

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1915

1903

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1915

### NOT TRUE

The absurd report that a Belgian priest had counselled girls in distress, from the brutality of the German soldiers, to become other heroines is of course not true.

The London Universe, March 5, says: "The Executive Committee had communicated on the matter with Bishop De Wachter, Cardinal Mercier's Auxiliary in London, and had been assured that such advice was never given by a Catholic priest. The Bishop thought that a public protest should be made in the Catholic papers as the story had been circulated all over the world."

### THE REFORMER

You cannot make the reformer more lonely than he always has been. Again, and yet again, men will ask him to cease being true to type for a little while, to give them a respite from his intensity, his fierce handling of the sore spots in human consciousness. But he gives them no rest. He has no gentle speeches, no playful interludes: he has driven himself hard at the flinty opposition, till he has become stern and solitary. One thing he sees, one thing he does. Sometimes with over emphasis, sometimes with heat and rage; sometimes wearily and unwisely, but still he drives on, as if himself driven by overmastering command. Men grow tired of him, for the novelty of his onslaught soon states, and they turn to a blither champion. If for a time they speak well of him, he quickly sets their teeth on edge by smiting their dearest traditions. To carry through to the end an undividing, sturdy attack on privilege, an established power in any of its worldly manifestations means that the fighter is seamed and scorched and broken before he has half finished his fight. The forces he has challenged will surely reach some personal weakness, and reveal an infirmity of temper in a youthful slip. At this they will direct their attack till they force from him the cry of pain. It may be that the world shall read "his victory in children's eyes." But he will not live to see that day. What he will live to see is more hate, more scorn. Sometimes he will wonder if all the anxious striving is quite worth while. He will wonder if the long future is a safe custodian for the precious element in his individual life, which might have gladdened others and enriched his own career.

### THE FUTURE

After the war many things will be changed. The old terminology may survive, but it will adapt itself to altered conditions: it will connote finer shades of obligation: enlarged views of human right. Patriotism will come to mean more than a regard for one's own land, and a contempt for others. Points of contact will be sought, while superficial differences will be lessened. To regard peoples who occupy foreign lands as foes, to be hated and outwitted, will be seen to belong to a discredited order of thought, and which is condemned alike by the international sentiment of justice now spreading rapidly, and by the principles of Christianity.

When the present war is over, and the "price of admiralty," and the blood tax of imperial ambitions are reckoned up, we shall reverence the heroes who have fallen in defence of home, country and the imperilled liberties of the civilized world. Praise be to the countless hosts of men and women who have suffered the loss of all save honour: and to the saintly and noble, who have ministered to the needs of those who fought abroad, or borne themselves bravely in darkened dwellings at home.

Also, we shall not fail to rejoice in the kindly humour which has glided gloomy days on the field—that national asset which has its own distinctive value, being closely related to the love of fair-dealing. It is the happy temper which, knowing its own weakness, can think charitably even of foes; forgiving because comprehending, as also it hopes to be forgiven and comprehended.

### NOT THIS TIME

The French military authorities have learned that it is folly to pit mere bravery against a seasoned and well organized army. They threw their squadrons into the mêlée of Napoleon III's time, and saw them crumpled up and ground to powder. We remember what became of Bourbaki's army. They marched to raise the siege of Belfort, and they found themselves in Switzerland in a state which defied description. Some had bits of wood under their feet, others wore wooden sabots, hundreds had no socks and no boots, and parts of their feet were frozen. None had washed or changed their clothes for a long period. For three days they had neither food nor fodder, and even prior to that period of absolute famine, one loaf was often shared between eight men. To-day, however, it is not an improvised army that faces the invaders of their country: it is well officered and well organized, not given to the spectacular, and exerting the admiration of those who but a short time ago fancied that they had a monopoly of efficiency.

### THE IRISH

Speaking of the tendency to exhibit the Irish as old, weird, and wild, because they sing old songs, and join in strange dances, G. K. Chesterton says "this is quite an error: indeed it is the opposite of the truth. In all this, the Irish are not in the least strange and separate. In all this, the Irish are simply an ordinary, sensible nation living the life of any other ordinary and sensible nation, which has not been either sodden with smokes, or oppressed with money lenders, or otherwise corrupted with wealth and science. There is nothing Celtic about having legends. It is merely human. Ireland has no need to play the silly game of the science races; Ireland has no need to pretend to be a tribe of visionaries apart. In the matter of visions, Ireland is more than a nation; it is a model nation."

He tells us "that the glory of Ireland is that it has conquered races. Ireland, unrecognized and oppressed, has easily absorbed races, as such tribes are easily absorbed. She has easily disposed of physical science as such superstitions are easily disposed of. Nationality in its weakness has been stranger than ethnology in its strength. Five triumphant races have been absorbed, been defeated by a defeated nationality."

### OLD STUFF

This age, we are told, is one of surpassing enlightenment. We have no quarrel with its legitimate aspirations, and we concede its claims to many trophies of art and science. We refuse, however, to accept it as appraised by some valuers. We refer to those who prate about it as an age that has no place for the outward Catholic creed. These individuals, who are, as a rule, acquainted neither with religion nor with science; but are merely phonographs that repeat the latest dictum of some mushy sentimentalist, or of an up to date creed maker, are but object lessons of what verbosity, unchastened by knowledge, can accomplish. The real scientist, however, knows his limitations as well as the domain in which he can labour. And he knows, also, that the questions which fretted man's soul in ages past, are living to day and that the waves of passion still beat against the human heart. These things are not pushed aside by the talker or the writer, who for reasons best known to himself has a quarrel with God. They are essential and vital, these questions, and they are answered by the Church, which keeps watch and ward over Christ and His teachings.

The great Positivist, Harrison, terms the Church, "that principal form of Christianity, and the most permanent form compared to which all the other forms are more or less perversions of transitional and morbid and sterile offshoots." Other writers refer to the Church as "that institution, the most august and durable which crosses the chasm between ancient and modern times, which has caused mankind more thought and treasure, and given them a more wonderful guidance than any earlier and later agency."

### SPIRITISM

In reply to a correspondent we beg to say that spiritualism as a cult is regarded by the Church as an invention of the devil. There is nothing, of course, impossible about spirits appearing to men. An angel guided young Tobias on a long journey; angels were entertained in Abraham's tent.

We know that the Witch of Endor raised up the spirit of Samuel, who foretold the fate of King Saul. But we learn from Scripture that God forbade all dealings with wizards and spirits of the dead: "Neither let there be any wizard nor charmer, nor anyone that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead, for the Lord abhorreth all these things."

In the present-day spiritualism there is a good deal of imposition. Still making allowance for a certain amount of imposition, it seems true that some of the manifestations of spiritualism must be attributed to the agency of the devil. The souls of the just are not at the beck of the medium. And what power on earth shall release from their bondage those who are lost beyond redemption.

Outside the Church there are many who do not accept the idea of a personal devil. They admit the existence of the tendency to evil, but that fallen spirit, clever, intelligent and subtle, work and plan incessantly for the souls of men, is scoffed at. But the Church of God tells us that devils do exist and in vast numbers. They are made up of those rebel angels, who were hurled out of heaven for refusing to obey God.

It is our clear duty to have nothing to do with the spirits of evil. They who use contrivances of any kind to know the future are invoking the devil. Let us be on our guard and free ourselves from the fascinations and seductions of the devil, "for who plays with the devil can have no part with Christ."

### ANOTHER WORD FOR BELGIUM

From the London, (Eng.) Tablet

So many of our own sons are in the fighting trenches, so many of our heroes are maimed or dead, so many great deeds are being daily wrought by our own forces on land and sea, that in the stream of self-praise or self pity we may perhaps overlook heroic Belgium. Not that we should ever forget it through wilfulness or neglect, but through the mere powerlessness to reach out beyond the intense emotions mobilized in our own souls. For this reason there will be nothing but thanks for anyone who will do for Belgium what Belgium will not do for itself, and recall men for a moment from the sight of their own deeds to the heroism of Europe's ewe lamb.

Heroes are of two kinds—the resolute and the steadfast. I know not which is the greater; and the heroes, who perhaps know, will not decide.

The hero resolute is discovered on occasion. With that suddenness, which is one of the qualities of war, a great danger threatens. The comeliness of men, and even of fighting men, are struck motionless. They await the danger with a quiet which is perhaps the shadow of lost hope. If they see a desperate venture which might save others at the cost of life, a thousand wild thoughts hold their limbs rooted to the earth. Give them a word of command, and obedience will unlock their limbs. But left to themselves they await death with the quiet of despair.

It is at a moment like this that the hero resolute comes into his own. The overwhelming circumstances, which nothing in his life could have led him to expect, seem to be a matter of daily occurrence. He deals with them as if his life had been spent in their midst. What genius is to the man who fathoms truth when other men are out of their depths in error, heroism is to the man who takes a thousand risks and faces almost inevitable death in the narrow self-chosen path which he swiftly resolves to follow. Sometimes he dies—but the rest live. But mostly he lives; for the Master of life and death looks kindly on the hero who by his bravery takes God the Redeemer for his God.

The hero steadfast is of another fibre. It is not a sudden onrush or flight that discovers him. He does not live any intense moment on a level high above the heads and wills of his fellows. He does not suddenly summon from the still fastnesses of his soul massed levies of power and daring. He is not the gift of a supreme instant of intuition and resolution.

On the contrary, he is the matured growth of time. He is discovered, not in the opening moments of a battle, when many men have the inspiration to be brave, but in the last hours of a wearying day of fight or flight, when the hero resolute may perhaps have sunk back exhausted into sleep. He is not at his best in moving forward to attack, but in falling to move backward towards defeat. He is not gifted in the art of undertaking or planning; but what he once takes up, he has the art never to give up, and what has been planned for him to do he will do rather than desert. His symbol is not the sword, with its swift thrill of intense pain; but the Cross, with its lingering hours of agony.

I wish all my readers knew what our forefathers meant by the forgotten word "to thole." If they knew it in its untranslatable vigour they would say that "the hero resolute dares, and the hero steadfast tholes."

I have said I do not know which hero is the greater. Only this I know, that the man who has both modes of heroism is twice a hero. And this my readers know, and the whole world now knows with them, that Belgium is that hero with a double portion.

At nightfall, when Belgium could not summon her full board of councillors to deliberate, she found a three-armed plunderer at her door, offering her the twelve hours of night to choose between dishonour and death. The deliberate choice of night for this ultimatum was the first discharge of that "frightfulness" which has given a new word or a new meaning to the vocabulary of war.

The little ewe lamb was at once the hero resolute. She met the miscreant with almost a saucy daring, as a deep-sea yacht might snuff up its bowsprit into a stormy-angored billow. And she still rides the storm.

Seven months have passed. The slow tragedy of a martyred people has been wrought, and is still being wrought, in Europe's Haeledama. Every kind of national suffering that could crush a people has been vented on the saviours of civilization. Belgium loved peace; Belgium is in the fiercest fire-zone of the war of wars. Belgium loved to till the soil; the soil is wasted, and the tillers cowed or fled. Belgium loved the Arts, and her world-famed monuments, now in ruins, have been "cannon fodder." Belgium loved her own people, and thousands of her people are fugitives in foreign lands. Belgium loved freedom, having fought for it through two thousand years; and Belgium, after a few years of freedom that have enriched the world, is once more the slave of a tyrant whose yoke is not only thraldom, but insult. Belgium loved God, and God's ministers have been shot and God's homes destroyed.

Every billow of the deeps of sorrow has swept over this little people. But the land of sand dunes is, not as the sand, but as the rock. It still stands. It still fights. It still tholes. It is the hero steadfast.

King Albert is at once the saviour and the symbol of Belgium. He has realized the proverb of St. Vincent de Paul, a man who knew: "Le bruit ne fait pas debien; le bien ne fait pas de bruit." He has added to his heroism the consummate touch of reserve. His words are still to seek. Even the destruction of his people has not unlocked his lips; it has merely unheated his sword. "In silence and in hope" may not be his motto; but must have been his model. Like his people he has suddenly dashed without a cry, and is now tholing without a word.

The day will come when history will have to give the King of the Belgians a name. "Albert the Silent" would be such a name; true, yet not sufficient, as failing to give the heroism that was the soul behind his silence. I sometimes wonder if we could find a fitter title than "Albert the Undaunted."

Indeed, I shall hope one day to see somewhere in the halls of humanity a statue of Albert with the words ALBERTUS INVICTUS,

and near it a symbolic statue of Belgium, with the words BELGIA INVICTA.

VINCENT McNABB, O. P.

### BELGIAN ENVOY TO THE HOLY SEE

RECEIVED BY BENEDICT XV.—HAS HAD A DISTINGUISHED CAREER

On March 17, Baron Vanden Heuvel, newly appointed Belgian minister to the Vatican, presented his credentials to Pope Benedict, who received him in the throne room, surrounded by the Papal court.

Baron Vanden Heuvel made an address in which he emphasized the loyalty of the Catholics of Belgium and said he felt certain of the assistance of the Holy See in attaining "the ultimate triumph of the rights of Belgium."

The new Minister was born at Gand in 1854. He has been for many years Professor of International Law at the University of Louvain; he is the author of some valuable

volumes on Associations in France and Belgium, and on the revision of the Belgian Constitution. In 1899, although he was not a member either of the Senate or the Chamber, he was invited to become a member of the Cabinet and one of the reforms with which his name is linked is that of proportional representation. Until 1907 he continued in office as Minister of Justice, when he was appointed Minister of State, which allowed him to return to his Chair of Law at the University, where he founded the school of social and political sciences. He is also a cultured art critic and art lover, so that he will at once find himself at home in Rome.—St. Paul Bulletin.

### A ZEALOUS YOUNG PRIEST SLAIN IN MEXICO

REV. DAVID GALVAN EXECUTED FOR THE "CRIME" OF HEARING CONFESSIONS OF REVOLUTIONISTS' DYING VICTIMS

The cruel religious persecution in the unfortunate Mexican Republic counts now another martyr among its victims, says the Southern Messenger, of San Antonio, Texas. On January 30 of this year a young priest, the Rev. David Galvan, was shot upon the order of the so-called Governor of Jalisco, Emmanuel Dieguez, in Guadalajara, a Catholic city against which the impious revolution has been raging mercilessly.

Father Galvan, ordained only five or six years ago and full of life and hope, joined to his sacerdotal virtues a remarkable talent, which presaged for him a glorious career in the world of science and letters. He was a learned teacher in the seminary of Guadalajara, one of the most noted institutions of sacred learning in the neighboring republic and the cradle of thirty Bishops and numberless wise and saintly men. He was also a brave and spirited Catholic writer, one of a cluster of young priests who lauded the impious and blasphemous Jacobins of Guadalajara with the lash of a triumphant logic through the columns of the excellent newspapers, El Guerrillero and El Piquin.

There was perhaps the cause of his martyrdom. He was thrown into prison and kept there more than a month for his Catholic writings during the first unhappy stay of the Constitutional forces in Guadalajara, but at last he was released from jail upon condition that he would not hear confessions.

When the tigerlike Dieguez evacuated the city it breathed a little easier under the control of Ville, himself a frightful tyrant, who nevertheless appears as a gentle dove in comparison with Dieguez. The churches were reopened, the priests could come out again on the streets, and overlooking some scares—as, for instance, when the priest Perez Rubio was killed—the Catholic faithful had a little respite in which they could pray in their temples.

But it seems as though the revolutionists are playing hide-and-seek, because the Villalistas in turn evacuated the city and the ferocious Dieguez came in through a sea of blood that was poured out before the very suburbs of that unfortunate city. His arrival took place on the 18th of January, and on the 30th of the same month the Villalistas made an unhappy attempt to surprise the troops in the barracks. Their failure was complete, and the Carranzista soldiers, under Dieguez's command, went out on the streets and shot "Viva Villa!" ("Long live Villa!") then, if the innocent unwary passerby answered: "Viva Villa!" he was mercilessly shot down.

About one hundred of these unfortunate men fell dying in the streets, without any help whatsoever, as no one dared to leave his house. It was then that Father Galvan, notwithstanding the danger, went out to hear the confessions of the poor, dying victims, and while engaged in this glorious task he was surprised by the Carranzista soldiers who caught him, and after some hours of imprisonment, shot him also. They told him that his life had once been spared and that the soldiers had discovered him hearing confessions again, but of this there is no certainty.

When Father Galvan was being conducted to the place of execution it happened that he passed by the house of a fellow-priest, named Jose Maria Araiza. Father Galvan called him, saying: "Brother, if you wish to help a man condemned to death, come along with me." He made his confession on the way to Father Araiza, both feigning a simple conversation.

Before the unjust execution the courageous martyr spoke feelingly to his executioners, succeeding even to touch their hearts, forgiving and excusing them, and divided among them whatever of value he had with him—his watch, his hat and his money. After this the fatal shots were fired, the martyr's body fell to the earth and his soul flew to heaven.

To the honor of one of the soldiers he it said that he refused to fire.

The martyred priest's father could have obtained a countermand from Dieguez to save his son, but he arrived too late.

The source of the above information is from an honorable person who came to El Paso from Guadalajara, and the statement is corroborated by several letters worthy of belief.

### WHO CAUSED THE WAR?

A ten-year old boy, reading the title of Prof. Edward Kyle's pamphlet, "Who Caused the War?" said, "That's easy. Germany." A good many of us can skip from the question to the answer and be sure we are right. Yet it is pleasant to find that the historical temperament progressing by slow degrees from document to document, and from deduction to deduction, reaches the same conclusion, and not mistily, as we did, but triumphantly.

Mr. Kyle has not only read the diplomatic correspondence found in the White Paper and elsewhere, but he has digested it. He has set forth in the utmost detail the points in which German official statements of differing dates are contradictory. He takes the German picture of Austria Hungary being forced to make a stand against the onrush of the Balkan Slavs and sets against it the fact that the Dual Monarchy meditated an attack on Serbia in 1913 and asked for Italian support, which was refused on the grounds that such a war would be aggressive and not according to the terms of the Triple Alliance. He dwells on the persistent evidence of Germany's eagerness to support Austria Hungary in the offensive ultimatum to Serbia. He shows the horse-trading spirit of the German Government in giving an undertaking to Great Britain that French territory would not be demanded by Germany at the issue of a successful war, and yet in refusing to give a guarantee that French colonies would not be molested. Clearly, dispassionately and logically he develops the story of the most reckless and criminal adventure European politics has ever seen.

"There never was a great war," says Mr. Kyle, "when such complete evidence was so quickly put before the public. Documents such as students hitherto have awaited for many years are already accessible. The truth which they establish cannot be shaken." One of the finest things in the pamphlet is the justification of Sir Edward Grey's course and the disproof, on credible testimony, of the slander by Mr. Bourassa and others, that the British policy was solely that of self-aggrandizement. The pamphlet cannot be too widely circulated. It has intrinsic value, and besides, it is highly creditable to the author and to the Department of History of Toronto University, to which Mr. Kyle belongs.—The Toronto News.

### LAETARE MEDALIST

On the fourth Sunday of Lent of each year, Laetare Sunday, the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, makes known the names of the Catholic layman or woman distinguished in some field of Catholic endeavor to whom it awards the Laetare Medal as a mark of recognition for services to Holy Mother Church.

This year the honor goes to Miss Mary V. Merrick, Washington, D. C., the founder of the Christ Child Society. Miss Merrick is the daughter of the late Richard T. Merrick, an eminent lawyer and orator. At the age of fourteen she received an injury which so disabled her that she has since been unable to stand, sit or walk. Practically her entire life has been spent on a rolling chair by which she moves from room to room in her home. She is totally incapable of locomotion in any other way and in her chair is taken to church and for her daily outings. On this bed of pain Miss Merrick conceived and carried out the idea of the Christ Child Society which was founded in Washington in 1891. The original purpose of this Society was to prepare clothing for and distribute gifts to the children of the poor and to make at least one child happy on Christmas Day. In a few years the Society took more definite form and branched out into other lines of activity such as the establishment of sewing classes, children's libraries, Sunday School classes, summer outings, industrial instruction, etc.

Besides her exclusively social activities, Miss Merrick is the author of a Life of Christ, a series of lectures for children, and translator of Mme. de Segur's "Life of Christ for Children." She has developed a method of her own in the physical, moral and religious care of babies and growing children.—St. Paul Bulletin.

A good thought propagated is an angel who goes, in the name and to the profit of Him who sends it, to do good everywhere it has the mission to penetrate.—Golden Sands.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

A new church, the first of its kind, for the Catholic Syrians of the Greek rite, known as Melchites was blessed in New York, February 14th.

Sunday, January 24, two Irish missionary priests left Cork for the West Coast of Africa, there to labor among the negroes.

The Indiana Catholic and The Catholic Columbian Record have consolidated and will appear in future as The Indiana Catholic and Record.

Mrs. Phillip Van Valkenburgh, whose fortune is estimated at \$10,000,000, has gone to Italy to aid the victims of the earthquake. She has lately become a Catholic.

Father Albert, the Josephite missionary, reports having received into the church 224 colored converts during the year 1914. Thirty converts joined the inquiry class as the result of a mission recently given in Memphis by Father Dorsey.

"Last year, in New South Wales," said the Archbishop of Sydney, in a recent address, "we had 424 Catholic primary schools, attended by 52,520 children. In Sydney alone last year we had 209 Catholic primary schools, attended by 28,145 children. The finger of God is on our work."

With the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne it is proposed, as a memorial to the late Mr. Benson, to undertake the completion and endowment of Buntingford Catholic Church, in which he was much interested.

Rev. Albert Breton, who has charge of the Catholic Japanese mission in Los Angeles, Cal., has arranged with the Japanese consul to have four native nuns come to California to assist in the mission work. This is the first time Japanese Sisters have come to the United States.

The death has taken place in Florence, from blood-poisoning of Maximilian Count Michiel, "Patrino Vano," Count of the Holy Roman Empire. Count Michiel was connected with Ireland through his mother, a niece of the late Dowager Lady O'Connell.

Fears are entertained for the safety of Fathers Jean Baptiste Rouviere and Guillaume Lecuyer, missionaries among the Eskimos, who, it is thought, have murdered them. The information has been received from Father Lecuyer, of Arctic Red River, who communicated his fears to Father Allard, of Dawson, by letter dated January 15.

Ripley Dunlap Saunders, dramatic and literary editor of The Post Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo., died on March 10, and was buried from the New Cathedral. Mr. Saunders, who had been a Presbyterian, recently embraced the Catholic faith, and the day before he was taken into the hospital, he was baptized by Rev. Francis Gillilan of the New Cathedral.

Brother Anthony, President Emeritus of Manhattan College, New York, died recently at St. Vincent's hospital in that city, in his seventy-fifth year. Brother Anthony was born near Rochester, N. Y., his family name being William W. Byrnes, and he entered the Order of Christian Brothers in 1858. His teaching career has extended to many cities in this country and Canada.

Twenty thousand dollars is given to charity in the will of Charles A. Mair, fled for probate in Chicago recently. His widow and five others will share the remainder of his \$410,000 estate. Mr. Mair died March 2. Bequests of \$5,000 are made to the Little Sisters of the Poor and the House of the Good Shepherd. The Little Company of Mary is given \$10,000.

Mgr. Genex, Vicar Apostolic of Basutoland, Africa, has brought to the Holy Father a letter from the king of that country couched in the most devoted terms, praising highly the work of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in his kingdom, but saying how vast the country is and how few are the priests. The king has been a Catholic for four years.

A well-merited honor has come to the Rev. G. A. Morice, O. M. I., of British Columbia, a well-known missionary and ethnologist, author of several authoritative works on the life, culture and religion of the Déné, an Athapascan tribe, and of a history of the Catholic Church in Western Canada. A short time ago he was unanimously elected first honorary member of the Royal Canadian Institute, "in recognition of his eminent services to science."

In the English Catholic Directory for 1915, issued last month, the Catholic population of England and Wales is given at 1,891,006, of Scotland at 518,969 and of Ireland (based on the Government census of 1911) at 3,242,079, the total population of Ireland being 4,890,219. The Catholic population of the British Empire in Europe is returned at 5,872,289; in Asia 2,806,954; in Africa 537,078; in America, 5,294,117; in Australia, 1,217,846. The total of Catholics in the British Empire is thus 18,225,294 while the total Catholic population of the world is estimated at 801,172,712, as compared with 298,734,824 in the previous year.

**BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT**

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

**CHAPTER XVII**

During that short walk across the lawn to the house, with Teresa and the stranger, the emotions that surged over Preston Martins' heart were painful in their intensity. When his father turned away with the unknown man, he sank into his vacated chair, like a person overpowered by physical weakness. The chatter of white robes and the fall of meaning on his ears. When they left, his mother rose from her chair and took another by his side.

"Preston," she asked, "is there anything the matter? Has anything gone wrong with you?"

He turned his eyes upon her, with an expression like the appeal of a wounded dog. His mind caught and held two of her words—matter, wrong, matter? Did it matter if he had failed in a punctilious sense of honor, since he had opened up for himself the door of happiness? Wrong? Was it wrong? He raised his hand and pushed back the clustering locks from his low brow, and turned his eyes from his mother, as he answered, his voice creeping over the words:

"Mother, I do not know if it is wrong with me or right with me. This has been," he finished lamely, to draw her attention from his words, "a day full of turmoil and worry. I fear I have not the staying power of the Prestons as I have not the calculating, resourceful nature of my father."

"You are young," she hastily interposed. "The ordeals of this day would try older nerves than yours." Then knowing that his thoughts should be distracted from their present trend, she began to talk of the little events of the party and the pleasures expected from the evening. It was a conversation that did not call for much exertion on his part and as her voice poured its music on his ears, his mind began to shake off its lethargy and by the time the guests reappeared, he was himself again.

The hidden dramatic elements which the scene of that supper-room presented appealed to George Martins in all their strength and magnetism. Here were his wife's unconscious girl guests, white robed, smiling, blushing, and among them and queen of them the long-defrauded mistress of this house, standing upon the threshold of great and wonderful discovery. There was Preston, wearing, with the ease and grace of the young Kentuckian, his long-accepted right to an inheritance of wealth and honor; before him, was his wife, filling her position as the lady of a great establishment, with the gracefulness and dignity distinguishing those of the manner born; by her side, talking to her with the courtliness of a Spanish grandee was the Indian woman's son, whose blood-crimsoned hand had helped to lift her to her position. Fate stood over that scene, that hour, and her hand was ready to fall upon them—and what a future! He was the magician whose fingers held down the veil of the unknown. Why not lift it now, give to the world all its dramatic beauty and like Samson, perish with the temple he had destroyed? A smile crossed his face with the thought. He met his wife's eyes and when she smiled back upon him, a coldness crept over his heart and the damp broke on his brow. He raised his cup and half emptied its contents before replacing it on his saucer, and the hand that held it to his lips trembled like the hand of a palsied man. The dramatic was lost, swallowed up in poor, base fear.

When the stranger, after the presentation to Mrs. Martins by her husband, found himself bowing before Gerald Martins' daughter and meeting the full, so darkly mysterious eyes, he knew that his destiny was looking out upon him. He had traversed half the American continent, had met women of every class and nationality, had felt toward them according to the degree in which they affected his stern, self-centered nature; but love he had never known until Teresa's eyes met his. Then one of those strange character miracles was wrought, and as the evening advanced, George Martins saw the self-elected delegate of Fate become the interesting if ordinary lover, and he felt a greater horror than when he had seen him with the wall directed pistol in his hand.

A feeling she could not analyze, made Teresa shrink from Preston. She knew that not only would he seek her that night, but that he must do so, or offer her an insult that no woman could forgive. She knew what he would say and that she must give him one of two answers. There was no middle course for her. She must either turn to the calling of St. John Worthington or to the appeal of Preston Martins.

She was not turning from him in the madness of unhappy love or the powerlessness of destiny, the latter she did not believe in, the former she would not acknowledge. She knew that she had herself to blame for hastening the hour. She had felt his fine reserve, had understood by her woman's intuition its significance, as perhaps she was dimly conscious of his struggle against his dearest hopes. She herself had precipitated this hour, had helped him to overcome the forces of his scruples, by her admission of the truth, that his

father's touching, dramatic recital of the afternoon's event had been so dextrously worded as to leave his son the hero, the one actor of the scene; that under that recital the other man was made to appear as an automaton, a figure only as necessary for the hero's action. She had the consciousness that the Preston Martins whom she had recognized fully and truly and for the first time as they had stood for that brief moment in the breakfast room, was knowing poignant regret because of the situation, which was now past human remedying. So she experienced no sentiment of anger, nor ill-will. If there came to her at times a whisper that there is, after all, a destiny which brings us, willingly or unwillingly, to joy or sorrow, she banished it, and turned instead to the old, sweet faith, which teaches the eye that marks the sparrow's fall and considers the lilies of the field, held her life in full, tender fatherly view. Yet the heart would push its moment of supreme trial away, and she permitted, as if they were pleasing to her, the marked attentions of the stranger. Nor was she entirely displeased. She perceived at the first glance that she was in the presence of a man of character and unusual intellectuality. This was written on his face. When he began to speak those impressions became fixed, while the unconscious hints his words threw out that a poet or an artist had been lost for Fortune's making a mere man of the world of Senor Martins, made an unerring appeal to her irresponsible nature. He spoke of Canada and she saw link after link of hills, white, clear, cold, dazzling; heard the long, lone cry of the gaunt vulture, looking from pitiless earth to pitiless sky, or the last, death-agonized yell of his victim, that left a red mark upon the white land. He referred to New York and there passed before her eyes a picture of the confusion of humanity. Little children lifted up their bony hands to her and woman looked upon her from hollow eyes. All nations were there represented from ice-bound Russia to vine-covered Italy, but strangers in a strange land, the motley crew was soul-wrenching instead of pleasingly picturesque. He spoke of Cuba, the land of the sun, the pearl of the western main, and her eyes grew softer and her heart was filled with longing. His voice took on its lowest, tenderest tones, and more frequently fell from the trenchant tongue of the north into the vowel-spilling language of the south; and though their meaning missed her ears, her mind grasped their significance, and she passed with him through a never-ending scene of tropical beauty, luxury and bewilderment. When the others moved away to the dance, and the stranger found himself again alone with Teresa, met her glorious eyes, her entranced beautiful face, the dormant, strange irresponsible nature which he had received from a rash white father and a too fond Indian mother, leaped with mad force into its original life, and the cosmopolitan, the citizen of the world, whose motives of interest could not bind long to one place, nor pleasures or pursuits assimilate with any one people, had become the veriest slave to his newly-welded chain.

"But I shall see my sun-bright land no more," he exclaimed, with a tremor in his voice.

"Ah! that must grieve you," said Teresa. "I can understand how you love your island home."

"You do! you do!" he half-cried, rapturously. "Never have I met a woman who understood me so perfectly. I could speak to you as to my own soul. Is it not strange that because I have met you, I can say, and know no greater sorrow, 'I shall see you no more, my sun-kissed Cuba?'"

Teresa had grown accustomed to the extravagant compliments of young men; but this man was no longer youthful she could see, and there was too much warmth in his tones, too much expression in his face for her to permit further expressions of admiration. But his words were not to be stopped by her maiden reserve. She knew there was no escaping from him now, for a new dance was beginning, which he feckly, could speak to you as to my own soul. Is it not strange that because I have met you, I can say, and know no greater sorrow, 'I shall see you no more, my sun-kissed Cuba?'"

Teresa had grown accustomed to the extravagant compliments of young men; but this man was no longer youthful she could see, and there was too much warmth in his tones, too much expression in his face for her to permit further expressions of admiration. But his words were not to be stopped by her maiden reserve. She knew there was no escaping from him now, for a new dance was beginning, which he feckly, could speak to you as to my own soul. Is it not strange that because I have met you, I can say, and know no greater sorrow, 'I shall see you no more, my sun-kissed Cuba?'"

the hour, Preston Martins never lost the consciousness that those everlasting worlds were there and his immortal soul was here. But presently his companion's step slackened, stopped.

"I am afraid, Preston," she said. His arm was around her to support her, for she was trembling. He bent over her face on which the beautiful steadfast was falling.

"Afraid with me!" he said, and the quiver that ran over his ivory-like fairness, sent a thrill to his soul.

"Yes, even with you," she answered. He bent lower over her.

"Teresa! Teresa!" he cried, softly "is it that you are afraid of me?"

She looked on the face above her, the strong, good, noble face, illumined by his mother's eyes.

"No! no! Not afraid of you, but myself. I want to be good and strong, and I am not."

"In what are you not good and strong?" he was gazing down into her eyes as if to read below them the truth of the soul. Pergance he did, for he lifted his glance to the stars; when next his eyes met hers, they were clear and steady and wondrously tender.

"Let us go on," he said, in his old sad voice. "It is stifling in the house. I wanted to have a talk with you all the evening. That fellow was monopolizing you like a bear or a Spaniard." His hand had slipped away from her shoulder and was lightly clasping her fingers. They went to the little graveyard and she sat on the steps, while he stood, leaning against the low wall.

"What do you consider good and brave?" he asked, after a pause.

"Give me an illustration of your thought on these qualities which all men boast that they possess, and yet so few do." His tones were usual, save for a certain tenderness which betrayed a desire to lead the mind away from a subject, or a fierce determination to hear all that may be said upon it.

"Have you ever heard of the monks of La Trappe?" asked Teresa. "They have a house in this State. It lies over from Loreto, in a hilly, lonely country. I doubt if there is a harder life than the one lived by the Trappist monks. They eat only one meal a day, and no meat at that one. They give but a few hours to sleep and their bed is the bare floor. They labor in the fields, summer and winter, and beside the vows observed by all Religious, they are bound to keep perpetual silence. They came from France and among them are several noblemen. I heard this story of one of those monks: There were two brothers, the sons of different mothers. The elder, who inherited his father's title and estate, hated the other, who had been his father's favorite. The younger fell in love with an estimable lady, and his brother was his rival. The Count, who was powerful, had his brother sent off to the war and then circulated the report that he had been killed in battle. He had no need of field or front, and whether by fair means or foul, he secured the lady's promise to marry him. The younger man was not dead, however. On his way home he discovered that his father, who had been wild in his youth, had been legally married to the first woman; hence, he, the son of the second wife, was rightful heir to the title and estate. He had it in his power amply to revenge himself upon his brother. But he had loved his father, and knowing that as his father had not made amends for his sinful life, he must be suffering for it in the other world, this son offered up the sacrifice of his life, gave up his title to wealth and honor, laid aside his power to avenge himself on his cruel brother and faithful lover, and entered the Trappist Order, sedulously observing its rigorous rules and perpetual silence. That illustrates my idea of what is meant by the words brave and strong."

Preston Martins mused, with his face lifted to the stars.

"It was an heroic sacrifice," he said, "but an unjust act."

"Unjust?" she questioned, looking up at him. "To whom? Himself? This is because you do not believe with us in the efficacy of sacrifice for the living and the dead."

"Perhaps," he said, "but without returning her gaze, 'if the sacrifice that was consummated upon Mount Calvary, offered by Him Whom Christians hold was the Son of God, is it not all-sufficing—if it cannot purchase complete forgiveness, I do not see how the sacrifice of one pitiful, human life, full of faults and imperfections, can be in any efficacious in turning aside the judgment of the unchanging and unchangeable God. The young man believed in the efficacy of his sacrifice and that was made right for him. But it was, nevertheless, unjust. Wrongdoing calls for punishment. The elder brother had done wrong, first by his cruel usage of his brother, then by sending him to war against his will, circulating the report of his death and deceiving the lady, who may not have desired the marriage. She may have been forced to wed that man, who, by the very circumstance of his birth, if he were guiltless of the other sins, should have been debarr'd from union with her. She was to be considered and posterity was to be considered. The fact that the unlawful birth of the father was not known, does not alter the injustice toward those helpless, unborn children."

"But," she said, with her woman's logic, "the act of the young man was good and brave in him."

Preston brought down his eyes from the stars to the face upturned to him. How fair she was! How he

loved her! Was it true what his mother hinted, what her words seemed to confirm, that she loved him? Then had he made no compromise with his honor; not to tell her of his love would be as unjust as he deemed the action of the young monk. What was the meaning of that story for her? What her constituted the beauty of the action, if not sacrifice, the sacrifice of self? Then the thought that she was fain to follow the example of the young nobleman, hoping by her sacrifice to win faith for him, flashed across his mind. It blinded him to the reality of things. It seemed to explain fully the meaning of the look he had met from her eyes as they crossed the lawn, a look which was denied by the clinging of the little hands to him, the words she had spoken. Its influence was over-powering. It was as a cry from his soul for justice to him, to her. And was this her fear? that she had not strength and courage to set her feet in that higher pathway, because of the human desire of the heart. He drew closer to the girl.

"Sacrifice is hard, Teresa," he said, his sore heart giving the words the fervor of truth, "but I would do it."

"I know it," she said. "Yet don't we ask God daily to show us the way to holiness? The way which He chose for His only begotten Son must be the best way, mustn't it? And what way was that?"

"The way of the cross," he answered sadly.

"Even so," she responded. "He entered it without murmuring and without rebellion. He needed not holiness, who is the All-Holy, but he took that hard way, that painful way, that way of complete, perfect sacrifice, for human souls. He wanted to save souls, bring back souls—"

His hand fell gently on her shoulder, for her words seemed to confirm the thought of the moment before.

"Teresa," he said, "you believe, with the monks, that the sacrifice of human hearts is powerful with God, even to the working of miracles, do you not?"

She rose, her face paling. She knew that the moment had come, and she felt stronger standing. Then she said,

"And you love souls with such a fervor that you would rush with St. Francis Xavier to the farthest India to rescue them, tempt a thousand dangers for them and suffer a fearful martyrdom for them? O my little saint! Think you there were no souls for St. Francis Xavier to help in Europe—in Spain—nay, in his own fair Pampana? His hand had left her shoulder and was clasping her hand, his eyes were meeting her eyes, and all the new sadness was gone and in its place was the clear boyish light which she so well remembered.

"Have I read aright the meaning of your words? that you would fain do as the monk did to save a soul—perhaps two souls—which you thought in danger? that you would sacrifice your life to God to buy from Him their salvation?"

"Yes, God helping me," she replied, and though her tones were unsteady she lifted her eyes from his face to the star lit sky.

"Teresa," he said, "that would be unjust."

"Unjust?" her eyes were again on his face and a wonderful radiance had sprung into them at his words, while a joy thrilled her voice.

"Yes, unjust to that other soul, unjust to your own. O my beloved, can we not help each other more by love than by sacrifice? more by companionship than by irrevocable separation? Can you not teach me the way to God and Truth more certainly, more truly, by the precious daily example of our presence, than the saintly daily prayers of your absence?"

But she gave a sob that was half a cry as he drew her to him and held her there in the closeness of strong, young love.

TO BE CONTINUED

**THE IRISHMAN AND LITTLE JEWESS**

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary

Is there anything more attractive than a beautiful, innocent child? You would say "No," if you saw little Esther, sitting through the flower-beds of her father's garden, her dark eyes shining with the joy of living, her long black curls flowing in the breeze, her cheeks like roses, and her little red mouth parted in ecstasy as she warbled her childish songs like the broken notes of a bird.

She was only five years old, the idolized daughter of a Jewish father and mother, who seemed to live but to make their only child happy. Her Hebrew lineage was on the pretty features, and youth and perfect health made them lovely with a dark beauty that attracted every eye.

Patrick, her father's gardener, was a fervent Catholic. The faith of the old sod lighted his rugged face, and as he bent over his spade or his rake, many a muttered prayer for "the sweet baby" rose to heaven for the little soul. And the child loved him; yes, loved him! Every day she patrolled down the well-kept walks, and chattered to him about the flowers, and about the birds. She would coax him to let her hold his rosary, which one day had slipped out of his pocket quite unknown to Patrick, and much to his embarrassment, for he knew it was as much as his place was worth if he ever breathed the Faith of Christ to his employer's only daughter, child though she was.

"I'll let ye hold it this once, caution," he said, looking around cautiously, "but ye must never speak of it to the father or mother!"

"But why, Patrick?" said the child in her broken talk.

"Well, it's because they don't like it."

"But I like it, Patrick!"

"God love ye, it's yer innocence that likes it, and the great Mother of God knows it, alanna. But ye would not want me sent away, now, would ye?"

"Oh no, I would cry if you were sent away, Patrick. Just let me hold it and kiss the silver Lady, and I'll give it back, Patrick!"

The poor man was constrained to take out the old, worn beads, and let the child, all radiant with joy, hold them and kiss the large and really beautiful medal of our Lady, which he had brought from his home in old Roscommon, and which he prized as much as his life.

While she fondled the old fashioned rosary and kissed the medal, Patrick uneasily watched the doves and windows, lest some unwelcome form might appear, and the child would be summoned away, leaving him for a later punishment. Esther gave back the beads reluctantly, and Patrick restored them to his pocket with a sense of relief.

"Here's a rose for ye, alanna. Sure, it isn't sweeter than yerself." And he broke off a rare, rich rose, with a deep crimson tinge, carefully stripping the stem of its thorns. Little Esther, laughing merrily, took the long stem in her hands, and lifted back to the house singing all the way.

"Bye-bye, Patrick, bye-bye!"

"God bless her!" murmured the old gardener. "May the Blessed Virgin Mary (who they tell me was a Jewess, but I don't believe it)—maybe watch over this blessed child, and bring her to the only true Faith! But that will never happen, save by a miracle." He would add, as he picked up his spade and fell to work.

Day after day little Esther ran into the garden for a chat with Patrick, and to ask questions that puzzled the old man to answer. But he did her bidding—gave her flowers, carried her about the angels and heaven and about the beautiful Lady and her Son, until the child would fall asleep in his arms. Then he would carry her gently to the house, and give her to her mother's care. The parents of Esther were touched at the reverent devotion of the old man to their little girl, and often gave her little gifts for him; they felt she was safe when Patrick was near. In fact, he constituted himself her knight wherever she went, and many a troublesome journey she coast him. She still loved the beads, and nothing pleased her more than to have them, although Patrick was stern, and obliged her to give them back when he demanded them.

One day when she was unreasonable, as a child often is, he said: "Ye don't understand them, alanna. Wait till ye are baptized."

"What's baptized, Patrick?"

"Och, it's being made clean, and holy, and pure in the sight of God and His Blessed Mother."

"But ain't I clean, Patrick? My dress is just put on!"

"Ded you are like a little princess, ma mavourneen. I don't mean dress—a way; I mean your little soul. There's a little spot on it of original sin—not your fault, alanna—and until that's off you can't go to heaven."

Just then Esther's mother came along, and there was no more conversation between the child and the gardener. But Esther kept his words in her little heart.

Some months after this the whole house was in confusion. Little Esther was taken with scarlet fever. Physicians were summoned, and the parents listened to every suggestion, stopping at no expense that might save the life of their only child.

Pale and terrified, they gazed at the flushed, little face, and their hearts were torn with anguish lest she might be taken from them.

The child repeatedly called for Patrick. The good man came and held her little hand, and silently prayed to the Mother of God to save the little one.

"Oh, Patrick!" she cried, "what does it mean to baptize? I want to be clean!"

Patrick trembled. The parents were listening. He dare not speak.

Again the little, weak voice cried out:

"Patrick! Can't you baptize? What is it? I want to be clean!"

The parents started. Her mother said through her tears:

"What in the world does she mean, Patrick? Surely she is spotless!"

And the father said:

"Give her what she wants, Patrick, no matter what it costs."

And then the Christian man spoke out with a great sob: "Ye are going to lose her! Then for God's sake let her have the waters of baptism. That's what she means!"

The father's face hardened. "To turn our only child into a Christian? We have been Hebrews for generations! It would be an infamy!" he said.

But the mother's love wept out.

"Oh, what matter? If she is crying and fretting for it; why refuse her anything? If it will save her, or quiet her, Patrick, humor her. What matter?"

Patrick drew a long breath. "Then ye must let me do it right, I will bring a Catholic priest, and I will bring him now. You will see how

**PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE OUTSIDE HIS PARISH**

By Rev. Thos. V. Tobin in The Missionary

In spite of duties which are as numerous and as onerous as usually fall to the lot of any moderately active and zealous pastor, wherever I have been, I have always managed to meet the clergy of the various Protestant denominations on occasions of civic or philanthropic endeavor, and my relations with them have been of a very pleasant nature.

Since I came to Little Rock my opportunities have been especially good, because it is the Episcopal City, and the bishop who is popular with non-Catholic, encourages the priests to cultivate friendliness with the other clergy whenever there is no principle at stake. It may interest the readers of the Missionary to learn the results of such endeavors, and hence I wish to set before them some of my experiences.

Shortly after my arrival in this city I met the Rev. Hay Watson Smith, D. D., at the meetings of the Vice Commission, of which we were both members, and I began to admire him for his stand related to Christian influence in dealing with the passions of men, in opposition to members of the Commission who claimed no restraint could be put on adolescent youth, and robust and lusty manhood.

About the same time the Missionary Baptist, a local paper, was carrying on a weekly (I was going to spell it with an "a") attack on the Church and its authorities in this State. Deeming these attacks too contemptible for personal notice, I suggested to Dr. Smith that, for the honor of the Protestant clergy, he ought to take up the matter. To his credit be it said he did it with the same alacrity with which he champions any cause, and not since the days of Brann, former editor of the Iconoclast, have I read anything so vigorous. In addition, Dr. Smith laid the matter before the Ministerial Alliance, of which he is chairman, and all the clergymen present at that meeting signed a letter addressed to Bishop Morris, deprecating the conduct of their Baptist brother. This was something new in the way of apologetics—to have one Protestant clergyman champion the cause of the Church against another.

As a mark of my appreciation of their conduct, later on I gladly accepted an invitation to address the Ministerial Alliance, after it had finished its regular order of business, on the book that had interested me most during the year 1912. Ward's "Life of Newman" was selected for two reasons: First, because of its overwhelming importance beyond all other books which I read that year; and secondly, because in giving my reasons I could improve the opportunity to give a Baptist brother a lesson in controversy, for Newman did a service to mankind by lifting religious controversy above the regions of mud throwing; and for mud-throwing the Baptists are easily the champions in this State.

The editor of the Baptist Advance is, in controversial style, very much like the editor of the Missionary Baptist. Before leaving the office I ascertained a reason for the hostility of this sect towards the Church. I called at the office of the paper and asked the editor frankly what was the matter with him, what was his reason for stirring up strife in every issue of the Baptist Advance. He seemed a little surprised at my presence and my question, and as an election for Mayor was pending at the time, he found it convenient to allege the activity of the Church and of the Knights of Columbus in politics as the reason for his stand. He seemed still more surprised when I assured him as a priest and a Knight of Columbus that it was absolutely against the rules to discuss politics at a meeting of the Knights of Columbus. The surprise, however, was of short duration, for in the next issue of the paper he said: "Mr. Tobin (he would not call me "Father") denies our charge, but the readers of the Baptist Advance can take his denial for what it is worth." (Evidently for much in the mind of another writer in that paper who said he would not believe any priest on oath.) Before leaving the office on the phone rang, and this is the answer of the editor: "Yes, he is all right; he voted for our bill!" After remarking that others besides the Knights of Columbus were in politics, I left the office with this observation: "A new instance of the ease with which some persons accuse others of what they themselves are guilty of."

When the Bar Association of Arkansas met last in Little Rock, there was a reception given by one of the leading lawyers of the city. I attended the reception, and upon meeting a Protestant clergyman who was getting ready to move to the city in which I formerly lived, I said to him: "Dr. ———, I am credibly informed that you are a bigot, and I take this opportunity of telling you that you can't afford to go to Chattanooga with this sort of reputation, for that is the biggest and broadest small city in the South." He denied the charge, but it has since come to my knowledge that a Catholic lady of Chattanooga had occasion to rebuke him for bigotry.

But perhaps the most interesting of all experiences with Protestant clergymen came through Dr. Smith, who asked me to address the Men's League of his congregation in the banquet room of the Second Presbyterian Church. Realizing that religion is losing its hold on non-Catholic men, this active pastor has formed the male members of his

Reason, which is the voice of God, tells us that we must sacrifice everything to virtue.—Silvio Pellico.

congregation into an organization which meets from time to time. When they assemble they have a simple supper, after which they discuss some topic of interest. ...

Dr. Smith opened the discussion in his usual frank manner by referring to the bigotry of our time. After depicting the violent character of some of its exhibitions, he expressed the hope that his men had no share in bigotry, at least in its violent form, although he was free to say that all Protestants exercised more or less opposition to the Catholic Church because they have been brought up with an antagonistic feeling towards it. ...

1. Catholics keep aloof from Protestants, and in this way excite suspicion and distrust. 2. The Catholic Church has certain doctrines for which there is no sufficient Scriptural proof. 3. The Catholic Church is too friendly towards the saloon. 4. The celibacy of the clergy, whilst theoretically possible, is practically undesirable. ...

5. As I was to address these men I was greatly relieved after I had heard the nature of the objections, and had noted the kindly tone in which they were urged. I began by complimenting Presbyterian theology for its sound views on the Divinity of Christ, and on the necessity of Christ's atonement. ...

that belong to the Lord." (1 Cor. vii, 32). In other words, the priest gives his whole time to the Lord's work in His Church, while the preacher must give some time to his family, or be branded as a bad husband and father. ...

This is the barest abstract of what it took me an hour and fifteen minutes to elaborate. After the meeting adjourned many remained to ask questions on points not touched upon in my address; e. g., our opposition to State inspection of convents, and not a few stopped me on the street since to say how pleased they were to hear my defense of a position for which they had fancied there was no defense. ...

I concluded by thanking them for the privilege of addressing them, for their action was in marked contrast with other denominations who when they wish to hear about the Church invite or priests, bogus or genuine, to address them, and by expressing the hope that "He who orders all things sweetly and does all things well" will bring good out of it all in His own good time. ...

This was my motive in addressing that Presbyterian gathering. My motive in telling the incident to the readers of The Missionary is to encourage timid brethren of the clergy, who are inordinately strict in observing the admonitions of the Church with regard to *Gynecomastia in Sacris*, to cultivate more friendly relations with the Protestant clergy for there are all sorts of opportunities of cooperating with them for the common good without doing violence to principle or condoning heresy. ...

SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS

By Frank Urban

To the superficial observer, Socialism presents itself as a movement which need never be dreaded unless a probability were to arise in which the danger of the Socialists acquiring nation-wide civil power made itself manifest. ...

To the mind profoundly impressed with the spirit and character of this movement, Socialism is identified as a dynamic as well as a potential menace, because of its intellectual activities. It is essentially necessary at the outset that the reader shall appreciate the fact that Socialism is not merely a political movement, nor is it mainly an economic question. ...

Until recent years, Socialism has confined its proselyting activities almost exclusively to adults, except of course in the home of Socialist parents. To day there are hundreds of Socialist Sunday schools wherein the Socialist teachers twist and warp the convolutions of the child's mind. ...

As I write there lies before me a text book used in Socialist Sunday schools. Its author is Caroline Nelson and its title is "Nature Talks on Economics—A manual for Teachers and Children in Socialist Schools." ...

As I open it, I find the title of the brochure's preface to be "A Word to the Teacher," in which the nature and aim of the Socialist Sunday school is set forth in the following manner: "The proletarian (Socialist) philosopher should furnish him (the teacher) with the ethical and social side of the lessons. The first volume of Marx's 'Capital,' Morgan's 'Ancient Society,' Ward's 'Ancient Law,' and last but not least, Professor Veblen's 'Theory of the Leisure Class,' should be read and in a measure mentally digested. ...

Holy Communion is more than a remedy. It is, says Pater Eyraud, a strengthening power, aiding us to become good, virtuous and holy. It is indeed, a difficult thing to acquire a Christian virtue. A virtue is a quality of Jesus with which we must clothe ourselves. It is a divinization, the manners of Jesus in us. Now, in the Holy Communion, Jesus forms Himself in us, becomes our true Master. By His loving inspiration He awakens the gratitude that we owe Him as our Benefactor, the desire to remember Him, the thought of the happiness there is in imitating Him, and living of His life. What charms virtue has in the school of Communion. How easy is humility when we have seen the God of Glory humbling Himself so far to enter a heart so poor, a mind so ignorant, a body so miserable! How easy is gentleness under the action of the tender kindness of Jesus giving Himself to us in the sweetness of His Heart! How beautiful the dear neighbor becomes in our eyes when we behold him feeding on the same Bread of Life, seated at the same

The ruling class philosopher and moral sentimentalists teach that each individual is a free agent to do good or evil as he pleases. The proletarian (Socialist) philosopher shows that man is a creature of his environment, that he thinks and acts in terms of his own interest, or what he conceives to be his interest. ...

It has very frequently been stated that Thomas Moore, the famous Irish poet, who was born and reared a Catholic, forsook the faith of his fathers and died a Protestant. Apparently there have been many grounds for this assertion. Moore spent many years in fashionable society in England. He died in England and was buried in that country. His grave is in the cemetery attached to a Protestant church. ...

There is no more doubt, however, of the faith in which the great poet died. He lived a Catholic and died a Catholic. Dr. Ambrose, one of the members of the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary party discovered the evidence that Moore did not forsake the faith he was reared in. He gave this proof to the world in an article in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record of Dublin. ...

Exhibit 1: "The plants like people have to adapt themselves to circumstances. A gardener knows this, if he is a good gardener, and he makes conditions for his plants which will enable them to express those lessons or qualities that he desires. Many gardeners of human life—parents and teachers—make themselves believe that a child can control his condition and they always preach to him. Instead of changing the conditions, they want to change human nature." ...

Here the child is taught to repudiate individual accountability and to reject the doctrine of moral responsibility. He is told that society and not the individual is responsible. The cause of wrong doing and criminality are attributed to society—the momentary—and not the individual—the reality. ...

"No man ever created a single atom of anything in nature; all he does is to labor and make it useful. For millions of years the little cell-builders labored to store up coal and build up forests and perfect plant life." ...

Such an answer is no explanation, and since it lacks sense, it is nonsense. To teach it to a child, as an explanation of the universe, is to defraud it. Evil often has the advantage of concealing itself in varied disguises. ...

Dr. Ambrose asked Mr. Edgell if he attended the poet in his last illness, and this is the way Dr. Ambrose records the answer: "No, certainly not," he replied. "I did not even see him for the last two years of his life. I frequently called, however, at his house to see Mrs. Moore, who, as I have told you, was a member of my congregation." ...

Dr. Ambrose asked Mr. Edgell if he attended the poet in his last illness, and this is the way Dr. Ambrose records the answer: "No, certainly not," he replied. "I did not even see him for the last two years of his life. I frequently called, however, at his house to see Mrs. Moore, who, as I have told you, was a member of my congregation." ...

Exhibit 2: "A human being is the highest advanced animal only because it has learned thousands of better ways of doing things. The animal that learned to walk on its hind legs in order to use its two forelegs to work and fight with became human and learned to make tools and weapons." ...

It is not ludicrous? To speak of animals becoming human by walking on their hind legs is the height of intellectual buffoonery. Think of the little ones in Socialist schools, who, when asked where the universe came from and the greatest of all questions, "What is man?" having to choose between God in Heaven and Caroline Nelson of San Francisco. ...

Divine Table, and loved with so much affection by Jesus Christ! Penance, mortification and sacrifice lose their bitterness when we have received Jesus Crucified!—Catholic Bulletin.

THE FAITH OF THOMAS MOORE

It has very frequently been stated that Thomas Moore, the famous Irish poet, who was born and reared a Catholic, forsook the faith of his fathers and died a Protestant. Apparently there have been many grounds for this assertion. Moore spent many years in fashionable society in England. He died in England and was buried in that country. His grave is in the cemetery attached to a Protestant church. ...

There is no more doubt, however, of the faith in which the great poet died. He lived a Catholic and died a Catholic. Dr. Ambrose, one of the members of the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary party discovered the evidence that Moore did not forsake the faith he was reared in. He gave this proof to the world in an article in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record of Dublin. ...

Exhibit 1: "The plants like people have to adapt themselves to circumstances. A gardener knows this, if he is a good gardener, and he makes conditions for his plants which will enable them to express those lessons or qualities that he desires. Many gardeners of human life—parents and teachers—make themselves believe that a child can control his condition and they always preach to him. Instead of changing the conditions, they want to change human nature." ...

Here the child is taught to repudiate individual accountability and to reject the doctrine of moral responsibility. He is told that society and not the individual is responsible. The cause of wrong doing and criminality are attributed to society—the momentary—and not the individual—the reality. ...

"No man ever created a single atom of anything in nature; all he does is to labor and make it useful. For millions of years the little cell-builders labored to store up coal and build up forests and perfect plant life." ...

Such an answer is no explanation, and since it lacks sense, it is nonsense. To teach it to a child, as an explanation of the universe, is to defraud it. Evil often has the advantage of concealing itself in varied disguises. ...

Dr. Ambrose asked Mr. Edgell if he attended the poet in his last illness, and this is the way Dr. Ambrose records the answer: "No, certainly not," he replied. "I did not even see him for the last two years of his life. I frequently called, however, at his house to see Mrs. Moore, who, as I have told you, was a member of my congregation." ...

Dr. Ambrose asked Mr. Edgell if he attended the poet in his last illness, and this is the way Dr. Ambrose records the answer: "No, certainly not," he replied. "I did not even see him for the last two years of his life. I frequently called, however, at his house to see Mrs. Moore, who, as I have told you, was a member of my congregation." ...

Exhibit 2: "A human being is the highest advanced animal only because it has learned thousands of better ways of doing things. The animal that learned to walk on its hind legs in order to use its two forelegs to work and fight with became human and learned to make tools and weapons." ...

It is not ludicrous? To speak of animals becoming human by walking on their hind legs is the height of intellectual buffoonery. Think of the little ones in Socialist schools, who, when asked where the universe came from and the greatest of all questions, "What is man?" having to choose between God in Heaven and Caroline Nelson of San Francisco. ...



There is nothing else so good For Crockery as Old Dutch the Hygienic Cleanser.

his change of faith was circulated both in the neighborhood and abroad, but he, with the intimate acquaintance which he has enjoyed for so many years with Mr. Moore, could state positively that there was not a shadow of foundation for it. Mr. Edgell subsequently put his positive assertion in writing, at Dr. Ambrose's request, in the form of a letter in which he says: "I am very sorry that a former letter of mine in reference to Mr. Moore should have been lost or overlooked. Having known Mr. Moore well, I can confidently say that he never changed his religious belief—that he died as he had lived, a Roman Catholic." ...

ST. PATRICK'S DAY: HERE, THERE

The gay procession passes Along the Avenue, And folk are there in masses To get a closer view. And Erin's sons, Devoid of guns, Stride proudly down the way— But Mike lies in the grasses On his St. Patrick's Day!

The lordsy Marshall's flying Upon his prancing steed, And girls for him are sighing— A mighty man indeed. His martial air Entrances there Amid the banners gay. And Jim in France is dying On his St. Patrick's day!

The fine, green flags are waving Above the city throng, And on the easy paving The warriors march along. Sure, such a site Makes hearts more light And stirs the blood that's red. But Jim in France is raving, With bullets in his head!

The orators are breathing The feelings of the day, Emotion high is seething Beneath red hair and grey. But wait a bit! These shamrocks fit A greater far expense Let's send the girl for wreathin' The Irish done in France!

HELPING HAND AND PIETY

We are prone to be critical of the mind that is stumbling along with its limping logic towards the Church. We marvel at the contradictions that appear in its expression, and instead of thanking God for the faith that is so gloriously consistent in all its parts and so sublime in all its purposes, we ourselves are apt to be unkind in our estimates of a poor crippled soul. In order to properly appreciate our well-meaning dissenting brethren, we should read the lives of Orates Brownson or Cardinal Newman. Here were massive intellects that at periods in their progress to conversion were guilty of declarations about faith that would blush before his little fellows. Let us give sympathy's helping hand, and not be lacking in fellowship when even a word can go far. ...

It is not an easy thing to be a convert. To tear up the heart strings wound around the past, to break with friends and sever the mind from traditions of our early home—all this is to be as brave as a captain on the firing line. When the convert finds indifference in ourselves who should commend his efforts, his troubles are increased and his burdens multiplied. We have met many converts who were surprised at the want of consideration and concern of those in the household of the faith. It is true that truth is the grand reward for earthly sacrifices made by the convert, but then we, who have the truth and love it, should make it diffusive of itself in shedding the radiance of blessed charity about the sore or weary feet of the poor fellow coming from afar "out of the darkness into the light." ...

union. The convert therefore looks for cordiality, and we should help him not to be a stranger in our midst.—Catholic Columbian.

REVERENCE DUE THE VIRGIN MARY

Rev. James S. Montgomery, pastor of Metropolitan Memorial M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., says: "Reverence is the prime energy of Christian character. It is the sovereign power of godly life. For centuries among the Hebrew people it was the hope, the thought and the prayer of every maiden that she might become the mother of the Redeemer and the vindicator of Israel. Yes, this was the cherished prayer of every home that from its portals might go forth a Saviour of the nation." ...

Among the generations of the world our women were selected one woman was taxed. What a recognition, to be selected to be the mother of the only pure man who ever lived! We bow in her presence with a reverent stoop. Protestantism sometimes omits to assign her to her holy place. We would not worship her, but we would exalt her somewhat and come into her presence with a reverent stoop and with a devout silence, as God Himself placed upon her brow the crown jewels of undying glory."—St. Paul Bulletin.

LOYALTY NOT IN WORDS

"Tolerant talking," says Monsignor Benson, the eminent English writer and lecturer, "indicates a weakening of faith." The man that looks for the good points in a rattlesnake is in imminent danger of being stung. Likewise the soldier that tolerates his enemy is not true to his flag and is a traitor. Wisby-washy Christians are the delight and plaything of infidels.—Catholic Advance.

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HURSTON & SONS

Livery and Cabs. Open Day and Night. 475 to 483 McDougall St. 356 Wellington St. Phone 413 Phone 441

FINANCIAL

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY

Capital Paid Up, \$1,250,000. Reserve \$1,600,000. Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made. John McCarty, Pres.; A. M. Smart, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

F.O.Y. KNOX & MONAHAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. 100 St. J. J. Foy, K.C., A.E. Knox, T. Louis Macleod, E. L. Middleton, Geo. DeLoach, Cable Address: "Foy" Telephone: Main 794

Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS, TORONTO

JOHN T. LOFTUS, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, etc. 715 TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO

P. J. O'GORMAN ARCHITECT Plans, Specifications, Estimates prepared. SUDBURY, ONT.

FRANK J. FOLEY, L.L.B. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR The Kent Building Corner Yonge and Richmond Streets TORONTO ONT

Loretta Ladies' Business College 385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED

Western School Y.M.C.A. BLDG., LONDON, ONT. Students assisted to positions. College opens Sept. 1st. Catalogue free. Enter any time. J. W. WESTERVELT, J. W. WESTERVELT, Jr., C.A. Principal 18 W. Pleasant

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department.

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., Pass. Funeral Directors

John Ferguson & Sons 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—House 373 Factory—543

E. C. Killingsworth Funeral Director Open Day and Night 491 Richmond St. Phone 3971

A BOOK BY "COLUMBA" "At the Gate of the Temple" A "People's" Book of Irish and Catholic Poems by "Columba" (Rev. D. A. Casey). AN IDEAL GIFT BOOK Bound in cloth with portrait.

POST FREE, \$1.00, from The Catholic Record, London, Ont. W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St., Toronto, Ont. or The Author, Bracebridge, Ont.

Our Home Library

50c. Each POSTAGE FREE

Novels and Religious Books by the Best Catholic Authors NO. ONE NOVELS

ADDITIONAL TITLES NEXT WEEK BIT OF OLD IVORY and Other Stories. This beautiful collection of tales is a veritable tower of blossoms sweet and fragrant. They are truly legacies left to us by Heaven, and as such should be treasured by every Catholic household. A DOUBLE KNOT and Other Stories, by Mary T. Waggaman and others. The stories are excellent and have much pathos and humor scattered throughout them. THE FRIENDLY LITTLE HOUSE and Other Stories, by Marion Ames Taggart and others. A library of short stories of thrilling interest by a group of Catholic authors that rank with the best writers of contemporary fiction. THE LADY OF THE TOWER and Other Stories, by George Barton and others. This is a collection of short stories which will please the most fastidious taste. The volume comprises fifteen stories, which are all worthy to be read, and of which most of them are delicate little tales; the others, stories of adventure or mystery.

THE SENIOR LIEUTENANT'S WAGER and 29 Other Stories, by the foremost Catholic writers. Altogether it would be hard to find a fuller book like this. The authors not only use up a great amount of material which might have been diluted into many pages. It is a book that may be helpful for a few moments and used up in an hour, and it makes in every part of it for high thinking and righteous living. THE TRAIL OF THE DRAGON and Other Stories, by Marion F. Nixon-Roulet and other leading Catholic authors. A volume of stories which make very interesting and profitable reading for young and old. MARCELLA GRACE, by Rosa Mulholland. The plot of this story is laid with a skill and care that details not always found in novels of the day, while its development bears witness at every page to the complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction. THE LIGHT OF HIS COUNTERTENCE, by Jennie Harte. A highly successful story. The plot is flawless, the characters are natural, their conversation is brightly and amusingly done, and there are bursts of genuine comedy to lighten the tragic darker shades. HER JOURNEY'S END, by Francis Cooke. A story of mystery, of strife and struggle, of petty jealousy, and of sublime devotion. AGATHA'S HARD SAYING, by Rosa Mulholland and Rosa Mulholland. An exciting story of love and action, joined to a second-act and a third-act. BOND AND FREE, by Jean Connor. A new story by an author who knows how to write a splendid story-book. THE CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER, by F. von Brackel. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel bound to read with a second-act and a third-act. CONNOR DARCYS STRUGGLES, by W. M. Berthold. A novel that depicts to us in vivid colors the battles of life, and a noble family had to encounter, being reduced to penury through imprudent speculations on the part of the father. FABIOLA'S SISTERS. Adapted by A. C. Clark. This is a complete and exciting story of life and love told in touchingly simple words. FORGIVE AND FORGET, by Ernest Lington. A sweet and wholesome story, which shows the power of nobility of soul and unflinching devotion. THE HEIRESS OF CROMWELL, by Countess Helen Han. An exquisite story of life and love told in touchingly simple words. IDOLS, by The Secret of the Rue Chausse d'Antoine by Raoul de Nerval. A story of a young man's life; it is well constructed and evinces a master hand. IN GODS GOOD TIME, by H. M. Ross. This is a story that grips the heart, stirring in it the liveliest sympathy for what is human and good. THE MONK'S FARDON, by Raoul de Nerval. A historical romance of the time of Philip IV of Spain. MY LADY BEATRICE, by Francis Cooke. The story of a society girl's development through the love of a strong man. It is vivid in characterization, and intense in its appeal. THE OTHER MISS LISLE, by M. C. Martin. A powerful story of South African life. It is a story of strong and full action, and contains a great deal of masterly characterization. THE OUTLAW OF MARCH, by A. de Lamotte. This is a capital novel with plenty of "go" in it. ROSE OF THE WORLD, by M. C. Martin. A very sweet and tender story, and will appeal to the reader through these qualities. THE SHADOW OF EVERSLIGH, by Jane Sanderson. It is a story of love, blending not a little of the supernatural with various stirring and exciting incidents. THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART, by Mary Agatha Gray. A story of deep feeling that centers around a young monk's passion for a woman. THE SECRET OF THE GREEN VASE, by Francis Cooke. The story is one of high ideals and strong characters. The "secret" is a very close one, and the reader will never get it until near the end of the book. SO AS BY FIRE, by Jean Connor. After living a life that he had never lived before, this story renounces it all that she might atone for the great wrong she has done. A really absorbing and profitable reading. THE TEST OF COURAGE, by H. M. Ross. A story that grips the heart. The well constructed plot, the breezy dialogue, the clear, rapid style, carry the reader away. THE TURN OF THE TIDE, by Mary Agatha Gray. There is a complexity in the weaving of this story that will keep the reader in suspense till the very end. THE UNBIDDEN GUEST, by Francis Cooke. A tale of hearts that love, suffer, and win. It is a uniquely conceived tale, full of unexpected complications, and with a heroine who is so truly Catholic as to be an inspiration. DION AND THE SYBILS, by Miles Koon. A classic novel, far richer in sentiment and sounder in thought than "Ben Hur." MISS ERIN, by M. E. Francis. A captivating tale of Irish life, redolent of genuine Celtic wit, and pathos, and charming in the true Catholic spirit that permeates every page. THEIR CHOICE, by Henrietta Miller. Its characters are cleverly sketched, and its pages are full of shrewd wit and delicate humor. BETWEEN FRIENDS, by Richard Aumerle. BROWNIE AND I, by M. E. Francis. THE GOLDEN CHEST, by George Barton. THE MYSTERY OF CLEVERLY, by George Barton. HOW THEY WORKED THEIR WAY and other stories, by M. F. Egan. FREDDY CARR'S ADVENTURES, by Rev. R. F. Garrod, S.J. FREDDY CARR AND HIS FRIENDS, by Rev. R. F. Garrod, S.J. THE JUNIORS OF ST. BEDE'S, by Rev. Thos. Byles. NED RIEDER, by Rev. John Weh. JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE, by Marion A. Taggart. WINNETO, THE APACHE KNIGHT, by Marion A. Taggart. THE TREASURE OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN, by Marion A. Taggart. THE PLAYWATER PLOT, by Mary T. Waggaman. CLARE LORRAINE, by "Lee." HARMONY FLATS, by C. S. Whitmore. A KLONDIKE PICNIC, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. THE LITTLE MARSHALS AT THE LAKE, by Mary F. Nixon Roulet. MILLY AVELING, by Sara Traimor Smith. THE NEW SCHOLAR AT ST. ANNE'S, by Marion J. Brunner. PETRONILLA, and Other Stories, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. FOVEYUNA, by Evelyn Buckenham. TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT, by Mother M. Salomon. CALLISTA, by Cardinal Newman. A tale of the Third Century; attempting to imagine and express the feelings and souls between Christians and heathens of that time. THE SISTER OF CHARITY, by Mrs. Anna H. Doney. The story of a young girl, who, as a shipwreck and rescue from almost a hopeless situation, brings the family into the hands of God. It is especially interesting in its descriptions. FABIOLA, by Cardinal Wiseman. This edition of Cardinal Wiseman's tale of early Christianity is much more modern and decidedly more attractive than the old editions. The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

Advertisement for LUX soap. Includes image of a woman with a dog and a box of LUX soap. Text: 'This Sample of LUX is for you Madam! WHAT is LUX? It is a soap of unusual purity made into the thinnest of flakes that readily dissolve in hot water. It makes a creamy, foamy lather that cannot injure the daintiest fabric or the hands. LUX is a wonderful life lengthener of all woolen and flannel garments. It absolutely prevents them from matting, thickening or shrinking in the wash. Will you let us send you a sample, free? Address LUX Dept., Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto. All groceries sell LUX 10c. Woni shrink Woollens MADE IN CANADA.'

The Catholic Record

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

Published and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Editors: Rev. James F. Foley, B. A. Thomas Coffey, B. D. Rev. D. A. Casey, H. F. Mackintosh.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1915

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD

The Catholic World! The very name of our magazine marks an era in my life, for its mention gave me my first knowledge of Father Hecker.

"The Catholic World," I answered, "I never heard of it."

"Father Hecker is a man who says that we can convert America."

"Convert America," as well as a restless drawing towards Father Hecker; the very first stirrings of my vocation.

This happened fifty years ago. O'Flynn has gone to his reward after a life of singular virtue.

Thus Father Walter Elliott opens his article, Personal Reminiscences, for the Jubilee number of the great Catholic magazine whose very mention was the first stirring of the vocation which called the able young Detroit lawyer to a long life of fruitful apostolate in the conversion of America.

The measure of our true growth is not primarily numbers, or influence, or external works. It is the spiritual life, the life within of every individual Catholic.

Carefully tabulated vital statistics bear out the writer's conclusions. The birth-rate per thousand in England and Wales has steadily fallen from 36.3 in 1876 to 23.9 in 1913.

We should like to express our appreciation of the earnestness and ability which the present editor of

The Catholic World brings to the work of realizing, with an ever-increasing measure of success, his high ideal of a Catholic magazine.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc says truthfully that Europe and its development are a Catholic thing.

Here we have a great truth which is already openly acknowledged by some recent Protestant historians and beginning to be dimly felt by all.

There is heard at times the complaint that despite increased facilities for Catholic higher education and greatly increased numbers of those taking advantage of those facilities, the result is somewhat disappointing.

Stimulating and suggestive to young and old, it is almost a necessity to young Catholic graduates as an inspiration and stimulus to continue and complete the education into which they have been initiated by our higher institutions of learning.

THE PASSING OF THE CHILD

A widely quoted article in Hibbard's Journal recently indicated the inevitable predominance of Catholics even in England and Prussia should the practice of neo-Malthusianism continue amongst Protestants.

Under the significant title "The Passing of the Child," William A. Brent, M. B., B. Sc., in the Nineteenth Century, now deals with the question from a point of view thus indicated:

"The hatred of England which has arisen in Germany may, if she is beaten, leave a bitter and sullen people filled with a desire some day to wipe out their humiliation. International animosities persist for long periods, and nations have displayed astonishing powers of recuperation after defeat."

We should like to express our appreciation of the earnestness and ability which the present editor of

"A loss of more than 400,000 infant lives every year from one disease alone would lead to the most stupendous national efforts being made to check it.

More superficial writers on the subject take great comfort from the fact that if the birth-rate is declining so also is the death rate per passu.

Dr. Brent does not discuss the motives, and protests that "denunciations of selfishness" or the "pursuit of pleasure" are futile, and to a large extent unjustified.

Dr. Brent points out that it is important to give "the profoundest consideration to the future growth of populations when terms of peace are discussed," and laconically remarks that "France in the matter of population is even in a worse position than we are."

"The artificial restriction of the family is a new feature in the history of mankind which has not so far received the attention from the detached, biological point of view that it deserves.

Dr. Brent points out that it is important to give "the profoundest consideration to the future growth of populations when terms of peace are discussed," and laconically remarks that "France in the matter of population is even in a worse position than we are."

While private judgment makes each individual conscience a law

unto itself, the awakening of the national conscience on the matter of births will be a difficult matter.

EMPIRE AND LIBERTY

Party politics and patriotism are not exactly synonymous terms. The British Government just now have some very critical problems to solve.

There is no true Irishman who will not say Amen to do so good a prayer. Since his great speech at the outbreak of the War the attitude of the great Irish leader has been consistently patriotic and statesmanlike.

"I do not think that any man will be found in this country to deny that Ireland is doing her duty. But, after all, we make no boast of it; it is nothing to be wondered at. It is in keeping with the history and traditions of our race.

The prophets of evil in the future will find it hard to get a hearing, for instead of the spectre "Dissemination of the Empire" materializing, the actualities of the war will have demonstrated that Home Rule "has bound the two nations together in unity of common interests and common rights and common liberties, and it has given to us for a watchword for the future the old classic motto: Imperium Libertatis—Empire and Liberty."

Dr. Brent points out that it is important to give "the profoundest consideration to the future growth of populations when terms of peace are discussed," and laconically remarks that "France in the matter of population is even in a worse position than we are."

SOCIETY, THE PAPACY AND PEACE

All through the Middle Ages it was part and parcel of the public law of Europe to look to the Papal authority with reverence, and that not from expediency or choice, but from a sense of duty.

deposition of a king. We have seen in part how he exercised his power—always on the side of justice and right—to promote peace, in support of the weak and oppressed.

At any rate it is pleasant reading that in Manchester, a couple of weeks ago, John Redmond was accorded such an enthusiastic reception that an overflow meeting had to be held.

At this time whilst the nations of Europe were striving with might and main to annihilate each other; whilst the people were groaning under the burden of taxes; while the wealth of unborn generations was being mortgaged for the maintenance of enormous armaments, the talk has always been of peace.

And yet, the while they shut their eyes to the light, there were not

wanting signs to guide their feet aright were they but prepared to profit by them.

The nineteenth century, that boasted era of enlightenment and advancement, has witnessed every nation of Europe deluged with the blood of its children. War succeeded war, and all were waged to secure a permanent peace. But the treaty with which each war closed contained the seeds of the next, for which the powers used the time of peace to prepare. It could not be otherwise, for where the sword is the arbiter there can rarely be a just decision.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE CLARITY and prescience which in his spiritual and mental outlook is coming more and more to be recognized as characteristic of Cardinal Newman was never better illustrated than in his attitude towards the Turkish power in Europe during the Crimean War.

NEWMAN took what was at that time the unpopular side, and in his celebrated "Lectures on the History of the Turks," placed in its true light the moral effect which the defeat of Russia would have in perpetuating the Moslem scourge.

JUST AS THE Turk in our time has fattened upon the jealousies of rival European Powers, so, in the sixteenth century it was the internal dissensions following upon the Lutheran upheaval that gave to him his opportunity.

IN THESE days of relaxing faith and, outside the Church, of countless novelties in doctrine, we cannot have too many expositions of the True Faith, whether as enlightening the world at large or as invigorating the faith of Catholics themselves.

AMONG RECENT expositions of the Faith there is not one that we have seen which is better adapted to the exigencies of the age than the Jesuit Father Phelan's "The Straight Path," published by Longmans Green & Co., New York and London.

ANOTHER JESUIT writer, Rev. Robert Kane, is responsible for a volume of discourses from the same publishers (Longmans) under the title "From Fetters to Freedom," which deals with the trials and triumphs of the Faith in Ireland.

ONE OF the most noted of these addresses is that delivered at the dedication of a new church at Old

ONE OF the most noted of these addresses is that delivered at the dedication of a new church at Old



FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPIET LOW SUNDAY

Thomas answered and said to Him: 'My Lord and my God.' (John 20, 28)

In commenting on today's gospel, St. Gregory says very beautifully: 'Do you think that it happened accidentally that the Apostle Thomas was first absent, and, after he came, heard; and having heard, doubted; and having doubted, touched; and by touching, obtained faith?' No, all this did not happen accidentally, but by the grace of God: for in a very wonderful way God in His mercy allowed the wounds of our unbeliever to be healed by the Apostle who, because he doubted, touched the actual marks of His Divine Master's wounds.

People might have been inclined to think that the Apostles' credulity led them to deceive themselves, or to be deceived, regarding the Resurrection, had it not been impossible even to suspect St. Thomas of credulity. He said: 'Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe.' But afterwards, being thoroughly convinced, he threw himself at Christ's feet, exclaiming: 'My Lord and my God.' Surely only one unwilling to believe could still refuse to admit the truth of the Resurrection! Thomas cried: 'My Lord!'—'Thou art here Thyself!' it is no illusion of my excited imagination, no ghost, no apparition resembling Thee that I behold; Thou art here, with the same body which suffered the torture of the Cross and the agony of death. 'My God.'—From the very fact that Thou art Thyself present, I know Thee, Jesus, to be indeed my God.—Thus spoke St. Thomas, and thus we, too, should speak with Him.

Through Christ's Resurrection we recognize His divinity. The truth, so often and so plainly proclaimed, that He was God, was confirmed by all His miracles, for God would certainly never give one, who spoke untruths, power to work miracles. It is impossible for God, being all holy, to confirm falsehoods by miracles. Therefore, our Lord's miracles in general are a proof of His Divinity, but His Resurrection is the greatest and most glorious of them all; for Christ rose from the dead by His own power. His was not a raised by some higher authority. By rising again He proved the truth of the words: 'I have power to lay down my life, and I have the power to take it up again; as the Father hath life in Himself, even so hath He granted to the Son to have life in Himself. I am the Resurrection and the Life.' Every creature has life, not of itself, but given to it by its Creator; God alone has life in Himself; consequently Jesus is God. This doctrine of our Lord's Divinity is a fundamental doctrine in Christianity, and denial of it involves a denial of Christianity as a whole. To deny that Jesus is God involves a denial that He spoke the truth, when He declared Himself to be God indeed, the Son of the Almighty Father. Let us always hold fast to this sacred truth, which is confirmed by the strongest proofs. Everything—all our faith and all our virtue—depends upon our belief in the Divinity of Christ.

Jesus is truly God. Of what avail is the learning of men, profound and attractive as it may appear? Every man, however wise, is not only capable of error, but does actually err in many respects. History teaches us this truth; for we read of great men who have propounded famous theories, universally accepted and believed, and yet in course of time the errors underlying them have revealed themselves, and the theories have gradually been discarded, giving place to others, more recently put forward; until at last the mention of these men and their theories is enough to remind us how easy it is to make mistakes. We should indeed be in a sad plight had we to rely exclusively upon human learning. We should have no firm foothold, but only a fear of being compelled to deny to-morrow what to-day appears true, and to curse what to-day seems most sacred. But, as it is, we rely not on the doctrines of men, but on the teaching of Him Who, by His Resurrection, proved Himself to be God. What can make us waver in our faith? Nothing, for what we believe is the word of the eternal, unchanging Truth, and His doctrines are as true now as they were in the past and as they will be forever. Heaven and earth may pass away, but His words can never pass away.

Jesus is truly God. This truth strengthens us to do right. Even if men could teach infallibly what is right and true, their teaching would be of no avail, since the fainter colors in which they depicted virtue, the more painfully should we recognize our inability to attain to it, as they could not impart to us strength to do right. But He Who teaches us is truly God, the Bestower of grace, the support of our souls, the vine of which we are the branches, and the strength of our hearts, without

HIS HEALTH IN A TERRIBLE STATE

"Fruit-a-tives" Healed His Kidneys and Cured Him

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., AUG. 26th 1913. "About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My Kidneys were not doing their work and I was all run down in condition. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised, I decided to try them. Their effect, I found more than satisfactory. Their action was mild and the result all that could be expected. My Kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes, and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am enjoying the best health I have ever had."

"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest Kidney Remedy in the world. It acts on the bowels and skin as well as on the kidneys, and thereby soothes and cures any Kidney disease.

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

Whom we can do nothing, and with Whom we can do all things. God Himself helps us to accomplish what He would have us do. How consolating and encouraging is this doctrine! Whoever recognizes Christ as truly God, can never cease to strive after perfection, knowing that he will not strive in vain, as, by aid of the grace given by our risen Saviour, it is possible for him to advance daily on the way of salvation. My Lord and my God! In Thy Resurrection I recognize Thee as my true God, whose teaching and grace are given me for my salvation. Throughout my life I will acknowledge Thee as my God, by the firmness of my faith and perseverance in doing what is right. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

ALCOHOL'S INHERITED EFFECTS

The influence of alcohol as a detrimental factor in inheritance is one which has not readily lent itself to convincing experimental proof in the past. During the last four years, Prof. Shockard of the Cornell University Medical School in New York City has been engaged in a study of the effects of alcohol in heredity. He has demonstrated conclusively that the germ cells of male guinea pigs can be so injured by allowing the individuals to inhale the fumes of alcohol, that they give rise to defective offspring, although mated with vigorous females.

The extension of these unique investigations, in which the offspring of the treated animals which reach maturity are usually nervous and slightly underdeveloped, have further shown that the effect of the injury to the germ cell is not only exhibited by the immediate offspring of alcoholized animals, but is conveyed through their descendants for at least three generations. There are many instances of matings followed by negative results of early abortions, stillborn young or defectives.

An instructive illustration was afforded in a case in which two of the four young animals were completely eyeless, the eyeballs, optic nerves and chiasmata being absent. Such defects result, according to Shockard, from the injury originally inflicted from the germ cells by the experimental treatment. Yet this injury may have been received by earlier generations only. Thus the parents of guinea pigs mentioned were untreated, their four grandparents were also untreated, but their great grandfathers were all alcoholized, and their great grandmothers all were normal animals.

The defective eyes of descendants are due to impaired development, not to the direct action of alcohol. Plainly the germ cell actually is weakened, if not disabled, by the alcohol treatment, and all individuals arising from combinations involving such a germ cell are likely to be below normal. There is food for reflection in these facts.—American Medical Association Journal.

A PROBLEM EVERY NATION HAS TO DEAL WITH

Prohibition has a special sanction as a war measure which is lacking in time of peace, and the motive may vary according to conditions.



If you are having trouble with your Bladder—with incontinence or suppression of urine—burning pain—weakness or pain in the back—or Stings in the Bladder—take Kidney Pills. They cure—50c.—6 for \$2.50. At dealers everywhere.

Russia forbids vodka in the interest of sobriety; what course it is to take in regard to milder beverages is not yet clear. Germany, on the other hand, limits the making of beer, not as a temperance measure, for beer has a well established place in the national life, but to save grain for food, and in case of shortage this tendency would increase. France has not the same motive because foodstuffs can be imported from abroad and paid for with the products of the vineyards, and the primary concern of the government is to encourage the replacement of deleterious strong drinks with the mild wine on which the country long flourished. This no doubt explains the action of the Senate in agreeing to the compromise by which licenses are to be made unnecessary for the sale of so-called "hygienic drinks," which in France includes not only soda water, milk and cocoa, but cider, wine and beer. The new law, which went into effect January 1, retains the high tax on distilled liquors, the effect of which upon the nation has been by general consent harmful. Every country has to deal with the problem in its own way.—Springfield Republican.

WHY?

"Some years ago I was working for a large wholesale liquor house in Chicago," said a business man recently. "Among their employees was a number of salesmen who drummed up orders around the country. If the liquor firm found that any one of these was indulging in the drink habit," he continued, "he was immediately discharged."

Why was this? Who has ever heard of a salesman being dropped from the payroll of a company because he ate the flour sold by his firm. Who has ever heard of one being discharged because he drank the grape juice kept for sale by his employer. Why should this liquor company so arbitrarily demand total abstinence from indulgence in the products of its own business? There is a reason. And the reason is just as strong a one for all others as for the salesman of the liquor firm.

Those who drink intoxicating liquor are in danger of becoming unfitted to perform the duties devolving upon men and women. The drink habit robs human beings of the greatest treasure they possess—a clear mind. Why not be as wise as the liquor seller, and avoid the danger of falling a victim to its insidious snare?—St. Paul Bulletin.

LIKE A CITY ON A HILL

Following is a portion of a notable discourse delivered by the Right Rev. Michael J. Curley, D. D., of the Diocese of St. Augustine, one of the world's youngest Bishops, on the occasion of the dedication of the Church of the Assumption, South Jacksonville, Fla.

"That the Blessed Redeemer gave a doctrine to the world calls for no proof. It is a fact shining out from every page of the history of twenty centuries, reflected in the ages' life. To perpetuate that teaching, to carry it down the corridors of time, to bring it home to us in the twentieth century as well as to those who lived in the second century, He established a Church, an organization to which He gave His own authority and power, and sent it forth to carry on His mission among men, to guide them and direct them, to point them heavenward, to furnish them means of salvation. The history of that foundation is to be found in the Gospel pages, where too we find its mode described."

"Behold the infant Church in its swaddling clothes! Christ is its head, its foundation. In it, through it and with it He works. The Holy Ghost enlightens it and will teach it all things."

The Saviour's representative amongst men was Peter, the rock; Peter to whom Christ confided the care of lambs and sheep. How it grew with a growth divine—that little Church! I am not called upon to sketch its growth. Its history is the history of the world. Its progress is the progress of nations.

"HELL'S GATES COULD NOT PREVAIL. These fishermen and their followers conquered the paganism of Rome, and Greece. They met and refuted the great lights of the intellectual world, they sowed the seeds of the new faith in imperial palace and humble hut. They gave it to Roman Senator and lowly slave. Bishops and priests multiplied; the Christian faith soon became known throughout the world, and then persecution in its fiercest form broke out against them. The Roman Eagle, the standard that rarely knew defeat, was carried against the followers of the Nazarene. They were driven to burrow rabbitlike into the very bowels of the earth, their bodies were lighted as fogots in the city streets, they were thrown to the lions in the Coliseum to make a Roman holiday. Emperors issued edicts against them, blood was shed, Christian blood in torrents, but that blood was but the seed sown. Rich and plenteous was the harvest; no, not Roman emperors, not imperial armies, not fire or sword, not lions or tigers, could overcome this youthful Catholic Church. Hell's gates could not prevail."

OUT OF THE CATACOMBS

"She came forth bearing on her brow the laurel of victory, young and strong, and when given an era of peace, a chance to do God's work, she went out, occupied for Christian worship paganism's proudest temple

and raised aloft the cross throughout the length and breadth of nations. Her history has repeated itself adown the ages. Her life has been a replica of the life of Christ. She is His projection down the long lanes of time, speaking with authority, teaching humbly, purity, obedience, other-worldiness; she has ever had meted out to her the very same treatment as was given to Him Who, though God of all, died a reputed manservant on Calvary's Cross. She stands out in history's page-to-day as the mother of the world's best civilization. She freed the captive; she elevated womanhood; she dotted the earth with homes of learning where the heart of the scholar was softened and strengthened by the teaching of Jesus Christ. She cared for the weak and down-trodden of humanity; she sanctified the very wound; her consecrated children fear not the deadly breath of pestilence and sin, not where death stalked claiming thousands in battle's array. She changed the face of pagan nations, and gave them Christ as God to be adored instead of some idol of stick or stone. His kindly generous hand was stretched out to shield the orphan and the homeless; she smoothed the pillow of the lonely dying; she took to her chastened bosom the Magdalenes of the city street.

"She gave no heed to passing ephemeral whims and novel movements; she kept up steadily at work holding aloft the Cross and the Gospel, she kept up to and abreast of the times, and never yet met an age with its new problems, with the difficulties of which she could not cope. She has spread her arms out from one end of the earth to the other, all embracing as were those of Calvary's victim. To-day she confronts the world like a city on a hill, an object, the Catholic Church, which men may pretend to despise, but which no man may neglect in thought, for the Catholic Church is thought constricting.

AGES AGO IT WAS THE COLISEUM. TODAY IT IS SYSTEMATIC CALUMNY

"To-day as throughout the ages she is persecuted, maligned, belied, accused of every crime. Against her and her holiest institutions are hurled vicious accusations in high-ways and byways, and sometimes they ensure places where at least knowledge and charity should reign—Christian pulpits. Vile sheets and pamphlets cover the land, deluging our towns and cities with filth, anti-Catholic, reptilian and venomous. Men calling themselves Christian and American stand opposed to the Church's children because they are Catholics; bigotry, narrow-mindedness, prejudice, progeny of ignorance are rampant and sometimes we find men otherwise sane showing symptoms of rabid insanity and deep hate at the very mention of the Catholic name."

"It was the Coliseum, Catacombs, untold torture in years gone by; to-day it is systematic calumny, bitter hate expressed in blasphemous accusations and impure insinuation. But she fears no man, no aggregation of men. To-day stronger than ever she is doing her work, with just one aim, one noble ambition, to restore all things in Christ, to lead men to the heart of their Saviour. She has seen her enemies in every age, she knows them and their methods, she has conquered and she does to-day. They have come and have done their little yelping and disappeared; she remains, paying as little attention to them as does the silvery moon to the noisy baying puppy on the porch."

"THE CLEAR, SWEET, CERTAIN VOICE OF JESUS CHRIST

"Here she is, therefore, three hundred million children drawn from every corner of the earth, differing in everything but one—their faith, bound together in a unity that is the world's wonder, she has the same Sacrifice and the same sacraments, she unites round the means of grace millionaire and pauper, king and peasant, intellectual lights and ignorant alike. In her the poor at home, and the great ones find consolation. She alone has found a real basis of equality."

"Here she is a universal Church, as Christ's Church ought to be. She knows no bounds, she steps over all limits, for her Divine Founder did not come for one age or race or nation. Here she is giving to the world a doctrine soul-stirring, purifying, elevating, sanctifying, and as a result she can point in every age and race and condition of life to men and women who by the close following of the Master in Catholic teaching have attained highest degrees of sanctity."

"Here are the Augustina, Chrysotoms, Cyrils, Benenets, Dominica, Ignatius of Loyola, Francis of Assisi; here the Therases, Catharines of Genoa, Roses of Lima. Here she is to-day stretching back into the centuries, bridging the space between our twentieth and the first century, going back not to any man or woman, out to Jesus Christ Himself. She is one Holy Catholic or Universal, Apostolic; she is the Saviour's infallible mouthpiece, she stands out in a world of chaotic thought to-day as an authoritative teacher, and we hear her with the same reverence and respect as if we listened to our Blessed Lord speaking by the lake shore or hillside. She is our rule of faith, she is a living voice, she interprets for us the living word, she safeguards it as does the Supreme Court the country's Constitution. She is what she is to us not because of her splendid human history, but because of her divine foundation, because she is the

clear, sweet, certain voice of Jesus Christ adown the centuries."—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

Short is the little that remains to these of life. Live as on a mountain, for it makes no difference whether a man lives there or here. Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water round it.—Marcus Aurelius.

FOR ROUGH SKIN, SORE LIPS, OR CHAPPED HANDS

Campana's Italian Balm is soothing, healing and pleasant. Send 4 cents for sample—27 years on the market. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST., TORONTO.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, no "do not wait." Recommended by physicians and clergy. Enquiries treated confidentially. Literature and medicine sent in plain sealed packages. Address or consult: DR. MCTAGGART'S REMEDIES, 312 BAY ST., TORONTO, CAN.

RIDER CIGETS WANTED

Everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1917 Hyslop bicycle, with all latest improvements. We ship on approval to any address in Canada, without any deposit and allow 10 DAYS TRIAL. It will not cost you one cent if you do not wish to purchase. Write us now. HYBLOP BROTHERS, Limited, 1 TORONTO, CANADA.

THE ST. CHARLES Most Select Location Fronting the Beach ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

With an established reputation for its exclusiveness and high class patronage. Thoroughly modern and completely equipped. Courteous service. Bathrooms, with hot and cold, fresh and sea water attachment, etc. Magnificent sun parlors and porches overlooking the board walk and ocean. Orchestra of soloists. Always open. Gold privileges. Illustrated booklet. NEWLIN HAINES CO.



Meet me at the Tuller For Value, Service, Home Comforts

New HOTEL TULLER Detroit, Michigan

Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Avenue

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath, \$1.50 Single, \$2.50 Up Double

500 " " "	2.00	3.00	"
100 " " "	2.50	4.00	"
100 " " "	3.00 to 5.00	4.50	"

Total 600 Outside Rooms ALL ABSOLUTELY QUIET

Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms

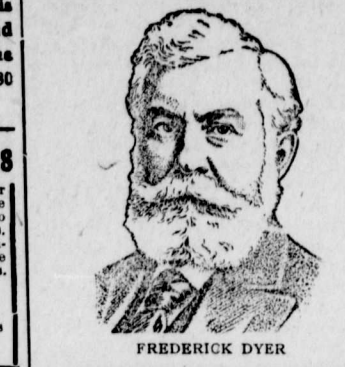
New Unique Cafes and Cabarets Excellent

\$1 COUPON FREE To every sufferer from Rheumatism

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

This Coupon, when mailed to Frederick Dyer, Dept. P215, Jackson, Mich., will bring you a \$1 Pair of Dyer Foot Drafts, prepaid, TO TRY FREE, as explained below.

If You Have Rheumatism Sign and Mail This Coupon Today



My unbounded faith in my Foot Drafts is built on my record of results. If you could see the thousands of letters I get, telling of cures at every stage in the progress of this cruel torture called Rheumatism, cures of old chronic cases who have suffered 20, 30 and even 40 years, as well as all the milder stages, you would lay aside your doubts. But I do not ask you to believe. I send you my Drafts to speak themselves. Send my coupon today. You will get a \$1 pair of Drafts by return mail to try FREE. Then, after trying, if you are fully satisfied with the comfort they bring you, send me \$1. If not, they cost you nothing. You decide. Can't you see that I couldn't do this if my Drafts didn't satisfy? Wouldn't you write a postal note, or a card, or a letter, to me, telling me how you feel on your verdict? Address Frederick Dyer, P215 Oliver Building, Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only coupon. Do it now.

St. John's, Newfoundland 824 WATER ST. John T. Kelly MONUMENTAL and HEADSTONE Dealer in Granite and Marble

Protect Your Children

Their little hurts, cuts, and bruises may have been caused by some germ infected object. There is always the possibility that blood poisoning may be the result of neglect—don't neglect—immediately apply Absorbine, Jr. It will thoroughly cleanse the affected parts, kill the germs, and promote rapid healing. Absorbine, Jr. is a powerful germicidal liniment and yet absolutely harmless. It is made of herbs and is non-destructive of tissue. Can be used by the smallest member of the family without any danger whatsoever. Use Absorbine, Jr. wherever a liniment or a germicide is indicated. Pleasant to use and economical, as only a few drops are necessary at each application. Keep a bottle handy at all times—it will prove indispensable. \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent prepaid to your address upon receipt of 10c. in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist today. W.F. Young, P.D.F., 299 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

BREVIAIRES (RATISSON AND MAME) Just Arrived VARIOUS BINDINGS AND PRICES W. E. BLAKE & SON LIMITED 123 Church St. TORONTO

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED It is a disease—not a habit

"Some years ago I was a heavy drinker. Demon drink had me in his grip. Friends, business, family, were slipping from me. Ruin stared me in the face. But one friend remained, a physician. Through his efforts

I WAS SAVED. This man had made a scientific study of drunkenness as a disease. He had found a cure for it."

It was a case like this that made me realize how many others were in need of aid, and determined me, if possible, to offer Samaritan Prescription to the world. The treatment is absolutely different from others. It can be given without the patient's knowledge if desired. Thousands of wives, mothers, daughters and sisters have saved their men-folk from the curse of alcohol through it.

IT CURES In a few days, the craving for alcohol is gone, and the patient is ready to return to health, happiness, family and friends, and the respect of all.

I am ready to tell you about it, absolutely FREE—SEND NO MONEY. Just send me your name and address, saying: "Please tell me how I can cure drunkenness," that is all you need to say. I will understand and will write you at once telling you all about my wonderful cure for DRUNKENNESS, and will also send you a TRIAL PACKAGE, which will show you how the treatment can be given without the patient's knowledge. All this I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE in a plain, sealed package, at once. Do not delay; send me a post card, or write me a letter to-day. Do not be afraid to send in your name. I always treat correspondence as sacredly confidential. E. R. HERD, Samaritan Remedy Co., 1421 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS B. LEONARD EST. 1896 QUEBEC : P. Q.

We make a specialty of Catholic church window

SIMMERS USED BY SUCCESSFUL PLANTERS FOR 60 YEARS. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE J. A. SIMMERS, LIMITED TORONTO - ONT. SEEDS

Mrs. Wiseneighbour says "I should have told you the other day when we were speaking of EDDY'S WASHBOARDS, that it is quite as necessary to have an Indurated Fibreware Tub in which to wash the clothes if you want to make a success of washday."

Mrs. Newlywed says: "I've often heard of EDDY'S FIBREWARE Pails and Tubs. What's the difference between Fibreware and Woodenware? Eddy's Pails and Tubs are made from compressed fibre baked at extreme heat. All in one solid piece. Cannot warp or fall apart. No chance of splinters—wear longer, look better, and are very light to handle. The latter point should always be a matter of consideration when buying kitchen utensils, concludes Mrs. Wiseneighbour.

Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GETTING AN EDUCATION

Perhaps no more absurd fallacy exists than that to the effect that it is impossible to prepare one's self for the battle of life in any place save at a school or college.

The principal advantage of attending a school is that the work of the students is guided in channels which experience has proved most advantageous.

The staff from which an education may be acquired is on every hand for those who really want an education and are willing to work and study for it.

"No, sir," answered the man who had been advised to carry on his business at a little less strenuous rate, "it's better to wear out than rust out."

"That remark is all very well in its right place," he said, "but the majority of those who are so fond of making it never seem to consider that it is possible to rust out in the very process of wearing out, and that it is quite probable they are doing both."

The old story of the Frankenstein—a creature constructed by a medical student from bones in the dissecting room, and brought to life by electricity—

"I mean by charm," writes Arthur C. Benson in a delightful essay on "Charm" in The Century, "not a mere superficial gracefulness which can be learned, as good manners are learned, through a certain code of behaviour, but a thing which is the flower and outward sign of a beautiful attitude to life."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

POWER OF AN AVE MARIA

Arturo de Gounod was a youth of excellent character, distinguished no less for his virtuous life than for his learning.

"No, sir," answered the man who had been advised to carry on his business at a little less strenuous rate, "it's better to wear out than rust out."

GILLET'S PERFUMED LYE. "GILLET'S LYE EATS DIRT". For cleaning and disinfecting—For softening water—For disinfecting closets, drains and sinks—and 500 other purposes.

"PEACE ON EARTH"

A PLEA FOR CHRISTIANITY BY FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN

In the course of a sermon preached at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, London, recently, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., said:

We have been told—I am told over and over again—that Christianity has failed. Look at the war! It is the plentiful lack of Christianity that has failed.

SMALL, BUT IMPORTANT

Small but important courtesies are to be observed in conversation. Among these are to look people in the face when talking or listening, not to let the attention or mind wander, not to show impatience in listening, but to try to be interested in what others are saying.

THE WELL-BRED GIRL

The girl who is well-bred never finds it necessary to announce the fact to the world. Good breeding is as natural to her as breathing, and as necessary, too.

BEGIN NOW

Youth is the time when habits are formed which will stay during life. It is vain to think that you can be careless and lazy, perhaps even worse, while you are a boy and then become energetic when you grow to be a man.

The Catholic Church applies the truth, enforces the truth, and drives home the truth to men in their public and private and individual lives.

stead of seven, for instance. Since then what has happened? They are still.

BORROWING THEIR CHRISTIANITY FROM GERMANY

They are telling us to day not merely that Catholics have too much Christianity, but they say to-day that Christ Himself has no personality.

A LEADER AND AN IDEAL

You have tried diplomacy, you have tried Socialism, science and philosophy, you have tried peace congresses. All have failed. To whom are we to go? Come to Jesus Christ.

AN ANTI-CATHOLIC EDITOR INDICTED BY A FEDERAL GRAND JURY

Comrade Philip Wagner, publisher of the National Rip-Saw and Melting Pot of St. Louis, Mo., has been indicted by a Federal grand jury, charged with circulating through the mails "defamatory and scurrilous literature."

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN READING?

When your young daughter sits staring at a paper-bound volume while her school books lie in a neglected heap, just examine the stuff that she is taking into her innocent young head.

Free We design skilful plans of interior decoration without charge to Alabastine users, and furnish dainty, exclusive stencil patterns, free.

The Alabastine Co., Limited 56 Willow Street, Paris, Ont. CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

through a glass darkly," it is the part of wisdom for us to choose safe, sane and sensible guides—in literature as well as in all else.

But let the children read—and see to it carefully that they are not

secretly reading "stuff" which they are ashamed to speak of in your presence. "As the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined," and we must not be too careful that the growing minds of our young people shall be fashioned by the daily perusal of that which is lovely, and honest and true.

SEEDS RENNIE'S ALWAYS GROW—THE FINEST IN THE LAND. Catalogue FREE. Sold by best dealers. Wm. RENNIE Co. LIMITED ADELAIDE and JARVIS STS., TORONTO, ONT. Also at Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

All these Men are Specialists THE BIG successes of the day are being accomplished by specialists. The Safford hot water heating system is a splendid example. One result of our specialized methods is the simple Safford hotwaterboiler, which has only nine main parts above the base (ten parts less than the ordinary boiler).

Safford Boilers and Radiators send for our "Home Heating" booklet. It will only take you a minute or two to write a post-card-request for it.

Practical Painters Welcome Alabastine It gives handsomer, more gratifying results at 25% to 50% less cost than either wall-paper or paint. Free We design skilful plans of interior decoration without charge to Alabastine users, and furnish dainty, exclusive stencil patterns, free.

MADE IN CANADA Send the boy to school with bodily vigor and mental vim that will put him to the front in study or play. SHREDDED WHEAT a hot, nourishing dish containing all the muscle-building, brain-making material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

THE C. M. B. A.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:—Your kindness in offering space in your valuable paper affords great pleasure to the members of the C. M. B. A. The many well written letters contributed are interesting to all on account of the new arguments brought forward by the writers. I respectfully submit the following in order to discuss some of the propositions and also to submit my own.

One particular feature noticeable is the uniform manner the correspondents accept the N. F. C. rate and 4 per cent., as the only proper rate for the future of the Association in the outset of their letters; and then invariably they commence to tell us that it is not applied in a proper manner, and that it should be applied in some other way, such as at present age, which would have the effect of lessening the cost of insurance to the members; thereby affording an opportunity to pay an insufficient rate in a different manner than at present and also destroying the one essential feature of that rate—soundness.

The great mistake made in fraternal insurance has been the levying of a rate not high enough to insure the stability of the associations. The N. F. C. rate, based on it is the actual mortality found by the experience of some forty Fraternal Societies, is the most reliable and up-to-date in existence and is the net cost of insurance without any additional charges as found by their experience, and any deviation from it which would lessen the cost, destroys all the virtues it possesses and would not be safe insurance. We are all anxious to buy insurance at as low a cost as it can be obtained providing we are sure the cost is sufficient for the solvency of the insurance company. But there are no insurance companies that pay something with nothing. Each member must pay to the Association an amount equal to what he expects his heirs to receive at his death otherwise the Association would not have the money to pay his claim. One feature entirely overlooked by the correspondents is the fact that the protection afforded to members has a money value. In nearly all cases the amount of assessments quoted are not sufficient to pay the actual cost of the protection afforded but alone form a surplus in order to provide for the higher cost of insurance as they get older, thus the cost of insurance per \$1,000, at age thirty years, is \$5.88, while at age sixty years it is \$21.87 and at age seventy years it is \$51.58 and the level rate must be high enough to provide for this constantly increasing cost as age advances. For example, in your paper of the 27th inst. appears a letter from the President of the Chesterville Branch comparing the amount he paid, some \$1,148.90 in thirty years joining at age forty-five years, in 1900, with one who would join at the same age in 1915, paying for thirty years, also when amount is \$741, only he states that he is penalized to the amount of \$406 because he joined fifteen years before the other. Of course he had fifteen years more protection, therefore he would have to pay for it just as he would pay for fire insurance on his house for the protection afforded and if the second party had no insurance on his house he would not pay anything. The second letter is from Smith Falls. He states he paid since 1888 the sum of \$573.90 on \$2,000, or \$286.65 for \$1,000. Now the cost of the protection alone afforded him is \$199.80, which leaves only \$376.85 of a surplus and he is now fifty-three years, which will all be absorbed in a few years, whereas the present value of what he expects to leave per \$1,000 is \$885, and if he does not provide it who will? He states if the proposed new rates are put in force, and he lives to be sixty-five years old, he will have paid in \$1,483.80 on a \$2,000 policy and if he dies at sixty-five years where does he expect the C. M. B. A. will get the \$2,000, he expects to lose? In reality the cost of a \$2,000, paying the N. F. C. rate at age twenty six years, at 4 per cent., is \$1,258.89 per \$1,000 insurance or \$2,517.78 for \$2,000 and he must contribute an amount which will provide for it at 4 per cent. in order to make a company solvent. The difficulty to overcome in the proposed rate is the hardship it inflicts on members over fifty-five years of age who find it so high as to be prohibitive, causing them to drop their insurance at an age when they are unable to obtain any other, and any proposition which would enable them to retain the interests of the younger members or the solvency of the Association I am sure would meet with the approval of all members irrespective of age.

At the Kingston meeting I made a motion to the effect that the maximum rate be \$8 per \$1,000, members up to fifty-three years paying the new rate. This motion carried, and a committee was appointed to have an actuary prepare a statement for the Grand Council on that basis. In the meantime I have prepared one and forwarded it to the trustees, and if we have a special convention will have an actuary's opinion on the soundness of the proposition forwarded to them. At the present time we should have nearly \$5,000,000 to be solvent; the proposed rate will entirely wipe out the deficit as soon as it comes in force, because the present worth of the promised contributions will equal the present worth of all policies. Under the proposed rate of \$8.00 per \$1,000 over fifty-three years there would only be a deficit of

\$1,119,165 against which we have a surplus of some \$700,000 along with a surplus of \$243,619 provided by the difference in the present value of contributions under fifty three years, and the Single Premium of the N. F. C. will only leave a very small deficit some \$175,546 which would easily be offset in several ways.

1st. If our death rate is not as high as the N. F. C. mortality table.

2nd. All the lapses themselves would soon provide for it.

3rd. A higher rate of interest than 4 per cent. on surplus funds.

By these means our C. M. B. A. would be perfectly sound and solvent and the rates would never have to be increased and all members could retain their insurance.

To any branch which writes for it a copy of this proposition as laid before the Grand Council will be forwarded, providing enough ask for it to warrant having it printed, and if it meets with their approval all branches should request the Grand Council to adopt it.

I humbly apologize for taking up so much valuable space.

Yours respectfully,  
M. BRODERICK,  
Pres. Br. 23, Seaforth, Ont.

**The Choir**

No Choir can do themselves justice with a poor Church Organ. A

**KARN Church Organ**

will help your Choir immensely and will please the congregation and managers. You get lasting satisfaction in a Karn.

The Karn-Morris Piano & Organ Co., Limited  
Head Office, Woodstock, Ont.  
Factories, Woodstock and Listowel

**NOTICE**

Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Can.

ONE CENT WAR TAX ON LETTERS AND POST CARDS MAILED IN CANADA FOR DELIVERY IN CANADA, UNITED STATES OR MEXICO, AND ON LETTERS MAILED IN CANADA FOR DELIVERY IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND BRITISH POSSESSIONS GENERALLY AND WHEREVER THE TWO CENT RATE APPLIES

A war tax of one cent has been imposed on each letter and post card mailed in Canada for delivery in Canada, the United States or Mexico, and on each letter mailed in Canada for delivery in the United Kingdom and British Possessions generally, and wherever the two cent rate applies, to become effective on and from the 15th April, 1915.

This War Tax is to be prepaid by the senders by means of a War Stamp for sale by Postmasters and other postage stamp vendors.

Wherever possible, stamps on which the words "War Tax" have been printed should be used for prepayment of the War Tax, but should ordinary postage stamps be used for this purpose, they will be accepted.

This War Stamp or additional Stamp for War purposes should be affixed to the upper right hand portion of the address side of the envelope or post card, close to the regular postage to that it may be readily cancelled at the same time as the postage.

In the event of failure on the part of the sender through oversight or negligence to prepay the war tax on each letter or postcard above specified, such a letter or postcard will be sent immediately to the nearest Branch Dead Letter Office.

It is essential that postage on all classes of mail matter should be prepaid by means of ordinary postage stamps. The War Tax stamp will not be accepted in any case for the prepayment of postage.

**IRISH FAITH**

Under the above heading, the Monitor (Newark, N. J.) has the following: "We heard a story the other day of an old Irish woman—she was eighty years of age—a story full of faith and pathos. This good old woman lived five or six miles away from the church—now in Monmouth County. But distance nor the weight of years deterred her from going to Mass on Sunday morning. She carried with her a little stool and when she grew tired of the walking she rested for a while on her tiny stool before she resumed her journey. It took her a long while to

reach the church and there was many a spell of rest; but what a comfort and consolation for the aged saint when she knelt before the Eucharistic God Whom she loved so much! What a lesson for the young and strong who live within a few blocks of the church! What a display of that grand Celtic faith—strong enough to move mountains as it moved miles! May we be worthy of such an ancestry!"

—GEORGE BENSON HEWITSON

**POPE BENEDICT ON PREACHING**

The Holy Father, in his address to the parish priests and Lenten preachers of Rome, laid stress chiefly upon making their sermons fruitful. One passage from the address of His Holiness is as follows:

We have referred to the fruits of preaching. Be not impatient, dearly beloved sons, if we insist on this point, and tell you openly that a sacred orator must not aim so much at correcting the intellect as in reforming the heart, may the very act of correcting the errors of the mind must be ordained by the sacred orator to the betterment of the practical life of his hearers. Let no one among you, therefore, content himself with a beautiful exposition of Catholic truth, still less be satisfied with a brilliant refutation of modern errors, without descending to the practical applications in both cases. Oh! how often it happens that the hearers are unable of themselves to draw the consequences which are contained in premises recognized to be beyond discussion. It is for you, heralds of the Divine word, to perfect your work to bring home to your hearers how and when they are to alter their conduct, now by abstaining from doing something which they formerly did, now doing that which they formerly failed to do. Do not be deterred by the fear of being lacking in the esteem due to those who listen to you; the concrete indication of the fruit which is to be drawn from a sermon is for many an absolute necessity; for no one can be superfluous just as the words of a friend are not superfluous when he encourages another in a good action which has already been decided upon.—Sacred Heart Review.

**BELGIAN TOT'S GRATITUDE**

In connection with the gigantic amount of relief supplies sent by the United States to Belgium, which fed millions of stricken people, there is perhaps not a more tender episode than the recent exchange of letters between two children, nine years old, of the foreign land and President Wilson. When the children in the Temple cried out, "Hosanna to the Son of David," and the chief priests and scribes said to the Saviour, "Hearst thou what these say?" He quoted to them by way of reply the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouths of infants and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise." And the royal singer continued: "Because of thy enemies, that thou mayest destroy the enemy and the avenger."

The letter of the Belgian tot is worth preserving:

"Dear Mr. Wilson: Thank you very much for the good bread. The poor people in our villages were starving, forty had nothing to eat, but now that you have sent over to our dear little country a big provision of wheat both rich and poor can live—thanks to the Americans. Best love and wishes from little  
PUSSEY DESPOELBERG

Pussy's brother added by way of postscript:

"I join in with my sister in thanking you, too, for it is jolly good bread, enough to satisfy any school-boy's hunger."

President Wilson's answer is one which no doubt will be preserved for these children as a historic legacy:

"My Dear Little Friends: Your letter touched me very deeply and I thank you for it with all my heart. It makes me very happy to think that what generous Americans have done to relieve the hunger and distress in your country has brought you the help you needed and given you a little happiness in the midst of these terrible days of war. I hope that you will grow up to be strong to

do the work that will have to be done in the days of peace that are coming. It would be a great pleasure to me if some day I might see you both when those happier times have come.

Your sincere friend,  
WOODROW WILSON

One touch of sympathy makes the whole world akin, and it is best appreciated from the lips of the innocent, of whom Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God."—Intermountain Catholic.

**WHY STAND YE IDLE?**

In God's vast vineyard there is work for all;  
Those that stand idle He will there employ;  
Some tend and dress the Vine, and some destroy  
Those sins that cause His grapes are ripe to fall;  
Others extend the Vineyard at his call  
Bringeth the suckling and the girl and boy  
Into the fulness of the parent's joy,  
Away from worldly vinegar and gall.

Why stand ye idle in the market place  
When there awaits you work so full of grace  
Transcending all the toil that ends in dust?  
Go ye in faith and undertake the task,  
Nor reason on the wages ye shall ask,  
For He Who calls you loves you, and is just.

—GEORGE BENSON HEWITSON

**THE TABLET FUND**

Toronto, April 1, 1915.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

Previously acknowledged.....\$418 04  
Isabel Macdonell, Brookville..... 1 00  
E. A. Malloy, Toronto..... 1 00  
Mrs. Ellen Toner, Porcupine..... 8 00  
James Dolan, Shelburne..... 1 00  
James Garvey, Mono Mills..... 1 00  
Misses M.A.K. Garvey, Mono Mills..... 1 00  
Miss Annie McMillan, Orangeville..... 1 00  
Harry Blew, Lexington, Mo..... 1 00  
Reader of the RECORD..... 5 00  
Trogois..... 1 20  
Separate School, Barrie..... 1 00  
Mr. Lee, Taber, Alta..... 1 00  
Mrs. Jordan, Taber, Alta..... 2 00  
Reader of the RECORD..... 1 00  
Savanne..... 1 00

If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful.

Respectfully yours,  
W. E. BLAKE,  
98 Pembroke St.

**A PICCADILLY ANGEL**

One Saturday evening, when the fog was at its worst in Piccadilly, London, the van of the Sisters of Nazareth was returning from its round of begging goods for the poor. The amateur driver, an inmate of Nazareth House, was unequal to the difficult and even dangerous situation. The Sister in charge therefore alighted and led the horse. Three smart young men emerging from a club at once took charge of the horse's head, sent the Sister inside, and themselves escorted the van through the city of dreadful night two miles westward, to the door of Nazareth House. They then disappeared before the Sister had time to express her gratitude. "Perhaps they were angels," suggested somebody who had begun to believe that the age of human chivalry was dead. "Yes," said the Sister, "I might have said the same, but one of them was smoking a cigar."—Standard and Times.

**TEACHERS WANTED**

**CATHOLIC TEACHER (MALE OR FEMALE)** fully qualified to teach and speak French and English for C. S. No. 2, Colchester North, for the term beginning at Easter. Applicants please state salary and experience. Address D. A. Ouellet, R. R. No. 1, Amherstburg, Ont. Phone 114-12, 1923.

**A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC** teacher for Separate school. Duties beginning at Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary, to W. Ryan, Box 23, Charlton, Ont. 1921-4.

**WANTED FOR S. S. No. 6, HUNTELEY**, A second class professional teacher. Duties to commence after Easter. Salary \$500 per annum. Apply to W. J. Egan, West Hurley, Ont. 1923-4.

**LADY TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 2**, Properly qualified. Duties to start at once. Apply stating experience to Geo. A. Milon, Sec. Treas., Espanola, Sta. Ont. 1923 6.

**POSITION WANTED**

**WANTED BY REFINED CATHOLIC LADY** position as housekeeper to widower, fond of children. No objection to farm. Can furnish good recommendations. Apply to Box 75 Hill City, Minn., U. S. A. 1923-4.

**HELP WANTED**

**WANTED A GENTLEMAN WHO IS CAPABLE** of leading a small choir in a live tone. State occupation so that other work may be obtained. Address Box W, CATHOLIC RECORD, 1923-4.

**CHAUFFEUR, SOBER, HONEST, RELIABLE,** good mechanic and repairman, seeks engagement with private Catholic family where real work is appreciated. References furnished. Immediate correspondence invited. Apply at once to Box X CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1923-4.

**FOR SALE**

**SLIGHTLY USED GASOLINE ENGINE AND** cream separator for sale. Both in first class condition. Bargain. Address Box V, this office. 1923-3.

**FARMS FOR SALE**

**900 ACRES COUNTY HURON**, 3 MILES from Seaforth; 3 farms: (1) 100 acres, first class house, hot water heating, bank barn, driving shed; spring creek never dries; 10 acres hardwood bush; (2) 100 acres across road from above farm; good house, bank barn, spring water, all year running; (3) 100 acres, wooded, in good soil, all year running. Apply to J. P. Proudford, Godrich, Ont. 1923-4.

**ASSISTANT MATRONS WANTED**

**WANTED ASSISTANT MATRONS**, APPLY to The Matron, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont. 1923-4.

**Pope Benedict's Prayer For Peace**

We are now in a position to supply the official prayer for peace issued by His Holiness, at the following prices: 250, 75c.; 500, \$1.00; 1,000, \$1.85. Postpaid on receipt of price.

**EVERY PARISH SHOULD HAVE A SUPPLY**

**The Catholic Record**  
LONDON, CANADA

**Actress Tells Secret**

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

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement:

"Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humors and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

**Forward Belgium**

(En Avant La Belgique)

The Greatest Patriotic Song of Europe

Direct from "the firing line" song that thrills.

MARCH SONG BY MAILFAIT-STERNY  
English version  
By  
MAXWELL RYDER

Dedicated to D. Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

**"Honor to Whom Honor is Due"**

The publishers of this song are dedicating the entire profits to the **Belgium Relief Fund**

A full size copy containing extract from the Cardinal's letter to his flock, can be purchased for **25c. Prepaid**

Send your order early

**The E. Wilson Company**  
Royal Templar Bldg.  
**HAMILTON**  
Exclusive Canadian Agents

**J. J. M. Landy**  
EVERYTHING IN  
**Catholic Church Supplies**

**MISSION SUPPLIES**  
A SPECIALTY  
**AT 405 YONGE ST.**  
Long Distance Phones  
Main 6565 and 6499  
College 452  
**Toronto, Ont.**

**Beautiful Home Rule Souvenir**

A Picture for Every Irish Canadian Home

Centrepiece contains beautiful photograph of old Irish House of Parliament, and surrounding it are like portraits of J. E. Redmond, J. D. Donohoe, Joseph Devlin, Daniel O'Connell, Michael Davitt, Henry Gattin, Charles Stewart Parnell, W. E. Gladstone, and H. H. Asquith. Picture is 12 inches by 16 inches, mounted on embossed paper, beautifully finished in six colors, and is imported direct from Ireland. Mailed free to any part of Canada and the United States on receipt of money order for 30 cents.

**AGENTS WANTED**

**T. J. McKENNA**  
261 Grove St.  
Jersey City, N. J.

**MEMORIAL WINDOWS**  
**STAINED GLASS**  
M. N. LYON GLASS CO.

**\$1.50 Rapid Vacuum Washer \$1.00**

The real original vacuum washer. The washer that will wash anything—shirt bands, dirty cuffs, collars, anything in three minutes. That is what the RAPID does. For a short time, only, we will send the RAPID post-free with this ad. Don't miss this chance—it won't be repeated. Send \$1.00 to-day with this ad. If not satisfied, your money will be returned.

**FISHER-FORD MFG. CO.**  
DEPT. 7  
**TORONTO, ONT.**

**BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES**

Send for catalog. Our bells made of selected Copper and East India Tin. Peals for full rich tone, volume and durability in Construction. E. W. VANZANCO CO. Dept. Catholic Record Building (Lamb. 1837), 602 E. Broad St., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**APPRECIATION**

A prominent Canadian Insurance Periodical, under date March 10th, 1915, says of the Capital Life Assurance Co.:

**Capital 1914 Figures** The CAPITAL continues to make that sound progress which those who recognized its admirable start quite expected. The assets have increased to \$289,695, from a little under \$200,000; and the surplus, excluding capital, is \$147,035, plus \$7,780 reserves held above Government basis of valuation, making a total surplus of \$154,765. As this is very little less than the surplus last year, it means to say that the Capital has been able to maintain itself in its third year with the expenditure of very little capital. This is in some ways a really wonderful achievement.

Let us Write You for a Policy. You Need the Insurance  
Think it Over and Write Us

**The Capital Life** Assurance Company of Canada  
Head Office - Ottawa

**TWO BIG WAR PICTURES**



**A REGULAR GOLD MINE FOR AGENTS BOYS - GIRLS! HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO FILL YOUR POCKETS WITH MONEY!**

JUST OUT! TWO GRAND BATTLE PICTURES IN COLORS. "The Sinking of the Emden," the famous sea fight in which the greatest Australian cruiser, "Sydney," cornered and destroyed the terrible raider, which captured 21 unprotected British merchant ships, causing a loss of about \$2,000,000.00; the companion picture shows the exploit of unparalleled bravery in the Battle of Mons, when three British gunners drove from the field, with one machine gun, a German battery of 12, for which these heroes were decorated with Victoria Crosses. These GRAND ACHIEVEMENTS OF BRITISH ARMS ARE DEPICTED, TRUE TO LIFE and in vivid colors, in these two magnificent Battle Pictures.

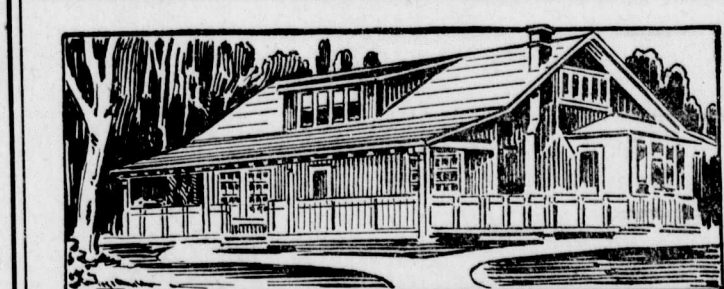
SIZE, 18 x 28 INCHES. PRICE, ONLY 15c. EACH.

Every home in Canada will want this splendid pair of Battle Pictures to commemorate the heroic deeds of our gallant soldiers in this terrible war.

YOU WILL SELL THESE PICTURES AS FAST AS YOU CAN HAND THEM OUT. To give you a chance to PROVE THIS, WE WILL SEND YOU A TRIAL SHIPMENT OF 20 PICTURES—\$2.00 worth—WITHOUT ONE CENT IN ADVANCE. Just say you will do your best to sell. You will find the pictures will go like wildfire. When you have sold the \$2.00 worth, you pay us \$1.80 and keep \$1.20, or pay the whole \$3.00 and we will give you \$3.00 worth more to sell for yourself, and then you can order as many as you like.

Here is THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME TO MAKE MONEY, FAST. All depends on you. The first in every neighborhood will reap a harvest of dollars. You can FILL YOUR POCKETS WITH MONEY, if you seize this opportunity. Now, it is up to you. Order TODAY!

The Gold Medal Picture Co., Dept. R, 1 Toronto, Ont.



**SAFEGUARD THE HOME**

**Paint for Protection**

MAKE endurance the chief standard in choosing your brand of paint. Durable high-grade paints last longer, protect better and the shade you choose keeps more permanent. The difference between the cost of good and indifferent paints is so slight and the service of the good is so superior that it pays to buy the best.

**MAPLE LEAF Paints and Varnishes**

wear best, last longest and look best all the time. They are purely Canadian made paints adapted especially for use in Canadian climate. Twenty-five years of paint making has enabled us to make them superior to any other brand for Canadian use.

They Make Good Because They Are Made Good  
Our Descriptive Aid Department is at your service  
Write for Information to  
**THE IMPERIAL VARNISH AND COLOR CO.**  
**WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER**  
CANADA



**Hotel Cumberland**  
54th St. and Broadway  
New York City