

The Catholic Record

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1911

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A GOOD MOVE

A vigorous protest has been made by the League of American Pen Women against the pernicious influence of the prevailing comic supplements in the Sunday editions of city newspapers upon children who read it. They believe that the so-called comic supplement is a menace to the culture and morals of children, begetting in them an admiration for deceit and cunning, misrepresentation and vulgarity, disrespect for the aged and infirm, a lack of reverence for sacred things, low ideals of literature, distorted notions of art and general demoralization of character. These supplements fall like a pestilence upon every town in Canada. They find ready purchasers, and we are told that the arrival of the Sunday paper is awaited by an ever-increasing number of Canadians. It is of little use to rail against them. The people who have a taste for this kind of mental pabulum will persist in feeding upon it so long as it is within reach. But we can contribute our quota to the formation of a public opinion that shall force upon these publications and force the publishers to discontinue them. They who buy them must think little of their souls when they permit them to be sewers for the unclean and sordid and debasing stuff of the sensational newspaper.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Some years ago, Bishop Hedley said that to keep hold of the intelligence and sympathy of our own people we must have a press devoted to Catholic interest and principle. For our people cannot be prevented from reading. Even if they could they would in a generation a race of dwarfs and cripples. To keep them from nourishing their hearts and souls on destructive food, and at the same time to provide them with food of some kind so that they may not perish of emptiness—it is for these reasons that we must work a royal good. A people who eagerly accept good reading, who make it known, push it, discuss it, and show themselves well up in it, must be sure to affect their non-Catholic surroundings just as a brass band or a street procession attracts the attention of the passers-by.

BY OURSELVES

Bishop Hedley says that the question of our success in working a rival press must and will be decided by our own education. The Catholic faith, with its history and universality, is to those well versed in it a great and liberal education. But it by no means follows that if a man is a Catholic he apprehends his religion as an educated man. Moreover, Catholicism exists not in a vacuum or in a closely-walled sheep-fold, but in a big world which reechoes with the clash of hostile thought. We can never hope, therefore, to influence the great world unless we can take up a position, intellectually, which will give us a command of what is going on in the world of thought and action.

OUR CHANCE

All the authorities from Matthew Arnold to Bishop Creighton keep preaching and repeating that education, in the true sense of the word, is getting rare and more rare in the country. People are informed, interested and amused, but not educated. They are smart, and repeat meaningless phrases and do their thinking by proxy. A Catholic paper, guided by men of taste and culture, of judgment and principle—a paper with a wide outlook, wide, in time, compels attention. Its articles would be nourished by the inexhaustible supply of material in our history and philosophy and theology. It would meet opposition, but that it would succeed is not doubted by those who believe that men hunger for the truth which the Church guards and teaches.

UNWISE WORDS

In our opinion some of the pamphlets on Socialism are weak and ineffective. There are many theories of socialism and not all of them are of the Karl Marx type. Not all of them are associated with atheism and free-love. Hence it would be better and fairer for a writer to let us know against what well-defined theory he is directing his artillery. This would take his article out of vagueness and give it some right to exist. And why sneer and indulge in cheap sarcasm when referring to prominent Socialists of to-day. Bernard Shaw may

be obnoxious to the writer, but we may well question the policy of assailing him with ridicule. Personalities have no place in the discussion of a question that is so vital and significant and that can and must be supported by achievement. And words, however lightly flung with scorn, are not credentials that any writer should be proud of. It is no aid to truth to tell us that Socialists are erratic and visionary and sometimes anarchistic. It is futile to utter portentous nothings as if they were gems of wisdom. The man in the street cares little for academic dissertations. He is miserable. His sky is gray. From birth till death he wears poverty's shabbily liverly. He needs help. He is longing for charity's and justice's ministrations. He demands that life should be more tolerable as a result of Christianity. He asks, and we think with reason, that in this generation we should give more and more evidence that the faith has not lost its vitality. Mere words will not help him. We may promise them happiness in the next world, but they wish to see Christianity operating upon the selfishness and injustice that surround them in this life. We know that the Church can, when unhampered by enmity or the faithlessness of her own children, lay her hands in benediction upon the poor and the miserable. But this is not the viewpoint of the man in the street. Identifying the Church with the individual Catholic he argues that when the Catholic is forgetful of others, unsympathetic and unjust, the Church is responsible for their shortcomings. When he hears of brotherhood and sees but little sign of it he dismisses it as an empty dream. When he sees himself chained to the wheel of labor, to be used and flung aside when brain and brawn are exhausted, with never a thought as to his future, he may have a suspicion that the fine words which he hears are meaningless. Writing must be done as an antidote to false principles, but it should be done by experts who use pens tempered by charity as well as by truth. And if they have scorn they can turn it against conditions which are an affront to civilization and against those who are responsible for them. And witticisms, from well-appointed studios, do not appeal to the taste of those who suffer.

PLAY WELL

We must play the game of life some how. To play it with zest and enthusiasm, with love in our words and deeds, is the proper happiness in this life of heaven. And we can do this whosoever our lot may be. We may win no applause save that of conscience, which is the echo of Heaven's plaudits. It means striving and conquering. At times the wind of temptation may out us to the bone, and discouragement lay its cold hand upon our heart, but if we play well we must march on always to the goal. We may die tired—the right kind of death, but if we go home with the marks of stress and storm upon us, unshamed and with confidence, we may hope to hear, "Well done," from the Divine Umpire.

GET BUSY

While we are not averse to amusements we are of the opinion that any organization devoted exclusively to dance and bridge what business is dead. It may be feverishly active about the things that are of no value, but this activity is but a symptom of decay. Such an organization may talk of its influence, which, however, is not visible to the outsider. Its members may, even by some strange mental process, deceive themselves into believing that they are adding to the common good, and incidentally give vent to big words that mean nothing. In our opinion every organization should have in view some definite object, whether it be temperance, social work, safeguarding the boys, looking after the schools—anything that means work and thought. This may entail self-sacrifice, but if we wish to impress ourselves upon the community we must be prepared to pay the price. If we are to have organizations that can justify their existence we must have results. If we desire to be taken seriously we must prove that our ambition is not limited by the dance and card table. To dawdle along in a commonplace fashion, busying ourselves with non-sense things, wasting time on nothings, saying foolish words that betray the poverty of our minds—all this means defeat. We may not think so, but they who can see know that we have passed from life into the region of shadows inhabited by ghosts who are braggarts and idlers.

WORDS OF WARNING

In "Idea of a University," Cardinal Newman has some suggestive words that can be read with profit by the educator who foists all kinds of "ologies" upon the Public school pupil. We refer to these programmes of subjects that embrace anything from hygiene to psychology, and that must be driven into the heads of the boy and girl. "I will tell you," he says, "what has been the practical error of the last twenty years: not to load the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. All things are now to be learned at once—not first one thing then another, not one well but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil, without grounding, without advance, without finishing."

WHY EUROPEAN RULERS WILL AVOID ROME

REFUSE TO SANCTION FETES THAT ARE MEANT TO CELEBRATE THE TRIUMPH OF THE ENEMIES OF RELIGION

From the pen of the great English journalist, the late Mr. Webb, we have the following interesting extract from his glowing tribute to the splendid "Tribute of the Irish People," as O'Connell was termed by a gifted speaker of his own race and creed.

"Broadly considered, the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell has never been equaled in the modern times. Do you think I am partial? I will quote John Randolph, of Roanoke, the Virginia slaveholder, who, when asked by a friend as to his opinion of O'Connell, said: 'He is a man as much as he is a man; he is himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed: "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day. And I think he is right. I remember the eloquence of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Chateau. I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron log of Calhoun, and the mighty tongue beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. But I think all of them together never surpassed and not one of them ever equaled O'Connell."

"Webster could awe a Senate, Everett could charm a college and Choate could lead a mob; but O'Connell's language was the language of the masses, a whole man, Carlyle said. Eretest and Webster in one. Before the courts, logic; at the bar of the Senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform, grace, wit and pathos; before the masses, a whole man. Carlyle said: 'There is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speech.' Daniel O'Connell was listened to because all England and all Ireland knew that he was a man behind the speech. One who could not be neither bought nor bribed nor cheated. He held the masses free but willing subjects in his hand."

"To show you that he never took a leaf from our American gospel of conquering by force, I will quote the speech of silence on one truth, fancying so to help another; that he never sacrificed any race to save even Ireland. Let me compare him with Kossuth, whose only purpose was to break up the empire and his patriotism. When Kossuth was in Faneuil Hall he exclaimed: 'Here is a flag without a stain, a nation without a crime.' We abolitionists appealed to him: 'O eloquent man, the Magyar would praise a man who would not pulse beat for four millions of Negroes bending under a yoke ten times heavier than that of Hungary?' He answered: 'I would fight anybody, I would break chains, but I would not let O'Connell never said anything like that."

"When I was in Naples I asked Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Tory: 'Is Germany a man as ever breathed,' said he, and then he told me this story: 'When, in 1830, O'Connell entered Parliament, the anti-slavery cause was so weak that it had only Lushington and myself to speak for it. A large number of members, whom we called the West India interest, the slave party, went to him, saying: "O'Connell, at last you are in the house with one helper. If you will support me and my colleagues with Buxton and Brougham, here are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish question. If you work with these abolitionists, count us always against you.' It was a terrible temptation. How many a so-called statesman would have yielded! O'Connell said: "Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees, but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if to save Ireland, even Ireland, I forget the Negro one single hour!" From that day,' said Buxton, 'Lushington and I never went into the lobby that O'Connell did not follow us.'"

"As an orator nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. He had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all. I remember Russell Lowell telling us that Mr. Webster came home from Washington at the time the Whig party thought of dissolution, and went down to Faneuil Hall to protest. Drawing himself to his loftiest proportions, his brow clothed with princely and Princess to Rome during the month of April—a decision which is accepted with very few by the Italian and German press, which proclaimed that nothing but the presence of the Kaiser himself in Rome would meet the exigencies of the situation. They are not very complimentary to the Prince who will one day be Emperor of Germany, but it is easy to understand their bitterness. The sole source of their agitation was to force the Kaiser to do something which might be construed as a slight upon the Pope and

the Holy See, and they have failed ignominiously. Had they kept silence the absence of the German Emperor from the celebrations in Rome would have excited no more attention than that of the other sovereigns of Europe. Their misguided zeal has now made known to the world that the absence of William II. is due entirely to the Roman Question which they proclaim has ceased to exist."

O'CONNELL

One of the earliest distinctions conferred upon our late Most Reverend Archbishop was the public praise accorded to his boyish oratorical dexterity by the prince of orators, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator.

On St. Patrick's Day, forty years ago, a great American orator, Wendell Phillips, delivered a panegyric of the great Irishman, which we have translated from an interesting extract from this glowing tribute to the splendid "Tribute of the Irish People," as O'Connell was termed by a gifted speaker of his own race and creed.

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magnetism that melts all hearts into one. Then he had a voice that covered the gamut. I heard him once say: 'I send my voice across the Atlantic, carrying like the thunderstorm against the breezes, to tell the slaveholder in the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is near.' And you seemed to hear his voice come echoing back from the Rocky Mountains. There, with the slightest possible Irish tongue, he would tell a story at which all Exeter Hall shook with laughter, and the next moment, as he spoke with the tears in his voice, five thousand men wept. And all the while no effort. He seemed only breathing."

"As effortless as woodland nooks Send volutes up, and palm them blue;"

BIGOTRY OPPOSED TO GOOD CITIZENSHIP

While bigotry is dying in the United States, and in Canada too, it is "an unconsciously long time dying." Very tenacious of its life-breath is bigotry, and just at present reports from many parts of the country would seem to indicate that it has rallied a little, and is putting forth every effort to do as much harm as possible before it dies. Nevertheless it must not be supposed that all opposition to Catholic political activity is based on bigotry. Some Catholic politicians deserve to be opposed. They deserve to be repudiated not only by Protestants but by Catholics. They are unworthy of the Catholic name, and they bring shame upon their co-religionists by leaguing themselves with evil forces in politics. The trouble with bigotry, however, is that it sees no difference between the bad Catholic and the good one. It takes a man simply because he is a Catholic, without regard to anything else. When Protestant ministers use their pulpits for the purpose of condemning evil influences in American public life, they very rarely call attention to this anti-Catholic spirit that is working mischief in so many American communities; they never exhort the secret societies that, pretending to be guardians of American patriotism, all the minds of our members with poison against Catholics who aspire to office. Yet ministers of the Gospel, if they will interfere in politics, should consider this part of their duty—to rebuke the anti-Catholic suspicion toward Catholics manifested by members of their clubs and churches. If they did this, they would be serving the cause of good citizenship and American patriotism to much better purpose than their usual harangues by hysterical abuse of evils that will never be remedied until all citizens, regardless of religious divisions, are enlisted in a movement to reform them.—Sacred Heart Review.

BIGOTRY CONFRONTED

It is a strange phenomenon in the march of American civilization and enlightenment that the last place for the spectre of bigotry to dwell is among our neighbors in the South. There are corners down there yet in Kentucky and Georgia where the Pope is held as Antichrist, where a Catholic is regarded as a kind of interloper, civil life and the vilest slanders about priests and nuns are not only countenanced in the pulpit and press but tenderly nursed and spread in the homes. Witness for instance Tom Watson's Magazine and the vile stuff with which he regales monthly his constituents. Witness again the fact that the Hon. Ben Johnston of Kentucky had to withdraw recently as Democratic candidate for Governor of that State because of the feeling manifested against him as a Catholic. Bishop Ludden of Syracuse is right in his contention that the old leader of bigotry has not yet disappeared. Father Lucian Huntington, son of the Southern writer, the late Richard Malcolm Johnston, has addressed an appeal to Southern Protestants, which the International Catholic Truth Society has published in pamphlet form. After speaking of the bigotry in the South Father Johnston says:

"Now then, who is responsible? I lay the responsibility without hesitation upon your leaders, above all upon your protestant clergymen. Because you form the minds of your congregations. The subscribers and buyers of these outrageous magazines and books, the audiences at these deplorable lectures are the members of your own churches, your own flock, your own people. They and their money and their moral support keep such men as Tom Watson on his feet financially. Now, do you mean to tell me that you are not responsible for their depraved state of mind? You, who preach to them every Sunday, who minister the consolations of your faith to them at all times; you, their counselors and guides to righteousness do you mean to say that you, you, you are not responsible? I say you are responsible, and say it with sorrow, that well-meaning men can be either so blind or so narrow. At a word from you, such publications as Watson's Magazine, or the dirty romance of Maria Monk and Freese's "30 Years in Hell" would find no outlet of existence for lack of buyers. But your very silence lends approval. You do not condemn such fanatical and ditch-dwelling men, you must know your people are being inoculated with. If anything, you still further fan the flames of religious hate. Constantly from your pulpits come attacks upon Catholics who are somehow more responsible than those of Mr. Watson. I have heard in Baltimore, Protestant clergymen make just such insensate charges. I heard similar abuse poured out upon us day after day at the Methodist General Conference held in this city. The Baptist meeting of a more recent date evinced the same abusive spirit. But

never have I heard from the lips of our protestant clergymen of any denomination word of censure upon his people for such slanderous attacks. Never! I have no doubt that many of you are not in sympathy with such an intolerant spirit. But why then are you silent? Are you afraid? Are you incapable of guiding your flock? What is the reason for the sepulchral silence of the most cultivated among you, who preach broad-mindedness in general, but wink at anti-Catholic bigotry in particular? Where is your manhood, that you dare not range yourselves and your spiritual influence on the side of justice? Yes, you, you Protestant clergymen, are responsible, not Tom Watson, but you. You have it upon your conscience that in these latter days the people are permeated very widely and very deeply by this blind, unreasoning, stupid hatred of Catholicity which makes of them such a willing audience and subscriber to all the mountebanks and scurrilous fanatics who make their living by slandering their Catholic fellow-citizens. You are responsible because you do not educate, as you should educate, your people up to a higher standard of mental decency and honesty and manliness and love of fair fight. Mr. Watson may talk of Catholic assassins. Good God! I would rather see a man stab me than let a fly scratch my good name. And I know of no assassination in any time which can equal that persistent, ceaseless, undying, almost satanic hatred which seeks right here now in the States to kill Catholicity—not by fair fight; but by poison."

RELIGION DEFINED

THE PART IT PLAYS IN REGULATING MAN'S ACTIONS, CONTAINS SUMMARY TOTAL OF MAN'S DUTIES TO GOD

This is the burning question of the day and of all times. Other questions may absorb the attention of the people, but only for a short time—this all-important question will confront us where ever we turn. It is a question of prime importance to have a correct idea of what religion is. Worcester calls it an acknowledgment of our obligation to God as our Creator, with a feeling of reverence and love, and a corresponding duty of obedience to Him. Religion is a moral bond which unites us to God. If we regard it as a science, it teaches us what God is, what He has done for us; what we owe to a superior; it binds the conscience and leads to the office of religion is to teach us the truths we must believe, the laws we must observe and to furnish us with the means to keep the laws of God.

Religion contains the sum total of man's duties to God. It is a service, a state of submission, which Our Lord calls a yoke. It includes the essential idea of an obligation and of a responsibility to a superior; it binds the conscience and makes it accountable for its transgressions. Religion, as a virtue, shows itself in religious acts; we adore God and thereby acknowledge His as the Supreme Being to whom we owe allegiance; we thank Him for all His gifts to soul and body, for all we have and are; we beseech Him for His blessings and recognize Him as the source of every good and every blessing of our life. Religion must needs convict me of my sinfulness and inability to give full satisfaction. Confusion and humiliation fill my soul in the sight of the All Holy. An external manifestation of guilt and dependence by acts of sacrifice and expiation is the natural consequence.

Impress it firmly upon your mind that religion is a duty which you are bound to perform and which you cannot shrink from. You are dependent on the Creator; you are subject to His will. He places restrictions upon your personal liberty. Religion, His law, must regulate your whole moral being. All your thoughts, words and actions must be under the control of religion. Yes, for your very thoughts you are responsible to the all-seeing God. Where-soever shall look on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." (St. Matt. v. 28.)

Religion assigns me my place in God's universe and gives the key to my life. Without religion, my life would be but one long winter of desolation, with no star shining to cheer me on my journey, with no ray of sunlight to dispel the chilling gloom from my sinking heart. Through religion, life recovers a dignity, a value which surpasses the whole world. I stand between earth and heaven; I am a part of earth; my body is the ignoble, perishable part; I am a part of heaven, my immortal spirit, withdrawn in me, whose no letters can hinder from soaring upward to God, the Source of life and happiness. He has made me that I should be happy for time and eternity. The means to attain happiness is religion.—Bishop Stang.

Why do they Hate it?

Why do so many non-Catholics hate the Catholic Church? They do not know it, but they have an intense aversion for it. They do not hate it, so much as the evil that they imagine it is. They have been told that it is this and that, and they believe what has been said to them about it. And then they see it strong where their so-called Churches are weak—in resisting divorce, in insisting on public worship on Sunday, in fighting race prejudice, etc., etc., and they detest it for its power. It speaks as one having authority and millions on millions of people obey it. Its enemies fear it and oppose it because of its influence. But if they only knew it as it is—the very work of Christ—it would quickly flock to it and find themselves at home.—Catholic Columbian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Pope sent \$2,000 to the Apostolic Delegate at Manila for the relief of the sufferers by the recent eruption of the volcano at Taal.

The Negro Missions have been re-membered in the will of the late Mary Rhinelandt King, of New York, to the extent of \$10,000. Another bequest was one of \$5,000 to the Bishop of Oklahoma.

Mons. Giuseppe Aversa, Apostolic Delegate to Cuba, has been nominated by the Holy Father Apostolic Nuncio to Brazil in substitution for Mons. Bavona, recently promoted to the Nunciature of Vienna.

Rev. Alan McDonnell, S. J., one of the oldest members of the Jesuit order in this country, died at Woodstock College, near Baltimore, Md., recently. He was born in Prince Edward Island eighty-five years ago.

News has reached this country that the Rev. Fr. Quinn, well known throughout America for his heroic services during the cholera epidemic in Memphis, Tenn., has been called to his reward at Queenstown, Ireland.

In the Vatican Archives was found a Chinese letter on yellow silk, written in the Pontificate of Leo X. (1513-1521), proving that the then Empress of China and her children were converts and died Catholics. The letter is addressed by her to Leo X.

A cablegram received on Friday, March 17, from Bangalore, in the West Indies, contained the sad announcement of the death, in a private hospital there, of Right Rev. Mr. James F. Loughlin, D. D., rector of the Church of the Nativity, B. V. M., Philadelphia.

St. Charles College, one of the oldest Catholic institutions of learning in Maryland, situated five miles west of Elkton City, was destroyed by fire on the afternoon of March 16. Within two hours the entire building was wrecked, only portions of the heaviest walls remaining.

Two more Catholic missionaries have succumbed to the plague that is now sweeping northern China. Father Delella and Father Milledy, stationed at Manchuria, while working among the sufferers from the epidemic, were seized with the malady, and soon gave up their lives, martyrs to their charity and zeal for the salvation of souls.

The Cardinal presented their greetings to the Pope on March 18, in honor of St. Joseph's Day, which is the Pontiff's name day, his name before he became Pope being Giuseppe (Joseph) Sartori. Cardinal Primate made a special speech, to which the Pope replied briefly. Then he conversed amably with his visitors.

The Pope received in private on March 18, Guineo Benardo Reyes, a Mexican soldier, and discussed with him the situation in Mexico. His Holiness remarked to General Reyes that, although President Diaz was responsible for the separation of Church and State, the Vatican is well satisfied with the position of the Church in that country.

The following press dispatch, evidently inspired, comes from Rome under date of March 18: "It may be stated authoritatively that no pilgrimages, whether led by Catholics or not, will be received in audience by the Pope during the present year. No exceptions will be made." No Papal audiences have been granted to the members of any particular pilgrimage from the United States or elsewhere.

It is now nearly two years since the Rev. Father Montanar, a French priest, came from China on the invitation of Archbishop Farley to establish a mission for the Chinese of New York. Notwithstanding a woeful lack of funds, Father Montanar has achieved a degree of success in this new field, and the mission in Chinatown has become a large factor in the Christianization of the hundreds of pagan Celestials who inhabited that and other sections of the city.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools (Christian Brothers) have lately opened the following new communities: Yumbel, Columbia; Canquenes, Chili; Buenos Ayres, Argentina; Puum-Fench, Cochinchina; Micoaco and San Borja, Mexico. Three Christian Brothers have recently sailed for the Philippines, where a first house of the Order in the Islands is about to be opened.

The number of pupils attending the Christian Brothers' schools in Turkey is significant of the work being done in that country. The "Bulletin of Christian Schools" is authority for the statement that in 1910 the number of pupils attending the free schools of the Brothers in Turkey was 1,070. The highest attendance being at Constantinople and Smyrna. The number attending the High Schools and Colleges conducted by the Brothers amounts to 2,200.

One of the missionaries in the Belgian Congo pays the following tribute to the good work being done here by the recently established schools of the Christian Brothers. A former pupil of the Brothers' School, he says, having returned to his native village, began to instruct the natives of his own accord. In a short time he prepared three hundred pagans for baptism. When the catechisms were fully instructed the young men sent for a priest to baptize them. The missionary came and a thoroughly Christian village was established. This, the missionary says, is only one of many examples.

St. Benedict's Institute, the Christian Brothers' College at Colombo, Ceylon, which, last year, had an attendance of 1,300 pupils, was so successful in the recent examinations that the staff received special congratulations from the Government. Eight seniors and twenty-five Juniors successfully passed the Cambridge General Examinations and of these, eight obtained honors and thirteen others distinctions.

LISHEN

By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. Author of "My New Canadian's Deluge," "Lishen," "Gleanings," etc.

CHAPTER IX CALLED BACK

When Bob Maxwell emerged from the cabin in the valley the darkness had fallen, and the heavy, drizzling rain preluded a wet night. He had some difficulty in making his way to the main road, for the rough passage seemed to branch out a hundred ways that might have led him hopelessly astray. But at last he knew by the unevenness of the surface and the absence of rough boulders that he was once more on the County Road, and he pushed briskly forward towards home. But his heart was heavy, and the weight of an unaccounted fear pressed down upon his spirits. Once or twice he was about to return, and give back the book, "For what use can it be now," he thought, "when I am leaving this uncanny place forever?" But the trouble of returning along the rock-strewn mountain path, and the aversion he felt towards renewing such an inauspicious acquaintance, determined him otherwise; and he moved down the mountain road, heedless of the fine, thin rain that was now soaking through his garments. It was late when he lifted the latch and pushed in the half-door in Owen McAuliffe's cottage. The family were seated moodily around the fire. The shadow of a great trial was over them, and kept them silent. As Maxwell entered they looked inquiringly towards him, perceiving that it was no stranger they turned their sad faces again to the fire. He went over and sat silent on the settle. After a while the old man said: "Come over and set near the fire. Were the hifers all right?" "They were all right," said Maxwell, coming over and taking a chair. "Two men accented me as I went up the hill; but I paid them no heed, and so they got no hard' on me," said the old man waving his pipe. "They're gettin' ready for the mornin'."

"I took them safely up to Ahern's, and left them there," continued Maxwell. "They kept you too long up there, and you caught the rain," said Mrs. McAuliffe, feelingly, as she saw the steam rising from Maxwell's clothes under the heat of the fire, and to the police, marked him off as one of a superior class, and yet left them as puzzled about his character or antecedents as before.

"Begur, he's no dearter," said Piery, who was a little ashamed of his drunken bout the evening before, and was anxious to make reparation for his rudeness, "or else he'd never have faced the peelers as he did. He's not in the Hue and Cry, that's sartin'!"

"I wish we had more like him in the country," said another admirer. "The peelers and the balliffs would meet their match. See now, how they shivered before him. Begobs, they'd have shivered like the hairpins on us before we could say three times after the mornin'."

"That's three for you, begor," said another. "You'd be on the side car now, an' in Thralee goal to-night, if you hadn't kep' your distance."

But he got up and seemed to sink in stupid unconsciousness. When the tea, however, was placed on the table for Maxwell, Piery seemed to notice it; and stumbling across the kitchen, he placed himself opposite Maxwell and demanded tea also. They gave it to him, and the strong stimulant seemed to arouse him from his stupid torpor without restoring self-consciousness, for Piery became facetious. With that maudlin, stupid gleam that makes a drunken man so absurd and ridiculous, he looked towards Maxwell with swimming eyes, and shouted like an officer on parade: "Shout! shout!"

Maxwell saw at once the insinuation, but he said nothing. The others were quick enough to observe the same, but they were afraid to provoke the drunken fellow into anger.

"Shout! shout!" I say, shouted Piery again. "Shout! shout!"

Maxwell, though utterly angry and disgusted, continued the meal in silence.

"H! about face! March!" shouted Piery. And then, as Maxwell took a head, Piery gave the final sentence: "Shells! Black ho, fortin'!"

"When, however, after a little while, his heavy senses began to lighten a little, he stooped over and said confidentially to Maxwell: "You're the boy we wor lookin' fer. Mike Ahern's plantation! Prepare to receive cavalry! Thigun-thu!"

And after sundry winks and nods and gestures, indicative of the use of arms, Piery sank into unconsciousness again. They opened the settle bed and tumbled him into it, the old mortar meaning!

"Dheelin'! dheelin'! an' of all nights of the year, when we don't know but we'll be thrup on the road to-morrow!"

in the yard. The balliffs, escorted by a constabulary, armed to the teeth, had come and had been baffled. Not a beast was on the premises except the huge collie who snarled defiance at them. High words were being exchanged when Maxwell appeared. There was a group of young men in the yard who were jeering at the balliffs and taunting them with their ill success by every manner of word and gesture. The balliffs, on the part, were doing all in their power to provoke an assault, well knowing that it meant instant arrest and imprisonment. When they saw Maxwell their fury increased, and they pointed out to the constables.

"There's a fellow who absconded the cat to last night. Take a look at the fellow, sergeant! Believe me, he has a bad record!"

Dispirited as Maxwell was, he stroiled over to the balliffs, his hands stuck deep in his pockets, and with that calm air of independence, so utterly different from the abjection or alternating fury of the peasantry, he said:

"You have been guilty of a double standard, for which I intend, at some future date, to take full and adequate satisfaction. You will please give me your name and address; also the name and address of your employer."

The fellow, taken aback, said something insolent; but Maxwell strode over to the car where the constabulary sat, and addressing the sergeant, said:

"You're here in the name of the law; and it is your business to see that the law is not violated. This fellow, as you have heard, has publicly slandered me. I intend to take proceedings against him. You will please give me his name and address, for I shall have to call you as a witness."

The sergeant gave both reluctantly. He could not quite reconcile the bearing and accent of Maxwell with his faded clothes, rough boots, and unkempt appearance.

"Very well," he said. "And now, as you are also charged, you will give me your name and address and occupation."

"Certainly," said Maxwell. "My name is Robert Maxwell; my address is Lisheen, care of Owen McAuliffe, farmer, my occupation is farm labourer. Anything else?"

"No," said the sergeant, dubiously; and immediately balliffs and police left the yard, the derisive and triumphant shouts of the men echoing in their ears.

Instantly Maxwell became their hero. His evasion of the balliffs or the spies the evening before; his cool, independent manner both to these dread myrmidons of the law, and to the police, marked him off as one of a superior class, and yet left them as puzzled about his character or antecedents as before.

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Maxwell saw that it was useless to make further explanations. He took down his old valise that had lain these weeks on the top of the dresser, and began to pack in the few, very few things he possessed.

The old woman went about in sorrowful silence; the old man had sat slumped on the sughan chair, his head bent low between his knees. Debbie, as usual, was tidying around the kitchen, silent, too, but her face was white, and her hands trembled.

When Maxwell had finished packing, he came forward to say his farewells.

"I have to go," he said to the old woman, for she alone seemed to listen, "but I assure you I shall never forget the kindness received in this household. And perhaps some day it may be in my power to repay it."

Then for the first time the old woman saw that he was ill; for his face was a bluish purple and his teeth were chattering.

"For God's sake," she said, "if you don't want to be found dead on the road, sit up your nonsense, and set down."

But Maxwell, who was secretly touched by her rough palm, Owen McAuliffe, without looking up, grasped his hand, and said nothing. Maxwell, with a heavy heart, walked out through the yard. He had passed the rough straw carpeting and was emerging into the field, where Piery was awaiting him when he heard a footstep behind him. Turning around, he saw Debbie.

"I quite forgot," he said, stretching out his hand to say goodbye. "I was thinking of so many things!"

The girl did not take the proffered hand, and she stared at her in surprise. There was absolutely nothing in her appearance to attract the fancy for a moment. She had only the beauty of perfect health, and the glamour of perfect innocence about her. There were no tears in her eyes, for, alas! with these tollers of the earth, every emotion is frozen at the moment; but her lower lip trembled as she said, in a low tone:

"You had no right ever to come here!"

Startled by this sudden challenge, Maxwell did not know what to reply. Did this girl divine his secret through her womanly instincts? Did she suspect some love affair, or disappointment? Or did she know, at least, that he was far removed from the class to which he had stooped in his desire to elevate them? He could not conjecture; but he said candidly:

"You are quite right. I should not have come here. But I hope that you will have done no harm, except to yourself."

She kept her eyes fixed steadily upon his, and she replied:

"But, having come among us, you have no right now to leave us!"

The words touched him. They appealed to his honour, and to his conscience. It was the higher call, which he had been on the point of refusing.

The girl placed her hand on his sleeve, and said:

"And he followed her, like one who had no other will, or option. Piery's apology remained unspoken."

CHAPTER X IN THE DEPTHS It was well for Maxwell himself that he obeyed that call. Somewhat ashamed, and a little nervous, he went to Owen McAuliffe, with an inquiring, pleading expression on his face. She did not turn on her wet coat, but the agony in his shoulder. The lamp had flickered out; but in the gray dusk he could discern the form of the old woman moving around the wretched room. He coughed to attract her attention; and she came over.

"How are you, aggrah," she said, "after the night? Sure, we wor troubled about you. Will you have a drink? Or will you have a cup of tea? Or will you have a bit of bread?"

"I'll take it now, if you please," said Maxwell. "I've preserved freely during the night."

"Wish, thin, sure they say that it's best that you should have a drink of a fever. Whatever is had inside come out in the sweat," said the old woman, consolingly. "Wait, now, and Debbie won't be a minut' till the kettle; and I will get you a good strong cup of tea with some nourishment in it."

Maxwell lay still, comfortable but dreading the slightest movement; and in a few minutes Debbie brought in the equal, gentle and tender strength with which these poor women raised the pillows beneath the sufferer, when they discovered that the least shock or vibration would be fatal.

After some time Maxwell ventured to ask:

"Is there a physician—a doctor—near?"

ordered to bed; and all that rough but generous heart could do was done for him.

That night, perhaps, witnessed the climax of his sufferings and his despondency. He insisted on his retiring; but he asked that a candle, or perhaps a lamp, should be left lighted by his side. He knew there was no sleep for him. The terrible dry heat was stifling him. The wretched agonizing pains were creeping down into the ends of his hands and feet; his heart was beating wildly; he tossed restlessly from side to side beneath the heavy bedclothes. As the night wore on, he became worse. The burning heat became intolerable. The canopy of wood that hung down low over the bed seemed to be crushing him beneath it. Great shadows flickered on the whitewashed wall, and stretched up towards the naked rafters. Drip, drip, came the rattle outside, as it fell from the rotting thatch into the open channels. Restless, fevered, tormented, somewhat excited by the spirits he had drunk, he began to mutter, and to murmur things—that he had been deceived, betrayed, and left to die in such awful surroundings. He recalled his ill-lit illness. It was painful and agonizing, but he remembered with a pang all the delicate attentions he had received; the comfortable, warm, luxurious bedroom; the dainties on the table near the bedside; the scrupulous attention of the doctor; the cool, hand-washed, and polished, and the numerous visits; the card-table well filled; the presents of fruit; the sweetened drinks; the attentive nursing; the looks around him. The blessed and smoking lamp could hardly be said to have lighted the dark apartment, but it threw light enough to reveal its misery. He watched the fire crackle on the grate, and the muffled floor, rough and uneven and pitted; the tawdry and somewhat hideous engravings on the walls—all made a picture of desolation so true and so horrible that he felt his breath condition. It threw him into a kind of delirium, during which he afterwards suspected he had said many wild, incoherent things. He remembered but one, and it was not a pleasant one: "I was in this kind of blank, when I saw the Virgin and Child that was planned on the orotone at the foot of the bed. Somehow, in his great agony and desolation, he found a comfort here, but a vast hope and relief around him, and came face to face with the Man of Sorrows, hanging on the gibbet of Calvary, and looking the embodiment of all human suffering, which there had culminated in this concentrated agonizing death. Old words, old thoughts, heard long ago in infancy, came back to him; and the feeble murmur rose to his lips: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

As these good people are kind enough to keep me, I'll remain with them. The matter is in higher hands."

"A right," said the doctor, going on. "As the way things are going on, you'll get that medicine and liniment and medicated cotton at the dispensary," he said to Piery. And going out the door, he turned back suddenly, and said in an undertone:

"Here's no poor boy or tramp! Take my word for it!"

So Robert Maxwell was now, for life or death, in the hands of these unskilled and ignorant peasant-nurses. He thoroughly understood his risks; but he was content.

In the afternoon he dropped into a deep slumber, broken by some fitful dreams. When he awoke, the old man said this time was his nurse. He noticed some change, he thought about the bed; and, after a good deal of musing, he discovered that the sacred pictures, which he had watched so long, were now gone from the old man.

"Wish, thin, sure they say that it's best that you should have a drink of a fever. Whatever is had inside come out in the sweat," said the old woman, consolingly. "Wait, now, and Debbie won't be a minut' till the kettle; and I will get you a good strong cup of tea with some nourishment in it."

Maxwell lay still, comfortable but dreading the slightest movement; and in a few minutes Debbie brought in the equal, gentle and tender strength with which these poor women raised the pillows beneath the sufferer, when they discovered that the least shock or vibration would be fatal.

After some time Maxwell ventured to ask:

"Is there a physician—a doctor—near?"

"Begur there is," answered the old woman, and she returned to her place as from here to London. They say the head doctors in Dublin are nothin' to him; and he's the deuce an' all at the favers!"

"I think it would be well if I could see him," said Maxwell.

"We wor thinkin' of that same ourselves," said the old woman. "Sure he can't do you any harm, if he don't do you much good. We'll send Piery by by for the red ticket; and he'll be here before night."

"The red ticket? What is the red ticket?" said Maxwell.

"The piece of paper the doctor must get before he'll go to poor people," answered his nurse.

"Oh!" said her patient. "And must ye always get that?"

"Oh! faith, no," said the old woman. "We're rich, if ye please, because we have a couple of acres of mountain and bog. He wouldn't come to wan of us under a pound!"

Another revelation that set Maxwell thinking again.

"I think the doctor came; and at once pronounced the malady—contaminated fever. After feeling him all over, and examining his heart carefully, the doctor said:

"You had this before?"

"Yes, twice," said Maxwell.

A remark which made the doctor draw back, and stroke his chin thoughtfully, and look dubiously at his patient.

"Is there any heart-lesion as yet?"

"Any lesion of the heart—any dangerous murmurs?" said Maxwell.

"No," said the doctor, completely puzzled. "Look here, young man," he said, after a pause, "you know too much. What the devil do you know about lesions and murmurs?"

"Not much!" said Maxwell, wearily. "But you cannot help hearing of those things from doctors and nurses!"

"When he went into the kitchen, Maxwell heard the doctor say aloud:

"Whom have ye got here?"

"Wish, a poor boy, doctor, that came around on tramp here a couple of months ago!"

"What's his name?"

"We never sed him; but we hard him sed 'twas Robert Maxwell."

"I sed the doctor, writing his prescription at the kitchen table, 'I see, I'm ordering him into the Workhouse Hospital.'"

"Tain the faver is ketchin'?" said the old woman.

"'Tis nothin' of the kind," said the doctor. "No more than a cough or a cold. But he can't have proper attendance here."

"Begur, thin," said the old woman, bridling up, "as all we hear is thine, the devil much of an attendance he'll have there aither."

"That's all nonsense, my good woman," said the doctor. "Old women's talk and gossip! I assure ye sick myself, I'd go into the hospital!"

"Begur, thin, you may," said the old woman. "But unless the poor boy likes it himself, he'll stop where he is!"

The doctor did not reply; but went into the room again. As he was the nature of his malady," he said to Maxwell. "You went through it before. I want to send you into hospital where you'll have proper care and attention. These good people have old-fashioned prejudices against it, and they want to keep you here. As your malady is not contagious, I cannot insist. Please yourself."

"That hospital do you speak of?" said Maxwell, again deeply touched by the affectionate interest of these poor people.

"There's only one—the Workhouse Hospital," replied the doctor. "But it is well managed, and ye'll have every care."

"Yes, an' if he die, he'll be lef' dead without priest or minister, and be buried in the bun-field," said the old woman, coming in.

"Here, I wash my hands out of the matter," said the doctor. "Of course I'll come to see you; but in your case, nursing is everything."

Maxwell remained silent for a long time. Then, suddenly starting up, he said:

"kase I say it, there never was a better, nor a thrifter father of his flock than you, me poor Father Cosgrove. Well, was day, somethin' turne up between him and the bishop. What it was, we don't know. Some say one thing, some say another. Any way, the poor priest was silenced, and was sint away. 'Twas sad and sore day for the parish."

Thin, after a while, he was resthored; but he had to go as cojutor; an' he wint. But he had an old hanker' after the place an' the people; and he axed to be sint back to us as cojutor, where he was formerly parish priest. To the surprise of every wan, the bishop sent him back; an' here he is, an' the people would kiss the ground underneathe his feet."

"And the parish priest—is he old?"

"Ould? Yerra, no; he's young enough to be Father Michael's grandson. The boy would soon be alone."

"'I'll see that man," said Maxwell, after a pause. "Would he come?"

"You may be sure," said Owen McAuliffe, in a state of high delight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FINAL LAW

By M. A. Gannon

To the child it seemed as if he and his father had been tramping through woods, over fields, through small towns, for years and years. It was such a time when food was scarce, and even water became a treat. But for the most part the boy did not suffer. His father told him stories, they played games as they went along, and at night, whether they slept in a barn or under the stars, there was always the same time just before the sleep cloud came down, when the father told him of the great Power Who held the world and the destinies of men in the hollow of His hand. It was such a wonderful thing, such a beautiful thing to know—that everything one looked at had been planned and made only to lead one on to the great beyond where the great Power always lived. As he was called Father, too, the name meant to the child love, shelter, understanding and all the dearest things of life.

It was late in June when the wayfarer and his son arrived in Campden. A great fear had been growing in the man's heart that he would not be able to carry out his plan in regard to his son; for he was running a race with death. He had lost in life everything but a vast hope and relief around him, and came face to face with the Man of Sorrows, hanging on the gibbet of Calvary, and looking the embodiment of all human suffering, which there had culminated in this concentrated agonizing death. Old words, old thoughts, heard long ago in infancy, came back to him; and the feeble murmur rose to his lips: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

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seem pleasant or comfortable, he had a sturdy spirit of cheerful patience which met those things bravely, and waited for a happier time.

Father Medhurst came, calling the boy and Mrs. Brent put him down hurriedly. Joe took the priest's hand and trotted along without a word. The small fingers clasped in the priest's mind memories of his own former childhood; and breaking through restraints and barriers the years had woven round him, he, too, like Mrs. Brent, yielded to impulse, and lifted the child in his arms. They were just outside the room where Joe's father was dying. Father Medhurst held the boy closely, meeting the grave questioning eyes beneath his own.

A strange thought had come to him. Why not keep this child? He was alone. The boy would soon be alone.

"Sunny," he said almost in a whisper, "would you like to stay with me and grow up here in this house?"

The child nodded, and tightening his clasped hands on the priest's neck, Father Medhurst set the little fellow down and they entered the room.

At sunset Joe's father had been set free from the world that had held him so long. He was so thankful for the great good that had come to his son, that his last moments were very happy. He was still firm, when all was over, the priest and the doctor looked into each other's eyes an instant, and Father Medhurst said in his deep voice: "What a sublime faith! What a life—so simply and hidden sanctity—this man was! I thank God that mine is the privilege to do what remains to be done for him, and his son."

The doctor nodded, and walked hastily to the window.

In that day that followed Father Medhurst gained new experience that had in former years prepared him for. Many were the matrons who came to advise him concerning his boy—many offers also to take the child into homes where there were other children, and good priest listened patiently, and in all who came, but he remained firmly fixed in his resolve to bring the boy up himself and according to his own system.

"I have been a boy myself," he would say, and while it was true, it was true, I remember it, and Joe shall have the benefit of all the years he has taught me."

Often, after a hard day of varied duties, the priest would find refreshment of spirit in the respect of his child in the companionship of all his subjects, and he talked together on all subjects with ease and confidence that was mutually delightful. As time went on, Father Medhurst's life grew a little more like that of the world. Even acquaintances heard a glowing ambition sprang up in his heart for his soul of promise.

"Listen to this, Joe," he would say, interrupting his office to translate some interesting bit of the child's benefit, as they sat together. So Joe became familiar with the brevity lives of many of the saints, and where other children learned nursery rhymes he learned beautiful sentences of invocations, hymns, antiphons and responses. It was not that the child was able to understand all that the priest told him; the inequality between childhood and age, between experience and knowledge, was bridged by the love of the one who loved and held by the love of the one who was loved, each in his own way aiding the other; so that by degrees there grew to be a wonderful comradeship between them, an constant, delightful interchange of thought.

Joe was a very human little fellow, and there were boyish scrapes and troubles in plenty when he began to go to school. His delicate appearance, together with a few of the quiet manner, conveyed to his school companions a look of determination and high spirit never seen in the ordinary tramp.

The boy obeyed, and the priest rubbed the child's hands of his guest in his own warm hands. The housekeeper, however, herself, bringing bottle and glass unobtrusively, for the unusual request from the queer little boy had startled her.

It was always a strange day for Joe as he looked upon the warm, rose-scented air, the deep voice of the big priest, his father's white face and unaccustomed inaction, were all blended together in a misty way like a dream memory. The housekeeper, however, was never a dream person. No passing of the years, no glamour of lost days could throw about Mrs. Brent any veil of fancy. She was practical, hard, energetic at all times, even when in the midst of tragic, the unusual, the incomprehensible. This last phase of life, it is due to say, she never conceded. She had a most convenient code (for herself) of never admitting for an instant that such a thing could be. Everything beyond her ken was disposed of as "sheer nonsense."

Joe's father revived and was taken into the priest's study, a room convenient only near the entrance. He had told his short story and his plans for his son before Dr. Burke arrived. Father Medhurst had summoned the doctor immediately and had only allowed the man to talk when he saw it would distress him not to explain—knowing, too, that time for explanation was short.

"When the time came for his father to make his confession, Joe was carried off by Mrs. Brent to be 'freshened up.' She did the work so thoroughly that the little fellow wondered if there would be any skin on him when she should have finished. His submissiveness and the beauty of the little face looking up at her so steadily, as he completed the task, won her heart, and in an impulse of affection, most unusual with her, she clasped him in her arms. The truth was that Joe was unlike most children. His short life had known only love, and no harsh word or impatient rebuke. He had repelled him. The consequence was that he himself knew no impulse of rebellion against authority. He expected only good. If, at times, things did not

listened as a

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An article discussing the formation and goals of a Catholic International Union, emphasizing the need for global cooperation among Catholics.

CLUB, SCHOOL AND NOVEL

A commentary on the influence of clubs, schools, and novels on society, particularly in the context of youth and education.

Continuation of the article 'CLUB, SCHOOL AND NOVEL', discussing the role of these institutions in shaping public opinion and culture.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A collection of short articles and comments on current events, church news, and social issues.

THE ANTI-IRISH AGITATION

An article discussing the anti-Irish agitation and its impact on the Catholic community, particularly in the context of immigration and social tensions.

THE ANTI-IRISH AGITATION (Continued)

Continuation of the article 'THE ANTI-IRISH AGITATION', discussing the broader social and political context of the issue.

THE ANTI-IRISH AGITATION (Continued)

Continuation of the article 'THE ANTI-IRISH AGITATION', concluding the discussion on the topic.

Continuation of the article 'THE ANTI-IRISH AGITATION' from the previous page, discussing the impact of the agitation on the Catholic community.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

PALM SUNDAY

THE LESSONS OF PALM SUNDAY

Today's gospel contains many noteworthy points, from which I will select two for this morning's contemplation. The first of these is that Christ, shortly before He was crucified, rode through the city of Jerusalem in a grand and friendly way mingling with the people, even though He knew that the homage and honor given Him that day would presently change into ridicule and hatred, and that though that day He was regarded as the Son of David, He would in a few days be cast out of the city as a great criminal. The second point is the modesty of Christ in choosing not stately horses, but an humble ass on which to ride through Jerusalem.

Wash Those Pimples Off

Use D. D. D., that mild, soothing wash, that recognized remedy for Eczema and all skin troubles. First, drop a few drops of that awful burning, itching, cleansing skin-wash away every pimple—every impurity. Nothing like D. D. D. for the complexion.

After Cardinal Gibbons comes Archbishop Ireland. He is the Paul of our day. He is the tribune of our people. Paul was a man to go out and meet the enemy in his stronghold. Paul was considerable of a politician. Paul was the Roman citizen, as John Ireland is the typical American citizen. Our new Paul always carried the sword and always welcomed a fight.

MEANING OF LENT

INTERVIEW WITH FATHER VAUGHAN—MORE FUEL OF PRAYER

A representative of the Pall Mall Gazette has interviewed Father Bernard Vaughan with regard to the observance of Lent. "You tell me," said Father Vaughan to the interviewer, "that even to-day the smarter society festivities are held over till after Lent. No doubt they are—but not because their hearts are so warm in sympathy with Christ, but because the weather is too cold for their chifon and lace. Besides, it is not easy to break away altogether from a long-standing tradition. We are still living in the afterglow of the glory of Christianity."

"They will tell you that the wear and tear of life is undermining their constitution, that instead of fasting, they must be feasting; that instead of self-denial they have been prescribed indulgence; that instead of staying at home and following sermons in the church they must go abroad and worship the sun on the seashore. I may say to these would-be Christians who have not a tear or a sigh for Christ in His passion, 'If you will not weep for Him, weep for yourselves and for your children—if you have any.'"

PETER, PAUL AND JOHN

Father Phelan gives a pen picture of three great churchmen in the United States. His description, by comparison with early apostles, is forcible and proves that the reputation of the editor of the Watchman of ability, learning and criticism is well deserved.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional and personal integrity permitted by Sir G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario. Sir G. W. Ross, D. D., President Victoria College, Toronto. Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record, London.

almas what one might legitimately at other times spend upon amusement and fun. During Lent the one scene before the mind's eye was Calvary, and the one great devotion among children, as well as grown-ups, was that of the five Sacred Wounds, which thrilled one's heart through and through.

"Of course it is not. The love fire, instead of being ablaze, seem to be with difficulty kept in at all, and where the sacred Passion is not a tremendous reality Lent will fail to appeal with the force of old."

"What the more, of prayer upon the hearth fires, and perhaps a yet stronger draught from the bellows of tribulation to make those fires blaze into flames such as were seen in the penal days of old."—Catholic Union and Times.

THE NEVER-CEASING SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

Do Catholics ever think that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in some part of the world every hour of their lives? When it is midnight in New York, Masses are beginning in the churches of Italy. There ancient altars, at which saints have knelt, are lit up with tapers, and the Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting holy hands up to heaven. A little later and the bells of a thousand towers of France begin to sprinkle the air with holy sounds; and in every city, town and hamlet, kneeling crowds adore the chaste and holy God, and pray for sinners who despise His ordinances.

Chivalric and religious Spain catches the echoes, and when it is one o'clock in New York, offers the great sacrifice in countless splendid churches. And then Catholic Ireland, the "Island of Saints," which has during many centuries suffered for the faith, rallies anew around the altars it would never forsake. At two o'clock and after, the priests of the Cape Verde—white robes and stoled and wearing the great cross on their shoulders—stand before the tabernacle. An hour later a courageous missionary lifts up the Chalice of Salvation on the ice-bound coast of Greenland.

At half past four, the sacred lamps begin to sparkle the light of faith, making glad all the eyes of the sea. At two the zealous missionaries of Australia are murmuring with haste, eager for the coming of our Lord, *Introibo ad altare*. And all the spiny islands of the East catch the sweet sounds one after another, till at four in the afternoon China proves there are many souls who are worthy of the name of celestial by their rapt devotion at the early rite. Then in Tibet there is many a modest chapel where the missionary distributes the Bread of Life to a crowd of hungry souls.

At six the altars of Hindostan, where St. Francis ministered, are arrayed with their flowers and lamps, and the sacred vessels, and unwearied priests are hastening to fortify their souls before Him Who is their life and their strength. At nine in Siberia, many a poor Catholic exile from Poland seeks a solace from his woes at the foot of the altar and in the Bread of Heaven. During the hour when New York is gay with parties and balls and theatrical amusements, the holiest of rites is going on in the Indian Ocean and among the sable tribes of Africa, whose souls are so dear to the Saviour Who once died for all. At eleven in Jerusalem, the Holy City over which Jesus wept, where He suffered and offered Himself a sacrifice for the whole world, beholds the unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass.

When Midnight sounds again in New York, the silver bells are tinkling again in every church. And as the sun goes on in the Indian Ocean and among the rising like the sun in its course around the earth. Thus are fulfilled the words of the prophet Malachi: "From the rising of the sun until the going down thereof, My name is great among the nations, WITHOUT COST."

RHEUMATISM

I want every sufferer to try my Drafts, which are curing thousands, WITHOUT COST

ALL I ask is your address

I want to send everyone who has Rheumatism a regular \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan remedy for Rheumatism of every kind, chronic or acute, muscular, sciatic, lumbago, gout, etc., no matter where located or how severe, on FREE TRIAL.

HEAVY DRINKER CURED

Samarra Cured Him and He Helps Others

A man who has been released from the awful cravings of drink, and whose first thought is to help others, shows the spirit of true brotherhood and philanthropy. Read his letter:

"The Samarra Remedy Co., Toronto, Ont. 'Will you please send me book on drink also circulars relating to your valued remedy for the drink habit. I wish to send these to a friend who is going to run through drink. You will remember that 7 years ago I was completely cured. I never think of taking it unless I am in a very bad way, as all done for it has left me. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful remedy. You may use my name in any way you wish in print.' H. Lybwhite, Bridgen, Ontario."

Samarra Prescription is tasteless and odorless, and dissolves instantly in tea or coffee, or can be mixed with food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge. It removes the craving for drink, builds up the system and restores the nerves. Drink being causes distasteful and even nauseous. Drink is a disease, not a crime. One drink of whiskey always invites another. The inflamed nerves and stomach create a craving that must either be satisfied by more whiskey or removed by scientific treatment like Samarra Prescription. Samarra Prescription has been in regular and successful use by Physicians and Hospitals for over ten years.

If you know of any family needing Samarra Prescription, tell them about it. The benefit received, send us One Dollar. If that is drifting into drink, help him save himself. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samarra Prescription, with booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and post-paid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samarra Remedy Co., Dept. 11, 49 Colborne St., Toronto, Canada.

Stop, Madam! Do not throw out that old piece of furniture. It's marred and the worse of wear, true, but some of your fondest recollections are associated with it. "Lacqueret," the specially prepared Lacquer, will restore its original beauty, concealing the mars and blemishes of wear and tear and making it as good as new. The next best thing to a new suite for any room in the house is a coat of "Lacqueret"—the wonderful furniture renewer.

her glittering altars. At nine the devout tribes of Oregon follow their beloved black gowns to their gay chapels, and California awhile loosens its grasp on its god to think of the treasure that rust doth not corrupt.

And when the Angelus bell is ringing at noon in New York, the unbloody Sacrifice is being offered up in the islands of the Pacific, where there are generous souls laboring for our dear Lord. And so the bells are ringing on, over the waters, and one taper after another catches the light of faith, making glad all the eyes of the sea.

AN OLD LETTER

REVEALS FACT THAT CHINESE EMPRESS WAS A CATHOLIC

Students of the Vatican Archives were considerably astonished recently by the unusual presence in their midst of a mandarin, who it appears stands high in the Chinese diplomatic service.

He has come to consult various documents bearing on the history of his country, among the rest one of great importance which was brought to light recently by the investigations of Mar. Ugolini, Vice-Archivist of the Library. It is a letter written on yellow silk by no less a personage than a former Empress of China. In it she informs the then Pope, Innocence X., of her conversion, as well as that of her three children, and she asks his Holiness to send as many Jesuits as possible to evangelize her native country. She adds that in baptism she took the name of Helena and that her children took the names of Anna, Mary and Constantine. The letter, which bears the seal of the Celestial Empire, is in excellent state of preservation.

It Won't Rub Off. CHURCH'S COLD WATER ALABASTINE. Not the most costly, but the most stylish and beautiful of all wall decorations. Alabastine tints make a room glow with warmth and cheerfulness. With the 21 tints and white you can best produce those soft, velvety effects which are found in the most fashionable homes to-day. Anyone can apply Alabastine. Just mix it with cold water and brush it on the wall. No glue or paste required. While quite inexpensive, Alabastine is the most sanitary and durable wall coating known. Hardens with age. Will not rub off or fade.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. TOTAL ASSETS \$11,400,000. NET SURPLUS \$1,175,000. Home Office Toronto. The Financial Position of the Company is Unexcelled.

A touch of surprise is essential to perfect sweetness.—Henry Van Dyke. Loudness in speech, manner, or dress is a thing which a young girl cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which, if once lost, can never be found.

You Can Do the Weekly Washing in Six Minutes. O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT WITH IRON. BLOOD and BODY. W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, Canada.

Some Vital Points. Mutual Life of Canada. Careful in the Selection of Its Funds. Prudent in the Investment of Its Funds. Economical in Management. Liberal in its Policy, Terms and Conditions. Prompt in the Settlement of Its Claims. Just and Fair. Head Office—Waterloo, Ontario.

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CHATS WITH

How few men ever more than a newswriter. The less they know, they are, the stronger they are, the stronger they are to read a work of or any other book of further information.

To make the most of the time we possess, we must make the most of the time we possess. To make the most of the time we possess, we must make the most of the time we possess. To make the most of the time we possess, we must make the most of the time we possess.

For ordinary men of kind of knowledge, he may possess in the most easily acquired, imparting it to others, and so that who formed the habit of it, it is a side. An extensive library free access to the millions are required by those who wish to have something on paper on current topics, indeed, give leading articles; but their information supposes knowledge of the man in the street, that he must verify books if he wishes to establish a character for himself. Now, it is a waste of time to wish to use the recent works are not except the wealthier. Besides, there are ambition to shine in the literary open fields equally easy. No doubt their earnest natural bent of the them to select some of the best of themselves to that have mastered it. Biography, history, beautiful arts of architecture, books of discovery and invention, give an unlimited field of the mind.

POULTRY. ORPINGTONS. Golden Buffs--The Great Winter Layers. MENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, ONT. CHURCH'S COLD WATER ALABASTINE. BELL'S.

READY FOR MAKING. For making painting water, paint, distemper, etc. A clean, a clean, a clean. Soda, a hundred. Sold by E. W. Gill.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

How few men ever read anything more than a newspaper or a novel! The less they know, the more ignorant they are, the stronger is their inclination to read a work of science, a history, or any other book of merit.

The mind needs the food of thought, just as the body requires its daily bread. To make the most of ourselves, we must make the most of every faculty that we possess.

Some persons keep up a systematic course of study long after they have left school. Others give themselves a definite plan of reading and their conversation with the chief works of the best writers.

Many persons adopt the excellent practice of "reading up" any event of current interest, and learning all about the actors in it, the place where it occurred, the time of its occurrence, the causes that led to it, its effects or influence, etc., etc.

For ordinary men of the world, this kind of knowledge, with all its drawbacks, is the most useful as well as the most easily acquired.

An extensive library, however, and free access to the most recent publications are required by those who wish to have something new and interesting to say on current topics.

Biography, history, the story of the beautiful arts of painting, music, and architecture, books of science, travels, discoveries and inventions and poetry, give an unlimited field for the exercise of the mind.

The history of the Church is a most fascinating and most wonderful record of achievement. Every educated Catholic should read it, for it will fill him with confidence in God Who established the Church and preserved it for twenty centuries.

Biography, history, the story of the beautiful arts of painting, music, and architecture, books of science, travels, discoveries and inventions and poetry, give an unlimited field for the exercise of the mind.

Catholic young men should not waste all their earnings in gossip or card-playing, or other more or less useless diversions. They should give some time every day, even if only a quarter of an hour, to serious reading.

It has not been proved that tobacco causes any definite characteristic lesions of the nose, throat or ear. While it is possible that the excessive use of tobacco may by indirect action produce a toxic effect upon the olfactory and auditory nerves, with resulting impairment of the sense of smell or of hearing, there is not at the present time any definite laboratory proof for such an opinion.

It was an hour or two later when a gentleman, sitting on the seat behind, caught a glimpse of her profile and saw her lip quiver.

other causes is established and is the same as would be observed from any other form of irritation. This gastric and systemic nervous disturbance may arise from excessive use of tobacco in any of its forms.

Hearts and souls can be exiled from their place and kind as well as bodies, and all around us are lonely hearts shut out from the privileges and fellowship they crave by some act of banishment they have themselves pronounced.

It was only a little happening which he would naturally have been supposed to know, but no one had told him. They had dropped out of the way of telling him many things because his views were so unreasonable and his temper could never be trusted.

For ordinary men of the world, this kind of knowledge, with all its drawbacks, is the most useful as well as the most easily acquired.

There is no use, brother, Hilda will never make a success, said Mrs. Grey. It depends on what you call a success, Mr. Howard returned.

It is well you used the word "imagined," Mr. Howard said with a smile. Mr. Grey did not care for argument. Her brother was a professor, and though not altogether dominated by his opinions, she respected them and admired his Christian character.

Well, you see she has not had much chance, said the mother, compassionately. When my husband died, she was not old enough to be a help to me as her elder brother and sister were.

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Over 26,000 grocers in Canada are selling 'Salada' Tea. A one pound package makes 200 cups. SALADA TEA

"Excuse me," he said, leaning forward, "may I offer you a magazine?" She accepted it with naive frankness.

"We are coming to Pendleton," he ventured later, "and shall have a delay of fifteen minutes. The air is beautiful, and you may feel better for a turn on the platform."

She thought much of those words in the coming hours. Were there really people whose lives were "anointment poured forth," to whom it came as the breath of life to do small kindnesses and lighten the cares of others?

Of late years the growth of Rome furnishes a subject for comment. Vast districts outside the Aurelian walls have been built over, while beautiful gardens and shady lawns within the city walls have been dismantled and divided into building plots.

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NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS. relieve the worst headache in 20 minutes or less. Absolutely harmless. 25 wafers a box at all druggists. NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

Emmanuel's army in 1870, as you will become well aware of on certain occasions. However, the sheep are mixed with the goats, and Pius X. has to shepherd both alike.

"A special is being sent on," Dr. Denslow continued. "I will give you in charge to this lady—turning to a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman."

Thus God strives to draw men to Himself if they are separated from Him, or to hold them if already united to Him. If they are in sin He guides them and strives to quicken consciences; if they are walking in the paths of virtue He makes them taste more and more the delights of serving Him.

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Cowan's Maple Buds are different from and better than any other chocolate confection you ever tasted. Maple Buds are not made by any other company. Get the name and design fully patented. Look for the name on every Bud.

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ALL DRUGGISTS Try Crowding Anti-cough Tablets. They are made of purest ingredients and are guaranteed to give relief. Sold in bottles of 10 and 25. Price 10c and 25c. Vapo-Resolene Co., Montreal.

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GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE. READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY. For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. Sal Soda. Useful for five hundred purposes. Sold Everywhere. E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd. Toronto, Ont. (MADE IN CANADA)

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MISTAKES OF A MODERN MOSES

Among our friends we hold as very dear a surgeon who, were he as much a specialist in theology as he is in his own department of art and science, would be a compeer of St. Thomas. Unfortunately, however, he is one of a cult that, forgetful that truth is truth everywhere, believes that a thing can be true in science and false in faith and who smiles at the tenets of religion as trifles to catch the thoughtless, or at best, illogical conclusions from what ignorance once supposed facts, but which modern science has exploded as not even good jokes. Because of his great worth in medicine, he has an influence in religious affairs.

Strange that a man who is a master in his own specialty should be received as an authority in matters outside of his domain, and stranger still that the scholar himself who demands proofs in his own proper pursuit would be satisfied to condemn on hearsay or hurried examination principles that have stood against the assaults of time, and with which he is hardly on speaking terms. Our friend, however, has enough of sound logic and good common sense to pulverize at a short sitting the unorthodox and uncommensurate claims of Protestantism. In this he is like Ingersoll, the arrows of whose keen, incisive wit pierced the armor of the great Protestant apologist, Gladstone. We know that heresy, no matter what its claims may be, is only a premise for infidelity and that its fight therewith is merely a family quarrel, for a man who does not hear the Church, appointed by Divinity for divine work, has no sacrament for him, and will quickly lapse into the self-sufficiency of reason and reverence nothing. If the Church that has wrought wonders in the world is not worthy of reverential obedience, what is to be an intellectual infidel has no difficulty in undoing the claims and presumptions of the Protestant fraternity. Thus it happened with our friend who was invited to address a ministerial meeting. He was told, "You had nothing to say to our dissenting brethren had you not to complain of that score at the conclusion of the session. Look at the absolute waste your churches are! I wager that nine out of ten of your church members cannot pick out their own creed from a pile made of tenets of all the Protestant churches—the names being eliminated."

And yet we hear much prate about knowledge and its acquirement from men who have no principles to teach a people who are left dreaming and guessing about the awful certainties that reach for man's immortal destiny. The people hear, but sentiment that tickles fancy is all they glean. They read, and the ever-changed mind corrects to day the oppositions of yesterday, and so one year obliterates the thoughts of the other and leaves eternal purposes the hap-hazard subjects of a turn of mental dice. These gentlemen offend foolishly upbraid the Catholic for his "idolatry," and yet, could there be a more depraved form of idolatry than that which is the philosophy of Protestantism—the right of private judgment. When a man reads the scriptures to learn divine truth he reads what he thinks is there and sets up his own idea and adores it as his God. Is not this the idolatry of self—the ugliest, most repulsive and most heinous of all the idols in the world's pantheon? The Catholic reveres the scriptures but looks to his Church for his teaching thereof. The Catholic believes that the God of certainties cannot be worshipped with guesses; that the God of eternity is not adored with the fitting fads of human intellectuality, that the God of truth cannot be served with falsehood. And, yet, despite all the boasting of the world about freedom of thought, here are religious guides having no thoughts for themselves and no verities to impart to the sin-sick souls who vainly look to them as Cicerones in this puzzled and puzzling earth estranged from heaven. True, the Catholic believes in infallibility, but he knows in this his reason does not suffer violence, for he knows that the God who gave him reason and set its limit, teaches him in Christ's divine proxy, the Church. He knows that certainty is the purpose of all thinking and that infallibility furnishes him heavenly truth that his logic alone could not reach. In bowing his head to his Church, he is taking of his hat to his God. All this is reasonable, all this is right.

We intend to return to our friend's pronouncement again, as it is typical of a class, and as we can draw therefrom a moral.—Catholic Union and Times.

A SNOW WHITE CLOTHES LINE

Mrs. Bell was a charming little woman with a cheerful, fascinating smile. You felt the better for her happy presence, and she went about her household duties with a song on her lips and a glad smile in her eye.

Wash day made no difference to her cheerfulness. Her clothes line, strung with fleecy-white garments, fairly glistened and was the envy of her neighbors. One day her next door neighbor was so much taken with the dazzling white appearance of her linen that she asked her however she got them so white. "Look at mine; they are yellow in comparison with yours." "Why," answered Mrs. Bell, "Sunlight Soap does it. I never wash with anything else. I just soak the clothes in lukewarm water, soap them well over with Sunlight, roll them up and allow to stand for about half an hour. Then I rub lightly, rinse them in clean water and hang them up on the line. It's the purity of the soap that does the work. My washing is done by eleven o'clock. For next wash day you buy Sunlight, and I'll show you how."

And she did!

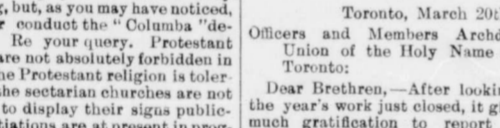
The woman who uses Sunlight Soap regularly to do her washing has the satisfaction of having her linens and other fabrics made snowy white with the greatest economy in work, time and money. She knows that the purity of Sunlight saves the life of the clothes and does not injure them in the least. Sunlight purifies and cleanses everything it touches.

Use Sunlight Soap This Way

If you follow directions, you do not need to boil your laundry when you use Sunlight Soap. Soak and soap the clothes well, roll them up tight and immerse them in lukewarm water for half an hour; then rinse in clear, fresh, tepid water. You do not need to do any back-breaking rubbing.

22

SUNLIGHT SOAP



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ABOUT ALBERTA

Dear Mr. Coffey,—Would you kindly allow me some space to give useful hints to those of your Catholic readers who contemplate coming to Alberta this spring. Our town of Red Deer is becoming fast an important railroad centre. Besides the Calgary-Edmonton branch, on which Red Deer is a divisional point, our town will be the terminal point of the C. P. R. Langdon Branch, one third of which road is now built. The C. N. R. road from Stewarttown to the Yellow-Head Pass, whose grading passes three miles from town, will combine with the C. N. R. line from Edmonton to Calgary, and is coming to Red Deer. The contract of the latter road has just been given.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY

Toronto, March 26th, 1911. Officers and Members Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society, Toronto.

Dear Brethren,—After looking over the year's work just closed, it gives me much gratification to report to our Union the progress we have made, and I take this occasion to thank the officers, and members throughout the city for their zeal and co-operation in the work of the Union has accomplished. We formed the Union with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, less than a year ago, and it is gratifying to report that there are now fourteen sections and seven junior branches now doing active work in the city.

During the year our Union took part in several demonstrations namely:—Eucharistic Congress, held in the city of Montreal, as the laying of the Corner Stone of St. Augustine's Seminary, and our annual demonstration on Holy Name Sunday, August 13th, 1910. I might here again call the attention of our members to the great showing that the Society attained at the World's Greatest Eucharistic Congress, held in Montreal, and it has been the opinion of the Montreal Press, since, that our demonstration was the best of the kind ever given in that city.

At our quarterly meeting, held on December 27th, 1910, it was unanimously resolved to petition the Provincial Government to bring in Legislation that would prevent children under sixteen years of age attending Moving Picture Shows and cheap theatres, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians, and it gives me much pleasure to report that our appeal has not been in vain, as the Honorable A. J. Matheson, Provincial Treasurer, has introduced a Bill, that becomes Law, after the first of June, "That no children under the age of fifteen years will be allowed to attend Moving Picture theatres, unless accompanied by an adult." The Bill also provides for the Government to appoint a Board of Censure to pass on all films before they are publicly exhibited.

The attention of our members must also be called to the work of our corresponding secretary, Mr. James O'Hagan, whose untiring efforts have placed the Holy Name Society (Union) in the flourishing position it has now reached. It has also been approved of by the Very Reverend Dean Hand, Spiritual Director of the Union, to hold a general demonstration, not later than the first week in June, the place of ceremony to be decided by His Grace Archbishop McEvoy.

Yours very truly, JAMES DELANEY, President of the Holy Name Union.

place in the dairying industry of the province.

Catholics will like to know that a place endowed with such possibilities affords them, besides, all religious advantages: two resident priests, a prosperous convent and a separate school, both under the able direction of the Sisters of Wisdom.

As it has been repeatedly insisted upon by many priests, let Catholic settlers, whether they want to buy farms, or start business, or find manual work, go straight to where their faith will be sustained by the presence of a priest, and their children raised in a Catholic school.

Rev. H. VOISIN, S. M. T.

A Test Question How many Catholics appeared before a recent state convention of a Catholic society and suggested that the following question should hereafter be put to candidates who applied for admission: Have you a pew in your church? Do you contribute to the support of your pastor? Are you active in works of charity? Do you support Catholic education? Do you subscribe for a Catholic paper? Do you read and support Catholic literature? How many Catholics, who think themselves active in their Catholicity, could answer these test questions truthfully in the affirmative? Comparatively few, we imagine. Take the question alone: "Do you subscribe for a Catholic paper?" We know positively that a good many Catholic men who are prominent in Catholic organizations and who loudly shout "Aye!" to stereotyped resolutions in support of the Catholic press, passed at all conventions, would be unable to say "Aye," even faintly, if the question were submitted to themselves individually: "Do you subscribe for a Catholic paper?"—Sacred Heart Review.

DIED HEENAN.—At his home in Alice, on Wednesday morning, March 8, 1911, Mr. Thomas Heenan, in his eighty-third year. May his soul rest in peace!

NEW BOOKS "The Catholics Manual"—A prayerbook with instructions, advice and devotions for the Catholic layman. By Edmund Pech, S. J. Third edition. With a frontispiece, bindings, cloth, red edges, 60 cents; Roman, gilt edges, \$1.25. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

"Christianity and the History of Modern Science"—A contribution to the History of Culture in the Middle Ages. By Karl A. Köhler, S.J. Translated from the second German edition by T. M. Kettle, B. M. P. With an introduction by Rev. F. A. Ennis, S. J. M. A. With the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Freiburg. Price, cloth, \$1.50. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

Catholic Settlement Vermilion is the best place to locate. Good soil, good climate, and the best market for all business. Apply to the priest of the locality and he will be pleased to answer. He makes at the same time an appeal to all good and generous hearts, and he will be glad to receive from them help for his mission work. Rev. H. GOUTIER, Box 40, P. O. Vermilion, Alta.

TEACHERS WANTED FOR MACTON R.C. S. S. Duties to commence 24th April, after Easter holidays. Starting salaries held and exacted. Address A. E. Gibbons, Box 54, Lacombe, Ont. 1694-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 6, PILKINGTON holding a second class certificate. Duties to commence after the Easter holidays. Apply stating salary and experience to John Maloney, Sec., Bechtelwood, Ont. 1694-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL Section No. 1, McKillop a normal trained teacher holding a 3rd or second class certificate, duties to commence after the Easter holidays. Apply stating salary and experience to John Maloney, Sec., Bechtelwood, Ont. 1694-3.

WANTED PROFESSIONAL TEACHERS OF Catholic religion for schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan, commencing during the spring months. Apply, stating certificates held and exacted, to the undersigned, to Canadian Teachers Agency, Regina, Sask. 1694-3.

CATHOLIC LAWYER OF THREE YEARS experience desires to hear of an opening in the West. Alberta or Saskatchewan preferred. References and total abstrains. Address "B. C.," Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1694-3.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES YOUNG LADIES WHO DESIRE TO ENTER a training school for nurses, may send their application to Sisters of Charity, St. Joseph's Sanitarium, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 1694-3.

WANTED, YOUNG LADIES FOR ST. MARY'S Training School for Nurses, Pueblo, Colorado. For further particulars apply to Sister Superior, 42 Park Place, Detroit, Mich. 1694-11.

The Home Bank of Canada

ORIGINAL 1854 CHARTER QUARTERLY DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT per annum has been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada for the three months ending 28th February, 1911, and the same will be payable at the Head Office or any Branches of The Home Bank of Canada on and after the 1st March next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 28th February, 1911, both days inclusive. By Order of the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager. Toronto, January 18, 1911.

BRANCH OFFICES London Thorndale St. Thomas Melbourne Ilderton Lawrence Station

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED WANTED A HOUSEKEEPER FOR A PRIEST in a city parish. Salary \$100.00 per month. Apply St. C. Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1694-11.

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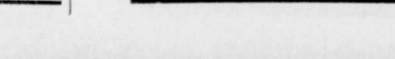
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Mr. Geo. Lucas, who lives at Wilton, Ont., has a good horse now that he would not have had without Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. He says, "My horse ran away and was severely out and torn on a barb wire fence that I believe he would have bled to death had my son not procured Douglas' Egyptian Liniment and syringed the contents of a bottle into the cuts which stopped the flow of blood at once. This happened in August and I expected if the horse lived he would be a cripple for life, but thanks to the Liniment, scarcely a scar can be seen. All the people about here know how badly he was cut. This power of stopping bleeding at once, and healing a wound without proud flesh and almost without a scar, makes Douglas' Egyptian Liniment invaluable to the man who keeps horses, cattle or any live stock. 25c at all dealers. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Nanaimo, Ont.

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