

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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CATHOLIC NOTES

The convert community of Franciscans at Graymoor, N. Y., have issued their invitation for the observance of the annual Church Unity novena for the return of the nations to the true fold.

The new Dominican chapel at Hawick, Scotland, was recently blessed and dedicated to Mary Immaculate and St. Margaret of Scotland. This chapel is attached to the only Dominican establishment in Scotland.

Rabbi William Rice, of Congregation Achduth Vesholom, Ft. Wayne, Ind., recently addressed a meeting of the Guardians of Bigotry, at Elgin, Ill. His Jewish congregation promptly requested his resignation.

Oblate Sisters of the Assumption are sharing with European and Turkish ladies the work of nursing the wounded at Constantinople. Practically all the patients are Mohammedans.

By the will of the late Peter Reid, a non-Catholic of Passaic, N. J., the income from \$20,000 has been bequeathed to St. Mary's hospital, the entire principal to go to the hospital in five years.

Holy Name Day was signally observed in practically every Catholic Church in Brooklyn and Long Island recently and it is estimated that over 50,000 men took part in the ceremonies which were held in the various parishes.

Stonyhurst, the great Catholic College and Seminary in England, has as its most distinguished student Francis Charles, Archduke of Austria, and destined to be the future Emperor of Austria. He is eighteen years old.

Catholics of Ireland have received with pleasure the announcement that with the approval of the Archbishops and Bishops a great national pilgrimage from Ireland to Lourdes is about to be organized and will take place next September.

Hon. James A. O'Gorman, junior Senator from New York, will be Attorney General under Wilson, if a way can be found to induce the New York legislature to fill the vacancy in the United States senate with another man of similar caliber.

The highest altar in the world is located on the summit of the Dent de Geant. There Mass is celebrated regularly for the little army of Alpine guides. These faithful, honest, simple folk have erected there a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The 1913 Catholic Directory of the British Empire give some interesting figures of Catholic growth. The total from all parts of the Empire is nearly 13,000,000. Of these 5,500,000 are in Europe, and 2,824,000 in Canada. The number of priests in Great Britain is 4,401.

Mgr. Benson recently had to cancel all engagements for this month owing to an operation which he was obliged to undergo. The operation was of serious nature. After a much needed rest Mgr. Benson will be able to resume his work of lecturing and writing.

One of the beautiful ideas attached to St. Sophia's in Constantinople, built as a Cathedral and converted into a mosque at the time of the Turkish conquest, is that when the city shall be restored to Christian rule the figure of Our divine Saviour will appear on the pinnacle and bless the faithful.

It is announced by the publishers of the Catholic Encyclopedia that an index volume will soon be issued containing besides the usual analytical index, such supplementary matter as may be necessary to round out the treatment of certain subjects, and especially to bring up to date some of the articles that appeared in the earlier volumes.

A marble altar and rail, constructed in Italy, of material from the Carrara quarries, were dedicated recently in the Church of Our Lady of the Valley, Orange, N. J. The rail was the gift of William Runkle of Orange, and the altar was given by a person, whose name, at his own request, has not been announced. Mr. Runkle is an official of Brick, Presbyterian Church.

Cardinal Gibbons at present holds the distinction of being the senior active prelate of the Catholic Church. While there are still two Cardinals ranking the Baltimore churchman in seniority, both are confined by illness. Cardinal Neto of Portugal, has retired from active participation in affairs of the Vatican and Cardinal Oreglia di Santo Stefano, officially the Nestor of the Sacred College is bedridden.

The Catholic University of America has given recognition to J. Pierpont Morgan as a patron of art. At the late meeting of the trustees, presided over by Cardinal Gibbons, Chancellor of the University, and attended by many prelates of the American hierarchy, he was formally declared a patron of Fine Arts and Letters, a special honor that gives public expression to the satisfaction with which the Catholic Church in the United States regards the eminent services to fine arts and letters rendered by Mr. Morgan.

genuine need of religious light." He thus enumerates some of the dogmas to which he has made reference: "If Christianity has nothing better to offer to these peoples than such dogmas as the Atonement, Original Sin, the Trinity, and an everlasting hell, then the missionary task is futile."

One of the Protestant clergymen present entered a protest against the speaker's statement as doing "an injustice" to the Evangelical churches that had rid themselves of the dogmatic incumbrances which had come under the Doctor's condemnation. Dr. Eliot answered the objection by making a distinction, which may be thus summarized: "I grant that individual members of Protestant churches have discarded dogmas, but I deny that the Protestant Churches themselves have done so officially. The actual language of the Doctor, as reported in The Universalist Leader of Boston, is: 'While with the individual the correction was just, the churches, officially, and every minister in his ordination vows, still officially stood upon the same dogmatic ground as did his fathers, and they could not hope to win and hold the intellectually honest.'"

Down with the dogmas of Christianity is, then the watchword of Dr. Eliot, who would have men practise all the Christian virtues, whilst rejecting with the utmost contempt the teachings of which these virtues are the flower and fruitage. For dogmatic religion he would substitute sentimental religion, which Cardinal Newman fittingly describes as "a dream and a mockery."

The one who champions that substitution is an anarchist of the most dangerous type. We affirm this with all deliberation. The loud-mouthed anarchist who advocates the destruction of society is comparatively harmless. His mouthings excite disgust and generate opposition. The suave and plausible exponent of methods of undermining society by discarding the religious teachings which are the basis of Christian civilization, is far more dangerous than Her Most and his followers ever were. It is well that the true character of Dr. Eliot's propaganda should be known.—Free-man's Journal.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A BISHOP

The late Bishop Graham of Plymouth, Eng., gave an interesting retrospect of his career a short time ago. He said:

Nearly seventy-four years ago I was born of Protestant parents in the East Indies. It is reported that I nearly died just after birth, and even then the unsatisfactory Anglican baptism of those days was denied me for nine months. My father seems to have determined I should enter the Anglican ministry, because circumstances had prevented his taking this line himself. So far from proposing what was far from God's idea. The time came when, as a matter of course, four of us children had to come to England. I arrived in Plymouth on a juddering Hindoo boy, for I talked Hindustani, learned from my pagan nurse. I was then put under a very strict grandmother, rather Presbyterian in her opinions, and two old maiden aunts. Under them, among other duties, I read the Protestant Bible daily, and lustily sang hymns and Psalms in the Protestant church; for some reason or other I was well instructed on the fate of Ananias and Sapphira; I was strictly taught to be content with three meals a day and avoid such a custom as afternoon tea. Thus my progress towards the Church of England ministry was looking very favorable and straight.

But at the age of ten the great change took place. Both my parents had become Catholics in India, and the medical man who had attended my infant life was commissioned to apportion my children to Catholic schools in England. Accordingly our grandmother and aunts prepared us for the terrible Papist who was coming, and warned us that now our Bible and prayer-book would be taken from us and we should never hear the Word of God again, but that we already knew it, and that this would not excuse us at the Last Day. In 1844 I found myself at Prior Park, where I soon became reconciled to my terrible destiny, and in a remarkable way by my Bible-reading was soon convinced I was in God's Church. All went smoothly till the year 1851, when I had my first attack of rheumatic fever and had to be appointed in preparation for death, just when my parents were expected from India. Upon my recovery the great question came as to what I was going to be in the future. Expected my father would make me an army man like himself. But my confessor asked me what I thought of being a priest, when a sudden feeling came over me of certainty and wonder that it had never struck me before. I feared, however, displeasing my father by such a choice, but my confessor found him delighted at the idea of a son a priest, and off I was sent to the English College, Rome.

Dr. Eliot virtually invites his countrymen to desert Christianity and go forth in pursuit of the "dream and mockery" of which Cardinal Newman speaks. The advocate of "the religion of the future" is over on the alert for an opportunity to propagate his dogmaless doctrine. In a recent address before the Unitarian, Universalist and Congregational clergy of Boston he dwelt upon the difficulties under which Protestant missionaries labor in heathen lands. The chief of these difficulties, according to him is that they are "handicapped with an unpreachable faith in foreign lands." Dwelling on the intellectual characteristics of the Chinese and Japanese mind, he said that it "was utterly impossible for the intellectually honest mind to accept any of the old, mysterious and cruel dogmas of orthodoxy as a substitute for the

flattery is the politeness of contempt."

seems but to lead us to an abyss, and it is only feeble minds that assert or believe that they can explain all or understand all."

History has, however, says Father Bernard, shown that under the Old Dispensation, the followers of Monothemism (as against those who believed in a plurality of gods) took the word of the patriarchs and prophets who from time to time rose up amongst them, to be the authoritative voice of the living God.

Thus, we have the faith and obedience of Noah, who toiled at the Ark for many years despite the scoffers. Then Abraham came, of his simple faith, to a land he knew not. Then the Mosaic revelation with its penalties for "those that believed not" and would not obey. The Old Dispensation made way for the new, and prophecy was fulfilled in the Miracle of Nazareth as well as in the injunction that the Apostles were to go forth and teach the Truth to all nations.

Does St. Paul base his teachings on processes of reasoning? On the contrary, he says: "To us God hath revealed them by His spirit. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit that is of God; that we may know the things that are given us from God. Which things also we speak, not in the learned words of human wisdom, but in the doctrine of the Spirit."

Certain it is, says the Jesuit, that Newman was right when he declared that the "Apostles did not rest their cause on argument; they did not rely on eloquence, wisdom or reputation; they did not resolve faith into sight and reason; they contrasted it with both, and bade their hearers believe, sometimes in spite, sometimes in default, sometimes in aid, of sight and reason."

We are, all of us, says the Jesuit, by nature and in the circumstance in which we find ourselves here below, like blind men in an unknown region.

We are in urgent need of a guide in whose hand we may safely place our own with confidence that we shall not be misled. When we choose the Catholic Church, we are but choosing one who has made good her claim by the safe-conduct of souls of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues for more than eighteen hundred years.

DR. ELIOT AS AN ANARCHIST

Some time ago ex-President Eliot of Harvard evolved from his inner consciousness a new religion, which he modestly described as "the religion of the future." It was to discard the dogmas of both the Catholic Church and of the Protestant sects and make, so to speak, a clean slate. The underlying thought of the new religion is that men have outgrown the past, and therefore should discard the religious views that shaped the lives of their fathers. In this theory there is no room for absolute truth. Of course, divine revelation, on which Christianity is based, is out of the question. It must go by the board. The new religion will have nothing to do with it. Men are to work out their salvation independently of it. As dogmas are the embodiment of truths traced back to this revelation, they too must go. "There are so many chains binding men's intellects. Break them, and man will be emancipated from intellectual bondage and be ready to face a happier and a better future."

Such in outline is the character of "the religion of the future," of which Dr. Eliot is the protagonist. He would have Christians, whether Catholics or Protestants, apostatize from the faith of their fathers. Apostatize may seem to be a strong word to employ. But no other will describe fittingly the act of those who would accept Dr. Eliot's views of dogma and set out with him in search of spiritual food in the barren waste of a dogmaless creed. A much more profound thinker than the President Emeritus of Harvard has written: "Dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion. I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery. As well can there be a filial love without the fact of a father, as devotion without the fact of a Supreme Being."

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gan to be governed by Courts of Assistants, composed of the more prosperous Masters, and "Co-operation," as in the Inns of Court to-day, superseded Election. Prohibitory apprenticeship fees were exacted; so much so that in 1530 Parliament stepped in and cut them down from 40 shillings (16 pounds) to 2 shillings 6 pence, in order to prevent skilled labour from becoming an intolerable monopoly. Nevertheless, the Courts of Assistants continued their machinations. Journeymen remained journeymen all their lives. They ceased to be the "Associates" of the Masters and became their "hands." The Guild-brethren were brethren no more. They divided up into employers and employed—the rudiments of the antagonized "Classes" and "Masses" of to-day.

Finally, a genuine calamity gave the coup de grace to the splendid old Guild Organization of skilled labour. In 1546, it was discovered by Henry Bluebeard, "Defender of the Faith," and the other "Reformers" of the National Religion, that many of the bequests of the Guild-brethren provided for masses and other spiritual functions. Enough! The Guild estates, those of the City of London alone excepted, like the immense property of the monasteries, were confiscated at a blow, on the score of "superstitious uses!" London was strong enough to weather the gale of the "Reformation," and even to this day in her "wardmoths," "liveries," annual elections, and sumptuous feasts, the "City" contrives to preserve the blurred outlines of a far more ancient and human democracy than anything that now goes by that name. Unlike the cold mechanical democracy of the county council, that of old Mediaeval London was personally hearty and "social" in a marked degree.—Reynolds's Newspaper.

"MERRIE" TOILERS

CRAFT GUILDS VS. TRADE UNIONS

BY MORRISON DAVIDSON

In the days of Henry VII, a labourer (agricultural) earned £19 per annum, our money; to-day, he earns only £3.—Thorold Rogers.

That there was a period in the social life of the English and the Scottish people too, that deserved by comparison to be called "Merrie," cannot be doubted. For nearly a couple of centuries after the compilation of the Conqueror's invaluable Domesday Book economic data can hardly be said to exist. But from the forty-third year of Henry III. (1259) downwards—thanks mainly to the researches, patient and precious, of the late Thorold Rogers—the fortunes and misfortunes of the English Worker may be traced with no small certainty. Given the Wages of Labor and the Prices of Commodities, at different dates, and it becomes surprisingly easy to tell how it has actually fared with the Wage Earner throughout the centuries. To trace the causes of his economic rise and fall is, of course, a much more complex problem.

Anyhow, from about 1550 to 1520 was the Golden Age of English Labour. At least, during the whole of that period the condition of the worker, from the wretched beginning, steadily improved. The Barons, whatever else they might be, were not Profiteers, and when groups of skilled craftsmen came to be formed within their manors, they were often easily induced to relinquish their feudal superiorities, and grant charters of civil incorporation on easy terms. Similarly, the agricultural serfs, in great numbers were able to commute their feudal services for small, stated payments in coin or kind. Even the cruel debate of the Peasants' Revolt (1381) under John Ball and Wat Tyler, did not arrest the flowing tide of the Workers' prosperity. Fifty years after the event they found the English Producer in substantial possession of what he peremptorily demands the recovery to-day—Land and Capital, i. e., the instruments of production, natural and artificial. The skilled medieval artisan (artist in fact) was rarely without "four acres and a cow."

Attempts have been made to trace the origin of Trade Union back to the Medieval Guilds. But that is clearly not so. The Unions presuppose the antagonism of Labor and Capital, of Employer and Employed; whereas the Craft-Guilds, as originally constituted, assumed complete identity of interests. The Guilds existed before the Conquest and probably were of Roman origin. Any way, they were distinguished by many features which if they could but have been retained, would have been of inestimable value in the solution of the economic problems which menace the very foundations of modern society. Nay, had they been retained in their integrity, said problems could never possibly have arisen.

The Guilds were at first quite as democratic in their organization as the Unions. All journeymen had an equal voice in the choice of Guild Managers. The artisan was successively apprentice, journeyman, master, just as a Member of the Bar may be student, barrister, and Judge. They gradually acquired property (which in the end led to their undoing) charters, guild-halls, &c. A craft-brother would bequeath house and lands to found a school, hospital it might be, leaving the surplus income, if any, to the discretion of the Guild. These funds, and numerous benefactions for the lending of money without usury to the poorer brethren; for apprenticing poor boys and girls; for bestowing marriage portions; and for pensioning widows and aged craftsmen—these the Guild Managers carefully husbanded and administered. In a word, the Guilds secured for their members, in the completest manner, all those benefits of Old Age Pensions, Insurance, &c., which the State (their ruthless destroyer) is now itself tentatively attempting to institute. Truly, tempora mutantur.

Undoing of the Guilds

The pernicious influence of wealth latterly told its tale. The Guild be-

lieve declares that to believe simply on the word of another, is mental slavery. The fact, however, that our forefathers were the founders of our literatures, our constitutions, our legal institutions and charters—men who were intellectually at least as good as ourselves—is surely, says Vaughan, a reason why we should not allow ourselves to be deluded by the idea that we, in our age, hold any monopoly of light.

If that science, he says, which, by its presumption and extravagant claims, were with all its discoveries positive of the material origin of life, then to one who studied its conclusions doubt might easily and excusably come; but science has not reached and never will reach, the point at which it can subvert, of its reasoned conclusions, the foundations of faith, or by its positive discoveries.

All its greatest discoveries may indeed be said, rather to have added to the maze of mysteries which were already in existence, and as Jules Simon said: "Every step in advance

Can we see God? No, not in this life. Why? Because He is a Spirit, and the eyes of the body cannot see Him. When shall we see God? When we die, our souls shall see Him. Is God good? Yes; He is good in Himself, and good to us. Does God hate anything? He hates only sin.

Lesson Third

God is the Supreme Being. All things have their being from Him. Some creatures, such as plants, animals, and men have life. God is life itself, and He gives life to everything that lives. He is goodness itself, the source and infinite ocean from which all goodness flows. God is the sun of our souls. As long as the soul is in the body it can only see with the eyes of the body, and the eyes of the body can only see the sun that rises and sets. What a poor world this would be if there were no sun! Everything would die. So without God the soul dies. Not to see God in the other world is to die forever. It is eternal death; it is hell, the place of outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. How careful we ought to be to keep our souls free from sin lest we miss the vision of God and be cast into the outer darkness!

IV

GOD THE FATHER

Who made the world? God the Father Almighty.

Did He make the sun, moon and stars? Yes.

How did He make man? He formed man's body out of the earth, and created man's soul in His own image and likeness.

Why is man's soul like God? Because the soul thinks, and is free, and will live forever.

Did God make any other beings that can think? Yes; the angels.

What are angels? They are spirits like our souls, but without bodies.

Are they all good? No, some of them turned against God, as men on earth do now.

Where are the bad angels? In hell.

Where are the good angels? In heaven.

Lesson Fourth

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth." These are the words of the Apostles' Creed. God made the world out of nothing by His Word only. The Word of God is His Son, "and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." He Who made us by the Word Who is His Son bought us out of the bondage of sin by this Word made flesh, giving us "power to become children of God" and heirs of heaven. When the angels fell there was no Saviour for them. There was no bringing them back to God, so fixed was their will in evil. The leader of the fallen angels is Lucifer, also called Satan. Pride led to his fall; he wanted to be equal to God and to set up his throne against God on the sides of the north." He said: "I will not obey," and in that moment he fell like lightning from heaven. Be on your guard against pride, and obey those whom God has placed over you. Be humble, as Our Lord was humble and obedient, and the devil will have no power over you.

V

OUR FIRST PARENTS

Who were our first parents? Adam and Eve, the first man and woman.

Where did God place Adam and Eve? In the garden of Eden.

Did they pass their whole life there? No; they were driven out.

Why were they driven out? Because they sinned against God by eating of the forbidden fruit.

What do we call the sin of Adam and Eve? Original sin.

What happened to us on account of the sin of our first parents? We have been all born in sin.

Lesson Fifth

God placed our first parents in a garden of delights, known as the earthly paradise. They had everything they could wish for, and were very happy. God wanted them to obey Him, and not be like the bad angel who said "I will not obey." So He told them they could eat of all the fruit that was in the garden except the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. If they ate of that fruit, they should surely die.

THE LONELY HEART

For the Catholic Record

It's me that's sad an' lonesome since the white ship sailed away, I miss the red veins o' my heart, my youngest Willie bawn. Myself here by the fireside all the long hours o' the day. My thoughts in foreign places, or be- yant with him that's gone.

Whin first the ocean called to thim, although I missed thim sore, Yet whilst himself was left to me I wasn't all alone;

But since the day when, cold an' stark, he passed beyant the door, There's none but God an' Mary left to spake to now, asthore.

But, praised be God, he's sleepin' there beside the abbey wall, 'Tis lonesome by the winther's fire, but why should I complain?

For lyin' there so nigh to me I hear him call, But ne'er a whisper comes to me across the cruel main.

'Tis sad to see, above the grave, a weepin' mother kneel, To know her heart is breakin' at the rattle o' the clay.

But, ah my grief, though death be hard, 'tis more than that I feel, A hundred times the lonesome night, a thousand times by day.

Ah, pity ye the mother's heart whin o'er the white sea foam, She sees the big ship sailin' out be- yant the golden west.

For e'en tho' death means partin', yet they're sleepin' near to home.

An' 'tis no stranger's hand, asthore, that lays thim down to rest, If only Willie bawn were here to lay me in the clay.

To place my poor old bones to rest alongside him that's gone? His hand in mine—I'd welcome thim the breakin' o' the day.

An' I'd not fear the long boreen that leads beyant the dawn.

—REV. D. A. CASEY (COLUMBA)

THE NEW CATECHISM

The comments and criticisms of the theologian will be welcomed by the Toronto committee; but it is not his suggestions that are most needed. It is not very difficult to attain theological accuracy in an elementary book. What is really difficult is to attain a high degree of pedagogical perfection. There is no assumption of superior knowledge in writing to the committee. One does not need to be reckoned among the learned in order to make useful suggestions. Anyone who has been a teacher of Catechism, and has tried to impart real religious knowledge, has an experience which must have suggested ways and means. It is especially such experience that the committee expects to be of assistance in their work.

Following are additional chapters of the proposed Catechism:

II

THE BLESSED TRINITY

How do we become Christians and children of Our Father in Heaven? By baptism.

In whose name are we baptized? In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Is the Father God? Yes; the Father is God.

Is the Son God? Yes; the Son is God.

Is the Holy Ghost God? Yes; the Holy Ghost is God.

Are they three Gods? No; they are three Persons in One God.

How do you call the three Divine Persons in One God? The Blessed Trinity.

Lesson Second

The three Persons of the Blessed Trinity have one name, and that is God. They are but one God. They have one and the same divine nature. The Father is the First Person, the Son the Second Person, the Holy Ghost the Third Person. The Son is born of the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son. The three Persons are equal in all things. How there can be three Persons in one God is a mystery, that is, something we cannot explain. Our own life is full of mystery. We cannot understand how we came into the world. There is a mystery even in the beating of our hearts. It is not strange, then, that there should be much in the life of God that we cannot explain.

III

god

Had God a beginning? No; He always was and always will be.

Where is God? God is everywhere, here on earth and far away beyond the stars.

Can we see God? No, not in this life. Why? Because He is a Spirit, and the eyes of the body cannot see Him. When shall we see God? When we die, our souls shall see Him. Is God good? Yes; He is good in Himself, and good to us. Does God hate anything? He hates only sin.

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TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

THE SIXTH JURYMANS TALE

THE SWANS OF LIR

CHAPTER I

After the battle of Tailtean, the Tuatha Danaans assembled together from the remotest corners of the five provinces of Ireland, in order to make arrangements for the future government of the isle. All agreed that it was better the whole country should be united under one monarch, chosen by common consent, than to continue subject to the interminable dissensions and oppressive imposts arising from the rivalry of a number of petty sovereigns. Six candidates aspired to this supreme power, namely, Bugh Dearg, or Red Bow, of the tribe of the Desiasies, Ibbreac, or the Many Coloured, from the Red Stream, Lir, Fionnar of Royal, Mioyar, of the Great Barthen, so surnamed from his prodigious strength, and Aongusa, Og, or young Ones.

All the rest of the Tuatha Danaans, except the six candidates, then went into council, and the determination, was to give the kingdom to Bugh Dearg, for three reasons. The first reason was that his father had been a good man in his time, the second, that he was a good man himself, and the third, that he came of the best blood in the nation.

When Lir heard that the crown was to be given to Bugh Dearg, indignant at the choice, he returned to his own home, without waiting to see the new king inaugurated, or letting any of the assembly know that he was going, for he was convinced that the choice of the people would have fallen upon himself. Bugh Dearg however was proclaimed in due form, by the unanimous consent of the assembly, none of the five rejected candidates opposing his election, except Lir alone.

The ceremonies being concluded, the assembled tribes called on the new monarch to lead them in pursuit of Lir. "Let us burn and spoil his territory," said they. "Why dares he, who never had a king in his family, presume to slight the sovereign we have chosen?" "We will follow no such counsel," replied Bugh Dearg. "His ancestors and himself have always kept the province in which he lives in peace, and it will take nothing from my sovereignty over the Tuatha Danaans, to follow him still to hold his own possessions there."

The assembly, not fully satisfied with this reply, debated much on the course they had best take, but after much discussion, the question was allowed to rest for a time. Meanwhile, an incident occurred, which pressed heavily on the mind of Lir. His wife, whom he tenderly loved, fell ill and died in three nights. The report of her death, which was looked upon as a grievous loss to her own country, soon spread all over Ireland. "It reached, at length, the ears of Bugh Dearg, and of the princes and nobles who were at his palace."

"Now," said the monarch, "if Lir were willing to accede to it, I could propose a mode of redoubling the present friendship which I entertain for Lir. You all know that I have three daughters, the fairest in the kingdom, and I would praise them further, but that I am their father. I mean Aov, Aoife, and Alve, of whom Lir might choose which he pleased, to supply the place of his dead wife."

The speech of the king circulated among the Tuatha Danaans, and all agreed that a messenger ought to be sent to Lir in order to propose the connection, with a suitable dowry for the bride. When the ambassador arrived at the palace of Lir, he found the latter willing to accept the proposal and accordingly both returned together to the royal residence of Bugh Dearg, on the shores of Lough Derg, where they were received on the part of the Tuatha Danaans, with all the accusations that even a more popular prince could expect. All parties seemed to take an interest in promoting the union.

The three daughters were sitting on chairs richly ornamented, in a hall of their father's palace. Near them sat the queen, wife of Bugh Dearg. When Lir and the monarch entered, the latter directed his attention to the three princesses, and bade him choose which he would. "I do not know which of the three to choose," said Lir, "but the eldest is the most royal, and besides it is just that she should have precedence of the rest."

"Then," said the monarch, "that is Aov." "Aov, then, I choose," replied Lir. The marriage was celebrated with the magnificence becoming the rank of the parties. They remained a fortnight in the palace of the monarch, after which they went to the residence of Lir, who gave a splendid banquet on his arrival. In the progress of time, Aov had twins, a son and a daughter, who were named, the one Fingula, and the other Aodh, or Eugene. In her next confinement she gave birth to two sons to whom were given the names of Fiaccra and Cornu, but died herself, in a few days after. Lir was exceedingly grieved at her death, and only for the love he bore his children, would almost have wished to die along with her. The tidings reached the monarch, who, together with all his household, made great lamentations for his oldest daughter, grieving more especially for the affliction which it caused to Lir.

"Nevertheless," said the monarch, "what has occurred need not dissolve the connection between Lir and us, for he can if he please, take my second daughter, Aoife, to supply her place."

This speech, as was intended, soon found its way to Lir, who set out immediately for the palace of Bugh Dearg. The marriage was celebrated with the same splendour as on the former occasion, and Lir, after spending some time at the monarch's palace, returned to his house with Aoife, where he received her with all the love and honour which she could expect. For some time Aoife returned the same to him and to his children, and indeed any person who once saw those children, could not avoid giving them all the love which any creature could receive. Frequently the old monarch came to see them to Lir's house, and often took them to his own, where he would gladly keep them, but that their father could not bear to have them out of his sight. It was the custom of the Tuatha Danaans to entertain each other in succession. When they assembled at the house of Lir, the four children were the whole subject of discourse, and the chief ornament of the day, they were so fair and so winning both in their appearance and their dispositions, and even as they dispersed to their several homes, the guests were heard to speak of nothing else. Lir himself would rise every morning at day-break, and going to the apartment in which his children lay, would lie down among them for a while. The black poison of jealousy began at length to insinuate itself into the mind of Aoife. As if the love of Lir were not wide enough to comprehend them and herself, she conceived a mortal hatred against her sister's children. She feigned illness, and remained nearly a year in that condition, totally occupied in devising in her mind some means of ruining the children.

One morning she ordered her chariot, to the surprise of Lir, who, however, was well pleased at this sign of returning health. Aoife next desired that the four children of Lir should be placed in the chariot with her, and drove away in the direction of Bugh Dearg's house. It was much against her will that Fingula, the daughter, went into the carriage, for she had long observed the increasing coolness in the mind of her step-mother, and guessed that she had no kindly purpose in her thoughts at present. She could not however, avoid the destiny that was prepared for her, nor escape the suffering which she was doomed to undergo. Aoife continued her journey until she arrived at Fionnach, where dwelt some of her father's people, whom she knew to be deeply skilled in the art of the Druids. Having arrived at their residence, she went into the place where they were, and endeavoured to prevail on them to kill the children, telling them that their father through his affection for them, had slighted her, and promising to bestow on them all the riches which they could require.

"Ah," replied the Druids, "we would not kill the children of Lir for the whole world. You took an evil thought into your mind, and left your shame behind you, when you came with such a request to us." "Then if you will not," cried Aoife, "seizing a sword which lay near, 'I will avenge myself for I am resolved they shall not live.'"

Saying these words, she rushed out with her drawn sword, but through her womanhood she lost her courage when she was about to strike at the children. She then returned the sword to the Druids, and said she could not kill them.

Aoife resumed her journey, and they all drove on until they reached the shores of Lough Dairvrae, on the Lake of the Speckled Oak. Here she unbarned the horses, and desired the children to descend and bathe in the lake. They did as she bade, but when all were in the water, she took a magic wand and struck them with it one after another. One after another the forms of the beautiful children disappeared, and four white swans were seen upon the water in their stead, when she addressed them in the following words:

AOIFE
Away you children of the king! I have separated your lives from joy.
Your people will grieve to hear these tidings, but you shall continue birds.
What I have done I have done through hatred of you, and malice to your father.

THE CHILDREN
We, left here on the waters, must be tossed from wave to wave.

In the meantime Lir, returning to his palace, missed his children, and finding Aoife not yet come home, immediately guessed that she had deserted her jealousy. In the morning he ordered his chariot to be prepared, and following the track of his wife, travelled along until he came to the Lake of the Speckled Oak, when the children saw the chariot approaching, and Fingula spoke as follows:

By yon old Oak whose branches hoar,
Wave o'er Lough Dairvrae's lonely shore,
Bright in the morn, a dazzling line
Of helms and silver targets shine;
Speed, brethren dear, speed towards
The shelving strand,
'Tis royal Lir himself who leads the shining band.

Lir came to the brink of the water, and when he heard the birds conversing as they drew nigh, in human language, he asked them how they became endowed with that surprising gift.

"Know, Lir, replied Fingula, 'that we are your four children, who, through the frantic jealousy of our step-mother, and our own mother's sister, have been reduced to this unhappy condition.'"

"Are there any means," asked the wretched father, "by which you can ever be restored to your own forms again?"

"None," replied Fingula, "there is no man in existence able to affect that change, nor can it ever take place until a woman from the south, named Deochra, daughter of Ingrid, the son of Black Hugh, and a man from the north, named Larigean, the son of Colman, shall occasion our deliverance in the time of the Tailtean, when the Christian faith and charity shall come to Ireland."

When Lir and his attendants heard these words they uttered three doleful cries.

"Are you satisfied," said Lir, "since you retain your speech and reason to come and remain with us?"

"It is not in our power to do so," replied Fingula, "nor are we at liberty to commit ourselves to the hands of man, until what I have told you shall have come to pass. But in the meantime we possess our speech and our mental faculties as fully as ever, and are moreover endowed with one additional quality, which is, that we can sing the most melodious airs that the world has ever heard, and there is no mortal that would not feel a pleasure in listening to our voices. Remain with us for this night, and you shall hear our music."

When Lir had heard these words, he ordered his followers to unharness their steeds, and they remained during the whole night on the strand, listening to the music of the birds, until all were lulled to sleep by the enchanting melody, excepting Lir alone. In the morning Lir arose from the bank on which he lay, and addressed his children in the following words:

LIR
In vain I stretch my aching limbs
And close my weeping eyes,
In vain my children's moonlight hymns,
For me alone arise.
'Tis morn again, on wave and strand
My children, we must part;
A word that like a burning brand
Falls on your father's heart.

O had I seen this fatal hour,
When Lir's malignant queen
First sought his old paternal tower,
This hour had never been.
As thus between the shore and you
The widening waters grow,
So spreads my darkening spirits through
The sense of cureless woe.

Lir departed from the lake, and still following the track of Aoife, came to the palace of Ard-Righ, or Chief King, as Bugh Dearg was entitled. The monarch welcomed him, but complained of his not having brought his children as usual.

"Alas, poor that I am!" said Lir "it is not I who would keep my children from your sight, but Aoife yonder, once your darling, and the sister of their mother, who has had them transformed into four swans, and abandoned them on the Lake of the Speckled Oak. They have been seen in that place by a great multitude of our people, who have heard the story from themselves, for they retain their speech and reason as before."

The monarch started at these words, and looking on Aoife immediately became convinced that Lir had spoken the truth. He began to upbraid his daughter in a rough and angry tone.

"Malicious as you were," said he, "you will suffer more by this cruel deed than the children of Lir, for they in the progress of time will be released from their sufferings, and their souls will be made happy in the end."

On hearing this, the three brethren grew very sorrowful, and uttered many plaintive cries and sounds of grief; for they were almost as happy on that lake, enjoying the company of their friends and relatives, talking with them and answering their questions, as they would have been in their own home; more especially, when compared to the grief they felt on leaving it, for the wild and stormy sea that lies to the north of Ireland. Early in the morning they came as close to the brink of the lake as they could, and spoke to their father and their friends, to all of whom they bade a mournful farewell, repeating those pitiful lines that follow:

THE CHILDREN
Receive, O royal sage, our last farewell
Thou of the potent spell!
And thou, O Lir, deep skilled in mystic lore—
We meet—we meet no more!
The sun complete of our appointed hours
We leave you happy bowers.
Farewell, dear friends, till time itself is o'er
We meet—we meet no more!
For ever now to human converse lost
On Moyle's wild waters toss,
Our doom till day, and night, and seasons fall,
To weave a mournful tale.
Three lingering ages on the northern main
To waste in various pain!
Three lingering ages in the stormy west
To heave on ocean's breast.
Sad is our doom, dear friends, on wintry seas,
Through many a year to freeze—
Harsh brine and rocks with horrid sea-weed brow
For Lir's soft joys of down!
No more the bed of Lir's paternal breast,
Early we part unblest!
A pow'r unseen, commands that we forsake,
Lone Dairvrae's peaceful lake.
Rise from the wave, companions of my fear,
Rise, brethren dear!
Bright wave and pebbly beach and echoing dell
Farewell, a last farewell!
And you dear friends who throng the leafy
We meet—we meet no more!

CHAPTER II
Sadly, O, Moyle, to thy winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away,
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
Moore's Irish Melodies.

Having ended those verses, the swans took wing, and arising lightly on the air, continued their flight until they reached the Sruh na Maoile, or the Sea of Moyle, as those waters were called which flowed between Ireland and Scotland. Their departure occasioned deep sorrow to all who witnessed it, and they had a law proclaimed throughout the kingdom, that any one, from the king to the peasant, who should kill a swan, let his power be as great as it might, should meet with certain death. In the meantime the children of Lir found that they had made an unhappy change of place. When they saw the broad wild ocean around them, they grew cold and hungry, and began to fall into despair, thinking that all they ever suffered was nothing until they were sent to these seas. They remained on the waters until one night it began to freeze very hard.

"My loving brothers," said Fingula, "we make very unwise provision against the coming night if we do not keep close together, and lest by any mischance we should lose sight of each other, let us appoint a place where we may meet again as soon as it may be in our power."

"In that case, dear sister," said the three brothers, "let us meet at the Carrig na Roin, (or the Rock of Seals), for that is a place with which we are all acquainted."

They continued thus until about the middle of the night. The wind then increased to a storm, the waters arose, and the mountains of brine, as they rolled and broke around them, sparkled in the gloom as if they had taken fire. So great was the tempest that the children of Lir were separated by the waves. All were cold and wide, nor could one tell whither any of the three others had been driven. At length it abated a little of its violence, the deep became more settled, and Fingula found herself alone. Not being able to see her brethren anywhere around, she felt the deepest anxiety of mind, and at length broke forth into the following words:

FINGULA
I
Heart-broken o'er these seas I glide,
My frozen fings together clinging,
No more along the stormy tide,
I hear my brethren singing.

II
Three lingering ages marked by woes
Since first we left Lone Dairvrae's water;
Break, break my heart and give repose
To Lir's unhappy daughter.

III
Beloved alike, O loved so well,
That made your sister's breast your pillow
Tell me, wandering brethren tell,
Where roam you o'er the billow.

IV
Hid by what rocks or secret caves,
That went beneath my wings to slumber,
I fear the dead will leave the graves,
Ere time restore our number.

V
Toss'd by the surge and sleety storm
At random o'er this briny water;
Woe, woe to all who share the form
Of Lir's unhappy daughter.

Fingula remained that night on the Rock of the Seals. At sunrise the next morning, looking out in every direction along the water, she saw Cornu coming towards her with head drooping and feathers drenched with spray, so cold and feeble that he could not answer her questions. Fingula received him lovingly under her wings, and said:—
"If Eugene were with us now, our condition would be tolerable."
Not long after she saw Eugene coming towards her with a drooping head and wings hanging to the ground and she welcomed him, and put him under the feathers of her breast. Immediately after she saw Fiaccra approaching, and she then removed and placed him under her left wing, and put Fiaccra beneath her right wing when Cornu had been before. She then settled her feathers about them and said:
"Severe, my dear brothers, as you have found the last night, you must yet see many more as bad."
The children of Lir continued for a long time in the same condition on the Sruh na Maoile, until one night they suffered so much from the cold and wind and snow, that nothing they had hit hitherto was comparable to it, which made Fingula utter the following words:

FINGULA
I
Hard is our life and sharp with ill,
My brethren dear;
The snow so thick, the wind so chill,
The night so drear.
We strive to keep
Sad concert in our songs of pain,
But the wild deep,
Relentless mars the rising strain.

II
Vainly we sooth our aching hearts
With converse sweet,
Wave after wave, high heaving parts
Our union meet.
Ah, doom severe!
Harsh was our mother's vengeful will,
Ah, brethren dear,
Hard is our life and sharp with ill.

III
They remained for a year on the Sea of Moyle, when one night, as they were on the Rock of the Seals, the waters congealed around them with the cold; and as they lay on the rock, their feet and wings were frozen to it, so that they could not move a limb, when at length, after using what strength remained in their bodies, they succeeded in getting free, the skin of their feet, and the innermost down of their breasts, and the quills of their wings, remained clinging to the icy crag.

"Woe to the children of Lir!" said Fingula, "mournful is our fate to-night, for when the salt water pierces into our wounds, we shall be pained to death!" and she sang these lines:

FINGULA
I
Sad is our hap this mournful night,
With mangled feet and plumage bleeding,
Our wings no more sustain our flight,
Woe comes to linked woe succeeding,
Ah, cruel was our step-dame's mind,
When hard to nature's sweet emotion
She sent us here mid wave and wind,
To freeze on Moyle's relentless ocean.

II
The wild sea-foam that strews the shore,
The weeds those briny waves engender,
For past delights are all our store,
Thou festered once in regal splendour.

III
Rise, sister of three brethren dear,
Let custom dull the edge of anguish,
In hollow rock or cavern drear,
By doom unrighteous, bound to languish.

IV
Leaving the Rock of Seals, they alighted again on the waters of Moyle, where the sharp brine pierced them, keenly, although they strove to keep their feet under their wings, as closely as they could. They continued to suffer thus until their feet were healed. They used frequently go as near the shore as they could, on that part of the Irish coast which looks towards Scotland, and every night they came together to Moyle, which was their constant place of rest. One day as they drew nigh the shore of Banna, to the north, they saw a number of chariots and horsemen, splendidly arrayed with horses richly caparisoned, approaching from the west.

"Do you observe that brilliant company, you sons of Lir?" said Fingula.

"We know not who they are," replied her brethren, "but they seem to be Irish; whether of the Sons of Mile, or the Tuatha Danaans, it is impossible for us to conjecture."

They drew close to the shore, in order to observe more accurately. When the horsemen saw them coming, they hastened towards them, until they came within speaking distance. The persons of note who

were amongst them were Aodh Aithiosach, or Merry Hugh, and Feargus Fithcall, (of the Complete Armour), the two sons of Bugh Dearg the Monarch, and the third part of his body-guard. The horsemen were for a long time shifting their place, in order to come near the birds, and when at length they did so, they saluted each other very lovingly, with the affection which became relations. The children of Lir inquired how the Tuatha Danaans were, and especially Lir and Bugh Dearg, with their friends and dependents.

"They are all well in their respective homes," replied the horsemen. "At present, it is true, they are in your father's palace, partaking of a splendid banquet, in health and joy, knowing no other want than that of your absence, and their ignorance of your place of abode, since you left the Lake of the Speckled Oak."

"Evil has been our life since then," said Fingula, "for neither we, nor any other creature that we have heard of, ever suffered so much as we have done since we came to the waters of Moyle;" and she uttered the following words:

FINGUAL
We four are well,
Though in keen want, and sombre grief we dwell,
Happy are they
Who sit in Lir's bright hall and share his banquet gay,
Rich food and wine,
For them in sparkling gold and silver shine;
While far away,
His children shiver in the hungry spray!

We, who of yore,
On dainties fared, and silken garments wore,
Now all our fare,
Cold sand, and bitter brine, for wax and honey rare,
Our softest bed,
The crag that o'er those surges lifts his head;
Oft have we laid
Our limbs on beds of tenderest down arrayed,
Now must we lie,
On Moyle's rough wave, with plumage seldom dry;
A pageant rare
Oft bore us to our grand sire's palace fair.

Ah mournful change!
Now with faint wings, these dreary shores I range
O'er Lir's dark tide,
Plume touching plume, we wander side by side
Sharing no more
The joys that cheer'd our happy hearts of yore
The welcome mild,
That on our grandsire's kingly feature smiled
Lir's counsel meet,
And fond paternal kiss, that made the morning sweet.

The horsemen returned soon after to the house of Lir, and told the principal man of the Tuatha Danaans where they had seen the birds, and the dialogue they had held together. "We cannot assist them," they replied, "but we are well pleased to hear that they live, for they will be restored to their former shape, after a long time has elapsed."

The children of Lir meantime returned northwards to the sea of Moyle, where they remained until their time in that place had expired. Then Fingula spoke to her brothers, and said:
"It is time for us to depart from hence, for the period appointed for us to remain here is at an end, and she added these verses:

FINGUAL
I
At length we leave this cheerless shore,
Unblest by summer's sunshine splendour;
Its storm for us shall howl no more,
Our time on gloomy Moyle is ended,
Three hundred sunless summers past,
We leave at length this lovers' billow;

II
Where oft we felt the icy blast,
And made the shelving crag our pillow.

III
Still on our lingering night of pain,
Far distant beams the dawn of gladness;
Light ease beside the western main,
Awaits our long accustomed sadness,
Long must we haunt that billowy shore,
Ere breaks for us, the day beam splendour.

But here our numbered years are o'er
Our time on gloomy Moyle is ended
After that time, the children of Lir left the sea of Moyle, and flew until they came to the most westerly part of the ocean. They were there for a long time suffering all kinds of hardship, until they happened to see a man, a tiller of the ground, who used often watch them when they came near the shore, and took great pleasure in listening to their music. He told the people on the coast of what he had seen and spread the tidings of the prodigy far and near. However, the same tale remains to be repeated, for the children of Lir never suffered so much before or after as they did on that very night, after the husbandman had seen them, the frost was so keen, and the snow coming so thick upon the wind, the waters all congealed into ice, so that the woods and the sea were one colour. Their feet stuck to the ground, leaving them unable to move, and they began to utter the most lamentable cries, while Fingula comforted and strove to persuade them not to grieve, but in vain; and she repeated these lines:

FINGUAL
I
Sad are my suffering brethren's piercing cries,
This dreary night!
Sharp drives the snow shower, o'er the moonless skies,
With ceaseless flight!
Where'er they search the frost-bound ocean o'er
On solid ice, their thirsty beaks are ringing,
Nor on the wintry shore,
Fresh water laves their plumes, nor bubbling fount is springing.

II
O thou dread monarch, who to sea and coast,
Their being gave,
And led'st, as shadowy rumour tells, a host,
Through the deep wave!
Behold these wretched birds with plying eyes,
Their lingering years in joyless slavery spending,
In thy great night arise,
And bid our souls be free, their bonds of anguish rending.

"Brothers," said Fingula, "confide in Him who made heaven and the elements, the earth with all its fruit, and the sea with all its wonders, and you will find comfort and relief."

"We do confide in him," they answered.

"And I confide with you," said Fingula, "in the only being, who is full of knowledge and of pity, and their confidence came in due time, for they obtained the relief they sought, and from that day forward they never suffered trouble or perplexity. They remained on the Oreas Domhnan, (Deep Seas,) until their time was fulfilled, when Fingula said to her brethren:

FINGUAL
A mournful wonder is this place to me,
Which once I knew so well!
Not even the trace of that loved home I see,
Where Lir was wont to dwell,
Nor hound nor steed, nor lord nor lady bright,
Nor welcome spoken!
Since I have lived to see this mournful sight,
My heart is broken.

III
This was not in our father's time of old,
A loveless, lightless waste,
Without a cup the sparkling wine to hold,
Or princely guest to taste.
The home where we had each joyous morn,
Is bleak and lonely!
And nothing left, to us its heirs forlorn
Save memory only.

IV
Now do I know the deep devouring grave
Holds all who once were dear!
Sad was our life on Moyle's tempestuous wave,
But keener grief is here,
Low rustling grass and winds that sadly blow
Through dry leaves creeping!
And he who should his cherish'd darlings know,
For ever sleeping.

TO BE CONTINUED

FROM THE SACRED HEART

No one would have thought him a romantic figure to look at Carlo Leone that night as we sat in his window watching the sun go down. It was a dingy little window, without even the grace of a fire escape, and the room behind it was more dingy still. Carlo, in his working clothes, puffing stolidly at his pipe, was no more attractive than his surroundings. The sunlight threw his shock of brown hair into relief against the window frame, cast a ruddied glow over the rugged face; and lingered long in the brown Italian eyes. They were nice eyes, though their owner was only a shabby young laborer, and particularly nice just now, for a warmer light than the sun-set's own shining in them.

Other men in the great city of San Francisco might see a girl's face in their smoke wreaths, but surely no lovelier face looked out from the Land of Dreams that night than Angela's. Carlo knew every line of it by heart, the rose and cream of the skin, the melting curve of the dark lashes, the very twist of the silky tendrils that were always escaping from Angela's blue-black braids. It floated before him now, shutting out the roofs with their teaming life, the alleys with their dirty, swarming children. Sometimes the dear face smiled; but mostly it was sad, wistfully, sweetly sad, and the lips had a downward droop as they whispered their "Mio Carlo!" Ah! poor little Angela.

Carlo's mouth grew sterner as he watched the face of his dream, but his eyes were tenderer than ever. Presently he rose and knocked the

ashes from his pipe against the window...

Madre Marcelina was gossiping on the landing as usual...

Madre Marcelina would always look upon Carlo and Angela as children...

Carlo was thinking of this as he turned his hat in awkward fingers...

"No news," he said at length. "She is no better. The Signora says it is too soon to tell yet..."

It was a long speech for the stolid Carlo, and what was worse to Madre Marcelina...

She glared at him for an instant with her sharp little eyes...

But Carlo sat unmoved through her tirade. Now he got up to go.

His mouth was still set in that stubborn line when he turned into the little church...

Unconsciously he turned in the direction of the little church, the watchman in the bank...

Across the piled bricks Carlo caught a glimpse of a familiar figure...

Someone else had sought comfort at the poor shrine, a girl was prostrate there, her slim hands gripping the bronze feet...

Carlo started and stared. Just so Angela's hair had hung in braids—had curled about her ears!

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to the middle of the street, out of the way of falling bricks...

Carlo waited a few minutes longer to be sure all was over...

He dared not tell himself think of Madre Marcelina—of Angela, so helpless in her chair...

So he plodded wearily back and forth his face drawn with that inward struggle...

It seemed an eternity before a disheveled man appeared in whose haggard look Carlo recognized the bank's president...

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"Angela," he gasped hoarsely. "Angela!"

The girl started up, pushing back her hair from her hot, tear-stained face...

"O Mio Carlo! art thou here? and safe?" Her fingers clutched him hungrily...

A little longer they clung to each other, whispering tender childish names, forgetful of the world...

And Angela lifting a glowing face to his. "The Sacred Heart has cured me!" she said.

It would take too long to repeat the doctor's explanation of the miracle, and neither Carlo nor Angela understood or cared one jot for it...

But Carlo and Angela, kneeling side by side before the bronze figure of the Sacred Heart...

From one group to another went Carlo, questioning till at length he found the object of his search...

Strange stories are told by hospital chaplains of God's astounding mercy to poor sinners...

I often visited a brother priest who was chaplain in one of the most prominent hospitals in the country...

"One day I visited him in his apartments and he seemed preoccupied. I asked the cause."

"Well, Father Alexander," he said. "I am standing silent, as it were, before a case of God's wonderful mercy to-day."

"Downstairs a man has been bed-ridden for some months. When he came to the hospital I tried to find out what religion he professed...

"I am standing silent, as it were, before a case of God's wonderful mercy to-day."

"Yes!" he said very distinctly. "May I have a drink of water?"

"Certainly," said the Sister, and she at once went in and returned with a glass of fresh water.

"He thanked her, and while she raised his head and assisted him to drink, she ventured to say as he tried to swallow a little..."

"No," said the sick man. "I have never been baptized; I don't belong to any church. If I did, I would belong to yours."

"And would you wish to be baptized a Catholic?" asked the Sister eagerly.

"If I could, I would," he replied. "No one ever asked me."

"Why, I thought you had been spoken to repeatedly about religion," said the nun, amazed.

"I didn't understand," said he wearily. "But you understand now," said she. "You want to be baptized so that you may reach heaven?"

"Yes, that's what I want."

"Wait a minute," said the Sister, and she quickly came to my room and amazed me by telling me No. 46 wanted to be baptized...

"In an instant I saw the shadow of death on his face."

"You want to be baptized, my son?" I said. "You believe all the Holy Catholic Church teaches?"

"I want to be baptized," I do believe, I said distinctly from his lips. Sister had brought him. It was nearly full. I poured it over his forehead, baptizing him in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost!

"I turned to the bed; the man was gasping! In one second he was dead!"

GOD'S MYSTERIOUS WAY

Strange stories are told by hospital chaplains of God's astounding mercy to poor sinners...

I often visited a brother priest who was chaplain in one of the most prominent hospitals in the country...

"One day I visited him in his apartments and he seemed preoccupied. I asked the cause."

"Well, Father Alexander," he said. "I am standing silent, as it were, before a case of God's wonderful mercy to-day."

"Downstairs a man has been bed-ridden for some months. When he came to the hospital I tried to find out what religion he professed...

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"One day I visited him in his apartments and he seemed preoccupied. I asked the cause."

"Well, Father Alexander," he said. "I am standing silent, as it were, before a case of God's wonderful mercy to-day."

"Yes!" he said very distinctly. "May I have a drink of water?"

"Certainly," said the Sister, and she at once went in and returned with a glass of fresh water.

"No," said the sick man. "I have never been baptized; I don't belong to any church. If I did, I would belong to yours."

"And would you wish to be baptized a Catholic?" asked the Sister eagerly.

"If I could, I would," he replied. "No one ever asked me."

"Why, I thought you had been spoken to repeatedly about religion," said the nun, amazed.

"I didn't understand," said he wearily. "But you understand now," said she. "You want to be baptized so that you may reach heaven?"

"Yes, that's what I want."

"Wait a minute," said the Sister, and she quickly came to my room and amazed me by telling me No. 46 wanted to be baptized...

"In an instant I saw the shadow of death on his face."

"You want to be baptized, my son?" I said. "You believe all the Holy Catholic Church teaches?"

"I want to be baptized," I do believe, I said distinctly from his lips. Sister had brought him. It was nearly full. I poured it over his forehead, baptizing him in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost!

"I turned to the bed; the man was gasping! In one second he was dead!"

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Gibson, who has been for thirty years a Presbyterian minister of a London church, and in it he is reported to have said: "We go to the Bible for a vision of the human soul in its aspiration Godward..."

"The new message is not God in a Book, but God in the men that wrote the Book—not God in a dogma, but God in human experience."

"The new message is not God in a Book, but God in the men that wrote the Book—not God in a dogma, but God in human experience."

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multitudes in this country who are Christians merely in name, what will happen? That is a question for most anxious thought.

A thing very pleasing to Our Lord and profitable to the soul is to offer Him our heart with much affection, that He may dwell therein, and then to have a treasure of good works to present to Him...

You will have to work and maybe fight. What is called good fortune isn't set before you on a silver platter. It is caught, cleaned, cooked and served by you...

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION Apostolic Delegation Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey My dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church. At the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines, it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus. Apostolic Delegate

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1913

THE LATE BISHOP O'CONNOR

By the death of His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough the Church in Canada loses a loyal son, a stalwart defender, a holy and able bishop.

A year and a half ago, when the late bishop celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest, he appeared to be one of the most vigorous of the prelates and priests assembled to pay their tribute of sincere respect and appreciation, and to thank God for his fifty years of fruitful service in the Master's vineyard.

Born at Listowel, County Kerry, Ireland, in 1838, Richard Alphonsus O'Connor came to Canada with his parents in his childhood. He was the first student enrolled at St. Michael's College, Toronto, where he received his collegiate training. After his course of theology in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, he was ordained priest in 1861.

Twenty-eight years he labored as a priest in the diocese of Toronto, being Dean of Barrie for nineteen years. In 1889 in succession to Bishop Dowling, who was translated to Hamilton, he was made Bishop of Peterborough. The work of this vast diocese taxed even his great physical strength, and in 1905, at his request, the Holy See erected the northern district into the new Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, of which a child of the diocese, whom the late Bishop had raised to the priesthood, the Right Rev. David Scollard, was made the first bishop.

Simple in his life and habits, a strong man in every sense of the word, Bishop O'Connor was a man of very decided convictions, not easily moved, yet singularly open-minded where difference of opinion was based on reasons that he had not fully considered.

His great capacity for work, his apostolic zeal, his gentle yet remarkably firm character endeared him to his own people, and commanded the genuine respect of those outside the household of faith.

To the priests and people of the Diocese of Peterborough the CATHOLIC RECORD extends its heartfelt sympathy while it joins them in the fervent prayer for the great soul of the departed Bishop. Eternal rest give to him O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon him.

THE GOLDEN AGE FOR THE BRITISH WORKMAN

We desire to call particular attention to the article (Merrie Toilers) from Reynolds's, the great organ of the British workingman.

The comfortable Protestant tradition is that the Reformation in England was not the result of Henry VIII's quarrel with the Pope over the divorce, but the culmination of a long struggle of the English people for national independence. Historical research, as we have shown, completely shatters this position.

The people of England were bitterly opposed, and with good reason, to the course which Henry, impelled by passion and the spirit of absolute power, was driven to pursue.

This Dr. Gairdner categorically asserts: "It was a contest not of the English people, but of the King and his government with Rome.

"As regards national feeling the people evidently regarded the cause of the Church as the cause of liberty. That their liberty suffered grievously by the abolition of papal jurisdiction under Henry VIII., there can be no manner of doubt."

If we have insisted so strongly on this truth easily recognized by Catholics, it is because it is overlaid with three centuries of misrepresentation on which is based the popular Protestant tradition and belief that the Reformation ushered in an era of liberty and material progress.

Liberty suffered grievously not only under Henry VIII., but down to the present day.

Material progress itself, or what has boastfully been so considered, is based on the ruins of liberty. Today, when labor arrayed against capital threatens the very existence of civilization, we do not boast so much of colossal wealth. Only the unthinking now glory in the fact that Dives goes to their church; serious men no longer consider it a convincing argument against the Catholic Church that Lazarus and his fellows find therein a home. History is interesting inasmuch as it throws a light on the past; but history is useful in so far as it throws a light on the future.

Modern social conditions make the study of the history of social conditions in the past imperative. And it is consoling that the working man who cared little for Protestant tradition or Protestant pretence has his attention directed to the status of English workmen before the mis-called Reformation.

We want to direct our readers' attention to the fact that the hundred and fifty years before the Reformation was the GOLDEN AGE OF BRITISH WORKMEN.

"THREE CENTURIES OF ROMANISM IN SOUTH AMERICA"

"The Church of Rome," says the Presbyterian Witness, "has had undisputed sway in South America for more than three hundred years. The first Jesuit missionaries landed in 1549. No church in any land or in any age has had such opportunities of dominating the life of a whole continent."

The date 1849 is evidently a misprint. But if the Witness can stifle admiration for the Jesuit missionaries of South America, then the savagery of the Cannibal tribes Christianized by the Jesuits, is not altogether "unparalleled" in our own age and country. We have made a note of the subject and shall sometime give our readers a glimpse of the heroic work, the Christ-like zeal, and the beneficent results of Jesuit missions in South America.

"What then," asks the Witness, "has this Church to show for the splendid opportunity which it has so long enjoyed on this continent? A condition of ignorance, unprogressiveness and moral degradation unparalleled in any nominally Christian land on the face of the earth."

Last week we considered the question of "unparalleled unprogressiveness."

The picture of moral degradation is made up of some unrelated facts, some stupid exaggerations, lies out of whole cloth, quotations here and there. Mr. Speer's own veracious travellers, tales and any gaps left are readily filled in on the authority of "it is said," "it is estimated," "it is charged."

The Witness must have unlimited faith in the "total depravity" of its readers if it expects them to regard the picture as a truthful presentation of South American conditions.

We shall give a sample or two; from one judge all:

"At Cartagena was the seat of the Inquisition where it is said 400,000 were condemned to death, and while that terror has long since passed away, the shadow of the Church, as a great repressive, deadening power has remained."

Why stop at 400,000? Readers who will swallow that will even more readily believe 4,000,000 to be about the correct figure. And then once the statement is made, future zealous missionaries can truthfully quote it—with the preface "it is said;" and thus prepare the mind for adjectives even more forcible than "repressive," "deadening," "obscurantist," "debauched," "reactionary," "benighted" and "priest-ridden!"

If the rank and file of the South American people, not excluding the Indians, know no more of Christian charity or care no more for truth than the writers and readers of the Witness and Speer's obscene calumnies, then we admit their whole case

against the Church in South America.

Here is another sample of the fair, honorable, self-respecting methods of those truth-loving, God-fearing and Priest-hating scandal-mongers.

"When the late Cardinal Vaughan visited South America, in the sixties, he wrote of what he saw in New Granada (Colombia). 'The monks are in the lowest state of degradation and the suppression of them would be an act of divine favor.'"

We should be very glad, indeed, if the Witness or Speer or any of their misguided readers were to read Snead-Cox's Life of Cardinal Vaughan. Numbers of non-Catholics have read it; many non-Catholic reviewers have ranked it with the greatest biographies in the English language.

There they will find portrayed a man simple, lovable, honest and straightforward; though of a family who kept the faith through the ages of bitter and brutal persecution; though in his earliest years he heard from living members of his family of the oppression due to the "diabolical ingenuity" of the Penal Laws; we find in him no trace of bitterness, but the fullness of that charity described by St. Paul. His zeal was as great as that of the Speers who compass sea and land to make one proselyte, but it was a zeal that was tempered, permeated, suffused with Christian charity. His life was given to the cause of Truth and he would have spurned vile calumnies of Protestants or misrepresentations of Protestantism, the counterpart of Speer's and the Witness' calumnies of the Catholic Church, if any such existed. Yes, spurned them no less because as calumnies they stained the fair name of Truth, than because of the degrading, the soul-killing effect in those who use them.

Now let us examine the testimony of Cardinal Vaughan, Speer's latest witness to the total depravity of South America. It will be remembered that he had already presented documentary evidence that the Pope bore him out in every particular of his charges. But unfortunately for him his Encyclical was shown to be a forgery. Bogus Papal encyclicals being ruled out by the Court, our pertinacious missionary gives us the next best thing, the evidence of a Cardinal. But our wily devil's advocate has learned wisdom from experience. It won't do to manufacture evidence out of whole cloth; unless, indeed, with the saving clauses: "it is said," "it is charged," "it is estimated."

In a whole carcass of meat sometimes there is a bruised spot which prurifies while the rest remains sound. There are certain flies which infallibly discover this spot, and there deposit their eggs. In this suitable environment the eggs become maggots, grow, thrive, and revel in the putridity.

In so wholesome a book as the "Life of Cardinal Vaughan," where the whole atmosphere is charity and truth, Mr. Speer and the Witness think they have found such a spot. Let us see if it is dirty enough for their maggots to thrive in.

We shall quote the passage with its context:

"In a letter at this period after noting the persecution to which religion was being subjected by the civil authorities, and which had had the result of completely paralyzing the authority of the Bishops, he adds: 'The monks here are in the lowest state of degradation and the suppression of them would be an act of divine favor.'"

If our friends Speer and the Witness can not suppress the monks, they are adepts at another sort of suppression—suppressio veri—suppression of the truth, a particularly odious form of lying.

They suppress the context which summarizes the rest of the letter from which the extract is taken; and they suppress "here." And for good reasons, because the context would show:

1. That they knew they were lying in the sentences quoted at the head of this article. The conditions described would not go well with "the undisputed sway of the Church of Rome" to "dominate the life of the continent."

2. That Father Vaughan was speaking of a particular place, "here"; a place by the way which was across the continent from Colombia. But they had singled out Colombia as an awful example. What the late Cardinal did say about Colombia would not suit their purpose. We shall quote this suppressed truth later.

3. That the condition which he deplored was due not to the Catholic

religion, not to the Church of Rome but to the persecution of religion which completely paralyzed the authority of the bishops. Those whom the Holy Ghost had placed to rule the Church of God were absolutely powerless; anarchy ensued. It would be quite as fair to quote the description of the Lawrence riots as exemplifying American respect for law and order.

For reasons good and sufficient to Speer and the Witness they did not quote Father Vaughan (afterwards Cardinal) on the conditions of New Granada (Colombia). When Father Vaughan was in that country the government was making war on the Catholic Church. The clergy were forbidden to administer the sacraments, or to exercise any priestly function until they had taken an oath acknowledging the supremacy of the civil power in spiritual matters. Father Vaughan, nevertheless, in defiance of the law, ministered to the victims of the smallpox which was epidemic at the time. For which he was arrested; he appealed to the British Consul and asserted his rights as a British subject; was let out on bail and immediately returned to his heroic work amongst the smallpox victims.

Why did not our zealous friends quote this passage? Because it showed that the Catholic Church had not undisputed sway; and because a fallen priest is more toothsome to them than the unpalatable description of a holy priest risking health and life for the love of God and the cure of souls.

Then if the late Cardinal Vaughan in the sixties is a trustworthy witness why not let him tell of Santiago, where he is in admiration at the deeply spiritual life of the city, "the most Catholic in Christendom." Where he tells of the six establishments endowed for the purpose of giving retreats to the laity. Where, from five thousand to six thousand every year avail themselves of this great means of "the sanctification of the people."

Why? Because it is sweet and wholesome and spiritual; and they must find a spot of putrid flesh that their eggs of slander may develop into the maggots of bigotry; the sure foundation on which to base an appeal to supply "the urgent need of Protestant missions in South America."

We shall return to the subject. While such a book as Speer's can be shamelessly recommended by a religious weekly, there is need of a little missionary work in Canada.

A GIGANTIC MONOPOLY

About twenty-five men, representing as many banks, control absolutely \$1,000,000,000 of the people's money.

Certain kinds of business are classed as public utilities, wherein the large and important public interest is recognized and protected. There is not a single one of them more a public utility than banking. The banks are a monopoly. The money in which they deal belongs to the people. But to suggest that banking be treated as other public utilities is to expose oneself to be called a "demagogue," or what in the high financial circles is a more contemptuous term "an honest and inexperienced citizen."

The Farmers Bank failure, entailing the loss of \$1,100,000 to depositors, and the ruin of many shareholders, has prepared the way for some wholesome criticism of the privileged banking monopoly.

According to the Parliamentary correspondent of the Globe, "many of the people's representatives had something to say from the people's point of view. Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance, and Mr. A. K. Maclean of Halifax, the financial critic of the Opposition, plodded through their parts with ultra-conservative caution. They discussed banking and banking institutions in a learned way and with the most wholesome respect. They handled the subject in the silkiest of silken gloves. They banded pleasantries and radiated financial philosophy. Then came the proletariat on each side of the House and waded in to say things. Mr. Duncan C. Ross, the young Liberal from West Middlesex, discovered that a spade was a spade, and proceeded to inform Parliament of the fact. He shocked the financiers by proclaiming that depositors had a material interest in the bill, and demanded consideration at the hands of the Government. He expressed the heterodox opinion that it would be a healthy thing to have a thorough investigation of the bank-

ing system and methods of this country.

"From the Government side of the House, Mr. W. F. Maclean (South York), that energetic apostle of a restless Conservatism, who is again running amuck in his party, told the Minister of Finance in strident tones: 'This is a bankers' bill, not a public measure,' and forthwith proceeded to call for the appointment of a Monetary Commission to make a study of general banking conditions with a view to tightening public control and protecting public interests."

Sir Edmund Osler said that the banks were making only 4 per cent. on their free money. Their free money is of course the people's money. "How much are they making on their capital?" was the prompt and pertinent query. Whereupon Sir Edmund admitted that the Dominion Bank to which he belonged paid 18 per cent. dividend. Not only do the banks pay from 16 to 20 per cent. dividend on \$114,000,000 capital, but they have added, over and above, \$106,000,000 to the reserve fund.

Government inspection won't do; the banks don't want it. That depositors should be protected, as the holders of bank notes are now protected, would be bad law, though the cases are precisely parallel.

"We must always rely in the final analysis," said the Finance Minister, "on the integrity and ability of the officers and directors." Consoling doctrine for the banks, but what of the depositors?

For all the banks to guarantee the deposits of each, as they do in the case of notes "would necessitate the creation of a fund of \$50,000,000." Supposing it would; the reserve now amounts to \$106,000,000.

Mr. W. F. McLean made the excellent suggestion that a monetary commission be appointed to conduct an investigation into the financial and banking needs of the country to report, in a year or eighteen months, and that the charters of the banks be extended that time to await the report. Parliament and country could then have digested the report of the Pujio commission which might enable them to see whither they are drifting financially.

That the interests of the people have found advocates amongst their representatives in both parties is at any rate a matter for congratulation and gratitude. Let us hope that they will not be satisfied without practical results.

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION

A clerical correspondent in the Canadian Churchman (Anglican) says: "We must in all honesty convince others of the correctness of our Apostolic claims, or be despised for claiming what is not so."

Apostolic succession! Yes, it used to be claimed by Anglicans; and they were not afraid or ashamed to discuss the claim. But for some time it has been timidly, almost apologetically, asserted or passed over in silence. Apostolic succession seems to be taboo in "that broad, large-hearted, definite, (sic) strong churchmanship which the late Archbishop Benson summed up in four words," "Catholic, Apostolic, Reformed, Protestant."

It is somewhat difficult for a Catholic (who is not at the same time Protestant) to get a clear idea of what some Anglicans mean by Church Unity, or even by Church.

Archdeacon Ingles, in reply to Dr. Symonds, in the Canadian Churchman, insists on confirmation as a "vital principle" of apostolic origin. Whether he considers it a sacrament or not, he carefully avoids the use of the term.

Dr. Symonds is not unmindful of Rome and the Orthodox Church of the East. Let us be careful that we take no step which would prejudice our position in the eyes of these two great Communions. On the other hand, we are bound not for their sake only by any means, but for the sake of the Protestant communions about us to hold faithfully to every Catholic practice, every "vital principle" which has come down to us, that we may be in the Providence of God the instrument of bringing together the scattered members of the Body of Christ."

No, we are quite unable to understand the definite Catholic-Protestant meaning of the terms Church, Church unity, and Body of Christ.

Archbishop Benson's son, however, states the Catholic position in *Christ in the Church*, in a way one can understand, whether one agrees with him or not.

Gifts are given us by God to do with them what we can. We are not to hide and waste them, but use them and make them increase and grow.

DEATH OF A NOTED SCOTTISH LADY

Last month a noted Scottish Catholic lady, a representative of the fine old Jacobite and Catholic families, passed away at a ripe old age at her home in Scotland in the person of Mrs. A. M. Chisholm. The London Times in noting her death said in a recent issue:

The death has taken place at Glassburn House, Beaulieu, in her eighty-third year, of Mrs. Maria Frances Chisholm, widow of Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm, of the Black Watch, Royal Highlanders. Mrs. Chisholm was the last representative of the ancient Catholic and Jacobite families of Farquharson of Balmoral, and Innes of Ballogie, Aberdeenshire. Her grand-father, Lewis Farquharson Innes, was born in the old Castle of Balmoral, and his family owned the greater part of the lands from Ballater to Braemar on the left bank of the Dee. He also succeeded to the Innes properties of Ballogie, Balmacraig, and Mid-Beltie. The Innesses were associated with the Stuart family in their exile at St. Germain. Balmoral and other Farquharson lands were sold to the Lord Life of the day, and his representatives sold them in turn to the late Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Mrs. Chisholm married, in 1853, the late Captain Chisholm, a distinguished Crimean officer.

Captain Chisholm, while an officer in the famous Black Watch, the forty-second Royal Highlanders, was stationed in Halifax in the early fifties, where he was a regular attendant at the old St. Mary's church, garbed in his Highland costume. Later he went to the Crimea, where he fought with great distinction. Some relatives of Capt. Chisholm live in Nova Scotia.

OUR PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY

It is well for us Catholics to remind ourselves occasionally that the world that hates us, by some strange contradiction, expects to see a very high degree of perfection exemplified in our lives. How often have we not heard the comment on an evil-doer, "and he (or she) is a Catholic?" How few there are who find cause for wonder in the knowledge that so many Protestants lie in bed of a Sunday instead of attending church, but let a Catholic miss Mass and everybody will reproach him. Who is so malign as the Catholic priest? Yet if somewhere a priest does, or is accused of doing, something wrong, the charge is seized upon and trumpeted from the house-tops. Tracts and pamphlets are produced to proclaim and keep alive the startling discovery. The newspapers give the minutest details in leaded type. On the other hand, if a Protestant clergyman figures in some disreputable incident, the press gives the matter temporary publicity, then it is forgotten. The editor and his readers take it as a matter of course. Now why should the minister's shortcomings be useless as a matter of news, whereas those of the priest make good "copy"? Simply because more is expected of a priest, even by his traducers—because even whilst traducing him they have their doubts as to the justice of their accusations, and hence, despite all their denunciations, they are so amazed to find a priest really guilty of what they charge him with that they can't help getting excited over it, and inviting the whole world to come and wonder with them. Thus the world pays unconscious tribute to the superiority of our holy faith. All unwittingly it acknowledges that we have the Truth and have been taught the way, and are not in the world to be pupils of its folly, but to be a light to its feet. It will not do for us to disown our responsibility. We cannot evade it. For life is a trust and time a talent of which account must be given.

"To us," writes Monsignor Benson in his recent book, "The Friendship of Christ," "to us have been committed the treasures of truth and grace, and here about us is the world to which we must transmit them. We do not know how enormous is the value of every soul, of every act, thought, and word that help to shape the destinies of such a soul. We do not know how here in the minute opportunities of every day lie the germs of new worlds that may be born to God, or crushed in embryo by our carelessness." Our lives lend argument to our creed, for or against. If they are not in conformity with our professions they work untold injury to the Kingdom of God. They do not point the way to others. They keep men from the Truth. Some of us who are prepared to do anything for our religion except live up to it, are very much in the way of forgetting that if our every thought, word and act do not breathe loyalty to our creed, we

are little better than traitors within the gates. Earnest seekers after Truth will turn away when brought face to face with such contradiction between belief and practice. All the world hates a humbug, and what better is the Catholic who professes to believe so much and yet lives from day to day as if he believed nothing? Professing to be a friend of Christ he disclaims all responsibility towards his neighbour. In words that are as old as the world he asks "Am I my brother's keeper?" The Light that was given him to illuminate the pathway for others he hides under a bushel.

He has buried his talent. What answer will he make when the Master demands it with interest? COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT FRANCE as a whole is not to be judged by her present governing authorities, or by the clamor and tumult of the atheistic faction so much in evidence in recent years, is quite evident from the glimpses we get now and again through trustworthy spectacles of the domestic and parish life of her Catholic people. Such a glimpse is afforded us by the letter of a recent Scots convert minister which appears in the English Catholic News. The letter is too long for insertion in entirety here, but we subtract such portions as bear directly upon the subject at issue. They recall the pictures of domestic life which may be read in Mme. Craven's "Sister's Story" or in the "Letters" of Eugenie de Guerin. It is not the phase of French life which secular or sectarian journalists love to dwell upon, but, as we are persuaded nevertheless, it more truly represents the spirit and the temper of the people of France than the noisy demonstrativeness of those who war upon Christianity.

"THE STUDY of the French character," writes this convert, "has for me a fascination, and the opportunities for prosecuting it could scarcely be better, meeting as we do with people from all parts of the land almost daily, representative of all classes, from the highest to the lowest. Such as are genuinely religious are intensely so, not on Sundays only when they go to church, as thousands in the old land whom I had mingled with for years, but in daily life. It is most interesting and touching to watch their home life. I doubt if it could be surpassed or even equalled by that of any nation in Christendom. In beauty of character, in simplicity of life and of manner, in mutual affection the one for the other, its participants are edifying in the extreme. Such sterling moral quality as we are coming daily into contact with has not been the work of a generation; it is the result of centuries of Catholic teaching. And leaving out the rabble and the rationalists. . . these are the families that form the heart and core of the French nation, and that are the sure guarantee of its survival as a nation of Christians.

"I CAN see no evidence in this quarter (Alencon)," continues this convert minister, "of the decay of religion of which one sees so much in your Scottish Presbyterian prints. Instead of religion being on the decline here, it is difficult to see how it could have a firmer hold, and the efforts to deepen it were certainly never more active, or carried on by better men. I speak from actual experience, as our work brings us into contact with the priests in whose hands the future of religion lies.

WE CONTINUE the quotation a little further: "We were told before we left home that we should get our eyes opened if we took up our residence in France. It is quite true; we have got them opened wider than ever to see a beauty in the Catholic religion we had seen only dimly before, and to feel powers beating upon our hearts incessantly of whose existence we, as Protestants, had little experience. We have, in short, discovered that there are in the Catholic Church mysterious and supernatural influences in ceaseless operation of which Protestantism touches only the outskirts."

AS REGARDS the decay of religion, this writer reminds his correspondent that it is much more in evidence in the Scotland of his experience as a minister than ever it was in France. In France, the warfare upon religion may be more noisy and more truculent, but it is at least in the open,

whereas in Scotland, as in other countries under the sway of one form or another of Protestantism, it is deeper, more subtle, and unquestionably more far-reaching. As we were reminded the other day by the Archbishop of Toronto, there becomes every day less and less to go upon in discussing religion with Protestants. Dogmatic teaching has with them gone by the boards; the Bible can no longer be effectively appealed to, as their theologians have undermined its authority and in large measure destroyed its credibility in their eyes. There remain then but the facts of human life and of human experience, and there is a vast accretion of false tradition and unreasoning prejudice to be overcome ere even these can be dealt with on their merits. But as in the first dawn of Christianity and in every crisis that has confronted the Church in the ages that have intervened, time is on her side, and by the promise of her Founder, ultimate victory to her assured.

THE DECAY of religious belief in the Scotland of to-day is very real and very menacing if we may believe the published utterances of the kirk authorities. Union between the Establishment and the Free Church has been a ripe subject of discussion for some years, and was brought about by increasing evidence of the slackening hold Presbyterianism, as represented by those organizations, has upon the rank and file of the Scottish people. It has been felt by the conservative element that in the face of such a crisis the divided, often conflicting energies of the rival communions rendered them practically helpless in dealing with it. This is quite true, but only partially true. For the real weakness lies, if only they could be brought to see it, in the rupture which occurred four centuries ago, and which, while taking all the sweetness and wholesomeness out of the Scottish life, left the nation a bleeding corpse upon the altar of mammon.

THE JANUARY number of the Church Union Journal contains an interesting article on the question—"How do the Highlands stand?" for the substance of which we are indebted to the Inverness Courier. The writer has collected the views of correspondents, and his summing-up, therefore, may be taken as voicing the widespread impressions and convictions of those most interested. Answering the question why it is that the union movement has made less headway in the Highlands than in the Lowlands, the statement is advanced that it no doubt arises partly from the fact that the religious sentiment is deeper and stronger in the former. This on the face of it sounds like a paradox: yet that it points to the truth of the matter appears upon consideration. For while the aspiration after reunion of the scattered forces of Protestantism may appear on the surface to be wholesome and commendable, lacking the true motives for reunion and discernment of the only possible ground upon which a real reunion of the churches can be effected—the Divine authority of the Prince of the Apostles—the movement as it exists in Scotland and in Canada must be taken to indicate rather the decay of definite religious teaching among them. Union is sought over the ruins of the distinctive doctrines for which the sects have stood in the past, not upon any deepening of religious conviction. And while these teachings were often fantastic, unscriptural, and unhistorical, they were at least evidence of inward conviction, whereas the trend of the sects now is to the negation of all supernatural teaching. This in itself is a calamity for which no external organization can compensate.

THAT WE DO NOT overstate the case is apparent from the conclusions arrived at after prolonged investigation by the writer in the Church Union Journal. He says:

"The problem par excellence for all the denominations represented in the Highlands is that there is a widespread apathy towards religion of any kind. It is not too much to say that many in the Highlands (as well as in the Lowlands) seem to be living in comparative paganism. There is no open hostility to the Churches, but more and more the people simply leave them severely alone. This receives weekly illustration in the decrease in church attendance. From homestead after homestead, from farm and bothy, from croft and cottage throughout the Highlands, only one or two representatives are seen to leave for church on Sundays, and in too many cases no one goes. Lack

of visitation and personal dealing on the part of many ministers may partly account for this state of matters. But a further explanation is the want of any personal attraction to the church in regard to the younger men and women."

AS A REMEDY for this deplorable state of affairs, what have the ministerial bodies of the Scottish Presbyterian churches to suggest? Not the casting out of the rationalistic spirit which has taken possession of their colleges and seminaries; not a return to the old, simple, if unlovely and austere habits of their immediate fathers, or to the simple preaching of the Gospel message as the latter understood it; but the making their services "more interesting" and "more modern." "In most places in the Highlands the services are deplorably uninteresting and lacking in Christian enthusiasm." "The services should be rendered more attractive, and, especially, the singing should be improved—" as if mere "singing" of itself, and "attractive, up-to-date services," had any power to soothe the heart or to lift the sinner out of the slough of gross materialism which in Scotland in particular, and all over the earth, aims to make this the only life and existence beyond the grave a dream and a delusion.

ONE OTHER means towards stemming the tide is suggested by the Union Journal writer, viz., an appeal on the subject of foreign missions. If meetings were to be held locally, he surmises, in which ministers of the several denominations would participate, and addresses on the "inspiring subject" of foreign missions delivered, it might go far to draw the denominations together. That the Presbyterianism of Scotland has enough to do to preserve what survives of Christian faith, without scattering its energies abroad would seem a legitimate deduction from these self-revelations. "Foreign Missions" is certainly an inspiring subject in the proper hands, but to sects going with the tide, and with no clear-cut message to deliver, to waste their substance upon foreign peoples while their own are confessedly perishing for want of the Bread of Life, might be called the very quintessence of folly. Above all, to have a hand in the fatuous attempt so conspicuous with their fellows on this continent, to undermine the faith of their Catholic fellow-beings, might be characterized by a much stronger term.

AND AMIDST this widespread decay of faith in Scotland, Rev. W. R. McIntosh steps into a London pulpit to tell his hearers what a hero John Knox, the father of it all, was. He told them that it would be well for Presbyterianism had it followed closer upon the doctrines outlined by Knox. It did, and according to competent historians, Scotland, one of the fairest lands the sun shines on, was, in the century following Knox's death, dragged through the deepest mire of sorrow and degradation. Before Knox's time Scotland was an independent kingdom, and bore an honorable part in the councils of Europe; Knox put her under the heel of Elizabeth of England, forfeited the loss of her crown and parliament, and, the heroism of her sons notwithstanding, decreed her national extinction.

MR. MCINTOSH admits that Knox was narrow and intolerant, but as against these unamiable qualities he attributes to him courage and unselfishness. It is charitable to suppose that he never heard of Knox's flight to Geneva, when the ebb and flow of events rendered his position in Scotland somewhat precarious. Not once, but twice or more he performed this canny feat, and his own historians tell us that he thought it wise and prudent always to keep out of the danger zone. Knox could be brave and truculent when he had a helpless woman only to confront him but when the work of his fellow-conspirators set the pot a-boiling, Geneva proved to be a safe and pleasant resort.

IT IS CHARITABLE to suppose, also, that Rev. Mr. McIntosh never heard of Knox's part in the murder of Cardinal Beaton, or of the nameless crimes with which his contemporaries have charged him, or of his secret correspondence with Elizabeth's ministers bargaining for the betrayal of his country into alien hands. He has probably never read the work of Cosmo Innes, or of Andrew Lang, or of Professor Gar-

diner, or other modern investigators who have torn the flimsy mask from Knox's countenance. This being so, it follows that his glorification of the "great Reformer" was uttered in dull, ignorant good faith and that he was entirely oblivious of the spectacle he was making of himself. He may be assured, however, that contemporary documents coming to the surface from day to day prove that Knox was neither a hero, a patriot, a good man, or a gentleman. Single-minded he may have been, but only to the end that he might ruin his country and besmirch the Church in the eyes of men. To hold up such a man as an example to the youth of Canada is to set at naught every canon of right or reason.

KNOX MADE of religion a gloomy and unlovely thing. In its name he gave rein to all the basest passions of the human heart. The seed he sowed has germinated and produced the indifference and apathy of today. Knox therefore is the father of the deplorable state into which religious belief, under the aegis of Presbyterianism, has, according to its own chief exponents, fallen in Scotland in our day.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

We are asked to pray, during the present month, for the Church in Mexico, and if the reports that have come to us through the public press can be relied on, there are strong reasons for the request. The feverish restlessness of the people of that republic and the almost chronic state of revolution which exists there, have their baneful effects on the work of the Church, and tend to paralyse the efforts of those who are laboring in that corner of the Master's vineyard.

And yet as far as the land itself is concerned there is no reason why this state of affairs should exist. From a purely worldly and economic standpoint, Mexico is a splendid country, where a large population could live happy and prosperous, if the various political factions would resolve to sink their difference and live at peace with one another. Mexico is about one-fifth the size of Canada. Its coasts are low and flat, but the interior is a great tableland a mile above the sea level. On this tableland, over half a million miles in area, there are hills and valleys, lakes and mountains, and some of these rising above the perpetual snow-line. The country is a land of boundless resources, rich in gold, silver, and other metals; every kind of wood is known in Europe and America grows in its forests, and grains indigenous to both hot and cold climates are successfully cultivated. The population of Mexico now numbers about thirteen millions, a third being pure Indian. The other two-thirds are mestizos or half-breeds, while of the whole population only about one twentieth is white.

The Spaniards conquered Mexico from the Aztecs in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, and held it until the nineteenth. It was only in 1821 that the Spanish yoke was definitely thrown off. Since that time, merely to show the mercurial character of the Mexican people, over two hundred and sixteen insurrections have taken place.

The conquerors brought the Catholic religion with them to the native Mexicans. In their ranks were several Franciscan Fathers who began at once their work of evangelization. By degrees they gained an influence elapsed before large numbers had received baptism. Heaven seemed to favor visibly the labors of these missionaries, for in 1531, the marvellous apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe to the Indian, Juan Diego, had a powerful effect in convincing the natives of the supernatural character of the religion they were asked to accept. Other signs of advancement in civilization showed themselves in the establishment of schools, and even, in 1551, in the creation of a university.

It must not be imagined, however, that all this was effected without many heroic sacrifices on the part of the missionaries. The sodden superstitions of the Aztecs, their human sacrifices and other idolatrous rites and practices, proved serious obstacles to the ready acceptance of the true faith, and the Catholic Church in Mexico, as in so many other countries, can lay claim to a long list of glorious martyrs. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries many Jesuits met their deaths while laboring among the native tribes; in 1680 twenty-one Franciscans were massacred. A crisis came in 1757 when Charles III. expelled the Jesuits from his Spanish dominions. The cause of education and the conversion of the natives suffered greatly through the departure of these religious, but the Church nevertheless kept on bravely at her work. Amid vexations of all kinds, one of the most embarrassing being that known as the Royal Patronage, the Franciscans, Dominicans and other missionaries, continued to preach the gospel

to the natives, and thereby brought thousands of them within the pale of the Church.

While many difficulties hampered the spread of religion during the Spanish regime, the declaration of Mexican independence, in 1821, did not mend matters much. True, the new constitution recognized the Catholic religion as the religion of the State, but even then the efforts of anti-clericalism and Masonry revealed themselves in the insidious laws which little by little began to creep in to curtail the rights of the Church and her clergy. It will suffice to mention a few of these laws—which, by the way, are still in vigor—to show the petty persecutions to which Catholics in Mexico are subjected in the exercise of their religion. The union of Church and State was dissolved in 1857 and laws enforcing and systematizing the separation were promulgated. Regulations demolishing privileges began to multiply until at last a long list of things forbidden appeared on the statute books; for instance: State officials were forbidden to attend public religious functions; open demonstrations were forbidden; official recognition of church dignitaries was withdrawn; church holidays were suppressed; the ringing of church bells was regulated; priests and nuns were forbidden to wear their religious habit on the streets; the establishment of monastic orders was forbidden under the plea that the emission of vows meant the sacrifice of human liberty; religious corporations were deprived of the right to acquire or administer property; the exercise of any form of religion, and even religious instruction, were forbidden in federal, state and municipal schools; mans communities were suppressed, and their books, manuscripts, paintings, and household treasures, were handed over to museums, libraries, and other public institutions; legacies made to ministers of religion, or to their relatives within the fourth degree, became null and void; marriage became a civil contract, that could be validly and licitly contracted before civil authorities; and several other laws equally contemptible. While these outrages on personal liberty are still on the statute books they greatly hinder the Church in the exercise of her functions, and yet she is laboring in Mexico with undiminished zeal.

One of the embarrassing, if necessary, features of present conditions there is that the Catholics must be ever on the alert. Eternal watchfulness in looking after their own interests is the price of the restricted liberty they still possess. There is a strong anti-religious element existing in Mexico, which is ready to take advantage of every opportunity to oppress the Church, and unhappily the disturbances that are continually cropping up easily help it to work out its evil designs. Owing to the conciliating policy of the late president, Porfirio Diaz, the country had thirty years of relative peace, but a new era of unrest and revolution has set in since his forced retirement. While he was not unfriendly to the Church, Diaz made no changes for betterment in the laws against her; his action was more or less negative; no new laws were enacted during her long term of office, probably because he thought those in vigor sufficed for every need.

Since the banishment of Diaz, so menacing have the affairs in Mexico become that, if we are to believe the public press, the government itself is becoming alarmed. In recent weeks dispatches have announced that the present revolution has resulted in conditions so bad that something more than human agencies is necessary to right them. Public order has been made impossible by the actions of rebel forces, but by the action of the secretary of the interior who recently summoned Mgr. Bogiani, the Apostolic Delegate, and asked him to use the power of the Church in aiding the government to restore order. Naturally the action of this high official has angered the Liberals, who see in it a violation of the law of separation of Church and State, and who talk of interpellating him in the chamber of deputies.

What belief may be put in these reports we do not know. Other reports, however, seem to show that on December 31st, last, a special Mass was celebrated in every church in Mexico to implore Divine intervention for the republic, and prayers are everywhere being offered up for the restoration of order. Evidently Mexico is in a sorry condition, and calls for the fervent supplications of all the faithful children of the Church in her behalf. If it be true, and we have no reason to doubt the fact, that the government officials of Mexico have turned at last for aid to the moral force which they have spurned and trampled on so long, it will be seen that they fully realize the position of things.

One can only encourage them in these hopeful dispositions. It would not be fair to deny a helping hand to those who implicitly acknowledge their fault, nor would it be Catholic to neglect to come to the spiritual aid of those millions of our brethren in the faith for whom the Holy Father asks the tribute of our prayers. The League of the Sacred Heart is strong in Mexico, and is undoubtedly doing its share in praying for that unhappy country, but a common bond of faith and charity should urge the members of the League in Canada and throughout the world, to supplement during the present month what may be wanting to complete the work. The prayers of our united millions are powerful, and we may

soon have the consolation of learning that they are turning Mexico into a land of peace and order. This result, hoped for so earnestly, is worth all the efforts we shall make to move the Heart of God.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

REV. D. P. McMENAMIN PREACHES AT ST. ANN'S AND ST. PATRICK'S Montreal Tribune

The Rev. D. P. McMenam, pastor of St. Francis Xavier church, Thessalon, Ont., in the diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, delivered two eloquent sermons in St. Ann's and St. Patrick's churches, recently. At St. Ann's, at the 10 o'clock Mass, before a large congregation, the able lecturer spoke on mortal sin, its dire consequences and offence to God. He took for his text the words from Jeremiah, chap. 2, verse 19, "Know thou, and see that it is an evil and bitter thing for thee to have left the Lord thy God." He described the enormity of sin and its eternal punishment and vividly pictured the fall of Lucifer and Adam and Eve and their punishment. In speaking of life and the passing away of the soul out of this world his reference to the dear ones, who sleep behind Mount Royal, brought tears to more than one.

At St. Patrick's, in the evening, a large audience greeted him when he preached on The Church. His text was from the Apocalypse Revel, xxi, 9, "I will show thee the bride, the wife of the Lamb." He explained the four prominent marks of the Church which distinguished her from other religious bodies. That she alone was the bride of Christ on earth and offered up the clean oblation in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He answered most satisfactorily those who try to make themselves and others believe that there can be more than one Church and that it makes no difference as to which of them you follow. He also proved the absurdity and unreasonableness of the doctrine of the self interpretation of the bible. He said that if that doctrine were of God they wouldn't hold different views of faith and profess more than one religion and if the Church of Christ were founded by men it would have been torn to threads long ago.

Father McMenam is a native of Montreal and was the first priest ordained of Point St. Charles.

GROSS IGNORANCE

The Hamilton Club January 20, 1913. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, London: Dear Sir: Here is a good one from the London Sketch of January 1st.

"Much is being said and misunderstood, apropos the visit of the King and Queen of Greece to the monasteries of Mount Athos. The notion that most religious orders are closed to the callers does not stand the simple test—of calling. And guest rooms, like soup kitchens, can welcome monarchs or beggars of both sexes. Even Queen Victoria had glimpses of monastic life, and Edward VII. was the staunch friend of nuns both on the Riviera and in the Isle of Wight. When one of them said to him 'We pray for your conversion to Rome every day,' he summoned a good humourist 'Thank you,' instead of explaining that any success attending her efforts would play havoc with the throne.

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The Queen of Greece's visit is in this case, an exceptional event. But Kings and Queens are privileged in most churches. It is not generally remembered that the English Sovereign is by hereditary right a prebendary of St. David's Cathedral, or, in other words, a clergyman. And far more unexpected are the priestly powers held by the Queen of Italy. Not long ago, in the absence of a cleric, she gave absolution to a dying workman and the Vatican smiled approval on the act.

One would hardly expect to find such nonsense in a well known English publication.

L. A. W. DOHERTY.

IS BISHOP O'LEARY NOW

(Special Despatch to The Globe)

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jan. 26.—News was received here yesterday of the appointment of Rev. Henry J. O'Leary, D. D., of Bathurst, N. B., as Catholic Bishop of Prince Edward Island diocese, in succession to the late Bishop MacDonald. Dr. O'Leary is thirty-one years of age. He was educated in Montreal, and at the Canadian College, Rome. He has represented the Bishop of the Maritime Provinces at Rome.

Dr. Henry Joseph O'Leary is the son of the late Henry O'Leary of Richibucto, N. B., in which place he was born and educated. He pursued his theological studies at the Canadian college in Rome, where he spent about three and a half years; subsequently he spent a year in France. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1901, and in the following year was

granted the degree of D.D. by the University of the Propaganda. Subsequently he became assistant rector to Bishop Barry at Bathurst, N. B. In 1909 he was appointed procurator at Rome for the archdiocese of Halifax.

MGR. BENSON

A new book by Monsignor R. H. Benson is announced by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. as being in the press. The title is "Confessions of a Convert." It is the record of the author's religious life and development, with accounts of the various stages of belief through which he passed, and of the influences which bore upon him. The book includes sketches of his home education, his school life, his ministry as a parochial clergyman in town and country, his membership in an Anglican religious community, and finally the stages by which he came submit to Rome and his experiences in the city itself. The book is not definitely controversial; it is rather narrative and descriptive.

Christ said, "I am the way!" What a splendid trail of the ideal His life has blazed across the mountains of time! What joy of the mountaineer comes to those who follow.

Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament; welcome it, then, in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower; and be sure that yet gayer meadows and yet bluer skies await thee in the world to come.



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FIVE MINUTE SERMON
QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY

MATRIMONY

This morning, dear brethren, we will say a few words with regard to the remote preparation for marriage in the hope that they who contemplate entering upon this state either at once or in the future may receive the sacrament of matrimony with perfect dispositions, and thus receive more fully of the graces purchased by the Blood of Christ.

The choice of a husband or of a wife is something of the highest importance. It marks a period in our life and brings with it a future full of possibilities for good or evil, according as the choice has been wise or the contrary.

And not only is it a question of one's own happiness; others are involved in the consequences of our act and the lives of several may be clouded by our imprudent step.

For, when a man marries, he contracts a relation with his helpmate which death alone severs; he assumes responsibilities which cannot be shifted from his shoulders upon those of another; he has duties which must be performed with exactness. With the married man and woman it is not a matter of option how long they shall live together nor how they shall live together; with them their choice of a state of life has been final.

This being the case, too much can hardly be said of the necessity of earnest preparation for a manner of life bringing with it so many and so serious engagements; too much thought cannot be given to the consideration of our choice, nor too much attention to the motives impelling us to this choice. Truth should be ever with us at this all-important time, and passion excluded, so far as it can be excluded, that our judgment may not be biased. Reason, right reason, should reign over affection; that our eyes may not be closed to our own faults nor to those of our beloved, and that we may not suffer a cruel recognition of these when it is not in our power to correct them.

We should be honest too—not posing for what we are not—not presenting only our amiable side. In other words, we should not act a lie. Let us not wreath our face in smiles for our lover's advent if a frown mars our common expression; nor fill our mouths with honeyed words when sharp speech is our wont. Such conduct is dishonest and untruthful, and good cannot and should not be closed.

The cloven hoof will show itself eventually. Our life cannot well be a mockery of truth always, and our own happiness is at much at stake as that of him whom we are deceiving.

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There is a note of inconsistency in a policy that finds its pleasures in undermining its possibilities. Sobriety is stook in trade for the ambitious man. It opens the door of opportunity. It gives him a chance to utilize his ability. It converts his energy into cash. It materializes his aspirations. Inebriety blights ambition, closes the door to opportunity, paralyzes energy, and destroys the aspirations.

Social drinking does not in all cases lead to drunkenness; but nearly all drunkenness begins in social drinking. The young man who begins to drink does not intend to become an inebriate. He means to be a moderate drinker. He knows of prominent business men who drink moderately, but who are respected and esteemed. If he thinks at all, he thinks he will be like them.

It must be remembered that the moderate drinkers who occupy high positions have reached those positions in spite of their drinking practices.

Why they are against liquor. Why is it that in France the officers placard the barracks with notices warning against drink? Why is it that British officers, accused of being total abstainers as an example to the men? Why is the total abstinence movement in the British army so popular that 40 per cent. of the Indian troops are total abstainers? Why is it that the German emperor is earnestly urging abstinence in the German army and navy? It is because the leading army men in France, England and Germany want efficient fighting machines, and they know that liquor even in moderate amount does not make an efficient soldier.

THE GIRL WHO MARRIES A DRINKING MAN. Did you ever try the impossible task of persuading a young woman who is keeping company with a man addicted to drink? The task frequently falls to a priest, sometimes to the lay folk. It ought to be an easy job. It is not always such. The impossibility of curing a drunkard by marrying him is obvious. Yet it is being attempted daily. What matter if the last ninety-nine young women failed in their attempt and are already regretting it, this particular one before us is going to succeed, so she thinks. Poor, silly mortals! It makes us feel that the offer of marriage to a certain proportion of women temporarily drives them mad. Use logic, quote examples, plead, coax, threaten and hold up to scorn the proposed match; the lady will listen, shed a few tears, tell you that you are right, agree that you are the best friend she ever listened to, bid you good-bye, then go out and marry the man!

The awakening inevitably comes within a year and then we hear some blithering criticism of the rigidity of the Church's law on the insolubility of the marriage bond. If Brooklyn cast its millions of gallons of liquor into the sewers the next few years, we could afford to close our orphan asylums for want of inmates.—Brooklyn Tablet.

THE ENGINEER WAS DRUNK. The fast express train was taken out of Elmira, New York, the other day, for the run to Buffalo on the Lackawanna Railroad. It had on board valuable property and still more precious lives. It went along safely until it approached Corning and then it ran into a limited passenger train, piled up a wreck of engines and cars, killed forty persons and injured sixty others.

What was the cause of the disaster? The engineer was drunk. Under the stupor of liquor he passed by the danger signal, paid no attention to the warning fusee that was burning, and disregarded the fluttered cloth of the flagman who had been sent back from the other train to flag him. "Booze" had made him dull.

One more is added to the long list of horrors due to drink. It is a black record. It is the most powerful sermon preached—hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed, forty lives blotted out, and sixty cripples made—all by one man who was drunk.—Catholic Columbian.

DON'T WAIT TILL LENT IS OVER. "Many Catholics," says the Catholic Bulletin, "constitute themselves judges in their own case by dispensing themselves from the obligation of fasting during Lent. This is not in accordance with the law of the Church which authorizes a priest, for good and sufficient reasons, to commute the obligation of self-denial for those who can not observe the Lenten regulations. If one can not

fast he should apply to his confessor at the beginning of Lent in order to submit his case and abide by the decision given by the priest. Do not wait until Lent is over before telling your confessor that you did not observe the Lenten fast. He is the judge in all cases submitted to him."

It's Strength That Counts. If you were buying a watch you would look for excellence, not size or weight. It is the same with yeast cakes. White Swan yeast cakes contain more "virtue" than any other, no matter what the size. Send for free sample. White Swan Spices & Cereal Co., Ltd., Toronto.

THE FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION. The feast of the Purification occurs, this year, on Sunday, February, 2nd, and on that feast comes the well known "blessing of the candles," from which it gains its other name of Candlemas Day. Yet, when we say "the well-known blessing," are we so sure that it is truly well-known to many among us? Do we realize the occasion from which it takes its rise? Do we know the beauty of the Divine offices which are recited for this feast? Do we understand how suitable they are for our own souls and their salvation? See what the Gradual says:

We have received Thy mercy, O God, in the midst of Thy temple; according to Thy name, O God, so also is Thy praise unto the ends of the earth. As we have heard, so have we seen, in the city of our God and in His holy mountain. Alleluia, alleluia. The old man carried the Child; but the Child governed the old man. Alleluia.

These words are explained by the gospel, which tells us how the stammering and Immaculate Mother Mary went, nevertheless, humbly to the temple like an ordinary mother, for her ceremonial purification after the holy birth of her Divine Child; and how aged Simeon took Him in His arms, and blessed God, and said, in the sublime chant now known as the *Nunc Dimittis*:

Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples: a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel.

This "Light" is symbolized by the candles that are blessed on the feast of the Purification. We ought to become familiar with these beautiful prayers. For instance:

O almighty and everlasting God, who didst this day present Thy only-begotten Son to be received in the arms of holy Simeon in Thy holy temple; we humbly implore Thy clemency that Thou wouldst vouchsafe to bless, sanctify, and burn with the light of heavenly benediction these candles, which we Thy servants, receiving, desire to carry lighted to magnify Thy name: that, by offering them to Thee, the Lord our God, being worthily inflamed with the holy fire of Thy most sweet charity, we may deserve to be presented in the holy temple of Thy glory.

And still more beautiful is this prayer: O Lord Jesus Christ, the true Light, Who enlightenest every man coming into this world: pour forth Thy blessing upon these tapers and sanctify them with the light of Thy grace; and mercifully grant that as these lights, enkindled with visible fire, dispel nocturnal darkness, so our hearts, illumined by invisible fire,—that is, the brightness of the Holy Spirit,—may be free from the blindness of all vice; that our mental eye being purified, we may perceive those things which are pleasing to Thee and profitable to our salvation; so that, after the dark perils of this world, we may deserve to arrive at never-failing light: through Thee, Jesus Christ, Saviour of the world, Who in perfect Trinity livest, and reignest God, world without end. Amen.

is well begun and half done when you start it with —

Old Dutch Cleanser

"IMPOSSIBLE TO HELP MY KIDNEYS"

Until I Used "Fruit-a-lives" Worlds Greatest Kidney Cure

Practically everybody in Toronto knows Professor J. F. Davis. For years, the elite of that city has taken lessons from Prof. Davis in the art of Dancing and Deportment.

His constant activity gradually weakened his kidneys, which calamity threatened to make him an invalid. But read Prof. Davis' letter:

"I want to say that 'Fruit-a-lives' is my only medicine, and has been for the past five years. Previous to that, I had been troubled with Rheumatism and Kidney Disease, and had taken many remedies without satisfactory results. Noticing the advertisements of 'Fruit-a-lives', and as everyone knows, I am now—'enjoying the best of health'."

If Rheumatism or Kidney Trouble is making you miserable, take "Fruit-a-lives" and get well. See a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

fast he should apply to his confessor at the beginning of Lent in order to submit his case and abide by the decision given by the priest. Do not wait until Lent is over before telling your confessor that you did not observe the Lenten fast. He is the judge in all cases submitted to him."

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We have shown, here, only a part of the beauty and appropriateness, and of the applicability to our own spiritual needs, that the Divine offices for this feast contain. May it lead us to seek more earnestly into the treasures of the Missal, and thus to keep in touch more and more completely with the mind and spirit of our Mother, the Catholic Church!—Sacred Heart Review.

SAINT BLASE. On Monday, February 3, Holy Mother Church celebrates the Feast of St. Blase.

This saint devoted the earlier years of his life to the study of philosophy, and afterwards became a physician. In the practice of his profession he saw so much of the miseries of life and the hollowness of worldly pleasures that he resolved to spend the rest of his days in the service of God, and from being a healer of bodily ailments to become a physician of souls. The bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia, having died, our saint, much to the gratification of the inhabitants of that city, was appointed to succeed him. St. Blase at once began to instruct his people as much by his example as by his words, and the great virtues and sanctity were attended by many miracles. From all parts the people came flocking to him for the cure of bodily and spiritual ills. Agricolaus, governor of Cappadocia and the Lesser Armenia, having begun a persecution by order of the emperor, Licinius, our saint was seized and hurried off to prison.

While on his way there a distracted mother, whose only child was dying of a throat disease, threw herself at the feet of St. Blase and implored his intercession. Touched at her grief the saint offered up his prayers and the child was cured; and since that time his aid has often been effectually solicited in cases of a similar disease.

Refusing to worship the false gods of the heathens, St. Blase was first scourged; his body was then torn with hooks, and finally he was beheaded, in the year 316.

SOCIALISM AND THE GOSPEL. REFUTATION OF BASELESS CONTENTION THAT THE ESSENTIALS OF CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM ARE THE SAME.

"Though the fundamentals of Socialism and real Christianity are the same, one need not be a Christian to be a Socialist. In the Socialist movement are men and women of all shades and colors of religious belief and disbelief. We may take our Socialism from Karl Marx if we like it better in that form. The essentials are the same, and the acceptance of the Christian religion is not necessary to the acceptance of the philosophy of Socialism. A man may be a Socialist and not be a Christian, but no man can be a Christian and not be a Socialist if he knows what Socialism is, for the one is the basis of the other."

The foregoing statement, made by Kate Richards O'Hare in "Church and the Social Problem," is answered as follows by David Goldstein in "The Live Issue."

The fundamentals of Socialism and real Christianity are as far from each other as the seductions of Lucifer are from the counsels of Christ. One cannot consistently be a Christian and a Socialist at one and the same time. That there are men and women of all shades and colors of disbelief in the Socialist movement is a fact that is patent to any one who comes in contact with the propagators of that cult or reads its "classical literature." All leaders of international standing in the Socialist movement are materialists. Prof. Edward Aveling, Marx was an avowed atheist. And those who desire to know the scientific reasons for the materialism of Marx, Engels, Bebel, Liebknecht, Guesde, Lafargue, Adler, Plechanoff, in a word, of all the founders and

teachers of scientific Socialism, should read the whole of the introduction written by Frederick Engels in 1892 to my translation of his "Socialism: Scientific and Utopian."

In "Socialism and Character" we read: "At the present moment I cannot remember a single instance of a person who is at one and the same time a really earnest and intelligent Socialist and an orthodox Christian. Those who do not openly attack the Church and the fabric of Christianity show but scant respect to either the one or the other in private. And while all of us are thus indifferent to the Church, many of us are frankly hostile to her."

That the Socialist movement has within it men and women of all shades and colors of religious belief is beyond a question of doubt, but they are by far in the minority. An investigation will prove that there are two main reasons why some religious persons associate themselves with the army of revolt; namely, first their lack of understanding of the fundamentals of Socialism or Christianity, or both, and secondly, their determination to read into Socialist philosophy what does not properly belong there.

A man's Socialism may take any form he may conjure up in his cranium, but whether he likes it or not, if he votes for or pays dues into the organization Kate Richards O'Hare works for, he centralizes political and economic power into a movement organized to propagate the Karl Marx variety of Socialism—the variety founded upon the philosophy of Materialism.

The essentials are not the same. An acceptance of the Christian religion makes the acceptance of the Socialist philosophy an impossibility. Christian philosophy is based on the belief in God. Socialist philosophy denies the existence of God. Christian philosophy is based on eternal principles. Socialist philosophy says "nothing is eternal in nature or in human life; change is the only eternal fact."

Christian philosophy says: God created man, endowed him with free will and ordained that his life here upon earth shall have as its purpose the attainment of eternal salvation. Socialist philosophy says man is but a part of this universe, which is self-created. He is a mere animal, differing only from the lower animals in degree. Man is an irresponsible being, the subject of his environment wholly. He is what the blind forces of the ages have made him to be; free will he has not, and the only happiness he may ever hope to attain is right here and now. "His religion," says Karl Marx, is the striving after an imaginary happiness; it springs from a state of society that requires an illusion," but it will disappear in the Socialist society to come.

Of course, a person may be a Socialist and at the same time assert quite loudly that he is a Christian, but no one who knows what Socialism is can truthfully do so. Kate Richards O'Hare will no doubt favorably impress some of her readers with the statement that she was born and raised in a good Campbellite family, and educated for the ministry of the Campbellite church; but it shall require more than that to establish her standing as a Christian. Her credential can be justly questioned when she ridicules the conversion of Constantine and refers to him as "The vilest, most licentious old libertine that ever cursed the earth;" when she dub the "Son of God" a "hoax," and press some of her readers with a small pamphlet; and when she charges the Church He established with "cruelly, heartlessly, brutally" killing those who "even suggested they had a right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience."

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

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In "Socialism and Character" we read: "At the present moment I cannot remember a single instance of a person who is at one and the same time a really earnest and intelligent Socialist and an orthodox Christian. Those who do not openly attack the Church and the fabric of Christianity show but scant respect to either the one or the other in private. And while all of us are thus indifferent to the Church, many of us are frankly hostile to her."

That the Socialist movement has within it men and women of all shades and colors of religious belief is beyond a question of doubt, but they are by far in the minority. An investigation will prove that there are two main reasons why some religious persons associate themselves with the army of revolt; namely, first their lack of understanding of the fundamentals of Socialism or Christianity, or both, and secondly, their determination to read into Socialist philosophy what does not properly belong there.

A man's Socialism may take any form he may conjure up in his cranium, but whether he likes it or not, if he votes for or pays dues into the organization Kate Richards O'Hare works for, he centralizes political and economic power into a movement organized to propagate the Karl Marx variety of Socialism—the variety founded upon the philosophy of Materialism.

The essentials are not the same. An acceptance of the Christian religion makes the acceptance of the Socialist philosophy an impossibility. Christian philosophy is based on the belief in God. Socialist philosophy denies the existence of God. Christian philosophy is based on eternal principles. Socialist philosophy says "nothing is eternal in nature or in human life; change is the only eternal fact."

Christian philosophy says: God created man, endowed him with free will and ordained that his life here upon earth shall have as its purpose the attainment of eternal salvation. Socialist philosophy says man is but a part of this universe, which is self-created. He is a mere animal, differing only from the lower animals in degree. Man is an irresponsible being, the subject of his environment wholly. He is what the blind forces of the ages have made him to be; free will he has not, and the only happiness he may ever hope to attain is right here and now. "His religion," says Karl Marx, is the striving after an imaginary happiness; it springs from a state of society that requires an illusion," but it will disappear in the Socialist society to come.

Of course, a person may be a Socialist and at the same time assert quite loudly that he is a Christian, but no one who knows what Socialism is can truthfully do so. Kate Richards O'Hare will no doubt favorably impress some of her readers with the statement that she was born and raised in a good Campbellite family, and educated for the ministry of the Campbellite church; but it shall require more than that to establish her standing as a Christian. Her credential can be justly questioned when she ridicules the conversion of Constantine and refers to him as "The vilest, most licentious old libertine that ever cursed the earth;" when she dub the "Son of God" a "hoax," and press some of her readers with a small pamphlet; and when she charges the Church He established with "cruelly, heartlessly, brutally" killing those who "even suggested they had a right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience."

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1918

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A LENTEN SUGGESTION

To most people, especially the young, the seven weeks of Lent seem interminable. The season of merry-making, theatre-going, and general amusements, which comes in with such a rush after Christmas, is now brought to a standstill for all who are worthy of the name Catholic.

Even what is called "society," is forced, by common decency, to conform, at least exteriorly, to the penitential customs.

Now every one, the young and the old, should bear in mind that something is required of them during the season—all, in imitation of our Lord must make some sacrifice. So few there are who think themselves obliged to fast or abstain, that the great majority are obliged to invent some means of mortification, which, while it will not injure their health, or prevent them from fulfilling their duties, will, at least, make them feel the spirit of this holy time.

"I don't see any harm in going to a theatre during Lent; it isn't a mortal sin," says some young simpleton. No, it is not a mortal sin; but it shows that you have very little love of God in your heart—for you are likely one of those who maintain that you cannot fast. Would you also persuade yourself that you are capable of no practices of mortification, even so slight a denial as this?

Lent is the time of self-denial, penance and prayer, and therefore penance and public amusements are out of place. Your evenings should be spent at home with your family. Invest yourself in good reading or in works of charity. Try to be home every evening in time to join in with the family in the recitation of the rosary. All these things will prepare your soul for a happy Easter. No one is worthy to rise with Christ at Easter who has not denied himself during Lent.

Strive to conquer resentment, over-sensitiveness, coldness, unkind suspicious, harsh words. No one becomes holy in a day, and on the other hand, no one usually separates from God by a sudden rupture. Dangerous reading, a prayer neglected, a fit of day-dreaming that we have indulged in, a light, frivolous friendship that we have kept up; these are the little things that form the starting point of a ruinous course. Let us make serious resolutions for the future, and let us put them into practice during this holy season of Lent.

DO PENANCE

Penance has not a very pleasant sound; it is one of the hard sayings which few can endure. It is one of the things that made the young man, who asked Christ how to be perfect, turn away sad. It is one of the follies of the cross, a word the worldly wise never understand. Even some Christians think that it is out of fashion in our day, that only the saints ever practiced it, and that with an excessive rigor which is more to be marvelled at than imitated.

And yet Christ, Who is to be imitated by all who hope for salvation through Him, did penance, and His long fast in the desert was not the only penance He did. He warned us also: Except you do penance, you shall likewise perish. He has dignified the virtue of penance, by making it the chief factor in the sacrament by which sin is forgiven; and He has commended it to us by the parable of the Prodigal Son, by His mercy and love for Mary Magdalene.

Christ did not need to do penance, for He was sinless and could not commit sin. We need to do penance by the sorrow of our hearts for our sins and our effort for our disposition to commit sin; by sincere resolve and effort to amend our lives, to master our unruly passions and avoid the occasions of sin; by fasting; by watching, by almsdeeds, and by other means of self-denial and mortification, which may help us to make satisfaction for the past, to repair its evil and to chastise our lower appetites into subjection to reason.

As we enter the holy season of Lent, we should pray that we may begin and end it with a humble and contrite mind, and true sorrow for our sins, with due appreciation of the wisdom and the Church which imposes and regulates our penances, and with the disposition to do all we can in order to share more abundantly in the benefits of the virtue of penance, and of the sacrament also, which is recommended to our piety especially at this time.—Church Progress.

GOD'S OWN GENTLEMEN

Recently I read a story of a man bitterly wronged by a woman. While he was at the point of death his sweetheart married a scamp, writes "A Looker-On" in the Boston Pilot. He saw the account of the wedding as he was slowly recovering.

Health and happiness were gone forever, but he went back to duty as city auditor. The scamp was a city employe, and had stolen \$3,000. The auditor found it out. The scamp begged for mercy, as he had a wife and child. The auditor paid back the money out of his own pocket, and even saved the scamp from disgrace by interceding with the chief. All for the sake of a woman he had hoped to call wife, and who was unworthy. A friend told the story, and when he had finished, remarked: "Yes, he was one of God's own gentlemen." He was.

A small newsboy was all but cut to pieces by a passing car. As they lifted up the mangled, little form, he opened his pain-shrunk lips to whis-

per to the ambulance surgeon "Don't tell mother." He was one of God's own little gentlemen, too.

So we meet them here and there in life, and mankind is better that they have lived. Not especially wise or successful, but so kind and true and strong that there is an aura around their names like the halo depicted above the head of a saint. They represent human nature at its best. They help us to imagine dimly what sort of men might now be peopling this earth had not Adam sinned.

You may say that they are rare. All good things are. They are not so rare as you think. There are men on your own street, these men whom you meet every day, who are bearing the burden of harsh fate gallantly and smilingly. They will never tell you. Heroes do not tell their own stories.

Take up your morning paper, and there, wedged in between murders and divorce suits, you may chance upon a short account of heroism so fine that it will make your eyes dim. Neither you nor I could have done it. This man did. He was one of God's own gentlemen. Certain characters in fiction shine out of the printed pages. Such was Colonel Newcombe, Thackeray's masterpiece. Chamber's "Malcourt" was another, albeit stricken with madness at the end. But they are plentiful in real life, too. We do not see them, because our eyes are bent on successful men, who stride to power over the necks of others or borrow their way to the top. Winning means everything to-day.

HOW SPOONER STOPPED SMOKING

A story from real life illustrating some display of strength of character is more influential than a long sermon.

"Have a cigar?" said John C. Spooner, formerly United States Senator from Wisconsin, to his visitor as he pushed a box of perfectos toward him. The senator sat in his den looking out upon Central Park, New York City, with the floor strewn with law books, which he had been using in preparing a brief upon an international tariff question.

Declining the proffered cigar with the remark that he did not smoke, the visitor was surprised to hear the senator say: "Neither do I, and the way in which I came to stop smoking is a queer story." Then he told how he gave up the "nicotine habit."

For thirty years I was an incessant smoker," said the senator, "and had a cigar in my mouth nearly all the time. Cigars soothed my nerves when I worked hard. At least that was my belief. I knew the habit was filling me with nicotine, but it did not seem to effect my health much.

"My son Charles, who had been graduated from a law school and was preparing to go West and put out his shingle in a new country. He and I sat together one night before the time of his departure and as we conversed I thought that before he left it would be a good idea to have the boy quit drinking. At the time I did not really know whether he was addicted to the habit or not, but I thought that as he was going away it would be a good idea to have him promise not to drink.

"Do you drink, Charlie?" I said to him, and he responded, "Once in a while. Why?" "I would like you to promise me," I said, "that you will not touch intoxicating liquors. You are going far away to begin your career in a rough country, and I would feel better if you promise me before you go that you will not drink. We probably won't see much of each other again for a good many years, and it would give me great consolation to know that wherever you are you are in no danger of being ruined by drink."

"Coolly looking me over, Charlie said: 'Father, you smoke too much. You are filled with nicotine. I am going away and we will probably not see each other for some time. This smoking is ruining your health. I wish you would like to feel while I am away that your health is not being ruined by this dangerous nicotine habit. I'll tell you what I will do. You quit smoking and I will quit drinking.'

"My son," said I, "you have touched me in a very weak spot. I take great delight in smoking a good cigar, but if you are game so am I. We will both quit our bad habits. I have a good deal of hard work to do between now and the time the Senate adjourns for the session, and I think I can do better if I have a cigar in my mouth. But when the Speaker's gavel sounds for the last time I will throw away my cigar and will never smoke again.

The senator said he and his son shook hands on the compact and that both of them have kept their pledges.—Catholic Columbian.

Just as you now play a piece with-out the music and do not think what notes you strike, though once you played them out by slow and patient toil, so if you begin of set purpose you will learn the law of kindness in utterance so perfectly that it will be second nature to you and make more music in your life than all the songs the sweetest voice has ever sung.

Everything of riches and power will pass away. Mighty deeds which men praised, great achievements which caught popular favor—these will be forgotten some day, but the gentle touch we gave to a lonely soul in sorrow, the kind word we spoke to a disheartened brother, the little hymn we sang to cheer a burdened life—these will burst upon us with eternal light some day, and oh, how they will help us!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE PRETTIEST GIRL

"I know who will get the prize," laughed Dorothy. Half a dozen girls were on their way home from school and something very unusual had happened. Mrs. Nailor, the wealthiest woman in Dover, had visited the school that day, and not only that, but she had offered a prize to the one whom for three reasons, she could pronounce the prettiest girl in the school.

Mrs. Nailor's beautiful home on the hill was a great source of entertainment to the children, who never tired of peering through the high iron bars of the fence at the deer darting in and out among the shrubbery and watching the sparkling fountain and the shining gold fish darting about in its crystal waters.

Mrs. Nailor had said that she knew all the girls and that they must be very careful for she would be watching them when they were unaware of it—and she would not tell when she would make school inspections.

"I'm so tired of taking beauty prizes!" exclaimed Elsie, pettishly. "I must be hard to be so pretty!" snapped Alice, spitefully. Alice had a pretty face, too, but very unhappy disposition.

"I wish I was pretty," sighed Bess, mournfully. "There's no danger of Katherine getting the prize," laughed Alice. Katherine's lips quivered, but she looked up with a brave smile and said sweetly: "Elsie is so beautiful I just love to sit and look at her, and sometimes I think Alice is almost as pretty."

"Why don't you curl your hair and get some pretty earrings, you might get the prize sure enough if you kept your face away from the light and—"

"Hush," interrupted Dorothy, "there's Mrs. Nailor passing."

"I wonder why she walks when she has such splendid carriages and an automobile," said Bertha, half aloud.

"Because walking makes one strong and well," replied Katherine, solemnly.

It was true that Katherine was not beautiful. Her face was plain, her complexion dark, and her hair a dull brown, but her eyes were her charm—large, clear and truthful—and her teeth shone like pearls. Her simple black dress and hat were anything but becoming, still there was an indescribable sweetness in her expression.

"I'm going to buy that light blue accordion plaited dress at Rayner's and charge it until I get the prize money," said Elsie. "Mrs. Nailor sits right opposite us in church and she'll be sure to notice what I have on."

The month passed by as usual and all were assembled in the auditorium of the school, which was crowded to the doors with parents and friends. Elsie sat in the first seat, resplendent in the light blue silk.

The presentation of the prize was the last feature on the program, and when Mrs. Nailor took the platform a hush fell upon the assembly. She was not a beautiful woman, but there was something queenly in her bearing.

"Dear girls," she said, "if I could only express to you the thrill it gives me to look into the sea of bright eyes and beautiful faces before me, you might understand and thus appreciate how hard it is for me to come to a decision. During the month I have watched and studied you all very carefully that I might be perfectly just and make no mistake. My observations have taught me many things. First of all, I looked for beauty of character, where I saw beauty of face, and I regret sincerely to say that in every instance I found conceit and selfishness accompany beauty of face. The day I offered the prize I overheard part of a conversation, one sentence of which made a lasting impression upon me: 'I'm so tired of taking beauty prizes!' I wish to stamp indelibly upon your minds now at this awakening period of your lives the true ideal of beauty. For my heroine I have chosen one of whom I consider endowed with the three requisites needful to take the prize, namely, beauty of mind, heart and soul. I pronounce Katherine Sharp the prettiest girl in the school."

And the thundering applause Katherine was seen to wipe her eyes and when she came to the platform, dressed in her plain white dress, she scarcely lifted her eyes, and it was noticed that she carried one arm in a sling.

Only a week before her grandmother, with whom she had lived since her father and mother died, had been sitting beside a log fire, and falling asleep, a brand had ignited her dress, and just at the critical moment Katherine came in, and throwing a rug about her succeeded in smothering the flames, but not until she had burned her arm so

badly that she would probably bear the scar through life.

"She bears a scar," said Mrs. Nailor, "homely, perhaps, to those who are ignorant of its origin, but to those who know it is like a crown of glory."

"And now before we separate for the summer, let me urge you to seek rather for the heart's treasure of beauty than mere beauty of face and form; work for it, wait for it, pray for it. It is God's to give and yours to win."—True Voice.

BE HELPFUL

Look out for others. If you are strong, so much the more should you keep an eye out to see where and when you can help one less favored than yourself.

A number of robust, active boys were busy in playing baseball, while a little lame fellow, about twelve, pale and sickly, stood leaning on his crutches, evidently very sorry that he was not able to take part in the exciting game. Indeed, he seemed to lose sight of the fact of how much his infirmity unfitted him to join in the sport of his stout and healthy companions. The other boys good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand on one side, and let another take his place; but they were thoughtful enough to put it on the ground that they were afraid he might get hurt.

"Why, Jimmy," said one, at last, forgetting himself for a moment, "you can't run, you know."

"O, hush!" answered another, the tallest boy of the party. "Never mind, I'll run for him, and you can count it for him."

So saying, the noble fellow took his place by Jimmy's side, saying to the other, in a lower tone, "If you were like him, you wouldn't like to be told of it all the time."

WHAT IS A BOY?

That was a good answer which was given when a visitor asked the question: "What is a boy?"

A little fellow started from his seat, and replied: "A boy, sir, is the beginning of a man."

That was a true answer, for every man was once a boy. Let us remember that what a boy is in his youth usually decides what kind of a man he will become. So, boys, be true, be honest, kind, brave and industrious now, and then which you have grown to be men you will be the kind of men that our country needs.

FAMOUS SURGEON

SHOWS THE FALLACY OF WHAT IS CALLED THE DARWINIAN THEORY

The award of the Nobel prize for medicine to Dr. Alexis Carrel, New York, in recognition of his achievements in the suture of blood vessels and the transplantation of organs has had an unexpected result in France. The first accounts of Dr. Carrel's work met with undisguised skepticism in Paris, which even the fact that he was French born failed to dissipate; but an award of the Nobel prize to the doctor changed public opinion, which is now anxious to know why such a scientist was lost to France.

Inquiries at Dr. Carrel's birthplace, Lyons, show that he left a record of being a painstaking student and a conscientious house surgeon, with dexterity of fingers resembling that of a Chinese, but no more.

One of his contemporaries vouches for the following story: Among Dr. Carrel's patients was a young woman who was suffering from a disease which was invariably regarded as incurable. She declared that as human science was useless, she would go to Lourdes and beseech divine intervention. Dr. Carrel, although himself a believer, said in the presence of witnesses that if she were cured by supernatural intervention and would undeniably manifest it, the direction of his future life would be clear and he would enter holy orders. The woman returned from Lourdes cured, and Dr. Carrel thereupon determined to expatriate himself as a compromise, thus failing to keep a hasty promise, which was made however, to man, not to God, but retaining the profession to which he was devoted and for which he was most highly gifted.

A few days ago Dr. Carrel, in an interview in a New York paper, thus paid his respects to what is called the Darwinian theory: "Recent discoveries in science tend to refute the Darwinian theory rather than to confirm it. Various sections of the anatomy of the monkey, when transformed to the human body in surgery operations, do not thrive as well as those organs taken from some of the lower animals such as the sheep, the dog and the cow."

"Many men of much learning for years have argued that the similarity of the construction of the two—man and monkey—was a direct proof that the former must be the more highly developed species of the latter. "Their contention was that generation after generation of civilization tended to change the formation of the anatomy of the monkey to the standard of the man. Thus they accounted for the diminution of the tail, the transformation of the paw to the hand, the claw to the toe, and so forth. "Physiological and anthropological science deducts from a different standpoint, however. This standard regards the formation and similarity of the various tissues and glands, their natural longevity of life, and their ability to thrive when trans-



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ferred to the opposite being as the fundamental basis for comparison. "This being accepted as the true standard for reasoning, then, most assuredly man never had an ape or an orang-outang as a prehistoric ancestor."

ONLY VENEER OF CHRISTIANITY

"Our present lax code of morals would make the ancient pagan draw himself up with scorn if he were to see them as they are to-day," said Prof. Ignatius W. Cox, S. J., of Boston college in a lecture before the Holy Name Society in the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Bechtom.

"We must understand our age," he said, "and realize that the world is no longer Christian—it is pagan. Outside the Catholic church you will find only the thinnest veneer of Christianity. Modern biblical criticism has sapped the very foundation of Protestantism and the new theology has completed the wreck. The old truths have crumbled away in the hands of the Protestants and they are left with no foundation for their religion. They have builded on the shifting sands, and the next great storm will sweep them completely away."

"When was there a time when there were so many incentives to vice, coming as they do from the cheap 5-cent theatres, the immoral

stage and a dissolute method of conveying so-called daily news? What, too, is a plainer demonstration of our paganism that the present condition of divorce?"

"It is the professors of our great universities who are defending, disseminating and popularizing these new doctrines on marriage. Prof. Giddings of Columbia university said: 'It is not right to set up a technical legal relationship as morally superior to the spontaneous preference of man and woman.' This, translated is a plea for free love.

"Prof. Charles Zueblin has said: 'There can be and there are hollier alliances without the marriage bond than with it.' And recently before the woman students of Vasuar he made a plea for free love that would bring the blush of shame to the faces of the most pagan in the community."

THE CARDINAL'S CONVERT

When the late Cardinal Cullen of Dublin, Ireland, lived, there was a sick call from a priest from the Cathedral. The sick person was at a hotel, the proprietor of which was a Protestant.

A stormy, wet, dark night it proved. As soon as the messenger got there a priest started. Through mud and slush he made his way, and at last arrived at the hotel, saw the sick person and gave him the sacraments. Everything went off as usual thus far but now the curious part began. The proprietor of the hotel, a good-natured, earnest man, thinking to do a little proselytizing, invited the priest to come into his own sitting-room. After administering some welcome refreshments, this Protestant evangelist let himself out.

"To think, father," said he, addressing the priest, "of the pride and sloth of those Bishops and Cardinals! Is it not monstrous? I warrant now that, while the Cardinal has sent you on this long tramp through the muddy snow he is comfortably toasting his heels and drinking a good warm punch."

"I think you're wrong him."

"Why?"

"Because he is doing nothing of the kind."

"You don't tell me. But how do you know?"

"I know by the best of reasons. You haven't asked me my name."

"Your name? What is it?"

"Cullen—Cardinal Cullen."

In a moment the hotel keeper was on his feet—his hat off.

"Will Your Eminence forgive me? I spoke in ignorance. Shall I order a carriage for Your Eminence?"

"Oh, no; I can go back as I came. I am used to such journeys."

The Cardinal departed.

A few days afterward the hotel keeper went to a priest for instructions and was finally received into the Church.—London Truth.

The motto marked upon our foreheads, written upon our doorposts, channelled in the earth, and wafted upon the waves is, and must be, "Labor is honorable, and idleness is dishonorable."—Carlyle.

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GIN PILLS must cure you or your money will be refunded. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know any horse men. And I didn't know about horses much. And I didn't know how to tell the man the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but you must pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was "falling right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I came parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it bad. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines; the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as though about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. Now, I know what a "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy woman and it don't wear the clothes (ray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump machine.

So, said I to myself, I will do with the "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and you don't want the machine after a month's use. I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is? And you—do you pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 30 cents to 75 cents a week over that in wash money. If it saves you 10 cents a week, that's ten cents a week I'll pay for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Address me personally—G. B. MORRIS, Manager! 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.

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\$5,000,000.00 FOR PEERLESS WAY POULTRYMEN. Into the pockets of the users of The Peerless Way last year went five million dollars made from the poultry these people raised. Yet chickens are scarce in Canada and eggs are the scarcest of all food commodities. That is positively the fact.

To-day there are not enough Canadian CHICKENS or EGGS to go around. Thousands of chickens and hundreds of thousands of dozens of eggs are being shipped into Canada from the United States and other countries to help meet the demand. Yet there is a shortage! Eggs are commanding a tremendous price—chickens are worth dollars.

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THE MIND OF THE CHURCH

Professor Bertram Windle, K. S. G., one of the most distinguished university principals in Ireland, contributes to the Catholic Truth library a brochure entitled "The Intellectual Claims of the Catholic Church," one of the greatest facts that history has known, as he puts it. The article, which first made its appearance in the form of an address in Dublin, is devoted to showing up the fallacy that the Catholic Church is solely a Church whose appeal is made to the heart, and that it takes no account of intellectual needs of its followers.

"We forget," says Dr. Windle, "or, perhaps, we have never known, that the Church has been the mother, and in many cases the fondly loved mother, of more great writers and of more great discoveries in all branches of discovery, than have all the other religions of the world put together."

Much of this indifference and ignorance, says Dr. Windle, will probably vanish now that Catholics are given a full and fair chance to acquire a knowledge of the intellectual treasures of the Church. In particular, he insists, will a study of the works of the much-abused worthless "Schoolmen," or Scholastic Philosophers, disabuse the prejudiced reader of the notion that their age was one of deliberate obscurantism, in which the killing of all original thought and research in science was aimed at. The Schoolmen did not spend all their time in discussing such problems as "the number of angels that could dance on the point of a needle," as anti-Christian writers used to state.

Nevertheless, such a problem contained within it another philosophic problem of great interest and profundity, just as certainly as the large mathematical literature written about the so-called Fourth Dimension (a condition the existence of which no one can attest or deny) has provided scientific thinkers with much important food for reflection. The writers and philosophers of the Catholic middle ages were not, says the doctor, the contemptible triflers some people would have us believe, and it is extraordinary how nearly they approached to the theories which scientific men of to-day are coming to believe—theories, too, of the absolute falsity of which the predecessors of

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the present generation of scientific men were equally well assured.

In the respect of the Darwinian theory, for example, the Evolution or Transformation which he is said to have invented, Darwin himself would have been the last to claim as his "invention." The view was put forward long before Darwin's time, and was commented on by St. Augustine and by St. Thomas Aquinas among others, the now well-known ideas of Natural Selection being duly animadverted upon. Yet the lay historians of to-day, who accuse the Church of deliberately keeping the mind of her followers in the dark, never by any chance will admit that Catholic writers of the "Dark Ages" had ever written about this subject. The theory of evolution has been discussed, says Dr. Windle, by Catholic philosophers for many centuries past.

In Chemistry, too, the Catholic Schoolmen, were, centuries ago, forecasting the ideas which in later times came to be used largely in the research work and thought of modern practitioners in that science. What men are teaching now-a-days as to the properties and potentialities of Uranium (from which Actinium may be formed, and from Actinium, Radium) was being at least theorized upon with very convincing notions by the Scholastics whose scientific philosophy (says Windle) was much nearer to that of the modern physicist than it was to that of the two previous centuries of scientific workers, i. e., the age between Bacon and Newton.

Indeed, it is worthy of remark that Aristotle (and the philosophers who followed him) (as the Scholastics did) should have arrived at conclusions so closely resembling the last word thus far uttered by science on chemical matters.

Professor Driesch, the author of "Science and Philosophy of the Organism," a non-Catholic, has (says Windle) in his exposition which are recognized as authoritative among all the scientific professors of to-day adopting views concerning life development and evolution which are practically identical with those of the Schoolmen. In Germany and the United States, a number of leading biologists (says Windle) have abandoned the purely materialistic or chemico-physical explanation of life, and have returned to the conception so long and so persistently held by Catholic philosophers. Can the Schoolmen, then, have been so very inept?

What Dr. Windle insists upon, in order to confound those who forever harp upon the "obscurantist" charge, is that the works of men who were capable of thinking out conclusions so very close to those of modern men of science, are not to be wholly despised by modern students, of no matter what class, degree or soct. Furthermore, he emphasizes the fact that these Scholastic conclusions were those of thinkers who wrote in and, what is more to the point, on behalf of the Church.

The conclusion, therefore, is that those who deny the intellectual greatness of the Church are confessing their own profound ignorance, for the Catholic Church, from the intellectual standpoint, is, says Windle, just as much a matter for marvel as it is from any other point from which it may be viewed.—Freeman's Journal.

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