

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXV.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1913

1805

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1913

LITTLE BY LITTLE

Some time ago a large building, a very marvel of workmanship and engineering skill, collapsed without any apparent cause. Seemingly it was destined to defy the storm and time, and yet in one brief hour it was a mass of broken concrete and twisted iron and timber.

And so it is oftentimes with individuals. They seem strong and able to meet whatever fate may bring; they are clothed with integrity as with a garment; endowed with the gifts which experience has bestowed upon them and yet, like the building, they fall, ruined and unsightly. Some defect has caused the damage. It may be that some temptation unchecked has undermined the foundations; or some indulgence has waxed strong and blotted out the strong and smiling front which we admired. It may have been within years, adverted to but not seriously, laughed at, perhaps, as a source of danger, but securely and insidiously it saps the strength, distorts our vision, breaks down our safeguards and ultimately lets in upon the waters of decay and death.

LET US WORK

Some of us are adepts at deploring. Some time we do this at public meetings where there is an abundance of words and a dearth of business, and at others we bore people who are alive with our doleful pronouncements. We deplore, for example, that some of our boys become members of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium classes. We have our opinion of the Y. M. C. A., but we think that as an organization it is strong with the support, sympathy and money of the Protestant. It offers inducements to the young and endeavors by addresses given by prominent men and by other methods to keep itself before the public. It is a factor in civic life, and however we may dislike its policy and aims, so far as Catholics are concerned, it is influential and seems destined to be the last stronghold of Protestantism. But instead of deploring, which is of a pathetic futility, why not have an up-to-date gymnasium of our own? Why can we not have a lecture now and then by a Catholic who has something new to tell us or who is able to invest an old thing with dignity and a semblance of originality? We can give advice, but one way to hold our youth is to cater to demands which they deem imperative, and which, if we do not care to busy ourselves with them, can be supplied by others. We do not wish to say aught derogatory to our organizations save that some of them have been talked into a comatose state by the "orator" or are unduly hampered by those who are going to do things in the future that never comes. More business and less wind would increase their efficiency and enlist in their behalf workers who live in the present and are anxious to cope with conditions as they are. Deplored, however, and agitating the atmosphere with querulous complaints will not deter some of our young men from becoming members of alien organizations.

ONE POINT OF VIEW

A subscriber tells us that betimes the RECORD is somewhat harsh in its comments on those without the Church. Not being blessed with the equanimity which our friend possesses, we confess that where the Church is lampooned and made the object of calumny and indignation, it incites us to words which may fret nerves attuned to harmony. But in this imperfect world some of us must lack that tranquility of mind which seems to be immune to the vapouring of those who berate the travesty which a diseased imagination conjures as the Church. We are occasionally referred to as imprudent by those who cherish the delusion that going through the world with bated breath, saying always that intelligent Protestants take no account of current calumnies, regretting this or that pronouncement of ecclesiastical authority as inopportune, if not un-

necessary, is the best passport to success. But success achieved through either fear of declaring and maintaining our principles or a desire to curry favour with social or political arbiters is not envied by the individual who has a due regard for his own manhood and his soul's salvation. Calumny must be challenged; charges must be disproved so long as divines who seem to have a public are suffered to engender animosities and to perpetuate prejudices. If Protestants of intelligence and good-will do not constrain a certain type of divine we must do double duty—theirs and our own.

NOT TOO MUCH

Recreation has its uses as a safety valve. When it engrosses all our leisure time and makes the mind but a channel for the passing through of odds and ends gleaned from the "sporting" columns of the daily newspapers, it has its disadvantages. Exhibitions of brain and muscular skill are not to be despised if we make them but means to an end, viz., to keep the brain clear, to steady the nerves and to enable us to cope with emergencies.

SAYINGS OF THE WISE

Be what you are. This is the first step towards becoming better than you are.

It is good to prostrate ourselves in the dust when we have committed a fault, but it is not good to lie there. To attack another's fault is doing the devil's work; to attack our own is doing God's work.

Nothing is more incurable than a frivolous habit. A fly is as unamenable as a hyena.

Life can never be completely happy for it is not heaven; nor completely wretched for it is the road to heaven.

The priest went daily not to console but to converse with him in his troubles; like those who lighten a boat of the bitter waters of the sea without being able to stop the leak but only to prevent its sinking.

If I had the management of the moral and physical atmospheres there would be less rain and fewer tears. But probably heaven would be less populous in that contingency and the wheat crop less abundant.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.

Of what a hideous progeny is debt the father. What lies, what meanness, what invasions on self-respect, what cares, what double-dealing. How in due season it will carve the frank open face with wrinkles; how like a knife it will stab the honest heart.

In mendicant fashion we make the goodness of others a reason for exorbitant demands on them.

Praise makes a wise man modest; a fool arrogant.

A thoroughly unselfish spirit is always a happy and a bright one. It is self-love wounded or vexed or disappointed that causes the greatest amount of misery and melancholy in the world; if we could kill this aching nerve, the chill blasts of life would lose their power to give us pain.

Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world whereon the sheep of Christ feed quietly beneath the Shepherd's eye.

Being patient is the hardest work that any of us has to do through life. Waiting is far more difficult than doing. But it is one of God's lessons all must learn one way or another. All contradictions are reconciled in Jesus Christ. To know God and not to know our misery is pride. To know our misery and not to know Jesus Christ is despair. But to know Jesus Christ delivers us both from pride and despair; because in Him we find God our misery and the only way to repair it.

Love is the Amen of the universe. In an age and country where success, and above all success in making money, is becoming more and more the object of men's hopes and prayers and efforts it is good for us all to be reminded that if self-assertion is the first law of nature self-sacrifice is the first law of God.

When either men or women are out of temper they sometimes tell the truth.

SAFEGUARDING SOCIETY

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

When wage workers are shot down by militia in American cities, as they were recently, even the most thoughtful have to recognize that there must be something wrong in our social—economic arrangements. The Socialist will tell you that making the Government the sole employer is the only panacea. The anarchist will inform you that only by the abolition of all government will things be righted. Those who are neither Socialists nor anarchists will insist that more stringent enforcement of existing laws will place society on a more secure basis. It will be noted that these suggestions have not the remotest reference to the absolute need of cleansing the individual heart of the passions that are the source and fountain head of all the moral disease that is afflicting society—disease to which can be traced back the causes that have been productive of the evils under which the world is now groaning.

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

Such are the effects of Holy Communion upon the elite of the Church Militant. Catholics who have not devoted themselves by solemn vows to the higher life, are suffused with similar love for their fellows by receiving at the altar rail Him who is love itself. There is no room for hatred in hearts where Christ has taken up His abode. Is not this the beginning of a species of social millennium? Is it not a preparation for the restoration of all things in Christ? If the world is ever to be redeemed, men must get rid of the selfishness that was the dominant note of paganism. Unfortunately, the note survives to-day to a marked degree as the legitimate product, as Cardinal Ferrata points out, of the naturalism condemned by the Vatican Council. Here is how the Cardinal traces the relationship between naturalism and the present disorganized state of society: "The error which dominates modern society, and tends to drive towards decadence and barbarism, is naturalism which, as described by the Vatican Council, concentrates all its efforts to the effacement of Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, from the intellects of men, from our customs, our laws, our institutions, in a word, from our whole social life, and putting in His place pure reason and pure nature." After this substitution is made, there will flow from it inevitable consequences which are thus enumerated by Cardinal Ferrata: "From this come free thought and immoralities; from this come selfish indifference, a constant desire for pleasure;

and the exclusion of every noble and lofty ideal; from this comes the degradation of the immortal soul to the basest materialism." For confirmation of these statements we need not look around us. You cannot take up a daily newspaper without finding in it ample evidence of the truth of every word of Cardinal Ferrata's description. Let us quote his remedy for this state of things: "The Holy Eucharist is the defence against this error and its fatal consequences; it elevates and ennobles our minds, purifies our hearts, and gives us strength for generous and heroic action; it gives us a glimpse of the supernatural kingdom, makes us love our brethren, and raises us from material and temporary things to things spiritual and eternal."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"CATHOLIC" PROTESTANTS

Trinity Church, New York, which is said to give a close imitation of Catholic services on opportune occasions, has announced a new accession of carved figures in stone and wood for its All Saints' Chapel. They are all thoroughly Catholic, too, including the Crucifixion with the attendant figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. John and two angels with censers, Sts. Peter and Paul, St. Ignatius of Antioch, Pope St. Clement, St. Cyprian, St. Anthonisius, and St. Patrick and St. Aidan—which suggests numerous variations of the exclamation wrung from a simple Catholic who discovered himself in such surroundings: "When did St. Peter turn Protestant?"

We have no doubt that the good people who presented the figures and those who received them had the very best intentions, and also that the statutory will have good effect on the beholders, inducing them to ponder on their saviour's life and the virtues of His most faithful servants; and by suggesting the inevitable question—Why has not Protestantism saints of its own?—direct their minds to the claims of the only Church that has been able to produce them. But the implication is false and misleading. These saints no more belong to the Episcopal Church than does the name Catholic, assumed by a fraction of its membership.

To such people, who would be Catholic in everything except the first essential, submission to Catholic authority, the advice given recently by Dr. Cummins, a member of their diocesan board, is pertinent and wholesome: "Follow the Caldey Islanders, dear fellow Catholics. We shall grieve at the loss of numbers, but rejoice in your gain. There is an acknowledged Catholic Church. That is surely where all true Catholics should be. Will you not, O Catholic friends, do as Caldey has done? Resolve high and firmly to accept of his high, and to be firmly of Rome, unpleasant though it be for those accustomed to the freedom of Protestantism. Take the bitter with the sweet. It needs only a little courage, a little consistency. Why expect to have the sweet without the bitter? Please let us Protestants alone, let us enjoy our errors in peace. We shall love you much better when you are on the other side of the gulf."

Protestantism is essentially illogical—claiming to be Christian while deriving its name and being from perpetual protest against the only Church that derives from Christ—but in this the rector is logical. The assumption of the Catholic name and those of its practices that please does not make people Catholic nor make other people think them so. We are quite aware that a number of these good people are groping honestly in their way, and making serious sacrifices; in the pursuit of truth; but we cannot help thinking that a sense of humor, which Father Faber (who had also traveled that road) thought a great aid to religious development, would help materially to speed their progress.—America.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND HIS CRUCIFIX

Addressing his crucifix, Cardinal Newman thus prays: "Better for me that Thou shouldst come thus subject and dishonorable than hadst Thou taken on Thee a body fair as Adam's when he came out of Thy hand. Thy glories sullied, Thy beauty marred, those five wounds welling out blood, those temples torn and raw, that broken Heart, crushed and livid frame, they teach me more than wert Thou Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his heart's joy." The gentle and tender expression of the contentment is no new beauty or created grace; it is but the manifestation in a human form of ever-lasting. Thou canst not change, O Jesus; as Thou art still my mystery, so wast Thou always love. I cannot comprehend Thee more than I did before I saw Thee on the cross; but I have gained my lesson. As I adore Thee, oh! Lover of Souls, in Thy humiliation, so will I admire Thee and embrace Thee in Thy infinite and everlasting power."

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

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

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

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

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

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

REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....\$1,008 70
Mary E. Michelle, Oakville..... 1 00
K. C. 1063..... 3 00
L. Walsh, Toronto..... 1 00
David Byrne, Quebec..... 2 00
T. J. Rols, St. John's Nfld..... 1 00
Subscriber, Oregon..... 3 00
A Reader, Penetang..... 5 00
A Subscriber, Toronto..... 1 00
A Subscriber, Lonsdale..... 2 00
Jas. E. W. Leelan, Regina..... 5 00
Catholic, Chatham, N. B..... 1 00
Mary A. Peoney, St. Robinson..... 1 00
Mrs. Jas. Maloney, P. H. B. L. H..... 2 00
Wm. J. Maguire, Quebec..... 10 00
A Friend, Victoria Mines..... 3 00
Subscriber, Sisseton, S. Dak..... 1 00
Arch McVarius, Inverness..... 1 00
Geo. Kelly, Montreal..... 5 00
Mrs. David Walsh, Hastings..... 5 00
Sacred Heart League, Reserve Mines..... 25 00
A subscriber, St. Georges..... 1 00
Mrs. John O'Donnell, Kingscote..... 1 00
Subscriber, Elora..... 1 00
Subscriber, Teeswater..... 1 00
M. S. Halifax, N. S..... 5 00

NEWMAN'S GENIUS

The genius of John Henry Newman, says Wilfrid Ward, has been well challenged; but when his life was published, the bulk of English critics took a very limited view of its range. They treated Newman's literary gifts as something separate from his deeper work. They celebrated him as a poet, the author of "Lead Kindly Light," and "The Dream of Gerontius," a fascinating preacher and above all, a great master of English style. They disparaged his more serious work as mere "controversy." In point of fact this separation is quite unreal. Newman's great literary gifts were brought out by that very mental history the expression of which the critics label "controversy." His early works have no style. His highest literary gifts only become apparent in the "Essay on Development" and his Catholic works. We are driven, then, to measure his genius largely by his powers of imagination and thought, and here we encounter curiously opposite verdicts. Many of the great thinkers of the age, the greatest thinkers of the age, Carlyle declared that he had not the intellect "of a moderate sized rabbit." Lord Morley in his essay on Mill takes a similarly disparaging view of his intellectual gifts, and the reviewers of his life in the Quarterly and the Times likewise disparage his gifts as a thinker while enlarging his gifts as a man of letters. The fact is that genius is apt to outstrip the recognized categories, though the something which they cannot explain. At Oxford his followers were conscious of his greatness, but it was never analyzed by them adequately. Indeed, it is very hard to analyze it. Its aspects are so various. He is at once a religious leader, a preacher, a father confessor, a religious philosopher, a historian, a theologian and a poet. This multiplicity of gifts suggest the superficiality of a dilettante, but closer inspection shows this view to be false. The unity of aim which distinguishes Newman from the dilettante is to be found in the overmastering purpose of his life, namely, to preserve the Christian Faith against the inroads of modern doubt. It was in pursuing this single object that he came to touch on such very various fields. A dilettante, on the contrary, has no such unity of aim. Moreover, Newman's touch in each department is that of the specialist and not of a dilettante. His knowledge is first-hand knowledge, though its extent is limited. This has been recognized by the really greatest critics in each department. Such men, for example, as Dollinger, Lord Acton and Abbe Loisy. I quote these men, not for a moment agreeing with their theology, but as acknowledged critics in their several departments of the very first rank. Certain qualities in Newman made it very hard for the second-rate critics

who form the bulk of reviewers to measure his genius adequately. He was before all things a living personality, and that which lives cannot be scientifically tested like a dead body which is submitted to the dissecting knife. So subtle and many-sided a living mind can only be understood by a many sided critic, and of such there are few. Moreover, the literary form of his expression did not lend itself to being read, again, his Catholic conclusions are constantly urged that those who regard Catholicism as obviously untenable suspect the scientific value of his method beforehand, and do not really carefully weigh his words. Men like Carlyle and Morley thus dismiss the deeper side of Newman's work as mere controversy on out-worn subjects and do not take enough trouble to see that he is just as conscientious as they are of the deeper issues before the thought of the nineteenth century. They imagine the "Grammar of Assent" to be an ingenious method of justifying a belief in impossible miracles, the University Sermons to be an obscurantist disparagement of reason in favor of an irrational faith. Thus Newman's best thought is set aside without being understood and compliments are paid to the regal English style, to the poetic beauty of the "Dream of Gerontius," to the engaging frankness of the "Apologia." An imaginary Newman is formed out of his more superficial gifts. It may be a graceful figure, but it is not the Newman whom Dean Church compared to Pascal or the Newman whose realization of modern infallibility was so keen that Huxley offered to compile a primer from his unfaith; nor is it the Newman whose insight and spiritual genius led Young Oxford to subscribe to the formula "Credo in Newmanum."

A BISHOP'S TENDER TRIBUTE TO A CHRISTIAN MOTHER

Baron Von Ketteler, the wise and holy Bishop of Mainz, writing of his student days, thanked God that he had been preserved from doing anything of which he should be ashamed. The prayers of a saintly mother and the example of his pious sister helped him safely through the time of storm and stress. Later on in one of his sermons, Bishop Von Ketteler paid a tender tribute to these two angels of the household—a good mother and a good sister. "The greatest blessing that God can confer on man in the natural order is without doubt the gift of a truly Christian mother. I do not say the gift of a tender loving mother, because, if the mother is filled with the spirit of the world her love is not a boon, but a bane to her child. But a Christian mother is of all divine gifts the greatest. When such a mother has long been laid to rest and her son is seized by the stormy winds of life, and tossed about hither and thither, is on the verge of losing both faith and virtue, her noble saintlike form will appear to him and gently, yet forcibly, draw him back to the path of duty. He who has learned to know Christianity and its virtues, its inner truth, its purity, its self-oblivious love in the life of a Christian mother or of her counterpart—a Christian sister; he who has learned to know the peace which Christ calls His peace, the peace of such a family—the thought of it will pluck him out of every pool of perdition into which life may hurl him. He who has once seen virtue in such transfigured images can not look on vice, even though he be caught in its toils, except with aversion and contempt."

AN UNPREJUDICED TRIBUTE

The growth of the Catholic Church in the United States is one of the most striking facts of history—and she has also gained the popular good-will, or at least a favorable prepossession, and she has conquered respect. At present those who look upon her most favorably are that large and influential class of men whose antecedents were Protestants, but whose actual connection with a Protestant church is little more than nominal. They know enough of Protestantism to make them admire its excellence. These men care little for the theological and ecclesiastical questions which separate Rome and Protestantism. They are legislators, city officials, railroad men, editors, managers of large business interests. Wherever they are, they bring them in contact with a Catholic institution, they find an organization which knows its own mind, knows what it wants, has some one who can speak for it officially and finally. They can see that it maintains discipline among its own members, and seems at the same time to retain their affection. They are attracted, in a word, by its practical, business-like efficiency, and are repelled by the opposite qualities in Protestantism.—Booklovers' Magazine.

In mapping out life's career you can't afford to leave God out of account.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The town of Hull, Mass., has bought the John Boyle O'Reilly cottage, the last home of the Irish poet and patriot, for a public library.

Dr. Neill who was the first instructor of political economy in the Catholic University of America, has been a great favorite with all those having cases before the Department of Labor.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Dr. Charles Patrick Neill as Commissioner of Labor. The expected opposition to Dr. Neill did not develop much strength. Senator Overman confining himself to a statement of his objection, but refusing to resort to dilatory tactics.

Right Rev. J. T. McNally, newly appointed Bishop of the Diocese of Calgary, will go to Rome for the consecration services, at the request, it is understood, of Msgr. Sbarretti, former Apostolic delegate to Canada. But few Canadian Bishops have had this unusual honor conferred upon them.

It has just been announced that the first prize, \$300, for the best poem on an American historical subject, "The Battle of Brooklyn," has been awarded by the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Science to a well-known Catholic writer, Patrick Joseph Coleman, M. A., at present associate editor of the Rosary Magazine.

There are about one thousand lepers in the settlement at Molokai, Hawaii. The women are attended by five Franciscan Sisters from the Syracuse Motherhouse, and the men by "Brother" Joseph Dutton and four lay Brothers, while two priests and an organized staff care for their spiritual and medical needs.

There are said to be 120,000 Japanese on the Pacific Coast and 30,000 of them are in Southern California. Among these little brown men and women are some Catholics, and though comparatively few in number, they are a credit to those who taught them the faith in far-off Japan.

A dispatch from Madrid states that King Alfonso has signed a decree ordering the continuance of obligatory Christian teaching in the "Public schools of Spain, but excepting the children of non-Catholics from the compulsory. This should satisfy every lover of justice, but we doubt if it will please the anti-clericals. What they are after is not justice, but the destruction of all religion.—Southern Messenger.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is a Catholic. Soon after his entry into Adrianople he paid a visit to the Congregation of the Assumptionists who have eleven priests and thirty-six sisters in that city. After having assisted at a Te Deum and partaken of the hospitality of the Fathers, King Ferdinand suggested to the Father Superior to secure a suitable site for a new house and church, adding that he intended to ask the Holy See to erect Adrianople into an episcopal see with its own cathedral.

The ancient tower of St. John's church, Ayr, Scotland, has come again into the possession of Catholics. The main body of the church is of comparatively recent origin, but the tower was built in the twelfth century and turned into a fort by Oliver Cromwell. It is one of the few remaining evidences of pre-Reformation Catholicity in a town which once possessed a Dominican priory and other religious communities. As the tower was in danger of destruction through neglect, the Marquis of Bute has bought it and undertaken to safeguard it from further decay.

Thomas Taylor of Headfort house, Kells, County Meath, Ireland, fourth marquis of Headfort, in the Peerage of Baron Headfort, in the United Kingdom, Earl of Bective and Baron Kenil, has been received into the Church. He comes of an intensely Protestant house. The house of Headfort is one of the greatest and wealthiest in Ireland. The new convert owns large properties in land, houses and the like in and around about Kells, in County Meath, and also in County Cavan. His father and grandfather were terrible landlords and evicted the whole countryside. The present marquis was inclined at first to imitate them, but his marriage with Miss Rosie Boote softened him. She was a pious Catholic.

The Rev. Joseph Rigge, first president of Marquette college, Milwaukee, from which Marquette University originated, died at Cincinnati recently from general exhaustion, the result of work among the flood sufferers two weeks ago. Father Rigge, despite his seventy-two years, had been a worker among the poor in Cincinnati for the last two years, and was at Dayton when the flood was at its height. Father Rigge was for more than forty years a teacher of science. He served two years as the head of Marquette College immediately after its founding, coming from Omaha, where he was engaged in school work. From Milwaukee he went to British Honduras as a missionary. He was a brother of Rev. William Rigge, of Creighton University, Omaha.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER III

"TIT FOR TAT"

"It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good 'tit' for ever."—Henry IV.

Shortly before Maurice left, we had the satisfaction of seeing him in a towering passion. The river slate ran through a part of Gallow, between two mills. At times it was very high, at others quite low, according as the mills were working and carried off the water. When the upper mill was in full play there was a kind of current or mill-race, very strong, rapid, and dangerous. We three "imps," as Maurice usually called us, owned a large, flat-bottomed boat, which we kept in a kind of harbor, fastened by a lock and chain. We were quite expert in rowing about the river, but our operations were confined to the space between the mills, about a mile in length.

Here the slate was very pretty, banded on one side by the woods of Gallow, and on the other by large fields, edged with alders and birches. One evening we had just landed, and were locking up the boat, when whom should we descry approaching but Miss Fluker and Maurice, the former with a handkerchief tied over her head, the skirt of her dress gracefully elevated, stepping high through the grass.

"How much I should like a row this lovely evening!" she remarked, looking pensively at her companion, with her hand on one side. "I'm afraid to trust myself with these children," she added, frankly. "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"All right," he replied promptly, proceeding to unlock the boat and hand her in. In she stepped, simpering and smiling, and making a great fuss about her petticoats—she was exceedingly vain of her feet and ankles. Having sufficiently displayed them, she took a seat. "Now then," she cried, "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"All right," he replied promptly, proceeding to unlock the boat and hand her in. In she stepped, simpering and smiling, and making a great fuss about her petticoats—she was exceedingly vain of her feet and ankles. Having sufficiently displayed them, she took a seat. "Now then," she cried, "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"How much I should like a row this lovely evening!" she remarked, looking pensively at her companion, with her hand on one side. "I'm afraid to trust myself with these children," she added, frankly. "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"All right," he replied promptly, proceeding to unlock the boat and hand her in. In she stepped, simpering and smiling, and making a great fuss about her petticoats—she was exceedingly vain of her feet and ankles. Having sufficiently displayed them, she took a seat. "Now then," she cried, "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"How much I should like a row this lovely evening!" she remarked, looking pensively at her companion, with her hand on one side. "I'm afraid to trust myself with these children," she added, frankly. "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"All right," he replied promptly, proceeding to unlock the boat and hand her in. In she stepped, simpering and smiling, and making a great fuss about her petticoats—she was exceedingly vain of her feet and ankles. Having sufficiently displayed them, she took a seat. "Now then," she cried, "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"How much I should like a row this lovely evening!" she remarked, looking pensively at her companion, with her hand on one side. "I'm afraid to trust myself with these children," she added, frankly. "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"All right," he replied promptly, proceeding to unlock the boat and hand her in. In she stepped, simpering and smiling, and making a great fuss about her petticoats—she was exceedingly vain of her feet and ankles. Having sufficiently displayed them, she took a seat. "Now then," she cried, "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"How much I should like a row this lovely evening!" she remarked, looking pensively at her companion, with her hand on one side. "I'm afraid to trust myself with these children," she added, frankly. "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"All right," he replied promptly, proceeding to unlock the boat and hand her in. In she stepped, simpering and smiling, and making a great fuss about her petticoats—she was exceedingly vain of her feet and ankles. Having sufficiently displayed them, she took a seat. "Now then," she cried, "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"How much I should like a row this lovely evening!" she remarked, looking pensively at her companion, with her hand on one side. "I'm afraid to trust myself with these children," she added, frankly. "I wish you would take me out, Mr. Beresford; it would be such a treat," rolling her eyes rapturously.

"What is that?" we asked in a breath. "That 'you will give me your solemn word of honor to give up playing practical jokes,"

"We will," returned Deb and I, hysterically. "On your honor, Deborah and Nora?"

"Honor bright," we answered meekly. "But I won't promise anything of the sort," put in Rody defiantly, squaring himself in the doorway. "You are a mean, miserable sneak, and I hate you, and I only wish I was big enough to thrash you."

"I am sorry to hear you have such a bad opinion of me," returned Maurice, blandly, and I have no doubt that a slight irritation of the cuticle, to put it in polite language, would do you a world of good."

"Addressing himself to Deb and me, he proceeded: "I deeply regret that I am unable to release any of you till you have all given me the same promise."

"As he concluded this remark he turned away. "Don't go! oh, don't go!" shrieked Deb and I simultaneously, goaded to desperation by the prospect of his departure, and the stimulating effects of hunger.

"All right, I'll wait five minutes," he replied; "once more taking a seat on the wheelbarrow, opening a cigar-case, and surveying us with an air of triumphant content."

Deb and I meanwhile seized this short respite with avidity, and flung ourselves metaphorically at Rody's feet, and implored and besought him to yield. Partly moved by our agonized entreaties, but chiefly by the pangs of raging hunger, he relented, and three minutes later saw us ravaging in the larder, where a certain amount of cold meat and potatoes, and the best part of a boggy tart, had been put aside for us by Maurice's orders.

Half an hour afterward we were in Killool; but the best of the day, the cream of the fair, was over—skipped.

"Many were the inquiries as to 'Where we had been, and what had detained us?' accompanied by various significant, knowing looks, that told too plainly that Maurice's outrageous 'joke' was known far and wide. It turned out that he had deliberately plotted and planned the whole scheme, and we, thanks to our curiosity, had fallen an only too easy prey to his vengeance. He had grandfather's full sympathy and entire permission to do with us as he pleased, for he agreed with his nephew in thinking that it was quite time to read us a lesson out of our own book."

Two days later Maurice left Gallow; our intercourse with him during those two days we marked by a sense of our high displeasure—putting him in "Coventry," as far as our entertaining conversation and delightful society extended. We did not deign to bid him farewell, nor did we ascend to make his adieu; but as our schoolroom overlooked the hall-door we were enabled personally to superintend his departure. We took the deepest interest in the matter, leaning half our bodies out of the window; we saw him take a very cordial leave of grandfather and Miss Fluker, and step into the dog-cart. Ere he was whirled away, his eye caught sight of us, with our necks craned forth, and our faces radiant with malicious elation. Lifting his hat with a courtesy that was ironical in its humble deference, and lightly kissing his hand to Deb and me, he was bowled away down the avenue, and soon lost to sight. Need I say that we witnessed his departure without any poignant regret? I drew my head back into the school-room, with a deep sigh of relief, and warmly agreed with Deb and Rody in thinking that "Maurice's room was far better than his company." We abused him roundly, till Miss Fluker's entrance closed the conversation, and we returned to our lessons with a horrible, but unspoken, conviction that the late guest of Gallow had been more than a match for us, and had beaten us with our own weapon.

We discovered that Maurice had made himself quite a favorite with the rest of the household. Grandfather, Miss Fluker, and Mr. French each sounded his praises in their own way; we, meanwhile, secretly exchanging signs and nudges and glances of contemptuous derision. It turned out that he was popular abroad as well as at home, for he sold long walks in the neighborhood and over the bog which lay behind Gallow; and he had made himself known and liked within a much wider radius than we had ever suspected. The country people, taken by his appearance, his affability, and his agility in leaping bog-drains, voted Mr. Beresford "a splendid young gentleman;" and even Sweetlips who never had anything good to say of our party, with the notable exception of grandfather's dog Snapper—an ill-favored, irritable terrier, whom he declared to be "equal, if not superior, to a Christian"—even Sweetlips allowed that Mr. Maurice Beresford "was a dacent, quiet boy."

CHAPTER IV

GALLOW

"So sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er."—Moore.

Gallow was a large, shapeless, old, red brick mansion, sufficiently imposing in its way, and known by the name of "The House" within a very considerable radius; it stood in the middle of a large demesne, and had little or no view beyond its

own undulating grounds, and—enlivening prospect—the family burying-place, which was within a moat or rath half-way up the avenue, surrounding a ruined chapel, and formed the only picturesque feature in the landscape.

Judging from the tombstones, we had a very respectable show of ancestors—ancestors of whom grandfather, despite his shabby old clothes, cynicism, and distaste for society, was not a little proud. Tradition handed down many stirring tales of their exploits; it even led us to believe that they had fought at the siege of Acre, and under the walls of Ascalon; and it is almost needless to mention that they came over with the Conqueror—by the way, his followers must have been like the sands of the sea in multitude. Personally, I did not care two straws for pedigree, and infinitely preferred a flourishing and fertile gooseberry bush, to the fine, wide-spreading genealogical tree that made grandfather's heart glow with family pride every time he lifted his eyes above the library chimney-piece.

We had long ceased to keep up state of any kind at Gallow—no hounds were in the kennels, no hunters in the stalls, no dashing coach-and-four swept round from the great yard; our glory had departed. Jacobus might be seen on one of the rusty, estate-owned entrance gates. The estate was partly let and partly farmed. The farming element predominated, and grandfather made large sums of money by the sale of stall-fed cattle and promising young horses. The retinue indoors was but small. "Big" and "Little" Mary were respectively cook and housemaid, and a venerable servant-man chief seneschal and butler. Never very smart at the best of times, he had come into the world to a state of mind bordering on imbecility. Thanks to us, he had a lively distrust of every dish-cover, plate or decanter he took into his hands; as he never knew where or how a lurking explosive might be concealed!

I think I have mentioned all the inmates of Gallow, with the exception of Miss Fluker, my governess. She was a thin, upright, angular lady (whose age baffled all speculation), with an opaque complexion, pale, furtive, greenish eyes, and quantities of dull-looking sandy hair; she reversed her nose and large white teeth, resembling the keys of a piano, were her strong points. Very thin lips and an exceedingly retreating forehead detracted considerably from her appearance, which, however, was passable, not to say "gentle." According to the servants, she had two faces; and two distinct characters from our point of view. Upstairs, alone with us, she was extremely nervous. Downstairs, she was the anxious, hard-working, industrious, whose pupils' advancement was her only aim and care, most tenderly solicitous about grandfather's health and appetite, hanging on his words, however gruff, and flattering him in a manner that was palpable even to our not very sensitive perception.

She was a past-mistress in the art, and knew his little weaknesses as well as we did. He considered him to be the best judge of a horse in the province of Munster, and the most weatherwise man in the kingdom! To his family pride she also administered delicate and judicious doses of the same specific, but here she only spoke in a wide and general way. He allowed no profane finger to meddle with his all but sacred pedigree. The Beresfords were a people afraid; a race in themselves; and not to be confounded with common humanity. I am not sure that he did not entertain the idea that they had a boat of their own at the time of the Flood.

Upstairs, our governess was at no pains to conceal her ungovernable temper, nor her all-consuming laziness and incapacity. Her own talent was music. She played splendidly in a hard, cold, showy style; and, thanks to hours of practice and a lively fear of Miss Fluker's ruler, I was an excellent pianist for my years. But our French was far from being our sums. With great difficulty I advanced as far as the rule of three in arithmetic, and there I stuck fast, for the very good reason that my governess did the same. At 2 o'clock we were set free, let loose; and the remainder of the day was our own. Miss Fluker would spend hours on the sofa, deeply absorbed in a novel, and, according to the time of the year, and as her delicate appetite suggested, we would place beside her a plate of apples, round chestnuts, strawberries, or plums, so that she was enabled to feed body and mind at one and the same time; or, sometimes arrayed in a scarlet cloak and coquettish little black hat, she would walk down to Killool and visit her friends in that direction, and enliven them with the latest news from the "big" house.

Mr. French, our rector, was the only outsider admitted to grandfather's confidence, and Gallow. He was a wiry, elderly gentleman, with a sharp nose, ruddy complexion, mild, benign blue eyes, and gray mutton-chop whiskers. In moments of intellectual embarrassment he had an odd habit of convulsively clutching one of these ornaments, and endeavoring to draw it into his mouth. He preached extempore sermons, of length varying from fifty to seventy-five minutes, to a large and appreciative congregation of staunch Protestants, descended from Huguenot settlers, and when suddenly stranded for a word, the above-men-

tioned maneuver invariably gave him instant relief.

Sweetlips was his clerk, and answered the responses in a loud, aggressive brogue, keeping his eye steadily upon us between whiles. I am sure he thought this just as much a part of his duty as handing round the poor-box, an article resembling a large brass warning-pun, into the depths of which each penny sank with a loud, resounding clang. Even Mr. French himself was not exempt from contribution. When all had given their mite, the long-handled receptacle was held up expectantly to the pulpit, and Mr. French's four-penny bit tinkled gently down among the coppers.

Then Sweetlips, his task fulfilled, would shut himself into his desk (along with the collection), and the service commenced. He gave his ears to the discourse above him—to French's rounded periods, his stentorian questions, his occasional shouts, and his frequent cushion-thumping—but his eyes were entirely at our service.

The long, doctrinal discourse was trying pastime to Rody, Deb, and me. Even the eye of our pastor himself was at times insufficient to restrain us, and from our deep, square-peevish hysterical snorts, and strangled, choking laughter, have more than once been heard—ay, even in the pulpit itself. On these occasions Mr. French would pause, and paralyze us with a look, and then resume his discourse, leaving us in a comatose condition. Not that we feared him. Grandfather was our *bono nois*. He assured that, when he was present, our conduct was unexceptional.

Within half a mile of Gallow, was the village of Killool. It boasted a church, chapel, post-office, and weekly market. There were several shops, where you could suit yourself with frieze, calico, corduroy, bacon, red herrings, and tallow candles.

On Monday—market-day—the long street was thronged with carts of turf, asses' carts, farmers riding wild, shaggy-looking, long-tailed colts, and tribes of country women in their dark blue cloaks, driving hard bargains for eggs and butter and fowls. The various gentry of the neighborhood—few and far between—might also be seen doing their weekly marketing, and exchanging morsels of local gossip.

On other days Killool was empty. "The Deserted Village" might have been its name. A passing jaunting-car was an event that brought every one to their doors and windows. Outside the police barracks a solitary policeman basked in the sun; he would have the street to himself for hours. Even a horse going to the forge, or the Gallow postboy, was an object of general interest.

This being the case, you can easily imagine the sensation that Rody created by walking down the village one sleepy afternoon, got up in the full costume of a first-class Chinese mandarin.

He really looked magnificent. The red satin petticoat added greatly to his height, as did also the round black cap, to which his pigtail was attached. His gorgeously embroidered wide-sleeved coat shone with a perfect blaze of splendor in the bright glare of the afternoon sun. A carefully gummed black mustache, and an enormous white umbrella, completed his personation.

As he went slowly and solemnly down the street, muttering some gibberish intended to represent Chinese, it is not too much to say that his own father did not know him. Mr. French had been reading to a sick parishioner in Killool, and was in the act of leaving the house when his eye was caught by a vision of the Celestial, pacing sedately down the street, followed by an immense crowd, that had sprung up as if by magic. Market-day was nothing to that Sunday afternoon. He was too stupefied with amazement to move for some seconds.

Then, suddenly accosting the Chinese, who was leisurely stalking past he said:

"Who are you, my good man?" Great gesticulation and dumb-show on the part of the foreigner.

"We allow no play-actors on Sundays; what are you doing here?" reiterated Mr. French authoritatively, speaking from the steps, with his Bible under one arm and his umbrella under the other.

"Chee-Chee-a hi ga. How much a hi ga?" returned the Celestial, with unabashed mien.

"Rody!" thundered his father, pointing on him, "alas, alas, Rody, the brogue has betrayed you!"

Over the conclusion of this scene I draw a veil. Deb and I, who had followed in the crowd, fled home, and feigned perfect ignorance of the whole affair. But we did not escape unpunished. It was discovered that I had lent the costume to Rody. I routed it out from among a quantity of old family brocades and dresses that were stowed away in a large wardrobe in one of the spare rooms. It had been given to one of the Beresfords by a friend in the diplomatic service, and was said to be worth at least one hundred pounds; this was its first and last appearance in Killool. The wardrobe and its contents were securely locked up for the future. The penalty I paid for my share in the transaction was a severe one: I was cruelly deprived of sugar in my tea, and butter on my bread, for the space of one week.

The country round Gallow was very quiet in every way. We had

few neighbors, and even from those few grandfather held aloof. He never mixed in society since my mother, Nora Beresford, made a runaway match with the curate of Killool. It was said that grandfather idolized her, and would hardly have thought a duke above her merits. He indulged her in every way, and gratified her slightest whim; but when she announced her intention of marrying Mr. O'Neill, the curate, for once he was firm, and said, "If she married O'Neill, he would never see her again; she must choose between them."

She carried her point all the same. One morning she was missing, and the inevitable letter was found on her perch, informing grandfather that she had elected to become Mrs. O'Neill, and hoped he would forgive her—a vain hope. My father found an incumbency near Liverpool; I have heard that he was clever and eloquent and greatly liked wherever he went. Within two years he fell a victim to a virulent fever, caught among the stifling alleys and back courts of his parish. My mother shortly followed him, carried off by the same epidemic, and I was left an orphan ere I was a year old.

Grandfather sent for me and adopted me, and thus Gallow had become the only home I had ever known. So much for my history; now, to relate Maurice's as briefly as possible.

He was the only child of grandfather's step-brother, a commander in the navy, and years younger than himself. He had married a pretty governess, to the unspeakable indignation of the whole Beresford connection. He was drowned by the sudden capsizing of a boat in a squall somewhere off the Mauritius, leaving his widow and son to the benevolence of his relations and to the enjoyment of a small pension. The benevolence of his relatives was represented by grandfather's allowance of three hundred pounds a year, paid quarterly and in advance; otherwise, he steadily ignored the existence of his brother's widow. "That woman," as he called her, lived a very quiet, inoffensive life, in the neighborhood of a small seaport, and devoted herself entirely to the care (not to say worship) of her only child, Cousin Maurice.

CHAPTER V

MAURICE PAYS A SECOND VISIT TO GALLOW

"Moments make the year, and trifles life."—Young

Two years had passed since "Mandarin Sunday," as we called that Sabbath on which Rody was unmasked and disgraced before the entire population of Killool, and during those two years there had been some changes even at Gallow, where one day was the exact reflection of another. Time had told more upon the inmates than on the place itself, though there was a greater quantity of rust on the massive front gates, and moss on the avenue, than of yore. The library carpet and curtains were perceptibly dimmer and more faded looking, and the great, long corridors and empty, shuttered rooms seemed drearier and gloomier than ever. Grandfather had aged a good deal; he was more silent, and lived, if it were possible, more to himself than formerly. Public rumor (which was occasionally wafted in our direction) declared that he was saving quantities of money, and public rumor for once may have been accurate. He spent most of his time over his old brass-bound bureau, adding up figures, making entries in account books, studying share lists, and writing letters, and he had become what the servants called very "near." I was changed too; I was now nearly fourteen, though very young for my age, as gawky and long-legged as ever, it is true, but my frocks now reached down to the tops of my boots, and my copper-colored locks were confined in one thick plait like Rody's pigtail. Sometimes I viewed myself anxiously in the old spotted mirror that stood between the windows of the almost empty drawing-room.

"Was I so very ugly?" I asked myself over and over again. I wished I knew. Deb and Rody entertained no doubt whatever on the subject, and they made me heartily welcome to their candid opinion. As a rule I agreed with them, after a critical inventory of my sharpened features, tawny locks, and sunburnt skin; and I would wander away with a heavy sigh and wish I were like my mother, whose half-length portrait in oils hung above the mantelpiece. She must have been lovely, judging by her picture—a slender, elegant-looking girl in a white diaphanous dress, with arch dark eyes, and a profusion of curly hair. "If I were only as pretty as Deb, I would be satisfied," I would mutter to myself. She was as well favored as of yore, and quite the young lady now, in her neat winter dress, fur coat, and felt hat. I was never well dressed, but always looked a romp and a hoyden, in my battered blue serge, miles too short in the sleeves, and too tight in the skirt. Occasionally Miss Fluker would hint at the scantiness of my wardrobe, and wring a few pounds from grandfather, in spite of angry expostulations that "it was sheer waste of money. I would do very well as I was. What did I want with dress?" and that "she was only putting extravagant ideas into my head." Nevertheless, Miss Fluker generally carried her point, and bore away a check for a small amount, to be spent on my adornment. Grandfather never seemed to feel parting

with a check as acutely as hard, visible coin of the realm; that to him was almost unendurable; and Saturday afternoon, when he paid the men, was by no means one of his happiest hours.

Deb was much improved in every way; various visits to her grandmother in Dublin had worked a distinctly perceptible change in her mind and manners. She now acted as a curb instead of spur to me, and people could no longer say with regard to our pranks that "Miss Deb made the bullets and Miss Nora fired them." Rody was as ugly, as active, and as mischievous as ever; a clever but idle boy at school, and the professional fool of the establishment. Maurice's battery was quartered in Dublin; he had become a real live artillery officer, and had more than once been invited down to Gallow, but as yet he had not made his appearance. I fancy that his recollections of his last visit were still too fresh in his memory, and that he had no consuming desire to renew his acquaintance with us. I had long soared above donkeys, and now possessed a steed of my own, one of the young horses bred on the place, who turned out to be too small for a hunter, and was presented to me by grandfather in a parcel, sent to Gallow, but as yet he had not made his appearance. I always had what the country people called "an element" for riding, and I now spent three or four hours in the saddle every day, to the great satisfaction of myself, if not of Freney; but I am sure he preferred careering about the fields, with a light weight on his back, to spending his time in a dark stable, like grandfather's fat cob.

Escorted by Dan, I went all the household messages. To Killool, to the post, to the railway station for parcels, to the canal-boat stores, to the lime kiln, etc.

During my peregrinations I rarely ever met a single creature, but that did not trouble me much—the mere fact of being on horseback was ample pleasure for me. I tested Freney's powers to the utmost, being extremely fond of jumping and schooling. There was scarcely a hurdle, bank, or gripe about the place that we had not been over dozens of times. Dan did not shine in the saddle; he was by no means partial to "leppin," as he called it, and was frequently pounded by me, coming home from Killool by the short cut.

I would say, "Come along, Dan; give Kate her head, she'll jump it beautifully. Follow me." And he would have no shame whatever in replying, "Bedad, miss, I'd be afraid if ye don't mind, I'll just trot round," and, "trot round" he did. When Rody was at home for his holidays I had an escort more of my own partial to "leppin," as he called it, and was frequently pounded by me, coming home from Killool by the short cut.

I can honestly say that, within a radius of five miles, we knew every field in the country, and most fences. The farmers vowed "that it was mainly alarming" to see the way we rode.

"Faix, they'll break their necks, and no loss if they do," I heard Sweetlips mutter, as he watched us amusing ourselves over a low white gate that led into the haggard. His amiable prophecy was never fulfilled; but I shudder now when I think of the awful places that in those days we used to go over just merely for fun!

It was a common thing for Rody to say, "Come along, Nora, let us take a turn at Kelly's ditch before we go home." Kelly's ditch was an enormous boundary drain, the terror of the Darfield Hunt, viz., a tall, awkward, crumbling bank, with a vast yawner on either side.

Indisputably it was a place, to quote Dan, "that the more you looked at it the worse you liked it." Fortunately, Rody and I were light weights, and never came to any signal grief. We had a few mishaps, but nothing serious. Once I staked Freney, jumping into a plantation, but not badly; and once or twice he came down, owing to a bad taking off, or landing. Rody's falls were too numerous to mention; I have seen him get three in the same afternoon; but he was never a bit the worse, nor his horse either.

There is a great deal of truth in the good old Irish motto, "Where there's no fear, there's no danger;" and certainly we never dreamed of either one or the other. Sometimes we would take what we called a "bee line" across country, and pretend we were hunting, racing each other for some particular goal, and taking everything before us with dauntless courage and grim determination. How I do enjoy tearing through the fields in the thin, chill autumn air! The thud of our horses' hoofs, and our exclamations and laughter, being the only sounds that broke the deep stillness of the very heart of the country.

At Christmas we had an unexpected visit from Maurice. I fancy grandfather and Miss Fluker kept us purposely in ignorance of his probable arrival, not unnaturally fearing that we might, in our turn, prepare some startling but well-matured "surprise" for the coming guest.

Rody, Deb, and I were gathered round a fine fire in the steward's room, roasting apples. In the dim "do nothing" hour that preceded dinner, with scorched and heated faces, we were just preparing to reap the reward of our labors, when the door was suddenly flung open and Maurice walked in.

Even to our prejudiced eyes he was extremely good-looking, as he

with a check as acutely as hard, visible coin of the realm; that to him was almost unendurable; and Saturday afternoon, when he paid the men, was by no means one of his happiest hours.

Deb was much improved in every way; various visits to her grandmother in Dublin had worked a distinctly perceptible change in her mind and manners. She now acted as a curb instead of spur to me, and people could no longer say with regard to our pranks that "Miss Deb made the bullets and Miss Nora fired them." Rody was as ugly, as active, and as mischievous as ever; a clever but idle boy at school, and the professional fool of the establishment. Maurice's battery was quartered in Dublin; he had become a real live artillery officer, and had more than once been invited down to Gallow, but as yet he had not made his appearance. I fancy that his recollections of his last visit were still too fresh in his memory, and that he had no consuming desire to renew his acquaintance with us. I had long soared above donkeys, and now possessed a steed of my own, one of the young horses bred on the place, who turned out to be too small for a hunter, and was presented to me by grandfather in a parcel, sent to Gallow, but as yet he had not made his appearance. I always had what the country people called "an element" for riding, and I now spent three or four hours in the saddle every day, to the great satisfaction of myself, if not of Freney; but I am sure he preferred careering about the fields, with a light weight on his back, to spending his time in a dark stable, like grandfather's fat cob.

Escorted by Dan, I went all the household messages. To Killool, to the post, to the railway station for parcels, to the canal-boat stores, to the lime kiln, etc.

During my peregrinations I rarely ever met a single creature, but that did not trouble me much—the mere fact of being on horseback was ample pleasure for me. I tested Freney's powers to the utmost, being extremely fond of jumping and schooling. There was scarcely a hurdle, bank, or gripe about the place that we had not been over dozens of times. Dan did not shine in the saddle; he was by no means partial to "leppin," as he called it, and was frequently pounded by me, coming home from Killool by the short cut.

I would say, "Come along, Dan; give Kate her head, she'll jump it beautifully. Follow me." And he would have no shame whatever in replying, "Bedad, miss, I'd be afraid if ye don't mind, I'll just trot round," and, "trot round" he did. When Rody was at home for his holidays I had an escort more of my own partial to "leppin," as he called it, and was frequently pounded by me, coming home from Killool by the short cut.

I can honestly say that, within a radius of five miles, we knew every field in the country, and most fences. The farmers vowed "that it was mainly alarming" to see the way we rode.

"Faix, they'll break their necks, and no loss if they do," I heard Sweetlips mutter, as he watched us amusing ourselves over a low white gate that led into the haggard. His amiable prophecy was never fulfilled; but I shudder now when I think of the awful places that in those days we used to go over just merely for fun!

It was a common thing for Rody to say, "Come along, Nora, let us take a turn at Kelly's ditch before we go home." Kelly's ditch was an enormous boundary drain, the terror of the Darfield Hunt, viz., a tall, awkward, crumbling bank, with a vast yawner on either side.

Indisputably it was a place, to quote Dan, "that the more you looked at it the worse you liked it." Fortunately, Rody and I were light weights, and never came to any signal grief. We had a few mishaps, but nothing serious. Once I staked Freney, jumping into a plantation, but not badly; and once or twice he came down, owing to a bad taking off, or landing. Rody's falls were too numerous to mention; I have seen him get three in the same afternoon; but he was never a bit the worse, nor his horse either.

There is a great deal of truth in the good old Irish motto, "Where there's no fear, there's no danger;" and certainly we never dreamed of either one or the other. Sometimes we would take what we called a "bee line" across country, and pretend we were hunting, racing each other for some particular goal, and taking everything before us with dauntless courage and grim determination. How I do enjoy tearing through the fields in the thin, chill autumn air! The thud of our horses' hoofs, and our exclamations and laughter, being the only sounds that broke the deep stillness of the very heart of the country.

At Christmas we had an unexpected visit from Maurice. I fancy grandfather and Miss Fluker kept us purposely in ignorance of his probable arrival, not unnaturally fearing that we might, in our turn, prepare some startling but well-matured "surprise" for the coming guest.

Rody, Deb, and I were gathered round a fine fire in the steward's room, roasting apples. In the dim "do nothing" hour that preceded dinner, with scorched and heated faces, we were just preparing to reap the reward of our labors, when the door was suddenly flung open and Maurice walked in.

Even to our prejudiced eyes he was extremely good-looking, as he

approached and stood in the full light of the fire. He looked taller and more manly since we had last seen him, and bore himself as one who was quite assured of his welcome. The freezing one we accorded him ought to have gone a long way toward reducing the heat of the room.

"Good evening, young people," he said cheerfully, taking a chair and drawing up between Deb and me. "Eating, as usual, I see," he continued, as he glanced round our little circle.

"Well, and how have you been since I last had the pleasure of seeing you?" spreading out his hands toward the blaze, and looking us over attentively. "Pretty frisky, eh? As I was coming down the passage I thought I was about to enter the Tower of Babel, but I find that I have stumbled upon three Trappists instead."

"We did not expect you," responded Deb, politely; "can you wonder that your sudden appearance should have struck us dumb?"

"Ah yes, of course; very true?" he nodded, affably. "But where is your Irish hospitality?" he proceeded. "I do not see you forcing any of your dainties on me, and I am starving!" calmly reaching forth a long arm and appropriating a well-roasted apple from the plate on the fender.

"We exchange glances of amazement, and help ourselves precipitately to the remainder, save one (the smallest), which we leave for manners or Maurice."

"Why are you all so quiet?" he asked, looking curiously around. "What change has come over the spirit of your dream? Where are the delicate witticisms of which I retain such a pleasing recollection?"

"By this time we had completely rallied from the first surprise. We were not going to let him have it all his own way."

"I had a rich vein of humor, had we not?" I retorted. "We have allowed it to lie fallow latterly, but we are still capable of amusing ourselves—*if we get a chance*!"—significantly.

"No doubt?" he returned dryly, stooping to pick up the last apple. "Talking of amusements, have you been to the fair of Kilcoat lately?" he asked in a tone of pleasured banter and with a glance of quick, ironical interrogation.

"It's none of your business whether we have or not," replied Roddy, with a rudeness bordering on ferocity.

"When did you arrive?" put in Deb, in her mild, level voice, anxious to avert a scene.

"About an hour ago. Did you know that I was expected, or is it an agreeable surprise?"

"Can you ask it?" I answered impressively. "Don't you think that we should have met you at the station; to say nothing of having bonfires at both sides of the avenue, and the whole front of the house illuminated?"

"True!" he replied, carelessly. "You can rectify the matter by leaving an enthusiastic demonstration when I am going away."

"And when may that be?" I asked, bluntly.

"Till five," he rejoined with inconceivable promptitude.

"He is getting quite witty, I declare!" I remarked to Roddy across my cousin, with a patronizing smile.

"They have smartened him up in the artillery, have they not?" observed Deb, just as if Maurice were miles away.

"So, so?" returned Roddy, with raised brows and a protruding underlip. "he certainly is improved, and his mistake is now visible to the naked eye! But you know, you could not expect them to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!"

"I know what I'll make of one of yours, Master Roddy," cried Maurice. Jumping up and seizing him by the lobe of a sufficiently prominent organ, he compelled him to make several unwilling gyrations round the room.

At this crisis the dinner gong sounded, and Deb and I sped away to my room to make a hasty toilet, leaving Roddy and Maurice to settle their difference as they pleased. Only for the gong's timely boom there would certainly have been a fight, or rather Maurice would have thrashed Roddy—treated him to that "slight irritation of the cuticle" with which he had threatened him nearly three years previously, so it was just as well that the scene had been interrupted. Excepting at meal times, I saw nothing of my cousin for nearly a week. He spent most of his time snipe-shooting in the bog, accompanied by an old poacher, called Gilligan, who showed Maurice all the "likely" places.

Gilligan was most enthusiastic, whether about Maurice himself, or the half-sovereigns which he tipped him, I leave you to guess. Every morning he would send up a message, announcing "to his lordship the captain," as he called him, that he was awaiting his orders for the day, and that he knew the whereabouts of several "wisps" of snipe.

"Faix," said he, "the snipe was risin' in mists, and Mr. Maurice knockin' them over so fast that they were hoppin' like hailstones on the ground around him. Miss Nora, honey," turning to me most insinuatingly, "if ye were as dry as I am, you'd feel all the better for the least tint of sperrits and wather. Ax the masher for a glass, and I'll pray for ye!"

Gilligan was a most notorious poacher, and turned many a penny that was anything but honest, selling grandfather's game. It was part of his business to break-in young setters, and he fired off his old muzzle-loader much more frequently than was necessary, "to steady the dogs," he affirmed. Many a fat grouse and partridge had lined his capacious pockets.

"Thanks to his knowledge of the country, Maurice brought home some heavy bags, the contents of which he emptied out on the kitchen table with no little pride, while I sat on one end of it, dangling my long legs, and criticising the birds, and counting and arranging them according to their tribe. Snipe, teal, and hares were his usual spoils, and he never walked less than twenty miles a day in pursuit of this, in my opinion, very poor amusement.

I overheard him confide to grandfather that Gilligan was by no means the indefatigable pedestrian he had been led to expect. He was constantly overtaken by what he termed "a strong weakness." When seized by one of these "turns," as he called them, a seat on the nearest stone and a long pull and a strong pull at Maurice's flask were the only remedies to which the complaint would yield!

"These attacks became so alarming, frequent (happening, latterly, about every two hours), that Maurice was obliged to disperse with Mr. Gilligan's attendance altogether. Poor Gilligan! He fell off a cart and broke his neck not long afterwards, returning from a fair, where he had been spending a right merry evening. We made a subscription for his widow and children, to which "his lordship the captain" contributed handsomely.

"The two women—how well he remembered it all!—had been employed in the priest's house. One day Annie had disappeared and no word was spoken of her after. Vainly had he asked his mother, Father Don, Bill, the sexton, her own sister Kate. It was as though the earth had swallowed her up, for the place that knew her once knew her now no more."

Then Kate had married Colonel Laidlaw and blossomed in a well-groomed and wealthy society lady. The process was slow and took place while Delmege was in college. Once, while he was a reporter on The Echo, Delmege had ventured to ask Mrs. Delmege what had become of Annie, and was told that nobody knew. And now, to-day, he knew.

"I suppose," said the woman hard, bitter smile distorting her features, "you hardly expected to see me to-day?"

"Annie, sit down here, please: you look tired. I hardly expected to see you any day. I need hardly tell you that I am surprised. And there is a coincidence in this matter, too. The last person I was speaking to was Kate."

"The woman pursed up her lips. "Don't talk about Kate," she said shortly. "She's nothing to me. Oh, yes," she added, putting out her hand as Delmege was about to speak, "I know all about her. I see the papers sometimes, and whenever I do I'm sure to find her name on the society page, and the church page, too. I suppose people call Kate a pillar of society. I wonder what they call me?"

"You mustn't look at things like that, Annie. I'm sure you have been very unfortunate and eventually have lost heart. You know I have never heard a word about you or got a hint of your whereabouts since that time, nearly twenty years ago, when you left St. Margaret's."

"You don't know why I left? Well, I married a man nobody thought I should have married. He's been dead for fifteen years—drank himself to death. And it was good riddance. I was a fool, of course; but plenty of other girls have made mistakes."

"And repaired them."

"Some do. But some need help to repair mistakes. I'm that kind. I wrote to Kate, and my letters were returned unopened. I called to see her at her Van Ness avenue mansion—called six times—and she was never at home. If she had only been a sister to me, helped me a little, given me a word of consolation, why I might have turned out well enough; but she slammed her door in my face, and—*you see what I am*."

Delmege bowed his head. The wind from the ocean was rustling the long grass, and the cypress trees bent as though beneath a burden of sorrow and wrong and sin.

"I'd rather not tell you, Tommy, how I've lived all these years. I'm good for nothing now. I'm only forty-five, but I look twenty years older. I've no pride, no shame, no hope—it's all been knocked out of me. I go around every day and ask for a hand-out. Sometimes it's the St. Vincent de Paul Society, sometimes it's the Salvation Army, sometimes it's a man I meet in the street. I've always got a pain here"—she struck her breast—"and I'm tired of everything."

"She rose suddenly, scalding tears in her eyes.

"I'm glad I met you, Tommy. Good-bye!"

Delmege placed a restraining hand on her arm.

"Sit down, Annie. Don't go yet. I want to light a cigar, if I may; and I want to think a bit. Wait!"

have the price of a cup of coffee?"

Her tones were dry and very tired. It was evident that her mendicant formula was very familiar to her own ears.

Delmege, rising to his feet, noted the hard glare that came into the woman's eyes as his hand slipped into his trouser pocket.

"Thank you, sir," she murmured, her thin, soiled fingers closing on the coin he proffered her. "God will reward you for helping a poor woman in distress."

"On the point of moving away, she cast another glance at his face. Then she stood stock still, the look freezing into a surprised, incredulous stare.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, partly to herself. You can't be—*are* you little Tommy Delmege?"

"I used to be, long ago," he smiled, "when I had no literary aspirations. Now they insist on calling me T. Pemberton. But my dear madam, you certainly have the advantage of me."

"Yes, it must be Tommy Delmege," the woman continued. "I'd know those eyes of yours anywhere. I remember we used to argue about whether they were brown or gray."

"That," laughed Delmege, "is still a matter of debate."

"And you used to serve Mass at St. Margaret's; and I remember the time you got a set of books in the parochial school for the best English composition; and then I—"

Delmege took a quick step forward. "Good heavens!" he whispered. "You are the priest's Annie!"

The childhood phrase came to his lips automatically. Here, after many years, was the plump and rosy "second girl" in the clergy residence at St. Margaret's. Here was the Annie who used to open the door and sweep the front steps and make a gay morning trip down Twenty-fourth street to the baker's and the fruit stand. Here was the Annie who had tied up his cut finger that awful day he had played at fighting a duel with Joe Kelly, the Annie who had on many occasions conveyed cakes and apples to the altar boys. Here was Mrs. Laidlaw's sister!

The two women—how well he remembered it all!—had been employed in the priest's house. One day Annie had disappeared and no word was spoken of her after. Vainly had he asked his mother, Father Don, Bill, the sexton, her own sister Kate. It was as though the earth had swallowed her up, for the place that knew her once knew her now no more."

Then Kate had married Colonel Laidlaw and blossomed in a well-groomed and wealthy society lady. The process was slow and took place while Delmege was in college. Once, while he was a reporter on The Echo, Delmege had ventured to ask Mrs. Delmege what had become of Annie, and was told that nobody knew. And now, to-day, he knew.

"I suppose," said the woman hard, bitter smile distorting her features, "you hardly expected to see me to-day?"

"Annie, sit down here, please: you look tired. I hardly expected to see you any day. I need hardly tell you that I am surprised. And there is a coincidence in this matter, too. The last person I was speaking to was Kate."

"The woman pursed up her lips. "Don't talk about Kate," she said shortly. "She's nothing to me. Oh, yes," she added, putting out her hand as Delmege was about to speak, "I know all about her. I see the papers sometimes, and whenever I do I'm sure to find her name on the society page, and the church page, too. I suppose people call Kate a pillar of society. I wonder what they call me?"

"You mustn't look at things like that, Annie. I'm sure you have been very unfortunate and eventually have lost heart. You know I have never heard a word about you or got a hint of your whereabouts since that time, nearly twenty years ago, when you left St. Margaret's."

"You don't know why I left? Well, I married a man nobody thought I should have married. He's been dead for fifteen years—drank himself to death. And it was good riddance. I was a fool, of course; but plenty of other girls have made mistakes."

"And repaired them."

"Some do. But some need help to repair mistakes. I'm that kind. I wrote to Kate, and my letters were returned unopened. I called to see her at her Van Ness avenue mansion—called six times—and she was never at home. If she had only been a sister to me, helped me a little, given me a word of consolation, why I might have turned out well enough; but she slammed her door in my face, and—*you see what I am*."

Delmege bowed his head. The wind from the ocean was rustling the long grass, and the cypress trees bent as though beneath a burden of sorrow and wrong and sin.

"I'd rather not tell you, Tommy, how I've lived all these years. I'm good for nothing now. I'm only forty-five, but I look twenty years older. I've no pride, no shame, no hope—it's all been knocked out of me. I go around every day and ask for a hand-out. Sometimes it's the St. Vincent de Paul Society, sometimes it's the Salvation Army, sometimes it's a man I meet in the street. I've always got a pain here"—she struck her breast—"and I'm tired of everything."

"She rose suddenly, scalding tears in her eyes.

"I'm glad I met you, Tommy. Good-bye!"

Delmege placed a restraining hand on her arm.

"Sit down, Annie. Don't go yet. I want to light a cigar, if I may; and I want to think a bit. Wait!"

Leisurely he pulled out his cigar case, selected a Havana, and solemnly lit it. Then he sat back puffing quietly, his hands clasped about one knee and his brows drawn in thought.

At length Delmege rose and pulled out his watch. It was three o'clock.

"Annie, I have an engagement to keep in half an hour. I want you to come with me. We are going to see a lady."

The woman, ground down as she was by the wheels of wretchedness and vulgarity and neglect, had yet within her a spark of the eternal feminine. She cast a deprecating glance at her tattered gray shawl and her soiled brown skirt and her large, colorless shoes.

"It's all right," Delmege added reassuringly. "The lady will understand everything."

At the gate of the cemetery Delmege hailed a taxicab. Fifteen minutes later he was helping the woman to alight before the Laidlaw residence.

"Tommy," she asked in slow, dreamy tones, "isn't this where—where she lives?"

Delmege paused on the sidewalk and smiled protectingly.

"Now, Annie, you must leave everything to me. Long ago, you remember, whenever things went wrong with me, I showed absolute confidence in your direction of my juvenile campaigns. Turn about is fair play." And then, half to himself, he added: "It is true that this particular campaign is being conducted in a somewhat spectacular fashion; but I can't help it. The dramatic possibilities of the situation are almost infinite. However, as a matter of precaution, let us try the law entrance."

"I'm Delmege, you know," he said a moment later to the grim and pompous maid that answered his ring. "This lady and I wish to see Mrs. Laidlaw immediately."

In the private reception room Delmege waited, the subdued sounds of orchestral music in his ears. The afternoon tea for charity was on. In a few minutes he would walk into the drawing-room and read "Youth and Art" and "Tomlinson;" but first—

He looked at the woman who was once "the priest's Annie" as she sat shivering and started and ashamed.

"Wait here, Annie," he said. "I am going to give one of my readings in the corridor."

He had hardly passed through the portiers when he found himself face to face with Mrs. Laidlaw. She was flushed and triumphant; the tiny spangles on her expensive gown seemed to radiate self-sufficiency and pride.

"O Pemberton," she cried effusively, "it was so kind of you to come! The afternoon has been a complete success. The Archbishop stayed for General here yet. The Mayor is on his way now and—"

She stopped in perplexity at sight of Delmege's stern countenance and upraised hand.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Laidlaw, but I believe I am almost due to appear before your guests. I wish to trespass slightly on your goodness. As this is a charity fête, I thought of a reading somewhat in line with the occasion, which I should like to hear before I proceed to the drawing-rooms. It is not long, and with your permission I shall recite it here and now." Then, much to the perplexity of the hostess, he added: "I have never heard it, but it is a wonderful poem."

Falling into a conventional attitude, he began:

"Once there was two maidens; and the maidens were sisters, and they were happy and pure and young. And the roses were fair that blossomed about them and the air was bright, and the promise of life for both of them was fair as the roses, bright as the air. But the younger sister did err in weakness and ignorance, and she fell down and was ashamed. And she sought to rise from the depths of her fall, and she climbed again on high; but the elder sister gave unto her no helping hand. And as the years went on the elder sister waxed wealthy and became as such as woman may, a power in the land; but her fallen sister she regarded not. And the younger sister was alone and poor, and from much travelling in the ways of the city, the slime of the streets and the filth of the gutter did eat into her soul. In the heat and dust of the day, in the chill and darkness of the night, sorrows unnumbered fell upon her, and sin and the wages thereof did breathe upon her face; and all because the elder sister had so cruelly cast her off and would extend to her no loving hand nor word from her disgraces with soothing words and winning smiles of womanly love. Now it came to pass that the elder sister did give a great supper and did invite many, and all in the name of sweet charity; when, as the feast progressed, led by a strolling troubadour, there came in unto her—"

Mrs. Laidlaw, who had listened with increasing wonder and agitation, now almost tottered forward.

"Pemberton! Tommy! For God's sake, what does it all mean?"

The music in the drawing-room had suddenly stopped. Delmege quietly placed a monitory finger on his lips. There were tears in her eyes.

"It means, my dear Mrs. Laidlaw, that it is time for me to appear. I feel like an actor who has heard his cue." He pointed to the reception-room where the tattered woman waited. "And you have heard your cue. The stage direction calls for your entrance here."

Two strides across the heavy, yielding carpet, and he stood aside holding the portieres to let her pass. For a moment she paused; then with bowed head she went in. And Delmege carefully drew the portieres, smoothed his hair, smiled whimsically and proceeded to the drawing-room, leaving the sisters alone together.—Will Scarlet in Magnificat.

WORDS AND WORKS

Among the great and honored names of the distinguished men of whom the Catholic Church in Germany is so justly proud must ever be prominent the name of William Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz. His was a life of faith and action. He was an apostle and a pioneer. At a time when few headed the claims of the toilers for an improvement in their lot, he stood forth to champion them. And he did so deeply was the world of his day sunk in the materialistic idea of commercial principles to create the social gospel which he preached for the salvation of the masses of working men from misery and injustice. To the great Doctor of the schools and his teaching he went for inspiration, drawing from that fount of knowledge the stream of his proposals to ameliorate the condition of the laboring classes. And so successfully he taught and wrought, that with no unfairness may be attributed to him the magnificent solidarity and impregnable strength of the German Catholic organization of the present day.

WHAT HE SOWN WAS ON OTHER FIELDS

What he sowed, has been reaped, though his harvest was on other fields and from other hands than men's. He labored and passed away before his labors bore fruit. Of his words and works we are given a most instructive account in the excellent volume called "Christian Social Reform," by George Metlake, to which Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, has written a preface. To Catholic readers in general, and to Catholic students of social questions above all, this book will prove to be one of splendid service. They will see in it how far a learned and holy Bishop felt warranted to go in defence of the claims of labor and in protection of its rights.

Bishop Ketteler's principles were fearless and far-reaching; truth is always so. But they were also recognized and accepted by the highest authority in the Church. "He was the pioneer of Christian social reform," says Cardinal O'Connell. "Leo XIII. did not disdain to call him his great predecessor, and framed his famous Encyclical on Labor along the lines of Von Ketteler's program of action." What was that program? It was that the Church, and not the world, held the true solution for the economic problems which afflict mankind in these modern days.

CATHOLICS AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM

A soulless materialism could never convince and convert the souls of men, rich as well as poor to love justice and pursue it one towards another. The heart of man has to be touched and won, and for the Church is laid up that great and glorious victory: "The world will see that to the Catholic Church is reserved the definitive solution of the social question, for the State with all its legislative machinery has not the power to solve it." He urged Catholics to begin at once to realize the importance of taking up the study of the social problem confronting them, and he set forth the lines upon which they should work.

His counsel is still worth recalling, if not in his own country, where it has been acted on at least, perhaps, in ours where as yet the social question has scarcely got beyond the stage of introduction and is not generally understood. The lightest word of a Bishop, we know, is weighty. How weighty must be the word of him whom Pope Leo XIII. studied and praised for his wide knowledge of the best means of meeting the difficulties surrounding any attempt to solve the social problem!

THE DIFFICULTY OF PERSUADING PEOPLE

Bishop von Ketteler knew, as every student of social questions feels, that the great trial to be faced is the difficulty of persuading people that change is not something wasteful and wicked. To a man comfortably fell upon her, and sin and the wages thereof did breathe upon her face; and all because the elder sister had so cruelly cast her off and would extend to her no loving hand nor word from her disgraces with soothing words and winning smiles of womanly love. Now it came to pass that the elder sister did give a great supper and did invite many, and all in the name of sweet charity; when, as the feast progressed, led by a strolling troubadour, there came in unto her—"

Mrs. Laidlaw, who had listened with increasing wonder and agitation, now almost tottered forward.

"Pemberton! Tommy! For God's sake, what does it all mean?"

The music in the drawing-room had suddenly stopped. Delmege quietly placed a monitory finger on his lips. There were tears in her eyes.

"It means, my dear Mrs. Laidlaw, that it is time for me to appear. I feel like an actor who has heard his cue." He pointed to the reception-room where the tattered woman waited. "And you have heard your cue. The stage direction calls for your entrance here."

Two strides across the heavy, yielding carpet, and he stood aside holding the portieres to let her pass. For a moment she paused; then with bowed head she went in. And Delmege carefully drew the portieres, smoothed his hair, smiled whimsically and proceeded to the drawing-room, leaving the sisters alone together.—Will Scarlet in Magnificat.

have proved very satisfactory to others, and in any case, are the institutions under which we live and as such ought to be respected.

EVERY GOOD MAN'S AIM

Besides, the poor are to have a special recompense in the next world, and it ought to be every good man's aim to accept the modern code of conduct and the modern social regulations as being the outcome of experience and effort, into which the introduction of the Sermon on the Mount and Christian morality would in all probability weaken the institution without strengthening or benefiting the poor. Catholics, more than others, must reverence the things that are.

Talk like this, to the Bishop, seems the prime error and the principal peril against which wise Catholics should be warned. He says: "In the first place, Catholics and the Catholic press must avoid everything calculated to make people believe that we regard certain institutions, certain social and political forms of other days as inaccessible to improvement, or that we praise them unreservedly and hold them up to future generations as the only possible remedy for all the ills of our society. Christian truths, it is true, primarily regard the moral progress of man; but social and political progress also depends on them, and no one can foresee what social or civil transformation Christianity will effect in mankind once it shall have penetrated and informed all with its spirit."

CHAMPION THE CAUSE OF GOD

And in order that mankind be informed with the spirit of Christianity and penetrated by it, he turned to Catholic priests and people for help. "May the clergy understand the signs of the times and champion the cause of God, not only with the old weapons on the old battlefields, but with all just and honest means at their disposal. Our Christian people must be instructed. They must be initiated into the great problems of the day; they must be made to see the boundless hypocrisy of modern Liberalism (German Liberalism has since been destroyed. P) to see through the diabolical plot to draw the school into the service of anti-Christianity."

From every pulpit these questions must be discussed, and these thoughts developed; countless newspapers must spread them broadcast among the people. What could we do if we had but a small portion of the zeal of the enemies of God, a zeal which impels them to rush breathlessly through the world to carry the poison of their doctrines into the remotest hamlet! Not only the clergy, however, but all who love Christianity must work in the same spirit. In the public press in political assemblies, in the stations and walks of life, whatever they be, in which God has placed them, with all the means at their command, they must fight for the great interests of mankind."

He wanted Catholics to support and influence the Labor Unions. His heart went out in sympathy to the poor working man, the mere wage earner, with scanty pay, and no settled assurance even of work. The good Bishop felt that, to this our brother, we who are Christians had been neither kind nor just. Here is a vision of what might be, of what may, of what I for one believe some day will be; the worker will be treated, not as a tool, but as a man. And surely with reason. A tool we take up and lay down, and put by that it rusts not. But a man can not be put by, lest he hunger, and wife and children hunger with him. For a man is a tool that lives, and lives on bread, and has dependent on him other lines that live on bread.

SYMPATHY TO THE POOR WORKING MAN

We may hire him. We may pay him his wage. And when no man hires him? This holy Bishop answers "Whoever works for another, and is formed to do so all his life, has a moral right to demand security for a permanent livelihood. All the other classes of society enjoy such security. Why should the working classes alone be deprived of it? Why should the toiler alone have to go to his work haunted by the thought: 'I do not know whether to-morrow I shall have the wages on which my existence and the existence of my wife and children depend? Who knows? Perhaps to-morrow a crowd of famished workmen will come from afar and rob me of my employment by underbidding me, and my wife and children must beg or starve.' The wealthy capitalist finds protection a hundredfold in his capital—competition is scarcely more than an idle word for him—but the workman must have no protection!"

THE WORKMAN HAS NO PROTECTION

And this noble Bishop goes further. Not only does he claim that the workman has no protection; he claims that he has not even liberty of contract. Here are his words: "But is the workman under the present system always at full liberty to enter on an equitable agreement with his employer? Certainly not. It may be so when the demand for labor is very great; but when the offer far exceeds the demand, the workman is not free; he must, on the contrary, accept unconditionally the terms of the employer."

These are a few of the many points of teaching which made Bishop Ketteler's name a household genius in Germany. But he not merely taught. He urged others to teach. Especially anxious was he to have the parochial clergy and the seminary students make themselves acquaint-

HER SISTER'S KEEPER

TO BE CONTINUED

"At three-thirty? Very well, Mrs. Laidlaw. You may count on me to do what little I can for the edification and enlightenment of your society savages. Good-by."

Delmege hung up the receiver and sat back with a faint smile.

"There's a combination for you," he mused. "An afternoon tea for charity's sake with poetic readings by a rising young novelist thrown in for good measure! I suppose Mrs. Laidlaw calls it philanthropy. One notable difference between charity and philanthropy is that philanthropy never seriously inconveniences the philanthropist."

He arose leisurely, glanced at his watch, donned a black frock coat in deference to the rigid ethics of afternoon functions and left his simply-furnished apartments in the St. Cyril's. A full two hours lay between him and the promised readings, and the afternoon was bright and inviting out of doors.

Delmege walked briskly out Geary street, the tang of the crisp, clear atmosphere in his blood, and turned at the shabby gate of Mount Calvary Cemetery. The condemned burying ground, once far beyond the city limits, was a favorite rendezvous of the author of "The Machine."

"The Great American Myth" and some dozen successful and mildly discussed short stories. It was here, in the forgotten city of the forgotten dead, that he invariably found peace and enlightenment and inspiration. It was a fact that amused him very much that he had infallibly discovered the plot germs of funny stories at wakes and in cemeteries.

He climbed up the incline of the main drive—the weeds running riot with the long grasses hanging over moss-clad grave curbs—turned sharply to the right and seated himself on the crumbling wall of granite that bounded the plot years before assigned to the departed Brothers of the Precious Blood. The congregation had been a great teaching order in its day, and in the pioneer period of the city's existence had been a force in religious and municipal life; now the local houses of the order had long been closed, and the eleven mounds here in Mount Calvary Cemetery, with their weather-stained wooden crosses, were all but forgotten.

"It's a fortunate thing," mused Delmege in his whimsical way, "that the men whose bodies rest here had higher aims than earthly fame and human recognition. And over yonder is the massive vault of George P. Tene, the man who had boasted that he meant to leave a monument behind him. Well, there's his monument, all right; but I dare say it doesn't exactly square with the late George P.'s aspirations."

A rustling in the long grass caused Delmege to look over his shoulder, and he saw an old and poorly dressed woman approaching. His trained eye promptly discovered her role in the inscrutable drama of life.

"She's a victim of poverty, depression and asthma. Also she has been drinking more than is good for her."

The woman looked cautiously at Delmege, stopped and moistened her lips with her tongue. She drew a tattered gray shawl more closely about her narrow, stooping shoulders, and said:

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, sir, but I wonder if you could let me

AUTOMOBILES, LICENSES, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS
Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night
Star Livery 800-Ton Livery
479 & 481 Richmond St. 390 Wellington St.
Phone 433 Phone 441

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

FRANK J. FOLEY
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
The Kent Building, Corner Yonge & Richmond Sts.
TORONTO

FINANCIAL

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY.
Capital paid up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,450,000
Deposits received. Disbursements made. Real Estate Loans made. John McCarty, Pres.; A. M. Smart, Mgr.
Office: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London.

ed with the facts and tendencies of modern social troubles. From the Church and her devoted ministers he looked for a solution of that terrible problem, still unsolved in our days: How appeased the conflict between capital and labor? He saw the masses of workers under paid, while rents and interest and profit combined to swell the incomes of those who lived and never worked.

THE DOCTRINE AND SPIRIT OF CHRIST

And he urged that the whole problem could be dealt with by the doctrine and spirit of Christ alone; no mere law would make men just. What earthly law will force men to divide their wealths and profits, the conditions under which they are earned, the equity of their incidence and amount? None. Perhaps, if questions on these matters were put into the form of the examination of conscience, repentance and confession and amendment would ensue, and good example at least flow from scrupulous Catholic conduct; for nothing of the evil of those misdeeds, where misdeeds underlie them, is compatible with the spirit of our blessed Lord, Who loved the poor.

Were men to obey Him, the world would change. And to Christ Bishop Ketteler appealed for the example which should lead rich and poor to justice and peace: "With Him, in the truth which He taught, on the way which He pointed out, we can make a paradise of earth, we can wipe away the tears from the eyes of our poor suffering brother, we can establish the reign of love, of harmony, and fraternity, of true humanity; we can—I say it from the deepest conviction of my soul—we can establish brotherhood, peace, and the same time live under the freest political institutions; without Him we shall perish disgracefully, miserably, the laughing-stock of succeeding generations." Has not the last half century borne witness to the wisdom and foresight of Bishop Ketteler, in looking for help and safety in industrial problems to the teaching of the Catholic Church? The politician has failed. The priest has now his opportunity. And a book such as this will point the way and steady the steps of any man of faith and action who by word and work, and about among the rich and the poor, as did our Master, doing good—Pappyrus, in the Liverpool Catholic Times.

Have we not always found in our past experience that, on the whole, our kind interpretations were truer than our harsh ones?—Faber.

Lend your better self to all. God will not suffer you to be taken advantage of if you are prompted by the spirit of charity.

Just Six Minutes to Wash a Tubful!

This is the greatest Washer the world has ever known. It is so easy to use that almost fun to work it. Makes clothes spotlessly clean in domestic use. Every single machine applies a tubful of water to your clothes. It writes as many letters as you can write.

1900 Gravity Washer
on 30 Days' Trial Free
Don't send money. We will send you the washer and you are responsible for the return. We pay freight. See the wonders its performance. Thousands being used. Every user delighted. Write us a letter telling how it saves work and worry. Sold on little payments. Write today for particulars and beautiful Illustrated Free Book. All correspondence should be addressed to me, personally,

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada, I have read your paper with interest and admiration.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper with interest and admiration.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper with interest and admiration.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1918

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE PEOPLE

HOW SOME THINGS LOOK FROM OUR POINT OF VIEW

On the question raised by President Falconer's demand that High Schools do the first year's University work, we stated last week our point of view.

For convenience in the term High Schools we include Collegiate Institutes and Continuation Schools. The business of these schools is to provide secondary education for all those who desire it.

Incidentally they prepare students for matriculation.

President Falconer's demand implies a totally different conception of the place of High Schools in our system of education.

Incidentally they prepare students for matriculation.

President Falconer's demand implies a totally different conception of the place of High Schools in our system of education.

Incidentally they prepare students for matriculation.

President Falconer's demand implies a totally different conception of the place of High Schools in our system of education.

Incidentally they prepare students for matriculation.

President Falconer's demand implies a totally different conception of the place of High Schools in our system of education.

Incidentally they prepare students for matriculation.

President Falconer's demand implies a totally different conception of the place of High Schools in our system of education.

Incidentally they prepare students for matriculation.

President Falconer's demand implies a totally different conception of the place of High Schools in our system of education.

year—discouraged and unprofitable because secondary education has been so entirely subordinated to what should be merely incidental, the preparation of the few for matriculation and other examinations.

As an evidence of "some healthy dissatisfaction with things as they now stand" we quoted in our first article from a paper read by Principal Bonis before the Educational Association, and commented thus:

Not by adding the first year's University work to the already overburdened and unwieldy curriculum will the desired reform be attained. We want a revision and simplification of the High School course, not according to the needs of Toronto University, but in the interest of secondary education in Ontario.

Professor Kyle—"The complaints made at the recent Teachers' Convention were not directed against the Universities or against President Falconer's proposal and had no bearing on this subject."

We care not against what or against whom the "complaints made at the recent Teachers' Convention" were directed; the passage quoted was apposite and quite relevant to the purpose we had in view in citing it, which we think is very easily seen though altogether untouched by Prof. Kyle's comment.

"If any part of education is improved then every part is improved and especially the greater part is benefited."

This, in so far as it has any bearing on the question, simply assumes what it would prove.

The improvement in education most desirable and most pressing at the present time is the improvement of secondary education. A great many people are desirous of effecting this improvement.

President Falconer would stick in a spoke which would bring the whole movement to a standstill.

We are, however, very glad indeed to find ourselves in full agreement with Professor Kyle on the matter of the present course of studies in the schools with its overcrowded curriculum and ineffective work.

The universities will be able to help only when they take a very much broader view of their place in the educational system than they at present seem inclined to do.

When secondary education has a definite object of its own, when those who enter the High schools feel that they are entering on a highly desirable and useful course of studies having its own educational value, then pupils and parents, trustees and teachers and people will not be slow to appreciate the worth of the High School Leaving examination.

The High School graduate should have a recognized standing. The High schools will take their place and fulfil their duties in our system of education.

Those who enter them will enter with the definite object of securing the secondary education, something desirable and valuable whether leading to higher education or not.

This would benefit university work inasmuch as thorough and efficient work in the High Schools will leave the student better prepared for higher studies, a preparation much more important than is secured by a smattering of all things knowable and a few others.

The High School graduate should have a recognized standing. The High schools will take their place and fulfil their duties in our system of education.

Those who enter them will enter with the definite object of securing the secondary education, something desirable and valuable whether leading to higher education or not.

This would benefit university work inasmuch as thorough and efficient work in the High Schools will leave the student better prepared for higher studies, a preparation much more important than is secured by a smattering of all things knowable and a few others.

The High School graduate should have a recognized standing. The High schools will take their place and fulfil their duties in our system of education.

Those who enter them will enter with the definite object of securing the secondary education, something desirable and valuable whether leading to higher education or not.

This would benefit university work inasmuch as thorough and efficient work in the High Schools will leave the student better prepared for higher studies, a preparation much more important than is secured by a smattering of all things knowable and a few others.

THE EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF A FREE PRESS

"A Quebec court has annulled a marriage on the ground that husband and wife were minors. They were also father and mother."

This is the terse editorial comment of the Mail and Empire last week. What moral did it wish to point?

The amount of free advertising that a Quebec marriage case receives must make the most experienced press agents feel that either they don't know their business or have become stale and sterile.

The shade of the immortal Barnum would decide that the Friedman "cure" alone is in the same class with the "Quebec marriage case."

The Apostle of Humber would regard both as satisfactory developments of his principles.

Let us go back a month to the press despatches announcing this latest "Quebec marriage case."

"IS MARRIAGE IN LENT ILLEGAL?"

"ONE OF THE REASONS ADVANCED IN ASKING ANNULMENT OF QUEBEC CEREMONY"

"NO DISPENSATION GIVEN ALTHOUGH APPLIED FOR"

Montreal, April 8.—Another marriage annulment suit between Roman Catholics, this time to dissolve the marriage of two minors who also disobeyed the laws of the Church, was begun before Mr. Justice Archibald here this morning.

The mother claims that no marriage should have been permitted, first, because the parties were under age, secondly, because the ecclesiastical dispensation applied for was refused and thirdly, because the wedding was performed in Lent.

The mother also says her son kept the marriage a secret for several months.

Mr. Cannon, who is not now living with his wife, gave evidence in support of his mother's application this morning.

So far no annulment from the church authorities has figured in the case, as plaintiff considers that the fact that the parties were not of age when they were married is adequate ground for a civil annulment.

If such is granted steps will be taken, it is understood, to get church annulment on the ground that no dispensation to marry in Lent was secured.

Now let us go back another month to a public meeting held in Windsor, Ontario, Mayor Hockin of Toronto, speaking of another marriage case, said:

"Marriage laws in Quebec are a disgrace to the Empire. Not a marriage of Roman Catholics but can be invalidated on some pretext. This Church is in itself a divorce court. You couldn't go to Reno and get a judge to annul a marriage on such grounds."

Of course before this time the press by a whole series of Barnumesque headlines, comments, insinuations and perversions of fact had prepared the ground for the good orange seed which the Queen City's worthy mayor wished to sow in that intelligent and well-informed Ontario audience. Otherwise he would hardly have done it in Windsor!

Equally intelligent and well-informed readers of the Mail's innocently-looking little comment can be relied upon to read it in the lurid light already thrown on that awful subject—a Quebec marriage case.

Now let us turn our attention a moment from the endless serial of startling fiction and consider some hard facts.

Fact 1. The Catholic Church had no more to do with the Cannon-Stewart marriage case than the Salvation Army.

Could any one imagine this to be the case from reading the despatch quoted above? From the startling headline, "Is Marriage in Lent Illegal?" to the end, we have "Roman Catholic," "Ecclesiastical dispensation," "Lent," "Church authorities" etc., inextricably woven into the news item so that the desired inference is inevitable.

Fact 2. Marriage in Lent with or without a dispensation is valid in Quebec as elsewhere. Marriage without dispensation of banns is valid. These things are not diriment impediments. But, as a matter of fact, both dispensations were granted.

Fact 3. The marriage was, and is yet, valid in the eyes of the Church which had nothing to do with the civil case.

IDEALS OF WOMANHOOD

The name of Florence Nightingale is a household word throughout the world. Deservedly she is ranked amongst the heroines of charity and as such lovingly remembered.

How many know the names or even the deeds of the noble band of Sisters who were Florence Nightingale's chief aids in the Crimean War?

It is but just to say, however, that Miss Nightingale herself was always generous in her recognition of all that the work with which her name will ever be associated owed to the Sisters.

The following clipping from an English paper of April 27th shows that the British Government is not unmindful of that great debt:

"There was a picturesque scene in the gardens of the Hospital of St. John and Elizabeth, for the funeral of Mother Mary Stanislaus Jones, who was Florence Nightingale's chief helper in the Crimea."

After the requiem service in the beautiful little church (which was taken there from Great Ormond-street stone by stone) the Nuns and Sisters of Mercy, who carry on their work of healing in the fine hospital adjoining, made a lane, through which the coffin was borne by men of the Army Service Corps.

A file of soldiers had been sent up with an officer by the War Office, as a special tribute to Mother Stanislaus, who with the "Lady of the Lamp" was foremost in giving our stricken troops in the Crimea practical aid and comfort.

Dr. Fenton, Bishop of Amylea, was present at the service, and Monsignor Grosch delivered a sermon dwelling on the splendid work done by the nun in her sixty-five years of religious profession, after her return part at the Crimea, she took a leading part at the instigation of Cardinal Wiseman in founding St. John's Hospital (then in Great Ormond-street), and afterwards was one of the foremost promoters of the St. Mary's Catholic Orphanage at Westminster.

While the attention of the world was centred on the sanguinary war in the Balkans, in the besieged city of Adrianople Catholic Nuns with quiet heroism devoted themselves as

ministering angels to the sick and wounded.

The following is from The Tablet: "The work of the Oblate Sisters of the Assumption during the siege of Adrianople has evoked a letter of high praise from our Ambassador at Constantinople, who has asked the French Ambassador to convey the thanks of the British Government to the Government of the French Republic."

Sir Gerard Lowther writes: "In a report which I have just received from the British Consul at Adrianople, Major Samson mentions the wonderful way in which the Oblate Sisters of the Assumption have nursed the wounded in the English hospital in that city."

"It would be impossible," says the Consul, "to exaggerate either the devotedness of these ladies in the work they have undertaken, or the coolness they showed under the fire of the artillery. Indeed, without their aid, continues the report, it would have been impossible for the hospital to carry on the task it had taken up."

I have the greatest pleasure, therefore, in communicating to you this great testimony to the devotedness and heroism of these ladies who have so nobly co-operated in the common work of humanity which the Christian community took upon itself during the siege."

The French Ambassador has sent a copy of this letter to the Superior of the Assumptionists at Constantinople.

Nearer home we have an example of heroism so sublime and so touching that it is difficult to read of it unmoved.

On the island of Skeeklung, 9 miles from Canton, China, there is a leper colony under the charge of Father Connardy, often called the second Father Damien. There is on the St. Catherine Road near Montreal the Mother House, a community of missionary Sisters called the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

These Sisters have a mission in Canton, China, where they conduct a foundling asylum, an orphanage, a home for the aged and an English school.

Three weeks ago Father Connardy called for Sisters to take charge of the leper settlement.

When the Reverend Mother (at Montreal) read the letter to the fifteen Nuns assembled in the community, every one of them volunteered to go. She explained the life of sacrifice it involved, the loathsomeness of the disease, the isolation and perpetual banishment from home, kindred, and everything that a person holds dear. Yet every Nun remained an enthusiastic volunteer.

Sister Mary Angelina, already in China, shows the spirit of the sisters there. "Imagine," she writes, "the joy and thanksgiving with which we received the news that we are to co-operate in the great work Father Connardy is carrying on."

Sister Mary Angelina, who was formerly Miss Mary Donovan of Alexandria, thus concludes her letter: "It is impossible for me to close this letter without mentioning the happiness with which our sisters here are filled, to be laboring amongst the Chinese. We thought we were happy in our convent home at Outremont, but we can say that we never knew what true happiness was till now. I would like to go round the whole world gathering together girls who have nothing to do and who are always unhappy, and bring them here to usefulness and happiness. There is so much need, and the workers are so few that we realize all too sadly that many are called but few are chosen."

All the other sisters with Sister Mary Angelina are French Canadian—drawn from those ignorant women of Quebec to whom Mrs. Cole would hesitate to give the vote!

Which reminds us of a type of valiant woman altogether different from Sister Mary Angelina and her devoted co-workers in that far off portion of the Lord's vineyard.

The following is an "impartial appreciation" of Mrs. Pankhurst by a writer in the London Daily Mail:

"She is a spiritual descendant of all martyrs and fanatics who have ever won themselves out in pursuit of an ideal. For years before she became a fighting Suffragist she had worked quietly for the cause. Her gnawing eagerness for self-sacrifice saw in this such an objective as it desired. Gradually she came to believe that she was marked out to be a leader that the cause for which she was fighting depended upon her. That she led to suffer. That she had her run to meet labor and punishments which it seemed impossible for so slight a frame to bear. It is power of will that supports her, aided by the self-esteem which is in all fanatics, which even helped to bear up Joan of Arc, with whose life by the way, Mrs. Pankhurst might be at many points compared. It is impossible to think of the courage of this frail woman without admiration, or of her sufferings without pain. Yet to the martyr sufferings are a satisfaction. That is the stuff of which Mrs. Pankhurst is made."

The quiet, unobtrusive womanly lives of the Sisters, inspired by simple, childlike, unwavering faith in Christ's promises, devoted without a thought

of self exclusively to the service of others, embody the Catholic ideal of woman's highest sphere of usefulness. What a contrast to the noisy, masculine advocates of woman's rights, and the empty platitudes of the apostles of "altruism" and "social service."

ORDINATIONS AT ST. PETER'S SEMINARY

On Saturday, May 17th, in the presence of a great many of the priests of the diocese, the relatives and friends of those ordained and a large congregation of the faithful, His Lordship Bishop Fallon raised four students of St. Peter's seminary to the dignity of the priesthood. To all present the impressive ritual of the solemn function was in itself a striking illustration of the importance of the work of the seminary and the sanctity and significance of the sacerdotal order.

Those who were ordained to the priesthood on Saturday were: J. Emery of Painscourt, A. Rondot of Stony Point, J. Quigley of Biddulph and J. Fallon of London.

On Wednesday, April 30th, Messrs. W. Moran, J. Young, and F. McCarthy were tonsured; minor orders were conferred on J. Fallon, T. Grenier, J. Bell, H. Dignan, F. Costello, and A. Finn; and the subdeaconate on J. Fallon, J. Quigley, P. Mahoney, W. Langlois, and T. McCarthy.

On Ascension Thursday A. Rondot, J. Emery, J. Fallon, and J. Quigley were ordained deacons.

FATHER TYRELL'S "LIFE"

That captivating Catholic writer, Mr. Robert Hugh Benson, published a review recently in the New York Times of "The Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell." The reviewer endeavors to be—and he undoubtedly succeeds—as charitable as possible when he deals with the conduct of the controversial priest: but in the essential points, he writes with such lucidity and such compelling logic that Father Tyrrell's vagaries are made plain to everybody—Catholic and non-Catholic—who reads the review.

On the inner processes of George Tyrrell's mind, says Mr. Benson, no one—least of all ecclesiastical authority—presumes to pass final judgment; but he hopes, although there is no evidence whatever of it, that at the supreme moment the excommunicated ex-Jesuit may have made an inner act of self-surrender to the divine authority which the Catholic Church claims to represent on earth.

The utterly untenable positions assumed by Father Tyrrell is exposed in this splendid passage:

"The Catholic Church extends her communion and her privileges only to those who interiorly as well as exteriorly submit to her view. The Modernist would call her narrow-minded; yet it is difficult to understand how any man can call her tyrannical in this matter. It is not tyrannical for the committee of a club to insist upon the rule being kept, and to demand that those who will not keep the rules shall go elsewhere for their entertainment. There is where for their entertainment men to belong to her; she only demands that those who claim to represent her minister in her name, shall in deed represent her and teach and believe her view of truth and not another. The world howled aloud when George Tyrrell was denied Catholic rites at his death: yet to have granted him those rites, except on the plea either that he was mad or that he submitted after all, at the last moment—would have been to have granted him the rites and the statements of his friends—who would have been to vacillate her own position, and to have implied that, after all, her own view of truth was not so essential as she pretended."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ALL EUROPE, we are told, is ringing with praises to Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. To his diplomacy, skill and personal authority, more than to any other factor, is attributed the peaceful solution of the numerous difficulties which a few months ago gravely menaced the peace of Europe and the world. When others despaired he stood firm, and by the sheer force of his personality and insistence upon the conference of ambassadors, cleared the way for an amicable solution of the tangled questions rising out of the Balkan war.

That his respect is now fully recognized by the great powers, and not least by Germany, will be gratifying to those who, like ourselves, have long regarded Sir Edward Grey as the strongest and wisest statesman of his time!

AN OLD vellum deed was recently offered for sale by a London (England) bookseller, which affords a curious side-light upon the vagaries of Anglican doctrine and the devious ways of Anglican churchmanship in the earlier years of the "Church by law established" as now. The document in question was a deed issued by George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, granting an Indulgence to Sir Peter Frechvale of Staveley, and his wife, to eat meat in Lent. The date of the precious document is Feb. 9, 1613. Abbot was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1611 until his death in 1633. He had, prior to his elevation to the primatial see, successively occupied those of Lichfield and London, and, as it is related, he owed his preference in all three instances to the friendship and influence of his patron, the Earl of Dunbar. All of which goes to show that not less than two now Scotsmen exercised a commanding influence upon the administration of affairs in the Church of England.

The curious feature in the document referred to is that it should have emanated from one who is described as a "sincere but narrow-minded Calvinist, equally opposed to Catholics and to heretics, Arrian or Arminian." Abbot has to his credit the flogging of two recusants, the burning of two Arians, and acquiescence in the putting of at least one opponent to the torture. Nevertheless, he is credited also with being a charitable man, and, what, under the circumstances, tells in his favor as being far less obsequious to the kingly will than most of his compeers.

HAD THIS "Indulgence" come from so pronounced a high-churchman as Archbishop Land, who succeeded Abbot in the See of Canterbury, it would not be so much a matter of surprise. Land shares with his royal master, Charles I., the honors of "martyrdom," in the Anglican calendar. He had a great admiration for antiquity, and is said to have at times looked with longing eyes towards Rome. Auster in his own habits, and strongly imbued with the ecclesiastical spirit, it would not be so much a matter of wonder had he carried this to the extent even of issuing an "Indulgence." But that the Calvinist Abbot could so conceive his Protestant profession as to exercise it upon a matter so pronouncedly "popish," is certainly surprising. In the light of such an emanation in the seventeenth century, the plea that doctrinal variation in the Church of England is a modern development will not hold. As to Calvinism, its boasted rigidity notwithstanding, it stood forth then as it does now, as an obsequious and time-serving creed.

IN THE MATTER of definiteness, the position of Anglicanism has never been happy. Since the first rise of the Oxford Movement, the Church of England has produced many earnest-minded men, who, recognizing the barrenness of their surroundings, have striven manfully to recall those beliefs and practices of earlier ages, which are exclusively the possession of the Catholic Church. In most cases such men have eventually realized the futility of their efforts, and have, as a result, sought and found admission to that Church where alone the certainty they aspired to is to be found.

AMONG THOSE WHO in recent years have distinguished themselves as earnest seekers after truth, Lord Halifax is conspicuous. He has striven assiduously to establish the Anglican claim to Catholicity, and as President of the English Church Union and of the Fraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, has, more than any other man of his generation, been responsible for the revival of certain Catholic practices in the Establishment. He it was who hailed the monastic foundation on the Isle of Caldey with so much hope and enthusiasm. In the light of the collapse of that high-minded enterprise, as being hopelessly out of joint with the spirit of Anglicanism, it is instructive to recall Lord Halifax's estimate of its bearing upon the developments for which he yearned.

It is but a few years ago since Lord Halifax wrote: "And now the time has come when we who profess our loyalty to the Catholic Faith, and proclaim our unflinching conviction in the Catholicity of the Church of England, must rally round Abbot Elred, who in the sphere of the religious life has been enabled

by the grace of God to win a position for the Benedictine Order in the Ecclesia Anglicana, which at one time had seemed to be impossible.

That Abbot Elred, though he lacked not for friends and supporters, should from actual test have realized the hopelessness of grafting the Benedictine spirit upon the Anglican tree, and, with practically all his followers, have sought admission to the Fold of Peter, should not be without its effect upon their chivalrous and earnest-minded supporter.

THE SPLENDID response to the appeal made in these columns in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese Mission proves that the missionary spirit is very strong in the Catholics of Canada, and that it only needs a little urging to bring it out. The immense sums raised by non-Catholics for their foreign work is often the subject of remark amongst Catholics, and it need not be denied that the example is in a measure worthy of emulation.

WITH CATHOLICS it is different. They know that every dollar set aside for missions or for any Church purpose goes direct to the object intended. Their missionaries do not receive fat salaries, nor are thousands frittered away on palatial offices at home or sumptuous establishments abroad.

WE HAVE especially to commend the numerous contributions from Parkhill which were acknowledged in the RECORD of last week. It is evident that some good soul has interested himself or herself in the work and has solicited offerings. The same is true of the contributions from Barnet, B. C., acknowledged some weeks ago.

A BISHOP'S BLESSING

It seems but a simple thing to remember how gladly we kneel for a bishop's blessing; but yet it is no light privilege; for the blessing of a bishop is the blessing of the God he represents. A blessing given by a priest is something sacred and unearthly, consecrating in some sort and dedicating to God that upon which it falls.

only by the still completed fullness of apostolic blessing. Whenever we meet our bishop we throw about him and kneel until he has blessed us; and in the church he passes to and fro he scatters his benediction around him, or still more solemnly chants it from the altar.

CRADLE OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Readers of cheap literature are familiar with the old charge that "obscurantism resulted from the rule of the Popes during the Middle Ages."

Herder, the German philosopher-historian, who was far from being a Catholic, says the Doctor, gives it as his conviction that Europe without the Papacy would have fallen into the claws of tyrants.

And a non-Catholic writer in the North American Review says: "Italy in the Middle Ages was like Mount Ararat in the Deluge—the last reached by the flood and the first left."

Omitting numerous other writers of great authority and not Catholic writers, to whom one may refer, it is easy to show that the Church has ever been the real cradle of enlightenment. When Roman pagan civilization was breaking up, when the Barbarians from the North were sweeping all before them, and Southern Europe was in chaos, the Church it was that undertook the difficult task of christianizing the invaders and of building up a new civilization out of the rude elements that remained.

It was precisely during these ages that arose the great universities of Europe. Under the patronage of the Popes the University of Oxford was founded at the close of the ninth century, and that of Cambridge at the beginning of the tenth.

The Popes also founded the Great Italian universities which arose in those times at Rome, Bologna, Padua, Pisa, and Pavia; and the Canon Law ordained that wherever a cathedral was built, there also a school should be established.

An Italian monk of the thirteenth century, Guido d'Arezzo, did for music what the inventor of the alphabet did for language; he constructed the gamut and thus reduced sounds to systematic rules, and enabled us to teach and learn music on regular principles.

It was established in Venice in the middle of the twelfth century, and the needs of Venetian enterprise introduced the first use of bills of exchange and the post office. The revival of painting began in the thirteenth century in Florence with Cimabue; it was the dawn of the great school that was to raise up Raphael, Fra Angelico, Da Vinci, and as for architecture, Cologne, Westminster, York, Rouen are all eloquent.

And economically, how worked the Church? When the Church found the Barbarians masters of Europe, she began a twofold work, namely, to Christianize and civilize them. Under her influence, they gradually settled down into industrious communities and were given the models of the monastic institutions to imitate.

as their brothers the monks. The monasteries became the homes of science and art, and the hives of industry, and a glance at the "Monks of the West" (by Montalembert) will show how the monasteries founded by St. Columbanus spread over Northern Italy, Switzerland, along the East of France and towards the German Ocean and civilization and sprang up.

Interesting is the fact in connection with the discovery of America that Columbus took with him on his voyage of discovery a work written by his patron, Cardinal Alliaco, entitled Imago Mundi (Image of the World) about which the great scientist, Humboldt, says: "It was more influential in the discovery of America than was the correspondence with the learned Florentine Toscanelli" (Cosmos, vol. ii, p. 249).

Mr. W. H. Mallock, the non-Catholic author, says: "Looking at the Church of Rome from a strictly logical standpoint, it is hard to see how, if we believe in free will and morality in the face of modern discoveries, which as far as they go show us all life as nothing but a vast machine—it is hard to see how we can consider the Church of Rome as logically in any way wounded, or crippled, or, in a condition, should occasion offer, to be less effective than she was in the days of her most disputed ascendancy."

IMPORTANCE OF INSTRUCTION

The Bishop of Newport has contributed to Catholic Truth literature an important booklet on the value and necessity of instruction in the tenets of the Faith for Catholics of all ages, all ranks and conditions.

In this age, says the Bishop, than in ordinary ages and because of the vast increase and rapid circulation of all sorts of information, religious knowledge has to compete in these days with knowledge of every kind for a place and position in limited human minds.

It is certain, says the Bishop, that the pulse of Catholic life beats more feebly all through the Church of the present day by reason of the want of religious knowledge. Catholics are lukewarm, or sceptical, or indifferent because they know so little of the real Catholic teaching, and are more or less influenced by the paganism in thought which they find on every side.

They practice their religion solely out of human respect, and are more or less strangers to Bethlehem, Nazareth and Calvary. The Catholic Liturgy is to them a sealed book, the Ritual is as often as much a mystery to them as it is to Protestants, and they have never learned to understand it.

Religious instruction should, therefore, begin with the earliest years of childhood, and the child's intelligence should be trained to the good and the right, the rudiments of the Christian Kingdom being imparted as the age of discretion manifests itself. One never knows how much a child takes in, if by skilful repetition and exhibition, it is kept to the level of its immature mind is thus led to work out relations and consequences for itself.

At such an age should elementary instruction be given as to confession and Communion, and the instructor of infancy, whether parent, priest or teacher, should persistently and confidently give instruction to young children. In the stage in which the truths of the Catechism are imparted growing children can be made to understand the seriousness and gravity of life, and to appreciate the difference between the broadway and the narrow.

In particular should instructors seek to cultivate in children the faculty of attention on which the mind depends in great measure for enrichment and cultivation, and it is moreover, a faculty which can be cherished and stimulated by a good teacher. Only let the tale of the blind men and the Universe be told skilfully, the points put clearly and the essential doctrines made definite enough, and the young mind never loses its hold thereon.

of the Catechism also seek to produce on the Catholic child's mind the sentiment of Catholic citizenship, or the pride and joy of belonging to a Catholic family.

A boy or girl, it would seem, could easily be taught to feel that to be a Catholic is to belong to a proud stock and when a youth has once said in his very heart "the Catholic religion is my religion," he will probably never cease to cling to it even as he clings to his own family.

SOCIALISTS THREATEN THE CHILD'S MORALITY

WOULD INFILTRATE EVIL PHILOSOPHY INTO INNOCENT MINDS

Socialism doesn't believe in God. That should be quite plain. For instance, Socialism is based on what Marx and Engels called "The Materialistic Conception of History." History is the known facts of the past. A conception is an idea.

The Socialists have another term that means the same thing. They call it "economic determinism." Economic means the struggle of human being for necessities, conveniences and luxuries of life. Determinism, as here used, means the effect upon human beings of something. "Economic determinism" means the effect on human beings of their struggle for the necessities, conveniences and luxuries of life.

The easy grace with which the trammels of "sectarian" considerations can be flung aside by people whose backs stiffen like steel plates at the mention of the word "Catholic" is marvelous to behold. All the public utilities are placed at the disposal of the Y. M. C. A. whenever some new movement is started to raise money. The City Hall is given up to the service of the association, just as though the general public had no right in the building, or that it is a matter of course that the public taxes be freely drawn upon for the use of this particular "non-sectarian."

So, when a Socialist tells you that Socialism is a political movement that does not question your religious belief, if you have one, he is like a man saying: "The stones of which this house is built have nothing to do with the house; it would stand just as well without them, or 'The root from which this apple tree springs has nothing to do with the tree; it would bear apples without a root.'"

DOESN'T BELIEVE IN GOD

Socialism doesn't believe in a God—it is also opposed to marriage. Mr. Bebel, who was a great Socialist leader, says so. He wrote a book called "Woman and Socialism" and the other day in Brooklyn a principal of a Public School advised his friends to read that book. It has been translated into English. It is pretty full stuff morally. The school principal who commends it ought to have a less delicate job than the care of children. There have been many examples of this Socialist dislike of marriage. They differ from non-Socialist violations of the moral code in this, that in Socialism they are held to be justifiable—paraded as an evidence of high intellectual condition and modern, liberal spirit.

Wherever Socialism gets an upper hand in schools, there appear persons who have a mad desire to addle with their own unwholesome sex philosophy the clean minds of developing children. They would thrust upon the immature a problem that even the full grown intelligence does not always stand up against. The awful passion and power, the raging fire of life, they would put into the unready hands of little children.

CAN'T HIDE ITS ATHEISM

It isn't accidental—it is purposeful. The Socialists want the schools. They want the minds of the children. They want them for Materialism, because, as we saw, that is the basis of Socialism and they want them for the "liberal" view of the sex relation—because the destruction of the family is the capstone. Short is the leap from Bebel to the injection of "liberal" sex-philosophy into the schools. It is the most cunning, the most dangerous part of the Socialist propaganda. We might let them rant forever and everywhere from their soap-boxes, we might let them fill the newspapers with weak-kneed enthusiasts, if they would leave the minds of the children unpolluted. For it is in childhood that the real wrong is done. It is in the

child that science sees the plastic psychoblast in which tendencies may be set up and features formed that will swell into restless torrents and harden into adamantine ridges.

This is not only the field of a battle where victory means the most for Socialism, but it is a field where the spoil of the enemy flourishes the sinews of war. If Socialism can get control of your schools, it can make you pay the cost of its propaganda. It uses your money, your buildings, your extensive teaching force to take your children from the faith and morality and political system in which you believe. Your money pays the bills. It is very simple.

It is no wonder then that Socialism is reaching for the schools, "strengthening its grip on the schools" as the new York Call (Socialist) tells us in large headlines. Under that headline is an article describing the activities of the National Educational Committee of the Socialist party, and an interview with a member of that committee, who is also a State paid teacher, in which he says that the children in the schools must be taught a "philosophy to fit them to live."

You, see they go back, back of their political platform, which prudence and opportunism and political shiftness have voided of what might keep voters away, back of that to their "philosophy," the philosophy of dead matter, of no God, of "liberal" "sex-empiricism," of no family. They can tin-plate Socialism at each election time, but they cannot hide its atheism and immorality, for of those things it is.—Providence Visitor.

A CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CHRIST

Tomato Globe, Friday, May 16

To the Editor of The Globe:—The following paragraph appears in a contemporary (New York Sun): "Four Union Theological Seminary students, desiring to become Presbyterian ministers admitted upon examination that they wanted more evidence before they could credit the virgin birth of Jesus Christ and the authenticity of the Pentateuch; three who doubted the canonical standing of John's Gospel, and two who were uncertain on the resurrection." When the vote was taken as to their admission it appeared that no less than 71 voted for their admission and 10 against.

A RELIGIOUS PANSY—TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD

The easy grace with which the trammels of "sectarian" considerations can be flung aside by people whose backs stiffen like steel plates at the mention of the word "Catholic" is marvelous to behold. All the public utilities are placed at the disposal of the Y. M. C. A. whenever some new movement is started to raise money. The City Hall is given up to the service of the association, just as though the general public had no right in the building, or that it is a matter of course that the public taxes be freely drawn upon for the use of this particular "non-sectarian."

It is true that the Virginia Constitution (section 67 of the Constitution, 1902) authorizes the General Assembly to extend to cities and towns the right to make appropriations of public funds, personal property or real estate to any charitable institution or association.

It is also true that the General Assembly by section 1038 of the Code as amended by an act approved March 14, 1908 (Acts 1908, p. 623), for the purpose of carrying into effect this constitutional provision, has authorized cities and towns of this Commonwealth to make such appropriations or association located within their respective limits, "provided such institution or association is not controlled in whole or in part by any church or sectarian society. But the words 'sectarian society' shall not be construed to mean a non-denominational Young Men's Christian Association."

EDUCATION WITHOUT GOD DEPLORED BY PROTESTANT WRITER

Admitting the Young Men's Christian Association of this city to be a charitable association as contended for, the real question arises, is it a non-denominational Young Men's Christian Association? A non-denominational Christian association, in my opinion, is one in which all Christians, or believers in Christ, have an equal right to participate, upon the same terms and conditions. Is this so of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city?

We are told that it is managed and controlled by its active members, and to be an active member one must be a member of a Protestant church. Is not this requirement an exclusion of all Christians who are not members of the Protestant faith or churches? And yet there are not many Christians who are not members of a Protestant church? If

these propositions be true, then how can it be said that this association is a non-denominational young men's Christian association? Yet it must be in order to be the recipient of the city's bounty.

In accordance with the opinion given, the City Council decided that it had no right to make donation to the Young Men's Christian Association of the property in question as a site on which to erect their proposed building.

The sectarian character of the Y. M. C. A. (of which the Y. W. C. A. is a sister organization) has been demonstrated time and time again. Nor is the experience of two Catholic young women in New York, who, as reported in a communication published by an evening contemporary, found their creed a bar to their admission to a Y. W. C. A. establishment, a singular one.

We have heard of similar occurrences nearer home, in which the creed line was drawn between "Evangelicals" (Protestants) and Catholics and Jews. We did not go to the trouble of investigating these cases because it was unnecessary to do so. The discrimination is there, and its existence is recognized by all save the few glib Catholics with more money than brains and an irresistible desire to see their names in print along with other "broad-minded" benefactors of their kind.

We have more than once shown, by the testimony of Archbishop Harty, writing from the Philippines, and other witnesses, that the Y. M. C. A. is a Janus-faced institution, pretending to Catholics that it is non-sectarian and proving to Protestants by its action in elections that it is sectarian when coming down to bed-rock practice.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CHRIST

The following paragraph appears in a contemporary (New York Sun): "Four Union Theological Seminary students, desiring to become Presbyterian ministers admitted upon examination that they wanted more evidence before they could credit the virgin birth of Jesus Christ and the authenticity of the Pentateuch; three who doubted the canonical standing of John's Gospel, and two who were uncertain on the resurrection." When the vote was taken as to their admission it appeared that no less than 71 voted for their admission and 10 against.

Now, the question arises: What are these young men sent out to preach? The flabbiness, not to say unworthiness of modern theological training is becoming a scandal and a disgrace. Any one, be he Bishop or Presbyter, who denies the resurrection ceases in every proper and honest sense of the word to be a Christian. An honest pagan is far more deserving of respect than a dishonest preacher whose pulpit exercises consist of ethical platitudes that are absolute without basis, if they are without Christ virgin-born, crucified and risen. An honest expression of faith on the part of modern pulpitiereers would empty half the pulpits on this continent; nor would the cause of morality suffer seriously by the vacancies. Can you wonder that the churches are being deserted, or that modern preaching has practically ceased to have any real influence upon the lives of the hearers? Churches are occasionally filled by attractive gifts of oratory, elaborate concert arrangements by the choir, plus the kitchen, and the initiative gambling arrangements which are so much in evidence in modern church life; but all this may exist—as a matter of fact does exist—as the complete extinction of spiritual life. In my early boyhood days in Ulster we looked upon our Presbyterian neighbors as being absolutely impervious to any deflection from the "pure Word." I hope they are so still, but evidently Presbyterianism in the United States is of quite a different brand. For the life of me I don't see what good purpose could be served by the union of Church members who are supposed to believe in Christ and other members who avow their unbelief. The Gospel comes to us as a revelation supernaturally given and super-naturally to be continued in a sacramental life, and is no more subject to debate than the existence of light. The Churches, however, are rapidly converting Christianity into a philosophy, and in that philosophy is written their own extinction.

ROBERT KER, Canon. St. Catharines, May 12.

of God are like a poem—God writes a line and man must make the next line rhyme to it. When it does rhyme, then you get that happiness which can only come from harmony. And when you do your best to make your line rhyme and can not—well the Author of the first line knows that it was your best you did.

There are many to whom the child can carry the story of its triumphs in studies and games and be given applause and rewards; but in moments of depression and temptation and failure the child does not know the best source of comfort and consolation and strength—he does not know God.

There is now talk of a great measure for the reform of national education; much talk and there will be now. There will be much ink spilt, much breath wasted; we shall hear of Montessori and Froebel, of science and the classics, of opportunities, of ladders, of scholarships and prizes and endowments. . . . We shall be told how important are the telescope and the microscope, and how right it is that children should know all about their little insides. The one thing we shall not hear about will be the one thing needful. A tottering Government may keep itself in power by such a measure—a defeated party may bring itself back to office; but such a measure will not keep the nation from perdition, nor bring back the soul of a man into the true way.

We may build up as we will schemes of education and instruction, add science to science, learning to learning, and facts to facts, but what we shall build will be only a dead body unless it be informed by the breath of the Spirit Which maketh alive. For education, which teaches a man everything but how to live to the glory of God and to the service of man, is not education but only instruction; and it is the fruit of the tree not of life but of Death.

The Great Teacher made known this truth to His people nearly two thousand years ago, and the principles He laid down are taught to-day by the Church He established. Those who set aside religion as the basis of all true education have learned through sad experience how unstable—and perilous to body and soul—is any other foundation.

He who meets life as though it meant something worth finding out, and who expresses his best self, is the one who has the permanent basis of happiness.—H. W. Dresser.

A LITTLE KERRY SONG

There's grand big girls that walks the earth, An' some that's gone to glory, That have been raised beyond their worth To live in song and story. O' one may have the classic face That pos love to honor, An' still another wear the grace O' Venus' self upon her; Some tall an' stately queens may be, An' some be big an' merry— Och! take them all, but leave for me One little girl from Kerry! Sure, Kerry is a little place, An' everything's in keeping; The biggest heroes of the race In little graves are sleeping; An' little cows give little crame, Fur little fairies take it, An' little girls think little shame To take a heart an' break it, Och! here's a little Kerry lad That would be O! so merry, If but your little heart he had, O' little girl from Kerry!

\$100 Bonds
The investors of Canada and the United States annually purchase over \$1,000,000 of bonds—the banks, trust companies and corporations taking the greater part. \$100 bonds are now available to all investors. Select list on request.

Ferguson and Sanson
INVESTMENT BANKERS AND BROKERS
High Grade Investment Securities
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED
313-314 Continental Life Bldg. Toronto, Ont.

We Will Buy or Sell HOME BANK STOCK
Paying dividends of 7 per cent. from March 1st (quarterly).
Campbell, Thompson & Co.
HIGH GRADE INVESTMENTS
43 KING ST. W. TORONTO

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTE-COST

THE REAL PRESENCE

"Take ye and eat, this is My Body. And taking the chalice, He gave thanks and gave it to them saying, Drink ye all of this for this is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many for the remission of sin." (St. Matt. xxvi, 26, 27, 28)

The mysteries of our holy religion, my dear friends, have always been subjects of ridicule to the sceptic. The Holy Trinity is boastfully declared to be contrary to reason; while the Incarnation of Jesus Christ is called an impossibility, an absurdity.

But perhaps no mystery of revelation has been so universally attacked as the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar.

You know from your catechism what is meant by the Real Presence. You firmly believe, because the Church which is the pillar and the ground of truth teaches it, that Jesus Christ is really and truly, Body and Blood, soul and divinity, present in the Blessed Sacrament under the form and appearance of bread and wine.

The Church in teaching this dogma asks us to believe nothing that is contrary to Scripture, to tradition, or to reason.

In fact, if the Church could teach anything contrary to Scripture, tradition, or reason, she would cease to be the true Church, and the promises of Christ would fail to be fulfilled. It follows from this that, when any teaching of the Church seems to any one to be absurd, false, or unreasonable, it is because he does not properly understand it.

Let us then for a few moments examine this teaching of the Church—the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament—and see if it is not in perfect agreement with the Holy Scripture, tradition and reason.

History records the names of the author of every new teaching of importance that has been introduced since the time of Christ. It not only records his name but also the time, place, occasion, adversaries and condemnation of the new teaching. Thus denunciation of the new teaching. This is with regard to Arius, Pelagius, Nestorius, Berengarius and others. Do you think it would be different in this case? Is not this a doctrine of vital importance? Would not the people have arisen against such an innovator? Suppose some one would attempt to teach in our day a new doctrine that was difficult to understand. Would the people believe him? Would they follow him, or would they not revolt against him?

So it would have been in every century; for the people had the same passions and same feelings at all times. Besides, no one would ever have thought of inventing such a doctrine. When men invent new doctrines they are shrewd enough to bring forward those that are easily understood and that pander to the passions. That is the secret of their success in gaining a large number of followers. They understand the evil propensity of human nature. Study the history of any of the innovations and you will see the truth of this.

Not so the doctrine of the Real Presence. It checks our pride, restrains all our passions. And although humanly speaking it is hard to understand, it is easy to faith; for we have but to believe, as did all the early Christians, the word of God when He says, "This is My Body."

But I cannot understand it, someone may say, and therefore it is contrary to reason. Did the consummate purity, silliness, foolishness of this objection, my dear friends, ever present itself to you? You cannot understand it and hence it is against reason. Do you understand the Blessed Trinity? And is it against reason? No, although above reason it is not against it. Do you understand how Jesus Christ is both God and man? Do you understand any mystery? No, if you did, it would be no longer a mystery, for a mystery is something above human intelligence. It is something incomprehensible to us, for it pertains to the divine nature. And as well might you attempt to ladle the ocean into a cavity on the shore as attempt to comprehend with your weak intellect the unfathomable ocean of Divinity.

The proper office of reason is to examine the evidences of revelation and see if God has spoken. But it constitutes no part of its office to dispute the Word of God. That God has spoken is evident from the fulfillment of many prophecies and the authority of numerous miracles. That these prophecies were fulfilled and these miracles performed is a matter of testimony. In proof of it we have the testimony of a large number of illustrious persons of all nations, professions and ages. Many of these were eyewitnesses to the fulfillment of the prophecies and performances of the miracles. Their testimony has been handed down to us by authentic tradition and history. Hence it cannot be true.

Led by reason, then, we conclude that prophecies have been fulfilled and miracles performed. Reason also teaches that no one but God can prophesy, no one but God can derogate from the order of nature by the performance of a miracle. Hence reason again compels us, as it were, to conclude that God has spoken, that revelation is divine.

remember this, I say, then we will never have any difficulty in believing in the dogma of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

This dogma which, as we have just seen, is so clearly taught by Scripture, has been the belief of the Church of Christ in every age from the time of the Apostles to the present. Instead of quoting from the fathers and doctors of the different centuries in proof of this, I wish to call your attention for a few moments to what we call in theology the argument of prescription.

Prescription is defined to be a title acquired by long use or custom. This is what prescription means in law (as in the case of the same thing in theology). The argument of prescription, then, is an argument for a doctrine showing that it has been in use, been believed, from time immemorial, from the time of our Saviour.

Now if the doctrine of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament was not believed in every age since the time of the Apostles, if anybody ought to be able to find out and tell us; who was the author of the new teaching; what time it began to be believed; in what place it was first taught; what occasion gave rise to it; who were its opponents, its adversaries at its birth and when it was condemned by the Church. But no one has yet been able to show us the man who was the author of this doctrine; the time, the place or the occasion of its birth; its adversaries and condemnation. And hence we cannot but conclude that it was believed in every age and had Christ for its author.

Such in brief is the argument of prescription for this doctrine, but, that you may the more clearly see its force, a few words of explanation are necessary. History records the names of the author of every new teaching of importance that has been introduced since the time of Christ. It not only records his name but also the time, place, occasion, adversaries and condemnation of the new teaching. Thus denunciation of the new teaching. This is with regard to Arius, Pelagius, Nestorius, Berengarius and others. Do you think it would be different in this case? Is not this a doctrine of vital importance? Would not the people have arisen against such an innovator? Suppose some one would attempt to teach in our day a new doctrine that was difficult to understand. Would the people believe him? Would they follow him, or would they not revolt against him?

So it would have been in every century; for the people had the same passions and same feelings at all times. Besides, no one would ever have thought of inventing such a doctrine. When men invent new doctrines they are shrewd enough to bring forward those that are easily understood and that pander to the passions. That is the secret of their success in gaining a large number of followers. They understand the evil propensity of human nature. Study the history of any of the innovations and you will see the truth of this.

Not so the doctrine of the Real Presence. It checks our pride, restrains all our passions. And although humanly speaking it is hard to understand, it is easy to faith; for we have but to believe, as did all the early Christians, the word of God when He says, "This is My Body."

But I cannot understand it, someone may say, and therefore it is contrary to reason. Did the consummate purity, silliness, foolishness of this objection, my dear friends, ever present itself to you? You cannot understand it and hence it is against reason. Do you understand the Blessed Trinity? And is it against reason? No, although above reason it is not against it. Do you understand how Jesus Christ is both God and man? Do you understand any mystery? No, if you did, it would be no longer a mystery, for a mystery is something above human intelligence. It is something incomprehensible to us, for it pertains to the divine nature. And as well might you attempt to ladle the ocean into a cavity on the shore as attempt to comprehend with your weak intellect the unfathomable ocean of Divinity.

The proper office of reason is to examine the evidences of revelation and see if God has spoken. But it constitutes no part of its office to dispute the Word of God. That God has spoken is evident from the fulfillment of many prophecies and the authority of numerous miracles. That these prophecies were fulfilled and these miracles performed is a matter of testimony. In proof of it we have the testimony of a large number of illustrious persons of all nations, professions and ages. Many of these were eyewitnesses to the fulfillment of the prophecies and performances of the miracles. Their testimony has been handed down to us by authentic tradition and history. Hence it cannot be true.

Led by reason, then, we conclude that prophecies have been fulfilled and miracles performed. Reason also teaches that no one but God can prophesy, no one but God can derogate from the order of nature by the performance of a miracle. Hence reason again compels us, as it were, to conclude that God has spoken, that revelation is divine.

Now when we know that God speaks, genuine reason will dictate that we humbly submit, that we bow our heads and say, "O my God, Thou art the omniscient, infinite Creator of all things; I am but a poor, ignorant, finite creature. Thou art incomprehensible to my limited reason. Thou canst do many things

"I ATTRIBUTE MY CURE SOLELY And Entirely To Taking "Fruit-a-lives"

HULL, QUE., DEC. 24th, 1909
"For the past twelve years, I had painful attacks of Dyspepsia. I could not digest my food and everything caused the most agonizing pain in my stomach. I also had a fearful attack of Constipation and at times, I had no movement of the bowels for two weeks. Three doctors attended me for two years and gave me all kinds of medicine but did me no good. My weight came to only 80 pounds and everyone thought I was going to die. Finally, I had the good fortune to try "Fruit-a-lives" and as soon as I began to take them, I felt better. I persisted in the treatment and to my great joy, I steadily improved. Now I feel very well, weigh 115 pounds, and this is more than I ever weighed even before my illness. I attribute my cure solely and entirely to "Fruit-a-lives" and can never praise them too much for saving my life. To all who suffer from Dyspepsia and Constipation, I recommend "Fruit-a-lives" as a miraculous remedy."
Mrs. ANDREW STAFFORD.
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
At dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

I cannot understand. Therefore, when Thou revealest something incomprehensible, I will undoubtedly believe, knowing full well that Thou canst not deceive me." Thus will true reason ever act. And when God says: "This is My Body," it will not hesitate to believe the Word of God.
Besides, reason cannot show that this dogma is unreasonable. Again do not all who believe in the Blessed Trinity believe that the Holy Ghost is God? But we read in the Bible that the Holy Ghost appeared in the form of a dove. St. Matt. iii, 16. Now is it not at least as conformable to reason for Jesus Christ, the second person of the Blessed Trinity, to appear in the form of bread as for the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Blessed Trinity, to appear in the form of a dove? But reason tells us that Jesus Christ is God and that He has declared that He is truly present in the Blessed Sacrament. Hence it is not only possible but absolutely certain.

We have seen, my dear friends, that the Catholic dogma of the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is taught by all the four evangelists and the Apostle St. Paul in clear and unmistakable terms; that it has been the belief of every age from the time of Christ to the present, and that it is in perfect harmony with reason. Now how do we show our appreciation of this heavenly gift? Does it inspire in us acts of love, gratitude and adoration? Does it remind us to think more frequently of God, to give to Him our first thoughts in the morning and our last in the evening? Does it serve us as an aid in restraining our passions? Does it keep us from lying, from cursing, from drunkenness? Does it make us more meek, humble and charitable? If not, it is because we do not properly appreciate it. We do not frequently receive it, nor pray to our Lord really present there.

THIS MONEY-MAKING BOOK IS FREE

Tells of an Investment Safer and More Profitable Than Bank or Railroad Stock.

Endorsed by Leading Bankers Government Officials and the Catholic Hierarchy and Laity.

A valuable book of interest to and for circulation only among Catholics has just been issued, and will be sent free and postpaid to any reader of this great business. The stock of this book tells of a line of business that has and is paying enormous dividends, and which is being supported by Catholics to the extent of \$75,000,000 a year. It contains most complete facts and figures relating to this particular business and the astonishing dividends paid stockholders. It shows how Catholics may, for the first time, now become stockholders and receive their share of the profits of this great business. The stock of old established companies in this line is worth ten to twenty times par value, and original investors are receiving 100 per cent. dividends. This is not a get-rich-quick scheme but a high-class, legitimate business enterprise, endorsed by leading banks and the Catholic hierarchy and laity. This is the opportunity of a lifetime to make a safe and profitable investment, and worth the attention and investigation of every conservative investor.

If you would like to have a copy of this book, address Philip Harding, Dept. 615E, Box 1301, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Harding requests that no one write simply through idle curiosity and unless you are a member of the Catholic Church the book will be of no interest to you, because only Catholics will be permitted to hold stock in this particular institution.

Let us, my dear friends, endeavor to stir up in ourselves a more lively faith in the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Go to Him in your trials, pray to Him in temptations, and receive Him sacramentally with more frequency and devotion.

Then, like the just man, you will live truly by faith. The things of this world, sin and its consequences, will be abhorred. And penetrating the veil of futurity, heaven and its joys will brighten for you, and you will long for the day when your hope will be exchanged for reality, and your perseverance will receive the crown that awaits those who have kept the faith, persevered in the right path and not doubted the word of God.

TEMPERANCE

A DRUNKARD'S QUERIES
I wonder as I stagger home
Along the street so far,
Why he from whom I buy the
"stuff"
Rides in a motor car.

I wonder why my wife at home
Wears threadbare dress and torn,
While she whose husband sells the
drink
Has jewels to adorn.

I wonder why my children go
To picnics "for the poor",
While children of the publican
Spend months at lake or shore.

I wonder why my mind is clogged
Since I began to drink,
So that I cannot as of yore
Intelligently think.

I wonder why I struggle so hard,
For such a paltry sum,
When once I had a princely wage,
I wonder—was it—rum?

I wonder why I do not see
The cause—that the reply
Is that the rum-seller grows rich
Because of such as I.

I wonder I can't break the chain
That holds me in its thrall;
That every time I make a start
I'm weak, and therefore fall.

I wonder why the government
Won't make the demon fly,
And help a man regain his soul,
O friends, I wonder why?

DEFINITION OF ALCOHOL
Remarking that any young man who thinks that he must drink to get trade in business or to advance in politics, is making a mistake, the Catholic Columbian says: "Alcohol is a poison. It injures the man who drinks it—habitually. It is an obstacle to prosperity, an impediment to achievement, a bar to promotion, a sure way to waste money, and a cause of unhappiness in the home."

FATHER MATHEW
In a little paper devoted to the cause of total abstinence, says the Ave Maria, we come upon this interesting reminiscence of the immortal Father Mathew, and incidentally learn the confirmed opinion of a veteran in the practice of medicine on the use of alcohol. The writer, Dr. F. Gibbon, of San Francisco, says:
In 1847 the saintly Father Mathew was administering the temperance pledge to thousands of people in Ireland. He was announced to be in Croom chapel, County Limerick, on a Sunday in August, four miles from where I was born, and three across the country as the crow flies. I was then nine years old. No one asked me to go,—it must have been my Guardian Angel that prompted me; and I went the short cut. The chapel would hold about five hundred; it was surrounded by an open space. There must have been four or five thousand there. The windows and doors were all open, so that all could hear. Father Mathew said the Mass. When it was over he removed the vestments and preached a sermon on temperance. At the end of it he requested all to kneel down and repeat the pledge he gave out. I, among thousands of others, did so. I have practised medicine in California over fifty years, and I am glad to say I never yet prescribed liquor for a patient. Alcohol is not a stimulant, but a narcotic. It is very seriously ill to-morrow and the best physician more to invest in any kind of any kind, I should answer, "No." I have not been confined to the house by sickness for over half a century. I thank God and Father Mathew for it.
ARE YOU "THE GUY IN FRONT?"

Considerable comment has been going the rounds of the secular press in reference to the circular issued by the Bartenders' Union of Chicago. The New York Sun in a recent issue had this to say about it:
Bartenders necessarily see more of the drink habit than any other class of men. And what they think of it is indicated by Bartenders' Union No. 41, of Chicago, which has just formed a temperance society, the secretary appealing to all bartenders to join, in the following circular:
Dear Pal—Join the Bartenders' Temperance Club. The boss won't like it if you drink on the job. A guy can't tend bar, and hit the booze and make good. It gets him just as quick as the guy in front, who pays for it. If any one wants to drink let the man on the other side of the bar do it. Send me your name if you want to join the club.
"We do not find waiters appealing to each other to beware of foods, nor shoe clerks forming an organization to save their fellows from wearing shoes. The bartender is in a posi-

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

tion to know, and his advice is to let it alone. We have never read of more striking and eloquent temperance sermon than this hundred-word appeal from bartender to bartender, with its implied scorn of 'the guy in front' of the bar, 'who pays for it.'"

ECONOMY

RUBBING clothes on the washboard, for a few minutes, wears them out faster than several weeks' use. You save all that wash-board wear with the

Connor Ball Bearing Washer

Your clotheslast that much longer. In that way the washer soon pays for itself. And then comes the time to save for you. Saves labor, too. Runs on ball bearings so easily, so swiftly, it almost runs itself. Write for booklet giving full description.

J.H. Connor & Son, Ltd., Ottawa, Ont.

THE "IDEAL" EMANCIPATES

Are you a slave to the old back breaking washboard? Do you know that the Ideal Washer has emancipated thousands of such slaves? The city water pressure does most of the work. The Ideal is a great saver—it saves time, temper, health, strength and clothes. There is nothing to cause trouble so delicate parts to adjust, so slender parts to break. You will forget that there ever was such a thing as trouble with a Washer—in fact there isn't with the Ideal. See it at your dealer's or send to us for full information.



CUMMER-DOWSWELL LIMITED HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

THE ELIMINATION OF WASTE

As never before, master business minds are concentrating upon the elimination of useless operating costs. For years the North American Life has specialized in economy of insurance management. Palatial office buildings, big-salaried officials, highly expensive methods of putting large volumes of costly New Business on its books—these things find no place in the operations of the North American Life. Every item of expenditure is closely scrutinized by men who are specialists in their departments. As a result, 19 per cent. of the total income for 1912 was sufficient to defray all expenses and charges; the remaining 81 per cent. was either paid to Policyholders and Beneficiaries, or held to their credit. The North American Life excels in economy of management.

North American Life Assurance Company
"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO, CANADA

CURE that BUNION

Why bear the pain of enlarged toe joints when it is so easy to cure them permanently with Dr. Scholl's BUNION RIGHT. Simply place one between your toes and get INSTANT RELIEF. It is comfortable, light, and sanitary. Does not interfere with walking. Guaranteed or money back. See each of 100 pairs at all good shoe or drug stores. Write for list, or mail a new book on "Bunions".
The K. Scholl Mfg. Co.,
214 King St. E., Toronto

Common Sense Exterminator KILLS RATS AND MICE

It drives out the vermin and absolutely prevents its subsequent return. Attending the use of inferior preparations. Common Sense Roach and Bed Bug Exterminator sold under the same guarantee. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00, retail dealers. Inquire at your dealer's, write us and we will mail you a free trial. 29 COMMON SENSE MFG. CO. 31 Queen St. W., Toronto.

Eddy's Latest Match --- Safe---Silent Non-Poisonous

---the new "Ses-qui"

The only matches of the kind in Canada. The "tips" are positively harmless. You or your children can bite or swallow them without danger. Sold in two sizes—regular and home special. Protect yourself by using none but Eddy's new "Ses-qui".
Ask Your Dealer

Saves one ton in seven
Figure up your annual coal bill, divide it by seven, and you have the amount the Hecla Furnace will save you every year. The steel-ribbed fire-pot does it. Adding steel ribs to the fire-pot increases its radiating surface three times more than is possible by any other method. The steel-ribbed fire-pot heats the air quicker. It sends the heat through the registers instead of up the chimney. Examine the Hecla. Compare it with other Furnaces. You will find every feature that makes for convenience and ease of operation. But the Hecla is the only one that has the Steel-ribbed Fire-pot—the fire-pot which saves thousands of users one ton of coal in seven.
HECLA FURNACE
No Gas or Dust
Burns wood as well as coal.
And this furnace cannot possibly leak gas or dust. The joints, usually bolted or cemented, are fused in the Hecla in a perfectly tight joint. Time and service cannot loosen the Fused Joint. The fusing welds the Hecla Radiator into one piece. Our Booklet "Comfort & Health" should be in the hands of everyone who has a heating problem to solve. It will be sent free of charge.
CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED, Dept. R, Preston, Ont.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

AT A RAILROAD STATION

A pleasant lesson is pleasantly taught by Elbert Hubbard in the following sketch:

The other day I was waiting for a train at junction point in Ohio. No town there, just a crossing. The station was an abandoned box car. I stood outside of this "Grand Central," chewing a straw and thinking about nothing but how hot it was, as I slapped at flies. My train was 10 minutes late—why are trains always 10 minutes late?

A barefoot, freckled, hatless boy entered the old car carrying a box in his hand. He was the most freckle-some kid I ever saw in my life. How was so homely that he was attractive. From inside the box car came the click of a telegraph key.

Then I heard the operator say to the freckle-faced kid, "Say, 'Jimmy,' when you take a box for a spittoon and fill it with sawdust you invite a fire. Now just chase that box out of here and fill it with sand. See! And say, 'Jimmy,' there's that broom in the corner again, resting on the brush. Stand a broom on the handle end—it will last longer. Looked 'Jimmy,' you must learn to take care of company property as if it was your own, and better—see! That's the way to get along."

The voice was kindly, but firm. I stepped inside to see the man who was so loyal and so sensible. He was crouching over his key, sending a message, his hat on the back of his head, a wooden leg sticking out from under the table.

All at once I noticed he was sending with his left hand. I couldn't remember ever before seeing a south-paw telegraph operator. I stepped closer. The man's right hand was off at the elbow, and he held a pad in place on the table with the stump. I wanted to shake his one good, honest hand and look into his eyes. But I hesitated about interrupting him. Just then, as I stood there, my train pulled in and I hustled out to get my grips. I looked back through the open door, and there was the operator still busy at his key, and the freckled kid was picking up the sawdust spittoon to carry it out. I set down my grips, reached into my jeans, took out a half dollar and tossed it toward the kid. It hit the sawdust spittoon. The kid stopped and stared at me with bulging eyes and open mouth.

I ran down the track and climbed into the day coach.

As my train pulled up over the crossing I looked out of the window, and in the doorway of the box car station stood the operator and the boy. They looked straight at me earnestly, sort of dazed, perplexed; they thought I was Daffy Dill, for sure.

That is the last I saw of them. Probably I will never see them again, but my heart went out to them in blessing, there, in their "Grand Central" box car, with the sand box spittoon and the broom in the corner standing on the handle, not the brush. God bless them both.

And the sound of that earnest, kindly voice, instructing the freckled kid, kept singing through my thoughts—"Looked, 'Jimmy,' you must learn to take care of company property as if it was your own, and better—see!"

WORKING FOR GOD

We talk sometimes of working for humanity, but all honest work honestly done is that, whether it is making a stove or building a hospital. The race is being lifted by its great thinkers and philanthropists, by its inventors and reformers, but it is being lifted also by every faithful, conscientious toiler who does his best day's work for his day's wage, and puts interest and soul instead of mere selfishness into his task. The kingdom of God is rising out of the shame and sin of earth day by day, and its builders are not only those who are putting their work into souls, but those who put their souls into work as well—each man building "over against his own house," as best he may by doing for Christ's sake the thing that is given him to do.

A GENTLEMAN

Cardinal Newman sketches the character of a gentleman in words every young man would do well to remember:

"It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never gives pain. He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, merciful toward the absurd; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics that may irritate."

These are all marks of thoughtfulness. A gentleman does not trample recklessly among people. He goes about carefully, knowing that he is walking in a garden and may tread down gentle flowers with his heavy boots if he does not watch his steps. He wants always to give happiness, cheer and pleasure, never pain, discomfort or discouragement.

THREE PUMPS

A man took a paper and a pencil and drew a picture of us. It was amateur work, for he was not an artist. But it was after all better work than many an artist had done—looked at from a certain point of view. What he drew was a picture of three pumps. Under the one he marked off a little hole in the ground. Under the second he outlined a cistern. Under the third he extended the pump away down through the earth into water-bearing rock or gravel.

And then he proceeded to draw a word picture.

"The first pump," said he "will sometimes yield water, but usually it is found dry. It depends on whether there has been a very recent rain or not. This second pump will yield water as long as the cistern is supplied; but there is a leakage and waste: where you pour a quart into it, you get a pint in return. It leads down into water beds which do not depend on momentary sources of supply. There is always water where it draws its product."

Here was an illustration of the necessity of depth in our own human life. How many there are who go no deeper than the very surface for the things which make up the sum total of their lives. Again, how many there are who depend on the reservoirs that have been filled for them: their supply is often exhausted. How few there are whose lives are really deep: whose resources lie below the varying fortunes of the surface reservoir, deep down where never-failing supplies run sweet and cold.

The illustration may be applied to various cases. Is it not, for instance, a sad commentary on human shallowness to see how thousands find their chief delight in the catch-penny amusements which have become an enormous branch of industry to-day, instead of finding solid joys in the real things of life, in home and family, in Church and religious life? Is it not another sad commentary to note how the sum total of some people's reading is to be found in the daily and Sunday newspapers? Must it not stagger one to note what a shallow pretense many people's Church life is?

It is not true that you cannot get more out of life than you put into it. You can get as much out of it as God puts into it, if you will drive down into His full-flowing supply channels.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF THE DYING

A missionary told the following thrilling story at a church festival:

"During several of the twelve years I spent in Africa I had under my pastoral care the sole charge of a district as large as England. Periodically I made a visitation of my scattered flock. On one of these vast excursions I lost my way, and found myself wandering, without the slightest idea of the locality. I could see no one. It was a season of drought. No rain had fallen, and my horses were scarcely able to drag along my cart for want of water. At length I came to Boer farm in this, to me, unknown valley. The whole country was scorched. There was, however, a water dam near the house and this was all drought. Approaching the Dutch farmer, I told him my story, and asked if he would allow my horses to drink. Permission was granted. I told the farmer I was a Catholic priest. He was a Protestant.

"Oh, then," said he, 'if you go into yonder tent you will find a laborer who is dying—he is a Catholic.'

"I entered there and found the poor fellow—a client of St. Joseph—near death. When I told him I was a Catholic priest of the district of Fuldshoorn, one hundred and fifty miles away, he lifted his wasted body and exclaimed in accents of deepest gratitude:

"Ah, St. Joseph, I knew you would send me a priest, so as to give me comfort before I die."

"What has St. Joseph to do with the matter?" I asked him, and here was his story:

"When I was a boy in dear old Ireland, my mother, a good Catholic, taught me to say every day, 'St. Joseph, pray for me, that I may die a happy death.' I have never for one day neglected that prayer. I made my first Communion at ten, and served Mass till I was fifteen. I enlisted in the army at twenty-one, and came out to the Kaffir war."

"Before leaving Ireland I went in my uniform and bid my poor mother good-bye, and as she kissed me tenderly, she sobbed: 'Don't forget your prayer to St. Joseph.' I came to the Kaffir war. When it was over, and my time was expired, I was discharged and stayed by choice at the Cape."

"There was no priest nearer me than Cape Town—five hundred miles away. I hired on this Dutch farm, and here I worked for years. Lately I heard of your arrival at Ouldshoorn, one hundred and fifty miles away, and I set out in delicate health in the hope of going to confession and Communion. Arrived at your house weary, I was told you were away on the visitation and might not be back for many months. After a week I returned, and here I landed yesterday, nearly dying, and here is the priest to-day sent by St. Joseph."

"That night I instructed him and heard his confession. The next morning I said Mass and gave him Holy Communion, and soon after I gave Extreme Unction and the last blessing. He then died, saying with his last breath: 'St. Joseph, pray for me that I may die a happy death.'—Catholic Bulletin.

IF I WERE A BOY

If I were a boy, said an elderly man, I should want my teacher to put weight of responsibility upon me—to make me know and feel that God furnishes the material and the conditions, but that I must do the

work of building my character—to fill me with the thought that I am not a "thing," a stick, a stone, a lump of clay or putty, but a "person," a "power," a "cause," a "creator," and that what I am in the long run, in the final outcome, I am to make myself.

If I were a boy with my man's wisdom, I should eat wholesome food and no other. I should chew it well and never "bolt it down." I should eat at regular hours. I should never touch tobacco, chewing gum, or patent medicines; I should never speak a word to anyone who might be worried about it, and only kind words of others, even of enemies, in their absence. I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights, or stories in my memory and imagination. I should want to be able to say, like Dr. George H. Whitney, "I have never pronounced a word which I ought not to speak in the presence of the purest woman in the world." I should treat little folks kindly, and not tease them; I should respect servants, and be kind to the unfortunate. I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers, and be able to do in reason all the manly things that belong to manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study with a will when the time came for study; read the best books, try to speak accurately and pronounce distinctly; go to college and go through college, even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer, or a mechanic; try to be a practical everyday Christian; help every good cause; "use the world, and not abuse it"; treat older men and women as fathers and mothers, the young as brethren and sisters in all purity. Thus I should try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous, a boy with a will; a boy without cant or cowardice; a man's will and wisdom in me, and God's grace, beauty, and blessing abiding with me.

Ah, if I were a boy!

STICK TO IT

Too many young people of to-day will begin a task, no matter what it may be, from the preparation of a Latin lesson to the wedding of an onion bed, do perhaps half of it, then stop and begin something else, and probably never think of it again. It is a mistake for parents to allow such proceedings on the part of the children, but it is also a mistake for the young people to allow themselves to form such habits.

Boys don't be quitters. Persevering people are the one who win the golden laurels of success. The great men of our country, our lawyers, our statesmen, our inventors and many of our presidents have achieved their greatness and built up their characters and reputations by persistently keeping at whatever they undertook. A person can never become a great writer or an orator without much perseverance in pursuing his vocation, and by setting high and working for his aim in life.

When you have a lesson to be learned, keep at it until it is mastered. When you have a task set before you, stick to it until it is finished. Don't be a quitter!—The American Boy.

IF YOU PLEASE

"If you please," makes people willing to help you and serve you.

"If you please," makes people sweeter and happier.

"If you please," is the key which unlocks more doors of kindness in family life than all the cross and ordering words in the whole dictionary. See if it does not.

NEVER GIVE UP FAITH

CATHOLICS HAVE NO DESIRE TO CHANGE THEIR CREED IN CIRCUMSTANCES OF SPECIAL SOLEMNITY OR DANGER—CONVERSION A SPECIAL GRACE

During the course of my ministry, says the Right Rev. Bishop John Vaughan of England, which covers a period of over thirty years, I have known of thousands who have given up heresy and entered the fold of Jesus Christ. Indeed I have had the happiness of receiving some hundreds myself. In those thirty years I have known of some few who, to my sorrow, have given up the faith. My experience extends to Australia, Tasmania and the United States, as well as to Great Britain, for I have travelled much.

The result of my observations are as follows:

First, I have never known, nor can I recall a single instance of a really practicing Catholic ever giving up the faith.

Secondly, I have never known of any Catholic, not even a negligent and careless one, giving up the faith unless there were some tangible temporal advantage to be gained by it. So far from making any sacrifices, such persons (from a worldly point of view) have had nothing to lose and everything to gain. It is well known that in Protestant countries a Catholic is always at a disadvantage. Whether he be a servant, a tradesman, a member of one of the learned professions or a country squire, he will always find that he will make his way better in the world as a non-Catholic than as a "benighted Papist"; though things are not as bad, perhaps, in this respect as they were. On the other hand the sacrifices a convert has to make are, as a rule, very considerable and in many instances such as call for absolute heroism. Hence, it stands to reason that a Protestant



FOR MAKING SOAP
FOR WASHING DISHES
FOR SOFTENING WATER
FOR DISINFECTING SINKS
CLOSETS, DRAINS ETC.

MADE IN CANADA
E.W. GILLET CO. LTD.
TORONTO-ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

who becomes a Catholic must have special grace and courage, whereas a Catholic who becomes a Protestant has merely to let nature take its course and follow the path of least resistance.

Thirdly, Anglicans and other non-Catholics who submit to the authority of the Church do so, as a rule, at a tremendous cost. They are often heartlessly treated even by their nearest relations, and frequently have to begin their life all over again. In many cases, if they are clergymen, they have to give up an assured position, a fat living and perhaps a beautiful church and other emoluments and face not only poverty, but obloquy as well—a true test of sincerity. If, as is usually the case, they are married men, not only must they grieve over the impoverished conditions in which they have most unwillingly placed their wife and family, but they have not even the satisfaction of entering the priesthood, but are compelled to take to unaccustomed and ungenial work, merely to keep the wolf from the door. Yet in spite of all this there are hundreds and hundreds who readily make the sacrifice.

Further, the Catholic religion itself demands many things which are hard and disagreeable to flesh and blood and which a Protestant escapes. The abstinence and fasts, the strict obligation of candid profession, the renunciation of one's own private judgment, the frequent attendance at Mass under pain of mortal sin, and many other obligations are binding upon the Catholic, but not on the Protestant. In short, in order that a Catholic should become a Protestant, he has but to throw off his burdens. On the other hand, in order for a Protestant to become a Catholic he must "deny" himself and take up his cross daily," as our Lord Himself declared.

The change in the one case is natural, and in complete accordance with poor, weak human nature; in the other case it is supernatural and contrary to inclination, so that we are compelled to exclaim: "The finger of God is here."

Fourthly, Then there is another telling fact, of which I have been a witness again and again. In circumstances of special solemnity or danger when men are wont to be most sincere and true to themselves and motives, one will find Protestants wishing to change their faith; but Catholics never. I have known many Protestants, both men and women, and both old and young to have been received into the Church on their deathbeds. I have known them to refuse the ministrations of the parson and call for a Catholic priest to give them the rites of the Church. But in these circumstances I have never heard, or seen, or read of one across any Catholic wishing to become an Anglican or a Methodist or a Presbyterian or a member of any of the other four hundred and sixty-four registered sects that blossom in this land.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

Protestants sometimes ask why we give so much reverence to the cross. It is because the cross is the symbol of man's redemption, of God's undying love for His creatures, recalling to our minds the sufferings He endured to atone for our sins. And often when weighed down by sorrow, when all seems to go wrong, and the burdens of life press heavily upon us, it calms and refreshes our troubled spirits to gaze on the wasted form and forbearing countenance of our Lord as He hangs upon the cross. From the contemplation of His sorrows we derive new strength to bear up under our own, and we are guided onwards in the way of sanctity, and made better by suffering, and approach closer to Him who has suffered so much for our sakes.

GET RID of the Dirt from BASEMENT to ATTIC with

Old Dutch Cleanser

MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER—CAN 10¢

A Catholic, like anyone else, may and does show weakness. He may yield to temptation, and in the day of prosperity forget his allegiance and his loyalty to God and be drawn away by pride or worldliness or ambition or lust or cowardice. But place him on a bed of suffering. Make him realize that eternity is at hand and that there is nothing more to hope for in the world. Let him hear the voice of the Supreme Judge summoning him to judgment, and he will not waver in his faith. No. The last thing he wishes to do then is to change his religion. On the contrary, he will cling to it, and trust in it more intensely than ever. And as St. Bernard says: "O Death, thy judgment is sound!"

WHAT DAILY MASS MEANS

Creature of God, do you not owe your Creator adoration? It is impossible to give God all the praise His Infinite perfections merit except by the Mass. In the Mass, Jesus, the Son of God, immolates Himself for the glory of His Father. We can, therefore, unite our homage with the Infinite glory He renders unto Him. Every day you receive fresh blessings from God, and you feel a desire to thank Him for such goodness. Thanksgiving is equal to that offered in the Mass. In return to God for His gifts you offer the Infinite merits of His Son. Every day you commit some faults. You do not know how to offer sufficient expiation for your own sins, and those that you see committed around you.

Go to Mass and you will pay off all your debt with the Precious Blood which flows on the altar. Every day you stand in need of both spiritual and temporal graces. Jesus Christ at His death has left an inexhaustible treasure at your disposal. This treasure is found on every altar at which the priest offers the Holy Sacrifice, and is in a special manner at the disposal of those who assist at Mass.

We naturally feel that our penance is insufficient, our thanksgiving tepid, our adoration very imperfect. At Mass one sigh of your heart in passing through the immaculate Heart of Jesus has an inestimable value given to it. And yet we hesitate to go to daily Mass!

You believe in purgatory. You know that it is a place of expiation for grave sins forgiven and for smaller offences. Now, by devoutly assisting at Mass we can purify ourselves from venial sin and obtain better than by any other means remittance from our sins in the past. You have, perhaps, dearly loved a dead relative. His soul has gone before God.

Go to Mass every morning, and each day you will procure for this soul a decrease of suffering and a diminution of the time of exile from heaven. You beg the grace of conversion; their eternity is at stake. Go each morning to Mass; every day unite your supplication to that of Jesus, Who has come to save sinners. Nothing will more surely obtain the grace you desire and pray for.—Catholic News.

DOING MISCHIEF

Why do some Protestants hate the Jesuits so much? A special correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times, writing from Berlin, says that: "The hatred of the Jesuits which fills the breasts of our Lutheran friends leads them to do strange things. A well known Catholic gentleman has recently received letters bearing upon them stamps of the decorative and advertising kind usually used in connection with exhibitions and the like. In this case, however, the stamps are directed against the Jesuits."

Directed against the Jesuits, abusing and denouncing the Jesuits. And why? What evil have they done? Wherever they go they build churches for the worship of God, schools for the education of youth, engaging themselves constantly in works of religion and charity.

In this connection we are reminded of a story of a gentleman in conversation with a priest making friendly inquiry regarding another priest known to both. "Oh," said the priest, "Father B—, he is quite well, but constantly doing mischief." "Mischief!" exclaimed the other, in surprise, who knew Father B. as a most saintly man. "Yes," continued the priest, with a broad smile, "he is constantly doing mischief to the devil."

That's what the Jesuits are constantly doing—mischief to the devil, and, therefore, are they hated by that potentate and his friends. Who and where are the friends? Are there any of them in Berlin or thereabouts?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Church Bells
The Old Reliable Church Bells
Meneely & Co. Waterbury, Ct.
The Old Reliable Church Bells
Meneely & Co. Waterbury, Ct.

MENEELY & CO. WATERBURY, CT.
The Old Reliable Church Bells
Meneely & Co. Waterbury, Ct.

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers
Certainly do make short work of headaches. 25¢ per box.

BOOST YOUR TOWN BY ORGANIZING A BRASS BAND
Information on this subject with printed instructions for amateur bands and a printed form of Constitution and By-Laws for bands, together with our big catalogue, will be mailed FREE on request. Address Dept. "D."
WINNIPEG MANITOBA | THE WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED | TORONTO ONTARIO

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER
Makes Child Rearing a Pleasure!

From Mrs. Bullock, Norton Canes, Cannock, January 6th., 1913.
"I have given my baby Woodward's Gripe Water, and it soon did them good. No one could tell but those who have used it what a difference it makes in babies. I have never known what it is to have restless days with my baby, and I owe praise for that to Woodward's Gripe Water. My other children have had it, and they are fine. For Teething Troubles, for Wind and other Digestive Disorders it is unequalled."
WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER has behind it a long record of medical approval. Any druggist in Canada can supply you. 2
You must ask for WOODWARD'S.

Cumfy-Cut

An Innovation in Underwear

The foundation for correct attire is a vest that fits like a glove. Such is the Cumfy-Cut Vest, which aids materially in presenting the long graceful effects demanded by dame fashion.

Made of luxuriously soft yarn (spun and prepared by us), Cumfy-Cut Vests are unique in that they are so fashioned that there is no possibility of the straps slipping from the shoulder.

This feature will make instant appeal to particular dressers who are already familiar with the superior quality of Hygeian and Fearless underwear, under which brands Cumfy-Cut Vests are offered.

Cumfy-Cut Vests and Union Suits are made in all sizes for ladies. Three grades—Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized and Silk.
AT ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA.

J. R. MOODIE & SONS Limited

10¢ Packages

DON'T FORGET TO ORDER

FROM YOUR GROCER

MAKE SURE OF THE NAME

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Protestants sometimes ask why we give so much reverence to the cross. It is because the cross is the symbol of man's redemption, of God's undying love for His creatures, recalling to our minds the sufferings He endured to atone for our sins. And often when weighed down by sorrow, when all seems to go wrong, and the burdens of life press heavily upon us, it calms and refreshes our troubled spirits to gaze on the wasted form and forbearing countenance of our Lord as He hangs upon the cross. From the contemplation of His sorrows we derive new strength to bear up under our own, and we are guided onwards in the way of sanctity, and made better by suffering, and approach closer to Him who has suffered so much for our sakes.

MISSION OF TRUE CATHOLIC MOTHERHOOD

IT IS TO BE THE CENTER OF THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY AND THE PIVOT OF THE LIVES OF THE CHILDREN ENTRUSTED TO HER BY GOD

One of the most disastrous effects of modern conditions of life has been the disappearance of the home, properly so called, and the consequent deviation of the mother from her true place, which is the center of the family and the pivot of her children's lives.

The standard of civilization, says the Ave Maria, is everywhere judged by the home, and the nucleus of the home in every race and clime is indisputably the mother. The trend of Socialism is to separate the child from the mother and hand him over to the State; and reason must have reached a very low ebb when the women of to-day when they listen unmoved to theories that would, if realized, rob them of their highest prerogatives.

MOTHERS SHOULD CHECK DRIFT TO BARBARISM

It should be remembered that the greatest leaders and profoundest thinkers were formed in the quiet sanctity of the perfect home. When life was not frittered between travel and the theater; when, instead of a host of acquaintances, one had a few friends, interests fostered and shared were more intense.

With every barrier removed that guards the home, the position of woman and child reverts to what it was before Christianity elevated it in the holy sacrament of matrimony—the only safeguard of the family.

RESPONSIBILITY OF CATHOLIC MOTHERS

With every barrier removed that guards the home, the position of woman and child reverts to what it was before Christianity elevated it in the holy sacrament of matrimony—the only safeguard of the family.

SPIRIT OF CHARITY PERMEATES HER ACTS

The spirit of charity permeates the Catholic mother's acts. Her motherhood extends beyond her immediate own, not only to the motherless lads in her neighborhood, but wherever the missionary flag attracts her attention.



Her spiritual development will be richer as her little ones are trained in devotion and loyalty to the grand cause the world can boast. Their fighting instincts can be turned against the degraders of humanity; their sweetness and gentleness can be fostered to enhance virtue and spread comradeship.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC MOTHER

Here is the mission for the Catholic mother, and it demands all the time and intelligence she can give it. She will soon learn that there is no greater joy than that found in the moulding of hearts and minds to fit the best that life can offer.

When mothers are superficial, society will be vile. She who leaves immortal life outside her combinations for her sons prosperity, is slack in love and undermines her own pedestal. With the acknowledgment of her incompetency to deal with anything affecting his future destiny, she deliberately abandons him to worldly influence and atheistic propaganda.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BERLIN

The interior of St. Mary's Catholic church is now resplendent in its new decorations on Sunday morning the members of the congregation were given their first opportunity to view the finished work of the artists and decorators who have been engaged there since the middle of January.

In the early part of the year it was decided to paint and decorate the white walls of the church. To Hario Panzieroni, an Italian expert on church decoration was assigned the task. With his three brothers he set to work in January.

In addition to the decorating the interior has been enhanced by a magnificent lighting system. Four large chandeliers are suspended from the top. Each chandelier contains one large globe and twelve smaller ones.

The cost of the decorating and the lighting system was approximately \$10,000. The lighting will cost about \$1,200.

Liberal contributions were received from the church members to defray the cost of these improvements. Subscriptions ranged from \$1,000 to \$1.

Rev. Father Spetz, the pastor of St. Mary's is highly pleased with the interior and commends the artist Panzieroni. On Sunday it was announced that the formal opening of the newly decorated church would take place on May 18th.

PROTESTANT HISTORIAN

DR. GAIRDNER HAS TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT THE REFORMATION

The late Dr. James Gairdner devotes considerable space in the recently published third volume of his work "Lollardy and the Reformation in England," to an introduction, in which he explains and vindicates his position as to the religious questions which he cannot ignore.

Having been charged by some with undue tenderness towards Rome, whose cause he is said to have done, historically, rather more than justice, assures his readers that towards that Church he has never felt the least personal inclination, though he has always been anxious to understand it; and in the case of controversies which he has had to study, has usually felt that the Romanist had the better of his antagonist in point of logic.

CHRISTIANITY OR SOCIALISM

In an interview after his return to England from his tours in America, Father Bernard Vaughan, answering the question: "What about Socialism," said:

"It, too, is slowly but surely gathering up its tidal forces hoping some day to sweep over the vast continent like a typhoon. Truth to tell, the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church alone, is the only force that dares to stand up against it, and show it up in its true and genuine colors.

THE DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY FROM PROTESTANT PULPIT

ANCIENT BELIEF OF GOD'S CHURCH IS ONE OF HOLY COMMON SENSE, SAYS REV. H. PAGE DYER

From the Philadelphia Record, April 25

Defence of the theory that provides between heaven and hell an intermediate state for the purging of sin-stained souls was made by Rev. H. Page Dyer in a sermon in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension yesterday.

The largest and finest "One-Class" Steamers sailing from Montreal will be employed in the London and Glasgow services during the St. Lawrence season of 1913.

SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES

SANOL is the "RELIABLE CURE" for Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney Stones, Gravel, Lumbaro and all Diseases arising from Uric Acid. Price \$1.50.

SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES is the only remedy which has a record of complete cures of Diabetes. Price \$2.00.

For sale at all Leading Druggists. Send for Free Literature.

The Sanol Manufacturing Co., Ltd. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Chapped Hands - Rough Skin - Sore Lips - cured by Campana's Italian Balm. Send two-cent stamp for postage on free trial size or 25c for a full-sized bottle postage paid - mentioning this paper - to the distributors, for Canada, E. G. West & Co., Toronto, Can.

be said in future for the repose of his soul, and sermons preached, inviting prayers on his behalf. Yet doubtless there are still many who imagine Henry as a good Protestant, on whom "The Gospel light first beamed from Boleyn's eyes." - St. Paul Bulletin.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

"FABIOLA"

BY CARDINAL WISEMAN, DRAMATIZED BY CANON OXLEY, M. A.

The dramatic rendering of this far-famed play took place on Monday, May 11th, in the Knights of Columbus hall, Toronto, when the Club of Our Lady of Lourdes parish surpassed the most sanguine expectations of a large and critical audience.

The scene of beauty and luxury, as the curtain rose and revealed the boudoir of the noble Roman Lady "Fabiola." In the second scene we behold the beautiful child Agnes, whose spirit, true and strong, could not be conquered. The role of Agnes was taken by Miss Dorothy McEann, whose angelic voice and manner were a veritable portrayal of the sweet martyr child.

Chopped Hands - Rough Skin - Sore Lips - cured by Campana's Italian Balm. Send two-cent stamp for postage on free trial size or 25c for a full-sized bottle postage paid - mentioning this paper - to the distributors, for Canada, E. G. West & Co., Toronto, Can.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st May, 1913, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, June 2nd, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, 1913, both days inclusive.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Home Bank of Canada will be held at the Head Office, 8 King St. West, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 24th day of June, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon.

BY-LAW TO INCREASE CAPITAL

It is the intention at the above Meeting to submit for the consideration and approval of the Shareholders a By-law to authorize the increase of the Capital Stock of the Bank to \$5,000,000.

DIED

MACDONELL.—At St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville, Ont., on Thursday, May 8, 1913. Miss Ann Yates Macdonell. May her soul rest in peace!

EGAN.—At Millington, Ont., on May 5, 1913, Mr. Francis Egan, Postmaster, in his forty-eighth year. May his soul rest in peace!

OVEREND.—At Peterboro, Ont., on Thursday, May 8, 1913, Mr. W. J. Overend, aged sixty-three years. May his soul rest in peace!

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC DIPLOMA to teach English and French - class in English - for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 1st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department. Please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

Funeral Directors

Smith, Son & Clarke Undertakers and Embalmers 115 Dundas St. 829 Dundas St. Phone 586 Phone 678 Open Day and Night

John Ferguson & Sons 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—Home 3/3 Factory—543

William J Ball Funeral Director Open Day and Night 491 Richmond St. Phone 3971

AGENTS WANTED

In every parish of the Diocese of London. Good opportunity for live men. For particulars apply to Box J, Catholic Record, London, Ont.

WE OFFER

The following unframed 16 x 20 handsome colored pictures at 25c each, postpaid. Sacred Hearts Jesus and Mary, Holy Family, Mater Dolorosa, Guardian Angel, St. Anne, St. Anthony, St. Peter, Immaculate Conception, etc. Any pair sent framed in gilt or oak for \$2.50 or three for \$3.00. Generous discounts to agents or others who want frames and pictures in larger lots. THE ROYAL ART CO., Box 831, HALIFAX, N. S.

BICYCLES

BICYCLE SUNDRIES At Cut Prices 413 Spadina Avenue, Send for Cut Price Catalogue. TORONTO

PHOTOGRAPHY

Amateur and professional photography taught right at your home in spare time UNDER CANADIAN EXPERT PHOTOGRAPHIC CRITIC AND TEACHER. Be an expert amateur or a capable professional. Don't experiment. Don't guess. Learn how. Write for prospectus. SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, 393 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

QUEENS UNIVERSITY

ARTS, EDUCATION, MEDICINE, SCIENCE, INCLUDING ENGINEERING Arts Summer Session July 2 to Aug 16 For catalogue write G. Y. CROWN Kingston, Ont.

Marriage Laws

A Brief Explanation of the Decree "Ne Temere" It embodies all the Decisions of the Sacred Congregations up to December, 1912, besides giving a clear and definite commentary on each Article of the New Laws on Engagement and Marriage.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

Mission Supplies

Specialty

J. J. M. Landy

Catholic Church Goods

405 YONGE ST., - TORONTO

PHONE MAIN 6555

FURNITURE From Factory to You FREIGHT FREE We have cut out all unnecessary expense by shipping direct from our various factories to your home. SEND FOR OUR LARGE PHOTO ILLUSTRATED Catalogue No 14 ADAMS FURNITURE CO., Limited Toronto, Ont.

EUROPE! There and Back \$100 Write for Illustrated Booklet descriptive of the Superior "One-Class" Steamers of the Montreal - Havre - London and Montreal - Glasgow WEEKLY SERVICES OF THE ALLAN LINE The largest and finest "One-Class" Steamers sailing from Montreal will be employed in the London and Glasgow services during the St. Lawrence season of 1913. Full particulars on application to The Allan Line, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto

No Furnace Dust in Your Home. You will have no furnace dust in your home if you have a Sunshine Furnace. A special dust flue prevents this entirely by carrying all dust up the smoke pipe. McClary's Sunshine Furnace London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Hamilton Calgary Saskatoon Edmonton