

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE DEAD SHEPHERD

RIGHT REV. BISHOP O'CONNOR, PETERBOROUGH, DIED, JAN. 23RD, 1913.

Above thy Bier, O dear dead holy one,
We place the tribute of our human tears,
Of Sorrow that thy earthly race is run.

O dear dead Shepherd, who loved you so,
(The kindly heart our fond allegiance won),
Our grief is sore that we have seen you go.

God willed it thus; nor would we mar your sleep,
By aught of mutinous complaint—ah, no,
We murmur "Fiat" even as we weep.

O wonder not that we should thus unbend,
And tearfully our sad-eyed vigil keep,
'Tis but the human heart-break for a Friend.

To-day the incense of our prayers arise,
"Out of the Depths" our petitions ascend,
The mournful chant is mingled with our sighs.

But—blessed comfort in our bitter woe,
The glad "Laudate" echoes from the skies,
With Light Eternal the dead face doth glow.

Farewell! We kiss the newly-turned sod,
We hold it sacred, for faint well we know
It guards the ashes of a Saint of God.

—REV. D. A. CASKY (COLUMBIAN)

THE NEW CATECHISM

The following is an example of the kind of suggestion which the Toronto Committee welcomes. It may or may not be adopted. That is another question. What cannot be questioned is the helpfulness of suggestions of this kind:

Reverend and Dear Sir:

I gather from the first Catechism lesson published last week that the main object is to teach the child that he is bound to know God. Now, instead of the "reading lesson" which follows in the proposed Catechism, I wish to submit the following for the consideration of your committee, not because I consider it well done, for I have no pretensions to such work, but only to draw attention to the importance of the concrete in teaching Christianity, and to invite the opinion of those better able to judge:

THE INDIAN BOY AND THE PRIEST

Al Redfern was an Indian boy named Al who lived far in the northern part of Ontario, away from the cities and villages and cultivated farms. Like all other Indian boys, he early learned to be skilful in the usual pursuits of his people—hunting, fishing and trapping. Many a long summer afternoon he spent in the silent places with his good dog Tip. At this time of the year he did not carry his gun or set his traps, for the young of all kinds are just growing and it would be wrong to kill the old ones before the young are able to take care of themselves. So he contented himself by peaking here and there at the young birds in the nest, and the young animals hidden behind rocks and trees while the mothers were pasturing.

Al was often able to go quite close to them and sometimes even to touch them, for they had never yet been hurt by man and so had not learned to be afraid. He saw dozens of different animals, such as fox, beaver, muskrat, squirrels, and chipmunk; but of all the young animals, he liked the young speckled fawns best. They would lick his hands and bleat after him when he went away. Of the birds, he liked best to watch the young robins. When he went to the nest, while the old birds were away, the whole four would open their big yellow mouths, expecting food to be dropped into them. Al wondered how the old birds could supply all their wants.

One evening as he was strolling home, his head filled with all he had seen, he suddenly came face to face with a white man dressed in a long black robe. He at once knew him to be the priest, Father Robert, who sometimes travelled through that country and who had told Al about God and taught him some simple little prayers. Al at once began to prattle away about his summer pleasures, when the priest, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Why don't you teach the little animals and birds to know about God as I taught you?" For a moment Al was troubled, for he was a good boy and wanted to do the right thing. Then the priest told him that he had only been joking, and that the birds and the animals could not learn about God, because God had not given them reason. He further explained to him that of the thousands of living creatures in the world, man was the only one who could reason and so the only one who could know God. He told Al that, of course God would not punish the birds and the animals for not knowing Him, but that He would punish men, because they could know Him if they wished. Afterwards Al learned much about God, for the priest had told him that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, had been sent from heaven to teach us all we need to know and to lead us to heaven.

Sincerely yours,
PARISH PRIEST,
Rev. Hugh J. Canning,
Earl Street, Toronto.

VI
SIN

What is the sin called which we commit ourselves? Actual sin.

What is actual sin? Any wrongful thought, word, deed or omission contrary to the law of God.

What is omission? Not doing what we ought to do.

What are the greater sins called? Mortal sins, because they kill the life of grace in the soul.

What are the lesser sins called? Venial sins, because they are more easily pardoned.

Can sinners be saved? Yes, if they are willing to do what God tells them.

Would God forgive the greatest sinner that ever lived? Yes, if he was sorry for his sins and turned away from them.

What does God say? "If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow." (Ps. 1:18)

Will all sinners be saved then? No, many die in their sins.

Why is that? Because they will not repent, and as a rule men die as they live.

Lesson Sixth

The sin of our first parents is called original sin because it goes back to the origin of our race and is the origin or first source of all evil. Of all evils in the world sin is far the worst. Because of sin there is death; because of sin there is sickness; because of sin there is sorrow, which is the sickness of the soul. Mortal sin takes away the grace of God, which is the life of the soul. The one who commits it rebels against God, sets Him at defiance, tramples under foot His Holy Law. But God is not mocked. "What things a man shall sow these shall he reap." Shun sin as the most deadly enemy of your soul. Venial sin does not take away the life of the soul, but after mortal sin it is the greatest evil in the world. The way to be freed from sin is to make a good confession. The way to keep free from sin is to go to confession often.

LONGSTREET'S CATHOLICITY

In the Atlantic Monthly for December there is a very interesting and sympathetic paper on James Longstreet. Sympathetic to a certain extent; the writer, Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., shows himself a great admirer of the Southern general and recognizes in him an abundance of noble qualities. But Mr. Bradford should have ended his paper before he made some unfortunate remarks about the conversion of the General to the Catholic Church. We quote the greater part of the three closing paragraphs of the article in order to show how incapable the writer who admires the general's qualities as a fighter and a citizen was to enter into his soul.

"Toward the end of his life," says the writer, "Longstreet joined the Catholic Church. This forms such a remarkable close to his career that it cannot be passed over. Mrs. Longstreet, with another of those shrewd blows that comes most stingingly from those we love, says that he did it because his former Episcopal associates would not sit in the same pew with him after his political conversion, and he wanted a church that had more charity. I cannot suppose that he was a man of natural religious bent. Such references as he makes to the subject have an excess of unction which I would not for a moment call insincere; but which suggests an excursion into paths not habitually travelled; and they have a rhetorical turn which appears in almost all his attempts to express unusual emotion.

Yet this man became a Roman Catholic! This man had all his life trusted nobody, who had placed his own judgment above that of every other, took the Church which sets itself above all judgment, treats kings and commanders and babes and sucklings alike! It may have been for this very reason. If he was to make the surrender, he may have preferred to make it absolute and where the Lees and Jacksons would have had to make it too. Nevertheless, I find a singular piquancy in the image of him who is said to have jeopardized the great battles by his stout self-will, prostrating himself before the

Madonna and confessing senile peccadilloes to a black-frocked priest." Perhaps Mr. Bradford intended these words as a compliment to the Church that could impress such a self-willed fighter as General Longstreet. Perhaps he does not intend the slur which seems to be conveyed by his words. He has, however, some inaccuracies which are misleading. One would infer from his statements that the General was "senile" when he entered the Catholic Church. Nothing is farther from the truth. Longstreet became a Catholic in 1877 when he was fifty-six years of age, in the prime of life; he died in 1901 after he had been a member of the Church for twenty-four years. Bishop Kelley, of Savannah, who preached the eulogy over the General—he had been a friend of Longstreet's over forty years—declared: "After the war between the States he became a member of the Catholic Church, and to his dying day remained faithful to her teachings and loyal to her creed."

Mr. Bradford would be the last to grant that there was anything "senile" about his hero. Why does he seek to explain the greatest personal movement in the life of the General by seeming to declare that it happened at the end of his life when he was an old man who could not be supposed to know any better? Such an explanation is unjust to a man who embraced the Catholic Church in the fullness of his powers. Mr. Bradford's article would have gained much if he had made no reference to an event of which he apparently does not understand or approve.—Pilot.

WHERE THE TRUTH LIES

In enquiring into the principles which govern the teachings of the Catholic Church, says Bishop (John) Vaughan of Sebastopolis (a brother of Father Bernard Vaughan), writing for the Catholic Truth Society, one becomes conscious that a chief obstacle to a fair and impartial examination arises from prejudice and bias. Men set out with minds full of suspicion, mistrust and dislike, having breathed an atmosphere of hostility to the Church since their earliest days. Another difficulty arises from the fact that many non-Catholics do not only fail to realize the beauty of the Catholic Church, but have never had it set before them, or have only seen it in caricatures and through the eyes of opponents, and unscrupulous opponents at that; men who teach, for example, that Catholics "pay for absolution," that they honor Mary before Christ, that the Pope is God.

Another obstacle to enquiry into our faith is, says Bishop Vaughan, a sense of fear. Many timid men are restrained and held back from a full enquiry lest they should be convicted of the truths of Catholicity, and be obliged to recognize that it is really the Church of God. And why? Simply because Protestantism is so much easier, asks far less from them, and is more liberty giving to its followers. And there is little doubt says the Bishop, that to enter into the Catholic Church is to enter into the narrow way. There are real and unavoidable obligations to act and to think in the Catholic Church, and nothing like so much comfort as is to be found in the "broad way" of Protestantism.

Again, there are fears founded on "human respect," which prevent men and women "going over the line" in their quest for Truth and Peace. "What will my friends say or think, and shall I not lose the best of them?"—familiar questions founded in human respect, as we all know.

Yet, says the Bishop, that the Catholic Church is the True Church established by Christ, is a statement which rests upon the most certain and positive grounds. Is it likely that the Catholic Church, with its lineage of nearly two thousand years is wrong, and that the Protestant Church, hardly more than three centuries old, should, after all, be the right one? Are Churches which started into life a thousand and more years after the time of Christ, more likely to be the Churches of Christ than the Church which has come down in unbroken succession from Him? Is the Protestant Church, now divided into a hundred sects, more likely to be true than that Church which teaches now as it did in the time of the Apostles? Who ever heard of Higher, Low, or Broad or Narrow Christianity before the sixteenth century?

It would seem to the intelligent inquirer, says the Bishop, that the faith which was professed by the whole of Christian Europe for over a thousand years must have been the true faith, as it was the only form of Christianity. And we may put it further to the impartial inquirer: Does the life and moral worth of the Reformers, of those who first introduced Protestantism, render it probable that they were come to purify the Church? Consider Henry VIII of England, whose taste for "Reformation" was grounded on the fact that he had tired of his lawful consorts and wished to marry a younger woman.

Yet Henry was the founder of Protestantism, if any one was, and far more so than the ex-monk named Luther. Had the Reformers, again, nothing to gain in material possessions? The altars, shrines, tombs, churches, monasteries and cathedrals all contained a treasure that awakened the avarice of those who wanted to "purify" the ancient Faith. And we do not require to be told where this treasure went to.

Nor were the Reformers satisfied with teaching, exhorting, expounding and arguing in order to spread the light of their new doctrines. On the contrary, they argued with the Church exactly as the Jews argued with St. Stephen. Physical force, the scaffold, the dungeon, the headman's axe were all called into requisition in order to "awaken" the activity of those who doubted the novel ideas of the new true faith. And as for the Scriptures—the Protestants would never have had them had they not been preserved by the Church of Christ. And what Church conferred Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Spain and Portugal? If a Protestant nation exists to-day it is one that was converted originally from Paganism to Catholicity—one which having been at first converted by Catholic missionaries, accepted eventually to the more comfortable tenets of the Protestant Church. And where, then, can it show that it has carried out the command of Christ "to teach all nations," since it has converted none that had not previously learned its lessons from the Catholic Church?

"To me," says Bishop Vaughan, "the fact that Protestants ask their dying-beds to be received into the Catholic Church is a most striking sign and symptom of the truth of the Catholic religion. Whoever heard of a Catholic asking to be received into the Protestant Church? And at this supreme moment of his life, man is surely at his most earnest and most deliberate. I will end by quoting Oliver Wendell Holmes on the peace and confidence of Catholic deaths. He says: 'I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their death-beds, and it has always appeared to me that they accepted the Catholic Church with a composure which showed that their belief, whether or not the best to have by, was a better one to die by than most of the creeds which have replaced it.'—Freeman's Journal."

ENGLAND'S REVIVAL OF THE OLD FAITH

CONVERSIONS IN WESTMINSTER ARCHDIOCESE ALONE AVERAGE 1,200 ANNUALLY

The London correspondent of the Cincinnati Telegraph says: Protestants have learned a good many things within the past few days, during which they have thronged in large numbers to Westminster Cathedral. They have learned not only the real aspect of many misunderstood doctrines of the Church, from the lips of Catholic theologians, but a wider public still now knows that during the past four years the number of conversions in the archdiocese of Westminster alone has been on an average of 1,200 per annum. This is in one corner, we might say, one city of England only. It would seem as if this work was specially blessed, for while we usually lack the sinews of war, many necessary fortresses of the faith are assured by events. At Evesham in the Birmingham diocese the resident priest, Father Patten, who has struggled for fifteen years, has now seen the crown put upon his work by the opening of a new church; an event due to his own generosity in giving up a legacy of 4,000 pounds for this object. At Wilmslow, in Cheshire, Sir Humphry de Trafford, a member of an old Catholic family, celebrated his coming of age by giving a site for a Catholic church; and the Bishop, Dr. Singleton, laid the foundation stone, while some 2,000 pounds has been gathered for the building. At West Derby, near Liverpool, building operations will, by the will of a Liverpool Catholic, not extraordinarily rich, some 10,000 pounds are left for the erection and complete equipment of a church in this parish, and 2,000 pounds more goes to the archbishop of the diocese for his own use.

Amongst the recent pastorals of the bishops, Bishop Keatinge of Northampton makes an urgent appeal for the support of the Catholic press, and gives words of encouragement to the Catholic journalist. He urges parents to bring their children up on Catholic literature; every family must take a Catholic paper; Catholic books must be demounted at the public libraries; priests should be in touch with the Catholic Reading Guild. In speaking of the absolute need of the Catholic newspaper his Lordship calls journalism the modern quick-firing weapon, the only one adequate to deal with the unnieces of the secular press. "The Catholic journalist proud of his profession and intent on one sole object—the glory of the Catholic name—will keep his pen clean from political or party rancour and will never write that which would cause disunion among Catholics." Finally,

the Catholic public must be proud of their journalists, and must support their journals, if they are to create and foster their sense of solidarity.

AN EVOLUTIONIST'S "TRADE"

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, one of our numerous "grand old men of science," recently celebrated the approach of his ninetieth birthday by gloomily announcing that from "a general survey of all history," he is forced to conclude, "that there has been no advance either in intellect or morals from the days of the earliest Egyptians and Syrians down to the keel-laying of the latest dreadnought. Through all those thousands of years morals and intellect have been stationary."

But on sober second thought he modifies his statement. The universal intellectual stagnation that has lasted seventy centuries, while most deplorable can, nevertheless be born. But the world's morals, it seems, far from remaining at a standstill, have grown steadily worse. "In our present 'social environment,'" avers Dr. Wallace, "everything is as bad as it possibly can be. Just think of that! 'As bad as it possibly can be!' This, too, with Darwin and thirty years dead, and with his evolutionary hypothesis now the religion of millions! Stay a little, however. For Dr. Wallace is not so heartless as to send his 'hearers weeping to their beds.' Just before his interview ends he shares with us a third thought, not so bold one this time, but a bythe and merry, which "a chuckle" accompanies. "In spite of my tirade against everything," he assures us, "I don't think we need worry about the future. The outlook is hopeful."

The inconsistencies in Dr. Wallace's assertions are so obvious that it is hard to believe that he wishes the reading public to take him seriously. He was merely providing the hungry press with some good "copy" for yesterday morning.

Some of the journals, however, that undertake to prove that the world has advanced morally since the days of the Caesars, fail to place the credit where it belongs. If civilized people to-day "do not love to see human beings put to the torture or sacrificed in the amphitheatre," if "we cannot tolerate the thought of women and children slaughtered when a town is taken in war," if "in a thousand ways we regard the weak and defenceless as having rights all decent men are bound to respect," the chief cause of this wonderful moral revolution is the spread of Catholic Christianity. The Church civilized the peoples of Europe, refined their manners, taught the nations the morality of the gospel, and by preserving and handing down the wisdom of the ancients rendered possible whatever real intellectual progress the modern world has made.—America.

ANCIENT HISTORY

The Laurel of St. Bonaventure, N. Y., referring to past history now repeated, says:

"Men cry out," says Tertullian, "that the state is beset, that the Christians in their fields, in their forts, in their islands. They mourn as for a loss that every sex, condition, and now even rank, is going over to this sect. And yet they do not by this very means advance their minds to the idea of some good therein hidden; they allow not themselves to conjecture more rightly, they choose not to examine more closely. The generality run upon a hatred of this name, with eyes so closed that in bearing favorable testimony to any one they mingle with it the reproach of the name. A good man, Caius Suetonius, only he is a Christian."

"So another, 'I marvel that that wise man Lucius Titius hath suddenly become a Christian.' No one reflecteth whether Caius be not therefore good and Lucius wise because a Christian or therefore a Christian because wise and good. They praise that which they know not. Virtue is not in such account as hatred of the Christians."

"Now, then, if the hatred be of the name, what guilt is there in names? What charge against words? Unless it be that any word which is a name is either a barbarous or ill-omened, or a scurrilous or an immodest sound. If the 'Tiber cometh up to the walls, if the Nile cometh not up to the fields, if the heavens hath stood still, if the earth hath been removed, if there be any famine, if any pestilence, 'The Christians to the lions!' is forth-with the word."

The writer of these words was a Catholic apologist of the second century of the Christian era. The pagans of the time were so called from a Greek word signifying "vil," implying that the spread of Christianity was so widespread at the time that the adherents of paganism were chiefly confined to the inland rural districts. The charges brought against the Catholic Church of eighteen centuries ago are directed identical with those directed against the Catholic Church of the

present day by persons of the same unmistakable rustic stamp as their pagan forbears. What is more common than to hear such a remark as this from the lips of crude rustics among ourselves: "Oh! as for Mr. Blank, he is a pretty good sort of fellow; we have no fault to find with him, only that he is a Catholic?"

It is also curious to note that, a century later, when Christianity had won a foothold in the world, the pagans of the time were wont to accuse the Catholic Church of being the cause of all the public disasters that had befallen the empire. They said that the Catholic religion had undermined the character, relaxed the energies and unnerved the soldiers, leaving the empire at the mercy of the barbarians.

What answer did the doctors of the Church make to these charges? They said: "It is not the Catholic religion that menaces your empire, or that is the cause of your calamities; but your own very selves; the corruption of your morals, the licentiousness of your soldiery and their disregard of the old military discipline; the greed and unscrupulousness of your public men, the widespread dishonesty, lawlessness, impurity—these are the causes that are sapping the foundations of your empire and are rotting away the pillars of your supremacy."

It is unfortunate that the eye sees not those things which touch it; otherwise our rustic Corydons might find food for thought in the corruption of our politics, in the cancerous plague of divorce, in the appalling fact that ten thousand murders are committed yearly, the vast majority of which go unwhipped of justice.

The "public menace" always makes its appearance about election time, when politicians set out on a barnstorming tour, extending for the edification of Meliboeus & Co. the amusing one-act play of "Jeremy Diddler," or the farce of "Raising the Wind."

Meanwhile bigotry is like malaria, which has its lurking place in low-lying, marshy places, interspersed with stagnant pools. The heights are free of it.

At the end of the Mass, J. Haffey, one of the pupils of the De la Salle High school, entered the sanctuary and delivered the following address:

May it please Your Grace—We, the five thousand seven hundred pupils of the Toronto Separate schools beg Your Grace to kindly accept this slight token of our filial devotion.

"The Masses, Holy Communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Stations of the Cross, beads and other prayers we are here offering, are an assurance that, in the daily accomplishment of the duties of your high office as Archbishop of Toronto, the hands and hearts of the little ones of your flock will ever be with you in supplication before the throne of Divine mercy for guidance, fortitude and every other blessing of our Heavenly Father."

CATHOLICS WHO WILL NOT HELP

Although the Catholic Church can not be ultimately defeated, having God's promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, there is no use denying that not every individual Catholic is doing all that lies in his power to further the cause of morality. We have among us a great deal of "dead wood." The Catholic Temperance Advocate touches on this when it says: "Many of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens frequently wonder that we Catholics can be as different as some of us are to the havoc wrought by evil agencies especially in our big cities. Tens of thousands of men are each year being morally and physically destroyed by saloons. Big cities are requiring that five or six thousand girls be corrupted and dragged into a life of prostitution every year to meet the demands of commercialized lust. Besides all this, thousands of others are being ruined in wine rooms and public dance-halls. Appalling evils are upon every side of us; and in the face of these many of us have only a few safe and prudent remarks to make on divorce or Socialism. The enemies of the Church have been quite naturally our severest critics and the severest part of their criticism has been that some of it has been true. We have had more than our share of those who not only do nothing themselves but who sneer at all efforts at reform and who declare that because some reformers are hypocrites, all reforms and reformers ought to be suspected."

CATHOLIC NOTES

A Western exchange chronicles the reception into the church of Captain John F. Wilkinson, a retired United States Army officer, a resident of Mesilla, N. M.

The Liverpool Catholic Times is now running a serial story from the pen of Mary Rutgers Dickens, convert to the Church, and granddaughter of Charles Dickens.

On the occasion of the Constantinian centenary Pope Pius X. will issue an important encyclical in which he will deal with the liberty accorded to the Catholic Church then and contrast it with that allowed to her now.

The great Jesuit Byrontown University of the Ottoman Empire, has graduated over 400 skilled physicians and gave about 250 priests to the Church. The University has a library of over 100,000. The government greatly values this University.

The Sacred Consistorial Congregation has published a decree prohibiting cinematographic scenes to be exhibited in churches throughout the Catholic world, thus stopping an abuse that has been growing to large proportions of late.

At Birmingham, England, an ecclesiastical court is taking the depositions of witnesses in the Cause of the Beatification of the holy Passionist, Father Dominic, who figured so largely in the conversion of Cardinal Newman. The Cause has been introduced in Rome.

The coloured Catholics of Detroit, Mich., are making every effort to raise funds for the building of a church of their own. They have obtained permission to give entertainments in the various parishes, presenting negro talent entirely, and already have secured \$2,000 by this means.

Whenever possible the Government of Spain, though hostile to the Church, still shows its disapproval of what may be called the "Ferrer" school of thought. A rationalist school at Calanas, supported by workmen of more or less advanced views, has been closed after a visit from a Government inspector. Some of the pupils' compositions were seized.

Mrs. Etta Dalgren Rhett, of Jamestown, R. I., and Washington, has embraced the Catholic faith and has been made a member of St. Mark's church in Jamestown by the Rev. P. J. Sullivan, the pastor. Her husband, Dr. Henry J. Rhett, became a Catholic a short time prior to his death, which occurred last summer. Mrs. Rhett is a niece of Mother Catherine Drexel, who is prominent in the Catholic Church.

Through His Eminence Cardinal Farley, Rev. L. J. Evers, pastor of St. Andrew's church, New York city, has received permission to celebrate Holy Mass every day during Lent, beginning on Ash Wednesday Feb. 5, at 12:15, for the benefit of the business men and women in the downtown offices. Father Evers has computed that within a radius of five minutes walk of St. Andrew's at least 25,000 Catholic men and women are daily employed.

Many new ideas have their origin in Battle Creek, Michigan, but none surpasses that of the Rev. W. H. Phelps, pastor of the leading Methodist church of that place. His choir went on a strike, but, equal to the situation, he introduced a victrola, which sang such numbers as "Face to Face," "Crossing the Bar," etc. It proved quite an attraction, especially as the pastor had announced in the papers that he had engaged a number of New York singers.

The heroic conduct of Father Byles, who went down in the Titanic, will not be forgotten by the present generation. Future generations will learn of the inspiring zeal of Father Byles from the mural plate, which has been set up at St. Edmund's College, Old Hall Green, London, England. The brass, which has been erected in the college cloister, opposite the tombs of the Vicars Apostolic, tells, in graphic language the story of a brave man's heroism.

The historic Vale of Avoca, which the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, has rendered classic by his famous song, has been sold in the Land Commission Court to the numerous tenants who occupy the several farms along the banks of the Avonmore. The estate belonged to the late Col. Bayly, who was succeeded in the property by his son, Capt. Bayly, who has now parted with his interest to his tenants, though he will still continue to reside at his beautiful seat at Ballyathar.

By the will of the late Peter Reid, a non-Catholic of Passaic, N. J., the income from \$20,000 has been bequeathed to St. Mary Hospital, the entire principal to go to the institution in five years. Another generous Protestant, Mrs. Caroline N. Russell, has given \$500 to the Catholic congregation of Leicester, Mass., the money to be used for the St. Joseph Cemetery. The land for the cemetery and a beautiful Celtic Cross were donated by the Russells in 1900. Mrs. Russell's father, the late Rev. John Nelson, who was pastor of the Congregational church in Leicester, was one of those who urged the first Catholics of Leicester to build a church.

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerard Griffin
THE SIXTH JURYMEN'S TALE
THE SWANS OF LIR

CHAPTER III

When shall the day-star mildly spring,
Warm our island with peace and love;
Oh when shall heaven its sweet bell ring,
Call my spirit to the fields above.
—Moore's Irish Melodies

The children of Lir remained in the place where their father and their ancestors had lived, and where they had themselves been nursed and educated, and late at night they began to sing most melodious music. In the morning they took wing and flew until they came to Inis Gluair Breannin, and they began to sing there, so that all the birds of the country that could swim came to that place, which was called Lochan na Bean-laithie, (or the Lake of the Birds), situated in Inis Gluair Breannin. They used frequently go round that country, and sometimes to Inis Geridh, and to all the western islands in the country, returning every night to their accustomed place of rest. They continued in that condition for a long time, until the Christian doctrine was preached in those countries, when St. Patrick came to Ireland, and St. Macomb Og came to Inis Gluair Breannin. The first night he came there the children of Lir heard the sound of the bell ringing near them, and were greatly rejoiced. They hastened towards the place from whence they heard the bells, and the three sons of Lir made such speed, that they left Fingula by herself.

"What is the matter with you, dear brethren?" said Fingula.
"We cannot tell," they replied, "we know not how to account for the heavenly music we have heard."
"I will explain it to you," said she, "that is the bell of Macomb Og, and it is by him you shall be released from your pain and trouble, and you shall be comforted; and she said these lines—

LIST, list to the sound of the anchor-
et's bell,
Rise children of Lir from the wave
where ye dwell,
Uplift your glad wings and exult as
ye hear,
And give thanks for the hour of your
freedom is near.
He merits our duty, the Mighty to
save,
From the rock and the surge, from
the storm and the wave.
Who clings to his doctrine with con-
stant endeavour,
His grief shall be turn'd into glory
forever.
Past moments of anguish forever
farewell.
List children of Lir to the sound of
the bell.

The children of Lir were listening to the music of the bell until the saint had finished his prayers.
"Let us now," said Fingula, "sing our own music to the great ruler of the heavens and the earth;" and they sang the most melodious strains of praise and adoration. Macomb Og was listening, and in the morning early he came to the Lake of the Birds and saw them on the water. Coming close to the shore, he asked them where the children of Lir? "We are, indeed," they answered, "I am most thankful to hear it," said he, "for it was to relieve you that I was sent to this island, rather than to any other part of Ireland. You may trust in me, for this is the place that was appointed for you to be released from your enchantment."

On hearing these words the children of Lir came to the shore, and depended on his word. He took them to his own residence, where they remained listening to his instructions and joining in his devotions day after day. Macomb Og sent for a craftsman and desired him to make two silver chains, which he accordingly did. One of them he put between Eugene and Fingula, and the other between Cornu and Fierra. The four swans were frequently in great spirits, rejoicing at the termination of their sorrows, and as happy as if they had forgotten all their previous misery.

The king who governed Conaet at that time was named Lairgnean, the son of Colman (the same of whom Fingula had spoken to her father on the Lake of the Speckled Oak), and his queen's name was Deochia, the daughter of Ingri, son of Black Hugh. Deochia came to hear of the wonderful birds, and being seized with a violent desire of possessing them, requested the king to procure them for her. He replied that he could never persuade himself to ask Macomb Og to give them up. Deochia, enraged at his refusal, declared that she never again would spend a night within the palace of Glairmea, as the king's residence was called, unless she got the swans; and leaving the palace, she travelled to Kill da Luadh, (now called Killaloe) and took up her abode at her own home. When Lairgnean found her so resolute, he sent a messenger there several times for the birds, but could not obtain them. Incensed at being thus refused, he came himself to the place where Macomb Og lived, and asked him if it were true he had refused his messengers?
"It is true," answered Macomb Og, "then," said the king, "it is true likewise, that I will take them with

me whether you are willing or otherwise."
As he said this he rushed toward the altar near which they stood, and seized the two chains which coupled them together. No sooner had he done so, than the swans lost their plumage, the beautiful feathers disappeared, and the three sons of Lir appeared three withered old men, with their bones seeming to project through their skin, while Fingula instead of the graceful swan that sang such enchanting strains, became an old, shrivelled hag, fleshless and blind. The king, astounded at what he saw, let fall the chains, and returned home, while Macomb Og uttered many lamentations after the birds, and pronounced a malediction on Lairgnean. Fingula then said:

"Come hither, holy father, and give us baptism, for we are as much concerned at parting with you as you are in parting with us. You are to bury us in this manner. Place Cornu and Fierra at my back, and place Eugene before me," and, she again said, "baptize us, holy father, and make us happy, and I pray that He who made heaven and earth will prolong our lives until you can perform the holy rite, after which you are to bury us in the manner I describe."
After that, they departed this life, and the children of Lir were buried by Macomb Og as Fingula had desired; that is to say, Cornu and Fierra at her back, and Eugene before her. He raised the earth in the form of a tomb, and placed a stone over them on which he carved their names in the Ogham character, and wept bitterly above their grave. It is thought that the souls went to heaven. For Lairgnean, who was the immediate cause of their death, Macomb Og predicted his fate in the following lines:

MALCOUMB OG
Ill shoot of Colman's royal line,
The malison of heaven is thine;
The grief which thou hast caused to mine,
Thine own cold heart shall feel,
Thou wast unholy zeal,
Hath left me on this isle forlorn,
My cherish'd darling's loss to mourn.
And she whose soul in evil strong,
Hath prompted this unfeeling wrong,
To early dust consigned, shall long,
Her fruitless rapine wall.
A shivering spectre pale!
The malison of heaven is thine,
Ill shoot of Colman's royal line.

Not long after, Lairgnean and his wife died a sudden death, according to the prediction of Macomb Og, which concludes the history of the Swans of Lir.

Many of the jurors, at the conclusion of the tale, seemed to feel themselves much in the situation of persons who had been just listening to what it would be dangerous not to admire, and yet in their hearts were not sorry to find the whole brought fairly to a close.

"For my part," said one, taking one, taking the poker and stirring up the fire, "I thought I should have been frozen to death myself, with listening. I never longed half so much for my dinner as I did for an opportunity of poking up the turf, and to do, while our friend was making the air of the room chilly with his descriptions of the starvation of those poor Swans. I hope the heroes of the next tale will approach somewhat nearer to the tropics."
"They shan't go either north or south, I assure you," said the seventh juror, "further than the borders of our own green isle, and that is the height of summer, as you shall understand, when our friend on the right has favoured us with his song."
"The sixth Juror, in reply to this hint, said that he was sure the company must have anticipated him in the lyric which he proposed attempting, and which was the only one he could think of appending to the melancholy tale which they had heard.

With these words he cleared his throat, with one or two preparatory "bems," and in the genuine old Irish cadence, so different from the fashionable version of the air, delighted the company with the melody which Moore has furnished on the foregoing narrative:

Silent O Moyle be the roar of thy water!
When the applause which followed his performance had subsided, the seventh juror was called on to read the narrative which follows.

THE SEVENTH JURYMEN'S TALE
MCENEIRY, THE COVETOUS

CHAPTER I

Near the spirited little town of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, arises, as the whole universe is aware, the famous mountain of Knoec Fierra. Its double peak forms one of the most striking objects on the horizon for many miles around, and awful, and wonderful, and worthy of eternal memory are the numerous events connected with its history, as veraciously detailed in the adjacent cottages. But I have not now undertaken to give you a history of the nature of the competition which the eloquence of his helpmate urged him to set at defiance, it is necessary to bear in mind that the race of wandering bards in Ireland was not yet extinct. The printing press, and the newspaper had not yet rendered men independent of the talents of those locomotive geniuses, whose business it was to travel from castle to castle, entertaining the lordly host

by the fireside, to eleven of the most intelligent and patient hearers, that eversat in a jurybox, it might be prudent on my part, having the prospect of some nine hundred weary blank pages before my eyes, to fill as large a portion as possible, with a minute description of Tom, or as I should in such case feel it my duty to call him Mr. Thomas McEneiry, beginning with the soles of his feet and ending upon the crown of his head, recording the colour of his eyes and hair, not failing to state whether his nose ran faithfully in the painter's line, or capriciously deviated in any degree to either side, if the mouth were straight or otherwise, together with an accurate sketch of his costume, a full description of his house and furniture, and a copious history of his ancestors. But as there is not a rogue amongst us, however grave a face he may put upon it, who does not in his heart love the stimulus of incident far better than the most exquisite display of mere pictorial fidelity, I shall beg leave without further preamble, to leave all these elaborate details to your own fertile imaginations.

Tom McEneiry, then, was Tom McEneiry; once a comfortable farmer, as any in the neighbourhood of Fierra, but reduced by extravagance at first, and then by long continued reverses to a condition far from prosperous. In vain did he and his wife endeavour by a thorough economical reform, to retard their downward course in worldly fortune. At one time cattle died, at another the potato crops failed, or the wheat was half smut; misfortune after misfortune fell upon him, until at length the change began to eat its way even into appearances themselves. Mr. Thomas McEneiry became Tom McEneiry, and at last, "poor Tom McEneiry," and his helpmate might have applied to herself the well known stanza, in which a lady in similar circumstances laments the changes of manner produced in her old friends, by a like alteration in her affairs.

When I had bacon,
They called me Mrs. Akon;
But now that I have none, 'tis "How goes it Molly?"

They grew thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier, until both in fortune and appearance, they presented little more than the skeletons of what they had been. At length they actually came to their last meal, and Tom sighed deeply, as he took his seat on the side of the table opposite his helpmate.

"Here, Mrs. McEneiry," he said, politely handing her a laughing white-eyed across the table, "take it—'tis a fine maly one, an' make much of it—for I'm sorely afeard 'tis the last time I an ever have the honour of presenting you with anything in the shape of a titable."
"This your own fault if you don't," said his wife.
"How to?" said Tom, "how do you make that out?"

"Why," replied his wife, "I'll tell you what I was thinking of this morning. I was turning over some of the old lumber in the next room, looking for a little firing, when I found an old harp, that I remember you used to play upon, a long time ago."
"Oh, 'tis time for me to forget that now," said the husband.
"Yes, my dear, but you could play Mrs. McEneiry, 'you could play very well if you liked it, and, you know yourself the great pay, harpers, and poets, and historians, and antiquarians, and genealogists, an' people of that sort gets from the great lords and gentry in Ireland. 'Tis known to the world the repute music is in, and the taste they have for it in this country."

"The more taste they has for it," says Tom, "the less chance I has of pleasing 'em when they hears me."
"Can't you put good words to it," says she, "an' 'twill pass."
"Why, that's harder than the music itself, woman," replied her husband, "for the words must have some sense in them, whatever the music has—and where am I to get ideas, a poor fellow o' my kind, that never had any recourse to history, or other great authors, nor knows nothin' of joggeraphy, nor the juice of the globes, nor mensuration, nor more branches of that kind."
"Many's the songs and pothery I ever hard myself," said Mrs. McEneiry, "and there wasn't much sense nor *idays* in 'em, an' they'd be well liked for all. Begin praisin' their ancestors, an' they'll be well satisfied, I'll go bail, whatever way the varse runs."
"But when I do'n know one o' the ancestors, woman!"
"What hurt? Can't you praise 'em so yourself?"

"But sure I should have their names any way."
"You need't, I tell you, call 'em any name, an' praise 'em enough, an' I'll go bail they won't disown 'em. Who your biddin' an' I'll engage you'll soon have a pocket full of money."

Tom McEneiry was prevailed upon, he searched for his old harp, set it in order, so as to produce sounds as nearly resembling music as could be reasonably expected from such a nature of an instrument. Now, in order to comprehend the full extent of Tom's presumption, and of the nature of the competition which the eloquence of his helpmate urged him to set at defiance, it is necessary to bear in mind that the race of wandering bards in Ireland was not yet extinct. The printing press, and the newspaper had not yet rendered men independent of the talents of those locomotive geniuses, whose business it was to travel from castle to castle, entertaining the lordly host

that he had well-nigh lost his wits in ecstasy.
"Oh," he exclaimed, "where am I? or is it a phoenix I hear? or one of the children of Lir singing upon the Struih na Moile? I never hard such music all my days! I'm a made man—your're a jewel of a teacher to me this morning."
"I could teach you more than that," said the stranger.
"Could you now?" asked Tom with a curious grin.
"I could so."
"What is it, by your plaze?"
"I could teach you how to make ugly men handsome."
"In earnest?"
"Not a word of a lie. Take me into your services and I'll show you how 'tis done."
"Me take you?" cried Tom, "sure it would be much better for you to take me. What business would I have of a boy, that isn't able to keep myself, let alone a servant."
"Don't mind that," said the stranger, "I have a fancy to serve you beyond others, and I'll ask only what wages may be reasonable according to the gains we make."
"If that be the case," said Tom, "I'll take you and welcome, an' where are we to face now?"
"To some ugly man's house, to be sure," replied the stranger.
"Where are we to find 'em?" asked Tom, "if it be our thrade to make ugly people handsome, we'd starve in the country. I'm sick for there's nobody in want of us."
"That's not the case with other parts," said the stranger—"and now I think of it, I'll tell you where we'll go. There's a gentleman they call Seaghan (or Shaun) an' Phiona, i.e., John of the Wine, who lives in Carrigoile, down by the river's side; and there's not an uglier man from this to himself, nor a good piece a past him. Let us go there, and do you begin playing a little upon the harp, and if they fault your music, you can offer to alter his lineaments, and save the rest to me. He'll pay you well, I'll engage."
"With all my heart," said Tom, "you are a surprising man, and I depend my life upon you."
They travelled along together, the stranger instructing Tom as they proceeded, in all that it behoved him to say and do when they should arrive at Carrigoile. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was late in the evening when they reached the gate of Carrigoile Castle.

"There's some great givin' out here to-day, surely," said Tom McEneiry, "there's such a fine smell o' griskins."
"There always is; mostly," replied the stranger, "there isn't a better warrant in the country to keep an open house than John of the Wine, though he be so ugly."

They blew the horn at the gate and were admitted without question, that being a gala day, on which all persons were allowed to partake of the festivities of the castle without distinction or invitation. When they entered the castle hall, Tom had no difficulty in recognizing the lord of the castle amongst all his guests, and when his attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of a strange voice at a distance.
"Good morrow, Mr. McEneiry," said the voice.
Tom looked up and beheld a man coming down the hill, dressed in a homely attire, but with something in his countenance and demeanour which riveted Tom's attention in spite of himself.
"Good morrow, kindly," replied Tom, "although I don't know how you came to know my name, for I never saw you afore in my life, as I can call it to mind."
"I know you very well," said the stranger, "but pray tell me what is the reason of your leaving home so early in the morning, and at such a season of the year?"
"Hard times, then—the hard times," replied Tom, with a mournful look.
"But is it hard times that make you carry that old harp on your back?"

"The very same reason, I have nothin' to get at home, an' I'm goin' buoy up to see what would I make by playin' a drass on an evenin' at the quality's houses."
"Oh, you know how to play then?" inquired the stranger.
"Wisha, middin'," said Tom, "in-different enough dear knows."
"And what business have you going out as a harper if you don't know how to play?"
"Wisha, I do n' know—what else am I to do?"

Let me hear you a little.
Tom took down his harp, but he had scarcely struck a few notes, when the stranger put his hands to his ears and begged of him as a favor to play no more.
"Oh," said he, "you're no good. What in the world put it into your head to set up for a musician. Why, man, you'd scandalize yourself the first place you'd come to. I never heard such bad music in all my life, unless it might be the killing, who in the world, the pig's ear, that persuaded you to take up the profession of music?"
"Why, then, who else only my wife?" replied Tom, "sure 'tis easily known that no one but a woman could ever think of anything so foolish."
"Well, we must only see what can be done," said the stranger. "Show me your hands."
He took Tom's hands between both his, and rubbed them a little, after he said:

Now try what hand you can make of it."
Tom took up the harp, but such was the exquisite harmony which his touch now drew from the instrument,

that it was with great difficulty any degree of order could be restored. Some roared with laughter, others stopped their ears, and ran to the farthest end of the room, while not a few manifested a strong inclination to eject the manufacturer of such abominable discord from the banquet hall. This movement was highly applauded by the remainder of the company, and amidst general shouts of "burn him out!" one or two of the most determined laid their hands on him, and were about to rough-handle him, when the stranger hustled through the crowd, and rescued him from their grasp.
"Stop! stop!" said he, "let him alone—have patience—I often told you, master, not to offer ever to touch the harp, while your fingers were so stiff from the frost. Let me rub them a little, and then see what you can do. 'Tis a very sharp evening, gentlemen," he continued, rubbing his master's hands between his own, "and ye oughtn't to be too hard upon travellers. Try now, master, and see whether you can satisfy them better."
Tom took the harp, and played such ravishing strains, that the company thought themselves happy to hear him.

"Well," exclaimed John of the Wine, "I give it an to you, and to your instructor, whoever he was. You're the finest touch of the harp of any man that ever set foot across our threshold."
"Ah," said Tom, smiling round on the company, with all of whom he had now become an object of great admiration, "I could do more than play a tune upon the harp."
"And what else could you do?"
"I could make an ugly man handsome," said Tom, fixing his eyes upon the master of the castle.
"Could you really?"
"I could, by being reasonably considered for it."
"Why, then," said John of the Wine, "there isn't a man in Ireland stands more in need of your art at this moment, than I do myself, and if you can make me handsome, my word to you, you'll not be sorry for it."
"Poh," said Tom, "I could easily do it."
"And when will you begin?"
"We may as well try it to-morrow morning," said Tom, "for my boy and myself will want to be going before night."

CHAPTER II

It was agreed upon, and the remainder of the evening was spent in mirth and feasting, Tom McEneiry enchanting all who heard him with the music of his harp. In the morning, John of the Wine rose early, after spending a sleepless night in anticipation of the important change which he was about to undergo. When all was ready, he went with Tom and his servant into a private room, where they proceeded to business, after having locked the door. The boy, as Tom chose to call him, placed a large basin full of water on a table in the middle of the room, and near it a small quantity of a whitish powder, exactly resembling wheat flour. He then desired John of the Wine to lie down on the floor, and took a large knife in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that?" said John of the Wine, looking somewhat surprised.
"To cut off your ugly head," replied the boy, "and to give you a handsome one in place of it."
"Nonsense, man," said Seaghan an' Phiona, "do you think I'd allow you to cut off my head?"
"Oh, well, surely you can keep it if you wish," said the boy, "I didn't know you had such a value for it."
"And couldn't you perform the cure without cutting off my head?"
"No—nor the most skillful man that walks Ireland. Sure it stands to reason you must root up the weed before you plant the new one."
"Well, cut away," said O'Connor, "I'd risk a deal to get rid of such a face I have at present."
He lay down, and the boy cut off his head, washed it carefully, shook upon the wound a little of the white powder already spoken of, and placed it once more upon the body. He then slapped O'Connor on the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Get up now, John of the Wine, look at yourself in the glass, and wish you joy of your fine face and fine poll of hair."
Shaun started up from the table, and McEneiry handed him over to the looking-glass.
"Now, sir," said he, "do you rejoice at your change of features?"
"Upon my honor," replied John of the Wine, "I never saw a finer face upon any man, though 'tis so like my own in all but its ugliness that a one would know me again. You are welcome now to stop at my house as long as you like."
McEneiry looked at his man.
"We can't stop so long, master," said the man, "for you know we must go down to Ulster to the great O'Neil, who stands very much in want of your skill."
"That's true," said McEneiry, "I would never do for us to make any delay here."
"Well, I am sorry for it," said Shaun, "but let me know when you are going in the morning, an' I'll be prepared for ye."
Early next day McEneiry and his man got up and told Shaun they were about to go. Finding it useless to attempt prevailing on them to remain, he called his herdsmen, ordered them to bring out a score of the fattest cattle, and desired a pair of his best horses to be got ready for the use of the travellers. When they had mounted and all was ready for their departure, he brought out two

boots, one full of gold and the other full of silver.
"Here," said he, "Mr. McEneiry is a small token of my gratitude for the favor I have received at your hands. There are two score of fat cattle, of which I request your acceptance, and a small sum of ready money, which may be of some use to you on the way home."

So saying he handed the two boots to McEneiry, who desired his man to carry them, with as much composure as he could use, although it was hard for him to avoid springing off his horse with surprise and joy. O'Connor next summoned four of his working men, and commanded them to drive the cattle home for the two gentlemen, and to be sure to show them all due respect upon the way. When all was arranged they took leave of John of the Wine and his family, and departed.

They had not proceeded a great way on the journey homeward, when the man turned round to the persons who were driving the cattle, and said:

"Well, what are ye, my good men?"
The four men all took off their hats, and bowed down almost to the ground before they answered, according to the instructions given them by their master.

"Plaze your honour's reverence and glory," said they, "we are labourin' men of the Seaghan an' Phiona."
"I dare say now," said the man, "you may have some work to do at home for yourselves."
"Plaze your majesty," said the four men, bowing down again to the earth, "it is true for you; we have so."
"What time," asked the man, "did your master allow you to go and come with us?"
"He gave us one week, my lord,"
"When the man heard this he put his hand into the boot that was full of gold.
"Come here, my good man," said he.

They approached in the most respectful manner, with their hats off, bowing down to their knees, and he gave each of them a handful of gold and another of silver.
"There," said he, "poor men, take that and go home and till your gardens until the week is out, and take the horses back with ye, likewise, and we'll drive the cattle home ourselves."
The four men broke out into a torrent of gratitude, showering down praises and blessings of all kinds upon the travellers, after which they all set off on their way home.

For some time after their departure, McEneiry remained silent, following the cattle without turning his eyes on either side. At length he said to his man:

"Why then, you had very little to do that time, so you had."
"Why so?" asked the man.
"To be giving our money away to those fellows that had their day's hire to get when they'd go back."
"Don't speak so uncharitable," said the man, "we earned all that in the course of a few hours without much labor or trouble, and we have plenty remaining after what we gave them."
"What do you call plenty?" said McEneiry.
"If you had the one tenth of it when I first met you," replied the man, "you needn't go about with your harp upon your back as you did, and a bad hand you were at it too. There's gold and silver enough for us yet, besides the fat cattle we have on the road before us."
McEneiry said no more, but resumed his journey in silence, looking as he were rather defeated than convinced by the reasoning of his companion. At length they reached the foot of Knoec Fierra, and he beheld the smoke rising from the chimney of his own house.

"Well I suppose we must be parting now," said the man, "so we might as well stop here and divide what we got."
"What do you mean by dividing it?" said McEneiry.
"I'll tell you," replied the man, "do you take ten of those fat cattle for your part, and I'll keep the remaining half score, and we'll make two fair halves of the gold and silver, and you must get one of them also."
At this proposal McEneiry looked like a man who was treated in a very unreasonable manner.
"Well," said the man, observing how he stared at him, "have I three heads on me?"
"No," said McEneiry, "but the one you have hasn't much sense in it. Will you bear in mind, if you please, that in all this business I was the master an' you were only the man. It is I that should have the sharing of it an' not you; and I think," he continued, "the one twentieth part of that we got ought to be enough for you, more especially considering all you wasted on them fellows that had their hire growin' for 'em while they were with us."
"Ah," said the man, "that is an ingenious speech. We have both plenty by dividing all fairly in two, and I'll engage your family will have a joyful welcome for you when you go home with the half of it."
"Well," said McEneiry, "all I can say to you is, that I will insist upon getting the most part of it, as I was master, and if you offer any objection, I am here in my own neighborhood, and I can get more people with a whistle than will be sufficient to make you agree to it."
"There is no one living would allow you so much," said the man, "and as it happens, let us leave it all to that man on the white horse behind your back, coming along the

castle, entertaining the lordly host

Tom took his harp again, but so far from improving upon the former experiment, he had hardly struck a few notes, when his music created such a tumult in the hall of the castle,

that it was with great difficulty any degree of order could be restored. Some roared with laughter, others stopped their ears, and ran to the farthest end of the room, while not a few manifested a strong inclination to eject the manufacturer of such abominable discord from the banquet hall. This movement was highly applauded by the remainder of the company, and amidst general shouts of "burn him out!" one or two of the most determined laid their hands on him, and were about to rough-handle him, when the stranger hustled through the crowd, and rescued him from their grasp.

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"That's true," said McEneiry, "I would never do for us to make any delay here."
"Well, I am sorry for it," said Shaun, "but let me know when you are going in the morning, an' I'll be prepared for ye."
Early next day McEneiry and his man got up and told Shaun they were about to go. Finding it useless to attempt prevailing on them to remain, he called his herdsmen, ordered them to bring out a score of the fattest cattle, and desired a pair of his best horses to be got ready for the use of the travellers. When they had mounted and all was ready for their departure, he brought out two

boots, one full of gold and the other full of silver.
"Here," said he, "Mr. McEneiry is a small token of my gratitude for the favor I have received at your hands. There are two score of fat cattle, of which I request your acceptance, and a small sum of ready money, which may be of some use to you on the way home."
So saying he handed the two boots to McEneiry, who desired his man to carry them, with as much composure as he could use, although it was hard for him to avoid springing off his horse with surprise and joy. O'Connor next summoned four of his working men, and commanded them to drive the cattle home for the two gentlemen, and to be sure to show them all due respect upon the way. When all was arranged they took leave of John of the Wine and his family, and departed.
They had not proceeded a great way on the journey homeward, when the man turned round to the persons who were driving the cattle, and said:
"Well, what are ye, my good men?"
The four men all took off their hats, and bowed down almost to the ground before they answered, according to the instructions given them by their master.
"Plaze your honour's reverence and glory," said they, "we are labourin' men of the Seaghan an' Phiona."
"I dare say now," said the man, "you may have some work to do at home for yourselves."
"Plaze your majesty," said the four men, bowing down again to the earth, "it is true for you; we have so."
"What time," asked the man, "did your master allow you to go and come with us?"
"He gave us one week, my lord,"
"When the man heard this he put his hand into the boot that was full of gold.
"Come here, my good man," said he.
They approached in the most respectful manner, with their hats off, bowing down to their knees, and he gave each of them a handful of gold and another of silver.
"There," said he, "poor men, take that and go home and till your gardens until the week is out, and take the horses back with ye, likewise, and we'll drive the cattle home ourselves."
The four men broke out into a torrent of gratitude, showering down praises and blessings of all kinds upon the travellers, after which they all set off on their way home.
For some time after their departure, McEneiry remained silent, following the cattle without turning his eyes on either side. At length he said to his man:
"Why then, you had very little to do that time, so you had."
"Why so?" asked the man.
"To be giving our money away to those fellows that had their day's hire to get when they'd go back."
"Don't speak so uncharitable," said the man, "we earned all that in the course of a few hours without much labor or trouble, and we have plenty remaining after what we gave them."
"What do you call plenty?" said McEneiry.
"If you had the one tenth of it when I first met you," replied the man, "you needn't go about with your harp upon your back as you did, and a bad hand you were at it too. There's gold and silver enough for us yet, besides the fat cattle we have on the road before us."
McEneiry said no more, but resumed his journey in silence, looking as he were rather defeated than convinced by the reasoning of his companion. At length they reached the foot of Knoec Fierra, and he beheld the smoke rising from the chimney of his own house.
"Well I suppose we must be parting now," said the man, "so we might as well stop here and divide what we got."
"What do you mean by dividing it?" said McEneiry.
"I'll tell you," replied the man, "do you take ten of those fat cattle for your part, and I'll keep the remaining half score, and we'll make two fair halves of the gold and silver, and you must get one of them also."
At this proposal McEneiry looked like a man who was treated in a very unreasonable manner.
"Well," said the man, observing how he stared at him, "have I three heads on me?"
"No," said McEneiry, "but the one you have hasn't much sense in it. Will you bear in mind, if you please, that in all this business I was the master an' you were only the man. It is I that should have the sharing of it an' not you; and I think," he continued, "the one twentieth part of that we got ought to be enough for you, more especially considering all you wasted on them fellows that had their hire growin' for 'em while they were with us."
"Ah," said the man, "that is an ingenious speech. We have both plenty by dividing all fairly in two, and I'll engage your family will have a joyful welcome for you when you go home with the half of it."
"Well," said McEneiry, "all I can say to you is, that I will insist upon getting the most part of it, as I was master, and if you offer any objection, I am here in my own neighborhood, and I can get more people with a whistle than will be sufficient to make you agree to it."
"There is no one living would allow you so much," said the man, "and as it happens, let us leave it all to that man on the white horse behind your back, coming along the

road. I am satisfied to abide by his decision."

"Let us hear what he'll say first," replied McEnery.

Saying this he looked about in the direction pointed out by his man, but could see nothing.

"What white horse do you speak of?" he said. "I can see no—Eh? what's this?" He looked around again—above, below, behind, on all sides, but neither man, nor boots, nor cattle were to be seen. All had vanished, and there he stood, at the foot of the hill, as poor as he had left it two days back, the wind lifting his threadbare garment, and sighing with a melancholy cadence through the strings of his old harp.

Tom recovered his astonishment to vent his feelings in a burst of lamentation. The utility of wasting his time in the mere indulgence of grief was, however, apparent, and he accordingly soon desisted. Sitting down on the roadside, he endeavored to collect his scattered thoughts, and entered into the following dialogue with himself:

"Well, Tom McEnery, what are you to do now? If you go home you know you must be under the painful necessity of leaving it again, and parting with your family in the same manner as you did before, and where would be the use of that. I'll tell you what you'll do, Tom, as I'm your best friend, and indeed I may say almost your only friend, these times. Go to the next farmer's house, and begin to play your harp for them, and you'll get welcome there for this night, and stop there; and if you want to know what you are to do in the morning, don't be in a hurry, but take things easy, and I'll tell you. Start off with yourself at the peep of day for Carrigtoile, and come before John of the Wine, and tell him you want a letter of recommendation from him to the great O'Neil, in Ulster, stating what an ugly face he had, an' what a purty one you gave him in the place of it. When you get the letter, which he will be most happy to give you, start away with yourself again for Ulster, an' when you get there, you have only to put a purty face upon the great O'Neil, the same way as you see your man done upon O'Connor, an' you'll get twice as great a reward from him as from Seaghan an' Fliona, an' you can keep it all to yourself, without having an ungrateful, unnaughty' baste of a man to squander the half of it away upon the road home, and rob you of the rest when you get there. That's my advice to you, and if you're a wise man you'll take it."

TO BE CONTINUED

"O, THAT WE COULD BLOT THEM OUT EVEN WITH OUR BLOOD"

The Triduum preparatory to the Feast of the Immaculate Conception had certainly proved a success, and as twenty or more striped jackets made their way up to the altar rail in the little Penitentiary chapel, good Father Brennan's eyes were liquid with tears of holy joy. Indeed, a new spirit seemed to have come down over the abode of stern justice, and more than one despairing soul had plucked up fresh courage for repentance and resignation.

Not much surprised, then, was the zealous priest when, after supper that evening, a faltering knock came at his door. "Come in," he cried, looking up from packing his valise; and in response to his invitation, a burly close-cropped man of about middle age entered the room, and stood in awkward silence knotting his fingers, feeling in his pockets and altogether pretty much ill at ease. "Well, my good fellow, what is it," asked the priest coming forward, "do you want to—?" "I want you to pray for me, Father, that's what I want, and I want your blessing before you go." And without another word, he was down on his knees, with bowed head and folded hands. "Certainly, certainly, my man," replied the priest, making the sign of blessing and laying his hands tenderly on the grizzled head, "there now," as the man arose, "but remember this is not to be all one-sided; I mean you must pray for me, too."

With the door half-closed behind him the man turned and re-entered the room; the good Father's gentle action and kindly words had touched him. "Perhaps I'd better tell you all, Father, that is if you've time—?" "Time?" answered the priest, glancing at his watch, "certainly; my train does not pull through for an hour and a half yet. Come sit down (bringing forward a chair) and tell me all."

He heard all, a strange, sad yes even terrible all; hot-headed, disobedient youth, criminal early manhood, criminal middle-age, crime, punishment and crime again. "Ten years is what I'm up for this time, Father. They'll be run out two weeks from now. That's why I want your prayers. Pray that I don't go back again, as before, to the old ways. I squared up a year ago, and of course have been keeping pretty straight since; but I tell you what this Triduum did for me, Father, and I feel as though the Blessed Virgin and the Sacred Heart have rescued me from hell. Those words, Father, in that act of reparation you read this evening, they're burned into my memory. I mean this: 'O would that we could blot them out, even with our blood!' You see, I remember them. Father, pray hard that God may give me time to make some atonement for that awful past; there's the trusty with his lantern

coming up the yard now, I must get out, good-bye, Father," and he was gone. "No sham about that fellow," mused Father Brennan, thoughtfully. "I've met them, dozens of them, but he's none, if my twelve years' experience with jail birds count anything."

On the evening of December the twenty-third, about two weeks after the above mentioned incident, there might have been noted among the arrivals for the Northern Limited at the town of X—, a stoop-shouldered middle-aged man, who on alighting, made his way down the platform with nervous haste, as if anxious to avoid rather than court the society of his fellowmen. Passing hurriedly through the waiting rooms he crossed the street and entered one of the restaurants, whence he emerged in about half an hour, and stood glancing up and down the street in a way that showed him to be a perfect stranger to the place. "Paper, sir!" cried the ever-watchful newsboy. "Post, Herald News?" "No; but, say, can you tell me the way to the nearest Catholic Church?" "Catholic Church? Shure; right 'roun' de corner, dere, and tree blocks dis way, north."

"Thank you," replied the stranger, walking off briskly in the direction indicated. "Ah, service of some kind," he said to himself, as, on nearing, he caught the sound of music and voices. "Friday? No, yes, benediction I suppose. How fortunate!" and, entering, he slipped quietly into one of the rear pews. What a wonderful glory about the altar; the lights, the flowers, the fragrant incense! What inspiring devotion in the faces and posture of those about him! The poor convict, still in all the fervor of his new repentance-life felt his once stony heart grow warm, and it was all he could do to restrain the tears that came all unbidden to eyes but little used to such tokens of emotion. The organ ceased, and the priest at the altar began to read a prayer. "An act of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." "What! could it be? Yes, that was the very prayer Father Brennan had read at the close of the Triduum. Those words were in it. Listen, yes, there." "O would that we could blot them out, even with our blood!" The rest of the prayer he heard not, but from that truly contrite heart went up a prayer and a desire surpassing far the choicest prayer of words.

A few pious women alone remained in the now darkened church, and even after these had taken their departure one figure still knelt on in prayer. No, asleep; the great joy of the first day of freedom, the day-long travel, the heated atmosphere of the church, the sense of sweet tranquility amid such holy surroundings—all conducted to slumber, and all unconsciously the poor fellow had dropped off asleep. Nor, indeed, was he noticed by the half-blind old night watchman, who, inexorable as death, came around at his appointed hour and made every door secure.

Not a little startled was our friend to find himself, on awakening, alone in this great vault of cold and gloom, darkness all but for the feeble glimmer of the lamp before the altar. How the shadows shifted in his flickering light! He passed his hand across his eyes. Those shadows were moving queerly! "My God," he muttered, "those are men—and about our old business. Ah, my God, let not these fresh memories drive me mad. I've other work now!" and he began to crawl towards the door. It might not have been locked, or perhaps was even now open for the thieves' escape. Crash! His foot had struck an upturned kneeling-bench; he was discovered. Covering low he waited. Scuffling feet came down the aisle. A sudden glare of light, a hand on his throat; blinded and half-choked, he could make no struggle. "A sound and you take your leave of this earth!" O God, how well he knew the voice! His captor, too, was scanning him curiously as he lay in the dark-lantern's glare. "By cracky! Well, that's pretty good; why, it's Bill! I thought you was slick and safe behind the bars up at Punkah? Hello! what's up?"

"I see, turned over, have you? I might have known it, seein' you wer'n't here on biz. Gosh, I'm glad we caught on before you could do any mischief. There, I guess you'll lie quiet now."

Gagged and bound the man lay helpless, while the sacrilegious wretches went back to begin their work. Helpless, too, the King of Kings there in His frail tabernacle.

Just punishment, my God, that I, who was once as these, must now lie helpless, powerless to prevent this outrage. O how different it seems now! Helpless; and they about to begin their heave's work. Cry out? How could he? Wait and inform; but the outrage, which alone was his grief now, would have been done. A hundred kindred thoughts flashed in the moment through that perplexed brain. Time was short. O could he do nothing! nothing! He prayed, O the fervor of that prayer; then like a flash it came. In that one instant, in the light of grace, he had weighed every probable consequence, and was resolved.

Struggling, he continued to slip off the gag; then shout after shout rang through the vault of gloom. They ceased; but hurrying footsteps, grating keys and excited voices took their place.

The priest's first glance was towards the tabernacle, his first action to feel behind the half torn veils. God be praised! All was safe. They knelt for a moment in prayer of thanksgiving. A groan brought them to their feet.

"Somewhere down there near the door," Father Brennan motioned to the others to remain, himself striding quickly down the aisle. Almost at the door he stumbled upon it—the prostrate form of a man, bound, and with the death-rattle in his labored breathing.

Touching the nearest gas jet the priest bent down, there was blood upon the pavement and he started back as in the uncertain light he recognized the features of his convict friend. The half-closed eyes opened wide, and in the glance joy and exultation. "Father, bless my—it's—I've got over now, Father Brennan—I've blotted them out—please God—with—my—!" He stood alone beside a corpse.

Knowing the man and his life-story, past and present, Father Brennan at once surmised the situation, and with the impulsiveness and quick insight of his Irish faith, dropped upon his knees to kiss the hands of a martyr.

Home friends and his strange acquaintance had none, and the good priest insisted that all arrangements be left in his care. The funeral was such as few of the friendless have known, marked by a magnificence and devotion quite unusual. But most remarkable of all, and remembered even to this day by those who heard, was the funeral sermon preached by Father Brennan, who chose as his text these words from the act of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus: "O would that we could blot them out, even with our blood."

THE BRANCH THEORY

ABSURDITY OF THE THEORY WHICH HOLDS THAT THE TRUE CHURCH OF CHRIST EXISTS IN ROMAN, EASTERN AND ANGLICAN BRANCHES

Every one knows, of course, the old Protestant theory of the constitution of Christ's Church. It said that there was no corporate, visible Church at all. The Church, as founded by the Saviour, was an invisible society, composed of all those who professed to follow Him according to their lights—whether they were Lutherans, Calvinists or Methodists. The branch theory of the average well-read Anglican is different from this. He speaks of one Visible Catholic Church, and calls himself by that venerable name. He looks out over the world at the lesser Protestant sects that divide Christendom, and his soul is filled with anger. For Methodists, and others of that type, he has unutterable scorn. The Catholic Church of Christ, he says, is a visible, corporate body. It was founded by Christ, and for a time remained one undivided society. For some centuries, past, however, it has been split up into three great branches, which are not, unfortunately, in communion with one another. These branches are the Roman, the Eastern, and the Anglican. In these three branches the true Church of Christ exists at present. Any one belonging to these bodies is a Catholic. He may rest in peace, and pray that these branches will one day be united. Other religious bodies, however, are schismatic and heretical. They have no part in Christ's Church, and no one may belong to them, except, of course, in ignorance. Again, the Catholic faith is that body of religious doctrine on which the three branches agree. Doctrines on which they do not agree are not binding on the belief of the faithful; they are merely pious opinions, not dogmas. In such matters one's conscience is free to accept or reject; but it must be said that in the Roman branch there are certain pious opinions, e.g., Papal Supremacy and Infallibility, which do not tend to edification. If only we could get these three branches to meet in General Council, we would have the very Catholic Church justified by Christ, and its decisions would be infallible.

This is the theory we have been reading about in the papers for some time past. And the amazing thing about it is, not precisely its want of logic, but the fact that, though it has been held by many Anglicans for over half a century, it has never been really thought out; it has never been consistently formulated; it is not even a theory at all. It is a most glaring case of Anglican vagueness and confusion of thought on most theological subjects. Let us examine it briefly:

"The true Catholic Church is divided into three branches—Roman, Anglican and Eastern." But why three? Why not twenty or fifty? Why not take into account all and every Christian sect, as the out-and-out Protestants do? Some Anglicans seem to think that all the East is united "into one great Church." The fact is that the East is riddled with heresies and schism almost as badly as the West. There are over a dozen separate Eastern churches. There is the Orthodox Church and the Bulgarian Church in schism with her. There is the Nestorian Church. There are Monophysite Churches, such as the Copts, Abyssinians, Jacobites, Armenians. They there are the Uniate churches in communion with Rome. Now, all these anathematize each other as schismatics and heretics. Are they all, still, true branches of the Church? If the Nestorians and Monophysites are true Catholics, what becomes of the General Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, which in the fifth century threw them out of the Catholic

Church as heretics? If it be said that the Eastern Orthodox Church alone is a true branch amongst these churches, on what principle is the selection made? What about the Bulgarians? What about the Nestorians? Why are these thrown over? In truth the Branch theory is in a hopeless muddle, as far as the East is concerned, and Anglicans have never bothered to clear it up.

Turn to the West. What are the branches here? The Anglicans answer, the Roman and Anglican—continental and British. But to take the continental, why is Rome the only branch? What about the Janonists, whom Anglicans style "the Church of Holland?" What about the "Old Catholic" churches of Germany and Austria? What about the Reformed Church of Portugal, whose prelates were ordained by Anglicans? What about Senour Cabrera of Spain and his sect? He, too, was ordained bishop by Anglicans, and surely ordaining means inter-communion. There are all sorts of little sects and schisms amongst the Poles. Now, are all these branches of the true Church, and if not, why not? We ask the question especially about the Spanish and Portuguese people, who got their orders from the Anglicans, who agree with them in faith, and use their prayer-book! How can these be rejected? It is obvious that the three-branch theory will not do even in the West. It is simply hopeless in face of actual facts. It has not been sufficiently formulated to be called even a theory.

Now, let us grapple more closely with the problems, and ask our High-Church friends for a consistent test or criterion by which we may decide who are the true branches of the Church—on their assumption that it is divided into branches, and not one corporate body in communion with itself, as Catholics say. What conditions are required, on Anglican grounds, to be a branch of the Catholic Church?

The old-fashioned answer of some Anglicans is that to be a branch of Christ's Church two things are required—valid orders and the creeds. We may ask why these are selected rather than the Papacy and extreme unction? But let it pass. Let it be said orders and the creeds. But what orders are we speaking of? Orders admitted by every one as valid; or those claimed by the sect in question? If the first, then down goes the Anglican Church. No one acknowledges her orders as valid except her own members. Rome rejects them. The whole East rejects them. If the second, then all bodies who claim to have bishops are true branches—the Methodist Episcopal, the Reformed Episcopal Church, the Lutherans in Scandinavia, the Old Catholics, and the Janonists—not to mention the little sects of Portugal and Spain. Valid orders evidently won't do.

But the creeds! We ask, what creeds? The Apostles', Nicene and Athanasian? Well, the Apostles' Creed was not known in its present form till the sixth or seventh century. It is unknown to the Eastern Church as we have it. It is no test at all. Neither will the Athanasian Creed do as a test. It is a Western compilation of the seventh century, made, perhaps, by the Irish monks of Northern Italy against the Arians. It has no authority in the East, and is found only in the Western Breviary. It may be disputed whether it has any symbolic position in the West. The Nicene Creed is the worst test of all. The Roman and Orthodox churches do not agree over this. If it is a test of Catholicity, one or other of the three bodies will have to go. Theologians know all about the "Filioque" dispute. And leaving aside the "Filioque," all the Eastern heretics, Nestorians, etc., have valid orders, and hold the old creed of Nice as elaborated by the General Council of Constantinople in 381. But, surely, all these are not true Catholics.

The Anglican will now shift his ground, and propose as a test of Catholicity: "Valid Orders and the Catholic Faith." We have discussed the question of Orders, and found it wanting as a criterion. Let us turn to the "Catholic Faith." The worst of our perplexed friend what does he mean by the "Catholic Faith." If he tells us that it is the faith held conjointly by all true branches of the Catholic Church, we have a delightful example of a vicious circle. Are we not trying by means of this test of "Catholic Faith," to find out exactly what are these true branches? Do you mean to say that the "Catholic Faith" determines what are the true branches of Catholicism, and the true branches determine what is the "Catholic Faith?" The worst purpose in the art of logic would laugh at such an absurdity. If it is said that the Catholic Faith is that laid down by the General Councils, the difficulty is only removed a degree. Which are the General Councils? Those held as such by all branches of the true Church? But what are those branches? That is

the question at issue. Perhaps you will say that these are the General Councils on which all Christendom agreed. But all Christendom never agreed on even one General Council. The Arians rejected Nice, the Nestorians rejected Ephesus, the Monophysites, Chalcedon, the Protestants rejected Trent, and so on.

Thus we go round and round, and it is easy sport tying up this absurd branch theory in a knot. It stipulates that certain branches combine to make up the one Catholic Church of Christ. But no one knows what these branches are, and no one can give any logical reason for the inclusion or rejection of any Church whatever as a true branch.

On the other hand, the true Catholic has no difficulty in saying who are the members of the true Church. The branches of the vine are united branches, meeting in the visible unity of the main trunk. Christ has established St. Peter and his successors in the See of Rome as the centre of unity, the palpable test of Catholic communion on earth. "He who abandons the Chair of Peter, upon whom the Church was founded, does so at his peril," said St. Cyprian in the third century. "Where Peter is, there is the Church; where the Church is, there death is not, but eternal life," wrote St. Ambrose in the fourth century.—"Anon" in Truth.

THE LENTEN SEASON

Lent is the fast of forty days preparatory to the great feast of Easter. We keep the Lenten fast after the example of Moses and Elias, but especially of our blessed Lord Himself. At all times and in all ages men have fasted and abstained by way of preparing for the reception of some great favor from the hand of God. We learn in Holy Writ that Moses before he ascended Mount Sinai to receive the Law made a fast of forty days and Elias observed a fast of like duration before he went forth to behold the passing of the Lord on Mount Horeb. Many instances may be cited to show the antiquity of the practice of fast and abstinence, for many instances of this character abound in the Scriptures. "Be ye converted to Me with all your heart in fasting, in weeping and in mourning," says God through His holy prophet Joel.

The spirit of Holy Mother Church with regard to the fast of Lent is that we reap at Easter the fruits of the redemption and rise to a new life of grace. The Church prescribes the forty days of fast in honor of Our Lord's fast in the desert. Forty is a momentous number in Holy Scripture. The deluge lasted forty days; Moses and Elias spent forty days' fast; the Israelites spent forty years in the wilderness before entering the Promised Land.

The Lenten season is variously named among the nations. The Italians say "Quaresima" and the French "Carême," both derived from the Latin "Quadragesima," denoting forty days. The Germans say "Fastenzeit" (time of fasting) while the Dutch term it "Vasten" (fast). Our own term Lent is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "Lentem," meaning spring, which is akin to the German word "Lente," and the Dutch "Lente." This may be accounted for by reason of the fact that with the Lenten season dawn the spring period of the ecclesiastical year.

We have ample proof that the fast before Easter has been known from apostolic days or nearly so. Tertullian mentions it in his Montanist treatise on fasting. Irenaeus a still earlier writer, tells of the fast before Easter and we learn of the different modes of its observance that prevailed in different places. Writers at various later dates speak of the Lenten fast and Irenaeus, as did Tertullian, on its obligatory character.

As to the precise duration of the Lent of early times there is some doubt among both Catholic and Protestant authorities on ecclesiastical history. There is an obscure passage in the writing of Irenaeus that would seem to favor the contention of those who hold that the early fast was of forty days, but many scholars are of the opinion that Irenaeus refers to an absolute fast from all food for two or more days, or for forty hours.

From the early part of the fourth century and continuously thereafter we find many passages that mention Lent as a period of forty days. There are some who believe that the Greek word "tessaraktete" was originally associated with the forty hours of Our Lord's sepulture. Be this as it may, the fact remains that in the fourth century at least it was interpreted as a period of forty days.

There was some diversity as to the reckoning of the Lenten period in the early ages. Sozomen, a writer of the fifth century, says that all Africa, Egypt, Palestine and the Westerns generally kept a Lent of six weeks, while the church of Constantinople and the neighboring provinces observed a season of seven weeks. Another writer mentions that some fasted six weeks and others seven weeks, and accounts for it by reason of the exemption of Sundays and Saturdays. St. Ambrose recognized the exemption from fasting on both days. The method in favor at Rome was the fast of six weeks, Sundays excepted, making a fast of thirty-six days. The practice at Constantinople was followed in the East. The Council of Trullo in 692 ordered that no fast should be made on the Saturdays of Lent.

This ordinance reveals an interesting observance prevailing among the Greeks, for at this same Council it was directed that no Mass be offered during Lent except on Saturdays, Sundays and the feast of the Annunciation, for Mass and fasting are among the Greeks quite incompatible. Their fast then was thirty-five days. Holy Saturday, however, was not deducted.

The matter of the Lenten period came up in various councils and finally it became customary to add the four days prior to the first Sunday of Lent as in our day. We read, however, that St. Margaret of Scotland introduced in the eleventh century the practice of beginning Lent on Ash Wednesday among her subjects, and St. Charles Borromeo at his first Council recognized the right of the churches in Milan and in other parts of the diocese still observing the Ambrosian rite to begin Lent with the first Sunday.

It is well to remember that in matters of discipline there may exist variations in different parts of the world, subject, of course, to the approval and permission of the Church. This is because of divers circumstances or conditions. But in the matter of doctrine there must be absolute unity.

This holy season brings before our minds the necessity of penance. Penance is necessary for all adults, so much so that without it we cannot reach heaven. The saints did penance, even those of them who from their very childhood had committed no grievous offense against the Divine Law. There are many who because of their employment or for some other reason are exempt from the rigor of the Lenten season, but they should not permit this most acceptable time to pass without making some little voluntary sacrifice.—The Tablet.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHURCH BAZAARS

The members of the Ladies' Altar Society of the Holy Family Church South Pasadena, California, of which the Rev. R. J. Cotter, D. D., is pastor, have devised a new method of raising money for the church as a substitute for the time-honored bazaar or fair. They divided among themselves a debt of \$1,000, each guaranteeing to raise, through their exertions, the sum of \$25. To this end they will engage in various pursuits until the allotted sum is obtained.

The president of the society has planned to raise her portion by making and selling preserves; others have undertaken to do certain kinds of housework which they formerly paid others to do; while others have agreed to do their own house-cleaning and laundry work and to economize in various ways in order that the money saved may be turned into the parish treasury.

In other words, says The Catholic Bulletin, they will put into work for themselves and their families some of the thought and energy and personal activity which they would be obliged to put into a bazaar or fair for the church if they were to utilize this common method of raising funds. Success will, no doubt crowd their efforts; and they will have the consolation of knowing that the money was raised without having recourse to any of the questionable methods or other disagreeable features connected with a bazaar.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

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Mr. Thomas Coffey My dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

It has been shown that by intensive farming, the crops might be trebled, the rural population doubled.

Not only has this been conclusively demonstrated, but every facility is offered to the farmer to profit by all that has been done.

Every facility but one; and that one is of vital importance.

If the Georgian Bay Canal were built so that ocean-going ships could sail from Chicago to within ten miles of Montreal, the last ten miles were left untouched, it would seem an insane thing to stop at that point.

That is precisely where all the work of all the Agricultural Departments and all the Governments stop with regard to the betterment of the farming industry.

The crops might be trebled and the rural population doubled; but as a matter of fact the land is less productive, and the rural population is steadily decreasing.

What is the use of telling farmers that with more work, and more intelligent work, their returns would be much greater?

When a matter of hard fact the average farmer knows that it is only by working early and late, only by drudgery that he can accomplish the minimum of work required in the present ineffective way of farming.

How can we reasonably expect him to attempt better methods which necessitate more help?

It would be idiotic to spend several hundred millions constructing the Georgian Bay Canal to within ten miles of Montreal and then refuse to complete the work.

The millions spent for the betterment of agriculture, and the millions more to be spent, will fail to bring any adequate return unless the vital question of farm help be taken into consideration, and its solution made part of a comprehensive scheme.

Last summer we dealt with this question in a series of articles; but the time is so opportune and the subject of such vast importance that we may repeat some of the suggestions then made.

Young men do not like farm work, not because the wages for other work are so attractive in comparison, but because under present conditions a man would be a fool to engage in farm labor for hire, unless, indeed, for a short time and for reasons other than the wages.

There is no possible chance, in the older provinces, for the farm laborer to graduate from his class into that of the farmer who owns his land.

There is no hope, therefore, of his being able to make a home for himself, and to maintain wife and family by farm labor.

What reason, then, have we to expect the man of average intelligence and ordinary ambition to engage in farm labor as a life work?

Farmers complain of the poor help they are able to get, even for high wages.

Naturally, they have to depend on derelicts and casual laborers, since farm labor offers no sort of a career, not even a decent livelihood to the normal man who wishes at some time or other to make a home for himself.

So, notwithstanding the many and obvious advantages of country life, farm laborers, as a class, are extinct. The remedy? Provide the homes.

On every farm there should be a laborer's cottage, with an acre or so of ground, where he could live with his wife and children. They could raise a good deal of what they need on an acre of land; pasture for a cow would be gladly given by the farmer; fowl could be kept; and other features added that would make it possible and desirable for self-respecting men to engage in farm labor as a life-work.

The drudgery of farm life at present is not all in the fields; the farmer's wife is often more to be pitied than the man. If there were a class of farm laborers, their wives and daughters would be glad of the opportunity of earning something while relieving the drudgery of the farmer's wife. Help inside the house is as great a problem, often, as help in the fields.

It may be urged that the remedy, therefore, lies in the farmer's own hands.

But the problem is too complex for so simple a solution. The possibility of maintaining a home must be offered to the farm laborer it is true; but a farm labouring class must be created. This is beyond the power of individual farmers. It requires a

great comprehensive plan with adequate organization. The Department of Agriculture, provincial or federal, in conjunction with the Department of Immigration could solve the problem.

The details of the plan are but details. In Ireland, with government aid, they have provided laborers' cottages. We are given to understand that the government loses nothing. It is really only government credit that is used.

If the representatives in Parliament of the farmers of Canada could secure the \$10,000,000 now promised for the betterment of agriculture, for the object of solving the vital question of farm help, they will render possible the better methods demonstrated by the expenditure of the millions through agricultural Departments; and they will confer a greater benefit on agriculture and agriculturists than if they secured \$10,000,000 yearly for the next ten years to be spent in the same old futile way which falls just short of reaching its object.

Ten million dollars at 3 per cent would cost the Government only \$300,000 a year. A cottage costing \$1,000 would only have to pay \$30 in rent to reimburse the government in full. The provinces and the counties might co-operate with the Federal Department of Agriculture. The individual farmer might bear a portion of the expense of building the cottage, with the privilege of obtaining absolute possession on repayment of federal, provincial and county loans or subventions.

In any case, \$10,000,000 more spent in the next ten years, leaving the vital question of farm help unsolved, will to a large extent be \$10,000,000 wasted.

At least the feasibility of the solution could be demonstrated by generous grants in aid of private initiative.

WHAT CAN WE DO!

Editor RECORD: Our school section is about half Catholic and half Protestant. The trustees are Protestants. Can they advertise for a Protestant teacher? They have done so. Have we any legal redress? What can we do?—A reader of the RECORD.

There is nothing in the Public School Act of this Province to prevent a School Board from advertising for a teacher of any particular religious denomination. If there were, fully one-third of the advertisements for Public School teachers in the columns of the Toronto Globe would be illegal.

In the case in question the Catholic ratepayers have three courses open to them, to submit to the unfair discriminations of the present trustees, to elect trustees less steeped in bigotry and intolerance, or to organize a Separate School.

By all means elect a Catholic trustee; the meetings of the Board will then be less like the meetings of the lodge. Perhaps the Catholic ratepayers have been as indifferent as the Protestants have been intolerant. Where Catholics are in the majority and the Protestants form a respectable minority there would be a Protestant trustee elected even if there was not a Protestant ratepayer at the meeting. We have never known a case where the Catholic majority was not fair, if not generous.

But if this spirit of which our correspondent complains can not be moderated, if a determined effort on the part of the Catholic ratepayers fail to abate the nuisance, then a Separate School should be organized.

A similar condition existed for some years prior to 1911 in the Township of Otonabee, Peterborough County. Catholics formed a very respectable minority of the Public School section, and the majority were displaying precisely the same spirit as in the case to which our correspondent refers. Acting on the advice of their pastor, the Catholics organized a Separate School Section which is now, we are informed, in a very healthy condition. Neither pastor nor people had the least intention of establishing this Separate school until they were practically driven to do so.

Our advice then should be to see the parish priest; through him, or through the Separate School Inspector all the necessary information may be secured; and exactly what steps should be taken may be ascertained. Get the right people to move in the matter. If the Protestants persist in making the Public school a Protestant school, let them have it; but keep your own taxes for your own school.

THE PRIEST IN POLITICS

We used to hear a lot about the Priest in Politics. It was an intolerable thing in Ireland. It was an argument against Home Rule. Now in the north of Ireland persons and even bishops may preach rebellion and incite to riot without incurring the severe strictures that used to be meted out to the Catholic priest when he helped his people struggling to be free.

To be quite fair, however, we should mention the fact that Anglicans in England have scathingly denounced the Church of Ireland ministers and bishops who have identified themselves with the rebels and rioters of Ulster.

We have grown accustomed to the parson in politics in Canada; but Bishop Mills in his "Charge" to the Anglican clergy of his diocese has rather surprised a good many. His Charge was a rebash of the stock arguments in favor of the Borden naval policy and against a Canadian navy.

Bishop Mills is not a partisan. He would not prostitute his high office to further the interests of a political party. He tells us himself he is not a partisan; and he also tells us himself that "he never gave a God vote in his life except once and that was for personal reasons." So that no one will accuse him of being a partisan.

He has light on this subject and why should he hide it under a bushel? He also assures us that "Mr. Borden is a devout churchman." Any misgivings hitherto felt as to the naval policy of contribution will now be allayed.

If a Catholic Bishop had endorsed Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Sir John Thompson and their policies for similar reasons and in similar circumstances he would hear something. And his ears would desecrate to tingle.

THE SEMINARY BULLETIN

The first number of the "Seminary Bulletin," a quarterly publication in the interests of St. Peter's Seminary, London, Ont., has just been issued. The make up is a credit indeed to the publishers. The pages of the work teem with articles both interesting and edifying. The outstanding feature, however, is the part dealing with the response of the Catholics of London diocese to the appeal of their Bishop for assistance in the establishment of a diocesan seminary. The figures published for the thirteen parishes so far visited show the magnificent subscription of \$134,940.50. "We humbly submit," says the Bulletin, "that there is no similar fact in the history of the Catholic Church in Canada. But it is not alone the contribution of the money that makes this event unique; it is also, and especially, the spirit in which the appeal is received. Everywhere good-will, generosity and heartfelt wishes. The publishing of the letters which accompany the payment of subscriptions would constitute a remarkable evidence of the feelings of the people of the diocese."

The history of the First Cash Subscription given in the Bulletin makes touching reading:

"On the afternoon of the first announcement in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, of the establishment of a Diocesan Seminary, a gentleman of the congregation gave his little granddaughter—a child of six years of age—25 cents. The following morning, this little child, unknown to her parents, brought the money to her teacher in school, and said to her: 'Sister, this is for the Bishop.' Thus it happened that the first cash subscription in the Diocese of London came, like a direct message from God, from one of the littlest members of the flock. The identical 25 cent piece which was handed in by the little child will be placed in the Corner Stone of the new Seminary, in the humble and heartfelt conviction that a cause which could prompt such generosity must be blessed by the All High."

Some forty parishes remain where an appeal is to be made and the hope is confidently indulged that all of them will contribute their rightful proportion to the grand work. The completed Seminary will surely stand as a worthy monument to the loyalty and piety of the Catholics of the diocese as well as an eloquent testimony to the faith and foresight of the devoted chief pastor who inspired and promoted this noble undertaking.

We publish herewith a summary of the subscriptions to date. The figures speak for themselves:

Table listing donations: St. Peter's Cathedral, London, \$53,940.00; St. Mary's, London, 15,435.00; Wallfaceburg and Dresden, 5,320.00; St. Joseph's, Stratford, 11,645.00; Immaculate Conception, Stratford, 3,350.00. Total: \$134,940.50.

Table listing donations: Kinkora, 2,555.00; Dublin, 2,470.00; St. Columban, 2,620.50; St. Patrick's, Biddulph, 2,930.00; Sapena, Our Lady of Mercy and St. Joseph, 9,345.00; Mt. Carmel and McGillivray, 4,905.00; St. Alphonsus, Windsor, 13,210.00; St. Mary's, Woodstock, 7,215.00; General Contributions, 1,568.81. Total: \$136,509.31.

TIMELY TOPICS

The Roman correspondent of the Tablet denies emphatically the truth of the press report flung broadcast over the world some days ago that the Holy Father had appealed to the Powers to withdraw the Holy Land from the Turkish sway. It is the old story over again. Whenever interest threatens to flag for want of genuine news the Roman press agencies can always be counted upon to "deliver the goods," in the shape of a sensation in or around the Vatican. For this reason well-informed persons receive with a taint of suspicion all despatches dealing with Roman events. It is a sorry complicity to the press agencies in Rome to say that discerning readers believe these despatches only when they have independent confirmation of their reliability.

That surely was the "unkindest cut of all" dealt by Derry "loyal and true" to the noble Carson and his fire-eating "covenanters." Derry proclaiming herself a Home Ruler! The Ulster "unit" smashed to pieces! What must the world think now of the antics and hysteria of last September? At all events Ulster, with a right that cannot be challenged, has spoken for herself with no uncertain voice, and with seven-tenths of her representatives pledged to Home Rule, insists on sharing in the benefits of that measure of justice and freedom to the Irish nation.

The principles and known record of Senator Afonso Costa, the new premier of Portugal, do not encourage hopes of either a peaceful or just administration. His name is held in execration—and deservedly—by thousands of honest Portuguese who, owing to his past tyranny, have rotted in dungeons or been flung out of the fatherland. The persecution of the Church in Portugal was largely his act and deed. It may, however, be just as well for Portugal that she should get a satiety of Costa and those of his ilk. The body politic is not likely to improve in health until in its disgust it has vomited forth these noxious elements.

The "Annuario Pontificio," which ranks with the "Acta Apostolicae Sedis" as an official medium for the communications of the Holy See, comes out for 1913 with an endorsement of the list of the popes given in the mosaics of the Basilica of St. Paul outside the walls. This means that the names of five popes have been lopped from the list heretofore followed and Pius X. appears as the two hundred and fifty-ninth instead of the two hundred and sixty-fourth of the popes. In national complexion one hundred and one of the Pontiffs were Romans, one hundred and seven were natives of other parts of Italy and only fifty-one belonged to other countries.

The Dublin Review of January contains a short but suggestive appreciation of the Irish dramatic movement as exemplified in the literary productions of Synge, Mr. Yeates and Mr. Lenox Robinson. The writer, Mr. Charles Bewley, finds much to warrant the criticism that greeted the Abbey Theatre players on the occasion of their tour of the United States last year.

The writers of these plays were born and bred in Ireland. And while they are Irishmen in the geographical sense of the term, it appears from a study of their literary productions that they are strangers to the Ireland of Gerald Griffin and Aubrey de Vere. Their conception and interpretation of the Irish character are based on a knowledge that does not penetrate beyond the surface. Their sympathies are "with the Irish people" but not "of the people." The religion of the people and the part it plays in their lives seem unexplored regions to them. Their ideas on the relations of the Irish peasant to his religion are glaringly erroneous. The Irishman they portray is, as a consequence, not a complete representation of the typical Irishman. He is the Irishman in his primitive and barbaric state, subject

not to the sway of reason, but to the dictates of uncontrolled passion. Their work is the resurrection of a species that fails of recognition today because it fails to embody the salient characteristics of the present-day type.

Their cardinal sin lies in their labelling as Irish that which is but an abnormal characterization of the Ireland of history, of tradition, of religion.

THE KRZYZYSINSKI CASE

In the CATHOLIC RECORD of the 4th of Jan. we published the following letter from the Chaplain of the Lazaretto, Fracadie, N. B., Rev. Joseph M. Levasseur:

Lazaretto, Fracadie, N. B., Dec. 20th, 1912. Mr. Thos. Coffey, L.L.D., editor of CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ontario: Dear Sir:—Having noticed in your columns some weeks ago a reference made to a statement published in the Guardian, Charlottetown, concerning a man by the name of Krzyzynski of McMaster University, Toronto, who is said to have reported that he had been teaching languages in a Catholic Institute and had been imprisoned in a monastery in Quebec for attending a Protestant Polish mission. One of our patients in the Lazaretto, a Baptist minister, who reads the RECORD has a son attending McMaster University, Toronto, to whom he sent the statement taken from the RECORD. He has learned that the young man is really at McMaster, and that he is willing to give all particulars.

This would give you the opportunity to ascertain the name of the Institute in which he taught, and the correctness or incorrectness of his statement concerning his forcible detention in some monastery.

We should be very pleased to know the result of your investigation for the sake of our Baptist friend who has but one side of the story.

Yours very sincerely, Jos. M. LEVASSEUR, priest, Chaplain of the Lazaretto.

P. S.—I am enclosing the son's answer to his father's inquiries. J. M. L.

I note your question about Krzyzynski. He is here and the boys all seem to know his story, which is the same as the report you heard.

The Methodist Guardian probably got its article from the Toronto World, in which the story appeared over two months ago. Krzyzynski is a Pole and was a language teacher in Montreal. He seems to be a very nice young man and appears to be perfectly truthful. Now if the CATHOLIC RECORD wants more news, or wants to expose the school and priests in question, let them write to Mr. Krzyzynski, McMaster University, Toronto, Ont., and he can give them all particulars. Dr. Farmer or Dr. Trotter could also tell you the whole story probably. Personally I only know that Krzyzynski was a nice young foreigner until you asked about him and I had to inquire.

We will send Mr. Krzyzynski a marked copy of this week's CATHOLIC RECORD with a request to give us particulars.—Editor RECORD.

The morning mail of January 27 brought us the following letter from the young man in question:

Toronto 26 1 1913 My Dear Sir:—Few weeks ago I received a paper in McMaster University, The Catholic Record in which you ask for some particulars.

I am just wondering why you could not understand the untruth and the impossibility of an imprisonment in the Catholic Quebec Monastery for attending a Protestant church.

Well, today the Catholic authorities are very cautious and very strict in education, especially in preparation for the priesthood. They don't do anything like the overnamed case, the real fabulous story.

One thing is true: that is, that I was educated in a Monastery, but not in Quebec only in Austria, in my native land, by the P. P. of La Salette. In addition to this I was not imprisoned. The life in the Monastery was full of Divine thinking, beautiful and very religious.

I don't wish to tell you everything about my departure from home, about the losing of my position as a teacher in Montreal, only I want to say this:

In omnibus rebus, amice, respice finem. Excuse me, Sir, my writing and my strong order to you. I should have done that before, but I thought it unnecessary, untruthful and this below my notice.

I remain yours, LADISLAUS KRZYZYSINSKI P. S.—Please supply me every time with a copy of your Newspaper and I'll remit monthly.—L. K. Please insert this letter in your next issue. [Initials his.] Comment upon the above is unnecessary. Bigotry has given some people a mental twist which makes them an undesirable element in the community. Manufacturing canards about the Catholic Church is to them a favorite occupation and oftentimes because revenue may be derived therefrom by playing upon the credulity of innocent Protestants. As to who is responsible for the miserable subterfuge above referred to we will

leave our readers to judge. It is now in order for the editor of the Charlottetown Guardian to make explanation.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE DELIVERANCE of the Anglican Bishop Mills upon the Navy question which has given rise to much discussion in the daily papers is a curiosity. No one will deny to him the right to have his opinions on this or any other political question, or to give public voice to them, and if the Synod of Ontario, to whom the charge was addressed, likes that sort of thing, that is its own affair. Had any Catholic Bishop, however, indulged himself in the same way, one can easily conceive what a turmoil it would have made all over Canada. But Catholic Bishops are not given to assailing public men or to calling their patriotism into question without just cause. And if they do not work to the advantage of either Bishop Mills or the body he represents to identify themselves with an opposite policy.

TORONTO, EVER conspicuous for its perverted patriotism and contempt for the un-British elements of its population, is once more to the fore with a decision on the part of its Board of Control, to give no employment such as snow-cleaning, etc., to any "foreigners," so long as English-speaking laborers are available. To this unjust discrimination, the Italians of the city, who are rate-payers and property holders, have taken exception, and forwarded to the Mayor and City Council a dignified protest against such a policy of discrimination. But with an Orange mayor, and a council elected and controlled by the lodges, such a protest is not likely to have weight. They might better ask the "Irish Rifle Club" to waive its objection to Home Rule.

MEANWHILE, although Italians and other "foreigners" are to be so discriminated against in the matter of public employment the effort to rob them of something more precious is to be continued. The British and Canadian Bible Society is, according to press reports, to make a systematic attempt to proselytize them. "A scheme for missionary enterprise," says a daily paper, "which when carried out will mean systematic visitation of all foreigners in the down-town sections by college men, was promulgated by Rev. W. E. Hassard, B. A., B. D., at the annual luncheon of the society." The proposal is to form classes in the several denominational colleges to study the twenty different languages spoken in the foreign colony, and then "to make systematic house-to-house visits and read the Bible to those ignorant of English in their own language."

THE SCHEME CERTAINLY is a great one, but if we might be permitted to offer a suggestion, why not, at the same time, read to these benighted foreigners a few extracts from the text books in use in the same colleges? They would then have some opportunity of understanding what the Bible has come to mean in these latter days to those who circulate it so industriously. They would learn from these text books that in such hands the Bible has been robbed of its supernatural character, its authority been undermined, and its character as a witness to God's dealings with men been explained away. The foreigner would then have some warrant for attributing a measure of honesty to his teachers. As it is, so far as they treat them seriously at all, they must regard them as wolves in sheep's clothing.

John Walsh, who was about to become Archbishop of Toronto, was then Bishop of London, and Right Rev. Dr. Dowling who, as sole survivor of the generation, still happily guides the destinies of the flourishing diocese of Hamilton, had made way for Bishop O'Connor in Peterborough only four months before. It is hard to realize, even in these changing times, that less than a quarter of a century separates us from the time referred to.

WHEN THE late Mgr. O'Connor became Bishop of Peterborough, that diocese comprised a much larger extent of territory than it does now. All that region bordering on Georgian Bay and Lake Superior, which is now included in the diocese of Sault Ste. Marie but which, no doubt, is destined to further subdivision as population increases, was part of Peterborough's spiritual domain. Within its borders was situated some of the most historic ground in Canada, rich in memories of the early missionaries and explorers, and still harboring numerous descendants of those warlike aborigines for whose spiritual regeneration such a wealth of devotion had been expended.

INTO THIS splendid heritage, fresh from a long and fruitful career as a parish priest in the older part of the Province, Bishop O'Connor stepped with full realization of its great possibilities, and while it remained under his jurisdiction, he discharged his duty as its chief pastor with all the zeal and devotion characteristic of the man. And when by the erection of the Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, the sphere of his labor narrowed, it meant no diminution of his pastoral solicitude for the still large flock that remained. The development of religious institutions in his diocese, its increased educational facilities, and above all, the love and veneration with which he was regarded by his people are the best proofs of this. And now that he has finished his work and gone to his reward he has left for his successor a standard which it will not be easy to measure up to.

WE HAVE before us a copy of "St. Ann's Church Monitor," an annual publication issued for the information and instruction of his people by the zealous and indefatigable pastor of St. Ann's Church, Toronto, the Rev. Father Thomas O'Donnell. To those not resident in the capital city of Ontario but who are familiar with its geographical features, it may be interesting to know that St. Ann's parish comprises all that section of the city lying East and North of the Don River, as far as the boundaries of the old parish of St. Joseph. Until a decade ago the section was very sparsely inhabited, but within the past few years the wonderful development of Toronto has extended to that section, as well as to the West, and it is gratifying to know that the Church has shared in that development. A flourishing parish has grown up, and, judging from its finances, as outlined in the Monitor, it will not be long until a new church is erected which will be at once a credit to its people and an ornament to the neighborhood.

A CAREFUL PERUSAL of St. Ann's Church Monitor has set us musing on the advantage it would be to Catholics to have something similar in every large parish in Canada. The Monitor is something more than a mere statement of receipts and expenditures. It contains full information as to order of services, Holy Days of Obligation, times for confessions, baptisms and marriages; particulars of church societies, and, under the heading, "It is the correct thing," a series of timely hints as to what is proper and becoming in one's demeanor at Mass or other church offices—a subject which does not always receive the attention it demands. In addition to this, several pages are devoted to a pastoral address designed to impress upon the people their duties and privileges as Catholics, and the large part their parish church should have in their thoughts as "the house of God and the home of the soul." Father O'Donnell is certainly to be congratulated not only on the healthy state of his parish finances, but on the substance and make-up of his annual.

AS AN illustration of the consistent charity the Catholic Church has, throughout the ages, exercised towards the Jews—a subject touched upon in these columns a week or two ago—may be quoted the comment of Dr. Franck, Rabbi of Cologne, upon the late Cardinal Fischer's attitude towards the persecuted Jews of Russia. Writing in the Allgemeine Zeitung des Judentums, Dr. Franck said:

"Every time I appealed to his spirit of justice and humanity I was met with a ready response. Whenever one of the members of his clergy manifested the feeling of anti-Semitism, he quickly found himself called to order by the Cardinal. When he had first taken office in Cologne His Eminence had said to me: 'If ever you hear of any one of the priests in my diocese so far forgetting himself as to speak improperly of your co-religionists, do not fail to acquaint me with the fact, as I will not tolerate it.' Every time that I had to seek the Cardinal's intervention in any matter, it was always settled.

"When troubles were raging among the Jewish communities in Russia," writes Rabbi Franck in conclusion, "and I asked the Cardinal to write expressing his sympathy with the victims of Russian persecution, as had been done by Cardinal Kromenz, before him, Cardinal Fischer replied: 'I readily accede to your request, but should like to add a subscription.' And, although I assured him that his letter would be a sufficient mark of his interest, he insisted on sending with his letter a large donation for our unfortunate brothers in Russia.

And so it was always.

place within their reach. The taste for reading is growing more general. The wish "to know," is not, in itself, an unlawful or undesirable appetite. If so many young men read nothing but sporting news, and so many young women nothing but novelettes, or worse, the reason is that little else is to be found in their homes.

The blame for this misfortune does not lie with our authors or publishers. Years ago it might have been pleaded that Catholic literature was scarce and dear. That excuse is gone. Catholic newspapers and magazines are as cheap as any. Catholic books are bought out by non-Catholics as well as Catholic publishers at the usual trade prices. For the benefit of our poor, the Catholic Truth Society and similar associations are actually able to undersell the market owing to the generous and gratuitous services of their writers and others concerned in their publications. Thus, for many years past, there has been a continual and copious outflow of cheap, varied and excellent literature, which has excited the envy if not the admiration of outsiders. Every class of readers has been catered for. There are grave books for scholars, and pamphlets for the working man; tracts on religious questions, tracts on social questions; biographies of saints and biographies of Catholics eminent in secular life; refutations of anti-Catholic calumnies, exposures of anti-Catholic libels; answers to all the usual objections drawn from history and science; prayer-books, books of instruction and devotion, and the Book of books, the inspired Word of God. Even the weary factory-hand has not been forgotten, and, in place of the "penny dreadful," is offered, for the same modest sum, stories by our most talented writers.

BAD LITERATURE
IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES ITS RAVAGES ARE CHECKED BY THE LAWS OF THE INDEX

The printing press writes the Right Rev. Bishop Keating, D. D., of Northampton, in his Advent Pastoral, is indispensable to every cause which aspires to intellectual, social, or political power. It is a weapon which outrages every other. For good or for evil, its reach is almost boundless. Even the Church cannot afford to disregard it.

EVIL LITERATURE
It is unnecessary to dwell at any length on the calamity which every responsible body is deploring, namely the appalling growth of irreligious and immoral literature. The enemies of God are wonderfully well served. They seem able to command unlimited circulation, as well as an unending supply of talent in the production of their publications. They are dentists to the just and the unjust. They find readers, not only among the corrupt, but among the young, the light-minded, the curious, and the hit-or-miss innocent. The reason is obvious. Children will play with fire if they get the chance, and a base craving for the knowledge of evil is a relic of original sin.

In Catholic countries the ravages of evil literature are checked by the laws of the Index, that is, by legislation prohibiting the use and circulation of bad books. The difficulty of enforcing such laws where Catholics are a mere fraction of the population throws all the greater responsibility on priests, parents and teachers. Occasionally, when the scandal has reached intolerable dimensions, the Civil Law steps in. But State intervention is necessarily limited to extreme cases. Young people are depraved by plays, songs, pictures, novels and pseudo-scientific treatises when the public censor is unable to interdict; and young Catholics, in particular, are pursued by the tracts of certain societies in which the misrepresentation of our belief is made a cloak to cover obscene and morbid suggestions.

We must, therefore shoulder our own responsibilities. We must champion our own interests. We ourselves must defend the lambs of the flock. No deputy is at our service.

SUPERVISION
A Catholic parent's first duty is Supervision. He is bound to know, not only what company and what hours his children keep, but also what books they read, what places of amusement they frequent, and the character of the entertainments. Good parents and wise parents are faithful in the discharge of these obligations. But many parents are too careless to be good, and too worldly to be wise. They shirk their duties while the children are young. When the seeds of early corruption are bearing fruit they find their authority gone. A son grows up vicious because he learned to question the religious truths which would have restrained the first riot of his passions. A daughter grows up vain, selfish, proud, untruly, and discontented because she has been allowed to feed herself upon unwholesome fiction, and misses at home the flattery and indulgence which she has come to regard as her right. "It is good for a man when he hath borne the yoke from his youth," says the Prophet (Jam. iii, 27). But when no pains have been taken to accustom a child to the sweet yoke of Christ when a child has been suffered, if not encouraged, to acquire precocious knowledge of the vices and vanities of the world, it is not likely that such a child, at a later age, will submit to the restraints of home, or listen to the tardy warnings of an alarmed parent.

GOOD BOOKS
But merely prohibitive measures, however faithfully applied, will not protect our young people from evil literature unless good literature is

Catholic thought; they learn how to discern the kinship between certain movements at home and the anti-religious conspiracies abroad; reports of sermons and speeches kept them in touch with the intellectual, and parochial news with the practical life about them; their sympathy is enlisted in charitable enterprises; their zeal is kindled for the conversion of the heathen as well as of our separated brethren; they are touched with compassion for those who are enduring persecution; their enthusiasm is evoked by the countless deeds of heroism, small and great, which constitute the perennial chronicle of the Church.

The Catholic journalist has reason to be proud of his profession, and keen to use his opportunities to the full. Intent on one sole end, the glory of the Catholic Name, he will keep his pen clean from political and party rancour, and will never be drawn aside by such impertinent considerations to write what will promote disunion rather than union, or hurt the feelings of a fellow-Catholic.

And the Catholic public has equal reason to value and support Catholic journalism. Ten minutes' conversation is usually enough to discover a man's habits. The regular reader of the Catholic press is alert, well-informed, and in deadly earnest about his religion. The man who confines his reading to the manipulated secular press may be a practicing Catholic, but will be likely to find himself out of sympathy with public movements which express the living interests of the Church; even if his attitude is not cold, critical and peevish towards his ecclesiastical leaders, and his opinions a feeble and confused echo of class and racial prejudice.—The Tablet.

IN THE POWER OF THE HOLY NAME

The honors which Catholics pay to the Holy Name of Jesus are notable ones indeed. Our processions, our sodalities, our charities, our attendance at Mass, our Communions, testify to our love and reverence for that glorious and saving name. There is, however, one salutary and simple daily practise which we would dwell upon, at present, one recommended before, but which is not used so frequently to mind. This practise is the very simple one of offering all our acts and words and thoughts in the power of the Holy Name of Jesus, and for the sweet sake of Jesus, our Redeemer.

We can begin each day by that simple and well-known offering: "O My Jesus, I offer Thee all my thoughts, words, actions, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

Here is the key-note set for the following hours; and what a sublime

key-note it is! To think that I may unite my life, with its every breath, its every step, its humble actions its small or great sufferings, my every word, with all the many and worldwide intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ! What He wishes, that I wish. My thoughts, my will, united thus to His, may fly from here to the farthest boundaries of the earth and to the uttermost stretch of the mighty oceans. I may include in my feeble desires all that Christ's fire for souls comprises in its infinite hunger and thirst for man's salvation.

But shall we make this offering only once a day? Oh, surely no! When we consider not only the dignity conferred on us by this priceless union with our Lord's intentions, but the value thus accruing to our small acts and words, shall we not wish to awaken the remembrance frequently within us, of that first morning offering of each day? And how shall this be done?

Truly it is amazing the simplicity with which we may renew this act or intention. We need only say, quietly within ourselves, from time to time: "For Thee, my Jesus," or "For Thy Name's sake, my Jesus," or, "In the power of Thy Holy Name, my Jesus," or, "For Thy intentions, my Jesus,"—I think, I do, I say, or I suffer this.

Not in our own finite strength can we do anything; but in the Name of Jesus we can do all things. By its power, the monotonous work of a factory, the ordinary every-day duty of housekeeping, the mental toil of a school-room and the hard bodily toil of street labor, mining, farming, all may be glorified, sweetened, uplifted, by this act of faith and love.

"For Thee, my Jesus!" and if we have said that sweetest name with reverence, has not the very naming of that name brought comfort to our hearts? "For Thee, O Jesus!" and has not our toil become less wearisome—can we not support its hardships better, as we think of Him who once toiled in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth?

"For Thee, O Jesus!" and do not our too often narrow and limited thoughts expand, and fly east, west, north, south to souls in need and suffering? Do we not forget self, and ask for them the light and comfort that the sweetest name of Jesus brings with even the thought of it, when no audible sound is heard?

In this joyful era of frequent and daily Communion, what a help, too, for the besetting in mind that our Lord came to us at the dawning of the day, in this simple practise! "For Thee, my Jesus," for Thee Who came to me this morning; Who will come to-morrow morning; waiting on my needs as though Thou wert my servant, when in reality, I am Thy creature whom Thine own power made. Oh, how transfigured become my slightest acts when I may, literally, minute by minute, unite them with Thine own!

—Sacred Heart Review.

placed within their reach. The taste for reading is growing more general. The wish "to know," is not, in itself, an unlawful or undesirable appetite. If so many young men read nothing but sporting news, and so many young women nothing but novelettes, or worse, the reason is that little else is to be found in their homes.

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LIABILITIES

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Deposits not bearing interest 9,564,569.61
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date) 49,777,866.86
Deposits made by and balances due to other Banks in Canada 511,504.99
Balances due to Banks in foreign countries 1,984,196.15

Total Liabilities to the Public \$67,094,505.61
Capital Stock paid up 5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 6,000,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward 688,103.41
Dividend No 121, payable 2nd January, 1913 149,092.50
Bonus, Two per cent, payable 2nd January, 1913 100,000.00
Former Dividends unclaimed 648.36
Reserves for Rebate on Bills Discounted, Exchange, etc. 192,324.78
7,130,174.65

\$79,224,680.26

ASSETS

Special \$ 1,563,011.28
Dominion Government Demand Notes 7,514,872.50
Notes and Cheques on other Banks 4,402,598.88
Balances due from other Banks in Canada 410,921.20
Balances due to Agents in the United Kingdom and Banks in foreign countries 2,043,299.32

Provincial Government Securities 15,963,751.18
Canadian Municipal Securities and British Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian 607,677.55
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks 6,193,081.93
Loans on call, secured by Stocks and Bonds 6,040,975.29

Bills Discounted and Advances Current 46,415,811.57
Deposits with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation 231,420.00
Overdue debts (estimated loss provided for) 119,901.07
Real Estate, other than Bank Premises 5,010.63
Mortgages on Real Estate sold 978,167.57
Bank Premises 2,236,439.37
49,982,840.21

\$79,224,680.26

CONTINGENT LIABILITIES
Acceptances under Commercial Letters of Credit against Merchandise £174,789 10 s. 8 d.

C. A. BOGERT,
General Manager.

Toronto, 31st December, 1912.

THE DOMINION BANK
Proceedings of the Forty-Second Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders

THE FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE DOMINION BANK was held at the Banking House of the Institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, 26th January, 1913.

Among those present were noted:—
J. J. MacEwan, G. N. Reynolds, J. E. Finkle, Thomas Crawford, M. P. P., Richard Brown, J. J. Dixon, Dr. Thomas Armstrong, (Deer Park) W. C. Crowther, W. Gibson Cassels, Dr. Gussell, Allan McPherson (Longford) J. D. Wade, Wallace Jones, H. G. McKenzie, Dr. Charles E. O'Reilly, J. Harry Paterson, M. S. Bower, (Montreal), Edward Burns, R. Wilkinson, N. Hopkin (Lindsay), W. MacKie, Andrew Sample, F. J. Harris, P. LeBlay, James Matthews, Peter Macdonald, William Crocker, H. Creve, Charles E. Lee, R. B. Morley, C. Walker, A. E. Gibson, William Ince, F. B. Dingle, Sir E. B. Osler, M. P., A. W. Austin, H. S. Harwood, Robert Ross (Lindsay) E. W. Humber, H. W. Wilcox (Whitby), W. E. Carswell, S. Jeffrey (Port Perry) R. J. Christie, James Carruthers (Montreal) J. J. Kavanagh (Hamilton), E. W. Lamley, W. D. Matthews, A. Boswell, K. C. C. F. Van Noeman, Amelia Baldwin, James P. Brandt, H. S. McCoy, F. O. Snider, J. Gordon Jones, W. T. Kernahan, F. H. Gooch, F. D. Brown, Judge McIntyre (Whitby) C. S. Pim, J. G. Ramsey, J. T. Small, K. C., Alexander C. Morris, H. B. Hodgins, S. Samuel, C. McCallum, W. R. Brock, J. C. Eaton, Joseph Wainsley, C. A. Bogert, W. C. McFarlane (Port William) H. E. Gross, Captain Dudley Jessup, Rev. T. W. Paterson, David Kidd (Hamilton) Sylvester C. Bulgan, H. S. Osler, K. C., W. K. Peere, L. S. Hamilton, Harold W. A. Foster, Dudley Hill (Gravelhurst) John M. Baldwin, C. A. Ross (Hamilton), Col. Sir H. M. Pellatt, Thomas Meredith, W. C. Lee, R. M. Gray, C. H. Edwards, T. W. Forewood, T. O. Anderson, A. H. Black (Oshawa), W. C. A. Armstrong, (Chatham) D. T. Hepburn (Uxbridge) N. P. Davidson, K. C., E. H. Osler (Oshawa).

A was moved by A. W. Austin, seconded by E. W. Humber, that Sir Edmund B. Osler, M. P., do take the chair, and that C. A. Bogert do act as Secretary.

Messrs. A. R. Boswell, and W. Gibson Cassels were appointed Secretaries.

The Secretary read the Report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:—

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:—
The Directors beg to submit the Forty-Second Annual Report of the affairs of the Bank, and the result of its operations for the twelve months ended 31st December, 1912, which they feel will be received with satisfaction by the Shareholders:—

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th December, 1911 \$ 500,116.10
Net profits for the year, after deducting all charges and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts 901,529.14
Premium received on new Capital Stock 297,300.63
Making a total of \$ 1,698,945.87

Which has been disposed of as follows:—
Dividends quarterly at Twelve per cent. per annum \$ 558,556.53
Bonus Two per cent. 100,000.00

Total distribution to Shareholders of
Fourteen per cent for the year \$ 688,536.53
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund 25,000.00
Transferred to Reserve Fund—Premium on New Stock 297,300.63
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward \$ 688,103.41

RESERVE FUND
Balance at credit of account, 30th December, 1911 \$ 5,702,799.37
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account 297,300.63
6,000,000.00

There has been a further gratifying increase in the business of the Bank as evidenced by the figures in the Statement presented. The prosperity of the country, and the consequent demand for banking accommodation, permitted the employment of its funds to unusual advantage throughout the year, resulting in earnings sufficient to enable the Directors to distribute a bonus of 2 per cent. in addition to the usual dividend of 12 per cent.

To meet the general expansion of business in Canada, in which this Bank continues to participate, your Directors decided to issue to the Shareholders a record of the 15th of February, 1912, a further \$1,000,000 of new Capital Stock at a premium of 100.

This issue is a part of the \$5,000,000 of new Stock authorized by the Shareholders at the Annual Meeting of the 26th January, 1910, and duly approved by the Treasury Board at Ottawa. Particulars of this allotment will be given forthwith to

the Shareholders by circular. When payment of this issue has been made in full, the paid-up Capital of the Bank will amount to \$6,000,000, and of the total Authorized Capital of \$10,000,000 there remain unused \$4,000,000.

Owing to the growing importance of the Bank's business, the Directors considered it advisable to recommend an increase in their number from nine to eleven, and a By-Law will be submitted to you covering this change.

You will also be asked to give your sanction to a By-law increasing the remuneration of the Directors, made necessary by these additions to the Board.

In connection with Bank Premises, the year just closed was one of unusual importance, several transactions of great moment having been brought to completion.

You were informed at the Annual Meeting in 1911 of the purchase of the property on the Northeast Corner of King and Yonge Sts., Toronto, for purposes of Head Office premises, as your Directors were at that time unable to acquire sufficient land immediately adjoining the present site. Last year, however, they succeeded in purchasing the property directly south of that now occupied and extending to Melinda Street. A sale of the Northeast Corner was subsequently effected at a satisfactory price.

Plans have been prepared, and it is the intention to begin active operations at an early date for the erection of a building that should meet the Bank's requirements for many years to come.

Necessary outlays have been made for improvements to several Offices already established, for new Branches opened, and for the purchase of the premises which the Bank has for many years occupied at the Corner of Queen and Sherbourne Streets, Toronto, and at Oshawa, Ont.

Sites were also secured at West Toronto, Edmonton South (formerly Strathcona), Elmwood (Winnipeg), and additional property was acquired adjoining our Windsor, Ont., Branch.

Branches of the Bank were opened in 1912 as follows: In Ontario—Dupont and Christie Sts., Lakeshore and High Park Avenues, Dufferin St. and Lapping Avenue, Dufferin St. and St. Clair Avenue, Toronto; By-Ward Market Branch, Ottawa; and Port Arthur.

In the Western Provinces—Swift Current, Moose Jaw (South Hill Branch), Saskatchewan; Edmonton (First St. Branch), Calgary (Riverside Branch), Alberta; North Vancouver, British Columbia.

New Dundee and Milton, Ont., and Wawota, Sask., Branches were closed in 1912.

Every Branch of the Bank has been inspected during the year by Head Office Officials, specially qualified for such duties; and, as is customary, the Balance Sheet of the 31st December, 1912, including the Cash Assets and Investments of the Institution, have been verified by a Committee of your Directors.

E. B. OSLER,
President.

Toronto, 29th January, 1913.

The Report was adopted.

A By-Law was passed, authorizing an increase in the number of Directors from nine to eleven.

The Thanks of the Shareholders were tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services during the year and to the General Manager and other Officers of the Bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

The following gentlemen were duly elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, James Carruthers, R. J. Christie, J. C. Eaton, J. J. Fox, K. C., M. L. A., E. W. Humber, H. W. Hutchinson, W. D. Matthews, A. M. Nanton and Sir Edmund B. Osler, M. P.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Sir Edmund B. Osler, M. P., was elected President, and Mr. W. D. Matthews, Vice-President, for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT

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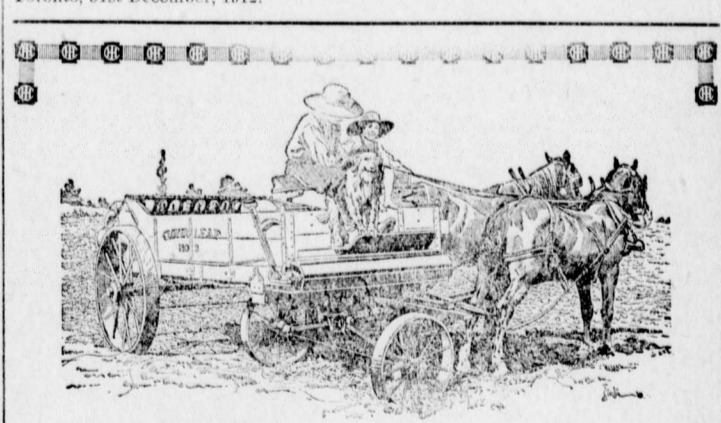
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C. A. BOGERT,
General Manager.

Toronto, 31st December, 1912.



Land Value Almost Doubled

It is no longer an unusual thing for us to get reports from farmers who have been using manure spreaders properly and consistently for periods ranging from three to five years, to the effect that the land upon which the manure spreaders have been used is regularly raising to much more produce than the value of the land is almost doubled.

"The beauty of it is," writes one Ontario farmer, "that the increased fertility seems to be permanent. Dry weather has less bad effect on our crops now than it used to, the seed is much more easily worked, making the day's work easier both for the horses and for the men, it is less trouble to raise better crops, and we are a good deal surer of good returns since our soil was built up by the use of an

IHC Manure Spreader

IHC manure spreaders, Corn King or Cloverleaf, are made in various styles and sizes to meet any and all conditions. There are wide, medium and narrow machines, all of guaranteed capacity; return and endless aprons in short, a spreader built to meet your conditions and made to spread manure, straw, lime, or ashes as required.

IHC spreaders will spread manure evenly on the level, going up hill or down. The wheels are wide and are equipped with Z-shaped lugs, which provide ample tractive power without jarring the machines excessively. The apron moves on large rollers. The beater drive is positive, but the chain wears only one side. The IHC agent will show you the most effective machine for your work. Ask to see an IHC manure spreader. You can get catalogues from him, or, if you prefer, write the nearest branch house.

CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSES
International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Salsford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES

Brethren, we exhort you that you receive not the grace of God in vain.

What is this receiving of God's grace in vain, my brethren; against which St. Paul warns us in these words of the Epistle of to-day?

We are all the time receiving graces from God. Every day, every hour He is giving them to us.

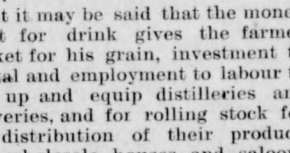
But more than that, He Himself is every day speaking in our hearts, inviting, urging, begging us to turn from mortal sin; or, if we have indeed done that, to rise higher, and serve Him more perfectly.

And yet this is what we have been doing; and even more than this. For there have been some, perhaps many, graces which God has given us which would have been, if rightly used, have answered for all our needs.

and if they persist in this line of business they must keep their saloons closed on Sundays and never allow blasphemy, cursing or obscene language.

FEARED HE HAD CONSUMPTION

"Fruit-a-lives" Cured Him



HUGH MCKENNA, Esq.

St. Stephen, N.B. Jan. 17th, 1911. "I wish to tell you of the great good 'Fruit-a-lives' have done for me."

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine that will positively and completely cure Constipation. This wonderful compound of fruit juices acts directly on the liver, causing it to secrete more bile from the blood, and to give up more bile to move the bowels regularly and naturally.

GERMANY AND THE JESUITS

The German Centre Party's declaration of want of confidence in the Chancellor and the Bundesrat has created a very difficult situation for Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg.

TEMPERANCE

A CATHOLIC PAPER SHOULD ADVOCATE TEMPERANCE

TOBACCO HABIT

LIQUOR HABIT

FEARED HE HAD CONSUMPTION

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CHICANERY

MILITANT CATHOLICISM

CORNERING BIGOTS

RHEUMATISM

THE ROSY BLOOM

NA-DRU-CO

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE SO EASY

because they considered them too silly. And then instancing the lie recently going the rounds about the oath which the Knights of Columbus are said to take, he offered to give \$1,000 to the man who would prove that the Catholic clergy take any such oaths.

THE "PROTESTANT"

QUESTION

ANSWER

RESULT

THE ROSY BLOOM

NA-DRU-CO

WITCH HAZEL

MAGIC

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE SO EASY

because they considered them too silly. And then instancing the lie recently going the rounds about the oath which the Knights of Columbus are said to take, he offered to give \$1,000 to the man who would prove that the Catholic clergy take any such oaths.

THE "PROTESTANT"

QUESTION

ANSWER

RESULT

THE ROSY BLOOM

NA-DRU-CO

WITCH HAZEL

MAGIC

Successful Men

prefer to do business with successful concerns.

By long odds, 1912 was the best year in the history of the NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

Over \$166,000 was distributed as Profits to Policyholders. A North American Life Policy pays in life or in death.

North American Life Assurance Company

NEW CENTURY LEADERSHIP

QUESTIONS

THE ROSY BLOOM

NA-DRU-CO

WITCH HAZEL

MAGIC

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract

Malt with Iron

is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY

W. LLOYD WOOD

\$2 Worth for \$1

Fisher-Ford Mfg. Co.

THE ROSY BLOOM

NA-DRU-CO

WITCH HAZEL

MAGIC

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

UNDERSTAND THE PRINCIPLE

There is only one way to secure the correct answer to a mathematical problem: and that is to work in harmony with mathematical laws.

Nothing but regret, disappointment and disgust follows. There is in every normal person a strong desire to do something and to be something in the world;

There is no happiness like that which comes from doing our level best every day, everywhere; no satisfaction like that which comes from stamping superiority upon everything which goes through our hands.

There is nothing in which people deceive themselves so much as in the pursuit of happiness. There is only one way to find it. That is, by obeying the laws upon which we are built.

As long as we continue to do evil, to rob money by unfair means—by robbing others or dealing unfairly with them—as long as our ambition is to get rich anyway, we can never attain true happiness, because we are going in the wrong direction.

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everyday enjoyments and satisfactions that count most in a lifetime. Almost every person I know is living in anticipation, not in reality.

It is a rare thing to find a person who can truthfully say: "I am really living. This is the life I have been striving for, the life that I have looked forward to as being as near my ideal as I am likely to find in this world."

There is no happiness like that which comes from doing our level best every day, everywhere; no satisfaction like that which comes from stamping superiority upon everything which goes through our hands.

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There is nothing in which people deceive themselves so much as in the pursuit of happiness. There is only one way to find it. That is, by obeying the laws upon which we are built.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring an image of the product and text: 'To guard against alum in Baking Powder see that all ingredients are plainly printed on the label. The words "No Alum" without the ingredients is not sufficient.'

we find St. Thomas still anxious to follow our Lord wherever He went. Jesus told the Apostles He was about to leave them, that He was going to prepare for them in His Father's house.

Eight days after our Lord saw Thomas and had the Apostle touch the wounds of His hands, and His side, and Saint Thomas made his great Act of Faith and said: "My Lord and my God."

Through Saint Thomas we have received two great proofs that Jesus Christ was God. Once when our Lord said to him: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life."

After the decent of the Holy Ghost Saint Thomas went forth from Jerusalem to preach and teach. There is no doubt but that he converted many in the countries of Asia, and Eusebius says he was martyred.

On one other occasion he is said to have been a doubter. It is related that after the death of the Blessed Virgin the Apostles placed her body in the tomb, where it remained three days, and on the third she was taken up to heaven.

Jesus answered them in a kind manner and told them he was going to Jerusalem to awake Lazarus out of sleep. At once Saint Thomas said to his companions: "Let us also go that we may die with Him."

"That is strange. Mr. Simmons, the head of the firm, assured me that he would take special interest in your boy, and that he would advance him as soon as possible. I will find out what this dismissed means."

Later in the day Mr. Wright called at the store and saw Mr. Simmons himself. "I am sorry, Mr. Wright, that we could not keep Willie Stanton in our employ. You know I would like to oblige you, and I would be glad to help Mrs. Stanton, for she has a hard task to support so large a family."

A person who habitually takes from an employer a few minutes each day is not to be trusted. Stealing time is as bad, and sometimes worse, than stealing money.

Willie was not taken back, and it was some time before he secured another position. In his new place he proved faithful and punctual. He had learned a severe lesson and he always remembered it.

Remember this, girls. It is not necessary to lose your temper and quarrel, but when you hear words spoken of your friends—words which are unkind, and which you know are not quite right—stick up for the absent girl. You cannot be true to your friends if you hear them spoken unkindly of, and do not say a word in their defense.

These are the times when the marvelous results of GIN PILLS are appreciated. These are the very periods when they should be used. Don't wait for repeated occurrences of these signs. Take GIN PILLS at once.

Fortunately, however, the school-yard boasts of other girls. There is one who goes a long way towards straightening out the tangles, squaring up the difficulties, soothing wounded feelings, and making things generally nice and comfortable.

On the campus, in the schoolroom, at class meetings, at parties—wherever that girl is, she is wide-awake in every respect. She knows just what is going on, and she takes an active part. Yet she seldom "steps on her companions' toes."

Religion is a hospital for sin-sick souls and no cases are put in the incurable ward. DRINK CURE A MIRACLE NO. 7 DRUNK SOUND SCIENCE

Many drunkards are sent to jail when what they need is medicine. Drink has undermined their constitutions, inflamed their stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied, if it is not removed by a scientific prescription like Samaria.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, restores the shaking nerves, builds up the health and appetite and renders drink distasteful, even nauseous. It is odorless and tasteless and dissolves instantly in tea, coffee or food.

Remember this, girls. It is not necessary to lose your temper and quarrel, but when you hear words spoken of your friends—words which are unkind, and which you know are not quite right—stick up for the absent girl.

For two years I was an invalid, incapable of work of any kind, sixteen months of this time I was unable to move without the assistance of a crutch and a cane. During this time I was treated by all our local doctors as well as taking treatment from a specialist in Chicago, but did not improve any, and had about given up hope of ever being of any use again.

As a matter of fact—which is somewhat hard to believe on first acquaintance—there is a certain measure of pleasure or profit in every affliction to which we must submit.

WENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, ONT. advertisement for 'GILSON ENGINE "GOES LIKE SIXTY"' featuring an image of the engine.

Anybody can operate the simple "GOES LIKE SIXTY" Engine. Ready for work the moment you start it. Built strong and lasts a lifetime.

Now if you know of any unfortunate needing Samaria Treatment, tell him or his family or friend about it. If you have any friend or relative who is forming the drink habit, help him to release himself from its clutches.

Seldom See ABSORBINE advertisement featuring an image of a horse and text: 'A big knee like this, but your horse may have a hump or bump on his ankle, leg, side, knee, or hoof.'

MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much.

A Good Used Piano advertisement with text: 'is often better than a cheap one. Send for list and bargain prices today. Rating makes and in preference.'

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS SAINT THOMAS, THE APOSTLE We are filled with astonishment when we think of the men whom Jesus, our Blessed Lord, chose for His Apostles.

Jesus answered them in a kind manner and told them he was going to Jerusalem to awake Lazarus out of sleep. At once Saint Thomas said to his companions: "Let us also go that we may die with Him."

Cutlery advertisement featuring an image of a knife and text: 'Easily Quickly Thoroughly Cleaned with Old Dutch Cleanser'

Clay Gates advertisement featuring an image of a gate and text: 'ENJOYS FISHING AND SHOOTING AFTER BEING INVALID IN BED GIN PILLS Brought Strength Back Again To New Brunswick Sportsman.'

LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

RECEPTION TO HIS GRACE ARCH-BISHOP McNEIL

Loretto Abbey's formal reception of welcome to His Grace Archbishop McNeil on Thursday afternoon last, was a function which no words can more happily describe than those so felicitously chosen by His Grace himself, when at the close of the brilliant programme he assured the pupils that their entertainment was "One of rare prettiness: as pleasing to the ear as it was to the eye."

To the large audience of Torontonians present, such an entertainment was most satisfying exhibition of what a prominent, progressive, local, educational institution can do, in competition with the best schools of any country. It was a masterpiece of art, arranged with such delicate deliberation to specially suit the interesting occasion was carried out with a skill and sympathy by the clever young pupils, which made the ear if possible, happier than the eye.

LATIN AMERICA

From the reports of some of the Protestant missionaries, if he did not know how false such reports often are when there is question of things Catholic, one would conclude that Latin America is a place of unregenerate who are sadly waiting for the Bible to be translated into Spanish.

Even Mr. Bryce, who should have known better, came back from there with a lot of rash judgments about the religious life of the people. According to him the Catholic Church has "lost its hold on the conscience and thought of the best spirits."

DR. ALEXIS CARREL

When Dr. Carrel, the medical wizard who has been startling the world by the marvellous manner in which he manipulates the nerves and organs of the human anatomy, arrived in New York the other day with the Nobel Prize in his hand, the representatives of the press crowded around him as if he were a comet, or a less pertinent, some of them very impertinent. "Had you an idea at one time of becoming a priest?" "Did you propose to take out your papers as an American citizen?" "Do you intend to return to France?" "How did they treat you when you were there?" etc. The Doctor merely shrugged his shoulders in Gallic fashion, smiled and said nothing.

Sanol RELIABLE CURE

For Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney and Bladder Strains, Gravel, Lumbago, Uric Acid, Price \$1.50, Most Leading Druggists. Literature Free.

The Sanol Mfg. Co., Ltd. WINNIPEG, MAN.

And we repeat to our readers: "Get the point from this ad." So well has the work of vilification been done that even some Catholics have the notion that their southern neighbors have a queer brand of Catholicity. It might help them to get the right notion by remembering that we Catholics everywhere, whether in Spain or in Boston, are set down by the opponents of Catholicism as participating in the same "superstitions" as, say, the people of South America. According to them we are all badly in need of conversion.

FAVORS RECEIVED

A Clinton reader wishes to publish thanks for favors received after prayers to the Infant Jesus and St. Anthony.

MARRIAGE

LACROIX-HANLON—At the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, by Rev. Father Hanlon, Brooklyn, N. Y., brother of the bride, on Jan. 21st, 1913, Mr. Richard G. Lacroix, Phm. B., son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lacroix, Prince Albert, Sask., and Angela M., eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hanlon, Guelph, Ont.

The H. L. Bastien Boat & Canoe Works

Established 1865 HAMILTON, ONT.

Muskoka Branches: Port Carling and Lake Joseph Station

Builders of High-Grade Rowboats, Canoes, Racing Yachts and Skiffs, Sailing Dinghies and Motor Boats. We carry in stock Motor Hts 18 ft. to 32 ft. and over 400 Rowboats and Canoes. Send for catalogue.

Davis Acetylene

IS THE LIGHT PRE-EMINENT for Church Lighting

Unequaled both for safety and superiority, and is specially adaptable for Altar illumination. Now successfully installed in many Ontario and Quebec Churches, Parish Houses and Convents, names of which will be gladly sent on request. Generators for all requirements from Churches to Country Homes. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

Davis Acetylene Company

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

CANADA LAND

Write for our 32 page booklet containing 43 photographic views, and statistical and detailed information about our lands in central Saskatchewan. It's free. The Walsh Land Co., Winnipeg, Canada.

DIocese OF LONDON

REV. FATHER CAMPEAU HONORÉ Kinkora, Jan. 27th, 1913. On Wednesday evening, Jan. 23rd, the people of this place met in the parish school and presented Rev. Father Campeau, with the following address: We, the undersigned, have the honor to present to you, our dear Father Campeau, a note of regret that we meet you on this day of your departure from this parish to take up your labors in other parts of the diocese. We cannot allow you to leave without showing in some manner our appreciation of your labors amongst us. You have done your best of time as pastor of this place by your practicable instructions, your kind and cheerful heartiness of doing good, and the reward of doing right and are leaving to your successor a pastorate free from debt and full of hope for the future.

DOMINION BANK REPORT

With net profits of our \$90,000 for the year ended the 31st Dec. 1912, and total assets over \$2,000,000, the Dominion Bank ranks as one of the strongest and most progressive of our Financial Institutions. The net profits were at the rate of 18 per cent on the paid-up capital, and show again of almost \$200,000 over the earnings for the previous year. The Bank had \$1,700,000 available for distribution at the close of the year, made up of a balance carried forward from 1911 of \$1,000,000, net profits of \$700,000, and premium on new stock of \$200,000. After paying the regular dividend of 12 per cent, and a bonus of 2 per cent on the paid-up capital, there remained for the Officers' Pension Fund and transferred \$297,000 to the Reserve Fund, leaving a balance carried forward of \$900,000.

IHC Quality Shows in Service

WE could sell wagons for less money, but we don't care to sell that kind of wagon. We want your second order, and your third, and every order you give for a wagon. We can't be sure of getting those orders unless the first wagon you buy from us proves so satisfactory that you would not think of going anywhere else for the second. We are going to tell you how good our wagons are to get your first order. After that, we expect the wagon itself to do the selling.

Petrolia Chatham

are made of selected, high-grade material throughout. Come with us to the works where these wagons are built, and see the tremendous sheds where the lumber is air-dried—seasoned out of doors—for three years or more before it is used. Do you know the difference between air-dried and kiln-dried wood? One process takes years of time, and leaves the fibres of the wood filled with and cemented together by the natural resinous residue of the sap. The other requires only a few days' time, drives out all the sap, resin and all, and leaves the wood brittle and weak. Air-drying produces elastic lumber, wagon parts that bend and give under loads and strains, but that come back to their original position when the strain is removed.

TEACHERS WANTED. WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING A SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATE. Apply giving references, experience and qualifications to John Walsh, Sec. Treas., Kinkora, Ont. 1797-4.

FITS CURED. Send for Free Book giving full particulars of TREMPH'S REMEDY, the world-famous cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treatment. 2 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world—over 1,000 in one year.

We want Catholic Men. If you are a Catholic. If you can sell to people or in domestic use a safe and reliable investment. If you are willing to work and be your own boss. If you have confidence in yourself to work strictly on a commission basis.

CHURCH ORGANS. TUNING-REPAIRING. WATER PUMPS. ELECTRIC MOTORS. ORGAN BLOWING MACHINES. LEONARD DOWNE, LONDON, CANADA.

ALBERTA 125 POULTRY PAYS WELL. We have something which you can offer to every good Catholic. Something new and a necessity. A proposition endorsed by the Catholic hierarchy and laity of the United States and Canada, with the highest banking references.

A 7% Investment. Money returned at end of one year or at end of any subsequent year, on 60 days' notice if desired. Interest paid June 1st and December 1st, and credited to the address of the investor.

CANDLES for CANDLEMAS. St. Blasie Candles. Guaranteed Rubric Candles. PALM for Palm Sunday. Mission Supplies a Specialty.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA. QUARTERLY DIVIDEND NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 28th February prox.

TEACHERS WANTED. WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING A SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATE.

WANTED AT ONCE A SECOND CLASS. Normal trained teacher for U. S. S. Sec. No. 7. Full-time. Salary \$220 to \$300 according to qualifications. Reply to Charles McKenna, Fallowfield, Ont. 1799-3.

LEONARD DOWNE. CHURCH ORGANS. TUNING-REPAIRING. WATER PUMPS. ELECTRIC MOTORS. ORGAN BLOWING MACHINES.

ALBERTA 125 POULTRY PAYS WELL. We have something which you can offer to every good Catholic. Something new and a necessity.

WILLIAM J. BALL. Funeral Director. Open Day and Night. 491 Richmond St. Phone 3971.

NELSON'S LOOSE-LEAF PERPETUAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA AND RESEARCH BUREAU FOR SPECIAL INFORMATION. The world is moving fast; science changes overnight; discoveries are of last week; inventions of yesterday; the man or woman who progresses is keeping abreast of the times.

What Do YOU Know TO=DAY?

It Is Not Enough That You Graduated from This or That College, The World Asks: What Do You Know TO=DAY?

NELSON'S LOOSE-LEAF PERPETUAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA AND RESEARCH BUREAU FOR SPECIAL INFORMATION. The problem has been solved. Nelson's patent loose-leaf device guarantees this wonderful Encyclopaedia to be just as new and up-to-date 50 years hence as it is to-day.

JUST FACTS! Nelson's Has Nearly 500,000 Subscribers

The Authorities With Authorities. Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia and Research Bureau for special information is an authority in all parts of the civilized world. It is used by the King of England, President of the United States, Emperor of China, Mikado of Japan, Viceroy of India, Premier of Canada, Departments of the Canadian Government, Universities, Colleges, Libraries, Schools and Educational Institutions everywhere.

SPECIAL 10-DAY OFFER

Rev. James F. Driscoll, President of St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, N.Y., has the revision of all matter pertaining to the CATHOLIC CHURCH which appears in NELSON'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA.