

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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1917

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"CARRY ON!"

Time moves onward without haste and without rest, though mortals would accelerate or delay its flight. Another winter has stolen upon us, and once more the festival of peace and good will is at hand. It always summons us to consider our ways, but in these years of war and tumult it challenges the whole drift of what we call Christian civilization more solemnly and searchingly than ever before. Never since a Roman Governor washed his hands in public, protesting that he was innocent of the blood about to be shed, has reckless authority let loose such a torrent of hatred and malice! No imperious mandate throughout the centuries has made such havoc as the one that issued from Berlin in August, 1914. The crisis which then shocked the enlightened conscience of Christendom still overhangs Europe; until it resolves itself into a decisive settlement of humanity's just claim, there can be no full response to that challenge; the monstrous hypocrisy must be brought to its knees, the infernal outbreak quelled, before in the silence of the guns, life and thought resume their normal activity, chastened and instructed by the awful purgation through which they have passed. Meanwhile, the common round and daily task lose nothing of their gravity while the great controversy between ruthless force and international justice goes on to its consummation. On the contrary, every simple duty is heightened, every generous impulse gains a finer consecration from the exigencies of the situation at home and abroad.

NOT WEARY

Who fight our battles or seek to assuage the miseries due to scientific slaughter, it is all the more incumbent upon our non-combatants who dwell in safety to do all that they can to ameliorate the terrible evils that follow in the wake of victory, as of defeat. These are but truisms; nevertheless, their neglect is fraught with bitter consequences. We must not weary of good counsels, however trite they sound in our ears. Life is chiefly guided by commonplace signboards. A great French thinker said that the best books were those which every reader fancied he could have written for himself. Yet, where the genius of a Pascal provides a setting for the experiences of men and women they are brought home to them with added sharpness and power.

THE DAWN

It may be that we are nearer to the great transformation than the shrewd politicians of Europe think. Out of this dark night of sorrow and disappointment the beautiful day of emancipation may be born. No better symbol, no finer picture-drama, no more reasoned appeal to the common heart than Christmas exists today. Its outward displays may be shorn of much picturesque beauty; its long-cherished games may prove inharmonious while the storm of battle is raging. But the heart and soul of humanity still welcome its message as the forecast of the good time coming, hail the fresh opportunity to manifest affection and sympathies which are the old but ever new seals of our divine vocation in a struggling transitory world. Nor has the season lost any of its significance as the medium of the annual appeal, the natural scene and setting of the "old, old story." Winter is far from being the uninteresting period in the pageant that unfolds itself before thoughtful eyes. It has a glamour of its own, a crystalline clearness that suggests the calm placidity of sculpture in contrast with the highly-colored cartoons of the summer days. When the leaves have fallen, the trees stand in graceful loveliness, unveiled to the sense that takes account of their changing functions. Sober tints harmonize with the softer light that falls from cloudland. The face of nature reflects the seriousness of the cosmic

process which is renewing outward forms. Never has the summons to rise from pits of selfish regard, or from those graves of actual wrongdoing which delay the coming of the regenerate world, been more insistent than it is today.

FAITH

Truly at this point we touch the most profound mystery of the faith we profess, the secret of life and death which the calendar spells out in feast and fast during the Christian year. Vainly do we strive by creed and ceremony to sound the abyss which divides the finite from the infinite, but our truest thought grasps the principle of oneness in being. Divine and human service meet and mingle when the need for sacrifice arises. What higher duty or privilege can mortal attain than to offer life itself for the redemption of the brotherhood? Such honor have they who willingly suffer that our priceless liberties may be ensured. In this last and most terrible of assaults, that body of law and civil custom which has been slowly built up, refined by trial and sweetened and sanctified by the pieties that have been nursed through nineteen centuries, even wayfaring men have beheld the enemy of human progress. Christmas will surely speak powerfully to them, as it should do to us of undying truths, symbolized by the Virgin Mother and Child, by sacred memories of that typical Cross and Passion whose meanings, escaping from all formal limitations, now write themselves in blood and fire over the wide spaces of the habitable globe. Only callous natures can be indifferent to the weighty appeal made by the season in this unexampled time of distress and perplexity.

HOPE

The foundations of civilization are out of gear; sometimes even strong hearts are overborne by fear, so tremendous are the forces of evil, so apparently powerless the forces of good. The ideals of forbearance, patient continuance in well doing, even when the path of peace and good-will is thorny, seem hopelessly out of gear with the maxims of this iron age. At times it appears to be quixotic to celebrate Christmas, if not verging on hypocrisy. But we must not yield to such sinister suggestions. They only affect the surface of the human problem. Pain and grief, foolish and wicked aberrations from the ordained line of progress, widespread suffering patiently endured by the unresisting—these things are not new. It is the scale that daunts the observer.

THE DEAD EMPEROR

(From Rome)
De mortuo nil nisi malum seems to be the motto in France and Italy of most of the writers who have chronicled the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary. He had the longest actual reign in history, sixty-eight years (Louis XIV. of France reigned for seventy-two but eighteen of these were a regency) but "nothing" says the *Figaro*, "is changed in Austria except that there is a monogenerian the less." He was more severely tried than any other monarch that ever lived by family tragedies but "the old Emperor had already around him," says the *Journal*, "so many corpses that they were beyond counting, and yet he determined on transforming a little stream into a universal deluge." "The contempt of history will remain for ever attached to his name," says the *Evening* and the litany of malediction is prolonged through the columns of the Italian press. May he rest in peace in spite of it all. History will weigh his responsibility for the orgy of slaughter which has now devastated Europe for two years and a half, and history is a calmer and honest judge than the *Figaro* and *Tribuna* of 1916. Meanwhile history has already pronounced some good of him. His own people loved him: often they have hated one another, time and again they have discarded and disgraced their own leading statesmen and politicians, they have risen in fury against their Governors and Chancellors and Premiers, but always they have continued to love the old Emperor, and his very name has been a bond of union for a score of warring nationalities. So far at least Francis Joseph filled one of the highest functions of kingship. There was good and bad and middling in his relations with the Holy

See. Only thirteen years ago we saw him intruding his *veto* in the election of a Roman Pontiff, in virtue of a historical claim denied and repudiated for centuries by the Popes, and when you remember that he easily found a Cardinal to voice his exclusive claim you have an idea of the unwholesome influence which some of Francis Joseph's traditional concepts have exercised over religion in Austria. But the Emperor had other and nobler traditions, and one of these was that of filial devotion to the Holy See and the Supreme Pontiff, of which not a few proofs have been given since September 20th, 1870. His profound religious sense was shown at the great Eucharistic Congress held at Vienna in 1912 when the aged Emperor knelt in the pouring rain to open the door of the carriage in which the Papal Legate, Cardinal Von Rossum, bore the Sacred Host.

HEROIC DEVOTION

"GREATER LOVE THAN THIS NO MAN HATH"

In the December issue of the *National Review* the Hon. Justice Sir Robert Younger, Chairman of the Government Committee on the Treatment of the Enemy of British Prisoners of War, deals with the horrors of the typhoid epidemic in the German internment camp at Gardelengen during the Spring and Summer of 1915. He says, p. 666: "The epidemic was the occasion of striking examples of self-sacrificing devotion. There were ten French Roman Catholic priests in the campas prisoners. They lived together in the guard hut of No. 2 Company. All of them volunteered to work among the sick, and were given charge of rooms in the hospital annex and of wards in the hospital. They were most adaptable, teachable men, and their absolute fearlessness and unselfish devotion to duty cannot be too highly extolled. Eight out of the ten contracted the disease and five died." The mortality among these devoted priests was much higher than among the other prisoners. Over two thousand cases of the disease occurred among the eleven thousand prisoners and approximately 15% of those attacked died. Immediately after the outbreak the German guards left the enclosure but maintained a cordon around it and quarantined the camp.

SPIRITUAL HEROISM

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO THE INDOMITABLE COURAGE AND FEARLESS PATRIOTISM OF BELGIUM'S GREAT CARDINAL

Right Rev. Samuel Fallows, Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago, published recently a long appreciation of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. Bishop Fallows says in part:

One of the most striking personages of this blood-stained era is Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. His arm has never lifted a sword—has carried nothing heavier than a book or a crozier, in fact yet it wields more power over countryman and foe alike than any other in Belgium, not even excepting that of Albert, his beloved king. Such spiritual heroism as Cardinal Mercier has displayed since the beginning of the war has been rarely equaled in the world's history. With his country lying stark and silent at his feet, this prelate dared to step forth, one puny man against the whole of the terrible central powers, raising his voice in protest against the devastation around him. After the sacking of Louvain and the destruction of her university, his alma mater, with the priceless library therein, the great cardinal's human heart, well-nigh broke. The university, with its treasured library and its association had meant everything to him, in an earthly sense. All his youthful dreams and plans for future Christian service were born within those walls. He was a diligent and an enthusiastic student. After his graduation he became professor of Thomian philosophy in that ancient center of learning and worthily upheld the sacred traditions of the important chair.

The man who was destined to become cardinal loved teaching and was a natural leader of men. For his pupils and disciples he felt the greatest affection and tenderness. He grew steadily more and more famous. When the presidency of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Letters and Fine Arts of Belgium was offered to him he accepted it humbly and wonderfully as was his wont. To him all the credit lay with his beloved alma mater, not with himself.

In recognition of his great public service he was made Archbishop of Mechlin in 1906 and created a cardinal April 15, 1907. And always, in the midst of the dignities and honors which came to him, the University of Louvain seemed in his memory like a ladder, as it were, to the high plane on which he stood. Then came the thunderbolt—war! Louvain, idol of the Cardinal's

mind and heart, was the first victim of its ravages. The world shuddered or raged. But the spiritual soul of the Cardinal took this, the greatest of all his sorrows straight to God.

It may be that the passionate prayer of this latter day saint was answered by the inspiration of that famous pastoral letter which afterward shook the whole world with the strength of its pleading. At any rate and in such a manner as has been breathlessly ever since to each world Cardinal Mercier has publicly uttered, sure of its inextinguishably truthful origin.

Cardinal Mercier's voice has not yet been silenced. He is still the mouthpiece of his unconquerable little nation, the channel through which their accumulated sufferings are poured upon a pitying western world. Just now he is giving speech to the feelings of his countrymen upon the subject of their deportation for the purpose of aiding the German Empire in further conquest.

SOLDIER AND ASCETIC

Only a nature formed from a combination of the ascetic and the soldier could dare to speak at such a time and in such a manner as has this courageous prelate. And yet the Cardinal is not a very young man. Born in 1851, he is far from being either youthful in appearance or strong in physique. Tall and thin, he is the ascetic in every lineament. Yet of his physical and moral bravery there have been few peers in history. It is related of him that on a morning when he was driving in his automobile along the streets of a neighboring village a little girl ran directly in the path of a flying car. Instantly the Cardinal shouted to his driver to swerve from the road, though in the fulfilling of the command the chauffeur was obliged to head for a high stone wall! The Cardinal was thrown out and sustained severe lacerations of the head and face because of his intrepidity. When consoled with fervor that his injuries were a real source of joy, inasmuch as through them the child's life might be saved.

It is said that the Cardinal loves America, especially because his uncle, the Very Rev. Adrian J. Croquet, was one of the great pioneer missionaries in this country. The latter was known as "the saint of Oregon." The Cardinal has spoken many times to Americans, to whom he has given a number of his great desire to visit America and to see the places where his distinguished relative performed his many exploits. It is not unlikely that the influence of the valorous pioneer priest had a subconscious influence in forming the character of his uncle, the Very Rev. Adrian J. Croquet, but from whatever source, Cardinal Mercier draws his contentment of danger, he understands as well as any living man today the meaning of Christ's words: "For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it."

Undoubtedly he is destined to remain one of the noblest figures that history will etch upon the dark background of this the bloodiest of all wars.

FARMING IN FRANCE

HOW IT STRIKES OBSERVANT CANADIAN FARMER-SOLDIER

A Northumberland county soldier, in a letter to friends, gives a description of French farm life as he saw it on the road to the trenches, and which did not strike him as being at all progressive. He says:

Some reference to the farm life around here which we noticed as passing through to the front may be of interest. Women and old men are everywhere—the women in work clothes, with their aprons, driving street cars, in the fields, and especially in the fields. We stayed in our first camp only a few days, and then entrained straight for the front. We travelled all night and the following day through sunny France, and thoroughly enjoyed it. The country we passed through was pretty and very fertile, the crops being continuously and remarkably good, scarcely one light crop being seen. Much of the grain was rotten ripe, but there was not labor to cut it, old men and women being the only workers, and such antiquated instruments, old sickles and scythes, not even a cradle.

REAPING HOOK INSTEAD OF BINDER Upon my work it made me angry mad to see those big smooth fields through which you could gallop a binder being attacked with an old reaping hook, which you would not see in Canada outside of a museum, and a little one-pronged rake. Since I have been here I have seen only two binders (McCormick, I think) and one old reaper like those our grandfathers wrestled with. I could forgive their lack of the higher forms of machinery, for they may not be able to afford it, but why on earth should they break their backs with an old reaping hook, when they could do twice as much work twice as easily with a common grain cradle, and yet that is one implement which I have never seen in the country. I almost wish I had brought an old cradle

along with me, for though I don't know that I ever made any records with it, unless maybe when dad was chasing me around stone piles with the binder, I feel as if I could cut a ten-foot swath here, just to show them how we do it 'over 'ome'.

NO WASTE THERE

"The grain was mostly oats and wheat, very thick and tall and clean—and one certainly has to hand the palm to them when it comes to making a neat job of it. There is hardly a straw left on the ground, and the stocks are often set in continuous straight rows right down the field, so you can imagine how thick it is. More often, however, they throw it into round stooks, sometimes binding it around the top, and sometimes forcing a sheaf head downwards over the top to protect it from the rain."

"I have seen only one man plowing a Belgian. Almost any old picture drawn by a man who never saw a plow will give you an idea of this particular implement, operated by one horse and one man, the man operating the horse by one line fastened to a check rein, the purpose of which seems to be to yank the 'horse' backward or to urge it forward. If he wants it to vary from a straight line, or rather if he wants to keep it in a straight line, he lifts up his voice and 'hollers' just as every plowman has 'hollered' since the days of Abel, even to the one in Gray's Elegy, although Gray did not seem to notice it."

Belgium is a rather flat, uninteresting country, suffering somewhat from lack of natural drainage, but just as fertile and productive as France, although their agricultural relics, I should say implements, would appear to have the advantage of age, probably dating a century or two farther back."

Another Northumberland county boy gives a description of the work of thrashing in France. He says: "A few days ago I was billeted at a farm house, and hearing a noise like a fanning mill, I went down and into the yard and there they were thrashing. I certainly had to smile to see it. A horse on a treadmill was the engine. One woman was in the barn passing the sheaves out to another woman, who was feeding the mill, and an old man and a girl were catching the straw as it slid out behind and tying it into sheaves again. The separator was a little larger than a fanning mill. Possibly you would have smiled if you had seen it."—The Globe.

FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE

(From Rome)

Once again there are rumors about the renewal of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and France, and M. Bourgeois is mentioned as likely to be the new French Ambassador to the Vatican. The addition of three French Cardinals to the Sacred College is taken to be a preliminary symptom of the change; Cardinal Gasparri's outspoken remarks on the subject, in a recent interview, would hardly have been uttered, were not negotiations being carried on at the time. M. Denys Cochin and other very influential French Catholics have, it is well known, been working hard to attain the same object; French Catholics in the mass are eagerly desirous to see the breach ended, and numerous French politicians who are anything but Catholic in spirit, are endeavoring to convince the French demand the restoration of diplomatic relations. When non-Catholic countries like Russia, England, Serbia and Holland find it useful, or even necessary, to have representatives at the Vatican, especially in wartime, the silence and absence of France is surely anomalous. All of which is very true, but it does not prove the truth of the rumor, and it may well be that there will be no resumption of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the Eldest Daughter of the Church until the War is over, when it will be almost inevitable.

RELIGION SHOULD OFFER THE PEOPLE DEFINITE CONVICTIONS

(By Rev. Dr. Chas. H. Parkhurst (Presby.), in the Los Angeles Herald, Oct. 17, 1905)

"It is a mistake to make light of creed, whether it be religious creed or a creed that relates itself to matters of common, every-day life; for a creed is to a man in action what the vertebral column is to his body. It is not necessary that he be continually throwing it in other people's faces any more than it is essential that he keep his backbone and the vertebrae attached to it on exhibition; but he must have it. Nor is it requisite that he make himself a nuisance by quarrelling with creeds that differ from his own. "Nations-minded people make the claim that an unsettled state of conviction is a symptom of intellectual breath. On the contrary, it denotes a condition of vacuity, which has no dimensions, neither breadth, length nor thickness, and as such prevents one from being a producer.

"Were we to apply the principle we are urging to matters of religion we should have to acknowledge that the Roman Catholic Church shows much sounder sense than do very many of our Protestants. The former not only stands sponsor for certain forms of doctrine, but insists upon their inculcation. It gives its children something definite to believe and the belief accomplished in them by faithful tuition fits the child to grow up with a Catholic consciousness."

"With a large number of Protestant parents, on the contrary, no serious effort is made to establish in the mind of the child definite religious convictions, the consequence of what is that it grows up without any, becomes a religious invertebrate, just as it would become a mathematical invertebrate if it was not taught arithmetic, and because invertebrate absolutely without religious force in the world."

"That is merely an illustration of the principle for which I am contending—that whether in religion or in any other department of practical interest, haziness of mind, a state of 'don't know,' is void of productive energy. "Men who are unsettled can never help to settle anything."—Our Sunday Visitor.

FRANCE JOYFUL

UPON RECEIVING THREE CARDINALS

Paris, November 16, 1916.—France has received with great joy the news that three more French prelates are to be added to the membership of the Sacred College, making eight French cardinals, a larger proportion than that of any other nation, save Italy. After the coming Cardinal there will be sixty-seven cardinals.

The countries having the greatest numbers are Spain 5, and Austria 5, while France heads the list of foreign countries with 8. The latter are Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, who has left for the Consistory; Cardinal de Cabrières, the aged Archbishop of Montpellier; Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux; Cardinal Luçon, the much-tried Archbishop of Reims, and Cardinal Billot, who lives in Rome and is a distinguished member of the Roman Curia. The three new cardinals, who bring the number up to eight, are Mgr. Marraud, Bishop of Grenoble, who is now Archbishop-elect of Lyons and will consequently become Primate of France; Mgr. Dubourg, Archbishop of Rennes, and Mgr. Dubois, Archbishop of Rouen. Of the three last, the Archbishops of Rennes and Rouen represent respectively those strong Catholic portions of France, Normandy and Brittany. Mgr. Dubourg, whose elevation to the Sacred College has given such delight to the Bretons, will celebrate on December 22 his golden jubilee in the priesthood, and on the 19th of the following month his episcopal silver jubilee. He recently addressed to his diocesan a very touching pastoral letter, full of paternal affection and practical counsels. Mgr. Dubois, who represents Normandy, was only this year translated from the See of Bourges to that of Rouen. This distinguished prelate, who is remarkable for his sweetness and distinction combined with firmness in act and doctrine, was Bishop of Verdun from 1901 to 1909.

AGED BELGIAN BISHOP DEAD

The aged Bishop of Ghent, Mgr. Stillemans, who only recently celebrated his diamond jubilee, has died on his episcopal palace at the advanced age of eighty-four. He was the dean of the Belgian episcopate and the Holy See recognized his merits a few years back by according to him the extremely rare honor of the Pallium—that is to say, for a bishop. Devoted to his work, the venerable prelate exercised in difficult circumstances a great authority, and was surrounded by the deep affection of his people. In consequence of his advancing age, Mgr. van Riesen was recently appointed Auxiliary of the Diocese. Mgr. Stillemans is the second Belgian Bishop who has died since the occupation of Belgium by the Germans, the first being Mgr. Walravens, Bishop of Tournai.—New World.

METHODIST EDITOR APPLIES THE LASH

EXPRESSES HIS OWN VIEWS ON THE QUESTION "IS CATHOLICISM A MENACE"

In answering the question, "Is Catholicism a Menace to Our Country?" the editor of the *People's Press*, El Reno, Okla., a staunch Methodist, had this to say: "We have no patience with the man who pretends to fear a Catholic conspiracy against the liberties of this country. The American Catholic may take his theology from Rome, but he takes his politics from home—from the genius of our institutions. He is just as loyal to his party and to his government as the citizen of any church or denomination."

CATHOLIC NOTES

The new Empress of Austria bears the name of Zita, the patron of houseworkers. The Empress' mother gave this name to her daughter because it was her wish that she should at all times be a servant of the Church.

The collection made in the Catholic churches of New York City, by order of Cardinal Parley, for the Irish Relief Fund, amounted to \$18,000. The treasurer of the fund, Mr. Thomas Hughes Kelly, announced that that sum had been forwarded to Archbishop Walsh, Honorary President of the fund in Dublin.

Rome, Dec. 8.—Pope Benedict has appointed the Rev. Jas. Coyle, member of the Bishop's Council of Fall River, Mass., his domestic prelate. Father Coyle will carry the title of Monsignor. The appointment of the Right Rev. Msgr. William T. Russell of the Archdiocese of Baltimore as Bishop of Charleston was also announced.

The Rev. Louis J. O'Hern, C. S. P., says the Sacred Heart Review, addressed the 4,000 employees of the Government at the Government Printing Office, November 29. This is said to be the first time that a Catholic priest made a Thanksgiving address in such a place to such an audience. Father O'Hern spoke on "Patriotism."

Most Rev. Michael J. O'Doherty, D. D., who has just been appointed Archbishop of Manila, visited this country four years ago, on his way to the Philippines. The new Archbishop was born in County Mayo, Ireland, in 1874. He had the distinction of being the youngest rector of the Irish College, Salamanca, Spain, and is now the youngest Archbishop in the world.

A party of Trappist monks recently visited certain sections of the St. Louis archdiocese, prospecting for a suitable site on which to establish a monastery. They inspected the handsome property and surroundings known as "Kennett Castle," near Crystal City, Mo., and were much pleased with the place.

The Choctaw Indians, of Tucker, Miss., are in a great state of excitement as they have been promised a visit from Very Rev. Father Ketchum who recently published the first catechism in the Choctaw language. The Reverend Father will be welcomed by the Indians he loves so well. They will treat him as well as they did Bishop Gunn at Natchez, Miss., whom they recently made a chief and entertained at a war dance.

Among the bills that will be presented to Congress early in the session is one introduced by the Ladies Auxiliary of the A. O. H., which asks for a site in Arlington National Cemetery on which to erect the Memorial to the Nuns of the Battlefield. This bill was before the Senate last session and passed that body, but was too far down on the calendar to be brought before the House before adjournment.

Mayor James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco, has suggested that Archbishop Edward J. Hanna be made a member of a board of arbitration to settle all labor troubles in that city, and that to him be given the privilege of appointing four other clerical members from various denominations. In making the suggestion the Mayor remarked that there is no other member of the community who possesses in such a unique degree the confidence of all classes.

Lieut. H. E. Bulbeck, Royal Fusiliers, killed in action in November came of an old Hampshire Catholic family, the name appearing in the Recusant Roll of that county in the second year of the reign of James I., says the *London Tablet*. "His great-grandfather, Dr. John Bulbeck, was a fellow-colleague of Daniel O'Connell, and was one of the thirty-two Douai students who suffered the full term of imprisonment after the seizure of the college at the French Revolution."

Alexander Morten, who died in New York on September 16, left an estate of about \$600,000, most of which will eventually go to charities. His will, which has been filed for probate, provides that his widow, Mrs. Marjorie of 141 East Twenty-first street, shall receive the income from her husband's residuary estate for life. The remainder will go to the following named charitable institutions, which are also to get the principal of the estate after Mrs. Morten's death. The Little Sisters of the Poor, the Dominican Sisters of Sick Poor, the Little Sisters of the Assumption.

Sacramento, Dec. 6.—John Kelly, one-time gardener for Senator Stanford, who died last week at the age of ninety years, left his entire fortune of \$260,000, with the exception of \$12,000, to San Francisco orphanages, according to the terms of his will, which was filed for probate today. Mr. Kelly was gardener for the late Senator Stanford when the latter was Governor of California. He invested his money in swamp land certificates and laid the foundations for his fortune, which he built up later at the State Capitol by discharging salary warrants for State employees. His will states that he has no surviving relatives.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOUE Author of "Cardome," "Borrowed From the Night" CHAPTER III—CONTINUED

She was an inspiring little creature, and, despite the turbulence of her nature and a certain and not always agreeable power of bending things and persons to her will, she would win for her cause followers, and thereafter count upon their loyalty. She now succeeded in awaking their determination to surpass the other class, and they began work with good will. When again the bright banner of victory floated over the child, by the teacher's increasing their lesson, Arthur sought to carry dissatisfaction into her ranks, by openly on the playground and secretly in the school-room, taunting them with being led by a Yankee. Miss Cora caught a whisper not intended for her ears, and then she knew the time had come to act. Before the assembled school she briefly recounted the difficulty, told why she had divided the class, and followed up her words with the revelation of the present effort to destroy the well-won reputation of the school efficiency in this branch of study.

"And this is your loyalty to the traditions of your school!" she exclaimed, her cold eyes passing from the face of one offender to the other. "Because the strangers who have come in are trying to help you to maintain the fair fame of the school of your forefathers, and are succeeding, you would destroy it. If this is the strength of your devotion to your traditions, here or elsewhere, the strangers will have no trouble in overthrowing them. But one tradition shall not be destroyed while I rule here—the tradition of Stanton School for efficiency in every study taught in it. And the first offender against this intention of mine will be expelled."

That was all she said, but they knew she meant it, and Arthur's second attempt was frustrated. Miss Cora realized well that the snake had only been scotched, and beheld with pain the ever-increasing inharmonious among her pupils. The words that now came ringing to her from the playground had grown so frequent they had ceased to cause her surprise; but, as she listened to them that Friday, they appeared more bitter than before. The voice of Lucy beat on her ears like the resonant strokes of a deep-hearted bell, and well she knew they were directed toward Arthur Stanton.

"They will have to fight it out," she said wearily. It seemed that the other pupils had reached the same conclusion, for the adherents of neither side offered any assistance.

"I say you didn't play fair!" cried Arthur, and the listening woman wondered how long that intense hate and fierce wrath could be held within bounds.

"You stole it—like the Yankees always do. You are nothing but thieves and robbers, anyhow!" "I didn't steal it!" cried Lucy. "And you are lying when you say I did! And if Yankees are thieves, Rebels are liars, and I'd rather be a thief than a liar—so I would!" "Don't dare call me a Rebel and a liar, or I'll—I'll—" cried the boy, choking with rage.

"Rebel! Liar! Rebel! Li—" The word was not finished, for, forgetting every instinct of the chivalry of his race, the maddest boy leaped across the intervening space and struck the little girl a cruel blow in the face.

"Coward!" cried a voice like finely tempered steel, as Jasper Long bounded forward and delivered a stinging blow to Arthur. That the defender of the hated one, and the denouncer of himself, should come from one of his own class, and that one the boy whom he had called his friend, as for generations the families had been friends, was for a moment more staggering to Arthur than the stroke he had received. His surprise passed soon, however, and then a fight followed, which left Miss Cora wondering, as she tried to reach and separate them, if our civilization is as deeply rooted after the centuries. The sympathizers sprang to the defense, boys fought girls and girls fought each other, in the general conflict which swiftly ensued.

"For goodness sake! Dick! Eddie! Paul! help us keep the little savages from killing each other!" cried Annabelle, bounding from her grassy throne and starting toward the belligerents. With their assistance, and that of Carry and Emma, hastily summoned from their meditative walk, Miss Cora finally restored peace, and the army of fighters was marshalled into the school-room, where the remainder of the recitation hour was spent in sullen silence, while the teacher, sitting before her desk, sought in every chamber of her mind for a solution of the problem.

As she meditated, Miss Cora bestowed an occasional glance upon the principals in the fight. Lucy's face still wore its angry flush, her eyes still sparkled with an angry light. Anger seemed to scintillate from the quivering little body, and the looks she flung across the room at her antagonists were filled with hate.

Sylvia was crying silently behind her geography. The earliest lesson her mother had imparted was the lack of gentility displayed by the contentions. Ladies, said that aristocratic monitor, considered it beneath them to enter into a quarrel,

and they scornfully ignored all occasions leading to it. And she had not quarrelled but actually had fought, and there was not even the excuse of an exasperating occasion for her conduct. She scarcely knew what the dispute was about. All she was conscious of was that it was between Lucy and Arthur, and Lucy had called him names. It was in Arthur's cause she had forever disgraced herself, and he had not recognized her partnership by so much as a glance. She has stolen timid looks at him across the top of her geography, and always found his eyes fixed on space, while his pale face grew paler under the strain of his emotions.

It was that face, those eyes, that added to the trouble of the young teacher. She could not fathom their meaning, and their strangeness filled her with alarm. Had they displayed the wrath of Lucy or the shame of Sylvia, she would have known how to deal with her turbulent pupils; but under the inscrutable whiteness of Arthur's face, the deep silence of his eyes, she felt baffled.

The only undisturbed one in the room was Jasper Long. He had led the band into the school-room, and on taking his seat had brought out his books and was soon deeply engrossed in their study. He had done his duty as he saw it in striking Arthur, but since his teacher thought otherwise, there was a sense in rebelling, and tomorrow's lessons might as well be studied now as in the evening. Not once did he lift his soft dark eyes to send a glance of reproach to Sylvia, or of sympathy to Lucy.

As the minutes passed it was to the quiet boy Miss Cora found her eyes and her thoughts oftenest turning. It was so unlike him to go against a friend, and she could not recall that he had ever shown any great partiality toward Lucy. Of all the little girls he had seemed the most attached to Milly, when her devotion to Annabelle permitted her to mingle with the other children. And yet it was he who had sprung to the defense of the little girl. It was splendid. Though opposed to fighting, Miss Cora felt her blood tingle as she recalled the instant when Jasper's well-directed blow sent Arthur staggering across the playground. Arthur deserved it, and, if the general conflict had not followed, she would not have punished the boy. Even now she was inclined to temper his punishment, but he framed because it would necessitate an action on the incident on her part, and Miss Cora was not yet prepared to act. She felt instinctively that this life in the school was but the prefiguration of what was to come, when her pupils were men and women, and she desired that her part in it, at least, should be guided by prudence. Moreover, it was not the time when passion ruled the little minds around her to try to reason with them. She would wait until it had cooled, until they had had an opportunity themselves to reflect on their conduct, before approaching the subject.

CHAPTER IV

"I see my son chose more wisely than even I imagined in selecting you for the teacher of Stanton School." Thus said Mrs. Stanton the following morning, sitting alone with Miss Cora in the school-room, while without the few early-arrived pupils wondered the cause of this visit from Arthur's grandmother.

Milly, alarmed by the fight, had run home crying, and in the suppressed excitement of the afternoon had not been missed, until the little recess failed to bring her to Annabelle's side. As she was speeding across the back yard on the way to the log house blessed by the protecting presence of her mother, she encountered the younger Mrs. Stanton, a frail little woman, whom, grief, as if to make up for the cruelty of fate in thrusting it into her life, had made only fairer and more interesting. By her the flying child was stopped and questioned concerning her tears and absence from school. Hearing by the fight the young widow laughed prettily and said she feared Milly did not come of fighting blood.

"But he hit Arthur, and—and—and it hurt me, too!" sobbed the child. "Who hit Arthur?" asked Mrs. Stanton. "Jasper Long," she answered. "Jasper Long!" repeated the widow, while a faint color came into her cheeks, for Jasper's uncle had been stopping his horse of late quite frequently at Stanton Hall, and she wondered if the gossip of the neighborhood could have had anything to do with the quarrel on the playground. "Why did Jasper strike Arthur, Milly?" she then asked. "I don't know, ma'am. I wasn't playing with them. I was sitting up with Annabelle," said Milly.

Young Mrs. Stanton spent uncomfortable hours until 4 o'clock sent home her son. She met him on the walk, and when her question brought the startling answer, "Because I hit Lucy Frazier," she drew back, exclaiming: "You struck a little girl! O Arthur! Arthur! what would your father say!" "But she called me a Rebel and—and a liar!" he cried, chokingly.

Without another word, she bade him go to his grandmother and tell her all for early the younger Mrs. Stanton had realized that she was not equal to the task of directing the last of the Stantons. Though she had borne him, he was in part a stranger to her, and believing it were better for the boy if he were

solely in his grandmother's charge, she did not turn away from the delicately offered attention of Jasper Long's uncle, even though she had loved her soldier-husband and fondly treasured his memory. She was not able to deal with complexity of character. Her husband, in this particular, had been a sore trial to her, while the knowledge that she could not understand him, had detracted from the happiness he had found in their brief wedded life, as it might have marred it, had sufficient time for it to develop been allowed.

The story her grandson told her, sent Mrs. Stanton across the fields to the school-house at an early hour the following morning, and on hearing the young teacher's reason for having taken no step in the matter, it was then the elder lady exclaimed: "I see my son chose more wisely than even I imagined in selecting you for the teacher of Stanton School!"

Miss Cora could not prevent the little blush that stole into her cheeks at the compliment, although she hated herself for it. A teacher ought to be superior to such vanity, she held.

"I do not want to interfere with you in any way, Miss Austin," continued Mrs. Stanton, "but I had a talk with Arthur yesterday evening. He knows he did wrong and he is willing to make amends. He will publicly apologize to the little girl to-day, but he wanted me to come over and tell you. He said he could not do that."

"Publicly, Mrs. Stanton?" repeated the little teacher, as before her rose the white face and fixed eyes of the boy. "Is that necessary? It was only a playground quarrel."

"That is true, and still, Miss Austin, we must not forget we are in a period of transition," said Mrs. Stanton. "Everywhere around us we see the old order changing. There are some things we must keep at any cost. One of these is the chivalry of the South. While our men hold our women in the old chivalrous regard, our homes are preserved, and while our homes stand, our State stands."

"I do not quite agree with you there, Mrs. Stanton," said the young woman, her eyes travelling past the calm face to the group of playing boys and girls outside the door. "There is, as you say, change everywhere, and it is as bound to affect the home and the State as any other of our institutions. Not to ask for change in these two presupposes perfection in them. Good as they are, they are still a long way off from perfection, and they are not going to reach it by being kept stationary. Nor do I view the chivalry of man to woman as you do. It is the last relic of another transitional period; that period when the beauty of right had begun to dawn upon the dim mind of the race—in Europe, it should add, for we may not know but it may elsewhere in other times have known a similar experience. That newly-born truth was weak and required defense, and the bravest and best of the men of that time riding about redressing human wrongs. They do not do so now for that truth guides the race. And so we find that this chivalry to woman is nothing more than the implication of belief in her weakness, calling for defense. With the story of these four years of war still fresh in our minds, we know that in strength, and courage and lofty patriotism woman stands the equal of the bravest of men. Now I ideal of the perfect relationship between man and woman is that in which he recognizes her as a human being like himself; as she is, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, neither his superior nor his inferior, demanding not his veneration and needing not his protection—simply a woman, the other part of the human family. Of the color creep into her cheeks, for it was rarely she expressed her views, and she did not object to Arthur offering an apology to Lucy, but it ought to be because he struck her, not because he struck a girl—the same apology he would offer to Jasper had he stood in Lucy's place."

Mrs. Stanton stood aghast. Never in her fifty years of life had she heard such heretical doctrine preached. As she gazed on the girl before her, noted the new strength, the new determination, the new will to do and dare, and there rose before her mental vision the picture of her daughter-in-law, the last product of the old time, she knew she was listening to the announcement of the new truth, even as those who stood in the dawn of the Chivalrous Age had heard it; and though it meant the destruction of all her ideals, her soul was courageous enough to hail it.

"I will not say you are not right, Miss Austin," she said slowly. "But I am an old woman, and to the old, old things are best. We may view Arthur's apology in a different light, still both of us think it is a good thing to do."

When she was gone, Miss Cora began her restless pacing of the floor. She was experiencing in anticipation the humiliation that would be the proud boy's, when he stood before the school to acknowledge his fault and ask the pardon of the hated stranger. If it were Sylvia now—but well she knew that it would never have happened with Sylvia. The school had assembled when Arthur, wearing the white face and set gaze of the day previous, entered the

room, and advanced to the desk where the teacher sat.

"Do you still wish to apologize to Lucy?" she asked in low tones, and he knew by her words that it rested solely with himself whether or not he should follow the counsels of his grandmother. One brief moment he hesitated, then he said: "Yes, ma'am."

"Very well," she said, and tapped on the desk with her pencil. "Children, Arthur has something to say to you."

He turned his face, as white now as it would be in death, and fixing his blue eyes on Lucy Frazier, said, in tones quiet but distinct: "I am sorry I struck you yesterday, Lucy and caused the fight."

Miss Cora waited an instant, thinking some of the older pupils might make an acknowledgment of the words, but there was only silence, except for something like a sob from the place where Lucy sat; then she said: "We accept your apology, Arthur. It was a manly act. I trust your companions will profit by the example you have given them, and I naturally resent an insult, it indicates a supreme victory over one's self to acknowledge one's fault and apologize for it."

Mechanically Lucy took up her book, but instead of the pages before her, she saw only Arthur Stanton's face, instead of the murmur of voices around her, she heard only his words, and through the crucial moments that followed, hate of the cloaked remorse crept into its place. It was she who had done wrong, she cried, woman-like, now that the irrevocable was a fact, taking all the blame to herself. Her one wish had been to triumph over him, and when she had succeeded she had made her victory all the bitter for him. She had missed no opportunity of antagonizing him and grasped every means of humiliating him which the school-room and playground presented. And she had deliberately driven him to this last humiliating act, and counted all her triumphs as nothing compared with that of making him strike her.

And now he had brought all her triumphs to naught, for he had conquered her hate for him, and while her feelings toward him had undergone this change, she felt his had also been affected. There was a dissimilarity in the change, however. Instead of hate, he now entertained for her indifference, and she smartingly realized that the bitterness were preferable to his perfect indifference. It put her out of his mind completely. She might as well be going to outdistance his by every page in the spelling-book, and he would not notice it; she might win her game unfairly on the playground, and he would not know it. There would be no more of the quarrels which were more desirable with him than the most harmonious association with others. She had no more part in the things that concerned him. It is little wonder that presently Lucy obtained permission to leave the room, and free from the eyes of others, she should crouch at the foot of the old apple tree and weep in her young sorrow.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BEAUTIFUL DAY

By Mary H. Kennedy, in the Magnificent Felice understood. He puckered his scant brows in desperation.

"But—but—" Again Sister Felice disappointed him. She did not attempt to finish or even to fill the speech. Then he looked more closely at her—she was crying! Pretty Sister Felice of the merry brown eyes and flashing smile! Billy-boy was aghast.

"I—I love you, all right," he managed to say. Sister Felice's tears rolled faster down her round, flushed cheeks. Billy-boy watched them, at first with fascination, then with horror. "I do want a mother and a father," he explained stoutly. "I do—but I won't say it any more—I shall just think it." He gazed apprehensively at her.

"Maybe I won't even think it except on Sundays." This was the supreme sacrifice. It was accepted as such. Sister Felice swept him into her arms. Billy-boy did not squirm. He considered that he owed a debt to Sister Felice. He acknowledged to himself, too, that "being loved" was not the worst thing in the world. He candidly admitted to himself that if Sister Felice's collar wasn't quite so stiff and uncomfortable to rest against he would enjoy it.

"You are discontented, Billy-boy!" He sat up suddenly. "I am not!" he answered hotly. But he did not face Sister Felice. He kept his eyes fixed in a steady glance away from her.

"But, Billy-boy, you say all the time that you want a mother and a father, and last night in your sleep you repeated it twice."

"I am not ac—accountable for things I say in my sleep." Sister Felice laughed. "Oh, Billy-boy! I don't want you to leave us." The situation was becoming more difficult. Sister Felice had always understood before. "I don't want to leave you," he began. "I love you, Sister Felice. I love Mother Gertrude, too, and Sister Lucy, and Sister Bernard, and

Sister Clara, and—and I like all the rest." How hard it was to explain! "And I love Robert Emmet and Johnny Red-head and Johnny Black-head and the others. I don't want to leave you. I try not to, but Sister Felice, I can't help it if I want a mother and a father. I do want them. You see—you see—there's a difference. A mother and a father—well, a mother and a father—" He stopped suddenly. He never had known a mother and a father. How foolish for him to dare to attempt a description of either! He waited for Sister Felice to speak. Then, he realized that he must go on.

"You see—you see here—we have to get up at 7 and say our prayers at 7:30 and eat our breakfast at 8 and study at 9 and play at 10:30 and eat our dinner at 12."

"Why, Billy-boy?" "Oh, Sister Felice was queer to-day!"

"And so on and so on every week," he went on doggedly. "We have lots of time for play and fun, Sister Felice, I'm not finding fault. Everybody is good to us and we have good things to eat, but—but I want a mother and a father! I want to get up at 5 o'clock yesterday and 10 to-day and 7 o'clock to-morrow and—and I want to eat when I want to and go to bed when I want to—" "Oh, Billy-boy! As if mothers and fathers did not oblige their little boys to follow certain rules and regulations! You know they do."

It was true. He did know it. Hadn't he visited Lawrence Hoban in his new home with his new father and mother? And hadn't Tony McCullough said that his father and mother were strict? He winked back a rebellious tear.

"But—I'd rather have a father and mother with rules than rules without a father and mother." Then, despite his heroic endeavors, the tears came in streams. Sister Felice held him close.

"I understand now, Billy-boy, and we will find a mother and a father together!" The tears were dried quickly.

"Oh, Sister Felice, a mother with nice eyes, and a father with strong arms, with a big house with wide banisters and a rain barrel?" "All of that, Billy-boy, and maybe more."

"Maybe more!" The vision opened for him was stupendous. "I won't say another word about it, Sister Felice," he promised solemnly. "And—well, no, I guess I can't say I won't think about it."

"You need not, dear." "And when a mother and a father come to look for a boy, will you let me speak with them?" "I shall."

This was the old Sister Felice! He kissed her. "I will be here a long time yet, Sister Felice. You know I am awfully homesly."

"You are not!" But Billy-boy laughed. "I'd rather be ugly. Then—if they choose me I'll know it isn't for my looks. They will really want me."

"Oh, Billy-boy!" Sister Felice put him down gently. He watched her leave the room. He could not quite understand Sister Felice sometimes. Perhaps he should not have told what he did. Still, he had to be truthful and she understood.

Up here in this little tower room where Billy-boy had been banished for distraction at prayers, thinking was easy. It was supposed to be a punishment—this isolation from the crowd of boys playing in the fragrant orchards below the window. But Billy-boy loved the place. The tiny room contained only a chair, a couple of pictures, and a small statue of the Blessed Virgin.

One of the pictures was the Holy Family. The other was of St. Aloysius praying. The statue was of white marble. Billy-boy thought it had the sweetest face of any statue at Holy Angels'. He always asked to be permitted to say good night to it. He felt that he could pray better before it too. Down in the study-hall it was sometimes hard to keep your whole attention—as you should—on what you were saying to God and His Blessed Mother.

Just because he found this not easy was the cause of his trouble this afternoon. When Sister Bernard had said, "And now we will mention our intention," Billy-boy had exclaimed, "I want a mother and a father!" in a very loud voice, too, for he had expected the other boys to join in. Instead, confusion had reigned and Billy-boy had been banished.

This wanting a mother and a father had not always been such a passion with Billy-boy. He did not remember thinking about it until he was five and a half. Until then he had not realized that there were any mothers in the world except those like Mother Gertrude. He was thoroughly annoyed to discover that once upon a time he had possessed a different mother—and a father! It was a long, long time ago, however, for Sister Felice had told him that when he was a tiny baby she had found him lying in a basket on the doorstep of Holy Angels'.

Billy-boy loved to hear about this. He often begged Sister Felice to tell him the story of the morning when she found him. He wondered and wondered how it all had happened. Of course, his father and mother had died,—mothers and fathers never gave up their little boys in any way except this. Didn't they come to Holy Angels' for other little boys when their own went to Heaven?

Once there had popped into Billy-boy's head the idea of the possibility

of their being a mothers' and fathers' home where little boys could go and pick out their own particular kind of mother and father.

However, when he had asked Sister Felice about it she had said there was no such place. Billy-boy thought there ought to be and he intended to build one when he grew up.

He remembered quite clearly the day that he discovered there were other kinds of mothers besides Mother Gertrude. He was playing in the orchard with the other boys when suddenly the oldest boy in the crowd began to about madly. "Hey, fellows! A mother and a father! A mother and a father!"

No doubt such a scene had taken place before but this was the first Billy-boy recalled. Immediately, all of the boys, with the exception of the little ones, had rushed to the front of Holy Angels' where Billy-boy caught his breath sharply even now—there stood the biggest, loveliest automobile he had ever seen, and getting out of it were a man and a woman. Billy-boy did not pay much attention to the man, but the woman—What beautiful eyes she had! And, oh, how very soft and sweet her voice was!

The two had come among the boys and the Billy-boy said that the man was a "regular fellow" with a smiling face. He had talked with Billy-boy, too, but the woman had scarcely looked at him. She went immediately to Tony and took him away. Billy-boy had thought it strange that she had not noticed the other boys but he was soon told the reason.

"He was the prettiest," Johnny Redhead confided to him. The prettiest! Billy-boy scoffed at the explanation. But later he had been forced to acknowledge that there was something in it. Every time a mother and a father visited Holy Angels' they chose the best-looking boy. Those who remained were homely. Johnny Redhead and Johnny Blackhead—so called by Billy-boy to distinguish them—were very homely. Billy-boy had remarked this to them once. Johnny Blackhead had cried, Johnny Redhead had replied coolly that he thought Billy-boy had nothing on them! Then they had shaken hands. Johnny Redhead was a mighty fine fellow! If Billy-boy had been a mother he would have chosen him quick.

And there was Robert Emmet—he too was funny-looking, but he was a dandy pal, even if he did have to lie in the sun-room all the time because he had crooked legs and a soft spine. Billy-boy loved Robert Emmet. He did not want him to go away, but he thought he needed a mother more than any other boy at Holy Angels'. He was the only really cripple at the house and he had to be alone a lot.

One day, Billy-boy had insisted upon Sister Felice mentioning Robert Emmet to a mother and a father. They had become slightly interested, too, and had gone upstairs to see him. Billy-boy had followed them and had waited in the hall for the verdict. In a moment the two had come out and the watching little boy had been glad that they hadn't chosen Robert Emmet, for the woman was red-faced and angry and the man had asked Sister Felice if she thought they kept a hospital.

Billy-boy had hoped that Robert Emmet hadn't noticed their bad manners, but when he went into the sun-room his face was streaked with tears and he was shaking from head to foot. And although Sister Felice had told him that Mother Gertrude hadn't let the visitors have any boy, Billy-boy did not even think of mothers and fathers for a long time after that happened.

When Lawrence Hoban, though, was taken by a big jolly-faced father and a little twinkling-eyed mother, and when Billy-boy had spent a day with them all in the new home, the old longing returned with increased fervor.

It had been a new experience for him, this visit, and he had never forgotten its joys—the long, wide banisters down which they slid, the big rain barrel where they fished, the fat cook who allowed them to cut all sorts of funny little animals out of her cookie dough. Best of all was "Mother," who had played the piano and sung for them, and "Father," who had demonstrated that he could take the place of umpire, first, second, and third basemen, and the field positions—all in the same game. Oh, every little boy should have a home and a father and a mother!

From that day Billy-boy had prayed and prayed and hoped and hoped that the next father and mother would choose him. But now he was seven and almost a half and he was still at Holy Angels'. He did not want to leave the home, as he had explained to Sister Felice. However, the feeling was there and he did want a mother and a father. He did!

When morning came Billy-boy was surprised to find himself in his own little bed in the dormitory. "You were asleep—" "Oh, Sister Felice, why didn't you wake me up?" Billy-boy was contrite. Poor Sister Felice who had so much to do all the day long! But Sister Felice only smiled. And she it was whom he must leave!

Billy-boy was thoroughly ashamed of himself and tried hard not to let the thought enter his mind that perhaps today a mother and a father might visit Holy Angels'. It was not right to want to go away from dear Sister Felice. For the moment Billy-boy rebelled strongly against the thought.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1917

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION
 OF THE EMPIRE

The Toronto Daily News, in com-
 mon with most observant and
 thoughtful Canadians, holds that
 after the War the organization of the
 Empire will be one of the questions
 insistently demanding solution. In
 the course of an article on the sub-
 ject it says:

"Whether or not all Canadians
 favor a new Imperial Parliament for
 the purpose of defence and the con-
 duct of foreign relations, it is quite
 clear that after the war some fresh
 machinery must be set up. Most of
 our people are now ready to concede
 this much."

They have not got very far in the
 consideration of the problem who
 concede vaguely that "some fresh
 machinery must be set up;" little if
 any further than those who refuse
 all consideration because they call
 all such questions "Imperialism"
 and think that quite sufficient.

That the new Prime Minister of
 England is about to call together the
 Prime ministers of the various over-
 sea Dominions is a fact of great
 significance. It emphasizes the
 importance of a question which we
 have frequently proposed as one
 imperatively demanding thought,
 study and discussion, if Canadians
 are to decide intelligently the future
 of Canada.

In the same article The News says:
 "The other side of the picture is
 that the so-called Imperial Govern-
 ment has no real authority over the
 self-governing Dominions for whose
 safety it is responsible, and that it
 has to depend for the revenue
 necessary for Imperial defence upon
 taxes voted by the people of the
 British Isles alone, supplemented by
 the voluntary contributions of over-
 sea communities. This loose plan is
 neither consistent with the deter-
 mination of the Dominion peoples to
 be fully self-governing, nor with
 the growing necessity for a repre-
 sentative authority which can handle
 properly the rapidly multiplying
 problems of the Empire."

Without that consideration which
 it deserves some "loose plan" setting
 up "fresh machinery" and involving
 "voluntary contributions of over-
 sea communities" may be accepted by
 Canadians as a compromise settle-
 ment of a question which will cer-
 tainly present itself for solution after
 peace has been restored.

For the moment we shall consider
 only the question of "voluntary
 contributions" of taxes for any purpose
 to a Government responsible only to
 a Parliament in which Canada is not
 represented. Any such contribu-
 tions, voluntary or otherwise, would
 be subversive of the very root-prin-
 ciple of responsible government. For
 it is from the basic right of the
 people through their representa-
 tives to give or withhold the revenues
 that all development of real self-
 government originated seven centu-
 ries ago; and it was through respect
 for this irrefragable principle that
 responsible self-government has been
 preserved. For be it remembered
 that there has been no continuous
 democratic progress. Far from it.
 Often the usurpations of kings, and
 the not less objectionable and danger-
 ous usurpations of the oligarchy
 which has ruled England since the
 Reformation down to very recent
 times, made self-government little
 more than an empty term; and the
 growth of democracy has been openly
 feared, hated and thwarted by the
 ruling classes.

Professor Greene, in his "Short
 History of the English People," paints
 the following picture of what we
 often unthinkingly refer to as
 the British democracy:

From the time of Charles II. to that
 of George III. not a single effort had
 been made to meet the growing

abuses of our Parliamentary system.
 Great towns like Manchester or
 Birmingham remained with a mem-
 ber, while members still sat for
 boroughs which, like Old Sarum, had
 actually vanished from the face of
 the earth. The effort of the Tudor
 sovereigns to establish a Court party
 in the House by a profuse creation
 of boroughs, most of which were
 mere villages then in the hands of
 the Crown, had ended in the appro-
 priation of these seats by the nei-
 ghoring land-owners, who bought and
 sold them, as they sold their own
 estates. Even in towns which had
 a real claim to representation, the
 narrowing of municipal privileges
 ever since the fourteenth century to
 a small part of the inhabitants, and
 in many cases the restriction of
 electoral rights to the members of
 the governing corporation rendered
 their representation a mere name.
 The choice of such places hung
 simply on the purse or influence of
 politicians. Some were "the King's
 boroughs," others obediently re-
 turned nominees of the Ministry of
 the day, others were "close boroughs"
 in the hands of jobbers like the Duke
 of Newcastle who at one time re-
 turned a third of all the borough
 members in the House.

The counties and the great com-
 mercial towns could alone be said to
 exercise any real right of suffrage,
 though the enormous expense of
 contesting such constituencies practi-
 cally left their representation in the
 hands of the great local families.
 But even in the counties the suffrage
 was ridiculously limited and unequal.
 Out of a population, in fact, of eight
 millions of English people, only a
 hundred and sixty thousand were
 electors at all.

How far such a House was from
 really representing English opinion
 we see from the fact that in the
 height of his popularity Pitt could
 hardly find a seat in it. When he
 did find one, it was at the hands of a
 great borough-jobber, Lord Clive.
 Purchase was the real means of
 entering Parliament.

Seats were bought and sold in the
 open market at a price which rose to
 £4,000 and we can hardly wonder that
 the younger Pitt cried indignantly at
 a later time: "This House is not
 the representative of the People of
 Great Britain. It is the representa-
 tive of nominal boroughs, of ruined
 and exterminated towns, of noble
 families, of wealthy individuals, of
 foreign potentates." The meanest
 motives naturally told on a body
 returned by such constituencies, cut
 off from the influence of public opin-
 ion by the secrecy of Parliamentary
 proceedings, and yet invested with
 almost boundless authority. New-
 castle had made bribery and borough-
 jobbing the base of the powers of the
 Whigs.

George III. seized it in his turn as
 the base of the power he purposed
 to give to the Crown. The Royal
 revenue was employed to buy seats
 and to buy votes. Day by day, George
 himself scrutinized the voting-list
 of the two Houses, and distributed
 rewards and punishments as mem-
 bers voted according to his will or
 not. Promotion in the civil service,
 preferment in the Church, or rank
 in the army was reserved for "the
 King's friends."

Pensions and court places were
 used to influence debates. Bribery
 was employed on a scale never known
 before. Under Bute's ministry an
 office was opened at the Treasury for
 the bribery of members, and £25,000
 are said to have been spent in a single
 day.

Nevertheless, all through this
 time of oligarchical government or
 misgovernment one principle was
 held sacred; that the people through
 their representatives controlled the
 revenue, and that the Government
 was responsible to these representa-
 tives. The very bribery and corrup-
 tion that for the time being made
 representative and responsible govern-
 ment a farce, yet respected
 this principle. Indeed the buying of
 votes in the House of Commons was,
 in a way, homage paid to the in-
 violability of the principle.

In the Seven Years' War the British
 Parliament provided the funds.
 The American colonies benefited
 enormously. Following this war
 the British Parliament provided the
 men and the money to protect the
 colonies in Pontiac's War. Here the
 benefit was primarily if not exclu-
 sively American. Yet when the British
 Parliament attempted to collect
 from the unrepresented colonies
 revenue to help defray the expenses
 of these wars, the Colonists rightly
 refused to contribute.

As a Minister, Pitt had long since
 rejected a similar scheme for taxing
 the colonies. He had been ill and
 absent from Parliament when the
 Stamp Act was passed, but he adopted
 the full the constitutional claim of
 America.

Writes Green:
 He gloried in the resistance which
 was denounced in Parliament as
 rebellion. "In my opinion," he said,
 "this kingdom has no right
 to lay a tax on the colonies.
 America is obstinate! America is
 almost in open rebellion! Sir, I
 rejoice that America has resisted.
 Three millions of people so dead to
 all the feelings of liberty as volun-
 tarily to submit to be slaves would
 have been fit instruments to make
 slaves of the rest."

Lionel Curtis in his "Problem of
 the Commonwealth" dealing with
 self-government in America unre-
 servedly agrees with Pitt and the
 American rebels:

"Had such a principle," he writes,
 "been practicable at all, the greater
 national interests of American life
 would have passed from the control
 of their representatives to that of
 the people of Great Britain. In the end
 they would have controlled none of
 their affairs other than those which
 are today controlled by the provincial
 government of an American State.
 The British Government had em-
 barked on the one course which was
 necessarily fatal, and the result was
 a revolution in which the Americans
 secured their independence and the
 British Commonwealth was torn
 asunder and brought to the verge of
 destruction."

Nor is the project of "voluntary
 contributions" on the part of the
 Colonies to Imperial revenue a new
 idea. At one of our Imperial Con-
 ferences all the Colonies except Can-
 ada accepted the plan. Canada alone
 with clearer vision and more intel-
 ligent loyalty firmly rejected the
 reactionary proposal. In the "Pro-
 blem of the Commonwealth" the mat-
 ter is thus spoken of:

For some years such contribu-
 tions were voted by all the colonies
 south of the line. In 1900 the six Aus-
 tralian colonies were merged in the
 Australian Commonwealth and the
 national government of Australia
 continued these contributions, until
 some objection was raised on the
 ground that the practice was con-
 trary to the principle of responsible
 government. The Commonwealth
 parliament was free as air to make
 or withhold the contribution. But
 at the moment the Commonwealth
 parliament had voted the contribu-
 tion they lost control of its adminis-
 tration. Its expenditure, however
 guarded by conditions imposed on
 the grant, yet lay in the hands of a
 ministry responsible not to the par-
 liament and electorate of Australia,
 but only to the parliament and
 people of the British Isles. The
 backward tendency of this principle
 can be seen by the simple process of
 picturing its application to every
 branch of the public service. Sup-
 pose that the Australian parliament,
 having framed and voted estimates
 for all the departments, were con-
 tent to entrust the expenditure of
 the total sum to the Imperial min-
 istry, it would clearly have reverted
 from responsible to representative
 government. Responsible government
 can exist only in so far as the laws,
 and especially those relating to the
 expenditure of money, are executed
 in detail by ministries liable to be
 dismissed from office by the same
 body as that which votes the money.

Public opinion in Australia refused
 to perpetuate an arrangement which
 violated this principle and insisted
 that, in future, the ships must be
 purchased, equipped, manned, and
 controlled by ministers responsible to
 or, in plain words dismissible by
 Australians. A demand for powers
 to create and maintain navies of
 their own on the part of Australia,
 and presently of Canada, was the
 practical result of an instinct which
 forbids a people which has once put
 its hand to the plough of self-gov-
 ernment to look back.

Whether you agree or disagree
 with the studies of the Round Table
 groups, one thing at least stands out
 in bold relief in their presentation of
 the problem now confronting us.
 They have given serious and intelli-
 gent study to the question. Clear-
 ness of thought and definiteness of
 proposal characterize their writings.
 Amongst the half baked theories
 which they unhesitatingly reject are
 those which under any guise in-
 volve taxation without representa-
 tion.

Whatever may be the nature of
 the plans for the political organiza-
 tion of the Empire, whether they
 be discussed informally at the coming
 Imperial Conference or not, it is idle
 to propose anything in the form of
 Colonial contributions, voluntarily
 given or arbitrarily imposed, so long
 as the Colonies are unrepresented in
 the Parliament which assumes the
 entire responsibility of Imperial
 government and Imperial expendi-
 ture.

The principle involved is so funda-
 mental, so essential that its surren-
 der or violation would imperil the whole
 fabric of responsible self-govern-
 ment.

LOW WATER MARK

George W. Perkins criticized the
 note, declaring that the United
 States is not ready for peace.
 "Declaration of peace will auto-
 matically put many of our men out
 of work and will give employment to
 many of Europe's laborers," he
 pointed out.

The above was clipped from a
 number of comments on the Presi-
 dent's peace note by prominent men
 as given in the New York Times.

Comments of all sorts, of course,
 there have been, from enthusiastic
 praise to fierce condemnation. But
 Mr. Perkins, the prominent Republi-
 can and sometime prominent Pro-
 gressive, strikes a note peculiarly

his very own. Peace would throw a
 lot of Americans out of work!

Time was when abandoned men
 deliberately lured ships on to the
 rocks that they might profit from
 the spoils of the wreck. Here
 is a rare instance of evolution.
 The wreckers' philosophy finds its
 appropriate twentieth century de-
 velopment in George W. Perkins'
 political solicitude for American
 labor menaced by an untimely peace.

A day or so after Mr. Perkins issued
 a lengthy signed statement finding
 fault with President Wilson's Note,
 but on other grounds. Perhaps
 someone pointed out to him that his
 first comment as reported had
 touched a new low water mark even
 in American politics.

RUTHENIAN PRESBYTERIANS

Speaking of the darker side of
 proselytism as practiced by the Jews
 Dr. Smith says: "Where force was
 not in their power, they obtained
 their ends by most unscrupulous
 fraud. Those who were most active
 in proselytizing were precisely those
 whose teaching all that was most
 true and living had departed. The
 vices of the Jew were grafted on
 the vices of the heathen who was
 released from the obligations which
 he had before recognized."

Three or four years ago proselytizing
 Presbyterians in Canada were so
 lost to all sense of honesty or
 shame that they had Ruthenian
 converts masquerade as priests, and,
 dressed in the sacerdotal vestments,
 travesty the Holy Sacrifice of the
 Mass, in their devilish zeal to seduce
 Ruthenian Catholics from the faith
 of their fathers.

If proselytizers, Jew or Gentile,
 Greek or barbarian, ever before
 obtained their ends by more "un-
 scrupulous fraud" than this, we have
 never heard of it. "Woe to you
 Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites;
 because you go round about sea and
 land to make one proselyte; and
 when he is made, you make him
 the child of hell two-fold more than your-
 selves." (Matt. xxiii. 15.)

This unholo zeal animated by
 naked and unashamed hatred of the
 Catholic Church is recalled by the
 press accounts of a Ruthenian Pres-
 byterian synod at Saskatoon. The
 first day's proceedings were so lively
 that several delegates had to be
 ejected from the meeting. The next
 day was not altogether dull either,
 as may be gathered from this press
 despatch:

Saskatoon, Dec. 28.—The session of
 the Ruthenian Presbyterian Synod
 in St. Thomas' Church to-day was
 even more exciting than the stormy
 session of yesterday.

M. Zary, of Canora, had been
 addressing the meeting for about
 five minutes when Mayor Young
 came in. Recognizing the mayor,
 Chairman Bodruk told M. Zary that
 he should confine his remarks to an
 additional three minutes, whereupon
 M. Zary reached into his coat pocket
 and drew out an egg, which he
 threw at the chairman. Rev. Mr.
 Bodruk ducked under the table.

Missing the chairman with his first
 egg, Zary immediately turned and
 threw another egg at Paul Grath,
 secretary of the meeting, which
 struck him on the shoulder. At the
 same time Grath, thinking that
 Chairman Bodruk had been tumbled
 over by a stone, picked up his table
 and dropped it on the head of Zary,
 who was standing just in front of
 the chairman's platform. Zary then
 made a break for the door, running
 the gauntlet of blows and kicks from
 the other delegates.

GOD'S NEARNESS TO US

Many outside the fold are shocked
 at our familiarity with God which is
 a commonplace amongst us. That
 we should locate Him in our taber-
 nacles, look upon Him, touch Him
 with our hands, and even receive
 Him upon our tongue seems to them
 not only irreverent but incredible.
 Yet it is precisely because God is so
 near to us in the Catholic Church
 that the truth of her mission is con-
 firmed, that the seal of the Divinity
 is stamped upon her. All her marks
 are, in a measure, contained in this
 one, that she brings God into the
 midst of His people. If she is one, it
 is because God, who is one, dwells in
 her and in her faithful members who
 are His temples. If she is holy, it is
 chiefly because the souls of her children
 are nourished with the flesh and blood
 of Him who is the source of all holiness,
 and who, in a visible manner,
 is received into the heart of each
 communicant. If she is Catholic, it
 is because she is not a mere aggrega-
 tion of individuals, but a living
 organism, animated by the Spirit of
 God, bound to expand and develop,
 ever ancient and ever young with
 divine vitality. If she is apostolic,
 it is because she walked with God in
 Galilee, yea, even put her hand into

the place of the nails and into His
 sacred side.

These thoughts have been suggest-
 ed to us by the great mystery of the
 Incarnation which we are these days
 commemorating. The outstanding
 feature of that great mystery is that
 it brought God so close to us, in the
 very midst of His people, that He
 became our Emmanuel. In this not
 only were our longings satisfied, but
 also the yearnings of the heart of
 God; for He has told us that His
 delights are to dwell with the chil-
 dren of men. In the Garden, Adam
 walked and conversed with God, and
 that happy familiarity would have
 continued had not sin intervened.
 One of the greatest penalties of sin
 inflicted upon the people of the Old
 Law was that it deprived them of the
 presence of God; for in the day of
 His wrath He retired into His inac-
 cessible heaven and left the world
 gloomy and desolate. If the Jews
 build for themselves idols of gold
 and copper and clay, it was because
 they desired to have the object of
 their worship in their midst.

The Incarnation satisfied that
 longing in a manner far transcending
 the most sanguine of human hopes.
 God not only came back to earth, but
 was made flesh and dwelt amongst
 us. He became a child among chil-
 dren, a man among men. Bethlehem
 is reproduced wherever there is a
 Catholic Church. The Incarnation
 is perpetuated by the priest at the
 altar, and thus God's abiding pres-
 ence with us is assured for all time.
 Those terms of endearment which
 we have heard from the lips of some
 good pious woman: "O my darling
 Jesus!" "O my sweet Saviour!" are
 indications of a lively vivid faith in
 this personal presence. It is because
 of belief in the Eucharist that that
 other presence by which God is
 everywhere by reason of His essence,
 exercising His providence over each
 of us, is more easily realized. If we
 believe that He is personally present
 in every Catholic Church throughout
 the world, it is easier to believe that
 He is "not far from each one of us,
 about our path and about our bed
 and spith out all our ways. Destroy
 belief in the Eucharist, and you
 destroy belief in God's Providence.

The world outside the Church
 today gives us a sad illustration of
 this. It has banished His Eucharis-
 tic presence, and is thus left with-
 out God, more forsaken and desolate
 than were the Jews of old; for there
 is not even the cloud by day and the
 pillar of fire by night to guide or
 shelter its children. Being thus
 abandoned, it has, like the Israelites,
 made for itself gods, erected idols of
 wealth, of power, of pleasure and of
 culture. These are today being
 smashed to powder. Truly a dis-
 illusioned, war-weary and grief-
 stricken world feels the need of God's
 personal presence today. A god who
 is a mere abstraction, a pantheistic
 personification of nature, a vague
 nebulous deity to be politely referred
 to in official State pronouncements,
 offers little consolation to the broken-
 hearted wife or mother whose
 husband or son is lying in some
 unknown grave on the banks of the
 Somme. What her heart yearns for
 is the living presence of the Divine
 Comforter. She knows that He has
 said "Come to Me all you who labor
 and are heavily burdened and I will
 refresh you." But how can she go to
 Him? Like Magdalen at the door of
 the empty sepulchre, she cries out in
 her anguish "They have stolen away
 my Lord and I know not where they
 have laid Him." Hence, thank God,
 the world is turning to that Church
 that has perpetuated God's presence
 in our midst. On bended knees,
 beneath the lamp of the tabernacle,
 many of its sorrowful children are
 realizing that peace promised to
 people of good will on the night of
 Christ's Nativity.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S
 LETTER
 FEUDALISM DOOMED IN
 ENGLAND

IRELAND SHOWED THE WAY. REVOLU-
 TIONARY CHANGES AFTER THE
 WAR

Special Cable to the Catholic Record
 (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, Dec. 30.—The attitude of
 this country toward the American
 peace proposals has undergone some
 alterations during the week. The
 first impressions of the President's
 note were strongly resentful, especial-
 ly because of the passage in the note
 which suggested that the objects of
 both sides were practically identical.
 Every man here and in the allied
 countries regard Germany as an out-
 law nation which first forced war
 upon the world and then conducted
 it with a savagery unexampled since
 the Middle Ages. Again Germany
 was mentioned in the note as appar-
 ently equally anxious for the rights
 of small nations at the very moment
 when the old savageries of the begin-
 ning of the war were renewed daily
 in the treatment of Belgium, as
 genuinely as other countries,
 especially England, who has suffered
 gigantic losses of life and treasure in
 this war, just because Belgium and
 other small nations were assailed.

All of this is felt to be more than
 human nature can endure especially
 from a country like America, which
 is akin to England, and France in
 the democratic spirit; the love of
 liberty and in the hatred and horror
 over cruelties such as those prac-
 ticed on the Belgians, Serbs and
 Armenians. Moreover, the synchron-
 izing, though apparently accidental,
 of the President's note with the Ger-
 man peace proposals, which the
 Allies put down to Germany's grow-
 ing sense of weakness seems suspi-
 ciously unfriendly coming at a moment
 that saw Germany's strength waning
 and that of the Allies gradually
 reaching its zenith. Therefore
 President Wilson has been likened to
 an unfair referee who breaks up a
 boxing match when the favorite is
 going down to inevitable defeat.

However, these impressions have
 been somewhat modified by the sug-
 gestions advanced by various writers,
 both English and American, that the
 President's note mentions the claims
 of the belligerents, not as they are,
 but as they profess to be, and meant
 taking Germany's professions at their
 face value without enquiring
 further. From this there came next

ably be found when the fog lifts that
 the British army now holds all the front
 from a point near Dixmude, on the
 Yser, to a point on the Somme im-
 mediately west of Peronne.

Official reports tell of great aerial
 activity on the part of the French
 and British airmen directed specially
 against the blast furnaces and munition
 plants of the enemy in Lor-
 raine.

At almost the other end of the far-
 flung battle-line British aviators are
 busy. They bombarded Turkish
 camps at Galata, on the Gallipoli
 Peninsula, on Tuesday, and on Wed-
 nesday another group wrecked an
 important railway bridge east of
 Adana, in Southern Asia Minor.

Greece is once more in the lime-
 light. A sensational report has been
 sent out from Saloniki by the Veniz-
 elos party to the effect that the
 Greek troops which surrendered to the
 Bulgars at Kavala and were
 thereafter interned in Germany had
 been ordered by King Constantine to
 proceed to the Macedonian front to
 fight against the Allies. The block-
 ade by the Allied fleets of Greece's
 ports and coasts is still in force, and
 the Government of Greece has
 addressed a note to the Entente
 powers pointing out the growing
 popular resentment against the
 blockade.

The Russians continue to retire in
 Roumania, fighting stubborn rear-
 guard actions. Petrograd admits
 that in Eastern Wallacia the Czar's
 troops have retired to the line of the
 Rinnik. Berlin says that the Rus-
 sians have been fighting fiercely to
 recover the ground lost on Tuesday
 and on the previous days near
 Rinnik-Sarat, but that after the
 Russian counter-attacks failed Prus-
 sian and Bavarian infantry "stam-
 ped" the Russians from their new
 positions. Farther south also
 strongly entrenched Russian lines
 were pierced. Three thousand
 prisoners were taken, making a total
 of 10,220 Russians captured by
 Mackensen's army in the battle
 around Rinnik-Sarat. It is clear
 from the German references to the
 nature of the fighting that the Rus-
 sians are causing the Germans
 heavy losses in these struggles.

Along the Moldavian frontier,
 about seventy miles to the north of
 the Wallachian front, the Germans
 are displaying renewed activity.
 Petrograd reports the occupation by
 the enemy of a series of heights near
 Sezmezo. This attack is the first
 sign of a revival of the original Ger-
 man plan of driving across Moldavia
 direct toward Odessa at a point suffi-
 ciently far north to avoid the very
 difficult country in the delta of the
 Danube. The Dobruja advance has
 been of less benefit in the working
 out of the German plan of campaign
 than Mackensen at first anticipated,
 and the Russian forces still on the
 south side of the Danube, aided by
 British armored cars, are causing the
 Germans heavy losses, and tenaciously
 guarding the river crossings.—Globe
 Dec. 29.

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Another witness to this dawn of a new era in English life is Lord Northcliffe. No man in England keeps his ear closer to the ground. He is fortunate in having no party affiliations, after the manner of politicians, in political life; and he is not bound by any opinions whatever in the more cut and thrust of ordinary political warfare. But he has been in sympathy for the most part with the Tory Party; is a Jingo like them; was one of the first to support Mr. Chamberlain in the anti-Liberal policy of Protection; and once stood, fortunately for him without any success, as a Tory for a Parliamentary constituency. Recently, as everybody knows, he has made a tour of all the battle fronts, and he has published his impressions. In one of his chapters he uses these remarkable words, talking of the conversations he had with the Tommies; the speaker in this instance had been a gamekeeper and a Tory when he was in civil life; but this is what he said:

"The men in the dug-outs talk of a good many subjects, but there is one on which they are all agreed. That is the land question. They are not going back as labourers, or as tenants, but as owners. Lots of them have used their eyes and learned much about small farming here."

And this is what another Tommy said:

"Many will go to Canada; some to Australia, I daresay, but I am one of those who mean to have a little bit of 'Blighty' for myself. We see enough in France to know that a man and his family can manage a bit of land for themselves and live well on it."

A final factor in producing this revolutionary state of feeling in the most Conservative race in the world, is the comparatively big figure of the allowances to the wives and dependents of the soldiers left behind. A woman with four or five children now gets upwards of a pound a week from her soldier husband; but when he was at home his wages in some counties was fourteen shillings a week; the wife has once and a half more now and without her husband to keep; does anybody suppose she will go back after the war to fourteen shillings a week?

Thus, then, we have land revolution as already an effect of the war. The submarine has done nothing so wonderful as this in even its extraordinary career. But the other irony of the situation is that the consecration of this idea of land revolution by a Ministry combined of Tories and Labourites, has been carried out by a Welshman who was brought up in fierce hatred of the landlord, and once had to help out the living of his mother, sister and brother by cultivating a little bit of garden.

ALFRED A. SINNOTT

BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND FAVOR OF APOSTOLIC SEE ARCHBISHOP OF WINNIPEG

AND TO THE SAME HOLY SEE IMMEDIATELY SUBJECT

To the Clergy and Faithful of the Archdiocese: Health and Benediction in the Lord.

Venerable Brethren and Dearly Beloved in Christ Jesus:

At the moment of entering this new Archdiocese to take up our pastoral ministry, we desire to address to you a word of greeting. And for this purpose it would be difficult to find anything more appropriate, or more expressive of our solicitude and affection for you, than the oft-repeated salutation of the Apostle of the Gentiles to his faithful children: "Grace be to you, and peace from God the Father and from Our Lord Jesus Christ." We come to you as minister of Him Who was foretold by the Prophet as the Prince of Peace (Is. ix. 6) who announced His coming in a message of peace to men of good will, and who after His Resurrection was wont to salute His apostles with the words: *Pax vobis*; "Peace be with you" (John xx. 19). A truly sweet and most beautiful greeting this, summing up as it does the *sensum Christi* (I Cor. ii. 16), the mind of Christ, the sentiments, in other words, which the Saviour of mankind desired to communicate to His Church and to implant in the hearts of all His faithful followers. The sad condition of the world at the present moment, the coming festival of Christmas, the mission which we come to accomplish amongst you, seem to suggest to us this theme of peace, as the most suitable to the occasion.

No one seems to have described peace in words more apt or just than that luminous of the early Church, Saint Augustine. "It is," he says, "a disposition or condition of things, like and unlike, assigning to each its proper place." More briefly still, but not less eloquently, he defines it as "tranquillitas ordinis," that is, tranquillity of order, or an orderly and harmonious tranquillity. Applying this thought to the higher life of the soul and viewing it with reference to the spiritual welfare of mankind, we may say that there can be no orderly tranquillity unless based upon charity, in other words, we cannot be at peace unless we love God, our neighbor and ourselves. The foundations of peace are laid deep upon the great commandment of Christ, which is the fulfillment of the whole law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole

heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself" (Luke x. 27). It follows from this that, in order to possess perfect peace three things are necessary, namely: friendship with God, concord with our neighbor, and order within ourselves.

FRIENDSHIP WITH GOD

God is the beginning and end of all things, the Sovereign Lord of the Universe, the Author of our being, the Source and Centre of life and truth and blessing. "In Him we live and move and have our being" (Acts xvii. 28). Not to recognize the hand that made us, to refuse God the homage which is His due, to offend Him by breaking His commandments, are absurdities in the order of thought. It would appear inconceivable that the creature fresh from the Creator's mold, should turn and deny, question or insult the Artificer Who made and fashioned the clay. God has created our intellect, and must it know all else but Him, or esteem that knowledge least which is the greatest? God has created our heart, and must it love all else but Him Who is infinitely lovable and of Whom the charm and beauty of creatures is but the faintest reflection? God has created our will, and must its function to choose and determine cease to operate where the fruits are permanent and everlasting?

It is then the obvious and imperious duty of man, in all his activities, whether considered individually or collectively, to pay homage and worship to God and to conform intelligently and will to the divine revelation and precepts. Were we not to live eternally, but to cease with the grave, the privilege of knowing and loving God, even in this mortal sphere, would be worth all the trials and uncertainties and miseries of human life. Reason alone would teach us this duty, but God has manifested it unmistakably, at sundry times and in divers manners by the voice of patriarch and prophet, and, last of all and most clearly, by the life and teaching of His Incarnate Son, Jesus Christ Our Lord (Hebr. i. 1).

Of the essence of the Christian religion is the spirit of worship and prayer, that humble, loving recognition of God by adoration and praise and the living of our lives in His abiding presence. It is likewise a fundamental principle of the Christian religion that peace can be found alone in the friendship and service of God. What a folly it is to seek an enduring good but in Him, or to hope for rest, or tranquillity, or happiness, if we have not peace with Him! On this point the words of St. Augustine are well worthy of our serious attention: "What is it to have peace with God, if not to will what He commands, and to avoid what He forbids?" To conform our will to the divine will, to model our actions on the divine precepts, to flee from everything contrary to the divine law, this is to have peace with God. When we love and serve God in the perfect calm of our spirit, we experience the truest and deepest satisfaction of which life is capable. "Much peace," says the Psalmist, "have they that love Thy law, and to them there is no stumbling block" (Ps. cxviii. 165). They on the contrary who depart from the ways of the Lord in vain seek peace, for "there is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord" (Isaias xvii. 22).

And what is true of the individual is likewise true of the nation: its peace and its tranquillity rest upon the recognition, the worship and the service of God. When nations depart from this duty, lamentable indeed are the consequences. How pertinent even today, after the lapse of more than half a century, are the words of the illustrious Pontiff, Pius IX., of blessed memory: "When religion is ostracized from civil society and the doctrine and authority of divine revelation is repudiated, even the genuine notion of justice and human right is involved in darkness and is lost. In the place of true justice and legitimate right, material force is substituted. No wonder then that, putting aside the principles of sound reason, there are those who dare proclaim that the will of the people, made manifest by what they call public opinion or otherwise, constitutes the supreme law, independent of all right, divine and human, and that in the political order any accomplished fact, merely because it is an accomplished fact, obtains the force of right" ("Quanta cura," Dec. 31st, 1864). It is necessary therefore, that all should be convinced that friendship with God is the foundation of peace, not alone of the individual, but of society as well—not indeed in the sense of those who admit or claim that religion is useful for the maintenance of external tranquillity in the state, but above all in the Christian and Catholic sense, according to which religion is the highest social duty whereby the union of all in God's service lays the foundation of peace among men.

Happily, in our country we have not to deplore the public denial of God by the state, and the positive irreligion and gross indifference which governments have proclaimed elsewhere. Here the name of God is revered and honored by public authority. Here the civil law sanctions the proper and decorous observance of the Day set apart to the Lord. Here religion is respected and the Church is free to exercise her beneficent mission. It is a happy privilege to live in a land where we can perform our duties as citizens without obstacle or hindrance to the allegi-

ance which, as Catholics, we owe the Church. It is quite natural, therefore, that, in the discharge of the obligations to civil authority which the Church is never weary of enjoining upon us as subjects, that in the fulfillment of our duties of respect, obedience and loyalty, affection should long since have taken for us the place of force or fear. On the other hand it would be too much to say, that we have no sacrifice to make, or no price to pay, for the inestimable blessing of being Catholics. Our country is not entirely free from those violent prejudices which oftentimes engender contention and strife, and not unfrequently impose disability or suffering for conscience' sake. This, however, will never warrant any flinching from the discharge of our duties as citizens, rather the more and more faithful performance of these duties will but justify us in indulging the hope, that the counsels of moderation prevailing, the sources of discord may be removed.

CONCORD WITH OUR NEIGHBOR

The second element of perfect peace is concord with our neighbor. If peace with God be the fruit of our love for Him and the result of our faithful obedience to His holy law, peace with our neighbor is the effect of that sincere charity, by which we love our fellowman, notwithstanding his shortcomings or even in spite of the real offences which he may be guilty of in our regard. But in what does this sincere charity consist? Many speak and extol nowadays the praises of philanthropy and altruism, thinking perhaps that they are one and the same thing with charity. In this, however, they are greatly mistaken. We do not pretend that philanthropy and altruism are evil in themselves, or that they do not at times produce real benefits; we desire only to point out that they are quite distinct from, charity and cannot be the basis of peace with our neighbor. Inasmuch as charity is a virtue whereby we love God for His own sake and our fellowmen for His sake, its object is two-fold, one primary and the other secondary. The primary object of charity is God Himself, infinitely perfect and worthy to be loved for His own goodness. The secondary object is the rational creature in so far as he is a sharer in the divine goodness. Philanthropy, as the name itself indicates, considers in man his human nature, charity contemplates in him the image of his Maker. The former relieves the material wants of man, for an earthly end: the latter ministers to his spiritual needs as well, from a motive supernatural and divine. We may move mountains in our zeal for our neighbor's good, but if we have not charity, it profits us nothing (I Cor. xiii. 8). Unless a real love of our neighbor as the object of Christ's predilection be ever active within us, unless we seek to feed, clothe or warm the body alone, but are animated by the ulterior and nobler motive of feeding, clothing and warming the soul as well, we are but qualifying under that category of neither cold nor warm, upon whom has fallen the rejection of Christ: "Not every one that saith to Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven" (Matt. vii. 21). Never was the brotherhood of man so emphasized as at the present day, and yet never perhaps was disorder so rife in the world as today. The reason of this, is that the notion of true charity has all but vanished, and with it have gone the peace and tranquillity of society, hatred and strife taking their place.

Venerable Brethren of the Clergy, it is to you particularly that Our word is here addressed. As ministers of the Prince of Peace, as dispensers of His Word and His mercies in the sanctuary, we have the supreme duty to show forth the charity of Christ in our daily life and, by our example more than by our words, to lead and guide our people in the path of Christian charity. "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another" (John xiii. 35). Our duty is not to foster, much less to multiply, sources of discord amongst men, but to nurture in them the flame of mutual love and promote whatever makes for concord and better understanding. To the words which the Holy Father, in his recent letter to the Canadian Episcopate, borrows from St. Augustine, if, amongst us, for any reason whatsoever, "the vessels of the flesh are strained, then let the bounds of charity be enlarged." Thus may we hope that the God of peace and of love shall be with us.

PEACE WITH OURSELVES

This is, in other words, order and tranquillity in our passions, in our senses, in our faculties, in our soul, in our whole being. How shall we obtain this peace with ourselves? It may be a paradox to the worldly-minded, but it is a very solemn truth, confirmed by experience, that peace with ourselves can be secured only by war against ourselves, by war against our vices, war against our passions, war against our evil inclinations. This is the warfare to which Our Lord referred, when He said: "I came not to send peace, but the sword" (Matt. x. 34). We are at peace with ourselves, when our passions are restrained, when our animal propensities are obedient to reason, and when our reason, in turn, complies with the divine commands. "And so it is," says the admirable book, *The Following of Christ*, "by resisting our passions that we are to find true peace of heart, and not by being

slaves to them. There is no peace, therefore, in the heart of a carnal man, nor in a man who is given to outward things, but in the fervent and spiritual man" (Following of Christ, Book I, chap. vi).

In these days of preparation for the great festival of Christmas Holy Church seems to dwell more lovingly on the words of the Psalmist: "Mercy and truth have met each other: justice and peace have kissed" (Ps. lxxv. 11). And St. Augustine, commenting these last words, says: "Wouldst thou have peace? Do justice. The two are friends. Perchance thou desirest the one and dost not the other. There is no man, who doth not wish for peace, but not all are willing to work justice." Without God, Venerable Brethren and Dearly Beloved in Christ Jesus, it is impossible to have peace, even with ourselves, for, as the same St. Augustine exclaims: "Thou hast made us, O Lord, Thyself, and our heart is restless, until it rest in Thee."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Twenty million children in the United States do not attend church or Sunday school, and have no opportunity for religious training; fifteen million children between the ages of five and twenty years have never been to Sunday school at all. Such, according to the Denver Catholic Register, is the statement made by the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau. In an attempt to find a partial remedy for these conditions the Board of Education for the District of Columbia recently accepted the plan suggested by Dr. Crafts of placing upon the wall of each class room a chart displaying the Ten Commandments. "The same to be those accepted by representatives of twenty-six denominations, including Gentiles and Jews." The effort to hold back by a scroll the wave of paganism that threatens to sweep over the country is pathetic.

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"I prevented him from striking her." "Take your daughter; I won't try to stop you. But you have no right to strike her here at the mission."

"He laid hold of her and tried to drag her after him. In vain. The poor child threw herself on the ground and would not get budge. Thereupon I told her she should obey her father. Immediately she flew up and began to run home. She got rather than ran, and her father overtake her or even keep up with her. As soon as she thought her father played out, she slackened her pace, yet always managing to keep in advance of him and going in the direction of home."

"On reaching the hut after her, the father attempted to beat her; but she warned him if he did she would return straightway to the mission. The father exhausted himself in the attempt and then lay down to sleep. When the girl saw this she started back for the mission, in spite of her weariness, and arrived here about 7 o'clock that night. She has been with us since, and her father hasn't molested her."

The conduct of this negro girl ought to put to shame many of our Catholic girls. Here was a young creature whose determination to become a Christian could not be shaken by the cruel tyranny of a father. How many Catholic girls are there who might learn an object lesson from this girl's devotion to a faith which she knew only from a distance!

There are few cases—none have come to our attention—of Catholic girls who encounter the opposition of their parents when about to perform their religious duties. On the contrary, Catholic parents, as a rule, use all the suasive powers at their command to induce their grown-up children to go to Mass on Sundays and to receive the sacraments regularly. And what do we find? There are not a few Catholic young men and young women who ignore the exhortation of their parents and seem to be just as eager to drift into paganism as the young Kaffir girl above described was anxious to become a Christian.

Every Catholic young man or young woman should belong to the Young Men's or Young Ladies' Sodality of the parish. Most parents urge their sons and daughters to join, for they feel that membership in such societies safeguards their faith and morals. But no, some of the young people know more than their parents. They say that they don't like the "crowd." However, frequently of the kind that holds parties on Saturday nights until the early morning of the next day. On Sunday then, going to Mass becomes an irksome business, and if parents did not insist on their going, the young man or young woman would probably miss Mass altogether.

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The secret of success is to do as well as one possibly can.

Why do Catholic boys go astray? As a general rule, Catholic boys, as well as other boys, are neglected just at that period when they need most attention and proper care. It is true the school teachers and the mothers look after them until the age of twelve and thirteen, and from that period until they are twenty-one they are left to themselves, and when they have reached that age they find that all is not gold that glitters and they begin to realize that they have been deceived, that the pleasures that were handed to them were like painted fruit.

A KAFFIR GIRL'S LOYALTY

CATHOLIC GIRLS LEARN OBJECT LESSON FROM PAGAN GIRL

Father Cupe, a Missionary priest in Africa, writes to the Sodality of St. Peter Claver about the way a young negro girl became a Christian despite the strenuous opposition of her father. He says:

"About a month ago a young Kaffir girl, seventeen or eighteen years old, came to the mission school. 'I want to be a Christian,' she said."

"Very well, I answered; 'but do your parents approve of your coming to us and remaining at the mission?'"

"No; I ran away."

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There are few cases—none have come to our attention—of Catholic girls who encounter the opposition of their parents when about to perform their religious duties. On the contrary, Catholic parents, as a rule, use all the suasive powers at their command to induce their grown-up children to go to Mass on Sundays and to receive the sacraments regularly. And what do we find? There are not a few Catholic young men and young women who ignore the exhortation of their parents and seem to be just as eager to drift into paganism as the young Kaffir girl above described was anxious to become a Christian.

Every Catholic young man or young woman should belong to the Young Men's or Young Ladies' Sodality of the parish. Most parents urge their sons and daughters to join, for they feel that membership in such societies safeguards their faith and morals. But no, some of the young people know more than their parents. They say that they don't like the "crowd." However, frequently of the kind that holds parties on Saturday nights until the early morning of the next day. On Sunday then, going to Mass becomes an irksome business, and if parents did not insist on their going, the young man or young woman would probably miss Mass altogether.

How strikingly does the conduct of the Kaffir girl contrast with the religious indifference of many Catholic girls! A pagan she could not be deterred from satisfying the longing of her soul even though her father beat her unmercifully. And to think that there are some Catholic girls—and also young men—who possess this priceless heritage of faith, but do not cherish it.—The Echo.

Very well, I answered; "but do your parents approve of your coming to us and remaining at the mission?"

"No; I ran away."

"Two days later her brother came at the instance of her father."

"I am looking for a young girl," he explained, "Ngi ya funa-intombazana."

"Do you mean to say that I have taken her from you?"

"No." Presently he went away.

"In spite of this I felt sure the incident was not closed. And so it proved: for the next morning the angry father put in an appearance."

"Look for your daughter, if you wish, and claim her; for I haven't taken her from you."

"He looked high and low, but didn't find her, for the girl was really in hiding. Finally he went away—at least we thought he did. The hour for Mass drew near, the bell rang and every one went to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. This is what the father had waited for. When the poor child came out of the church with the others, he fell upon her."

"I prevented him from striking her." "Take your daughter; I won't try to stop you. But you have no right to strike her here at the mission."

"He laid hold of her and tried to drag her after him. In vain. The poor child threw herself on the ground and would not get budge. Thereupon I told her she should obey her father. Immediately she flew up and began to run home. She got rather than ran, and her father overtake her or even keep up with her. As soon as she thought her father played out, she slackened her pace, yet always managing to keep in advance of him and going in the direction of home."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Redmond
FIRST SUNDAY AFTER NEW YEAR'S DAY

LESSON FROM THE OBEDIENCE OF ST. JOSEPH

"And he arose, and took the Child and His Mother and came into the land of Israel." (Matt. ii, 21)

The prompt obedience of St. Joseph at the slightest imitation of the will of heaven in all the varied circumstances in which he had to guard the divine infant, is highly worthy of our consideration and imitation. At the angel's request, he left Bethlehem under the most unfavorable circumstances and took the divine infant and His mother into Egypt. The order to depart, which was obeyed as soon as given, came to him in the depths of the night, when he was ill prepared for the journey. The same promptitude marked his departure from Egypt to return to Israel. Had St. Joseph less virtue, he might have seen cause for complaint, that God did not strike the arm of Herod raised against His divine Son, and save Him the perilous journey. Or he might have murmured, that previous notice had not been given him, so that he could have made suitable preparation for the journey, and becoming provision for the comfort of the divine infant and His mother. He might even have questioned the angel's statement, that it was to hostile Egypt and not to the friendly country of the Magi that he should go. But no, heaven's imitation found quick, unquestioning response in the "just man Joseph." To him the yoke was sweet and the burden light. Trials, as they wait they may in themselves, are "sweet and light" to the man of real virtue. If this be not our experience, it is because we either have no real virtue, or at least have only an inferior degree. The closed and the open volumes of the history of men's lives will one day show, that the trials of truly Christian people are more numerous and even heavier in themselves, than those of the indifferent, the irreligious, the wicked, excepting the evils that attend and follow sin. This should not be a surprise, since our Lord—the Model, the Leader of the Christian ranks—has traced the way bearing His Cross, and, in fact, has made the Cross the hallowed standard under which He must be followed by His disciples. Trials, therefore, are the portion of true Christians, and the signs that they are the beloved and favored of God.

A decidedly marked contrast is exhibited between the disposition of the worldly in trials, and that of the truly Christian man. All solid comfort is wanting to the former; he flares, he profanes, he murmurs, he despairs. Not so the latter, who is blessed with a divine unction that alleviates, and with comforts which affords, in the most dire circumstances, a sweetness more than earthly. All this has its source in the strengthening grace of Jesus Christ abiding in his soul, without which real virtue is impossible. Whilst sufficient grace is denied to no one, only the true Christian receives a superabundance. Hence it is clear that the true Christian has a decided advantage in trials over the indifferent, and still more over those who are entirely indisposed to receive divine grace. God thus redeems His promise to be with the true Christian in tribulation. Is such a man assaulted by a violent temptation? God's grace makes the attack prove advantageous to his soul. Is his experience in this world very trying to nature? God's grace enables him to sigh the more ardently for the comforts of heaven. Is he like the members of the "Holy Family," despised and persecuted? With the inspired one of the Scriptures, he says in his heart: "The Lord is my helper; I will not fear what men shall do to me." In fine, all the pressures and afflictions that would be entirely intolerable to the man without divine grace, are to him because of the interior unction of grace in his soul, light and easy. "The yoke shall be destroyed, because of the anointing." How have we conducted ourselves in crosses? Has our disposition displayed a want of strength? If so, our duty is clear. If we would imitate (the prompt obedience and resignation of St. Joseph, and of tens of thousands who have thus proved the sanctity of the Church, edified the world, and merited the eternal comforts of heaven which they now enjoy, we must earnestly aim to increase God's grace in our souls. Had we no other motive than to make the sufferings of this life light and sweet, it should suffice to set us earnestly to work. So long as we dwell in this "vale of tears," sufferings from one cause or other will be our portion. Be the condition which we select what it may, turn whithersoever we please, crosses in their varied forms await us. Is it not, then, our interest to have the power to make them easy and profitable? This blessing is the exclusive outcome of a good stock of divine grace in the soul. Have we been impatient and fretful at every circumstance that thwarted our inclinations? Has our sensitiveness, which could not brook neglect or imaginary affront, been our torment? Has every cross been an insupportable affliction? Has our sloth turned every duty into an intolerable task? If so, our case is clear. We need a good stock of divine grace. Without this, all our resolutions will fall short of execution; this, and this

only, is the remedy. Save by the unction of God's grace, true Christian happiness in this life and eternal happiness in the next is unattainable. Let us sound our hearts. Is there one of us that is not in quest of happiness? Behold, then, the heavenly gold with which it is purchased. It is within the reach of every one of us. We have but to becomingly cooperate with the first installment to procure a second, and so on, till we have a superabundance. Then, and not till then, will we fully realize the signification of Our Blessed Lord's words: "My yoke is sweet and My burden is light."

TEMPERANCE

SELF-SACRIFICE OF TOTAL ABSTAINERS

The aim of the total abstainer is to produce the most beautiful aspect of the true Christian life—self-restraint—in a life which should be the fitting and proper life of a child of the great Catholic Church. And such virtuous life of self-restraint should not be considered the exception, but the general rule. Whenever and wherever the vice of drink prevails, the demand on Catholics for total abstinence is imperative and should be as willingly and promptly responded to, as the call to arms is answered by loyal citizens in time of dire danger to their country's welfare. Sacrifices, we know, are readily made for temporal things. How much more so when the sacrifice is made for souls which are of eternal worth! We honor our flag for the glorious achievements won under its fold, and remembering its glory, we would willingly die to uphold and maintain its prestige. The cross of Christ is the glorious standard of many a victorious battle—millions have gone down in its defense and for its glory. Its conquest is indicative of eternal rest and joy. The standard bearer is the Eternal Son of God, who never considered the cost in His conquest for souls. He says: "Follow Me." But an unbridled appetite is too heavy an encumbrance, if we would keep up with such a leader. Shall we who are strong encourage the weak? "Whatever you do for the least of My brethren you do for Me."—The Rev. Francis Tobin, S. J., Richmond, Va.

HOW DOES ONE BECOME A DRUNKARD?

The reply to this question may seem strange and contradictory to some, but we hope to show its perfect accuracy. One becomes a drunkard without his own knowledge or desire. Where will you find the drinker who will willingly accept in exchange for the temporary services which alcohol will give him, the sad consequences which that passion fatally carries with it? There is not one drinker in existence who, although he may see the results of drink in others and deplore the excess to which they go, yet dares admit to himself that possibly he, too, may reach that same excess, and that others will look upon him as an awful example of the evil of intemperance. The consequences of indulgence will in some way, he hopes, pass him by; if indeed his mind ever pauses to consider this phase of the question. But as a general rule, he does not think, he does not even suspect, that he can become the finished product of drink. He exposes himself to the same temptations, he satisfies his appetite whenever it makes the demand for drink, now and then he even feels the effects, but he excuses himself, and neither sees nor wishes to reach the pitfalls into which his neighbor has cast himself. Where is the young man of twenty years of age, who is strong and robust, with his appetites in check to a certain extent; or, where is the honest and happy father of a family, the lawyer, the physician, who says to himself at the beginning of his career as a drunkard: "I know where this passion for strong drink, to which I am beginning to yield, will lead me. Under its influence my intelligence will sink gradually lower and lower and will finally become destroyed; my will and my memory will follow that ruin; and my heart will disappear. In the place of the strong and sweet affections which to-day I have for my family, I will have only a feeling of hatred, indifference, or even hatred."—Sacred Heart Review.

PROTESTANT WRITERS WHO DEFEND "THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS"

Our Sunday Visitor
DR. LANGE
("Christliche Dogmatik," vol. ii, p. 1258. Ed. 1899-1902)
"Scripture demands the recognition that the triumphant spirits in heaven, the faithful on earth, and the suffering pious stand in an intimate intercourse with one another."
CHARLES KINGSLEY
("Letters and Memorials," vol. ii, p. 264.)
"Why should not those who are gone to the Lord be actually nearer us, not farther from us, in the heavenly world; praying for us, and it may be influencing and guiding us in a hundred ways, of which we, in our prison-house of mortality, cannot dream?"
LUTHER
(Luther's Works, Theil viii, p. 1. Aug. Ed.)
"I assert and maintain, with the whole of Christendom, that the dead saints should be venerated and invo-

ated: for who can deny that even in our days, through the saints, God visibly works wonders with the bodies and at their graves."

DR. JOHNSON
(Vol. ii, p. 38.)
"They do not worship saints; they invoke them; they only ask their prayers."

BACK AGAIN TO THE FOLD

LOFTUS HALL, COUNTY WEXFORD HAS PASSED INTO THE KEEPING OF THE BENEDICTINES

The passing of Loftus Hall into the possession of a community of Benedictine nuns will we feel, awaken more than fleeting interest in the by-gone associations of the locality in which the future convent is situated, says a writer in the Wexford (Ire.) People. It is a remarkable fact—though seldom adverted to by our historians—that this part of Ireland was evangelized before the coming of St. Patrick to our shores. The early missionaries who planted the seed of the Gospel in those southern baronies of the county of Wexford have left the impress of their spiritual toils scattered broadcast over the scenes of their apostolate—as we may see from the number of little oratories and cells that are dotted round the peninsula of Hook, and the ruined churches whose fragments still exist in the rural churchyards of the district.

THE ANGLO-NORMANS

When the Anglo-Normans came the primitive spirit of the faith treasured for almost six centuries before by the native race was not retarded, on the contrary a still greater impetus was given to the promotion of religion. Within a few years the two Benedictine abbeys—the order of Cîteaux, Dunbrody and Tintern—were founded here by the leaders of the Invasion. Preceptories and Priors, of the Knights Hospitallers and Templars were erected on the lands granted by Strongbow to his brother-in-law and companion in arms, Raymond Le Gros. Through the munificence of the same worthy knight the Castle of Fethard was built and assigned as a summer residence to the Bishop of Ferns.

It was by the Templars that the cultro veneration of St. Catherine of Alexandria, and of St. James of Compostella, was introduced, and is perpetuated in the dedication of the church and parish of Ramsgrange. They were for the most part crusaders, and to the intercession of those two patrons of their militant order they attributed many of their victories over the Saracens on the field of Palestine.

FAITH AND PERSECUTION

But there was another side to this picture of the Ages of Faith in this part of Ireland, since in the penal days that followed in the wake of the Protestant reformation few districts in our island suffered more in the withering tempest of oppression and persecution. The broad lands of Dunbrody Abbey were conferred by Henry VIII. (1538) on an Englishman, Sir Robert Etchingham, from whom they passed into the possession of the Templemore family, who retain them to the present day.

In the same year Tintern Abbey, with its belongings, was leased by the king to an adventurer, William Syntle, but were subsequently granted in perpetuity by Queen Elizabeth, to Sir Anthony Colclough (1587). The descendants of the latter still reside in a part of the abbey buildings which were adapted to the purposes of domestic requirements. The estates of the Redmond family (who were the lineal descendants of Raymond le Gros, which extended from Fethard to the point of Hook Tower, were after the Restoration given, under the Act of Settlement, to Sir Nicholas Loftus, direct heir of Adam Loftus an apostate priest, whom Elizabeth appointed Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Chancellor of Ireland and first Provost of Trinity College.

CASTLE OF THE REDMONDS

The ancient fortified castle of the Redmonds stood on the site of the present Loftus Hall, and was occupied by successive generations of the family from 1172. Its last Catholic occupant was Sir Alexander Redmond, who died in 1650. His estates being forfeited, were sixteen years after his death transferred to the Loftuses in the reign of Charles II. (1666). The members of this family were staunch adherents of the Stuarts, on which account they attained through the royal favor to the titles and dignities, firstly of the earldom and subsequently of Marquisate of Ely.

After that period no effort was spared by the spoiler to blot away the faith and traditions of the old Celtic and Norman inhabitants of the Barony of Shelburne.

OLD FAITH STILL LIVES

A colony of Lutheran Palatines (from Germany) were planted in Fethard where (some few years ago at least) the names of some of their posterity were still in evidence. But the germs of the old faith though lying dormant for close on four hundred years, seemingly, did not die, and in the ways of Divine Providence, are about to fructify once again. If our Catholic forefathers were now to awake from their death slumbers and realize that Loftus Hall, with all its weird tradi-

HEALTHIEST ONE IN THE FAMILY

No Sign Of Dropsy And Kidney Trouble Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



HATTIE WARREN

Port Robinson, Ont., July 8th, 1915. "We have used "Fruit-a-tives" in our house for over three years and have always found them a good medicine. Our little girl, Hattie, was troubled with Kidney Disease. The Doctor said she was threatened with Dropsy. Her limbs and body were all swollen and we began to think she could not live. Finally, we decided to try "Fruit-a-tives". She began to show improvement after we had given her a few tablets. In a short time, the swelling had all gone down and her flesh began to look more natural. Now she is the healthiest one in the family and has no signs of the old ailment. We can not say too much for "Fruit-a-tives" and would never be without them."

WILLIAM WARREN.

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

LIFE WAS IN HIM, BUT—

A STORY OF DANIEL O'CONNELL

Daniel O'Connell, in his career at the Bar, was rightly acclaimed by the people as "The Counsellor." He remained a stiff gowmsman to the end; he never asked for silk, and refused the judgeship offered to him. No Government ennobled him. He had two titles, but they were given him by his fellow-men, says Judge Parry in the "Cornhill Magazine." In the greater world of politics he was "The Liberator;" in his own demesne on the Munster Circuit and among the peasantry of the west, he was the Counsellor.

Of the Counsellor's intuition and quickness of perception in guessing the secret in a lying witness' heart many stories are told. He certainly had a very intimate knowledge of the thoughts and feelings of the poorer classes, but in the following story it is difficult to believe that he had not received some inkling of the real truth before he went into court. The story is told, however, as an example of his marvellous power of insight, and is, in any case, a curious record of humor, villainy and superstition. It was a will case, and the validity of the will was in dispute. The witnesses for the defence all swore that the testator had signed the will while "life was in him." Other counsel had cross-examined the witnesses, and the last witness was handed over to O'Connell. He, too, swore by the same phrase that "life was in the testator when the will was signed."

"By virtue of your oath, was he alive?" "By virtue of my oath, life was in him." "Now," continued O'Connell, with great solemnity, and assuming an air of inspiration, "I call on you in the presence of your Maker, before Whom you must one day be judged for the evidence you give here to-day, I solemnly ask, and answer me at your peril, was if not a live fly that was in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed on the will?" The witness fell on his knees, and confessed that they had indeed placed a fly in the mouth of the deceased, that they might swear that "life was in him."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

ROMEWARD

THERE IS A STRONG ROMEWARD TENDENCY IN HOLLAND

Many ministers in Holland, as in other Protestant countries, exhibit a decided leaning Romeward at present. Many, among them Sneathage, De Light, van Senden, Gerrelsen and Rutgers—all of them preachers of the Dutch Established Church—have so committed themselves recently.

Pastor Rutgers, for instance, prints in the Reformed journal Onward, that he is persuaded that "the doctrine of purgatory, spiritually understood, and viewed from the psychological standpoint, is far more rational than the frigid and indeed absurd vagaries in vogue among Protestants concerning men's hereafter." Pastor Sneathage affixes his decided approval to these sentiments, saying: "that it were well that the Dutch church had the

equivalent of the Roman doctrine of purgatory."

Dr. J. H. Gunning, in the Protestant periodical of which he is the editor, writes as follows on sacramental confession: "What blessings would accrue to us from the practice of confession followed by the imparting of pardon! We are so indoctrinated with the uttermost development of religious individualism, so absolutely limited to self in our dealings with God, and so excessively partial to self, that if only once in a while we could have access to certain chosen men to whom we could safely and reverently disclose our burden of wickedness, our sins and our battles with temptation, as well as our bitter sorrow—O what a boon of relief it would be; and then to hear from their lips in God's name the blessed assurance: 'Be of good

heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee!' How sweet it seems, and how potent, which cannot be said of our own Protestant teachers do, urges us through His Apostle: Confess your sins one to another (James v, 16). And, so tender in His pity, that He has given power to men thus to become each other's consolation and help unto eternal life by imparting absolution in His name." (John xx, 23.)

With regard to the papacy the same writer says: "All honor to the Roman Church for such an institution! Neither for this nor any other of her high offices has she waited on the great ones of this world. The princes of the Roman Church are sprung from all classes of human society; spiritual qualifications are held sufficient for fitting

men to wear the purple or the tiara. On this account the papal succession has come down to our day fresh and potent, which cannot be said of ancient human dynasties. Not the quarters on one's es-utochon, but the marks of the Holy Spirit's favor designate worthiness for a place among the highest and best nobility of the race of mankind."—Our Sunday Visitor.

RAW FURS BRING BIG MONEY WHEN SHIPPED TO US SEND FOR PRICE LIST E. Consolidated Fur Corporation 168 KING STREET E. TORONTO

A National Call for Information! NATIONAL SERVICE. CANADA. THIS CARD MUST BE FILLED IN AND PROMPTLY RETURNED BY ALL MALES BETWEEN THE AGES OF 18 AND 45 INCLUSIVE. 1. What is your full name? 2. How old are you? ... 24. Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live, and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?

Granny's Visits No. 5. Granny Visits The Hospital. "And where will ye be going today, dear?" said Grandpa, as Granny appeared dressed for the street. "Ah, now!" said Grannie, laughing, "curiosity killed the cat," and away she went. She was dressed in a blue print gown with white collar and cuffs, and carried a large basket. She approached and entered the big building behind the long fence—it was the hospital. "Oh, here is Grannie," called a tiny patient, as Grannie entered her room. "Dear Grannie, did you bring me some more of your lovely cookies?" "Yes, dearie, and something else, too." She reached down into her big basket and handed the girlie a small bundle tied with pink baby ribbon. "Open that, dearie," she said. The child's wee fingers eagerly untied the bow. Oh, the tempting individual cake! The girlie clapped her hands and asked: "Grannie, I promised to tell Mother what the name of the flour was that you bake so many good things with? Oh, yes, Hunt's Diamond Flour." "Bye-bye, dearie, Grannie must go. I'll come again soon. There are many more sick people here waiting for Grannie's cakes and bread. I want to help them all to get well, so I tell them all about the advantages of home cooking, and the only flour to use, which is

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE BETTER THING

It is better to lose with a conscience clean

Than win by a trick unfair; It is better to fall and to know you've been

Whatever the prize was, square, Than to claim the joy of a far-off goal

And the cheers of the standers-by, And to know down deep in your inmost soul

A cheat you must live and die.

Who wins by trick may take the prize,

And at first he may think it sweet, But many a day in the future life

When he'll wish he had met defeat; For the man who lost shall be glad at heart

And walk with his head up high, While his conqueror knows he must play the part

Of a cheat and a living lie.

The prize seems fair when the fight is on,

But save it is truly won You will hate the thing when the crowds are gone,

For it stands for a false deed done, And it's better you never should reach your goal

Than ever success to buy At the price of knowing down in your soul

That your glory is all a lie.

THRIFT

It is not what we make, but what we save, what we spend wisely, what we invest to advantage, that is a profit.

Money unwisely expended is a loss. And everybody should lay out less than he earns—there should be a margin left for his permanent future.

When we see in this land of infinite resources a vast number of industrious people earning enough to make them comfortable, yet so poor that they cannot afford many of the bare necessities of proper, healthful living, not to speak of the little luxuries or pleasures of life, we get some idea of the criminal lack of thrift training in our national life.

This lack of thrift, which is one of the main causes of poverty, is responsible for more unhappy homes than almost anything else.

It is astonishing how few people have learned to spend their money to the best advantage. The ease with which small change slips through the fingers of American youth, and older people, too, is appalling.

Only recently a young man working for \$30 a month told me that he had just invited two friends to dine with him, and their dinner bill amounted to \$4.50. Think of a young man spending almost a seventh part of his month's wages for a single dinner! He said that it was "too bad," it was "all wrong," but added, "What could I do? My friends ordered from the bill of fare, and I had to pay the bill."

This is a good illustration of the way the majority of people let money slip from them. We are living in an extravagant age, and the temptations on every hand especially in large cities, are so alluring that it is very difficult for a young man who has not been trained in habits of thrift to resist them and save his money.

Thousands of young men who are receiving good salaries never think of laying up a dollar. They see nothing in their salaries but "a good time," cigars, drinks, theaters, pleasures or extravagances of some sort, and they never bother about the future. You ask them how they are doing, and they will say: "Oh, just getting along," "just making a living," "just holding my own."

Just holding one's own is not getting on. The distance between what you earn and what you spend, is power. It often measures the distance between success and failure.

Many people have the false idea that thrift or a wise economy means stinginess, parsimony. But it means nothing of the kind.

Thrift does not mean pinching economy which buys food, cheap food for the sake of saving, or buys poor clothing, or lives in a poor, unhealthy location, in order to pile up dollars. That is parsimony, miserliness, which is the opposite of real thrift. Thrift means the wisest possible expenditure of what we have. It means refusal to make a practice of unnecessary expenditures.

It means spending for health, for efficiency, for the highest possible welfare of the individual. It means financing yourself on scientific principles of efficiency, so that no matter what your salary, whether \$10 or \$50 a week, you shall manage it on the principle of thrift in its true sense.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE NICKUM'S RIGHT HAND

Here is a charmingly told tale of a little hero—whose home is a Scottish manse. We quote it from the Glasgow Herald:

"The young man who answers with equal readiness to the name of 'Nickum' or 'Annoyance' declared the other day that life was insupportable for a person of his years—(he is seven) unless he owned a knife—not a silly one with two blades, but a Boy Scout one with 'things in it,' including a corkscrew, and chained to the outside of his person.

"A desperate weapon! It costs a shilling, and is considered by the

young blades of the Nickum's circle cheap at the money. Still it takes a little boy a long time to collect a shilling, even if the Saturday penny is augmented by a stray ha'penny occasionally. The Nickum had reached the giddy altitude of sixpence-ha'penny when Uncle Jim came to call on us in his motor-car.

THE NICKUM'S HERO

"Uncle Jim is the Nickum's hero; ever since he came limping back from Mons, to limp through all the rest of his years. The child worships his soldier uncle and hung about his chair waiting to get in his ear in the talk. Somehow we talked about knives. I had to go out of the room a minute and when I came back I heard Jim say rather cryptically, 'Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth.'

"Jim was on his way to give some wounded soldiers an outing, and he proposed that the Nickum should accompany him.

"The little chap doesn't take up much room," he said, "and he'll be a great help to the soldiers."

"The amount of room he takes up," I said severely, "is in inverse ratio to his size; however

"I implied that I washed my hands of the pair of them, and they set off in high glee.

"I'll show you them in Smith's window when we pass," I heard my son whisper mysteriously; 'they have chains on them.'

"And Jim said 'Right-oh, I'm thankful they don't run loose.'

THE NICKUM RETURNS

"It was late in the evening when the Nickum returned—very hungry but very happy, and full of stories which the soldiers had been telling him. He referred with modest pride to the assistance he had rendered the wounded, and grew offended because I looked sceptical.

"I helped them to climb in and to come out, and I held one soldier's crutch, and I said, 'Lean on my shoulder. I'm terribly strong.' An' there was one man there, an' he had been in the trenches at Wipers an' a German sniper snipe him right here in the arm, an' it's his right arm I said to him, 'I'll light your pipe for you, cos I can quite easy—'Loften do it for daddy—' an' he said, 'Never mind.'

"He stopped in sudden confusion, 'I think I'll go to bed now,' he announced in a flat little voice. It was the very first time in his life Nickum had proposed such a thing.

"Aren't you well? I asked in alarm.

"He swallowed a large mouthful of bread and butter and replied in an invalidish voice, 'Not very.'

"Well, how did you get on with lighting the pipes? I asked.

"There wasn't no pipes," he said, with firmness but no grammar.

"I thought—"

"Uncle Jim said, 'Let not your right hand know—'—"

"But you don't call your mother your 'right hand,' do you? 'Tell me son.'

"Well, then, I told you about the snippers man? And none of the soldiers were smoking, and so I said to Uncle Jim, 'Let me down at Hunter's please,' an' he said 'Smith's you mean. It's tobacco they sell at Hunter's isn't it? But I said 'Hunter's please,' an' so he 'blowed me, an' I buyed—cigarettes!'

"What—'with all your money'?"

"He 'nodded. 'All 'cept the ha'penny."

"What did you buy with it?"

"Matches," he said simply.—I. C. in Public Opinion.

ON CROSSING BRIDGES IN LIFE'S JOURNEY

By William H. Sloan, M. A.

The disciples were in great perplexity at one time because they saw a hungry multitude, and did not know how they were to satisfy their hunger.

"Jesus going out saw a great multitude; and He had compassion on them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and He began to teach them many things" (Mark vi. 34). Our Lord found a way, not thought of by His followers, of satisfying the needs of the famishing people around Him, and He exercised His Divine power without pomp or ostentation.

The anxiety of the disciples concerning the superfluous multitude might be quite accurately and picturesquely described in the terms of our modern life. "Do not cross the bridge before you come to it." In conversation with an aged Catholic priest who had spent many years in pioneer work in the great West, he told us that in his early ministry he weighed and burdened himself needlessly with anxiety. He was a young man, and his first missionary work was in the State of Indiana. It fell to his duty to make many horseback journeys, chiefly in the springtime, when rains fell in abundance. There were many rivers in the country, and often the floods overflowed the banks of the streams; in that new country the bridges were none of the strongest.

For many days before undertaking his journey, and after he had entered upon it, he was almost sick with a kind of nervous dread, lest when he struck one of those bridges it should not bear the weight of himself and beast; or it might be gone entirely. And so the journey, hard enough anyway in the rain and mud, and sometimes in the sleet and snow, was rendered doubly difficult by such foreboding anxiety. But the bridges, he said always held and the streams were always crossed in safety. And so the pile of possible evil that he had strapped upon his back was a

quite useless and altogether needlessly added weight upon him. And he learned at last not to bother about the bridges, at least, until he came to them.

It is not that the way some of the readers of The Missionary concerning many things are steadily doing? Crossing bridges in anxious foreboding long before we come to them, weighting and hindering ourselves with valueless and needless worry, forgetting the injunction of our Blessed Lord and Master. "Be not therefore" solicitous for to-morrow; for the morrow will be solicitous for itself. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof (Matt. vi. 34). We frequently we cross these bridges before we come to them concerning the results of the possible mistakes we think we have made. The state of the most practical Catholics is often very unsatisfactory. The affections that, true as the needle to the pole, should point steadily to heaven, go wheeling about like a weather vane that shifts with shifting winds. Sinful thoughts and conspicuous desires spring up—think as weeds in showery weather—faster than we can cut them down; and every attempt to keep the heart pure ends in miserable failure—extorting the question "Who is sufficient for these things?" (2 Cor. 11, 16).

We go often to the confessional, partake often of the Holy Eucharist, and then fail to keep our hearts holy and sweet. It is disheartening. We think we have made mistakes that will tear away all bridges in our future pathway. We go into our gardens and see the flowers growing into beauty by sunny day and silent night; week by week of autumn the fields around us assume a more golden tint, ripening for the harvest; and year by year childhood in our homes rises into youth, and youth into bearded manhood—but our souls seem standing still. We imagine in our foreboding anxiety that there is no appreciable progress; and we begin to ask is there any way by which we may grow fit for heaven? Is our hope of it but a pious dream, a beautiful delusion? Can we never reach the heights where the martyrs and confessors of old caught a vision of the heavenly world? Daily called to contend with temptations, the battle often goes against us; in these passions and temptations old habits, the sons of Saurin "are too hard for us."

Not that we do not fight. That startling cry, "The Philistines are on thee, Samson," rouses us; we make some little fight; but, too often relying only to be conquered, we are ready to give up the struggle, saying: "It is useless; and like Saul in Gilboa's battle, throw away sword and shield. So we would; but that cheered by a voice from on high as we knelt before the priest or at the altar, and sustained by hope in God's grace and mercy, we turn to our souls and say, "Why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou trouble me? Hope in God, for I will still give praise to Him; the salvation of my countenance and God" (Psalm xiv, 6). Rise; press onward; the bridges are not gone; the streams shall not prevail against thee.

Here we stand, where it is the doom of life we must so often stand, where two ways meet. We are sincerely desirous to choose the way that is at once the right and the best. In the time given us for decision we make use of all the aids given us by means of which we may reach the right and best decision. We pray; we frequent the sacraments; we take counsel of our Father confessor; we take account of the teachings of Holy Scripture in the Missal that the Church places in our hands; we get all the light that an intelligent survey of the situation can afford us; we take reckoning of our capacity, our aptitude in this direction or in that, we gather what light we may from the advice of judicious friends. Then at last it comes as it must come always, that we ourselves must make decision. And so we start along our chosen way. Then unlooked-for difficulties appear in this way in which we have chosen to get on our feet. Then we say we have made a mistake. It does not follow that we really have, but we think we have.

But we must go on—that is the necessity laid upon our life, that we must go on. We are nervous and hesitant about going on. We are regretful and brooding about an impossible getting back into a past that is already fixed and finished. We imagine ourselves plunged into the whelming flood of some disaster. We come up to one of those bridges built of the results of our choosing. We go on it, for we must. It bears. But there is another bridge ahead, and then another, and another, and all the time we are filled with foreboding fears. And so we weight ourselves down with misgivings, tie our hands and hamper our movements, and forget our Lord's injunction, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" (Matt. vi, 34).

Then how often we cross the bridge before we come to it. We remember a story in one of our old school readers. It was about a discontented pendulum that hung in the old clock in the hallway. Gloomy day; pendulum out of heart; led into a mathematical mood; began to calculate how many times it would have to swing back and forth in an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, in ten years. The pendulum, utterly appalled, stopped swinging. Nor could it be persuaded to start again until it began to see that it must swing only in the moment next to it, and that simply doing that would in time put the whole ten years' work behind it. A bridge of duty that cannot be made to bear the weight of

a ten years' service heaped at once upon it will easily bear that whole weight when it is distributed upon it as the recurring moments and days may demand. Sidney Smith's prescription of "short views" is a good one for anxious people. Such crossing of the bridge before we come to it prevents clear vision and the right estimate of things; it turns and twists the events of life to sombre caricature; you see things always with threatening aspect. You see them thus, though they do not really wear such aspect. You are scared needlessly.

The best way of defeating this so common tendency of foreboding trouble, of crossing the bridge before you come to it, is the sedulous cultivation of the practical Christian life. A special intimacy with Jesus Christ is advised. Frequent visits to the House of God and quiet devotions before the altar; a constant fellowship with practical Catholics, who live clean, sober, and stimulating lives; a faithful compliance with the precepts of the Church and an avoidance of all the occasions of sin. Our Blessed Lord solicits special intimacy with every one of us. And the particular significance of the practical Catholic's life is that Jesus Christ and he stand together in the relation of a personal friendship, as well as in that of saving grace. He discloses Himself to the Christian in every sacrament and service of the Church, and in every page of the prayer-book in his hands. He puts Himself close to him by the ministry of the Holy Ghost. He breathes a holy blessing upon him through the sweet ministry of His Immaculate Mother. He dwells in him, clarifying his vision, girding his purpose, lifting his ideals. In the Holy Communion the Lord Jesus comes nearer to him than breathing, "closer than hands and feet." And as we open ourselves for the inflowing of His friendship, we learn to love, and the child of love is trust. And so it is possible for us to go with a sweet, deep, unforgetting rest, for life, for death, for future destiny, held in the clasping arms of an increasing trust, for He will make the bridges bear; and after a while we shall have crossed the last stream; purified and purged of all sin, we shall sit at His feet and go away no more forever.—The Missionary.

A CATHOLIC BOY TO A FREE THINKER

Not long ago a Catholic boy was travelling in a train between Brussels and Namur. In the same train was an infidel school inspector. On passing before a Catholic Church the boy uncovered his head in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, which he knew was kept in the church.

The inspector, who up to this time had been reading a newspaper, on seeing the reverence paid by the boy to the house of God, began to laugh, and the following dialogue ensued: "To be sure, my little friend, you must be an altar-boy?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "and I am just preparing for my First Communion."

"And would you please tell me what the curate teaches you?"

"Well, he is just instructing me in the mysteries of religion."

"And, please, what are those mysteries? I have forgotten all about those mysterious things long time ago, and in a couple of years it will be the same with you."

"No, sir; I will never forget the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation, and of the Redemption."

"What do you mean by the Holy Trinity?"

"One God in the Persons."

"Do you understand that now, my little friend?"

"Where there is a question of mystery three things are to be distinguished; to know, to believe, to understand. I know and I believe, but I do not understand. We will understand only in heaven."

"These are idle stories; I believe only what I understand."

"Well, sir, if you believe only what you understand, will you tell me this: How is it that you can move your finger at will?"

"My finger is moved because my will impresses a motion to the muscles of my fingers."

"But do you understand how this is?"

"Oh, yes; I understand it."

"Very well, if you understand it, then tell me why your will can move your finger and not, as in the case of a donkey, your ear?"

"That was too much for the learned school-inspector. He made a sorry face, coughed, and muttered between his teeth: "Let me alone, little fellow; you are far too young to teach me a lesson." He resumed reading his newspaper, and never took his eyes from it until his unpleasant little travelling companion had stepped off at the next station and disappeared from sight.—Our Sunday Visitor.

A LUTHERAN'S TRIBUTE
"The pyramid of crutches in (St. Anne de Beupre) the church's entrance is really an object of wonderment. The heart fills with awe and the eye with tears as one stands and looks upon them and reads their silent story. I wonder not that persons are sceptical when they hear only the story of these pyramids, but one's scepticism is soon dispelled as he examines crutch after crutch and sees the marks of pain and sorrow they bear."—Rev. John H. Heindel (Lutheran) Jersey City, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1909.

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First Announcement

We have in preparation a new book under the suggestive title:

"The Facts About Luther"

which will be ready for the market about October 1st, 1916. The work is written by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hare, LL.D., who is well known as a writer and lecturer on Lutheranism. The object of the volume is to present the life of Luther in its different phases as outlined in the contents.

THE forthcoming celebration to commemorate the 4th centenary of Luther's "revolt" which occurs October, 1917, tend to invest the volume with a special timeliness. But, apart from this consideration, the need has long been felt for a reliable work in English on Luther based on the best authorities and written more particularly with a view to the "man on the street". Some of O'Hare admirably fills this want, and the book will be published at so nominal a price that those who are interested may readily procure additional copies for distribution. We also beg to call your attention to the fact that this work will be an excellent addition to the mission table.

The book will have approximately 302 pages and will sell at 25c. per copy. To the clergy and religious a generous discount will be allowed, provided the order is placed before Oct. 1st, 1916.

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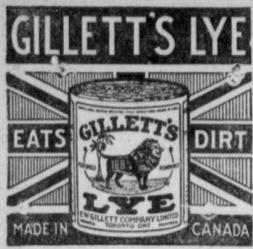
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THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES

The Mother House of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools (Christian Brothers) has just issued the Annual Calendar giving the official statistics of the Order for 1916. It is interesting to note the development and expansion of this great Order of teachers in spite of the war conditions which must necessarily affect their work.

At present the Brothers have 725 houses throughout the world. Of these, 418 are in Europe, 32 in Asia, 42 in Africa, 140 in North America, 23 in Central America and the West Indies, 66 in South America, and 1 in Australia.

The countries in which the Brothers have the largest number of houses are Spain, 123; Belgium, 100; United States, 84; Canada, 66; Italy, 40; and Austria-Hungary, 35.

In the British Empire the Brothers have 117 houses. Of these, 56 are in Canada, 33 in the British Isles, and 17 in India, Australia, and South Africa.

Of the many cities in which the sons of St. De La Salle are at work, the following have the largest number of houses: Montreal, 14; Vienna, 11; New York, 10; Madrid, 9; Rome, 9; Quebec, 7; Philadelphia, 7; and Santiago, Chili, 7.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools have over 300 establishments in the present war, so that their Order is one of those that has suffered most as a result of this terrible conflict. Many of the Brothers are serving at the front, either in field or ambulance, and numbers have already fallen victims of duty and patriotism.

Among the new establishments of the Brothers mentioned in this year's report is that of the De La Salle Training College at Aurora, Ont., opened last spring as the Mother House of the Toronto Province.

This brings up to 63 the number of establishments conducted by the Brothers exclusively for the training of subjects for their Order.

Of these 63 are recognized and subsidized in their respective countries as Government Normal Schools. In Canada and the United States the Brothers have now 7 Training Colleges located respectively at Montreal, Quebec, Aurora, Ont., New York, Baltimore, St. Louis, Mo., San Francisco.

RE-MAKING HISTORY

The party in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America which sincerely dislikes Protestantism and hates the domination of its church is not Protestant but Catholic, took a brand new course at the recent convention in St. Louis. Three years ago it had concentrated its energies upon the effort to change the church name, to discard the "Protestant Episcopal" and substitute "American Catholic."

This dangerous agitation was treated as all really vital matters are dealt with in such a discreet assemblage as an Episcopal General Convention. It was referred to a committee with instructions to report at the next meeting, which meant of course the pigeonhole for another three years.

But the three years rolled around and the change-of-name question threatened again to raise its ugly head. A new excuse was needed and this time it was the war. "It would never do," said the politic gentlemen of the majority, "to air our family differences and mar the spectacle of Christian unity while the world is at war."

So the skeleton of the High and Low Church stable was kept safely in the recesses of the closet with assurances that it would not trouble for another three years.

But the "Catholic" party had to show its hand somewhere. So it insisted that if the "Catholic" question was not to be brought to an issue, at least it should be recorded that the Episcopal Church had no substantial connection with the religious revolution of the sixteenth century.

continuity with the early Christian Church was not broken by the acts of the English politicians in Reformation times. But the trouble was that the world at large was not accepting this version. You picked up the standard authors like Green and Froude and Hume, and there you found no mincing of words. Those who opposed the rupture with Rome were set down as Catholics loyal to the ancient faith, and those who espoused it were Protestants in no wise different from the Calvinists of Scotland and France or the Lutherans of Germany.

So an agitation was started to have these old-fashioned facts of history set aside. Writers of history were to be approached with the request that in the future they cut out Henry VIII, and cease to lay emphasis upon the "Church of England by law established." This was history as it used to be, but not history as it is now.

All well-informed people ought to know that the Anglican Church dates from the apostles, that four centuries ago it ceased to be Roman, but that never, never has it been Protestant.

This turn of affairs is interesting but it is hardly surprising. In an age where people outside the Church deny that there is anything like positive objective truth in any field, why should not the accepted things of history be altered to suit new theories?

If we are to have a religion that is "up to date" why not also a history "up to date"?

The Episcopalians reformers of 1916 are certainly to be given credit for great courage. They have set themselves no less a task than to see that all the history-books of four hundred years are thrown in the scrap-heap. Worse still, they must fly in the face of all that their ancestors under Henry and Edward, Elizabeth and James, held sacred.

It will not be easy to get around the act of Parliament under Henry VIII, which made the king the supreme authority in spiritual matters, which lodged the ultimate power in questions of faith and discipline, where it remains today, with the secular law-making body.

This of course is the fatal brand upon Anglicanism. The true Catholicism as its very name implies is international. The English Church since the middle of the sixteenth century has been a purely national church, just as the Russian Church is a national church, just as the Lutheran State Church of Germany is a national church.

There are the "missionary countries" where large sums of money are used in the attempt to gain a foothold amid an unfriendly population. But this is slow work, the results are paltry, and it is pretty costly.

As an Episcopal minister, the Rev. Dr. Bell of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin computed a year ago it takes \$1,316 to make an Episcopalian "convert" in South America.

Macaulay, the Protestant historian, spoke of the Anglican Church of his time as "insufficient as a missionary church." This was apropos of the Protestant efforts in Ireland, but this except from his well known speech before the House of Commons on April 23, 1845, might well be applied to the situation in South America to-day.

"Two hundred and eighty-five years has this Church (the Anglican Church in Ireland) been at work. . . And what have we to show for all this lavish expenditure? What but the most zealous Roman Catholic population on the face of the earth?"

On the solid mass of the Roman Catholic population you have made no impression whatever. If I were a Roman Catholic, I could easily account for the phenomena. If I were a Roman Catholic I should content myself with saying that the mighty hand and the outstretched arm had been put forth, according to the promise in defence of the unchangeable Church! that He Who in the old time turned into blessings the curses of Balaam and smote the host of Sennacherib, had signally confounded the arts of heretic statesmen.—The Catholic Convert.

UNCONSCIOUS TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH

The late Archbishop Ryan while in St. Louis numbered among his friends many of our separated brethren, including ministers of the various denominations. One Presbyterian clergyman became exceedingly intimate and frequently called on the Archbishop, each enjoying the other's conversation, since both were highly educated, and the Archbishop especially being noted for his wit.

A lady in the neighborhood of the Archbishop's residence, who was a leading member of the minister's congregation, and who had a speaking acquaintance with the Archbishop, was much disturbed by the frequent visits of her pastor to His Grace. One day she met Archbishop Ryan on the street, and when the usual greetings were exchanged, she said:

"Do you know, Archbishop, that I do not like this thing of Dr.—visiting you so often?"

"Why not?" said the Archbishop. "I am afraid that you may try to make a Catholic of him."

Then he passed on, leaving his fair neighbor smiling and perhaps thinking more seriously than ever of the faith of Catholics.—Catholic Bulletin.

NATIONAL SERVICE WEEK

EVERY MAN IN CANADA WILL HAVE A CARD TO FILL OUT SOON

National Service Week is drawing very near and the fact that the first week of the New Year bears that title is something in which everyone in Canada has an interest. The men are interested because it is obligatory upon each of them, between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five years, to fill out one of the cards which the Government is sending to them through the Post Office authorities.

The women are interested because their cooperation is being invited, in seeing that their men-folk attend to this important duty. The children are interested because their school teachers have explained to them the meaning of National Service and the way in which father and the big brothers at home have to reply to the various questions.

To write in the answers and return the card promptly is a good New Year's resolution for every man throughout the Dominion and it has the advantage of being easy of fulfillment. It only means a few minutes' careful thought. The postman in the cities gets the hard work, for he has not only to deliver the cards; he is responsible also for their proper return. Prompt mailing of the answers will make the postman's work very much easier.

National Service means that we are to get into that frame of mind which will cause us to think of the needs of the country, to realize that the interests of the State have a greater claim on us than our self interest. This applies to everyone, from the highest in the land to the lowest. The Prince of Wales' motto "I serve" may well be the motto of every citizen of the British Empire at this time.

There are many ways of serving the nation besides going to the front. The man on the farm and the mechanic in a workshop may be serving the nation as usefully as the man in the trenches. Every man should be doing the work which represents his most efficient service to his country.

The war is teaching us, or should be teaching us, great lessons. Terrible as are its effects, those who have faith in Canadian manhood hope and believe that the nation will emerge from this experience a stronger and a better people.

If the meaning of National Service is thoroughly grasped and properly understood, if the Government's call for information is responded to in the right spirit, the coming year will be the banner year in Canada's history.

THE SIX-CENT EGG

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With eggs costing all the way from sixty to eighty cents a dozen, persons who have never given the subject of food value any study are now raising the question, "is the egg as valuable a food as it has been cracked up to be?"

Human beings are creatures of habit. A person sees some one else eat a couple of eggs every morning, and he proceeds to do likewise. It never occurs to him to ask how much real food value there is in that egg. But when eggs cost six cents apiece one may reasonably inquire, "is the egg worth it?"

Of course soft-boiled eggs are fed to invalids, but it doesn't follow that the egg is a complete food for a hearty, robust person. In his famous work on "Food and Dietetics," Dr. Robert Hutchison says: "The absence of carbohydrates prevents eggs from being in any sense a complete food, and it would require twenty of them a day to supply even the amount of nitrogen required by a healthy man."

In other words, you have to eat something else with the eggs in order to make up the deficiency in carbohydrates. Now, this applies to strictly fresh eggs. What would the doctor say about the modern cold storage egg? As a matter of fact, there is much more real nutriment in two cents' worth of shredded wheat biscuit than in twelve cents' worth of eggs. Shredded wheat biscuit contains both proteins and carbohydrates—just enough of each to perfectly nourish the human body.

Two of these biscuits will supply all the strength-giving nutriment needed for a half-day's work or play. They have in them the material for building new tissue—for furnishing heat and energy and for keeping the bowels healthy and active. Two of these biscuits with hot milk and a little cream make a complete nourishing meal at a cost of not over four or five cents.

Conformity to the will of God is an easy and certain means of acquiring a great treasure of graces in this life.—St. Vincent de Paul.

A pain shared equally by two who seem one is borne so tenderly that it cannot remain bitter.—John Ayscough.

WHY PARLIAMENT SHOULD NOT MAINTAIN THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND

Some people, when asked to contribute to the Patriotic Fund, reply that Parliament should maintain the Fund.

"It is the duty of Canada to make provision for the families of her soldiers," say they. "Why should not the Government support and administer the Fund?"

There are many good reasons why it should not. Here are a few: Government must treat every soldier alike. It cannot make fish of one, flesh of another. It is now paying in separation allowances \$20 a month to the family of each enlisted man, but one-third of the families receiving these separation allowances do not get a cent from the Fund. If the Government maintained the Fund, this third would have to be paid on the same scale as the two other thirds—causing an increase for 1917 estimated at \$6,730,000.

Government could not give families the help, other than financial, they now receive from thousands of voluntary workers, who visit them in sickness and in health, share their troubles, encourage them in well-doing, and make them to feel that they are not friends nor alone.

Government would raise the required money by floating a loan, thus throwing on the future—and on the returned soldiers—a burden the state-at-homes should bear. For such work as this we should pay as we go.

Government control would mean double, and in some cases treble, taxation. Municipalities all over the Dominion are taxing themselves for the Fund. So are many provinces. It would not be fair to re-tax these bodies, while other districts were escaping with only the Federal tax.

Governmental control would reduce the amounts the rich now contribute to the Fund, and place a heavier burden on the shoulders of the poorer men. It would take from all, rich and poor, the privilege of doing something of their own free will, and through acts of self-sacrifice, assist in winning the great struggle. And, it would, by stifling the out-pouring of public spirit that has been so conspicuous, work to the distinct disadvantage of the community.

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A VISIBLE CHURCH MUST HAVE A VISIBLE HEAD

Our Sunday Visitor

Since Christ returned to heaven and left His Church here on earth, the same must have a visible head and spokesman. Christ, the Good Shepherd, commissioned one of the Apostles to feed His sheep in His place (John xxi, 15-17). To confirm His brethren in faith (Luke xxii, 32). He committed to him the keys of authority (Matt. xvi, 19). This is naturally what we would have expected Jesus to do. If some man from your city had founded a big institution which he expected to keep under his control, but decided to move to Europe personally, he would certainly designate some one to represent him where the institution exists.

We believe that Christ appointed Peter to this office; history shows that Peter was the first representative and shows that he has had successors down to this day. It is as easy to trace the succession of Popes from Benedict XV, to Peter, as it is to trace the succession of the presidents from Woodrow Wilson to George Washington. There are some who will tell you that the papacy originated in the fifth century; others that it can be traced back only to the fourth; but these people have never investigated impartially. St. Augustine, who lived at the beginning of the fifth century, gives the succession of Popes from his day back to Peter, and mentions this fact as a reason for being a Catholic. It was the same argument which converted Newman. Here is the list as given by St. Augustine:

"If it be a question of Episcopal succession, the surest way is to count from Peter himself, to whom, as representing the whole Church, the Lord said: 'On this rock will I build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.' To Peter succeeded Linus; to Linus, Cletus; to Cletus, Clement; to Clement, Evaristus; to Evaristus, Alexander; to Alexander, Sixtus; to Sixtus, Telesphorus; to Telesphorus; to Hyginus; to Hyginus, Pius; to Pius, Anicetus; to Anicetus, Soter; to Soter, Eleutherius; to Eleutherius, Victor; to Victor, Zephyrinus; to Zephyrinus, Callixtus; to Callixtus, Urban; to Urban, Pontian; to Pontian, Antherus; to Antherus, Fabianus; to Fabianus, Cornelius; to Cornelius, Lucius; to Lucius, Stephen; to Stephen, Sixtus; to Sixtus, Dionisius; to Dionisius, Felix; to Felix, Eutichianus; to Eutichianus, Caius; to Caius, Marcellinus; to Marcellinus, Marcellus; to Marcellus, Eusebius; to Eusebius, Melchides; to Melchides, Sylvester; to Sylvester, Marcus; to Marcus, Julius; to Julius, Liberius; to Liberius, Damasus; to Damasus, Siricius; to Siricius, Anastasius; who now occupies the same See. In this succession no Donatist occurs; but they have sent one from Africa, who governing a few Africans keeps up there the mountains." (Ep. 58 ad German.)

If the Church was a visible organization as Christ founded it, such must it be today; history for fifteen hundred years, presents no other

Another Convert

FROM ANGLICANISM

The Rev. A. L. Ott, until recently a member of the clergy-staff of the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul (Protestant Episcopal), Chicago, has entered the Catholic Church, and will soon begin his studies for the priesthood.

The Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul is what is known as a "High Church" parish, the bishop being known as one of the "advanced men" of his communion. In the cathedral the ancient ceremonial of the High Church is in use, and the atmosphere is quite Catholic. The bishop himself is by no means hostile to the Catholic Church, and is an ardent advocate of the reunion of Christendom.

The conversion of Mr. Ott should lead many of his clerical brethren to realize how absolutely impossible it is for a Catholic-minded individual to rest in Anglicanism, where he must ever have the feeling of exercising the faith that is, under protest. There are a number of extreme High Church parishes in the city of Chicago, which so closely resemble Catholic churches that it would be almost, if not quite impossible for a casual visitor to discern the difference. At a number of these churches there are confessionals, and even holy water fonts. Some of them have the service of "Benediction."

But once in a while a clergyman will realize how foreign these things which he loves are to Protestant Episcopalians, and how they are only had under protest, and with a doubt as to their validity, where he is, and the realization leads to a deep longing for something more, which can never be satisfied until he is safe in the arms of his true mother—the Catholic Church. No doubt Mr. Ott's study and earnest conviction.—The Lamp.

RESPECT TOWARD THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Monsignor Mermillod tells us that when Vicar of Geneva, he was the cause of converting a Protestant by simply making a genuflection before the Blessed Sacrament. It was his custom to go every evening and pay a visit to the church, trim the lamp, see that the door was securely fastened, etc. He returned to the foot of the altar, made a devout genuflection, and in leaving kissed the ground as a mark of perfect adoration. One evening, believing himself quite alone, he was in the act of rising after concluding his devotions, when he heard a noise, the confessional door opened and a lady came out. "What are you doing here at this hour, Madame?" I asked, "I am a Protestant," she replied, "as you know; I have attended the Lenten services and listened to the instruction which you gave on the Real Presence. I was convinced by your arguments; one doubt alone remained—'Does he believe,' I asked myself, 'in what he says?' To convince myself I came here to see if in secret you would behave towards the

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TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE School, No. 2, Hulls. A second class Normal trained. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1917. Twenty five dollars monthly to church. Apply to Geo. Corbett, Sec., R. R. No. 1, Clinton, Ont. 1916-17

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TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate school, Section No. 4, Township of Sherwood, Co. Renfrew, and Province of Ontario, in the village of Barry's Bay, holding a second class professional certificate, for Senior class room of said school, No. 6, apply to William Kirwan, Sec. Treas., Barry's Bay, Ont. 1916-17

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