

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1916

1964

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SOME DAY

Some day we may have a party newspaper that will aim at dispassionate discussion of current issues. The editors of that time will be able to have opinions of their own and will be swayed not by prejudice and fierce unreasoning hostility but by truth. Personalities will be avoided and their opponents will not be garbed in black. The canons of social amenities will not be violated and the editors, relieved of the task of fashioning invective and vituperation, will win back for the press prestige and influence.

UNACCOUNTABLE

Anti-Catholic prejudice is one of the most unaccountable facts in the history of human thought. It is so opposed to truth and so utterly groundless that one must wonder it has such influence, not only over the ignorant, but also over many intelligent minds. And when we know that many noble and generous hearts are enmeshed in this prejudice the wonder increases. It may be due to environment and to education, but whatsoever the cause this prejudice confronts us as a mystifying fact. And yet we ask but little. We demand fair play. But the forces of prejudice will not let us alone. It is the old word of the Pharisees: "If we let Him alone, all will believe in Him." The non-Catholic, as a general rule, knows little or nothing of our doctrines. Instead of consulting our catechism and formularies of belief, he accepts objections which spring from misconception and misrepresentation of our discipline and doctrine. In vain do we protest that we do not pay to the Blessed Virgin and the saints an honor due God. We say, and we surely ought to know, that the Church encourages us to read the Bible. We can point to the facts of history which attest the Church's solicitude for education, for human service, popular rights, for everything that can redound to the good of humanity, and yet prejudice in its radical and fanatical form looks at the testimony, trustworthy and unmistakable, as the work of special pleaders. Charges and imputations are trumpeted without proof as though the bald repetition of these were enough to make them good. This is of a truth a very extraordinary fact. The Church is open to all. Our books are to be found everywhere. We live side by side with Protestants. Why then do our brethren who are fair-minded, who read history and are endowed with keen intellects, permit our bitterest foes to condemn us and will not hear what we have to say in our own defense? Is this complimentary to their love of justice?

Catholic writers, however, are not prone to attribute to Protestants errors which they reprobate, and libelous charges against Protestants are unheard of from our press or pulpit. Loving our Church with all our heart and anxious to give all the security, the certainty and the manifold consolations she brings us, we are not guilty of laying rude and irreverent hands upon the belief of others.

A MENACE

One of the greatest menaces to amity and mutual understanding is the preacher—the ranting, no-scholarship type, who keeps smouldering the embers of bigotry. His is a very twisted mentality. Nicknames are so pat to his tongue that they flow from it like the poison of asps without effort or thought; all, too, in Christ's sweet and holy Name. No pains are taken to understand any doctrines in practice in the Church in the light of its own historical or theological relations. Our faith is but a tissue of impiety and folly at war with the most sacred interests of humanity and in full contradiction with the law of God. It is hard to convince the thoughtful that a Church upheld by the loyalty and love of the past generations and that counts her children by millions, is a monster of folly and impiety.

The monstrosity which they label the Church could not attract intel-

lects of the calibre of Newman and Manning.

But despite the verdicts of history, the consideration of right and justice, the duties of citizenship, the ranting preacher digs out of polemical museums old and diseased weapons, and for what purpose? To arouse the antagonism of the ignorant and to perpetuate prejudice and calumny. Instead of being an ambassador of peace he propagates discord and hate. It seems to us that the intelligent and fair-minded Protestant should make this divine's business unprofitable and unseemingly. He is their disgrace and shame.

FIRST AID TO SOME PREACHER

Many prominent Protestants do not see eye to eye with these voluble divines. Canon Farrar says that during the period (from the fifth to the fifteenth century) the Church was the one mighty witness for light in an age of darkness, for order in an age of lawlessness, for personal holiness in an epoch of licentious rage.

"From the sixth to the fourteenth century," says Milenau, "the Papal Power was the great consideration of Christianity—the best Christianity perhaps which these ages could receive; and it was of inestimable benefit to European civilization."

"A thousand years ago," says Thomas Hughes, "England was not only in name a Christian nation but a living faith in Christ had entered into and was practically the deepest and strongest force in national life."

Channing says that Catholic missionaries have carried Christianity to the ends of the earth; the Sisters of Charity have carried relief and solace to the most hopeless want and pain. "Do not these," he asks, "teach us that in the Romish Church the Spirit of God has found a home?"

Protestantism has written no creed, fashioned no culture, framed no church, developed no power which could begin to take the place which the Catholic Church holds in the world today. Destroy this Church, which dates back to the time of the Apostles, to which the Fathers belonged and around which are gathered the most tender and sacred associations of Christian history, and Protestantism would be involved in the general wreck.

Martindale says that the Church presents one of the most solemn and majestic spectacles in history. Why, then, do men hate her?

AS A CRITIC SEES US

"The Outlook," perhaps the most influential of all non-Catholic religious periodicals, says: "But America today stands in peculiar need of that contribution which the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. For the chief peril to America is from disorganizing forces and a lawless spirit; not from excessive organizations, but from disorder and disorganization. One of the chief lessons Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience with it. This lesson the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to teach. And within the reach of its influence are those who most need to be taught. That Church is a vast spiritual police force, a protection of society from the reckless apostles of self-will. But it is far more. Wherever it goes it teaches submission to control, and that is the first step toward that habit of self-control in the individual which is an indispensable condition of self-government in the community."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN KNIGHTS AND "GUARDEENS"

APT REPLY OF SENATOR BRYAN, OF FLORIDA, TO A QUERY

The difference between the Guardians of Liberty and the Knights of Columbus was emphasized several days ago by Senator Nathan P. Bryan in a speech in South Florida. The Senator was addressing a crowd in which there were a large number of "Gardeens" and Knights. He was exposing the former when he was interrupted by an auditor, who said: "Senator, please tell us the difference between the Guardians of Liberty and the Knights of Columbus."

"I will do that," said the Senator. "All who are in the audience who are members of the Guardians of Liberty will please stand up."

Not a man arose and the silence was painful. "Now," said the Senator, "all in the audience who are members of the Knights of Columbus please arise."

Several men arose, and the Senator said: "That's the difference—one crowd is ashamed of their organization, while the other is proud of theirs."

The Senator's explanation made a decided hit, and "covers the bill" thoroughly.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

IRELAND

LET US FACE THE REALITIES

London, Eng., Daily Chronicle
Ireland loomed large in Parliament yesterday. The Lords discussed it, to little purpose; and in the Commons a fresh attempt was made by the Nationalists to impress on the Government the extreme unwisdom of continuing military executions and martial law. Earlier in the day Mr. Redmond and his colleagues issued a remarkable manifesto to the people of Ireland. It is a defence of the constitutional as against revolutionary methods, and a cogent vindication of their results in recent Irish history. The Nationalist party's long record of patient and honourable achievement is set in a fair light. The disastrous folly of the light-headed revivalists of violence, suddenly and sharply revealed by the shock of real events, is here effectively emphasized by contrast with the practical wisdom that it sought to supplant.

It is probable that the outbreak in Ireland, with its grim logic, will shake and startle many of us back to a sense of realities again. We have been living for the last few years as regards the Irish question in an atmosphere of mirage. And the cloud-comper, who first brought the mirage and the delusion about, was no other than Sir Edward Carson. Until about 1912-13, the idea of armed rebellion had, by the process of history, been so eliminated from the practical sphere of the popular mind in Ireland that it had come to be a subject for satire by the Sinn Fein dramatists of the Abbey Theatre. In the North as well as the South the chapter of constructive and progressive legislation had been leading the minds of the people to accept the idea that Ireland need be no exception amongst the countries of the world to the rule of modern political evolution. They were moving even rapidly towards a reconciliation. They were preparing for this in the way of practical common sense. That is the testimony of witnesses well qualified to judge of what is taking place beneath the surface, within the essence and reality of national life in Ireland, especially during the past decade and a half.

At a given moment people began to perceive that a different note was being sounded, a different key pitched. The modern note was silenced. The progressive evolution of things was brought to a halt. Before the people quite knew what had happened they were back in the days of the Solemn League and Covenant and of the landing of William III. There were violent words, violent proceedings, talk of rebellion, drilling, arming, gun-running, and "provisional governments." Then came the response in kind to this challenge from the South and West, with drillings, arming, and gun-runnings there, and it began to appear that we were to have not merely rebellion but civil war, and that the popular William III. was sheding into the period of 1798. To the amazement of every sober-minded man we had, almost as if it had happened in a night during one's sleep, an armed Ireland on our hands; and the thing which had been relegated to sentimental memory and the satire of the Abbey Theatre actually awoke to life again. The Sinn Fein rebellion has now demonstrated to the dealers in this line of anachronism what such efforts to turn back the course of history logically lead to. May we not hope that the explosion has dispersed the mirage and helped us back once more to the key of common sense and to the perception of reality.

Sir Edward Carson, when this rising began and someone referred to his responsibility for the chapter of violence of which it was the culmination, wrote to the papers saying, "he was sure the leader of the Nationalist party would agree with him that no useful purpose could be served" by reviving these matters. And the Times yesterday was very sensitive because the House on Tuesday showed a disposition to remember them. Now, if Sir Edward really means business when he talks of conciliation and oblivion for past doings and sayings—on both sides—he will find old political opponents prepared to meet him.

We are no dupes of the super man legend. We know his measurements and limitations. But he happens to have at the moment for rather he has had up to the present, for amongst Ulstermen, too, the logic of rebellion-traffic will have led to

some re-adjustment of values) a great influence with his followers, and thus a great power for good or for harm over the current fortunes of Ireland. If he is really ready to play the pancher turned gamekeeper, to prove in this crisis that he has in him some of the genuine stuff of the patriot and the statesman, he certainly has a great opportunity. If he will now do his utmost to assist, instead of obstructing, the natural progress of things in his own unhappy but most promising and attractive country towards reconciliation and towards constructive modern political development within the lines and in accordance with the essential genius of the British Empire, if he will take now such a risk in regard to the irreconcilables among his own followers as Mr. Redmond took at the beginning of the war in regard to the irreconcilables amongst his (the nature of which risk recent events have enabled us the better to appreciate), then he will have seized his chance of going down to history with the blessings in place of the curses of Ireland, and in accordance with the measure of gratitude from the Empire. Let us hope that he may. But in the meantime we must keep before our minds—and he should keep before his—the reality of his responsibility, and that of the people who were ready to make use of him, for diverting our politics for a season from the methods of constitutional action to those of physical force. We have been too long drugged with unrealities. Healing can only come through facing the facts.

MANY THOUSANDS

OF CONVERTS ENTERING THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EVERY YEAR

The assertion that between 35,000 and 45,000 persons yearly are converted to Catholicity in the United States was upheld, and the denials by certain Protestant ministers were disproved at a recent meeting of the Catholic Converts' League of New York at the Plaza Hotel.

Stuart P. West, president of the league, said the figures given were probably an underestimate. He was supported by Dr. Sigourney W. Fay, formerly of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese at Fond du Lac, Mich., and now headmaster of the Newman School at Hackensack, N. J., who said the number was undoubtedly much greater than stated.

Mr. West said the figures were based on the number of adult baptisms, which in many cases were loosely recorded. He said it had been stated that one-third of the converts to Catholicity returned to their original faith, but that only 2 out of 1,200 Catholic converts he had known had returned.

Other speakers were Very Rev. John J. Hughes, Superior of Paulist Fathers, and Rev. Henry E. O'Keefe, C. S. P. Father Hughes told of the success which the Church is enjoying in securing converts in Texas—The Missionary.

IN THE STATE WHERE TEACHING IS A CRIME

From the Morning Star, New Orleans

As we go to press our special representative at St. Augustine, Fla., wires us that the hearing on the Habeas Corpus was held recently in the case of the Sisters of St. Joseph who were arrested on Easter Monday by the Sheriff of Perry county, under instructions from the Governor, Park Trammel, because they were teaching little colored children to read and write and a knowledge of God and His laws. Our correspondent tells us that the hearing occupied about five hours, and a great and sympathetic gathering assembled in the courthouse with the Sisters and remained throughout in tense interest, so deeply do the best people of Florida Catholic and non-Catholic, resent the outrageous action of Governor Trammel in enforcing a dead-letter law against the Sisters.

Three distinguished attorneys—Cathoun, Cockrell and Bedell—defended the Sisters and made brilliant and forcible arguments against the constitutionality of this law, which for three years has disgraced the statute books of Florida, and which is so unconstitutional on the face of it that it was allowed to remain in force until Governor Trammel, upon the request of bigots, put it in force against the Sisters, arrested them and closed the parochial school. We are informed that State Attorney Dancy argued in favor of the law and that Judge Gibbs, of the Circuit Court, has taken the case under advisement and promises an early decision.

DEGRADES THE STATE OF FLORIDA

The Miami (Fla.) Herald in commenting on the case says: "Here were three devoted women, at the call of duty as they saw it, attempting to teach growing negro children the principles of religion and the elements of education; trying to inculcate in them a respect for God, for law and for humanity; trying to make them useful and indus-

trious, and attempting to so lead them that they would never fall to the level of the vicious classes. And for this excellent work—work that redounds to the credit and safety of the State—they are arrested and are subject to the ignominy of a trial and possible punishment. No more degrading thing than that has ever been perpetrated in the State of Florida, and that it was done under color of law relieves it not one whit of its sinister meaning and effect.

"It is a humiliating thing that there are among us a few who will applaud this law and glory in its enforcement against these good women, merely because they are members of the Catholic Church, but for the enlightened people of the State there will be nothing in the incident but the deepest feeling that the State has been led into a trap by its lawmakers and disgraced by the attempted enforcement of a disgraceful law.

"That the law will be declared unconstitutional and the persecuted Sisters be vindicated cannot be doubted, but they ought not to have been subjected to this petty persecution, and the State of Florida should not have been placed in its embarrassing position by the passage of a law that could work so much injury and which lays the State liable to so much criticism."

P. H. PEARSE

THE "PRESIDENT OF THE 'IRISH REPUBLIC'"
By Louis J. Walsh

In 1899 the Gaelic League was a very obscure organization occupying a couple of rooms up a dingy staircase in O'Connell street in Dublin, and few people foresaw that it was destined to wield the potent influence which has since fallen to it in Irish life. It was at that time attracting hardly any attention in academic circles; and I remember it was looked upon as a happy augury by the League authorities, when they succeeded in attracting a small batch of university students to a class which they had formed specially for our benefit. They were, I think, less than a dozen of us altogether, and the teacher we had assigned to us was an earnest, studious-looking young man, with glasses, named Patrick H. Pearse.

Strange how little we know even of our own hearts and of the dormant potentialities that lie within us. Had a prophet in '99 foretold the red ruin that was to come on Ireland in 1916, I don't think there would have been anyone—and least of all himself—to venture the opinion that the shy, handsome, pale-faced young student was likely to be the leader of the coming revolution, to hold for a fleeting hour the office of "President of the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic and Commander-General of the Republican Army," and to suffer death under sentence of a court-martial at the hands of a firing party in Dublin.

It seemed far more likely that the man would live and die in the quiet seclusion of some seat of learning, and be remembered merely for the books he wrote. He was absorbed at the time in his enthusiasm for Irish linguistic studies, and his admiration for Gaelic literature. He raved about the simple beauty of our folk songs, and loved to decant on "the grand old words of the Gaelic tongue" of our Irish prose writers. Indeed, he rather jarred on some of us, who cherished the old conception of "Ireland a Nation," with the ardour that every young Irishman who is worth his salt feels, by his insistence on the doctrine that the centuries-old aspiration was never destined to be realized in the way we had always understood.

THE DESTINY OF THE GAEL

"Others have been struck before now," he said in the course of an address which he delivered in October 1897 to a young men's literary society, "by the fact that hundreds of noble men and true have fought and bled for the emancipation of the Gaelic race, and yet have all failed. Surely, if ever cause was worthy of success, it was the cause for which Laurence prayed, for which Hugh of Dunganon planned, for which Hugh Roe and Owen Roe fought, for which Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward and Robert Emmet gave their lives, for which Grattan pleaded, for which Moore and Davis sang, for which O'Connell wore himself out with toil. Yet these men prayed and planned, and fought and bled, and pleaded and wrote and toiled in vain. May it not be that there is some reason for this? May it not be that the ends they struggled for were ends never intended for the Gael? . . . The Gael is not like other men; he is the spade, and the loom and the sword are not for him. But a destiny more glorious than that of Rome, more glorious than that of Britain awaits him; to become the saviour of idealism in modern intellectual and social life, the regenerator and rejuvenator of the literature of the world, the instructor of the nations, the preacher of the gospel of nature-worship, hero-worship, God-worship—such, Mr. Chairman, is the destiny of the Gael."

When he faced the firing party the other morning in Dublin to give the

supreme proof of the unselfishness of his love for Ireland, did these seemingly prophetic words of his early manhood come back to him? My university life in Dublin came practically to an end about 1902, and after that I saw but little of Pearse personally; but I think that all his old pupils of the Gaelic League class watched his career with affectionate interest.

He was called to the Bar in 1901 and I remember his being congratulated by the judges of the King's Bench on a brilliant argument he made; but his bent was more literary and educational than legal, and he never set himself to acquire a practice.

Instead, he rapidly built up a reputation as an Irish scholar, edited with great ability for a time the Gaelic League bilingual newspaper, An Claidheamh Soluis (The Sword of Light), and began to produce some exquisite Irish prose.

STUDIES OF CHILD LIFE

Probably the most enduring of his writings will be some of his wonderfully sympathetic studies of child life among the Irish-speaking peasantry of the West. Pearse did not merely love children. He revered them with an intense realization of the truth that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." It was part of his philosophy that women are wiser than men, and children the wisest of all humanity, because they are most in touch with the unseen. His short story, "Iosagan" (The Irish peasant's affectionate diminutive for "Iosa," "Jesus") is one of the most charming idylls in literature. It is the story of an old man who had lost his faith, but loved the little ones; and because of this love "little Jesus" came with the bare feet and in the tattered dress of a peasant child, to win him back to Himself.

Hardly less touching are some of his other stories, such as "Baibre," an exquisitely sympathetic study of a little girl's love for an old doll; "An Sagart," treating of a boy's yearning to become a priest; or "Little John of the Birds," which is a most affecting presentation of the wistful loneliness of a peasant child awaiting the return of the migrating birds in the spring.

No less remarkable was P. H. Pearse as an educationist, and probably the ideas which he formulated and tried to put in practice in his Boys' Secondary School of St. Enda's are destined to have bigger consequences for Ireland than will even be the effects of the ill-starred revolution which he headed.

Pearse loved his work at St. Enda's, for he held that there was nothing more interesting and more beautiful in all the world than the soul of an unspoiled boy; and in a happier land and happier times he might have been content to live and die within his peaceful precincts.

But it was not to be. Pearse was bold defiance of British law by Sir Edward Carson, which won for Irishmen the right to bear arms, decided the destiny of Patrick H. Pearse. He joined the Irish Volunteers, and the strange, potent, seductive influence that lurks in steel and iron awoke in him the unsuspected soldier. It may be, too, that the memory-laden place in which his school was situated held for him mysterious whisperings; for Sarah Curran had lived hard by, and every visitor to St. Enda's was shown "Emmet's Walk." "I would holdly preach the antique faith that fighting is the only noble thing," he wrote in the Irish Review of February 1913, "and that he only is at peace with God who is at war with the powers of evil."—The Daily Chronicle.

A WHOLESOME AUTHOR

Writing of the nineteenth century novelist, William Black, Sir Wemyss Reid said: "I am sure that the characters of his stories were more real to him than most of the men and women whom he encountered in everyday life. They were so real that their fate affected him as if it had been the fate of his dearest friends. For months after he finished 'McLeod of Dars,' with its great tragedy of baffled love, he was so shaken in nerve that he did not dare to ride in a hansom cab.

"One day, in the far-off past I was walking along the seaford with Black at Brighton, when he said abruptly, and with reference to nothing that had been passing between us: 'We are not all engaged in running away with other men's wives. There are some of us who are not the victims of mental disease or moral deformity. I do not even know that anybody of my acquaintance has committed a murder or a forgery. Yet people are angry with me because I do not make my characters in my books odious in this fashion. I prefer to write about sane people and honest people, and I imagine that they are after all, in a majority in the world.' Bald as this statement was of the limitations he set upon his art, it was absolutely true. He delighted to tell pure stories, dealing with wholesome, manly men and tender, womanly women."—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Mgr. Vassallo di Torregrossa has been appointed Apostolic Internuncio to Argentina.

His Holiness has appointed Cardinal Serafini, Prefect of Propaganda, President of the Pontifical College of St. Peter and St. Paul for Foreign Missions, succeeding Cardinal Gotti.

Rome, May 25.—Mgr. Locatelli, recently Internuncio at Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, has been appointed Nuncio at Brussels, Belgium, in succession to Mgr. Porcelli, who has retired.

The Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, of Chicago, have undertaken to finance the building of a Boy's Home in that city. Archbishop Mundelein suggested the idea. The Home will harbor the neglected boys of the city.

The vacancy in the Westminster Cathedral Chapter, caused by the elevation of Mgr. Thomas Dunn to the See of Nottingham, Eng., has been filled by the appointment of Reverend Clement Dunn, rector of Homerton.

The late James J. Hill, Great Northern railroad magnate, gave \$25,000 to Marquette University, Milwaukee, it is announced. It was contributed toward an endowment fund for which the university is conducting a campaign.

Father Joseph Bertram, a devoted priest who was for twenty-three years in charge of the leper settlement in Japan, which was started by Father Testevuide in 1885, is dead. For the last three years he had been ailing, and his last request was that he should be buried in the leper's graveyard.

The translation of Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers" has been a great success in Holland, more than twenty-two thousand copies having been sold already. The Dutch translation of "Our Christian Heritage," by the same author, will be ready for the press this summer. Both works are translated and edited with the approval of His Eminence by the Rev. Father W. A. J. Blaise, of the archdiocese of Utrecht, Holland.

Some of the brave soldiers fighting in Flanders found themselves recently at the front in such grave danger that death appeared to them inevitable. They appeared to Sister Teresa, the Little Flower of Jesus, and in answer, unexpected help came to them; they escaped their peril. In gratitude they have promised to erect the first statue of Little Teresa in France in a town named Loobergh.

A press announcement of the appointment of the Most Rev. J. J. Hart, D. D., Archbishop of Manila, P. I., since 1903, as Bishop of Omaha, Neb., to succeed the late Bishop Richard Scannell, has been commended by Monsignor Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, D. C. Bishop Hart, who is a native of St. Louis, organized the parish of St. Leo's there in 1888. He was consecrated Archbishop of Manila, August 15, 1903.

Mr. J. A. M. Richey, formerly an Episcopal clergyman and the founder, manager and editor of The American Catholic, the organ of the High Church party in the Episcopal church, who was received into Holy church on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1910, by the Most Reverend, the Archbishop of St. Louis, with Rev. M. J. Foley, editor of The Western Catholic, acting as his sponsor, has now become associated with The Western Catholic in the capacity of managing editor.

Certain Catholic young men in England, with Francis Meynell at their head, have founded a society which they call the Guild of the Pope's Peace. Their purpose, as expressed in their publications, is to get Catholics to work now for that peace which the Holy Father described and which they aver all Catholics desire. They say that there must be a great volume of prayer and effort behind this ideal to realize it, and Catholics must combine now for their effort.

Captain Steward John Aldous, aged thirty-eight, was killed in France on March 25, while leading his men in an attack on a German mine, and was buried by Father Drinkwater. He was the eldest son of the Rev. J. C. P. Aldous of (Anglican) Sywell Rectory, Northampton, and grandson of the late Dr. Peers, Headmaster of Repton School. He was educated at Marlborough and University College, Oxford. He served in France for more than a year. He was a convert, and a devoted son of Holy Church.

The Holy See has lost a faithful servant, one who had worked for the Roman Pontiffs almost as long as did Cardinal Gotti. After sixty-two years of labor under the roof of the Vatican, Luigi Martinucci is dead. The good old man was the oldest employee in the Vatican palace. At the age of twenty he entered the vast household of Pius IX. as a clerk in one of its many offices. Merit and time brought promotion, so that when he died he had reached the position of Secretary to the Prefect of the Apostolic Palace.

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: "A NOVEL." CHAPTER XXXVIII—CONTINUED

She had hoped for some light on the subject from these miserable Adares. With her firm will and her high spirit she had thought to be able to make black white. And yet could it not be done? There was some mystery to which she had the clue, else why this fury of Luke Adare at her appearance? After all, he had jumped to a conclusion. He would not sleep, at all events, till he had ascertained from Bawn herself whether or not she was Desmond's daughter.

He walked to the place where he had left his horse in shelter, and rode straight through wind and rain to Shanganagh. Bawn's little cart had reached home only a short time before his arrival, and Bawn was feeling an anguish and utter forlornness so new to her in its intensity that she did not know how to deal with it. The admission she had made to-day seemed to have altered her very nature. She had confessed what hitherto it had been her strength to deny. It was right and fit that the crushing of her own happiness should be involved in the total ruin that had destroyed her father's life, but what was she to do with this new want that had sprung up in her life, where was she to carry it, how was she to rid herself of it? Her romantic devotion to her dead father had carried her across the sea and urged her through an army of difficulties; but when her final defeat was consummated—and it was near now, very near—what was she to do with the burden of living love which a broken heart must carry with it over land and sea through an incalculable number of years, perhaps to the end of a long life-time?

Her women were out milking, and she was alone in the house and was kneeling on the tiles of her little kitchen before the hearth, the blaze from which illumined the place fitfully as the dusk began to fall. The door, which had not been quite fastened, was pushed open, and Somerled's foot before her.

Her heart leaped up for a moment with dangerous gladness, then failed within her. The next moment she had perceived his dripping condition, and, woman-like, was only concerned for his present comfort.

"Mr. Fingall, you are shockingly wet. Take off that drenched ulster." "There!" he said, and, flinging the garment on the back of a wooden chair, advanced to her with outstretched hands.

"Bawn, you will think I have done a wild thing. I have come here out of all season and in the storm, but it is to ask you a question which you will not refuse to answer me. Is this woman who has denied me so long, who has spoken to me of a secret sorrow and a stained name—is she Arthur Desmond's daughter?" Bawn's eyes, which had widened with startled amazement, remained fixed on his, answering him sorrowfully out of their grey depths. "She drew a long breath, said 'yes' simply and then moved away a step and put her hands behind her back—involuntary movements expressive of separation and departure.

"I would have kept the secret a little longer," she said quietly, with pale lips. "Who has told you? It must have come from Luke Adare. He is the only person who guessed me. I have been very rash and daring, and I am punished. I thought to overcome Luke Adare, but he has overcome me."

"What did you expect from him?" "Confession. Reparation of the wrong he did to my father." "Do you mean that he, Luke Adare, did that thing for which your father suffered the blame?" "No, I do not mean that. I know how the thing happened. If he would speak he could clear my father's name. He will not speak. He will die without speaking. How the wind roars!"

"Did your father accuse him?" "He accused no one. He only suffered and made no complaint."

"How, then, do you imagine that you know?" "Know what? My father's innocence? You would have known it, too, if you had known him, his spotless life, his tender heart, his honourable nature. You would have felt him to be incapable of the motives you ascribed to him the other day when you spoke of him."

"Few are incapable of sudden passion." "He was incapable of that. I do not expect you to believe it. You gave credit to the whispered calumnies that destroyed his good name; you drove him out from among you."

"Stay, Bawn, stay! I did not do it. I am guiltless of what my people did in that day, as you are of your father's actions."

"I take them all on my head." "That you must not do. Now listen to me, my dearest, dearest love. You have dreamed a wild dream in imagining that Luke Adare would assist you in this touching, this noble enterprise. I am the only other person in possession of your secret, and it shall be as if I did not know it. I am willing to believe that Arthur Desmond is all you describe him to be, and that a passionate quarrel (my uncle I know was a hot-headed man) had fatal and unpremeditated consequences. More it is not necessary for me to ascertain. It is a tragedy long past and almost forgotten. Marry me, Bawn, and danger to which he was exposing his trust me. No one save myself shall

ever know that Arthur Desmond was your father."

Bawn's lips and eye-lids trembled, but she kept her attitude of aloofness and shook her head.

"You do not trust me." "I cannot trust either you or myself so far. I dare not put either of us in such an unnatural position. I fear there would come a day when I should see something in your eyes—should see you ask yourself, 'Why is the daughter of a murderer sitting at my fireside?' and I do not so trust myself as to feel sure that I should not get up and fly from you in despair which even now I can realize. When I go away from you, as I shall go soon, I shall at least take with me a sweet memory to live with all my life, and the knowledge that I have not destroyed your happiness. I shall not leave you bound to a horror from which you cannot escape."

"You have no knowledge of what you may leave me bound to. If you can imagine a despair you could not brave, why so can I. As for the change in me you fear might come with the future, that is nothing but a foolish scare. You should never see anything in my eyes but what you see now—love, tenderness, worship of yourself, admiration of your brave efforts, pity for what you have suffered. Bawn—"

"She breathed a long sigh, and let her hand remain in his grasp for a few moments while she looked in his eyes with a wistful, far seeing gaze, and then drew it slowly away and again retreated a step or two.

"Could I, for my own selfish happiness, consent to live ignoring my father's memory, sinking my own knowledge of his goodness and innocence and the testimony I could bear to them? Could I hear his story alluded to, hear him spoken of as a guilty man and never cry out? It could not be. You must let me go."

"I will not let you go." His eyes flashed, and he advanced towards her; but she suddenly threw out both her hands and pushed him away, then turned and disappeared into her little parlour, closing the door behind her.

Rory, not venturing to follow her, walked up and down the kitchen, trying to calm his agitation, and with a faint hope that she might return. But she made no sign. Then he threw on his wet ulster again, and went out of the house into the storm.

He rode against the storm towards the Rath, where he had intended to spend the night, but soon had to dismount and lead his horse, which was terrified at the uproar of the elements. Peals of thunder now resounded from mountain to mountain, and in the glare of the lightning he saw the troubled valley below him and the dark rack of clouds trailing over the pass leading to Shane's Hollow. He thought of Luke Adare and Bawn's abandoned hope perishing together in the ruin, and for a time urged on his horse towards the pass with the intention of making a desperate effort to reach the Hollow, to drag the wretched solitary out of the jaws of death; for must not a night like this be his certain doom? Baffled in this attempt, he was forced at last to rouse the inmates of a cabin on the roadside, and to ask for shelter for the remaining hours of the night. The good people of the cabin, amazed to see Mr. Rory from Tor in such a plight, did their best to make him comfortable on some straw by the fireside, and here he remained till daylight brought a lull in the tempest, and he was able to proceed towards the Hollow.

Approaching the uncanny spot, he soon began to see signs of the night's ravages. Fallen trees lay across the beaten track leading to the house, and a wreck of broken branches strewed the wilderness. Making his way through these in the grey mist of the morning, Somerled arrived at the ruin, and saw at a glance that the long-threatened end had at last arrived; that the portion of the building which yesterday was standing had fallen in, and that the home of the Adares was now a pile of shapeless rubbish.

The catastrophe which Bawn had foreseen and sought to avert had come to pass, and with it had probably perished her hope, and his, Somerled's prospect of happiness. Confronted by this fact, yet unwilling to acknowledge it, he walked round the melancholy pile, seeking for the window through which only yesterday the voice of Luke Adare had reached him with his extraordinary revelation. Was that voice now silenced for evermore? It was at least possible that the creature might be still alive, though buried in his den, still capable of uttering a truth, of answering a question.

If he, Rory, could find him now alive, and take his dying deposition, receive his confession—if, indeed, he had such to make—might yet be well. For the moment Fingall had adopted Bawn's belief, and all the happiness of the future seemed to hang on a chance—the chance that this miserable soul might not yet have been summoned before judgment.

He found the window now almost blocked up from within by fallen rubbish, and wrenching away the rusted bars, climbed in through the aperture that remained. Having carefully observed the interior as far as was possible, he ventured to enter further, and made his way into a small space which, from the smoke-blackened wreck of a fireplace visible, he judged to be the remnant of a room lately inhabited. Sure that he had penetrated to the unfortunate Luke's retreat, he forgot the danger to which he was exposing his own life, and groped in the semi-

darkness, calling loudly, in the hope that a living voice might respond to his cry; but in vain. Exploring on every side as far as was possible, he was about to give up his search and return to the light of day when he stumbled over something less resistant than the stones and wreckage through which he had been moving.

The spot was so dark that he could not see what he had touched till he struck a match, which only made a faint, evanescent gleam of light, but sufficient to show him a human arm outstretched and clothed in rags, a clenched hand rigid in death, protruding from a mound of stones and rubbish, and which, evidently, a corpse lay buried.

Sickening with the sight, and satisfied that he had seen all that remained of Luke Adare, he groped his way to the window again and stood once more under the heavens in the wind-swept wilderness.

Men were soon at work digging away the rubbish, and the crushed and disfigured body was laid on a bier on the grass, while the excavators proceeded to make search for Edmund Adare, the only other person who had lately inhabited the ruin. Their search was in vain, and after some days it was given up, the conclusion having been arrived at that Edmund, too, had perished in the catastrophe which had closed the last chapter in the history of the Adares. An inquest was held upon the body of Luke, and he was buried with his fathers at Toome.

The proclamation intensified the excitement. It seemed to bring the mine nearer to every man in the colony. It was a formal admission that there really was a mine; it dispelled the vague uncertainty, and left an immediate hunger or greed in the minds of the population.

The proclamation read as follows: £5,000 REWARD! The above Reward will be paid for the discovery of the Mine from which the Natives of the Vasse obtain their Gold.

A Free Pardon will be granted to the Discoverer, should he be of the Bona Class.

No Reward will be given nor terms made with Absconders from the Prisons or Road-Parties.

By Order, F. R. HAMPTON, Governor.

Official Residence, Perth, 28th June, 1848.

But nothing came of it. Not an ounce of gold was ever taken from the earth. At last men began to avoid the subject. They could not bear to be tantalized nor tortured by the splendid delusion. Some said there was no mine in the Vasse, and others that, if there were a mine, it was known only to a few of the native chiefs, who dealt out the raw gold to their people.

For eight years this magnificent reward had remained unclaimed, and now its terms were only recalled at the fires of the road-making convicts, or in the lonely slab-huts of the mahogany sawyers, who were all ticket-of-leave men.

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

CHAPTER I

THE LAND OF THE RED LINE

Western Australia is a vast and unknown country, almost mysterious in its solitude and unlikeness to any other part of the earth. It is the greatest of the Australias in extent, and in many features the richest and loveliest.

But the sister colonies of Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland are famous for their treasure of gold. Men from all lands have flocked thither to gather riches. They care not for the slow labor of the farmer or grazier. Let the weak and the old, the coward and the dreamer, prune the vine and dry the figs, and wait for the wheat to ripen. Strong men must go to the trial—must set muscle against muscle, and brain against brain in the mine and the market.

Men's lives are short; and unless they gather gold in the mass, how shall they wipe out the primal curse of poverty before the hand loses its skill and the heart its strong desire? Western Australia is the Cinderella of the South. She has no gold like her sisters. To her was given the servile and unhappy portion. The dregs of British society were poured upon her soil. The robber and the manslayer were sent thither. Her territory was marked off with a Red Line. She has no markets for honest men, and no ports for honest ships. Her laws are not the laws of other countries, but the terrible rules of the menagerie. Her citizens have no rights; they toil their lives out at heavy tasks, but earn no wages nor own a vestige of right in the soil they till. It is a land of slaves and bondmen—the great Penal Colony of Great Britain.

"There is no gold in the Western Colony," said the miners contemptuously; "let the convicts keep the land—but let them observe our Red Line."

So the convicts took the defamed country, and lived and died there, and others were transported there from England to replace those who died, and every year the seething masses gave up their addition to the terrible population. In time the Western Colony came to be regarded as a plague-spot, where no man thought of going, and no man did go unless sent in irons.

If the miners from Victoria and New South Wales, however, had visited the penal land some years after its establishment, they would have heard whispers of strange import—rumors and questions of a great golden secret possessed by the Western Colony. No one could tell where the rumor began or on what it was based, except perhaps the certainty that gold was not uncommon among the natives of the colony, who had little or no intercourse with the aborigines of the gold-yielding countries of the South and East.

The belief seemed to hover in the air; and it settled with dazzling conviction on the crude and abnormal minds of the criminal population. At their daily toil in the quarries or on the road-parties, no rock was blasted nor tree uprooted that eager eyes did not hungrily scan the upturned earth. At night, when the tired wretches gathered round the camp-fire outside their prison huts, the dense mahogany forest closing weirdly round the white-clad group, still the undiscovered gold was the topic earnestly discussed. And even the government officers and the few free settlers became after a time filled with the prevailing expectancy and disquiet.

But years passed, and not an ounce of gold was discovered in the colony. The Government had offered reward to settlers or ticket-of-leave men who would find the first nugget or gold-bearing rock; but no claimant came forward.

Still, there remained the tantalizing fact,—for, in the course of years, fact it had grown to be,—that gold was to be found in the colony, and in abundance. The native bushmen were masters of the secret, but neither bribe nor torture could wring it from them. Terrible stories were whispered among the convicts, of attempts that had been made to force the natives to give up the precious secret. Gold was common amongst these bushmen, Armlots and anklets had been seen on men and women; and some of their chief men, it was said, wore breast-plates and enormous chains of hammered gold.

At last, the feeling in the West grew to fever heat; and in 1848, the Governor of the Penal Colony issued a proclamation, copies of which were sent by native messengers to every settler and ticket-of-leave man, and were even surreptitiously distributed amongst the miners on the other side of the Red Line.

This proclamation intensified the excitement. It seemed to bring the mine nearer to every man in the colony. It was a formal admission that there really was a mine; it dispelled the vague uncertainty, and left an immediate hunger or greed in the minds of the population. The proclamation read as follows: £5,000 REWARD! The above Reward will be paid for the discovery of the Mine from which the Natives of the Vasse obtain their Gold.

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CHAPTER II

THE CONVICT ROAD-PARTY

It was a scorching day in mid-summer—a few days before Christmas. Had there been any moisture in the bush it would have steamed in the heavy heat. During the mid-day hours not a bird stirred among the mahogany and gum trees. On the flat tops of the low banks the round heads of the white cockatoos could be seen in thousands, motionless as the trees themselves. Not a parrot had the vim to scream. The chirping insects were silent. Not a snake had courage to rustle his hard skin against the hot and dead bush-grass. The bright-eyed iguanas were in their holes. The mahogany sawyers had left their logs and were sleeping in the cool sand of their pits. Even the travelling ants had halted on their wonderful roads and sought the shade of a bramble.

All free things were at rest; but the penetrating click of the axe, heard far through the bush, and now and again a harsh word of command, told that this was a land of bondmen. From daylight to dark, through the hot noon as steadily as in the cool evening, the convicts were at work on the roads—the weary work that has no wages, no promotion, no incentive, no variation for good or bad, except stripes for the laggards.

Along the verge of the Koagulp Swamp—one of the greatest and driest of the wooded lakes of the country, its black water deep enough to float a man-of-war,—a party of convicts were making a government road. They were cutting their patient way into a forest only traversed before by the aborigine and the absconder.

Before them in the bush, as in their lives, all was dark and unknown—tangled underbrush, gloomy shadows, and noxious things. Behind them, clear and open lay the straight road they had made—leading to and from the prison.

Their camp, composed of rough slab-huts, was some two hundred miles from the main prison of the colony on the Swan River, at Fremantle, from which radiate all the roads made by the bondmen.

The primitive history of the colony is written forever in its roads. There is in this penal labor a secret of value to be utilized more fully by a wiser civilization. England sends her criminals to take the brunt of the new land's hardship and danger—to prepare the way for honest life and labor. In every community there is either dangerous or degrading work to be done; and who so fit to do it as those who have forfeited their liberty by breaking the law?

The convicts were dressed in white trousers, blue woollen shirt, and white hat,—every article stamped with England's private mark—the Broad Arrow. They were young men, healthy and strong, their faces and bare arms burnt to the color of mahogany. Burglars, murderers, gamblers, thieves,—double-dyed law-breakers every one—but, for all that, kind-hearted and manly fellows enough were among them.

"I tell you, mates," said one, resting on his spade, "this is going to be the end of Moondyne Joe. That firing in the swamp last night was his last light."

"I don't think it was Moondyne," said another; "he's at work in the chain-gang at Fremantle; and there's no chance of escape there—"

"Sh-h!" interrupted the first speaker, a powerful, low-browed fellow, named Dave Terrell, who acted as a sort of foreman to the gang. The warden in charge of the party was slowly walking past. When he was out of hearing Dave continued, in a low but deeply earnest voice: "I know it was Moondyne, mates. I saw him last night when I went to get the turtle's eggs. I met him face to face in the moonlight, beside the swamp."

Every man held his hand and breath with intense interest in the story. Some looked incredulous—heads were shaken in doubt.

"Did you speak to him?" asked one.

"Ay," said Terrell, turning on him; "why shouldn't I? Moondyne knew he had nothing to fear from him, and I had nothing to fear from him."

"What did you say to him?" asked another.

"Say?—I stood an' looked at him for a minute, for his face had a white look in the moonlight, and then I walked up close to him, and I say—'Be you Moondyne Joe, or his ghost?'"

"Ay?" said the gang with one breath.

"Ay, I said that, never fearing, for Moondyne Joe, dead or alive, would never harm a prisoner."

"But what did he answer?" asked the eager crowd.

"He never said a word; but he laid his finger on his lips, like this, and waved his hand as if he warned me to go back to the camp. I turned to go; then I looked back once, and he was standing just as I left him, but there was some'at in the moon that pleased him."

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The convicts worked silently, each thinking on what he had heard.

"He mightn't ha' been afraid, though," said low-browed Dave; "I'd let them cut my tongue out before I'd sell the Moondyne."

"The 'convict' service, sergeant, and a private trooper, side by side, with drawn swords; and between their horses, maned by the wrists to their stirrup-irons, walked a white man."

"Here they come," hissed Terrell, with a bitter malediction, his low brow wholly disappearing into a terrible ridge above his eyes.

"He haven't killed him, after all, O mates, what a pity it is to see a man like Moondyne in that plight."

"He's done for two or three of 'em," muttered another; "it's tone of grin gratification." "Look at the loads behind. I know he wouldn't be taken this time like a cornered cur."

Following the prisoner came a troop of "natives," as the aboriginal Lushmen are called, bearing three spear-wood litters with the bodies of wounded men. A villainous-looking savage, mounted on a troop-horse, brought up the rear. His dress was like that of his pedestrian fellows, upon whom, however, he looked in disdain—a short tunic, or cloak of kangaroo-skin, and a belt of twisted fur cords round his naked body. In addition, he had a police trooper's old cap, and a heavy "regulation" revolver stuck in his belt.

This was the tracker, the human bloodhound, used by the troopers to follow the trail of absconding prisoners.

When the troopers neared the convict-party, the sergeant, a man whose natural expression, whatever it might have been, was wholly obliterated by a frightful glare across his face, asked the natives to halt, and squatted silently in a group. The wounded men moaned as the litters were lowered.

Dave Terrell brought the water. He handed a pannikin to the sergeant, and another to the private trooper, and filled a third.

"Who's that for?" harshly demanded the sergeant.

"For Moondyne," said the convict, approaching the chained man, whose neck was stretched toward the brimming cup.

"Stand back, curse you!" said the sergeant, bringing his sword flat on the convict's back. "That scoundrel needs no water. He drinks blood."

There was a taunt in the tone, even beneath the brutality of the words.

"Carry your pain to those litters," growled the sinister-looking sergeant, and keep your mouth closed if you value your hide. There!" he said in a suppressed voice, flinging the few drops he had left in the face of the manacled man, "that's water enough for you, till you reach Bunbury prison to-morrow."

The face of the prisoner hardly changed. He gave one straight look into the sergeant's eyes, then turned away, and seemed to look far away through the bush. He was a remarkable being, as he stood there. In strength and proportion of body the man was magnificent—a model for the amateur. He was of middle height, young, but so stern and massively featured, and so browned and beaten by exposure, it was hard to determine

his age. His clothing was only a few torn and bloody rags; but he looked as if his natural garb were utter nakedness or the bushman's cloak, so loosely and carelessly hung the shreds of cloth on his bronzed body. A large, finely shaped head, with crisp, black hair and beard, a broad, square forehead, and an air of power and self-command—this was the prisoner, this was Moondyne Joe.

Who or what was the man? An escaped convict. What had he been? Perhaps a robber or a murderer, or maybe he had killed a man in the white heat of passion; no one knew—no one cared to know.

That question is never asked in the penal colony. No caste there. They have found a bottom where all stand equal. No envy there, no rivalry, no greed, nor ambition, and no escape from companionship. They constitute the purest democracy on earth. The only distinction to be won—that of being trustworthy, or selfish and false. The good man is he who is kind and true; the bad man is he who is capable of betraying a confederate.

It may be the absence of the competitive elements of social life that accounts for the number of manly characters to be met among these outcasts.

It is by no means in the superior strata of society that abound the strong, true natures, the men that may be depended upon, the primitive rocks of humanity. The complexities of social life beget cunning and artificiality. Among penal convicts there is no ground for envy, ambition, or emulation; nothing to be gained by falsehood in any shape.

But at this time the prisoner stands looking away into the bush, with the drops of insult trickling from his strong face. His self-command evidently irritated the brutal officer, who, perhaps, expected to hear him whine for better treatment.

The sergeant dismounted to examine the handcuffs, and while doing so, looked into the man's face with a leer of cruel exultation. He drew no expression from the steady eyes of the prisoner.

There was an old score to be settled between those men, and it was plain that each knew the metal of the other.

"I'll break that lock," said the sergeant between his teeth, but loud enough for the prisoner's ear; "curse you, I'll break it before we reach Fremantle." Soon after he turned away, to look to the wounded men.

While so engaged, the private trooper made a furtive sign to the convict with the pail; and he, keeping in shade of the horses, crept up and gave Moondyne a deep drink of the precious water.

The stevedes withdrew from the prisoner's mouth and forehead; and as he gave the kindly trooper a glance of gratitude, there was something strangely gentle and winning in the face.

The sergeant returned and mounted. The litters were raised by the natives, and the party resumed their march, striking in on the new road that led to the prison.

"May the lightning split him," hissed black-browed Dave, after the sergeant. "There's not an officer in the colony will strike a prisoner without cause, except that coward, and he was a convict himself."

"May the Lord help Moondyne Joe this day," said another, "for he's chained to a stirrup of the only man living that hates him."

The sympathizing gang looked after the party till they were hidden by a bend in the road; but they were silent under the eye of their warden.

TO BE CONTINUED

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOWS

A TRUE STORY

In the chapel of a monastery a priest prays alone before the altar where burns the fitful flame of the sanctuary lamp. It is the dark hour before the dawn. The whole house is buried in sleep, and the hum of the great city is silenced for a little while. He has been awakened from his slumbers by a light touch as of an angel's hand upon his shoulder and a strong impression that he must rise and pray. For whom? What matter? Are there not always souls in danger in the darkness of the night, and how few are there to pray when Satan, alas, is busy! The priest is chill and cold. It is the hour when vitality is lowest—2 o'clock. He prays silently and earnestly for an hour, then rises. But no! Once more comes that light, light touch, and he kneels to pray again. For the moment his mind wanders to the visit he received a few days ago. Yesterday, was it? No, the day before. Some friends he knew had come to say good-bye, among them that young Dominican Father who loved music and had such a sweet voice. He had heard his confession and sent him away, with a blessing, to sail next day for Europe. He had loved to think of the dear young fellow, so ardent and zealous and pure.

Another hour passes. The priest kneels on, praying still. His whole soul seems concentrated in agonized supplication for souls, so it would seem, in their agony. He has not noticed that the dawn has come long since, fair and clear over the sleeping city. The sound of the bells breaks harshly upon his meditation and he rises, calm and peaceful, though weary, to face a busy day. The clock in the corridor is striking 5; he has prayed for three hours!

The heaving bosom of the wide ocean, calm, wonderful, shadowed by

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a fleecy veil of fog that lifts itself now from the pale, cold blue of the heaving waters under the influence of a light breeze and now closes in again, dense and thick.

Five o'clock in the morning. Those who have anxiously striven through the long dark hours to pierce the impenetrable gloom are relaxing their vigilance, confident with the coming day. The fog-horn sends out its mournful challenge, but the passengers, anxious and weary, are mostly sleeping now. Familiarly breeds contempt of danger, even upon the sea. Hark! Was that a faint answer from the mist? Surely not. It is the echo that follows the blast of the horn. There is such an echo, as every one knows, that beats back to the ear from a fog-bank. Stay! Surely you heard it then? It was on the port side. Now it seems nearer an elsewhere. Hark! Was that a dog that barked? Strange, no noise and to hear a sound like that at sea, telling of human life and love and companionship! In the steers, most likely. How the fog ples up! Hark! Surely that is the echo of voices! What is that looming up ahead? Gone! Surely those are hoarse shouts! There it comes again. A white wreath coming and going. How sharp and loud the voices ring out, then die away suddenly in the distance.

The great ship, stopping suddenly recoils as from a terrible shock. A sound like thunder, the crash of splintered wood, the quick sound of running feet from every side. Despairing cries ring out in anguished entreaty. The wrecked pride of the beautiful vessel. Disorder reigns everywhere. Frantic men are fighting their way into the boats. They have pushed back the women and many are struggling in the rushing waters. See the fierce, frenzied face of that strong man! Is that a knife he has in his hands? Merciful heaven, he is insane! No, not yet insane, but maddened with fear. He has set his whole heart upon that which money can buy and has his golden gains—twenty thousand dollars, they say—in that belt that he has grasped in haste and wears outside his clothing. Death for such as he! It is madness! Fool gold is impudent here. Your gold will not save you and will soon lie, a useless thing, scattered upon the sands upon the bottom of the sea. The agnostic there was more fortunate. He, at least, was not burdened with gold and did not waste a moment. He got into the last boat, and when that poor pale face in the water came upmost and those clinging hands of a woman held to the rim of the boat and threatened a delay, with all those people above, ready to jump in and swamp them, he, it was, who took the oar and—Oh, in mercy say no more! The primal instinct of a man who owns no higher power is to save himself—no matter about the rest!

On the deck amidst stands a dark group of pale-faced men and women, half-dressed, some kneeling some weeping, some calm with the calmness of despair, some frantic rushing to and fro; some forgetful of self, tenderly quieting those who have more cause to fear death.

It is true. The wings of the death angel have overshadowed them. A few moments and all will be over. There is no hope. The captain tells them so hurriedly, as he passes, bidding them save themselves. Oh, if they could!

The boats are overloaded to the water's edge, and, alas, selfish men have pushed off. A cry of desolation impossible to restrain rises up to heaven, from whence alone help can come. Two or three Catholic priests stand comforting, absolving, baptizing with a few sparkling drops of water the groups of despairing hands. See that dear old man, with the tears running down his cheeks, as he gives one last thought to his people in the land where he labored among the poor for twenty-five years. This is his first vacation. The purse they gave him at parting was to pay his way to Rome. Who will guide his people when he is gone? They will be so sorry! He speaks to those about him and gives absolution. They have turned their backs to the onrushing waters, so near! Horrors! The waves drench them with chilling spray.

There is that young Dominican priest who sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" for them last night in the saloon. Such a melodious voice he had, such a holy face—yet so young to renounce the world! He had not tried to escape, seeing these pitiful souls and measuring in one swift glance the selfishness, the brutality, of the men who are rushing for the boats. There is another group of people kneeling at his feet. The Catholics are praying, beads in hand, having finished their confessions, made aloud and all at once. He has just made a profession of faith for the Protestants, and told them the desire for baptism will suffice, if there be time, and that an act of sincere contrition for all the sins of their lives will, through the absolution he will give, obtain from their God their pardon. As he speaks, he looks behind them at the merciless tide creeping in a great, rushing flood, higher and higher. Some one must be praying for him in the land they left the day before yesterday. He is so calm, so pitiful, and there is a glory upon his young face, as of a light behind the clouds. He counts the seconds now. His hand absolves them with the majesty of an apostolic command, and he looks up to heaven, holding up to their gaze the crucifix with the image of Him Who tasted the bitter-

ness of death because He so loved His creatures.

Hark! What is this? The young priest is singing, and over the lonely, heaving waters peal out the glorious strains of the "Salvo Regina" in that wonderful, rich voice of his. O cry of Eve's banished children, sighing and weeping in a land of exile for the glory of the Father's house and the beauty of Jesus' face! The song goes on, all his soul in every note. The eyes of the young priest hold them in a magnetic gaze. He will not let them look out upon the onrushing waters, and they, looking upon his face, as the face of an angel, seem to see only that—and above it the crucifix—held high for them to see. More and more rapturously those wonderful tones ring out, as if the world charm the people from every remembrance of earth, from death, and even repented sin, and lift their thoughts above. "Magnificat omnia mea Dominum"—"My soul hath magnified the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour."

The great vessel heaves and staggers, and there breaks in upon the sweet melody of that strong voice a shrill, discordant wall of mortal agony, soon hushed. Now the song drifts no more over the waste of waters! Life is over. The hero, who knoweth him? Who shall tell the tale? But the man who can thus conquer death is a man whose faith is true. Only a Christian could die like this!

The fog is lifted slowly, as a transparent veil from the face of beauty. The sun shines out in golden splendor. A light breeze kisses the sapphire sea and the wavelets, crested with foam, sparkle like jewels, glinting at the kiss of light. The glory of a summer morning is at the full.—Eliza O'B. Lummis in Rosary Magazine.

CATHOLIC UNITY AND PROTESTANT DISUNION

F. A. Palmieri, O. S. A., in the May Catholic

The unity of the Church is an organic one, and the denial of that statement, the lowering of that organic unity to a spiritual and intellectual confusionism, the apotheosis of religious individualism as the final outcome of the teaching of Christ, leads to the subversion of Christianity as a religion born of Christ, reflecting the spirit, and perpetuating in the world the life of Christ. The spirit of man with its errors, its weaknesses, its dark heavens, its failures, would take the place of the spirit of Christ. The daily changing waves of human oddities would supersede the unchangeable truth revealed by God. We would have not only a Christianity divorced from Christ, but a Christianity that vaporizes in the mists of an intellectual egotism or of vague and dull mysticism.

Our pessimistic forebodings are not groundless. They are being realized in the life of American Protestantism. The rapid growth of the so-called New Thought, Higher Thought, Divine Science, unity, New Way, which has gained 5,000,000 of followers in the Central States and Far West, according to a Protestant writer, "will produce types of purest spirituality, and will set free the imprisoned powers of countless individuals. Who can set the limit to the growth of religious movement without creed, which welcomes all who feel at home with the rest of the family. On the other hand, it will be totally lacking in unity; it will split up as indefinitely as the amoeba, and each offshoot will consider itself the true and only creature. It will be individualistic to the point of social selfishness, and as a body will be totally lacking in the powers which come from co-operation. In its protest against the over-organization of the Church, as it conceives it, it has gone to the opposite extreme, and shows what individualism run wild will lead to."

Such being the conception of Protestant religious unity, at the close of this paper we can maintain that a unity which fosters the spirit of individualism, which affords new ailments to the flames of religious dissensions, which culminates in confusion of thoughts and tongues among Christians, such unity the Catholic Church is not longing or searching for. She clings firmly to her own unity, a unity inherited from an unbroken line of witnesses to Christ. Certainly, she does not interrupt her prayers that all "may be one." She will follow with her warmest wishes and love the separated flocks of Protestant denominations, which are painfully toiling to windwards into the wake of Christian unity. She will wait even for centuries till she presses to her bosom her prodigal sons with a greater joy than her faithful ones. And in waiting for the restoration of Christian unity, she will repeat to her united flock the beautiful words of St. John Chrysostom: "The Church of Christ is not wall and roof, but faith and life. Talk not to me of walls and arms; for walls wax old with time, but the Church has no old age. Walls are shattered by barbarians, but over the Church even demons do not prevail. How many have assailed the Church, and yet the assailants have perished, while the Church herself has soared beyond the sky? Such might hath the Church. When she is assailed she conquers; when snares are laid for her she prevails; when she is insulted, her prosperity increases; she is wounded, yet sinks not under her

wounds; tossed by waves, yet not submerged; vexed by storms, yet suffers no shipwreck; she wrestles and is not worsted; fights, but is not vanquished, that she might make more manifest the splendor of her triumph."

MATTER ALWAYS DRAGGED IN

A matter always dragged in at the heels of politics—ecclesiastical discussions in the Italian press is the representation of the Pope at the "Peace Conference." A perusal of some of the articles would make anyone not conversant with the facts think that the Pope was fighting hard for a place at that hypothetical gathering, always with some sinister purpose which was to Italy's great detriment and most consequently resisted to the death.

This is sheer nonsense. It may be that the Pope desires to be represented at a Peace Congress after the war. He has not said so, but it may be so. Indeed, one may go further and say that he does so desire. He has no desire at all to adjudicate as to future boundaries of Belgium or Serbia or any other State, but if, later on, the nations of Europe or attempt to draw up a plan by which in future they could settle their differences without war and in other ways improve the existing relations, then surely the Pope wishes that any attempt on the part of the world to live as Christians should be helped by the presence and counsel if desired of a representative of the representative of Christ Himself down here.

Every good thinking man wishes the same. But one thing which is utterly untrue is that Benedict XV. desires to go to the congress to raise the "Roman Question." We do not know when or how the settlement of that question may come. If Pope Benedict XV. or only one of his successors thinks a settlement desirable on certain lines, then Catholics will follow: until that occurs they can possess their souls in patience—because the Church is going on forever all right and writes in newspapers are not, at least not the same ones.—Church Progress.

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST

By Rev. Joseph Huslein

The voice of Rachael is heard in the land, the voice of the Church, and she will not be comforted, for the loss of the souls of the young. How many of the young men in particular, who should have been her pride and joy, have been destroyed through indifference and neglect! How many are to-day spiritually dead to her! There are few problems of such importance to parents, to pastors, to our Catholic societies and to Catholics in general, as the preservation of our Catholic youth.

It is with the home itself that we must begin. The first to be concerned are the parents. They are their children's keepers, and in vain will they plead an excuse for their negligence. It is not sufficient that their children receive Catholic instruction, and continue and complete their education in a Catholic school. It is likewise necessary that parents never cease to watch thereafter over the piety, faith and morality of those committed to their care. They must gently but firmly oppose the first tendencies towards laxity in religion, which they observe in them whenever they appear. A break in the dike ever so small, though a child's finger might stop it, may be the beginning of a deluge that can destroy a city. Particular watchfulness is necessary on the part of parents when the new life of work has begun.

One of the first manifestations of decline is a lessening in the frequency of the reception of the Holy Eucharist. There is reason for disquietude when monthly Communion is discontinued. Every possible attempt indeed should be made that our young men approach the Holy Table weekly. This they should do even when it is not at times possible for them to go to confession, provided only that they are not conscious of mortal sin upon their souls. If this ideal seems too high, it is less than the ideal which the Church herself proposes in frequent and daily Communion. The young man needs it most of all.

But it is not sufficient to act only when the first signs of laxity manifest themselves. To wait for these is to lose half the battle. They merely indicate that harm has already been done which perhaps may never be wholly repaired. This is particularly true when the school years are completed and the years of labor have set in.

The evil has often begun, though unperceived in childhood and infancy itself. The serious effects show themselves only when the temptations are present in later years, and the immediate influence of the Catholic school has been withdrawn. That parents may therefore properly perform their sublime function they must needs always be exemplary Catholics themselves.

That our Catholic youth may not drift away from the faith, by gradually growing tepid and indifferent, Catholic parents must firmly set aside from the very beginning the false educational principles of our

day, which permit the child to develop freely according to its instincts and inclinations. They must deeply implant in its soul respect for authority, human and Divine. They must in particular preserve inviolate their own authority within the home, ruling it gently but firmly, according to the law of the Gospel. They must strive to lead such lives that, like the Apostle, they can bid their children to be imitators of themselves as they also are imitators of Christ. They must watchfully prevent the occasions that might lead their children into temptation, as they themselves avoid such dangers on their part. They must zealously provide them with a Catholic education and Catholic literature, observing their reading, their companionship, their amusements and occupations. They must teach them to value their Faith, and the grace of God above all things upon this earth. They must constantly seek to develop in them a firm and manly character that spurns what is base and disloyal to God and Church. They must endeavor finally to develop in them an intense interest in all that concerns the propagation of their holy Faith.

With this noble work should be combined ceaseless prayer for the souls of their children, as the mighty means of enlisting Heaven on their side. Let the Angel Guardians of their little ones be to them a God-given assistance in their sublime task; the salvation of the souls of their children, and through them, if they be, of unnumbered souls of generations to come.

Since Holy Communion is the barometer of the spiritual life, their frequent presence at the Holy Table should stimulate the frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist on the part of those entrusted to them. What parents themselves cannot accomplish the priest may effect in the confessional and our Divine Lord can bring about in the Sacrament of His Love.

The first responsibility for preserving the Faith in our young men devolves upon the parents. It begins with the earliest training of the child and calls for a constant and watchful activity through the years of boyhood and youth. The effects of that labor will continue, with God's help, as a saving, elevating and ennobling influence even to the grave of those whom they have guarded from the cradle to the maturity of manhood.

Measureless indeed are the possibilities for evil or good that are laid in the hands of parents.—Our Sunday Visitor.

WEBSTER'S WISE WORDS

The words which follow were spoken by Daniel Webster at a dinner of the New England Society in December, 1854: "In our day there is a more enlarged and comprehensive Christian philanthropy, and a conviction prevails, justified by the experience of our government, that all sects and denominations may be safely tolerated. We are Protestants, generally speaking, but we all know that the gentleman who presides at the head of the supreme judicature of the United States is a Roman Catholic. No man supposes that the judicature of the country is less safe, or that justice is dispensed with less certainty and purity, because the chief justice is a sincere and ardent adherent of the Catholic religion. And so in every department of our government, in all departments of the government, Catholics and Protestants of all denominations take part on equal terms. It is established as our principle that a man's religion is a matter above human law, because he is responsible to none but his Maker for it. Religion is a communication between man and his Maker."—Catholic Transcript.

A FUTURE LIFE

Sometimes we hear men ask the question: "What is the soul? How do we know it is immortal? The animals have life and intelligence, some people even think that they have what we call reason; yet we do not believe that they have a future life. What proof is there that there is one for us any more than for them?"

The principal and great proof is from Revelation. It is the gospel that has brought this great truth into a clear light. But those who disbelieve in the immortality of the soul and a future state do not believe in Revelation, and sometimes say they do not care for Revelation if they have no future life; so that we have to think what lesser proofs there are of this doctrine, besides the great one which comes from Revelation.

Now one of the great discoveries which learned men are said to have made in the present day is that nothing is destroyed or comes to an end. Things change their form, as electricity shows itself as light at one time and heat at another, but the light and heat are not lost or destroyed. We lose sight or sense of them because they have taken another form, but that is all. Sometimes we can even find them in another form. Organized bodies like animals and vegetables which are made up of different substances may be dissolved and go to pieces, passing back into the simple elements of which they are made up. But nothing is lost or annihilated.

Our bodies, indeed, which are part of ourselves, are dissolved in this way at death; but besides the body we are each of us conscious of having a living, thinking, feeling being which is ourselves. We are more sure of this than we are of anything in the world. If this inward soul is a real thing or substance, how can it come to an end any more than anything else? Why should there be any waste or loss in the spiritual any more than in the material world? It may take other forms perhaps, and be greatly changed, but it must be the same thing after all. And if our soul was made up of elements or parts it might go to pieces and be dissolved into its elements. Now we do not know what it consists of or how it is made; that is true. But our souls are ourselves; and as far as we can understand about ourselves and what we are, we are certain that we must be one and undivided. If we try to think of our souls being divided, we find we cannot do it; we can only think of two or more different persons. If, then, the soul cannot be dissolved or divided, what should make us think that it is of a nature to come to an end, when we cannot find anything else that has such a nature?—Sacred Heart Review.

GOD AND COUNTRY

It has always been the constant teaching of the Church that the just laws of a country must be scrupulously observed. It follows that a good Catholic must, then, be a good and desirable citizen. Devotion to God in no way clashes with loyalty to country. Our present Papal Delegation, Archbishop Bonzano, very nicely expressed the Catholic position when he said:

"Recent history shows that all your aspirations, even your patriotism may be suspected because of your religion. But be not afraid to stand up and say that your religion is its own defence; that in the principles of your Catholic religion lies the very strength and vigor of your loyalty and devotion to your country; that a Catholic's fidelity to his religion is the measure of his citizenship; that the American constitution is sacred to you, and second only to the constitution of God as outlined in the Gospels; and that, while you bow respectfully to the authority that guides the destinies of your immortal souls, you thereby all the more submissively bow to the authority that directs your material welfare."

The history of our republic proves the truth of His Excellency's words. It is not the man who fears God that will become a menace to our national existence, but the one who banishes God from his life. A cursory glance at the evils that threaten our social well-being today and at their authors is enough to prove this to any reasonable man.—Intermountain Catholic.

HIGH MASS

All Catholics worthy of the name assist at Mass at least once a week. It is the direct command of Almighty God, no less than a precept of the Church, that one day out of seven should be sanctified and set apart for sacred service. The faithful generally succeed in observing the directions of their religion by attendance at Mass, though this in itself is the minimum required under the pain of mortal sin.

In the ceremonial of the Church, elaborate and detailed rubrics are prescribed for the reverent and solemn celebration of the world's great act of worship. These rubrics are of great antiquity and were primarily intended for the celebration of the sacrifice in which many of the parts were sung. Hence the Mass is best understood when it is a High Mass. In itself it is a great liturgical action, with a beginning a middle and an end and all these parts are intended to stand out with significance and impressiveness, in the remarkable ceremonial which has been built up around the great act of the consecration of the Body and Blood of Our Lord. The low Mass came later. While there were many excellent reasons for its introduction, the fact remains that the idea of the Church is better carried out in the celebration of what we know as the High Mass.

It is deplorable that a preference for what is known as the Low Mass has become so noticeable among the Catholics of our time. To be generous in God's service means more than to assist at the shortest Mass we can find and that, but once a week. There is a mine of religious instruction simply in the ceremonies of the Church, and when these are followed intelligently, not only does there come to minds a better appreciation

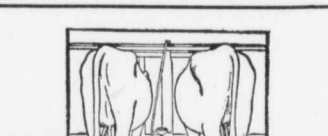
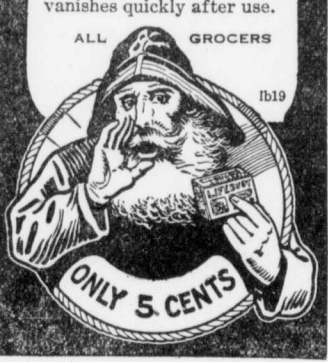
of the Holy Sacrifice, but also into hearts a deeper love for the mystery of the altar and more sincere gratitude for the graces purchased by Christ's redemptive death, perpetuated to us in His immolation on the altar.—Providence Visitor.

THE NUMBERING OF THE COMMANDMENTS

Some years ago we met a dear old Presbyterian who was quite perplexed on learning that, although he had been reading his Bible fifty years, he did not know that the method of enumerating the commandments prevalent among Protestants differs from that prevalent among Catholics. There may be some readers of The Guardian who was not familiar with the reason for the difference, and we take pleasure in reproducing for their benefit the article on the subject in The Catholic Encyclopedia. Father Stapleton, the writer upon this subject, does not say so, but one reason no doubt which prompted Protestants to make two commandments out of the material which Catholics compress into one, was to give special emphasis to non-Catholic horror of the Catholic practice of honoring the saints and statues of the saints, for when they could in the opening sentence be able to say, "Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven thing," they felt that an irrefutable argument against Catholic practice was at hand.—The Guardian.

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Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum
 United States & Europe—\$2.00
 Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L. D.
 Rev. James T. Foley, B. A.
 Thomas Coffey, L.L. D.
 Editors
 Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan,
 H. F. Mackintosh.
 Associate Editors

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.
 Approved and recommended by Archbishops Piacentini and Albertini, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1916

THE SHEPHERD OF THE NORTH

A year and a half ago in reviewing "Socialism or Faith," then running as a serial story in the Ecclesiastical Review, we expressed the belief that the mantle of Father Sheehan had fallen on the Rev. Richard Amerle Maher, O. S. A., of Havana, Cuba.

This novel—whose title we ventured to call unattractive, even repellent—has been published in book form by Benziger under the title of "The Heart of a Man." In this story we have a vivid picture of the conditions which make for Socialism and lawlessness and at the same time that call imperatively for the healing spiritual influence of religion.

Here Father Maher deals with a concrete condition—"a condition little better than slavery itself," to quote Leo XIII.—in a concrete way. There is no theoretical denunciation, no empty-handed destructive criticism, none of the abstract orthodoxy that leaves the real problem—the cause of Socialism—untouched. No; he makes God's priest go down amongst his people and face squarely the problems that enter into their very life-blood. There is no shirking the awful fact that their condition is little better than slavery itself. With Father Maher it is no abstract question of the doctrines of Karl Marx and the dogmas of the Church. His people live and toil and suffer and struggle to be free. It is real life with real life tragedies; the human heart pulsing with all the human passions and emotions. And all held in the relentless grip of the up-to-date Ebenezer Scrooge—the modern captain of industry, acting entirely within his legal rights while depriving his workmen of every human right, even the right to live.

LANGUAGE NOT RELIGION

Commenting on the introduction of bilingualism into the debates of the House of Commons, Toronto Saturday Night asserts that it is a question with which Protestants have only an indirect interest as it is essentially a dispute between "two branches of the Roman Catholic Church."

The London Free Press discussing the same subject says in effect the same thing and further declares that it originated with Bishop Fallon.

There may be differences of opinion on the importance or on the merits of the bilingual controversy, it may have been right or it may have been wrong to bring it within the purview of federal politics; but there can be no difference of opinion as to the necessity of being informed as to the facts before discussing it publicly.

We have stated these facts before. Nevertheless the statements of the papers cited above—and others might be added—demonstrate the need of restating them.

The bilingual question is not a Separate school question. It did not originate in the Separate schools, but in the Public schools of Prescott and Russell. Two Reports of Commissions of Enquiry may be had from the Department of Education; one in 1889, the other in 1893. These Commissions had nothing to do with Separate schools; they dealt with French (now called bilingual) Public schools.

The matter first engaged public attention in 1885. In 1886 it was the chief issue in the Ontario provincial elections. But then, as now, there was so much ignorance of the facts that the campaign degenerated into a campaign against Separate schools. True, that ignorance of the facts of the question is not so widespread as in 1886. But so far as it goes it is quite as pernicious and less excusable. Needless to say that if the whole province was convulsed in an electoral campaign over this question in 1886 it did not originate with Bishop Fallon. The Bishop was not old enough to vote at that election.

The bilingual question is not at the present time confined to Separate schools. Nearly all the bilingual schools throughout the northern part of the province are Public schools.

It is true that the trouble in Ottawa, where the most noise is made, is entirely within the Separate schools. If the whole trouble were centred there—and Protestants were only mildly and indirectly interested—a solution could be very easily found. If the English-speaking Catholics—and these include all of foreign origin who will have nothing to do

with the foremost leaders of capital or in the humblest ranks of labor.

Indeed it is characteristic of the wholesome, optimistic belief of Father Maher that he paints no evil character in unrelieved colors. Clifford W. Stanton, who controls the railway interests, like John Sargent in the earlier story who controlled the mills, has the heart of a man.

Interwoven with the lives of those whom the reader comes to love is the secret of the confessional—that tremendous seal of secrecy that can be broken for no consideration on earth.

Rafe Gadbeau dragging himself up to the bare rocks where the Bishop and Ruth Lansing have taken refuge from the appalling devastation of the forest fire, confesses to the Bishop that he had shot Rodgers. Ruth standing as far away as possible overheard the dying man shriek out this part of his confession. Jeffrey Whiting, whom the Bishop loves with a father's love and Ruth loves with the love of woman, is charged with the murder.

We shall not attempt a resumé of the intensely dramatic situation which develops. Suffice it to say that with his intense and unquestioning faith in the spiritual, with his knowledge of the human heart in all its natural human weakness, but his knowledge, too, of its supernatural strength, the priestly author realistically portrays the situation which only a Catholic—and perhaps only a Catholic—can readily understand.

Clean, wholesome, full of action and full of human interest; the spiritual always unobtrusively dominating and explaining the material, "The Shepherd of the North" is far and away more true to real life than the novel which makes the joys and griefs, passions and emotions of the human heart the ultimate motives of human conduct.

THE NATIONALIST MANIFESTO

Sane, dignified, forceful, convincing is the manifesto of the Irish Parliamentary Party to the people of Ireland.

"Either Ireland is to be given over to unsuccessful revolution and anarchy, or the constitutional movement is to have the full support of the Irish people and go on till it has completed its work."

Calmly, without exaggeration, in sober language they recount the victories won, the reforms achieved by constitutional means. Whatever success the poets, dreamers, socialists and anti-clericals of the Sinn Fein might have in the past, in the light of their recent futile and infantile recourse to physical force, the Irish people may be trusted to respond whole-heartedly to the solemn appeal of their constitutional leaders.

T. P. O'Connor's letter will throw some light on the situation both as regards Irish and English opinion.

It is hard to see how even a section of the people of Ireland could for a time fail to recognize that the Irish Party have achieved the greatest triumphs in the parliamentary history of the world.

In the editorial, "Ireland, Let us Face the Realities," from the Chronicle, London, England, we have evidence that the people of England are fully alive to the anomalies of the Irish situation, and it is well that Irishmen everywhere should realize that it is a grievous mistake to hold England, as a whole, responsible for what the best judgment of the overwhelming majority of Englishmen condemn.

A SECOND SPRING

Judging from the signs on the religious horizon of to-day, the great popular cult of the next period in the Church's history will be devotion to the Holy Ghost. As an evidence of this we might point to the increase of zeal with which both clergy and laity are entering into the spirit of the Pentecostal novena. When Leo XIII. ordered this novena to be made, his instructions did not at first meet with a very enthusiastic response. It is true that the people, unlike those to whom St. Paul preached, believed in the Holy Ghost; but their knowledge was too vague to call forth any spontaneous outpourings of the heart. This was due to at least two causes. First of all this devotion is so purely spiritual that it appeals solely to faith, unaided by any natural impulses. We can form conceptions of Our Lord or His Blessed Mother, we can idealize them because they possess our nature; but the Holy Ghost, being a pure spirit, does not appeal to the senses or to the emotions.

Again, is it not true, that the feast of Pentecost has often been let pass without any adequate explanation of its religious significance? Coinciding as it does with the month of the Sacred Heart, pastors were prone to lay stress upon the devotion that they knew would appeal to the people rather than upon the one which they deemed perhaps too spiritual to be adapted to the capacity of their hearers. We are sure that many priests will admit that the obligation imposed upon them by the decree of the Holy Father, to prepare the people by special devotions and instructions for the worthy celebration of the feast of Pentecost, has on the principle of "docendo discimus" opened up new vistas in their own mind, in which they viewed more clearly the wonderful beauty of the divine plan of sanctification. These instructions, accompanied by God's grace, have had a corresponding influence on the minds of the people, who have begun to realize that the greatest gift of the Sacred Heart to man was the Holy Ghost, who have begun to understand more adequately the meaning of that synonym for Pentecost viz., "The Birthday of the Catholic Church."

the case of new districts to stay away. The terms "invasion" and "conquest" are appropriate.

This it is that makes the bilingual school question a language question that affects all Ontario irrespective of religion.

The exclusion of God from His own creation. Outside of the Catholic Church the supernatural is ignored, if not denied. No doubt there are many individuals, outside of the body of the Church, who still cling to reveal tenets and who have aspirations beyond this world of sense; but theirs is the remnants of a legacy left them by their Catholic forbears, or a kindly gift from that treasure house of faith near which they dwell. It is not in any sense the property of the sect to which they claim allegiance. The only lodestone that will draw men out of this slough of materialism into which they have blindly sunk, and in which they are tearing at each other's throats and vainly groping for peace and light, is that Spirit of Truth, that Spirit of Charity, that Supernatural Power that came down from heaven on the day of Pentecost. That was the first springtime of the Church. The earth was void and empty of virtue, of charity and of truth. But the Spirit of God breathed upon it, through the lips of those upon whose heads had descended the tongues of fire, and the face of the earth was renewed.

May we not hope that a second springtime of grace is near at hand, that the winter of national hatred, the clouds of doubt and despair, the bleak, chilling winds of greedy materialism may give way before the kindly warmth of that Spirit that still dwells in our midst though many know Him not. If men but realized what the Church is, they would go to her for light and consolation. Armies, weary of slaughter, cry out in anguish "If Christ were but here we would go to Him, we would listen to Him, we would obey Him; but we cannot go to an institution, however venerable. It must be an individual." That is precisely what the Church is. It is a Person. It is the Incarnation perpetuated. It is the mystical body of Christ, animated by the Holy Ghost, Who is its soul. It was the Holy Ghost Who foretold the Incarnation, by the mouth of Isaiah. It was the Holy Ghost, Who wrought the Incarnation in the womb of Mary. It is He Who perpetuates the Incarnation through the ministry of the priesthood, who receive from Him power over the real body of Christ in the Eucharist and power over His mystical body, the members of His Church, in the Sacrament of Penance. As a writer has beautifully expressed it: "What the dove was at the Jordan, what the cloud was on Thabor, that the visible Church is now viz., the external sign of the presence of the Holy Ghost."

Today the Church stands serene and undismayed, amid the clash of arms and the wreck of nations. She can say to her persecutors with infinitely greater assurance than the King of the Belgians could say to the Kaiser: "You have not conquered my soul;" for the soul of that Church is Divine. The Church stands today the unswerving, inflexible witness of the truth; because she is the mouthpiece of the Spirit of Truth, Who guides and directs her. The Church stands today an unsurpassed example of unity in a world of discord; because she is animated by one Spirit. In very truth she is a Person. The same loving, kindly, compassionate, Divine Person. That, through the medium of a human body, shed tears at the grave of Lazarus and pardoned the penitent Magdalen, today, through the medium of a mystical body, which is His visible Church, continues to dispense His graces through the ministry of His Spirit. God grant that the realization of this truth may seize upon the minds of men and usher in a new springtime of peace, of unity and of charity.

THE GLEANER.

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question to the fore again and given renewed zest to the enquiry. Nothing definite, as we have intimated, may ever be arrived at on the subject, but it is important nevertheless that the attitude of so profound and penetrating an intellect to the subject of religious belief should be examined in its relation to the times in which he lived. Shakespeare stood midway between the Age of Faith and the coming age of pure speculation. He saw the crumbling of the ancient fabric of Belief and the rise in its place in the England which he loved of almost universal doubt. That he was sensible of the preciousness of the heritage which had thus ruthlessly been cast away at the bidding of a licentious king his plays abundantly prove, and that he found his highest inspiration in the Catholic ideals of the past no thoughtful student of them can deny. But that he was himself what we call a practical Catholic is by no means so certain.

THE LATEST contribution from a Catholic standpoint to the very considerable body of literature on the subject which has grown up in recent years, is that of the Dominican Father, Thomas M. Schwertner in the Rosary Magazine for April. His conclusion, we may say at the outset, is adverse to the poet's Catholicity, at least to his practical Catholicity. In support of the view that he was a Catholic there is, as the Dominican calls to mind, the undoubted fact that both his parents were so, and faithfully practised their religion. There is also the rather significant fact that seventy years after the poet's death, a certain Protestant divine called Davies, declared that Shakespeare "died a Papist"—a statement which may well have represented the popular tradition about him.

BUT ON THE other hand, as Father Schwertner judiciously avers, a man may "die a Papist" without having lived as one, and the evidence in existence is not propitious to the supposition that Shakespeare lived as a Catholic. Perhaps, adds the writer referred to, if we are to take Davies literally we might conclude that the great dramatist after living a life of indifference to religious practices, was vouchsafed the inestimable grace of seeing a priest before his death and of making his peace with God—which presumption is in full accord with his known reverence for things Catholic and his family antecedents. That he had, what the Dominican writer calls "an aesthetic love" for the Church, a good knowledge of her teaching, and the "ideal medieval man's reverence for priest and friar" cannot be disputed. But whether it be right or wrong, Father Schwertner affirms that the view which denies him the honor of being a practising or orthodox Catholic during his life, is the view steadily growing into currency amongst unpartisan students of Shakespeare. But whatever may be said in regard to his life, it at least, can hardly be questioned that the world's greatest dramatist, living in the period he did and sprung from the good Catholic stock which we know his forbears to have been, was in his own person and in the product of his genius the fruit of Catholicity.

IN THE course of a lengthy deliverance in the Mail and Empire on the subject of church union, as proposed between the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational bodies, "A Presbyterian Layman" refers to Milton and Cromwell as "men of faith and matchless fortitude, foes to tyranny whether crowned or uncrowned, whether ecclesiastical or lay." This is a good example of the reckless and indiscriminating way in which adherents of the sects are accustomed to refer to their fancied heroes of the past. That Milton was an Arian, and hence had no true conception of Christ's divinity, does not of course effect his status as a "man of faith" in the estimation of this representative Presbyterian. And, putting aside for the moment Cromwell's part in English history, his exploits in Ireland, his violation of the most solemn compacts, the massacre of Drogheda, and the pathway of blood, ruin and desolation which he left behind him there does not of course invalidate his claim as a "foe to tyranny." We hear much and deservedly in these days of German atrocities, and "scraps of paper" but even the modern Hun has failed to outdo Cromwell's perfidy and rapacity in Ireland. And yet these liberty-loving Presbyterians can shut their eyes to all that and

laud him and others like him to the very skies as saints and heroes.

REFERENCE to Presbyterian instability in this generation, calls to mind that Presbyterian Scotland is having its own share of anxieties and misgivings. The decay of dogma and the decided falling-off in church attendance which has exercised the minds of leaders in the Kirk and in the so-called Free churches for some years past show no signs of diminishing, and, on top of those evils comes another most ominous one in the declining birth-rate. A prominent sociologist who has been pursuing investigations into the subject, contributes to the Edinburgh Scotsman an article entitled "Stand Up, Ye Dead!" which a contemporary characterizes as "a series of appalling revelations," and which may well be accepted as such in face of the statistics furnished as to the progress of race-suicide in Scotland generally and in the city of Edinburgh in particular. Race-suicide, as it has come to be called, is shown by these investigations to be the policy deliberately adopted by a luxurious, selfish, and irreligious nation. A few figures may serve to illustrate this unpleasant truth.

FOR THE nation as a whole a birth-rate of 35.6 per 1,000 in 1874, decreased to 33.7 in 1880; to 32.9 in 1886; to 30.4 in 1890; and to 28.8 in 1912. And Edinburgh has been leading the van in this process of sterilization. In 1871 there were 84 children born in that city for every 1,000 of its inhabitants; in the year of 1915 this number had shrunk to 17. In other words, the metropolis of Scotland has deliberately sacrificed half its children in 44 years. It is worse than France, which under the aegis of secularization has been pointed to as the greatest transgressor in this respect. "To puritanic Scotland a generation ago," says the writer in the Scotsman, "France was often quoted as a solemn warning of the depths to which atheism and materialism bring a nation. Today Scotland as a whole is only four points behind France, and the city of Edinburgh has outstripped even France, and though this policy of the silent nursery and the empty cradle is a policy of racial doom, the land of the Covenanters and the capital of Presbyterianism have made it their own. They have out-heroded Herod."

AT THIS rate, continues in effect the same writer, in another year or two Edinburgh will be a dying city, and that which the poverty and hardship of the past failed to do, the prosperity of the present will accomplish. Race-suicide is thinning out the population in a way more thorough, more effective and more permanent than famine, pestilence or War. For these evils will terminate but the habit of race-suicide once engendered, eats into the very vitals of a nation in a way that nothing else can do, and in the absence of any fixed and authoritative moral code, cannot be overcome. It is in this respect that Scotland is more desperately situated than was France a generation ago. For, while France in its public life and in its government had apostatized from the Faith, the heart of the nation remained sound, and the instinct of Catholic faith was always there to counteract and to correct the evil. So that under the awful scourge of War, France exhibits at this day a regenerated country and a return of its people, long apathetic, to their highest welfare, to their allegiance to God and His Church. Scotland has no such recuperative power within it except it cast aside its heresies and return once more as a nation to its spiritual allegiance. And in the healthy expansion of the Catholic Faith in Scotland in recent years, so long banned and proscribed, lies the country's one solitary hope of spiritual and material rejuvenation.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ANCESTORS

"It is well to remember that some four centuries ago your ancestors and mine were Roman Catholic believers," says Rev. B. W. Boyton, a Unitarian minister, in the Buffalo Courier, N. Y. "That is the Mother Church, and whatever faults she may have had, we should not hurl abuse at our mother or applaud that course in others. The Catholic cause may be going backward in France and Italy, but it is going forward in Germany, England and the United States. This fact causes a contagious nervous dread in many people which breaks out in angry opposition and misrepresentation. It is like the attitude of children who are afraid 'The goblins 'll get you if you don't watch out.'"

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Overshadowing everything else in the War is the great Naval Battle of the North Sea. Germans claim great victory.

THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY SIX BRITISH CRUISERS LOST

The test of the Admiralty announcement issued Friday afternoon follows:

"On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 31st of May, a naval engagement took place off the coast of Jutland. The British ships on which the brunt of the fighting fell were the battle cruiser fleet and some cruisers and light cruisers, supported by four fast battleships. Among these the losses were heavy. The German battle fleet, aided by low visibility, avoided a prolonged action with our main forces. As soon as these appeared on the scene the enemy returned to port though not before receiving severe damage from our battleships.

"The battle cruisers Queen Mary, Indefatigable and Invincible, and the cruisers Defence and Black Prince were sunk. The Warrior was disabled, and after being towed for some time had to be abandoned by her crew. It is also known that the destroyers Tipperary, Turbulent, Fortune, Sparrow Hawk and Ardent were lost, and six others are not yet accounted for. No British battleships or light cruisers were sunk.

ENEMY LOSSES ARE SERIOUS

"The enemy's losses were serious. At least one battle cruiser was destroyed, and one was severely damaged. One battleship is reported to have been sunk by our destroyers. During the night attack two light cruisers were disabled and probably sunk. The exact number of enemy destroyers disposed of during the action cannot be ascertained with any certainty, but must have been large."

BY GERMAN ADMIRALTY A "NORTHWARD ENTERPRISE"

Berlin, June 2.—The text of the German Admiralty report, which is dated June 1, says:

"During an enterprise directed to the northward our high sea fleet on May 31 encountered the main part of the British fighting fleet, which was considerably superior to our forces. "During the afternoon, between Skagerrack and Horn Reef, a heavy engagement developed which was successful for us, and which continued during the whole night.

In this engagement, so far as known up to the present, there were destroyed by us the large battleship Wasp, the battle cruisers, Queen Mary and Indefatigable, two armored cruisers, the Achilles, one small cruiser, the one flag-ship of the destroyer squadrons, the Turbulent, Nestor and Alcester, a large number of torpedo-boat destroyers and one submarine.

The mauling received by a British fleet at the hands of the German high sea fleet in the Skagerrack on Wednesday night was serious, but not of such a nature as to endanger British naval supremacy. The reader would do well to keep a firm grip of the fact that it was "a" British fleet, not "the" British fleet which was so roughly handled by what Berlin admits was the entire German High Sea fleet. When the main British fleet, hurriedly steaming to the scene of action, appeared the Germans left off pounding the overmatched ships they had engaged and scuttled back to port. That was good tactics, and nothing of which to be ashamed.

The British battle cruiser fleet as it went into action consisted probably of eight Dreadnought cruisers. Four battleships—also, no doubt, of the Dreadnought type—were the other capital ships engaged. Of these Dreadnoughts three, the Queen Mary, Invincible and Indefatigable, were sunk. The Invincible and the Indefatigable were fine, fast ships, armed with eight 12-inch guns, and with what was regarded as adequate armor when they were built in 1907-09. The Queen Mary was almost the last word in naval design. She was completed only three years ago, and had a recorded speed of 31 knots. Her big guns numbered eight, and were of 13 1/2 inch calibre. Her principal armor belt was over two inches thicker than that of the other battle cruisers sunk. The Black Prince, Defence and Warrior, the lost armored cruisers, were all good ships, but Britain is still very strong in this class of vessel, and the Queen Mary in a naval armageddon ought to have been worth a dozen of such vessels. The eight destroyers sunk can be made good speedily. The output is continuous.

How serious the loss of life has been is not known. If the battle cruisers sunk suddenly in action their crews went down with them, and we have already learned that German warships do not draw out of the battle-line to aid drowning foes. The loss of life may total over six thousand of Britain's finest fighting men, trained in the use of the latest naval mechanism of war. That is the most serious feature of the battle of Skagerrack. The German loss of trained men, if the ships sunk number only three—a battleship and two light cruisers—would not exceed 1,500 men. A number of German destroyers were also lost, and it would not be unreasonable to add 500 men as a fair total for their crews. The British death roll of 6,000 or more will, if no other losses are reported, bear about the propor-

tion to Britain's naval enrollment as the German loss of 2,000 bears to the total of her trained seamen and engine-room crews.—Globe, June 8.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

SETTLEMENT OF IRISH QUESTION CERTAIN

SPIRIT OF CONCILIATION AND COMPROMISE PERVADES ALL PARTIES

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London June 3.—Seated in his room in the Hotel Metropole, which he annexed some time ago for the Central Munitions office, David Lloyd George has spent hours daily hearing all sections of Irish opinion. He invited the attendance of all the Irish leaders without distinction, listened to all, kept his temper with angelic patience, smiled of difficulty and turned angry remonstrances with a soft word. In short he never displayed with greater effect his immense rights as a negotiator. He also steadily maintained the position of supreme negotiator, acting as go-between and seeing the different parties separately, not together. This method avoided all friction, personal and political, has kept all parties comparatively free and has avoided exasperating haggling.

Mr. Lloyd George has been helped also by the excellent spirit in which nearly all the different groups met him. The determination to reach a settlement is equally keen in nearly all sections. This was shown by the willingness of all sides to make concessions. Ulster to the South's National demand, and Southern Ireland to Ulster's present objections to enter a Home Rule Parliament.

The final basis of an agreement is not yet reached, and especially as it is in the hands, not of the Irish leaders but of Mr. Lloyd George, who will make proposals on behalf and responsibility of the Government. Apart from the fact that Mr. Lloyd George has not yet completed his proposals, the Cabinet cannot discuss or accept them till next week. A further cause of the delay will be the necessity that the Irish leaders consult their followers before accepting Mr. Lloyd George's proposals. These consultations may not begin till the Whitsuntide holidays, but settlement is certain.

It would be just like the tragic irony of Irish history if the last insane and ghastly attempt to defeat Home Rule was to result in the advent of Home Rule. Undoubtedly the present feeling in England, except among the incurable irrecconcilables, is to approach the Irish question in a new spirit and to push forward the settlement of Ireland on lines which will be acceptable to the Nationalists and Unionists. It is hard to say exactly how this spirit arose, but the spirit exists. It was partly due, of course, to the fact that the supporters of Sir Edward Carson, both in military and civil life, were brought up with a shock to the results of their policy of gun-running and organized rebellion in Ireland. It is partly due to the reaction from the severity with which the rebellion on Ireland was put down.

Our papers have contained serious and disturbing cablegrams from America indicating the strong feeling of condemnation which these executions have caused among general American opinion. It may be said that this feeling is not confined to America nor to Ireland. The first people to protest against the continuance of these executions were the English Liberal press, the Daily News, Daily Chronicle, and more than all the Manchester Guardian. I understand that some of the Unionist organs, though they spoke with more caution, had their misgivings. The curious transformation of Irish opinion, was that when first these lunatics seemed not only to imperil but to destroy all chance of Ireland getting Home Rule, there was a feeling of such fierce revolt against them that no punishment was too severe for them. In a few days' time all this was changed; while during the insurrections period nine-tenths of Ireland were fierce anti-Sinn Feiners. It looked as if nine-tenths of them would be in sympathy at least with the Sinn Fein element. This feeling runs very strong at the present moment, and undoubtedly it is a serious obstacle to a calm consideration of the manner in which the Irish cause is to be rescued from the ashes to which these misled men organized by subsidized German agents had reduced the cause.

In London the feeling of course is a great deal less swayed by these natural and tempestuous emotions, and from almost the first moment after the suppression of the rebellion the feeling seemed to rise spontaneously and almost universally among men of serious thought and purpose, that this was the golden moment for putting an end to the disastrous state of things in Ireland.

Mr. Asquith's visit to Dublin came as a surprise to nearly every member of the House of Commons, though hints had been given the day before to some of the Irish leaders. The question at once arose whether Mr. Asquith had gone to Ireland simply for the purpose of making inquiries, and whether with that extraordinary power of getting to the kernel of a

subject which he so often displays, he will be able to come back with an entirely new view of Dublin Castle machinery and a new policy of Irish reconstruction. It was confidently hoped that he would not have a word to say for Dublin Castle; indeed one result of the Sinn Fein movement and of the practical impotence of the British Government to deal with it was the final extinction of all faith, practically in almost all quarters, in Dublin Castle. It was thought, however, that by those who knew Mr. Asquith best that his visit to Dublin had a much more serious purpose and that it was regarded as the first move in a great and vast political game. The moment this hint was given the movement for an arrangement spread like wildfire. I took the trouble one evening of going to a big public dinner and afterward to a big reception at the Russian Embassy for the members of the Imperial Duma, for the purpose of sounding opinion. I spoke to all sorts and conditions of politicians, Tories as well as Liberals, and I found that the opinion in favor of a deal was universal. The curious thing was that man after man repeated the same words. This is the golden moment.

How far will these efforts succeed? It is certain that the Irish position has undergone an entire transformation since the war and a second transformation since the Sinn Fein rebellion. The splendid response which Ireland made on the whole to the recruiting campaign, the consistent and courageous stand which Mr. Redmond has made for the cause of the Allies, above all the incomparable bravery of the Irish soldiers in the various battlefields, almost obliterated that old feeling of suspicion against Ireland which has been the chief weapon of the enemies of Home Rule. Though the Orange newspapers in Ulster still maintain their old rancorous attitude, though some of their leaders in parliament remained and still remain incorrigible, this phenomena had produced a profound impression on the sane and moderate section of even the Tory party.

The very day that Mr. Redmond made his great speech in favor of the Allies, Tory after Tory came up to me to say that he could never again feel about the question of Home Rule as he had before the war. Then came the Sinn Fein movement and once more the fact that nine-tenths of the people of Ireland remained outside the movement and hostile to it added conviction to the idea that the old suspicion of an irreconcilable hostility must disappear. The Sinn Fein insurrection indeed might be described as important, not because it revealed the hostility, but because it revealed the friendship of the Irish people to the cause of the Allies. It was in fact a revelation of Ireland which the movement of Butt and Parnell has created, and which of course in its very essence is anti-revolutionary.

The attitude, on the other hand, of the Nationalist toward the Orangemen has also undergone some modification. It became clear at the very opening of the war that any attempt to settle the question of Ireland either in Ulster or the South by means of arms had become an impossibility. Mr. Asquith in his speech at the Mansion House in the very early days of the war, laid down the doctrine that force could not be used against either the one or the other. That declaration stands, and it has been confirmed by events. The result of it is that the same Nationalists now approach the question of Ulster much more tolerantly. They were willing when the Home Rule bill was under discussion to let four counties of Ulster stand out. The historic conference at Buckingham Palace broke down on the question whether to these four counties should be added Fermanagh and Tyrone.

These two counties were in some respects the crux of the whole difficulty, largely because the forces of Orangism and Nationalism were so near in political strength, and because, as a natural consequence, feeling ran more high there than elsewhere. The Orangemen were fanatical; the Nationalists were fanatical. The difficulty of Edward Carson was to give up these fanatical supporters; the difficulty of Mr. Redmond was to win the principle that a Nationalist majority in these two counties should not be allowed the same quality of right as in the Orange counties to decide their future fate. Various conferences were proposed and on the whole there was a disposition to make a distinction between these two counties and the other four counties of Ulster and to give them special treatment in the form of an interregnum or something of that kind.

This close approach to a compromise recurs to many minds at a time when the vastly larger issues of the war place such a difference of opinion in a different perspective, and when the fate of civilization and liberty is at stake such differences appear much less important. I cannot yet say how all these things will end, but I retain the confident belief that we are nearing the end of the Irish trouble.

Nothing can excuse the neglect of the duties of the position in life which God has conferred upon us. All is delusive where these are not attended to, and made much of. They are, as it were, private sacraments to each one of us. They are our chief, often our sole way of becoming saints.

IRISH MANIFESTO

CALL TO PEOPLE TO SUPPORT CONSTITUTIONAL MOVEMENT

London, (Eng.) Daily Chronicle.

A stirring manifesto has been issued by the Irish party calling upon the people of Ireland to stand by the constitutional movement. The manifesto reads: Another tragedy has been added to the long tale of tragedies in Irish history. The capital of Ireland has been the scene of a mad and unsuccessful attempt at revolution. Blood has been shed freely. It is true that Ireland had been bitterly provoked by the growth of a similar revolutionary and illegal movement in another portion of Ireland, backed by an army in revolt. It is true that a grave responsibility for these events in Dublin rests on the leaders of that movement. These things will have to be discussed at the proper time.

It is true that Ireland has been shocked and horrified by the series of military executions by military tribunals in Dublin. These things have been done in the face of the incessant and vehement protests of the Irish leaders, and these protests will be pressed continually and strongly until the unchecked control of the Military Authorities in Ireland is abolished. But it is also true that, in spite of these bitter provocations, the people of Ireland have had no hesitation in condemning the rising in Dublin, as a dangerous blow at the heart and the hopes of Ireland.

THE ALTERNATIVES

On the morrow of this tragedy we feel called upon to make a solemn appeal to the people of Ireland to draw the conclusions which these events force upon them. We must leave no misunderstanding in their minds as to our convictions and our resolves. Either Ireland is to be given over to unsuccessful revolution and anarchy, or the constitutional movement is to have the full support of the Irish people and go on till it has completed its work.

We lay before the people of Ireland these alternatives, not for the first time. Indeed, except in certain small sections of the people, that alternative of a constitutional movement was chosen and adhered to for nearly half a century.

After the revolutionary movement of the sixties Isaac Butt proclaimed to the Irish people that a constitutional movement was the only sure and certain method of obtaining their rights. Parnell renewed that policy and that hope. The people of Ireland accepted that policy, and that policy has never been seriously questioned by the Irish people.

BLEEDING FROM EVERY PORE

What was the condition of Ireland when she was asked by Butt and Parnell to choose a constitutional movement? The Land System remained in practically the same position of entrenched omnipotence as at any period of Irish history. The tenants were the victims of extortionate rack rents. When the rack rents became impossible of payment—often even when they were paid—the country was bleeding from every pore with the emigration of her youngest and best children.

Rural Ireland presented to the world a tragic and almost universal spectacle of a nation in ruins; wretched cabins, insufficient food, rags instead of decent clothing, and the terror and abjectness of the slavery to the landlord. The labourers touched an even lower depth of despair; in houses unfit for animals, with poor wages, without land, they were hopeless in the present and the future. Beyond all this, the vision which has haunted the Irish nation throughout all its existence, of the recognition of its nationality by an Irish Parliament seemed to be as remote as at almost any time in her history.

Butt, Parnell, and the organizations they created, held out the promise to Ireland that in a constitutional movement there could be found a weapon sufficiently powerful to remove all these grievances. These grievances and the reforms they demanded were set forth briefly in the programmes of these different organizations founded by Butt and Parnell years before any of the grievances had even been touched.

NATIONAL LEAGUE PROGRAMME

On the suppression of the Land League the National League was founded to succeed it, and the programme of the National League, as adopted by the National Conference held in Dublin on October 17, 1882, was as follows:

1. National self-government.
2. Land law reform.
3. Local self-government.
4. Extension of the Parliamentary and municipal franchises.
5. The development and encouragement of the labour and industrial interests of Ireland.

The question we ask every Irishman to put to his mind and conscience at this solemn hour is whether, in the history of his country, the promises made by Butt and Parnell—renewed by their successors—and the objects of the national organizations have been realized or falsified. What answer can any sane or truthful Irishman give to such a question but this: that the constitutional movement has not

only won everything the programme of Butt, Parnell, and the Irish organizations demanded, but a great deal more.

For what is the record of the years which have passed since Butt founded the Home Rule and constitutional movement? Rack rents, evictions, the rent office, the rent warner, the bailiff, to a large extent the landlord, have disappeared from the life of Ireland. Two-thirds of the entire land of the country has passed into the hands of the people. The remaining third is in process of gradual transfer, and the soil of Ireland is now more securely vested in the people of Ireland than at any period in our country's history.

Tens of thousands of cottages have been built all over Ireland, in which, at a moderate rent and with a portion of land, the Irish labourers have been transformed from the worst-housed, worst-clothed, and worst-fed class in Europe into the best housed, the most comfortable, and the most independent body of labourers in the world.

In the congested districts grass ranches have been acquired and divided up into economic holdings for the people. Slat, roomy and healthy houses have taken the place of the miserable cabins, and there has grown up in some of the most poverty-stricken districts in the North-West, West, and South of Ireland a new Ireland of happy and prosperous homes.

The evicted tenants, who formerly were without redress and had no alternative but the workhouse or emigration, have been practically all restored to their original holdings or to other holdings as good or better. In so far as the local government of Ireland is concerned, it has been wrested from the landlords and is now in entire possession of the people, with chairmen and members freely chosen by the people themselves.

The Parliamentary and municipal franchises, which, in the days before Butt and Parnell, were successfully used to misrepresent the convictions and interests of the people, have been so reformed that the representation of three-fourths of Ireland is in accord with the national aspirations of the people.

BENEFITS CONFERRED

In every effort to put down sweating, the abuse of the truck system, the efficient administration of the Factory Acts, the safeguarding of the right of combination, and the protection of the interests of trade unions, the Irish National party have been able to extend to Ireland every benefit that the popular representatives of Great Britain have been able to obtain for their constituents.

In the region of higher education the Irish party have been enabled to bestow upon Ireland a National University, through which the sons of Catholics can find access to the highest conquests of learning for the first time in their history.

Primary and secondary education, the teachers and the schools, have all received an enormous improvement in revenue and position.

The tenants in the towns have achieved a charter far in excess of anything ever extended to any city or town in England. With England, Ireland has been enabled to share to the full in all the programme of social reform. Old age pensions have brought comfort and hope to tens of thousands of old men and women who otherwise would have had an old age of poverty and despair. The National Insurance Act has given to the workers of Ireland the same guarantees as to those of England against illness, unemployment, sickness and disease.

SELF-GOVERNMENT

Finally, the Irish party has achieved the last and the greatest of the objects of every Irish movement since the Union, by placing on the Statute Book the greatest and largest measure of Irish self-government ever proposed and ever achieved.

If then, the constitutional movement has triumphantly vindicated itself; if, on the other hand, a revolutionary movement has shown itself to be at once futile and disastrous, have we not a right to ask the people of Ireland to stand by the constitutional movement and to uphold it till its entire mission is accomplished? Have we not a right to call upon men in all stations of life in Ireland who have the duty and the power to guide the decisions of the people, to make a strong and united appeal to the people to choose the wise and to oppose the insane course of Irish policy?

During all these years which have marked this splendid march of our Irish people to the removal of their grievances and the realization of their hopes, their representatives, who were the faithful instruments in carrying out this policy, and especially during the last ten or fifteen years, have been subjected to the fiercest and the most unjust attacks. Their work, instead of being recognised, has been belittled and derided. Every weapon of faction, of personal hate, of journalistic insinuation, has been employed against them; and often they have not had the vigorous support which they were well entitled to demand from the people when, as was certain, the people was in favour of their policy with practical unanimity.

TIME FOR HESITATION PAST The time for such hesitation is now past. We repeat that the country

stands face to face with the alternative of futile revolution and anarchy or of the maintenance of the constitutional movement by the full and vigorous support of the Irish people.

Each Irish Nationalist has to put before himself these alternatives. We have no doubt what the choice of the Irish people will be. But it is on that answer that the constitutional movement and our future conduct must depend. If the people do not want the constitutional movement, they do not want us. Without their active support, we should be engaged in an impossible task.

With their support we can complete the fabric of Irish reform and Irish liberty which we have been building up for the last half-century. We shall realise all the reforms and all the hopes we and our predecessors in the constitutional movement have held out to them. We shall lead the Irish people into the Parliament House for which they have been praying and working for more than a century.

"I SHALL NOT CRY RETURN"

I shall not cry Return! Return! Nor weep my years away; But just as long as sunsets burn, And dawns make no delay, I shall be lonely, shall miss Your hand, your voice, your smile, your kiss.

Not often shall I speak your name, For what would strangers care, That once a sudden tempest came And swept my gardens bare, And then you passed, and in your place Stood Silence with her lifted face.

Not always shall this parting be, For though I travel slow, I, too, may claim eternity And find the way you go; And so I do my task and wait The opening of the outer gate.

—ELLEN M. H. GATES

WHAT CONVERTED NEWMAN

"This is the great, manifest, historical phenomenon which converted me—to which all particular enquiries converged," if we are to believe what Cardinal Newman tells us:

Christianity is not a matter of opinion, but an external fact, entering into, carried out in, indivisible from, the history of the world. It has a bodily occupation of the world; it is one continuous fact or thing, the same from first to last, distinct from everything else; to be a Christian is to partake of, to submit to this thing; and the simple question was, Where, what is this thing in this age, which in the first age was the Catholic Church? The answer was undeniable; the Church called Catholic now, is the very same thing in hereditary descent, in organization, in principles, in position, in

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external relations, which was called the Catholic Church then; name and thing have ever gone together, by an uninterrupted connection and succession from then till now.—The Missionary.

To wear a cheerful face when the heart is aching is not deceit. When a good housekeeper cleans the front steps and porch before she sets the house to rights, she does not mean to deceive passers-by; she merely shows some pride in her house and some consideration for her neighbors. We conquer our heartaches more quickly when we begin by considering the friends who are near us.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 8 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary,
J. M. FRASER.

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THOMAS SIMPSON, applying to the British Parliament in 1760 for a charter for the Equitable Society, based his petition on the following grounds:

"The great numbers of His Majesty's subjects whose subsistence principally depends on the salaries, stipends and other incomes payable to them during their natural lives or on the profits arising from their several trades, occupations, labor and industry, are very desirous of entering into a society for assuring the lives of each other in order to extend, after their decease, the benefit of their present incomes to their families and relations, who may otherwise be reduced to extreme poverty and distress by the premature death of their several husbands, fathers and friends."

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— JUDGE LENNOX.

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FIVEMINUTE SERMON

PENTECOST SUNDAY

THE HOLY GHOST THE SOUL OF THE CHURCH

By Rev. N. M. Remond

"And they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with divers tongues according as the Spirit gave them to speak." (Acts ii. 4.)

In His incarnation and birth our soul, can have no consolation from this feast of Pentecost, so dear and consoling to all who are animated with the spirit of truth, the Divine Paraclete. Let it, I beseech you, not prove entirely useless to you, but take the thought—and let it be an earnest, manly, Christian thought—to expel from your soul that foul spirit which occupies the place that should be filled by the Holy Ghost.

You must know that until you do your life is not only useless, but damaging; and should the final call come to you in that state, and you have no guarantee that it will not, your salvation would be hopeless. This is a sad consequence which you certainly do not wish should befall you. Why do you not, then, take timely measures to prevent such an eternal fate?

But you, brethren, who rejoice in celebrating this glorious anniversary of the coming of Him who is the life and guide of the one true Church, of which you are living and faithful members, and the life and comforter of your souls individually, whilst you pray to the Spirit of truth for an increase of His gifts, forget not to pray to-day for those who are not under His blessed influence.

TEMPERANCE

SOLDIERS WARNED AGAINST ALCOHOL

The French Soldier has been specifically warned against alcohol by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, which has drawn up an appeal to the Army and is circulating it by means of leaflets.

"SOLDIERS—BEWARE OF ALCOHOL"

Those who, like you, are exposed to exhausting labor, to perilous enterprises, and to strong emotions, are ever inclined to look to alcohol as a stimulant and a comforter, and to seek for it in the tavern, as a distraction from the monotony of cantonment and garrison life.

"Certain errors about alcohol are widespread. It is said to give strength. This is not exact. The truth is, it gives a false spurt of short duration, but a grave diminution of strength never fails to follow this excitement.

It is also said that alcohol gives warmth. This is true for a few minutes, but the feeling of warmth which spreads over the limbs after a nip of brandy is delusive and is soon followed by a lessening of warmth and strength. Men who take nips are far more subject to chills and to diseases to which men at the front are liable.

It is further asserted that in the form of a 'pick-me-up' alcohol stimulates the appetite. This is quite wrong. It would be difficult to produce any man whose appetite had ever been really stimulated by a 'pick-me-up.' These appetizers, habitually taken, lead without fail to disease of the stomach, liver and mind.

Lastly, it is maintained that alcohol taken during meals, as wine, beer, or cider, aids digestion. An important distinction must be drawn between 'distilled' liquors like brandy and 'fermented' liquors such as wine, cider, and beer. Alcohol is altogether noxious. The little drink after meals should only be taken on rare occasions. Fermented liquors, on the other hand, may be drunk subject to two conditions. They must be consumed in great moderation, which as regards wine, should never exceed one liter, (a pint and three-quarters) in twenty-four hours, and only at meals."

Sacred Heart Review.

THEIR GOSPEL

The Protestant pulpit has lost all sense of dignity, not to say religion. An still ministers wonder what is the matter with their stay-away congregations. Go to church—Sunday campaigns, "religious retreats," and placards are all lost efforts. Perhaps the wrong gospel is preached. The Catholic Transcript recently observed:

"Among the topics for Sunday services announced during the past month in the 'church services' columns of New York and Boston papers were the following: 'Are We a Nation of Dough-faces?' Is the Pope the Anti-Christ or Is He a Coming Kaiser? 'Is Neutrality a Farce?' 'At the Sign of Old Glory,' 'The Feminist Movement,' 'Ruskin's 'Unto This Last,' 'The Message of Shakespeare,' 'Labor and Capital,' 'The Fools in the Bible and the Fools in Greater Boston,' 'Plays That Preach,' 'The Eternal Magdalene,' 'National Preparedness,' 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' 'The League to Enforce Peace,' 'Preparedness: The Crisis of Our Day,' 'Getting Home from Third,' 'Charlie Chaplin's Half-Million,' 'The Restriction of Immi-

gration,' 'When Mr. Sunday Comes to Boston,' 'How to End Race Prejudice,' 'The Path to Prosperity,' 'Hypheans and Adjectives.'"

GODLESS EVOLUTION

Professor Wenzel, whom Hamline University has decided to drop from its faculty because of his materialistic teaching in regard to Evolution, is now airing his views on the lecture platform. He still maintains that he finds no place for God in the world of evolution. He would eliminate the Supreme Architect Who fashioned all things according to His own divine plan and would make the world, as it exists to-day, the result of blind forces operating by chance.

Professor Wenzel states his position in the following words: "I think the man who says there is a master mind is just as foolish as the man who says there is none."

We would suggest that Professor Wenzel delve a little further than he has yet gone, before he formulates unalterable conclusions from faulty premises. He is by no means as wise in scientific matters as his categorical statements would suggest.

Without entering into a discussion of the pros and cons of the case, we prefer to take the mature judgment of men who are recognized as leaders in the scientific world, all of whom differ from their learned confere of the Midway institution. To cite only one: The great French scientist, Fabre, who died a few months ago, was led by his life-long study of animal instinct to recognize the existence and action of God in the universe. He sums up his belief in a "master mind" in the following paragraph:

"After eighty-seven years of thought and observation, I do not say that I merely believe in God; I can even say that I see Him. With Him I understand nothing—all is darkness. Not only have I kept this conviction in spite of my studies, but it has become stronger and deeper because of the same studies. Every epoch has its fads; atheism is, in my opinion, one of the fads of the present day." And he added, smiling: "I should rather be flayed alive than relinquish my belief in God."—St. Paul Bulletin.

REMEMBER THE OLD SAYING

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH." IT IS TRUE

"A gentle answer turneth away wrath." It is one of the old, yet ever new, sayings that appeal to most of us. Every family has its little squabbles, if not something worse. Many of us allow our tempers to fly off at a tangent without much cause, and often we are ashamed when we look back to see how far we went on that particular occasion, when Elizabeth or John upset our dignity by some remark or action and we felt mad, absolutely mad, with them. Later, upon reflection, we had to acknowledge that our temper outran our discretion, and that, if we had the little scene to enact over again, it should have been very different.

But, if we remember that evening we were annoyed, our feelings had been ruffled by some foolish remark so that we were really almost at boiling point when Elizabeth happened to say: "Well, you do look glum. What has happened?"

Then, with the air of a tragedy queen, you said sharply: "It's none of your business. Mind your own affairs. It will keep you busy." You said this, despite the fact that only last night, listening to a missionary giving a Lenten sermon, you had inwardly vowed that never again would you give vent to anger. His sermon had been on anger, your predominant sin, and yet here you are at it again and flaring mad too—with nothing to make you mad but your own bad temper.

Does this flash of remembrance of last night's resolutions before the Blessed Sacrament silence your bitter retort? Sometimes it does. More often it doesn't. You just rage and rage about nothing, until Elizabeth is in tears, and you are on the verge of them yourself, only you rush out of the room in time before she notices your weakness, and hide yourself in your room until the cyclone is over, and you are spent and unhappy. You know it has been your own fault. If you had just said gently: "Please, Elizabeth, don't tease. I am awfully annoyed over something, and cross as a bear." At your gentle answer Elizabeth should have seen at once that you were worried about something, and instead of going on in her teasing way might have said something consoling, which should have been soothing to you and drawn both of you together in sweet bonds of sympathy. Instead—chaos, every one rubbing the wrong way, for such friction spreads like wildfire, and before it ends, the whole family is affected and your sharp answer was the cause of it all.

How often one hears that ugly sentence: "Shut up." One of the coarsest that could be spoken. And yet many beautiful lips repeat it within the family sanctum—lips that have nothing but sweet words for the outside world. We should be horrified if we heard other lips repeating such words.

Shall we ever be able to see ourselves as others see us? I doubt it. We hide ourselves in our own idealism, and we don't wish the veil to be lifted. It should discover us as we really are, enveloped in our own ugliness.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath." If we could only get that idea firmly established in our minds, what sweetness and charm it would bring in its train. People would be saying: "What a lovely woman she is," instead of "What a nasty, disagreeable thing that woman is. She just tries to make every one miserable, the way she catches up one if they happen to say the slightest word that is not agreeable to her. She made quite a scene the other evening when some one said: 'Is it true you are very religious and charitable?' Would you believe it? She took her own meaning out of it and turned around and gave the woman who passed the remark something to remember. She said the woman had a motive, and that she could give as good as she received; then she said some sharp things, and the poor woman who had happened to make the remark found herself in a regular thunderstorm of wrath. I don't know where it all would have ended had not Mrs. Goodness whispered something to each of the women which made them look ashamed."

Why can't we all be peace mediums? It is the natural mission of women to be gentle and kind. How much more respectful we should be if we learned the lesson of always trying to give a gentle answer to anyone who is annoyed with us. Some of the greatest crises in families have been averted by this means when all others have failed. We hear sermons on the pain the lasty word gives and the harm it often works; but do we really try to conquer this failing? If we did, there should be no call for sermons or lectures on the subject. Somehow it seems that the worst of us and the best of us are constantly engaged in a combat over this very issue. It is merely a question of conquering our own inclinations and our tongues. If we learned to study others, instead of taking so much stock in ourselves, the lesson should prove comparatively easy.

Too few of us give thought to the other person; we are so wrapped up in ourselves. A friend in the house with us may be silently suffering and longing for the word of sympathy which we so blindly withhold simply because we don't wish to see or enter into the sorrows of others. We forget the fact that it is only through sharing sorrow that we may know pure joy. Seemingly we would prefer to give the sharp answer and stir up passion instead of the gentle word of affection and love which helps to make life worth living.

As we sow, so shall we reap. If we make it a point to say kind words and perform kind acts we shall make ourselves lovable to all, ourselves included. It is something worth trying for. It requires only a little effort. Begin it by remembering, when annoyed by others and when you are inclined to be angry, to repeat to yourself quietly the old saying: "A gentle answer turneth away wrath."—Sheila Mahon in The Tablet.

HONORS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOLARS

A reader of Catholic papers the world over cannot help but note how frequently is recorded the success of representatives of Catholic schools in educational tests. The Catholic Press, of Sydney, informs its readers that the "wins" of the Catholic schools in Queensland for 1915 have been remarkable. These include nearly 100 scholarships, 9 out of 15 of the positions in the professional division of the public service, half the clerical public service passes, including first, second and third in each case. "When it is realized that these results come from the children of a section which includes but 22% of the population, and that not the section possessing wealthy advantages, we can appreciate," says the Catholic Press, "the splendid work done by our Catholic teachers. Not only are our children getting the benefit of religious instruction, but the result of public examinations show that they obtain twice, and in some cases three times the success in secular subjects earned by the State Department."

From the London Catholic Times we learn that the trophy awarded by the Council of the London Children's Holiday Fund for the best descriptions and drawings of country life and scenes has been won this year by the boys of St. Thomas' School, Wandsworth. Six special prizes have been gained by the same school. The distribution was made in Drapers' Hall by Miss Chamberlain, daughter of the late Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who was attended by the master and court of the Worshipful Company of Drapers. The acting charter of the "Guild of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of the Mystery of the Drapers of London," was granted in 1607, but it is doubtful whether since that date any Catholic priest has addressed the Guild and Mystery in their historic hall. The speakers at the function when the distribution was made were the master draper, Mrs. Glynde and Father Cooney, director of the successful school.

To round out this record of achievements of Catholic schools in far-off lands it is proper to announce that Sister M. St. Domitilla, of the Sisters of the Missionary Convent, Lower High street, Christchurch, New Zealand, who has achieved the distinction of passing the M. A. University examination with first-class honors in history, thereby becoming entitled to the Canterbury College Board of Governor's special prize of \$20, has had a very successful university course in the college examinations, gaining credit in history, economics and education, and last year, besides graduating B. A., winning the university senior scholarship (worth \$900) and a Canterbury College Exhibition (worth \$100).—N. Y. Catholic News.

THE GREATEST FOOL

A Catholic who had not made his Easter duty for many years was lying at the point of death. A friend of his, about to go to the old country on a visit, called on him to bid him good-bye. As he was leaving the house, the sick man said to him:

"John, do you see that hickory cane standing in the corner?" "Yes," "Well," said he, smiling, "take that with you, and when you need a bigger fool than yourself, give it to him." John took the cane and went to Ireland.

In the course of a few months, he returned, and having learned that his friend was still alive, and that he had not yet made his Easter duty, he picked up the stick, and off he went to see him. In the course of the conversation about the people and affairs in the old country, the sick man said:

"Why, John, I see you still carry the stick I gave you." "Yes, James," said he, "the fact of the matter is, I have concluded to bring it back to you; for, in the course of my travels, I have not met as big a fool as you are, since every Catholic that I came across had made his Easter duty."

We find the foregoing story in an exchange. We do not venture for the truth of the incident, but there is no doubt about the moral and the application thereof. The "Easter duty" is one that presses on every Catholic. It is the very least a Catholic may do, and still be worthy of the name. Why should Catholics jeopardize their souls' salvation by evading or putting off this duty? Duty!—it ought to be to them a most marvelous privilege.

Let no Catholic put it off till the very close. The "last minute" Catholic is of course better than the one who neglects the duty altogether, but he is not an edifying sight.—Sacred Heart Review.

GREATEST EVENT OF LIFE

A happy death is the seal of our earthly career, and no event of our life can equal it. If you were to inherit a million, yea, untold millions; if you had the fulfillment of all your desires; if you could live to be as old as Methusalem, and pass all these years in undisturbed happiness, in the enjoyment of perfect health, without the least adversity of any kind, you would say that life were worth living. And just what would all this amount to if you should not die a happy death? A happy death is therefore the greatest event of your life, to which you must look forward with intense attention. It is the great prize you must obtain:

"So run," says St. Paul, "that you may obtain it." (I Cor. ix, 24.) Who will guarantee this prize? Who will assure you a seat in the heavenly kingdom, a dwelling in the eternal mansions?

If there were a place in the world where insurance for a happy death and tickets of admission into the kingdom of God were sold, people would hurry there from the extremities of the world and pay fabulous sums to obtain them.

And yet the golden key to heaven is within the reach of everybody, the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the learned. This golden key is the Crucifix, for the Crucified is the fountain head of salvation.

If, therefore, you dread the coming judgment; if your sins fill you with terror and despair, look up to the Crucified on Calvary. There is your Judge, His arms stretched out to embrace you, His heart opened to receive you. Yet He is in your hands. Appease His anger now, settle your accounts and crave forgiveness of your sins. Love Him who has loved you with exceeding great love. Make the vision of Calvary your daily practise, the vision of Christ's Calvary and of your own. —St. Paul Bulletin.

NEW FORM OF SOCIAL REFORM

At the Catholic League of South London, England, Prior McNabb, O. P., recently made an address to the members on "Catholics and Some Social Reforms." He said that he desired some form of Catholic social action, and the first new form of social reform he would advocate would be the Ten Commandments. He considered they had never received a chance. They had a very unsatisfactory past. To-day in London if anyone undertook to keep the Ten Commandments he thought he would be interned. The whole of the social difficulty at the present time was contained in the words, "Thou shalt not steal," and another phrase, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." That was of the gravest importance

to members of eugenic societies and other persons who were on the committee of the self elect.—Catholic Transcript.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE AT THE END?

Life is very short and eternity is long. We know it. We are sure of but one thing in life, and that thing is death; and after death, judgment. Yet the great majority of people waste time all through life. They accomplish little for God and souls, and still less for themselves. It ought to stimulate our sluggish hearts to action when we consider the great things that the saints have done for God. They did not go to Him with empty hands. St. Francis Xavier, we are told, baptized one hundred thousand with his own hands, and the prayers of St. Teresa converted more souls than that. A St. Patrick brought the Faith to Ireland. In his shadow churches and monasteries and schools grew up. A St. Boniface brought that same Faith to Germany, and a St. Augustine brought it to England. "By their works you shall know them," is certainly true, but few of us would care to be known by our works.

Cardinal Manning, the great English Cardinal, who has been called "The Cardinal of the Poor," was an indefatigable worker. In forty years he built 1,200 churches and chapels; he founded 40 monasteries and 322 convents, 9 seminaries for the priesthood, 10 colleges for higher education, 2,000 parochial schools, 30 trade unions, and about 100 beneficial and charitable institutions. Of course, we can not all accomplish great wonders such as these, but there are few people who could not do some good for others. They could deny themselves some harmful luxury and send the money they saved to poor missionaries who daily are without necessities. If every opportunity is a responsibility, as Cardinal Newman assures us it is, many of us will have many discarded responsibilities to atone for in the next world.—Extension Magazine.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CROWD

Many a lad excuses his shortcomings and failings by saying "the crowd is doing it." Questioned as to his disrespect to parents and vulgarity of tongue the same response is given. Questioned as to his laxity in religious duties and contempt of morality again comes the invariable answer with the same self-satisfied smile, "the crowd is doing it."

Whatever goes wrong in his system, according to him, must be attributed to the crowd. What he says to a great extent is true but however not wholly so, for he can be independent of that crowd if he only has the desire, if he has a back bone of sufficient strength.

It is the nature of the boy to love companionship, to have not one but many friends. For a good game of ball, for a lively snow fight a number is required and so the boy must seek for chums if he wishes to enjoy the finest and happiest period of his life. Now in his neighborhood he will meet with boys of many varieties. He will meet the lad whose parents allow him to do pretty much as he pleases. He will meet the lad who prides himself on his ability to lie and who is not afraid to emphasize his remarks with an oath and who doesn't hesitate to repeat filthy stories. He will meet the lad who frankly speaks disrespectfully of father and mother and who delights to act older than he really is; and finally he will meet the lad who bears all the earmarks of a really good boy, namely, generosity, squareness, piety and a love of sports.

Let him join company with the first few mentioned lads and it will not be long before his own character will be formed in the same fashion. He may remain pure and good but the nature of a boy is very plastic and frequent association with bad company will work havoc with his soul and character. But let him seek the company of generous, square and good chums and he will unconsciously imbibe their good qualities and experience that supreme happiness which is the blessing of only the good boy.

It is sad to see a splendid chap delight in the company of those whose morals are loose, whose conduct is not above reproach for it will not be long before he'll be saying when called to task by father or mother, "the crowd is doing it." Scolded for being a slave to such a set he will perhaps rejoice "it is too late to pull out, so I've got to stick." A little reflection on his part would show him it is not too late. A little good will on his part and a rejuvenation of his dormant moral courage would soon set him on his feet again and make him bid a final adieu to the "crowd."

A crowd has a strong influence but it can never force one to lose his own self respect, his own purity, his own integrity unless that one obeys its dictates and allows himself to be enslaved by it.—Sacred Heart Review.

THINGS THAT WILL MAKE YOU GLAD

When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have come, you will be glad you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

You will be glad, too, that you kept back the nasty word which formed itself on your lips. Much of the sorrow of life comes from giving way to the spirit of evil and not listening to the angel of good when the two strive in the heart.

And then, you will be glad that you were happy when doing the small everyday things of life; that you served the best you could in earth's lowly round.

You will be glad that men have said all along your way, "I know I can trust him; he is as true as steel."

You will be glad you shut your ears tight against all the evil things men said about another and tried the best you could to stay those words winged with poison.

You will be glad that you were always bright and cheery, though sometimes pain made it cost you sorely to keep your heart sweet.

You will be glad that you have brought smiles to others, and not sorrow.

You will be glad that you lifted at every wheel which turned hard, and tugged back at none when the load was heavy.

You will be glad you have met all the hard things which have come to you with a hearty handshake never dodging one of them, but turning them all to the best possible account.

If you are glad of all these things, you will be glad that you have lived.—Intermountain Catholic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE ANGELS' VICTORY

The following is a legend of long ago, which is told and retold at the end of every season to the children of Spinalunga, a little town in northern Italy.

It was autumn of the year, and the children laughed in the sunshine, and even the older folks were joyful, the harvest had been good, and they had no dread of the approaching winter, for their barns were filled, and even the bins were overflowing with chestnuts and rosy-cheeked apples for the little ones. Everyone was gay but the Syndic, a wise man who ruled the town. He was a morose old fellow and the laughter of the children in the Cathedral square disturbed him and put to flight his wise thoughts for the city's good. But alas and alack! the joy of the little town was suddenly changed to sorrow, for the city was besieged by the Free-lance from Pisa. The townspeople, men and women, defied the 800 hundred horsemen and 2,000 men at arms encamped at their gates, and bravely defended the walls. Then the captain of the Free-lances rode with a white flag into the town and the terms on which the captain offered peace were singular even for those days. He asked on a promise that in the days to come, Spinalunga would never join the nearby cities against the town of Pisa, and as a pledge of the promise he asked that 20 of the children of the city be sent as hostages to Pisa. With anger the Syndic refused to parley on such terms, and had the captain not come under the white flag of truce the story would be at an end for the Syndic really loved the children after all. Wearily the siege wore on. The Free-lances played dice at the walled gates of the city, and mockingly called out that the inhabitants would be caught as rats in a hold. Inside the men knew they could not withstand the enemy much longer, for even well-filled bins have a limit. Then Father Agnola, who prayed in the Cathedral night and day, sought the Syndic and counseled him to accept the strange terms of peace offered by the captain, for he added with a smile, more of Heaven than of earth: "God and His angels have the children in their keeping." All the town revered the wisdom of Father Agnola, and at set of sun that day the council chose the 20 children to be sent to Pisa while the mothers and fathers wept. At dawn Father Agnola gave each one his blessing, the Cathedral bells rang out, and the heavy gates were flung open, and the children trooped out merrily, laughing and singing as they followed Father Agnola, who led the way holding a cross above his head. The women wept behind the walls. Father Agnola would have rebuked them, had he seen them, for their lack of trust in God and His angels. But even as the townfolk watched the happy troop, those whose eyes were not too dim with tears, saw a strange sight that dazzled them. In the golden October sunlight, behind each child, they saw a white-winged angel with a fiery spear—and as the singing children advanced towards the Free-lances, a wild cry of panic arose from the camp.

The horsemen fled in wild confusion—trampling the men at arms under their horses' feet, and leaving the wounded and dying in the fields—rushed precipitately down the ravine in confusion. And the children led by Father Agnola sang a song of thanksgiving, in which the whole town joined, and the song of the mothers was louder than all the rest, and held to a note of regret for their want of trust. And ever since then the children of Spinalunga play on the piazza of the great Cathedral and when men would chide them for their noise, some wise bystander relates this tale and reminds those who forget that God's angels are with the children now as on that October morning, and for the sake of their angels they play undisturbed.—The Leader.

"I DO NOT HAVE TO LIE"

"I do not have to lie; I am not afraid of anybody," said a boy when falsely accused of something which he had not done. It is a great thing for a man or boy to so live that he does not have to lie.

The beginning of a lie is frequently away back. It begins with some evil purpose, some wicked act,

some wrong-doing; and the boy who has got into the devil's net and finds himself crippled, and tangled, then thinks the easiest way is to lie himself out of it. The liar has a hard road to travel, and a very lone one. He lies himself into a dozen troubles before he lies himself out of one. One lie calls for another, and there is no end to the entanglements which come through falsehood.

The best, the surest way to "put away lying" is to do nothing that you need to conceal, or deny, or lie about. Tell the truth, and live the truth. As long as a man or boy will tell the truth, there is some hope for him; but when he gives himself up to lying, what else is there to be done. What can you do with a liar. Where can you place him? What is he good for?—Catholic Transcript.

A CHILD'S KINDNESS

One day a little girl looking out of the window of her home saw a number of prisoners from a nearby jail working in the hot sun on a summer day; they looked tired and hot, and she knew they must be thirsty. She remembered Christ's words: "I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me," and the thought came to her, "I can do both."

With her mother's permission she took a little bucket of cold water, with a dipper, and gave a drink to each prisoner in turn, refilling the bucket several times. As she went from one to another in her white frock, her sweet smile gave even better cheer than the water. The thanks of the prisoners were very hearty. One of them asked: "Little lady, what made you do this?"

After a moment's pause, she replied: "That is what Christ said we should do."

He lowered his head and said: "God bless you, little Christ-child." There were tears in the eyes of the prisoners as she walked away. Their hearts had been touched and softened by the kindness of a child.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CATHOLICITY STANDS ALOOF IN THE WAR

An occasional contributor from the Netherlands sends us the following remarks of a Dutch journal, the Heraut (Herald) an organ of the Reformed or Calvinistic Church of that country. It is the confession of Protestant mutual and inner and outer antagonism in the great war now raging, contrasted with Catholic unity.

"The Roman Church as she exists in the different countries now at war," says the Heraut, "exhibits among her members as wide a divergence of feeling about the causes and events of the conflict as is possible. The French clergy are for the Entente powers, ardently and unanimously, and frankly express their feelings, whilst the German Catholic clergy are equally outspoken. But the Roman Church as a Church is out of and above the controversy which divides the feelings and inspires the warlike polemics of her members. Whatsoever represents the great unit of Catholicity, whether in the Papacy or in the Roman Episcopate of all nations, is in spirit and utterance aloof from this divergence of personal views.

"As a World Church she stands above it all, and holds her members firmly united. She is spiritual enough to lift her members out of even this worst of temporal antagonisms; her unity has not suffered any less; her unity has not suffered any less. The Pope speaks words of peace to all nations, and not a few observers look to him to be the final mediator of peace.

"It does not help us Protestants," continues this journal, "to belittle the significance of so mighty a fact—its existence cannot be ignored. Whilst the war has broken asunder all ties of social life, as well as those of science and arts, the Roman Church and she alone, has preserved her international unity absolutely intact; she has thus given a brilliant proof of the solidity of her organic life.

In contrast consider how Socialism, one of whose essential dogmas is the international solidarity of the world's toilers has been shattered to pieces by the war, whilst not a stone of the Roman world-arch has been in the least degree loosened. On the bitterest battle-fields Catholics of the warring races have mutually aided one another in imparting and bestowing the comforts of their common faith; whether wounded or not they felt not the least survival of warlike passion in presence of their Church's call for mutual charity. Consider, too, that the Pope was able to assemble the Cardinals of the various warring peoples around his throne, in the very capital of one of the belligerent nations, to hold conference with him upon the prospects of peace.

"In presence of this spectacle we Protestants can show very little of this spirit of human brotherhood. All spiritual bonds between the great Protestant Churches have been cut asunder; the communion of saints and believers has vanished from among them. Christian love has given way before bitter racial hatred. Instead of the universal prayer of all Catholics everywhere for peace from German Protestant pupils resounds the loud cry: 'Gott strafe England!' English Protestant preachers have cried out the extermination of Germans like vermin. When a solitary peer in England pleaded for the ending of this awful bloodshed and in consequence was reviled and con-

demned, the entire Church of England clergy was mute, not one of the bishops gave him adhesion. How much higher stands the Episcopate of the Roman Church in France; for when the French government would imprison a cure for preaching the gospel doctrine of peace, the Bishops everywhere in France boldly declared that they approved the priest's stand. Not any synod of Protestantism anywhere has uttered a longing cry for peace; only the Pope and his Cardinals have done that, voicing the authority of the Church of Rome and of its entire clergy and people.

"The outcome of it all is," continues the Heraut, "the manifest fact, that Catholicity stands forth a World-Church, and Protestantism is characteristically a set of national Churches. Christ established in opposition to the national Church of Israel, a Catholic, that is to say a universal Church, taking into unity the whole world. He sends His Apostles to preach His gospel to all nations and to enroll them all as His disciples; the Apostles therefore affirm emphatically and constantly that in Christ there is no longer Jew nor Greek, Scythian nor Barbarian; and as a matter of fact the Roman See exhibits that Church today above all national differences—not a grouping of racial Churches but one vast World-Church. Protestantism at its very beginning made the awful blunder of reducing the one World-Church into many national Churches, standing apart from one another and with no bond of union among them, each having its insensible national character, each wedding itself indissolubly to a racial State.

"The Lutheran Church became German, bone and marrow, or Scandinavian to the core. The Anglican Church went so far as to accept the English king as its supreme head in all things, whether temporal or spiritual, and has ever been ruled by act of Parliament.

"The only Protestant leader who saw the peril of all this was John Calvin, who advocated Protestant unity by means of a general synod of all Protestant Churches. But his voice in this matter was that of one preaching to the sands of the desert. His book on the Harmony of Profession was futile. In our own Netherlands, the synod of Dordrecht made another appeal for such unification—equally vain. All the Reformed Churches in every country in the world are separatist to the bone."—Providence Visitor.

PARENTS AND VOCATIONS

Why do not parents help to foster the vocations of their children toward the Church? The priest, the confessor, the nun endeavor to guide a boy who shows a special love for the sanctuary, or a girl whose affections appear centered in the life of the convent. In the meantime what are the parents doing about it? Very often they discourage it. Their motives may be wise, to allow the child to think for himself and to decide only after mature deliberation. Again, frequently these motives are selfish. The parents cherish ambitions for their children. They wish to see them enter business or the professions, and bring luster on the family name. The girl must marry and be a credit to society, and incidentally to shed honor on the family, and perhaps raise her family a step higher on the social ladder.

All this may be laudable in itself and based on the best of motives. But what if a child prefers a life dedicated to God in the Church or the convent? Too often, alas! the parents begin to place obstacles in the way of that favored child. Is this the gratitude for all the parental care and solicitude? Is it proper to bury oneself in a life of sacrifice, when one could so easily rise in the world? If there were no future world it might savor somewhat of eccentricity to thus voluntarily ostracize oneself from home and family. But faith says there is a future, and a mighty serious one. Moreover, faith tells us that there are countless souls to be saved, and that their salvation, under God, must be effected through the work of priests and nuns. Hence, the world and the Church have need of these two classes of persons consecrated to God. Heaven itself needs them, for they are the instruments of Divine Providence in leading men to an eternity of happiness.

Now, if parents really have strong faith and if they have the essential happiness of their children at heart, should they not rather seek to encourage a vocation when it begins to manifest itself? Should they not look early for the signs that point to a divine calling; may, should they not even pray that God may favor their family with the call of one of its members to serve Him in the exalted state of the priesthood or the religious life of the nun? In those states grace is more abundant, the practice of exalting virtue is rendered more feasible, the perils and temptations of life are manifested, or easily overcome.

If you are seeking dignity and honor for your child, where else will you find it more copious than in the state which makes the child a member of the very household of God Himself? Can you imagine a battlefield of slaughter, or a terrible disaster like that of the Eastland horror, with no priest or nun to soothe the dying? Can you perceive the pictures of untold millions dying without the ministrations of the sacraments or the consoling hands of

charity? Does not your Catholic heart beat high with pride in your religion when you read the accounts of men and women—priests and nuns—who go to pagan lands and there lay down their lives for the conversion and the welfare of souls? Can you even imagine yourself on your dying bed of pain without a priest to whisper to you the consolations of religion, or to impart to you the sacraments which Christ intended for you at that very hour?

Well, then, if all parents prevented their children from becoming priests or nuns such pictures would soon become realities.

Parents, now is the best time for you to study the inclinations of your child. If you discover the faintest sign of a divine vocation do not try to throttle it, or dissipate it; foster and cherish it; encourage it without enforcing its growth; pray to God to strengthen the call, to confirm it with His grace, and then like Abraham of old, lay that precious offering on the altar of the Almighty. You may often have desired to make some heroic sacrifice to show your deep love of God; there is your opportunity.—Brooklyn Tablet.

THE NEW VALUE

It may be our privilege to appreciate humanity at its real value in the beautiful days to come. Up to now the civilized world as a whole has neglected the living, eternal worth of humanity for the artificial, temporal value of gold, silver and base coin. The power of the will has been recognized, but misdirected, and there has been an abundance of work, but an insufficient vision. Two great bodies have realized the mistake—the Catholic Church and Socialism—but only the former can offer a happy solution of the difficulties which have arisen in the past, and which will crop up in the future. The Church declares that mankind has rights, and also that these rights are gifts from God; while Socialism, by discounting the lasting value not only of a spiritual Lord and Master, but of an all-powerful Ally, has limited its powers, become self-sufficient, and shown itself as a threat to humanity instead of a radiant promise of fair things. Socialism sees our greatness in being sons of men; the Church assures us that above all we are sons of God. The Church declares the dignity of man; Socialism stands for his arrogance.

The value, which to many will be new, is the immortal value that God placed upon humanity when He gave His only Son for its redemption. Man must have been in desperate straits that the price of his salvation should be so great—but God so loved the world. The crucifixion has given us a value which nothing can lessen. We are sinners, indeed—but we are called, expected to be saints.

Who has made the cruel mistake that has led to this war, in which vast numbers of men are victims? A rich and powerful minority, by treating the majority as another and lesser creation, sufficiently alike to be offensive. This assertion will be denied by many, but I believe in its truth. If this be not a fact, why have the classes in possession, even when they desired to be kind and just, stooped to unwarranted condescension, instead of doing their natural duty to brethren, wholeheartedly, and with respect? To know humanity, we must love it; and to love it sufficiently, we must rise above the unimportant distinctions of class, and see sincerely and truly man in the image and likeness of God. Will it be hard? If so, we must make the effort and educate our ignorance, and we shall discover that this, our noble mission, is a splendid adventure, a speeding toward the Christian solution of difficulties that are pressing even now.

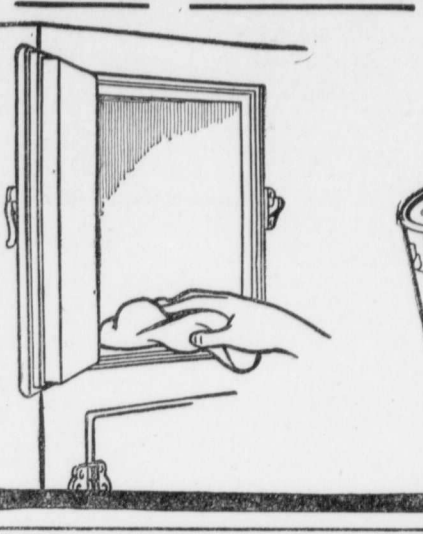
Oh, now is the acceptable time: Let us rise up and do good. All classes have their great virtue, and goodness is the only material worth our working upon. The rich and the poor must not only draw near together, they must walk hand in hand, intent on the uplifting, the salvation of the world. Let us not forget that many of those who have gone out to fight for us will return. It would be glorious if we could show them the new England whose value shines in the face of heaven. Otherwise, I can almost see their disappointment, for they must have grown simple and wise; I can almost hear their question: "What went out to save?"—Armel O'Connor, in London Universe.

AS TO QUOTING THE BIBLE

"We advocate the study and the reading of the Bible," says the Baltimore Catholic Review. "We exhort all to obtain as perfect a knowledge of its content as they can. It can be used, if the devout and unbelieving wish, even as a book of literature and lofty inspiration in the secular sense. But we would admonish all, that even if they do not admit its sacred character, every sentence has a definite meaning, and every word a peculiar sense, and we should use it either unless we are sure we have mastered both. And more—we must be possessed of that exact meaning and sense, when we use texts to prove or illustrate an idea we are presenting. We should quote exactly, and we should not quote simply because the sound of the word, or the apparent meaning of the sentence, seems to favor our view. An incalculable amount of harm has been done by men who do not quote the Bible straight, and who quote it wrong."

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Old Dutch



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And the Safford water circulation is rapid, because after being heated, it has only one-third the distance to travel to get out of the fire-pot that the water in an ordinary boiler has. It circulates three times as rapidly.

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THE IRONY OF TIME

Ever and anon one has cause to note how the whirligig of Time brings in its revenges. Not a great number of years ago there was a multitude which looked unmoved upon the draining away by emigration of the life-blood, the youth and vigour, of Ireland; not even the recruiting-sergeant of those days cried "Stop it!" and no indignant "Letter-to-the-Editor" patriot protested against it. True, the Irish Times in 1898 sounded a note of warning when it said that the loss of 100,000 persons annually, chiefly of the labouring classes, and generally strong, active, and well-built, afforded matter for serious consideration, as it went to increase the strength and power of America. But the drain continued, was allowed to continue and only now is it realised what the loss of that population means to us, and how much wiser our statesmen would have been to keep the emigrants at home by affording them the same chances of progressing as they received in America. "Old sins have long shadows," the bullocks and the sheep, to make room for which whole families were evicted and forced to emigrate, can scarcely take the place of the Michael O'Learys we might have had. Again, there has been much preaching, even from "respectable" quarters, of the abominable practice of race-suicide, called, of course, by another name. Certain of the worthies who pry into the affairs of the poor, and decide how they should spend their earnings, took upon themselves to reproach the labourer's wife for not limiting her family. It mattered less that thorns should be filled in Heaven, even by children of the poor, than that the rates should be kept down, and there was more wrath expended over "indiscriminate charity" than over the industrial conditions which rendered charity a necessity. Now the war is relieving us of our "surplus population"—odious phrase!—and societies and agencies are at work to save infant-life, and to teach mothers how to take care of their babies; it is realised that even the poor man's child is "a valuable asset." Another "revenge" brought in by Time's whirligig is expressed in the words of Isaiah: "The children of them that afflict Thee shall come bowing down to Thee, and they that slandered Thee shall worship the steps of Thy feet." We have seen the literal fulfilment of that prophecy. To give a few concrete examples, the lineal descendant of the gloomy Puritan, Richard Baxter, is a Catholic, and a constant contributor to Catholic publications; the son of that Archbishop of Canterbury who contemptuously spoke of the Catholic Church as "the Roman Mission," became an outstanding figure in that Church, and men of all creeds and no creeds had to acknowledge the power and the ability of Robert Hugh Benson, the daughter of bitter old Kingsley, Newman's foe, and author of one of the grossest anti-Catholic travesties of history, became a Catholic, and in her novel, "The Far Horizon," paid a lofty tribute to the Church which Kingsley slandered. At Castle Bellingham may be seen a pair of candlesticks which were used by William of Orange and given by him to his aide-de-camp, the Bellingham of that day; now the Bellinghams are Catholic, and the candlesticks are on the altar in the private chapel at the Castle. How many converts have been made during the war probably we shall never know on earth. The Reformers wrecked and plundered the Catholic churches, abolished as far as they could the Mass, stripped the sanctuaries, desecrated the shrines, and set up the abomination of desolation in the holy places. Now their spiritual descendants make moan over empty churches, lapsed masses, irreligion and indifference, and have to resort to all sorts of fantastic devices to half-fill the pews even once a week; whilst amongst Catholics the Sacrifice of the Mass is the all-sufficient magnet and still can draw the people forth, and the Catholic clergy have not to employ either a magic-lantern or a variety artist in order to gather a congregation, nor have they to preach on current "sensations," the preaching of the Gospel still being enough. The reformers destroyed the Crucifix and taught their followers to regard it as an object and emblem of Romish idolatry and superstition; to possess one or a rosary was a penal offence; prayers for the dead belonged also to Romish superstitions. To-day non-Catholics have told us how the preservation of the Crucifix during the havoc of war has impressed them, and how they interpreted it to a spiritual significance; Protestant soldiers have eagerly sought to obtain crucifixes, medals and rosaries; and "memorial services" are things of almost every day, prayers for the dead no longer one of the things not to be named amongst Protestants. "She is the wild beast that strains at her chains to tear and mangle

as of yore. . . . You are only safe so long as you are strong enough to smash her. There is no remission in this war and I pledge myself, and I ask you to pledge yourselves, God helping us, henceforth to withstand and drive back the portentous system of absurdity and corruption, and tyranny and inhumanity that is known as Romanism." So in 1911 spoke Mr. Kerr, a Protestant parson in Ireland. What a comment on his remarks is the present crisis! It is the Protestant power that violated its solemn pledges, the "Romanist" that kept them, sacrificing all things for justice sake. One wonders if Mr. Kerr would repeat his words to-day in presence of Cardinal Mercier and Albert of Belgium, the ripe fruits of "the portentous system" he denounced in true street-corner style. It is one of life's little ironies that to-day his sort of talk is applied to the hitherto-dear land of Luther—Luther who did what he could to "smash" Romanism. Possibly the orator quoted is among those who think that the Head of "the portentous system" to be "smashed" should violate his neutrality by condemning Germany, and is worried because all the swords of all the Romanists in Ireland have not leaped from their scabbards to protect him and his kind against that finished flower of Protestantism, the Kaiser. Mr. Kerr's title for the Catholic clergy was "narrow-souled Italian ecclesiastics." Well, there is a good word to be said even for Italians in these days of storm and stress and alliances. "And thus the whirligig of Time brings in its revenges." Of all peoples, Catholics can best afford to wait and see.—M. C. L. in Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

BEAUTIFUL BUT PROVOCATIVE

Military Masses in camps and navy yards will make the enemies of the Church militant, indeed. They soon hope to be acknowledged the commander in chief of the army and navy of the Republic. They will furnish forth inspiration for many a fervid denunciation of Rome and the aggressions of Rome. Still, the provocation may as well come from such ceremonies as from anything else. The chief crime of the Catholic Church is her existence, her prosperity and the unique power which she exercises over the minds and hearts of her faithful. In this she resembles her divine Founder. If the other religious communions which claim the same origin are not equally potent and successful it is because they have broken away from the center of unity and drifted far from Christ and His spirit. They feel their isolation, realizing their inability to cope with the exigencies of the soul and the demands of modern life, they fall to reviling the ancient Church, attributing to her ambitions and aggressions of which she is innocent and for whose consummation none but the insane could possibly bring themselves to hope.

The Pope as commander in chief of the American army and navy would be a decidedly picturesque functionary. Why not make him potentate plenipotentiary for all the nations—king of kings and lord of lords? For no sooner would he be master of the United States than his ambition would mount higher and he would be satisfied with nothing short of the whole earth. He would then take his greatest delight in burning men, and especially women and children at the stake, and making misery as intense and suffering as exquisite as the powers of evil could devise. For what's the use of being Pope unless you can make the world feel your power and what keener or more intense feeling than that created by excruciating pain and harrowing torture? There will be lots of jealousy because of these military Masses. That is sure. Will the evil which follows outweigh the good that comes from them? That is a question hard to answer and hard to approach with any degree of certainty.

Individuals here and there may have to suffer from the bad blood which these great functions engender, but the vast body of the Church militant will move on, and if they are molested by the green-eyed they will know how to defend themselves and their Church, and they will do so splendidly and triumphantly as the occasion demands.

It is well to note that tens of thousands are ready to go out on Sundays and assist devoutly at the Holy Sacrifice when offered under the canopy of Heaven and in places sacred to the honor and defense of the Republic. This is a tremendous and a tangible proof that the faith lingers and that religion rules. It is also proof conclusive that patriotism is associated with religion in the heart of every Catholic worthy of the name. Nor would the Catholic

repine were Protestants of every denomination to hold religious functions in every military center of the land. They would rather rejoice in the thought that the supernatural still abides among us and that the Lord and His claims are acknowledged and respected. The petty persecutions that now follow such events are so many fulfillments of the prophecy that the Church of Christ shall be opposed and contradicted even as was her divine Founder. This, too, is a proof of her divinity and of her fidelity to Him Whom she represents.—The Catholic Transcript.

DELETING THE DEVIL

The word "devil" has become objectionable to the Methodists. At the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church it was proposed to eliminate the word from the ritual, and this is but one of many changes that were recommended, in order that the language of the church service may be brought up-to-date. The devil, it appears, has become old-fashioned, behind the time, "mediaeval" in this age of progress there is no room for him. And this first step in the process of getting rid of him is to refuse to print his name. Blot out the name of Napoleon from the pages of European history. Is it done? Good. And now, no such man as Napoleon ever existed.

But perhaps we are unjust to our Methodist friends. Perhaps they wish to delete the word "devil" not because they disbelieve in the existence of his satanic majesty, but merely in the interests of refined speech. "Devil" sounds so harsh and inelegant, you know; in fact, it is positively vulgar; and there are so many equivalents for the word that have scriptural warrant: The Prince of Darkness, Beelzebub, The Deceiver, The Dragon, Satan, Lucifer.

But, strange to relate, not one of these or numerous other biblical synonyms for "devil" appeals to the Methodists. The word they propose to substitute for "devil" in the new ritual is "sin." This is a synonym that even Roger and Crabbe overlooked. Try its effect in the following quotations from scripture: "The dumb man possessed with a devil"; "the fire prepared for the devil and his angels"; "the devil took Him up into a high mountain"; "by the envy of the devil, death came into the world." Numberless other examples might be added wherein it is evident that "devil" and "sin" are words of quite distinct meaning. The devil is a fallen angel; sin is a rebellious act.

St. John speaks of "the old serpent called the devil and satan"; St. Peter reminds us that "the devil goeth about"; St. Paul warns us not to "give place to the devil"; and St. James bids us "resist the devil." There is no indication that the Scripture writers were at all squeamish or hesitant about mentioning the devil. They spoke clearly because they thought clearly. But since the views of non-Catholic "Christianity" are vague and undefined, it is not surprising that the language in which these views are expressed is likewise loose and indefinite. The proposal of the Methodists to delete the word "devil" from their ritual is only another instance of the drifting away from Protestantism from the teachings of the Bible that it has been so solicitous in distributing throughout the world.—The Tablet.

THE MOTHERS OF MEN

"That boy is tied to his mother's apron strings. He is a sissy." This is a contemptuous remark often applied by some of our young fellows to the boy who is devoted and dutiful to his mother. It isn't a bad sign for a boy to keep close to his mother and to be anxious to serve her in her every need. None of us have our mothers too long with us. Those of us who have lost our mothers often feel a hole in the heart that nothing will ever fill. It is all right for a boy to be a modern boy to the fullest extent, but his modernism should never take the turn of being disrespectful to his mother. Hours spent in the company of your mother are not wasted. The greatest intellectual giants who ever lived attributed much of their success to the counsel and influence of their mothers. Keep close to your mother while she is with you. In other days you will feel the path of life lonely, indeed, without her. Have the consolation of saying to yourself, "I was good, kind and considerate to her while she was here."—Intermountain Catholic.

CHOSE THE CATHOLIC FAITH

In the mission of Valdez, Alaska, a solemn novena was held some time ago in honor of St. Francis Xavier. Father Crimont, S. J., Prefect Apostolic of Alaska, who was making a tour of the missions, happened to be present at the closing exercises and was much impressed by the fervor and devotion of both priest and people. He tells of a baptism of a little baby that occurred very soon after the novena, which is regarded by all as a result of the good Saint's intercession.

The mother of the baby was an Episcopalian, the father, a Free-mason. The mother sought an interview with the Catholic missionary in regard to the baptism of her child, and upon being asked why she had

decided to bring the baby up a Catholic she replied:

"We want our child, whom we deem wondrously blessed with natural gifts, to attain the highest possible degree of excellence in every way; we want all that can and will make of her a good and happy woman; we want a religion that will be for her a strong anchor through the storms of life, one that will develop and satisfy the highest and noblest aspirations of which a human being is capable, one that can sway the mind, the will and the heart so as to elevate them and strengthen them. We are convinced that the Catholic religion does all this as no other religion does. We have observed that of all the Churches the Catholic Church alone takes a hold on the children, a hold which makes for the unfolding and maturing what is best in human nature. And so we are determined to raise our child a Catholic, and to spare nothing to give her the best of Catholic training."

This interview had taken place in the afternoon. In the evening the parents were to start on a long journey, and they wished the little one baptized before they started. The ceremony took place at 10:30 p. m. at the mission chapel, and the joy that shone upon the faces of both father and mother, as they stood and watched their little one being made a child of God and an heir to heaven, was beautiful to behold. Pray that this little child may be a true star of Bethlehem, leading its parents to the feet of Jesus in the Catholic Church here below, and later in the true City of David, the City of Eternal Bliss.—Sacred Heart Review.

NO SUBTRACTION IN THESE STATUTES

The Methodist Bishop Hamilton declares that Christianity has not failed. Of course in making that statement he excludes the fifty millions of Catholics in Latin America who have not yet learned that there is such a thing as Methodism. We cannot soon forget that the Panama Congress practically declared that Catholics are not Christians. The Bishop to maintain his argument declares that there are 500,000,000 on the face of the earth bearing the name of Christian. If he excludes the Catholics from this number he has not much to prove his thesis.—Boston Pilot.

THE CHURCH'S BENIGN INFLUENCE ON SOCIETY

Rev. Jas. F. Clarke, (Protestant) (Boston, March 15, 1916)

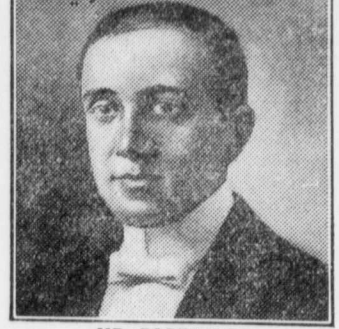
"This Church had a solemn ritual, adapted to every part of human life. It met the new-born Babe at its entrance into the world, washed from its brow the taint of hereditary evil, and placed those tender feet in the way of salvation. It blessed the marriage vow of love, and invested the earthly tie with the sanctity of a divine meaning. It opened its solemn Cathedrals, as sanctuaries for the sinner; it opened a listening ear for the confessions of the penitence and gave him pardon; it gave in the Eucharist a present God as the other comfort, touched the forehead of the dying with the sign of safety; it laid the dead in a consecrated grave. Did youth grow sick of youthful folly, did the maiden long for more than a virgin sanctity? It opened its Religious Houses, where in the calm pursuits of piety, life might move upward as it moved onward—upward toward an eternal joy. This beneficent and tender toward its children, the Church was awful in its rebuke of the tyrant and the oppressor. It planted its foot on the neck of the despot, and restrained him when no other force could check. It collected libraries, and opened schools, and taught sciences to a barbarous people, and stood a beacon light of knowledge in a benighted age. Such was the aspect of the Christian Church in its second principal epoch."

FILMS THAT DO HARM

Sir Robert Wallace, a London judge, in passing sentence on two youths recently convicted of felony, said: "Your downfall is to be attributed almost entirely to the pernicious influence of picture shows planted in the course of London life today. In many of these picture persons are represented in the act of committing crimes, suggesting to the youthful mind how crime may be committed." And these words were quoted in a discussion which took place at the London County Council on a report of the Theatres and Music Halls Committee dealing with the question of cinema films. Commenting on this, the Universe of London says: "It is particularly with regard to the influence which the film has upon the child mind that we are concerned. Children are intensely receptive of what they see, and the film which depicts successful crime must inevitably have a permanently baneful effect upon them, and teach the young idea how to shoot in an utterly wrong direction. But apart altogether from the all-crime film, there are others which must have a degrading moral tendency. Some of these Alderman Gilbert, who has taken a highly commendable interest in this particular subject, described: 'A woman going mad; a woman in drunken madness killing her own child; a mad woman in a padded room; a

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person being chloroformed. Those who have the control of such matters should look to it that pictures of this description should be absolutely prohibited from being shown to children. If the proprietors of cinemas are wise they will set their own house in order of their own act. If they do not see the red light now and profit by the warning, they may rest assured that an indignant public will take the matter up for themselves, and then the last state of those gentlemen will be infinitely worse than the first.—Sacred Heart Review.

ANGLICAN MINISTER OF SOUTH AFRICA A CONVERT

The Cape Argus, of South Africa, contains an account of the recent conversion of a distinguished Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Saul Solomon, who recently resigned the rectory of St. Saviour's, Claremont, upon arriving at the decision to enter the Catholic Church. After having been educated in England he was called to the bar. He practiced in Johannesburg, and was making a name in his profession, having already become the leader of the junior bar when his wife died. This bereavement made a great impression on him. He returned to England, and while there he began to study with a view to taking orders in the Anglican Church, which he eventually did, and, after having married again, became curate of St. Mary's, Johannesburg. About two years ago he was inducted as rector of St. Saviour's, Claremont. His conversion to the Church came as a great surprise to members of his congregation, but it is understood that for some time he had been in communication with the Anglican Archbishop regarding his difficulties. About six weeks before his resignation he took his wife and children to Gordon's Bay, and from there announced his intention of leaving the Anglican Church. It is thought that he will go back to Johannesburg and re-enter his old profession, where to judge from his early career, his prospects should be brilliant.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

THE APOSTOLATE OF GOOD EXAMPLE

Commenting on the fact that, on an average, about 85,000 converts enter the Catholic Church in America every year, the Missionary asks: "How many of these belong to your parish, to your community? It is not too much to expect that every Catholic will consider himself an apostle to the non-Catholics of the community in which he lives. It is safe to say that in the majority of cases conversions are due to the good example of practical Catholics. How careful, therefore, each one should be to exemplify in daily life the highest ideals of the faith 'once delivered to the Saints.'"

DIED

HURLEY.—In Goderich, Ont., February 19th, 1916, Mrs. John J. Hurley. May her soul rest in peace.
GLEESON.—At 4 Bayview Ave., Ottawa, Ont., on May 28, 1916, Ann Madden, relict of the late John Gleeson, in her seventy-fourth year. May her soul rest in peace.
FRAWLEY.—At Mount St. Louis, after a lingering illness, Mary Matilda, only daughter of Cornelius Frawley. May her soul rest in peace.

In habits, in manners, in business we have only to watch the littles, and all will come out clear. The smallest leak, overlooked, may sink a ship; the smallest tendency to evil—thinking or evil—doing, left unguarded, may wreck character and life.

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