The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1914

A GOOD BOOK

A good book is a candid friend. It can chide our inaction, divest us of our self-conceits and dose us with common-sense, that most excellent and least common of all commodi ties. It can re-enkindle enthusiasm fetch back the ideals of other days and imbue us with the vigour of youth, For it is not a mass of verbiage but a spirit aglow with life and vibrant with a message to those who can hear. It is a factor in the joyousness and earnestness of life, a tonic both mental and spiritual. Such a book is "The Inner Life of Very Rev. Pere Lacordaire, O. P." This is a delineation of the life and character of one of the great sons of St. Dominic. Dowered with the gift of wondrous and persuasive eloquence, with a powerful intellect, and clad in sanctity of life that compelled admiration, he was sent by God to rouse a world sunk in the lethargy of degeneration into activity of right principle and action. His words of flame burned into the consciences and minds of his hearers, even as his holiness shamed and awed them. He was no purveyor of verbal nostrums. His was no uncertain voice. His message, given with originality of statement, and born on a rushing tide of eloquence that had its source in the world unseen, was the message that had been enshrined in the heart of his France, and around which were grouped its gleries.

Henry Lacordaire was born in 1802. He studied law, and his maiden effort assured his friends that he would become a barrister of the first rank. But he felt disinclined to pass his days in courts His studies opened his eyes to the historic and social evidences of Christianity. Writing when he was twenty-two years of age to a friend

"I had grown for nine years in unbelief when I heard the voice of God calling me to Himself. If I seek the logical causes of my conversion I can find no other than the historic and social evidences of Christianity—an evidence which appeared incontrovertible to me as soon as my age en-abled me to clear up the doubts which the University. I have reached Catholic belief through social belief: and nothing appears to me better demonstrated than this argument: Society is necessary, therefore the Christian religion is divine, for it is the means of bringing society to its true perfection, adapting itself to man with all his weakness and to the social order in all its conditions."

Again he says: "I have played the game of the material interests of this world, and, without having been intoxicated with its delights, I have tasted enough to be convinced that all is vain under the sun; and this conviction comes from my imagination, which has no limits save the Infinite, and from my reason which analyzes all it touches.'

Liberated from the thraldom of scepticism, Lacordaire bent himself to the task of equipping himself for what was to be his life's work. Around him were the forces of disorder. Philosophers' voices were clacking, advocating this and that theory. Infidels were deriding the Church and getting ready to put her into a museum of antiques. The fashioners of new remedies for social ills were, however disunited among themselves, as one in proclaiming that the Church outworn had lost its grip upon the world. To convince his age of the falsity of these assumptions and to show how the Church had an answer for the questions of humanity, an anoydyne for life's miseries, strength for the struggling, became the life's work of Lacordaire. Admitted to the priesthood Sept. 25, 1827, he accepted the post of chaplain to a convent of the Visitation Nuns. Soon after this he gave signs of remarkable eloquence in a course of religious conferences to the pupils of the College Stanislaus in Paris. Among others Chateaubriand went to hear him. His method original. He disregarded old and sacrosanct rules for sermonising and invested his discourses with a warmth that charmed as well as attracted his auditors. "His whole being preached: his eye, like a flame, kindled where it fell

and his voice rang out natural and unrestrained, now piercing, now persuasive, now supplicating, now men acing. It was not merely the priest that spoke, but the poet, the citizen, the philosopher-it was the man of the day speaking to men of his own time of the past, and of a religion they believed to be in its last agony: leading them first to admire his talent and finally to respect his doctrine." These first conferences had a disquieting effect on the conservative who were trudging along in the old rut of exposition of doctrine. Denounced as a preacher of novelties, he, in obedience to authority, abandoned the course of sermons in the college. Obedience costs something, he said, but I have learned from experience that sooner or later it is always rewarded and that God alone knows what is good for us. Light comes to him who submits as to a man who opens his eyes. He had not long to wait.

The pulpit of Notre Dame was en trusted to him. Some looked upon his appointment with misgivings and others doubted if he could make way against the shrewd and learned who would be but too pleased to ridicule him as a mediocrity. But his first sermon in the historic Notre Dame made everyone realize that the preacher had a message for his generation, and that his gift of insight and powers of exposition placed him in the forefront of orators. He was a man raised up by God for a special

You thought, said he to his auditors, to have cast God from off His throne, and in spite of your mad attempt God is pursuing you without intermission. He is everywhere, crossing your road and presenting Himself in all shapes before your minds. In your philosophical deductions, in your studies of natural science, in your historical researches, in your attempt at social reform the question of God is always the first to present itself because it is as impossible to do without God as it is to change Him. He is to day what He was yesterday and what He will be to morrow. He presses you on all sides and you do not see Him. Now the God Whom you seek without knowing it, Whom you invoke in secret, the God of Sight, of Science, of the Future, is He Whom I preach to you, the God of the Gospel Jesus Christ Our Lord in Whom alone is

life and salvation.

This kind of preaching was under profound evil which agitated the age. He did not oppose any legitimate progress or any praiseworthy aspirations. He hailed the discoveries of science as pioneers smoothing the way for the heralds of the gos pel. He held up to view the negative results of modern philosophy as so many proofs of the absolute necessity of faith. The more he believed in the advent of democracy the more did he feel the necessity of raising on high over its head the standard cof the cross without which liberty cannot fail to perish. Where God is not, he constantly repeated, the love of liberty can only engender anarchy and despotism. Such in part was for thirty years the doctrine taught to France by the religious patriotism of Father Lacordaire. It was the teaching not of a tribune but of an apostle, understood by many, rejected by some, yet, nevertheless, sure of its final award; for it was the offspring of earnestness and self-de-

votion. Speaking of him Montalambert says, in Memoir of Lacordaire, when look around for one greater, more eloquent than he I can only think of Bossuet. His soul loved souls above all things: that soul in which austerity and firmness were blended with such a wonderful sweetnsss, in which tenderness and loftiness went hand in hand, in which the candour of the child was allied to such intense manliness. What neither time, nor the injustice of man, nor the treachery of glory will ever take from him is the greatness of his character, the honor of having been the most manly, the most finely tempered and most naturally heroic soul of our times. The Life of Lacordaire, by Father Chocarne, from which we have drawn the above sketch, will repay perusal.

One act of self-denial is worth more than a bushel of vocal prayers.

THE POPE AND THE BLUE-JACKETS

From an account in Collier's Week ly of the audience recently granted by the Pope to American sailors in

Rome, we take the following: Soon the word was passed, one party hailing another in the streets, that the Pope was to give an audi-ence. A hundred and fifty strong, they assembled before the Vatican, awaiting the word which was to let them pass the Swiss guards standing at rest with their halberds before the bronze doors. In automobiles came the admiral and his staff, officers from other ships, at 10 o'clock in the morning all in evening dress, the proper garb for continental ceremon-ies. And let me say that for an American it is not a comfortable rig to breakfast in nor to promenade the treets in at broad daylight.

The ends of the earth meet at the Vatican. Here were our people from one side of the ocean; a Syrian patri-arch with his high headgear from the other, so feeble that he had to be led; prelates from Peru, missionaries from China, and, in another chamber, our bluejackets—all waiting to pay their respects to the great Pope. In a purple walled room, with a rich ceiling and painted frieze, our men lined up, awaiting the Pope's entry. Long streaks of light from the winter's sun marked the woven fabric of the walls and reflected its sparkle in the polished floor, broken by the men's shadows.

Amid a dead silence all eyes were fastened on the great door, and s smallish man benevolent in mien with a face pale against the white of his garb, entered slowly. It was Pope Pius X. Monsignor Kennedy, the rector of the American College in Rome, followed; so did a chamberlain and two officers of the Swiss guard stood at parade rest in the back-

ground. Intently the Pope glanced around the chamber at the kneeling blue-jackets, and in Latin he expressed his gratification and pleasure at the that they had come from such a far distance to see Rome; he expressed his hope that they as men would do their duty to their flag and their country.

His thin hand was raised in bless

ing as the men bowed their heads; the sunlight seemed to fall upon him, and he stood there a wonderous figure in white, serene and kindly. For all the world the scene was like a Rembrandt etching, big and simple in effect, with the Pope outlined against the middle tones of the purple robes of the American priest, the dark blue of the men coming as the deepest note.

The brilliancy of the uniforms of

the two officers behind accentuated the simplicity of the color scheme. It lasted but a moment, but the ceremony was majestic and inspiring, and to all of us of deep significance and of great beauty. And here was an audience arranged by an Episco-This kind of preaching was under stood because it corresponded to the not all of the faith, but all present to offer their obeisance to the greatest man of a great Church. There were but a few Catholics among the officers and barely twenty-five among

ANGLICAN ORDERS

Gasquet, President of the English Benedictines, preaching in the New York Cathedral, thus summarizes the futility of the Episco palian claim to Christian priesthood :

"To-day we find men of the highest intelligence and good faith claim ing to have the same Christian sacrifice and the same sacrificing priest as the Catholic Church, and they are using a communion service from which of set purpose every notion of oblation and sacrifice has been ruth lessly removed, and their ministers are ordained by an ordinal which designedly was composed to express the rejection of the sacrificial character of the Christian priest.

Mainly there were only three principles of the Catholic Church which were attacked by the upholders of the Reformation doctrines The Papal supremacy over the Church, the safeguard of unity of faith and a mark of the Church Christ established in this world; the Christian Sacrifice of the Mass, attacked and swept away by the reformers; and the priesthood in its sacrificial character, which was the ecessary consequence of the eucharistic doctrine upheld by the German

and English reformers. There were, of course, many minor points of Catholic belief and practice which were attacked and destroyed in the days of the Reformation; such, for example, as the de votion to the Mother of God and the Saints, and the long established custom of blessed ashes and candles and the creeping to the Cross or

Good Friday.
"At first it was not generally known whether Elizabeth would re-main staunch to the old religion or favor the new, although there were suspicions that she was inclined to

"She was welcomed as sovereign by all parties, Catholic as well as Protestant, and no one now, I believe, credits the silly story that she

was forced into the arms of the reformers by the refusal of the Pope to recognize her as lawful Queen.

"One of the first measures proposed to Parliament at the beginning of the new reign was the act of Royal Supremacy. Its object was of course to do away with the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, and substituted that of the Crown. A stringent oath was to be required of stituted that of the Crown. A stringent oath was to be required of all holding any office in the State. By this every adherent of the old Faith was deliberately excluded from any and every position in the Church and State."

Abbott Gasquet said that the un-fetered Church of England, the Bishops, clergy, and teaching bodies, boldly declared for the old Catholic faith, but that the power was in the hands of those who desired the "alteration of religion," and that the alteration was effected mainly by three acts of Parliament. "The substitution of the communion service for the Mass," he said, "was passed by a majority of three votes and without the support of a single spir itual peer, the Bishops to the last man opposing the bill." "There can be no doubt," said the speaker, "that had not ten Sees been vacant at the time, the attempt to change the re-ligion a second time would have been

The second Parliamentary recon struction of religion was followed by systematic attempts to stamp out the Catholic priesthood and by centuries of persecution in which hundreds of priests were put to death by law for

having said Mass.
"It was the Mass that mattered," said Abbot Gasquet, quoting one of the present English Cabinet Minis. ters. "Looking back to those days of darkness and despair, it seems impossible to believe that any remnant of those who would not bow their knees to Baal could survive the system by which it was hoped to crush them. And when liberty of con-science was at last accorded it was more in the spirit of compassion than in any expectation that they could revive and live again that it was given. As well might the world think that the worship of Pan or of Jupiter would spring again into life as that the poor, despised, dying Catholics could grow once more into a position of respect and influence, reasserting and publicly upholding the principles of the Catholic

SOCIALISM OPPOSES CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

Even such an astute Socialist tacticism as Morris Hilquit has thrown all precaution to the winds and has placed himself unequivocally on record as being in accord with Marx's, Engels' and Bebel's views on marriage and the family. Dr. John A. Ryan, who is at present engaged in a controversy in Everybody's Magazine with Mr. Hilquit, has forced the latter to acknowledge that Socialists stand for the dissolubility of the marriage ties at the pleasure

of the contrasting parties."
What will Socialist "soap box"
orators say to this admission? They have been telling their audiences that those who maintained that the versive of the Christian ideal of marriage, were slandering the fair name of Socialism. Socialist publications have taken the same attitude of inlignant resentment.

It is not the opponents of Socialsm who are contending that Social ism is founded on a philosophy of life that is against Christian marriage, but it is recognized by Socialist authorities themselves; the former are merely repeating what the latter said. Thus the Socialist newspapers had rather argue the with their own recognized

authorities in the movement.

The statement that Hilquit makes anent Christian marriage is direct and unambiguous. He says that love is the only basis of the relation between the sexes, and that when love ceases, these relations are at an

Here are his own words : "Socialism will vastly raise the conomic level of the masses and will put an end to the material dependence of adult normal human beings on others. It will thus re move all sordid, mercenary motives from marriage and will naturally leave but one basis of martial union -mutual love. It is a logical corollary of the proposition that a union based on love can endure only so long as the love continues. In other words, Socialists stand for the dissolubility of the marriage ties at the pleasure of the contracting par

Hilquit might have drawn an ob ject lesson from the history of Social-ism itself which conclusively proves that this free relation of the sexes would be a curse to men and woman, not to speak of the children.

daughter of Karl Marx, him self, Eleanor Marx, has imbibed the sex philosophy of her father. While on a tour of the United States she made the following statement in the Chicago Tribune (November 14, 1886): "Love is the only recognized mar-

riage in Socialism, consequently no bonds of any kind would be required. Divorce would be impossible, as there would be nothing to. . .

These words of the daughter of the founder of modern Socialism are another version of the idea expressed put her theories into practice. She lived with Edward Aveling, an English Socialist who had abandoned his Aveling was purely a private con-tract—a prototype of the sex relations under Socialism. Now mark what

happened!
Aveling grew tired of Eleanor. Aveling grew tired of Eleanor. The latter neglected and abandoned, brooded over her sad fate. In a fit of despondency she drank the bitter dregs of a deadly poison. Decent men would have called Aveling a brute and a coward, but wasn't he within his rights, according to the Saciality philosophy in locking for Socialist philosophy, in looking for another affinity when he grew tired of Eleanor? Would there not be of Eleanor? Would there not be more Eleanors to commit suicide if Socialism and the era of free love

would ever dawn?
Hilquit has but given a resume of the Socialist position as to marriage Frederick Engels, the collaborator of Karl Marx, declared: "If incompatibility, disenchantment or repulsion set in between the two persons who have come together, morality commands that the unnatural and therefore immoral, bond be dissolved."

And Angus Bebel spoke to the same effect: "If marriage founded on love alone is moral then it follows that marriage is moral only as long as love lasts."

When such recognized authorities acknowledge the free-love tendencies of Socialism, why is it that Socialist publications contend that Socialism is merely an economic movement which has nothing to do with religion or the family? Is it all a question of tactics, a matter of catching

At the convention of the Socialist party in Chicago in 1908, Mr. Hilquit ntroduced a resolution to the effect that Socialism was a purely econ-omic movement and had nothing to do with matters pertaining to religion and the family. This same Hilquit now declares that "Socialists stand for the dissolubility of the marriage ties at the pleasure of the contracting parties." said in 1914 is a contradiction. He was concealing the truth in 1908 when it was a matter of adopting a plank which would pull the woo over the eyes of American working men.-Live Issue.

WHO'S A LIAR!

The old saying when thieves fall out then honest men will come in for a measure of justice, is very often applicable in modern conditions, says the Michigan Catholic. The following article which appeared in the Detroit Journal dated March 4th, will be of interest to our readers in gen-eral. It ought to set the "lukewarm" thinking and cause some of these foolish ones to cease swallowing the lies sent broadcast by the malicious vilifiers who are reaping a rich harvest catering to the ignorant:

Apology for having published an anti Catholic article in The Menace based on the burning of the Methodist parsonage at Dearborn, Mich. was made to Prosecutor Shepherd Friday by Special Representative Singleton, who was sent here by the publication to investigate the fire. The article seeking to lay the arson at the door of the Catholic Church, was written, Singleton told Shep herd, by Rev. J. A. Cottam, pastor of the Dearborn Methodist Church, since bound over to court on the charge of burning his own house to collect in

The article appeared in a recent issue under the heading 'Bigoted Romanists Set Fire to Minister's It told of the fire of Jan. House.' 25th. Cottam was asked some time ago who wrote the story, and he de-nied all connection with it, declaring he never read The Menace, and never allowed it in his home. He de nounced that publication in the

strongest terms. Despite this, Singleton says that Cottam not only wrote the article in which blame was thrown on Ca ho lics, but also that he was conducting negotiations with The Menace con cerning the publication of a book.'

NOTABLE CONVERSIONS

ARE COMING THICK AND FAST ENGLAND

London, Mar. 6.-While Catholic England is agog with hope of many conversions following on the fervent novena, now being offered up at Tyburn and throughout the country, comes the news of a remarkable conversion at Birmingham, and another convert of a few weeks' standing has just been confirmed. The Rev. M. Winter, Anglican curate at North field, has been received into the Church at the Oratory Edgebaston, field, has The sacrifice Mr. Winter has made

in following his conscience commands admiration. He is married and has three children, and has no private income on which to live. He cannot enter the priesthood, and must find some work by which to support his family. He has spent much of his life in Canada, and has been in this country only a couple of

The manner in which his conver The manner in which his conversion was received by his rector should bring a blessing on that Anglican parish. The rector praised Mr. Winter very highly and said he had bravely followed his conscience, and, while they were very sorry to lose him, he hoped all would combine to extend to him every sympathy and kindness.

pathy and kindness. At Westminster last Sunday Lady Auckland, a convert for many years standing, had the happiness of seeing her second son, the Hon. F. C. Eden, confirmed, his reception taking place last December. This is the second grown-up son of Lady Auckland to embrace the Catholic faith.—Catholic Press Association.

LACKING IN

AUTHORITY

The Christian Advocate of New York. a Methodist organ, thinks that the "Go-to-Church" campaign is "all right as a means of calling attention to the importance of church attendbut that "it is all wrong if it ance," eaves the impression that periodical rallies, which concentrate attention upon a single date, sufficiently an swer the demands of the case." editor says there already are "enough people who are found in church on Christmas and Easter, but who are absent on all other occasions, except at wedding and funerals."

The great trouble about the Protestant ehurches is that they speak without authority. If there is anth. ority for the observance of Sunday as the Lord's day, it is the author ity of the Catholic church. The Bible says nothing about Sunday as the Lord's day. It was the Catholic church that made the change from the old Jewish observance of Satur-day, and the Catholic church did so by virtue of the authority vested in her by her Divine Founder, Jesus He conferred the power to 'bind and to loose," which means the authority to give commands, to make aws; so that the Church founded by Him prescribes what has to be done by her children in order to keep

the day holy.

When the Reformation, as it is called, arose, the authority of the Catholic Church was rebelled against and defied. The reformers taught the people that each individual is the judge of what he must believe. Many doctrines of the Catholic Church were abandoned, and very many Catholic Church laws defied.

The reformers inculcated rebellion against the authority of the Church. It is not surprising, therefore, that men treat such teaching and preach Protestan t ing as there are in churches as lacking in authority and therefore consider them as not binding on their consciences. People need more than a mere invitation to "go-to-church." God gave a com-mand to "keep holy the Lord's day," and His Church pointed out the manner of keeping it holy, and speaks in His name. Protestants don't believe in the authority of their preachers and they give one proof of this disbelief is human nature to follow the inclination to "take things easy." It is Fireman. He was Commissioner of harder to be a Catholic; one believes Labor under President Roosevelt. he has to be obedient, not rebellious. -New World.

ANGLICAN BISHOPS AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The courage of some representa

tives of the Church of England in

contending that it is the true judge

and arbiter of what is Catholic in doctrine and ritual is one of the most amusing phenomena of the day. Bishop strongly maintains that it is testant Church, and anothe that it is a Catholic Church. During the proceedings in the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury the Bishop of Hereford urged that the Church of England is a Protestant institution, and maintained that there are few signs that Anglican Mass vestments and the movement of which they are a part commend themselves to the great mass of the Anglican laity. The Bishop of Lon-don held that the Anglican Church is Angitan Angitan Church is the Holy Catholic Church of Christ. What this Holy Catholic Church is of What this Holy Catholic Church is a native of Slane, County Mean, whose poetry, drawn mainly from rural life, has not, in Lord Dunsany's estimation, been equaled by any Irish days of Oliver Goldbranch the Bishop of London would find it rather hard to define. Evidently he did not mean the greatest Church in Christendom, for he said that in trying in his diocese to keep the Church of England Catholicnot Roman Catholic "-it would be a mistaken policy for him to try to stop things which are Catholic. "But," continued the Bishop, "to allow things that are Catholic strengthens my hands in stamping out things that are Roman." So that my hands in stamping according to this Anglican prelate, the power of deciding what is Cath olic has been given by Our Lord not to the oldest, the most numerous, the most united, and the greatest Church in Christendom, but to a comparatively puny national Church, one Bishop of which denies that it is Catholic, whilst another, the special guardian of Catholic orthodoxy, can do no more than claim it is mainly Catholic.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The total number of conversions in 12 diocese in England for the year 912 is officially given as 6,322.

The first church in England known to have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin was at Glastonbury; it was founded by St. Joseph of Arimathea, who visited Britain in 63.

A rosary, three hundred years old, 13 feet in length and whose beads are of wood, hand sawed 1 inch in diameter, was presented to Notre Dame University.

A manuscript copy of the gospels, dating prior to the year 1000, and be-longing to the destroyed library of Ivan the Terrible, has been found in St. Petersburg, Russia.

Three converts from Anglicanism have been received into the Church at Rome on account of the contro versy over the Kikuyu affair, one of them from Zanzibar itself.

Among eleven Franciscan Mission aries of Mary who made their profes-sion in Rome recently was a Chinese Sister, who pronounced the vows in her native tongue.

Rev. F. P. Williamson, M. A., rector of St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Aberdeen, Scotland, has resigned and entered the Catholic Church. He

will study for the priesthood. Among recent converts to the Catholic Church in England is Mr. Stanley Browne, who was received into the Church at Streatham a short time ago. Mr. Browne was formerly secretary to the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Of the 70,000 Catholics in Japan to-day, 40,000 are descendants of the primitive Christians, converted by St. Francis Xavier and his missionaries. Many of them have the blood of martyrs in their veins.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Meek and their 4 children, ranging in age from one to ten years, and one of the most prominent families of Beeville, Texas, were received into the Church recently

Cardinal Gibbons is preparing to make another pilgrimage to Rome in the early part of May and will probably be accompanied by the Rev. Louis O'Donovan, one of his secretaries. The Cardinal is at present in New Orleans.

That 5 priests have been murdered by rebels in the State of Tamaulipas, Mex., and that 3 are still held for ransom by Mexican rebels was the statement of two Catholic priests, Father Jose Madina and Father Ramon Gonzales, who arrived in New Orleans from Victoria, Mex.

At Mulingar, in the Diocese of Meath, Ireland, a new cathedral is to be erected through the generosity of the late Prof. Campbell, M. D., of Dublin, who left \$50,000 for this purpose. The rest of Prof. Campbell's fortune, amounting to about \$55,000 was left to be distributed among various Irish charities.

Miss Mabelle Sargent, formerly of Terre Haute, Ind., has entered a convent at Montreal. Miss Sargent is a convert to the Church of recent date. by abandoning church going. Each Her father was a prominent Mason individual decides for himself, and it and was for a time the Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive

In the village church of Twineham, Sussex, England, has been found the original painting by Camillo Procac-cini entitled "The Holy Family." It is said to have been bought some years ago in poor condition for the sum of \$150 and given to the Church by a patron, but remained unrecognized until the precent rector made

inquiries. The Catholic Women's Society of Waterloo, Iowa, has taken a simple and effective way of refuting The Menace, and at the same time doing some missionary work, in its decision to begin the mailings of pamphlets or papers to non-Catholics. members will secure the literature and follow up The Menace and like publications with its distribution. The plan of the Iowa ladies is a good one, and if widely imitated would do much toward lessening prejudice against the Church.

Lord Dunsay, Dublin, claims to have discovered a new Irish poet in the person of one Francis Ledwidge, poet since the days of Oliver Gold smith. Ledwidge is a peasant, twenty-two years of age, and Lord Dunsany, at a meeting of the National Literary Society in Dublin, en-thusiastically extolled his merits and read a number of his poems to an appreciative audience.

Brother Botolph, president of St. Michael's College, Santa Fe., New Mexico, in speaking of the chapel of San Miguel at Santa Fe., of which he has charge, said that it is the oldest Catholic Church in America. It is supposed to have been built by Span-ish missionaries in 1550, but in 1680 with all the rest of the main buildings of the city, it was burned by the Indians. The chapel was rebuilt in 1710, and the greater part of it still remains as it was originally built, except the tower, which has undergone some changes. The date erection is carved on a beam of the roof and can still be seen.

AILEY MOORE

TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE-LAND TOGETHER WITH MANY INCIDENTS IN OTHER

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WES CHAPTER VIII

HOW SHAUN A DHERK CONSULTS FOR THE PEACE OF THE COUNTRY, AND MR. JOYCE SNAPPER LOSES THE

On the following evening, just when the hand of the clock on Mr. Snapper's mantlepiece was pointing to twenty minutes past ten, there were three heavy knocks heard at or on Mr. Snapper's hall-door.

Mr. Joyce Snapper had, at the moment taken off his cravat and put on his dressing flowr. For a very

on his dressing gown. For a very considerable period Mr. Snapper had been accustomed to put on his dress-ing gown when he expected any stranger—for a dressing gown is quite a modish kind of garment, and Mr. Snapper thought he "looked well"

Savawl Dhia shing !" cried Jude, in the kitchen—for Jude's horror was night visitors. In fact, she had nearly lost her life by them twice already, as John and herself had been already, as John and herself had been on these occasions put upon their knees to produce Mr. Joyce Spapper's person, and only saved themselves by producing Mr. Snapper's guns, and swearing their book oaths that Mr. Snapper himself had received a sudden call to go some place, of which they—Jude and John—knew nothing, only the direction.

y the direction. Shian-riaghe!" said John in low voice, and looking out under his eyelids, as if he feared to see the new comer present himself in the ceiling. Aisth!" answered Jude in the

same voice.

Three knocks, heavier than the preceeding, were heard, and John seized the poker. Jude was starting

for the barn.
"What the h—ll are ye about there downstairs? Gone to sleep, and so on, as usual? John! John! I say—" 'Choke yer grandher neck!" prayed John, only not loud. "Yis, sir," he continued, "the's dreadhful rappin, continued, " the's dreadhful rappin, faith sir," he said, going to the foot

of the staircase; "and—"
"Open the hall door, you cowardly spalpeen," said Mr. Joyce Snapper "Open the hall door, and don't be there like a dog in a sack, and so on; a nice defender of the house, and so

forth, we have." John stood rebuked, and happily reassured too; for John knew Mr Joyce Snapper sufficiently to believe there was nothing to be feared when

Mr. Joyce Snapper was courageous.

Knock! knock! knock! again; but this time John is just opening the

John's heart "rose up to his mouth, as he said himself when he saw the person that stood outside. In fact, only two things prevented him from catching the intruder by the neck—for John had his own intentions and his own views about the country. The two things were, that he saw no use in it, and that he was afraid to do it. John suspected that the fellow whom he that moment looked upon was an informer, for he had seen him at the house two or three time before, and at the same unseasonable

The visitor was Shaun a Dherk, who came to give his assistance in "doing justice," and in "pacifying

Mr. Joyce Snapper stood at the top of the staircase, and recognized his

Snapper.
"Yis, sir," answered John.

"Benaacht Dhiaeruiv!" said Shaun, as he moved across the threshold.

God's blessing on you!"
"Dhia as Mhuire goith," John answered mechanically, not heartily.
"God and Mary with you!" for the Irish salutation is always repaid by something more than it gives. But John, as has been intimated, most sadly belied the reply on his lips, by

the curse inside his teeth. Och, but you're the han'some boy, sure!" said Shaun, as he passed by

the servant. But, as if recollecting himself, he turned back after two steps, and sinking his voice to a whisper, while he looked as knowing as a petty session attorney; "I saw some wan, a vic!" continued Shaun, "an' throth don't blame her for sighin,' so I don't hame her for sight, so don't; for faith yave a pair uv eyes yer own, a gra," and Shaun shook his head admiringly; "Mary Fling," added Shaun, "is the finest colleen in the barony, an' a good father an mother's child. Nuver blush, a vic. 'tis the proud boy you ought to be, this night, a vic; an' be sartain I have a word at the Flings, 'Thigin thu, " which means "Do you understand, brother?" and Shaun looked more knowing than ever. left her just now," said Shaun, movan' I hard her sayin' to a showman, that had London showin all the world, that he'd do

well if he came up here, uch! but he have the sights sure enough!" The time of this dialogue was not so long as it may appear; at all events, it did not appear long to Mr. Joyce Snapper. Mr. Snapper was very fond of graceful positions, and he also liked to see himself in the stock—every bit uv it—to pay all stock—every bit uv it looking glass at night. Why the that money. Shaun; an' then—och former was so — that is, why Mr. one!—not a dhrop o' milk to feed the or liked a graceful position is owld or the young—an' the poor stery to the reader;—why he owld man that never shut his dure Snapper liked a graceful position is delighted to stand between two agin any one, he'll be hungry—the candles and admire himself at night, let us leave to the learned in human "Well, all that's very good, and so "Well, all that's very good, and so rth—we all know—well?"

nature. But assuredly Mr. Snapper forth-we all know-

did like, at night, to stand between two candles and view himself in his mirror; and then he tossed his hair most fantastically, and looked numberless times at his teeth, and flung open his vest, and looked at the studs in his shirt, and at his eyes and eyebrows, and front face and side face; and very naturally Mr. Snapper concluded, that if he was not a handsome man, he was a smart looking.

cluded, that if he was not a handsome man, he was a smart looking,
interesting person, and worthy of
any respectable "match;" particularly, considering the "cold thousands "he had "laid by."

It is not wonderful either, that
Shaun a Dherk found Mr. Snapper
only just seated in his arm-chair,
his arms folded in a free, gentlemanlike way and one leg thrown over like way, and one leg thrown over the other. Moreover, on his feet were two very red slippers.

Letusnotomit, however, to mention, that just as Shaun placed his foot on the lowest step of the stairs, and as Mister John was about closing the hall door, a man appeared approach-ing the house, who beckoned his hand very familiarly, and nodded his head very knowingly, and made certain movements with the palm of his right hand towards the earth, all of which signified that John was to wait for him a little, and that he John) would not be sorry for it if he

The image of Mary Fling rose up in John's imagination, and the images of £50 and four milch cows, which her grand uncle had left her, and which some fortunate man was destined to receive with herself; so destined to receive with herself; so he waited for the new comer, whom he rightly judged to be the show-man, who showed people "London, an' a power o'places abroad." Shaun a Dherk looked like one who would have a long sit above stairs. It was guite reasonable that John, Jude, and quite reasonable that John, Jude, and the showman should have a pleasan

And, in fact, so they had—for the showman was the identical "north countryman," with the large nose and large grey eyes, and heavy eye-brows and thickish lips, that the whole barony was speaking of. Several religious people gave him "the other side of the road,"—old innocent people, however,—for he had a lantern, and when he darkened the room, he brought out upon a sheet, before which he placed persons,—"the Devil and the Miller" being some of the latter. Besides, he was known to have told the fortunes of several with great exactness; it was even said that he foretold robberies, housebreakings, and murders themselves; but of course, only as "dark clouds on the house," or as "red hand guiding the man's soul along a dark way," or as "something going to happen, which he could not exactly see." Young people wel-comed and feared the "north countryman" and old people, as we have intimated, would have nothing to do with him; but all admitted that when

is wallet in a poor woman's cabin, where he left more than men that came there in their jaunting cars or their carriages. That was Mr. Brian Mr. Joyce Snapper welcomed Shaun a Dherk very patronizingly of course; and as he was in his "best style," he sat with the light full upon his face upon his shirt-bosom, and upon his grey pantaloons and red slippers. Shaun a Dherk through humility, and because he wasn't in any style at

he came the way he never ate his bit

and for that purpose often opened

windee," if his honor "pleased;" and as Mr. Snapper made no objection, this minor detail was arranged. "Well, Shaun, how goes the world end.
"Let in that man," cried Mr. Joyce through that affair, and so on?" And Mr. Snapper smiled—a very meaning smile—and looked at least one hundred ways in one half min-ute of time. He had an advantage in

all, would rather sit "over near the

his eyes, the reader is aware. "In troth, yer honor, I done a grate dale, an' I hope yer honor will considher me, fur I am a poor man, yer

"What does Shanahan say?" "Och, by coorse, he made a poor mouth, an' he said his owldest boy was in the faver, God bless the hearers! an' his owld father was sick, he said; an' he hadn't the money, an so he couldn't.'

'Couldn't and all that, Shaun, eh? Couldn't?"

"Faith, yis—he couldn't. The place looked poor, sure enough—an' 'twasn't like the house o' Shanahans a bit, an' tellin' the truth!"

Well, Shaun, is that your news confound it!—and he couldn't!—couldn't!—I know—then he'll march as the saying is—the rogue's march. He'll march, if he was to carry his father's coffin in the cart, and his son sitting upon it—he'll march—march cried Mr. Joyce Snapper, indignantly

"I hinted that, yer honor," re-turned Shaun a Dherk. "And I tould him that 'twas better fur 'im to offur bekase yer honor couldn't ax id-but he shuk his head, melancholy-like an' he looked in sorrow."

"Well?" "So I said I was sorry for 'im; an, was goin' away, when he called me back agin. 'Shaun,' sis he, 'wur you spakin' to the agint?' 'Me?' sis I,

"Arrah! yer honor, faith, I was near cryin' myself, so I was—'case you know—Mich have the name of bein' a goed son to th' owld people, an' I'm growin' owld now," said Shaun, with a sigh. "But to make a long story short, yer honor, he looked round the owld house—he was born in the little room where's th' owld father yer honor—an' I saw he wouldn't fly from the nest. 'My father's heart will brake,' he said, 'if I'm turned out; an' he hasn't long to stay wud us now.' An' thin he paused, yer honors—'Yis,' sis he, 'buy the renewal of the lase, and the son of owld Paddy Shanahan will have enough left to berry his father; an' thin he can go out wud his childher an' his wife to beg.' 'Yis—yis,' he said, 'my father shan't never know—never!' He'll be hare to morrow, yer "Arrah! yer honor, faith, I was He'll be hare to morrow, ver

Shaun, you are Solomon the Wise,' as the saying is; Shaun, there's

golden guinea for you!" "Thank yer honor—yer honor de-sarves all I'm doin, an' I'll do more,

plase God."
"The remains of that Hynes family —and so on—is a great bother; but the vagabond always pays up." "Och, sure, nothin' is asier than the way yer honor knows."
"What way? asked Mr. Snappe

with quite a complacent smile.

'Faith, then, yer honor, 'tisn't I would be better than yer honor, I'm sure. But you know, yer honor, 'tis parties that way that disturbs the pace o' the counthry always. Little bits o' howldin's that can't stand; an' thin they want to get a change, some-how, an' all that; an' thin they join 'terries' an' the 'boys' you see whin all the time, if the land together, the place 'ud be full o' re-spectable people, an' we'd have pace

an' quietness."
"Shaun, you speak like a man

"Oh yis, yer honor; an' that's the raison you put the powdher in that beggarwoman's son's thatch, that he as transported fur."
"Me?—eh?—what do you mean?—,

what do you mean, eh? "Och, yer honor," Shaun replied, in a low, confidential tone.
"Sure Grimes an' I wur hand-an-

"Sure Grimes an' I wur name gluv, an' I know'd all of it."
Mr. Joyce Snapper looked full at Shaun, and Shaun looked as open and candid as the sky. Mr. Snapper and candid as the sky. Mr. snapper spiles a little. turned away from the candles a little. -a very prudent course.

But Mr. Snapper said nothing,—he

felt as if the beggarman knew every-thing and every one. He could kill Shaun, and he might attempt it the thought struck him; but to dispute with him was impossible Shaun knew too much, and he looked like adamant, Shaun did.

"An', yer honor," Shaun continued as if nothing at all had occurred, "I hard something about another that you know; faith, this house would look handsomer if a body I know was there! I hardsomething that brings nome the foul murdher o' Mr. Sherin.

Mr. Joyce Snapper absolutely stood ap. He looked like a man blackening for death. Shaun spoke in so solemn a tone—it looked like accusa-

tion.

'Di you want anything, yer, honor?" said Shaun, very solicitiously. "Can I do anything fur yer honor?" he asked.

"Nothing—nothing. Well, Shaun, yen, were saving something, and so

you were saying something, and so

"I was, sir—yis I was. Gerald Moore can——"
Mr. Joyce Snapper's heart beat like

"Gerald Moore can be convicted by evidence." "Eh!" cried Snapper, entirely

assured. "Eh!—what's that—tell me that again; Moore the proud scholar—the—Moore—eh!" 'Yis.' "How ? Speak, man!"

"I know a man that saw him spakin to another; that other swore his book oath the same evening to murdher Sherin, an' appointed the place an' the hour to do it; it was lone at the place an' the hour, an

there is witnesses that can sware it."
"Glory to Shaun a Dherk! you are better than a dozen police and justices of the peace, as the saying is. Where are the people who help

you ! "Och, sir, many a wan I have to help me, becase I thravel the world wide, an' I sees the world's heart— the inside an' the outside, you know Mr. Snapper, an' I know you're loyal —a loyal man, you know, — an' I'm doin' my duty by a loyal man, in helping him to be a magistrate, an'

to keep the pace."
Mr. Snapper was flattered by this speech; but still Mr. Snapper did not feel perfectly easy.
"Any more, Shaun?" demanded Mr.

Joyce Snapper.

"Och, yis—a dale more, yer honor," answered the beggarman. "I have, in a saycret place, something the dead man had about him that night,

an' I got id from Mr. Moore's house. "You have ?—the d——!—eh?" "Throth, I have, thin-an' I paid well for id too."

'What ?'

"A bond."

"A bond !—to whom ?"
"To Skerin, from owld Moore." "For how much ?" Mr. Joyce Snapper burst out laughing; he laughed very heartily.
Never before or since had nor has

Mr. Snapper laughed so loudly. Shaun looked very confounded "Is all your information like that Shaun—as the saying is?" demanded

Mr. Snapper. "Why, yer honor?" "Because that's not true."

'Not true, Shaun." And Mr. Joyce Snapper's heart dilated, and his chest stretched proudly forth, when he said to Shaun

Shaun, be easy on that matteryou're wrong—I have that bond."
Shaun shook his head.

"I have, Shaun ; I have that bond

shook them.
"A mistake," said Shaun--"a mistake. Ax the people. Shaun a Dherk is always right. You have a copy, may be.

"Yis."

Mr. Joyce Snapper, more proudly still—a little indignantly, in fact—rose from his chair, and rapidly went to a desk—an old fashioned standing mahogany desk. There stood the venerable piece of furni-ture, with all its brass handles up the front and its broad polished breast. It was against the wall be side the mantel piece. The bell-pull hung just near it.

Mr. Joyce Snapper slowly opened the desk; and having put in his hand, without any search, at once— but tenderly, ever so tenderly—he took out a piece of parchment. parchment was nicely rolled and taped—taped with red tape. Solemn-ly, rather, he undid the knot and unolled the parchment. He brought it over to Shaun.

"Now?" said he.
"The copy," said Shaun.

"Why, you omadhawn, as they say 'm one of her majesty's attorney at law. Look at the names, and so on Look at the names, Shaun! Look And he spread the paper broadly over the table.

Shaun a Dherk rose. He stood right between the candles and the window blind, until his figure was perfectly defined upon it; and he struck his stick on the floor as he struck his stick on the floor as he made a step towards the table.

As Shaun looked over the parch ment, there was a shrick from the kitchen which startled Mr. Snapper, and apparently very much startled

"What's that?" said Shaun.

Mr. Snapper, like a courageous man, rushed to the door; but like a cautious man, he stood there. Shaun a Dherk, like a pious man, went on is knees to say his prayers. Having listened for a moment, and heard no-thing below, Mr. Snapper was gain-ing courage, and really opened the door to go down stairs. But at the same moment the window of the drawing room was raised as if by

Snapper's heart sank - he rushed towards the end of the room and cried "Thieves!"

Shaun a Dherk roared "Murdher!" And the people below stairs were crying out anything and everything but no one paid them any attention.

The barrel of a brass blunderbuss now made its appearance at the open window, and was soon followed by the owner, or the bearer, Mr. Snapper's blood curdled in his heart

he thought his hour had come. The burglar was a powerful man— a fellow of light step and proud bear-On his head was a woman's beaver bonnet, and his face was covered with

crape mask. He laid down the window, walked right into the middle of the room and summoned Snapper to his pres-

"I'm only a poor man as looks for his bit, sir," cried Shaun, "an' have mercy on me this night! Och, sure you wouldn't," continued Shaun sure you wouldn't injure a poor

"Hould your tongue," said the stranger peremptorily. "Hould your tongue, you old spy. Your gray hair saved you many a day an night, or your ould carcass would be feedin' the crows long ago." The fellow spoke quite majestically.

Again he summoned Snapper, and commanded him to go on his knees The land agent shiveringly obeyed but cried for grace. Shaun a Dherk in agony, struck the table on which the bond lay, and cried "Mercy!" The stranger placed the blunderbuss at Snapper's breast.

"If you believe in God," said the assassin, in a solemn tone; "if you

belief in God, pray." 'Oh, mercy! mercy!" cried Snap-

pet.
"Villain!" said the stranger; "the graves an' the highways is full of the dead and the broken-hearted, that you tormented an' scourged, an' dhrove from home, an' happiness, an' hope. Oh, you dark, black devil, the curse o' the poor is upon you, day an' night; an' justice is come at last, Pray, if you have a prayer to say." Och one! och one! och one!"

cried the beggarman.
"Spare me," said Snapper, "and
I'll swear—oh, I'll make every amends,
every amends, all amends. I'll swear, 'll swear. Oh, spare me!'

The rebel deliberately, and fastly too, tied Shaun and Snapper together and just as deliberately tied them both to the grate. He then quietlyeven slowly, it was so quietly—he quenched all the lights—the murderer seemed to have conceived some frightful thought. He would not shoot them perhaps—he would beat out their brains, or cut their throats.

Snapper felt a knife at his neck Humbly and fervently, though not loudly, he cried for "mercy."

repeated "Och one! och one!" repeated Shaun a Dherk. "Silence! silence like the grave of poor Brown," said the stranger. "Silence, like the the stranger. "Silence, like the empty cabins of the roadside," he continued, "or by the eternal——you shan't get one minit longer."

Mr. Snapper shook from head to toot. He pushed closer to Shaun a Dherk, who still muttered his low "Och one!"

There was an awful silence. The heart of Mr. Joyce Snapper thumped so loudly at his breast, that it was audible through the whole room.

Having engaged himself for some minute or two about the old desk, and muttered some other threats and curses, the assassin went down stairs. He was determined to be secure. The servants were first to die, or to be prevented from giving the alarm. What moments these were to Mr. loyce Snapper and to Shaun a Dherk?

However five minutes passed, and no one was heard returning; ten minutes passed, no one came; a quarer of an hour, and steps were heard at a distance—a measured tread it was, and of more than one. Steadtily, steadily, the steps approached the land agent's house. A gleam of hope—he knew not why

shot into the soul of Mr. Joyce

Snapper.
At length the steps were heard on the walk approaching the door; and then at the door, and then in the hall, and then on the stairs. There was scrambling, and tumbling, and curs recognized the voices of the police.

"Hurra!" cried the land agent.

Hurra! he cried again. here !" he cried.

God save the Queen!" cried Shaun a Dherk.

Caps knocked against the door frame, and bayonet scabbards against the door, and guns made a frightful noise as they were "grounded" on the floor; and during all the time Mr. Joyce Snapper was laughing—laughing immoderately. He was almost beside himself with joy—a thing not very surprising, we sh think, considering the time he has had.

Why, Mr. Snapper," said the sergeant of police, here is dreadful work indeed. Where are you? Johnston will you strike a light. So Thunders!" cried the sergeant, when he beheld the pair of captives. "Thunders! but the rascals have left you in an awful pickle, sir."

There was no resisting the impulse to a simultaneous roar of laughter. Devil mend him!" said a private in a side whisper to another who an-

wered, "Amen!" Meantime Mr. Joyce Snapper wa liberated, much to his comfort. He was so rejoiced, that for a moment he did not dream of his losses. Shaun a Dherk came beside

and gave him a nudge.
"Let the polis folly him," whis pered Shaun.
"A hundred pounds for his cap

e!" cried Snapper.
'Has he long gone?" " Not a quarter of an hour," re

plied Snapper. What appearance?" "An able-looking vagabond—6 feet

No more than one?" "No more."
"No idea of the direction?"

'Go towards the say," said Shaun Dherk.
"Hold your tongue, you old hum

bug," said the sergeant.
"Ovoch!" said the injured Shaun. "A hundred pound reward!" repeated Snapper.
"Our men!" cried the sergeant,
"on, in the direction of the hills!"

and, with great noise and clatter,
"and so on," they departed.

At the entrance to Mr. Snapper's
yard—that is, at Mr. Snapper's gate—
they met the man who had brought them the information—it was Mr. McCann, the showman. A very loyal man was Mr. McCann; indeed all

Quite right, old fellow!" said the sergeant, recognizing him "there has been the d—l to do at Snapper's.

Who's here with you?"

"Tis a partner o' mine thit kim
ower to look afther me to Squire
Snapper's, and met me here. But I say, sergeant, ain't I goin' to get nothin for my trouble? I was in risk

o' me life, so I was." Why, you turf souled pedlar, did you not run away? and what fear was there of you?" Ah, very well, but had I na gane

oop stairs, and had I no gane for ye? "O, humbug!" said the sergeant; to which saying all the men agreed. "Then ef I tell ye the rood he's

Well ?" said the corporal. "How do you know?" asked the sergeant.

I'll tell ye i' ye promise me £10 o "Done!" answered the sergeant. "Honorably, an' for sartin," re

joined McCann.
"Honorably," answered six voices "Then my partner here seen him comin' out, takin' off his white shirt, an' goin' towards Biddy Browne, the beggar - woman's, where the's

voman dead." Gobs!" said a tall black looking fellow, with a fixed brow, and very black hair; "Gobs!" said he, "Biddy Browne ought to be burned out of 'I always suspected her," said a

second.
"And I." said a third.

"Right about!" cried the sergeant.

"March!" said he. And the police proceeded to the "wake" of Peggy Hynes—poor girl. For Peggy had died—and, as she said herself, "had found a mother for her baby."

"Bamember the (10!" was the "Remember the £10!" were the last words which the police heard

from Mr. McCann,—to which they answered by a shout of laughter.

Three men were walking by the foot of the Keeper hill by the gray whin dawn of the following morning. They

stood still for a moment, and raised their eyes to heaven—reverently tak-ing off their hats.

"Twas well done !" remarked the eldest — nothin could be done bet-ther. "Gi, me yer hand, avic—that's an honest hand, an' the's an honest

heart shind id." He took a fine looking young man

by the right hand. "Send by a sure man the money to the Shanahans," the same individ-ual continued, "an' lave the ould man die in his cabin, an' the good sor berry his father in pace. You'll make yer forthune by the peelers," he said, turning to the other, "afther

all ye did last night.
"But ain't the three guns I bought —ain't they angels tho '?" asked the man the man last spoken to. "An' you'll go back for your lan

thern to the squire's, won't you?" "Oh ay, faith wull I," was the reply; and for the reward to the police-

office. Wha' fra no?"
"You're an honest man," said the speaker, solemnly, "an' a man u courage. Well, boys," he concluded 'I go on the business of our poor ould counthry. She have only us—God help 'er. Ye know where we meet The agint have a bit of his reward and the Shanahans a bit of justice and I have the bond—thank God!"

And they separated. TO BE CONTINUED

JOHN CARSTAIRS' STORY

The night was wild and stormy just as the day had been a day of

windy violence.
All day long the northwester had blown with terrible force, bringing with it sheets of rain, and lashing the sea into fury. A miserable gloomy day had given place to a wild and stormy night, and yet we four were gathered in the old spot at Muizenburg, for notwithstanding the weather we never missed Thursday night with our great friend, Pat

Mooney.

To night it was impossible to sit under the veranda even though it was on the sheltered side of the house, but we remained in the din-ing room with the window open where we could discern the raging waters and hear the whistling of the wind as it tore round the corners of the house.

Old John Carstairs, usually talkative, full of humor and anecdotes, sparkling with wit, was strangely silent. He kept his gaze upon the water, withdrawing it only occasionally to fix it on a corner of the room where hung a beautiful picture of Mary the Star of the Sea." out a note of warning of his inten-tion he suddenly raised his hand and imposed silence on the group. Then

he began.
"I never see the ocean in storm, not even in its fiercest grandeur, but it brings to me a message of peace. It brings of years ago at once sweet

and sorrowful.

"I've not told any of you that I was not always a Catholic; partly through a false shame, fearing lest it should seem that even for a portion of my life I was not the recipient of those many graces that fall to one of the household of Christ; partly, mostly rather, because of the intinctive distrust that you Irish, Catholic born, bear for a convert. You always look for the 'drop of bad blood, expecting it to develop into rank disobedience to authority, and heresy. You cannot believe that a convert is sincere in his newlyfound convictions, just as he was sincere in the religion of his fathers before he received the grace of con version. For myself, I was born of Scotch parents, brought up as a Presbyterian, fed with the usual anti-Catholic tales of escaped nuns and idolatrous practices, taught see in the Pope a modern anti-Christ, and warned to look for the cloven hoof and forked tale if ever I had the misfortune of meeting

Jesuit.
"Then I migrated to Newfound land, where I entered into business with a young man, an Englishman, as partner. Those were happy days the days of youth. We never made much progress, but were thoroughly loyal to each other, living as brothers bound in the strongest honds of fraternal love.

One day we went out fishing, sport we thoroughly enjoyed, and after a good morning's work, after a hearty lunch, a spirit of contentment stole over me as I lay down for a snooze and began to philosophize. My philosophy was of a primitive sort and always took the same form. "This was a good world to live in and I was a jolly good fellow. Consequently it was a good thing for me o be alive in this best of all pos sible worlds. At this point my philosophy was interrupted: "Looking osophy was interrupted:

up I saw a mild-eyed individual in

in scanty locks over his neck, with

elerical dress, his white hair hanging

an apologetic look upon the hand-some old face.
"'Excuse this intrusion on your slumbers, sir,' he said, but my trap has come to grief and I need help. Will you be kind enough to assist

me. My name is Dr. Hartman.'
"A short distance off, we discov ered his trap, a light affair, over-turned at the roadside, while a few yards away the gray mare was peacefully browsing. There was no need to call my partner, for in a short while we had righted the trap and harnessed the horse again. With profound thanks the old gentleman mounted his seat and drove off. Long I stood and watched till at a bend of the road I saw him flick his whip and disappear round the cor-



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"That was my first experience with a Catholic priest—I went was now comfortably snoring and

just spoken to a priest. I've just spoken to a priest. Wake up and listen. (I was all excitement.)
He was a timid, stupid sort of a man who couldn't warmen. He was a timid, stupid sort of a man who couldn't manage a horse prop-erly, a little shy fellow who must be a Jesuit, though I did not notice the mark of the beast upon him. "'You dunderhead! You owl! buried in your Stygian darkness! Calumniator of holy men! You dare

to speak ill of our priests. That man you saw must have been Dr Hartman, one of the holiest and bes of men. He is no Jesuit, though if he were it would be counted to him

It was all so sudden that for moment I did not grasp its meaning. Then it dawned upon me that Jack was a Catholic, though we had never questioned each other about relig-ion. Jack was in a righteen per and for some time, about a quar-ter of an hour, he lectured me on my iniquity. He related how Dr. Hartman was a renowned preacher, hold-ing his audience in hand while he taught them simple gospel truths. Moreover, his life was one of continued charity, and his deeds were a constant example calling men to set me thinking about what I had learned of priests, but prejudice is so strong that I could not believe all he said. I still believed that priests were men of Baal and that my companion though good in other ways, was deluded by the cunning wiles of his clergy.

"The next time I met Dr. Hart-man was on a stormy night like this, man was on a stormy hight like this, a night I will never forget. Harbor Grace was the town we lived in and from our side of the bay a tug used to ply to the opposite side, then along the coeff conving the mails. along the coast carrying the mails to the numerous little fishing villages. We had some business in one se villages to which both of us intended to go and we had booked our passage by the tug. The pros-pect was not cheerful, for from the drenched steps of the wharf where we stood we could see the fury of the gale in the outer sea. Waves rode mountain high, the wind blew cold, cutting to the very bone, the powers of the deep had risen in drastic cruelty ready to snatch their victims and hurl them into the jaws of

Our tug was small and took only a limited number on board, yet all the seats were booked. We stood together waiting in the pitiless ruin for our turn when I felt a light touch on my arm. It was the same timid old face that looked into mine and the same voice that spoke. 'Would you mind standing down and giving me your place, sir. They tell me at the office that all the berths are taken and if I wish to cross I must get some one to sacrifice his place to me. You were kind to me once before: I trust you will

repeat your generosity.'
"'My business is urgent,' I said, otherwise I would not be here on a night like this, but if your business is more pressing I will yield my place

to you.'
"'There is a man dying at the extreme end of the bay and has sent for me. I carry with me the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils. You will be doing a work of mercy in per mitting me to carry the last consolation to that dving man.'

At the time I did not understand what it all meant, but I could see that the old man was in deadly earnest. I pointed out to him, in my ignorance, the danger of the trip, the risk of exposing himself, the possibility of rheumatism, pleurisy and pheumonia, but he had one answer to all arguments: 'It is my duty dying man expects me.' yielded, and he passed on to the boat where I saw him soon draw near to my partner and exchange a few words

"The tug drew out at first through comparatively smooth water, but later it gained the open-sea, where it met the full force of the gale. There it struggled, puffing and snorting, the elements leaping upon her in fury, heavy seas beating down upon her, causing her to shiver in all her timbers. Slowly, very slowly, she advanced, fighting every inch of the way. And I stood there watching for the second time the vehicle that carried that priest, not now judging and condemning him in my heart, but wondering at the bravery of a frail old man, admiring the total self sacrifice of the brilliant orator who left the comforts of his home on a dreadful night, who faced the perils of the deep, for what? To carry the consolations of his religion to some poor fisherman, a man unknown and un cared for, except by that white-haired hero on whom I had once expected to find the mark of the beast; and Presbyterian though I was, I

breathed a prayer for his safety. "Trudging home through the driving storm I felt a new sensation stirring the very depths of my soul, not admiration, not wonder, but the dawn of faith. Lying in bed I listened to the howling of the wind, my thoughts constantly reverted to the tug plunging and ploughing her way, and I prayed with an earnestness never felt before that the angels of God might hover over him and safely

uide him on his way. "Next morning the storm had abated, though the sea was still in an angry mood. Jack, my partner, was late in returning, for progress through the storm had been slow. He was vastly excited about an incident that occurred on board. Not an hour after the tug had left the dock one of the sailors had been left in France a minority whose

caught by a heavy sea and hurled against the bridge with such terrible force that when he was rescued it was a poor mangled heap of humanity still breathing, still living, still conscious, but fast coming to the end. The mangled heap was a Catholic calling for the priest, and the old man, true to duty, stood by. Rapidly he heard that last confession, admin-istered the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, and while he was still reciting the prayers for the dy-ing, the death shades gathered in. There was a moment's hesitation on Dr. Hartman's part as to whether he should have given the man Holy Viaticum, as he had only one Particle with him, but it was only for a mo-ment that he hesitated, as it was quite clear that one man dying required it as much as another and who could say if that poor fisherman was still alive! And Jack ended his story with a question, 'Owl, bird of night,' meaning me, 'do you still think that

leper?'
"There was anxiety that day in Harbour Grace when the tug was long overdue and no tidings could be got of her.

he is a person to be avoided as a

There was great anxiety the next day when still no tidings came to hand. Then it was whispered that she was lost with all hands on board, and the whisper grew into a cry which turned to wailing when pieces of the wreck were picked up on the coast. The last place she had touched was where Jack had disembarked and he was the only one to leave. Then she had gone out again into the night, into the darkness, into the very jaws of death, and the ocean in its flerce cruelty had stretched out its tentacles

to gather in its prey.
"But the willing sacrifice of a noble man was a seed sown in my soul. My conversion dated from that moment. Almost immediately I submitted myself to a course of instructions in the Catholic faith and during those instructions my eyes were opened to many truths that hitherto had been hidden. The old superstitions about walled-up nuns, secret torture chambers, payment for secret torture chambers, payment for forgiveness of sins, etc., were brushed away like cobwebs, and on Easter Sunday morning I felt a new resurrection, approaching the altar for the first time with a new song of joy bubbling up in my heart.

'Can you wonder, gentlemen that the growling of a gale carries to me only a message of peace? Can you wonder that I feel no terror in the hurricane, or that the white-crested tops of billows are to me only the outstretched arms of happy souls lifted up to heaven in a spirit of eternal

thanksgiving?" Pausing for a short while, John Carstairs again glanced at the picture of the "Star of the Sea" then let his gaze settle on the turbid waters, and continued:

There was a bust of Dr. Hartman erected by public subscription and placed in the church he had so well served. I gave £10 a sum I then considered very large, for I had to give up tobacco and many of my home comforts for a lengthy period to save up that sum, but these restrictions were a sweet sacrifice to the memory of my best friend. My name did no appear on the list, but at the very head of all the names was inscribed: 'A&Grateful Soul.'"—Catholic Magazine for South Africa.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE France has done so much for the Church in the past, her labors for the propagation of the faith throughout the world deserve so well of all Catholics, that we can hardly refuse her the tribute of our prayers in her present hour of trial. There is no one who does not know that missionaries from France have been for centuries "preaching the Gospel to all nations," or that thousands of them have laid down their lives in carry ing out this last command of the Saviour. Not to mention those who shed their blood for Christ and whom the Church honors on her altars, the bones of other thousands of the heroic sons and daughters of Old France who have toiled and suffered and died for Christ, lie buried in foreign lands. No other nation in modern times can claim a more glorious missionary record. And what is as remarkable as it is consoling, the same work is still going on as exensively and as nobly as it ever did the spirit of self-sacrifice and missionary zeal is still active in French hearts. Driven from their mother country by the enemies of God, thou sands of French exiles, religious men and women, are carrying the Catho-lic faith to the ends of the earth and

implanting it in human souls. It seems a paradox that a nation so apostolic abroad should be so cold and apathetic in the faith at home. But at bottom this is not the case; while there is much that is wicked in France, there is also much enthus. iasm and zeal. The French are a race of extremists, ardent and un-compromising in whatever they undertake; the aim at reaching the desired end whether the road they travel over be right or wrong. For many years France has been tyrannized over by a godless clique who have succeeded by means of a godless school system in making the major portion of the nation as godless as they are themselves. But side by side with this majority there is still

Catholic principles are unshakeable, and who are as strong in their resistance as the majority are in their efforts at coercion. This minority is

increasing every day, and is the hope of the Church in that country.

The expulsion of the Orders and Congregations in 1880, the laicization of the primary schools and hos-pitals, the law obliging Church students to do military service, the law of 1901 confiscating Church property and suppressing religious communi-ties, finally the breaking of the Concordat with Rome and the separation of Church and State—all this legislation, it was thought, would be disastrous to the Church in France. But out of evil God sometimes permits good to come. The rupture of France with Rome freed the clergy from the thraldom of State interference, and this is proving a blessing in ence, and this is proving a diessing in the end. As long as the Church in France was depending for its support on a hostile Government, the Bishops their freedom was hampered in many ways; but since their emancipation, though it has cost them dear, they have displayed an apostolic inde pendance that promises to give back to France some of her ancient glory. But the struggle will be acute be-

fore the victory is gained. The masonic tyrants who are guiding the destinies of the nation and who control the votes of the majority, know well that their influence will crumble to dust the day that France awakens to her truest interests. While they are in power however, they are doing all they can by godless schools and a reptile press to undermine the Faith, to fill minds with prejudices against the Catholic Church and to foster in corrupted hearts fear and hatred of her authority. To attain these ends they are working with satanic activity not merely in the large cities of the nation but even in the smaller hamlets and the rural districts. Their presses have been busy for years belching forth millions of newspapers, pamphlets and leaflets which are sent to every corner of the country to inspire the population with a contempt for religion, and they have succeeded only too well in forming a generation after their own There is method in the are also astute politicians. They are fully aware that moral degradation and irreligion are the greatest ob stacles to the political and social up lift of any country; they know that in robbing a nation of its faith, and in destroying in the minds and hearts of men a respect for religious authority, they are demolishing the only bulwark of social order. Nine only bulwark of social order. years ago, they cast to the winds all respect for the traditions of France, and despising all the tenets of justice and charity, they despoiled the Church and the clergy, confiscated ecclesiastical property, crushed re-ligious communities, and drove into the streets thousands of innocen men and women whose only crime was the vow they had made to serve God and the Catholic Church.

The Catholic minority protested, but their divisions neutralized their efforts. Orleanists, Bonapartists, Liberal Actionists, and other parties, all Catholics, if you will, but each representing some peculiar principle or family tradition, instead of sink. ing their political differences, and as Catholics first and foremost opposing the organized masonic enemy, did not offer the resistance that have been expected from them in such a crisis.

And yet we must make allowances The present anomaly in France is apparently an affair of national temperament that those who are not Frenchmen are not called upon to explain; temperament does ome under the realm of reason For this the people as a whole are not to blame, but rather their leaders, who instead of uniting the Catholic energies under their control, allow it to fritter away in useless squabbling over the relative values of monarchism and republicanism.

However, a change for the better is dawning. Since the cataclysm of nine years ago the work of organizing the Catholic forces has been going on. The road to be travelled over is long and rocky, but the French are nothing if not enthusiastic, and they are working with a will to recover lost ground. The bishops and there clergy are profiting by the lessons taught them by the enemy. The work of distributing literature has assumed vast proportions through-out France. Millions of pamphlets. leaflets and newspapers are spread broadcast to instruct the nation in the truths of the Catholic faith, and to urge them to study their relig-ion, to go to Mass and fre-quent the sacraments. Every year two thousand four hundred parish missions are given to large multi-tudes and the complaint at the present time is not that the missions are too many but that missioners are too few. Houses of retreat are established in most of the dioceses One hundred of these centers of apostolic zeal are in active operation, whither thousands of men and women go every year, either to get back the faith of their childhood, or to strengthen faith already waver ing. Seven thousand, Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, with a mem Seven thousand, Conferences bership of one hundred and forty thousand, visits over a quarter of million families yearly, and while distributing nearly \$3,000,000 to meet the wants of their bodies, take care that food for their souls is also supplied. The Association of Young Frenchmen, one hundred and thirty thousand strong, chosen from the more intelligent and better educated,

its various forms. They organize lectures in halls and public squares, provide speakers to instruct the people on the dangers that threaten their faith and morals, distribute reading matter promote circulating libraries, encourage parish bulletins which are multiplying everywhere and carrying the seeds of faith into the lowliest hamlets. Groups of those young men go every week to teach catechism to children in their homes. Realizing the importance of catechising the young, forty thousand zealous women are occupied in doing the same work for two million chil-dren who are obliged to frequent the neutral and anti-Catholic schools. Other French women in other spheres are also showing what they can do. Their "Patriotic League" has a membership of five hundred thou sand, its object being to preserve and spread the Catholic faith by all rational means.

All this activity may not mean much in a nation with a population of nearly forty millions, the majority of whom are either neutral or hostile to he Church, but it is at least a begin ning, an attempt to leaven the mass. It is the only way to reach the millions on whom religion rests lightly. France in her inmost heart is Cath-olic; her history is bound up with her religion, and it will take more than the present persecution to blot out the traditions of hundreds of years. Persecution is doing for France what it has done for other nations: it is raising up defenders: nations; it is raising up detenders; it is spurring the better elements on to resistance and making them conscious of their own power.

The situation of the Church is im-

proving day by day. France "is more Catholic than she was a year ago," says a writer in the Catholic Times. Government officials plun-dered the Church of her revenues and squandered them riotously, but they did not lessen her power of resistance. The attacks made upon her have increased the respect in which she held, and to-day visitors to that country who compare the at-tendance at the churches, and the various manifestations of spiritual life, with what they were ten or twenty years ago, are astonished at the change that has been wrought by the devoted bishops and clergy. The attempts that are being made to decatholicize France will surely end in failure. France is undergoing a severe trial, but she has nothing to fear. A nation that furnishes the majority of Catholic missionaries to the world, that always heads the list in the donations to the fund for the Propagation of the Faith, that can claim as her own Lourdes, Paray-leor later be able to do for the heathen at home what she is so generously doing for the heathen abroad. In the last summing up of the deaths in the foreign mission field, France heads the list. Out of the hundred and eighty-seven priests who died in 1912 one hundred and nine were French; of the ten bishops, eight were French. The sacrifices and devotedness that so many sons of Old France make for the extension of Christ's kingdom in other fields will have its reward. Frenchmen are sowing the seeds of faith in many countries; with the aid of the prayers of our millions of associates may they not hope to reap some of the fruit in their own? E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

PALM SUNDAY

CEREMONIAL

PROCESSION WITH PALMS IN EARLY CENTURIES. READING THE PASSION AN ANCIENT phonic art. PRACTICE

Looking to our earliest documents.

there is every reason to believe, says Father Thurston, S. J., in his volume Lent and Holy Week, that in the East, in Jerusalem at any rate, the practice of celebrating the Sunday before Easter with a procession of palms dates back to apostolic times, or at least, to the very earliest period at which it was possible for Chris-tians to practise their worship in public. There seems to be an illusion to the service of palms in St. Cyril of Jerusalem's catechetical disourses delivered some twenty years after the death of the Emperor stantine. But be that as it may, Egeria, the pilgrim lady from Spain, who visited the holy places, about the year 380, gives us a full description of the whole ceremony as she witnessed it in Jerusalem itself. In the afternoon of the Sunday before Easter, she tells us, the whole population of the city went out to the Mount of Olives. There they gathered round the Bishop at the place where our Lord ascended heaven, while antiphons were sung suited to the spot and the occasion with many prayers and readings from holy Scripture. Thence they walked back in procession to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre escorting the Bishop, she says, 'in the same figures in which our Lord was

escorted.' To use her own words:
"And when after long prayers it begins to be about 6 o'clock, that passage in the Gospel is read aloud in which the children with branches and palms greeted our Lord crying. 'Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.' And straightway the Bishop rises, and all the people with him, and thence they go from the summit of Mount Olivet, the whole way on foot, the people walk-ing before Him with palms and antiphons and continually singing the re-frain, 'Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.' And all the more intelligent and better educated, children in these places, even those are spreading Catholic influence in that cannot yet walk, because they

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MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN -104

are so young, are carried by their parents in their arms, all with boughs, some of olive, some of palm, and in that way they bring the Bishop to the city, just as the crowds escorted our Lord."

It was in this vivid and most touching way that the early Christians of Jerusalem recalled, upon the actual spot, the scene of our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem at the beginning of Holy Week. This procession was soon copied by other churches first of all in the East and then somewhat later in the West.

THE CHANT OF THE PASSION

It is unnecessary to dwell here upon those elements of the Palm Sunday ritual which are common to all High Masses, and we may there-fore pass on to the only other distinctive feature of the service—the chanting of the Passion. Let me say in the first place that the practice of in the first place that the practice of reading the whole Passion at this season is very old. We know it from a little story St. Augustine tells. He informs us that in the early years of his episcopate he thought that it his episcopate he thought would be better to have the Passion read in one narrative made up of all four Evangelists—as a matter of fact this diatessaron arrangement was followed in Spain—but the people of Hippo would not have it. They were accustomed to hear the Passion according to St. Matthew, and when they heard something new they raised quite a tumult, and St. Augustine thought that for peace sake it was better that they should

have their way. We may also say that the arrangement of dividing the narrative be tween three deacons likewise dates from a remote period. In the liturgical books written considerably be fore the Norman Conquest we find the parts divided as we divide them With regard to the actual chant now heard in our churches, we can

not pronounce with any confidence more of the masterpieces of Gregor ian music it is lost in the mist ages. All we know is that Pope Sixtus V. bade the musician Guidetti take the greatest pains to ascertain the best and most ancient traditions and that that which is now in common use follows closely the offi cial version which Guidetti published in consequence in 1586. In the Papal chapels the responses of the crowd are always harmonized according to a setting of the composer Vittoria, and there is a special decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites per-mitting these shouts of the mob to be sung in harmony. The responses of Vittoria have been said by an eminent modern musician to form one of the greatest triumphs of poly-

It may be worth while to add that it is out of this practice of singing the Passion with some attempt at a dramatic presentment that the Pas sion music, of which so much has been written by German composers

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notably Handel and John Sebastin Bach, has developed by slow and somewhat intricate stages. Just as our modern oratorio has its origin in our modern oratorio has 1% origin in the musical entertainments, "dram-ma sacra per musica," of the Ora-tory of St. Philip Nero, so the Passion music took its departure from the chanting of the Passion which was universal in our Catholic churches before the days of Protestantism.

New York is not the only place in

ANTI-GRAFT

EDUCATION

the world with a graft investigation. The legislature of the Province of Quebec is engaged in one also; and of course, the preachers are improv ing the occasion. One of these told his hearers that education is the cure of the evil rather than prisons. He did not prove his assertion. Indeed, the ordinary minister rarely attempts a logical demonstration, to which he feels himself unequal. It may have occurred to the hearers of this particular minister that educa tion as we have it to day is just what makes systematic grafting pos sible. A man who cannot read the papers, write to his fellow conspira tors, calculate the profits of a con-tract and how much he can spend on corrupting legislators, may be dishonest, may be a thief, but he canno he a grafter. So, too, the member of to be bought, were he uneducated might rob hen-roosts, or steal horses, or commit burglary, but to be a dis cation. The fact is that graft, as it to day, has come into exist ence with education. We do not call education the cause of it, but it is a condition that has made it possible for dishonesty to take that particular

But the preacher wants a new kind of education. He has sense enough to see that reading, writing and arithmetic are not the correctives of graft. "The kind of educa tion we need is that which will res cue men from the materialism of a gold standard and elevate them to the standard of idealism and social morality." Well! Well! We are always wondering how it is that men and women of intelligence will waste an hour or so on Sundays in sitting and listening to the nonsense that flows to them over the edge of the Protestant pulpit, and will waste their money in paying a good salary to the feeble preachers from whom the nonsense flows. "To cure graft ducation is necessary, and the cation necessary is that which will cure graft." Here we have the vici-ous circle in which the Montreal preacher walked round and round one Sunday evening to his own in-tense delight and to the satisfaction of his hearers. It reminds one of he well known German's student'

drinking song : "Europe wants peace, Europe wants peace; And if Europe wants peace, Why, Europe wants peace.'

Which would have been a very suit able hymn with which to close the so-called religious services.

Education rather than prisons is the cure." Has the preacher a settled rational conviction that prisons have not a very powerful edu cative force direct and indirect, in the matter? That the dishonest and there expiate condignly their crime against public order and so satisfy justice: that until they have gone there and worked out a good stiff sentence society is outraged and order is upset as by a moral earth quake, has good solid educational value. It is not enough in itself. Something must be added concern ing the sacredness of public order through its intimate connexion with God the fountain of all justice. But it is an essential element in antigraft education; and in proportion as it is neglected graft will flourish. -America.

HABIT OF AIMLESS SOCIAL STRIVING

EEPING UP APPEARANCES IM-POSES A REAL AND INEXOR-ABLE TYRANNY

The current number of the Catholic University Bulletin contains an excellent article by Rev. Dr. Kirby, in which he justly criticises indiscriminate social striving, and the tyranny imposed on those of lesser means who attempt to live in a style be yond them. He says:
We meet very few who are not

compelled to live in friendly rela-tions with others who have a higher Those of lesser means are forced into a style of life which is The tyranny of keeping up appear

ances is so sustained and inexorable as to force us into the heroisms of martyrdom, because we are not brave enough to be simple and to direct our lives in intelligent relation to all of our Christian duties. We rate money too highly when we look at those who have more of it than we have. We give it too low a rating when we sacrifice it in order to attain to "the insignificant social supremacies" around which our ambitions cluster. We force ourselves into the turmoil of struggle because we must maintain appearances with those to whom we look for standards and in whose approval and notice we set our fixed ambitions.

The struggle so engages imagina-tions, so directs the flow of sympathy and of interest, and so absorbs income

as to drive out of mind and of life the clarified spiritual judgment which would enable us to understand our duty toward poverty and the poor. The money spent at the dic-tates of useless social ambition seems insignificant in comparison with what we aim at socially. The same amount given to the poor under the command of Christ appears enormous and out of all proportion to our means. Indiscriminate social striving is one of the powers of Democracy, but it is also one of its dire confusions. The virtues and duties of one's "state in life" help wonderfully to moralize one, to bring peace and stability into ambition and action. But when one may aim at any "state in life," one is apt to lose in moral clearness and self-control. When one aims at the rights and recognitions of a higher social state, one may neglect the duties of one's "lower" state and be loser thereby.—Providence Visitor.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION
Apostolic Delegation,
homas Coffey: Ottawa, June 13th, 1505.
Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have
a reader of your paper. I have node with
action that it is directed with intelligence and
y and, above all, that it is imbues with a
g Catholic spirit. It strenously defends Cathrinciples and rights, and stands firmly by the
lings and authority of the Church, at the same
promoting the best interests of the country,
wing these lines it has done a great deal of
for the welfare of religion and country, and it
do more and more as its, wholesome influence
see more Catholic homes I thewfore earnestly
mend it to Catholic families.

Yours very sincerely in Crist,

Apostolic Delegate

Winner Catholic Church

Apostolic Delegate

University of Ottawa, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir-For some time past I have read your

settmable paper The CATHOLIC RECORD, and consettlette you upon the manner in which it is pubcashed, its matter and form are both good, and a

truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore,

with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to

remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

To Falconio Arch. of Larissa, Apos. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1914

IRELAND

On the world's stage, these days, Ireland is in the limelight. Every newspaper in the civilized world is giving to Ireland and the Irish question a good deal of space. Prophecy is at all times dangerous. In the midst of such startling developments it is particularly so for us who write a full week ahead of the date that the paper bears. It is quite safe, however, to give a glance at the past. The path of English rule in Ireland is strewn with promises - broken promises. In 1800 she said in effect to Catholics: Support the union and you shall be immediately emancipated. Lecky, in his "History of Ireland in the 18th Century," (vol. v pp. 428-29) says:

We have seen that it had been the first wish of Pitt and Dundas in England and of Cornwallis in Ireland to make Catholic Emancipation a part of the Union; and when this was found to be impracticable there is good reason to believe that ing recommended Pitt to drop the Union until a period arrived when it would be possible to carry the two measures concurrently Wiser advice was probably never given, but it was not followed, and a Protestant Union was carried, with an understanding that when it was accomplished the ministry would introduce the measure of Catholic emancipation into an Imperial Parliament. It was this persuasion or understanding that secured the neutrality and acquiescence of the greater part of the Irish Catholics. vithout which, in the opinion of the best judges, the union could never been carried."

At the beginning of the century, the population of Ireland, roughly speaking, was about 5,000,000. Of 5.000,000, 4.000,000 were Catholics, 600,000 were Protestant Episcopalians and 400,000 were Presbyterians or members of other Protestant denominations, but mainly, in fact almost entirely, Presbyterians. The 4.000,000 Catholics had no more to do with the government of the country than a community of mice might have to do with the government of the cats. By law they were excluded from Parliament, from the Judicial Bench, from the Vice-Royalty, from the rank of King's Counsel, and from other important positions; in practise, they were excluded from everything.

1829 Emancipation came in "What you refuse," said Henry Grattan, "refuse decently; what you give, give graciously." Emancipation was neither refused decently nor given graciously. The 40s. freehold. ers had been allowed to exercise the franchise so long as they had voted at the bidding of the landlords. At the Clare election, under the influence of O'Connell, they defied the landlords. They were disfranchised on the instant.

"The 40s. freeholders were first elected for electioneering purposes.
As long as they allowed themselves As long as they allowed the shared to be driven to the hustings like sheep to the shambles without a will of their own, all was well; not a murmur was heard. But the moment these poor people found out the they exercised their power constitu-tionally, that instant they are swept out of political existence."-Lord Anglesey quoted by Sir Spencer Wal pole in his "History of England."

It was not until 1884 that the English and Irish franchises were assimilated—that the Irish people got a fair chance of making their voices

heard with effect at parliamentary

"In 1838, four years after emancip tion, there was notin Ireland a singl Catholic judge or stipendiary mag-istrate. All the high sheriffs, the overwhelming majority of the un-paid magistrates and of the grand jurors, the 5 inspectors general, and the 32 sub-inspectors of the police were Protestants. The chief towns were in the hands of narrow, corrupt, ad for the most part intensely bigoted corporations. For many years promotion had been steadily withheld rom those who advocated Catholic Emancipation, and the majority of the people thus found their bitter-est enemies in the foremost places."

The foregoing is a quotation from Lecky.

Let us give one incident of the Tithe War. At Doon, in the county of Limerick—where the population was: Catholics, 5,000, Protestants, 1, the parson demanded tithes of the priest; the priest refused to pay. His cow was seized and put up for sale. Never was a cow put up for sale under such extraordinary circumstances There was upon the field-keeping the ground as the saying is-a strong police force, a troop of the 12th lancers, five companies of the 92nd Highlanders, and two pieces of artillery.

The Church of Ireland was dis

established in 1869. Lord John Russell said: "Your oppressions have taught the Irish to hate, your concessions to brave you. You have exhibited to them how scanty was the stream of your bounty and how full the tribute of your fear."

Students of history do not need Gladstone's admission that the disestablishment of the Irish Church was the result of the fear inspired by Fenianism.

The Land League, says Barry O'Brien, to whom we are indebted for much of the matter of this article, was an organization than which there seldom existed in any country one more lawless or more violent. But Mr. Gladstone said: "I must make one admission, and that is, that without the Land League the Act of 1881 (Land Act) would not at this moment be on the Statute book."

Steadily for one hundred years have the Irish struggled toward free. dom. Never in all that time has the English democracy realized how intimately bound up was their cause with that of the Irish Nationalists. The House of Lords, always the implacable enemy of Ireland's hopes. has been shorn of its power. The friends of Ireland and the friends of the democratic cause need not fear the puny attempts of Tory military snobs to arrest the cause of Irish nationality irrevocably bound up as it is with that of English democracy

Furthermore, the factitious and seditious spirit that owes its origin to Tory snobbery in the army and else where is not likely to find favorable ground for development in the sober second thought of Englishmen when they consider such cold facts as T. P. O'Connor points out in his recent cable letter:

"It is a fundamental, though often forgotten fact, of the Irish question Ireland that is oppressed, and that is the minority of Catholics and Nationalists that lives in these four coun

"I recall, just passingly, for I do not want to arouse any further bitterness in this bitter struggle, that 2,000 working men, and even women, were assailed, wounded, and driven from their work and their bread only two years ago in Belfast on no ground but because they were Catholics and home rulers.

"If such an attach had been made on Protestant working people in Dub-lin it would have been regarded by the world as such an example and proof of hopeless want of the spirit of religious and political toleration that home rule could not have sur-vived it."

A SELF . CONFESSED SLANDERER

The Ogdensburg News of March 25 gives an interesting story of the ' Rev." Benjamin Clearmont, one of those reckless and villainous slanderers who pose as ex-priests. Evi dently the audience gathered to hear "lecture" had little sympathy the with the vulgar and obscene calumny that is not only not offensive but very welcome to certain " pious ears. The upshot of his pious efforts is best told by the following affiidavit.

"I. Benjamin Clearmont, being duly sworn sayeth that my name is Benjamin Clearmont. I was born at Switzerland. I was never a Catholic priest. I was altar boy for eight months at St. John's church at Quebec under Father Cuideel when I fourteen years of age. I left the Church in 1905. I have been lecturing for one year to obtain revenue for myself or at the request of Orange-men of Canada. I have given eight-teen lectures. The lectures I have

given are true. There are some things I have said in these lectures that I can't prove according to law. I cannot mention any sister or con-vent that I believe to be bad. I cannot mention any priest whose character I believe to be bad or question The reason why I believe the Catholics to be a menace to the coun try is that they will not recognize any Church but the Catholic Church, and the lack of free speech The bills that were circulated in Potsdam were directed to be circulated by Davis Gardner of Methodis denomination, pastor at Peninsula Point. I am a regularly ordained Baptist minister. Was ordained in the Baptist business room at Mon treal in 1909. I am not to continu to lecture any more. I decided so last night, unless called for a word or two in a church. I have slandered the Catholics and the Catholic Church by the lectures I have given and lated, and I ask their pardon and be forgiven. My present age is thirty three years. On this date I thirty three years. went up to the hall at 7 o'clock p. to sell tickets. I was caught by someone — a stranger unknown me. I was dragged into a car, held down on the seat, struck on the head several times and choked. They said they were taking me away to hang me or pitch me into apart. They took me into the about a mile house away. was there about a half an hour with a dozen unknown people around me. Then I was discovered by the police and brought to this hotel and for a notary public to make this statement, which I do now on my own free will to show the people of Potsdam that I am willing to repair

any wrong I have done, which state-ment is made before Mr. Dewey and Mr. Murphy.
(Signed) BENJAMIN CLEARMONT. Witnesses, F. L. Dewey, C. A. Murphy, Notary Public.

I hereby authorize the publication in the press of the above affidavit so the public may know that I am sorry and have repented for what I have done. March 24, 1914.

BENJAMIN CLEARMONT.

CONDITIONS IN PORTUGAL

"When Dom Carlos and his son Lisbon paid no more attention to the matter than if it were only two pigs that had had their throats slit. Indeed an English tourist who asked a respectable shopkeeper in the Rocio what had happened was told, with an evil smile, that it was nothingonly two fine large porkers that had been killed at the end of the street. Had the queen and her son afterwards been dragged naked up the Rua Augusta, and been decapita ted in the Praca de Dom Pedro, there would, I am convinced, have been no surprise and no emotion—only an ugly, silent leering. Only one newspaper spoke of the tragedy, the Lucta, which dismissed it with several sarcastic lines in a column dealing with petty thefts and minor accidents. Not a word of human sympathy anywhere for the boy King or his mother. Only one newspaper had a black border next was the organ of Senho Franco, the Dictator. Not a single shopkeeper put up a shutter, or marked in any other way his sense of the occasion. Three or four balwere draped in black; they all belonged to court furnishers."

We quote these words from the pen of the well-known press correspon dent, Francis McCullagh, in an ar-January. They present a picture of present day Portugal which clearly indicates that there must " be something rotten in the state of Denmark." Patriotism would seem to have become extinct in modern Portugal and a sordid selfishness become enthroned as the motor power of the nation. It is not a question of Royalty versus Republicanism. In neither Portuguese aristocracy nor Portuguese democracy can any ground be found for enthusiasm over the future of the nation. Both seem equally apostate to the interests of their country, both are equally degenerate.

Under royalty indeed the municipalities enjoyed many privileges which have been wrested from them by the new regime which has gone like a steam roller over all local liberties. To day the members of local municipalities are no longer elected. Parliamentary elections have now become a sham and a scandal. The 75 per cent, of illiter. ates which Portugal contains have all been struck off the voting list, because they are illiterates; and of the remaining 25 per cent. the 15 per cent. of royalists are also disqualified on the ground that they did not make application for the right to vote.

Before the Republic came into existence the Republicans advocated liberty of the press and kindness to political prisoners. It has now suppressed every non-Republican newspaper in Portugal and it has filled the prisons with prisoners who are sometimes kept a year without trial. Sir Conan Doyle, in a letter to the Times, courteously drew the atten-

tion of the Portuguese government French watering places. They are to the state of affairs; he was immediately set upon by the semiofficial Mundo and accused of being a hireling of the monarchists. When the Duchess of Bedford began her prison campaign she was described in the same organ as an Irish Roman Catholic tool of the Jesuits. When this question was discussed in the British Parliament, Dr. Costa, from his place in the Portuguese chamber, made the statement that in England prisoners are sometimes hanged first and tried afterwards. Before the revolution the Repub-

lican orators thundered against the wealth of the monasteries. Now that the government has taken over all the monasteries the report is given out that the monks had practically no property and every attempt to get a statement on the subject has been ignored.

The muzzling of the press has been carried out relentlessly by Dr. Costa-A Republican journalist, Senhor Homen Christo, a man recognized for uprightness, published damaging disclosures about Dr. Costa's private character and political honor. Dr. Costa had him arrested, suppressed his paper and drove him out of the country. Lately Dr. Costa has been accused in the most categorical manner and by the most trustworthy people of being involved in irregularities in connection with the sale of government lands in S. Thome. All the non-Republican papers which gave currency to the charges were at once suppressed. A distinguished economist, Senhor Roque da Costa, in the Lisbon Journal of Commerce, maintained that there is no such thing as a surplus despite the assertion of the Premier to the contrary. He was soon afterwards lodged in jail.

Individual liberty is trampled on. The civil carbonarios of Dr. Costa enter houses when they like, make searches, effect arrests and carry off documents though they themselves possess no warrants, have no insignia of authority and wear no uniform

A number of judges who refused to stand for dictation from Dr. Costa were punished by being banished to Goa. Illegal prosecutions are directed against Monarchists, Radicals, Socialists, etc., and condemnations passed on false evidence, insufficient evidence or no evidence at all. Courtswho dare to defend alleged Royalists are grossly attacked by the newspapers and the mob. Monarchist prisoners, not yet convicted, are torn from the hands of the police and maltreated to such an extent that some of them are injured for life.

That the comparatively small clique of Dr. Costa can commit such crimes against liberty without provoking a storm of popular indignation is the most lamentable feature of the case. It can outrage the feelings of the devout peasantry, of the army, of the legal and medical pro- salaried positions in the Church fessions and of the diplomatists, yet their ardor was dampened only icle in the Nineteenth Century for no protest is ever made save to when the government reduced the who is implored in a heated but cautious whisper to "write up" the matter in the English press. Priests have been arrested in the churches because, in speaking of the regeneration of the world by Christ, they did not mention Affonso Costa as well, The congregation, strong Catholics all of them, looked on sheepishly while their revered padre was dragged away by the hair of the head. Francis McCullagh, who is our main authority for this account, recites instances of outrages committed against the medical fraternity, the navy, the diplomatists, all of which have been received with similar pusillanimity by the members of these various bodies. Evidently if the injured people abjectly acquiesce in seeing their sacred rights wanton ly trampled on by a clique who form but a minority in the country, they can scarcely appeal for sympathy to other nations. Their listless attitude can awaken abroad nothing but disgust.

The chances for a Royalist restorawere effected, it does not appear that it would be a gain to the country. In the last days of the monarchy Portuguese politics were a sink of corrup tion and it would appear that the revolution had proved a boon to many of the old "bosses" and wirepullers. Half of them became ardent Repub licans and entered the service of the new government; the other half. driven into exile, are doing more swindling there than they ever did at home. Some of them, who left Lisbon without a penny of their own, are now

making a fat living off the poor dupes who contribute towards the restora tion of Dom Manuel. Of the £100,000 contributed during the last three years towards the re-establishment of Manuel on his throne the vast bulk has found its way into the pockets of these exiled "bosses." Some of the bankers and telegraph clerks in Spain have been heard to express amazement at the immense sums of money coming to obscure royalist agents, and at the large proportion of these sums which always go straight into the recipient's pockets. For these folks exile is a more profitable business than restoration and it may well be questioned if they seriously desire a restoration.

The success of the Republican clique, both in the beginning when it seized the reins of power and during its despotic rule, is due to the hopeless inertness that pervades the body politic. Centres that are notoriously Royalist and where the old king was popular, Braga, Coimbra and the north for instance, were silent over the death of the old King and gave no sign of encouragement to the new King. The Houses of Parliament, though both dominated by Royalist majorities, registered no protest when a few days after the murder a procession of 5,000 people headed by Affonso Costa went to lay wreaths on the tomb of the regicide. Again, when the government opened what it called a Museum of the Revolution, and one of the Cabinet Ministers. Bernardino Machado, escorted bevies of school children through it in order to show them Buica's carbine, the blood-stained garments of former conspirators, the shattered skulls of anarchists, and other relics of the same nature, Portugal as a whole took the sickening exhibition as a matter of course-until the London Times condemned it. School children have been paraded through the streets under the eye of the Minister of Public Instruction, each child wearing on its breast a medal bearing the inscription, "No God; No Religion." And yet their parents, who in the main profess Catholicity, uttered no protest.

Evidently religion as well as patri otism has decayed. But it must not be forgotten that this decadence has not sprung into existence with the coming of the Republic. This demoralization has favored the schemes martial are always at work. Lawyers of the Republican clique but the Republicans did not create it; they found it awaiting them. It grew up under the monarchy.

The alliance between State and Church accounts in great measure for the decay of religious fervor. The Church has been for the last hundred years regarded the State as a department by as completely under its domin ion as the Foreign Office or the Home Office. Up to a few years ago there was keen competition among the sons of the nobility for the good salaries and emoluments attaching to these offices. For nearly a bundred years the Crown claimed and exercised the right of nominating to bishoprics, priories, canonries, parishes and to every species of ecclesiastical office. And it is obvious that no candidate could hope for promotion unless his qualifications proved acceptable to the civil authorities. Pius IX., in 1862, invited the Bishops of the country to visit Rome for the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs, but they did not go nor did they send an explanation. Only two of the Bishops attended the Vatican Council. To one familiar with conditions these incidents awaken no surprise. The seminary education was under the supervision of the government. The government reserved to itself the control of the appointment of the professors, the subjects to be studied and the selection of text books. Such conditions were plainly not in the interests of the formation of a clergy who would be consumed with fervor for the welfare of religion. And the present decadence tion are not alluring and, even if it of religion may be traced no doubt to this subordination of the Church to the State

The decadence of national vigor is traced to two factors: I. The excessive drain made upon the manhood of the nation by exploration, colonization and war. 2. The adulteration of the race by East Indian, Braz ilian and especially by negro blood. To the importation of slaves, how ever, is due a great loss of national vigor. At one period the whole white manhood of the country seems to have been engaged in war, commerce. substantial persons in Paris and the discovery or colonization and slaves Either the people are not "priest-

were freely imported from Africa to till the soil. In Lisbon we are told that at one time the proportion of slaves to freemen was as one to ten. And a writer who is regarded as worthy of credence estimated that in the sixteenth century the slaves formed one-sixth of the population. These slaves merged with the native population. "One can still see," writes Francis McCullagh, " all over the South the woolly hair, dark skin. and other characteristics of the negro race. Priests, farmers, village shop keepers, noble ladies, the most unexpected persons, will be found to bear the tell-tale marks which would e a serious handicap to them in Virginia, U.S. A., but which do not matter at all in Portugal. . . The contamination of the lower orders took place centuries ago, but the contamination of the upper classes is still going on. During the past century there has been a steady stream homewards of Brazilian but also with plenty of money. These returned exiles had never any diffiin allying themselves by marriage

This introduction of negro blood would seem to account for the absence of a healthy reaction among the people and for the lowering of the moral and physical tone of the nation.

with the old aristocracy.'

Evidently in neither the religious nor the national field is the outlook for Portugal an encouraging one. The policy of a Bismark might very well prove the salvation of the coun-

THE OTTAWA CITIZEN SWALLOWS ITSELF

Not satisfied with becoming deseredly famous as a maker of paraloxes, the Ottawa Citizen is now dereloping a most wonderful aptitude for swallowing itself, paradox and all. Because we ventured to question the veracity of a Citizen article which aimed at showing that the Catholic Church was opposed to Irish Home Rule, that journal accuses us of "daring anyone to tread on the tail of our coat." We are sorry if we have offended our contemporary, and we hasten to assure it that we had no intention of twirling our shillelagh, holding as we do that hot words never strengthen an argument. In its article, "Leaders in Ireland,"

to which we referred in our issue of March 21st, the Citizen, in our opinion, made certain definite charges against the Catholic Church. Sheltering itself behind the authority of Redmond-Howard, the nephew of the Irish Leader, it argues that Protestantism and progress are synonymous terms, whilst clericalism, that is, Catholicism, is, of its very nature, reactionary. "The Home Rule movement has been founded, inspired and championed almost entirely by Protestants." "Nowhere is there such a strong parallel to the revolt of Ireland against the bureaucratic regime of Imperialism than in the revolt of England against the clerical domination of Rome." "Of the great leaders in Ireland, O'Connell is the exception to the rule of Protestant leaders. He is said to have done much to make Home Rule a clerical movement." "Certain powerful movements in Ireland today owe their direction and inspiration to men who have come into almost direct opposition to the Church." "Home Rule would be a mild form of republicanism. Republicanism is not in favor with the clerical party in France. The Duke the Church." of Norfolk is a powerful Catholic peer. He is opposed to Home Rule.' If these statements mean anything they mean that the Catholic Church is opposed to Home Rule. We took issue with the Citizen on this point and endeavored to show that such was not the case. We reminded the Citizen that, granted the majority of the Irish leaders were Protestants. they could effect but little without the support of the people. And if the people were "priest-ridden," and the priests were opposed to Home Rule, we asked the Citizen to explain how it was that the Protestant leaders had the united support of the Catholic people. We maintained that the fact that the majority of the Irish leaders were Protestants clearly proved that the Church did not unduly influence the current of Irish

political life, as had it done so, these

leaders would never have been

accepted by the Irish people. Viewed

from whatever standpoint the charge

of the undue exercise of clerical

power in Ireland falls to the ground

ridden, " or the Church is not opposed to Home Rule. If the Citizen wants to have it both ways it is up to it to explain how it happens that, if the priests hold the people in leading strings, they should support Home Rule, whereas the priests themselves oppose it.

The Citizen complains it has been misunderstood. It never implied that clericalism was the controlling force behind Home Rule. No indeed, it did not. It tried hard to prove just the opposite. And it is exceedingly wroth at us for disagreeing with it. The obvious duty of the Citizen, then, was to prove our contention wrong. Instead of which our contemporary first gets angry at us, and then agrees with us, thereby swallowing itself. The Citizen claimed that the Gaelic League and the Cooperative Movement were opposed by the Church. We proved very conclusively that both the one and the other owed much of the success they capitalists with woolly hair and had attained to the loyal support of suspiciously dark complexion the priesthood. The Citizen now agrees with us. We contended that there is no justification for the charge culty in buying titles of nobility and that the Church unduly interferred in Irish politics, advancing as an argument the well-known fact that bishops, priests and laity stood loyally by Parnell after he had been condemned by Rome in the interests of England. The Citizen sees in this 'a delightful paradox." It would be such did we subscribe to the theory that a bishop or a priest ceased to be a citizen. But when Irish ecclesiastics stood by Parnell in deflance of Rome, they did so in their capacity as citizens protesting against English Tory interference exercised through the Vatican. When circumstances forced them to take sides against Parnell they did so on moral grounds, and in no way left themselves open to the charge of meddling in a purely political question in their capacity as clerics. The Citizen is all in a muddle about affairs in the Green Isle. It

blows hot and cold at once. It agrees with us that many priests have helped to promote the democratic movement in Ireland. In the next breath it hints at the coming together of "all the forces of clericalism and Conservatism in Ireland," and it instances as an example the fact that "Mr. William O'Brien and Tim Healy have led their clerical faction out into the open-in direct opposition to Home Rule." Will the Citizen please give a list of the clerics that belong to this O'Brien-Healy clerical faction? We know whereof we speak when we say that it cannot name a solitary Irish Bishon or more than half a dozen priests, none of them of any prominence. Clerical faction, indeed. Why, one of the leaders of this " clerical faction," Tim Healy, is the very man who denounced the scheme of proportional representation in the Irish Senate as calculated to give the bishops a controlling voice in the election of that body. And the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which is popularly supposed to be pledged to exterminate all "heretics." has been denounced in all moods and tenses by the leaders of this "clerical faction, moryah. The Citizen would be well advised to confine itself to generalities. It is not one whit more happy in its selection of an example of a clerical faction " than it was when it instanced the Gaelic League, founded and mainly directed by priests, and the Co-operative Movement, whose vice president is the Jesuit, Father Findlay, as typical of certain powerful influences in Ireland to day that owe their direction and inspiration to men who have come into almost direct opposition to

There is one other little matter non which we venture to seek enlightenment from the Citizen. If Home Rule is a democratic movement, and "Protestantism and progress must logically go together," how happens it that the Protestant Church in Ireland is opposed to Home Rule? Is this another paradox? But the entire line of Citizen argument is a collection of like contradictions. O'Connell, it tells us, did much to make Home Rule a clerical movement. And yet O'Connell said he would as soon think of taking his politics from Constantinople as from Rome ? Home Rule means Rome" Rule," and yet the Duke of Norfolk, " a powerful Catholic peer," is opposed to Home Rule, and clericalism and Conservatism are in aliance in Ireland? The Church does not take kindly to republican institutions, and yet nowhere does the Church show such vitality as under the Stars and Stripes? No, dear Citizen, the Church is not conservative in the anti-democratic sense. It is at once the greatest champion and the highest example of democracy that the world has ever COLUMBA

"THE POPE OF ROME IS KING OF CANADA"

Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but the emissaries of Rome are assuming quite a jaunty air these days. The wily Apostolic Delegate has dropped the mask of unassuming mildness. and wears a haughty look as becometh the Prime Minister of the first Canadian king. Even the humblest missionary priest goes about with dilated nostrils and flaming eyes, displaying his utter contempt for the unregenerate heretic. Do you seek the solution of this changed attitude? Then search not the Scriptures, but the Menace. The jesuitical machinations of Rome have achieved success. The Pope now rules from Ottawa, and this fair Dominion is now a Papal state. What boots it that my Lord of London should dream of a great Imperialism of the English-speaking races, or that Henri Bourassa should have visions of a French republic on Canadian soil. The destiny of Canada is cast in an entirely different mould. As we write these lines the Union Jack is being lowered from the flagstaff of Rideau Hall, and Pius X. is about to exchange the seclusion of the Vatican for the regal splendours of a palace at Ottawa.

Thinkest thou we speak in para-

bles? Then-whisper it not in Gath -we will explain. There is published at Aurora, Mo., a paper, to wit, the Menace, the chief defence of the rights and liberties of the people so direfully threatened by the enslaving power of Rome. This journal, having learned that "all is fair in war," is not over scrupulous in the tactics it employs to defeat the machinations of the Jesuits. Swallowing at one gulp the odious principle of its great protagonist, that "the end justifies the means," it dresses up hoary lies in the garments of truth, and serenely pursues its way through a very ocean of slander and calumny. When brought to book for one or other of its many falsehoods, it unblushingly admits that it lied knowingly, and straightway proceeds to exhume another falsehood from the refuse heaps of bigotry. The great and mighty Republic to the south of us, being the land of the free, graciously permits this "polecat of the press" to carry on its unspeakable campaign of calumny against 16,000,-000 of its best and most loyal citizens. Judge, then, of the amazement of the Menace when it discovered that liberty as understood by the British Constitution did not mean license to vilify one's neighbour? The Canadian Government refused to permit the Menace to be transmitted through the mails. After it had recovered from the first shock of such a stunning surprise the Menace set about circumventing this ukase of the and an Orange lily, roughly shakes Pope. An office was hired, and a him by the shoulder and bellows into printing press set up in Aurora, Ont., his ear: "Wake up, John Bull, an' and a British edition of the Menace thought, the Pope will not dare to put a ban upon a good British publication? But it little reckoned the length of the Papal arm or the unheard of nerve of the Jesuits. Thicker than the snowflakes in a mid-winter blizzard the subscriptions poured into the office of the Menace in Aurora, Ont. The Jesuits were just about quitting their new college in Guelph, and the Papal Delegate had purchased a single ticket for his native Italy, when one day, as the printer's devil was setting up the Roman Church's obituary, an innocent looking blue envelope arrived from Ottawa, Ont. Ah, said the editor, we have fought and conquered, and here is a subscription the envelope contained a formal notice of the Postmaster General's refusal to allow the British edition of the Menace to be sent through the mails. Now here was a pretty mess for any honest editor to find himself in. If his paper could not be scattered broadcast all over the Dominion through the Canadian mail service where was the use of printing it? True, he might imitate Sir Edward Canada is a little larger than Sir Edward's four counties. There was nothing for it, then, but to take

permitted by law. And back he

where libelling one's neighbor is

was an awful shindy in the paternal mansion. The editor got orange and black in the face all at once. He tore his father-in-law, Patrick Fraser, is his hair, swore at the cat, and kicked also a Senator of the College of Justhe printer's devil-even as his son and heir had been kicked out of Canada. Then he sat down to his desk and wrote-well, what he didn't "The write isn't worth mentioning. ' Pope of Rome is king of Canada. He draws the first blood in the impending religious and political revolution." And as if all this wasn't startling enough he had it set up in flaring capitals. "If the Pope of Rome is King of Canada, as he claims to be of earth, heaven and hell, he is going to get more hell in Canada than he has ever gotten in either one of the other dominions." And

by way of "giving him hell" he calls on "Orangemen, Masons, Odd Fellows, and all other Protestant fraternal organizations and societies" to hold protest meetings at once, draft resolutions have them signed by every member present, " and forward to the Postmaster General at Ottawa by special delivery." No doubt a howl will go up from the Orange lodges, and the custodians of equal rights will demand the head of the Postmaster General. But drafting resolutions is a game that two can play at. Why not every Catholic society express its thanks for the government's commendable ruling and send its resolution to the Postmaster General? A beginning has already been made. The Bracebridge Catholic Men's Society have assed such a resolution and ordered it to be transmitted to Ottawa.

Truly these are sad days for the children of light and the sons of reedom. With the Pope of Rome King of Canada small wonder the Menace is in danger of apoplexy. And with Home Rule for Ireland almost accomplished there isn't a kick at all, at all, left in the Orange Sentinel.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE SPECTACLE of the Mayor of the second city in Canada delivering himself of a vulgar harangue, insulting to fully one half the people of Canada and pandering to the very lowest elements in human life, is not one calculated to increase respect for the country abroad. But if Toronto will have lodge rule, and entrust its affairs to incendiary editors, it must abide by the consequences. That, however, is no salve to the country's wound in the world's eyes.

A RECENT "Lepracaun" cartoon hits off the situation in Ireland to a nicety It depicts John Bull seated at the table enjoying a peaceful nap after a hearty dinner of "Home Rule." In his slumbers he dreams of "Erin free, happy, united and loyal." Sir Edward Carson, however, in a cocked hat, decorated with a death's head don't be dreamin about a happy an was given to the public. Surely, it United Ireland. I tell ye Ireland shall never be happy or contented as long as me or me friends can prevint it, And mind, I tell ye if ye don't listen to me, an' do as I bid ye, I'll turn on ye meself in a minit."

THE CUNARD Steamship Company has never enjoyed the reputation of being any too courteous to its Catholic passengers in the way of making provision for the celebration of Mass on board its liners. It is high time its officers extended to Catholics the same courtesy as they have to Protestants in the matter of religious services. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn, on the authority of a priest writing in the St. Paul, Minn., Catholic Bulletin, that the Cunard Comfrom the Hon. Pelletier. But pany has experienced a change of alas! for his hopes. Instead of heart in this respect, and is now fita Canadian postal note for 50 cents ting its ships with requisites for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. This will be welcome intelligence to its constantly increasing Catholic patrons. In this connection it may be well to state that the North German Lloyd Company has not only made such provision, but has installed Sisters of Mercy on all its ships to nurse the sick, look after the children and protect the women. This is a new field of usefulness for these con Carson's Provisional Government of secrated women. That it will prove Ulster, and send the journal by the an incalculable boon to the many poor hands of despatch riders—but then Catholic emigrants goes without say. ing. It will rob their advent to strange scenes of half its terrors and place them in immediate touch with their down his shingle and hie for the land fellow-Catholics on landing.

arrived back at Aurora, Mo., there its first Catholic judge since the help you? 'Ach, the priests don't 'Reformation." He is what is known as a Lord of Session, and like tice in Scotland. Born in 1855, and educated at Edinburgh Academy and University, he soon attained an enviable position at the Scottish Bar. and in 1905 became Dean of Faculty of Advocates at the latter institution. He ascended the Bench with the judicial title of Lord Skerrington in 1908. His family name is Campbell. It is gratifying to know that he is also a zealous Catholic. He presided at a recent meeting of the Glasgow Catholic Institute at which Sir Bertram Windle, F. R. S., President of University College, Cork, lectured on "Science and Religion."

ACCORDING TO a speaker, the Rev. Dr. E. Griffith Jones, at the National Free Church Council assembled at Norwich two weeks ago, England is in great danger of becoming again Romanist country." This prognostication he based largely upon the decreasing birth rate. present generation, he said, had suddenly lost that love of offspring which characterized their forefathers." "Families were growing steadily smaller and smaller, and Protestants were not holding their own in the increase of population." The cause was deep-seated and was affecting every class in the community, especially the Free churches." The Catholic Church alone," he went on to say, "took a valiant stand on high religious grounds against this evil tendency, and if they life, it might yet come to pass that England would become again a Romanist country.

It is significant that while thus forecasting the future the speaker did not include conversions as among the predisposing causes. 'Not by conversion," he said, "but by its superior fertility and the higher sense of racial responsibility inherent in that form of faith," would the result he predicted be brought about. That he should lay no stress upon conversion was perhaps inevitable from his standpoint, for the great stream o converts that have come into the Church within the past seventy-five years has mainly flowed from the Anglican communion. Nevertheless, the Free churches (Nonconformity) have not remained untouched, and many notable names might be cited from that source also. But having regard to the preponderance both in membership and influence, of the Established Church, and the constantly increasing leavening process of Catholic ideas within it, Dr. Jones was not well-advised in leaving this out of his reckoning.

presents an adamantine wall of resistance, should be a matter of thankfulness to all those, of whatever religious persuasion, who still revere and love the primitive Christian maxims. That it is not so, but that the hatred and distrust which was implanted deep in their nature by the "Reformation" still holds sway, and that they should waste their substance and their energies in a vain attempt to undermine the only power which they feel and know stands between them and religious anarchy, is a mystery absolutely insoluble on any human hypothesis. We must go to the great Prophet of Israel for the only solution : "They have put darkness for light and light for darkness," "deceiving and being deceived."

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE, the brilliant impressionist journalist, as he has been called, is unlike many of his contemporaries, in that he is willing to be set right when he stumbles. He recently gave currency, quite unwittingly as the event proved, to a cruel slander upon the Catholic priesthood. He had been pursuing investigations in the interest of the Daily Chronicle, among the Glasgow slums, which, as is well known, are among the worst in Europe. In one of his letters to that journal he thus delivered himself:

"To one old woman I said: 'Why don't you get out of this?' 'Ach, why should I?' she demanded with a grin. For the sake of your children.'
'They're all right.' 'But it's a horrible house.' 'The hoose is a verra
good hoose.' 'You're a Roman Cath-

trouble aboot quarters the like o' this.' 'And you're quite content?'

THE GLASGOW OBSERVER at once called Mr. Begbie's attention to the fact that he was unconsciously libelling the Catholic priesthood and giving currency to an inuendo which would on his authority speedily crystalize into an accepted fact. It pointed out to him that the priests were constantly among the poor, and supplied him with a list of Protestant public officials from whom he might obtain accurate testimony on that point. Mr. Begbie put the information thus placed at his disposal to effective use, and the result was an amende honorable which does justice at once to the body of men concerned and to his own sense of truth and honor. His words deserve the widest publicity, not so much because of the incident that occasioned them, as because of the example they set for journalists everywhere. They at the same time constitute the most effective kind of reproof to clergymen of a certain type to whom lying and detraction in regard to things Catholic has to all appearance become like second nature.

MR. BEGBIE's retraction, somewhat curtailed, is as follows:

"Such a mass of evidence is adduced to prove the devotion of the Roman priests in Glasgow that I heartily desire to express not only my regrets. . . . by my earnest and reverent admiration for the quiet, constant, perfectly organized and affectionate services rendered by the Roman priests in Glasgow to the wretchedest and most helpless of the (Protestants) did not recover their Glasgow poor. Whether this particudiscouraged ideals, as regards family lar woman had been overlooked

· · · or whether she lied, I cannot say. . . . It never occurred to me for one moment that I was attacking the Catholic Church could attack that Church on the side of its services?) and I am grieved never occurred to me, as it ought to have done, that such a tatement might give pain to people whose work for the poor I am not worthy even to praise.

THE TRANSCRIPT, THE PACIFIC AND VIRGIN BIRTH

Some ministers in California, prob-

ably with an eye to notoriety, have been telling people that they do not believe in the Immaculate Conception, that is to say, in the Virgin Birth of our Blessed Lord. What they do or do not believe is of little importance except to themselves To them it is of great importance since it may determine their lot for all eternity. What is noteworthy however, is that they speak of the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth as if they were one and the same thing. The Pacific, a Presby-terian weekly of San Francisco, at tempts to set them right; and its article is of such importance in the eyes of the Boston Transcript as to deserve reproduction in the columns of that journal. The Pacific begins by saying that of course the minis-THAT TO THE moral and intellectual chaos to which modern society is
fast hastening, the Catholic Church
presents an administry wall of re-Now we have an "When a man-or, at least other : a minister—says something explicit-ly, he does not mean it." Anyhow, the Pacific undertakes to set them right. It tells them that the Im maculate Conception means that the Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived without orginal sin. So far as the words go it is right: what idea may be behind them in the Presbyterian mind with its Calvinistic notion of original sin, is another question. But it soon begins to blunder. It explains that the doctrine was devised in the twelfth century to obviate the difficulties connected with the derivation of Christ from fallen and sinful humanity. Strange that the Church got along for twelve centuries without finding it necessary to obviate thus the supposed difficul-ties! Strangerstill that it would think to obviate them by moving them back iust one step! "The reasoning was," says the Pacific, "that inasmuch as Mary, thus born (sic) did not partake of fallen humanity, her son, Jesus, partaking, of course, of her nature, was free from that taint." Will the Pacific be good enough to indicate the text-book of theology from which it got this reasoning, and we shall see that it is put on the In-dex at once. "For centuries," it dex at once. "For centuries, dex at once. "the leaders among continues, "the leaders among Roman Catholics were divided as to this doctrine." Perhaps the Pacific would imply that for centuries they were wallowing in "difficulties concerning the derivation of Christ from fallen and sinful humanity" just like the ministers of to day.

Having disposed of the Immacu

In the first place it says that it is a In the first place it says that it is a matter of no great importance. "This doctrine has long been looked upon by many eminent ministers as not an essential article of faith, and not a few have given it no acceptance." St. John makes the right belief in IT MAY perhaps be news to many of our readers that in the person of Lord Skerrington Scotland possesses good hoose. You're a Roman Catholic?' 'I am that.' 'Do you go to confession?' 'I do.' 'Does the priest come to see you?' 'Only when a body's dying.' 'Doesn't he come to in the days of Ephesus and Chalce-

don. But the eminent ministers had not come on the scene then to put Apostle and Councils in the wrong. The reasons which the eminent ministers give for their opinion are worthy of them. "The scriptural proofs are rather dubious. Matthewand Luke allude to it." Choose your words. and you can prove anything. "Allude," reminds one of the man who gave a troublesome visitor a hint to go, by throwing him down stairs. St. Matthew and St. Luke mention it explicity in terms so clear that it would be impossible to improve of them. "The Gospel of Mark, which is by all now admitted to be the earliest Gospel and the founda-tion of both Matthew and Luke, does not mention it." The "Gospel of Gospel Mark" is not admitted by all to be the earliest Gospel, etc. The Catholic Church has much to say to the contrary. "St. Mark does not mencontrary. "St. Mark does not men-tion it." No, he begins with Our Lord's public life. "The Gospel of John has not heard of it." Gospels The Gospel of do not hear, but we hear the Gospels. Would that the "eminent ministers had done so to their profit. The meaning is that St. John never heard of it. Why? Because he does not mention it; "What one does not say, he has not heard." Suppose St. John replied: "My whole Gospel implies the fact recorded by St. Matthew and St. Luke as a necessary foundation, ould the eminent ministers deny it? Not if they had really studied St. John. And so they proceeded until we reach this gem, evolved by one of them: It seems that the Virgin Birth tends to throw some discredit upon the acredness of marriage, a tendency to be deprecated," "Seems!" tendency! What is the use of beating bout the bush? It does, or it does not throw discredit on marriage. If it does, point out how. You do not mean to say hat it discredits marriage, to say that only a Virgin Mother could give birth to the Incarnate Word? do not imagine that it is any reflec-

tion on your own children that they

The Pacific recognizes that ever

mong ministers there are some to

disagree with the eminent ones we

are not each the Incarnate God ?

have just been hearing from. For their benefit it suggests that it may be explained by parthenogenesis. The argument is beautifully simple, worthy of the enemies of Our Lord and His Holy Mother. "The amœba and His Holy Mother. The amount multiplies itself by splitting in half; certain shellfish. . . are propagated by a female only." Therefore. . . we dare not write the conclusion. What have we to do with the state and shellfish. with amceba and shellfish? Can the Pacific give a single instance of par thenogenesis from the human race But even if he could bring a thou sand, they would have no bearing on the question at issue. The concepof our Blessed Lord might as tion well be called pyrotechnics as par-thenogenesis. "The Holy Ghost thenogenesis. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the powero the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." This is St. Luke's 'allusion," as the eminent ministers call it, to the tremendous mystery in which the Blessed Trinity formed in the womb of the Mother of God and of her substance, the human body informing it with a human soul and in the same instant uniting it to the Divine Nature under the Personality of the Eternal Word. Catholic the ology is a difficult thing to handle. Hence, should the editor of the Pacific wish to enlighten his brethren on the subject again, he had better apply to some of the clergy in San Francisco to do the work for him They have a duty "to enlighten those that sit in darkness and the shadow of death," and are always glad to per-form it. As for the Transcript, we form it. As for the Transcript, we could never have believed that it could be so imposed upon by such an article as the Pacific's, as to give it two columns.—Henry Woods, S. J., in

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY AND THE PRESS

The Catholic Truth Society have several branches to its work. One of them, which is doing a wonderful good, is the re-mailing of Catholic papers to poor and careless Catholics in all parts of the country.

"The Power of the Press" is a noted saying. What an amount of good is done by the power of the Catholic press, and yet those who need it most are they who never come under it's influence. Why? Because the saying and the saying are the saying and the saying and the saying are a saying and the saying are saying and the saying are saying and saying and saying are saying and saying and saying are saying and saying are saying and saying and saying and saying are saying and saying are saying and saying are saying and saying and saying are saying and saying and saying are saying and saying are saying and saying a saying are saying and saying a saying are saying a sayi the subscribers as a rule are good Catholics, and those who are careless and neglected very seldom have the opportunity of reading this class of literature. The Catholic Truth Society therefore secured names and ad dresses of such people from priests all over the Dominion and Newfoundland; and many subscribers to our Catholic weeklies are responding to the appeals made, and volunteering to remail their paper each week, (after they have read it) to some name supplied by this Society. In this way the papers are serving a double purpose. Subscribers not only get the benefit, but the more needy, through this remailing, also receive and benefit by it's influence.

A great amount of good has been late Conception to its satisfaction, the Pacific takes in hand the virgin birth. Church simply through this medium.

Everyone cannot be a missionary, but all of us, or with few exception are anxious to assist in spreading the Faith, and here is an easy way of helping in this cause. By remsiling your Catholic paper or magazine each week, you are the direct cause of keeping the Faith alive in some person's heart. People will read

when they will not go to hear. All who would like to co operate in this work will receive a name and address from the Catholic Truth Society, Box 383, Toronto, Canada, by writing. Please give name, address and the number of papers you are

THE POWER OF

SILENCE

And there are times when to be silent is infinitely harder than to act. To sit still and see the waves of false hood, or wrong, or trickery, of inustice, perhaps of death itself, come weeping over us, to close the lips wait, just wait until the flood shall have passed—there is strength for you. But after the flood there is the great calm that comes of endurance; there is the great courage that comes of victory. For there is victory in silence; always there is victory in silence. Only a weak spirit cares to spend itself in retort, in fighting, in censure, in blame; the to suffer and be still. Also come growth through this same powerful medium.

This is the thing ; just to be silent and let the waves beat. For beneath the waves is God; and beneath the wrong is the glory of integrity; and over all, sanctifying, blessing, making clear and sweet the waters of unrest, is that gentle spirit of obedi ence, which, with the consciousness of wrong to none, will sometime an in some way surely bring the troubled heart into the perfect and eternal port of peace, the consciousness of nobler manhood and truer woman hood which is, after all, the one real perfect attainment of life.

his friends is to be pitied; he who has forfeited his own confidence is in danger of wreck. But he or she who has forfeited self-respect has indeed fallen upon misfortune. To be silent is the sure and the

safe thing always; there can be no blunders to regret when one sits still and waits. There can be no harsh words to unsay, bitterness to sting, no injustice to be flung some day into the teeth. But al ways is there certain undefined, unknown something that will puzzle the wrongdoer and keep alive the unsatisfied wonder of those whose deeds have helped to set the seal of silence upon the lips of love. It is enough to know that one can act; it is enough to know that one holds the whip hand without an eternal flourishing of it. Power loses its force when expended in threats. But to be silent, neither to harm nor to wish harm—that is the great triumph. And, after all things have a way, a gentle, tender glorious and happy way, of righting themselves without our help, if only we shall be brave enough, and wis enough and strong enough to wait and be silent.—W. A. D., in Nashville Banner.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratianer.

It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of hemselves it should have fallen inaugurate and successfully carry or so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and nade him the instrument of salva tion to innumerable souls. Why not dear reader, have a share in work by contributing of your means The opportunity awaits you : let it

not pass you by. not pass you by.
Previously acknowledged...
A Friend, La Salette Parish.
E. J. Ryan, Sleeman...
A Reader, St. Peter's Bay Station
Thos. Ryan, Toronto
Friend, Niagara.
John T. Henretta, Perth.
Rev. M. J. Gearin, Phelpston.
Friend Mount Forest
V. F. C. Sydney...
W. M. M. M. M. M. M. Cleveland.
Friend, Little River Codroy...

A VOICE FROM THE CRUCIFIX

Ye gaze upon Me, hanging on the In blood stain'd desolation and dis-

tress; Ye pity Me for all My pain and loss, Naked and thirsting, wounded, con fortless!

And tearfully ye sigh: "What can we

To soothe Your agony, beloved Lord? Fain upon softest bed of down, we'd solace You; Raiment and food and drink Your needs accord!

He who has forfeited the trust of Thus would ye do? Ah! friends, whene'er ve see One of My children, naked and for

lorn, Homeless and hungry, thirsting, pit eously-

Of every human consolation shorn-If, for My love, his naked limbs ye clothe, And give him food and drink and

shelter free, Mine every Wound your tender care shall soothe. in him; ye shall feed and com-

fort Me! -ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

A SOBER IRELAND UNDER HOME RULE

The Nationalist of Clonmel, Ireland, commenting on the many evidences of a growth of temperance Ireland, says: cess comes from the fact that the movement springs from the ranks of the people themselves. It shows their inherent goodness and commonsense, and is a happy augury for the future, for Ireland sober under Home Rule will be Ireland free in





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NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

PIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURES, PRORIS. ILL. PALM SUNDAY

THE LESSON OF THE CROSS "My soul is sorrowful even unto death; stay you here and watch with Me. And soing a little further He fell upon His face; praying and saying: My Father! if it be possible let this enalice pass from Me." (St. Matt. xxvi, 38, 39.)

During the last days of the holy season of Lent we commemorate the sorrowful passion of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Until the day of His glorious res.

urrection summons us to joy, our hearts should dwell with His in the desolation of Gethsemani, in the cruelty of Jerusalem and in the ig-nominity of Calvary. We should bid farewell to Thabor and follow Jesus to Golgetha; forget His glories and reflect on His sorrows. There we will find abundance of solace for our grief, consolation for our afflictions and encouragement for our trials and tribulations.

The Passion of Jesus may be divided into five parts corresponding to the five sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary—The Agony of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemani, The Scourging of Jesus at the Pillar, The Crowning of Jesus with Thorns, The Carrying of the Cross by Jesus to Mount Calvary and The Crucifixion of Jesus on Mount Calvary.

First let us follow Him into the

Garden of Olives, and witness the agony, that frightful mental sufferwhich was the beginning of His Passion. The Gospel account of the Agony is pathetic in the extreme. (St. Matt. xxvi, 37). "And Jesus taking with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee He began to grow sorrowof Zeoedee He began to grow sorrow-ful and to be sad. Then He said to them . . My soul is sorrowful even unto death; stay here and and watch with Me."

and watch with Me."

If in His death on the cross He was like a God, in His Agony He was if I may so speak, like a man. Falling on His face and remembering all the sins of the world, a bloody sweat cozed from His sacred body.

The moon with pale light never beheld such a sad spectacle as she gazed upon that awful night in the garden of Olives.

garden of Olives.

There passed before His mind in a sort of panoramic view all the treachery of the Jews, the hypocrisy of Judas, the denial of Peter, the sins of His dearest disciples and all those for whom through their own fault His blood would be shed in How agonizing this must have been to the sensitive feelings of the amiable Jesus. How it caused the blood to trickle from every pore in His sacred body! Who can imagine the fearfulness of the conflict that caused that sweat of blood! Did you ever think that when you have offended God by sin, each offence was an additional pang to the heart of Jesus increasing the tortures of His agony? Grieve then that you have thus caused that blood to flow and resolve for the future to drink of that bitter chalice consecrated sacred lips — to drink of by His it resignedly and penitently in trials and afflictions, in sorrow and contri-

After Our Lord received the traitor's kiss and was seized by His en-emies He was led to the city, where the scenes in that terrible tragedy follow one another in rapid succes sion. Denied by the Prince of the Apostles, presented to the high priests, accused at Pilate's tribunal, mocked by Herod, He is finally scour of mankind. Imagine you see the innocent Lamb of God surrounded by that mob of ruffians, stripped with rudeness, His wrists bound, and tied to a pillar. He seems to be abandoned to the anger of God and the

The brutal executioners shower on Him their cruel blows till He is covered with blood, gashed and swollen from head to foot. Every part of His sacred body is covered with one consacred body is covered with one continuous bruise. Gash has run into gash and the flesh is torn in flakes from His bones. What a piteous spectacle Jesus now presents! What a contrast with what He was the day before, when seated at the table of His love with the twelve and John reposing on His bosom! What a tender sorrow was should feel and how we on His bosom! What a tender row we should feel and how should deplore that sad change!

But another scene of barbarity yet remains. The fierce desires of the cruel soldiers are not yet ex-hausted. They know that Jesus had declared Himself King of the Jews, so they proceed to crown Him in mockery. They weave a crown of hard, sharp thorns and place it upon His sacred head. Then they press upon it until its points pierce the skin

and penetrate the flesh. The blood trinkles down His face and neck and mingles with that of the scourge. In civilized countries everything possible is done to spare the suffering of one condemned to death. But these heartless, cruel, His whole body mangled and stream-hardened ruffians, after placing in ing with blood, and all for us, will we His tied and bleeding hands a reed as not resolve to do something for Him? a scepter, passing before Him bent their knee in mockery, spit in His sacred face, struck His thorn-crowned head while they in derision saluted Him with the words "Hail, King of the Jews." Did refinement of cruelty ever exceed that of the Roman soldiery? Jesus standing there covered with blood, His face disfigured with the marks of blows and spit and blood, His eyes weary, His sacred body lacerated and mangled—even then in such an ab-

PAIN NEARLY DROVE HIM MAD

Suffered Horribly Until He Turned To "Fruit-a-tives"



DRYSDALE, ONT., June 15th. 1913 DRYSDALE, ONT., June 15th. 1913

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J. A. CORRIVEAU.

J. A. CORRIVEAU.

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ject condition a Godlike noblenes shown all over Him, causing Pilate to exclaim "Behold the man."

This appeal caused the mob to cr out "Crucify Him, crucify Him."
'Take ye Him and crucify Him," said Pilate, "for I find no fault in Him." Then began His sorrowful journey with His cross to Calvary.

When we consider that Jesus after having been scourged and crowned with thorns was unjustly condemned by Pilate to die on the cross; that He was so weakened from loss of blood that He could scarcely walk with His heavy load; that falfing several times the soldiers rudely struck Him; that stripping Him of His garments they treated Him so roughly that the torn flesh came with them; that these barbari-ans fastened Him with nails on the cross and allowed Him to die with anguish on that infamous gibbet; when, I say, we consider all these things and that He suffered all for our sins, can we help feeling com-passion for Him and remorse for having by our sins been the cause of so much suffering, and will we not say with our whole heart "O my Jesus, I love Thee more than myself. I repent with my whole heart of having offended Thee. Grant that I may never offend Thee again, but that I may love Thee always and then do with me what Thou wilt."

What cruel torments He must have says Pilate, "I will chastise Him, therefore, and let Him go." What a blasphemous thought! Chastise Him ition upon a soft bed, what must Jesus who is innocence, holiness, perfection itself! He is other scourged—a punishment reserved for the vilest tion? His body is one continuous wound against which His hard bed in Egypt for a reduction of the num presses. Each of His hands, each of His feet, is pierced with a long nail, which, on account of the weight of His body, tears wider and wider the rent it has made. O what a smarting, torturing, pain He endured dur-ing the three hours of the crucifixion Who can imagine all the King of martyrs suffered for the sake of others during that short time?

"Surely He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows." we had no other proof of the Divinity his wife. of Christ than His first words on the cross, they would be amply sufficient to convince us that He was God. Hanging on the cross surrounded by His murderers, before thinking of His mother, His friends or Himself He prays for His very executioners, His murderers. "Father forgive them." Can you look upon your Saviour and your God dying for His enemies and asking His Father to forgive them and to refuse to forgive

those who may have injured you? After this brief consideration of the sorrows and afflictions of our God, suffering a bloody sweat in that gar-den of Gethsemani, scourged at a pillar in Pilate's hall, crowned with thorns, wounded from head to foot,

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to give up some sin or sinful habit, to suffer something for Him and to have recourse to His sacraments especially to confession and Communion during the Paschal season? Such love for us as manifested by His great suffering and cruel death should cause us to love Him. Hard, indeed, must be the heart which, contemplating the Passion of Jesus Christ, will not be moved to compassion to sion of Jesus Christ, will not be moved to compassion—to contrition, and to say "O! my suffering Jesus, who hast en-dured so much for me and on ac-count of my sins, I am sorry for having offended Thee. I love Thee more than myself, and to show my love for Thee and appreciation of Thy love and benefits I resolve to amend my life, to frequent the sac-raments and to keep the command-ments."

TEMPERANCE

HOW ALCOHOL RUINS MEMORIES

per cent.; that is, in 100 experiments over 70 of them were errors and mistakes. The faults of memory steadily increased. The first day's experiments showed a small amount of errors. Then there was a steady in-

This experiment confirms Prof. Kraepelin's test of remembering numbers and words. He found that without alcohol 100 figures could be remembered after 40 repetitions, an average of $2\frac{1}{2}$ numbers to each repe-With alcohol the same person could only remember 60 figures 60 repetitions, an average of 100 for each repetition. This showed a diminution of normal memory to the extent of over 40 per cent.

In every day life, where accuracy of memory is called for, it is a comnon fact that alcohol drinkers are the most unreliable. Events which the person had intense interest in seemed to make little or no impression on the brain when under the influence of spirits, and only with difficulty could be recalled. Even when remembered they were distorted and inaccurate.

These experiments bring out the astonishing fact that the memory, of all the brain functions, suffers most pronouncedly from the use of alcohol. -Copyright 1914, by the Star Com-

BEER BREWING IN OLDEN TIMES

Lecturing at Newington, Edinburgh, recently, Councillor Hutchinson dealt with "Ancient Licensing Regulations and Their Effects." Among other things, says "Law Notes," the councillor observed that it was well established by The Book of the Dead that brewing was carried on in Egypt five thousand years ago, and, what was also of great interest in view of recent legislation, and of bills in project to reduce the number of licensed houses, if not suppress them altogether, more than four ber of places for the sale of beer, a sort of temperance (Egypt) bill, like the Scottish Temperance Bill.

SAVED WIFE FROM DRINK

WINNIPEG MAN SAVES HIS WIFE THROUGH SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION

How terrible the effects of the curse of drink when a woman is afflicted. Wives and daughters often ais liji. 4.) Man sins and the Son of save their husbands or fathers from God in order to make satisfaction for the drink habit through giving tastehim is pleased to be condemned to death upon the cross. "He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins, (Isais liii, 5.) If overcame all difficulties and saved

awful craving for drink, restores the shaking nerves, builds up the health and appetite and renders all alcoholic liquors distasteful, even naus-eous. It is tasteless and odorless and can be given either with or without the patient's knowledge in

tea, coffee or food. If you know of any family needing Samaria Prescription, tell them about it. If you have a husband, father or friend, who is becoming a drunkard, help him to save himself. Used regularly by hospitals and physicians Has restored happiness to hundreds

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria with Booklet, giving full par-ticulars, directions, testimonials price, etc., will be sent in a plain sealed package to anyone mentioning this paper. Correspondence sac-redly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Company, Dept. 11, 142 Mutual street, Toronto,

FOES TO ALCOHOL

Narcisse Ouimet, the young French-Canadian, who stands champion among the golfers of the world, is a water-drinker. And so is every other sportsman of mark. Every club for golf or polo, lacrosse, cricket or football, is linked to teetotalism whether it knows it or not. No bar-room thus far has ever thriven close to a gymnasium, where the boys are well aware that beer and spirits never yet befriended hard muscles and steady nerves. Aviators to day as sports-men lead the van in skill and daring. To a man they leave strong drinks

Inventors in fields less hazardous than those of flight have been busy as apostles of cold water. These are days of swift motor cars, fast passen-ger elevators, of trains often speeded at more than a mile a minute. Our complex machines which demand, every moment, the utmost clearness of eye and certainty of touch. For security to life and limb, for celerity HOW ALCOHOL RUINS MEMORIES

Dr. Smith of Heidelberg has recently conducted some experiments which show how alcohol thoroughly disturbs the memory. A number of persons were given three or four glasses of beer a day and required to memorize certain sentences, and write them down on paper. Half a dozen experiments were made with each person. No sentence was longer than four lines. The person was given the sentence was longer than four lines. The person was given the sentence was longer than four lines. The person was given the sentence was given and the process repeated.

For twenty days these experiments were carried on. The same amount of beer was given daily. After the sixth day the errors and losses in memory increased and on the twentieth day the losses amounted to 70 per cent; that is, in 100 experiments was considered that in, in 100 experiments and long been demonstrated that in all cases of hodily injury treatment is credit of its water-wagons. It has long been demonstrated that in all cases of bodily injury, treatment is simplified when the patient is a water-drinker, while his recovery is hastened and assured.

THE SALOON MUST GO

The country is tired of the liquor raffic, says "The Coal Dealer." traffic, says "The Coal Dealer."
The Church is fighting it. Temper ance organizations are united for its overthrow and congress has recently dealt it some heavy blows. About one half of its population now live in dry territory and two thirds of the area of the United States is free from the legalized saloon.

If business men will admit it and give the matter unbiased investiga-tion, it will be found that liquor enters into the present day economic problem more than any other phas of life. There is no doubt but that the manufacturer and mine owner would get better results from labor employed free from booze, and it is a dead certainty that the merchant and retailer at large would find his colections easier and better if the vast amount expended for liquor was directed into the channel of trade and the purchase of necessities.

Unless a tree has borne blossoms in spring, you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn.

The holiest of all days are those kept by ourselves in silence apart; though secret anniversaries of the

There is no place where weeds do not grow, and there is no heart where errors are not to be found.

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WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Then I said, "Surely there used to

be a little chapel, down below the

"Yes," he answered laconically, "it's closed."

ed, "isn't it used now? Perhaps it's

is said there twice a week."
"Then can't you show it to us?" I

asked, wondering.
"No," he answered, "only a few

ladies who have keys can go there."

Then, suddenly, light dawned on

me. "Oh, I suppose,"—and I hesitated a moment— "have you Reser-

"Yes," he said, looking as if he

I came away speechless, unable to

think of any comment on the admission that I had innocently dragged from him, but filled with an over-

whelming pity.
It is indeed a tragic state of things.

Here are these people, believing just as we do, that Our Lord is really present

as we do, that our Lora is really present in the Blessed Sacrament. Yet the door of the chapel must be kept locked, and the very fact of its existence concealed, and that, pre-

sumably as a result of the attitude of their own Bishop and in deference

to the opinions of members of their

own communion. Only "a few ladies who have keys" can be permitted to

pray in what they believe to be that Mystic Presence; there is no refuge

pefore that tabernacle for the sad,

the weary, and the harrassed, ir-

respective of class, or age, or sex.

All around are churches where the

lamp, ever burning before the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, calls to

them to come and adore. The doors stand open; and he who will may en-

ter and leave his burden of sin and

en the splendid churches that they had been enabled to build in the glad light of the accepted gospel, in order to return voluntarily to the

dim terrors of the catacombs.

These people are almost Catholics

"but the little less, and what
miles away." They long for the
right to practise every Catholic de-

votion, to give open utterance to the faith that is in them, but they can not

see that there is only one way by which their aspiratious can be ful-

They are continually misunderstood, ridiculed and even persecuted

there most sacred beliefs are denied

there most sacred beliefs are denied and scorned, by members of their own body. Often it is only a mis-guided feeling of loyalty which makes them cling to the Church in which they have been brought up. What heart-burnings must they not ex-perience when secessions do take

place, when their own friends and guides give up the struggle which they feel themselves pledged to con-

When we think of all this, it should

help us to cast out of our hearts all feelings towards these would be Catholics but those of pity, of sym-

pathy, with fellow Christians who are vainly longing for the privileges

too, that often those who seem our

Let us then argue less, and pray more, redoubling our supplications as we kneel before the Blessed Sac-

rament, that all who believe with us that the Tabernacle of God is still

which we so freely enjoy.

tinue.

felt relieved that the truth was out

"But isn't it still there," I persist-

'Oh yes, he said, it is used. Mass

ISHMENT TO THE BODY.

TITLED.

not safe?"

at last.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE EDUCATION OF THE MIND The mind has three faculties—understanding, will and memory.

understanding, will and memory.
Understanding is made up of perception, imagination and judgment.
These powers can all be educated, trained, disciplined, strengthened and made more and more alert.
The chief objects of mental education can be subtivete and disciplined.

cation are, to cultivate and discipline the mind, and to store it with those great facts and principles which com-pose the elements of all knowledge. The studies to be pursued its language. The studies to be pursued, then, are to be chosen with reference to these objects, and not merely for the pur-pose of making the mind a vast storehouse of knowledge. This may be done, and yet leave it a mere lumber. room. For without the capacity to analyze, and turn it to account, all the knowledge in the world is like lumber. It is of great importance that young people should understand and appreciate this principle, because it is intimately connected with their on. To this end, it is nesessary that they should co operate with their parents and teachers. This they will never be ready to do, if they suppose the only object of study is, to acquire a knowledge of the particular branches they are set to learn; for they cannot see the use of them. But, understanding the design of education to be, to discipline the mind, and edge, there is no science, no branch of learning, but what is useful for these objects; and the only question, where education cannot be liberal, is, What branches will best secure these

This understanding of the objects of education is also necessary, to stimulate the young to prosecute their studies in the most profitable manner. If their object were merely to acquire knowledge, the more aid they could get from their teachers the better, because they would thus obtain information the more rapidly. But the object being to discipline the mind, call forth its energies, and obtain a thorough knowledge of elementary principles, what is studied out, by the unaided efforts of the pupil, is worth a hundred times more as a training for the mind, than that which is communicated by an instructor. The very effort of the mind which is requisite to study out a sum in arithmetic, or a difficult sentence in language, is worth more than it costs, for the increased power which it imparts to the faculties so exercised. The principles involved in the case will, also by this effort, be more deeply impressed upon the mind. Such efforts are also exceedvaluable, for the confidence which they inspire in one's power of

accomplishment.

I do not mean to commend selfconfidence in a bad sense. For any one to be so confident of his own as to think he can do things which he cannot, or to fancy himself qualified for stations which he is not able to fill, is foolish and vain. But, to know one's own ability to do, and have confidence in it, is indispensable to success in any undertaking. And this confidence is inspired by unaided efforts to overcome difficulties in the process of education.

As an instance of this, I recollect. when a boy, of encountering a very difficult sum in arithmetic. After spending a considerable time on it, without success, I sought the aid of the school teacher, who failed to applied to several other persons, none of whom could give render me any assistance. I then whom could give me the desired information. Thus I was thrown back upon my own resources. I studied upon it several days without success. After worrying my head with it one evening, I retired to rest, and dreamed out the whole process. I do not suppose there was any thing supernatural in my dream; but the sum was the absorbing subject of my thoughts, and when sleep had closed the senses, they still ran on the same subject. Rising in the morning with a clear head, and examining the question anew, it all opened up to my mind with perfect clearness; all difficulty vanished, and in a few

moments the problem was solved. I can scarcely point to any single event, which has had more influence upon the whole course of my life than this. It gave me confidence in my ability to succeed in any reasonable under taking. But for this confidence, should never have thought of enter-ing upon the most useful undertak ings of my life. I mention this cir-cumstance here, for the purpose of encouraging you to independent men-tal effort.

In prosecuting your studies, endeavor always, if possible, to overcome every difficulty without the aid of others. This practice, besides giving you the confidence of which I have spoken, will give you a much better knowledge of the branches you are pursuing, and enable you, as you advance to preced much more rapid. advance, to proceed much more rapidly. Every difficulty you overcome, by your own unaided efforts, will make the next difficulty less. And though at first you will proceed more slowly, your habit of independent in-vestigation will soon enable you to outstrip all those who are still held in the leading-strings of their teachers. A child will learn to walk much sooner by being let alone, than to be provided with a go-cart. Your studies, pursued in this manner, will be much more interesting; for you are interested in any study just in proportion to the effort of mind it costs you.— Harvey Newcomb.

GOOD AND RETTER

To wish is good. To try is better. To keep on trying when things do not go smoothly and easily, that is best and bravest of all.

Ask any man, who is looked upon as an expert or an authority in his work, whether it be trade or profes-sion: "Did you ever meet any discouragements along the road to suc-cess? Were there any drawbacks to your plans, any hard places, any failures? Was it all smooth sailing, clear skies and fair breezes ?"

If he has any sense of humor, he will laugh at such an absurd question. If he is a serious minded per-son, he will shake his head solemnly at your folly. No matter how he does it, he will give you the same reply. It will be a story of obstacles over-come; of hard-fought battles won; of times when he set his teeth and everybody seemed shouting,

If he had no story such as this to tell most likely he would not be the expert or the authority he is. For if he has examined very carefully into the causes of his success, he can tell you that the obstacles were really helps on the way, hindrances though he may have thought them at the time. They keyed his courage up to a higher pitch than easy victories ever could have done. They brought out the best and strongest traits in his haracter. They drove him closer to the divine Helper, to whom every

worker needs to keep close.
So boys, go ahead and wish all you please, but see that your wishing leads to something good and worthy. If you are the average bright, sensible boy, you will not waste much wish ing on foolish things, harmful things, evil things. Instead, you will wish for the best things in life, try for them with all of your might, and march gladly on to victory.

WILLIE USES HIS EYES In his daily half hour confidential talk with his boy an ambitious father

tried to give some good advice.

"Be observing, my son," said the father on one occasion. "Cultivate the habit of seeing, and you will be a the habit of seeing, and you will be a successful man. Study things and remember them. Don't go through the world blindly. Learn to use your eyes. Boys who are observant kind to all, but avoid idle talking that weigh upon you. In your intercourse with others be polite and kind to all, but avoid idle talking that know a great deal more than those who are not."

Willie listened in silence Several days later, when the entire family, consisting of his mother, aunt and uncle, were present, his father said:

"Well, Willie, have you kept using your eyes as I advised you to do?"
Willie nodded, and after a mo-

ment's hesitation said: "I've seen a few things about the

teeth in her dresser; ma's got some curls in her hat, and pa's got a pack of cards and box of dice behind the bookcase."—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S TRUE ORNAMENT

The Christian young woman's true ornament is not found in dress. Beautiful clothes, judged in the light Seathful clothes, judged in the light of faith, count for nothing. The Holy Spirit warns women against vanity in dress: "Women also in decent apparel: adoring themselves with modesty and sobriety not with plaited heim or gold or repuls or costly at hair or gold, or pearls, or costly at-tire" (1 Tim. ii. 2, 9). In the Old Testament, Almighly God threatens women who dress vainly: "In that day the Lord will take away the ornaments of shoes and little moons and chains and necklaces, and brace and chains and neckaces, and brace-lets, and bonnets, and jewels hang-ing on the forehead "(Is iii, 18, 24). The Fathers of the Church speak in a like manner. They tell us that ex-cessive ornamentation is indicative of frivolity or of lack in moral sense and that women who consider dres of the first importance generally con sider virtue of the least importa St. Chrysostom says: "Those who go about in silk and purple can not honestly put on Christ. Those who are decked in gold and pearls have lost the chief ornament of the soul."

Splendor of dress counts for noth ing in the eyes of sensible people No one who judges of things in the right way puts much confidence in fine clothes. Undue care of dress denotes an empty mind, which takes delight only in bright colors. Besides, it is well known that some women spend all they have on clothes and finery, and lay nothing by for the day of need. Servants especially who dress too richly are objects of ridicule or pity rather than of ad miration. Good clothes are not the best ornament for the Christian young woman; on the contrary, pious irls consider it a disgrace to be dressed above their station in life. I abominate the sign of my pride

and glory " (Esth. xvi, 16).
"Your adorning let it be the hidden man of the heart." Such is the Apostle's counsel; and indeed in the heart all true ornament is to be sought. "All the glory of the king's daughter is within" (Ps. xliv, 14.) This inward beauty consists in three things, the first of which is a peaceful St. Peter speaks of the incor ruptibility of a quiet and meek spirit. What does this consist in? It consists in a spirit that does no pour itself out upon external frivoli-ties, but always observes the rules of propriety and decorum. It is a spirit that does not delight in gossip and that does not delight in gossip and foolish conversation, and is willing to keep silent when it is proper to be so. It is a spirit that holds aloof from dubious friendships, from dangerous companions and amusements. It is a spirit that loves the solitude of one's own room. How beautiful in the sight of heaven is a young woman that has this spirit of calm and quiet! Ask yourselves whether you have this ornament. Go out from among them, and b ye separate, saith the Lord. And I will receive you, and I will be a Father to you, and you shall be My daughters" (2 Cor. vi, 17, 18). Seek solitude; do your work in such manner that you may have a time of quiet for yourselves. Set apart some place where you can find shelter from the storms of the world, and may damage the reputation of others -Rev. Joseph Schuen.

ENGLAND'S "ALMOST" CATHOLICS

A correspondent of the Tablet (London) tells a little story that can not fail to touch the reader's heart: A short time ago I found myself in

house. Uncle Jim's got a bottle of hair dye hid under his bed; Aunt Jennie's got an extra set of false "High Church." I was then enthralled by the dim beauty of the building, by the stately ceremonial and the exquisite music, and I thought I should like to recall the glamor of that early impression by town where, as a child brought up

e-visiting the church. The approach, up a covered pas-sage which forms a short-cut between two streets, seemed to have lost the twilight mystery that I remembered; and a further disappointment was ex-perienced when I found that the heavy leather curtain, which used to hang over the doorway, had dis-

appeared.
"Now," I said to a friend who was "Now," I said to a friend who was with me, as we entered, "what I particularly want to see is a beautiful little underground-chapel, dedicated to the Holy Spirit. It is down by the pulpit somewhere."

We walked up the south aisle, but found at the end, where I expected to see steps descending, an altar of Our Lady, with an impassable rail in

Our Lady, with an impassable rail in

i, "How strange," I said, I thought I remembered it so distinctly. I'll ask the verger.'

too, that often those who seem our most bigoted opponents are in reality nearest to the light, they are but making a last desperate struggle against dawning conviction. On the far side of the church a man busy dusting the pews. I led over and began to explain to crossed over and began to explain to him that I had known the church many years ago, when I was a child, and was interested in seeing it again. He told me that the side altars had with men may soon be united with us in that glorious liberty which is only to be found in the true Church of Jesus Christ.

Yours etc. been erected during the last few years, and that the leather curtain and only recently been removed when the entrance was altered.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH

For some time the newspapers have been putting this subject before their readers. For the sake of the therefore, it is necessary to

The perpetual virginity of the Mother of God is an article of faith so intimately connected with the Incarnation, that a right belief in the one cannot stand long with-out a right belief in the other. The out a right belief in the other. The Catholic Church teaches that the Mother of God was a virgin in the conception of her Divine Son, in His birth, and ever afterwards; and this is the force of the term "perpetual."

Protestantism, pretending to defend
God's honor, denied to the Blessed
Virgin the title decreed to her by the Council of Ephesus as the necess consequence of the rightful under-standing of the Incarnation, and so lost gradually the true notion of that mystery, with this result, that not a few to-day are questioning what they is ambiguous, because it may be applied exclusively to the second element of our belief, or may be extendhowever, is the sense in which most tion will show that only valid reason for the denial of Our Lady's virginity in Our Lord's birth must be the denial ofher virginity in His conception. Even the wisest Rationalist knows be in a position to discuss it on the ground of the so-called essential properties of matter.

Although the denial to Our Lady of her title of Mother of God leads, as a logical consequence, to the corruption of the true idea of the Incarnation and every false notion that flows from this, yet the denial of the Virgin Birth does not come about formally in this way. Men are not always logical, and the first error for centuries did hardly more than make misty and dim the idea of the Incarnation in the minds of those outside the Church. But this mistiness took from them what we may call the Christian instinct, and made them ready for formal error when the occasion should present it. The occasion came when Rationalism invaded the Protestant sects without exception, destroying belief in Revelation. Having denied the origin of the human race in Adam and its fall in him, one cannot but lose the true doctrine of Redemption. Our Lord Jesus Christ becomes a great moral reformer only, a mere man, at best no more than the adopted Son of God. The sect that tolerates the first error must tolerate the graver blasphemy; and so we see in the Church of England such men as Dr. Sanday, Professor of Theology at Oxford, teaching it, and the Master of the Temple making, on Christmas Day of all days in the year, the "Virgin Birth" in an open question. Such men have their followers more than people think. The book "Foundations," made famous by the Bishop of Zanzibar's letter, is full of such doctrine, which, as the Guard fan practically admitted lately with-out shame, the Church of England cannot proscribe. With such ex-

ers by swelling the chorus of denial. Once a sect allows such things, it is no longer Christian. Its spirit is the spirit of anti-Christ. To say so is not uncharitable. On the con-trary Christian charity requires such plain speaking. For this we have the authority of St. John himself, sorrow at the foot of the cross, jet they remain outside.

It is as if the early Christians, when the age of persecution was passed, should have willfully forsakthe great apostle of charity.-Amer-

amples before them it is no wonder

that a multitude of smaller men are

reaching after a reputation as think

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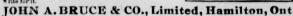
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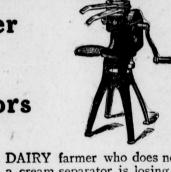
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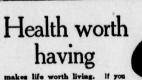
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"PILATE'S DAUGHTER"

Londoners are in for a treat on Tuesday evening, April 7th, when the St. Mary's Dramatic Society will present "The Mystic Rose" or present "The Mystic Rose" or "Pilate's Daughter." The Amateur Dramatic Clubs of London have given fine dramatic productions in the past but none have yet attempted anything so pretentious as "The Mystic Rose." It goes without saying that this will be an unqualified success (as have all past efforts of St. Mary's Dramatic. This play is strictly religious in character dealing. strictly religious in character, dealing with the crucifixion and especially with Pilate's part in this everlasting drama of Christianity, but, of course, no effort is made to introduce the character of Our Lord upon the stage. Owing to its religious nature this play is being presented in Holy Week, as a fitting prelude to the events of this great week.

The play itself is written by Rev. F. L. Kenzel, C. S.S. R., and has been presented with great success in the different Redemptorist parishes of America, the author being a member of this great order. In Boston the play is presented by the members of the Redemptorist parish, every year, twice each week all during Lent. So great is the desire to see it, that the reserved seat tickets for all these performances are sold before the first performance is given. It is hoped that Londoners will show a like appreciation. Only too often in the past have London audiences shown a preference and a decided one for light and sometimes none too choice amusements. Now is the chance for the Catholics of the city to show that they appreciate

the really high class in dramatic art. The cast consists of twenty-four young ladies who are being capably trained under the personal direction of Rev. Father Brennan, Professor of Theology in St. Peter's Seminary. The part of Claudia, Pilate's daughter, who is just a child in the first act, will be taken in this act by little Merlyn O'Donnell, the most ers have yet had the good fortune to

REV. FATHER BENNETT'S FIRST

St. Basil's church, Toronto, was filled to its utmost capacity Sunday, 22nd March, when Father John Bennett, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Bennett, Toronto, celebrated his first Solemn High Mass. Father Bennett was orwith eleven others of his class, in the chapel of Seton Hall Oralege, South Orange, by the Right Hev. J. J. O'Connor, of Newark, N. J. Hev. J. J. O'Connor, of Newark, N. J. He returned to Toronto, his home, with his parents, brother and sister, who were present at his ordination, to celebrate his first Mass. He was

assisted by his two cousins, Fathers Tom and Jos. Ferguson of Hamilton diocese, who acted as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, and another cousin, Father T. Heydon, of St. Michael's College, acted as arch-priest. One of the most eloquent sermons ever heard in St. Basil's church was delivered by the young priest's uncle, Rev. James R. Ferguson, of Newark, N. J., on the duties and sacrifices of the priest.

that has given many of its sons and daughters, to the Church. The late Father Michael Ferguson, of Sand-wich, was a cousin and Sister M. Seraphine, of Mount Hope, London, Ont., is an aunt of the young priest. Father Bennett will be stationed in Newark

NAZARETH ACADEMY

On the feast of St. Joseph, at the Chapel of the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Michigan, Miss Margaret Bergens, of Portland, and Miss Mae Crotty, of Pontiac, received the habit and be-came novices of the Sisterhood. They will hereafter be known as Sister M. Corona and Sister M. Esther. The following Sisters took their first vows: Sister M. Aquinas, Sister M. Laurentia, Sister M. Norberta and Sister M. Emmanuel. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. John Koelzer of Portland. There was a large attendance of friends and relatives.

FRIEND, NIAGARA.—The matter referred to was a typographical error. The difference will be acknowledged in our issue of April 4.

DIED

Pearson.—At her late residence 101 Pearl street, Brantford, Ont., Mrs. Sarah A. Pearson. May her soul rest in peace!

Toppings.—At Deseronto, Ont., March 18, 1914, Miss Catharine Toppings. May her soul rest in peace!

ANOTHER ANGLICAN RECTOR A CONVERT

The Rev. F. J. McLoughlin Day senior curate of St. Andrew's Angli-can church, Taunton, for the past four years, and previously engaged at Oldbury, Birmingham, has written to his vicar, the Rev. George Rusk, informing him that he had decided to secede from the Church of England and to enter the Catholic Church. Mr. Day graduated at Oxford, with theological honors, and was for some time a theological student at St. Stephen House, Oxford.—Catholic

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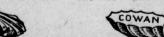
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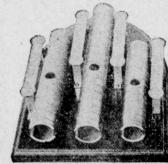
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