

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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AN OBJECTIONABLE TEXT BOOK

A Halifax, N. S., subscriber informs us that one of the books ordained for study in the Public schools in that city and throughout the province is the "Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley.

It must have been placed in the curriculum through inadvertence. For we assume that no educator, conscious at all of his responsibilities, would place in the hands of the pupils entrusted to his care any book that is tinged with bigotry and subversive of right principles. That would indeed be "poisoning the wells," a crime of which the Halifax educators would not, in our opinion, designedly be guilty. But whatsoever the cause of the introduction of the "Water Babies" into schools which Catholics help to support, the responsibility of it rests upon those who are in authority. Kingsley should not be allowed to befall the faith of these Catholic scholars. And we are confident that when this matter has been brought to the attention of the Halifax school authorities, their sense of the fitness of things, as well as of their responsibility, will remove this objectionable book from the prescribed curriculum. There are works, and to spare, which can be called upon without pressing into service a malignant bigot such as Kingsley.

Let us quote a few passages from the edition published in 1895 by Thomas W. Crowell & Co., New York.

On page 91, he taunts the Irish as liars and says that "the fisherman gullied by a poor Paddy" must wonder all the while why poor old Ireland does not prosper like England and Scotland and some other places where people have taken up a ridiculous fancy that honesty is the best policy." On page 93, he informs us that a Scotchman is not a liar for he "fears God and not the priest." On page 158, referring to cruel schoolmasters, he says that "more than half of them were nasty, dirty, frowzy, grubby, smelly old monks who, because they dare not hit a man of their own size, amused themselves with beating little children instead, etc."

An unsavory dish to be served to impressionable children. And in the hands of teachers not emancipated from the bonds of fairy stories what an aid to the perpetuation of prejudice. Do the Halifax school authorities aspire to be known as fosters of bigotry? Or are they antagonistic to the Canadianism, waxing ever stronger, that loves fair-play and contemns the methods employed by men of the Kingsley type.

On page 184, the author, we suppose that he is trying to be witty, says "that when people live on poor vegetables instead of roast-beef and plum pudding their jaws grow large, and their lips coarse like the poor Paddies who eat potatoes." On page 216 his bigotry flames out in enumerating among the evils which flew out of Pandora's box "Monks and Popes."

We might quote other passages, but from the excerpts given our readers will understand our wonder at educators who have placed this book in a public school curriculum. There are also comments in evolution which might addle the brains of some teachers. As the Halifax authorities do not wish their reputation for integrity and scholarship to be besmirched with even the shadow of a suspicion of bigotry we hope to see the "Water Babies" banned and excluded forever from the public schools. Upon its literary value we set no appraisal; we wish merely to point out that a book conducive to bigotry and insulting to many pupils and teachers should not be prescribed for public schools.

THE MAN ENTHUSIASTIC

So long as a man is enthusiastic he is to be reckoned with. He may have been disappointed and have seen people wither away under the blasts of adversity and brought to their knees afraid and despondent in face of opposition, but so long as he has faith in human nature he can go

on his way serenely and with music in his heart. A man dies not of wounds but of corruption. He may be scarred with marks of a hundred battles, but the vitality within; the knowledge of the approval of his conscience, are a fount of unending health and courage. Some men die while in the bloom of youth; others, grey with years, are alive. Some again wax cynical over the world—a pastime of the coward and weakling; others see but the glory of living and the mercy vouchsafed to them. Clear-eyed determination, a buoyant outlook upon life, the saving grace to profit by our mistakes, and an indestructible belief in the good that is to be found in every human being—all this makes for success that is enduring as the eternal hills. The cynic is but a gibbering phantom; the optimist is a worker dealing with things as they are and hoping always to make his work a transcript of his dreams.

AT HIGH SPEED

The present age is sated with progress. We live faster in a year than our forefathers did in a century. Where once the cobbler spent three days on a pair of shoes we have machines to produce them in three minutes. Our ancestors spent half a year crossing the ocean or the plains; we ride from coast to coast in half a week. The first men who attempted to build flying machines were rewarded with strait-jackets instead of laurel wreaths. This is the age in which nothing that is not visible and tangible is prized. We motor through life with such speed that even our few thinkers are all in a hurry to produce the results of their thinking. They ought to follow nature a little more closely, and, like the acorn, drop into the earth and lie hidden for a time and then bring forth fruit as does the everlasting oak. The idea of the times is to be eternally progressive, unquenchably active, insatiable in knowledge and unlimited in aspiration. The mistake they make is the modern mania for results. This will be stamped as an age of brilliant achievements, but is it an age of moral greatness? It seems to us that the wise men of history are rapidly becoming the fools in the eyes of posterity. The time is rapidly approaching when the makers of lexicons will define impossibility as "a word used in the ignorant ages to designate a difficult task." When we read Newman we ask ourselves, now that he is dead, is there any one left with repose enough and reverence enough to think out his own thoughts in all humility and teach the world as he did.

PHILANTHROPY

Philanthropy is still groping blindly in the dark. At no time in the history of the world has the heart of Midas stirred with a greater pity for Lazarus, but the wrong sort of crumb is falling from the rich man's table. Society is organizing itself with adequate facilities to improve and fill the hungry mind, but there is a woful insufficiency of food for hungry bodies. Poverty is aching harder than ever for bread and meat. The first essential in the upbuilding of man is the nutrition of his flesh. The road to betterment must start right here. We can do without model tenements, additional libraries, and up-to-date universities, so long as we need more soup kitchens. No brain is in a fit condition to assimilate learning while the inner man is filled with yearning. We can eliminate the lines of the poets until we have eliminated the tragic bread line. Meanwhile we are anxiously awaiting the philanthropist who will be content with breathing memorials to his charity—rather than monuments of stone to his conceit.

WOULD BE REFORMERS

The pious platitudes of some fiery agitators—would-be reformers—who are constantly stirring up strife and breeding discontent, make us heart-sick and weary. They preach equality to the masses—forgetting that equality can only exist among individuals who stand upon a common level of religion, morality, intellect and strength. To urge the fitness of a one-legged runner in a contest with a clever sprinter is just as logi-

cal as to assume the right of inefficiency to share equally with capability. Nature herself proves that there can be no common standard in any form of life. The tree always grows one piece of fruit more perfect than the rest. The paddock demonstrates at least one thoroughbred of superior wind and speed. Life and living separate the fit from the unfit. The best man wins by virtue of his place to the fore. Everything on this planet is open to the man who has strength enough, courage enough and tenacity enough to reach it. To reward the lazy equally with the striving, to bestow upon the coward a recompense equal to that earned by the daring, would quickly remove the impetus which urges advancement, and reduce society to a common lot of inferiority.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

Through a fire in Tokio, in which 7,000 houses were destroyed, the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, lost everything they had but their lives. Church schools, and convents were destroyed. The Sisters, 27 in number, were left helpless with over 100 children, including boarders and orphans. The loss is estimated at over \$25,000.

Recently there has been established a Catholic Mission for the Japanese colony in Vancouver, B. C. This work was made possible by the zeal and charity of a Miss O'Melia, a convert to the Church, who for several years has devoted herself to the instruction of the Japanese.

INVOKED BABIES' PRAYERS—We have recently received a letter which breathed forth such lively faith and trust in God's goodness that one from a gentleman which came recently. We quote from it with the hope that others who have crossed to bear may realize that the only place from whence to receive strength to carry them is at the feet of our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother. We are sure Father Fraser will be glad to read the part that he and his little waifs have played in the incident. The writer says: "Recently we were blessed with a baby boy, who immediately after birth was attacked with meningitis. In a short time the paralysis accompanying the disease left him, but the doctors assured me that even were he to recover, his mind would be impaired."

About this time I happened to read in the Pilot of Father Fraser's work among the Chinese babies, and I prayed that these little ones, so many of whom die immediately after baptism, would pray that God's will might be done in the case of my boy. I begged them to ask our Blessed Mother to take him in his innocence to heaven, if he was to be afflicted all his life, for well I know what a struggle life is even for one who has full use of his powers. We were willing, however, to accept God's will, whatever it might be, and stood ready to do everything that human aid could accomplish for the child if he lived. "Thanks to the prayers of Father Fraser's Chinese babies, my little boy is happy to day in heaven, safe from all the trials and dangers of this life. In thanksgiving I am glad to send a small offering (\$7) to help this zealous priest in his great work of charity, and I pray that my experience may urge others to invoke the intercession of the countless little souls whose salvation has been brought about by our good missionaries.—Boston Pilot.

WHO WILL BE A PATRONESS FOR THIS LACE INDUSTRY?—The Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny are engaged in mission work in Madagascar. They teach a girls' school, visit the sick and seek to make converts in various ways.

Many of the pupils travel a long distance to the school building, and each one carries enough rice and salt for her lunch. Two little ones act as cooks, and at noon serve the appointed portions to the hungry horde.

The Sisters have also opened a protectorate, where they shelter homeless girls until they have reached a marriageable age. This latter charity entails considerable expense, and to secure an income the nuns have taught their charges lace making.

A practical way of encouraging this institution and helping to make it self-supporting would be to send an order for lace. Any particular form or style desired will be carried out and satisfaction guaranteed. Clients can also send patterns or samples, if they prefer.

One of the Sisters writes: "Our dream is to find some lady patronesses who will adopt the industry and assure its development by a regular succession of orders. This would set the undertaking on a substantial basis, and the future of many homeless maidens, exposed to every danger, would remain free from the menace of a wicked world."

NATIVE CLERGY NEEDED—Fervent native priests, educated and zealous,

contribute powerfully to the establishment and extension of the reign of Jesus Christ in those places where the European missionary can penetrate only with great difficulty and often with small chance of success. Consequently, there is no more practical way of assisting the missions than by contributing to the support of our foreign seminaries. The Chinese priest can go everywhere, and the language holds no secret for him. The natives trust him, are won over by his arguments, and in the end seek admission into the Church which he represents. But in order to obtain native priests there must be the necessary training in the seminary to develop in the candidates true piety; solid virtue; the love of souls; enthusiasm and zeal for the exaltation of Holy Church; the earnest desire, cost what it may, to preach the Word; the spirit of self-abnegation and sacrifice necessary for going joyfully to the succor of souls, day and night, in all weathers, through all obstacles; and finally, the science of knowing how to deal with all classes.

ORANGE LEADER'S FATHER WAS HOME RULER

A touch of humor has been given the situation by the very amusing discovery that the late Mr. Edward H. Carson, C. E. of Harcourt street, the father of Sir Edward Carson, was one of the signatories to the requisition in favor of Home Rule as a preservative of the empire on which the National movement inaugurated by Mr. Isaac Butt was based. This may be supplemented by the record of the fact that not only Mr. Carson's father but his uncle, Sir George Moyars, C. E., LL. D., who was lord mayor of Dublin in 1881, was deeply committed to the movement. Sir George Moyars is now almost the only survivor of all those who were present at the historic meeting at the Bilton Hotel in this city on the 19th of May, 1870, when Mr. Butt proposed a resolution, which was carried with enthusiasm, for the re-establishment of the Irish parliament, and when a committee on resolutions was appointed which subsequently produced the eight resolutions drafted by Mr. Butt which were adopted as the exposition of the national demand at the Great Home Rule conference in the Rotunda, Dublin, in November, 1879.

The effect of the publication of these facts upon the Orange leader, Sir Edward Carson, has been similar to that of the sight of water on a dog afflicted with rabies.—Dublin Letter New World.

THEN AND NOW

The London Times is a staunch advocate of the Orange campaign against Home Rule, including threats, oaths and covenants, blood, slaughter, and rebellion, wooden guns and Italian rifles, wherewith they will set up Home Rule in sections of the counties, as proof that force is intolerable in thirty-two. While the Times is supporting the Orangemen editorially and publishing the reports of the representative it sent to Ulster to prove that the Orangemen, despite appearances, are really in earnest, it is also reprinting items from its issue on like date a hundred years ago. There must be a lack of co-ordination between the century culler, the reporter, and the editor. This is the reprint from a Times editorial of June 9, 1813:

We have lately remarked, not without the detestation which they merit, some abortive attempts to introduce into this country a system, which, in the Sister Kingdom, has so fatally tended to convert party animosities into lawless violence and vindictive ferocity. A system, so alien to the quiet and rational habits of Englishmen, we thought, would have speedily sunk into that contempt which must be the natural portion of its abettors. It was, therefore, with extreme astonishment, that we yesterday, saw a journal, which has a character to lose, admit into its columns (certainly not from the pen of its respectable conductor) an open and unblushing recommendation of the institution of Orange Lodges in England, in avowed imitation of those happy inventions, which, under the same title, have helped to drench Ireland with blood.

The article went on to say that "the natural and, perhaps, intended consequences" of instituting Orange lodges would be the organization of counter-societies still more violent, "until despotism became a relief from the horrors of club government." Two days later it reproduced its account of a dinner given in London to the Irish Catholic Delegates, June 10, 1813. "Two Royal Dukes" Kent and Sussex, supported the Chair, and "the Duke of Sussex alluded in terms of strong indignation to the Orange Club, lately instituted. He said it was dangerous and treasonable, and in direct violation of the Constitution."

The Times has not grown wise with age, nor even discreet. Incidentally, there is a Catholic Duke in England who might well take a Sussex from the Royal Duke of Sussex.—America.

A METHODIST TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC CHARITY

One morning the big, blue-coated policeman on duty at the Union Depot saw a little woman bending over the wee babe in her lap and weeping as if her heart would break. He stopped for a moment to take in the situation and be sure of the need. Then stepping quietly up to her, he touched her on the arm and, lifting his hat, said:

"Excuse me, madam, but you seem to be in such distress I would be glad to help you if I could. Is there anything I can do for you?" She lifted her face to his, the tears streaming down her cheeks and sobbed:

"Oh, sir, I am just passing through the city on my way home, and must wait till evening for my train. I don't know a soul here. My baby has been taken violently ill, and is just burning up with fever. I am so afraid he will die before I can get home."

The big officer looked at the little fellow's flushed face, and saw there was no mistake about his being very sick. He thought for a moment of the little tot in his own home, whose laughter was music to his heart and whom he loved to bounce on his knee, and as he gently laid his hand on the scorching little brow, he said earnestly:

"If I were you, madam, I'd take the baby to the hospital at once." "Oh," she cried, the anguish on her face deepening and the tears gushing forth afresh, "I have no money to pay for hospital treatment. I have barely enough to pay my fare home." "That will not make any difference, madam," the policeman answered, assuringly. "Just take the baby to the Catholic Hospital and tell them your circumstances, and they will not charge you a cent."

"But I'm a Methodist," she said, her face brightening as a new hope came to her. "Why not take baby to a Methodist hospital?" For a moment the big officer's glance dropped before her appealing eyes, and he moved from one foot to the other in embarrassment. For once he was ashamed of his church. It was unprepared for this emergency of its own member, and he flinched before the enforced comparison.

Hesitatingly and sadly he replied: "I'm a Methodist myself, madam, and I am ashamed to tell you there isn't a Methodist hospital in our city, nor anywhere else in the South, so far as I know."

The conversation ended by the officer telephoning the hospital of the need. In a short time the ambulance was at the depot, and the mother and babe were borne swiftly to where help awaited. Three good Sisters met them at the door, one taking the baby, while the others cared for the mother. In a few minutes baby was on a clean, soft bed in a cozy white room, and the doctor and nurses were giving him every attention. A telegram was sent to the father explaining the necessary delay. At night a cot was placed by baby's bed so that mother could lie by her little darling.

Now, do you wonder that when that good Methodist woman in that good Catholic hospital knelt that night by her baby's bed to pray, as was her custom, there was a new petition which she had never before dreamed would be a part of her prayer, swelled from her heart and rose from her lips: "God bless the good Catholic people who built this hospital and those who have been so loving and kind to baby and me?" It was right for her to pray as she did. She would have been ungrateful and ignoble had she done less.

For several days the little life hovered in the balance. Then treatment and care won. After nearly three weeks the happy mother, with her weak but restored babe, was able to go home. In a few weeks it was learned that the father and mother and three children had joined the Catholic Church—the Church which went to their relief in their time of distress.

And this is but one case out of thousands. With more or less variations, such instances are repeated constantly. It is a shame that Southern Methodism has no hospital in all this great section. That church which stretches forth a helping hand to men in the day of their distress is the church which will win their hearts, hold their loyalty and receive their personal and financial support. If Methodism allows some other church to care for her sick, injured and afflicted, she deserves to lose them.—Rev. H. M. Ellis, in Western Methodist, Little Rock, Ark.

SHOULD BE SUPPRESSED

The Menace is a vile, dirty and scurrilous sheet of the lowest type, which, in conjunction with a staff of paid hirelings, has been attacking the Catholic Church with deliberate falsehoods, and its vileness against a people whose loyalty to our government has been demonstrated time and time again is so dirty and contemptible that we hope that the Postmaster General will take prompt action to suppress The Menace.—Camden (N. Y.) Times.

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China.

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest.

Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,521 70
A Grateful Client, Halifax.....	5 00
Friend, Sanitarium.....	1 00
Edmund Foley, Keene.....	5 00
A Friend, Detroit.....	2 00
A Friend, Apple Hill.....	1 00
F. J. Daly, Peterboro.....	5 00
St. Patrick's Separate School Guelph.....	1 00
A Friend, Eureka, Cal.....	1 00

SOME "KNOW-NOTHING" CONVERTS

Not long since, in looking up the history of the men prominently identified with the old Know-Nothing movement, the writer was amazed to find that with but few exceptions, almost all of them either themselves became converts, or gave some one or other member of their immediate households to the Church.

For instance, take Louis C. Levens of Philadelphia, who is generally conceded to have been the founder of the Native American party, and one of the first members of Congress elected by that body—his wife and family eventually found their way into the Church.

Levens' intimate friend and fellow-laborer in the movement, William R. Smith of Alabama, who helped to shape the policy of the party and for years represented it in Congress, not only witnessed the reconciliation to the Church of his wife and family, but he himself, shortly before his death, also received the great grace of conversion.

Editor McClagherty of Vincennes, Indiana, was still another prominent member of the party to become a Catholic.

Then there was Andrew Jackson Donelson, a nephew of President Jackson, and Know-Nothing candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States with Millard Fillmore, who was destined to see his daughter and her children enter the Church to which he was so violently opposed. It is interesting in this connection to recall that this daughter (Mary Emily Donelson Wilcox) was the first child born in the White House, of which she was later the gracious mistress during the administration of her grand-uncle.

There were the convert daughters of such leading Know-Nothings as Horace Maynard, Postmaster-General and Minister to Turkey, under Hayes; of Emerson Etheridge, member of Congress from Tennessee; of Edwin Cowles, the virulent anti-Catholic editor of the Cleveland Leader; of Humphrey Marshall.

Finally, if one were to visit an aged convert of St. Paul, Minn., Mrs. Rebecca Newell Morrison, she would, doubtless, tell him a harrowing tale of having witnessed, while an inmate of a New England convent, the attempted burning of that institution by a mob of howling Know-Nothings, who in their misplaced zeal sought to "rescue" her from the control of the nuns. We hope, at some future time, to continue this list of converts.—D. J. Scannell O'Neill, in The Fortnightly Review.

STATISTICS TELL

Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., has a way of saying things that stir up his countrymen who are not of the Faith. The Daily Telegraph, London, recently reported the wrath of a vicar of the Church of England who charged Father Vaughan with saying that "the Rome Church seemed to be the only spiritual 'live wire' in the country," and that without it, the shrinkage of worshippers in England would be far worse than it is. Father Vaughan replied that he had merely cited city statistics; also that he lived in quite the smartest centre of London social life, and he asked: "Did one per cent. of that smart set go to any Anglican place of worship on Sunday?" Answering his own question he said "it was motors, not churches, which Mayfair society filled on Sundays."—Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Five brothers of the Powers family, Urbana, Ohio, are priests, the last to be ordained being Rev. David Powers, who celebrated his first Mass at Urbana on Sunday, June 22.

Rev. Alexander Thompson Grant of the Scottish Episcopal Church and ex-Chaplain to Wemyss Castle, Fife, Scotland, was received into the Church by Rev. Joseph L. Long, at Dunbar on June 16.

The Passion Play will be performed this year at five different places in the German-speaking countries, Erg, Brixieng, Stilldorf, Selzach and Radigund, and another in Slovak tongue in Trynau, Hungary.

Lord Merton, who succeeded to the earldom of Admiral Nelson and who died recently in England in his nineteenth year, was a convert to the Catholic Church. Hon. Edward Agar Horatio Nelson, who succeeds him, is also a Catholic.

The seminary at Seus, France was recently taken formal possession of by the civil authorities and turned into a lay school. Not content with making this transfer quietly, unostentatiously, the municipality organized a festive inauguration ceremony.

On Wednesday evening, July 3rd, the parishioners of Immaculate Conception parish, Bridgeport, N. S., welcome home their beloved pastor, Rev. C. W. McDonald, who was attending the Eucharistic Congress at Malta and visiting the principal parts of Italy, France, Spain and the British Isles.

Miss Petre's Life of the Late Father Tyrrell has been placed on the index of prohibited books. The book came out last fall and created a sensation among the friends of the leader of Modernism in England. The auto-biographical section showed that poor Father Tyrrell's life had been one of double-dealing almost from his early manhood.

Following the traditional custom observed on St. Peter's eve, the Pope escorted by the Swiss Noble Guard and preceded by lackeys carrying lighted torches, descended to the basilica last Saturday and prayed at the tomb of the Apostle. The public was not admitted to the basilica and police guarded the entrances, while gendarmes were stationed inside.

Rev. Joseph T. Shields, of St. Matthew's Church, St. Louis, Mo., was determined that his Silver Jubilee should not be celebrated. The parishioners were determined it should. The parishioners won out, and when the great day's doings were over the gentle pastor stood looking with half-remorseful eyes at a purse of \$2,000 which he for once disobedient children in Christ had forced upon him as a memento of those twenty-five years in the special service of heaven.

Rear Admiral Potts, U. S. Navy, retired, died recently at the United States Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. The three daughters of the deceased admiral are all Carmelite nuns. The eldest is Mother Superior of a convent in the Philippine Islands, and the two youngest (Sisters Teresa and Magdalena) are now in Wheeling, West Virginia, where they are establishing a convent, the former to be assistant Mother Superior and the latter to have a ranking position in the new convent.

When the Rev. Thomas Jenkins Wheeler said his first High Mass in St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, Sunday, June 22nd, he had as his assistants three of his brothers, the Rev. John D. Wheeler, who had been ordained with him, and the Revs. Ferdinand C. Wheeler and Louis A. Wheeler. All four are members of the Jesuit order. Cardinal Gibbons was in the sanctuary and congratulated the young priest and his brothers and father after the Mass. The Rev. John H. O'Rourke of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached the sermon.

The correspondent in Rome of the New York Sun gives some particulars as to why the engagement of Miss Kathleen O'Donnell, the daughter of a former Michigan Congressman (who is not a Catholic) to Walter L. Schneider of St. Louis was broken off on the eve of their marriage in Rome. He says Miss O'Donnell refused at the last moment to sign a promise that all their children should be brought up in the Catholic faith, hence the marriage, according to the rules of the Catholic Church, was impossible. Subsequently Miss O'Donnell changed her mind, but then Mr. Schneider refused to marry her.

Another conversion, and this time not a deathbed one, is reported from Isere, in France. The late deputy of this department, M. Zavaes, is an old enemy of the religious in general and the Catholics in particular. He has now published a retraction of anti-religious opinions. In this he says: "No honest man to-day does not regret joining the ranks of those who attack needlessly the humble dwellings of suffering poverty. The veil has fallen, and we see clearly that the Sisters of Charity have been thrust out that their revenues might be seized for the national budget. The true enemies of the people are the Freemasons of the Rue Cadet and their allies, the Radical Socialists." This declaration has created a profound impression.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY R. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XV
A FAITHLESS FIANCEE

"What mighty ills have not been done by woman!"—Osway.

I still sat silent, mechanically winding up the last ball of wool, and vainly endeavoring to adjust my ideas. "A pretty girl!"—the intelligence was certainly most agreeable; but could it be true, or was it mere pleasant banter? It seemed incredible.

"Let me give you a little bit of advice, my dear," she continued; "do not be so brusque and abrupt with gentlemen. You keep them all at arm's length—they are afraid of you, really afraid of you. Mr. Spooner, who admires you immensely came up to me this afternoon, and said: 'Is my nose on my face? Miss Neville nearly snapped it off just now.'"

"I had Mr. Spooner!" I observed with energy. "My dear, my dear!" reprovingly. "He is the judicial commissioner at Arcotum, and draws five thousand rupees a month."

"I don't know what a commissioner is, and I don't care if he has a million a month," I answered, recklessly.

"All in good time," replied Mrs. Roper, calmly, nodding her head up and down, like a mandarin. "You will be more worldly-wise this time next year. This time next year you will value position and rupees just as much as any other girl in India."

The evening before we touched at Galle I retired, as I always did, at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Roper would remain pacing the deck till nearly midnight, with one of her train; and latterly Miss Gibbon had been quite as late in descending to her berth. As I remarked that all Miss Gibbon's portmanteaus were packed and strapped, and drawn out into the middle of the floor. Before I had time to ask a question, their owner, who was mending her gloves by the light of a candle, raised her eyes, in a casual manner:

"I am going to land at Galle to-morrow morning."

"Galle!" I exclaimed in a high key of astonishment.

"And to marry Mr. Harvey Price within the week."

I gasped. "He has a cousin living at Colombo and I am to be married from his house. Harvey telegraphed to him at Aden. Harvey is seeing about a steward to take away this luggage, as we land at daybreak. I'm only taking my 'present use' baggage, of course. All my trousseau and wedding presents, and the cake, may go on to Madras. I have no claim to them now," she concluded, with the utmost composure.

I seated myself on a camp-stool and gazed at her in open-mouthed amazement.

"Yes, you may well stare. You see before you a very happy girl, I can tell you, although to-morrow I shall be given up to retribution by the whole ship—not even the stewards nor the stokers will spare me. *Après moi le déluge!*" (laughing).

"And Mr. Hogg—what about him?" I asked, when I had recovered the power of speech.

"Oh, of course I'm treating him abominably" (shrugging her shoulders). "But after all, it is better for him in reality, if he only knew. He is better without a wife who would have been a most miserable woman, and who, without doubt, would have made him a miserable man. I am treating him in reality with the truest kindness," she added, in a tone of pious conviction.

"You can scarcely expect him to take that view of the subject all at once. Poor man! I think he is greatly to be pitied; and he will be the laughing stock of all his friends."

"Pooh! what harm if he is? He will soon get over that, and easily find another wife. One of my own sisters would gladly console him, I dare say—Emily, for instance."

"All my things would fit her, and there need be no bother or expense about another outfit or trousseau—not at all a bad idea" with increased animation.

"I should not think that he would select a wife from your family a second time," I observed, with withering sarcasm.

"He might do worse! Emily is a very pretty girl, with beautiful blue eyes and fair hair. Talking of fair hair, be sure you make my affectionate adieux to Mrs. Roper. How furious she will be! Commend me to her, and our next merry meeting?"

"Who is to break it to everybody?" I asked, abruptly, pausing, comb in hand—we were now preparing for bed.

"Why, you, of course," she answered promptly. "Here are two letters—instead of leaving them on the pin cushion, in the orthodox way the pin cushion being wanting, I make them over to you."

"I'll have nothing to do with them," I exclaimed, energetically waving the proffered missives away with my hair brush.

"I only ask you to give these letters to the captain to-morrow morning. I leave the delicate mission of breaking the matter to Mr. Hogg in his hands. He is a man of strong nerve, and won't mind."

"I'll have nothing to say to them!" I reiterated, relentlessly. "Very well, then, I shall give them to the steward. It will be all the same. But I thought you might have

liked the *eclat* of announcing the news," returned Miss Gibbon, with the most perfect *sang-froid*. "You will see Mr. Hogg—he is sure to come on board. You will recognize him at once by his extraordinary resemblance to a hippopotamus walking on its hind legs."

This flattering description was cut short by the entrance of the stewardess (evidently in the secret), who came in and dragged out the baggage, and delivered it over to some one who was waiting outside in the saloon. When she left, Miss Gibbon came over to my berth, and took leave of me, and kissed me.

"Wish me joy," she whispered, "wish me joy, Nora. You must come up and stay with us in Calcutta next cold weather, and I'll marry you to another Bengal civilian."

"It's all very wrong, I know," I replied nervously; "but, all the same, I do wish you joy."

"It is not a quarter as bad as it looks. To marry a man I could not endure would have been very much worse—would it not?"

"It would," I assented, half doubtfully. "To have sworn to like him, while I knew I hated him, would have been perjury—would it not?"

At this critical moment the entrance of Mrs. Roper put an end to her excuses and explanations, and, kissing me warmly, she retired to her own berth.

When I awoke the next morning she was gone. There was a great deal of excitement and talking, and shaking of heads in consequence; but as we neared Madras every one was too much taken up with their own affairs and plans to give more than a passing thought to the missing bride.

As we lay in the roads, one of the first massulah boats to board us embarked a burly figure in a gigantic mushroom topee. It was Mr. Hogg! I saw him conducted into the captain's cabin, and I saw him no more. My attention was entirely engrossed by the novel scene; the long, low shore, the dangerous looking surf, the flocks of catamarans and massulah boats, the straits of the beach, and the boats of an hour in one of the latter. Had I escaped from the Bay of Biscay to be drowned in the Madras surf? This was a question ever present to me till we grated on the beach beside the pier, and I sprang out with very small assistance, delighted to be on *terra firma* once more.

Colonel Keith and I drove to a hotel in the Mount Road, ordered rooms and dinner, and then took a gharry to the beach, and listened to the strains of the governor's band discoursing the newest dance-music to Madras society—Madras society, drawn up in landaus or Stanhope phaetons, or strolling up and down Cupid's Bow, enjoying the music and the sea breeze. Pretty, well-dressed women, soldierly looking men, elderly, erect, hair-mustached veterans, sauntered past our dusty gharry in couples or in lines of four; and I must admit that I was very considerably impressed by my first glimpse of the Anglo-Indian at home.

The following day we took our departure for Mulakapore. As we traveled along over the broad, flat plains, I discovered a sameness in the view that wearied my eyes and disappointed my expectations. A mud village clustered round a tumble-down fort; then miles of brown barren plain, with here and there a herd of queer-looking sheep or goats being connected to their daily pastures, such as they were—acres of red, burnt-up plain; to see village women flocking to most primitive looking wells, with chatties gracefully poised on their heads; to see the most extraordinary attempts at plowing I ever witnessed. Everything was new to me, of course, and I spent many hours gazing out of the carriage-window, early and late, while that *blanc* old Anglo-Indian, Colonel Keith, slept and snored.

At the junction for Mulakapore we had a delay of nearly two hours, and here I had an opportunity of catching a glimpse of Indian domestic life. There was no getting into the first-class waiting-room; it was occupied by a zenana. The door stood ajar, and as one or two very dirty-looking native women were constantly stepping in and out, I caught a view of several muffled white figures, with holes for their eyes and mouth only in their veils, and these covered with thin white net. Two or three gaudily-dressed children were likewise squatting on the floor. Presently there arose an argument, at first merely in a loud tone, then executed in a higher and higher key, finally yells and screams. The proprietor of this "happy family," a fat, pompous-looking, very bandy-legged native, with a gold skull-cap, who was airing himself majestically up and down the platform, was called for by the station master to quell the uproar; but he was utterly useless in the emergency. Both sides of the question were simultaneously launched at his head, and he was evidently denounced by all parties with unanimous shrieks. He withdrew from the waiting-room with much greater alacrity than he had evinced in entering that apartment, evidently powerless to quell the storm.

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TO BE CONTINUED

"DOMINUS EST!"—["IT IS THE LORD"]

(A TRUE STORY)

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

The white-capped nurses of the great hospital in the city's suburbs had assembled in their auditorium for the evening lecture, which was always given by some noted specialist. Among them was a slender girl, who had put on the neat uniform of the probationer that very day. She was tall, with clear, fair complexion, abundant auburn hair, and earnest dark blue eyes. She had moved about all day like one in a dream, silently performed, with all her soul, the various tasks assigned her, and one could see that her heart was in her work.

In the afternoon the good Nun who had charge of the Training School placed some text-books before her, and gave her an allotment of study, and asked her how she liked her work. The answer was enthusiastic. "Why, Madame, I love it!"

"I am very glad," said the Nun, "but you must not call me 'Madame,' you must say, 'Sister!'"

"The girl flushed; 'I beg your pardon,' she said; 'I never met religious ladies before, and I did not know how to address them. 'Sister' is a beautiful word, if it is not too familiar."

"We are sisters to the whole world," returned the Nun, "and our work in the hospital brings us very close to the world; that is, the greater part of the world, for there is more suffering in it than pleasure!"

"It was this part of the work that attracted me," said the girl; "I do want to become useful to suffering people, and I mean to leave nothing undone to qualify myself thoroughly for the noble profession of a trained nurse."

"That sounds well," said the Nun, "keep to that ideal, follow instructions, and you will attain your wish."

"I would like to ask a question," the girl faltered.

"And I will be glad to answer it," said the Nun.

"Well, you know I am not a Roman Catholic; will I be permitted to worship God as I have been taught at home?"

"We never discuss religion in the Training School," said the Nun. "You are here to study medicine—the human body and its ills. Only in case of a patient requesting a nurse to bring a minister of religion, she reports to the head of the department, and then leaves the matter in her hands. The head of your department is myself, and I always shall be glad and ready to assist you in any way that I can. You are free to practice your own idea of religion without remark or intrusion. And now, Miss Golden, here is the text of to-night's lecture. You will find it well to be prepared for Dr. G—"

Smiling, the Nun pointed out the books, and left the girl to her studies. Stella bent her head over her book, and applied herself assiduously to her task. At the time of the lecture that first evening we find her seated with her class, listening with rapt attention to the learned physician, who was one of the most eminent specialists of the day.

Two busy years passed by. Miss Golden saw many things in that Catholic Hospital which opened new vistas of thought to her mind. Naturally reverent, she looked with admiration on the unselfish work of the Sisters who conducted the vast work of the institution, envied their self-control, and calm readiness for emergencies. There was no change in her religious attitude, and rather prided herself on that fact. She seldom attended any services in the hospital chapel. Her love of beauty, however, impelled her occasionally to come to Benediction. She loved the flower-decked altar, the singing of the Nuns, the reverent attitude of those who prayed, and she bowed with them when the little silver bell announced the Benediction. A sweet, restful peace stole over her soul at such moments, and she found herself saying: "I wish I could believe God was there!"

In the discharge of her duties nurse Golden saw how weak were human supports when pain or sickness racked the frame. How sad the deaths of those who had no hope beyond the grave. How terrifying the last moments of those who had placed themselves beyond spiritual assistance.

No one ever hinted at anything belonging to religious subjects, but she observed everything. The girl had a heart that yearned for a living faith—a peace of soul that should abide with her and help her, when her time came, to die like some of the poor Catholic patients she saw, who looked with the all-seeing eyes of the spirit into the great Beyond, and saw there everlasting joy, and the beauty of God and His saints. She was faithful to her work—to the duties of her elected profession, and already began to look forward to the future that would open to her after her graduation. And according to her light she prayed.

One day a Catholic patient who was under her care received the Holy Viaticum. Nurse Golden had arranged, as she was taught, the little table with its Crucifix, candles, holy water, etc., by the bedside. She left the room while a priest, attended by a nun, administered the Holy Sacrament, and when he passed the station, the argument in the ladies' waiting-room could be heard high above every sound, evidently being still pursued with unabated fury.

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Stanley—these were the topics upon which the mind of Monsignor Benson was nourished, under the guidance of a devoted father.

PREPARING FOR THE MINISTRY
The years of school life, which occupied all his youth, are marked with an irreproachable correctness, but with little exaltation of religious thought. His first education, outside the uplifting influence of his home life, was at a private school in Cleveland, followed by the usual terms at Eton.

The impressive dignity with which every service in chapel was conducted and the surpassing beauty of the music appealed most strongly to a plastic mind, though the sermons, always sincere and often impassioned, left but little mark upon his developing character. Unconsciously he had adopted the school practice of individual judgment.

The open discussion or the disinterested dismissal of both preacher and sermon from conversation brought whatever prospect there might have been of a spiritual harvest. It was a place of two standards. Opinion reigned and doctrine retired discomfited from the field. While a preacher, with great force and vividness, expressed himself on a moral problem, the student body, with true youthful omniscience, felt that there was another side to the question, finally deciding that it was a personal affair, depending upon individual tastes.

FIRST POSITIVE AWAKENING
Between Eton and Cambridge the only message which reached his soul was the elevating music at St. Paul's. This was the only gate to his spirit, which received vague yet comforting intimations of the happiness found in religion rather than any striking principle of life.

At this time that remarkable work by Mr. Shorthouse, "John Inglesant," came to him and for it he developed an admiration which was almost a passion. It was the first positive awakening to the personal influence and corresponding responsibility of religion, again and again, with the eagerness which remained undiminished, he read the singular call trumpet from its pages, and this insistent demand for action on a plane of religion did much to mould his ripening character.

DECIDES TO STUDY FOR CHURCH
For some reason, which he himself does not fully understand, he decided to study for the church, though he is positive, as is everybody who knows him, that no touch of selfishness or hope of distinction entered this desire. With a godly and learned dean, a man of sensitive honor and vast erudition, he studied in preparation for what he considered was to be the work of his life, and the sincerity of his aims to be worthy of the position is simply manifested in his description of his retreat in preparation for being ordained deacon in the Anglican Church.

"My retreat was made near Lincoln, where years ago I have lived as a child. I engaged a couple of rooms in a lodge of an old park about four or five miles out of the city and arranged my day in what I thought a suitable manner, giving certain hours to prayer and meditation, to the recitation of the Little Hours, in English, and to exercise.

"Of course it was an impossibly mad thing to do. I was in a state of tense excitement at the prospect of my ordination to the ministry; and I knew nothing whatever about my own soul and the dangers of introspection, and still less about the scientific quality of mind. He was a member of the Cowley "Fathers" and was engaged in giving a retreat, to which Monsignor Benson had been invited, while still in the full fervor of Anglican enthusiasm.

The influence of Father Maturin cannot be evaded. Even those who fight against the appeal of his flaming thought, who are utterly opposed to his view of the subject, will find themselves, in their quiet hours, re-considering the wonderful things which his genius has poured forth, in a torrent of language, illumined by ennobling imagery.

To him, order is the first and most unmistakable edict of heaven. Chance and accident are impossible to a providence, supreme both in wisdom and in power. In all religious revelation there must be an interdependent correlation of truths. From the first page of Holy Writ even to the last word, there is unity of thought with progress in expression, as all is intended as God's message to man.

IMPRESSIONS MADE BY HIS SERMONS
Hour after hour, this gifted preacher took up apparently disjointed fragments of personal experience and wove them into a system, inspiring confidence in God's dealings with humanity. Those who have read "The Price of Unity," and noted the audience and music of language blending thoughts which were striking in originality and warm with emotion can form some idea of the strength of the current in which the young Anglican was borne along.

THE FIRST YEARS
With the delicacy of a refined nature, Monsignor Benson kindly introduces us to the genial atmosphere of his truly Christian home. His masterful father, forceful yet considerate, occupied the first position of honor in the ecclesiastical court of England. The intimate companionship between father and son, the frequent reading and mutual comment reveal the concern of a faithful parent in the religious training of his son, and the affection gladly given with lavish prodigality, displays a character in the son, where reverence will be no unimportant factor and loving contact with such a father will force energy to bring forth fruits worthy of the parent tree.

The poems of George Herbert, critical situations in the history of the Church, the edifying life of some saint whose heroic efforts for the cause of Christ arose like an aroma from the printed page with an occasional hour tramping in imagination over the hills and highways once used by the Lord, as described so ably by the scholarly pen of Dean

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Analyzing the impulses and future movements of the soul, bringing into the light for clear inspection what even to the agent was nebulous and confusing, searching the soul with an almost intuitive knowledge of its depths and shallows, fused in the rush of language gleaming with spiritual fire, the disturbed consciousness of the Anglican recognized in this man's utterances his own inarticulate difficulties.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE CHURCH
Upon the advice of a physician, the young clergyman decided to spend a winter in Egypt in order to restore his shattered health. Though he had been to the continent before and was familiar with its cities, now, for the first time, he views it as an official of the Church of England. This view point offered little which was satisfying. A national church, buttressed and strengthened by national resources, with famous schools and universities supplying it with a cultivated and learned clergy, filled the eye and contented the heart; but once the white cliffs of England were left behind, it sunk into an insignificance which was appalling.

The spires of France, rising in every village, ignored relationship with the Anglican communion. Stately cathedrals where saints lay buried beneath the altars; wayside shrines where the awkward peasant said his simple prayers, vast monasteries which once were centers of light and are yet filled with subdued but effective activity, gave no sign of union with the Anglican Church.

IN EGYPT
In Egypt he found a chaplain of his faith, living at a hotel and supplying the spiritual needs of travellers; but he was a transplanted agency, not homogeneous to the soil, while in an Arab village, with a mud roof and walls and ugly tiles, like the surrounding houses, he found, tranquil, confident and unabashed, a Catholic chapel. It stood there, in harmony with its unlovely surroundings, something which was not an importation, but which evidently belonged there, with right which was indisputable.

In the Holy Land, the same conditions prevailed. Every heretical and schismatic sect took turns at the altar of the Holy Sepulchre, but if an Anglican wished to celebrate his service at any of the shrines a table was wheeled in. To him was denied the altar, as he represented a recent Protestant sect, which had no claim to antiquity, or universality.

The reality of the Church of England being the instrument by which God had intended salvation to mankind became an illusion, a mere mirage, in the face of the Catholic Church occupying all the ground and existing with unshakable certainty for so many centuries.

At this time came the news that the wonderful prophet, whom he could not forget, had come into the fold of the Catholic Church. This was a blow which increased, rather than shared the mental confusion gained by continental travel.

ANGELIC MONASTICISM
The sincerity of the young Anglican to sound the depths of religion, led him to become a member of the Community of the Resurrection, a monastic order in the Church of England. His years in that house of seclusion in Mirfield were rich in peace and happiness. Leisure for prayer and thought, the tender consideration of his companions, the hours of silence, made sweet by prayer, the memories of the Reformation monk and his sublime usefulness to the country, those years gave him a joy, the very memory of which is yet a pleasure.

The rule of the assembled clergymen was a modification of the Benedictine and Redemptorist rule, for while there were hours of prayer and physical labor, there were also periods when the monks gave missions to parishes at the request of the acting pastor.

The hours of silence were not sterile. Thoughts and doubts, the stirring of the seeds sown by Father Maturin, pushing their way through the soil of personal conviction and family tradition, made thought imperative, the toil of cutting stone steps in the neighboring quarry and the intensity of giving missions in churches, soothed the disturbing thoughts, but were unable to lull them to lasting sleep.

BECOMES PROFESSOR MONK
But finally, he became a professed monk of the community, in which he hoped to live and end his life. In a graphic paragraph, indicating, at the same time, the tender closeness of the ties between his good mother and himself. "In July, 1901, I took the step without alarm. It was an extraordinarily happy day. I obtained a new cassock for the purpose, which, strangely enough, I am wearing at this moment, adapted to the Roman cut. My mother came up and was present in the tiny ante-chapel. I was formally installed; my hands were kissed by the brethren; I pronounced my vows and received Communion as a seal and pledge of my stability. In the afternoon I drove out with my mother in a kind of ecstasy of contentment."

THEORY AND PRACTICE
It was not long before the young monk, preaching in various parishes, was impressed and puzzled by the variety of doctrines which were taught. Every local clergyman had his particular views. Ritualism and the broad views of the Evangelicals

gathered together under the fold of the Church of England. A change of clergy then, often involved a doctrinal change for that district.

It dawned upon the seeker after truth that his church placed too much importance in the individual man. He swayed, modified or expelled views as he would, yet had ample precedent in the Church, of which he was an official member. The difficulty for an Anglican to know what he believes became obvious, while the Roman system was clear, regardless of individual vagaries.

Every Roman knew just what to believe and what he must do, even if his spiritual leader should be lax or negligent. While ponderous tomes had been written to support the claims of the Anglican Church, yet it did not work in practice, while the Romans, on the other hand, were practically freed from obscurity in doctrine. They had clear directions at every cross roads, while too much liberty to wander and be lost was offered to the puzzled Anglican.

AN OLD PROVERB

It was the old problem so aptly expressed by another modern writer of charm and power. "A man of spiritual insight begins to preach. He attracts clever young men, who come any distance to hear him. They make money, marry, settle down and their children swell the roll of membership. Probably they outgrow the church and build a new one. You have an immense congregation held together by one slender thread of personal power or charm. He dies perhaps, or worse, far worse he loses that little gift of feeling or of expressing himself as to draw the crowd. In the first case a new man has to be found. But in either case, will the mature men of the world, or the lads of a newer age, continue to dance to the piping? The situation has its possibilities, has it not?"

THE INSUFFICIENT INTELLECT

Turning from this babel of views, the earnest student wished to assure himself on the one true view. Who was right, Rome with her flawless system, or the Establishment with her ample endowments. For eight months, he read fervently all the controversies on the question. Glimmers of light would come merely to be obscured again by the darkness of vituperation. Arguments on both sides clamored so loudly that the voice of conscience was in danger of being lost in the din.

But one thing emerged from the chaos, one guiding sign was unfluctuating in this labyrinth into which he had entered, that intellect alone was not a trustworthy guide. Humility shed more light upon the path than patristic knowledge. The purity of motive solved difficulties more quickly than long hours of pondering upon the opinions of men.

Two books stood out as offering helpful suggestions in Mirfield, for rest and repose. He went to the house of his mother. He took up again the work of another day, a historical novel, upon which he worked with a zest which surprised even his industrious self. "It was extraordinary how excited I became, I worked about eight or ten hours every day, either writing, or reading and annotating every historical work I could lay my hands on."

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

In such a distressed state of mind the author left the happy home, the house of contentment in Mirfield, for rest and repose. He went to the house of his mother. He took up again the work of another day, a historical novel, upon which he worked with a zest which surprised even his industrious self. "It was extraordinary how excited I became, I worked about eight or ten hours every day, either writing, or reading and annotating every historical work I could lay my hands on."

This plunge into the cold waters of history could not be without the discovery of valuable truth. The continuity of the Church of England was disrupted. He himself had been saying what he felt was Mass; but before his astonished eyes there unrolled the historical fact that priests under Elizabeth were hunted to death for that same thing.

He had found that the wooden tables upon which he held service were introduced in the reigns of the Tudors, while the stones of the former altars were defiled by the agents of a cruel government. The vestments, the rosaries, the crucifixes, all dear from much use in Mirfield, were denounced as "trinkets" by the church under Elizabeth, in which church he still belonged.

LEAVES CHURCH OF ENGLAND

At the request of his mother, he consulted with three eminent members of the Church of England, a parish clergyman, an eminent dignitary and a prominent layman. All three were kind, but their arguments had been weighed in the balance months before and found wanting.

Just at this crisis, when the soul was tired from ceaseless warfare, came an ultimatum, kindly but firm, that he must return to the monastery or be cut off from its benefits, and though acting with the intensity of the long struggle which he had undergone, he wrote to his former companion that he could not go back.

In a puzzled state, hardly knowing what to do, he went for a tour on a bicycle. He stopped at the Carthu-

sian monastery of St. Hugh, his heart heavy and his mind numb, rested at a Catholic church in a small village, talked with an unknown man, who was an admirer of the Catholic Church though apparently not a member, returned to his home, and, with the knowledge of his mother, wrote to a priest, who recommended Father Reginald Buckley, O. P.

The priest was contemplating joining the Dominicans at the time a few days later Mr. Benson received a note that he was expected at the priory. "And on Monday, September 7, in lay clothes, I set out on my journey. My mother said good-bye to me at the station."

HOME

The few difficulties which remained were so small as to disappear; in fact had gone. He was not baptized again, and in this place was received into the Church as her son. A storm of letters came to him, with angry protests against his treachery to the Church of England, and, with the courtesy to which he is heir, he answered them all. One telegram came from the priest, of whose conversion he had sorrowed so much years before in Damascus.

In this last work Monsignor Benson, has produced a book of unusual interest and uncommon candor. It will be prized by those who know it, as the demonstration of a virile mind and fervent heart upon the true road to salvation. It will be in the libraries of those who are glad to turn from the literature of motives and sentiments to the story of a soul, and of those who wish to know the inner life of him who, for the past decade, has charmed us with his facile pen on a variety of appropriate subjects.—Boston Pilot.

STERLING CHRISTIANITY

Did you ever stop to think how many persons look upon the Catholic Church from a purely ethical standpoint? They admire the Scriptures as they do the works of Homer, the dramas of Shakespeare. They consider the work of the Church a noble undertaking worthy to rank with the greatest philanthropic enterprises of the ages. Their practical adherence to the tenets of that Church they profess to love, however, is but too often confined to a "Lord, Lord," of the man in the Gospel.

Christianity is nothing if not practical. What avails it to pile up learned works on doctrines, and theories, and philosophies, and esthetics, if the children of God are being deprived of the blessings of God? What boots it to scatter Bibles broadcast, when the souls of men are hungering for spiritual pabulum? For a nourishment that never can be drawn from a mere book, unless the grace of God accompany it?

Along with our systems of learning we have the practical works that bring us into close touch with the children of God. There are certain traits about our dear Lord in His intercourse with men that speak as loudly as did the words of wisdom that flowed from His sacred lips. His ineffable tenderness towards the suffering and towards abandoned sinners seems to have been the distinctively practical mark in His relations with men.

On the other hand, there is perhaps nothing that society shuns more sedulously and more scrupulously than contact with the fallen. The Magdalens of a great city constitute the social scum that often evokes a perfect tirade from the fair ones of the exclusive set. Picture certain social leaders as with averted eye and sweeping skirts they scorn to breathe the same mephitic atmosphere as the unfortunate child of sin who has dared to cross their path. The sins of the fallen among the lower class are indeed great; but can they equal the depravity that often exists and thrives higher up—a depravity all the more appalling in that it has no real grounds on which to build the fabric of excuses that ever are in evidence to extenuate wickedness of any kind?

Some there are, nevertheless, who through examples of virtue of the rarest and noblest quality—nay, because of that—do not disdain to enroll in a loving embrace those who have fallen by the wayside in climbing the hills of God.

The House of the Good Shepherd is one of the noblest and most convincing proofs of the strength of sterling Christianity that we have in our midst to-day. Platitudes have no place there: sterile maxims and trite flippancies cannot there exist. But the child of God, after having fallen perhaps to the very lowest depths, is there received with a truly divine benignity. Noble-minded women of the most exalted virtue and sound, common sense make the poor derelict feel that she has indeed returned to her Father's house. All is calm, charity, and encouragement. What cares the unfortunate if some whitened sepulcher, with scornful gaze, tilts the nose with supercilious air? What matters it if some social Jezebel casts upon her the withering glance of virtuous horror! Not all the hypocritical indignation possible to a selfish mind can alter for a single moment the sweetness or the strength of those words: "Go, my child, and sin no more."

During your mad rush for pleasure, preference, or wealth, pause from time to time and give a thought to those works that truly deserve a word of sympathy or a material assistance. Do not be afraid to contribute now and then your mite

towards these grand works. Do not allow the opportunity to slip by of taking a hand in some way towards assisting in the good cause. After all, the only things that will prove of lasting benefit are the works of charity and of faith, not necessarily charity in the strictest sense of the term, but that wide, unbounded, all-embracing charity that knows no distinction of race, creed, or moral condition. Above all things, do not scoff at the fallen and unfortunate, even the Magdalens. Pity them. It was the love and sympathy of Christ, not His mighty power that won over the first Magdalen to a life of virtue and penance. Pity the unfortunate, contribute to their welfare, and pray the good God to send them His grace, the grace of final penitence and true contrition.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE SEAL OF CONFESSION

A CENTURY AGO NEW YORK COURT SUSTAINED THE OBLIGATION OF SECRECY LAID UPON THE CONFESSOR. A FAMOUS DECISION

June 14 was the one hundredth anniversary of the dedication of the decision in the Kohlmann case, which judicially determined the secrecy of auricular confession in the State of New York. The case and its ending make one of the milestones on the pathway of religious liberty in America, writes J. G. Coyle in the Catholic News.

The Rev. Anthony Kohlmann was a Jesuit priest. In 1813 he was rector of St. Peter's church and Vicar General of the young diocese of New York, then less than five years old. Through a commonplace theft the question of the secrecy of the confessional came before the Court of General Sessions and resulted in a memorable decision and a distinct advance in the position of Catholics before the law.

James Keating, a Catholic merchant, had been robbed. After one Phillips and his wife had been arrested for receiving stolen goods, Keating received his property and declined to inform the police as to the manner of the return. Under threats of commitment to jail and the exercise of the full limit of police and judicial power to enforce disclosure from him, Keating revealed that his goods had been restored to him by his pastor, the Rev. Father Kohlmann. The priest was summoned to the police bureau, but declined politely but resolutely to give information as to the identity of the person or persons from whom he had received the stolen property. When the grand jury considered the evidence of theft against certain accused persons, Father Kohlmann, summoned to appear before that body, again refused respectfully to give information. On testimony from other witnesses Charles Bradley and Benjamin Brinkerhoff, both negroes, were indicted for theft and Phillips and his wife for receiving stolen goods.

The trial began on March 5, 1813. Mayor De Witt Clinton, who ordinarily would have presided was absent at Albany. He was Lieutenant Governor of the State as well as mayor of the city, a fact which seems strikingly strange to us to-day. The Hon. Pierre Vanwyck, with Alderman Morse and Vanderbilt, constituted the court. Father Kohlmann, summoned as a witness, again declined to testify anything as to identity, description or material facts that would give any clue to the person or persons who had made restitution through him, of the stolen property. The question then centered upon the judicial power to compel Father Kohlmann to testify. The attorney for the defendants objected to any attempt to force disclosure by Father Kohlmann. William Sampson, a famous Irish Protestant lawyer and former United Irishman, spoke as a "friend of the court" and declared that not even in Ireland, where the Catholic religion had been prescribed, had he ever heard of an instance where a clergyman had been called upon to reveal the secrets of the confessional. With the consent of District Attorney Riker, a juror was withdrawn and the trial adjourned that argument might be offered.

In the interval between March and June District Attorney Riker, convinced of the justice of Father Kohlmann's position, had allowed the matter to slumber. The new District Attorney, Mr. Gardenier, was willing to enter a plea of nolle prosequi against the accused persons, which would have permitted the issue as to the compulsion of Father Kohlmann to testify to disappear with the abandonment of the prosecution of the accused. But the trustees of St. Peter's church deemed the question of too much importance to be left unsettled. They, therefore, petitioned the district attorney to bring the case of Phillips and his wife to trial "to the end that a judicial determination may be had which shall insure to all Catholics, in common with the rest of mankind, and according to the words of the Constitution, the free exercise and enjoyment of their religious profession and worship." This petition was signed by Dennis McCarthy, secretary of the trustees, on April 19, 1813. The request was complied with.

It was June 7 before the case came on. The court was composed of De Witt Clinton, mayor; Josiah Ogden recorder; Isaac S. Douglass and Richard Cunningham, sitting Aldermen. The former district attorney, Mr. Riker, was convinced of the justice of Father Kohlmann's position, and was among the counsel prepared to argue the case. The new district attorney, M. Gardenier, examined Father Kohlmann. The priest requested permission to state his reasons for declining to answer the questions which would disclose a secret of the confessional. Receiving such permission he stated in brief: "Were he summoned as a private individual to testify from ordinary sources of information he would not hesitate and would deem it his duty to declare whatever knowledge he had. He had previously been a witness in his ordinary capacity in another case. The Catholic religion taught and commanded respect and obedience to the civil powers in such matters. But in his capacity as a minister of a sacrament, in which God had enjoined upon him perpetual and inviolable secrecy, he declared he could not and must not answer any question that had any bearing upon the restitution; and that it was his duty to prefer instantaneous death or any temporal misfortune rather than disclose the name of the penitent. Were he to act otherwise he would become a traitor to his Church, to his sacred ministry and to God."

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Advertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc. remit each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Mr. Thomas Coffey, Ottawa, June 13th, 1918. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your admirable paper THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1918

PROFESSOR ALBERT VON RUVILLE

"A book by Dr. Albert von Ruville, of Halle University, has just been translated. The title is 'Humility the True Talisman,' and the author undertakes to show that Rome's surpassing virtue is humility.

The book by Dr. Albert von Ruville, of which the foregoing is the Guardian's scholarly and appreciative review, is not the first by the same author to attract widespread attention.

Albert von Ruville was born of Protestant parents July 7th, 1855. He was educated first at the Moravian School of Niesky, then at Halle, and finally at Dresden.

Professor von Ruville was received into the Church only four years ago at the mature age of fifty-four. Already a well known author, his first Catholic work "Back to Holy Church" published in German in 1910 aroused extraordinary and widespread interest.

"I was brought up in the strictly orthodox Protestant Faith, but in spite of this subsequently passed through all the phases of thought usual for an independent youthful mind.

Reading the German theologians of the Liberal school, strangely enough he was deeply impressed by Harnack's "Nature of Christianity"

which he read in 1901. From this time the conviction grew on him that Christ was something more than man, that He was the Eternal Son of God. And, as he says himself, "from this one fixed standpoint all other deductions of Professor Harnack's book, so far as they contradicted the old Faith, were overthrown."

He was not yet a Catholic but continued to read liberal theological literature, but he avers that he never doubted again.

At this time he tells us "I often envied the Catholics their richly appointed form of worship, especially the daily early Mass, which I sometimes attended when I travelled abroad.

After tracing his lonely, unguided progress towards Catholic truth he says: "For years I remained in this unsatisfying half-way condition, never even by chance getting hold of a Catholic book or publication that might have set the stone rolling.

How he finally came into the fullness of the peace and unity of the Church of Christ with all her vivifying and consoling spiritual influences, is best told by himself in the remarkable book from which we have quoted.

Such is the equipment of Dr. Albert von Ruville to treat matters religious and historical. And yet the Guardian has the assurance to dismiss the conclusions of Professor Ruville with this comment:

EDUCATION IN QUEBEC AND ONTARIO

For a couple of generations many of the clergymen of the sects and many of the newspapers in the province of Ontario have been bewailing the backwardness of the educational system in the sister province of Quebec.

Rowell, the leader of the Opposition in the province of Ontario, a prominent Methodist, in a recent speech in Glengarry, speaking of education in the province of Ontario said: "One cannot but view with apprehension the decline in our rural schools and the large number of children in our province who, according to the statistics of the Department of Education, are not obtaining even a common school education."

The Toronto Globe and the Christian Guardian are at dagger's drawn. The immediate cause of the battle is the election in North Grey. The Globe, as might be expected, favors the policy of Mr. Rowell, leader of the Opposition, whose programme is to abolish the bar.

A CLASH

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"Of the daily papers published in the important centres of population in Canada, only one—The Montreal Witness—has refused to publish liquor advertisements.

This is undoubtedly a vigorous and telling blow at the clientele of the Christian Guardian, as showing that there are many good people who will not put their principles into practice.

A NEW DEPARTURE

A despatch from Los Angeles, published in the Detroit Tribune of July 11th, tells us that at the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society, at which were present ten thousand delegates, representing nearly every part of the Christian world, Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, Congregationalist Minister, made a pronouncement which will, we think, be received by our non-Catholic fellow-citizens with consternation—the introduction into Protestant churches of a confessional.

Speaking on "What has Christianity Accomplished?" at the First Congregational church, Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the noted Congregational pastor, lecturer and author of Topeka, Kas., advocated the confessional for all Protestant churches.

We are sorry to see our esteemed contemporaries of Toronto engaged in this unseemly strife. It is unbecoming. Meantime good subjects

for discussion in debating clubs would be: "Is a newspaper publisher who does job work for a government justified in assuming a friendly attitude towards that government in the discussion of public questions?"

TORONTO'S CIVIC GOVERNMENT

"According to a correspondent of The New York Nation, the recent municipal election in Portland, Oregon, has resulted in the choice of men of high standing to administer the municipal affairs of that city, and the defeat of men who have been in the habit of rendering service unsatisfactory to the electors."

We fear our contemporary is going too far when it expects that Toronto will follow the example of Portland. In the last named city they have not the Orange and Sons of England problem to solve. Toronto is a beautiful city and growing space. A pity it is that there is to be found within its limits such a goodly percentage of the narrowest kind of puritanism as well as a stalwart hatred of everything Catholic.

A NEW MOVE

A very strange despatch was sent from London, England, under date of July 9. It would seem that the Marquis of Lansdowne, leader of the Unionist Party in the House of Lords, has stepped down from his high estate and adopted the tactics of the low political tricksters. We are told that when the Home Rule Bill reaches the Lords, he intends to move "that this House declines to proceed with the consideration of the Bill until it has been submitted to the judgment of the country."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ONE HAS but to glance at any overseas newspaper these days to realize how large Canada has loomed in the estimation of the people of Britain in recent years.

Speaking on "What has Christianity Accomplished?" at the First Congregational church, Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the noted Congregational pastor, lecturer and author of Topeka, Kas., advocated the confessional for all Protestant churches.

Dr. Sheldon told his congregation in answer to questions from his audience, which consisted of Sunday school teachers and Christian workers, that he had used the confessional in his own church in Topeka,

Kas., and had found it a means to great good. All sorts of conditions of applicants had come to him with confessions ranging from marital woes to college troubles.

After the meeting Dr. Sheldon was asked to explain what he meant by a Protestant confessional. He wrote the following statement:

"By the Protestant confessional I mean the opportunity given by the pastor to his congregation of counseling with him on any subject where they need help or advice.

This is a step Romeward; very slow and hesitating and timid, to be sure, but yet Romeward. We pray other steps may follow.

THE GIFT OF SYMPATHY

Man's inhumanity it is that makes this world so largely a vale of tears. Life would not be such a continual grind, so many hearts would not be heavy with grief, so many feet would not be travel-weary, if men were only the kinder to one another, for it is a tired hand that will not respond to the touch of friendship, and the clouds are heavy, indeed, that will not melt before the smile of sympathy.

Sympathy is one of the things that costs no money, but yet it is one of the dearest things a man can possess. Our hearts crave for it. We hunger for a kind word, an encouraging smile, and if we are denied this gift of gifts, all else is but fairy gold, turning to leaves and counters at the touch.

It is only the strong nature that can dispense with sympathy, and strong natures are rare as soaring mountain peaks. For most of us, who are fashioned of ordinary clay, sympathy is as necessary as the breath of life.

If there is one place more than another where we expect to find sympathy it is in the home. It matters little whether it be cottage or palace, if it is rich in sympathy it will always be to us an oasis to which we turn for rest and refreshment.

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tion of "religion" and "toleration." Hughie M'Gerraghty is the son of a signer of the "League and Covenant."

"Poor Hughie worked on the Isle, and when he was gone till his work was done he met wan o' them Papishees, an' Hughie, that wuz always a good religious boy, knocked him down and then he kicked him. After that a policeman cum along an' poor Hughie wuz tuk up, an' wud ye believe it?—he got a month! So when he cum out, 'Mother' says he to me, 'Am goan away,' says he, 'out o' this place altogether,' says he. 'Am blowed,' says he, 'if a cud stop any longer in a country where a hev till suffer for my religion.'"

We are not aware that the story has heretofore been told in this country, but, if so, it is none the worse of repetition. Who that has any acquaintance with the gentry in question can doubt its substantial accuracy in spirit at least.

THE EX-ABBOT IN HIS STATEMENT

"Pax" is mainly concerned to vindicate the good faith of the monks in regard to their conversion, and especially his own as their recognized superior. It was charged that he had had the step in view for a long time past and had consciously worked towards it—the same charge, it will be noted, that was laid to the door of John Henry Newman in his day, and which the "Apologia" so effectively refuted.

TO MAKE THIS PLAIN we cannot do better than make an excerpt or two from Bro. Carlyle's article. Referring to Bishop Gore's final communication, he says:

"On the next day our Brethren were to meet to discuss the Bishop's letters—of which each Brother had a copy given him on the previous Sunday (February 16th), with a request to write thereon any remarks he might have to make, giving his own personal opinion of what he thought should be done.

THE CANADIAN Churchman (Anglican) gives considerable space in its columns to a sermon by the Rev. Prebendary Webster, on "The Gift in the Lord's Supper" in which the proverbial vagaries of Anglican doctrine are strikingly illustrated.

It is not possible that that which Roman Catholics declare could be true. You say, All things are possible with God. It is quite possible for God, if He think fit, to change a piece of bread into the glorified Body of Christ, but it is not possible for God to change it into the Body of Christ and leave it exactly the same in shape, and taste, and color, and smell as it was before."

We are much mistaken if in this the Churchman, through the Prebendary, voices the sentiments of any considerable body of its readers. But it unmistakably points to the gulf that yawns open before every form of heresy and schism.

IN THE CURRENT NUMBER OF THE BENEDICTINE PERIODICAL "PAX," NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME APPEARING UNDER CATHOLIC AUSPICES, WITH DOM BÉDE CANN AS EDITOR, THE REV. BROTHER ELRED CARLYLE, WHO WAS ABBOT OF THE COMMUNITY AS AN ANGLICAN ORGANIZATION, GIVES HIS PROMISED EXPLANATION OF ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH LED UP TO THE SECESSION OF HIMSELF AND BRETHREN FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THEIR RECEPTION INTO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THEN, AS TO THE PROPERTY, it is the expressed opinion of competent counsel that the monks would have been quite within their right to retain all the property without question or discussion. The Abbot, however, did not take that view, and to place the matter beyond cavil, offered to return certain donations if it were so desired. This, it may be added, he has actually done to the extent of 2,000 pounds. But, as to the main fact, he says "there can be no question that the Island of Caldey and by far the greater part of the buildings legally and morally remain the possession of the community."

AS A FINAL adjustment of every point in dispute the Abbot has readily acquiesced in the suggestion of Lord Halifax that all documents and accounts should be submitted to a

why the Church of England clings so tenaciously to the loot of the Reformation? In that event there was no question as to whose was the rightful title to the temporalities so ruthlessly appropriated or destroyed. Fifteen hundred years of possession and the unmistakable bequests of innumerable generations of faithful Catholics who that said doubt. Yet, as Lloyd George said in Parliament on an occasion fresh in memory, their present occupants hold them as a heritage from those "whose hands were steeped deep in sacrilege."

THE EX-ABBOT IN HIS STATEMENT "Pax" is mainly concerned to vindicate the good faith of the monks in regard to their conversion, and especially his own as their recognized superior. It was charged that he had had the step in view for a long time past and had consciously worked towards it—the same charge, it will be noted, that was laid to the door of John Henry Newman in his day, and which the "Apologia" so effectively refuted.

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"On the next day our Brethren were to meet to discuss the Bishop's letters—of which each Brother had a copy given him on the previous Sunday (February 16th), with a request to write thereon any remarks he might have to make, giving his own personal opinion of what he thought should be done. On the 19th, when we all met together, I had already made my own decision, and was prepared to act upon it. I had said nothing to anyone previously, and when I met the Brethren I thought it best to tell them at once the conclusion I had arrived at. I was not in the least prepared for the fact that so many of the Community had themselves come to the Chapter with their own minds quite made up; and when I saw their written notes afterwards I found that individually they had reached the same conclusion. There was only one thing to be done, to write at once to Bishop Gore and tell him that we could not meet his requirements, and must act upon what we believed to be God's will for us."

And on the question of pressure or undue influence he further writes:

"It has been said that I have had this step in view for a long time past and had consciously worked towards it; that in doing so I had carefully designed to lead as many as possible with me, and to this end had brought undue pressure to bear upon those who were gathered about me. I reply that there is not a grain of truth in this and such like statements, and that all through the community the decision that was made was a matter of individual guidance and choice. The very fact that so unanimous and so definite a decision could be made was to us all a strong assurance that we had received true and right guidance. Controversy has always been discouraged among us, for we knew it to be a danger to the spiritual life and to prayer; and it was out of prayer alone, and in the light of actual facts, that the decision was made."

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AS A FINAL adjustment of every point in dispute the Abbot has readily acquiesced in the suggestion of Lord Halifax that all documents and accounts should be submitted to a

committee for examination, this Committee to consist of the Duke of Norfolk as representing the Catholic side and Sir Walter Phillimore the Anglican, with Lord Balfour of Burleigh (a Presbyterian) as chairman.

MOST BIGOTED OF PLACES

The speech which Mr. A. Newman delivered lately in Belfast is a lesson for Orange Ulster which Orange Ulster would do well to take to heart. It is a very regrettable thing to have to say, but it is true, that Orange Ulster is singularly ignorant of Ireland and Ireland's history, of the real meaning of Ireland's cause, and of its own position and necessities.

EQUALITY UNKNOWN

There have been silly and ridiculous political shibboleths invented time out of mind, but so much misapprehension of a political issue and situation was never before concentrated in a single phrase of six words—to that extent the Duke's phrase was, and is, a real masterpiece. For one thing, it is, or should be, obvious to the most dense that no government of any kind at all would be possible if such a principle—if principle it can be called—were tolerated in any community where there exists divergent views and dissimilar interests.

leisure, comfortable, wholesome houses, the ordinary benefits of modern civilization.

Now, when all this is borne in mind, it is easy to realize the amazement with which the Orangemen of Ulster witness what they are pleased to call "English indifference" to their recent manifestations. The very self-same thought which underlies the late Duke of Abercorn's political talisman is at the bottom of this amazement. They said they would go into rebellion if Home Rule was even attempted, they formed Unionist clubs, drill classes, marching parties, signalling corps; they got up a ridiculous covenant, signed a "legally" drawn declaration of resistance, held semi-religious ceremonies that went perilously near blasphemy; mouthed the Old Hundred on the supposition of some phantom peril, paraded before Bonar Law and Carson and Craig and Moore; shouldered wooden guns, and drew along imitation cannon—and done all these highly melodramatic all on the understanding that England would be "moved" thereby. It never struck them for a single moment that England, the great democracy of England, would see another side to the question at issue. They imagined fondly that when they had things just enumerated the question was settled, that England would become as idiotic as themselves and begin to shout, "We will not have Home Rule." The same old dense, crass ignorance is at the bottom of the wonder at England's equanimity in face of what is ridiculously called "the crisis."

HE TOO WILL GROW

But the Orangeman will grow up too. When he gets into the clear bracing air of true liberty, and inhales a little wholesome Nationality into his lungs, he will develop into a real man, and into an Irishman, and then for the first time he will become a credit and useful to his country. But when that time comes he may be prepared for less pats on the back from the nobility and gentry and fashionable lawyers who have been playing on his hitherto invincible ignorance.—Weekly Freeman, Dublin.

SERAPHIC FRANCIS

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE MANIFESTED IN HIS WORKS—THE SUN IMITATES THE AUTHOR OF ITS PEERLESS BEAUTY

Written for the Intermountain Catholic "God is wonderful in His Saints." Psalm lxxi, 36.

Although God is great and wonderful in all His works, there are nevertheless those upon which He seems especially to have concentrated His power. And although God be mighty and glorified in all His Saints, some there are whom He particularly chose, that they might show forth more resplendently in their life the refulgent splendor of His omnipotence.

Striking indeed, is the similarity existing between God's actions in the spiritual order and those in the workings of nature. Thus in the sublime act of creation, the Almighty appears to have exhausted the rich treasury of His bounty when He called man into being, and decreed: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness."

The Sun, imitating the Divine Author of its peerless beauty, illumines the entire earth with its mellow rays, yet, it partially overlooks many a pretty flower that scents the verdant lawn, while it sheds its most animating and invigorating rays on the hidden snow-white lily or the timid blushing rose. Equally so it is in the order of grace. "God is wonderful in all His saints," all are but the golden-tongued orators of His greatness and grandeur; all but the offspring of His vivifying grace.

But even as star differs from star in brightness, so does saint outshine and eclipse saint in the characteristic glories of his mission.

Have not you a more profound veneration, a livelier devotion to certain saints than others? Has not their memory more closely and fondly entwined itself around the tenderest affections of your heart? Has not, perchance, your frequent recourse to them begotten a certain familiarity, which inspires and encourages the cherished hope that you, too, may reflect in your life a few of the many virtues which shone forth so resplendently in theirs, and which were for them the passport to an eternal jubilee of rejoicing in heaven?

Now such preeminently is the seraphic Francis of Assisi the popular saint of to-day, who attracts universal admiration and whose charming life forms the cherished theme of orators' tongue, poet's pen and artists' brush. Francis, who was endowed with a poet's mind, possessed a beggar's body and whose intellect reflected a scintillating ray of supernatural wisdom.

So many, so varied, are the thoughts that crowd the mind at the mere mention of St. Francis, that for brevity and order's sake, we shall confine our remarks to the principal characteristics of his life and therefore cull some salutary and practical lessons.

Francis was born at Assisi, Italy, in the year 1181 and in his youth he followed the mercantile career of his father. At the age of twenty-four

he was the central figure of a gay band of jolly companions, who captivated by the fascinating charms of poetry and romance of France, from which Francis borrowed his name, devoted their days to pleasure and their nights to song.

His dreams were so many phantoms of military fame, and his every aspiration for earthly renown until heaven finally favored him with a vision, wherein he beheld a large supply of arms and weapons "for whom are these?" eagerly exclaimed Francis. And a voice answered: "For thee and thy soldiers."

Thereupon he hastened to enlist beneath the standard of Gauthier, who was then engaged in war with the Germans in the south of Italy. Here Divine Providence intervened, and by a miraculous manifestation, God revealed to him the future field of his spiritual warfare.

The finger of the Omnipotent pointed to the crimsoned cross of which Francis, in his own flesh was to be the standard bearer. He beheld, too in beautiful vision Our Blessed Lady, under whose guidance and patronage he would battle valiantly, and thus merit the imperishable laurels of a triumphant and everlasting victory.

"O! Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,

Be Thon Mother my defence; Be Thy Cross my Victory, While my body here decays, May my soul Thy goodness praise, Safe in Paradise with Thee."

Francis now became the victim of a death-threatening illness, and although he had always been a generous bestower of alms, after his recovery, he redoubled his energy in the performance of charitable works.

So ardent was his desire to attain the very summit of evangelical poverty that he generously distributed all his possessions among the poor. This apparent extravagance on the part of Francis' so exasperated Francis' Father that he cited his son before the Bishop of Assisi in order in his presence to deprive him of his patrimony.

With light and joyous heart Francis abandoned all divesting himself even of his garments, that he might with greater truth invoke "Our Father Who art in Heaven." And even this total abandonment he would increase when he heard the golden precept: "Do not possess silver or gold; nor money in your purse, nor scrip for your journey; nor two coats nor shoes."

From that moment, poverty, the most abject because the guiding and ruling star of his life and of the Franciscan Order. Sanctity my dear reader consists in the detachment of the heart from creatures and its attachment to the Creator. The Christian's salvation is hinged upon the observance of the commandments. "If thou wilt enter life everlasting, keep the commandments."

The perfection of a religious consists in the fidelity. Whosoever he conforms his life to the Divine Model and fashions his conduct after the pattern, bequeathed him by the God-Man Who declared: "If thou wilt be perfect go sell all and give to the poor."

Now Christ, the Eternal Wisdom, espoused poverty as His bride and upon her finger He placed the ring of His nuptials. How sacredly Francis revered this union, how faithfully his mortified life reflected the poverty of Christ, may best be learned from the following soul-inspiring prayer, which he so fervently breathed to the Almighty: "O, Lord Jesus, show me the paths of Thy well-beloved poverty. She is Thy Spouse, who accompanied Thee from Thy Mother's womb to the crib in the stable, and on the way sides of the world, she took care that Thou shouldst not have whereon to lay Thy head. In the combat that concluded the warfare of our redemption. Poverty mounted with Thee on the Cross, which not even Mary could ascend, poverty followed Thee to Thy barrowed tomb, and even in Thy glorious resurrection she did not desert Thee. O Poorest Jesus, increase my love for this, Thy Queen, without whom I enjoy no peace, I find no repose."

Although Francis was the poorest of the poor, no man of wealth ever possessed the earth as extensively as he, who depended solely on Providence, through whom he transformed the world into a veritable primeval paradise. Hence the fishes followed his boat, the feathered songsters, whose dulcet strains thrilled the air, flocked about him, responsive to his every beck. The sublime heights of sanctity to which his love of poverty elevated him, proclaimed him the lord and master of the irrational creation.

Francis had now established the order of the brown-robed, sandled, Friars Minor; and twelve disciples were already enrolled beneath the banner of the Crucified. In the year 1209 he wended his way to Rome, there to obtain from Pope Innocent the apostolic sanction of the Holy See. At first the Holy Father refused to see him; but in sleep heaven favored him with a vision wherein he beheld the saintly man whom he had repulsed, supporting on his shoulder the Latent Basilica.

Pope Innocent III, then sought Francis, welcomed him most affectionately and cordially confirmed the foundation of his order. Francis bade his brethren disperse, traverse every known region, and preach by word and example, the gospel of Christ Crucified.

For himself he reserved Syria as the scene of his missionary labors,

acted by the hope, that the blood-thirsty infidels would reward his efforts with the crown of martyrdom. But the Sultan, fascinated with his endearing amiability and captivated with his charming personality, lavished such tokens of reverence and esteem upon him that the disappointed Francis gladly returned to Italy.

According to Christ's prediction, sufferings and persecutions are the portion of His followers. Now this is especially true of the period when Francis was engaged on the field of his spiritual warfare. Heresy was undermining the church's very foundation; the battering rams of the civil powers were directed against her; while, within her pale the faith of many was faint, flickering and wavering. And, thus circumstanced, it seemed as if she were about to succumb to the united attack of her combined enemies.

Avarice was the crying vice of the age; the hearts of men worshipped at the shrine of Mammon; and their minds were dazzled with the tinsel glitter of worldly fame and renown. Then it was that the ever memorable appeal resounded in the ear and aroused the soul of Francis. "O, Francis, seeest thou not that My house is falling into decay; go thou and repair it for Me."

No sooner were these words spoken than Francis was foremost in the fray; his only weapon, the blood-stained cross; his only shield, holy poverty, the patroness of true liberty which disarms hell, mocks at tyrants, and which now rendered Francis more attractive in his spirit of renunciation, than when his fellow-citizens proclaimed him "The flower of his age."

Scarcely had ten years elapsed after Francis espoused poverty than five thousand friars, minor, whom he designated his favorite knights, rallied beneath his standard. In the court of his vast assemblage poverty, his queen, reigned with universal sway. While the second branch of his order, composed of consecrated virgins, was governed by St. Claire, whose spiritual daughters formed a bodyguard, of which no emperor could ever boast.

So great was the outburst of heavenly enthusiasm, which St. Francis inspired and so ardent and widespread was the desire to embrace the religious life which he awakened, he in order not to deplete the church and state, established the Third Order of Franciscans.

And in that long procession of devout souls, living in a world, might be seen a King Louis of France, a Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, followed by countless multitudes of every nation, tongue and tribe. Throughout every land the Cross, smiling in the golden sunshine, crowned a monastery or convent filled to overflowing with chaste youths and pure maidens, the virginal flowers of Christ's terrestrial garden.

Whosoever the sons and daughters of St. Francis labor in the vineyard of the Divine Husbandman, they garner a rich and mighty harvest, each sheaf of which testifies that the first fruit produced by their Great Seraphic Founder will remain forever.

When Providence threw open to mankind the portals of a new world, the sons of the living martyr, who bore in his emaciated body the wounds of the Crucified, were the first to sanctify its virgin soil with their tears, toils, prayers and labors; while not a few watered it by the generous effusions of their blood and thus inserted many a ruby gem in the jeweled crown which adorns the queenly brow of Mother Church.

T. F. KELLY.

COLLEGE EDUCATION

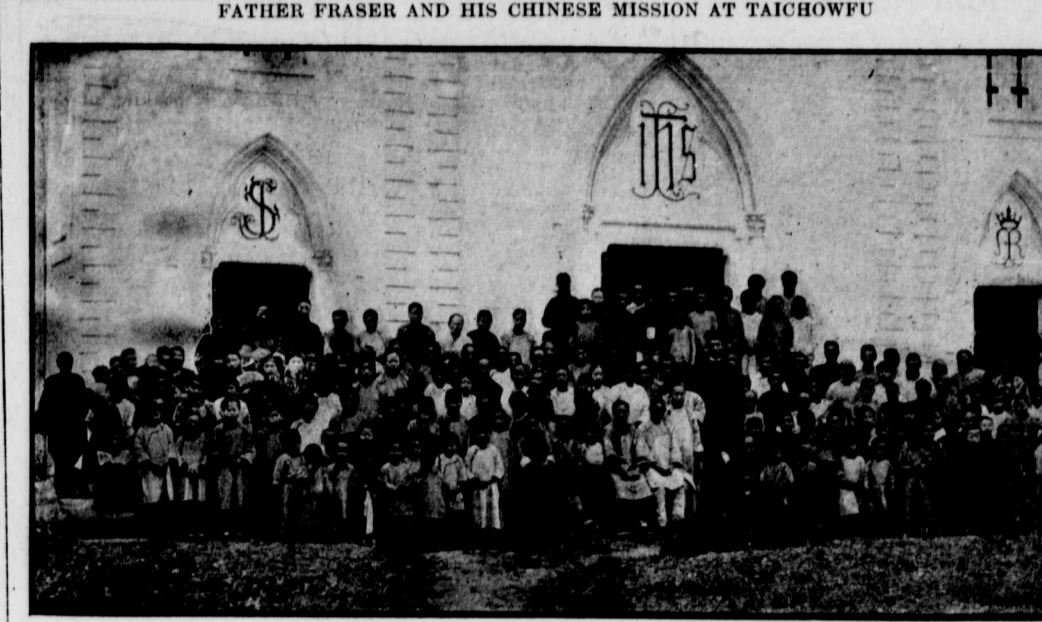
Education is one of the main necessities of the present age and education for our Catholic youths if it is the proper kind will strengthen their faith and make them see the necessity of being not alone men, but "honest men."

Is the Government University the proper place to send our Catholic young men? No. The place to send them is to a Catholic college, where they are taught by Catholic priests and where their general surroundings are Catholic.

The reasons for not sending them to a Government University are, in the first place they have not the discipline other than the class room, and secondly, the temptations are too great for the average youth to overcome, he being away from his home and in a large city. May we say that from our point of view that the parents who send their children to any Government University when it is possible for them to send them to a Catholic college affiliated with some university are turning their backs upon our Catholic faith and the spiritual welfare of their children.

Will the education in our holy religion, and the good training in discipline which he obtains in a Catholic college, leave a man when he goes out into the world? No, neither will. He may fall, as great men have fallen, but he will again behold the ladder which he was high parents do not have the idea that by sending your son or sons to a University that it is they who will be doing good and leading others with him or them. No, they will not lead but will be led. "For who so firm that cannot be seduced."

Can you find a happier lot of young men than those of a Catholic college? No, you cannot. Why is it then that these young men are so



FATHER FRASER AND HIS CHINESE MISSION AT TAICHOWFU

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

We are glad to be able to publish in this issue the following letter from Father Fraser, acknowledging our remittance to him of \$780 sent about two months ago. On Saturday last we sent him another cheque for \$736.70 being the balance due him as shown in our issue of that date. As soon as it is received we will publish his acknowledgment of this remittance also. Subscribers to this fund may feel assured that they have the heartfelt gratitude of this missionary and that they will be remembered by him when he is offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. This holy

and zealous priest of God's Church is doing a noble work amongst the Chinese and it behooves us to strengthen his hands. We hope the contributions will be of such a generous character that ere long a third remittance will follow. Catholic Mission, Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1918.

Dear Mr. Coffey.—It is with the greatest pleasure and a heart brimming over with gratitude that I reply to your kind letter of April 25th containing the generous offerings of CATHOLIC RECORD readers towards my soul-saving work here in China. Surely the Catholic editors are in very truth the standard bearers of the Catholic laity and a power for good that no man can measure. The amount contained in your letter (\$780) is really a substantial aid to my poor mission and will contribute

not a little towards extending God's Kingdom in my vast parish. The little ones it will save from starvation will grow up under the sunshine of their spiritual father and the good sisters, and become mothers of pious families, the very seed of Christians fit to be transplanted into the Heavenly Garden. We have priests and nuns whose mothers were rescued in infancy like the little ones under my care! May I ask the good benefactors of my mission to perfect their donation by praying for the success of all the works I am undertaking for the glory of God. May no light from the evil one blow over my little garden; may persecution and passion be kept back by the mighty hand of God, and may I be given strength to guide my timid flock through the midst of wolves and seething idolatry to the very throne of the Lamb. J. M. FRASER

happy? Because they are succeeding in their studies. Perhaps. Well why do they succeed so well in them? They attend daily Mass, and do they not receive more graces than non-attendants? They are happy again to have learned not to enjoy roaming the streets and going to degenerated theatres when they should be making good use of their time for which their parents in many cases are under great sacrifices. Any recreation is soon forgotten, yet, Athletic games are a different type. There are any better place to teach a man to be a man than on the Rugby camps of a Catholic college? Here athletics are carried on for recreation and also for the development of the human body. A priest is generally president of this association and enforces strict penalties for the breaking of any rule that would reflect upon the principles of the college boys. Some few seasons ago a Catholic college Rugby team won a championship. How did they win it? Honorably. Yes, and they were not allowed to return anything illegitimate to the opposing team. Is this not one grand training for young men where athletics are not carried on excessively. We may recall that before every game the boys received Holy Communion in a body.

According to the Irish census returns there is in Ireland only 1 priest to every 1,000 Catholics, whilst there is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church to every 340 members, 1 to every 600 Presbyterians and 1 to every 290 Methodists! Poor "priest-ridden" Ireland! —Monitor, Newark, N. J.

extremely artistic. It is the only example in Ulster, perhaps in Ireland, of such a pre-Reformation statue in existence." R. K. St. Catharines, July 11, 1913.

MY PRAYER

I am weak and weary to night dear Saviour, So tired of striving and sick of sin, Were I worthy of a place in Thy fair dwelling I'd ask that I now might enter in.

Here let me kneel in sorrowful contrition, And lean my head against Thy wounded side, And kiss Thy hands and feet all torn and bleeding And whisper to myself "For me He died."

And I have grieved Him since, — O shame to say it, Such base ingratitude it seemeth to me now; How could I pierce again the Heart that loved me, And bind the cruel Thorns upon that brow.

I did not mean it, Lord, some sudden gust of passion, Some snare the tempter laid with wily art, Entrapped my thoughtless feet and ere I knew it, My path and Thine were lying wide apart.

And as I turned, my wayward steps retracing, I met Thine eyes so full of grief and love, It touched my heart—O careless soul how could'st thou

So wrong His kindness and so faithless prove? Now falling at Thy feet I plead for pardon Amid such bitter tears of grief and shame; While Thou hast only words of comfort for me, Not one reproach, not one just word of blame.

Thou knowest I love Thee, Lord 'tho' in my weakness Tempted and tried, Thy love I often grieve; Thou knowest I love Thee, stay Thou ever near me, That from Thy heart, my heart may strength receive.

Strength to overcome, to conquer every failing That mars my life or makes it incomplete; Strength that shall keep me safe from sin and wandering, Faithful and true forever at Thy feet. F. T.

FOLLOWING CARSON

Mr. Redmond has been following in the tracks of Sir Edward Carson through England and Scotland, and has had larger and more harmonious meetings in the cities where the Orange leader had spoken. He was accompanied by a procession of 40,000 men in Glasgow. Sir E. Carson offered to come to an arrangement with him on any measure that would keep Ireland responsible to the British Executive. Mr. Redmond would agree with him on almost any terms that would allow of an Irish Parliament with an Irish Executive responsible to it. He showed that the Carson party had no right to appeal to the Democracy as they had opposed every measure of relief for the people both of Ireland and Great Britain. The recent advance in Irish prosperity was owing to the measures the Irish Party had secured in spite of them.—America.

AN ANTIQUARIAN ROMANCE

Precentor Courtenay Moore, F. R. S. A. L., recently wrote an account of an interesting tour he had made in company with Mr. Francis Bigger, M. R. I. A., of Ardrig, Belfast. We extract the following from the account:

"Our first stop was made at the little Roman Catholic Church of Dunesfort, or Dunesfort, which has a remarkable history. In the year 1194 one of the English adventurers named Rogerus de Dunesfort endowed the priory of Mahee Island, in Strangford Lough, with the profits of all the churches on his estates except the church of Dunesfort. In 1622 the church is reported as being a ruin. According to tradition it was dedicated under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin. A statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child Jesus formerly stood at the western gable of Dunesfort Church, whence it was removed by Rev. William McGarry to his residence in Ballydock, and long after his death it was carried to Ardglash Castle, where now there are golf links. Here it long lay, as a doorstep, broken, damaged, uncared for, and unknown. The head was found in some part of the graveyard of Dunesfort, and was inserted by Rev. Edward Mulholland in the gable of the church. These fragments: these "disjecta membra" were traced and discovered by Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, M. R. I. A. It is like a romance. After about three centuries of destruction and dispersion this was accomplished by the acumen and energy of Mr. Bigger. He had the broken pieces of the statue taken to Belfast, refitted by a competent artist, and replaced, on the Feast of the Annunciation, 25th March, 1908, over the west doorway of the little church of Dunesfort, Co. Down. The statue itself is about five feet in height; it is noble, dignified, and impressive; and there it stands after having been "trodden under foot of man" for about three centuries. It is of late 12th or early 13th century workmanship, and is

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTE-COST

THE PHARISEE

"The Pharisee standing prayed thus with himself: O God, I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers; as also is this publican. I fast twice a week; I give tithes of all that I possess."

In the Gospel of to-day, we have a most interesting parable recorded for our instruction. Two men, a Pharisee and a publican, went to the temple to pray. The former was to all human appearances a good, pious man. He fasted, prayed and gave alms: But he did it all publicly in order to be seen and to gain the praise of the world.

The publican, in his humility, acknowledged that he was a sinner, asked God to be merciful to him and, as our Lord assures us, "went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Pride is the immediate consequence of original sin and exists in man from the beginning. It increases during infancy, and, when the mind is able to comprehend its evil effects, has acquired such strength that it requires severe conflicts to subdue it.

Pride is opposed to God because it seeks to deprive Him of His glory by ascribing to man what belongs to God. It is besides the basest ingratitude, for man has absolutely nothing which he does not receive from God.

Pride is opposed alike to the good of our neighbor and of ourselves. Filled with an opinion of his own good qualities, the proud man undervalues the good actions of others and attributes them to unworthy motives.

The proud are detested by God and man; by God always, and by man always, too, unless when concealed by the pharisaical mask of hypocrisy.

The hypocritical Pharisee concealed his pride and others vicied and was esteemed by men. God, who searcheth the heart, saw that he did nothing for God's sake, but that he even had the audacity to praise himself and arrogate to himself the glory belonging to God.

Let us ask ourselves, my dear friends, if we do not more resemble the Pharisee than the publican. Do we, like the Pharisee, perform our actions in order to attract the esteem of men? Or do we fast and perform other good works purely to humble ourselves before God?

Extreme caution is no less harmful than its opposite. No one with whom we come in contact escapes without some impression from us for good or evil.

Perhaps no man ever practiced all he preached, but this is not a final argument against preaching.

SOME RECENT CONVERTS

BEAD ROLL OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE LATELY BECOME CATHOLICS - MANY DISTINGUISHED IN CHURCH AND STATE

His Beatitude Abdull Hassin, Patriarch of the Syrian Jacobites. Rev. Aelred Carlyle, Abbot of the Anglican Benedictines, Caldey Island, South Wales, and his entire community of twenty-two monks.

Dame Mary Scholastica Ewart, Abbess of the Anglican Benedictines, Milford Haven, and thirty-five members of her community. Mr. Ralph C. R. Pomeroy, Estate Agent, Caldey Island, South Wales, and Mrs. Pomeroy.

Rev. Richard Johnson Walker, of Little Holland House, Kensington, London; alderman and late mayor of Hammersmith; formerly an Anglican clergyman; graduate of Balliol College, Oxford; editor of The Oxford and Cambridge Review; author of "The Mystic Pair," etc.

Mrs. Hemelryk, Southwark, London, wife of Colonel Francis Hemelryk. Herbert B. Miller, Grenada, Miss. The late Isaac Roth, San Buena Ventura, Cal., received on his deathbed.

Fred J. Storts, Memphis; received on his deathbed. Mrs. C. A. White, benefactor of the Episcopal Cathedral parish, Fond du Lac.

Miss Ruth Harris, Fond du Lac, Wis. Stanton Fowler, well-known hotel proprietor, Southwark, London. Roland Hatfield, Alamosa, Colo.

George W. Harper, Fort Smith, Ark., of the firm of Harper & Wilson; received on his deathbed. Henry B. Humphrey, real estate agent, Portland, Ore.

Miss Jeanne Dixon, Waukegan, Ill. Eric Gill, the English sculptor, Brighton, London, and Mrs. Gill. Mr. Augustus G. Paine, Jr., a prominent member of the P. E. Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York.

John H. Caldwell, Buffalo, N. Y.; received on his deathbed. Walter W. Golsen, Salt Lake; founder of the Salt Lake Motor Club; received on his deathbed.

The late Hon. Thomas A. Blackstock, Sheboygan, Wis.; President Phoenix Chair Co., ex-member of Wisconsin Legislature and State Senator; Mayor of Sheboygan, 1892; Republican nominee for Congress in 1892; mentioned for governor in 1894; of Irish Presbyterian parentage.

Lieutenant Brinkman, son of General Brinkman, of the German Army. Now studying for the priesthood. Miss Fanny M. Salmon, Presbyterian missionary to China. Miss Salmon is the daughter and niece of Presbyterian clergymen.

Mr. Paul Patton, son of Dr. Francis L. Patton, President of Princeton Theological Seminary; graduate of Princeton. Mr. Henry C. Watts, late assistant editor of Pax, Caldey, South Wales.

Miss Grace Campbell, daughter of Judge Campbell, Groveton, Texas. Miss Neva D. Bower, Columbus, Ohio.

Capt. Benjamin E. Benton, Pine Bluff, Ark., a veteran of the Confederate Army; relative of the late Thomas H. Benton, Governor of and U. S. Senator from Missouri, and of General Ben and Henry McCullagh.

Miss Spearman, daughter of Sir Joseph Spearman, Baronet, of England. Miss Caroline Aherns, St. Louis. Oliver Henry Wheeler, U. S. N., Pueblo, Colo.

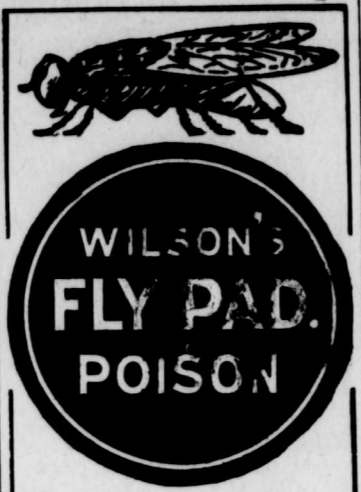
The late Dr. Arthur Edward Spohn, San Antonio, Texas. The late Edward H. Murray, a prominent business man of Altoona, Pa.

Mrs. Elizabeth Retlinger and her four children, Walla Walla, Wash.

TEMPERANCE

THE NATION'S DRINK BILL

At a time when minds are so actively engaged in considering the causes which explain the high cost of living, says a writer in the Philadelphia Standard and Times, these few thoughts suggested by Prof. O'Hara's carefully written article in the March number of the Catholic World may prove both interesting and helpful.



Use them outside, in or near the garbage barrel, as well as in the house or store. All Druggists, Grocers and General Storekeepers sell Wilson's Fly Pads.

Imagine a train moving at the average speed of forty miles an hour; at the close of 963 years 100,000,000 miles will not have been covered.

However, this annual fire loss of \$250,000,000 may be multiplied by seven without exceeding the price paid for alcohol during the one year 1911.

If, then, the fire loss in the United States is \$500 per minute, every minute during the year in question (by no means exceptional) \$3,500 were spent in alcohol.

This represents an expenditure viewed from the economical aspect, who will dare record how health, crime and eternal salvation were affected by this masked agency, ever hard at work?

DANGER TO HEALTHY MIND

Alcohol and danger to healthy minds are synonymous, says Sir Thomas Clouston, M. D. Its pleasant emotional and social effects need constant watching. It hinders work of any kind. It is not needed for health. It is the most frequent cause of mental disease.

BANISH THE BAR ROOM

You want the best that can be got for your boys. Health-honor-position-character-usefulness. The bar-room tends to take from them everything you want them to have and make them everything you want them not to be.

TEMPERANCE FOR BOYS

Talking to a group of boys recently in Washington, Secretary of State Bryan, whose total abstinence is well known, said: "If, since I was grown, I had ever felt tempted to begin the drinking of liquor, I would have been restrained by the feeling that it might injuriously affect some one who looked to me for an example."

SELFISH CHILDLESS SUICIDES

There was a story told in the public press of the suicide of a couple who, though millionaires ten times over, young in years and enjoying good health, found life a failure because they were childless.

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then it is but a just equilibrium. He does all things well, and in turn appreciates any co-operation with His divine will. If childless couples adopt as their own children whom His hand has deprived of parents, He will reward them in the comfort these adopted sons and daughters shall be to their foster-parents.

PRESBYTERIAN VAGARIES

The recent conversion to the Catholic faith of Paul Patton, son of the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, formerly president of Princeton University and latterly at the head of Princeton Theological Seminary, has caused, as was to be expected, a flurry of excitement among the Presbyterians of the United States.

Frederick William Faber, better known as Father Faber, was one of the best loved and most eminent of that illustrious band of English converts whom what is called the Oxford movement helped to lead into the Catholic Church.

In 1833 began the Oxford movement in the English Church, and Faber, young as he was, took an energetic part in it. He had a strong touch of Calvinism, inherited from his parents, and fastened on him by his early education.

It is strange now to find the Faber of that time writing of the Newman of that time (1836): "Newman is delivering lectures against the Church of Rome. I have just come from a magnificent one on Peter's prerogative. He admits the text in its full literal completeness, and shows that it makes not one iota for the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome."

On Sunday, November 16, 1845, he preached his last sermon as rector of Elton, and on the evening of the following day he was received into the Church by Bishop Wareing, at Northampton. A few of his late parishioners shared this grace with him.

Father Faber's hymns are known and sung wherever the English tongue is spoken; and the name of Faber is on the lips of millions of all classes of persons—profound theologians as well as lisping children.

BAPTISM BY LAY PERSONS

Well informed Catholics understand how absolutely necessary is Baptism in order to obtain entrance into heaven. It may be conceded as morally certain that unbaptized infants suffer no sensible pain, such as is inflicted upon those condemned for actual sin.

Really, if the Presbyterian Church can approve of a Mass being celebrated by a priest of the Greek rite for simple Ruthenians, for the one purpose of keeping them nominally at least in the Presbyterian communion—they have reached the limit of religious deceit and duplicity.

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THE CONVERSION OF FATHER FABER

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The Catholic Church, however, need not worry, nor be alarmed. There are defections—they must come. But statistics prove that the accessions are far greater in number. The time is near for the disintegration of the Protestants.

Water, of course, must be used, and where at hand it should be consecrated or blessed. But, in case of emergency, water that is pure suffices, and there should be no dangerous delay in order merely to send for holy water.

We reproduce from the columns of the Little Crusader the following explicit statement of the requirements for certain administration of this saving sacrament.

Advertisement for North American Life Assurance Company, featuring a map of North America and text: "We Will Provide an Income for Life to Your Wife or Any Other Beneficiary"

Advertisement for Church Bells, featuring an illustration of a bell and text: "USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT"

Advertisement for Kellogg's Corn Flakes, featuring a large illustration of a bowl of cereal and text: "READY TO SERVE There's no fuss or bother about getting a meal, with Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes in the house."

Advertisement for McClary's Sunshine Furnace, featuring an illustration of the furnace and text: "The Right Place for a Water Pan in a furnace is just over the feed door and this is where it is placed in the 'Sunshine.'"

Advertisement for Eddy's Ses-qui Safe Light Matches, featuring text: "Poisonous Matches are passing away Dangerous chemicals are not used in tipping EDDY'S Ses-qui Safe Light Matches."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

STAYING OUT LATE AT NIGHT

The young man who stays out until late at night has his good name. What sort of persons do you generally find out late at night? Thieves, libertines, evildoers. "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light that his works may not be reproved."

Health is endangered. Exposure to the night air and a consequent loss of necessary sleep are by all medical men considered injurious to health.

There is often more true Christianity in silence than in a sermon. Listeners seldom hear any good of themselves or anybody else.

The man who attends strictly to his own business has little competition. It doesn't take a derrick to raise the average man in his own estimation.

A pessimist is a man who is always looking for trouble and isn't satisfied when he finds it. The fellow who boasts that he has never made an enemy must be a sort of human jelly-fish.

cover of his book when greatly discouraged. They were: "Go on, sir; go on! The difficulties as you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed and light will dawn, and shine with increased clearness on your path," written by D'Alembert.

"That maxim," says Arago, "was my greatest master in mathematics." Following out these simple words, "Go on, sir; go on!" made him the first astronomical mathematician of his age.

"What Christians it would make of us," comments the narrator. "What heroes of faith, what sages in holy wisdom, should we become by acting out that maxim, 'Go on, sir; go on!'"

Success takes all the credit to itself; failure blames others. There is often more true Christianity in silence than in a sermon.

Listeners seldom hear any good of themselves or anybody else. The man who attends strictly to his own business has little competition.

It doesn't take a derrick to raise the average man in his own estimation. A pessimist is a man who is always looking for trouble and isn't satisfied when he finds it.

The fellow who boasts that he has never made an enemy must be a sort of human jelly-fish.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DUTIES AND IDEALS

Writing in The Magnificat, on "The Duties and Ideals of Catholic Girlhood," the Rev. William P. H. Kitchin, Ph.D., gives this excellent advice to the girl home from school:

Now let us glance at some of the practical ways in which a Catholic girl who has just left school, without ever setting aside the modesty of budding womanhood, may strive to realize this ideal.

A Catholic girl living in the world ought to be first and always a Catholic; not a Catholic merely in the seclusion of the church or the privacy of the home, but a Catholic on the street, in society, everywhere.

A girl of education and refinement has a certain position awaiting her in every parish. It depends entirely on herself whether or not she will accomplish the good work awaiting her. The first step in this direction, the negative part of the program, consists in attending all the religious exercises the parish affords.

Some girls think that if they hear Mass on Sundays and say their prayers three times a week they are exemplary—but convent training should have better results. In the positive part of the program, our girl can teach catechism, or sew for the poor, or assist about the altar, sacristy, or parish library, or lend her talents to train an embryo choir, or teach the little altar boys to serve Mass and to pronounce the Latin properly, or take a prominent part in picnics, and outings, and all the innocent ways by which societies and sodalities show their present prosperity and gain a new lease of life.

A girl of truly Catholic spirit ought to consider it a wonderful privilege to be allowed to contribute, in however small a degree, to the adornment of God's House. To repair altar linen and vestments, to make a surplice, alb, or tabernacle veil, to give lights or flowers for the altar on great feast days, ought to be for her a labor of love. Any service gains distinction from the eminence of the person to whom it is rendered.

At royal courts comparatively menial duties are proudly discharged by the highest in the land and if noblemen and high born ladies consider themselves honored by a service to their king, how ought not we to esteem the humblest duty to the King of kings!

Of the girl's duty to the home, Dr. Kitchin says: The amusements of youth are to be enjoyed but they should not be allowed to encroach unduly on home-life. A girl who longs to be away from home, who has no sooner returned from one friend's house than she is planning to be off to another's, a girl who is on the street constantly and refuses to do her share of household duties, whose home is in short merely a convenient boarding-house for her—that girl decidedly is not what a Catholic girl should be.

Let no girl imagine that because she happens to be dainty and clever obscure duties are beneath her; let none foolishly fancy that there is something lowering in commonplace toil. It is idleness, not work, that dishonors. Readiness to perform the most menial tasks at need is one of the best proofs of moral beauty.

Lacordaire, at the height of his fame, often helped the laybrother in the kitchen of the Dominican convent in which he happened to be staying—a single instance where innumerable might be cited. The ages of faith illustrated this truth by legends of the angels. Gabriel, one story runs, was once sent by God to serve in place of a poor shoemaker lad.

"Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth, Spread his wings and sank to earth; Entered in flesh the empty cell Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

"And ever o'er the trade he bent, And ever lived on earth content. He did God's will, to him all one If on the earth or in the sun."

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superior to the parents whose gift they are. The child who is not grateful, for the trouble, worry and self-denial—perhaps even for the patient penury and dull years of unremitting labor,—which her advances cost her parents, has reason to fear well-merited retribution.

Nor should a girl, once she has left school, allow her talents to lie fallow. The music, drawing, painting, languages, acquired with so much toil, were intended to be a source of pleasure and profit in maturer years, when some one of these carefully cultivated accomplishments may be of incalculable value.

A facility in literary expression, a pretty knack in verse, an artist's dainty pencil, an aptitude for languages or mathematics—these or other exceptional endowments are too good to be allowed to perish for want of exercise. Knowledge is no burden; God has given us our glorious faculties for use. Many a weary hour of pain isolation or despondency may be wiled away usefully with such resources. Those who have no mental resources must seek for outside distractions; their lives are a continual strain after empty pleasures.

Such purposeless lives, devoid of ennobling ambition, are not desirable, even from a natural point of view. But to the Christian they are criminal waste of infinite possibilities and abounding heavenly graces.

"Finally, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever just, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good report . . . think of these things, and strive to realize them. We are all soldiers of Christ, to whom some post has been confided; we have all some destined task which we alone can accomplish to perform for our Master. It will be our happiness here and our salvation hereafter to discharge that duty well, to toil faithfully at our post until our General calls us Home.

It means nothing for us to say, "I never speak words that I will regret," as long as we are causing others to feel more bitterly than if we said them. It is easier to forgive unkind words than scornful looks and taunting ones! It is not simply a matter of keeping one's temper—it is helping others to keep theirs!

It was terribly offended, but it set me thinking. It was true, and I knew it. I could argue, and keep pleasant, but the mocking tones of my voice, the derisive curl of my lip, the saucy twinkle in my eye, were a hundred times more aggravating than anything I could say. And I knew it! I had much more powerful weapons to use, and I used them!

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DOGS TOLD THEIR FRIENDS

The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated in a very singular and amusing fashion in a certain district in Georgia, where, as yet, little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals.

One bitter night, such as "cold waves" frequently bring to that locality, a Georgian heard at his front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining. He found, upon opening the door, two of his neighboring friends, a pug and a little terrier, asking admission.

In the face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were made welcome to share the comfortable quarters of the two household dogs. In the morning they took their leave; but great was the astonishment of the Georgian to see them return the following cold evening, this time accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters of which he seemed to have knowledge.

If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, the doubts were removed on the third night, when the three tramps returned, their number further augmented by another pug and an old pointer. The mate but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their eyes, were at once amusing and pathetic.

With his own two pets and these five tramps the Georgian had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before his dining room gate; but their irreproachable behavior and many ingratiating ways had insured for them a welcome at his house as long as the cold wave lasted, which was a week. After the cold subsided they returned no more.—Harper's Weekly.

ASKING GOD'S HELP Every morning when we rise we have a load of some kind to carry. There are errands we must undertake, lessons we must learn, duties that mother and father expect us to fulfill, and tasks we must accomplish. If we rush out of our rooms, hurry to breakfast and then to school without first kneeling down to help us through asking God to help us through the day, we may be sure that some part of our load will not be carried as it should. Never forget to pray in the morning; never say, as boys and girls sometimes do, "In the daytime I can take care of myself."

In the daytime, most of all, we need God's constant presence. At night, too, when we sleep, we must pray to be kept in safety and to have refreshment for another day.

KEEPING YOUR TEMPER Let me give you a bit of my personal experience, girls. I used to pride myself on being "good natured." I seldom lost my temper. I could

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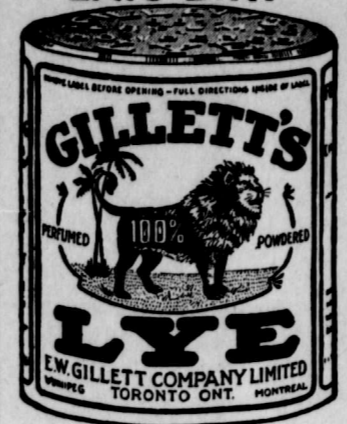
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GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



argue with my sisters for hours, and never show the least vexation. I was very self-satisfied about it. My sisters would get very angry, and I would talk away as calmly and pleasantly as ever. But one day, when I was congratulating myself on so seldom getting angry, my mother said quietly, "Well, I think it's really worse to make other people so furiously angry as you do!"

I was terribly offended, but it set me thinking. It was true, and I knew it. I could argue, and keep pleasant, but the mocking tones of my voice, the derisive curl of my lip, the saucy twinkle in my eye, were a hundred times more aggravating than anything I could say. And I knew it! I had much more powerful weapons to use, and I used them!

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THE BIBLE EXPLAINED AWAY

CATHOLICS URGED TO READ BIBLE

Archbishop Glennon, in a recent sermon explaining the Catholic attitude towards the Bible, and reaffirming his fidelity to the Holy Scriptures, advised every communicant to possess a copy of the Bible and to read it reverently, devotionally, piously, interpreting the words not according to the will, but according to Him who directed their interpretation in the Church. He has founded.

"The Catholic attitude towards the Holy Scriptures is very clear and definite," he said. "We believe that the Holy Scriptures are verily the Word of God; that is to say, not every word of the sacred Scriptures was spoken by Almighty God, but those who wrote them were divinely inspired to write. Inspiration does not necessarily mean revelation. Inspiration is the guidance of those who wrote the truth. It did not take away the free will of their writings. They were free to exercise that free will to a considerable extent, as is shown by their individual style in writing."

"We believe that everybody who is competent to read ought to read the Holy Scriptures, and those not able to read ought to obtain adequate instruction in regard to Scripture history and Scripture truth. Hence, in all our Catholic schools we expect that in the curriculum there shall be a study of the sacred Scriptures."

"We don't teach that the Scriptures are the sole rule of faith; because in the beginning and for more than a hundred years of the Church's life the same would be impossible—as the Scriptures to a certain extent were unwritten—and those books of the New Testament were uncollected."

"In the apostolic age the greater part of the New Testament was not written. It would have been impossible in the first, second and third centuries to make the Bible the rule of faith, because there was no Bible as we understand it now."

"Christ's message was to be spoken. 'Go forth,' He says, 'teach.' "So that the rule of faith in the first ages was the teaching of Christ's messengers or apostles those mainly who formed and governed the Christian church."

"That which obtained in the first ages the Catholic holds to still, and he is the more convinced thereof since Christ has said that 'teaching' church which He established: 'Behold, I am with you all days.'"

"It was the early members of the Christian church who wrote under divine inspiration the books of the New Testament. They were written for various purposes, and directed at first to different communities. Not one of them, nor all of them, claimed to contain the entire and complete teachings of the Blessed Master."

"In the third century those books were collected together, the spurious ones rejected, and those proven genuine set together, in a canon of scripture established. This was done by the church in council."

"Then for more than a thousand years—indefinitely, until the art of printing was established—the sole depository and guardian of the Holy Scriptures was the Catholic Church."

"She gave to these sacred books unremitting care and constant study. The monks spent their lives in reproducing the manuscript copies, her artists in illuminating them. Her painters went to them for inspiration.

Missal, breviary and psalter are all founded on them. She taught the people to pray and to sing the songs and the prayers that the Scriptures contained.

In spite of this, there are those who think we are very much opposed to the Holy Scriptures. That we are afraid of them, or at least afraid to let them be known by the common people.

"This must be largely founded (where the charge is honest) on the fact that we do not believe in the right of an infallible private interpretation of the Scriptures; in other words, we do not believe that each individual has a right to go to the Holy Scriptures and makes for himself a religion of what he finds there."

The Archbishop also said that individual interpretation of the Scriptures is widely variant. He compared this to civil law.

"Sometimes we are said to be governed by the constitution of the United States," he went on. "Well, we are not. We are governed by the ones who interpret the constitution of the United States. You begin to read this constitution and you find, 'All men are created free.' You try to interpret that freedom according to your own notion and you find that you run against the government. The constitution may serve as a written order, but it must have an interpretation. A book can never govern a people."

The speaker said those who oppose the teaching that the Pope is infallible concerning Bible interpretations "try, on the other hand, to make everybody infallible in their interpretation of what the truth is." He added: "Everybody finds just what is written in his own mind. Some find one sacrament in the Holy Scriptures; some find two; some find three; some find none at all."

"Some think infant baptism is the only thing; some think only adult baptism; some baptize by immersion; some baptize by sprinkling; some think Christ rose from the dead; some not; some find in the Holy Scriptures, a Trinity, some only a Unity."

"Look at what strange things Mrs. Eddy found there. Of course, her enemies claim she should not make any such assertion, but if you admit the right of private interpretation, and make the individual mind the court of last resort, then you must admit Mrs. Eddy and all the others are within their right."

"Private interpretation leads to this confusion, misery and disorder we find everywhere outside the Catholic Church."

"The Protestant commentators for the last hundred years have been a most earnest, most studious, energetic body of writers. Their study of place and of language, and of fact, and of miracle, and mystery, has been thorough and profound. But we find now that the most learned have explained the Holy Scriptures by explaining it all away. They find out there is nothing sacred about it. A great deal of it is simply 'folk lore,' much like the books which exist in all nations."

The Archbishop, in the course of his sermon, directed a little jesting at Protestantism evangelization of Italy.

"It is rather funny," he said, "to hear to day of the people that are sending Bibles over to Italy. I believe they have several hundred thousand dollars subscribed every year to send the Word of God to these benighted Italians. Well, about a month ago I was giving confirmation up in the Church of St. Ambrose, and I found that Italian congregation was able to sing the 'De Profundis,' 'Miserere,' 'Benedictus,' several of the Psalms, verse for verse, without any book at all. I doubt very much whether those that are sending the Bible over to Italy to instruct those Italians in the Holy Scriptures could chant as many Psalms as they do without the Bible very near and having some one very near to tell them the number."

In concluding, Archbishop Glennon urged his hearers to cling the more closely to the Bible, declaring this devotion would simply be a revival of the zeal felt in the beginning for the sacred writings.—Catholic Bulletin.

MASS AND DEATH

No creed is so reasonable with its followers as the Catholic one; no creed is more stringent in its rules. Sunday observance is not restricted to prayers and pious reading; neither is it arranged on the sliding-scale plan. Sunday and summer do not mean a re-adjustment of the laws which govern the observance of the Lord's Day. To hear Mass Sundays while on vacation is obligatory as when on duty. Nowadays, unless one seeks the north or south pole for an outing place, he is certain to find a Catholic Church within reach. And even if it is somewhat difficult or fatiguing to make the trip when he had counted upon unbroken idleness, surely Catholicity is worth that bit of physical strain.

How often has the grief over a sudden death been assuaged by the thought, "He was at Mass that morning?" And how many dangers beset the man on a summer vacation, boating, swimming, mountain climbing, automobilizing, and if an accident occur to the Catholic man on a Sunday on which he has not attended Mass, what sorrow it occasions to those left behind. And what moral anguish it must cause to the culprit who is being called to his last account!

"What was your first thought?" the writer once asked a companion who had come with him through a

sudden and dangerous experience. "I remembered I had not gone to Mass this morning, though it was a holy day of obligation." If we fulfill our duty to God as prescribed by His Holy Church, then, come what may, when earthly friends are far or impotent, we can plead our right for divine interposition. And if He should so will that this untoward accident has come for our death, rest assured He will forgive and forget our transgressions, and give us the final absolution that opens heaven, the absolution that we had hoped to have a priest some day pronounce as we passed away in the presence of loved one.—Union and Times.

Grief has a harsher touch than death.

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A Good Used Piano is often better than a cheap one. The Bell Piano

A GREAT CARDINAL'S GIFTS AND FAILINGS

Newman's birthday occurred on February 21st; and this year, on the eve of that day, a special celebration was held at the Newman School, Hackensack, N. J. This school, a private college preparatory school for Catholic boys, was founded thirteen years ago by the present Headmaster, Dr. Jesse Albert Locke. He had been a clergyman of the Anglican Church, and when it came to selecting a name for the school, he gave it that of the great Cardinal whose writings had helped much to bring about his own conversion. The school was particularly fortunate this year in having an address on Newman by Rev. B. W. Maturin, the famous preacher and writer of London. Father Maturin, Rev. Henry R. Sargent, the chaplain of the school, and Dr. Locke are all converts from the Anglican ministry and have been friends for many years.

The celebration of the birthday began by the singing of Newman's "Lead Kindly Light," after which Father Maturin spoke, giving an address of characteristic eloquence and fervor. He said in part: "My dear boys, you have the privilege of belonging to a school which enjoys a unique distinction. It is the only school in the world, as far as I know, that bears the name of the great cardinal, a name that is an inspiration in itself. There are many things to inspire and to help you in the life and character of John Henry Newman. He achieved greatness, his intellectual power, his literary skill, his nobility and greatness of character. But he did not achieve greatness by striving for it. His was a life lived for God, and he did great things by using and developing the gifts—very great ones, indeed—which God had given him.

"Some day you may read the remarkable life of Newman written by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, and you will find it of absorbing interest. I have not the time to give you now a sketch, even a brief one, of Newman's life, but I should like to bring one or two points to your attention. First, he not only lived for God, and not worldly success, but his life was apparently, for a time, one of obscurity and even of failure. He lived unnoticed in the sordid town of Birmingham—"Brummagen"—occupied in the simple duties of his priestly life and in study. The world said that the brilliant Oxford man had suffered an eclipse. The bookellers said that, as a result of his conversion, his works would no longer sell, they were a drug in the market.

"Again, some of his active plans to do good failed. He went to Dublin in the endeavor to found a University, but the effort of years only resulted in failure, and he returned to Birmingham to live the life almost of a recluse. But he was living for God, and God had His plans for him. Newman was conscious of his great powers. His mind was always in conceit to be conscious of possessing great gifts. I think that it is a mistake to try to hide from a boy the fact that he possesses in a high degree some special talent. Tell him that he has it; let him thank God for it; urge him to develop it and use it. Show him what he can do well, and tell him plainly the things that he cannot do successfully.

"Newman once spoke to a friend of one of the series of sermons which he had preached, and said: "I wonder that they are not more appreciated—they are very able," and this was no small vanity; it was simply his consciousness of the power to write and teach to take the instrument of the English language and wield it well, to make it express his keenness of mental vision, to make it deal bluntly that could be felt. "And so, when at last he was attacked, and when the personal attack was made to carry also the general charges that all Catholic priests were incapable of telling the truth, the recluse of Birmingham spoke, and his voice echoed and re-echoed throughout England. Kingsley had roused the lion. In his famous "Apology," now and forever a classic, Newman gave the story of his life and his soul's history with startling sincerity, simplicity, directness—with convincing truth. He spared nothing, he disemboweled himself, spiritually, revealing his innermost soul. Men said: "Here indeed, is sincerity, and truth. Here is a true man, here is greatness of soul." And he did not simply win a personal victory. Though he is dead, he still speaks to the world through his works, for the sale of his books not only has not stopped, but has vastly increased since his death. They are recognized as classics, and he is still giving his message to the world through them.

"But there is another side of Newman's character which it would be a mistake to ignore, his defects. We lose nothing by recognizing the facts or the failures as well as the virtues and successes of a great or a good man. On the contrary, it is most helpful to see what they were. Certain lives of saints are not in the least helpful to me; I mean that when I read of a saint who is pictured as really having very little to do with the world, as performing that is human about him, as performing great marvels and miracles, sustaining extraordinary fasts, having ecstasies and visions and altogether being so supernaturally perfect as to possess apparently no human defects or failings whatever, all that seems too far removed, too unattainable by me.



had to fight and conquer, or some other human weakness which it took him years to overcome, then I say to myself: "Here is help, here is inspiration: If he had to fight faults and failings, just as I do, and if he won the fight and attained the higher ground of saintliness, then here is encouragement for me to fight, too."

"Now, one great defect in Newman was that he was unable easily to get along with other men; that is a great disadvantage, one of the greatest. We must live in the world; and if we do not learn how to accommodate ourselves to others, how put up with their idiosyncrasies or peculiarities, how to meet them half-way, we are handicapped in doing the work we have to do in the world, not to speak of the unhappiness or mental suffering we may bring upon ourselves. Newman was extremely and unduly sensitive. He made difficulties for himself by his sensitiveness. When overcome by it, he would sometimes spend days in what must be called, I suppose, a fit of the sulks. Great as he was, this was a great handicap.

"Now, the chief cause of this defect was that Newman never went to school. There is where you have a great advantage. A boy at school, who makes the best of his opportunities, learns to get on with others, learns to give and take, learns to allow charitably for others' defects or peculiarities just as others do for his. He doesn't indulge in childish fits of the sulks when things or persons displease him, but he adjusts himself to his surroundings; he makes up quarrels quickly instead of cherishing them; that advancement in studies is, after all, the chief end of school life. It is possible to acquire that in other ways.

"But you will find your school life of inestimable value if you get out of it the one great advantage which it is capable of giving, the ability to get on with others. For he who learns to get on well with others in school is the one who will get on well with others afterwards in the larger life of the world; and he who can do that has one of the greatest elements which make for success in the work which God may give him to do in the world.

"You want your work to tell in the world. You want to succeed not only in money making, or professional advancement, or even in philanthropic efforts, but in doing something for God and for the Catholic Faith. You do not need to be trying consciously or controversially to make converts to your faith all the time. Indeed, God alone can make converts, can bring that absolute conviction of truth which we call the gift of faith.

"But what you can do and what you must do is to make such Catholics of yourselves, to so develop all the powers which God has given you that the world will recognize in you, as it did in Newman, the strength and sincerity, the clear and accurate knowledge of your religion—knowing how to give a reason for the faith that is in you, which distinguishes a real man and a genuine Catholic. Live your religion, practise it so as to show the world the genuineness of your belief in it.

THE EFFICACIOUS AID FOR REFORMATION

CARDINAL FERRATA IN OPENING ADDRESS OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS SAYS MILLENNIUM WILL COME WHEN WORLD LEARNS TO KNOW THE EUCHARISTIC CHRIST

Cardinal Ferrata's inaugural address at the opening of the recent Eucharistic Congress, held at Malta, furnishes food for much thought. It deals with subjects that have an intimate bearing upon modern life. Society to-day is not in a healthy condition. It is in a feverish state. In our land, as in all European countries, there is not wanting signs of deep seated discontent and of unrest. Not only are nations spending millions upon armaments to be in readiness for an anticipated death struggle but the different social elements in all countries are arrayed against one another. It is the House of David versus the House of Sennacherib. The struggle between them is shaping politics and is creating conditions that bear a close resemblance to a state of civil war.

When wage workers are shot down by militia in American cities, as they have been recently, even the most thoughtful have to recognize that there must be something wrong in our social-economic arrangements. The Socialist will tell you that making the government the sole employer

is the only panacea. The anarchist will inform you that only by the abolition of all government will things be righted. Those who are neither socialists nor anarchists will insist that more stringent enforcement of existing laws will place society on a more secure basis. It will be noted that these suggestions have not the remotest reference to the absolute need of cleansing the individual heart of the passions that are the source and fountain head of all the moral diseases that are afflicting society—disease which can be traced back to the causes that have been productive of the evils under which the world is now groaning.

"Renew all things in Christ." How efficacious is the remedy suggested by Pius X. ten years ago when as successor of St. Peter, he assumed the government of the Universal Church. Such a renewal would dissipate the passions of men, as the rising sun dispels the darkness of night. The Eucharistic Congresses, of which the one just held at Malta was the twenty-fourth, are most efficacious aids for bringing about this all embracing reformation. By concentrating attention upon the Blessed Sacrament, as the greatest source of spiritual strength, those congresses increase devotion to the Holy Eucharist. Cardinal Ferrata, in speaking of how this devotion helps in developing the noblest traits in men and women, pointed out how it makes heroes and heroines of those who are inspired by it. We quote: "Ask as the historian Taine did ask the missionary who, while still young, gives up his country, his family, all his hopes to go and preach the gospel to the heathen with the prospect, it may be, of meeting death at their hands; ask the Sisters of Charity, keeping constant watch by the beds of the sick or dying in the wards of our hospitals, or exposed to moral danger on the field of battle; ask all those heavenly beings who spend their lives in the service of the aged, the leprous and the plague stricken; ask them, I say, whence they derive the courage to overcome their natural repugnance; and they will all spontaneously point to the Tabernacle and the Eucharistic Banquet; they all tell you that when Jesus came down into their hearts and gave Himself to them they felt the imperative call to give themselves wholly to their brethren, the poor, the sick, the unfortunate of every class."

Such are the effects of Holy Communion upon the elite of the Church Militant. Catholics who have not devoted themselves by solemn vows to the higher life, are suffused with the fervor of the altar rail. Who is love itself. There is no room for hatred in hearts where Christ has taken up His abode. Is not this the beginning of a species of social millenium? Is it not a preparation for the restoration of all things in Christ?

If the world is ever to be redeemed men must get rid of the selfishness that was the dominant note of paganism. Unfortunately, the note survives to-day to the detriment of the legitimate product as Cardinal Ferrata points out, of the naturalism condemned by the Vatican Council. Here is how the Cardinal traces the relationship between naturalism and the present disorganized state of society: "The error which dominates modern society, and tends to drive toward decadence and barbarism, is naturalism which as described by the Vatican Council, concentrates all its efforts to the effacement of Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, from the intellects of men from our customs, our laws, our institutions, in a word, from our whole social life, and putting in His place pure reason and pure nature."

After this substitution is made, there will flow from it inevitable consequences which are thus enumerated by Cardinal Ferrata: "From this come free thought and immorality; from this come selfish indifference, a constant desire for pleasure, and the exclusion of every noble and lofty ideal; from this comes the degradation of the immortal soul to the basest materialism." For confirmation of these statements we need but look around us. You cannot take up a daily newspaper without finding in it ample evidence of the truth of every word of Cardinal Ferrata's description. Let us quote his remedy for this state of things: "The Holy Eucharist is the defense against this error and its fatal consequences; it elevates and ennobles our minds, purifies our hearts, and gives us strength for generous and heroic action."

THREE NUNS TO DEVOTE LIFE TO LEPER WORK
Montreal, July 9.—The three nuns, Sister St. Francis of Assisi, nee Miss Clara Hebert, of Montreal; Sister St. Raphael, nee Melvina Biron, of Montreal, and Sister Mary Bernadette, nee Miss Alma Leger, of Alexandria, Ont., who have volunteered for work in the leper settlement on Sheik Lang Island, near Canton, China, will leave for their new field of endeavor next Monday morning. There will be no special function marking the departure of the young ladies on the journey whence they will never return. They will assist at Mass in the Outremont parish church and, accompanied by their superiors and a few friends and relatives, will proceed to the Windsor station, where they will embark on the Imperial Limited. After a stop-over of a day or so at St. Boniface and another at Vancouver, they will reach Victoria, B. C., whence they sail on the 23rd for the Orient.

Strengthen Your Kidneys

If you are a sufferer from any kind of Kidney or Bladder Trouble, you know too well, the pain, the loss of sleep, the distress and disagreeable experience which are a part of these complaints, but you may not know that many complaints of the urinary tract will lead to serious complications if not checked in time. The earlier the trouble is attended to the better. SANOL, the great scientific remedy for Kidney Trouble, Gall Stones, Bladder Stones and similar complaints will act quickly at any stage of the disease, and will be found a most agreeable tonic and strength renewer for all who have weak kidneys, or are troubled in any way in that portion of the anatomy. The strength of the kidneys is quickly renewed, the pains which frequently mean something serious, if allowed to go on, disappear at once. It is equally valuable in older and more serious cases, and we have testimonials from patients who have been spared the danger and cost of an operation through using SANOL.

Free literature supplied by THE SANOL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LTD., Main St., Winnipeg, Man. Price \$1.50 per bottle.

For sale at all leading druggists.

MARRIAGE

FLOOD-MACDONALD - At Forget, Sask., on June 18, 1918, by Rev. Father Sorrell, Mr. P. J. Flood to Miss Catherine V. Macdonald.

DALY-MAHONEY - In Moose Jaw, Sask., on June 17, 1918, in St. Joseph's church, by Rev. Father Woodcutter, Mr. Eugene Daly, formerly of Norwood, Ont., to Miss Helena Mahoney of Montreal, formerly of London, Ont., daughter of the late Timothy J. Mahoney.

NEW FOUNDATION

The first foundation outside the Diocese of Toronto by St. Joseph's Community of Nuns, has just gone forth to Comox, B. C., Diocese of Victoria, with the prayers and God-speeds not only of the Community but of the whole public. There are four founder Sisters—Rev. Mother Majella, Superior, and Rev. Sisters Claudia, formerly head nurse of the Community, St. Edmund, also a trained nurse, and Braxedis. They will do good work in the Pacific Province. God be with them. Bishop McDonald will be a father to them.

KINGSTON PILGRIMAGE

The 26th Annual Kingston Pilgrimage leaves on Tuesday, July 22nd. Full information appears in the advertising columns of this issue.

IRELAND'S PARLIAMENT

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT MAY BE THE FIRST LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

London, July 9.—The hope is expressed by the Daily News, a supporter of the Liberal administration, that the Duke of Connaught may be lord lieutenant of Ireland when the Home Rule bill, passed for a second time by the House of Commons on Monday, becomes law.

In a forecast of the procedure as regards the institution of Home Rule, the Daily News also says: "On the act becoming operative, it is understood that the King will be advised to send John Redmond, who will be asked to form a Government. On the final passage of the bill Irish privy councillors will be conferred on Messrs. Redmond and Dillon and their leading colleagues. In due course, Mr. Redmond will retire from the active leadership of the Nationalists in the House of Commons and will doubtless be succeeded by T. P. O'Connor."

The Daily News adds that Redmond's policy will be conservative and "will respect the susceptibilities and pay due honor to the high character of the Protestant counties." After scouting the idea that Ulster opposition will be serious, The Daily News concludes: "It is anticipated that the royal assent to the Home Rule bill will be signified about the month of June next year. The act comes into operation on the first Tuesday in the eighth month from this month.

PILGRIMAGE STE ANNE DE BEAUPRE

TUESDAY, JULY 22, 1918
Under the patronage of the Most Reverend M. J. Spratt, D. D., Archbishop of Kingston. Return fare \$8 from Myrtle on the C. P. R. or Whitty Jet. on the G. T. R. Tickets good for eight days. Meals on C. P. R. diner 35 cents. On G. T. R. at railway restaurants. One night on the train. Berths, two persons, lower, \$8; upper, \$2.40. Apply for reservation to agents at above stations.
REV. J. J. O'REILLY, Director, Enterprise, Ont.

which would be the first Tuesday in February, 1915, but by order-in-council the Imperial Government can antedate the operation by seven months or post-date it seven months, and it may be assumed that the operation of the act will not take effect until after the general election of 1915 for the United Kingdom."

DIED

LYNCH - In Beeclesh, Ont., July 1st, 1918, Miss Catherine Lynch, aged seventy-eight. May her soul rest in peace!

SANFORD - At Trafalgar, Ont., on June 30, 1918, Mrs. Wm. Sanford, daughter of the late Charles O'Connor, aged twenty-three years. May her soul rest in peace!

ELLIOTT - In New York, on June 24, 1918, James Elliott, late of Simcoe, Ont., aged fifty-nine years. May his soul rest in peace!

AN APPEAL

Cluny, Alta., July 2, 1918.
Please kindly excuse a poor missionary who takes the liberty to call on your generosity in favor of his beloved flock, the Blackfoot Indians. Our low drug school for Indian children had become obsolete and unfit to live in being too small for the number of inmates, and after long negotiations with the Department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa we have succeeded in erecting a new school, larger and more up to date will be erected this summer. Unfortunately, this building must be located two miles and a half from the present site, and it will be a matter of necessity to move at our own expense the church parson's house and other buildings near to the new school and nearer to the Indian settlement; this will be an occasion of heavy expense for us and to face it, I could rely only on the generosity of the good Catholics, as it is to provide for the spiritual needs of the souls of poor pagans for whose sake the missionary has left everything dear to him, country and home, family and friends.

May our Beloved Saviour's promise for a glass of water given in His name be fulfilled in you, and may His choicest blessings, spiritual and temporal, be bestowed upon you and your family.

I remain, your most humble servant in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.
J. J. LEVER, O. M. I., Blackfoot Reserve, Cluny, Alta.

TEACHERS WANTED

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED, SEC. 2, 2nd class certificate, for school section No. 2, town of Gosport. Salary \$245 per annum. Duties to begin Sept. 1st. Apply to J. J. Fox, Sec. Treas., Essex P. O., Ont. 1812-3

MALE TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING A first or second class professional certificate for the Catholic Separate school district No. 6, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Duties to commence the 1st of Sept. Salary \$1200 per annum with rise of salary. Apply, with references, to Athol McDonald, Prince Albert, Sask. 1813-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR FORT WILLIAM (mission) Catholic school. State salary. Duties to begin Sept. 1st, 1918. Address Rev. J. A. Drouin, S. J., Fort William (mission), Ont. 1812-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SECOND CLASS - Catholic Separate school, Espanola, qualified teacher, one who can speak French and English. Salary \$300 to \$400. Apply, giving reference, to John J. Fox, Sec. Treas., Espanola, Ont. 1812-3

WANTED FOR ST. HILARIO S. S. O. - Cobalt, two English speaking teachers holding first or second class certificate and also two French speaking teachers holding a first or second class certificate, capable of teaching both French and English. Apply, stating experience and salary required to F. H. Bonville, Sec. Treas., Cobalt, Ont. 1812-3

WANTED FOR THE CATHOLIC SEPARATE school, Espanola, qualified teacher, one who can speak French and English. Salary \$300 to \$400. Apply, giving reference, to John J. Fox, Sec. Treas., Espanola, Ont. 1812-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school No. 7, Glenora, first or second class Normal trained. Duties to commence on reopening of school after summer vacation. Salary \$525. Address stating experience and qualifications to J. S. Black, Sec. Treas., Pomona, Ont. 1812-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school No. 7, Glenora, first or second class Normal trained. Duties to commence on reopening of school after summer vacation. Salary \$525. Address stating experience and qualifications to J. S. Black, Sec. Treas., Pomona, Ont. 1812-3

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THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

There are many savings accounts opened with the Home Bank for special purposes for instance—a householder may be saving up to make payment against a mortgage on his house; or to pay a premium on his life insurance. It is a regular practice with many Home Bank depositors to open special accounts for such purposes and to withdraw the money at the end of the six months, or year, when they have sufficient to make the necessary payment.

HEAD OFFICE AND BRANCHES IN TORONTO JAMES MASON GENERAL MANAGER
BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA OFFICES IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY:
LONDON: 394 RICHMOND STREET
Thorndale Ilberton Delaware Komoka Lawrence Station

WANTED A FIRST OR SECOND CLASS teacher with Normal training for South Gloucester school. Salary \$300 per year. Duties to begin on Sept. 2nd, 1918. School situated in beautiful locality, near Church and Post Office. Apply to Rev. Geo. D. Prud'homme, P. Sec. Treas., South Gloucester, Ont. 1812-4

A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR S. S. NO. 2, Madocville. Salary \$200. Duties to begin after school opens on Sept. 2nd, 1918. School situated in beautiful locality, near Church and Post Office. Apply to Rev. Geo. D. Prud'homme, P. Sec. Treas., South Gloucester, Ont. 1812-4

A CATHOLIC TEACHER, QUALIFIED FOR school No. 2, Himsby, Ontario. Apply to qualification to Casper Verslegers, Sec. Trout Creek, Ont. 1813-3

EXPERIENCED CATHOLIC TEACHER - second class professional certificate, for school section No. 1, Rutherford. Salary \$550. Duties to begin after holidays. Apply P. R. de Lamorandiere, Sec. Killarney, Ont. 1812-3

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR S. S. NO. 6, Bromley. Beautiful school near village of Osceola. Duties to begin after vacation. Apply, stating salary to Rev. R. J. McEachern, Osceola, Ont. 1812-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR STANLEYVILLE separate school. One holding a qualified certificate. Salary \$450. Apply, E. L. Byrne, Sec. Stanleyville, Ont. 1813-3

WANTED NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER FOR C. S. S. NO. 2, Osgoode salary according to qualifications and experience. Duties to commence 3rd Sept. 1918. Apply to William H. Avey, Sec. Manotick Station, Ont. 1813-1

WANTED EXPERIENCED PROFESSIONAL teacher for S. S. No. 2, Medicine, Simcoe Co. Duties to commence after vacation. Salary to be paid \$350 per annum. Apply, enclosing testimonials, to Geo. P. Fitzgerald, Sec. Treas., Mount St. Louis, Ont. 1813-3

TWO TEACHERS WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 4, Logan, county Perth. This is a two room school, senior and junior room. The school is 7 miles from Mitchell, 4 miles from West Monroton, 1 miles from P. O., church across road, boarding house 20 rods from school house, and other buildings near to the school and near to the Indian settlement; this will be an occasion of heavy expense for us and to face it, I could rely only on the generosity of the good Catholics, as it is to provide for the spiritual needs of the souls of poor pagans for whose sake the missionary has left everything dear to him, country and home, family and friends.

TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. SECTION No. 2, Carleton Place, Ambleside. Male or female. Salary \$550. Holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1918. Applications received until Aug. 31st. Apply to Joseph D. Meyer, Sec. Treas., Ambleside, Ont. 1813-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate school section No. 6, in the village of Barry's Bay, in the township of Sherwood and in the county of Renfrew. The holder of a second class professional certificate. Apply stating salary and experience to Wm. Kirkman, Sec. Treas., Barry's Bay, Ont. 1812-3

WANTED FOR WEBBWOOD CONTINUATION school, one Catholic teacher for second room, second and third book work. Salary \$325 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply, with testimonials and qualifications, to J. Hawkins, Sec. Treas., Webbwood, Ont. 1812-3

A CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate school No. 1, Morley Convent training period and qualified to teach in Ont. Salary \$200 per annum. Duties to begin Sept. 1st, 1918. Apply, stating qualifications and experience to Patrick A. Moring, Sec. Stratton Station, Ont. 1812-3

WANTED TEACHERS FOR CATHOLIC Separate school, Fort William, Ont. Must be holders of first or second class professional certificates. Apply, stating qualifications, also references to W. K. O'Donnell, Sec. Treas., 111 South Myrtle St., Fort William, Ont. 1812-2

WANTED FOR THE CATHOLIC SEPARATE school Oakville, teacher holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 2nd. Salary \$453. L. V. Cote, Sec. Treas., Oakville, Ont. 1812-6

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE CATHOLIC Separate school, union school section No. 4, Greenock and Brant. Holding a first or second class professional certificate. State salary, experience and references. Duties to begin Sept. 1st, 1918. Address applications to Nicholas Lang, Sec. Treas., Chesham, Ont. 1812-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school No. 7, Glenora, first or second class Normal trained. Duties to commence on reopening of school after summer vacation. Salary \$525. Address stating experience and qualifications to J. S. Black, Sec. Treas., Pomona, Ont. 1812-3

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