

The Catholic Record.

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

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BELGIUM'S ROLE

Belgium has long been the home of brave men. Caesar in his "Commentaries" writes of the tribe which inhabited the northwestern part of Gaul: "Of all these the bravest are the Belgians."

There was no Liege in his day, but the site of Namur was occupied by Aduaticum which resisted many days after his defeat of the Nervii.

Some of the divines who seem to be under the impression that Catholic nations are drained of sturdiness and courage must be surprised at the heroic stand of Belgium. This little Catholic country, a home of industry and content, guided by enlightened statesmanship, has disarranged the warlike machine that had been rolling over its territory. It may happen that just as it paved the way to the victory of Waterloo so it may also be the chief means of giving triumph to the armies of the allies.

VISION

"Where no vision is the people perish." The words carry a most profound significance than at first appears. There are forms of blindness to which we are all subject. It is not for us who behold the passing show to waste unthoughtful pity on sightless folk. They need help such as we can easily give, but also the debt we owe to them is great. Homer, Milton, Beethoven—these are but a few of the better known whose music was cheered, whose inward sight has enlarged and ennobled the spiritual understanding of countless human souls. He that has light within his own clear breast may sit in the centre and enjoy bright day. Pilgrims we all are—groping our way across the plain. The light often fails us and then the touch of a friend's hand is a priceless boon. To withhold that hand of help is to love darkness rather than light. Therefore let us hail every opportunity to bear at least some small share of the burdens the brethren carry, assured that in so doing we are clearing our own vision in ministering to their needs.

PRAYER AND HUMILITY

It sounds like a paradox to say that the clearest and finest thinking leads the soul to a barrier which thought cannot pass. The old writers recognized this and the artists who sought to embody the truth of life in symbols gave a wistful look to their heroes. They could suggest the deeper problems which mind and heart had to face, but they could not discover satisfactory solutions of them. The discords which mar the music of the world's ongoing can only be resolved by action. Not by brooding or wishing but by living do we gain light to see the bearing of mystery upon our moral development. Books written by men and women of genius help us to conceive the mighty problem of the life that transcends all calculation, but the actuality of a single course is beyond the ken of the finest intellect and its finest moods. Defeat teaches lessons that are hidden from the victors. Suffering is more potent to enlighten and cleanse than unchecked enjoyment can ever be. When a great ship goes down and hundreds perish even a giddy and frivolous world suffers a shock that brings forth latent sympathies; terror and pity have a purifying effect upon myriads who are apt to lose sight of life's true end. When we begin to discern the whole design we may "greet the unseen with a cheer."

TO BE FORGOTTEN

Some of the reports of the war are written in the back-room of the newspaper office by special correspondents. As products of overheated imaginations they may serve a purpose, but they will be of no value to veracious chroniclers of history. What we object to is the pessimistic tone that pervades them. War is indeed horrible. The spectacle of men in a death grapple shows how thin is the veneer on human savagery. But there are, however, thousands playing their parts on the stage of desolation and death for

peace and liberty. And we are not, despite these scribes, in a state of panic. The most of us are clear-eyed and resolute to bear our burden of loyal citizenship. We are trying to breed hopefulness and to show that the "starvation" is not our lot.

OUR URGENT DUTY

Now that we have cheered "the boys on their way to the front" let us not forget their wives and children. That is the plain duty of every citizen. While our soldiers go forth to the accompaniment of the blaring bands their loved ones must perforce stay at home to watch and wait and suffer the agony of dread and suspense. We who do not don the Khaki can and should keep back the forces of poverty from the homes of our citizen soldiers. And we should begin immediately. Every town and city in Canada should see that the families of our boys shall not be allowed to feel the discomforts of grinding poverty. Assistance is needed now and urgently in many homes.

ST. THOMAS

The Holy Father made St. Thomas the text-book for theology in all important seminaries in Italy and the adjacent island. Though binding only in Italy it expressed the mind of Pius X, which is that the Summa should be used as a text-book in all great centres of philosophy and theology. The Summa is one of the most beautiful and wonderful works of human genius. St. Thomas organized Christian philosophy and applied it to Christian theology. It has been found equal to every emergency: it has stood the test of time; it has guided the councils of the Church in their most solemn deliberations and it has always safeguarded men from novelties and unrest. It is as limpid and as bracing as a mountain stream. It is an instrument of almost miraculous precision that tempers the mind of a student. His contemporaries named him well. He is the Angel of the Schools, reigning by virtue of sanctity and learning as undisputed king in the realm of thought. The students who learn to know and love him should be master workers. They will feel the influence of his personality and have within their grasp the principles that can pierce much of the stuff that masquerades under the name of modern thought. And in this connection it has been pointed out that Henri Bergson, the latest and most fashionable exponent of philosophy, is but the enunciator of theories combated by St. Thomas in the twelfth century.

Thomas Henry Huxley, no lover of revealed religion, says of the Angelic Doctor in his "Science and Morals," page 142: "His marvellous grasp and subtlety of intellect seem to me to be almost without a parallel."

PLEA FOR LAZINESS

Many parents take their children to school for the first time, with the urgent request that they may not be pushed or pressed with their studies. The children are not strong, and so should be allowed to ramble along the paths of learning at their own pace. Often this plea is only a slightly disguised plea in favor of laziness. We know all the modern arguments against forcing learning on the tender mind of the child, but whatever age the child is allowed to reach before school is started, the disposition to permit it to become a finisher from effort, a shirker of necessary labor, is observable in certain parents of the over fond type. They are afraid lest it will be constrained to take up any really difficult work and naturally enough the child is quick to take advantage of this timid tenderness. In this way a habit of skirting round difficulties is formed at an early age, and saying and thinking "I can't" is regarded as a sufficient excuse for failure. It would be much better to face at once the fact that it is only the difficult which affords a true test and gives a genuine training. Throughout life it is a fine tonic to force oneself into a habit of working when easier courses are temptingly near; and this is peculiarly true in youth when so much can be acquired that will only be learned with greater difficulty at a later period, if it is

learned at all. Just as resolute practice must be persisted in if a man is to be a skilful master of any craft, so children have to undergo certain spells of drudgery if they mean to be efficient in later life. The skill which becomes a habit, an art, a pleasure, has to be won by constant repetition.

BISHOP FALLON AND THE WAR

On the evening of Monday, Aug. 31, a large gathering took place at the Masonic Temple, this city, to hear addresses in the interests of the London and Middlesex Patriotic Fund. His Lordship Bishop Fallon was among the speakers. The following reference to his address appeared in the London Free Press: Bishop Fallon made a brilliant speech, filled with suggestions and inspirations, and created a profound impression. The outstanding figure when history was written would be that of Sir Edward Grey, he declared. His Lordship pictured in strikingly vivid language the difficulties of the world's greatest diplomat, as he made every effort, by day and by night, to prevent the loss of that which he had spent long years in an attempt to preserve, the world's peace. He could picture him literally carrying the world's happiness on his own shoulders.

"I say these things to justify my own presence here at a war meeting," said His Lordship. "This war comes as no surprise to me. Twenty-two years ago I went to school in Germany, and even then the young men of the nation were filled with the war fury. They were determined that the British Empire should go down, and ever since that time I have not failed to warn the people of Canada and the empire. That peril, of which I have long spoken, is upon us, it is going to be terrific, but Great Britain has unshaken the sword, and thrown the scabbard away. It either means victory or the disappearance of the British Empire with its liberty and its tradition. In this peril there is no line of cleavage between us. We are one, because we know that Britain's cause is just."

THE BRIGHT SPOT

The war has brought harmony among every tribe and nation, no matter of what color or creed, such as he contest in our British history. This was a bright spot. "There is another bright spot," he declared, "and that is Ireland. We have had our differences in the past, and it was said that we were on the verge of civil war, but when Germany spoke, the Irish Nationalist and Unionist alike said 'Take away your troops from our shores, and we together will defend here.' It has been said that Britain's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity, and it has been, because it gave Ireland a chance to show what she thought of the British Empire."

He strongly supported the fund, and urged all to contribute handsomely. No wife or mother or child should want.

WARNING WORDS

In connection with the war the London Free Press calls attention to a sermon given by Bishop Fallon on May 14, 1911, in St. Peter's Cathedral in which he was addressing the Seventh Regiment. His Lordship uttered a solemn warning as to the momentous issues hanging on the disturbance of peace in Europe and the folly of being found unprepared when the inevitable clash would come. His Lordship said in part: "Citizens of this Canada of ours, but members of a far greater and more widespread empire than Canada itself comprises, let me say to you," said His Lordship, "that the man, a citizen of any part of that empire, that looks out upon it and expects that his career will be one of unbroken peace, is living in a paradise of delusions. If men look that way and if they were to interfere with the defense by land or sea, upon which at the final analysis of that empire must rest its future strength, then, indeed, the beginning of the end of that empire has come."

"I should be very sorry to be considered an advocate of war, but I should be sorer still to be stamped a blind advocate to universal peace. I see on the continent of Europe a great nation, with a civilization, perhaps, which is as good as ours, but not a civilization that suits you or me. I see it strong in its military persistency, there has of late been more than a disposition to leniency shown in Russia. M. Hanotaux has told in the Figaro how the Tsar Nicholas, when on a visit to Paris shortly after his accession, assured him that he knew his duties towards his Slav brethren of Poland. And that the Emperor had not forgotten his purpose certain pacifying measures coming at intervals have shown, hampered and weakened though they were by the bureaucracy and by Court jealousies and intrigues. And not long ago a law was passed by which the Poles in Russia were allowed to open private schools in which their own language might be

used almost exclusively. More recently still, when a Bill to give elective municipal councils to the towns was rejected by the Council of the Empire, the Tsar personally intervened, and another Bill on the same subject is to be introduced by the Government. Acts like these have been welcomed by those chiefly concerned as the heralds of a new policy on the part of Russia, and their significance has not been lost on Vienna or Berlin. In Austria, the Catholic Society known as the Pins Verein has pointed out that if Russia were to adopt a new and better policy in Russian Poland, the Austrian Poles would inevitably be drawn into friendship with Russia. Similarly, in Germany, where Prussian rule is hated so much that the Polish nobles who accepted the Kaiser's invitation to a dinner at Posen were hissed and stoned as traitors by their poorer compatriots, Russia's more lenient treatment of the Poles has been watched with jealous eyes. The Tsar's proclamation, then, has not been altogether unnoted. It is a big and bold bid for support at a time of crisis, and it may throw a new weight into the war balance of Eastern Europe. It is a pledge not to the Poles only, but to the Liberalism of the West. And it is an act which may have important consequences where religion is concerned. Catholicism in Russia is chiefly represented by Poles, and what favors them cannot but influence the religious situation for the better. The difficulties in the way of the acceptance of the Tsar's offer are as great as they are numerous, but it contains a chance for the divided Poles to be come, in some sort, what England, France and Russia are fighting to maintain for Belgium.

A WAR OF LIBERATION

Whatever the original designs of the diplomatists who precipitated the monster war, it is now clear, declares the Freeman's Journal in a recent leading article, that it is rapidly becoming a war of liberation. A futile pro-German campaign has been attempted in this country, as if the trampling down of treaties, the invaders of Belgium and Serbia, the coercers of Alsace, Lorraine and the Trentino, the oppressors of Schleswig and Bosnia had claims upon Irish sympathy. Irish sympathy goes to the peoples "rightly struggling to be free" or to free their kith and kin. The war of the Allies is a war first of defence and second of liberation: the war of the Prussian and the Austrian is a war of conquest—a war to advance the Austrian flag to Salonika and set up the German Eagle along the southern shores of the Northern Sea and the Mediterranean. Irishmen apart from all questions of Irish politics, know where to stand in such a war. The old allies of Ireland and the new are showing a brave front before the formidable legions the menace of whose name has kept the independent nationalities of the European Continent in gloom and the suppressed nationalities in despair for almost half a century. The victory of the Allies will be a victory for causes of the same nature as Ireland's own, and that is why the pro-German propaganda in Ireland, which puts forward among other things our old acquaintance "the withdrawal of the sham Home Rule Bill," is doomed to be such a ludicrous fiasco.

RUSSIA'S BID FOR POLISH SUPPORT

By a solemn proclamation, published through the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces, the Tsar has pledged himself to the Poles to reconstitute their kingdom and give it autonomy of government and liberty of religion and language under his sceptre. That is a dramatic reversal of the traditional policy of Russia towards this suffering people. Within a little over a hundred years Poland has been subjected to four great partitions, by which the kingdom was divided in different proportions between Russia, Austria and Prussia. If the reconstitution of its divided territory now proposed by the Tsar were to be realized, Germany would have to yield up some 26,000 square miles, Austria 35,000 and this, with Russia's share of 220,500 would produce a new State having an area of over 280,000 square miles, or nearly five times the size of England and Wales. This territory at present supplies on a war footing to the three countries concerned a total of nearly 600,000 soldiers, 400,000 of whom are under the flag of Russia, 82,000 under that of Austria, and 111,000 under that of Germany.

It may, of course, be objected, says the Tablet, that the proclamation is but a self-interested political move on the part of Russia. That may well be true, for it is a mere common place that the necessities of great nations are the opportunities of subordinate peoples. The Crimean War brought emancipation to the serfs of Russia, whilst the war with Japan led to the beginnings of Parliamentary institutions. But this much can at least be said, that whilst the Germanization of the Poles in Prussia has been carried on with ruthless persistency, there has of late been more than a disposition to leniency shown in Russia. M. Hanotaux has told in the Figaro how the Tsar Nicholas, when on a visit to Paris shortly after his accession, assured him that he knew his duties towards his Slav brethren of Poland. And that the Emperor had not forgotten his purpose certain pacifying measures coming at intervals have shown, hampered and weakened though they were by the bureaucracy and by Court jealousies and intrigues. And not long ago a law was passed by which the Poles in Russia were allowed to open private schools in which their own language might be

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must be deducted nearly 80,000,000 cwt. exported by Russia which will not be available next year. The shortage of wheat in Europe will next year exceed the total foreign imports to the Continent and the British Isles by over 80,000,000 cwt. Similarly, the shortage of oats in Europe will amount to 230,000,000 cwt., a quantity double the total production of the United States and six times that of Canada. Ireland formerly grew 40,000,000 cwt. of oats as compared with 17,000,000 in day. The sowing of corn crops in Ireland should prove a profitable investment next year, probably the most profitable farming of the century. It behoves Irish farmers to avail of this occasion for obtaining its full value out of the old, heavy wheat lands of half a century, which, highly valued by Griffith, have since proved of small value for the growth of lighter crops.

THE PROGRESS OF BELGIUM

In a contributed article entitled "The New Belgium," in the Manchester Guardian recently, a correspondent writes:—"Since 1831 Belgium has made more progress than Holland. Its population is now far larger, its wealth greater, and its contribution to the modern world on the side of industry, art, literature, and ideas is in most respects far more considerable. Situated at the meeting point of English, French, German, and Dutch civilizations, it has borrowed from them all. From England it learned industrial methods and a good deal of its politics; France has especially influenced its literature and art and has kindled its social ideals; Germany has taught it something in municipal administration and in the general application of science to life; from Holland it has taken lessons in the sphere of agriculture and also in that of high finance and overseas trade. There is much that is jerry-built in its social and economic structure, as is inevitable where growth has been so rapid, but its ultimate foundation is a sure one: while peace lasts—the native talent of an exceptionally gifted and industrious people. What every Belgian has been brought up from his cradle to realize is that the whole happiness of his country and everybody in it depends on maintaining its neutrality. Once let it be violated with impunity, once let it even prove to have been worth anything's while to have violated it, and the game is up—Belgium must sink back into the 'cockpit' stage. Hence it is not surprising that the present unprovoked German onslaught has been desperately opposed. What all Belgians hope is that, aided by the British intervention, they may make Germany so repent her aggression that neither she nor France shall feel inclined to repeat it in future."

FRENCH MILITARY CHAPLAINS

The Comte de Mun, acting on the wish of a large number of families, requested the French Government to remove some of the restrictions placed by the decree of 1913 on the action of military chaplains. He also pointed out that a considerable number of priests were offering to serve as unpaid chaplains. In response to this appeal the Government has decided to increase the number of chaplains by two for each Division, on the understanding that these will receive no pay and will be chosen from amongst priests who are free from military service and are provided with the necessary authorization from their ecclesiastical superiors. The Government's decision means an addition of two hundred and fifty priests to the list of the chaplains already with the troops. M. de Fiers, in compliment to M. Viviani in the Figaro on his action, adds, with reference to a well-known phrase of the Premier's that he has recognized that it was necessary to rekindle the lights in heaven over the battlefields where our little soldiers are groaning and dying in defence of the country.

ONLY ONE REMEDY

Among the many remedies for the growing disregard for the sacredness of marriage is the suggestion that all marriage ceremonies should be performed in a church and by a minister of religion. While there is merit in this suggestion, it would avail nothing if the parties to the contract did not believe in marriage as Christ instituted it—a sacrament which creates an indissoluble bond. The only way to satisfactorily and permanently settle the question is to settle it the right way. Legislation making uniform divorce laws or making divorce more difficult, or surrounding the ceremony with some of the trappings of religion may mitigate the evil and lessen the number of divorces. But you cannot cure a cancer by washing the surface. Temporary expedients will only put off the final cure. Only by a return to the true conception of marriage as God instituted it will the divorce question be settled.—Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC NOTES

One of the last acts of Pope Pius X. was to name Bishop Haid, Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina, assistant at the Papal throne.

Edward D. Doherty, California oil king, is paying half the cost of erecting a new \$250,000 Catholic Church at Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. George W. Nevill, a non-Catholic of Philadelphia, has donated \$5,000 to St. Joseph's Hospital for a free bed as a memorial of Joseph and Amelia Nevill.

Cardinal Bourne has now a list of more than 100 priests, secular and regular, who are available for the services of the army and navy during the war, so that no further applications will be required. Chaplains are to serve to the end of the war.

Miss Melva Beatrice Wilson, who is now engaged in carving the sacred sculptures in the transept of the new St. Louis Cathedral, will, as soon as her work is finished, become a Sister of Charity. She is now a novice at Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson.

Belgium, the chief theater of the European war at present, is a country of 7,160,547 inhabitants (census of 1905) of whom the great majority are Catholics. There are about 30,000 Protestants and 4,000 Jews, and several thousand non-baptized who profess no faith.

Among notable lay conversions in England lately are the following: Lieutenant Colonel H. F. Eden, son of the late Colonel W. F. Eden, Agent-Governor-General of Rajputana and his niece, Miss M. G. E. Bainbridge, daughter of the late Colonel E. T. Bainbridge, Commanding Royal Scots Fusiliers. They were received into the Church by Father T. Walsley Carter at Sheringham.

The people of Ireland—North and South—have had many funds to subscribe to during the last few months, but it is pleasant to know that they are making a generous response to the Prince of Wales' appeal for the National Relief Fund. Cardinal Logue has sent £5 to the fund which is being raised for this object in County Louth.

Last Sunday, Sept. 6, the Paulist Fathers took charge of St. Peter's Church, Toronto. Rev. Father Burke, C. S. P., has been in Toronto some time having been put in charge of Newman Hall at the University by His Grace Archbishop McNeil. Father Minehan, the former pastor of St. Peter's, will open a new parish in Toronto.

It is predicted that one of the first acts of the new Municipal Council of Rome will be the restoration of religious instruction in the Public schools of that city. The driving of God out of these schools by the anti-clericals has been the cause of much of Rome's recent misfortune. His return, consequently, will bring a change for better conditions.

The total Catholic population of England and Wales is not yet 2,500,000. A portion of this is of the old Catholic families that remained faithful through fire and sword, from the definite and final change of religion under Elizabeth. Still another representative of the Irish element settled in England, and intermarrying with English families. Finally, there is the large and steadily growing convert element—the Catholics of the reconquest.

An item in an eastern paper the other day chronicled the ordination to the priesthood of a Jesuit, Rev. Louis Young, and the information was added that he was a grand nephew of the late Bishop Josue M. Young, Bishop of Erie, Pa. Reading the item started a train of thought of the old days. Bishop Young was born in the little hamlet of Shapleigh, York county, Maine, close to the New Hampshire line, of Puritan parents—old time Congregationalists, and became a convert, it is said, through his setting in type—the printer by trade—some Catholic manuscript.

The latest addition to the fighting force of the United States navy is the torpedo boat destroyer O'Brien, which was launched at Philadelphia a short time ago. The federal government in thus naming one of its naval vessels is honoring the hero of the first naval encounter of the revolution, Jeremiah O'Brien, for whom also it is proposed to erect a statue in the national capital. The place of the battle was Nahant Bay, and the date was June 12, 1775. The boat was launched by Miss Campbell, a direct descendant of the hero. The Kaiser has presented to the Pope a labarum of Emperor Constantine, which is an exact replica of the original as described by Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian. The staff is encrusted with precious metals, from which hangs a purple cloth fringed and embroidered with gold and precious stones. Upon the cloth is embroidered a monogram of Christ, surrounded by a wreath of gold and precious stones. Lower down there hangs 4 medals of Constantine and 3 of his sons. At the expressed desire of the Kaiser the labarum was placed in honor of Emperor Constantine's victory over the heathen in the new church of the Holy Cross, which was built by the Pope to celebrate that victory.

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER I.

THE WEASEL.

It was March, but winter was still making a last stand on the heights, where tattered snow-banners clung to thistle and furze bush, and the wind swept down fierce and blustering, from the bare rocky steeps.

Barbara Graeme felt something of the stir even in her chill young veins as she stood at the gate of the Road House, feeding her one pet, the black broken-winged crow perched on the post beside her.

She shook the wind-blown hair back from her face—a young face lighted up by a pair of eyes gray and cold as the March sky. There was little loveliness in form or feature, though she was at the age of girlhood's full and perfect bloom.

While all around were the pines that held the Ridge for their own, the black trunked, high reaching pines that stood always the same, whispering, so it seemed to Barbara, of the tragedy and mystery that shrouded the Road House in shadow and silence.

The girl started and her head with that wild grace which was her only charm as she caught the sound of approaching wheels, and a shabby cart, driven by a stolid-faced boy, came around the turn of the road.

So Barbara stared indeed as this one drew up at her gate. "This is the place, miss," said the driver, looking back, as the close-curtained coach, and then the door of the carriage was pushed open, and a girl stepped out on the flat stone beside the road.

"Do you live here?" she asked eagerly of Barbara. "Yes," was the answer. "I am Barbara Graeme."

"My name is Kent," the stranger went on. "Elinor Kent. I am not very well, and the doctor tells me I must stop working for a while (I have been doing finishing for the factory) and come out here among the pines. They told me at the store down the road that I could get room and board here."

"Here?" Barbara burst into a laugh—an odd laugh that made Rip flutter up in alarm from his post, and perch cautiously on a distant rail.

"Why do you laugh, asked the newcomer, flushing. "Have I made such a foolish mistake? Is not this the Road House?"

question. "Who is it ye are bringing in here, ye Weasel?"

It was Barbara's home name, suggestive of the atmosphere in which she had grown up, to be the lean, sharp-witted starveling she was, hungering for all that young life loves and craves.

"The lady is ill, grandmother," said Barbara. "I brought her in to get warm. Some one sent her back on a fool's errand to find room and board."

"It was at the store, the quarry store," said the stranger, as she sank trembling into the old wooden rocker that Barbara pushed toward her.

"Eh, the quarry store—yes—yes!" The old woman nodded. "It was that fool Daffy Mills. I told him that if the quarrymen wanted the attic they could come."

"The quarrymen?" gasped Barbara. "Oh, grandmother!"

"Eh, and why not then?" was the fierce reply. "It will be good money and better than starving or freezing as we are nigh doing now."

"The quarrymen!" repeated the girl, indignantly. "Have we come to the quarry store?"

"Ay, and we are like to come to worse," answered the old woman sharply. "What harm will the men do ye, ye young fool? Ye need see nought of them."

"They are rough, coarse, drinking clowns," said Barbara, bitterly. "Grandmother," she lowered her voice, "let her come instead, if she will."

"It's no place for women," said the old crone, harshly. "The stranger looked up. She had been close to fainting until now.

"I—I am so sorry to have troubled you," she said. "But I had to find a place at once. The doctor said I could not stay another week in town, that I must get to these hills under the pines. He thought I would find board cheap. I can not pay very much, not more than twenty dollars for the month."

"Twenty dollars!" Barbara looked at her grandmother with startled eyes. When she had those starveling called such a sum their own?

"But—but—" Elinor Kent's gaze turned again to the picture. "Why, then, do you have that?"

"Oh, that!" said Barbara, with a little laugh. "I found it upstairs over so long ago, when I was just a kid. I don't remember my own mother, and I used to make believe it was her picture, though it isn't of course."

"Of course," assented Elinor, with a smile. "It's the Blessed Virgin—" "Is it?" asked Barbara, staring. "How do you know?"

"Why, why—" Elinor's own eyes widened in wonder—"don't—don't you know, too?"

"No," answered Barbara. "I never knew who it was. I liked the face—it is so kind, so beautiful, like the mother I used to dream of sometimes when I was little and I never had any one but grand-mother, who was old and cross. So I put the picture there, to bring back my dreams. But they don't come any more," Barbara added with her little hard laugh. "I'm too old for them now."

"Ah, that's a pity!" said Elinor, softly. "Oh, I don't know," was the careless answer.

"What's the good of dreams? You just wake up and find they're not true."

Elinor was silent. There seemed a gulf between her and this strange girl which she had not strength to cross. For Barbara, as she soon found was a young pagan, pure and simple; as much of a pagan as if she had lived before the Star of Bethlehem rose over the sin-darkened world.

"I would not ask much," she said. "I take only milk and eggs, and sometimes a little broth."

"It must be paid in advance," said the old woman, gruffly. "Yes, of course. If you will only let me stay! I am not able to look any further. It will only be for a month. After that," the speaker's pale face brightened, "if the doctor thinks best I will go to Colorado or California, or perhaps the south of France."

California! Colorado! The south of France—and yet she was willing to stay at the Road House! Barbara stared at the frail, pitiful figure leaning back in the old chair, and wondered at their guest were quite right in her mind. But if it were to keep off the quarrymen with their rude jests and coarse laughter, she felt she could bear even that.

"It's no place for sick women, I warn ye," the old grandmother repeated harshly. "But I can give milk and eggs, and Weasel here, good for nought that she is, may as well wait on ye. So ye can have it your own way."

"Then I will come—I will stay now," said the girl, eagerly. She took out of the satchel a purse, and small amount as it was the old woman's greedy eye caught sight of a fair roll of bills within.

nor place. Elinor, a shiffling needle-woman, had been able to get work in the finer lines of factories, while her father took minor parts in orchestras or taught when he could at cheapest rates.

Six months before he had died, after a few weeks' illness, and realizing at the end the cruel mistakes of his life, he had written to Judge Randall, giving to him the daughter he had asked for eighteen years before, and begging him to care for and protect his dead Elinor's child.

On this letter, written five months previous, and unanswered still, the frail invalid, fading hourly away in the Road House, was building airy castles of hope and joy that Barbara had not the heart to shake with a doubting word. For the little "Weasel" of the Road House had grown up in the loveless darkness, where one learns to doubt and fear and distrust, and only the new pity she felt for Elinor's weakness made her patient with what she thought were a few more days.

"Bobby I am sure. Perhaps the letter has miscarried, or grand-father may have been away from home. In Europe, maybe. Oh, how lovely it will be to travel with him, Bobby! The doctor said a sea voyage would do me good. But I think, when I get to Roserocroft I will never want to leave it. Papa told me about it at the last, when he was ill and I was so broken-hearted at being left alone."

Then he talked to me about the lovely home I would have when he was gone. The Randalls have lived there for two hundred years, and there are great oaks all around the house, and lawns like green velvet, and roses everywhere. Oh Bobby, I do love roses, and I never had a handful of them in my all life. Did you?"

"Never," answered Barbara, grimly. "And inside, the rooms are all wide and high, with big windows that look far away down to the shining river. Papa said my poor young mama seemed to be dreaming of that river, when she died. And there is a great wide hall hung with pictures, old, old portraits—men with curls and ruffs about their necks, and my grandmothers and great-grandmothers with their high puffed hair and queer gowns, and every-body, back to Sir Roger Randall, who lost his head for the King! Such proud, great people papa said—but mama left all for love of him."

Barbara was silent. She had her own opinion of mama's folly, but kept it wisely to herself.

"But now I will have her place, as papa told me. It has never been taken, for she was the only daughter, and though uncle Gilbert married, his wife never could be the same to grand-father as mama. I will have beautiful rooms that will have been closed since she left home. No one had the heart to use them, for no one had been fitted up for her. Oh, Bobby! I just lie awake at night thinking of it all, it makes me forget the pain in my breast, and—"

"Too good! Not a bit you are paying for it," answered Barbara, bluntly.

"Oh, no! I couldn't pay for what you give me, that was the earnest answer. "Not yet—though some day, some day, Bobby, I can."

"Oh, you needn't—we're square," said Barbara, with her little hard laugh.

"But I will, I will," Elinor went on eagerly. "I can never forget you, Bobby. When grand-father sends for me I will send for you."

"Won't that be crowding things rather for the old gentleman?" asked Barbara, lightly.

"Reverend Mother, I can't possibly stand it any longer. I must go home at once, this very day. I will not submit to such treatment from anyone."

"Oh, it is you, is it Sister Madeleine? I thought at the very least the convent was on fire. Come into my room, my dear child, and tell me all about it. The boat-train does not leave until this evening, so there is plenty of time to discuss it. Now what is the matter?" said the Reverend Mother, in the soft, gentle voice that was one of her charms.

Sister Madeleine followed the Superior into her room, taking the chair indicated, which stood on the opposite side of the Reverend Mother's desk, facing her and facing also a life-sized engraving of Correggio's Ecce Homo.

"I was giving little Olive a music lesson and she was so maddeningly tiresome and so stupid that I could do nothing but with her, and when I returned to Sister Vincent she took the child's part and said it was my fault and my impatient temper."

"Did Sister Vincent say that before Olive?" asked the Reverend Mother.

"Oh, no, of course not, dear Mother; she said it to me privately and I will not put up with it. A saint in heaven would not stand with it, and I am not a saint."

"No, not yet," said the Reverend Mother quietly.

"Never shall be one, I am too human."

All saints were human beings, they were not angels. And so you wish to leave us to-day? Well, just look at that picture for a minute or two while I look out your trains for you."

There was a long silence, the trains took some time to look out, and presently a low, sobbing sound fell on the Reverend Mother's ears and she knew there would be no passenger to England that night, as she looked at the picture for a minute or two while I look out your trains for you."

Sister Madeleine, who was dressed in a plain black dress, with a little black cape over her shoulders and a black gauze veil over her auburn hair, had been in the novitiate about three months, and about once a fortnight an explosion of this kind occurred in a minor degree than on the present occasion, which was to England, and Sister Martha, who was so highly indignant at such a breach of discipline as the invasion of her domain, and all the more so as it was against the rule for her to have left it untenanted, was of opinion that the sooner such termsagants as Sister Madeleine left the convent the better; the novice mistress was very doubtful if they would ever be able to keep such a passionate subject; the Reverend Mother had no doubt on the matter at all, but all she said was, "We will give her another fortnight."

In due course Sister Madeleine got the habit, the postulanship, which frequently lasted only three months, had in her case been prolonged to nine, and then she was clothed, to her great joy. The novitiate, which lasted two years in this order, was not all sunshine, there were dull and stormy days as well as bright, sunny ones. Sister Vincent and Sister Madeleine were not congenial spirits and never would be, and the Reverend Mother, in whose hands was a postulanship, Sister Madeleine had little to do with her, and upon those occasions when she had to interfere treated her either with severity, which the novice bore with exemplary humility, or else behaved to her with indifference, which Sister Madeleine found much harder to endure.

"When I first came Reverend Mother was so patient with me, now she seems to have grown so tired of me and my troubles, and I can hardly wonder at it, for there never was such a troublesome novice as I have been. I know," complained Sister Madeleine one day to her confessor, who counselled her to bear the change in the Reverend Mother's manner patiently and not to resent it in any way, but to try and believe that it was for her good. So Sister Madeleine persevered and in due course the two years drew to a close surprisingly quickly, and the day for her profession was fixed.

choir-subjects without dowry, he will not oppose you. What reply do you wish me to make?"

The Reverend Mother spoke in a matter of fact tone, purposely excluding all expression of sympathy or regret from her voice or manner, and Sister Madeleine, whose heart was almost breaking at the terrible dis-appointment this meant to her, the dream of her life shattered just as it seemed within her grasp, struggled hard to control her feelings, and to hide the anger and mortification her father's letter had roused within her.

There was a deep silence for some minutes, and then the Reverend Mother asked again in the same toneless voice:

"What answer shall I make him?" "Let me stay as a lay-Sister," whispered Sister Madeleine.

"You are not strong enough, you would break down at the end of the month if not sooner. No, I cannot do that."

Then Sister Madeleine, wounded to the quick by the Reverend Mother's coldness, far more than by her disappointment, bitter as that was, burst into a fit of tears, sobbing quietly as if she would never stop, her head bent forward on the Reverend Mother's desk.

After a minute or two she felt herself lifted up and the Reverend Mother's arms around her.

"And so you really thought I was going to send you away, my best novice on the eve of her profession? No, we can do something better than that. It is true we do not receive choir-subjects without a dowry, but it is also true that we have a rich benefactor to whom I can apply in certain cases and he will supply the necessary sum. I am going to appeal to him in your case and no one will know anything about it except you and me and your father and this friend, and even you will not know who your benefactor is. I can spare you. Now go to the chapel until you have quite recovered, while I write to your father and tell him what we have decided to do."

"Clang! Clang! Clang! again. Seven years had passed since the new postulard rang the Reverend Mother's bell so angrily; meanwhile the Associations' Law had been passed in France, and this convent, among many others, was threatened with dissolution. Already the nuns had had notice to leave the country, but having an influential friend in the government they had appealed against it, and were still living in the hope that they might, after all, be allowed to remain and carry on unmolested, the good work in which they had been engaged for so many years. It was a time of terrible anxiety, for at any moment the government might elect to enforce the notice which had already been served upon them, and confiscate their property and drive them into exile.

Should this actually happen they had already made arrangements to go to England, but most of the community were French and they hoped and prayed night and day that they might be left in peace in sunny France.

On All Saints Day the High Mass was at 9; it was just over, and taking advantage of the holiday from servile work, most of the nuns were in the chapel praying that they might not be molested, when suddenly the Reverend Mother's bell was heard pealing furiously.

"Clang! Clang! Clang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" It was loud enough to wake the soundest sleeper, if anyone had been asleep. The startled nuns guessed immediately what had happened and all rushed out of the chapel after the Reverend Mother, who in response to her bell, hastened to the portress' lodge to see what was going on.

Standing at attention inside the hall, lining the cloister on both sides, was a company of soldiers with loaded rifles, and in the middle of the path was a sergeant ringing the Reverend Mother's bell violently. He was an evil-looking man with a horrible expression, as drawing a paper from his pocket he advanced to meet the Reverend Mother, as she with great dignity approached the portress' lodge, and said insolently to her in French:

and don't keep any back." The Reverend Mother quietly and with no haste opened a drawer in her desk and took out a bunch of keys, all of which were labelled, and handed them over in silence to the sergeant.

"Is this all?" he demanded. "Yes. There are no other keys, are there, Sister Madeleine?" said the Reverend Mother.

"None except the key to the tabernacle. That is in my charge as Sister Sacristan and will remain there," said Sister Madeleine.

"I think not, Mademoiselle. Hand it over at once," said the sergeant. "I will die first," said Sister Madeleine.

"There is no question of dying, my pretty Sister, but unless you hand me over that key with the others I will call in two of my men and have you taken to prison."

Sister Madeleine laughed scornfully. "Arrest me, then. I shall be only too proud to go to prison on such a charge."

"Madame! this young nun is under obedience to you, I believe. Command her to give me that key," said the sergeant.

The Reverend Mother looked at Sister Madeleine's beautiful face and trembled at the idea of her being handed over to the mercy of these ruffian soldiers, and for a moment she hesitated, but Sister Madeleine saw the hesitation and guessed its cause.

"Do not command me to give it up, dear Mother, for if you do I must disobey you for the first time in my life."

"You hear what the Sister says," said the Superior, turning to the man. He, furious with rage, made some impudent remark to the Reverend Mother which brought the red blood to her pale cheeks. She turned and looked at the picture of Ecce Homo, and was silent.

Sister Madeleine did not look in that direction, she looked at the sergeant, a look in which was concentrated the contempt she felt.

"You coward, you poor miserable coward, you are a disgrace to the French uniform, insulting a defenceless woman, and that a Religious, old enough to be your mother."

The sergeant whistled for a guard to arrest Sister Madeleine, and as two private soldiers entered the parlor he exclaimed, "Arrest that woman."

"One moment," said another voice, and the nuns looking up saw a French officer standing on the threshold.

"Sergeant you have grossly exceeded your instructions. I heard your insulting language to this lady. You are under arrest. Guard! march the sergeant back to the barracks. I will attend to this matter myself. Madame la Supérieure, I congratulate you on having so brave an assistant; I regret that I am bound to see that you leave without any delay, but I will see that you are treated with every consideration within my power."

The Reverend Mother tried to thank him, but she broke down completely, and it was Sister Madeleine who had to make all the necessary arrangements and prove herself the bravest and most practical member of the community.

By this time the priest had arrived and to him she handed over the key of the tabernacle that he might remove the Blessed Sacrament to a place of safety; and that evening the nuns were all on their way to England, and the Reverend Mother's bell was rung no more in their old convent, gently or violently.—Darley Dale in the English Messenger.

HOME RULE IRELAND: HER PEOPLE AND HER IDEALS—SUBJECT TO TYRANNICAL OPPRESSION—FAITH SUSTAINED THEM—

Looking back to the misty dawn of over seven hundred years ago, we behold a proud, liberty loving people subjected to tyrannical oppression—the Irish. The wrongs and indignations of other nations, when compared to those the Irish were forced to undergo lose all their importance and dwindle into insignificance. Unparalleled they stand chronicled on the annals of history for endurance of the oppressor's wrongs and the proud man's contumely. The equal and misery characteristic of the land—the result of English misrule—was incredible. Here we have a country that came forth beautiful from the hands of the Almighty, but was cursed and blighted by the hand of man. The negro, torn from his home in Africa and brought to shores where he was subjected to the brutal lash of the cruel whip, when compared to the cruel lot of Erin's sons and daughters, at least possessed some measure of comfort and a pronounced zest for life; the Indian in his wretched and miserable state enjoyed pleasures palatial, but for the Irishman there was not one ray of sunshine, not one gleam of light. The only avenue open to him was to woefully struggle on, hoping against hope, until either the gaunt spectre of famine stalking through the land, or the sabre of the cruel emissaries of their oppressors released them from terrestrial pain and permitted them to enter a land where sorrow does not reign or misery dwell. However, it is to their credit that with stoical calmness they bore the brunt of diabolical oppression.

One thing alone sustained them—their faith. During the dark days of their thralldom their faith, which,

they received from Saint Patrick under most extraordinary conditions, shown forth as a brilliant light-house beacon amid the rock and reef and congregated sands. Though all things else had failed and human misery had reached the zenith, the acme of its intensity and British gold and other alluring emoluments and enticements were extended to them to abjure the faith of their fathers, yet they preferred to "die down in the ditches, wild, howling for bread," rather than sacrifice their precious jewel which Patrick gave them for any vain, fleeting temporalities. Here is one victory the British bayonet could not score, and this thought only augmented and increased their animosity.

An Irishman's faith is his chief characteristic. Ireland and Catholicity are inseparably linked together. Take his faith from him, he is nothing, if not evil. The adherence of the Irish through these tribulations is truly a crowding wonder. It men say the Catholic Church exists only on account of the grandeur of its liturgy, the beauty of its ceremonies, or the appeal to the sense, let him look to this down trodden land which sustained the faith when no light burned, no organ pealed, and all was desolate for centuries.

When the conqueror's yoke, due to a second Eve, was placed upon them did they humble and they bowed themselves to the will of the rapacious harpies who invaded their country? No! From the very moment that the hand of tyranny bore them down until the present moment, they have fought with unabated zeal and energy to ameliorate their conditions. Thousands perished in the attempt. Some of the best blood of the land was shed, but the hangman's rope, rack and gibbet had no terrors for them. Undaunted, undismayed, all down the trodden byways of the centuries they have suffered serfdom, they have made brave but ineffective attempts to throw off the yoke, still the fight goes on with as much ardor and interest as in other days.

The scene of war has shifted from the battlefield to the British parliament halls. At present we see champions of Ireland's freedom, infused with the same patriotic spirit as a Tone, a Russell, or an Emmet, and now have come true the words of one of the most illustrious exponents of Irish freedom and liberty—John Redmond—for Irish Home Rule is now a reality.

Ireland as a lettered nation has ever stood in the foremost rank. Her true learning dates from the fifth century, or more obviously from the time of St. Patrick. It is then we see this grand and martial people whose soldiers defied the legions of Rome and drove the Vikings from their shores, bow in submission before the banner of the cross and yielding to the strange teachings of the leader of that divine mission, Ireland's golden period of education was during the period of the seventeenth century. The two great universities of Paris and Pavia were founded by Irishmen, while in England, Scotland, Belgium and Switzerland more than a dozen colleges were founded by men who were born on the Emerald Isle. Irishmen have reason to feel proud of such facts. Within the sacred walls of Ireland's schools were trained philosophers, poets, and historians. She became the principal center of Christianity, the patron of learning and literature the home of almost every art and science.

Invasions and penal laws tried to crush Ireland's literature and her schools. But family after family defied the laws and sent their sons to European schools, which practice remained until the days of the immortal Daniel O'Connell. To extinguish the ideal of nationality in Ireland as soon as possible the language was made penal, and what is a nation without a tongue? Having been educated by the Irish, thus did England return thanks to Ireland. Notwithstanding the extremity of poverty of the "Isle of a smile and a tear" and the heroic sacrifices the people are making, they are again acquiring education reviewing their native tongue and making rapid progress in science and art. The time is here when we shall see that land, once a nation that held forth the beacon lights of knowledge again placed on its throne that it occupied centuries ago. With the passing of the Home Rule bill and with the assistance of the Almighty she will again become a nation and the world will exclaim:

"Unroll Erin's flag, fling its folds to the breeze, Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas! Lift it up! Wave it high! 'Tis as bright as of old! Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold. Though the woes and the wroths of three hundred years Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and with tears! Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom, And around it the thunders of tyranny boom, 'Tis the sunburst resplendent—far, flashing its cheer! Erin's dark night has waned, her day dawn is here!"

The highest and holiest sentiments that can animate the human heart are religion and patriotism. The love of God embraces all we may hope for in the life to come, the love of country involves all that is most precious in our earthly journey. These two ideals summarize all that is beautiful and true in the life of man or nation, these two ideals have

been the guiding stars of Ireland since St. Patrick crossed the western ocean and brought to Erin the light of faith.

The effect of his life and teachings upon the religious and national life of the Irish people are unmistakable. If you examine the history of that people you will find that whatever glory they have won in the church, forum, on the battlefield, in science, letters, or in art, are attributable to these two ideals—God and country. They are bound together inseparably and indissoluble.

Though the truth of Christianity came to them without the shedding of martyr's blood, no nation has ever followed this ideal so tenaciously, or poured out blood and treasure in such abundance to preserve it. For centuries its green hills have been slippery with human blood shed in its defense and every valley bore the name and memory of the saints of the Irish Church. It is an ideal that oppression can never mar. If this were possible Ireland would acknowledge the king of England as head of the Church and not the Pope of Rome. She has maintained the faith through centuries of royal misrule and regal crime. The bayonet has been held at her throat while her religion was insulted and persecution took as many forms as Proteus.

England's rule o'er Ireland has been the supreme crime of the Christian era. The oppression of the children of Israel has been repeated for centuries. The history of the Indian massacres are incomparable to the scenes of Drogheda and Wexford. Gottaam says "England in her government of Ireland has gone to hell for her principles and Bedlam for her discretion." The cruelty which she has wrecked upon clergy and religious, the ruin she has wrought on Erin's venerated sanctuaries of religion would not be tolerated even in darkest Siberia. England's armies preyed upon the land until her fruitful valleys became a synonym for poverty and suffering, her authority a malediction and his suffering was all for what? For her two ideals. "But thank God there now shines a star of hope. The battle has been won and her ancient faith preserved. From inhuman debasement she has risen, glorying in the prospect of a grander tomorrow, when new creeds are forgotten, when the names of Cromwell and Crommer serve only to dim the pages of history, when the Crommer corrupted rites of Rome forced upon her against her will, are buried beneath her ruined forces, the smoke of incense will rise from her altars and the green flag will stream triumphantly over the grave of tyranny.

Now emanating from the first ideal is the love of country. Unless we are false to this ideal we must be willing to do and die for the flag we follow. Many have been forced to seek homes in other climes, but in whatever country they have sought refuge they have been as loyal to the second ideal as to the first. On every battlefield where waved the English flag Irish soldiers have shed blood in its defense. The English army at Waterloo and "In the Charge of the Light Brigade" was officered by Irishmen. They followed Wellington from Togos to Toulouse and helped to place upon his brow the laurels of Waterloo. They have followed the British lion, his fangs dripping with their own blood, into every country where British rule predominated.

Since the stars and stripes have been the emblem of liberty it has not floated over a field of battle not dyed by Irish blood. They were the first to move for the independence of the American colonies and thirteen enrolled their names upon the sacred document, the Declaration of Independence. Major Generals Wayne, Stark, Conway, and Generals Tompson, Pickens, Sullivan, Haad, Poor, Maxwell, Stuart, Rutherford and Mlan were seized in American waters were taken captive by Jerry O'Brien. The first American flag ever flung to the wild winds of the seas was raised by Captain Jack Berry, the father of the American navy, and when asked by a British commander "What ship is that?" he replied:

"This is the ship Alliance, from Philadelphia town, And proudly bids defiance to England's king and crown, As captain on the deck I stand, to guard her banner true, Part Yankee, but whole Irishman, whose tyrant's slaves are you?"

No one knew better the part the Irish played in the revolution than Washington and the English parliament. Lord Montjoy cried in the house of peers, "You have lost America through the Irish." At the evacuation of Boston, Washington gratified their national feeling by naming General Sullivan brigadier of the day and St. Patrick as the counter sign, and when the strife was over gave them a letter of thanks.

Time will not permit naming all the Irish commanders of the Civil war, but we cannot pass without mentioning Meagher, Nugent, Shields, Sheridan, Sullivan and Thomas. Who can read the history of those four years without hesitating for a moment at the bravery shown by the Irish brigade—the Sixty-ninth regiment of New York? Never at Fontenay, Albuera or Waterloo was more undaunted courage shown by the sons of Erin than at Fredericksburg at the foot of Mary's Heights. "Noonday was turned to dusk by the smoke and storm of battle, and when the destruction ceased two thirds of the officers and men lay dead upon the

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hillside thick as autumn leaves.

Thus I have tried to show the two ideals of the Irish race. Guided by the first, helmeted by the second, her children have gone forth, carrying out the plans of God and the teachings of St. Patrick. True, not all have remained faithful to both these ideals, but we must remember human nature is imperfect and not all can stand the sufferings leading to a martyr's crown of glory. With these ideals what difficulties can they not conquer? Her earthly rewards have been won and soon we will see the long, down-trodden flag of green emblazoned with its golden harp that waved through the sixth century in the world's palmiest enlightenment, fluttering over an Irish parliament, and her vine-clad castles. Now shall St. Patrick be their Washington, Emmett their Warren, O'Connell their Lincoln, Moore their Longfellow and Grattan their Webster. Now may Emmett's epitaph be written and the harp sound once more in Tara's halls.

In pleading for her liberty Ireland asked for no boon, she asked only for her rights. Every nation possesses, her rights, for that nation and no other can wield the scepter with satisfaction and equity. Ireland was denied this right. Should she not possess it? Has she not a history? Has she not heroes? Is she not singular among the nations of the world? Once was she not the teacher and the civilizer of Europe?

A land without ruins is a land without memories and a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few cypress leaves around the brow of a land and be that land barren, beautiful and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade, thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixion take deepest hold of humanity, the triumphs of might are transient, they pass and are forgotten, the sufferings of right are grave, the deepest on the chronicles of nations. —Intermountain Catholic.

GREAT CATHOLIC ORATOR

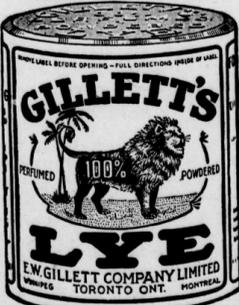
MGR. CROKE ROBINSON PASSES AWAY—A RIVAL OF FATHER VAUGHAN—A CONVERT TO THE CHURCH

(Written for the Catholic Bulletin by Cecil Underwood.)

Among the prominent pulpit orators of England Monsignor Croke Robinson who recently passed away has left the memory of an illustrious career. Owing to the fact that he rarely traveled outside England, his name is not so widely known in America as it is at home. I dare say very few have had the pleasure of listening to him. Yet this gifted orator was the rival of Father Vaughan, and in some respects his superior. He represented a more refined type of pulpit eloquence, and held closer kinship with the classic masters of the art. He did not exercise the same power over the average popular audience, that one sees employed by the Nestor of Farmington street. His thought and diction belonged rather to the Academy than to the public platform and he seemed to ignore too frequently the peculiar demands of the popular taste. Yet he drew large audiences whenever and wherever he spoke! and the presence of his towering physique and magnetic personality acted upon them like a mighty sursum corda. By his personal charm and eloquence he wrought many conversions throughout England.

Walter Croke Robinson was the son of a typical English parson of the

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



early Victorian era, the Rev. Francis Robinson, the rector of Stonefield, Oxfordshire, and was born June 4, 1839. The prejudice was rooted deep in that paragon that "Rome" was "the Scarlet Woman," and that the "Romish Church," as they spoke of the Catholic Church in that house, was in alliance with the devil. It shows something of the native independence and characteristic wit of the lad that on one occasion, with a twinkle of the eye familiar to all who knew him to the last, he said, "But father, they say the devil has all the best things, therefore, if he has the Catholic Church, she must be good." The shocked parents had drastic ways of dealing with such sophistries otherwise than by argument. But the parson was honest in his prejudice, did good in his own way, rode to hounds, encouraged athletics, lived an open air, wholesome life, and the good parents gave to their son that foundation of character which stamped his life with thoroughness, with solid, sound sense, independence, and the saving grace of humor. Instead of discussing theology with his father the two were more often found together hunting, shooting, fishing, and in other outdoor recreations. The next scene is Winchester, in which famous school young Robinson found time no less for scholarship than for games. He soon became a favorite with his preceptors in the class room and a hero in the playing fields. It was once remarked that Robinson was as much a demon for batting as for scanning Virgil. He played for Winchester against Eton in the cricket match in 1857, and was a member for years of the Winchester six-and-six football team.

RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH BY NEWMAN He was not long at Winchester before he distinguished himself in classics and mathematics, and the sporting student when he sat for examination came out second in Moderations. At New College, Oxford, he pursued his studies, took his degree, and eventually became a Fellow—the first Catholic Fellow since the Reformation—after the abolition of tests in the year 1871. That association with his college remained to the end. On leaving New College he turned to his scholarship to account for a short time at Worthing as an army coach, but in 1863 he was drawn to the service of the Church, as he then understood it, taking curacies in succession at St. John's Common, Burgess Hill, at Clever Parish Church, and at St. Andrew's, West Bromwich. Then he commenced that career of preaching on which he concentrated all his gifts of eloquence and learning. His passionate love of truth, his force of character, his logical mind, and his fine faculty as a teacher, and at last he presented himself to Newman at Birmingham. The story of that interview is an oft-told tale. He declared he had lost all faith in the professions and doctrines of the Anglican Church. "Well, you know, I cannot give you the faith of the Roman Catholic Church," replied Newman. "I don't want you to do that," said Robinson, "I have it." "Are you certain?" questioned Newman. "If the Church were to teach," was the prompt reply, "I should believe it." His conversion was effected in 1872. He went to Oscott for a theological course of study for three years, passed on to Rome, and thence entered upon his Catholic career.

A POLEMIC PREACHER His first appointment was as Vice-Rector of the newly formed Catholic University at Kensington, of which Mgr. Capel was rector. Mgr. Capel was at the time at the zenith of his popularity as a preacher. His name recalls a group of distinguished converts he gathered round him at that ill-starred University, all great personal friends of Mgr. Robinson, and singularly able men, and all long since passed away—Father Robert Clarke, D. D., Mgr. Moore, Father George Angus, Professor Mivart, Professor Barf, Mr. Grindal, and others, and the lectures they gave were of rare distinction. The priests became associated with the Pro-Cathedral, and it was there that Mgr. Robinson

laid about him in a controversy raised by the Globe about a conversion made by Mgr. Moore. "The Priest in the Family" was the topic of the hour, but it is curious to note that the aggrieved husband who raised the storm was himself subsequently received in the same church. Mgr. Robinson at that time, and ever since, filled the old Pro-Cathedral as no other preacher filled it after Mgr. Capel. In 1878, after the failure of the University scheme, he was appointed Chaplain of the Kensington Workhouse, and he endeared himself to the old people, whom he in turn truly loved. At the instance of Cardinal Vaughan he instituted the Historical Research Society at old Archbishop's House, for which work he was pre-eminently qualified, and, further, he engaged in the vigorous campaign of lectures by Catholic priests to non-Catholics in public halls, in which he was associated with Bishop Vaughan and others. His central, concentrated, and earnest energies were given to preaching in the churches, and giving retreats, in which he was in great demand in all parts of the British Isles. A master of eloquence and learning, he was also a student, for it was his settled practice to read theology and allied subjects for two hours every day. For that reason his sermons were always instructive and bore good fruit.

SOME JEWS WHO BECAME CATHOLICS

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, will receive under the will of Eliza Andrews, a Baltimore lady noted for her good works a bequest of \$282,055.

It is interesting to remember that Cardinal Gibbons was remembered a few years ago in the will of another resident of Baltimore. This testator was a Jew, and left the Cardinal \$2,000. Comment on David Goldstein's letter in explanation and defence of his conversion from Judaism to the Catholic Church is beginning to come in. A recent issue of Truth, a Catholic Magazine, has an article on Jewish conversions, among which it notes the following which took place during the nineteenth century:

"A Drack, called a deep well of science, whom Gregory XVI. made librarian of the Vatican, and whose of commentaries on Holy Writ; Father Liebermann, founder of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Mary, who was declared venerable by Pius IX.; Father Hermann Cohen, the great Carmelite, who, during the Franco-Prussian war, fell a victim to his charity toward the French soldiers made prisoners in Germany; the Dominican, the Rev. Father Levy, who afterward gave his life for the Faith in Mesopotamia; the Abbe Olmer, at Paris, whose entire family followed his example, two of his sisters entering the religious state; the pious and eloquent Lehman brothers, both of whom were Superior of 'Saint Louis of the French,' at Rome; the famous Father Voit, one of the most eloquent preachers in Austria. To these may be added such names as Rothschild, Miers, Pereira and others, who have yielded to the divine attraction and become devoted Catholics."

Yet this list, notable as it is, does not include the famous Ratisbon and women who followed their example. The conversion of a sincere Jew to Catholicity is the most logical thing in the world. It is merely a going forward from prophecy to fulfillment. —Boston Republic.

A DAILY PREPARATION

The late Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort taught a careless world a needed lesson in their preparedness for death. A correspondent of America, writing from Sarajevo, Bosnia, where the tragedy took place, gives this account of how they died; and incidentally reveals the source of their strength and courage in facing death:

The Archduke was hit first. As the bullet pierced his neck, the Duchess leaned over him in a vain attempt to shield him from further harm. On seeing the action of his wife he gasped: "You must live for the sake of the children." At that instant a bullet struck the Duchess, went clear through her body and fastened itself in the Archduke's leg. The victims were carried into the government buildings where the Bishop of Mostar gave absolution. Extreme Unction was then administered. The Duchess was certainly interred. Her lips moved in prayer while the anointing was taking place. Both the victims were Godly people. They went to confession and Communion every First Friday and spent considerable time every day in prayer. The morning of their death they assisted at Mass with great devotion. On the Archduke's body were found his scapulars and a small relic in a golden locket, probably a gift from some dear friend. The cruel murder was the most senseless of the many committed in Europe during recent years. Both victims were just and charitable, doing all in their power to further the interests of the people and giving liberally in time and money to the poor. The Archduke himself lived in expectation of just such a death. He repeatedly spoke of it, and never failed to go to confession

and Communion before leaving for a journey. Writing on the same theme in the Catholic World, Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer tells of the devotion of the Archduke and Duchess to the Blessed Sacrament and of their happy family life:

I have never seen a happier family. It makes one's heart ache to think of the orphan children in the beautiful castle of Konopischt, with its marvellous flower garden, waiting for the father and mother, who went away strong in health and happiness, never to come back again. The last time I saw the Archduke and Duchess of Hohenberg, was at the Emperor's reception at the Hofburg palace, at the time of the Eucharistic Congress at Vienna, 1912. The Emperor was alert, genial, and seemed especially happy that evening. The great procession of the Holy Eucharist was to take place the next day; 150,000 Catholics. It has been organized by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Prince Edouard Liechtenstein.

RELICS OF CATHOLICITY

LONDON MUSEUM HAS BOWL, INCENSE BOAT AND CENSER WORTH \$50,000—MEMORIALS OF THE PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH IN ENGLAND

Three aristocrats of the metalwork world stand in a case at the London Victoria and Albert Museum. They are a bowl, an incense boat and a censer, and are worth between them no less than \$50,000. Two of the three are a loan and are on exhibition for six months. The third, the Studley Bowl, has been secured for the nation.

It was first exhibited in a case by itself about a month ago, and it has only just been joined by the other two magnificent specimens of old English craftsmanship. The bowl has the letters of the alphabet engraved round it, and it was probably intended as an aid to study, for the child who first took his porridge from it some five hundred years ago was able to learn his "a b c" at the same time.

The second of the precious trio is known as the Whittlesea Incense Boat, and around it hangs a romantic history. This supremely designed piece of silver first figured in a church in the year 1380 or thereabouts. No one knows exactly where it was used first, but experts deduce from its design that it was fashioned for Llanthony Abbey. Each end is decorated with a ram's head.

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries some monks flung it into the water rather than let the precious relic be melted down by the officers of Henry VIII. It lay in Whittlesea Mere, Cambridgeshire, until fifty years ago, when draining operations disclosed it. With it was found the censer, a superb example of its kind, the value of which is little less than \$20,000. Its shape is that of a Gothic church, and the gilt which covers the silver has survived, un tarnished by the passing of the centuries.—St. Paul Bulletin.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1914

OFFICIAL

OUR NEW POPE BENEDICT XV.

Dear Reverend Father:—By the infinite goodness of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Invisible Head of the Church, there has this day been given to us a great cause of rejoicing. The saintly Pontiff, Pius X., has found a successor in the person of His Eminence Cardinal Giacomo Della Chiesa, who ascends the Throne of the Fisherman under the title of Benedict XV. From the depths of our grateful hearts let there arise the prayer of thanksgiving that, amidst the sorrowful events that darken Christendom, Almighty God has vouchsafed not to leave His Church for any lengthened time without a Supreme Earthly Ruler. And as, on the death of our late beloved Pontiff, we made our immediate act of unquestioning submission and obedience to his successor, so now in sincere gratitude let us pray for His Holiness, Benedict XV., that "the Lord may make him blessed on earth, and deliver him not to the will of his enemies; and grant him, both by word and example, to benefit those over whom he is set, that, together with the flock committed to him, he may come to everlasting life."

In loving recognition of God's goodness in so soon filling the vacant Chair of Peter, a Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving will be celebrated in the Cathedral on Monday, September 7th, at 7 o'clock, at which you are cordially invited to assist, if you find it all possible. We also order and direct that a public Mass of Thanksgiving be offered up in each parish of the Diocese on the earliest convenient date, and that the faithful laity be strongly urged to receive Holy Communion on that day for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The prayers "Pro Gratiarum Actione," to be found at the end of the Mass of the Most Blessed Trinity, will replace the Oratio de Mandato of the Mass "Pro eligendo Summo Pontifice," and will be recited, rubrics permitting, until October 3rd, inclusive.

Given at London, this 3rd day of September, 1914, and appointed to be read in all the Churches of the Diocese on Sunday, Sept. 6th, 1914.

M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London.

PETER NEVER DIES

To-day the Catholic fold of nearly three hundred million souls rejoices in the enthronement of a new shepherd in the throne of the Fisherman built by the Carpenter's Son. In the long line of Pontiffs who have in turn heard the thrilling words of the Master "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep," not one, we venture to say, has taken up the sacred burden implied in them, amidst such unparalleled circumstances. Never before was there a Catholic world so unanimously loyal—so enthusiastically devoted to the successor of St. Peter. Bishops and priests and laymen to-day unhesitatingly listen to the voice of Rome's spiritual king and accord him a homage and reverence such as Christ's Vicar has never before commanded. This is the incomparably happy feature of the opening of the reign of Benedict XV. On the other hand, His Holiness, the representative of the Prince of Peace, sees around him the torrents of blood that deluge the soil of Europe as a result of the most gigantic struggle that has ever threatened the civilization of the world. What the issue of that fierce struggle may be no man can foretell. It may involve in ruin some of the great historic dynasties and powers of Europe. But whatever the outcome the Church will be there when it is over, restoring, reconstructing, building up once more the ruins of the past and who knows? perhaps rescuing the nations from the barbarism that may well be the legacy of this fierce struggle. Benedict XV. will take up his sacred duties in the Barque of Peter fearlessly, courageously, knowing that the Voice that of old stilled the raging tempest on the sea of Galilee will in God's own time still the storm and guide the ship to the haven of rest.

THE CLOUDS DISAPPEARING

Professor James J. Walsh has himself done much to dissipate the clouds of ignorance and prejudice which obscured and distorted the modern vision of the Church of all the ages. In the current number of the Catholic World he gives some welcome evidence that "during the generation just past a decided change has come over the attitude of that portion of the reading and thinking public whose opinion is really worth while."

Just forty years ago Professor Draper, who had attained considerable fame as a scientist, published "The History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science," which was given a place in the International Scientific Series. It had a wide, popular circulation, but above all was eagerly read by those who were to devote themselves to teaching in colleges and universities on this continent during the following twenty years. He also published the "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." "Now the interesting fact with regard to Professor Draper's books is that Professor Draper, a scientist, did not know the history of science at all. He was entirely ignorant of the great advances that were even then being made with regard to our knowledge of the growth of science during the mediæval period."

"For him," says Professor Walsh, "the Dark Ages knew nothing because he knew nothing about them."

Professor Draper inherited the old traditions of lazy monks, living in idleness, a drain on the country, of absolutely no benefit to themselves or others. On page 267 Professor Draper writes:

"While thus the higher clergy secured for themselves every political appointment worth having, the abbots vied with the counts, in the herds of slaves they possessed—some, it is said, owned not fewer than twenty thousand—begging friars pervaded society in all directions, picking up a share of what still remained to the poor. There was a vast body of non-producers, living in idleness and owning a foreign allegiance, who were subsisting on the toil of the laborers. It could not be otherwise than that small farms should be unceasingly merged into the larger estates; that the poor should steadily become poorer; that society, far from improving, should exhibit a continually increasing demoralization."

Over against this reassertion of the hoary traditional fable about the monastic life, Professor Walsh sets a paragraph from "The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," by Ralph Adams Cram, who has made a special study of the subject in connection with the magnificent architecture which these mediæval monks developed, and which he would like to have our people appreciate and emulate.

"At the height of monastic glory the religious houses were actually the chief centres of industry and civilization, and around them grew up eager villages, many of which now exist, even though their impulse and original inspiration have long since departed. Of course, the possessions of the abbey reached far away from the walls in every direction, including many farms even at a great distance, for the abbey were then the great landowners, and benefited landlords they were as well; even in their last days, for we have many records of the cruelty and hardships that came to the tenants the moment the stolen lands came into the hands of laymen."

Perhaps even better as an illustration of how recent honest historical research is permeating every stratum of the population is this extract from an address by Dr. Goodell, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, at the summer meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture:

"Agriculture was sunk to a low ebb at the decadence of the Roman Empire. Marshes covered once fertile fields, and the men who should have tilled the land spurned the plow as degrading. The monks left their cells and their prayers to dig ditches and plow fields. The effort was magical. Men once more turned back to a noble but despised industry, and peace and plenty supplanted war and poverty. So well recognized were the blessings they brought, that an old German proverb among the peasants runs, 'It is good to live under the crozier.' They ennobled manual labor, which, in a degenerate Roman world, had been performed exclusively by slaves, and among the barbarians by women. For the monks it is no exaggeration to say that the cultivation of the soil was like an immense alms spread over the whole country. The abbots and superiors set the example, and stripping off their sacerdotal robes, and dressed as common laborers, like the good parson whom Chaucer portrays in the prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

This noble example unto his schief he gaf That first he wroughte and after that he taughte.

When a Papal messenger came in haste to consult the Abbot Equitius on important matters of the Church, he was not to be found anywhere, but was finally discovered in the valley cutting hay. Under such guidance and such example the monks upheld and taught everywhere the dignity of labor, first, by consecrating to agriculture the energy and intelligent activity of freemen often of high birth, and clothed with the double authority of the priesthood and of hereditary nobility, and, second, by associating under the Benedictine habit sons of kings, princes, and nobles with the rudest laborers of peasants and serfs.

Professor Draper, the source of much of the ignorant prejudice amongst the up-to-date "scientists" of very recent times, could find nothing good to say of the monks, indeed he could scarcely find anything bitter enough to say about them. President Goodell, who has studied the situation from his point of view, very carefully concluded his address as follows:

"My friends, I have outlined to you in briefest manner to-day the work of these grand old monks during a period of fifteen hundred years. They saved agriculture when nobody else could save it. They practised it under a new life and new conditions when no one else dared undertake it. They advanced it along every line of theory and practice, and when they perished they left a void which generations have not filled."

History is being rewritten. The old Protestant perversion of it will still do dogmatic duty amongst a certain class who cling tenaciously to dying prejudices; but the truth will finally percolate even to these or their children.

GODLESS LEADERS

Not having the German point of view the Kaiser's confident invocations of the God of battles may seem to us presumptuous. As travestied by unfriendly critics it may savor of blasphemy.

We are glad to read that every man of the British troops has a little paper signed by Kitchener containing two hundred words of good soldierly advice, telling each and all to fear God, honor their king and country, to remember that they are fighting in a friendly country, to abstain from liquor and looting, to be courteous to women and no more than courteous. This has a manly, Christian ring to it.

In the grandiloquent manifestoes of the infidel French governments, manifestoes which excite the scorn of Clemenceau, the mention of the name of God is studiously avoided.

LOUVAIN

The sacking of Louvain makes a brief account of its famous university instructive and interesting at this time.

The Bull of Martin V., dated December 9th, 1425, founded this world famous seat of learning. Louvain had the character of a studium generale, i. e., it had the right to receive students from all parts of the world, and the degree of doctor, which it conferred, gave the right to teach anywhere. Popes and princes vied with one another in granting the university important privileges and establishing endowments to provide for its needs and development.

The ancient university constituted a juridical body enjoying a large measure of autonomy. Its constitution was elective; the arrangement of the programme of studies and the conferring of degrees were among its prerogatives; it had jurisdiction and disciplinary powers over its members.

In the ancient university the faculty of law occupied a dominant position. Roman law reigned almost supreme in its lecture halls. It was regarded as the scientific element, but it served in practice to mould and co-ordinate, not to destroy the living law of national custom.

During the renaissance period we find an illustrious group of Humanists who for a century and a half give Louvain international fame.

In 1792 the Netherlands were occupied by French Republican troops and was officially annexed in 1795. The existence of the university, its privileges and its teachings, were incompatible with the regime of the new teachers. In 1797 the university was suppressed; its scientific property fell into the hands of the spoilers; the whole institution was ruined for a long time by this fury of destruction.

Louvain was restored in 1834. The restored university is a free university, i. e., it is not a state institution. The Episcopate controls the institution and appoints its rector. The latter governs with the assist-

ance of a rectoral council composed of the deans of the five faculties, (theology, law, medicine, philosophy, letters).

It is impossible here to go into the details of the work in our own day of this great University. The Catholic Encyclopedia, from which we are freely borrowing, gives an idea of the magnitude and thoroughness of this work. Every department of learning is flourishing.

The various schools and institutes, provided with libraries, apparatus, etc., familiarize the student with methods of study under the immediate supervision of masters. They are also centres of scientific production: we have already mentioned the bibliography of the university, the catalogue of which has been published. These publications carry abroad the work of Louvain and bring in exchange the productions of the outside world of thought and research. There are about thirty of these periodicals published by the professors of Louvain, and more than one thousand are received in exchange from other sources. Frequently, too, the professors bring out their students' work in foreign magazines not under their direction, and in the bulletins of various academies. The list of these is to be found in the university bibliography. An idea may thus be formed of the activity of men like Louis Henry (chemistry) and J. Denys (bacteriology) who prefer this mode of publication.

These are but a few extracts from the article to which we referred; but they are sufficient to show that Louvain was upholding its glorious traditions, and that it was in our day one of the great intellectual centres of the world.

The wanton destruction of the University of Louvain with all its priceless treasures of centuries of scholarship is one that justifies the harshest of the judgments passed on the Germans. The barbarous Vandals yet untouched by civilization or Christianity, many centuries ago, by such indiscriminate sacking and burning have given to civilized nations the one word that describes it—vandalism.

PARISH LIFE UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH

History is being rewritten. The old Protestant traditional view of the Reformation is shattered by recent historical research. Professor W. P. M. Kennedy, M. A., a distinguished convert to the faith, has placed in popular form and within the reach of every reader a valuable corrective of popular misapprehension of English history in his work "Parish Life Under Queen Elizabeth." It is published in the Catholic Library Series at the popular price of 30 cents. If this little work may be described as popular in some respects, it differs radically from most publications that are usually placed in that category. It is the fruit of wide reading and research in Professor Kennedy's chosen field of study for which he is marvellously well equipped. Almost every one of its 169 pages contains references to his. torical documents and standard works. Copious citations from the State Papers of the reign, the Episcopal Visitation Reports, and other unquestionable sources of history make the work as valuable to the scholarly student as to the popular reader.

The author calls attention at the outset to the fact that for a generation before Elizabeth's coronation the English people had been tossed about in the eddies of religious change. "They felt the ebb and flow of the different positions taken up by their religious rulers, and their lives for a quarter of a century had been passing a ceaseless variety of religious experience. . . . There was no security that their acceptance of a new state of affairs to-day would be pleasing to the government to-morrow. This instability and lack of certainty produced a wide spirit of moral weakness which is too often forgotten studying Elizabethan England. It only gradually dawned on the nation that the Government had a religious policy, and that it was worth while to accept it. The strong men in reality were the conscientious Puritans and Catholics, who had the courage to refuse a position which gradually made itself secure."

The Act of Supremacy (I. Eliz. c. 1.) abolished the spiritual jurisdiction of any foreign prelate in England. The rights of the spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction and visitation were annexed to the Crown, with the power to reform and

redress heresies and errors. All clergy and all persons holding authority under the Crown were required to take the Oath of Supremacy—that the Queen was "the only supreme governor of this realm. . . in all spiritual and ecclesiastical things." The Act of Uniformity not only made Catholic worship a penal offence, but the people were deprived of the moral support which they needed at the time, and compelled to resort to Protestant worship. Parochial life became a dreary round of inquiry and inquisition. "The prelates and foundations of parochial change were planned and laid in the unifying atmosphere of Tudor statecraft. Real religion had no place among them. Diplomacy and politics lie behind everything, and the general lack of religious convictions stands out at the beginning as a prominent feature of the new regime."

The thoroughness with which the coercive measures were enforced may be gathered from a further quotation or two. After giving detailed instances and citations from instructions and injunctions, Professor Kennedy remarks: "These details may seem somewhat unnecessary, but they have been largely overlooked by Elizabethan historians. They illustrate the determination that no relic of Catholic times should be allowed to survive. In addition, they prove how severe were the regulations enforced to stamp out Catholic piety. Nothing escaped the vigilant eyes of the Government. The homes of the people were at the mercy of the churchwardens, who practically became Government spies, and even the possession of a Rosary or a sacred picture was considered a serious offence. Everywhere the Elizabethan ideal was forced on the people, and the minutest details of their piety were watched both in public and in private and reported to the authorities. This official diligence characterized the entire reign, and this fact forces us to believe that in many a parish Catholic piety and traditions continued to linger long after England had been robbed of the Faith."

"The parochial and diocesan records disclose a consistency of moral decay in all classes of society which can hardly be paralleled in English history," says our author, and he quotes from "De Frere's Church Under Elizabeth and James I," p. 284: "The practice of religion had sunk to a very low ebb as the standard of decency in worship and efficiency in clerical ministrations had gone down. There had been a moment when hatred of Spain and Rome seemed to be the only bit of religion left in the English Church." And from Hubert Hall's "Society in Elizabethan Age," p. 105: "The state of society was the worst that had ever before been in the land."

Like the more voluminous works of Dr. Gairdner, Professor Kennedy's work which he modestly calls "an Introductory Study, shows that his distinguished fellow-countryman and fellow-convert Mr. Robert Hugh Benson, in his historic novels "By What Authority" and "Come Rack, Come Rope," presents a picture of English life in the Reformation period that is a singularly faithful reproduction of the times and rigidly true to history.

DEMOCRACY

Innocent of all knowledge of history and historic influences a certain class of self-styled democrats, victims of Protestant prejudice and Protestant tradition, are quite honestly convinced that the Catholic Church is the antithesis of democracy.

The democratic president of the greatest democracy in the world, who may be as Protestant as the others but who knows something of history, has thus placed himself on record:

"The only reason why the government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic systems which then prevailed, was that the men who were efficient instruments of the government were drawn from the Church—from that great Church, that body we now distinguish from other Church bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church then, as now, was a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest so obscure that he might not become a Pope of Christendom, and every chancellor in Europe was ruled by those learned, trained and accomplished men—the priesthood of that great and then dominant Church; and so, what kept govern-

ment alive in the Middle Ages was this constant use of the sap from the bottom, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the open channels of the Roman Catholic priesthood."

RIGHT ABOUT TURN

The prosperity and progress of Protestant countries, the civil and religious liberty consequent on the Reformation, have been the burden of many an argument for the superiority of Protestantism over the Catholic Church. In fact this was the final, conclusive and irrefutable argument. Now it is somewhat amusing to find these same champions of Protestantism telling us emphatically that Germany, the cradle of Protestantism, and dominated by Protestant Prussia, is and has long been crushed under the iron heel of despotism, and is now silent for fear of the mailed fist of militarism. German Aristocracy, Unbelievable German Barbarism, etc., etc., are familiar newspaper headings these days. We have long been accustomed to hearing things about Russia also. But now—well what becomes of the old stock argument of the freedom and prosperity and superiority of Protestant countries?

LOYALTY

"When so many Irishmen are at the front serving Britain the anti-home rulers in the British House show a rather miserable spirit in declaring their willingness to cause trouble for the government by reviving the old animosities engendered by the desire of the administration to settle the question in a fair way. The people of Britain and the empire are being furnished with a lasting lesson of the 'loyalty' of the opposition to home rule. These gentlemen, no doubt, are as much prepared to-day to declare civil war in Ulster as they were ready to fight the British forces a few months ago."—The Ottawa Citizen.

In the same paper we read the account by the British correspondent of the London Daily Mail of the experiences of British troops on the way to join the fighting forces:

"The troops of the King pour through this gateway of France night and day, with their faces ever turned to the east. The tramp of British battalions brings half asleep townspeople to their bedroom windows in the middle of the night; they pass through deserted streets when the morning sun just touches the chimney tops; you will meet them on the dusty road at dusk, swinging along to a rest camp, as they sing 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary'—the marching air of this great campaign."

The rollicking Irish marching air of this great campaign is of deeper significance than the aristocratic cynicism of Arthur Balfour. Home Rule is won.

INCREDIBLE IGNORANCE

How best to place Catholic truth within reach of the non-Catholic masses constitutes the great problem of the day. The astounding want of knowledge of Catholic belief and practice is almost incredible. A prominent Canadian financier, in conversation with ourselves, summed up the difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. "We believe in being saved through Jesus, and you believe in being saved through Mary." The other day, at the National Catholic Congress at Cardiff, the Bishop of Menavia, in illustration of the need of spreading in Wales information about the Church, told how he had recently heard of a Welsh woman who had expressed surprise that Catholics worshipped God. "I have always understood," she said, "that the difference between us was that Catholics worshipped the Virgin Mary and that we Protestants worshipped God." During the discussion of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill in the House of Commons Lloyd George reminded the House that the Welsh people were once Catholics, and that if only they had continued to have priests and teachers they would be Catholics still. For whatever reason millions of Catholics lost the faith during the great religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. Millions of their descendants are to-day tired and weary of the caricature of true religion that has been their heritage. Mere negation cannot satisfy the cravings of the human soul. They clamor for something pulsing and living. Catholicism alone stands between them and atheism. But Catholicism is a sealed book to all except a favored few. With our own eyes we see them daily drifting farther and farther from all belief. Shipwrecked in the great ocean of indifferentism shall we make no effort to bring them into the harbor of the City of Peace? The enemy

of to-day is not Protestantism but indifferentism. Men have lost faith in the Church because the Church could not "deliver the goods." We who do business at the old stand have the goods. The question is how best to advertise our wares. There is the apostleship of the press—but non-Catholics will not read a Catholic paper.

There is the non Catholic Mission, but how few of the mighty multitude will attend such a mission in a Catholic Church? There is the Catholic Truth Society, but it is handicapped for the want of resources. It needs money. It needs an army of willing helpers. There is the Catholic laity, to our mind the most important avenue of approach that will bear fruit when all else fails. Who can estimate the amount of good that can be done by the educated lay Catholic. Living side by side with his non-Catholic neighbor he can exercise an influence potent for good. By his truly Catholic life he illustrates the excellence of his faith. He will find many opportunities of enlightening the enquiring mind. Many a man who will not sit at the feet of an accredited teacher will be glad to learn from the lips of a layman. The problem of the day is how to reach the non-Catholic masses. The solution of the problem is the zealous cooperation of the laity.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

MR. REDMOND'S speech in the House of Commons assuring the Government of the unqualified support of Ireland in the war with Germany will have recalled to many minds the famous speech of Richard Lalor Shiel in which that great Irish patriot repudiated in behalf of his countrymen the imputation of alienation from the common interest of the United Kingdoms, directed against them by the Lansdownes and the Bonar Laws of the day, "Where was Arthur, Duke of Wellington," he cried, "when these words were uttered. Methinks he should have started up to disclaim them. The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he'd passed, ought to have come back to him. . . . Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vamiera through the phalanxes that never reeled to the shock of war before? Whose desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the mounts of Badajos? All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vamiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all, his greatest—Waterloo."

DWELLING ESPECIALLY upon the last named—a victory that is recalled by present day events in Belgium—the orator in a burst of what has been described as heart-moving eloquence, exclaimed: "The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream on the same field. When the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green of Spring is now breaking on their mingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not also participate? And shall we be told as a requital that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?"

THE RECEPTION accorded these words more than fifty years ago—it is just about fifty years since Shiel's death—is perhaps recorded in the Hansard of the day. We have no account of it at the moment at hand. But if they failed to inspire a measure of reproach in the hearts of Shiel's hearers, English blood ran colder then than it does now, for we are not left in doubt as to the effect of Redmond's protest under circumstances not dissimilar. Shiel spoke to an audience still groping in the mists of hereditary distrust and prepossession. A great English political party in our day has pledged itself to redress the wrongs of a century, and in the light of that pledge Redmond has voiced the determination of the Irish nation to once more share the burden of defence of the common Empire with their fellows of the sister Kingdom. The occasion has made his words historic.

WE SHOULD BE sorry in the crisis that now faces civilization to call up the racors of the past. It is not inconsistent with this asseveration, however, to remark, as English publicists have remarked, upon the contrast presented to the unconditional

adhesion of the Nationalists of Ireland to the common cause by the four calculations of Sir Edward Carson. While John Redmond with instant perception grasped the need of the hour, and spontaneously, on behalf of his people, contributed to its satisfaction, Sir Edward Carson, we are told, sat silently in his place and, when importuned, would give no further assurance than that he would "consider" what Unionist Ulster was prepared to do during this supreme Imperial crisis.

THAT SAID "consideration" would be cautious and prolonged was the confident anticipation of the Nationalist journals, and that, in the event, it was not uncalculating seems proved by the avowal of the Belfast Evening Telegraph to the effect that "since some misunderstanding has arisen about the terms in which Ulster Volunteers are asked to sign for service in the United Kingdom," it should be clearly understood that none of them will be asked to serve outside Ulster until Sir Edward Carson notifies them that he is satisfied with the attitude of the Government as regards the Home Rule Bill. A brave and patriotic people who have staked all for the sake of national honor, will, when peace is restored, know how to appraise at its true value a patriotism that begins and ends with itself. The same episode that put the crown upon Home Rule will then also spell the doom of the spirit of Ulster Unionism. And the world will be all the better for the passing.

THE QUALITY of Catholic patriotism whether in Ireland or England may be gauged by considering for a moment the trend of events leading up to the actual participation of Great Britain in the War. Up to the actual invasion of Belgium a very considerable section of the British people was opposed to intervention, and as between Russia and France on the one side and Austria and Germany on the other, Catholic feeling, and as we are assured by well informed contemporaries on the spot, particularly Irish Catholic feeling, was rather disposed to favor the Austro-German side. The Irish in Great Britain, who for the most part are workers, are constitutionally opposed to jingo sentiment, and in the present crisis were not disposed to fall in line with the evident desire of many Conservative journals and members of Parliament to plunge the country into war.

THE ACTION of Germany in tearing up international treaties to which she was a party—mere "scraps of paper" she called them—and in wantonly violating the integrity of Belgium guaranteed by those treaties, changed all this. It made an end of all choice with every section of the British people and rendered war inevitable. When, therefore, the Government made formal declaration of war it did so with the consciousness of a solid and united people behind it. The conscience of the nation revolted against the perfidy of the German Kaiser, and without distinction of race or creed stood unequivocally for the sanctity of treaties and the integrity of nations. Redmond's deliverance in the House of Commons voiced emphatically Irish and Catholic adhesion to the national cause.

WHILE we are on the subject of War, we may not dismiss it without reference to the long discussed possible invasion of England or Ireland by German arms. With the clearly demonstrated supremacy of the British fleet once more assured the possibility of such an invasion even in the unlooked for event of the war going against the Allies, seems not to be imminent. In view of the mere possibility, however, remote as it may be, it is of interest to recall the observations of that great Irish soldier and devout Catholic, Sir William Butler, on the subject. Butler was no alarmist and certainly no jingo, but he was a capable and far seeing master of the art of war. Years ago he prophesied that when Germany found herself strong enough, she would uncover her innate hostility to Great Britain. It was Butler's opinion that in the event of an Anglo-German War there would be no invasion of England, but that their attention would be directed towards Ireland. Ireland, he said, is a country with an abundance of food in it—cattle, corn, roots and vegetables—and he felt sure that in the archives of the German War Department there is some well

THE NEW PONTIFF



POPE BENEDICT XV., FORMERLY ARCHBISHOP DELLA CHIESA, OF BOLOGNA

thought out plan of a campaign there.

ASKED WHETHER the British fleet was not a sufficient guarantee against such a contingency, Butler gave it as his opinion that even a temporary disaster, a fog, or a bit of ill-luck might precipitate upon the Irish coast a couple of German army corps. The Irish shore line on the South and West opens on such a vast expanse of sea as to afford abundant room for manœuvring and a much better chance for German ships to elude the British than on any other part of the coast-line of the United Kingdom. Had the Germans come ten years ago the obstacles in Ireland might not have been so formidable as they are now. Should they come now their welcome will be a leaden one from the rifles of the Irish Volunteers. But the ships of Germany, thanks to the vigilance and promptitude of British seamen, seem to be effectually removed from the possibility of doing any harm.

BENEDICT XV.

ASCENDS THRONE OF FISHERMAN

On Thursday, Sept. 8, His Eminence Cardinal Della Chiesa, Archbishop of Bologna, was elected to the Throne of the Fisherman made vacant on August 20 by the death of Pius X. Our new Pope will be known as Benedict XV. He was created a Cardinal at the last Consistory in May. There were fifty seven cardinals present at the conclave; it appears that Cardinal Bégin of Quebec and Cardinals Gibbons of Baltimore and O'Connell of Boston did not reach Rome in time to participate. Benedict XV. is but six years of age, being among the younger group of Cardinals. He was born at Pegli, in the Diocese of Genoa, November 21, 1854, and was ordained a priest December 21, 1878. He served as Secretary of the Nunciature in Spain from 1883 to 1887, in which year he was appointed Secretary of State in 1901, and in 1907 he was elected to the post of Adviser to the Holy Office. He was, therefore, for a number of years assistant to Cardinal Merry del Val with whose policies he is consequently quite familiar. It was no doubt the recognition of his eminent merits while in this office that led to his promotion to the Archbishopric of Bologna in 1907. In 1907 he was appointed Papal Nuncio of Madrid, in succession to Mgr. Rinaldini, but this appointment was cancelled three days later. This incident had occurred just before he was made Archbishop of Bologna. Immediately after the ballot had been announced Mgr. Boggiani, secretary of the conclave, with the master of ceremonies, the dean of the cardinals and other high church dignitaries, bowed before the chair where Cardinal Della Chiesa was seated.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

BRITISH HAVE TAKEN 225 GERMAN SHIPS

London, Aug. 30.—The London Times publishes to day a list of 225 German ships captured by British cruisers in all parts of the world since the war began, giving the names, tonnage, home port and disposition of each ship. This will come before the Prize Court, which assemblies in London next Tuesday. More than 200 ships are now held in various ports in all seas, from London to Rangoon and Colombo. About two score others are at the bottom of the sea with the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.

REINFORCEMENT FROM INDIA

The Indian army, which is to be drawn upon to reinforce Britain's armies in Europe, is a formidable force, consisting of 75,800 British soldiers, 182,000 native regulars, 35,000 volunteers, 25,000 native reserves, 21,000 Imperial Service troops maintained by certain of the feudatory Princes, and 35,500 local corps and military police. An army of a hundred thousand men, British and natives, of the first quality could be withdrawn from India just now, while there is no menace from Russia, without unduly weakening Britain's position in India. The British artillery in India is especially strong, consisting of 11 horse artillery batteries, 42 field batteries, 3 howitzer batteries, 8 mountain batteries, and 6 heavy batteries. This much-needed artillery would greatly help the army in France, which is admittedly short of a suffi-

cient number of guns to protect the infantry against the enemy's massed shell fire.

THE CAPTURE OF THE SAMOA ISLANDS

The occupation by Britain of Apia, in Samoa, means that Germany's share of the Samoan group, Upolu, Savaii and two other islands, having a total area of over 1,000 square miles and a population of 86,000 is lost to her. The entire colonial possessions of Germany in Oceania will undoubtedly be taken possession of by Britain and France as speedily as ships can be despatched to the various islands.

THE GERMAN ARMY

Twenty five army corps form the German army. Counting 50,000 to each, the total number of men in the highly-trained first line now operating is 1,250,000, the greatest army ever assembled in the history of the world. Three of these army corps are based on Koenigsberg. Three more on Breslau, three more on Berlin. These nine, nearly half a million strong, must face the Russians. The others, it is supposed, are operating against the French frontier, with by far the larger part in Belgium and Northern France. It is probable that fully 600,000 men are in this district.

THE FRENCH FORCES

The total strength of the French army is under 700,000 men, and of necessity it is scattered. Perhaps 300,000 are on this northern defence line, with say, 150,000 British troops co-operating. The gallantry of the allied armies has been proved. But they are outnumbered and cannot expose their line to the danger of flanking movements. For example, General Pau won a striking success in the neighborhood of Ham, but he could not continue the pursuit of the broken German regiments because other parts of the enemy's line held firm. Again, a British force maintained its ground last Sunday against odds of 3 to 1, but after the Germans were beaten back, the British were ordered to retreat for the general advantage of the defence.

THE OUTLOOK IN FRANCE

Probably the Germans will get to Paris, but it is a long way back, and the allies will continue as a mobile and menacing force. General Goffre and General Pau will avoid at all hazards the danger of being shut up in a fortress and General French will be continually reinforced. Meantime, on the east the Germans will be faced with a situation exactly parallel to that which the Allies face on the west. They will be forced to meet armies which outnumber them and which already have had the beating experience of defeating soundly a large German force. The war is only begun. It will not be a six weeks' affair, for the Allies are thoroughly roused and will stay with the task until it is finished.

GERMAN AND ENGLISH SOLDIERS COMPARED

The London Chronicle of Sept. 2, publishes an account by Mr. Gerald Morgan, war correspondent, of his impressions of the armies now engaged on the Franco-Belgian frontier. He says: I saw the German army enter Brussels and accompanied it in its great march towards Tournai. I followed close behind it to Mons, across the French frontier. In equipment and physique and in physical training and accoutrements these soldiers are unsurpassed.

DRILLED FOR YEARS

The first line regiment troops have been drilled for years under physical endurance tests which have made the soldiers as hard as nails. I have seen them do thirty miles a day for several days in succession, every man carrying equipment weighing about ninety pounds. The army, as a whole, seems a triumph of organization. The attitude of the German officers toward their men is one of utmost severity. The least departure from the rules of discipline, is instantly followed by a volley of oaths and sometimes blows. The men who fall through sheer weakness were kicked forward by non-commissioned officers. The men were not backward, but were simply sodden from lack of sleep. Their muscles still responded to the call, but being insensible after the incessant advance by forced marches, and frequent battles, it now seems to me, that these soldiers cannot possibly fight longer without a rest of at least eighteen hours.

LIBELOUS BIGOT

LIBELLERS WHO CHARGED A KNIGHT OF COLUMBUS WITH TAKING "THE MENACE" BOGUS OATH ARE FOUND GUILTY AND SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT—METHODIST MINISTER FOREMAN OF THE JURY

OBLIGATION OF THE FOURTH DEGREE

"I swear to support the Constitution of the United States. I pledge myself, as a Catholic citizen and a Knight of Columbus, to enlighten myself fully upon my duties as citizen and to conscientiously perform such duties entirely in the interest of my country and regardless of all personal consequences. I pledge myself to do all in my power to preserve the integrity and purity of the ballot and to promote obedience and respect for law and order. I promise to practice my religion openly and consistently, but without ostentation, and to so conduct myself in public affairs and in the exercise of public virtue as to reflect nothing but credit upon the Holy Church, to the end that she may flourish and our country prosper to the greater honor and glory of God."

A trial of the greatest interest to Knights of Columbus and to the Catholics of this country and of Canada, as well as to non-Catholics—and among them, to none more than to the small band of loud-mouthed bigots who rail against the Church—was held in Waterville, Minnesota, Wednesday, July 29.

This was an action of criminal libel brought by E. M. Lawless, editor of the Waterville Sentinel, against A. M. Morrison, and G. E. Morrison, father and son, editors and publishers of the Mankato Morning Journal of Mankato, Minn. The libel consisted in the charging of Lawless with having taken the bogus Knights of Columbus oath, which has been so largely circulated in this country and in Canada during the past year and a half. We will not attempt to reproduce this oath, but suffice it to say that it has been published as the Knights of Columbus oath, and as the Fourth Degree oath, and is, in letter and insinuation, one of the foulest lies imaginable. It is in some respects a revamp of the old hoax which has for many years passed muster in the press of bigots as the Jesuit oath.

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OBLIGATION PUT IN EVIDENCE The outcome of this trial is of more than local interest. It is of national and international importance. The Knights of Columbus have often been accused of taking an alleged oath which, if the charge were true, would forever condemn them to the merited execration of their fellow-men. But, this was the first time that an individual knight was directly charged with the offence. It furnished the order the first opportunity it has had to put the real obligation of the Fourth Degree in evidence and make it a matter of court record which any citizen may read for himself. Herein lies the importance of the case which establishes a precedent in the history of the order.

Knights of Columbus and Catholics generally have been astounded at the conditions which make possible the publication and circulation by millions of copies of this foul libel. Well meaning non-Catholics have been shocked by these accusations against Catholic men and Knights of Columbus whom they knew to be broad-minded, high-minded citizens and ideal neighbors. The bigots working in the darkness as of old, have pressed on the accusation and argued that if the "oath" was not true, the Knights of Columbus would soon, by prosecution or otherwise, prevent its further circulation. The Menace, of Aurora, Mo., the mouthpiece of the rejuvenated "oath" has sold this "oath" in vast quantities. Some of our late-born societies with high sounding names and alleged patriotic purposes have been most active in the printing and circulation of this bogus oath.

NOT NOTICED BY THE PRESS The trial above referred to is in reality the third public trial and by far the most important of all; yet, as we cannot help noting with surprise and regret that the public press did not deem it worthy of much notice, although it concerned a libel that had been so widely circulated and which effected an organization of three hundred and thirty thousand men. A scandalous divorce trial in the smallest city seems to find ample space in the press of the entire country through some medium of news service, and yet this important trial received scant notice and scantier space save a prose which loves to boast of its impartiality in the prominence it gives to important news.

A SENSATIONAL TRIAL The fact is that the trial was a most sensational one from many points of view. It was presided over by Judge George J. Dressel. The district attorney who prosecuted the case was Francis J. Habel of Montgomery, presencing attorney for Le Sueur county, who was assisted by Attorney Hessian of Le Sueur. The defendants were represented by Owen Morris of St. Paul. The small country court room was crowded to the very limits of its capacity, and the spectators filled every available inch of space, having come in from the surrounding country to hear the

case tried. A jury was finally selected, and it is of more than passing importance and a matter of great interest to the order, as it is a compliment to him, that the Rev. Thomas Billing, the resident Methodist minister of the town, was chosen on the jury, and was not challenged by the complainant, and as the result showed, must have voted with the other eleven men to convict the two defendants. All praise to him for his high sense of citizenship and his high respect for the oath of a jurymen! Another fact of singular interest was the appearance of the Rev. H. E. Chapman, the pastor of the local Congregational church, as a witness for the prosecution in the matter of publication.

NATIONAL OFFICERS PRESENT The surprise of the trial to the Knights of Columbus themselves and to all those whose curiosity had whetted their appetite to learn some of the secrets of that great order, was the calling of two of the supreme officers as witnesses. The first was the supreme physician, Dr. E. W. Buckley of St. Paul, who testified in effect that Mr. Lawless had received initiation in the fourth degree under his direction as master. Upon cross-examination Dr. Buckley was asked as to the nature of the oath administered in the oath book, and most emphatically denied them, as he did in answering subsequent questions of the defendant's counsel, that the order had any oath in any part of its ceremonial or degree work. He freely admitted that the order had a pledge or obligation which was administered to candidates. To the great surprise of all present, however, when interrogated as to the nature of this obligation, Dr. Buckley very fully answered the question and gave the substance of the obligation as administered in the fourth degree of the Knights of Columbus.

William J. McGinley, of New Haven, Conn., supreme secretary, testified that the Knights of Columbus was not an oath-bound society, and that no member was asked to take more than an obligation which any gentleman might take. Both Dr. Buckley and Dr. McGinley testified in no uncertain words that the bogus oath, which was the subject matter of the prosecution, was, neither in letter nor in spirit, a part of any of the ceremonial of the Knights of Columbus in any of its degrees.

DEFENDANTS FOUND GUILTY It is unnecessary to go into the recital of the other evidence in this case. Suffice it to say that the defendants made no attempt to establish the authenticity of the bogus oath, but threw themselves on the mercy of the court and tried to show that there was no intentional libel on Mr. Lawless. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, which was read by the foreman, Rev. Thomas Billing, and the court imposed a jail sentence of thirty days without the option of a fine, on each of the defendants.

We trust that Catholics, whether Knights of Columbus or not, will see to it that the story of this latest case is made known in detail to their non-Catholic friends, and that no occasion will be allowed to pass without impressing upon the public generally the fact that wherever prosecution has been instituted it has resulted in showing beyond question that this "oath" is what the Knights of Columbus and their friends have always claimed it to be, the foulest kind of a bigot's libel.

This is the third and most decisive vindication which the Knights of Columbus have secured during the past year. The matter first came to public notice through the courts of St. John's, Newfoundland, where a prosecution, however, took place in the city of Philadelphia, where two men, Megonegal and Stage were charged jointly with conspiring to defame certain members of the Knights of Columbus by causing this bogus oath to be circulated. At the hearing it appeared that the "oath" had been bought in bulk from The Menace in the beginning, but afterwards Megonegal had done the printing on his own account. The Menace was called upon by counsel for these men to give them some assistance and it replied in a letter, dated March 5, 1913, and addressed to Leroy N. King, attorney for the defendants: "We do not have any evidence that the oath is the work of the Knights of Columbus. We feel sure that it would be folly for you to base your defense on the authenticity of this document."

The same came to trial at the quarter sessions court in Philadelphia, on Jan. 30, 1914, before Judge Robert N. Wilson. The district

attorney was Joseph Taulane; the private prosecutors were also represented by Owen J. Roberts and Joseph P. Gaffney; the defendants, in addition to Mr. King, had Peter F. MacLaren. It might be stated that the trial judge, the assistant district attorney, senior counsel for the private prosecutors and both attorneys for the defendants were non-Catholics.

Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty took the stand, and under oath testified that the Knights of Columbus was not an oath-bound society, and that the alleged oath was absolutely false from the first to the last. Megonegal pleaded guilty and Stage pleaded nolo, whereupon the sentence was suspended.

It is worthy of comment that this trial which disclosed the hard of The Menace, and its confession that it had printed the "oath" for circulation without having any evidence that it was genuine, together with the fact that the "oath" had been distributed by the millions and thus become more or less familiar to the reading public, was given but scant notice in the public press of this country.—St. Paul Bulletin.

A NOTABLE SCENE

"I witnessed a notable scene on the road between Bologna and Paris. Two English cardinals, Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, and Cardinal Gasquet, abbot president of the English Benedictines, were on their way from London to the conclave at Rome. Their train stopped on a siding and by a curious chance a regiment of British troops, which included in its ranks a large body of Irish Catholics, was drawn up alongside for a moment. The cardinals leaned out of the window and gave the soldiers their blessing, which the Catholic soldiers, by spontaneous impulse, knelt to receive."—From Correspondent of Central News, Paris.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT

To make the best of any given moment of life, favorable and unfavorable alike; to improve that moment, whether it be dealt us from Fortune's right hand or her left, this is the art of life and the true prerogative of a rational being.

A generous nature possesses that which the miser can never acquire.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged: \$4,364.53
A. Friend, Port Arthur, Ontario, 5.00
The late Mrs. J. Regan, Woodstock, 2.00
For the honor of St. Anne, 1.00
M. M. M., Cleveland, 1.00

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON
FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

THE FRUITS OF A BAD LIFE
"Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for what a man shall sow, those also shall he reap."

One would think, my dear friends, that the apostle would hardly have needed to remind any one having common sense, or even a little experience, of such an obvious truth as this. Surely no one expects, who has planted some kind of seed, to have some other kind of crop come from it.

And yet, strange to say, though we all do acknowledge this law of nature in everything outside of ourselves, we fail to apply it to ourselves, and especially to our souls. In matters simply pertaining to the body we do indeed know that the cause will produce its effect.

But when it comes to the soul, many Christians seem to think that everything regarding it may be shifted at their own will; that they may go on for years sowing the seeds of all kinds of abominable vices in their souls, and that, later on, whenever they may desire, all this work can be undone in a moment, and those souls which sin has been sown through and through, can be brought back where they were as if they came from the baptismal font, or even set on a perfect level with those in which the seed of every virtue has been implanted and carefully nurtured from childhood.

Al! my dear brethren, this is a great and a terrible mistake. Hear the words in which St. Paul continues: "He that soweth in his flesh, of the flesh also shall reap corruption; but he that soweth in the spirit, of the spirit shall reap life everlasting."

Here is the great evil of sin, which repentance, however sincere, cannot utterly undo. True contrition will, no doubt, especially if accompanied by the sacrament of penance, take away the guilt of sin; but unless it is very intense, and accompanied by an extraordinary love of God, like that of the great saints, it will not, in releasing from guilt, remedy all the deformity which long-continued habits of vice have worked in the soul. Yes, sorrow may come in such an overflowing torrent as to break down and sweep away all obstacles in its path; but how often does it come so? To have such sorrow for sin is a rare and remarkable grace from God which the sinner has no right to expect.

All this is specially true, as the words of the apostle teach us, of the sins of the flesh, such as drunkenness and impurity. The body will hang on to sin after the soul has given it up, and will drag the soul again down with it. Oh! that those who are addicted to these horrible sensual habits would realize their danger, and feel the net which the flesh has been weaving round their spirit. But no; they go on from week to week, from month to month, making it may be, now and then a feeble effort to escape; but too often it can be seen after each confession, though they are indeed on their feet again, that the odds against them are greater than ever, and that their weapons are dropping out of their hands.

Brethren, grace is powerful, surely; but you are much mistaken if you think it is going to destroy and make of no effect the law of nature. Rouse yourselves to the combat which is before you while there is yet time; for the time may come, and perhaps sooner than you think, when the corruption of the flesh will quench the feeble spark of contrition which God has hitherto given you, and in which lies your only hope.

TEMPERANCE

LIQUOR BILL IN ENGLAND

The English drink bill, for the past year reaches the awful total of \$835,000,000, or \$18.10 for every person in the British Isles. This is less per capita than the United States spends in terms of dollars and cents, but it is more in terms of the day's wage by far, for the average wage of the English common laborer, and the difference in the pay of skilled artisans is yet greater in proportion. The average liquor drinking working family in Britain spends one-sixth the income for drink. When the income runs only from \$5.00 to \$7.00 per week it is easy to see how liquor begets the work people of England. Scotland is asking for local option, a principle not yet adopted in make as drastic an attack on the drink evil, as a part of his war on poverty, as he is making along other lines. It is astounding to an American, with our progressive temperance legislation through combined church action, to find the great Anglican church still going no further than pledge signing and individual abstinence, with no concerted attack upon the saloon, and even more astounding to find that the bishops in the House of Lords

have usually voted against progressive liquor legislation. The per capita consumption shows an increase of 87 cents in the past four years, but Macaulay reckoned the per capita consumption of 150 years ago at the almost unbelievable total of 90 gallons per capita. He said there was then one saloon to every 47 people; to day there is one for every 380 people.

AN APPALLING RECORD

Investigation in the Munich hospitals have proved that "one in every 16 hospital patients died of the disorder known as 'beer-drinkers' heart." France is the land of high wines, but alcoholism is ominously on the increase there. Forty-five per cent. of the murderers, and 70 per cent. of the thieves, are shown by the prison statistics of France to be alcoholic subjects. From the effects of alcohol alone France loses yearly 150,000 infants under one year old, and 500,000 under ten years. Is not this an appalling record? Is it any wonder the Church there is passing through a great crisis? During the years 1861 to 1865, inclusive, there entered the asylums of France 14,983 insane persons. In the same space of time, 20 years later, there entered more than 57,000? What was the principle cause? Dr. Serieux made researches and found that of relaxed cases 78 per cent. were drinkers, while of violent lunatics 88 per cent. were drinkers."

Writing on the quantity of alcohol consumed in the region of the Lower Seine, Louis Fourdot says that in almost all the cases of insanity among men "alcohol is the efficient cause." And Krafftbing maintains that "all forms of insanity, from melancholia to imbecility, are found in alcoholism." We applaud the sentiments of Sir Henry Grattan Bell, who at the last meeting of the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance said (as reported in the Freeman's Journal, November 29): "Let no drunkard ever call himself a patriot or ever talk of patriotism. The drunkard was the greatest traitor to his land and race. He was a criminal whose crime might keep on multiplying for centuries to come." This is strange language of a Christian Irishman, who does not mince his words, and who has the courage of his convictions. It is certainly justified, as shown by the dreadful circumstances of the case.—Catholic Sentinel.

A CATHOLIC SCHOOL

FOR CATHOLIC CHILDREN

It to-day, in matters of religious discipline, a truism may be quoted, to which assent is plainly imperative, it is this—A Catholic school for Catholic children. Years ago the question was more or less confined to the region of theory or principle. The consequences of the non-Catholic school for Catholic children, however clear to the mind of the thoughtful and the far-seeing, had not unfolded themselves to actual vision: they were not yet the patent, manifest facts that those who run may read, that none can fail to observe. To-day facts are spread broadcast over the land. That Catholic children should receive a Catholic education is now the truism obvious and beyond controversy.

The instruction of the child in the Catholic faith must be deep, thorough and continuous, if it is to have a lasting effect, if it is to endure amid storms of unbelief and error, with which it is sure to be assailed in the coming years of youth and maturity. Such instruction as is gathered up in the home and in the one-hour-a-week Sunday school—even when there it is at all imparted—the merest veneering which the passing storm quickly melts and effaces. We must know our times; we must know the dreadful trials lying in wait for the faith of our sons and daughters; and as we value their faith as the most precious gift within their reach, we must surround their earlier growth with effective safe guards, that later no peril shall be fatal to it, no battle shall endanger its life and integrity. To this end we should hold back from no sacrifice, we should hearken to no temptation leading us away from stern duty; we should resolutely adopt the one course that will save the faith of our children—giving to them a Catholic education.

The whole atmosphere of a school-room from which God and His Christ are forcibly expelled, makes for secularism and materialism. The lesson is taught in the very air, in the studied absence of the spiritual and supernatural, that the physical world is solely worth the seeking, that success is gathering up pelf and pleasure is the one goal to be coveted, that to look beyond is to waste time and labor upon the unreal and the unnecessary. More unfortunate yet—in the non-Catholic school, too often it is not only the tacit negation of the supernatural; it is, through words and examples of unbelieving master or unbelieving fellow-pupil, the positive, aggressive warfare against dogmas of revealed religion—against the primary principles of natural religion itself. From such teachings and such examples the Catholic will resolutely guard his children, if he is at all concerned in their faith, and in the salvation of their immortal souls.

And will the Catholic parent have no care of the morals of his children, of the morals that should be theirs to day and theirs to-morrow? Morals not imbedded in the conscience are but shadowy conventionalities, powerless in presence of

strong temptation; and the conscience to be the moral censor, it is destined by the Creator to be, must be permeated with, solidified in, religion. The conscience without God and the Saviour is as a tribunal without a judge. Thoughtful observers, outside the Catholic Church, give the alarm that the evil to be dreaded in America is the decay of religion, and, as the necessary sequence, the decay of morals. Should they go further and inquire as to the cause of the decay of religion and of morals, they will soon perceive that it lies in the exclusion of religion from the education of the youth, and the crush into this education of secularism and materialism. As things are going, it is the death-knell of religion. To Catholics comes the mission to rescue it from its peril, to save it to themselves and to the country. This they will do by championing religion in the schools, by giving at least to their own children, at whatever cost, at whatever sacrifice, an education, which, while all-sufficient to fit them for earthly responsibilities, fits them also for their responsibilities to God and to their own immortal souls.

To the praise of Catholics, never heretofore did they take such concern in the religious training of their children as they do at the present time. As a body, they are wonderful in their adhesion to the voice of Holy Church, and in the pecuniary sacrifices they make to affirm this adhesion. Never, heretofore, was there on the part of our Catholic people the outpouring of generosity which we witness to-day in the erection of school buildings, equal to the best in the land in all matters of useful, and even elegant, equipment, never was there the outpouring of good will visible to-day on all sides in sending pupils to fill the halls of those buildings. We thank our Catholic people; we pray the loving God to bless and reward them.

To those Catholics, who still, for one reason or another, keep themselves aloof from this general movement towards Catholic schools, we send the earnest invitation that they travel over the better pathways and, as their loyal fellow Catholics do see that their children attend a Catholic school.

For the Catholic school we plead—whichever school it may be—wherever it is situated, under whatever immediate direction it is placed. It is the principle that we preach—the Catholic school as such. The selection of one Catholic school in preference to another, is the free privilege of the Catholic parent. Be it the parish school, one or the other, be it the academy or the college, be it near one's home, or removed therefrom—we are satisfied as we should be. What we demand is the Catholic education of the child wherever this be given.

We plead with very particular emphasis in favor of Catholic youths, boys and girls, who, emerging from the grade or grammar school, are to be sent to a High school or a college. There is on the part of some parents, the illusion that the religious instruction given in lower schools is adequate to all requirements, that children armed with it, may in safety be exposed to the secularism of higher schools. The contrary is the obvious truth. In the grade or grammar school, pupils are yet immature in mind, and are, to a great degree, incapable of the deeper and more thorough instruction in religion which they should be possessed of. As they leave the lower schools, they are of age when their mental faculties lead them to think and reason, as heretofore they could not have done. This is the time when they take to themselves the more serious studies in worldly branches of learning—the time, consequently, when religion should be presented to them in its deeper and broader aspects—and, it is, at this most critical period of their intellectual development, that they are withdrawn from the guidance of the Church, and placed within an atmosphere not merely negative in its influences, but frequently tainted with direct and positive anti-religious and anti-Catholic teaching. It is the time when those themes of study are made their daily occupation, which lead to the degradation from the principles of sound Catholic thought and conduct. I might go further and remark upon other perils of non-Catholic schools—so-called co-education, wild fads proposed as substitutes for religion in the domain of morals—from which tender consciences outside the Catholic Church shrink in fear, which Catholic parents should never allow to cross the pathways of childhood and youth.

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Mrs. Kelly Advises all Women to Take "Fruit-a-Tives"

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., Aug. 26th, 1913. "I can highly recommend 'Fruit-a-Tives' because they did me an awful lot of good and I cannot speak too highly about them. About four years ago, I commenced taking 'Fruit-a-Tives' for a general break-down and they did me a world of good. We bought a good many dollars' worth, but it was money well spent because they did all that you claim for them. Their action is so pleasant, compared with other laxatives, that I found only pleasure, as well as health, in taking them. They seemed to me to be particularly suited to women, on account of their mild and gentle action, and I trust that some other women may start taking 'Fruit-a-Tives' after reading my letter, and if they do, I am satisfied the results will be the same as in my own case.

Mrs. W. N. KELLY

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

apolis, as in other places in the Northwest, such provisions for Catholic youth are made, in academies, commercial high schools, classical colleges, that no possible excuse exists for Catholic parents to rob their children of the blessings of a higher Catholic education. We trust and pray that no excuse of the kind will be sought for. If Catholic schools outside the diocese or the State, are deemed more serviceable, more attractive, let others be chosen in other parts of the country. I repeat, the question is one of principle—A Catholic education for Catholic children, wherever, under whatever legitimate conditions this is given.

I am not unaware that now and then in quarters otherwise sincerely Catholic, the notion is entertained that fashion and social ambitions advise certain non-Catholic schools, public or private, rather than Catholic. What the dictates of fashion or social ambition are, I do not know, nor do I care to inquire. For this I know, that fashion and social ambitions, running counter to the dictates of religion, are as the kingdom offered from the mountain top to the Saviour, as the reward of adoration given to Satan—that the answer to fashion and social ambition in opposition to religion must be none other than the answer of the Saviour to the tempter—"Begone, Satan; for it is written: The Lord Thy God thou shalt adore, and Him only shalt thou serve."

To Catholic parents I repeat: A Catholic education for the Catholic child. Were I to say less, I were betraying the responsibilities of my sacred office: I were the unworthy guardian of the faith of Holy Church. I pray God to bless parents and children and hold them ever in His loving care.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE ROSARY

The Rosary, says Father Lecher, O. P., in his little volume dealing with that devotion, is composed of the best of all prayers: the Our Father given to us by our Lord Himself (St. Matt. vi.); the Hail Mary, inspired by the Holy Ghost (St. Luke, l.); and the Doxology, so frequently venerated by the Church in her solemn offices. The Rosary places before us the great truths of redemption which, through meditation, penetrate into the heart, and form the whole character to the likeness of Christ Jesus. St. Paul teaches (Rom. viii.) that His likeness to Christ is the condition and mark of predestination; hence it is that saints and holy writers lay great stress upon the Rosary, because all those who are devoted to its use infallibly acquire the spirit of Jesus Christ in His life of innocence and suffering, and, being thus conformed to Him, are prepared to share in His glory. If we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall also be in the likeness of His resurrection (Rom. vi.) In the sweet garden of the Rosary we are planted together with Christ. It is the power in moulding the Christian soul to the character of the Cross of Christ, that leads the saints of God to pour out their eulogium upon the Rosary. All the Dominican saints were ardent apostles of the Rosary of their Blessed Father. Other saints, likewise, have been conspicuous for the same devotion, especially those who have edified the Church in these later centuries.

The following are amongst the praises bestowed on the Rosary by the various Popes:

The scourge of the demon.—Adrian VI.

The destruction of sin.—Gregory XIV.

The tree of life, raising up the dead; it heals the sick, and preserves those who are in health.—Nicholas X.

The treasury of grace.—Paul V.

The growth of Christians.—Urban VIII.

The glory of the Roman Church.—Julius III.

Every day immense good accrues to the Christian people through the Rosary.—Urban IV.

By the Rosary the anger of God ceases, and the intercession of Mary is found.—Gregory XIII. By the Rosary St. Dominic averted the anger of God from France and Italy.—Paul III. Owing to the spread of the Rosary, the faithful, roused by these meditations, penetrated with these prayers, become other men, the darkness of heresy is scattered, and the light of the Catholic faith shines in all its lustre.—St. Pius V. The Rosary is the most efficacious prayer for the increase in the hearts of the faithful of the devotion towards the Mother of God.—Pius IX. The most complete expression of Christian piety.—Leo XIII. The excellency of the Rosary is proved by its fruits. Wherever it flourishes, there heresy withers and disappears. The Rosary impresses on the mind the great truth of the Incarnation. Each heresy may be said to arise in one way or other from a false or inadequate apprehension of the Incarnation of the Son of God. By this the spirit of God is known. Every spirit which confesses that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that disbelieves Jesus is not of God (1 St. John iv. 2, 3). There is no devotion that teaches the Incarnation so profoundly as does the Rosary, or which nurtures so perfectly the Catholic tone and mind, capable of detecting error hidden under the most obtruse and specious terms.

THE DIFFERENCE

As to sufraggeto attacks on churches, an important point of difference is thus stated by the Catholic Herald: "A Protestant church is regarded by Protestant congregations as a place reserved for divine worship, but with no specially sacred character about it beyond that. A Protestant congregation without any sense of indecorum, will use its church for social or public purposes, and that without a thought of incongruity. The Catholic belief in the Real Presence makes the Catholic Church to the Catholic the very House of God, which any Catholic of adult years would without an instant's hesitation give his life to defend from sacrilege. There is the explanation of why the Brompton outbreak was so fiercely repelled."

That is the explanation of the Catholic position—understood and appreciated by all Catholic suffragettes.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A CHESHIRE SHRINE

OUR LADY OF HILBRE A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

The existence of the little island of Hilbre, almost forgotten, except by fishermen of the Wirral coast and by summer visitors to Hoylake and West Kirby, has been recalled to the public mind by the decision of the Lancashire and Cheshire Historical Society to carry out excavations in the hope of discovering the old cell of the Benedictines and the well which adjoined it, both of which have long since been covered by the sands.

Now the property of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, a life boat station and the site of one of the oldest coast lights in England, Hilbre was a great place of pilgrimage in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and a centre of monastic life away back in Saxon days. That it was ancient even then, and a place of habitation in prehistoric times, is suggested by the discovery in its sands of flint implements and calcined stones such as the cave men used for cooking in the stone age.

DEDICATED TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN When its chapel of St. Hildburgh— from whom it takes its sadly corrupted name—was founded there is no certain evidence, but that it was existing at the time of the Norman Conquest is certain, apart from the finding in 1853 of a ninth or tenth century cross of red sandstone, and in 1864 of an eleventh century gravestone. When the Domesday Book was compiled, Robert de Redolent, who had come from Normandy in the train of the Conqueror, was in possession of a good deal of the fair lands of Wirral, and amongst them the island of Hilbre, which was then a portion of the parish of St. Bridget, at West Kirby.

Robert gave it to the Abbot and monks of the monastery of St. Evreul, in Normandy, and the grant was confirmed by William I, in 1088. In the following century it seems to have passed into the possession of the Earl of Chester, who made it subject to the Abbey of Basingwerk, in Flintshire, which he had erected for one of the military Orders, that English pilgrims to Holywell might be protected from the onslaughts of the Welsh, who, not without reason, resented the coming of the English to their country even for religious purposes. Basingwerk retained its dominion for about half a century and then transferred the island and its cell for 80 shillings a year to the Benedictines of St. Werburgh's, Chester, whose fine church is now the Protestant cathedral of the ancient border city. The Benedictines rededicated the settlement and its chapel to Our Lady, and attached it to the parish of St. Oswald, at Chester. In the year 1215 we find them appointing a vicar for West Kirby so that by that date, at the latest, the cell on Hilbre Island had become subject to them.

ANTQUITY AND ORIGIN OF THE SHRINE

An old legend tells us that when

Richard, the youthful son of the first Earl of Chester, was making a pilgrimage of Holywell, he was set upon by the Welsh, and driven to take refuge in Basingwerk Abbey, which was so closely besieged that the young noble had little hope of escape with his life. Acting on the advice of one of the monks of Hilbre, he sought the intercession of St. Werburgh, at whose prayer the waters of the Dee rolled back and formed a sandy causeway, still known as Constable's Sands, over which the Baron of Halton, Constable of Chester, marched to the rescue of his lord. Thenceforward, the shrine of Our Lady of Hilbre was one of the most popular places of pilgrimage in England.

CONSUMED IN THE RUIN OF THE "REFORMATION"

At the "Reformation," the cell of Hilbre, together with the mother house at Chester, was suppressed by the virtuous Henry VIII., and its bell, which was said to have originally come from St. Oswald's, Chester, was transferred to St. Oswald's, Bidston, where for nearly four hundred years it has called Protestant congregations to worship.

The island itself became tenanted by Sir Richard Thimbleby, a Lincolnshire knight, one of those happy or unhappy men who have left no history. In course of time it passed into the possession of the Trinity Brethren, and eventually to its present owners. It is divided into three parts, only the middle one of which, covering 11 1/2 acres, is inhabitable, its population numbering 10.

Its light has acted as a beacon for ships upon the Irish Sea for at least seven centuries, for it is recorded that in the reign of Henry VIII., John, the last Earl of Chester, contributed 10 shillings a year for its maintenance.—St. Paul Bulletin.

True courage is not incompatible with nervousness; and heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"CAPITALIZE YOURSELF"

What are you worth to yourself, to your family, to your friends, to your business?

In these days of the so-called conflict between labor and capital, it may interest young workers to read a paragraph or two from the Railway Bulletin entitled Capitalize Yourself, and addressed to workingmen, which reminds every man that he is, after all, his own capitalist.

"Your value is measured by the quality and quantity of results you produce. . . . It is a business proposition. Suppose you earn \$1,000 a year. At 4 per cent, that is the yearly interest upon \$25,000. In other words, the company that employs you at \$25,000 and willingly pays interest on that sum for the use of your energy and faculties. It rests with you. Make your \$25,000 valuation climb to \$50,000, to \$100,000 to \$500,000. Choose your food with care, treat decently the body upon which your mind depends for its strength. Above all, feed your mind; read, study, observe."

"Capitalize yourself." How many young workers fail to see this and do it! How many railroad workers, for example, deliberately destroy their own capitalization by secretly breaking the rule about drinking. Nowadays almost every great railroad makes a rule against even the moderate use of liquor by its men, because of the dreadful loss and misery that has been caused by railroad wrecks for which drunkenness is responsible. No engineer ever yet meant to destroy his own capitalization in this way, or ever wished to injure a passenger or a fellow workman. But the habit of a glass now and then has grown upon him until duty has been forgotten, and disaster has resulted.

To capitalize oneself in money is not the highest way. This money-mad century may think so, but money is only a symbol, a medium of exchange, after all. Sometimes it purchases pleasure, sometimes power; often only disappointment. But it is nothing in itself. It is not even a real reality, let alone one immortal one. Mean while, there are everlasting realities all about a man's soul—realities such as love and truth and joy and faith and friendship. A life which is without any capital in these things is poor, and can never hope to abound or to be happy or useful.

It rests with each human being to make his capital large and ever larger in these lasting values. No one can make a man faithful except himself. No one can make a girl cheerful and loving except herself. All these values are in each one's own power to create or to annul.

"Make the valuation climb"—that is advice that each one must either take or refuse for himself or herself.

To throw away the chance of riches, and then complain of being poor—how many human beings do just this illogical, miserable thing! A man will cheat his fellows, do mean and evil deeds, forsake his friends, and stifle all his better impulses in a wild chase after money, and will then complain, after he makes his fortune (or, as is more likely, fails to make it), that there is no goodness, nor friendship, nor truth, in the world. A girl will throw away her womanliness, and center her whole life on self and on vanity, and then will complain that no one cares for her, that she is not understood, and that her lot is wretched. There are bankrupt personalities all along the path of life—destitute of all that makes life worth living. In this saddest of bankruptcies, the saddest part of it all is that they might have been rich in the truest ways, if only they had chosen to be capitalists instead.

On the other hand, the world is full of lives that are precious to those around them. What value could be set large enough to express what a good mother is to her household, or a lovely girl to her friends, or a public spirited man to his community, or a faithful pastor to his people. Right-mindedness and love create unspeakable values in any life. Any one wishing to be a small or a large capitalist has an opportunity, every day, to become more and more useful, faithful, upright, pure, loving, cheerful and sincere—in other words, to become a sharer in those unsearchable riches of Christ which make the soul a power and a blessing forever.—Catholic Columbian.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN

In an interview with the police of this city, an old crook told that after his quarter of a century of crime he was friendless, penniless and homeless only for the assistance of the men of the law who followed his movements in palmy days. "High Card Dick," as this unfortunate is known to police officials, gave the following advice for the benefit of others who would tread the thorny path which led to his ruination: "Young men, sidestep the pool-rooms. Do not give yourself to the life of the white lights. Be loyal. If every young man will adopt resolutions to obey his parents there will be penitentiaries to rent some day. Aye, there's the point! Disobedience to parents and lawful guardians is the first step to the bull pen. The youth who imagines he is a man and beyond parents' control is the unfortunate degenerate of later days. Disobedience is one of the sins of this century. License spells destruction and truly did the one-time card sharp declare that once youth honored

father and mother reform schools would close for want of occupants. The prison of the country shelter hundreds of young men living isolated lives under assumed names. Parents mourn for these wild ones, not knowing as to their fate, and sisters and brothers fear to mention their names in the household. The disobedient boy or girl would wreck a household. Homes are crushed through this headstrong class and fathers and mothers go to an early grave, in shame for their offspring.—Michigan Catholic.

KEEP THE ATMOSPHERE PURE

Keep clear of personalities in conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest occupy themselves with persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. As far as possible, dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows. But it is not the mission of every young man to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HOW KINDNESS WORKED

"It seems as if I must give her something!" Eunice Wells almost sobbed out these words as she stood quite by herself, gazing in at a florist window. She was a small, thin girl and only fifteen years old; but her paltry \$8 a week formed the chief support of her feeble, widow mother and little brother.

After the rent of their two tiny rooms and the other household bills were paid each month there was not a penny left for such a folly as a flower.

"It was only last Christmas that she was so good to me," Eunice mused on. "And I only the girl that waited on her in the store. Maybe I was pleasanter than some of the others, and flew around more to find the things she wanted. But to think she should miss me and ask my name and why I wasn't there! No body else cared—but Mrs. Day did. And I never shall forget those great roses she sent me and those nice things to eat. And now they say she is awfully sick—and I can't do a thing."

By this time Eunice was almost weeping outright.

Suddenly, moved, as it seemed, by something outside herself, she found herself advancing slowly into the shop and pricing the plants and flowers.

The clerk gave one glance at her clothes and felt that there was no need to be very polite to her.

"How much is this azalea?" she was asking, as if in a dream.

"Five dollars," with the air of one who should say, "Why are you bothering me? I know you can't afford to buy anything."

"That rose?"

"Two dollars. Guess these tulips are more in your line. Give you this pot for 60 cents. Give you a dozen daffodils for 50 cents."

And Eunice had but 45 cents in her shabby little purse—with the scrap of round steak for dinner to buy.

She felt as if the clerk could count her money through the crumpled bit of chamolite skin which she was grasping tight in her hand. She turned, saying with an attempt at dignity: "I think I will not take anything to-night."

As she was walking out, a little of sweet alyssum caught her eye.

Her father had been a farmer, and sweet alyssum had run riot over the farmhouse garden, just as this cheerful little plant was running riot over the edges of its pot, all alive with tiny, fragrant blossoms. "How much is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"That?" repeated the clerk, with an accent of even deeper contempt, "that is only 10 cents."

"I will take it," she cried.

It was a little to Mrs. Day's house, but Eunice almost ran the whole way. As she hurried along, conflicting thoughts began to disturb her. Perhaps the rich lady cared nothing for humble sweet alyssum. Perhaps she would say, "Why should that poor shop girl send me this cheap little thing? Better have given me nothing at all." Oh, it might all be an impulsive blunder!

Yet, never faltering in her purpose, Eunice ran up the steps of the stately house. She had taken time at the florist's to scrawl on a card which he had given her: "Eunice Wells is sorry you are sick. Please accept this very little thing with her love."

The maid came to the door, looked coldly at her, and willingly took in her hands the card and the little pot, with its covering of brown tissue paper. Eunice feared in her heart that her poor offering might be so despised as never to find its way to the sick room, but there was nothing more that she could do about it, and she hurried off in the gray spring twilight. She thought of the sweet alyssum all the next day. First she was tortured with the thought of the poverty and meanness of her gift. Then she would cherish a hope that, slight and valueless as it was, it might after all carry some comfort.

When she reached her home that night a letter awaited her, on the bare, clean kitchen table. It was written weakly, in pencil, but it was full of feeling.

"Never, dear Eunice Wells," it began, "did I receive a gift so precious

to me as your pot of sweet alyssum. It grew in my grandmother's garden in my childhood. I love it. It is even now my favorite flower. How could you know it? A beautiful breeze from the sweetest corner of the past blew through my room whenever I look at it.

"Thank you, dear friend, I shall never forget your loving thought."

It was a trifling incident—just the gift of a pot of one of the cheapest and commonest of flowers, and a penciled letter of gratitude from a sick woman. But to the heart of the poor shop girl came a thrill of such pure and heavenly joy as is seldom granted to mortals. As she bowed her head on the worn table, her eyes filled with a rush of happy tears.—The Companion.

HOME COURTESY

No pleasanter sight is there, says an authority on manners, than a family of young folks who are quick to perform little acts of attention towards their elders. The placing of the big armchair for mamma, hunting up papa's spectacles and scores of little deeds show the tender feeling of gentle, loving hearts. But if mamma never returns a smiling "Thank you, dear," if papa's "Just what I was wanting, Susie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit.

Little people are imitative creatures and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So if the mother's pool of cotton rolls from her lap, the father stoops to pick it up, bright eyes will see the act and quick minds make a note of it. By example a thousand times more quickly than by precept can children be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comfort of the family. The boys, with inward pride of their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their own young sisters; the girls, imitating their mother, will be patient and gentle, even when big brothers are noisy and headless.

In the homes where true courtesy prevails it seems to meet you on the threshold. You feel the kindly welcome on entering. No angry voices are heard upstairs. No sultry children are sent from the room. No peremptory orders are given to cover the delinquencies of housekeeping or servants. But what you are conscious of is an unmistakable, delightful atmosphere which pervades the whole house.—Ex.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER

She wrote no books; she painted no pictures; she thrilled no audience with her eloquence; she inaugurated no great reform. She spent her life in none of the brilliant spheres for which many of our girls sigh to day. She simply lulled a little Babe on her breast; she pressed its face close to her mother's heart; she went about her household duties there in a Nazarene kitchen, she filled her water pichers at the well, lighted her fires and prepared her frugal meals, unwaited upon, unattended by any, save the angels that hovered unseen. Yet through all ages past and through all ages to come her name is and will ever remain the most blessed among women.

Artists may paint, writers may write, singers may sing, right on to the end of time, but none can ever hope to rival in unending love and reverence the wife of the humble carpenter of Galilee. They are all but as earth's tiniest candle to heaven's brightest star. Earth's greatest woman was great by virtue of her motherhood.

A maiden of Judea went up so close to the throne of God; she kept the chamber of her heart so pure that the Lord of Hosts entered in, and laid upon her breast the Saviour of men. Earth has nothing greater than the loving devotion of a woman who is pure in heart. We need Marys from Nazareth yet; we need them everywhere. Let our girls aspire by all means. Let them be ambitious, but let them not forget amid life's fevered rush to loam His touch, to get the "Madonna secret."—Catholic Universe.

THE RELIGION I WANT

"I want a religion that makes the people happy who possess it."

"Then I would advise you to join the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion which will make me feel so sure of its truth that it would be a sin to doubt it."

"Then you must join the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion which teaches that God will reward a man according to his works."

"Then you want the religion of the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion which teaches that God is good and kind to all His creatures, that He has called men to salvation, and thus leaves no man to despair."

"Then you had better join the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion that is equally acceptable to rich and poor, to high and low, to the master and the servant, to the king and the peasant."

"Then, of course, you want the religion of the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion that makes children members of the fold of Christ, and treats them as such."

"Then you will find such a religion in the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion that does not teach one day what it will probably deny the next."

"Such a religion can only be had in the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion that will permit me to hold communion with my dear departed relatives and friends."

"Your want will be satisfied when you join the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion that will give me a plain and reasonable way of obtaining pardon for my sins, and show me how I can obtain a sure absolution."

"Such a plain and reasonable way is known to all those who belong to the Catholic Church."

"I want the same religion the twelve apostles had."

"That is the religion of the Catholic Church."

"I want the same religion that the hundreds of thousands of martyrs believed in who were slain for the faith of Christ during the persecutions of the Roman emperors."

"That is also the religion of the Catholic Church."

"I want the same religion which St. Augustine preached in England, St. Boniface in Germany, St. Martin in France, St. Patrick in Ireland, St. Francis Xavier in Japan, and to which these apostolic men converted all these people from paganism."

"That is also the religion of the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion that can make Sisters of Charity and such others like them, who leave all for Christ to give comfort to the wretched, the poor and the sinful."

"The religion of all such is the religion of the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion whose priests are not afraid to come and give me their consolations if I should happen to have the smallpox or the yellow fever or the cholera, or any such contagious disease."

"Then you want the ministrations of the priests of the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion whose priests preach the gospel and not politics."

"Then go to the Catholic Church."

"I want a religion that is a religion for all nations, and for all time, even unto the consummation of the world."

"When your want is realized, you will call yourself a member of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church."

"I want a religion that both Protestants and Catholics agree to be a safe religion in which I can save my soul."

"Then dear friend, you have no choice but to become a Catholic. All these wants the Catholic Church alone can satisfy. Go and examine for yourself. Any Catholic priest will gladly give you the proofs of the truth of what I say.—Holy Family Church Calendar, Chicago.

THE OBJECT OF RELIGION

(By Father A. B. Sharpe, M. A.)

It is a commonplace to say what is obviously true, that one of the chief characteristics of the time in which we live is the great liberty of opinion that we all enjoy. There was a time not long ago when traditional beliefs were taken for granted. All beliefs, habits, and customs are subject to universal criticism, and everyone is free to form his own opinion on every subject. Religion naturally has not escaped this change in popular opinion. Religion is one of those things which call forth from mankind deep feeling, as it is probably the subject upon which man has felt more deeply than upon any other. It is, therefore, a prominent mark for the criticism of those whose opinions are more remarkable for their variety than for their intelligence or common sense.

This change has, however, brought with it one good result. The Catholic Church at the present time has an opportunity of making known the strong and incontrovertible evidence on which her claims rest, such as she has never before enjoyed in this country. And, consequently, a considerable change in public opinion has taken place on that point. On the other hand, religious opinions are formed by everybody, in many cases in an extremely hasty manner. In regard to religion, the vast number of our fellow countrymen seem to be of the same opinion as Shakespeare's Dogberry in regard to reading and writing, and think that a knowledge of religion "comes by nature." It is not only that people are quite uninstructed as to the grounds on which the claims of the Catholic Church are based, but they are ignorant of a much more elementary part of the subject. Many people, perhaps the majority of people in this country, feel themselves free to criticize religious doctrines without having the remotest idea as to what religion really means. This is the reason for the extraordinary variety of so-called religious beliefs, and for the want of common sense by which that variety is characterized.

I would call your attention to three typical errors on this subject. If you ask people outside the Catholic Church what they think of religion, they will tell you, first of all, that religion is the science of conduct, and teaches people to behave themselves so that they can escape a great many of the troubles of life, whether by conformity with the laws of Nature, or by some vague supernatural power.

Other people will tell you the exact contrary, and they will say that religion is no good at all, because we know enough about the causes of things to be quite sure that everything happens by natural means. The scientific knowledge of the present day is enough to account for everything, and therefore there is no need to assume a supernatural power, when the natural forces with which we are all acquainted explain all we want to understand.

A third class of people will tell you that the value they place on religion is that everybody has got to die, and that after they die religion during life is the only thing that will help them. In short, its one advantage is that it saves us from going to hell.

Now, there is a certain amount of truth in all these views. It is perfectly true that religion in a great many cases does make people comfortable in this world, and does console them in the evils of life; the reason being that the law of God is identical with the law of nature, and that the friendship of God is a consolation in the trials and troubles of life. It is also undoubtedly the case that religion is no good at all to those who think only of this life and the things in it. Again, the Christian religion does certainly save people from hell. This is a great and important truth, and one which we know, on the highest authority, to be the distinctive truth of the Christian religion.

But although there is a certain amount of truth in all these popular opinions, they none of them furnish a sufficient motive for acting upon and practicing religion. These views of religion regard it, not as something desirable in itself, but merely as a remedy which like most remedies, is something disagreeable and should therefore be used as little as possible. None of them can provide a sufficient motive for the practice of religion, and much less can they bring about that enthusiasm which makes saints, heroes, and apostles. This popular notion of religion is nothing else than the religious view of primitive and savage man. The great mass of the people in Protestant countries have not advanced beyond these crude opinions. The savage makes use of religion to do him good in this world; to bring him success in war and in the chase; to preserve him from the accidents of life and from malevolent spiritual beings. When he finds that religion does not do this he gives it up altogether. That is precisely the view of the popular theorists of the day.

We Catholics have no justification or excuse for falling into these false ideas. The facts are put before us again and again. The words of the text clearly tell us what the motive of religion must be. "I," says God; "I am thy protector and thy reward exceeding great"—not God's gifts, whether natural or supernatural, but God Himself. That is the object of the Christian religion—to attain to God, that is the motive that makes a man ready to give up all that this world holds dear, to attain, not to God's gifts, but to God Himself. He is the reward, and hence all else is non-essential, and may be, and often is, dispensed with. The whole of

this world in which we live depends on God, is united to God, reflects God. All that happens in nature is the manifestation of His will. One of God's creatures alone is able to stand outside that harmony and order, and that is man. Nature acts for God, but man acts for himself, and can willfully disregard God. In the freedom of the human will man is able to stand outside that great order and break the natural harmony between the creature and the Creator.

Religion, true religion, is that which restores man to the harmony of the universe, that which helps him back to his place with God. All that is good, all that is desirable or beautiful in this world is the imperfect reflection of God. Its perfection is to be found in God. As Dante said: "All else that imperfect in its perfection is to be found in God alone." The persisting desire that we all feel, what are they but the outcome of that need and desire of God? That one great need which only religion can satisfy, is broken up and disrupted by the number of indeterminate needs and desires that man has, and so all of us are constantly in danger of forgetting what these desires really mean. All of us, are in danger, for that reason, of declining from the pursuit of God. Worldly prudence tells us that happiness in this life is to be found outside God.

Therefore we must continually remind ourselves, amidst all the adverse influences of the world—of what is the one true object of religion, and therefore the one true object of life, namely, that by religion we may attain to the possession of God in the Beatific Vision, and that God and God alone is the "great reward" for which we are all seeking.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LATE FOR MASS

To many Catholics the Mass is divided into two parts: "The end of the first Gospel is the line of demarcation." Conscientious Catholics who confess that they have been "late for Mass" present a problem to the conscientious confessor. He must ascertain if the person who was "late for Mass" was so late as not to have heard Mass at all. His questioning generally brings the further information that the tardy attendant was or was not in church before the first Gospel has been finished.

There are three essential parts of the Mass: The Offertory, the Consecration and the Communion. These being essential parts of the Mass must be effected at the one and same Mass which the conscientious Catholic will be scrupulous in attending on Sunday and holidays of obligation.

If a person comes into church after the Offertory, or leaves before the Communion, he has not heard Mass and has, therefore, not fulfilled his obligation.

In order to fulfil to the letter the precept of hearing Mass, a person should be present from the very beginning and remain to the very end. From this obligation has arisen a custom which necessitates another word of caution. It is true that, if we have missed the preliminary prayers of the Mass we may supply for the defect by attending so much of a second Mass as has been missed at the first. If a person should arrive at and should remain for the second Mass up to the time of the Consecration, he would not have fulfilled his obligation, irrespective of the time he had remained in church, since he had been present at no one Mass in its essential entirety.

If a person goes to Mass and discovers that the chalice has been uncovered, he may be assured that he will have to hear all of another Mass. He will have been so late that no supplying of deficiency will satisfy.—Intermountain Catholic.

CAN'T MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS

If the Protestant sects really did the right thing when they rebelled against the authority of the Holy See, why is it that their representatives are always finding fault with the decisions of "Rome"? What the Pope says and does has never failed to stir the interest of Protestants, and very frequently they grow very angry at his decisions and his rulings. At the same time the Head of the Catholic Church is not recognized as having anything to do with Protestants. What he says and does has to do only with Catholics, who are his "slaves" of course. Why should outsiders care what tyrannical decisions the Pope makes in matters which concern only his "slaves"? Still, church conventions of Episcopalians, Presbyterians and others of the sects are always going into fits of anger about what Rome decides, especially in the matter of marriages, divorces and mixed marriages. Any rules or regulations from "Rome" on these subjects always cause a great stir among the sectarian brethren although Protestants rebelled against Rome centuries ago. Their tantrums are amusing, especially when we recollect what a prominent place the questions of divorce and re-marriage had in the original rebellion of the so-called reformers. Luther and Henry VIII, went crazy on the "sex problem" you know.—Intermountain Catholic.

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ENGLAND LOSING HER IRISH SOLDIERS

Soumas MacManus in a recent brief article, contends that the British army is not what it used to be—the loss of Irish soldiers is being felt and desperate efforts fall to have them enlist and England has got to swallow her army or her army will swallow her.

"Sitting down to dinner at a hotel in Canada, lately, I found a typical, respectable, florid faced Briton opposite to me. And, knowing that the merriest aided appetite, I in the most innocent fashion I could contrive, asked him what he thought of Lloyd George.

PRESENTATION TO REV. FATHER EGAN, THOROLD A considerable number of the members of the Holy Name Society met in the Thorold Catholic Club Building on Friday evening to bid farewell to the Rev. Father Egan, who for the past two years has been acting as curate in Thorold, and who since the formation of the Thorold Holy Name Society, has acted as its Spiritual Director.

President Edw. P. Foley read a suitable address on behalf of the Holy Name Society and the congregation of the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, after which Treasurer John McMahon presented Father Egan with a purse of gold.

Father Egan, who was completely taken by surprise, returned his heartfelt thanks for the unexpected kindness shown him. He remarked he came to Thorold a week after he had been ordained to the holy priesthood, and after two years and seven months with the Thorold people he formed acquaintanceships which he trusted would be as lasting as life itself.

ing the badge of the Holy Name Society, and although absent in person he would be present in spirit on the Societies communion Sunday.

Another pleasing feature of the evening was a presentation to the reverend gentlemen, by the altar boys of the church of our Lady of the Holy Rosary.

Father Egan left to take charge of St. Stanislaus Parish in Toronto, and he will be greatly missed by the Catholics of Thorold, who wish him every success in his new field of labor.

THE POET'S ANSWER

Thomas Moore, the poet was the son of a Dublin grocer. Without the slightest "pushing" on his part, his genius and the unaffected charm of his manner made a host of friends for him in the highest circles of English society.

When he was at the very height of his fame, when all London went mad over his ballads and his personality, an envious snob undertook to humiliate him one evening at a banquet. After a brilliant repartee of Moore's had been applauded by the diners, the cad, fixing his monocle in his eye, leaned across the table and drawled impudently in a voice meant to carry his meaning well around the table: "Pray, sir, was not your father a grocer?"

Moore smilingly responded, "Ay, sir, my father was a grocer."

"Then, pray, why did he not make a grocer of you?"

THE KINEMATOGRAPH

The following account (by "L. R.") of an interview with Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., has appeared in the Westminster Gazette: Leaders of various religious denominations in Great Britain and America have recently been paying great attention to the kinematograph as a medium of teaching social service, and for propagating their respective beliefs.

In this country that versatile and stalwart priest, Father Bernard Vaughan, has just adapted for the screen the story of the Lourdes Grotto, under the title of "Our Lady of Lourdes and Bernadette." Father Vaughan bears such a reputation for plain speaking and practical doing that this latest example of his energy and broad-mindedness inevitably challenges our interest. Accordingly, I called upon him to hear his views. I found him in the midst of preparations for a three weeks' visit to Strathpeffer, in the Highlands. Said Father Vaughan:

"If the picture theatre will only live up to its mission, I for one, will welcome it with both hands. Curiously enough, the picture-drome has arrived just when there is everywhere a demand for present and im-

mediate gratification of the senses. As an observer of mankind, I cannot help recognizing that human nature is drawn away from virtue to vice mostly through the senses, more especially through the windows of sight.

"If we are to lead people back to lives of noble doing, we, too, must draw them through the senses; if gross pictures, if scrofulous literature, if indecent plays, if brutal shows are sapping the good that is in us, surely it is the mission of the picture-drome to inspire, through the story of noble lives reproduced on the screen, the rising generation with resolutions to live their lives in the spirit of something attempted, something done, for the betterment of themselves and their fellows.

"I only wish I had control of a picture-drome in every centre of industry. I would convert it into a great schoolroom, in which I should throw across the screen selected stories from Holy Writ and from history—more especially of my own country.

"Should I object to religious films being shown in church to illustrate the sermon? Most certainly I should. The cinematograph is a servant, and must keep its place. I would not object, however, to religious films being shown in church to children out of service-time.

"With regard to foreign missions, I cannot conceive anything more helpful than Edison's wonderful invention. It has always been the practice of Catholic missionaries to instruct the infidel through the medium of pictures; with films at their disposal they would attract magnetized, and capture their audiences. I wish we could finance some such scheme which would enable our foreign missionaries to exchange moving pictures with one another. Here you have sermons preached in a language common to all the different nationalities.

It should be added that "Our Lady of Lourdes and Bernadette" which is enacted entirely by devout Catholic players, is an inspiring film in thirty-one scenes—the exhibition of which lasts about fifty minutes. Some of the exterior scenes were taken in Richmond Park, though no one who sees the picture would ever imagine the locale to be other than France.

DUTIES OF CATHOLIC CITIZENSHIP

In his address to the Knights of Columbus at St. Paul, Archbishop Ireland dwelt upon the opportunities and the duties of the Catholic laity. Concerning the duties of citizenship he said:

"What will the typical Catholic be as the citizen of America? The most loyal of America's citizens—loving deeply his country, giving glad and unhesitating obedience to its laws, to uphold its honor and security in peace and in war. For the son of the Church patriotism is no mere sentiment but mere consideration of personal interest; it is a duty of conscience, of religion, for the fulfillment of which account must be made to the Almighty Judge, the Lord of men and of nations. The mandate of Scripture is plain: Let every soul be subject to higher powers: for there is no power but from God."

"The Catholic conscience compels obedience to the laws of the land; it compels, also, the righteousness in the use of the privilege allowed by the constitution of the land in making of its laws. The privilege is a sacred trust, upon the proper use of which depend the safety and the life of the country. It is to be exercised to the full intent of the power that grants it, the welfare and sound government of the nation.

"It is well to freshen in our remembrance the obligation of conscience resting upon citizens to serve God while serving the country; front of the electoral urn or in the halls of state and national legislature. It is sometimes said, all is fair in politics, and the citizen is to be found, who, a strict believer in conscience with regard to private conduct and the immediate commands of religion, imagines that the moment he steps into the political field as elector or as a public official, conscience ceases. This is a notion most false, most perverse. It is, indeed, a fundamental point in the teaching of the Church that the two principalities, the civil and the ecclesiastical, are distinct and separate in their spheres, the one having no right to control whatsoever over things pertaining to the other. But in one sphere as well as in the other, the Eternal God reigns, and man must hearken to the laws of righteousness and of justice of which conscience makes proclamation. Conscience ever reigns and ever must obtain reverence and submission whether in private or public life. There is no twofold soul, no twofold code of morals.

I faintly would refuse the honor even of a passing mention to the charges of disloyalty to America, its constitution and laws, repeatedly leveled against Catholics, so groundless are those charges, so basely insulting to the principles we teach, to the facts in our civil and political life. Nor do I think it could serve a purpose to argue for a moment against them. Nothing is gained from the men who make those charges, however much you prove them to be in the wrong. They are too deeply imbedded in prejudice to be able to perceive the truth or too voluntarily blind to admit they are in error. To the fair-mindedness of the average American we commit our cause, confident that with him it will be impartially

listened to and that justice will be done. We know the real American—and he is the legion. For his sake we are ready to give explanation, where explanation is required, or to parry a blow, where the neglect of resistance would seem an act of disrespect towards the truth or of cowardice in defending it. With the verdict of our fair-minded fellow-citizens we shall be satisfied.

"The blackest evil that could darken our fair land is religious war. It is the death-knell to its glorious constitution—the death-knell to its peace and prosperity. Catholics never will provoke religious war, never will give to it cause or countenance. We claim our rights to religious freedom the same rights we gladly recognize in our fellow-citizens. As we wish that they should treat us, so will we treat them. We respect conscience in others, as we wish others to respect it in us. We defend our faith, as we need to defend it arises—always, however, with the arms of truth and peace—never admitting rancor into our hearts, or fraud or deceit upon lip or pen. Let adversaries do as they will, but we will stand firm as we stand towards our fellow-citizens, whatever some he towards us, the true Catholics, and the true Americans.—True Voice.

PIUS X.

The murderous war now raging has claimed its most exalted victim. Pope Pius X. is dead. Old and weak in health, he could no longer bear the strain of Christendom's self-destraining strife. His last official act was to call all Catholics throughout the world to pray for the speedy return of peace, and his last words were spoken in thankfulness that he would not be obliged to see the horrors which Europe must undergo.

His ascent from a humble parish to the papal throne is not strange in the annals of Catholicism. The great church is a true republic; she takes her leaders where she finds them, from the ducal palace or from the tenement of the duke's baker. But seldom even in church history has a man so utterly without ambition been raised so high.

Almost every promotion that Pius received was literally thrust upon him. He had misgivings when raised to a bishopric; he protested against being made cardinal; and he begged his fellow cardinals not to elect him Pope. It was no lack of ability that caused him to hold back. It was an ingrained modesty, which even a life of uninterrupted success in his chosen work could not eradicate.

His reign as Pope has been stormy. The definite break between France and the papacy came less than a year after Pius entered the Vatican. The revolution in Portugal inflicted much suffering on a large and loyal section of the clergy. The standing dispute with the Italian government remains as Pius found it. But there has been no loss of Church discipline, no weakening of Church discipline; and the organization which Macaulay pronounced most worthy on earth of study and admiration retains its eminence and power.—Chicago Journal.

THE DEAD SEA

THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS REMARKABLE BODY OF WATER

Many are the names by which this mysterious sea is known, many the wild and extravagant legends, connected with it. In the Talmud it is spoken of as the "Sea of Sodom," in Josephus as "Lake Asphaltites," and in Scripture it is called the "Sea of the Plain" and the "Salt Sea." Owing to the deadly character ascribed to it by innumerable legends it has been named the "Dead Sea," the appellation by which it is now generally known. The wild theories that poisonous exhalations arise from its surface, that baneful effects are suffered by breathing the atmosphere, that no bird can fly over it without injury, that in its center is an abyss into which the accumulated waters of the Jordan disappear, and others equally extravagant which have been current from the earliest ages, have all been proved by scientific investigation and explanation to be pure myths.

The scientific facts about this remarkable sea, are, however, wonderful enough without the aid of superstition. It is a sheet of water of similar shape and dimensions to those of the Lake of Geneva, being about forty-seven miles in length and nine and a half miles wide at the widest part. It is bounded on the west and east by precipitous and barren mountains which, on the west or Jerusalem side, rise to 2,500 feet, and on the east or Moab to 3,500 feet. It lies in this trough-like depression 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean and 3,794 feet below the City of Jerusalem. It is the most depressed sheet of water in the world. At the northeast corner, not far from the mouth of the Jordan, it is 1,300 feet deep; at the southern extremity, only 15 feet. Into this deep the waters of the Jordan from the north, of the Zerka and the Arnon from the east, and of the Karaby from the south, the Engedi from the west, with a few smaller streams, empty themselves. From scientific observations it is estimated that during the year a daily average of six and a half million tons of water is poured into the lake. There is no outlet, and the level of the water is maintained by evaporation alone. In the early spring it is from 2 to 3 feet deeper than in autumn just before the rains.

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PUNISHED FOR CHARITY In Portugal Donha Sula de Brito has been imprisoned and sentenced to ten years of exile (she is nearly sixty), after the term of fifteen years had been shortened by an "Amnesty." It is a court martial that has sentenced her, and the Government sanction is expected. Donha Julia de Brito's crime is the rescue from the streets of a number of girls whom she had placed under the care of nuns. When the Religious House which had received them was suppressed and the nuns were driven out of Portugal, this lady made a home for the girls. For this work which seemed to suggest religion, and much more remotely, monarchism, she was cast into a vile prison, among the worst of women, and kept there without trial for nine months. The girls she had sheltered are driven into the street again, and this one thinks, must be the hardest part of her martyrdom. Six hours were given them to return to their old manner of life.—True Voice.

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