest has attended the event and a strong company to work them is in process of formation.

AN AUTOGRAPH letter, hitherto unpublished, it is said, of Katharine of Aragon, the lawful wife of Henry VIII, and whose "divorce" by that monarch precipitated the Reformation, was recently sold at Sotheby's famous auction mart in London. The letter was written subsequent to the declaration by the English Parliament of Anne Boleyn as Queen, and but a few weeks prior to the Pope's (Clement VII) declaration of the validity of Katharine's marriage. The letter, written in Spanish and addressed to her nephew, Emperor Charles V, as "the only friend she had in the world," is an appeal for aid in the Queen's efforts to obtain justice. It at the same time furnishes new evidence (if such were needed) of Katharine's beautiful piety and resignation, amply bearing out Ligard's characterization of her as bearing in "the graces of her person the additional lustre derived from the amiable qualities of her heart," and affirming that "the propriety of her conduct, during a long period of trial and suspense, had obtained and deserved the applause of the whole court."

THE FOLLOWING clause which The Tablet extracts from the translation in Sotheby's catalogue affords an interesting and edifying testimony to Queen Katharine's filial regard for the Holy See, notwithstanding her impression that the Pope was dilatory in forwarding her cause. Provocably slow and cautious Clement may have been, but as the sequel proved, his one over-mastering aim was to avert the cleavage of Christendom which he saw was, through Henry's perfidy, impending. In the event, Katharine's cause was fully and amply maintained. Well for the king it would have been had he not one spark of her humility and constancy:

"Perceiving" (writes Katharine) "that neither the daily offences made to God here—which go on the increase—nor my own continual complaints, nor the power of Your Highness, are sufficient to induce His Holiness to [me] justice, I was almost determined not to trouble Your Majesty any more with my letters, but to entrust the declaration of my justice to God, and to accept this as a remedy for my troubles and a consolation for my life. Yet it seemed to me as if in so doing I should be tempting God, especially when I see that the sin, wherein the King my lord lives, brings about other sins every hour, as it would appear from the attempt they have lately made, without fear of God, and to the great scandal of all Christendom, against the authority of the Holy See."

A RECENT issue of the London (England) Catholic News contains an interesting photographic reproduction of Father Bernard Vaughan in the act of gently reasoning with a group of "Kensitites," who, bearing banners inscribed with insulting references to "Popery," interrupted the blessing of a motor chapel in London not many weeks ago. The interrupters were very much non-plussed by Father Vaughan's way of dealing with them—reasoning being a process somewhat new to "Kensitites" (a term now generally applied to Protestant Alliance votaries.) Father Vaughan may not have succeeded in

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

GOD'S PROVIDENCE

"I have compassion on the multitude." (Mark viii, 2)

The miracle related in today's Gospel was designed to prove God's un-failing providence for His children.

Four thousand people followed Our Saviour into the desert, to hear His divine word, to see the miracles He did for three days without food.

When He saw they had nothing to eat, He said to His disciples: "I have compassion on the multitude, for behold they have nothing to eat."

We do not know what grounds the Independent possesses for the assumption that men trained as Catholics have prepared this infamous decree.

It is the usual way when persecution comes home to those who find no fault with it so long as it is confined to the Catholic Church and people.

Some, however, may object to the fact that the Lord is not only the author of the decree, but also the one who is to be benefited by it.

In preference to all other things we must strive for the kingdom of God and His justice, and everything else shall be given us.

There are numerous examples of God's providence in Holy Scripture, and in history.

That Protestantism is losing ground in this country, is no news to observant persons.

There are numerous examples of God's providence in Holy Scripture, and in history.

There are numerous examples of God's providence in Holy Scripture, and in history.

There are numerous examples of God's providence in Holy Scripture, and in history.

There are numerous examples of God's providence in Holy Scripture, and in history.

There are numerous examples of God's providence in Holy Scripture, and in history.

There are numerous examples of God's providence in Holy Scripture, and in history.

There are numerous examples of God's providence in Holy Scripture, and in history.

There are numerous examples of God's providence in Holy Scripture, and in history.

ship and tax them heavily for the privilege of paying their own way.

Dr. Alfonso Costa, is credited with saying that in two generations of the continuance of the law "Catholicity will be annihilated in Portugal."

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

There is not a Protestant country in which it could be tolerated.

A Fire-pot That Won't Crack

THE greatest strain falls midway between the top and bottom of a one-piece fire-pot, because the live coals are located at the centre of the fire.

2 Piece Fire Pot

fire-pot you replace is so much added to the cost of the maintenance of your furnace.

Now, the Sunshine fire-pot is built in two sections, which are joined together with our "famous" cup-joint.



kind of a fire-pot you want in the furnace you are going to have installed in your new house.

Get the Sunshine—the economical, guaranteed furnace. It's the A1 furnace investment.



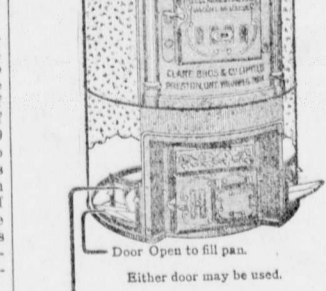
to the deck, that there had been a collision in mid-ocean, and that he was in imminent danger of shipwreck.

Thoughtless persons, immersed in the affairs of the world, will be little moved by the prospect of the wreckage of all upon which lofty and pure souls have centred their hopes for all eternity.

THE MEN ON THE FIRING LINE

Catholics accustomed to life in well-organized, long settled dioceses where fine cathedrals and churches lift their gilded crosses to heaven and where the sacred ceremonies of religion are performed with befitting splendor, find it somewhat difficult to think of the Church existing under the other conditions.

Moist Heat is the Natural Heat YOUR HOUSE WILL "FEEL" WARMER AT 65° WITH MOIST AIR THAN AT 70° WITH DRY



Adding moisture to the air in your home will give you the same heat for less fuel.

But that is not all. Warm dry air, however pure, is not healthful.

The "Hecla" supplies this moisture in plenty. A large circular pan of water is placed where it will be easy to fill and where it will not be overlooked.

"Hecla" Furnace SAVES ONE TON OF COAL IN SEVEN.

By actual test the "Hecla" saves one ton of coal in seven. That is, it is so constructed as to give the same heat for six tons of coal as you ever get from seven.

Get this Booklet It tells about heating for Health as well as Comfort. It is yours for the asking. Write for it.

Oil Cement this joint is absolutely gas-proof, smoke-proof and dust-proof.

The layer of cement acts as a "buffer" between the two sections and allows each section to expand or contract independently of the other.

Less than 1 per cent. of Sunshine fire-pots have been replaced. This shows conclusively that the Sunshine two-piece fire-pot will save you money, and that's the

touches the ceiling, when I stand up. My "Bishop's Palace" is a very old Indian hut, made of logs and mud, and measures 14 x 14 feet.

THE MEN ON THE FIRING LINE

Catholics accustomed to life in well-organized, long settled dioceses where fine cathedrals and churches lift their gilded crosses to heaven and where the sacred ceremonies of religion are performed with befitting splendor, find it somewhat difficult to think of the Church existing under the other conditions.

Moist Heat is the Natural Heat YOUR HOUSE WILL "FEEL" WARMER AT 65° WITH MOIST AIR THAN AT 70° WITH DRY

Adding moisture to the air in your home will give you the same heat for less fuel.

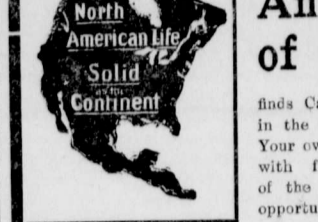
But that is not all. Warm dry air, however pure, is not healthful.

The "Hecla" supplies this moisture in plenty. A large circular pan of water is placed where it will be easy to fill and where it will not be overlooked.

"Hecla" Furnace SAVES ONE TON OF COAL IN SEVEN.

By actual test the "Hecla" saves one ton of coal in seven. That is, it is so constructed as to give the same heat for six tons of coal as you ever get from seven.

The Forty-fourth Anniversary of Confederation



finds Canada a strong and vigorous nation in the forefront of progress and prosperity.

If you have not already taken full advantage of the opportunity afforded of insuring your life it will be well for you to do so at once.

Remember each succeeding birthday anniversary that you allow to pass only adds to the cost and makes it more difficult to secure a policy.

Consult one of our representatives to-day or write to the

North American Life Assurance Company

Home Office Toronto

after the battle, went with the Prince's forces into England and back with him to Stirling, but he was obliged by ill-health to return home after the battle of Falkirk.

After the defeat at Culloden, Mr. Hay was imprisoned for three months in Edinburgh Castle, and was then sent to London.

Here while undergoing restraint for his loyalty to the Stuarts he for the first time, heard Catholic doctrines discussed and defended, and after his return to Scotland, having earnestly studied some Catholic books of theology, he showed himself desirous of becoming a Catholic.

For a short time Mr. Hay continued in his profession and went out as surgeon on board a trading vessel to Cadiz. Here he made friends with a holy Irish Augustinian friar and formed the resolution of leaving the world and of consecrating himself to Almighty God in religion.

After his ordination Father Hay returned home in the company of two other young priests and, escaping the dangers which then encompassed the landing of any Catholic priest in Scotland, the travellers reached Barrahead on the eve of the Assumption, 1759, and proceeded to Edinburgh to receive the blessing and commands of Bishop Smith.

After his ordination Father Hay returned home in the company of two other young priests and, escaping the dangers which then encompassed the landing of any Catholic priest in Scotland, the travellers reached Barrahead on the eve of the Assumption, 1759, and proceeded to Edinburgh to receive the blessing and commands of Bishop Smith.

After his ordination Father Hay returned home in the company of two other young priests and, escaping the dangers which then encompassed the landing of any Catholic priest in Scotland, the travellers reached Barrahead on the eve of the Assumption, 1759, and proceeded to Edinburgh to receive the blessing and commands of Bishop Smith.

After his ordination Father Hay returned home in the company of two other young priests and, escaping the dangers which then encompassed the landing of any Catholic priest in Scotland, the travellers reached Barrahead on the eve of the Assumption, 1759, and proceeded to Edinburgh to receive the blessing and commands of Bishop Smith.

After his ordination Father Hay returned home in the company of two other young priests and, escaping the dangers which then encompassed the landing of any Catholic priest in Scotland, the travellers reached Barrahead on the eve of the Assumption, 1759, and proceeded to Edinburgh to receive the blessing and commands of Bishop Smith.

After his ordination Father Hay returned home in the company of two other young priests and, escaping the dangers which then encompassed the landing of any Catholic priest in Scotland, the travellers reached Barrahead on the eve of the Assumption, 1759, and proceeded to Edinburgh to receive the blessing and commands of Bishop Smith.

After his ordination Father Hay returned home in the company of two other young priests and, escaping the dangers which then encompassed the landing of any Catholic priest in Scotland, the travellers reached Barrahead on the eve of the Assumption, 1759, and proceeded to Edinburgh to receive the blessing and commands of Bishop Smith.

A NEW CREATION

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER THE ONLY NEW UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY IN MANY YEARS.

Contains the *plith* and *essence* of an authoritative library. Covers every field of knowledge. An Encyclopedia in a single book.

THE ONLY DICTIONARY WITH THE NEW DIVIDED PAGE. 400,000 Words. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations. Cost nearly half a million dollars.

Let us tell you about this most remarkable single volume.

Write for sample pages, full particulars, etc. Name this paper and we will send free a set of Pocket Maps.



G. & C. Merriam Co. Springfield, Mass.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT WITH IRON

is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY

It is more readily assimilated, and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron.

It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility.

For Sale at Drug Stores

W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, - Canada

MENEELY & CO. WATERLIET (West Troy), N.Y.

THE OLD RELIABLE MENEELY'S CHURCH, CRIME, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS

Northern Navigation Co. Limited

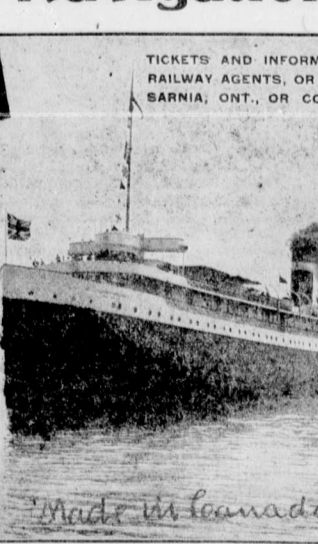
"A Fresh Water Sea Voyage"

to S. S. Marie, Port Arthur and Duluth

Sailings from Sarnia Monday, Wednesday and Saturday

Special Grand Trunk train service between Toronto and Hamilton and London connecting with steamers.

Effective June 19th, daily service "Among the 30,000 Islands"



"That Georgian Bay Trip"

to Mackinac Island, S. S. Marie and way ports via North Channel.

Effective June 21st. Sailings from Collingwood and Owen Sound Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The ideal water trip for business or pleasure trips.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

VACATIONS, RIGHT AND WRONG

Vacation days are near at hand, says the Sacred Heart Review, and our usual work in season may fittingly be spoken now. We have no fault to find with the growing habit of breaking away for a brief while from the routine of the year's work and we hope that every vacationist will have a genuinely "good time." But we must remind the Catholic that there is no vacation from duties imposed by his religion—there is no dispensation from attendance at Mass on Sunday, no permission to eat meat on Friday, or to indulge in questionable recreation. The Catholic young man is under the same obligation in regard to his conduct away from home as he is for all the rest of the year, and the temptations of mixed company at beach or mountain resort are to be as sedulously avoided or guarded against as the lures of the dance hall in the city.

The laxity of family discipline accords an undue measure of liberty to young men, and one of the objectionable phases of taking a vacation is the forming of parties and young men and young women who spend their vacation together in camps, farm-houses or hotels, without the restraint of proper supervision. They are there for a "rattling good time," and they take it with a reckless disregard for what others may think of them, or of the desecration they are giving to other vacationists who are giving to their vacation a more moral sound to the core, though the liberties taken and permitted would give a different impression.

How young people—and some older ones—who are orderly and edifying in their conduct at home can become so lax during a brief holiday passes comprehension; and, if the Catholic is puzzled, what must be the thoughts of the non-Catholic who judges by what he sees? "I did not think Catholicism worthy like you," said a new Hampshire woman to two summer boarders, quiet, studious young women. "I had Catholics once before, and they were rowdy people. The men in the party made a show of my place. They came up from Boston on Saturday, and stayed in C— all night, drinking and card playing. They drove over here Sunday afternoon, when all the folks were sitting out. I heard the singing and shouting, and when I'd id of shame when the tall boy pulled up at my gate. Right on top was a case of beer, and three or four young men, half drunk and acting like fools. I guess the boys have been having a good time," said the wife of the landowner, unconcerned. "But I let them know that I wouldn't stand for such goings on at my place. I about made up my mind that I didn't want any more Catholics—but you are different."

Fortunately she was ready to believe that most Catholics are "different" but her first impression had been a very trying one. This is not a solitary instance of the Catholic vacation party bringing discredit on their religion. Discreditation is not given by the majority, but by a certain class who think liquor is an essential of a good time. To their maudlin minds "making the Reubens open their eyes" is great fun, but if they only knew the leader of the party, which the keen, self-respecting country people hold them, they would mend their ways when away from home. It is much to be regretted that Catholics, while acting in direct opposition to the training of the Church, should boast of their connection with it. Their bad example does incalculable harm, particularly in sections where practical Catholics are in the minority.

Wholesome parental restraint is entirely absent in most of the vacation parties among the younger set. The company of the old folks is not desired. They are not dressy or up-to-date, and their conversation does not bear stamp of high school or college, and they might object to Mac running with Reginald O'Toole, Harvard '11; or to Kathleen mooning on the piazza until morning with Stanley Hourihan, Harvard '12; or to Gladys (called "Gaggle" by masses) conversing with Percival (christened Patrick), McGuffie, Yale, '13. There is no knowledge what awkward situations parental meddling might bring about, so papa and mamma are safer and better at home. It is cheaper, too, for Mac and Kathryn and Gladys had little enough for their fiery; and Reginald and Stanley and Percival had all they can do to keep the girls in the canoes. They manage to "draw over" to dance at some other resort, on Saturday night; but they cannot be expected to repeat the extravagance on Sunday just to comply with the obligation of hearing Mass. The true hearted, self-respecting country people are "too tired" to make the effort.

THE NON-PROFESSING CATHOLIC

We have heard of some poor, weak-kneed Catholics, unworthy of their great faith, keep their faith in the background during vacations. They are non-committal amid Protestant associates, and are even complaisant enough to eat meat on Friday, rather than draw attention to themselves. That is where they make the big mistake. They would gain mightily in the esteem of their Protestant friends if they quietly abstained from or openly professed their profession of faith. The true hearted, loyal Catholic, who proclaims his belief before all men, not only arouses admiration among his Protestant companions, but he also arouses a sense of duty in his faltering brethren.

A staunch young Catholic in a summer camp set a notable example to the assembly, some years ago. Leaving the breakfast table hurriedly on Sunday morning he excused himself to "see his father go to Mass." "I think I had better go, too," said another guest, hesitatingly, and he went. On the following Sunday two more joined the Massing party. They were careless Catholics, grown indifferent under the influence of the secular camp, but the example set them by the practicing Catholic brought out the dormant manhood in them. Who knows what lasting good that one young man has done by

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT JIM FOUND

"You're not going to throw them away?" The white-capped maid paused in astonishment to look at the shabby boy who addressed her so earnestly. His face was flushed and his eyes bright with eagerness, and he pointed to the broken rocking horses in her arms, which she was about to throw into the ash barrel. "Oh, may I have them for my little brother? If you are going to throw them away?" "If you want them, I guess you might as well have them as the ash-man. Master Clarence doesn't want them any more. He never looks at them. Take them if they'll do you any good," she added patronizingly, and then she hurried up the steps of the handsome brownstone house and disappeared within the door.

Jim lifted the rocking horses in his arms and carried them happily down the street. "Robbie be pleased?" he said aloud to himself in delight. "He never expected a birthday present now, when father's been out of work so long. Oh, said Jim, and he was surprised!" Jim hurried along with his burden, stopping once or twice to examine them closely. The horses were decidedly dilapidated. One had his nose broken off, the other was minus a hind leg, the cushioned seat was worn in places, and the basket back partly broken, but that did not matter to Jim. The rockers were all right, and Robbie could sit in them and rock and play, even if they were a little broken.

He turned into the narrow little street where he lived, entered the door of a shabby tenement house, climbed the dingy stairs to the top floor, and burst into the room noisily. "Rob! Look here!" he shouted. "Well, Jim Higgins, I like you! I like your honesty in bringing back the bill, and I like your straightforward way of telling a story. You must have a good father and mother or they would not have brought you up to be what you are. I am going to give you this now as reward for your honesty." He placed a crisp \$2 bill in Jim's hand as he spoke. "And tell your father," he added, "to come around to my factory in the morning at 7 o'clock sharp—No. 15 Reed street. I need a man, and I want a good, honest one, one that I can rely on. If he's satisfactory, I can give him a steady job. And I'll see you again, my boy. I'll see you—and I'll see you little crippled maid,—" Jim turned to the girl, and said, "see if you can't find some goodies to send the little boy—it's his birthday—some fruit, or cake, or something."

The maid disappeared and the kind man turned again to the boy. "You wait here, son. Mary'll bring you something to take to your little brother. I must go in now. Good-night."

He leaned on Jim and then hurried into the house, from which Jim could hear merry, childish voices raised in welcome. Mary reappeared with a big bag filled with fruit, cake and a glass of delicious jelly. She handed it to him smilingly, and he thanked her and ran down the steps. He could hardly get home fast enough. He was so anxious to show his present, the bag of goodies for Rob, and to tell the good news to his father.

How astonished his father and mother and little brother were when he appeared and told them everything! He was the happiest boy in the world. "Didn't I tell you it would surely come?" asked Mrs. Higgins, beaming on her husband. And little Rob, sitting on his rocking horses, his pale face transfigured with happiness, rocked back and forth, and shouted, "Hurray!"—Catholic Sun.

Home love should be more than a sentiment. It should be a principle. Our homes should be united as were the homes of our forefathers on this continent in reverence to God and trust in Him. Homes in which there is no thought of God are built on shifting sand. "The trivial round, the common task"—how we are tempted to despise it! How pretty it seems when our souls long for higher, holier things! And yet we know that the weak points of our lives are now evident. Everything is made an argument in favor of the Roman Catholic Church. It is an argument in her favor that she

CATHOLIC MARRIAGE

In a recent pastoral Right Rev. Bishop Turner of Galloway, Scotland, referring to the Decree "No Temere," gives the following timely remarks on the marriage question: "We may remind those who accuse us of condemning Protestant marriages," says the Bishop, "that the very contrary of our position is the fact that we have expressly declared that she does not refer to the marriages of Protestants in the 'No Temere' decree of 1908, but freely accepts as lawful and valid those marriages which Protestants for themselves hold to be such. The Church's legislation applies to Catholics only. But some one may object that in the case of a mixed marriage the decree brands the Protestant party as an infidel person, and I reply, I reply that the decree contains no such doctrine or insinuation because it expressly excludes non-Catholics from its purview but it distinctly declares that the Catholic party who has violated the solemn law for the celebration of marriage, is living in sin. The two conditions are perfectly possible; one party may be in absolute good faith while the other may be living in direct opposition to the dictates of his conscience. In saying so the Church, however, does not, as has been falsely stated by some of our traducers, release the Catholic from whatever obligations he has by his irregular conduct, but it does not impose any towards the non-Catholic party under the civil law. He is legally married and the civil obligations thereby undertaken certainly bind him, until the secular authority, whose sanction alone is sufficient to annul the marriage, is pleased to relieve him, which I think is very unlikely.

"The State may frame its own laws, and can protect its own interests in the way it sees fit, but the State has no authority over the administration of the sacraments, and cannot control the consciences of men. To say, therefore, that so long as one has complied with the prescription of the civil law he has done all that is required to make his marriage good may be sufficient for a non-Catholic who does not acknowledge the Catholic faith; but it is absolutely insufficient for any one who professes to be a Catholic. The strong passion of the moment may still conscience for a time, but that conscience will awaken some day and will not be silenced; because the guilty one knows that while professing the Catholic faith he has denied it in his work. Neither the Catholic doctrine of marriage nor the laws regulating its celebration come into any collision with the civil law, and no Catholic is bound to obey the laws of the Church which would be found contravening the law of the State or injuring the rights of his neighbor.

"It would perhaps be more profitable for all non-Catholics to reflect that says Father Benson, son of a Catholic, with his own conscience and tramples the laws of his Church they are plainly treating with a criminal; for I leave it to the judgment of impartial minds to say what they think of any one who guides his own conscience and the next moment within the walls of the Catholic Church professes to believe firmly what he soverly she believes, and as firmly to hold her authority to be sacred and divinely appointed to teach and guide him in things spiritual, and the next moment, without even the least pretense of having changed his belief, goes to a court-house or to a Protestant church and openly flouts his faith and the laws of his Church which he professes to revere on earth.

"Surely such conduct can scarcely be within any code of morality."

A TERRIBLE CONTROVERSIALIST

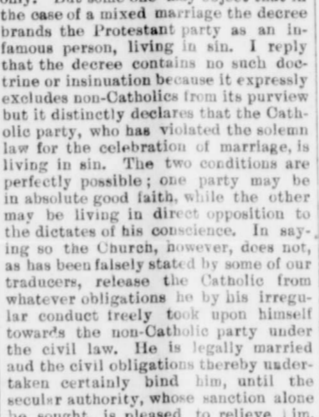
One of the most distinguished of living English converts to the Catholic Church, is Father Benson, son of a late (Protestant) Archbishop of Canterbury. The Glasgow Observer (Irish National and Catholic paper) thus writes of him, citing the Protestant Church Times: "If there is one man the Anglicans cordially dislike, it is Father Benson. This is intelligible enough, for the submission of the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Catholic Church was no slight blow to the Anglican establishment, and his moral effect was enormous. Since then he has been (and still is) working ceaselessly and sleeplessly here, there, and everywhere to recommend the Roman claims and spread the faith among those who have it not. He gave a Lenten course of sermons in Rome, and now is to be found preaching twice a Sunday in London churches during the month of Our Lady, lectures, intriguingly everywhere, besides which of course as everybody knows, he keeps pouring forth books from the press with wonderful rapidity whose end in every case is to advance the cause of Catholicity and win converts."

There is no disguise about it. His zeal and activity are simply unbounded and great indeed is the persuasive influence of a man of his culture and gifts in attracting people to the Church. For these things, then, as was remarked by his former co-religionists like him not, although he is very fair and charitable, and even sympathetic, towards non-Catholics, and especially in his "Non-Catholic Denominations," yet they profess to regard him as spiteful and bitter. The fact is they cannot conceal their chagrin at his success, and his untiring devotion to undoing the pernicious work of the Establishment. The following will serve as a specimen of their criticisms:

"Father Benson is rapidly becoming the chief Roman Catholic apologist in England. For very many years he has some obvious qualifications; a picturesque literary style, an ability to make a point; no scruples about saying a nasty thing; and a thorough knowledge, gained from many of the weak points of his opponents' fortress. But, alas! there must have been one malicious fairy at his birth who nullified all these precious gifts by adding: 'He shall never be able to judge the validity of an argument in favor of the Roman Catholic Church. It is an argument in her favor that she

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND



CONTAINS NO ALUM

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

Church by the State is concerned, but the Church is by no means free, and its property is made the subject of vexatious regulations and burdensome exactions quite inconsistent with real religious liberty and revealing on the part of the authors of the decree a regrettable animus not only against the Roman Church but against all organized religious life.

What a travesty of the idea of a "free Church in a free State" is this! And what little wonder that the Pope should condemn it, as he did recently. The French Separation law was bad enough, but this is even worse. Meanwhile, the ominous unrest noted by the London Outlook's correspondent continues to agitate Portugal, and long before Alfonso Costa's two generations elapse many things may happen.—Sacred Heart Review.

That the essential significance of what is known in Church History as the Oxford Movement was pro-Catholic, and that the whole movement was one of intellectual and spiritual revolt from Anglicanism is ably and clearly demonstrated in the very excellent article in vol. XI of the Catholic Encyclopedia by William Barry.

From the time when Elizabeth extinguished the ancient hierarchy and patched up the process of episcopal consecration, until in 1829, when Catholic Emancipation passed into law, no ruling of bishop or convocation was regarded by Anglicans, lay or clerical, unless implying tacitly at least, the consent of the Crown, i. e., Parliament. From the year 1832, when the Reform Bill came into being, the ultimate result was foreshadowed in the words of Alexander Knox: "The Old High Church race is worn out." Thus the author shows us that reaction set in in the very places that had witnessed the Protestant Revolution.

Men like Froude and Newman were characterized as "nobodies," tree-lances, and the new tracts of which these two were authors "were received with surprise, dismay, ridicule and indignation."

Newman himself, the great protagonist of the movement, whose language toward the Ancient Church in his early days, "only just fell short of the vituperation lavished on it by the Puritans," Newman himself says that he had an "affection" for his own Church, but not "tenderness." It is this clear that the movement was a part of the general Christian uprising called forth by the French Revolution—the intellectual and spiritual decay of a condition which reacted upon itself, and which, through its very purgation, cooled the second spring of a grander than medieval Christendom."

Let us adore and imitate the holy humility of Jesus Christ, avoiding pride and vanity.

The Old Folks find advancing years bring an increasing tendency to constipation. The corrective they need is "NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives

Entirely different from common laxatives. Pleasant to take, mild and painless. A tablet (or less) at bed-time regulates the bowels perfectly. Increasing doses never needed. Compounded, like all the 125 NA-DRU-CO preparations, by expert chemists. Money back if not satisfactory. 25c a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c, and we will mail them.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL, 22

PORTUGUESE TRAVESTY OF SEPARATION

The Portuguese Republic is disappointing those who expected a great deal from it. The Literary Digest quotes from the London Outlook an opinion of the new order of things in Portugal that is anything but complimentary to the revolutionists. The Outlook says that as people forsake a sinking ship or a burning house, so the best elements of Portugal are getting out of the country as fast as they can.

The idea of liberty held by the men who are at the head of affairs in Portugal at present shows a far more enlightened country is for the Republic. The Decree of so-called separation of Church and State is so grotesquely unfair that even papers in this country that are unfriendly to the Catholic Church are denouncing it. The Independent, for example has an editorial, "Strange Liberty of Worship," in which it confesses its failure to discover any liberty of worship whatsoever or any separation of Church and State in this new decree. Says the Independent: "It is true that the decree—for a decree it is rather than a law, as Portugal for the present has no constitution assembly, and it is ruled by a revolutionary Junta—does not provide that the State shall support the Church, but it does provide that the Church shall support the State, and the State shall control the Church."

The Independent, although by a curious process of reasoning it puts the blame for the present law upon the Church, denounces the decree's meddlesome and tyrannical provisions and declares that its purpose seems to be anti-Catholic and even anti-Christian. It also quotes the saying credited to Dr. Alfonso Costa, the author of the decree, that if the law continues for two generations "Catholicity will be annihilated in Portugal."

The Churchman (Protestant Episcopalian), another believer in the theory, so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, that "any smash up is an improvement," also calls attention to the injustice of the new Portuguese decree. It says: "There is a separation of Church and State so far as any support of the

The Bureau is a clearing house of general data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others, and you may learn the problems to the IHC Service Bureau.

Each of these famous IHC Spreaders is simple, strong, and durable in every part. Each is instantly adjustable to spread light or heavy as your judgment tells you is best for the soil. Whether you have a large or small farm, or whether you want a spreader for orchard use—there is an IHC that will suit your requirements.

Why not see the IHC local agent at once? Let him tell you why IHC Spreaders are so remarkably successful. Get catalogues from him, or, if you prefer, write nearest branch house for any information you desire.

CANADIAN BRANCHES—International Harvester Company of America at Brantford, Ontario, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, North Bay, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA Chicago (Incorporated) U.S.A.

Professional JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 KING STREET The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day. Telephone—House, 375. Factory 345.

W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS 113 Dundas Street West Toronto

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS ABSORBINE THE ENAMEL THAT STAYS WHITE Satinette Exterior White Enamel Gloss

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. TORONTO WINNIPEG

The First Step in Scientific Farming Is An IHC Manure Spreader

Corn King Cloverleaf

CORN KING MANURE SPREADER

