

The Catholic Record.

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

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LEST WE FORGET

We love to plume ourselves about living in an age of progress, and in material matters, we are. But with all our schools, our colleges and our universities, with all our libraries and illimitable sources of information to fetch and carry figures and facts from every quarter of the universe, we are not producing as many efficient citizens as in the days gone by.

We have become mighty, illustrious, brilliant and independent, too, perhaps. We average more skill, more wit, more ability per head than they, but we are all planning, analyzing, inventing for private advantage, for personal profit. The price-tag is everywhere and on everything. We've improved every business except the business of Government. Sixty or seventy years ago the best brains of the nation were available for the service of the people. The strong men of the country were ranged on the side of law and order—the law-makers were not the law-breakers. They held their talents at the highest value, and if they died poor in goods they lived rich in the esteem and respect of their fellows. In those days the right to vote was too precious to be bought or sold to the highest bidder; business men did not coerce their employees, and it took the best man in the country to get office. So long as we respect men more for what they possess than for what they achieve; so long as we devote our own time solely to gain; so long as it makes no difference to us whether we vote for a rascal or an honest man, we have no right to complain when things go wrong.

"THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF"

An exchange praises "the smile that won't come off." But the compliment will not endure examination. One of the essential qualities of a smile which is worth anything is that it will come off on occasion, with the swiftness of a lightning streak. That is what gives it value. It is given or withheld with discrimination. It means something. Smiling is approving. The absence of a smile signifies the absence of assent. Thus a difference is made between the fun which is humorous and the fun which is coarse and objectionable. It takes courage sometimes to refrain from smiling, but it is a sober necessity. It is often clearly a stern duty. For example, there is nothing funny about ireligion. The smiles of some persons seem to imply a common belief on their part that it is manly to swear, to have no use for the Church and to believe in nothing. These traits in man or woman are a menace to the best of life, more to be dreaded than disease. They are no smiling matter, and anyone who even seems, by smiling, to treat them lightly, encourages them. After all, there is a wide difference between farce and tragedy, and those whose smiles reveal their preception of it are a blessing to society.

CASE-HARDENED

Many present-day Christians seem to be case-hardened. They carry with them a conscience like a concrete sidewalk, but they know how to walk thereon. They assign to their dealings with men quite a different code of morals to that reserved for women. Theirs is the code of "not being found out." Men are more suspicious—they find out sooner; therefore the morals to be observed to them are of a stricter order. Railway companies and women are by many looked upon as fair game for deception. Consciences, tender in many other respects, have a subtle contempt for these two exceptional victims. Many a so-called honest man travels gaily in a first-class carriage with a second-class ticket, and lies to a woman at each end of his journey without so much as casting a shadow on his conscience. Surely the hell of the coward will be a twilight land of vague, shadowy dangers ever approaching and receding.

KEYED UP

The human machine is not constructed to go always at high pressure, either in happiness or in misery, for which we should duly and daily render thanks to an all-wise Providence. We cannot exist all day and all night with a living care on our shoulders—the greatest misery slips off sometimes. With some men it can be lubricated by hard work, and likewise by beverages, but the latter method is not always to be advised, though a glass of bitter beer taken at the right moment (with or without faith) has power to change a man's view of life. And if there be any who blame him they are at liberty to do so. It is not worth while to pause for the purpose of writing, on the ground or elsewhere, for their edification.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

HEROIC WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word founded in 1875, have established a glorious record for work accomplished in China, West Africa, the Argentine Republic, New Guinea and Brazil. No mission seems too difficult for the intrepid members of this new Congregation. Their chief house is at Steyl, Holland, where students and priests of the Society are prepared for the propagation of the Faith among pagan nations. These missionaries have opened a new chapter by their heroic work recently begun among the Tingians on the Island of Luzon in the Philippines.

The following account is taken from the Manila Times of June 27:

"Voluntarily giving up the comforts of home and civilization, ten German priests of the Order of the Holy Name have taken up their home in the mountains of what was formerly Abra province, and will devote the remainder of their lives to the spiritual and medical care of the tribes of wild Tingians, which inhabit that district. Having taken the vows of poverty and celibacy, these self-sacrificing men live in the meanest of nipa huts, and eat nothing but the cheapest of food, similar to that eaten by the people among whom they work.

"News of the work done by these priests was brought to Manila recently by Captain Carl L. Stone, Philippine Scouts, whose company has recently returned after several months service in that district, on rinderpest quarantine duty. Captain Stone has spent his entire service of fifteen years in the Philippines on the Island of Luzon, and is an authority on conditions in this island. A statement of his observations among the Tingians is therefore certain to be both correct and interesting.

"Living on the roof of the Philippines, at the high plateau is called which the Tingians inhabit, they are a hardy race—necessarily so, owing to the hardships they experience in obtaining a livelihood. Absolutely neglected by the Spaniards, and to a great extent by American administration, the bishop of the order to which these German priests belong decided to ask for volunteers to live and work amongst them. In addition to the ten priests, one of whom is a physician, six Sisters of Charity, also Germans, came out, and have now established industrial schools for the children of the Tingians.

"Hospitality, but fearless, Captain Stone states that these people possess many excellent traits, and under proper guidance will develop into excellent citizens. Absolutely no difficulty was experienced by the Scouts in enforcing the quarantine regulations. In fact, every assistance was given Captain Stone by the headmen and their followers.

"The priests do not live in a community, but are scattered over the province, one or two at a barrio. Ten more are expected to arrive within six months, who will be stationed in the same province. These men are making no effort to obtain converts, being of the opinion that at least fifteen years will elapse before they are ready for that. Therefore, back in the mountain fastnesses, the self-sacrificing fathers are teaching the wild men by example only, and aiding them with simple medicines.

"The only entrance to the plateau occupied by the Tingian tribe is a trail which follows the swift and treacherous Abra river, made famous by the adventurous trip down it to the sea by Lieutenant Gilmore, of the Navy and his seven fellow prisoners, after their rescue from the insurgents by Colonel Hare and a detachment of the 33rd Volunteer Infantry.

"Very little rice is raised by the Tingians, their principal foods being corn, camotes, vension and fish from the rivers and streams. The ponies of Abra are celebrated throughout the entire archipelago for their size and hardness. While the districts occupied by the other wild tribes of northern Luzon have been improved with horse trails and other means of communication, little attention has been paid to the

Tingian country, in spite of the number of persons in that tribe and their helpfulness to Americans."—America.

THE REVISION OF THE VULGATE

By the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B.

I have been asked by the Editor to set down briefly an account of what has so far been done in the work of revising the Latin Vulgate Bible, and to state what exactly is taking me almost immediately to the United States. Six years ago it was announced in the press that the Pope had determined to prepare for a critical revision of the Latin Bible. The need for such a revision has been recognized from the time when in 1592 Pope Clement VIII. published the present authentic edition, and in this age of critical examination of all texts, it has been frequently made a subject of reproach to the Catholic Church that nothing has been done for the official Latin text.

In the spring of 1907, therefore, the Holy Father charged the Benedictine Order with the task of making preparations for a full and adequate examination of the Latin text, and as a first step to endeavor by a critical study of the existing Latin MSS. to obtain as nearly as possible the version of St. Jerome. The importance of this first step is obvious. At the present day all scholars are agreed as to the competence of St. Jerome for the work given him by St. Damasus. He had access to Greek and other manuscripts even then considered ancient, which are no longer known to exist; he could compare dozens of texts for every one we can now examine, and he had means of testing their value, which we do not possess. So clear is the importance of obtaining the pure text of St. Jerome that it is considered by the most competent authorities that the text would probably be found to afford a better basis for the true text of the Greek Septuagint Version than any Greek MSS. now extant. To recover this text is the scope of the present Commission.

By the close of the same year, 1907, a Commission had assembled in Rome to discuss the best method of carrying out the wishes of the Pope. From the first it was obvious that the work would be both long and costly. The Holy Father desired that the best methods should be employed regardless of expense. He made himself from the first responsible for all necessary expenses, but he trusted that the Catholic world would soon recognize the importance of this project for religion, and would support it by their contributions. In this expectation the Pope has not been disappointed, and up to the present there has been forthcoming sufficient means to carry on the work. Now, however, a new need has arisen which obliges me to make a wider appeal to the Catholic world.

So far we have been most occupied with the collection of material, and with the collation of the existing MSS. with the present Latin text. To facilitate this, at the outset it became necessary to print an edition of this text, with a large margin for the purpose of noting the various variants. In fact, the print occupied only one-third of the paper. This entailed great expense, but its use, and indeed necessity, has been obvious from the first to all who are occupied in the work.

The collations made upon these sheets are returned to Rome when finished, and are bound into volumes. Already this collection forms a large library, which is daily increasing on the shelves of our Commission room. But beyond this it was determined that it was imperative, to secure perfect accuracy, to have photographic copies made of practically all the ancient texts used in the revision. This also entailed a great expenditure of money, but it may be said that experience has shown it absolutely necessary to have these photographs to appeal to in any question as to the correctness of any collation. Over three hundred volumes of mounted and bound photographs are now available for the use of the workers at the revision.

From the first it was obvious that our temporary quarters in the Benedictine College of St. Anselm's on the Aventine would prove to be inadequate for the work. On the need being pointed out to the Holy Father, he suggested as the quarters of the Commission a portion of the monastery of St. Callisto, which has been so far used by the community of St. Paul without the Walls for a summer residence. Arrangements have now been made to carry out the Pope's wish, and the place has been taken for the Commission. The setting up of the house will entail great expense; but by the generosity of a benefactor, the rent has been provided for ten years, and the repairs and alterations provided for. What is now necessary is, if possible, to secure a sum which will give the necessary support. It is to appeal for this to the people of America that I am going to start for the United States on August 24. I have no doubt that they will generously respond to my appeal, which is being made with the special blessing and

authority of the Holy Father.—London Tablet.

TOUR IN WAGONCHAPEL TO COMBAT BIGOTRY

ZEALOUS BENEFACTIVE MISSIONARY ENTERS UPON NOVEL CAMPAIGN IN ARKANSAS

Filled with the missionary spirit, anxious to refute the slanderous attacks made on Catholics and Catholic institutions, and hopeful of bringing the wanderer to the fold of the one true Church, Rev. Father Boniface, O. S. B., of Subiaco, Ark., has a novel plan by which he hopes to accomplish this great work in the rural districts of Arkansas, says the Southern Guardian. On Sunday, August 10, in the presence of 1,000 persons, Catholics and non-Catholics, the unique and soon-to-be-famous wagon chapel in which Father Boniface will tour the State was dedicated at Subiaco. In an address on the occasion, explanatory of his plans, Father Boniface said:

"What happened to Noah in the Old Testament happened to me. When the former constructed his Ark, many there were who made their smart remarks; nor was I spared the witticisms of the incredulous while building this wagon. He did not go on to say that he hoped the scoffers would be drowned in a deluge, but he expressed his belief that his wagon will vindicate its usefulness and silence his critics.

Father Boniface, with the assistance of Fathers Anton and Hugo, built the wagon that is to be used as a chapel. The vehicle and the team that is to pull it over the country cost no less than \$1,000, and though he started without funds, Father Boniface says the chapel will start on its initial trip free from debt. The wagon is 28 feet long and 6 feet built, inside measurement. It is built after the pattern of a small street car. It has seats that are so built as to be used at different times for trunks, beds, tables, seats and other purposes. The seating capacity of the wagon is about one dozen.

The car has in it a pretty little portable altar and when the number attending services is not greater than the capacity of the wagon this altar will be in the front of the wagon; but when the crowd is larger the altar will be removed to the rear and a large tent that is to be carried along will serve as a shelter for the congregation.

In addition to the real religious services there will be other features. There will be a moving picture show, though not of the modern kind. These views will be of and concerning the New Testament, together with the catechism in pictures. A fine Victrola will furnish music and the songs will consist of the sacred hymns sung by master singers and other vocal and instrumental selections of the right kind. The features are intended to be great attractions to draw the country folk to the meeting. There will be only two persons on the wagon chapel, regularly, Father Boniface and one other young man, who will perform the double duty of driver and cook.

The chapel wagon bearing its missionary priest will stop at some point in the county every Tuesday noon and this place will be just wherever the wagon happens to be at that time. On going into camp Father Boniface will proceed to send couriers through the country notifying the natives of his arrival and of his intention to remain there until the following Sunday evening.

During his stay at these country places the daily programme will consist of music, lecture and moving pictures. Mass will be said each morning and those who desire may attend. The regular programme will be in the evening. The lecture will be along doctrinal lines and in refutation of charges hurled against the Church by her enemies.

A REFERENDUM ON FREEMASONRY

The idea Nazionale has been conducting a referendum on Freemasonry. It has sent out to all the distinguished people in Italy in the political, literary and scientific world, the three following questions: (1) "Do you think that the existence of a secret association like Freemasonry is compatible with the conditions of public life to-day?" (2) Do you think that materialistic rationalism and humanitarian and internationalistic masonry, the guiding spirit of Freemasonry, are in agreement with the living tendencies of contemporary thought?" (3) Do you think that the hidden action of Freemasonry in Italian life, specially in military institutions, in the magistracy, in the schools, and in public administrations, brings good or harm to the country?" The replies of many of the distinguished people, senators, deputies, professors, generals and admirals, have been published; many more, we are told, will follow; but up to now the unanimous reply is an emphatic "No" to all three questions. The subject is specially considered from the point of view of the services, in which Freemasonry is considered

to be subversive of discipline, and of the administration of justice, which runs the risk of being corrupted if members of a secret society are in high places on the judicial bench. The Idea Nazionale has certainly by its inquiry verified what was generally believed to be the verdict of the people, even including Socialists, regarding Freemasonry; but it may be asked, "Are we any forerider?" The sect is very quiet just now, in accordance with its usual custom when too much public notice is being taken of it. A referendum to follow: "What is in your opinion the best way of destroying the evil work of this secret society?" would be more in accordance with the much-talked-of, but not always evident, practical character of the Italians. But even then its secrecy would probably defy opposition. It is at present working in the dark, but diligently—with a view to the coming elections, and those who are particularly menaced by its activities are Catholics. For this reason Masons may have anti-patriotic ends. If so, they dare not show them. They have, and boast of, anti-clerical ends, and in this they get the support of, and work hand-in-hand with, Socialists, Republicans, Anarchists and the rest. Podrecca, for instance, maintains that he is not a Mason; but, naturally, he and they work with a complete mutual understanding against the Catholic Church. There is just one thing to be said for the agitation and the referendum: that, if report be true, in the services at any rate, the numbers of the "Brethren" are shrinking.—Roman Letter of the Tablet.

DEAN INGE AND CONFESSION

The High Mass and the Cardinal's sermon at Westminster Cathedral on Sunday for the doctors attending the International Medical Congress constituted a function which has been widely appreciated by those for whom it was arranged, the more so that it was, we believe, the first time in the history of the Congress that such an opportunity has been afforded. It was arranged by the Guild of St. Luke, and every help was given by the leaders of the profession in England by the publication of the time and place of the ceremonies at Westminster and St. Paul's in the Official Journal. A precedent has thus been established which it may be hoped will be maintained at future Congresses.

At the service of St. Paul's the question raised at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Brighton as to the psychotherapeutic value of confession was referred to in the course of a characteristic utterance by Dean Inge. His view was that the doctors did not make their voices heard as much as they might, seeing that in their private practice they had "to a large extent succeeded to some of the functions of the medieval priests." Speaking, we suppose, for non-Catholics, the Dean went on to say: "It is they who now hear the confessions of anxious and conscience-stricken penitents; it is they who prescribe dietary disciplines and various quaint penances; it is they who send people on pilgrimages to distant lands. Moreover, owing to the state of neglect into which the art of spiritual therapeutics has fallen in Protestant countries, the physician usually knows more than the clergyman about the real springs of action, the secret causes of sin and sorrow, the subtle and delicate influences by which soul and body affect each other, the mysterious and melancholy tremors of morbid heredity, and the unrecognised herosim of struggles against it. I am not competent to say whether a physician would find it worth while to study the best Catholic manuals of spiritual direction; but I have no doubt that the clergy would find themselves amply repaid for time spent in acquiring a knowledge of medical psychology. Possessed of this knowledge, a clergyman might often be a valued helper to the doctor in the sick room, instead of only coming in at the last as the herald of the undertaker.

Heaven forbid that we clergy should take advantage of the present recrudescence of superstition by posing as medicine-men and miracle-workers—there is too much of this in London already—but the true priest does wield a spiritual dynamic which, if he knows the limitations imposed on him by nature's laws, may be a potent adjunct to the art of the physician."—London Tablet.

THE POISON HAD ITS EFFECT

Catholics have too long ignored the systematic campaign of vilification waged by the relentless enemies of the Church. We have assumed that the monstrous accusation made would defeat their own purpose—that they would receive no credence from our fair-minded Protestant brethren. Unfortunately, it is only too certain that the poison has had its effect. This is clearly evidenced by the extraordinary revival of ancient prejudice and bigotry in unexpected quarters. It is time that Catholics would act.—Holy Name Journal.

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 aims 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.....	\$1,744 25
Friend, Perth, Ont.....	1 00
P. McNaughten, Guelph, Ont	10 00
M. McNaughten, Guelph, Ont	5 00
J. McNaughten, Guelph, Ont	5 00
Friend, Southwold, Stn. Ont	10 00
Friend, Paris.....	5 00
Subscriber, Cornwall, Ont	1 00
Mich. Duffy, Aylmer, Que.....	1 00
Friend, Portage du Fort.....	1 00
Miss Whelan, Shamrock, Ont.	1 00
J. Devine, Mt. Tolmie, B. C.	50

REMITTANCES TO FATHER FRASER	
By cheque April 25, 1913.....	\$780 00
May 15, 1913	
(Special).....	5 00
July 11, 1913.....	736 70

WHY "THESE THINGS" ARE IGNORED

From the New York Weekly Witness (Protestant)

"Why do the public and religious press pass these things unnoticed?" Some one has sent us a paper which is devoted to the task of stirring up animosity against Catholics in the minds of Protestants with the above words written in pencil at the foot of the first page. Here is one of "these things" to which special attention is called in the paper in question.

"There is a story going the rounds in Oelwein that there are 1,000 Winchester rifles stored in the basement of the hall of the Sacred Heart. This is a building that stands directly back of the church proper. It was formerly the church proper—that was before the time 'Father' Pat got next to a 'dough' bag and was able to put up a brick church."

We can give a good reason why that story is ignored by editors who have sense enough to know the difference between good and evil. In the first place, the story is more than twenty-five years old, and in the second, there is good reason to believe that it was a lie "out of whole cloth" to begin with.

The sort of Protestantism that consists largely in cherishing and promoting suspicion and ill will toward Catholics is not Christian at all; for that is not the spirit of Christ.

As to the idea that the Protestants in this country are in danger of being confronted unexpectedly by a general uprising of Catholics armed for slaughter, that is too preposterous to be worthy of a moment's thought.

EAGER FOR PAPIST MONEY

Noting how Belfast keeps an eye to business with "Papists" notwithstanding the talk about persecution of Protestants by Catholics under Home Rule, T. P. O'Connor made some pointed remarks in his speech on the third reading of the Home Rule Bill.

"Let us see how Belfast treats the rest of Ireland. Why, there is scarcely a town or a village in Ireland (said T. P.) that has not a branch of the Belfast Bank. Just fancy those exiles through the rest of Ireland hated—and even, according to some of the foul-mouthed advocates of religious bigotry, about to be massacred, for that has been suggested, by the Papists of Ireland. Yet those Ulster banks, easy and free, go down to every town and hamlet in Ireland. They take the money of the Southern farmer, who has just got beyond the stage of stocking, at 1 1/4 or 2 1/4 per cent. They bring it back to those splendid, robust, Orangemen of Belfast and get 5 per cent. on it."

Clearly those Orange bankers of Belfast are more concerned about Papist money than "Papist persecution." "They send their tobacco, too, down to the South," said Mr. O'Connor, "and actually they do not refuse 'Papist' money for it." How would it be if the Southern farmers and Southern merchants were to cut out the Belfast business and spend their Papist money elsewhere? That Papist cool off their hatred of "Papists" and Home Rule.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Knights of Columbus of Worcester, Mass., have purchased for \$150,000 the property of the Y. M. C. A.

The coming lecture tour of Abbot Gasquet in the United States will be under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus.

Mobile, Alabama, has honored the late Abram J. Ryan, the poet priest of the South, by placing his statue, of heroic size, in one of its public parks named for him, "Ryan Park."

News comes that quite a number of Catholic books have been lately published in Japan. The Catholic Printing Press of Osaka has been kept busy.

The Archbishop of Birmingham, England, has addressed a letter to his clergy informing them of the opening of a house at Oxford to enable students from the archdiocese to follow the university course. There are already houses in Oxford of the Benedictines, Franciscans and Jesuits.

A twelve year old girl is now England's youngest peeress, King George having called out of abeyance the ancient barony of Furnival, in honor of the Hon. Mary Frances Petre daughter of Lady Audrey Petre. The barony, created in 1205, has been dormant since 1777. The Petres are staunch Catholics.

Through the efforts of the Rev. J. J. Curran, rector of the Church of the Holy Saviour, Wilkes-Barre, 1,000 Delawares and Hudson miners who had been out on a sympathy strike for three weeks returned to work August 6. Father Curran induced 2 men, over whose standing the disagreement arose, to join the union.

An heroic statue of Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, was unveiled in Mobile, Ala., on July 12, in a park which the city has named in his honor. Father Ryan wrote most of his poetry while pastor of St. Mary's, Mobile, and it was in that church that he preached the beautiful series of sermon poems which he called "A Crown for Our Queen."

The late Baron Ashbourne, the noted Unionist leader, whose death occurred on May 22, left a fortune of \$450,000 to his second son, Edward Gibson, and only \$4,000 to his eldest son, William Gibson. The latter is an enthusiastic Nationalist, wears the ancient Irish dress, speaks the Irish language, and is a convert.

Four Town Councillors of Somma Vesuviana, near Naples, has been sent to prison for ten months and fined \$100 each for entering into a conspiracy against a community of Franciscans. By means of forged and manufactured photographs they brought grave charges against the monks. Three women, who were concerned in the plot, were also fined and imprisoned.

On the occasion of the recent royal visit to Lancashire the Catholic Territorialists, who were participating in the general review by the King at Liverpool, assembled in Shiel Park in full uniform before the review and attended Mass in the open air celebrated by Archbishop Whitehead under a marquee erected in sight of all. More than 1,000 soldiers were present.

The sister of the mother of Bernadette Soubirous, the favored child of the Apparition at Lourdes, died recently. She was present when the Blessed Virgin said to Bernadette for the second time: "Go tell the priests to build a chapel here." Madame Pene's death was a holy, happy one at eighty-five years. The brothers of Bernadette attended her funeral in the parish church at Lourdes.

English exchanges chronicle the success of the movement for the establishment in London of a Catholic hotel and International Catholic Club. The contract for the purchase of the Salisbury Hotel has been signed and sanctioned by the Court of Chancery, and an amount exceeding the minimum fixed having been subscribed, the directors have proceeded to allotment. The hotel and club will be opened by them in October next.

Wealthy New Yorkers have placed the order a statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child for the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The sculptor is to visit the Catholic cathedrals in Rheims, Rouen and Chartres in France, and Winchester and Shelburne, in England, to study examples of the thirteenth century decoration. The persons giving the order lost their daughter a few years ago and a statue of the Virgin is to be modelled as far as is appropriate from her portrait.

Bishop Vismara, of Hyderabad, India, has been compelled to postpone the building of several churches because of the Balkan war. It seems strange that a war in Europe should interfere with the building of a little chapel in India, especially when the Bishop has the money, but the explanation is this: The State of Hyderabad is an independent Mohammedan principality and the Balkan successes have aroused such feeling against Christians that the Bishop is afraid to proceed until things settle down.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XXII

CAPTAIN BERESFORD HIMSELF

"We met, 'twas in a crowd—Bally."

In whatever other channels their affections ran there was certainly no love lost between Mrs. St. Ubes and Mrs. Vane. "Two of a trade never agree," and "two of a trade never agree," and notwithstanding the legend of the two kings of Brentford, two queens in Mulkapore disputed, inch by inch, the right to wear the crown and wield the scepter.

Mrs. St. Ubes had the advantage of being a resident of long standing, who knew her ground well. She had been a noted leader of society for more seasons than she had cared to count. She detested women who made no secret of the fact (and always selected her friends entirely from the opposite sex, with the exception of one lady, a Miss Hudson—who, flattered by this signal mark of condescension, readily became her confidante, or, according to the gossips of Mulkapore, her jackal.

La belle lionne was past her premiere jeunesse; I am not wronging her in any way when I say that she was fully five and thirty. She had been lovely, and was still remarkably good looking. She had a pretty, riant face, shaded by a thick, curly, black fringe, and very darkly penciled arched eyebrows gave a somewhat surprised and slightly suspicious expression to her magnificent brown eyes. Her figure was perfect; and she was naturally aware of the fact, and displayed it to the best advantage in the most tastefully chosen costumes, if anything, a thought too tight.

Mrs. St. Ubes excelled in dancing, tennis, and riding, and also in a certain kind of smart repartee that evoked explosions of laughter from her immediate adherents. Each newcomer (of the fair sex) was critically inspected and mercilessly ridiculed by this, the sovereign lady of Mulkapore. She had a rooted objection to a pretty face, and looked on every new arrival as a possible competitor for the social throne. Hitherto she had been undisputed mistress of the field, when lo! an unknown free lance in the shape of Mrs. Vane, suddenly appeared, and boldly challenged the reigning queen.

Mrs. Vane had the advantage of youth on her side; she was very pretty, too, an excellent tennis player, a renowned dancer, and was in her own way a consummate mistress of the art of versiflage. Consequently, it will be seen that she prepared to fight Mrs. St. Ubes on her own ground and with her own weapons. She won the prize at the tennis tournament (a handsome gold bangle), carried it off after a desperate struggle with Mrs. St. Ubes, who for some time previously had mentally looked upon the bangle as her own. She annexed more than one of that lady's favorite partners at balls and small dances, and engaged her almost beyond endurance by receiving her most stinging remarks and cutting little speeches with a smiling affability of demeanor that completely baffled her adversary.

could. "K 50!" What in the world did she mean? After a few seconds' consideration, I "gave it up," in fact, I completely forgot the circumstance in coming over a much involved programme. Five minutes later I took my place in one of the numerous sets of Lancers that were forming up and down the room. Ours was a sixteen set, and as we took our position I glanced casually from couple to couple. There was Mrs. St. Ubes looking remarkably well, in a low black net dress, trimmed with quantities of gold, and whispering (goodness knows what) to her partner behind her enormous black fan. There was Lizzy Hudson in that horrible green again. Exactly opposite stood Mrs. Vane, looking unusually pretty and animated; nothing suited her so well as pink, and her partner was a good looking gunner. A second glance—I shut my eyes and then opened again—no, they had not deceived me! I was face to face with my kinsman, cousin, and former fiancé—Maurice Beresford!

Before I had time to collect my scattered wits it was our turn to advance. He was coming toward me; prompt flight had been my first insane impulse, but common sense held me fast. As we touched each other's fingers, and made the usual small gratification, I stole a glance over his face as his eyes met mine, yet during the whole five figures I was aware that they strayed very often in my direction. My wits seemed to be preternaturally sharpened, and I knew that he was asking Mrs. Vane who I was, and all about me. I wonder what my partner thought of me! Probably, that I was some poor half-witted creature. I answered—when I replied at all—completely at random; and the bad shots I made were to be gathered from the expression of puzzled amazement reflected in my companion's face. Although I dared not be all eyes, I was an embodiment of two intensely listening ears—my ears actually ached with trying to catch what our vis-à-vis were talking about, and if in the "tall young lady in white" Maurice had discovered his runaway cousin, Nora O'Neill.

No sooner was the dance over, than with a hasty excuse, I relinquished my partner's arm, and in my way to the ladies' dressing room. At first it was crowded with various other dancers who had put in for repairs. I ensconced myself in a remote arm chair, feeling, without any affectation, quite nervous and almost stunned by the sudden shock of meeting Maurice, till the soft strains of the "Dolores" waltz completely emptied the apartment of all. There was one exception; Mrs. St. Ubes lingered behind, ostensibly to have a stitch put in the rosette of her shoe, but in reality to repair some little flaws in her complexion. Thinking herself alone, she hurried to the toilet-table, removed and tightened her fringe (which was false) powdered her face most carefully, and then leisurely surveyed the back of her head, and her profile, by means of a handglass. The result of the inspection was evidently satisfactory; and, giving her skirts a final twitch, she was turning to leave the room, with a complacent smile on her lips. In turning, for the first time she perceived me, reclining in a deep arm chair, the critical spectator of her recent operations, and the smile suddenly froze into an expression of disgusted amazement.

"You here, Miss Neville? What on earth are you doing? Why are you not dancing?" she asked, sharply.

"I felt a little giddy," I returned, standing up, "and thought I would sit quiet for a few minutes."

"Giddy?" she echoed, with an incredulous snarl, looking into my face with a scrutiny that was downright rude. "You! Such an untiring waltzer, to talk of being giddy! You have not been quarrelling with anyone, have you? or setting your partners at loggerheads?" she asked, with an air of amiable interest.

"Oh, dear, no," I answered, energetically.

"By the way," arranging her bracelets, "I suppose you have carte blanche from Major Percival about dancing? Some men are so exacting in that way, they won't allow their fiancées to dance round dances."

"Major Percival is not so selfish," I replied, warmly.

"Oh," with a little significant sniff "he is just like his neighbors, no better and no worse. He is a charming friend," emphatically, "but I don't think he will make a good husband."

"Don't you; and why not?" I asked, holding my head very high, and speaking in an icy tone.

"He gave it to me as a 'philopena' last year. Oh! long before he ever saw you; so you need not look so jealous."

"I am not feeling jealous, Mrs. St. Ubes; so my looks must be deceitful. And if you will kindly allow me to pass, I am going to ask for a glass of water," moving away.

"Oh—certainly. I hope your giddiness will soon go off," she returned nodding to me carelessly; and without another word she turned and sailed out of the room.

Probably on the principle of counter-irritation, my interview with Mrs. St. Ubes roused me from the state of mental coma into which I had fallen on so suddenly beholding my cousin. I drank some iced water, bathed my forehead with eau-de-Cologne, and felt better. My heart still beat very fast; but I was now, comparatively speaking, composed, as I walked over to the cheval-glass, and took a good, long, impartial look at myself. The mirror introduced me to a tall, slight, graceful girl, with quantities of wavy, bronze-colored hair growing low on her forehead, and fastened up in a knot at the back. She had large dark eyes (hue indistinct by candle-light); very long lashes, which turned upward at the tips; a pretty, curved mouth, evidently well used to laughter and smiles; and a creamy, fair complexion. This good looking young person was dressed in a simple, light-colored, artistically arranged with clouds of tulle and bunches of silvered narcissus; the low body was finished off with a berthe of the same flowers, and one or two nestled among her dark auburn tresses. What possible resemblance could any one see between her and that vision of ugliness, Nora O'Neill? Nora, with her skimpy, short skirts, her hair dragged off her face, and confined in a pigtail, her complexion the rendezvous of sun and freckles! Her could not know me!" I said to myself with decision, as I straightened my necklet, and pulled up my long gloves; "I'll go back to the ball-room and brave it out! No one would recognize Nora O'Neill in Miss Neville," and, with another long, critical stare, I gathered up my fan and bouquet, and swept out of the room.

I was instantly seized upon by my partner, anxious to make the most of the last bars of the "Dolores." During the next three or four dances neither Mrs. Vane nor Maurice appeared in the ball room, and I was beginning to breathe a little more freely, when a well-known treble at my side exclaimed:

"Oh, here you are! I've been looking for you everywhere. Captain Beresford wishes to be introduced to you. Captain Beresford, Miss Neville."

Maurice bowed gravely, and so did I. But I was on the eve, all the same, of one of my wildest and most foolish explosions of laughter. To be introduced in this formal way to Maurice—Maurice, whose pockets I had sewn up, whose pillow I had assiduously floured—was almost asking too much from my gravity.

"You will never guess the reason Captain Beresford assigned for an immediate introduction," said Mrs. Vane, tapping me playfully with her fan. "He declares that you are the very image of his grandmother! Did you ever hear of anything so absurd?"

"Maurice was getting 'hot,' as they say in Magic Mountain, for a foolish girl, was my only comment. It was really like the picture of Molly Beresford that hung in the library at Gallov, here was a compliment, and no mistake! She had been a celebrated beauty, and the toast of three counties."

"It is really too bad of Mrs. Vane," exclaimed Maurice, now addressing me, "to divulge what I had imparted to her in the strictest confidence. No lady can ever keep a secret—such, at least, is my experience," he added, with a smile.

"Can they not?" I asked, incredulously. "I am quite sure that I could keep one if I tried."

"You have never yet had a secret to keep, you foolish child," exclaimed Mrs. Vane, "and if you had, it would be public property in twenty-four hours!"

"I had no time to stay and bandy words with her, as my partner was all eagerness, like the whiting in Wonderland," to join the dance.

Ere I moved away, Maurice said: "I suppose I can scarcely hope for the pleasure of a dance?" In reply I merely shook my head and exhibited a crowded and much-defaced programme; and here, seeing that my cavalier was rapidly losing all patience, I took his arm and resumed our interrupted waltz. But I had by no means seen the last of Maurice, nor heard the last of him that evening. Each of my partners who belonged to his arm of the service plied me with the same questions: "Had I seen Captain Beresford? Was he not good looking? The best dancer in the room? Had I remarked his step? A capital cricketer, and one of the best riders in the service," and so on, with a long string of his perfections. At length I lost all patience, and when a third enthusiastic friend commenced the same story sharply told him that I had heard of nothing but Captain Beresford all the evening, and that a fresh topic of conversation would be an agreeable variety.

The evening was waning. The cotillon was in full swing. The looking-glass, umbrella, cushion, and flag figures had been each in turn disposed of. Now it was a sheet that was brought forward as an incentive to dancing. A sheet held up across the room, over which all would be dancers held one finger above the top, and one only. The ladies advanced and tempt fate; each selecting

a finger and seizing it. The sheet drops, and away goes everybody in couples.

Nellie Fox and I approached the sheet, and tempted fate together.

"That's a well-fitting glove, Nellie," I remarked, pointing to a neat forefinger, somewhat apart from the others. "I'm sure the owner must be a good dancer," so saying, I at once appropriated the digit, standing on tiptoe and clutching it in my hand. The sheet dropped and I found myself tightly clasping Maurice Beresford. There was nothing for it, but de l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace, and in another second we were revolving among the dancers.

"This is indeed a most unlooked-for piece of good fortune," he said, as we paused for breath. After one or two commonplace observations, he added: "This is a stupid figure that they are getting up now. You must be tired, as you have been dancing incessantly all the evening. Will you come up to the supper-room, and have some refreshment? The soup is strongly to be recommended."

I was very tired, and I made no resistance. It was my fate that I was to meet Maurice, to speak to him, to dance with him, to go to supper with him! There was no use struggling with *kismet*. I acquiesced, and in another two minutes we had gained the supper room.

I watched him furtively, as he lay a fat Madrasese butler, and conveyed him toward our end of the table. He was, as Mrs. Vane had said, strikingly handsome, and his tall, well-knit figure was set off to the greatest advantage by the most becoming uniform in the service—the Horse Artillery jacket. Whether he was a ladies' man or not, he was certainly accustomed to wait on them. Everything I required came to my hand as if by magic, and he organized a most charming *petit souper* from the *debris* of the banquet. Over against us sat Mrs. Gower, relating with infinite gusto some astounding anecdote. Her listener, a bored, *blase* looking man, gave her his ears; to us he was good enough to devote his eyes. Evidently he found us an interesting spectacle. Drawing his companion's attention to us, she lost no time in obliging him—I could see by her gestures and glances—with a full, if not true, description of my family history, age, accomplishments and prospects.

Maurice and I conversed together very pleasantly. We discussed the ball, the *menu* and the guests; and our repast concluded, we descended once more to the field of action. My cavalier was not forthcoming, and I yielded to Maurice's entreaties for this one waltz. He danced divinely, so smoothly and so easily that it was a treat to be his partner, my lawful, but tardy, proprietor meanwhile glowering from the doorway, *petit souper* from the *debris* of the banquet. Very last bar, we made our way out into the lofty portico, and thence along a wide, crimson carpeted veranda, lined with large shrubs and plants, among the shadows of which seats for two had been most cunningly introduced. Maurice, I could see, was no novice in the art of discovering a conveniently situated *solitude a deux* and soon we were sharing a very comfortable *settee*. From our retreat we looked out on passing couples and the lamp lit grounds with a sense of luxurious retirement. More than once I found my companion studying my face with a look of the gravest and most puzzled interest. On the second of these occasions, as our eyes met, he looked somewhat confused, and observed, half-apologetically: "I never saw such an extraordinary resemblance in all my life. You are as like an old family portrait at home as if you had stepped out of the frame!"

"I asked discreetly concealing a lurking smile with the top of my fan.

"I do," he answered, with a deep conviction.

"I'm not quite sure that to be told that you resemble a person's grandmother is exactly my *beau ideal* of a graceful compliment."

"Paying compliments is not at all in my line," replied Maurice, emphatically. "Do you imagine that your double is a middle aged frump with a short waist, sausage curls, and a mob cap? Because, if you do, you are much mistaken. She is—never mind, I won't say what she is—pulling himself up—it would not make you any wiser. But if you were to see the picture I know you would not be displeased to hear that you resembled her."

I had seen the picture, and was not at all displeased.

"Have you been long in India, Miss Neville?" was a question that startled me out of some very commonplace reflections.

"Ever since I have been grown up," was my evasive answer.

"Well, that can only have been a very recent achievement," was my cousin's polite reply.

"You are Irish, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes. Does not the brogue speak for me?"

"No, indeed," indignantly. "May I ask what part of Ireland you come from?"

"The South," I replied, laconically. "The South is a large place," he said, with a smile.

"It is," I answered, shortly. "Don't you think that you have asked enough questions for one evening, Captain Beresford?" I put in quickly; "or would you like to know my age and height?"

"I am sure I beg your pardon, I am afraid you will think me very inquisitive, but I come from the South of Ireland too, and as most people in that part of the world are connected in some way, I was thinking that perhaps, for all we knew, you and I might be twentieth cousins once removed. Are you quite certain that you have no relations of the name of Beresford?" he asked, looking at me earnestly with his dauntless, gray eyes.

"This was too much even for my equanimity, which, considering everything, had been most remarkably firm. I had been playing with fire hitherto and rather liked the sensation than otherwise. Dropping my fan and instantly diving for it in order to conceal my tell-tale cheeks, I replied, as I stood up, 'I am engaged for this dance, Captain Beresford, and have no leisure for tracing out my genealogy just at present.' I said this with all the stiffness and dignity I could assume, and carrying my head very high, stepped out of our mutual seclusion into the wide, well lit veranda.

Maurice looked more surprised than abashed at my sudden change of demeanor, and contented himself with carrying my bouquet, and critically examining it, as we strolled back toward the ball room.

"May I ask you one more question, Miss Neville?" he inquired, with an air of the most humble deference.

"My heart literally stood still with fear, and my knees trembled beneath me. What was he going to say? Had he a glimmering of the truth? I felt cold all over, as unable to frame a syllable, I bowed my head.

"Are you any relation to Colonel Neville, the great sportsman?" What a relief!

"Yes, I am his niece," I replied civilly.

"Indeed! I have a letter of introduction to him from an old friend of mine; I shall call and present it to-morrow in person. Will you introduce me to your mother?" observing auntie, who was beamed upon by the chaperons, rise and make a gesture of delight and relief as I approached. She beamed on my partner for having restored to her her little stray sheep.

"Auntie," I said, "Captain Beresford wishes to be introduced to you!"

The beaming smile instantly disappeared from her countenance, and she accorded Maurice a most frigid salutation. There was yet another dance, and a most pertinaacious dancing maniac would listen to no excuse, and led me off protesting and entreating, while Maurice and auntie remained *te te te*. However he contrived it I know not, but by the time I returned to my weary relative her face was once more wreathed in smiles, and Maurice was sitting beside her, laughing and talking, and evidently winning golden opinions from the dear old lady.

We held a council of war that night in auntie's dressing-room. We agreed to let the missing cousin remain at large.

"After a little we will tell him, perhaps," concluded auntie. "If he is really as nice as he seems in first acquaintance, we will confide in him by and by. And I have no doubt that you and he will be excellent friends, more especially when he hears that you are engaged to be married!"

So saying, and yawning most extravagantly, and kissing me affectionately, and dismissed me to bed.

A FOOL FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

Posted up on the dining-room door of the Grand Hotel at Ixelles Bains was a notice that could not fail to catch the passer's eye. As the stream of visitors drew near, they paused singly or in groups, to read what was written on the door; and then passed on, commenting each in his own way upon what he or she had read.

"The Sisters in charge of the home for the aged will make a collection during dinner to-day."

It was a recognized institution, and the habitues of the place accepted it as such; but some of the newcomers began grumbling at the continual calls that seemed to be made upon their purses.

"What bad luck!" said one lady, turning to her neighbor. "If only that stupid collection has been just a day later I should have escaped it. My cure ends to-morrow."

"Then, on the contrary, I thank you are very lucky, even in spite of the collection," was the reply. "I know I wish I were leaving this week. I've never known such a place for making money fly. This hotel is inquisitively dear, I consider, and then, there are the baths and the doctor, and 'tips' expected by everyone. One never goes out without buying something; and, no matter what one spends on one's clothes before coming, one has always to be getting new things here."

"My dear lady, I agree with you there," said a stout, prosperous-looking man, who up to this had no chance of joining in the conversation. "I know these institutions are necessary and very excellent, I dare say, and I subscribe regularly once a year to more than one in my neighborhood. But beyond that I draw a line."

"Yes, yes," agreed several others; "help those at home certainly. But it is really rather too much to expect us, who are only birds of passage, to support their poor for them in a place like this."

"I call it an abuse," went on the fat man.

"That is just what it is," came the chorus of agreement. "This promiscuous begging certainly is an abuse."

"Especially when one would so much prefer keeping one's money in one's own pocket," added a young Italian officer dryly.

"I am so glad you agree with me!" said the first speaker, turning quickly to the officer, whose favor she had sought for assiduously but in vain, quite oblivious of the sarcasm of his remark.

There was, however, more than a touch of contempt in the smile with which he answered her.

"I am afraid I was merely voicing the general thought, not giving my own opinion," he explained politely. "Then what is your opinion?" she asked in a tone of surprise.

"I think that one should give what one can whenever one is asked for a deserving charity such as this home," he replied.

"A bad system, sir; a most pernicious doctrine!" exclaimed the fat man, who again managed to get a hearing. "Why are the old people these Sisters are begging for in a home at all? Why are they not self-supporting citizens, like ourselves? Because they have been imprudent, idle, extravagant. Through their own fault, sir, I say—through their own fault."

"Vice is the forerunner of misery," another man announced sententiously.

"That I grant you," rejoined the officer, addressing the last two speakers at once. "But it is equally true that there are also many who, after working all their lives, find themselves destitute in their old age through no fault of their own. Besides, there are many who could not get work; or who, getting it, could not do it from ill health or for other reasons."

"You are a believer in luck, I gather?" said his neighbor, who had not yet taken any part in the discussion.

"To a certain extent I am," answered the officer. "And you, sir—what do you think about this collection?"

"You ask my opinion, do you?" repeated the professor—for professor he was, writ large on every line of his shriveled, sallow face. "My opinion is that those who are determined to get on, do so, sooner or later, no matter what obstacles may rise in their paths. As for so-called charitable institutions, I consider them superfluous and undesirable. They are merely harbors for impostors, beginning with those who undertake their management."

Before the officer had time to dissociate himself from sentiments so contrary to his own, a priest, who up to this had sat in silence, bent forward and addressed the professor with quiet courtesy.

"Let us hope, Professor," he said, "that you may never come to need the charity of such imposters."

The advent of another group of visitors, full of gossip concerning a Russian grand duke who had arrived at the previous day, changed the conversation abruptly; and in a moment everyone was busy discussing the prince and his suite; after which the Russian dancers, the leader of the latest ballet at the Casino, and finally the never-ending theme of luck and play at the gaming tables, served in turns as topics of conversation.

The distasteful subject of the collection had been for the moment forgotten, when the door of the dining-room opened to admit two of the Sisters whose work had given rise to such adverse criticism. The elder of the two was tall and pale, and her business like directness showed that long use had inured her to some extent to the unpleasantness of her task. To the younger it was evidently an ordeal that nothing less than heroic obedience could have made her face. Her long lashes drooped on the wildrose flush of her cheeks, and her little white hands trembled as she held her empty plate toward the person nearest to her. In spite of the previous grumblings, most of the guests were generous in their contributions, and notes and silver soon rose in goodly piles on both the plates. The formula of thanks of the elder nun was repeated by the younger, and she forgot some of her agonizing shyness in the thought that her beloved old people would have all they needed now for some time to come.

The Italian officer, who sat at the end of the long table, as he quietly watched the gray clad figure coming toward him, wondered what was familiar to him in the graceful dignity of the younger Sister's movements. But his musings were rudely interrupted by the voice of his neighbor, the professor. The little Sister had held her plate out to him with the usual form of request.

"A donation for our old people, for God's sake, please!"

"That," he said in a contemptuous tone, "is all I feel called upon to give to idlers and drunkards—and fools." He had raised his voice, and the exaggerated contempt that he put into the last word drew attention to the fact that he intended to include in it the Sister herself as well as her poor.

As the professor spoke, the Italian officer sprang to his feet, and the onlookers caught the flash of anger in his eye as he bent in a bow before the little man.

"I am sorry, Sister," he said, laying a golden louis on the five-centime piece, that I can not afford any more for your admirable charity. I should be honored," he continued, "if you would allow me to shake hands with you."

The professor's insulting words had apparently left the Sister unmoved; but as, for an instant, she raised her eyes to this young man, who had courage enough to make himself the champion of the servants of God, he saw that tears were trembling on her lashes. But this he noticed only unconsciously; for as she looked up he realized why she had brought back to him a winter, some three or four years gone by, which he had spent in Rome.

"Mademoiselle de B—"

"Oh, hush, hush, please!"

The two exclamations were spoken at once, but those near at hand had heard the name he had spoken—the name of a princely family long famed for bravery and brains and unswerving loyalty to God. If a member of that family was a fool—well she was a fool for Christ's sake.

The collection was finished, and now both Sisters stood together for a moment. The younger one had laid her hand in the officer's outstretched palm. But, bending, he raised to his lips, first those little white fingers, then the work-hardened ones of her companion, before moving backward to open the door and let them go. His sudden exclamation had not been intended to reveal what the Sister preferred should remain unknown, and all he could do now was to ignore his recognition of his former acquaintance.

It had all happened so quickly that the Sisters were in the doorway before those around had grasped what had taken place under their own eyes. Only the professor understood it thoroughly. Something in the Sister's demeanor, her calm dignity had impressed him; and, following in the officer's act of homage and the discovery of her identity, had suddenly shown him the pitiful ignorance, the cowardly insolence of his act and words. He was fanatically anti-religious, anti-Christian, even, and for the moment of fanaticism had overwhelmed his instincts as a gentleman. But only for an instant. Before the door had time to close he was on his feet. The Sisters, seeing him standing before them, paused; and immediately he spoke, so that everyone in the room should hear:

"I must apologize for what I have just said and done," and now he, too, bowed, and he spoke, "and especially to you, Sister, whom I intentionally insulted. I can only beg of you to accept my sincere apology" (he laid a hundred-franc note on the plate on which the elder Sister had gathered the whole collection together), "and an offering less unworthy of your acceptance for your work of—of heroic charity."

"Thank you, sir! May God reward your generosity!" answered the elder Sister, simply; whilst the younger, without a thought of her rudeness to herself, but thinking only of her old people's needs, smiled up at him in gratitude.

And, avowed atheist, boasted anti-Christian as he was, for a moment he went back to the trusting beliefs of his long past youth.

"Sister," he said, and he caught at her gray habit as she moved away. "If you forgive, will you say a prayer for me?"

"Certainly, Monsieur, she replied, and her voice was soft and musical like the voice of a child. "I will get our old people to pray; and I, too, will pray," she added in a lower tone, "that God may teach you how to pray for yourself."

Then the door closed and the two Sisters passed away out of sight.—From the Italian, by Alice Deane for the Ave Maria.

TENDEREST OF MOTHERS

A STORY OF AN OLD SOLDIER

An old soldier who for more than forty years had led a life of loneliness, and who was not known by his companions or neighbors ever to have been a Catholic, suddenly stopped the priest one day as he passed the little cottage where he lived, and surprised the good man by telling him that he wanted to go to confession.

"But are you a Catholic?" inquired the priest.

"Yes, Father," was the reply—"that is to say, I was once a Catholic."

"Certainly you may come to confession whenever you wish," said the priest. "But I am curious to know what has impelled you to this step. It can hardly be fear of immediate death, for you look as well and as hearty as ever I saw you."

"I never was better in my life," replied the man. "For the past fortnight I have been feeling unusually well. But something has taken hold of me. Father: a vague unrest which I cannot describe. For several days I have been saying to myself that

the next time I saw you I would ask if I might not be permitted to go to confession."

"And afterwards?" queried the priest. "You intend to lead a good Christian life to the end of your days, I hope?"

"That is my intention," responded the soldier—"with God's help, Father."

"With God's help, of course," observed the priest. "Without His help we can do nothing. I am rejoiced at your good dispositions, my friend; and you may come this evening at 7 o'clock."

"Very well, Father. But you will help me, I hope. I have forgotten all about confession, and I don't know any prayers."

"No prayers at all—not the 'Our Father'?"

"I have forgotten it."

"Or the 'Hail Mary'?"

"I have forgotten that also."

"Well, well! But you must have said some prayer now and then to have received the grace which Almighty God is working in your soul."

"No, I have never said any prayer, because as I told you, I do not know any now. But there are a couple of little verses my mother taught me more than fifty years ago. Often at night when I am in bed they come into my mind—a matter of habit you see, and frequently I have fallen asleep murmuring them to myself."

"Will you say them for me now?" asked the priest, quietly. "I would like to hear them."

The old man began, without the least trace of self-consciousness:

"I put my trust for ever,
O Mary pure, in thee?
Then show thyself a mother,
And daily succor me,
And when death's hand shall touch me,
Thy pity I implore:
Oh, lead me, dearest Mother,
To God—for evermore!"

"My dear friend, don't you know," said the priest, "that, though you may have been entirely unconscious of it yourself, the Blessed Mother of God, whom none has ever invoked in vain, has always had you in her keeping? You have great cause for gratitude. Come to this evening; it will not take long to restore to your memory the 'Our Father,' the 'Hail Mary' and the Act of Contrition."

As the priest pursued his homeward walk he said to himself: "I believe in spite of his apparent good health, that the hand of death has touched him."

And so it proved. The old man made a good confession and received Holy Communion the next morning. The following day he was found dead in his bed.—Catholic Fireside.

STORY OF A CONVERT

NEW LIGHTS—EARLY RELIGIOUS BELIEF—PUSEY'S INFLUENCE UNFAVORABLE—SERIOUS DOUBTS—FAVORABLE IMPRESSION OF RITUALISTS—PURGATORY ACCEPTABLE

The following interesting story by Robert Francis Wilson, a distinguished convert, appears in the August number of the *Magnificat*:

Each human life, no matter how common-place may seem its circumstances, holds much of interest did we but know its story. The tale may be bright or sad, one of comedy or of tragedy, sublime or sordid, but at some point or other it will attract and rivet our attention. Here, or there it will bring us into touch with the world unseen. For a longer or shorter interval the "light invisible" will break through to give it a deeper, nay, its real meaning.

It is this reflection which justifies the setting forth for the eyes and ears of others the story of that journey which so many, in these days of ours, have taken from the darkness and chill of an imperfect faith to the light and warmth of the soul's true home, the story of the Path to Rome.

In the tale the present writer has to tell there will be found nothing sensational, nothing of miracle or prodigy, but nevertheless, something of the supernatural, as there must be in every conversion.

I was brought up in extreme Protestantism—in Irish Protestantism, the most ignorant and therefore the most bigoted form of that unlovely creed. For generations, back as far as I could trace, there had been no Catholic influence at work in either my father's or my mother's family.

The churches I attended in my boyhood were of the distinctly Evangelical type. The revision of the prayer book by the Irish Protestant church after disestablishment had, practically, made impossible any attempt at Ritualism. Echoes of the controversy aroused by Ritualistic changes reached my boyish ears. The names of Dr. Maturin, Vicar of All Saints, Grange, Canon Richard Travers Smith, Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, and Archbishop Trench were associated with the High Church doctrines and practices, but their brave struggle to preserve some vestige of Catholic tradition was known only imperfectly until long afterwards.

"Puseyism" was the enemy, and the name of Dr. Pusey himself was uttered with something of awe, as if he were an unearthly influence and not a real person. I remember the sensation which the announcement of his death, seen on a newspaper placard—I had been accustomed to regard him as a sort of historical onager—rather than a contemporary. But these were only childish

impressions. What was really important was the fact that High Churchmen, Ritualists, or "Puseyites," as they were termed, were regarded as working to bring Protestants nearer to Rome if not actually into her fold, and for that reason were very terrible people to be avoided at all costs. I was, in short, brought up a Protestant, and was a Protestant. I took a deep interest in religion and attended church regularly, in fact had much the same feeling about missing service on Sunday as I now know a Catholic has about missing Mass.

It was not until I was about seventeen or eighteen that the first serious blow was struck at the fabric of my Protestantism. This came about in a very unlikely way. I was a member of the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association, now known as the City Y. M. C. A., composed of Protestants of all sects, and, needless to say, very anti-Catholic. At one of the quarterly auctions of papers I bought the *Rock*, the organ of the Protestant Evangelical party in the Church of England. In one of the first numbers which came into my hands was an account of a Requiem service held at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, for the late Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, the well known Ritualistic leader who had once been perpetual curate there. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Montagu Villiers, then rector of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and the report in the *Rock* stated that it drew tears from the eyes of many of the hearers. Also the sermon defended the practice of prayers for the dead, and the *Rock* in a leading article commented on the service and the sermon, stating that they were contrary to the teaching of the Prayer Book.

One strong impression left on me by this report was that the Ritualist who had died must have been much beloved by his old congregation, or they would not have wept during the panegyric, and, therefore, Ritualistic clergyman could not all be the monsters I had been taught to believe them to be. But more was to come.

The following week a letter appeared from Mr. Villiers asking the *Rock* to point out a single passage in the Prayer Book which condemned prayers for the dead. The *Rock* admitted that it could not, but said that such teaching was contrary to the spirit of the Prayer Book. I told myself that undoubtedly Mr. Villiers had scored here, and so my interest in "Ritualism" in general, and prayers for the dead in particular, was excited.

This naturally led to an examination of the doctrine of the intermediate state, and so for the first time I became attracted to distinctive Catholic teaching. I was not satisfied, however. Suspicions that all that was said against the Ritualists was not true were aroused, and I determined to see for myself those churches in Dublin which were their strongholds. I went one Sunday morning to All Saints, Grange, and the first thing that struck me upon entering was that everyone was kneeling. This was so unusual in the Protestant churches that the sight of a whole congregation in the appropriate attitude of prayer was almost a shock, but to me not an unpleasant one. Deep in my heart I felt there was something better here than was found among the Evangelicals, more reverence, more devotion.

The sermon was preached by Dr. Maturin (father of the present well known Catholic preacher), and contained a reference to the dogma of baptismal regeneration. Thus I was brought into contact with another Catholic truth, and my mind set to work upon it. The result of the visit to Grange was on the whole what I felt that in future the edge was to be taken off any remarks I might make about Ritualism. Indeed after that I had very little heart to make them. This attitude of mind was strengthened by a visit I paid to the other "High" church in Dublin, St. Bartholomew's. I had seen an announcement of "The Three Hours" for Good Friday, and knowing this to be a "Roman" devotion my curiosity was excited to the highest.

When I reached the church morning prayer or matins was being sung by the choir accompanied by an organ, which of course is the Roman rule in Holy Week. At 12 o'clock the "Three Hours" began. The altar was denuded as in Catholic churches, and in short there was an utter absence of anything I had understood as "Ritualism." The addresses by Canon Smith were earnest, thoughtful, practical, and deepened the favorable impression I had received in Grange.

When I left on leaving the church at 3 o'clock that I never could say another word against High Churchmen.

This was a negative attitude, but it was really a decided step forward. I began to read with avidity anything that could tell of these people. My interest in Newman and the Oxford Movement was aroused. Having won a prize at the Parochial Y. M. C. A., of which I was a member, one of the books I selected was the "Apologia pro Vita Sua." The spell of the Great Cardinal was thus laid upon me, and from that day to this it has fastened on me, as to many other wayfarers, the truest, purest influence at work in my life. About this time I remember reading in *The Quarterly* a review of "William George Ward and the Oxford Movement." In this review a list of leading converts was given, and the reading sent a shiver down my back. That a number of the most gifted and intellectual of Englishmen who had been Protestants should have become Catholics seemed amazing. It was something I had not known before. A further

shock to my old prejudices was caused by an article in *The Dublin Review*, which was largely a reply to *The Quarterly*, in which the list of converts was doubled.

About this time, while my mind was engaged in this process of inquiry and sifting of arguments, another great Catholic ideal was suggested to me by the Rector of the Protestant parish in which I lived. It was the conception of the Church as a visible organization, a corporate entity, which could be pointed out and recognized at once. This clergyman was himself, as far as I could judge, never near the Catholic Church. He seemed to forbear to push some of his own premises to their logical conclusion, fearing they would inevitably lead to the Roman doctrine—as indeed they would. It will be remembered by readers of the "Apologia" that Newman says he got this same idea of the Church as an institution, an organism from Whately. So is it that even heresy bears witness against itself.

All this inquiry naturally brought me into contact with young men who, like myself, were dissatisfied with Protestantism. Towards the end of 1887 a few of us met and formed a guild which was to include men from the various Dublin parishes not regarded as High Church or "Catholic" as we called them, as that they might not feel isolated. This step was decisive on my part and meant a definite and permanent break with the religious system in which I had been brought up. Henceforth my eyes were set towards the city set on a hill, though some ten years were yet to pass before I entered the sacred portal of Christ's own Church of Rome.

Up to this point my knowledge of Catholic doctrine and practice had been obtained chiefly through indirect channels, namely those of High Church Anglican sermons, books and papers. I had read the "Apologia," and perhaps one or two other Catholic books, as well as several articles by Catholics in the reviews, but compared with the large mass of Anglican literature which I had devoured these were insignificant. I had seldom been even inside a Catholic Church, and never at a Catholic service. But my religious proclivities had become pretty well known in my office, and one of my Catholic colleagues asked me one day if I would like to go to a retreat for men which was being given by the Redemptorist Fathers at St. Joseph's, Berkeley street, Dublin. I willingly agreed.

The devotions consisted of rosary, sermon and Benediction. I had not got so far as to invoke our Lady or the saints, therefore could not join in "Hail Mary." But I felt that I wished I could. The sermon was plain, practical, earnest, on the sin of drunkenness, and impressed me greatly. But the important point to me was the service of Benediction. It struck me as exquisitely beautiful—perfect. It seemed that, granting the fact of the Real Presence, it was a devotion marvelously designed to impress upon one the further fact that our divine Lord did indeed uplift His sacred hands to bless His people, as of old at eventide in far Judean streets where the sick and suffering were brought to Him and He healed them all. It seemed as if I had come personally into touch with our divine Lord.

I left the church reluctantly, wanting to go again. Some time after the same friend again asked me to accompany him, this time to a retreat given by the Passionist Fathers, at St. Lawrence O'Toole's, Seville Place. Again the same longing filled my soul as I left the church. These impressions have never left my mind and, please God, never will until His mercy I see Him, no longer hidden under humble wheaten veils, face to face in eternal Benediction.

About this time I was obliged to resign my Sunday school class in my own parish in consequence of my High Church teaching. Subsequently I was induced to throw in my lot definitely with All Saints, Grange.

Hitherto no definite thought of joining the Catholic Church had entered my mind. I did not care to hear my Anglican companions abuse the Church of Rome and I boldly defended the doctrine of Transubstantiation, saying that it was the only possible philosophical definition of the Real Presence. I also upheld the teaching of the Church on Purgatory, and advocated the open use of the word. But beyond this I did not go. However, in May, 1891, my health broke down badly, and for about a year I was confined to bed for longer or shorter periods. Then the question came to me; if I was really dying would I be satisfied to die an Anglican? Would I not send

for a Catholic priest and make sure of the matter by being admitted into the Church and receiving the last sacraments from him? With returning health, however, these thoughts passed away.

My doctor strongly recommended a drier and warmer climate. Accordingly, in September, 1893, I left for South Africa. There my mind was set free to work in its own way, untrammelled by the old environment. I had been only two years in the country when I began to ask myself why I was not a member of the Church of Rome. So vivid and compelling was the conviction that I ought to become a Catholic that I wrote to a friend of mine, the Anglican Dean of Bloemfontein, telling him of my distrust of the Anglican system and my attraction to Rome. He asked me to come and spend a promised holiday with him that we might talk things over. I was making arrangements to do this, but business compelled the abandonment of my vacation and again I was thrown on my own resources.

During this period I formed a friendship with a young Londoner of Scotch extraction. He had been brought up in Presbyterianism, but had in youth lapsed into Agnosticism. After a few years, however, he turned towards religion again, and from the moment he did so he felt it should be Catholicism or nothing. I had many talks with him, but found that any attempt to make an Anglican of him was utterly vain. I should only take him out of one set of difficulties to land him in another. At length I had to say that for such as he the proper course was to join Rome. As a matter of fact, later on, I preceded him into the Church by a week.

About this time the question of the recognition of Anglican Orders by Rome was being discussed and the historic Commission was appointed by Pope Leo XIII. to examine into their validity. When his letter was issued declaring them "absolutely null and void" its effect upon myself was that of a man who, having received a sudden blow, immediately acts on the defensive. I felt, in a last spasmodic burst of loyalty to Anglicanism, that we must work out our own salvation as best we could since Rome would have none of us. I was not to remain long in my fancied security.

An article appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. Round, a Protestant, which asked the question: "What then did happen at the Reformation?" It was answered very clearly to my mind. On the part of the "Reformer's" there was the most decided intention to get rid of anything in the shape of priest or sacrifice, to remove every vestige of what I had learned to love and honor as the Catholic heritage. In fact, hatred of Rome, the wish to separate from her, inspired their action. What part or lot had they with the great company of the saints and the martyrs who had believed all that the Reformers scoffed at and spat upon?

The end was near, as far as I was concerned. The final decision was only a matter of days and it was precipitated in a curious way. I had driven up one Sunday afternoon to a neighboring farm to see a priest who had invited me, in a purely social way, to visit him. He had never mentioned religion to me, nor I to him. I attended the Benediction service at the little chapel where he lived. On my return to my own station, in the course of conversation at the supper table, I described the service to my employer and his family, and more particularly defended the use of Latin and Liturgy. After the meal my employer asked me to his room and put the question point blank: did I intend to become a Roman Catholic? Thus challenged I had to reply that I could not help myself, that I felt drawn daily more closely to the Church. He was by no means pleased, but I could not help that.

I was shortly to have a holiday, and the next time I saw my friend the priest was to tell him that I had decided to become a Catholic. This was the first time I had spoken to any Catholic priest on the subject of religion. He asked me a few questions, and said I was sufficiently instructed. He promised to write to a priest in Johannesburg, where I intended to spend the latter portion of my vacation, to prepare him for my coming. In due time I reached that city, and after one or two interviews with this priest all arrangements were made. On the afternoon of Easter day, 1897, in the church of the Immaculate Conception, I received the sacrament of baptism. I remember still the vehemence with which I read my profession of faith.

From that day to this, though tried in many various ways, my loyalty to the ancient holy faith has never swerved. The path to Rome may be sometimes stained with blood, as was that dolorous way to Cavalry's height, but at length there comes the light and freedom of the garden of the empty tomb. In the world there are the scars and stains of conflict, but beyond and above all these there is the vision of the final triumph. And so I end. *Ave, Roma Immortalis!* Upon thy name be benediction and endless peace! Far from the summations of the seven hills we first catch glimpses of the glittering pinnacles of the heavenly Jerusalem, most fair imperishable city of the living God.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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THE COVERED NAME, "CATHOLIC"

Much profitable and legitimate amusement, to offset the exasperating heat of the season, is derivable from a correspondence between Rev. Dr. Ellis Thompson and the editor of "The Living Church." That publication is the mouthpiece of the segment of a subsection that is playing the part of a circus contortionist in the endeavor to obtain sanction to masquerade, for some Protestant Episcopalians, as "The American Catholic Church." Dr. Thompson does not like the idea of any persons pretending to be religious strutting about, like the peacock in the fable, in borrowed plumes, whose grandeur of externals imposes upon nobody because of the discordant quality of the voice in which the fraudulent bird squawks out his bogus claims. The endeavor to reconcile Presbyterianism with Episcopalianism can never have even a qualified success so long as the books of Scottish history record the episode of Jennie Geddes, her three-legged "creepie," or stool, and the divine at whom she stultified for attempting to "say Mass" at her "lug." The hair-splitting of the attempted purloiners of the ancient Catholic name sickens honest controversialists. Dr. Thompson puts the case pithily, thus: "Our forefathers came from the Roman Catholic Church through the Scottish Reformation. Since that time we have been Presbyterian by choice, in spite of two attempts of the Stuart kings to force episcopacy upon us. The Reformed Church of Scotland never by any ecclesiastical act consented to this intrusion. The Scottish people have been Roman Catholics, and they became Presbyterian, Anglican, or anything equivalent to it, they never were. What have we to do with you, who derive from the Church of England? If our position as Presbyterian is untenable, is it not to the Latin communion that we should return? Can we heal or schism, if schism it be, by seeking union with a third communion, and not with that from which we withdrew? If there be a Catholic Church in America, into which our baptism initiated us, is it not that of our forefathers? If I am to abandon my own communion, why should I not go over to Rome? Not that I have the least disposition to do so!

A pill is a pill whether it be sugared or not. A peacock is not a songbird, no matter how glorious are the hues of his plumage—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

ANGLICAN SYNOD ON MARRIAGE

In the London Times we find an account of some "constitutions" adopted at a "sacred synod" of the Anglican Diocese of Chichester. They are as follows:

1. To resist all encroachments on the sacredness of marriage as a danger to family life and destructive to the foundations of society.

2. To refuse to solemnize marriages in Church for those who desire to be married in disobedience to the marriage law of the Church.

3. To subject those of her communion who have contracted marriages contrary to the Church's law to such discipline as the Bishop shall determine to be just and salutary.

These "constitutions" speak of "such discipline as the Bishop shall determine to be just and salutary." But why leave it to the Bishop, when the law of the Church of England for centuries, rightly interpreted by Canon Thompson, pronounced such marriages incestuous? The Times states that "such a Synod has not been held in the diocese since the year 1292." Well, in the year 1292, there was a Church predominating in

England, which, in religious matters, was not liable to have her teaching as to impediments to marriage lightly set aside, or to have her power to regulate the reception of the Sacraments impaired by Act of Parliament or by the Courts of Law.—The Casket.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION Apostolic Delegation

Mr. Thomas Coffey Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Epone, Apostolic Delegate UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, OTTAWA, CANADA, March 7th, 1900.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1918

THE DOMINION EDUCATIONAL CONGRESS

Though each province according to our constitution has exclusive control of its own educational system, it is quite natural and may be highly useful for representatives of all the provinces to come together to compare results and to discuss matters of common interest.

The recent report of the Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education shows that the commissioners are deeply impressed with the importance of manual training.

There is no doubt the conviction is steadily gaining ground that mental training alone is very far from adequately meeting the requirements of education.

Its advocates are certainly right in holding that manual training goes far to supplement mental training, making the child more practical and efficient by the co-ordination of mental and physical faculties.

How this may be worked out is a problem for the future; the first step is to establish its desirability.

In Catholic industrial and reform schools this principle has long been recognized and reduced to successful practice.

Training, mental and physical, however, has never fulfilled the Catholic ideal of education. The moral and religious side of human nature has always held the all-important place.

Experience has shown thoughtful non-Catholics the futility of attempting to divorce education from religion; the necessity of including moral training in any scheme of education is now evident from experience.

The Ottawa Citizen, commenting on the work of the Dominion Educational Congress, thus refers to the question:

"There is one more stage of development needed. Education has always dealt with the mental. Now it is dealing with the physical. May it not be suggested that the time is fast approaching when educators must seriously apply themselves to the problems presented in the ethical and moral realm?"

This is quite a refreshing admission of the principle the Catholic Church has ever insisted upon in the strenuous opposition of those who would relegate moral and religious education to the home and the Sunday school.

The Citizen is with us, but with a very radical reservation. The "ethical and moral realm" of education must be taken from "the doubtful charge of sectarian organizations" and handed over to the State.

We shall have to have State-defined moral standards and State-taught religion.

Something so broad that "sectarian organizations" may go out of business! Still this is the logical outcome of the unreserved surrender of the control of education to the State.

The Citizen concludes: "A keen thinker and an efficient worker are both excellent, but a good man—good in the largest and best sense—is greater far, and more needed to day. It is only when educators come to regard education as the development of all the inherent force of life and recognize ethical and moral attainment as the product of the highest school, that the educational system will arrive at its climax of achievement."

Here the Catholic position is stated almost in the terms consecrated by Catholic usage. There is just one step more to take. The spiritual cannot be excluded from the education of beings composed of body and soul; and moral training not based on religion is a house built on shifting sands without a foundation.

The growth of irreligion and the worship of the State may make some such attempt at teaching morality without religion possible. But the result is a foregone conclusion.

Catholics true to their principles will have another proof of the wisdom of the old Church which is guided by the accumulated experience of nineteen centuries.

MORALITY WITHOUT RELIGION

In Wisconsin a special legislative "vice committee" is investigating the causes of the alarming growth of immorality in that State, with the object of devising, if possible, legislative remedies.

"It is generally recognized," said Dr. C. A. Harper, secretary of the State Board of Health, "that there is a general wave of immorality passing over the country. It is due partly to our standards of living and a deadening of the moral sensibilities."

"Lack of surveillance by chaperones, social ambitions of parents, late hours, suggestive dances, immodest dresses, automobile rides, telephones, stimulating food and drink and organizations of boys to ostracize girls from society who refuse to submit to their will, are some of the principal causes of the social evil among the better classes of citizens of Wisconsin," said Dr. Harper.

"Remedies suggested by him were stricter watch by parents, less suggestive clothes, wholesome food, early retiring hours and elimination of the automobile and telephone from use of the young women."

Dr. Harper said that reports filed at his office showed an alarming increase of illegitimate births and referred to disclosures made some time ago with regard to the High School at the Capital.

"Take the situation among the students in the Madison High School a year ago," he said, "when the community was astounded to find that twenty young girls of respectable parents were guilty of indiscretions. It was charged that a coterie of boys in the school had banded together and ostracized from the social life of the school virtuous girls who would not submit to their demands."

We have here a sad but eloquent commentary on education without religion. The three great educative influences are the Home, the School, and the Church. Each untrammelled and all co-ordinated render the highest possible service to the State.

The State, however, has stepped in and in a great measure has destroyed the holy influence of home, by laws which degrade marriage to a purely civil contract to be dissolved by civil laws. With the very foundation of the Christian family removed, home education becomes less and less effective and tends to disappear with the loss of the sense of parental responsibility.

The school divorced from religion finds itself powerless to inculcate authoritatively moral principles or define moral standards.

The churches which surrendered so much now find themselves without authority or influence over the lives or conduct of men who have been trained from their earliest years to regard religion as an unimportant side issue.

The Catholic Church alone is logical and uncompromising. The home, the school, and the Church must work together. Guardian of revealed truth and the eternal principles of right and wrong, the Catholic Church insists that religion permeate the home and the school. The home is holy. The family rests on the sanctity of the marriage bond. There parents realize their responsibilities and their obligations. Their children form their first conception of

authority and learn their first lessons of obedience. There they learn the first lessons of civic virtue in learning to respect the rights of others. The school supplements the work of the home. Both work side by side, at the same time, on the same material; and both receive their light and guidance from the Church which was founded by Christ to lead us on to eternal life.

In this co-ordination of the three great educational influences can alone be found the force necessary to create the moral conscience without which the state is powerless to stem the tide of immorality.

Saddening as such evidence as that given before the Wisconsin vice committee must be, it should, at least, make Catholics more earnest in their loyalty to their ideal of Christian education.

PRAYERS FOR RAIN

A short time ago when Kansas was suffering from a prolonged drought the Governor refused the request to set apart a day for general prayer for rain. He said that he believed in prayer, but not where the operation of natural laws was concerned.

The Governor, no doubt, also believes in the Bible—with certain reservations as becomes a good Protestant who is his own final court of appeal in all matters of faith.

St. James V. 16-17-18 has something to say that seems very much to the point:

"Pray one for another that you may be saved. For the continual prayer of a just man availeth much. Elias was a man possible like unto us; and with prayer he prayed that it might not rain upon the earth, and it rained not for three years and six months."

"And he prayed again; and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

But there are many like the Governor who have no definite grasp of fundamental truths. They consider it an evidence of enlightenment to speak of natural laws as fixed and immutable—God himself cannot change them. This betrays a vague, indefinite, hazy notion of God. The word is still on their lips, but the idea in their minds is not the idea of God. God is infinite, omnipotent and free. He is the great lawgiver who established natural laws and created the natural forces which he preserves and sustains. To say that God cannot interfere with natural laws is to set a limit to His omnipotence, to restrict His freedom. This is the denial of the very existence of God, all-powerful, free and infinite.

That God does allow us to influence Him by prayer is evident from a thousand passages of the inspired writings. It is in keeping with the ineffable condescension of the omnipotent Father who sent His Divine Son to be our Brother and our Redeemer. On His authority we pray to Him who is above and beyond all natural laws, for He it was who said "Ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY The opening of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, marks another step in the great work initiated by the munificent gift of half a million dollars by that staunch Catholic layman, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe. Another step, for the stately pile, which erected under the guidance of the late Archbishop McEvoy now crowns Scarborough Heights, will be the centre from which will radiate an ever-increasing and ever-widening influence in extending the Kingdom of God.

When the divine Master had prepared the chosen twelve He gave them their sublime mission. "As My Father sent Me, so I also send you—Behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world."

To the consummation of the world that mission extends, to the end of time men must be found to carry on the work committed by the Saviour of men to the apostles. The adequate preparation for this, the highest and holiest of missions, will be the duty and privilege of St. Augustine's Seminary, not only for the present but for generations yet unborn.

The rapid increase of English-speaking and English-acquiring Catholics in Canada makes imperative the increase of Seminaries, where the language, the conditions and environment of life, the temperament and mentality of the people are fully understood and appreciated. Whatever be the language of Catholic immigrants now, the necessities of material conditions

impel them inevitably and irresistibly to acquire the language of the people amongst whom they have made their new homes. Their children and children's children will be English-speaking Canadians.

It is, therefore, of far-reaching importance that St. Augustine's Seminary has decided to receive the Ruthenian students for the priesthood. There the spiritual leaders and guides of that ever increasing, thrifty and prolific element of our population will receive such education and formation as will adequately prepare them for their special work, important alike for the Church and for Canada. And what is done for the Ruthenians now will, in all probability, in the near future be done for other nationalities as requirements and opportunities develop.

The great importance of the work of St. Augustine's Seminary can only be realized when we consider the marvellous increase of population and development of resources now going on in Canada and that will continue indefinitely.

That the new centre of theological learning will accomplish a large share of the great and vitally important work of supplying the Church of God with priests to carry on her work and meet the growing demands of the new conditions, is our confident belief, well grounded hope and ardent desire.

HARRY K. THAW

There is not a particle of doubt that a poor man with Thaw's record would be promptly deported from Canada as an undesirable. No healthy Canadian cares two straws what becomes of this wealthy degenerate; but no sane Canadian can see with indifference Thaw's wealth secure for him what is not freely conceded to the humblest immigrant who comes to our shores.

Such discrimination would have a regrettable effect on the public mind and conscience; respect for the law and confidence in its administration would be seriously impaired.

At the present writing the outcome is uncertain. If, however, a loophole in the law be found through which this man escapes, it is well to bear in mind that no such intention animated our legislators in framing the law.

We venture to express the confident hope that in dealing with Thaw and his millions, the administration of our laws will justify the belief that in Canada even-handed justice is dealt out without respect to persons.

IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY!

That Catholic Portugal has thrown off the yoke of Rome and the tyranny of monarchy, and established freedom and a republic, is in certain quarters hailed as a sign of the times, as welcome as it is significant. Christian ministers from Christian pulpits proclaim the fact as a cause for rejoicing, not to say gloating.

Our readers know that the republic is but a name, that the "freedom" is a mockery, and that tyranny, naked and unashamed, holds the unfortunate people in terror-stricken subjection. As little or nothing of the truth appears in our secular press, it will be of interest to read what the Times, the greatest and most conservative of English journals, has to say on the subject:

"The proletariat of Lisbon, perceiving that the cost of living tends constantly to increase, looks with growing impatience and diminishing hope for the promised millennium. And while the Government embitters the extremists by stern methods of repression it has failed to conciliate the moderate elements whose support will eventually become indispensable. The breach with Rome remains unhealed. It was reported that seven hundred of the clergy have now accepted the separation law, and since clergymen must live we can well believe it. But it is not denied that the majority remain irreconcilable, and that these enjoy the sympathy and practical support of the great mass of their countrymen in their refusal to accept the State pension. If these Monarchists who still reside in the country make no sign, it is because they are terrorized into silence and inactivity. The political prisoners, to whose and Lot Adeline Duchess of Bedford drew attention in our columns three months ago, have been granted some relief, but the long expected amnesty has not yet come. The Press is muzzled, and freedom of speech as well as freedom of thought continues to be restricted within the narrowest limits. By such stifling of liberty does Senhor Costa maintain his hold upon the reins of power."

This discloses a condition of things that gives small ground for the self-styled champions of freedom of

thought, freedom of speech and liberty of action, to acclaim the advent of "liberty" in unhappy Portugal.

The statement that 700 of the clergy have accepted the Separation Law may be taken with a grain of salt. It will be remembered that about a year ago it was claimed that 800 priests had made their submission. When the facts became known it was found that the list contained less than three hundred names, some of them the names of sacristans, some of priests dead for years!

A CARELESS EDITOR

There is something wanting in the editorial sanctum of the Toronto Star, otherwise a letter written by one signing himself "No Surrender" would have been blue penciled or thrown in the waste basket. The person who penned this article is so evidently untruthful, coarse and bigoted that gentlemen of the press should hold him at bay. Such a letter appearing in another Toronto paper would not give us surprise, but that a great daily like the Toronto Star should allow into columns such a letter as that of "No Surrender" brings us not a little astonishment. Its tone is the screech of a wild "Orange-man" just out from Belfast. For the amusement of our readers we will quote just one sentence: "And now Rome plots the breaking up of the British Empire. Cardinal Manning boldly avowed this purpose. We have, he said, to break or bend that will which nations have found invincible and inflexible. Were England, the strong hold of Protestantism, overthrown, Protestantism would be conquered throughout the world." Of course Cardinal Manning never said anything of the kind. This Belfast Orangeman is simply retailing gossip of a character similar to that which Sairey Gamp was always "disposed" to unload on Mrs. Harris. The editor of the Toronto Star ought to be more careful. If he permits the quality of his reading matter to grade low the reputation of the paper will suffer.

THE ROMeward MOVEMENT

In our article of some weeks ago we referred to the fact that prejudice against the Catholic Church is passing. This we attributed to the evolution of Protestantism, which has practically come to mean indifference. Definite dogmatic teaching has very little place in the Protestantism of to-day. Religion, as understood by the great majority of those outside the Catholic communion, is largely an attitude—we must be kind to one another. That is the whole Law and Prophets. There was a backbone to the theology of Luther and Calvin—even if it was a crooked one—but the theology of the sects of to-day has no backbone, and this principally because they have no theology. It by no means follows from this that the Protestant rank and file are any nearer to believing in our holy religion—they are only farther from believing in their own.

But the thinking classes are beginning to see the absurdity of a system, which is no system. They contrast the Uncertainty of Protestantism with the Certainty of Catholicism. They are weary of all this Negation that knows not what it denies. They want something definite in religion, and day by day they are coming to see more clearly that we, and we alone, can give them what they desire. The unique position of Catholicism attracts them. Tossed about on the sea of human opinion, distrustful of a pilot who does not profess to know the way, a voice calls to them out of the darkness, and the shadows of dying man-made systems, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." And it begins to dawn upon them that they had heard something like that before. For did not He Who came to show them the Way teach as One having Authority? Did He not bid them remember that those who followed Him "walketh not in darkness." And in the light of grace they see that the successors of Him Who taught as one having authority must also have authority, and must know what it is that they teach.

This it is that explains why it is that whereas the masses have scarcely been touched as yet, the classes are coming over to Catholicism in ever increasing numbers. University graduates, authors, newspapermen, professional and business men, men from all the higher walks of life, are finding the path that leads into the City of Peace. If used to be that Intellect and Catholicism were supposed to be mutually destructive. But as men get farther away from

the swaddling clothes of the Reformation it is being brought more and more home to them that they are inseparably united, the one with the other. COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

In what it has to say about Catholic Foreign Missions the Christian Guardian has fallen into the common error of jumping at a conclusion. It takes the statistics of a single missionary society in the Catholic Church, and, assuming these to represent her entire activity in that direction, reads the CATHOLIC RECORD a wholesome lesson on the comparative apathy of Catholics toward the great problem confronting the Christian world at the present time, that is, of bringing heathen nations out of the darkness of unbelief into the glorious light of twentieth century Protestantism. We might offer sundry reflections upon the present day trend of that Protestantism, particularly of the Canadian Methodist wing under the able leadership of "General" Jackson. It is the conviction of many of that denomination that the old-fashioned Bible Christianity is in perilous straits in such hands, and much might be said of the losing fight waged in recent Conferences against it. We prefer, however, to pass on to a consideration of the issue which the Christian Guardian in its narrow sectarian ignorance has raised.

IN METHODIST eyes apparently, the subject of missions to the heathen is summed up in the word "cash." The "Christianization of the world in one generation" is entirely a matter of dollars and cents and if only the Layman's Missionary Movement and kindred organizations can raise the necessary wind, the problem that has exercised the mind of the Christian world for almost twenty centuries is to be settled now in less time than it has taken to build the Panama Canal. There may be a certain element of what Americans have christened "freshness" in the idea, as there surely is a large infusion of cocksureness. But what matters that if only the heathen can be made to swallow the great Protestant fiction, and, incidentally, a telling blow be dealt to the old church.

WE HAVE NO hesitation in admitting that so far as Catholics in the English-speaking nations are concerned, there has not for the past four hundred years been that active participation in the foreign missionary work of the Church which characterized them in the centuries before the Reformation. Continental Europe was largely Christianized by missionaries from the British Islands, but at the great Apostasy this sphere of activity was cut off and the Catholic remnant driven to fight for its very existence. The persecution from which it so long suffered left its mark upon it, and since the coming of happier times, its every energy has been devoted to the restoring of the ancient fabric, to the safe-guarding of its rights, and to the Christian education of the rising generations. In spite of this, however, it has borne a share of the world-wide burden, and the presence of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon names in the missionary annals of every heathen country in the world is the best proof that it has given more than money or treasure—it has given of its own flesh and blood.

HOWEVER, THE amount of money contributed by Catholics for foreign missions right here in Canada might surprise even the Christian Guardian were it tabulated. There are innumerable channels through which it finds its way, one of which may be instanced in the collection for Father Fraser's work which the CATHOLIC RECORD has in hand at the present time. Another is the annual collection for the African missions made throughout all Canada, and still another is the Good Friday collection for the Holy Land. Then, in one diocese or another, funds are being constantly raised for this mission or that, as the need arises, and no parade is made of them before the public. For the Church is less concerned to make imposing arrays of figures than to see practical results produced by her missionaries, and that she has not been disappointed in this may be seen by reference to the annual reports of such societies as that of the Propagation of the Faith, and even more so in the published observations of independent travellers and consular officials. If these have not come the way of the editor of the Christian Guardian, we do not envy

him his intellectual horizon. That they are much more to the point than the vulgar display of wealth which seems to be the be-all and end-all of Protestant missions, must be apparent to the intelligent observer.

THE SOCIETY for the Propagation of the Faith, although unquestionably the greatest missionary society in the world, and one whose operations extend to every land under the sun, is after all but one of many such societies in the Catholic Church. The Christian Guardian, however, has, as we repeat, fallen into the error from which a moment's reflection and the exercise of a little common-sense might have saved it, of assuming the entire foreign missionary work of the Church to be embraced within the figures it has published. Evidently it has never heard of the Foreign Missions of Milan; the Society for Foreign Missions, Paris; the Missionary Societies of Rome, Parma, Steil or Schuetwald; the Society of the Divine Word; St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, an English institution founded by the late Cardinal Vaughan, or the kindred society in the United States, devoted to the welfare of the Negro race at home and abroad. Nor did the name of All-Hallows College, Dublin, occur to the dull editorial brain of the Guardian. From the portals of that institution, founded as it was in the age of persecution, and fostered and maintained solely by the Catholics of Ireland, have gone forth successive generations of devoted missionaries whose purpose it was to carry the glad tidings of the pure gospel to the ends of the earth.

ALL THESE societies and institutions, and a score of others that might be named off-hand, are independent one of the other and of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. They have each their own means of sustenance and allotted sphere of labor. But, in contrast to the jarring sects of Protestantism, while in enjoyment of such independence, there is no clashing of interests or unhealthy spirit of rivalry to encumber them. For, like the several regiments that go to make up a great army, they have the advantage of all working under one head and over and above all personal or sectional interest, of being pledged under such direction to the furtherance of the one great cause. This, though often made their reproach, is at once the wonder and the envy of thinking men and women in the world outside. The latter, as instanced by the Guardian's rather grudging reference to the state of the Catholic Church in China, cannot shut their eyes to the evident results produced by Catholic missionary effort, and yet, if the missionary spirit is so dead among Catholics as the Guardian, basing its calculations upon the finances of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith alone, would persuade itself, the spread of the Catholic Faith in heathen lands is not merely remarkable—it is miraculous. Let us glance at a few figures to illustrate this.

LET US TAKE China for example. The Christian Guardian is constrained to admit that "the Roman Church has quite a following" in that country, and proceeds to give statistics. Its figures are not quite up to date, and to uninformed readers are meant to be discounted by the rather ungenerous comment that "it must be remembered that there were Roman Catholic missionaries in China in mediaeval times." But taking the Guardian's figures as they stand and comparing them with official figures of twenty years earlier, and (from the Guardian's standpoint) rather remarkable results are arrived at. The Guardian gives the number of baptized native Catholics as 1,363,697; in 1899 the figures were 542,664—an increase in twenty years of 150 per cent. Of priests, European or American, and native, the Guardian's figures for the present time (which are approximately correct), are 1,426 of the former, and 710 of the latter; in 1899 they were 608 and 329 respectively—again an increase of over 100 per cent. We do not happen to have at hand statistics of the religious orders of women in China in 1899, but the Guardian's figures for "the present time" (which are correct for six years ago), 568 European and 1,328 Chinese, undoubtedly show a similar increase from 1899. If then, as the Guardian would have its readers believe, the "Roman Catholic Church of to-day is not excessively missionary," and the contributions of its members for missionary purposes,

as it would persuade itself, fall into insignificance besides those of Methodists, the results achieved under these disadvantageous circumstances are certainly an object lesson in both zeal and economy, and such as to make thinking Methodists pause.

SIMILAR FIGURES might be quoted of other heathen lands. Let us cite just one or two from statistics which we happen to have before us. In the ecclesiastical Province of Calcutta there were in 1901, 102,647 Catholics; in 1911 they had increased to 218,346, or more than doubled. In Burma there were in 1901, 55,788 Catholics; in 1911, the figures were 88,447, an increase of 58.6 per cent. In the whole of India, Catholics in 1901 numbered 1,524,755; in 1911 they were 1,908,984, an increase in ten years of about 25 per cent. And when it is considered that of these totals less than 5 per cent. are European, or Anglo-Indian, it may be seen that the Catholic Church is in even a stronger position in India than in China. These figures are from the Imperial Indian Census of 1911, and cannot therefore be disputed.

WITH THESE figures before them Catholics have no reason to shrink from comparison with statistics of Protestants, Methodists or otherwise. We are not concerned to pursue an inquiry in that direction, but are concerned rather with the growth and development of the missionary spirit among our own people. It may be instructive nevertheless while we are on the subject to quote the latest available figures regarding Protestantism in China. In 1905, the year of the "centenary of Christian Missions" in that country (the Christian Guardian complains that there were "Roman Catholic missionaries in China in mediaeval times,"—but, let that pass), there were 178,251 professed native Protestants in the whole of the Flowery Kingdom. Of these 52,258 were Presbyterian; 22,055 Episcopalians; 52,258 Methodist and Friends, 16,029 Interdenominational (that is Y. M. C. A. etc.); and 19,639 not classified. These figures are taken from "A Century of Protestant Missions in China," by D. MacGillivray, who, if we mistake not, was a Canadian Presbyterian. In comparison with the Catholic population the figures, as may be seen, are insignificant.

IN THE above survey we have not alluded to the Missionary work of the Religious Orders. These, numerous as they are, are nearly all represented in foreign lands, and their maintenance is contributed to by the Catholics of Canada as of other countries. In China, the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Jesuits, the Lazarists, and several others have each their allotted territory, and working under the direction of Propaganda as they do, there is no overlapping or squandering of resources in unseemly competition. If the Church, therefore, cared to tabulate the offerings of her children throughout the world to the work of the Propagation of the gospel, even the sums raised by American and Canadian Protestants might suffer by comparison—with this difference, however, that the Catholic fund is for the most part made up of the unintermittent if modest contributions of those to whom life is always a problem. It is not the work of the millionaire.

A BETTER AND truer view, however, of the Catholic missionary spirit than columns of statistics could furnish, may be had from the contemplation of individual acts. A few weeks ago there left Montreal a little band of three Canadian women who at the call of God have given themselves as living sacrifices to charity and to the Propagation of the Faith. Voluntarily and with smiles on their faces they bade farewell to their friends, and departed for an island on the coast of China where they will devote their lives to the care of Chinese lepers. And they will never return. For, much more effectually than they could seclude themselves in the most enclosed cloister, these Sisters have turned their backs upon the world, and henceforth their lives will, so far as men judge, be a living death. That is the way of the Catholic missionary, and in spirit at least, if the opportunity for such heroic self-immolation does not always occur, it is exemplified every day on the foreign missions.

Dilettantism treated seriously, and knowledge pursued mechanically, end by becoming pedantry.—Goethe.

ON CALDEY ISLAND

WHERE PRAISE AND PRAYER ASCEND NOW IN UNITY WITH THE HOLY SEE

Only a few months have elapsed since a great stir was caused in the religious world when the news was flashed abroad that the monks of Caldey Island had bade farewell to the Anglican community to join the Catholic Church. By Protestants this conversion of a body of sincere and deeply religious men was dubbed as a "secession to the Roman Church," but to the most superficial observer it was only the furnishing of another striking proof that the monastic life found a barren and uncongenial soil in the Church of England. Everything at first favored the idea of introducing such a system. Money was procured—men stepped forward to help the cause by their influence and sympathy, subjects, embraced the Rule of St. Benedict, the Father of Western Monasticism. They possessed religious convictions, strong, earnest and upright, and thus all went well for a time, but the crisis came, and those holy men knew that it was impossible to lead such a life and still remain members of a severed branch of the Church of God; and so, guided by Him Who rules the destinies of individuals and communities, they found their proper place in the true fold of Christ.

VISIT TO CALDEY ISLAND

For some time past we had a wish to see Caldey Island, and our desire was gratified when we received an invitation to take part in the Corpus Christi procession, May 22nd, from the present Superior, Rev. Don Bede Camm, the saintly and cultured Benedictine, writes Rev. X. Beale in the Cork, (Ire.) Examiner. On that fine Thursday morning we arrived at Tenby about noon (Tenby is a popular watering place of Pembrokeshire, having a rocky site on the Carmarthen Bay coast). From this town the visitor can espy the little island lying about two and one-half miles away. A steamer owned by the monks, plying between the mainland and the island, was our means of transit; and thus our party of over a hundred people, including some priests and nuns, was borne across that shining strip of water. Owing to low tide our little steamer had to anchor about one hundred yards from the shore and consequently, we were rowed in small boats to the island in batches of eight or nine. A young missionary priest from London, who is spending his holidays on the island, met us; he had the soul of kindness and was a valuable guide in helping the writer to locate the different buildings and places of interest on this historic spot.

After lunching at the guest house we proceeded to the Monastery, which was some distance away. Solemn Vespers began at 3 o'clock, and occupied about 35 minutes. Vespers over we took our places and the grand procession was under way. Many hymns were sung by monk, priest and people, and in all we had five Benedictions.

PRASE AND PRAYER

One Benediction was held in an old historic tower, while down in the valley knelt the processionists. This was a beautiful sight, for while children in white dresses strewed flowers before the Blessed Sacrament while the fragrant fumes of incense ascended in that tower to the God of heaven and earth, the monks below in their black habits and the white robed Sisters of the Holy Ghost Order and the people from the surrounding districts sang the canticles of praise and prayer to their Creator, and the strains of the Tantum Ergo were wafted softly over the placid sea beyond.

Thoughts of the past, of the strange vicissitudes of the ancient glory of this historic monastic home steal over the visitor as he stands on the sacred ground of this sanctuary of the sea. Islands have always a strong attraction for souls who wish to lead a life of prayer and contemplation.

EARLY MONASTERIES

A hundred years before St. Columbkille established his empire of the Cross on that "Island lashed by the stormy sea of the Hebrides," there appears to have been a monastery on Caldey under Piro, the first Abbot. From 450 A. D. to 1550 the Cross of Christ was the standard in this chosen home of holiness, but, alas, the skies become overcast, the storm gathered and burst, and the sacrilegious tyrant Henry seized the monastery and after that long span of time the voices of prayer and praise were silenced.

A recent writer remarks that "After the Dissolution the Church fell into a state of decay; the roof became ruinous and part of the walls collapsed, and the chancel arch gave way. A hundred years ago a blacksmith's forge was set up just inside the Celtic arch for the sharpening of tools used in the quarries."

CELTIC MONKS

The Celtic Monks who dwell in Caldey in those by-gone centuries were succeeded by Benedictines in 1120, who kept the standard of the "Pax" flying until the Dissolution in 1534. Thus, for a thousand years monasticism flourished on the island until the hand of the despoiler laid it desolate, and sombre shadows overspread this once fertile spot of prayer and peace.

The recent history of the island may be briefly stated. Some seven years ago under the patronage of the Church of England a band of zealous men took possession of Caldey. Their aim was to follow the Benedictine Rule—to rank themselves as Benedictine Monks, and, if possible, to bring

back to its ancient splendor the glory of this once Benedictine home. They essayed the last heroic attempt to make monasticism flourish under the aegis of Protestantism; but, as was generally foreseen, it proved a failure—a failure of the most disastrous and, perhaps, the most humiliating.

HEARD VOICE OF GOD

On the Isle of Caldey these men heard a voice calling to them—it was the voice of God calling across the ages, and with humility they hearkened and gave heed to that voice, and to-day they are numbered among the children of the Catholic Church. They have their joys and sorrows, and they are passing through their trials; but they possess that singleness of aim to become true children of St. Benedict. Under difficulties they have proved themselves Soldiers of the Cross, content to renounce all and vowed to the interests of Almighty God.

So the island of Caldey has had a varied history. A thousand years a flourishing home of Monasticism; three hundred years left desolate and deserted and, once more, in our days, recovered for the service and worship of God.

Thank God, the Matins bell again is heard and the Vesper song ascends; the life of prayer and penance is resumed and the people from the outer world look anxiously and joyfully across the waves, for they know that on that sea-lashed island are men dedicated to the service of God praying for a sinful world.

STRIKING MANIFESTATION OF IRISH FAITH

One of the most striking manifestations of Irish Catholic faith is the pilgrimage that takes place on the last Sunday in July every year to the summit of Croagh Patrick, the Holy Mountain, which was once the scene of St. Patrick's fasting and prayers. Of the pilgrimage this year, the reporter of the Weekly Freeman of Dublin writes:

"Only in Ireland, the brightest jewel in the crown of the Catholic Church, could be witnessed the wonderful manifestation of earnest piety and self-sacrifice which was presented this morning and afternoon on the sterile summit of Croagh Patrick, the holy mountain, on which our national apostle prayed and fasted for forty days and forty nights fifteen hundred years ago. Over twenty special and ordinary trains brought visitors on Saturday and Sunday morning from all parts of Ireland to participate in the annual pilgrimage, which was begun in the fifth century in honor of St. Patrick, and revived ten years ago by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, with the cordial co-operation of the priests of the extensive Archdiocese of Tuam. The arrangements this year, as on the occasion of the two previous pilgrimages were in the hands of the Very Rev. Richard Canavan, Adm., Westport, and were carried out most satisfactorily. This fact, combined with the beautiful weather which prevailed on yesterday and today, contributed largely to make this year's pilgrimage one of the most successful held in recent years.

CONTINGENTS FROM DUBLIN

From an early hour last evening trains from the metropolis and other parts of the country sent numberless pilgrims to Westport, many of whom began to wend their way to the sacred mountain long before the sun had sunk to rest. They brought provisions with them, and spent the night engaged in prayer on the reek. Hundreds more joined in the procession to the summit when night had fallen, and thousands reached the little oratory which crowns the reek when the dawn began to dispel the shadows on the mountain side. During the whole night cars were busily plying between Westport and the ruined Abbey of Murrisk, a chalice from which is to be found in the Protestant Church in Westport, which lies at the base of Croagh Patrick, and from 6 this morning until an advanced hour in the afternoon many thousands, sustained by the faith which survived the Draconian penal code, climbed to the summit in order to participate in the generous indulgences with which the successors of Peter have endowed the pilgrimage in honor of the saint who rescued Ireland from the errors of Paganism and brought her to the foot of the cross. Young and old, gentle and simple, braved the physical discomforts of the toilsome climb of two thousand five hundred and odd feet to the spot where votive Masses of St. Patrick were offered up from 8 o'clock until noon, and where eloquent sermons were preached to immense congregations. This privilege of votive Masses, it may be mentioned, is only allowed over the tombs of the apostles in Rome and at the Compostella in Spain.

THE PILGRIMAGE MADE ON FOOT

Large numbers of the visitors made the pilgrimage on foot, and these, as a rule, were of the peasant class. Only those who have climbed that three miles of a mountain under that sparkling sun such as poured its rays on the pilgrims to-day could form an idea of the terrible discomfort which this involved. The most active man could not reach the summit in many minutes less than an hour and a half. The portion of the journey to the first station is trying, the next stage is more trying still, and the climb from this to the summit would tax the physical resources of the strongest man. It appears to be almost perpendicular to the jaded traveller,

and, worse still, the path is strewn with loose stones, which blister the feet; yet old men and women succeeded in participating in the Masses which were celebrated on the mountain top. Many of them, too, made the ascent fasting, and go to devotion and Holy Communion on the summit, from which a panorama of entrancing beauty is unfurled—Clew Bay, with its hundreds of islands, in one of which Granurule sleeps; bold, majestic mountain ranges lost in haze, beautiful with their rich carpeting of green plains; romantic lakes of the most picturesque shapes, and roads meandering along the valleys and tapering into irregular paths as they boldly climbed the steep hillsides. The scene presented as the thousands of devout worshippers, travel-stained and weary, prostrated themselves on the mountain summit at the solemn moment of the Consecration was one to live in the memory, and was calculated to rekindle the flame of faith in the most apathetic soul.

Masses are said continuously in the oratory on the mountain summit by the priests who make the pilgrimage, and who represent not Ireland only but distant parts of the world. We find in the Freeman's report the names of several American priests that with many others were afforded the privilege of celebrating votive Masses on the Holy Mountain during the morning. The Rev. Dr. Joseph V. Tracy, of this archdiocese; the Rev. Father Nicholson, Houston, Texas; and the Rev. J. R. Kenny, Youngstown, O. The Rev. Father Lowry of London, Ont., was also present.—Sacred Heart Review.

HON. C. J. FOY AND THE CHELSEA PICNIC

Editor RECORD.—Dear Sir:—Similar words which your correspondent quotes from the Ottawa Citizen as spoken by Mr. C. J. Foy at the Chelsea picnic were uttered by the same speaker at the unveiling of the Ship Fever Memorial to the six thousand Irish emigrants who died of the fever at Pointe St. Charles, Montreal, and were buried there in the sad years of 1847 and 1848. This meeting was held under the auspices of the A. O. H. on Sunday, August 17th last. I was among the Catholic audience present, and we all understood the sense of the daring example with which he illustrated his plea for Canadian solidarity on lines of national Canadian conservation and humanitarian progress, because the context of his speech, and the surroundings under which he spoke, cleared him of any condemnable latitudinarianism in Catholic doctrine. He particularly mentioned that he left the well understood theological interpretation of the position to the clergy present. I understood that at the moment the speaker's object was not to depreciate religious earnestness and conviction of the truth of the Church's claim as the one ark of salvation for all, but to point out that at times, for the purposes of advancing social amelioration in common causes, it was better temporarily to sink racial and religious differences than to accentuate them. Just as for the same reason those differences strongly and conscientiously on political grounds are content at times to come together and to forget their bitterness for the common cause in the best interests of the municipality or the common good of the nation or of humanity, when this can be done without any sacrifice of cherished principles. I do not know Mr. Foy but I believe with your correspondent, that a similar charitable interpretation must be given to his words uttered at the Chelsea picnic. W. H. ATHERTON, Ph. D., Sec. City Improvement, Montreal, Que. Catholic Sailors' Club, Aug. 22, 1918.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

OPENING OF THIS GRAND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION IN TORONTO

Thursday of last week was one of vast importance for the Catholics of Toronto for on that day the magnificent Seminary of St. Augustine was formally blessed and opened. To the magnificent gift of Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, during all his long life a splendid specimen of Catholic manhood, the Catholics of the Queen City owe this very important addition to their Church property. The Toronto Mail makes the following reference to the event:

"With all the impressiveness worthy of such an auspicious function, the new Roman Catholic Seminary dedicated to St. Augustine, situated on Kingston Road, was opened yesterday, over one thousand people being present. The magnificent pile has an approach which is reminiscent of St. Peter's at Rome, the dome being modeled in Byzantine style. The portico is massively pillared in stone. Stone has been used for the bottom storey, the upper ones being of brick, and on the whole the fabric is a lasting tribute to the zeal and energy of the diocese. In the handsome chapel Mass was said by Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton. This was followed by the consecration of the altar, the blessing of the building, and the formal opening of the seminary by Archbishop McNeil, of Toronto. The gathering was addressed by Rev. E. J. Mea, of Kingston, who spoke in the warmest terms of Eugene O'Keefe, the donor, whose work and charity, as seen in this last

gift of his, was deeply appreciated by the Church throughout Ontario."

St. Augustine's Seminary will admit students training for the priesthood from all parts of the Dominion, so that most of the resident nationalities will be represented. The main building is 300 feet in length, and has an average width of 56 feet. The cost is \$600,000.

From the Toronto Globe we learn that Mr. Thomas Long made a gift of \$20,000 for the founding of professorships and scholarships in the seminary. Archbishop McNeil announced that sixteen scholarships had been provided for at a cost of \$5,000 each by the donor of the new institution, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe. In addition it was stated that a scholarship of \$5,000 will shortly be forthcoming from Hamilton.

A notable feature of the occasion was the gathering together of prelates and clergy from different parts of the Dominion.

FALLEN AWAY FROM THE FAITH

Fallen away from the Faith! We hear and read these sad words too often. Why should any Catholic fall away from the Faith in this age when opportunities to practice it are so numerously increased? Our forbears kept it in spite of every force that sought to wrest it from—persecution, poverty, remoteness from Church, priest, or parish school. They kept it, and gave it to us—at what cost to themselves the world will never know. We heard a man tell how his mother walked miles over a logging road to bring each of her nine children to the baptismal font. She taught them their catechism, assembled the family for the Rosary and other prayers every Sunday, and led their father over the logging road to the far distant town to make his Easter duty. There was no falling away in that family, for along with her instructions the mother gave them her sturdy Catholic spirit. A third generation is growing up staunchly Catholic—the city relies too much on influences that come into her child's life later than her own. Her influence is the first and strongest. It molds the infant mind, instills in the infant heart a knowledge of God and trains the soul to love Him. The mother alive to her tremendous responsibility does not say: "I will wait until the children are old enough to go to the parish school to learn their prayers. Father X— or Sister C— can instruct them so much better than I can. No, the Catholic mother who wants her son to be a strong Catholic begins his religious instruction in his babyhood, when his wondering eyes rest on picture, statue, or crucifix and then turn to her in silent questioning; the first form that his baby hand learns to trace is the Sign of the Cross. The early years of close, dear companionship between a mother and her little child are precious years—the foundation of the new life. They pass quickly. Only a brief period, and then other influences impress him. He passes from teacher to teacher, and so out into the world of men's activities where the test of his spiritual strength is made. He is strong or weak according to the character of his training.

Among the foes that await him is indifference to religion. The youth beside him in office, store, or workshop, may have been brought up in the belief that one religion is as good as another, or that religion is of no account at all. All that matters is "to do what is right," and if doing it costs too much effort or entails too great a sacrifice, why "let's only natural for a fellow to slip up a bit." A religion that is disagreeably insistent on avoiding temptation, making reparation, going to Mass on Sundays and holidays, going to confession and Communion, rendering honest service, etc., is as little appreciated as it is understood by the non-Catholic, agnostic, or unbeliever who may work at the same desk or bench with the Catholic. He may be too indifferent to want to change the Catholic's point of view, but nevertheless his influence is constant, and, in the end, injurious. Should the occasion arise when expediency or pleasure is affected by the Catholic's religious scruples; then, reasons the non-Catholic, his associate must be induced to give up his troublesome convictions. This daily influence, intent on the destruction of faith, is a thing to be reckoned with in our American cities. We like to think that the spirit of toleration prevails, but there is much evidence to the contrary. A young stenographer brought such a gloomy face to the dinner table that a friend asked if anything was wrong. "No, only I'm sick of hearing the boss sneering at religion" was the reply "he is always picking at us." "There's a man like him in my office" spoke up another girl, "but he doesn't bother me any more. Mother said to tell him if he wants enlightenment to go to any priest and he'll get it. He used to start arguments just for fun, but now I

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don't notice him, but I try to do my work so he'll know what Catholics have been taught."

Here again, the influence of the wise, good mother shows. No fear that her girl will fall away, or that her son will find his religion such an obstacle that he will drop it in his quest for worldly honors. Such virtue Catholics are needed for the example they set, and for the influence they exert over others of their faith, whose training may have been defective, and who may not have the strength of character to stand alone against the attacks of the enemy.—Sacred Heart Review.

WHY CATHOLICS BUILD "PALATIAL" CHURCHES

BISHOP GILMARTIN OF CLONFERT ANSWERS CRITICS

Preaching at the reopening, after decoration and repair, of St. Mary's, Killea, the Most Reverend Dr. Gilmartin, Bishop of Clonfert, referred to the increase of church building in Ireland, and came to close quarters with the critics of "palatial churches." "The latter half of the nineteenth century," said the Bishop, "has witnessed such a growth of new churches in Ireland that some economists have felt bound to protest against a waste of money. This note was first struck, if I mistake not, by the economist among the Twelve Apostles. A woman that loved our Lord broke on one occasion a box of sweet ointment over his head and feet. 'To what purpose is this waste?' said the economist. 'For this might have been sold for much and given to the poor.' No one will say that Jesus was wanting in care of the poor, yet not only did He accept the symbolic offering from Mary Magdalen, but He commanded that it should be preached to the whole world 'for a memory to her.' It is because they do not grasp the idea that God is willing to accept a house as an offering from His people that some persons protest against palatial churches. God does not value the size or beauty of a church except in so far as they express man's homage. God is willing to dwell in a hovel if His people can afford no better lodging for Him. He has often done so, but if His people dwell in houses of cedar, and if they are willing to provide places for art and science and pleasure, is the Ark of the Lord to be left under skins? I need not, I say, press this point, for all who believe in the public worship of God are agreed, as proved by fact, that the building which is dedicated to Divine worship should be the best and fairest that the resources of the community can erect. With Catholics it is not a question of housing a symbol of the Ark of the Covenant, nor is it a question of merely providing a building where the community can meet for common prayer and thanksgiving. If the economist wants to know why Irish Catholics are unsparring, and why poor Catholics are not niggardly in their contributions for the building and decoration of churches, he will find that the secret of these extravagances in the Catholic doctrine of the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament. It is no figure of speech to say that the Catholic parish church is the House of God. Within that temple there is, indeed, the consecrated stone. There is the presence of God in His word; there is the dispensation of Christ through the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, Penance and Matrimony; there is the presence of God promised, to those who are grafted together in His name; but in addition to all this, there is the presence of Jesus Christ, God and man, 'really truly, and substantially present,' under the sacramental species. Jacob saw in a dream a ladder reaching from the earth to heaven, on which angels were ascending and descending. By the light of faith the Catholic sees any morning angels descending to adore around the altar of

his parish church when Mass is offered on the consecrated stone, again ascending to proclaim in Heaven that the Lamb, which is its light is lying as if slain, waiting for the children of man to come and receive the 'Food of Immortality!'

STREET PREACHING

The Catholic Universe, of London, gives the following description of street preaching in practice in the great metropolis: "A casual passer by at Earlfield on Sunday evening would have been surprised at beholding the sight of a gray-garbed monk addressing a large crowd of eager listeners, with acolytes, servers and guild men and women standing around. Father Benedict, C. S. S., has started his summer campaign of open air services on Sunday evenings, and intends to continue as long as the good weather lasts. On Sunday the service commenced in the church, and a procession was then formed through the streets to a convenient spot, where a crowd was already waiting. Catholics who were afraid to own their faith were specially asked to keep away. Father Benedict's discourses will not be controversial, or even exhortative. His idea is to expound doctrinal facts in simple language that may be understood by the popular mind. After the meeting, which was highly successful, the procession returned to the Church of St. Gregory, where Father Benedict is rector; and the service concluded with Benediction. At the close of his open air address Father Benedict asked the crowd to repeat an extempore prayer after him, asking God to give them a sign of His will and strength to carry it out. The majority repeated the prayer."

"A CITY OF PRAYER"

A city of prayer! It is Belfast, so described recently in a London paper. Who would have thought it? Who in all the wide world knowing Belfast, could, would, or should think of it in connection with "prayer," except the familiar and favorite formula consigning his Holiness the Pope to warm quarters.

Belfast a city of prayer! We have late authority, quoted a couple of weeks ago from Mr. Harold Begbie's book; telling us of the ministers of religion in Belfast, "paid by rich sweaters" and "spending their time in denouncing Roman Catholics." We have other authority telling us of those denizens of the "city of prayer" who "rarely enter a church door, never subscribe a cent towards any form of religion, whose 'great high priest' is the publican.

A city of prayer! City of annual street rioting and window smashing, city of Catholics driven from their work because they are Catholics, city of "religious" hatreds and intolerance more hideous than any of which we have record in the pages of history. Belfast a city of prayer! But, perhaps, to use the phrase of Artemus Ward, the words were "spoke sarkastical."

Every really able man, if you talk sincerely with him, considers his work, however much admired, as far short of what it should be.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PHOENIX, ILL. SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

ONE THING NECESSARY

"Master, which is the great commandment of the law?" (St. Matthew xxiii 35)

This question addressed by the lawyer to our divine Lord shows that the one thing necessary—the soul's salvation—is ever uppermost in the mind of man. Our Lord's answer "Love God," "Love thy neighbor" gives us in a few words man's duty here on earth.

Man is placed in this world to prepare for heaven. Heaven is his true home. His life on earth is fleeting; while in heaven it will be everlasting. Hence the amassing of wealth, the desire for honors, the seeking after the pleasures of the world are but secondary matters. There is but one important business in this world for everyone. There is but one thing necessary. That is the soul's salvation. If the soul is lost, all is lost, and heaven and our being's end and aim, cannot be attained.

What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world? and suffer the loss of his soul? (St. Mark viii, 36).

What must we do to save our souls and thus attain "our being's end and aim, attend to our most important business, do the one thing necessary?"

To save our souls, our catechism tells us, we must worship God by faith, hope and charity; that is, we must believe in Him, hope in Him and love Him with our whole heart. We must love God and our neighbor. "He that believeth and is baptized," says Jesus Christ, "shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned." (St. Mark xvi, 16).

We must not only believe, but we must also live in accordance with our belief. We must believe everything taught us by the religion of Christ. For He is the way, the truth and the life, the way we must follow, the truth we must seek and the life we must try to attain.

This true religion of Christ which we must believe and follow in order to be saved in, and can be, but one. Christ cannot contradict Himself by teaching two different doctrines. St. John (x, 16) tells us that "there shall be but one fold and one shepherd," and St. Paul says there can be but one faith as there is but one Lord. In this one sheepfold of the one shepherd, this one true Church of Christ, we must be, if we would be saved. Hence no one is safe in following the religion in which he was born unless it is the true religion. If he has any doubts about his religion being the true religion of Christ, he must do all in his power to solve the doubts; he must do all in his power to find out what one of all those claiming to be the true religion founded by the Son of God corresponds to the religion He founded.

That Christ founded a religion is certain. Nothing is clearer in the New Testament than this fact. "I will build My Church" He says, not my churches. He built it upon a Rock against which He declared the gates of hell should never prevail. He gave His Church authority to teach all nations and commanded all to hear her. "Go teach all nations," He says, and again, "He that heareth you heareth Me."

This Church, which Christ founded upon a rock, this Church which was to last to the end of time, this Church to which He gave authority to teach all nations and which He commanded all to hear, this Church cannot teach error, is infallible, because St. Paul calls her "the pillar and the ground of truth" and Christ Himself declares that the spirit of truth will teach her all truth, that the gates of hell can never prevail against her (which they would if she could teach error). This Church is the Catholic Church.

She is the only Church existing to-day that can trace her origin from now, century by century, through the lapse of ages up the corridors of time to the age of Christ; she is the only one of all the churches that claims to teach truths of faith and morals infallibly, the only one that has a living, speaking, unerring authority to teach the way to heaven; she is the only Church that has existed eighteen hundred years and triumphed over all the trials and persecutions raised against her; she is the only Church that, teaching the doctrines of Christ pure and undefiled, has remained as Christ founded her. From her all other churches have separated, and, if she be studied with sincerity, it will be found that she teaches neither idolatry, superstition nor any of the wicked doctrines which she is falsely accused of teaching, that she does not keep her children in ignorance, that she desires fair inquiry into all she teaches and that to be loved she needs only to be known.

Since the one thing necessary in this world is to save our souls; since to save our souls we must worship God by faith, hope and charity; since we cannot do this unless we are members of His Church, it follows that we must enter that one holy, Catholic, apostolic Church which He left upon earth to continue His mission of leading men to heaven and outside of which there is no salvation.

Let us, then, thank God that we are members of that true Church. But let us not presume too much on this membership. For it will do us no good to be members of the true Church unless we live lives of purity, charity, temperance, mortification—lives fashioned after the life of our divine Model—unless we love God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves.

TEMPERANCE

BEER CLAIMS THAT MUST BE DISALLOWED

A search through a pile of brewers' tracts and advertisements for the strongest arguments advanced to persuade the public to drink beer, reveals only the following: 1. The "absolute Purity" of beer. 2. Its "harmlessness." 3. Its "food," "tonic" and "stimulant" properties. 4. The assertion that "It tastes good going down."

The second of these arguments is the really important one. If it can be maintained that beer is harmless the others matter little either way. There are those who claim that the fourth is "all there is to it," for no one has a right to forbid a person taking what he likes. That view does not hold in the interdependent social conditions of to-day where one man's mistakes increase the expenses of his neighbors.

If beer is a "harmless" beverage there is no reason why one who likes it should not drink it, if he can pay for it. Whether it is "pure" or not is not a vital question. If it is "harmless" and if, besides tasting good it is a food, tonic and stimulant, all the better for the user.

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These thoughts will cause us to lead such lives here as will gain for us eternal happiness hereafter.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 155 King St. E., Toronto, Canada

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Sir Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario. Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., Pres. Victoria College. Rev. J. G. Smeets, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board Moral Reform, Toronto. Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record London, Ontario.

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physical exertion readily borne by other men of like age. There should be equal freedom from disease. Habits of exercise of those who do not use beer ought to be well borne by the beer drinker if his beverage has not injured him.

The beer advocate claims that there is not enough alcohol in beer to do any harm, only enough to be mildly stimulating. This statement is self-contradictory, for when beer is "mildly stimulating" it is exerting a drug effect, one that is not truly "stimulating," as was once believed, but depressive.

If there is enough alcohol in beer to produce this so called "mild stimulation," that in itself is a source of danger. The drug effect, supposed to be stimulation, is due to a property which alcohol has in common with opium and morphine. It is a nerve deadener.

As the body adapts itself to repeated doses of alcohol, gets "used" to it, as runs the ordinary phrase, larger amounts are required to produce the same degree of "drug effect." The drinker who prizes this feeling and uses beer to produce it will necessarily enlarge his allowance from time to time in order to get the effect.

It is this constant prompting or urging to increasing amounts that constitutes the chief danger of all narcotics. For unless the user is constantly on his guard, using his will to deny himself what he feels that he wants, he gradually oversteps the limits that could by any shadow of reason be considered a harmless amount.

But the drinker's resolution to hold to a definite amount has also to contend with ever-recurring, insinuating appeals for exceeding his prescribed allowance: calls of friends, unusual strain and weariness, celebrations—many excuses are cunningly presented by a reason that is subject to the appeals of a depraved appetite, while the power of self-control is undermined by alcohol.

In the crude states of civilization in the past when alcoholic beer, wine and cider were the most available artificial drinks there was more excuse for using them than there is now when we have so many non-alcoholic drinks that, to the normal palate, taste far better, "going down" and are free from the unquestionable power to harm that is being constantly proved against the drinks containing alcohol.—Scientific Temperance Journal.

THE SAD SIDE OF ENGLAND

"I wish you were here for a few weeks to study the saloon question," writes an American tourist in England to a contemporary. "They are called 'pubs' or public houses and the saloon keeper is a 'publican' and usually well off and influential."

"The women are better customers than the men and go to the saloons with their husbands, sons and daughters as they do to trading houses; in fact, every public house is an eating house as well. It is not unusual to see a woman staggering beastly drunk here and a daughter, son, or husband trying to coax her to go home."

"In the reign of the late King Edward a law was passed prohibiting children under fourteen years of age from going into 'pubs' and so any night in the poorer districts, especially up till 12:30, the time of closing small children can be seen huddled around the doors outside on the pavement (sidewalk) and baby carriages standing along with the baby asleep or crying or the mother with a glass of ale or stout beer in one hand and baby on the other, shouting, gesticulating, and even swearing at those around her."

"Often you see husband and wife arm in arm staggering against each other and stopping on the walk and with hats off and hair flowing discussing whether they should have another drink before going home."

"LIKE CASE, LIKE RULE"

An esteemed reader asks us to tell him something about Giordano Bruno, who is described in Socialist and Anarchistic literature as having been "foully murdered by the Inquisition." This particular form of literature, while professing entire impartiality as regards "sectarian" considerations, never displays any acquaintance with the burning of Catholics and Dissenters by the Calvinists and the Protestants, on the Continent, in England and Scotland, and shows a remarkable case of myopia with regard to the burning of Servetus by Calvin, and the treachery which that great reformer practised in order to get the victim into his power in Geneva. This is usually the way with the special pleader and the expert historian. Here, at home, we have a very ominous symptom of the spirit of our own times in the false sympathy shown for the feudists of Kentucky and the moonshiners of West Virginia, where the system of the "blood-bond" is as strong as it ever was in Corsica or Sardinia. This sympathy has found expression in the erection of a tombstone—a sort of cenotaph—in Carroll county, Virginia, which bears this remarkable inscription:

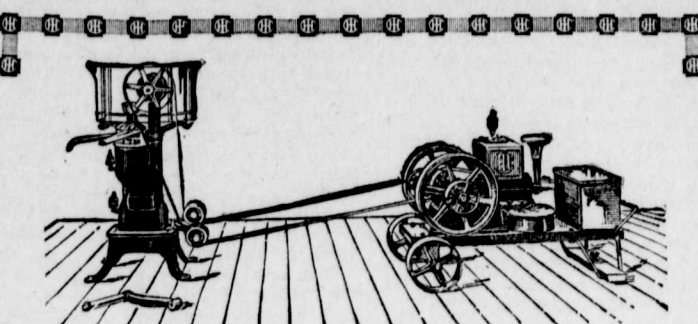
Sacred to the memory of Claude S. Allen and his father, who were judicially murdered by order of the Governor of Virginia over the protest of one hundred thousand citizens of the State. It is but a step from the "heroism" of the moonshine 'feudists' to the martyrdom of Francisco Ferrer, and from Ferrer to Giordano Bruno—the only difference being that Ferrer was a philosophical anarchist and

Bruno an anarchist in religion. He barely escaped the fate of Servetus at the hands of the Calvinists in Geneva, by reason of his alertness, and his career at Oxford would have eventuated in trouble were it not for his nimble wit. He was a scallawag and a charlatan of an uncommon type, even in his day, when scallawags and charlatans abounded; but a sketch of his rascalities would demand more space than we can presently devote to it.

Religion had no vital influence on his mode of life. This is the verdict of Catholics merely, but of Protestant scholars. His theory of the universe was the same as that of Servetus—simply Pantheism.—Catholic Union and Times.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

not of Catholics merely, but of Protestant scholars. His theory of the universe was the same as that of Servetus—simply Pantheism.—Catholic Union and Times.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A GOOD MOTHER

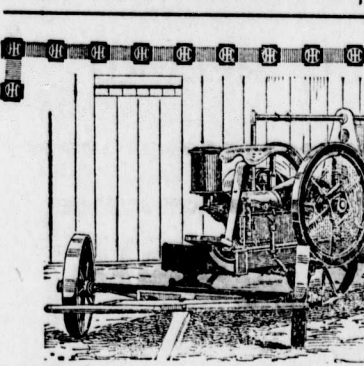
Baron Von Ketteler, the wise and holy Bishop of Mainz, writing of his student days, thanked God that he had been preserved from doing anything of which he should be ashamed.

DOING IT SWIFTLY

Waiting to consider whether to do the right thing is one of the most disastrous habits of our life. To plunge swiftly into the right thing on the instant when it ought to be done would revolutionize life for most of us.

OPPORTUNITIES

Opportunities are like flash lights. They suddenly reveal us to others and also to ourselves. We all long for opportunities. We have a feeling that they might disclose some very fine qualities and a high order of ability which we think we possess, and which the world has not discovered.



Buy a Mechanical Drudge

MANY a winter day of back-breaking labor has the average farmer spent stooping over the old buck saw, z-r-r-p, z-r-r-ping its way through tough wood for the kitchen stove supply.

I H C Oil and Gas Engine

because it does most for him at least cost. Its simplicity renders it almost trouble-proof. Its construction makes it easy to start and to operate, and it is most economical in fuel consumption.

significant trifles or as disaster and misfortune. It is in the courage that grapples with these last and determines to get the best of them, that many of earth's greatest opportunities have been disclosed.

KINDLY SILENCE

The kindness of silence is something that we might all bestow much oftener than we do. Granted that we do not indulge in scandal, that when we know of the distress and humiliation that have befallen a friend's household in the wrongdoing of one of its members we tell the tale only pityingly and with very extenuating circumstances, yet why tell it at all?

CHARACTER

Character is the quality that keeps us always ourselves. It stands nearest to that innermost part of us that each calls "myself." Sometimes it is even hard to distinguish the two. But I like to keep character in my bodyguard.

MAN IS A FAILURE

When he values success more than character and self-respect. When he does not try to make his work a little better each day. When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot see that life is greater than work.

COURAGE IS NECESSARY

The ideal man is, first of all, a courageous soul. It calls for courage to decide, in the fair morning of youth, that the straight white way of honor is the way to follow; it requires courage to continue it when the voices of the world and one's own lower nature clamour for its forsaking.

SPENDERS

Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt.

Hunger, cold, rage, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And if it had pleased God to share either or all my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson that I have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is: "Never run into debt!"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR HOLY FATHER AND THE CHILDREN

To the Franciscan missionaries of Mary in Rome is confided the guardianship of one hundred little girls who escaped the Messina disaster. The Holy Father takes great interest in these poor children deprived of their homes, and now and then he gives them an audience.

One of the religious relates that recently this great privilege was granted to them. While speaking to his dear proteges, Pius X. felt a pull at his sleeve. He paid no attention at first, but a second and harder pull, made him interrupt his discourse, and he asked, "Who is shaking me so?"

ROYAL Yeast Cakes

BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD. DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS. E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED. WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

deserves the humiliation and sorrow that that child is certain to bring upon him in after life. Children nowadays, in a great many instances, do just about as they please; they are absolutely beyond parental control.

OUR THANKS TO THE CONTINENT

The following is quoted from an old number of the Continent: "That absurd and preposterous 'encyclical' which is alleged to have been issued by Pope Leo XIII. as of a date about twenty years ago and purports to command Romanists in the United States to massacre their Protestant neighbors has again been revived and put in circulation."

TIT FOR TAT

Was it not in Newark that the Presbyterians were guilty of trying to capture some poor Ruthenian Catholics some time ago by simulating the Mass and performing other "idolotrous" acts of worship? The innocent victims never suspected the fraud, and for a time were caught in the trap.

and Papiets. A bill was presented in the Lower House at Trenton to enable the Ruthenians to take out

papers of incorporation for the holding of church properties. It provided for the appointment of laymen, along with other trustees, who were to be chosen by the bishop of the diocese, the said bishop being in communion with the Holy See, etc.

So far there was no difficulty, but to make the provisions of the measure general, the lawyer or legislator who drafted the bill added the following clause: "Any religious organization incorporated under and by virtue of any law of the State shall organize under the provisions relating to the incorporation of Ruthenian Greek Catholic churches."

The bill went through with a rush. It took only five minutes to get it to a final reading; and was about to be sent to the Senate when, fortunately or unfortunately, some one discovered that if it passed that body and was signed by the Governor, every religious organization, Protestant as well as Catholic, would have to acknowledge the Pope of Rome before being able to hold property.

A Good Used Piano is often better than a cheap one. We have all makes of pianos, upright, grand, and spinet. The Bell Piano and Music Warerooms, 100 KING STREET, TORONTO.

it was too late. The Senate was about to adjourn, so the Ruthenians will have to wait for their papers of incorporation till the next session of the legislature. But, meantime, when they come to realize how they had very nearly converted by force their quondam friends they cannot but fail to be very merry over the whole affair.—America.

To have a sweet temper we must have faith in a Divine Providence. That alone lifts us above anxiety and care; that alone plants our feet upon a rock and brings content, satisfaction, and peace into the soul.

"Don't Eat Them ALL, Grandpa!"

It's no wonder Maple Buds taste good, and it's no wonder mothers everywhere are encouraging the little folks to spend their pennies for them.



Maple Buds are nothing more than the best of chocolate, pure milk and sugar—things the doctor would recommend to build up a sickly child. The most delicate child can digest them.

The distinctive flavor of Maple Buds is entirely due to the use of only the best chocolate. The fine velvety texture comes from grinding and grinding through innumerable steel rollers.

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

They're Not MAPLE BUDS Unless They're COWAN'S

The Cowan Co., Limited Toronto Ontario

Look for the Name



GURNEY-OXFORD Gurney-Oxford Why is it The Best Range Procurable It stands to reason that the foundry of national reputation for its equipment of the most notable hotel, restaurant, and institutional kitchens throughout the Dominion, also makes the best range on the market for the home kitchen.

SUPPORTING THE CATHOLIC PRESS

At the annual meetings of many American Catholic Societies it is generally the custom to draw up resolutions urging the faithful to support whole-heartedly the Catholic press. It is entirely fitting, of course, that such resolutions should be drafted. But there is danger, as experience has shown, of the matter ending there. For on the delegate's return home no marked lengthening is noted, as a rule, in the subscription list of Catholic papers. More resolutions than, however strongly worded, are not enough. A thorough examination is needed of the reasons why the Catholic press does not reach or interest the readers it should, for when these causes are known perhaps a way can be found for their removal.

First of all it will be readily granted, no doubt, that a well-edited Catholic weekly should enter regularly every Catholic home in the land, for such a paper is indeed a "perpetual mission," and one of the most effective antidotes we have for the obtrusive secularism of our age. But, unfortunately, many a Catholic family that is not too poor to purchase daily several sensational papers cannot afford, it seems, to subscribe for their diocesan weekly. Other families there are, however, whose entire income must be spent to buy the actual necessities of life. Now both these classes of households might well be made the objects of a Catholic society's zeal.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a parochial organization maintains a fund that will pay for twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred annual subscriptions to a Catholic weekly—the more the better. Then let a committee be appointed to see that a copy of the paper in question finds its way into some Catholic home which it would not otherwise enter. The parish school, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, the Holy Name Society, or the Knights of Columbus Council could easily be made the centre for promoting such worthy activities, and the amount of good that could thus be done is quite incalculable.

There is another variety of readers that our Catholic papers do not reach effectively. It consists of those who say, "I would read Catholic periodicals if I only found them interesting. But they are filled, as a rule, with articles that do not appeal to me, and the style contributes to this objection." As to this objection, it would seem that Catholics worthy of the name should be interested in all that concerns the spread of the faith and the advancement of the Church. Catholics to whom such things no longer appeal are making little of the most precious possessions they have, the heritage received from the saints. That means that these Catholics are losing their hold on the world unseen. They should quietly make a readjustment of values.

The contributors to Catholic papers and periodicals are, of course Catholics. Therefore, they always consider from a Catholic point of view, provided the subject admits of such treatment, all questions that come up for discussion, and when current events are commented upon the Catholic attitude of mind will often be in evidence. That is only what the readers of the Catholic papers should expect. But to be "interesting" in the way that the contributors to Sunday supplements, cheap magazines and sensational newspapers succeed in "interesting" those who habitually read them, is a "talent" that the man who writes for Catholic papers has to keep hidden. For while choosing or preparing matter for publication a Catholic editor or journalist, unlike many present-day contributors to secular papers must observe the Ten Commandments. Consequently, he may not tear to shreds another's fair name, he may not speak lightly of the marriage bond, nor write coarsely and flippantly of the sexual sins. Moreover, he must be careful to tell the truth, and often the truth is not particularly "interesting."

Then, too, the Catholic journalist's habit of mind is cautious and conservative, for he belongs to the Church of the Ages, which has seen many a movement, cease, disintegrate and pass into oblivion. So he is slow to hail with loud acclaim each charlatan who comes forward with a new nostrum for the body politic, and he refuses to endorse every philosophic heresy or economic vagary of the day. It is not hard, indeed, for a writer to be "interesting" who constantly shows a lofty scorn for the laws of orthodox theology, sound reasoning and correct taste.

If matrimony, however, is considered merely a jest, though a poor one; and marital infidelity another, though a good one; if a man's worth is believed to depend on the wealth he possesses, and his happiness to lie in the amount of self-indulgence he can safely enjoy; if there is no such thing as sin, grace, free will, or judgment to come, why then it is very easy for a contributor who holds such opinions to be "interesting." But the writings of such men are necessarily barred from Catholic papers and periodicals. Our conscientious editors and journalists labor under the handicap of writing to a great extent on topics that are not agreeable reading to large classes of men to-day and of driving home old-fashioned principles of truth and morality that are not especially "popular" with the present generation.

THE WORLD'S WORK DEPENDS ON THE WORLD'S DIGESTION

From the captain of industry to the head carrier—from milady in the auto to the woman with the scrubbing brush—the accomplishments of every one of us depend absolutely on the accomplishment of our stomachs. Backed by a good digestion, a man can give the best that is in him. When his stomach fails, he becomes a weakling.

To this loss of power no one need submit. Right habits of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise, aided by Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, will restore and maintain the full efficiency of the human mind and body. Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets contain the active principles needed for the digestion of every kind of food. They go to the assistance of the weakened stomach, and enable the sufferer, right from the start, to assimilate and get the benefit of the food eaten. With this assistance, the digestive organs regain their tone, and soon the use of the tablets is no longer necessary.

If your stomach is not working properly, try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. 50c. at your druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

But to assert that those who contribute to Catholic journals are, for the most part, dull and unattractive writers, is far from the truth. All honor to the noble multitude of men and women who have brought fine abilities to the cause of Catholic journalism, and with but meagre compensation are toiling hard to make the pages of our Catholic papers and periodicals bright and readable. Many of these self-sacrificing editors and literary workers could secure from secular dailies higher salaries than those they now receive. But they prefer to devote their lives to the improvement of our Catholic press. There are many other capable Catholic writers, however, whose services could be enlisted in the same cause were the managers of our Catholic weeklies able to pay the rates these writers are accustomed to receive for their work.

But these salaries would doubtless be offered if the circulation of our Catholic papers and periodicals could be made greater. So it is probable that the best way of improving our Catholic Press is to widen the circle of its readers. If our laity showed in this practical way their zeal for better-edited Catholic papers, managers would doubtless be quick to raise the standard of their periodicals, and our Catholic Press as a whole would then compare more favorably than it does at present with that of certain European countries. For the defects and deficiencies that lessen the worth and attractiveness of our American Catholic Press are chiefly due, in the opinion of many, to the lack of generous support on the part of the laity.

There are other causes, no doubt, but to examine them is not our purpose now. A constantly increasing subscription list will do much to remove all shortcomings. However bright and interesting a paper may be, unless it circulates widely little good will be done. It is like a soul-stirring sermon delivered to empty pews. Therefore, whenever the "Catholic Press" comes up for discussion at the conventions of Catholic Societies let suggestions be invited regarding practical ways of awakening in our laity a keener interest in the improvement of Catholic papers and periodicals. But is not increasing their circulation the best means of heightening their quality?—Writer Dwight, S. J., in America.

If we have a petition to present to august and powerful men, with what respect and deference do we not approach them! How much more profound, then, should be the respect and humility with which we offer our supplication to the Lord God of the Universe.—St. Benedict.

DRINK CURE A MARVEL NO. JUST SOUND SCIENCE Many drunkards are sent to jail. Duh what they need is medicine. Drink has undermined their constitutions, inflamed their stomach and nerves, until the craving must be satisfied if it is not removed by a scientific prescription like Samaria.

Samaria Prescription stops the cravings, restores the shaking nerves, builds up the health, and appetite, and renders drink distasteful even nauseous. It is odorless, and tasteless and dissolves instantly in tea, coffee, or food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge. Read what it did for Mrs. G.—of Vancouver.

"I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison Drug Store, and got your remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The cure of drink was putting into my grave, but now I feel so happy, and everything seems so different and bright. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."

Now, if you know of any unfortunate needing Samaria treatment, tell him or his family or friends about it. If you have any friend or relative who is forming the drink habit help him to release himself from its clutches. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, prices, labor under the handicap of writing to a great extent on topics that are not agreeable reading to large classes of men to-day and of driving home old-fashioned principles of truth and morality that are not especially "popular" with the present generation.

SACRED HEART ORDER

The following beautiful tribute was paid to the nuns of the Sacred Heart on the occasion of their departure from St. John, N. B. in 1897. To the people of the diocese of London in particular it will have a touching interest at the present time when the convent in this city will be closed for the reason chiefly that their work will be transferred to a larger centre. The closing of the London house does not mean that their great work will be lessened in the slightest degree. It is merely a transfer of their field of labor from one part of the country to another. Wherever they go God's blessing goes with them, for their work for His kingdom in this world is known only to Himself. Hearts were touched by their departure from St. John. Hearts will be touched also by their departure from London. We congratulate the Catholics of Vancouver. What we have lost they will gain:

It has all departed from me, (Mount Pleasant, May 7, 1897.) With the last "First Friday" of May; The glory of fair Mount Pleasant; Like a vision had passed away. With the sound of the last soft chiming Of its Sanctuary Bell; And the last low benediction And faintest farewell. "The Holy Mass and 'Sacred Heart,' 'Sweet Sacrament,' and Priest, In the dear, dismantled Sanctuary. For evermore have ceased!

And our house is left to us desolate, Facing the lonely years, its vacant windows staring, Like eyes that have seen of tears. From the empty rooms and the study halls, And echoing corridors, The blessed feet that hallowed them Have passed; to evermore! But the seed of their holy teaching And the flower of their Christ-like ways, Is a harvest already ripening. For their Crown in the after days.

To do the will of their Spouse Divine, Was their beautiful song; And when He bidding they leave it all, When He tells them that their work is done.

We dare not question His wise kind will In the parting of their ways; But bless Him for all they have been to us, And then, wherever they go!

Ab! back to the dear old Convent, As the sorrowful years go by; The sweets of its faithful children, Will longingly, lovingly fly; Across the dim vista that widens, The past and the present between;— And the glow of a past spring morning, The beautiful days "that have been!" Will return to the long silent class rooms. Each to her own beloved place; While the light of a past spring morning, Will shine on each quiet face. And the voice of their vanished teachers Sweet with the spell of old, Will thrill through their hearing heart-strings, With memories manifold.

And into the lofty Chapel,— Will the long procession go, While the light of a past spring morning, Will burn no more, Cimons their veils of snow. And the dear Sweet Face of the Sacred Heart Looks down as it did of yore, And the air grows faint with the breath of flowers That will blossom nevermore.

While the sweet choir sings, And the sweet old prayers arise, And float through the silent silence Up to the listening skies. Fond memory will recall them all, The singers whose songs have ceased— The dear Nuns, who in their spirit, The dear kind face of the Priest— Will renew the promises fondly made, At the close of some past retreat; And how in reverent awe, The benediction Sweet.

Will cry, in that silent, mystic hour, When flesh and soul seem given; "We shall meet again, by the grace of God. Our blessed Nuns, who in their spirit, The dear kind face of the Priest— "To be their joy, their sweet reward, Where time nor death can sever. The children of His Sacred Heart, Forever and forever." JEAN E. U. NEALIS, K. de M.

CURED BY ST. ANNE While belief in the occurrence of miracles outside of those related in Holy Writ is not obligatory, the majority of Catholics recognize there are supernatural acts performed by God through His humble instruments the saints, and even holy persons who are still in the flesh. And when He deigns to strengthen our faith by working the humanly impossible, performing a miracle where all who run may read, we bless and praise His Holy Name for His kindness towards us and His infinite charity towards an afflicted person. Always our wonder is awakened when some bodily ill is cured, some personal danger averted, though greater things are wrought daily by the hand of God in saving souls from eternal perdition. But we are only human, but children, and cry out over the cure that is apparent while remaining unmoved over the cleansing of the more dangerous hidden sore.

Yes, to be present at the miraculous curing of an afflicted person is a holy privilege; to enjoy it we would say many a round of the rosary. But only a few are favored, and Miss Anna McNamara of this city experienced the inestimable joy of witnessing two miracles performed at St. Anne de Beaupre. The first occurred on the morning of July 24th, the favored person being a girl of fourteen who had been a cripple from babyhood. Miss McNamara describes the girl as being wofully afflicted, her legs so twisted and drawn up to her body as to oblige her to walk more like a frog than a human being. The girl with the help of her crutches limped up to the altar side by side with Miss McNamara, who, as she told the writer, thought it was asking a great deal of good St. Anne to effect a cure for one so humanly hopeless. But "the good grandmother," as the pious French habitants lovingly call the Blessed Virgin's mother, acting for her divine Grandson, touched her

MITCHELL SLIDE-EASY NECKWEAR

BURNS—In St. Catharines, Ont., August 15th, 1913, James J. Burns aged forty-five years. May his soul rest in peace!

BLACK—Pray for the repose of the soul of Miss Sara Black, who died at 1576 King street west, Toronto, on Wednesday, August 27th. O'HAGAN—In Toronto, Ont., Mrs. Elizabeth O'Hagan of 116 Sackville street. May her soul rest in peace!

CONTRAST On a Broadway car recently three passengers sat alongside of each other with aims in life as diametrically opposed to each other as the poles. One of the three passengers was a man with a countenance that even charity would forbid one classifying it as pleasing to look upon. He was reading a copy of The Menace a sheet which is widely distributed to thousands of non-subscribers and has for its main purpose the creation of hatred among men and women of every community by reviling the religion of one class and calling the followers of it "the dupes."

DEATH OF MOTHER M. BORGIA We regret to chronicle the death of Mother M. Borgia, member of the Ursuline Order in Chatham, Ont., which took place on the 28th ultimo. Mother Borgia was formerly Miss Margaret O'Neil of London, sister of the late E. J. O'Neil, for many years a prominent barrister of this city. May her soul rest in peace!

PHOTOGRAPHY Revolutionized BY NEW INVENTION Films, Plates and Dark Room Made Unnecessary New Camera Takes Finished Pictures in Two Minutes Mr. Edmond F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer.

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This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Corporation, New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell Model H at \$5.00 and Model B at \$7.00. The regular price of Model H, which takes pictures 3 1/2 inches, is \$8.00, and the regular price of Model B, which takes pictures 3 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches, is \$10.00. Whenever one you order enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders. The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model H is 5 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches in size and weighs 3 lbs. 7 oz. Model B is 6 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches in size and weighs 4 lbs. The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon Camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards for Model H can be bought for 25 cents each (cards for Model B, 30 cents each), and 10 cents worth of developer will develop over 40 pictures. The Gordon Corporation sells flash-light lamps for \$1.00, which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out-of-doors. The operation of this new camera is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. There is no customs duty to be paid, as the Gordon Corporation will ship to you from its Canadian branch, which is near Toronto. All orders and letters, however, must be sent to their office, which is at 692-C Stuyvesant Building, New York N. Y. When ordering a camera under this special offer be sure to mention that you are a reader of THE LONDON CATHOLIC RECORD.

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THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

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 August, 1913, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, September 1st, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st August, 1913, both days inclusive.

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ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL Full Musical Score and Words The Finest Single Volume Collection of Liturgical Music and English Hymns ever published Complete Services for Vespers and Benediction. Music for Missa Cantata and Mass for the Dead. Specially adapted for sodalities, Choirs, Colleges, Parochial Schools, Sunday Schools and Institutions. Use St. Basil's Hymnal and thus have the best and cheapest work now offered in Church Music. PRICE PER DOZ. \$7.20: SINGLE COPY 75c.

ST. BASIL'S HYMN BOOK WORDS ONLY A companion book to St. Basil's Hymnal, containing all the words of every psalm, hymn and anthem, numbered to correspond. Besides it is a complete prayer book for children. Substantially bound in flexible cloth. PRICE PER HUNDRED \$12.00: SINGLE COPY 15c. St. Basil's Hymnal and Hymn book are now in use in every diocese of United States and Canada and increasing in popularity every year.

CHOICE SOCKEYE SALMON THE BEST PROCURABLE IN THE WATERS OF THE GREAT PACIFIC COAST PACKED IN ONE TALL TINS ONE FLATS HALF POUNDS EVERY TIN GUARANTEED FRESH from the FISHERIES in hermetically sealed tins, this brand of Salmon comes to your table pure, wholesome food, ready for serving as a fish dinner or to be made into Baked Salmon, Boiled Salmon, Fish Salads, Sandwiches, Croquettes, and a dozen other dainty nutritious dishes. ASK FOR MAPLE LEAF SALMON