

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1916

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### A MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT

The cynics in every age have repeated that virtue is more odious among the crowd than vice; that if you would succeed you must not be too good; that the best workers are the worst paid. Even Mr. Ruskin could write, in one of his savage moods: "People, as a rule, only pay for being amused or being cheated, not for being served. Five thousand a year to your talker and a shilling a day to your fighter, digger and thinker is the rule. None of the best headwork in art, literature or science is ever paid for." So far as this is true, it points the contrast between the superficial and essential rewards of fidelity to our proper calling. We must accustom ourselves to thinking deeply about the real sources of happiness if we would rightly assess the deserts of mortals. Yet some things are reasonably clear. We are, for the most part, consenting parties to our own failures. "If we are underlings," in an unworthy sense, "the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves." Life may be made sublime in a lowly lot, as none of us can deny. Just now the sublimity flashes out amid the darkness of evil fate; common men rise to uncommon heights of nobility, putting conventional saints to shame by their heroism and calm endurance. One of these wrote home the other day from the storm-swept and fated trenches "somewhere in France" in such terms as these: "The truest beauty in life we can see now when that life can hardly be called our own. We fight and work for our lives, and realize that the only thing that counts is duty. Life is uncertain; it may be short, perhaps, it is almost at the end, but the serene joy of it is quite an adequate compensation for all its hardships." Does not this high philosophy, gained not from books but in life's hardest school, rebuke our cowardice, our ambition to attain ease and pleasure, and the inefficiency that clogs our output or ordained toil? Surely this unmarked conqueror in the battle of time strikes the true note, gives the clue to power and greatness. At the last, what will avail us; what solace soothe our sense of loss; what brighter ray can fall upon the path whose end no mortal eye can behold, than this serene view of the day's duty, so indicative of a soul that has found its centre and can calmly await the unknown event, confidently leaving all to God Who ensures the gains and shapes the issues of the future? Not without stumblings and lapses, but taught by experience of good and ill, pleasure and pain, we win through to fortune and serenity.

### OUR RULE

If society is to be kept from slipping back it must hold firmly to the right of saying that wrong is wrong, no matter who commits it or how guilty others may be. If there can be no responsibility and no condemnation till we get a perfect world, there can be no way of holding the world up to the level which it has already reached. No more than art can history be non-moral: it is bound to give us lessons either for good or for bad.

### A QUESTION

Will the war have serious effects on character, nationally and individually? Will it tend, on the whole, toward moral deterioration, or will it strengthen men's moral fibre? Although it may not be possible to answer these questions now with confidence, only good can come from thinking about them, and thereby helping to check any drift towards danger or to strengthen hopeful tendencies.

May there not be deterioration nationally and individually? That a wholesale fall in moral values, amounting to ruin, is possible, has been proved on a national scale more than once. It was proved in the French Revolution. Never was any movement begun under brighter auspices. France had reached a

time when drastic change must come, and she approached it a-tingle with noble hopes. Thrilled by glorious visions, she accomplished wonderful changes and then smeared the whole record in an orgy of fury and blood that caused the world to shudder. What a downfall was there. Moral eclipse, it is clear, may come to nations as to individuals. No second proof was needed, but it is with us, staring the world out of countenance. Here is Germany suddenly a moral bankrupt. Only two or three generations ago it was said of Germany that hers was the empire of the air, meaning the region where thought experiments with things intangible, such as the workings of the mind and the foundations of morals. And now all at once Germany has no morals. She stands stripped of every shred of the character that has hitherto been regarded as dignifying a nation.

### WATCHFUL

When, with a shock of disgust, we see a modern nation so branded it is surely worth while to be on our guard that such an evil shall not come nigh our own loved land. Let us be watchful that we do not catch the taint, however mildly. And indeed there are other lessons to be learned from the effects of war, on nations as a whole, which we should do well to note for future guidance. The sensitiveness of bystanding nations to moral values—or the want of it—is deeply significant. There is the attitude, quite common, of standing waiting at the pounce to see, altogether apart from moral considerations, on which side the spring may be most profitably made; and there is the delicate balancing of the soulless neutral precision, so busy with minute points of immaterial law as to escape noticing the greater demands of common morality. With these national failures in view, any country that holds honesty in guardianship has plenty of scope for thought if she would play an adequate part. When the war is over, and several millions of men return from abroad after defending the interests at once of their country, of fair dealing between nations, and of the continuance of civilization even in the presence of warfare, shall we be braced to a more serious attention to facts, or shall we keep to our old, easy-going ways?

Seeing that this war has been fought to preserve nationalities the independence of Serbia against the arrogance of Austria, the independence of Belgium against the ruthless aggression of Germany, the independence of France against the unprovoked leap of her predatory enemy to crush her—shall we understand how real love of country is, and shall we be more ready to preserve our nationality from contamination by men who pretend to be eager to repudiate their own lands.

It will need broad based common sense and steadiness to deal wisely with our country's policy when the war is over, so as to avoid our own mistakes in the past and the more serious mistakes of war-ridden Germany. We ought to know better than to shut out eyes in a comfortable doze and trust to the intentions of other nations being as harmless as our own. There must be no trusting to chance behind one line of national defence. But, on the other hand, the evil of militarism hand in hand with secret diplomacy, and intent on defeating publicity and poisoning the public mind with ignorance and passion and graft, must be unsparingly uprooted. Never was the need greater for public action that is at once strong, fair, steady and patriotic. But if our country is to deal strongly and wisely with the national problems that will arise when the war is over, it can only be certain of itself as long as the typical individual character of its people remains sound and sane.

### ON GUARD

∅ We are all going through a period of wear and tear that has a fairly faint resemblance to the tension felt by men at the front. There they see sights which must tend to deaden nervous sensibility. It is a merciful provision that familiarity can make horror bearable. In milder forms

we are subjected to the same process of, shall we say, hardening. Every day deaths are reported to us, many of them in forms of callous brutality. In very self-defence we must assume more indifference than ordinary humanity would demand. Will the end of all this be a wide-spread lessening of sensibility to human suffering? When danger incessantly repeats itself the consciousness of its presence wears off. It cannot be indefinitely sustained. Will it be the same with cruelty?

What will be the war effects so far as the characters and habits of our brave men who have engaged in the war are concerned? How will it affect their views of the relative values of the things that make up our average life? They will have seen life itself, with all that it contains, risked many times. Will other things look trivial? One can imagine many conventions, which stay-at-home people have come to think are important, being seen in their true light as the smallest dust of the balance by men who have had daily interviews with death.

### WHY?

We can only ask these queries to provoke thought. Who would presume to answer them? The future alone can make reply. What that reply will be must remain a matter of considerable concern when such a question is asked as how will the men who have had foreign war experience, with its open-air life and physical expansion, regard their return to the narrower rounds of daily toil or business? To what extent will appreciation of a settled life prevail and routine at home be welcomed as a relief from change, uncertainty and danger abroad; or to what extent will adventure, freedom, and apart from disciplinary restraints and a greater physical exuberance, wean men from more settled ways? We may be sure that great changes of life cannot come to millions of men without bringing changes in character, in tastes, in aims; and great powers of organization will be needed nationally and individually, to reabsorb into the daily life of the nation in peace the mass of somewhat changed manhood that will have survived the perils of international strife.

### SOME DID IT FOR FUN

#### INVESTIGATION BRINGS TO LIGHT SOME REASONS FOR CONVERSIONS FROM CATHOLICISM

Following each revival meeting given by the Protestant preacher, Billy Sunday, reports appear in the secular press telling the number who "hit the trail" or were "converted." Usually, too, the former religious affiliations are given. Thus, very frequently we read that a great many Catholics were "converted." This was the case following the revival meetings held by Billy Sunday in Baltimore, where the Municipal buildings were closed one day and all public employees were compelled to go to the "gospel" tent.

When Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, heard that so many of his own children in Faith had forsaken the Catholic Church to follow the preacher, he decided to investigate as many cases as possible to learn the underlying facts. This investigation was conducted by Right Rev. O. B. Corrigan, Auxiliary Bishop, whose letter reporting the results to the Cardinal, is here given:

St. Gregory's Rectory, Baltimore, Md.

Your Eminence,—I beg leave to make to you the following report on the "Billy Sunday" cards which you sent me. I have been delayed because the reports came in very slowly and twelve of the largest parishes have even now not answered.

Four hundred and thirty-eight cards were sent to me. Of these I laid aside 77 for various reasons. Some contained evidently fictitious names or addresses; some were not Catholics; some were from persons whose residences were in different parts of the country outside of Maryland. I sent to the Reverend pastors 361 cards. Some of the reports were made in such general terms that very little could be gotten out of them. The most definite item of interest, however, is that of the 230 cards reported on by the pastors 92 contained names of children under fourteen years of age all the way down to four years. A great many of these children stated that they went with other Public school children at the sugges-

tion or solicitation of their school teachers. Other went because their neighbors went, and in many cases, without the knowledge of their parents.

As to the adults, some denied that they had been there at all; some of the cards contained faulty or fictitious addresses and their signers could not be located. All sorts of reasons and excuses were given. Some men claimed that pressure had been brought to bear on them by employers and foremen. Some, especially of the younger generation, went as to a frolic; some out of mere curiosity, or like the children, went because others went, and when asked to "hit the trail" were ashamed to hold back.

A few fallen-away and negligent Catholics were found upon whom the inquiries of the pastors have made little or no impression, but I gather from the reports that in the majority of these cases, the knowledge that priests knew of their going had been a good thing. Very sincerely,

O. B. CORRIGAN,  
Bishop of Macra, V. G.

### CHICAGO ARCHBISHOP PLANS NOVEL HOME FOR BOYS

Chicago, August 1.—In an effort to cut down the number of widowers who, "becoming panic stricken on the death of their wives, remarry immediately, merely that their children might be cared for," Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago today purchased a large tract of land upon which he plans to erect a home for motherless boys.

In explaining the purpose of the home, the Archbishop told of the result of his personal observations of the circumstances surrounding eighteen thousand marriages during the fourteen years that he was chancellor in Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I was struck by what was a frequent occurrence in the daily life of our cities," he said. "A good, steady, sober man with a small fixed salary, would get married, and perhaps, after a few years, while the children were young, his wife would die. The poor man, not wanting to put the children into an orphanage, would become practically panic stricken and would marry the first woman he met, just to have some care for his children."—The Monitor.

### ANGLICAN BISHOP

#### WANTS THE COMPLETE BIBLE READ

The Very Rev. Prior Gilbert Higgins, C. R. L., writing in the London Catholic Times, says:

"If the action of some authorities in the Church of England is calculated to discourage those who hoped that her children were steadily marching by the grace of God Rome-wards, i. e., homewards, the action of other prelates of the Establishment should confirm Catholics and Ransomers particularly, in their resolution to 'pray without ceasing' for the conversion of England to the faith once delivered to the saints. That the Bishop of Bath and Wells should refuse to institute the Rev. Roscoe Sheddin to a benefice because this clergyman has preached a Catholic sermon on the Blessed Virgin is very sad, though not surprising. Anything, unfortunately, is possible in a communion where the denial of our Lord's ascension may, to use figurative language, procure you a seat in the Cabinet, while the assertion of Mary's Assumption may in a manner of speaking secure you a cell in Pentonville.

Nevertheless, intercession must not be interrupted; prayer's grand offensive must not slacken. Signs are not lacking that indicate an improvement in the mental attitude of other Church of England Bishops. They are beginning to favor some of our views on Holy Writ. Thus in an interesting quarterly called 'The International Journal of Apocrypha' I find that the Bishop of Manchester recommends the study of the deutero-canonical Scriptures (Wisdom; Tobias; Machabees, etc.). The Bishop of Moray goes farther. 'It is unfortunate,' he says, 'that such a man (Apocrypha), which has a somewhat disparaging sound, should be given to deutero-canonical books of the old Testament. I pause here for a moment, His Lordship continues, 'to request you, my reverend brethren, to take care that the Bibles placed on the lecterns of your churches contain the deutero-canonical books. \* \* \* When you order Bibles \* \* \* make quite sure that you do not get the imperfect Bibles too often issued.'

"These words of the Scottish prelate will be welcome and heartening news to those of my readers who with the Popes have so long deplored the flooding of this country with these mutilated versions of God's Holy Book. On with the prayers. The shackles of the religion made in Germany are gradually falling from the souls of our fellow-countrymen. When they embrace the religion made in Jerusalem on Whit Sunday, England shall then indeed be free."

### CHILDREN'S COMMUNION FOR PEACE

What a picture of Peace! Little ones, all over the world, walking with eager but reverent steps, with bowed heads and clasped hands to the altar rail, there having received their Eucharistic God within their breasts, petitioning Him with one voice to stop the awful carnage in Europe, to have pity on those men, His dearly bought children, and to make them realize that all are brothers whom He had loved even as themselves.

What a lesson for Peace in the future when the children of this generation will have the affairs of the nations in their hands! Today's world conflict will not be a distant unreality to them but one in which they themselves took part, as little leaders for peace.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### FAVORS TRAINING OF YOUTH

#### INTERVIEW GIVEN BY CARDINAL GIBBONS ON HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY

Cardinal Gibbons celebrated his eighty-second birthday, Sunday, July 23.

The Cardinal, following his custom of many years, went to the country home of his intimate friend T. Herbert Shriver, near Union Mills, Carroll county, to celebrate his birthday in quiet. The priest has a horror of any festivities or any public notice of his birthday and left the city to avoid anything like a celebration. He received many congratulations by telegraph and cable.

#### OBEDIENCE IS NECESSARY

The Cardinal granted an interview to newspaper representatives. He was in fine spirits and excellent health and expressed his views with vigor, brushing aside reminiscences and Mexico to tell exactly why universal military training would safeguard the nation, keep it at peace with the world, build its manhood, fuse its many foreign strains into one patriotic people and make it a nation among nations.

The deep-reaching effect of discipline upon the American character came first in the Cardinal's mind. As he sank back in the deep armchair and looked out over the quiet village, where he had spent his birthdays as a young priest, he recalled his school days—but only to state that the greatest lesson he learned was obedience to authority, the greatest benefit he received was discipline.

"Order is the first law of Heaven," he said, "and order comes from authority and obedience." "Obedience to proper authority is the first lesson in military tactics. It teaches the man that there is something higher than his own desire. It is not slavishness, but obedience God bids us give to those in authority over us."

"The difference between savagery and civilization, he said, lay in development of the will, and discipline was the best developer. "The Word says that he that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city," he continued, "and so it is with a nation.

#### BELIEVES IN CAMPS

"These camp schools make a man stronger, broader. They make him more patriotic and more fit physically, morally, socially and intelligently. They take him from temptation of passion and vices and sin. They throw him in touch with men of other circumstances from other places. They make him feel there is something out there in the nation which demands his loyalty and service. They bring the rich man and the poor man together on an equal footing and teach them they owe an equal allegiance."

"Universal training would engender patriotism and make Americans out of Poles and Slavs and Sicilians quicker and better than any other agency, he pointed out, because it would reveal the true American spirit, show America was a nation worthy of patriotic love, and prove that Americanism and commercialism were not synonymous. "Certainly a man could not be asked to forget his love for the land of his birth," he added. "The poet said, you remember, 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, this is my own, my native land?'"

"But it teaches him his duty to the country where God has placed him. Like Ruth, he should say, 'Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.' That is a most beautiful story and a most profound lesson.

#### PLEASED WITH TRAINING BILL

"I was greatly pleased to see the bill introduced recently by the senator from Oregon providing for this training. Such a system would be of immeasurable benefit to the young men of the country in every way. It would safeguard the nation. It would not foster militarism. It would not be a provocation of war, but would make us strong enough to insure peace so far as humanly possible."

Though declining to speak of Mexico, the Cardinal said the mobilization acted as a wonderful stimulus to the national spirit and would probably help the adoption of the universal training system.

In speaking of the alleged brutalizing effect of war, the Cardinal said the war in Europe had, most contradictorily, developed spirituality, had intensified religion and had chastened instead of brutalizing the fighting men.

#### PREDICTS WAR'S END SOON

"The war must end soon," he said, "if from nothing but sheer exhaustion, and there will not be another year in Europe. The lesson of this one has been too horrible."

His age was then casually mentioned, and it was recalled that a Western minister friend of his was a year his senior. He replied with a laugh that he was willing for others to excel him in years.

The day was a quiet and beautiful one for him, spent in the home which has been his for a part of each year since early manhood. He arose early and celebrated Mass in the home chapel at 8 o'clock. The first Mass at 7:30 was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Ligourney Fay, president of the Newman School at Hackensack, N. J. For the rest of the day he read, slept a little and received friends and many messages of congratulation.—True Voice.

### POPE BENEDICT RECEIVES 4,000 CHILDREN IN AUDIENCE

By Catholic Press Association Cable

Rome, Aug. 8.—On Monday the Holy Father received in audience about four thousand Roman children who had received Holy Communion that morning for his intention in compliance with his request. He delivered an important address to them, congratulating them at the outset upon their having, in such a large number, received the Adorable Sacrament. Then he went on to speak of the desolating war, which he deeply deplored. It has not, he said, sorrowfully, brought adults to repentance, and consequently he now placed all his reliance upon the pious efforts of children, who are always near to Christ, and who pleading with Him will have the desired effect.

With words that manifested poignant grief, he contrasted the beautiful innocence of children with the cruelty and inhumanity of the men who are now massacring one another and through this innocence he now pleaded to Almighty God, having for two years pleaded in vain to the warring peoples. He prayed, he said that human society cease to be worthy only of Cain and become worthy of Abel. It is impossible, he added, for the Pope to define concrete methods of restoring peace, as he feared that his proposals might displease some of his children, all of whom are equally dear to him.

### THE CRUSADES BROUGHT OUT THE HEROIC IN HUMAN NATURE

#### BISHOP STURBS (PROT.) IN "EVENING LECTURES ON MEDIEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY"

"The Crusades are not, in my mind, either the popular delusions that our cheap literature has determined them to be, nor papal conspiracies against kings and peoples, as they appear to Protestant controversialists; nor the savage outbreak of expiring barbarism, thirsting for blood and plunder, nor volcanic explosions of religious intolerance. I believe them to have been in their deep sources, and in the minds of their best champions, and in the main tendency of their results, capable of ample justification. They were the first great effort of medieval life to go beyond the pursuit of selfish and isolated ambitions; they were the trial-feat of the young world, essaying to use, to the glory of God and the benefit of man, the arms of its new knightlyhood. That they failed in their direct object is almost what may be alleged against only every great design which the great disposer of events has molded to help the world's progress; for the world has grown wise from the experience of failure, rather than by the winning of high aims. That the good they did was largely leavened with evil may be said of every war that has ever been waged; that bad men rose by them while good men fell, is and must be true, wherever and whenever the battle is to the swift and the battle to the strong. But that in the end they were a benefit to the world to one who reads can doubt; and that in their course they brought out a love for all that is heroic in human nature, the love of freedom, the honor of prowess, sympathy with sorrow, perseverance to the last, the chronicles of the age abundantly prove; proving, moreover, that it was by the experience of these times that the forms of those virtues were realized and presented to posterity."—Our Sunday Visitor.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

The ladies of Genoa have presented a magnificent painting to the Holy Father, in which he is represented as engaged in fervent prayer for peace before a statue of the "Regina Pacis."

Rev. Floyd Keeler, an Episcopal minister at Hutchinson, Kans., was received into the Catholic Church there on Sunday, July 9. His wife and children were received into the Church some weeks before him.

Rome, July 17.—In compliance with the respectfully worded request of the government of the Argentine republic Pope Benedict has, in honor of the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the independence of that nation, raised the present Inter-nunciature there to the status of a Nunciature.

Sister Rose Spalding has been given the degree of Bachelor of Science by the College of Arts and Sciences, University of Louisville, of which institution she is an alumna. She is a sister of Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J., superior of Loyola Academy, Chicago, who is well and favorably known in the world of letters.

A new college for boys will be opened at Des Moines, Ia., next year. At the close of the priests' retreat of this year the Right Rev. Bishop Dowling addressed the assembled clergymen on the need of a college in that city, and within a few minutes \$40,000 was subscribed for the purpose. It is expected that the new building will cost about \$100,000.

It is announced from Rome that the Very Rev. Dr. Murphy, C. S. S. P., the well-known Provincial of the Holy Ghost Fathers, has been appointed by the Holy See Bishop of Port Louis (Mauritius and Dependencies), one of the most important of the Colonial bishoprics, in succession to the new Archbishop of Cardiff.

Paris, July 23.—A Havas Associated Press dispatch from Rome states that at 8 o'clock Saturday evening the coffin containing the body of Leo XIII. was transported to its new resting place in St. Peter's, in the Chapel of the Presentation. The ceremony was private, the assistants being all high ecclesiastics. Cardinal Merry del Val, as archpriest of St. Peter's, formally inspected the coffin.

A dispatch from Amsterdam says that the sentence of a Jesuit priest, who was condemned to die by the German authorities in Belgium on account of his connection with the newspaper Libre Belgique, has been commuted to twelve years at hard labor and deportation to Germany. The secret publication of the Libre Belgique, the correspondent adds, continues despite German efforts to discover the editors and publishers.

This is the fortieth year of service among the North Dakota Sioux Indians for the Rev. Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., the missionary of Fort Totten, in the Devil's Lake Agency. Forty years ago Father Jerome came to Fort Yates, North Dakota, from Indiana, accompanied by Brother Giles who has been his faithful friend, companion and helpmate all these years.

The venerable convent of Portiuncula, near Assisi, the cradle of the Franciscan Order, shelters 140 wounded soldiers within its hallowed walls. Eighty soldiers have already regained their health in the selfsame apartments, which popes, bishops, and other high personages have in the course of time occupied; and which our holy Father St. Francis made sacred by his presence.—Franciscan Herald.

The discovery at Santa Fe, New Mexico, of a hitherto unknown community house, estimated to be a thousand years old, at Otowi, the prehistoric settlement 30 miles west of Santa Fe, has been announced by Mrs. L. L. Wilson, of Philadelphia, in charge of an archeological expedition of the Philadelphia Commission Museum. Pottery of an unknown design and a huge sacrificial altar are among the relics found in the newly unearthed ruins.

The letters of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Rheims, of the Bishops of Arras, Amiens, Beauvais, Chalons, Meaux, Nancy, Saint Die, Verdun, and Soissons, France, contain harrowing descriptions of the destruction wrought in the dioceses committed to their care. In the single diocese of Arras, two hundred churches have been destroyed. It is impossible to communicate with the Archbishop of Cambrai and the Bishop of Lille, but it is easy to imagine what they too have suffered.

The Right Rev. Thomas J. Gibbons vicar general to Archbishop Ireland, died suddenly in St. Paul on Sunday morning, July 30. Monsignor Gibbons was a native of Mount Carmel, Pa., and was born fifty-eight years ago. He received his early education in the Public schools at that place, and for a time worked in and about the mines. At the age of twenty he entered St. Charles Borromeo's Seminary, Overbrook, where he completed a course in theology. Later he entered the Grand Petit Seminary at Montreal, Canada, and was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Ireland. Last year he was made vicar general.

## MOONDYNE JOE

## THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

X.—CONTINUED  
THE UPAS-TREE

It was a monotonous and unpleasant routine, this visiting of the wards. Will Sheridan was glad when they entered the female pentagon, after half an hour's rapid walking. When at last they came to the ward in which Alice was confined, Sheridan's heart was beating rapidly.

The door of Number Four was open, and one of the nuns was standing in the cell beside Alice, who sat with her work in her lap. Will Sheridan heard the low sound of her voice, as she spoke to her visitor, and it thrilled him like a strain of exquisite music. In after years, he never forgot the subtle pleasure and pain he experienced at the sound of her soft voice in that brief sentence.

The governor stood at the doorway, and greeted Sister Cecilia respectfully, then passed on. Will Sheridan had only for one instant rested his eyes on Alice; but he went away happy, his heart filled with gratitude. The old governor wondered at the earnest warmth of his manner as he thanked him and took his leave.

When Will Sheridan emerged from Millbank Prison, he seemed impatient and pleased. He hailed a cab, and drove straight to Mr. Wyville's. He was drawn there by a deep, pleasurable feeling of mingled respect, gratitude and expectation. He felt unaccountably light-hearted and joyous. He had no actual thoughts, but only happy perceptions. The world was changed. He did not know in what the change consisted; but he certainly was a different man from the unhappy stranger who had wandered round Millbank a few weeks before.

He sprang from the cab in Grosvenor Square, thinking he would quiet his excitement by walking the remainder of the way. As he turned into Grosvenor Street, his eye was attracted by a low and elegant brougham, driven by a colored coachman, who wore a peculiar oriental dress. This driver he recognized as the eyes of a friend, and he was rather surprised when he recognized Mr. Wyville's Australian servant, Ngarrajil.

In the carriage sat two young girls of extraordinary beauty and similarity of face and age. They were dark-skinned rather than "colored," with intensely black hair and flashing eyes. Their faces were of a splendid rich bronze, warmer than the rich brown of Spain, and darker than the red bronze of Africa. They were wrapped in soft furs, their faces only visible. They might have been twins; they were certainly sisters. They were talking and smiling as they spoke, as the brougham slowly passed Sheridan, and drew up at Mr. Wyville's door.

The ladies sprang lightly to the sidewalk, having thrown off their heavier wraps in the carriage. Their dress beneath was still of rich furs, of two or three colors. They walked lightly to the door, which was held open by a black servant, and entered the house.

The incident surprised Sheridan; but he was little given to curiosity. "Those ladies," he thought, "are certainly Australian natives, and yet it seems absurd to believe it. But then, it is no stranger than everything connected with this remarkable man."

At Mr. Wyville's he found Lord Somers who had brought with him Sir Joshua Hobbs, new Prison Bill and Mr. Hamerton. The greeting of all was pleasant, but Sheridan was specially pleased with the almost silent cordiality of Mr. Wyville.

They had been conversing on criminal matters; and the conversation was renewed.

"Mr. Wyville," said the Secretary, "I wish to ask you a question I have put to many philanthropists, with varying results: Have you ever sought, or rather have you ever found the roots of the criminal upas-tree?"

Mr. Wyville had stood facing the window; he turned toward the secretary, and his impressive face was in shade, as he answered, in a low tone.

"Yes, my Lord, I have sought for it, and I have found it."

"Then why not announce the discovery? Why not lay the axe to the root of this tree of evil, and let the world, or at least England, be freed from the criminal incubus?"

The question was earnestly put, and Hamerton and Sheridan, with deep interest, watched the face of Mr. Wyville till the answer came.

"Because, my Lord, the tree of evil is a banian—its roots drop from above; its blood is not drawn directly from the soil, but pours from the heart of the main stem, which you think healthy. Its diseased branches ramify through the admirable limbs, and cannot be separated with a knife."

"You are allegorical, Mr. Wyville, but I presume that you mean—"

"That the criminal principle is rooted in the heart of society, underlies the throne—or let me say, that the throne cannot escape injury if the axe be laid to its base," said Mr. Wyville, speaking slowly.

The nobleman glanced nervously at Hamerton, who was smiling broadly, as if intensely pleased. The Secretary could not give up the point just then, having reached dangerous ground. And as Wyville remained silent, he was forced to continue.

"My dear Mr. Wyville," he said jocosely, "you speak to-day almost

like a French Republican, and I fear Mr. Sheridan will conceive a violent prejudice against you. You mean, of course, that the law dare not attempt to suddenly suppress all crime for fear of exciting revolution?"

"No, my Lord, that was not my meaning," said Mr. Wyville.

"Well, then, I give it up," said the pleasant nobleman, laughing, and turning to Hamerton to change the conversation.

"Don't you think, Mr. Hamerton, that with all the public and private money spent in charity and religious work in England, the existence of a great criminal class is a vastly difficult problem, and a monstrous popular ingratitude?"

"I agree as to the problem," answered Hamerton, becoming grave; "but I do not quite see the ingratitude. But may I ask Mr. Wyville to read us the riddle of his allegory, or to continue it further?"

"Pray do, sir," said the Secretary, seeing no escape.

"My Lord," said Mr. Wyville, slightly smiling, but yet very earnest in look, "my views are personal, as my researches have been. I have drawn no political dissatisfaction from foreign schools. I have merely sought among the poor and the tempted, and I have found them, and lived among them, and have investigated the causes of their state. I have followed the main root of the criminal plant till I found it disappear beneath the throne; and its lateral issues run through and under the titled and hereditary circles that ring the monarch."

Mr. Hamerton opened his eyes and looked his hands tightly, as he looked at the speaker; Lord Somers seemed puzzled, and rather discomfited; while Sheridan enjoyed the conversation keenly.

"Do the roots spring from the throne and the aristocracy, or enter their crevices from the outside?" asked Hamerton.

"They are born of aristocracy," answered Wyville, impressively.

"They spring from the rotting luxuries that fall from the tables of kings and earls and hereditary gentry. They creep from the palaces, where custom and care are too strong for them, and they crawl to the cabins and seize on the hearts of the poor for their prey. The seed of crime is in the flower of aristocracy."

"You speak in paradoxes now, sir," said Lord Somers, interested in spite of himself.

"I take aristocracy as the effluence of the social and political evil," said Mr. Wyville, now deeply moved by his theme. "It presupposes the morality of hereditary classes. Men would not, in a justly ordered state, be born either to luxury or poverty, disease, or crime. I do not know where or how mankind began to do the social sum wrong; but I do know, for I see, that the result is appalling—that millions have evil for a heritage, as truly as you, my lord, have your entailed estate."

"But how can this be changed or bettered, my dear Mr. Wyville, except by the spread of charity and religion among the wealthy?" asked the peer.

"Ah, pardon me; I consider these things from another standpoint. Charity among the rich simply means the propriety of the rich simply means that poverty is unfortunate, but not wrong. But God never meant to send the majority of mankind into existence to exercise the charity and religion of the minority. He sent them all into the world to be happy and virtuous, if not equal; and men have generated their evils and their own blind and selfish rules."

"Surely, Mr. Wyville," interrupted Hamerton, "you do not believe in the American absurdity that men are born equal?"

"I do not think the Americans mean that in your sense," answered Wyville. "I do believe that every generation of men should have a fair start, and let the best lives win."

"But it never can be done," said Lord Somers.

"It has never been tried, I think, except by fanatics or philanthropic charity-mongers, who have done more harm than good. The good shall not come from the stooping of the rich, but from the bettering of the poor; and the poor had better remain poor for another cycle than be raised by charity, and so pauperized and degraded."

"How would you begin the improvement, had you absolute power?" asked Mr. Hamerton.

Mr. Wyville checked himself with an effort, as he was about to speak.

"You have led me to utter latent thoughts rather than opinions," he said, smiling, and looking toward the nobleman. "I fear my upas roots have led me out of bounds."

Mr. Hamerton seemed annoyed at the check, and strode across the room impatiently.

"Confound it, Somers," he cried, "throw off your official airs, and take an interest in principles, as you used to. Mr. Wyville, I beg of you to continue; you should not only talk freely here, but I wish to Heaven you could preach these things in Westminster Abbey."

"Let me recall the question of this excitable person, Mr. Wyville," said his lordship; "he asked how you would begin the reform of society, had you absolute power?"

"By burning the law-books," "Splendid!" cried Lord Somers. "And then?" asked Lord Somers. "By burning the title-deeds," "Magnificent!" ejaculated Hamerton. "Could society exist without law?" asked the nobleman.

"Not just yet; but it could have a better existence with better laws. At present the laws of civilization, especially of England, are based on and framed by property—a depraved and unjust foundation. Human law should be founded on God's law and human right, and not on the narrow interests of land and gold."

"What do you propose to effect by such law?" asked Lord Somers.

"To raise all men above insecurity, which is the hot-bed of lawlessness," answered Mr. Wyville.

"But by what means can law make poor men rich?" asked the nobleman.

"By allowing no one to hold unproductive land while a single man is hungry. By encouraging small farmers, till every acre of land in England is teeming with food."

"But men do not live by bread alone. Englishmen cannot all be farmers. What then?"

"By developing a system of technical education, that would enable the town and city populations to manufacture to advantage the produce of the fields and mines."

"Admirable!" cried Hamerton.

"But this is revolution," said the nobleman.

"I know not what it may be called, my lord," responded Mr. Wyville impressively; "but it is lawful and right. This can all be achieved by legal reform—ay, even under present laws."

"Let me not misunderstand you, Mr. Wyville," said the nobleman seriously. "Would you propose that the estates of wealthy men be wrested from them by law?"

"Not without compensation, my lord; and not at all unless they refused to cultivate the soil or to pay the heavy tax necessary to insure cultivation. I would do no wrong to make a right. No inherited nor purchased land should be taken for the benefit of the people without giving a fair recompense to the aristocrat."

"Well, and having done all this, where should we be?" asked Lord Somers.

"At the starting-point," answered Mr. Wyville, with a sad smile; "only at the starting-point. At present, the level of society is insecurity, poverty, misery, from which spring fear, ignorance, disease, and crime. Under a better system, the lowest point would be at least sufficiency, enough for all the human beings in the country; and this, in time, would eradicate much of the evil, perhaps most of it."

"Do you think, if there were enough for all, there would not still be some who would steal?" asked Hamerton.

"For a time there would be," answered Wyville, gravely; "perhaps for a thousand years or more we should have remnants of common crime. Men have been thousands of years learning to steal, and cringe, and lie; at least give them one thousand to unlearn."

"But if it take so long," said Lord Somers, laughing, "we may as well go on as we are."

"Not so, my Lord," answered Wyville, and as he spoke, his face was lighted with an exaltation of spirit that made it marvellously beautiful and powerful; "no man who sees the truth, however distant, can conscientiously go on as if it were not there. Thousands of years are vast periods; but the love of human liberty and happiness shall reach out and cling to the eternal. Let every man who believes, faithfully do his share, sow the seed that he has received, and in God's time the glorious harvest will come of a pure and faithful people, whose aristocrats shall be elevated by intelligence and virtue, and the love of humanity, and not by accident of birth and superiority in vice and pride."

The three who heard were deeply moved by the earnestness of the speaker, whose whole being seemed filled with the splendid prophecy. Lord Somers was the first to speak, returning to the subject of the Penal Reform Bill.

"And yet, Mr. Wyville, with all your enthusiasm for social reform, you have given us a bill which is filled with practical attention to existing institutions."

"Ah, it is too soon to begin; and the beginning will not be at that point," said Mr. Wyville. "The real evil is outside the prison, and at present our legal morality calls it good. Until society is changed by the new common sense of abstract justice, we must temporize with our criminal codes."

There was a pause; no one seemed willing to break the floating possibilities of the future.

"You are going to Australia with the next convict ship, are you not?" Mr. Hamerton at length asked Mr. Wyville.

"Yes; I wish to see the machinery of the new system put in motion. Besides, I have personal matters to attend to in the Colony."

Sheridan had started so sudden at the question, that now all three turned their eyes on him.

"I have thought," he said, looking at Lord Somers, "that I also should like to return to Australia on that ship."

"Would you not prefer to go in my yacht, Mr. Sheridan?" asked Mr. Wyville. "She will sail for Australia about the same time, and you shall command her for the voyage."

"I should prefer the ship," said Sheridan. Then, thinking he had rudely refused, he added: "I desire very keenly to have this experience."

"You shall have, your wish, sir," said the Secretary, "and envy you the companionship of your voyage."

"I've had some little experience of wounds," he said. "If you will

allow me, I had better put in a few stitches."

## FATHER MICHAEL

By John Barnett

Through the tangled wilderness of a West African forest a little party was pushing its slow way. It consisted of four native carriers, a white trader and his gigantic Negro body servant. Carson, the trader, was long and lean, with narrow shoulders, dark, wiry strength. His lined and craggy face was distinctly plain, but the rather sleepy eyes were honest and kindly, and the firm mouth was above the average in quality. His red hair had been faded by scorching sunshine, and fever and privation had robbed his gaunt body of every ounce of superfluous flesh.

The condition of his garments, to a critical eye, left much to be desired. They were stained and green with the half-dried filth of swamps, and ragged from the thorns of countless thickets. The forest seemed to take toll of its invaders at every step. The going was cruelly rough and trying. From trunk to trunk of the great trees there swept a network of tough, fleshy creepers to offer a barrier tiresome and endless. Far and far above the tangled leaves and branches formed a roof, well-nigh impenetrable to light. The little party struggled on in a perpetual gloom, save when an occasional vivid ray of sunshine, piercing the matted foliage, struck down like a naked sword. The heavy air of the forest was over-kill. All freshness seemed to have been baked from it in those close, silent depths, and a cool breeze was a gift of the gods not to be looked for. Carson's thin, ragged clothes were sticking maddeningly even to his tough, gaunt frame, and the hard muscular bodies of his servants, who they ploughed on, with every nerve and sinew crying out for rest, and a sudden check came as a relief to the grim monotony of that heartbreaking march.

The native carriers in advance had halted and were chattering together.

"What's up, Imbono?" Carson asked.

Imbono went forward to investigate if need be with vivid blasphemy, and his master leaned thankfully for a moment with closed eyes against a giant tree. His head was aching and his eyeballs felt red hot. A recent bout of fever had sapped even his tough, seasoned strength.

Imbono returned all too soon with his report.

"Leopard trap, sar, and some one lib for fall inside it," he said woodenly.

Carson roused himself, and a few paces took him to where a ragged opening yawned in the layer of earth crumb, and branches strewn above a deep-dug pit. From the depth there came a low, monotonous murmur which puzzled Carson. He bent above the opening.

"Hullo, down there!" he called. "Are you hurt?"

From below a voice answered, speaking in perfect English, but with a marked foreign accent: "A spike has pierced my leg. I shall be a thousand times obliged by your assistance."

The cleared away the earth and branches, and in the gloom of the trap could distinguish a small, dark-clad figure huddled in a strained position and the gleam of a white face. Imbono unwound a cord from his waist, and Carson was lowered into the pit. It was as the victim of the trap had said, a blunt spike had pierced the muscles of his right calf, and he had been unable to free himself. He lay twisted as he had fallen.

"I'm afraid I shall have to hurt you," Carson said.

The wounded man laughed faintly. "Do not fear, sir; I shall be only grateful. And it is a fact that I am now in some little pain."

"My word, yes. I'll bet you are!" Carson answered, and proceeded with firm but gentle hands to free the pierced limb. The operation, painful as it must have been, was no sound save a faint gasp from the stranger.

"You've got pluck," Carson muttered admiringly.

"Indeed, I can lay claim to little courage," he murmured.

"We must get you up before we can see to it," Carson said.

He made fast the cord, and assisted from below as the man hauled from above. Then he himself was pulled to the surface. And for the first time he realized that the man whom he had rescued was a priest.

He had apparently collapsed, and was lying at the foot of a great tree. His black robe was stained and frayed and torn. He was a very small man, with tiny hands and feet, and lean almost to emaciation. His wrinkled face was the color of old ivory, and was lit by a pair of big, dark eyes. It was an ugly face, judged by ordinary standards. Its features were commonplace and irregular, and the mouth was wide and crooked. The nose, which could never have been Grecian or imposing, had received permanent injury from a cruel blow. But looked at in another way the face was beautiful. For if ever simple humor and patient faith and boundless courage found expression in a human countenance, it was in the haggard face of that little priest.

Carson knelt beside him, and he examined with a feeble smile. He examined the ugly gash.

"I've had some little experience of wounds," he said. "If you will

allow me, I had better put in a few stitches."

"I shall be most grateful," the little man answered. "Somehow or other I must be—what would you say?—patched up. I am bound upon an errand of importance."

"I am afraid you will have to delay it," Carson said, rather dryly, taking a little case from his pocket. "Ah, no; my errand brooks no delay."

"But if you can't walk," Carson objected, threading a needle with his long sinewy fingers.

"If I must go upon my hands and knees, I must fulfill my errand," the little priest said very simply.

It seemed no moment for argument. Carson cleansed the wound and then stitched it up to the best of his ability. As he hastened to do some little experience of rough surgery, but he was well aware that the operation exceedingly painful. The little priest bore it in stoical silence, forcing his pale lips to smile. When the bandage had been adjusted he spoke faintly, but with characteristic courtesy.

"I do not know how to thank you, sir. I have interrupted your march by my misfortune—"

"There is no need of thanks," Carson answered brusquely. "It is a pleasure to help a man with your grit."

The priest raised a deprecating hand. His yellow face was very serious. "Grit? That is courage, is it not? But, sir, you are indeed mistaken. I am not brave at all—"

His head drooped forward and he fainted away.

"Just like me," Carson muttered with annoyance. Standing by like a fool, and never thinking that the poor little devil would collapse. He can't be very strong for all his gameness. Where's the brandy, Imbono?"

The small patient swiftly revived. He sat up with just a suggestion of color in his ivory cheeks.

"You see I am weak and cowardly," he murmured.

Carson shrugged his shoulders. "You've been through tortures, I fancy, in that beastly pit. I've come near to falling in one myself once or twice."

"The time did seem long," the little man admitted simply. "I occupied myself by going through my office for the day. It helped me to forget the pain."

"Ah, that was what I heard," Carson said. "I wondered what you were saying to yourself down there. Well, it might be worse."

"Indeed it might. I am most thankful. With an hour or two of rest I can renew my journey. But you, sir; I must not add to my obligation by keeping you."

"I'm going to camp here for the night," Carson answered. "But you talk of renewing your journey. You were making for the coast I suppose, and we might go together—"

"But, no," the priest answered. "I am journeying eastward."

Carson whistled. "I was going inland myself, but I judged it advisable to turn back. I suppose you are not aware that the natives are 'out all along the river. They mean bad mischief. Every village is buzzing like a wasp's nest. You can't go forward, sir, even if you were fit to travel."

"I can and I must," the priest answered placidly.

"I think you do not realize the danger," Carson persisted, and the little man smiled gently.

"I am not without experience of this country and its perils," he said. Carson looked at him curiously.

"Are you, by any chance, Father Michael?" he asked.

The priest bowed. "That is my name," he answered. "And yours, sir?"

Carson told him.

"If you are Father Michael, it is not for me to presume to advise you," he added. "But here is Imbono with supper. We can talk later about your journey."

As they ate their simple meal Carson could not refrain from a curious study of his guest. They had never chanced to meet before, but by reputation Father Michael was well known to him. For far and wide the little priest was famous. The flock to which he ministered was scattered throughout a vast and savage district. From lonely store to store he journeyed, whatever his religion or its lack, and hated with superstitious fury by most natives. The witch doctors to a man regarded him as a dangerous rival. Plots innumerable had been laid to bring about his death by torture. It was not only his death that they desired. His courage was indisputable, beyond all question, and the heart and brain of a man of undoubted valor are invaluable for certain purposes of ju-ju.

Death had walked closely at Father Michael's side for many a year, but he seemed to possess a charmed life. That was, indeed, the witch doctors' own explanation of a most potent charm could have thwarted their enmity for so long. They hungered to win that charm. But so far the little priest had gone his way entirely careless of all peril. His adventures and escapes, the moments when he had outlived death by a display of superstition that appealed to madness—an account of these matters would have filled a lengthy book. But Father Michael seldom spoke of his ventures.

He did not appear to treat serious the knife-edged chances to which he subjected his lean, frail

body. It was his habit to joke mildly at the shortcomings of his own physique. It was only other people's lives and bodies that he took seriously.

Father Michael fumbled for his snuff-box and extended it to his host. Carson excused himself smilingly and filled a pipe.

The little priest inhaled a huge pinch of snuff with simple enjoyment. He had eaten sparingly, but the meal appeared to have restored his strength miraculously. Carson guessed shrewdly that he had neglected the needs of his body for many hours.

"And now about your journey, father," he said. "It is really out of the question. I know, of course, from what I have heard of you—"

Father Michael smiled with the simplicity of a child.

"Have you indeed heard of me?" he asked. "Now I wonder what it is that you have heard? There are some, I believe, who are kind enough to speak well of my poor singing. Have men spoken to you of that, my son?"

Carson shook his head. "It was of your rashness that I have heard, father," he went on. "They say that no danger will turn you back from your duty."

"Then men must speak too well of me, far too well." Father Michael said soberly. "It is my lasting shame that I am at heart but a sorry coward."

And it was obvious that he believed his own words.

"Well, you manage to hide it pretty well," Carson said dryly. "I happen to have heard men speak of you as the bravest man in West Africa. But never mind we'll admit that they are mistaken if you wish. What I'm getting at is that it will be simple madness for us to go eastward just now."

Father Michael permitted himself another pinch of snuff.

"It is a promise," he said. "And such a promise as I dare not break. Ah, Mr. Carson, it would take more courage to break that promise for sake of my own wretched safety than it needs to go eastward. But let me tell you of my errand. Do you know Fernandez's store on the river some thirty miles from here?"

"Yes, I know it," Carson answered. "Fernandez married, didn't he, not long ago?"

"Yes, Juanita is her name. She is only a girl, all unfitted for these wilds, frail and delicate, like a sweet dark flower. All her life she has lived in towns until Fernandez met her. They love, Mr. Carson, a fashion that it is good to see. But she has not been very happy; that little Juanita. The great river, the stinking swamps, the wild forest and the wild dark men have terrified her. Fernandez scarcely knew what he was doing when he brought her to these wilds. And yet—they love each other. I was there two months ago; and I could see how things were. She has been often ill; she longs for other white faces; she is terrified when she must be left alone. It had all worn her to a shadow. Fernandez—he is a good fellow, but he did not quite understand. There are many men who do not quite understand, but it is only because they are very young and strong and full of courage. An old man like me, who has always been something of a coward, can see more clearly."

Father Michael took snuff once more. His face was very earnest, but there was, as ever, a flicker of humor in his old dark eyes. The heat of the day was past, and the fire by which they sat was pleasant enough. Through a ragged opening in the tangled leaves far overhead a great white star flashed from the velvety blackness.

"Yes," agreed Carson very gravely. "I am sometimes of a cowardly people can understand."

"She spoke to me. I took it as a high compliment that she spoke for, she is one who makes no complaints. But she knew that I would not condemn any weakness, being so weak myself. She had no thought of failing Fernandez, although she knew that he would take her back to the town if that would be for her happiness. But she would not think of that. As I have said, they love each other, those two young people. But she had a great fear. It was these wilds with no woman, not even a priest, to aid. And so I made her a solemn promise that I would come to her, if it were in my power, when she had need of me. And two days ago word came to me down the river that her need was grave. I started at once, and I would have been with her by dawn, if it were not for the misfortune of that leopard trap."

Carson shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps it was good fortune in disguise," he gravely added, "if you would have reached Fernandez's by the dawn. It may well be that you would have gone upon a longer journey by a path of some little pain."

Father Michael laughed very softly. "This old body," he said, with a quaint gesture of his tiny yellow hands. "It is worth so little, so very little. It is to be remembered that Juanita is young and her need is great."

"It is but going to certain death," Carson said very earnestly. "Is your life not of some value to many? Father, you must not go!"

Father Michael drew from his shabby robe a handkerchief of quite surprising delicacy and dusted his slender fingers with dainty care. His eyes were twinkling.

"My son, I have to thank you for assistance, for hospitality and for

advice of value. An old man may be permitted to reject advice without discourtesy. He has given so much in his time—when he also was young.

Carson laughed, even against his will. "What will you do, father?" he asked.

"I start at dawn," said Father Michael gently.

When the light was gray and the white mists were rising they unrolled themselves from their blankets and swallowed the coffee which Imbono had prepared.

Carson was in a mood of unusual irritation, but Father Michael was, as ever, placidly cheerful.

If his leg was painful, he made nothing of it. He shook hands with Carson.

"May all good attend you, my son," he said. "For myself, I am assured that all will be well with me."

"I wish I thought so," Carson almost snapped.

"Whatever chances, all will be well," the little priest said calmly, and without more ado he set out upon his journey.

Carson stood and watched him limp away. He looked very small and frail in the gray light.

Carson was never sure if he obeyed a sudden impulse or acted upon a resolve that had fixed itself over night.

He was accustomed to impute the worst motives to himself.

At last, as he watched, he suddenly spoke aloud: "Hang it, I can't let him go alone! I should feel like a cur all my life. But it's dashed madness, all the same!"

He turned to Imbono with a few curt orders, which Imbono received with marked sullenness.

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And from where they crouched they saw fifty or sixty natives armed with spears and ancient guns by.

They were led by a giant chief magnificently arrayed in an ill-fitting coat of purple velvet.

When they were out of hearing Carson rose to his feet with a dry smile.

"Our luck is in," he said. "If they had seen us—well, we should never have reached Fernandez's."

"And I say that God's hand is over us. But we mean the same," the little priest said gently.

"I think that we shall reach Fernandez's by dawn. I shall need no sleep tonight."

Carson glanced at the little man's pain-wringing face and fragile figure.

"Certainly pluck has nothing to do with brute strength," he muttered.

"Try leaning on my shoulder, father, for a little while at least."

"Indeed, Mr. Carson, I need no help," Father Michael answered.

"But with all my heart I thank you for your gentle courtesy."

Then they resumed their weary march, and Carson, although he did not voice the thought, could only wonder whimsically how long their luck would stand by them.

It seemed to him that they were like doomed men walking beneath a sword that must fall in but a little while.

And yet, oddly enough, he never for a moment found himself wishing that he had let Father Michael go his way alone.

When the blow fell it was without warning. A single musket shot belled thunderously through the forest, and Carson sank upon his knees.

"I've got it, father, through the leg!" he gasped. "Run if you can. That was a long-range shot."

But Father Michael bent above him as though he had not heard.

"Are you much hurt, my son?" he asked.

"No, but I'm out of this game," Carson said angrily. "Run, man, run! There's no sense in staying. They may not follow you when they see me."

Father Michael smiled. "I would not run if I could," he said quietly, and he drew out his handkerchief to bandage Carson's wound.

"Here they come!" Carson said pettishly. "It—it seems a dashed waste!"

There was a patter of feet, a burst of triumphant howls and thirty natives broke through the trees upon the helpless pair.

Through the noisy discussion that followed Father Michael, with cool, capable hands, did what he might for Carson's hurt.

It was painful enough and crippling, at any rate for the time, but not serious.

"What will they do with us?" the priest asked some minutes later. The two had been pulled to their feet, and each between two brawny natives, were being dragged through the forest.

"They are taking us to a village," Carson answered dryly. "I heard them mention a witch doctor. You will understand what they may mean."

"We are still in God's hands," Father Michael answered calmly. "It was an hour later when the two spoke together once more. They had been received with indescribable clamor, in the walled village. The lean, painted witch doctor had inspected the prisoners with evil, glowing eyes.

While men, women, children and cur dogs had howled about them in a triumphant ring. Then they had been bound and flung into a hut to await their fate.

"These poor people," the priest murmured whimsically; "they show little respect or fear for the mighty white men."

"That's so," Carson answered grimly. "It looks like a pretty serious native rising. No doubt they have their grievances. They need a sharp lesson, and they'll get it, all right, but it won't advantage us much."

"I suppose not," Father Michael said simply. "What will be our fate?"

"As far as I could make out through the din, we have, roughly, another hour of life before us," Carson answered.

"And how are we to die?" "By fire at the tree of sacrifice," Carson said with simple directness.

The little priest shrugged his shoulders. "So. It is God's will. But I grieve for you, my son. I know well that you did but accompany me because of the chivalry in your heart. You English, many of you, are chivalrous, but I feel that I am responsible for your death."

"Please don't think that, father," Carson said quietly. "I came to please myself, because it seemed contemptible to let you go alone. And it's not a moment for pretty speeches, so you will understand that I mean what I say—it seems to me to be something of an honor to be your companion."

"You are what they call an English gentleman," Father Michael answered. "I have met men like you before, clean-handed and modest, making little of their own high courage. It helps my weakness to have you with me in this trial."

Carson only laughed gently at the words. When the priest spoke again it was with deep sadness.

"I am thinking of Juanita. She is waiting for me, relying upon my word, and I shall not come. She leaned upon me, and it is possible that she will die. If her young life could but have been saved, it would have mattered nothing what happened afterwards to me."

"I don't think I have ever met any one quite like you, father," Carson remarked, with genuine wonder.

"Keep quiet!" he whispered. "There's a war party coming!"

He turned to Imbono with a few curt orders, which Imbono received with marked sullenness.

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It was not far to the river. The prisoners were dragged thither with rough speed. Three posts rose up from the brown shallows. To two of them Father Michael and Carson were bound. Already the water reached to the priest's armpits, and it was rising fast.

"You will have longer to live, my son, being the taller man," Father Michael said calmly. "I know not why, but I have the feeling that you may yet be saved. If you live, I pray you to go to Juanita and tell her that I would have kept my word."

Carson gave his promise. "But I see little chance for either of us," he added. Father Michael did not seem to hear him. He was gazing before him with rapt, far-away eyes.

There was a faint smile, as Carson always remembered, upon his colorless face. The water had reached his shoulders. He was dashing up to himself, for forgetful of Carson and the gloating natives who watched from the bank.

Carson just caught the words: "Juanita! Juanita! my promise—I kept my promise!" The brown water rose steadily. It was near to Carson's shoulders now, tall man as he was. He heard beside him a strange, dreadful, choking sound, mercifully brief. He shut his eyes.

He opened them at the sound of a familiar yell. Four large canoes were dashing up the river towards him. He recognized Imbono in the bows of one, urging on the paddlers with savage threats. He saw little, dark, uniformed men and the gleam of rifles. It was difficult to realize that he was saved.

Father Michael had been known and loved by the rescuers. He was beyond their aid, but they exacted a price for his murder, a grim and bitter price.

Carson came in the dawn to Fernandez's store. The young Portuguese trader stood aguish at his tidings.

"Father Michael dead! Drowned about 6 o'clock last evening? But—better think of something else. He wondered what a certain Clare was doing. He would have given, oh, very much to see her again. Her face was always oddly vivid to him. A man had only to close his eyes to see her clearly. He would have liked to send a message to her, but that was not to be. Better not think about Clare too much perhaps. Had they far to go? No; the trees were thinning out before them. He saw a circular clearing of bare earth trodden by many feet. This would be where the natives held their dark, revolting and unspacious ceremonies. Carson squared his lean shoulders instinctively. The time of bitter trial was come.

In the centre of the clearing rose the gnarled, withered trunk of a tree blackened by many fires. The prisoners were bound against it, side by side. Dry brushwood and heavier fagots were piled about them in a ring. Then began incantations and weird dancing, and a ceaseless, horrible, nerve-racking din. And all the while the sky grew blacker, and, although the evening was still young, the light was falling steadily. The prisoners fronted their tormentors with steady courage, standing straightly in their bonds and longing for this agony of waiting to cease.

"Good by, father," Carson said suddenly. "Time's up at last."

"Good by, my son," Father Michael answered. "I pray you to forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," Carson said. "But if you would care to give a thoroughly sinful man your blessing—"

Father Michael, clear voiced and calm, murmured his blessing as the witch doctor drew near, flaming torch in hand. And at that moment the first heavy drops of rain came hissing down.

"My word," Carson muttered, "there's going to be a reprieve!"

And so it proved. As the brushwood caught, and the long, lean, yellow flames began to leap and crackle the storm broke fairly. The rain sluiced down in a black, roaring cataract. The flames were choked out beneath it in a moment. The natives covered away for shelter under the trees, and the resplendent prisoners stood alone in the clearing, dripping and shivering in their bonds.

The storm was brief as it was violent. Carson spoke, gasping for breath, as the clouds swept away and the sun peered out.

"We're still alive, father, and it will puzzle them to find wood dry enough for our roasting today."

"Yes, God has spared us wonderfully for His own high reasons," the little priest answered with reverence.

The thwarted natives emerged from cover and gathered about their prisoners. There followed a clamorous discussion, in which the grim-eyed witch doctor finally bore down all opposition. Carson listened with eager attention to the words that decided their fate. He gave an exclamation.

"What will they do to us?" Father Michael asked steadily.

"Some of them were for sparing us," Carson answered. "They seemed to think that the gods meant us to live when they sent rain so opportunely, but that old ruffian, the witch doctor, would not hear of mercy. He seems gluttonous for blood. He says that fire will not harm us, and that now they must try what water will do. We are to be tied to posts beside the river and drowned by the rising tide. The tide is making up now, it appears. Everything is propitious. They are going to take us to the river now."

"It is still God's will," was all that Father Michael said.

royalty was trying to put the State above the Church.—Providence Visitor.

A POINT WELL TAKEN

The Advance (Congregationalist) uses a true and forcible illustration. It says: "I would as soon commit cargoes of diamonds to charless ships as to commit the religious education of my child to a credulous church. The outcry against creeds is idiotic. The man who cries out against them has a creed—he believes that creeds are wrong, and that is a creed in itself. A creed is simply what a man believes."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1916

EXIT DOGMA: ENTER FREAK LEGISLATION

It is interesting to compare the men who directed the political destinies of Canada in the past with those who are at the helm to-day, and to contrast the legislation of the past with our fast accumulating modern code of laws.

The Scotch have had a great deal to do with the making of our laws, especially in the past. Now the majority of the big men of that nationality have entered commercial life.

But Queen's University could say with the French "Nous avons changez tout cela—we have changed all that." It sold whatever birthright it had for the mammon of iniquity, the dollars of that modernized Scot, Andrew Carnegie.

Our Federal Parliament in Canada has not altogether lost its head, although sometimes it shows symptoms of mental aberration.

assemblies? Let the truth be known. It is the fact that a large percentage of its members are influenced in their public capacity by definite religious teaching, and thus in a measure leaven the whole mass.

What has been said of that portion of true teaching retained by Presbyterians applies, of course, with double force to the great body of Catholic dogma and ethics. Our Catholic legislators—and we have in mind chiefly our Irish Catholics—whose names live in the history of this country, were men whose every public act was directed by religious principles.

A HOLIDAY TALK ON GOD'S EXISTENCE

"What proofs are there that God exists?" Such was the question of a young college man who sat under the shade of the trees in Springbank park on the civic holiday.

"There are four principal arguments for the existence of God," said the priest. The first is drawn from the existence of the universe; the second from the design manifest in the world, the third is drawn from the voice of conscience, while the fourth infers the existence of a Supreme Being from the universal conviction of mankind that there is a God.

"But Ingersoll affirms the eternity of matter," said the young student. "Lambert's 'Notes on Ingersoll' deals with that blunder," was the reply. Lambert reasons thus:

That which is eternal is infinite. It must be infinite, because if eternal, it can have nothing to limit it.

But that which is infinite must be infinite in every way. If limited in any way, it would not be infinite. Now, matter is limited. It is composed of parts and composition is limitation. It is subject to change and change involves limitation.

Matter is limited, and therefore, finite; and if finite in anything, finite in everything, and if finite in everything, therefore finite in time, and therefore not eternal.

"I'd like to read that book," said the young student, mopping his face. "But I interrupted you in your proofs. Please proceed."

"Our first proof is as follows," said the priest. "Whatever exists does so either independently, in which case we say that its existence is necessary; or else through the agency of something else, when we say that its existence is contingent. Now, nothing in this world exists independently. Everything owes its existence to some cause other than itself. Consequently, we conclude that the universe itself, which is the sum of all things, owes its existence to an external cause. This cause can only be God."

"What do you think of the theory of spontaneous generation?" asked the student.

"Have you read what Reinke, the professor of botany at Kiel, states in regard to that?" asked the priest. "Spontaneous generation," he says, "must be given up; under no circumstances whatever can chemical and mechanical forces produce a living being." Tyndall also declared that "no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in

our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life."

Now for the argument from design. Order and design mark the universe and all things belonging to it. This order and design cannot arise from the things themselves, for they are subordinate to this order. There must consequently exist an infinitely wise Ruler, superior to the universe, and this must be God.

"So all scientific men should believe in God," said the student. "The majority of scientific men do believe in God," said the priest. Pasteur, one of the greatest scientists of our day, declared that all his researches had left him with the faith of the Breton peasant and that further researches would doubtless leave him with the faith of the Breton peasant's wife. Kneller has enumerated more than one hundred and sixty scientists in the nineteenth century who were believers in God. There has never been an age in which princes, statesmen, artists, poets, soldiers, scientists and scholars have not believed in God.

Among astronomers we have Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Herschel, Euler, Secchi, Madler, Heis, and Galle. Of scientists and philosophers may be named: Bacon, Descartes, Leibnitz, Wolf, Ampere, Volta, Newton, Kant, Faraday, Liebig, Linnaeus, Cuvier, O. Fraas, Joh Muller, Ohm, Von Mayer, Helmholtz, Siemens, Pasteur, E. V. Baer, J. Ranke, Becquerel, Lord Kelvin and many others. The third, or moral proof, is drawn from the fact that man while possessing free will knows that he is subject to a moral law, forbidding evil and commanding good. Conscience cannot originate in man himself, for it asserts itself in opposition to his will. Consequently, there must be a Supreme Lawgiver, making known His holy will through the voice of the human conscience. The fourth, or historical proof is drawn from the fact that there is a consensus of belief among all nations of every age and clime as to the fact of the existence of God. This is a proof that God's existence is impressed upon the mind of man. And this voice of nature must be true. "What all men," says Aristotle, "impelled as it were by instinct, hold to be true, is a natural truth." Cicero makes a similar statement: "An opinion endorsed by the unanimous testimony of the human race cannot but be true."

THE HOLIDAY PERIL

Let the above title might be supposed to preface an anti-holiday crusade, we will at once state that we can hardly believe in the existence of a man who does not like a holiday. There are men, it is true, who boast of never taking a holiday, but they are unconscious humorists, particularly when annually they disappear for an interval and then reappear with the statement that "it was all on business." We strongly approve of holidays. The man without a holiday is like a fish without a tail. Holidays serve all sorts of good purposes. They enable children to get acquainted with their parents. Without holidays, a father may come to be regarded by his children as "the man that stays here Sundays." But holidays have their dangers, both for parents and children.

With school in full swing, there is a rule to be followed by children. When the holidays come, there is need for parents who would develop their children's character to see that they are not allowed morning after morning to sleep late. Children should be up early even in holidays. They should be encouraged to go to Mass if within ordinary reach of the church. Otherwise, the holidays will only demoralize them. Once let the idea get into a child's mind that the coming of holidays means a relaxation from church-going, and that child's mind will receive a bias against religion which will make itself felt one day. The best means of making the holidays a real blessing to children's lives, is to foster in them the idea that holidays mean ampler time for going to Mass in week days.

Take the choir-boy, for example, who lives within easy reach of the church and has been accustomed to serve Mass. Suppose he has weak and indulgent parents who permit him to slumber on at an hour when he should be attending to his duties at the altar, such a boy is sadly handicapped. If at any time he has had a sense of religious vocation, under treatment like this he is certain to lose it. More "vocations" are destroyed by misused holidays than by anything else.

Holidays at places where there is no Mass on Sundays are a grave danger to the religious life. The longer a man or woman stays away from Holy Communion, the weaker grows their grasp on heavenly things. It is the height of imprudence to choose for a holiday a place without a Catholic Church. "No church" means "no sacraments," and a holiday in a place without a Catholic Church means a holiday spent under pagan conditions.

Holidays spent in idle talk, without a word of religion, are a grave danger. When on a holiday, there is no need to forget the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ and of His holy Mother. Holiday-makers who forget these names have usually a reason for forgetting them. They have probably drifted into idle or dangerous company where religion is disliked or regarded as an unpleasant check. Yet there can be very little real benefit in mixing with company that displays a dislike for religion. On the contrary, a lax and careless attitude of mind may be acquired that may change the course of a career.

Holidays are a time for making or marring character. They are a time for drawing nearer to God, if they are rightly used. Character is largely influenced by meditation and by the lack of it. The holiday without meditation means lack of spiritual growth and consequent spiritual declension. This does not mean that holidays are to be spent in mere routine. This would make them miss their purpose, which is to divert the mind to new interests. But no day throughout a holiday should pass without at least a brief meditation. The greatest sins of the world have been always due, in some measure, to lack of meditation. The man or woman who does not meditate is never prepared to face temptation when it comes. And holidays are times of temptation. When King David fell into his grave sin, he was taking a holiday at home. In his strenuous days as a shepherd and warrior, he had stoutly stood for the cause of what was good and true. The shepherd had time to meditate and utilized it. But the king grew forgetful of his need to meditate. So he succumbed to the temptations of leisure. He had forgotten the fact that Satan never takes a holiday.

LADY DAY

There have been rumors that the Holy Father would define, this year, the doctrine of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is more than probable that the official confirmation of the dogma will be deferred until after the war, to give a new impetus to faith and piety, and to bring order out of chaos.

The reason, no doubt, that the bodily Assumption of Our Lady has so far not been defined by the Church, is that it is such a natural consequence of her other prerogatives, that there is no doubt in the Catholic mind in regard to it. We can readily conceive that, when Christ ascended into heaven in the flesh, He would wish to have His dear Mother with Him, not her soul alone but that body which was His chosen temple and which had nourished His humanity. Of the apostles, martyrs and other saints we have relics, but of the Blessed Virgin none. If God has miraculously preserved incorrupt for centuries the bodies of some of his saints, as evidence attests, would He have done less for His Blessed Mother? Assuredly not. He granted to her a higher honor. He allowed her to remain for a time with the infant Church, to console and strengthen His apostles. But when the winter of her separation was over, when the force of love and her longing to be with Him broke the ties that joined soul and body, they were soon united again. As the Son conducts His Mother into the heavenly court we can imagine we hear the angels proclaim in the words of the "Cantic of Canticles," "Who is this that cometh up from the desert flowing with delights, leaning upon her beloved? Who is she that cometh forth as the morning, rising fair as the moon, bright as the sun?"

When life's burdens press heavy upon us, that vision of Our Blessed Lady should be to us a great source of consolation; for it is a type of the reward of her faithful servants and a reminder that "the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared to the glory to come that shall be revealed in us." How well did that hour repay her for all that she suffered while on earth?—for the cold and fatigue of that night in Bethlehem, for the sword of sorrow

that pierced her heart when the words of Simeon's prophesy smote upon her ears, for the painful anxiety of the flight into Egypt and the three days' search for her Child in the streets of Jerusalem and above all for the anguish that rent her bosom that awful day on Calvary. That was the cross. Behold the reward: "Come forth ye daughters of Sion, come forth and see your Queen with that diadem with which her Son hath crowned her."

Just as in the Old Law, the knowledge of the Lily of Israel was kept before the people by type and prophesy, so now do the frequent feasts in her honor keep us mindful of her. The feast of the Assumption comes at an auspicious time, for we have special need of Our Lady's protection at this season, when there is a spirit of laxness, and temptations are more numerous than at other times of the year. He who has acquired a personal devotion to Mary, be to whom she is a personal, living reality, not a mere abstraction or a mere vision of transcendent beauty far removed from earth, has indeed found a pearl of great price. This personal devotion to her will be for him the safeguard of his faith, a mystical tower of David to protect the citadel of truth in his heart. In an age when men set such value on external works and count as wasted hours spent in prayer and acts of atonement, it is well to remember that "Mary hath chosen the best part which shall not be taken from her." Devotion to her increases our love for Holy Mother Church, which has with such zeal defended the titles of our Queen against those who would strip her of her honors, and which alone has fulfilled that prophecy spoken by Mary's lips long years ago in the hill country of Judea, "Behold henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

We trust that these thoughts, suggested by the great midsummer festival of Our Lady, when they reach our readers at lakeside, mountain or seashore, or at their post of duty, may be a reminder to them to stir up that devotion which they acquired at their mother's knee, but which may be lost if not fostered. As the trees by the roadside give rest and refreshment to the weary traveller, so on the highway of life, with its worries and discouragements, its trials and its dangers, is peace and consolation and strength breathed into our souls by the very invocation of that name, that stands for the highest ideal of "mother love and maiden purity."

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WRITING of Catholic beliefs and practices, Mr. Arthur Hawkes, special correspondent of the Toronto Star in the Province of Quebec, delivers himself thus sanely: "There is a difference between Ontario and Quebec. But there are enough good, devout, educated Canadians in both Provinces to make it worth while to leave the methods of simple faith outside the courts of criticism and think of their effects. . . . We have plenty of things in our own credal affairs to think about before we attack the creed of Quebec as a creed." Which sentiments would seem to imply that Mr. Hawkes has a mission. Several denominations in Ontario, which need not be named, could do worse than cultivate his acquaintance.

REFERENCE was made last week in these columns to Father Denis Lynch, S. J., as one of the little group of American Jesuits who had gone to help fill the great gap in missionary ranks in China caused by the withdrawal of French priest-reservists. From a letter of Father Lynch's which we have since seen it appears that he has gone beyond China, since he writes from Sind, 500 miles North of Bombay, India, or as he himself describes it, "this romantic region up near Persia." This brings Father Lynch very near the seat of war and with the waning power of the Turk in the Orient, and the increasing prospects of a successful issue to the War in that region, the missionary may yet find himself the herald of the cross in the very stronghold of Islamism.

"I'M SURE," Father Lynch writes, "you'll be glad and proud to know that St. Patrick, your dear Patron Saint, is also Patron of Karachi. The Irish soldiers brought his faith and his name here. We have only one church in this city, but we need another; and I trust it will come after the war. We have 5,000 most

attractive and fervent Catholics; most of whom speak English, though we have to use constantly two native languages. I wish you could have seen the crowds in Holy Week! The city has 150,000 souls, mostly Hindus and Mahometans. We are just on the edge (by the sea) of the Great Indian Desert—hundreds of waterless and, especially, rainless miles, though in the land of the historic Indus. Like the Nile, anywhere its water reaches, the desert blooms as a rose. The climate is fine."

A WELL-KNOWN Protestant journalist has expressed the opinion that "in getting away from the Church of Rome our progenitors had made a foolish mistake in leaving Rome all to the saints." He was writing of St. Francis of Assisi, whose beautiful Christ-like life, now that it is uncovered in Protestant eyes from the huge accumulation of false tradition with which those same progenitors had overlaid it, appeals so strongly to the sympathies of the devout of whatever sect. "These saints," continued the individual referred to, "were Christians of the highest type, and many of them belonged to Christianity long before the Reformation; hence are ours too."

WE HAVE italicized the last four words as, however creditable as an aspiration after better things, revealing an extraordinary intellectual attitude. If a man has a share in a commercial venture and becoming discouraged at its prospects and anxious to evade a liability, abandons all interest in the venture and disclaims responsibility, he can no longer claim any share in the benefits which might have accrued to him from a subsequent turn of fortune in its affairs. Or, if he has insured his house against fire but fails to pay the premium at the proper time, and disaster ensues he has no lawful claim for compensation. Or, to take a still homelier illustration, if he has a place in the line waiting his turn to buy a ticket for a concert or a ball game, and, becoming weary, steps out of the line and departs he cannot again claim the place he had vacated. He must again bring up the rear.

SOMETHING of this kind happened at the "Reformation." Hundreds of thousands of souls, misled in most cases by designing men, abandoned the Church of their Fathers, in which, while faithful to her precepts, they had a part in the innumerable channels of grace of which she is the guardian and custodian, and could claim fellowship with the Saints which she had nurtured with the Bread of Life entrusted to her keeping. These misguided people not only ceased to practise her precepts but disowned all allegiance to her and hence forfeited the benefits which had so long accrued to them. Hence they and their descendants can no longer claim part and fellowship with those "Christians of the highest type" who had grown up in her bosom and were, to change the figure, the very flower of her spiritual life and of her teachings. There is but one way that our good friends can restore their inheritance and that is by returning to their allegiance. Then, and then only may they claim St. Francis, and St. Teresa, and St. Vincent, and the rest as "theirs also."

WHEN MEN talk of a "United Protestant North" in Ireland it is very much of a figure of speech. The last census in Britain as set forth in detail in the Blue Book is a curious study. From that source we learn that Ulster contains 690,816 Catholics; 366,773 Protestant Episcopalians; 421,410 Presbyterians; 48,816 Methodists; and 53,881 of "other denominations" and "unascertained." The 53,881 is certainly a heterogeneous horde, comprises professors of no less than 220 different forms of belief, from the 8,578 Congregationalists down to the one solitary "Zionist" and "Reformed Protestant."

ONE OTHER is a member of the "Order of the Golden Age," and another of the "Immanuel Free Church of England," while the "Apostolic Doctrine Fellowship" boasts of no less than three full-fledged members. Then we have the "Calvinistic Methodists" (3) the "Church not made with hands" (2), and the "Church in thy House" (3). If anyone is interested enough to follow up the working-out of the principles of the Reformation, let him study the religious census of

Belfast. They may there find tangible proof of the chaos which follows upon the "ours also" pretension.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Stanislaw has been in the hands of the Russians since Thursday evening, and Letchitzky's wonderful soldiers, after fording rivers and fighting fierce actions with the Teutonic rear-guards, are driving the enemy along the Czernowitz-Lemberg railway toward Halicz, which will undoubtedly be evacuated as soon as the Cossacks reach it. Their cavalry has been a most important aid to the rapid advance of the Slavs. The Russian horsemen are not stopped by the blowing up of bridges or the destruction of roads. They swim the rivers when they cannot ford them, and capture many of the weary and footsore Teuton soldiers. The Germanic powers are very badly off for horses, having had no opportunity since the war began of replenishing their supplies from abroad, and the cavalry superiority of the Russians is going to tell heavily in their favor now that trench warfare has given place to fighting in the open.

The menace to Lemberg, and to the army of von Bothmer, which still hangs on to its trenches west of the Strypa in the region of Tarnopol, is not entirely from the south. In the region along the Brody-Lemberg railway General Sakarhoff's troops are winning victories that are scarcely less substantial than those of Letchitzky. The advance in Central Galicia also continues. The evacuation of Lemberg is expected before long as a result of the persistent converging movement of the Russians. The capture of Stanislaw seriously cripples von Bothmer's railway connections, and were the Cossacks to push up the Dunester some thirty miles farther they would destroy the whole German transportation system in Southern Galicia.

The Italians, having burst the Teuton Dam at Goritz, are sweeping across the plateau of the Carso toward Trieste. It was officially reported yesterday that they had captured a number of strong positions to the southwest of Goritz, and are now in effective occupation of the entire Doberto plateau, which is a western extension of the Carso tableland. San Martino del Carso, which was taken yesterday, has been one of the chief Austrian posts on the Doberdo. To the east of Goritz itself the Austrians are seeking to build up a new defensive line, but with indifferent success. The losses of the enemy have been prodigious all along the front, and it will be difficult now to hold back the Italians without very large reinforcements, which do not appear to be available.

The Teuton losses on all fronts are now so great that their reserves must be at the point of exhaustion, if not already exhausted, and this alone will soon compel a retirement to shorter lines on the Russian and perhaps also on the western front. The French took another step forward north of the Somme yesterday, when in what is spoken of as "a brilliantly executed and completely successful attack on the part of our infantry several German trenches were taken by our assault troops, who established their new line on the ridge situated south of Maurepas, along the road which leads from that village to Hem." This advance not only renders useless another section of the light railway which runs in and out among the ridges between Peronne and Albert, and was of great use to the Germans in bringing up supplies and munitions, but it gives the French high ground on which to plant guns that will assail the enemy's continued occupation of Clerly by the enemy impossible.

To the north of Hem a quarry which had been strongly fortified by the Germans and two small woods were captured, together with 150 unwounded prisoners. Ten machine guns were also taken. The defence of the cluster of villages in which operations are proceeding north of the Somme has been entrusted largely by the Germans to their machine gun crews, most of whom die operating their weapons.

In Egypt some 6,000 Turks, part of the army defeated a week ago with heavy losses, still hang around on the border of the desert east of the Suez Canal. On Wednesday the British mounted troops, who have been keeping in touch with them, engaged the Turks and fell back after they had provoked a counter-attack, in which the enemy suffered heavy losses. On Thursday the Turks retired again to their trenches. They are a source of annoyance but not of serious danger to the canal.—Globe, August 12.

NO QUESTION ABOUT IT

A writer in the daily papers—a woman—discussing the crowds of women and children who have been attending a notorious case in the East in which the murder of a young girl is involved, asks if it is not possible that the very crimes under examination in the courts do not arise from the mental condition of those who listen to the testimony. "No question but that is true," comments the Catholic Herald. "Reading the details of crime or listening to the recital of those details no doubt leads many to go forth and imitate the story. Crime feeds on crime and sin on sin, and the fact that both are severely punished does little to deter thousands from taking the chances of imitating them."

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, August 12.—The curious experiment of a Coalition Government is worthy a little analysis as a curious and instructive episode in Parliamentary Government.

There was, I believe, though I have no proof, a second purpose. Some members of the existing Liberal Ministry were convinced that, especially in the administration of the War Office, it was very difficult to believe we could win the war.

This was its first misfortune: a second and greater followed. Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson were both, as is known, invited to join in the Cabinet.

Unfortunately Mr. Asquith, when he received the refusal of one Irish leader to enter the Cabinet, allowed himself to be bullied into taking in Sir Edward Carson.

At once there began that transformation of Irish opinion which facilitated the campaign of the Sinn Feiners and their American and German manipulators.

Sir Edward Carson relieved this very tense situation by resigning; mainly, as he has not taken any pains to conceal, because he thought any Ministry was impossible which did not show more vigour, more unity and more promptitude.

the recruiting sergeants were still in every Irish village, her own views were being steadily either ignored or defied.

In the House of Commons, meantime, there followed a series of incidents which showed what a Coalition Ministry meant.

For some months accordingly the House of Commons, though outwardly it seemed the same thing, had lost soul, heart and reality; it was almost like a corpse making the pretence to be alive.

Criticism, meantime, also directed itself, as was natural, against the ability of the Ministry, whose responsibility is of course primary; and in the newspaper press—especially in that controlled by Lord Northcliffe—there were daily girdings at him which tended of course to encourage the criticism of him in the House of Commons.

Thus there has arisen that feeling in the country that Mr. Asquith will sacrifice everything to keep men together; that he accordingly procrastinates, vacillates and finally comes down on the side of a weak compromise which satisfies nobody.

THE UBIQUITOUS CELT IRISHMEN WHO SPEAK ONLY GREEK FOUND IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS

The Rev. Daniel Quinn is an American, a Catholic and above all, a devoted priest.

institution of learning for women. Father Quinn was invited in by the Sister Superior, whose name proved to be Murphy.

DR. MANNING'S DEFENSE

The Year Book of Trinity Church, New York City, the largest and the richest parish of the Episcopal Church in America, was issued on the last Sunday in June.

"It is plain that this Church could not officially identify herself with such a movement without departure from her historic position and compromise of her principles.

CRUCIFIX RESTORED

Calvaries to be erected all over England as memorials of the Soldier Dead

The change that is coming over the face of England in a spiritual way is emphasized by the latest idea for perpetuating the memories of the fallen, which has been received with enthusiasm by the general public.

DECAY OF PROTESTANT RELIGION

IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES ENGLISHMAN WRITES INTERESTINGLY OF THE CONDITIONS IN OLD WORLD

The following is a short description of the decay of Protestantism in Europe by Hugh McCann of Walton Park, Liverpool, England:

ALL AMERICANS NOW

THREATENED WAR BRINGS REAL PATRIOTS CLOSER

The news from the soldiers, whether on the border or at State camps, contains many incidents of peculiar interest to Catholics.

noticed the non-Catholic, the Rev. Irving Berg, of Hartford, chaplain of the First Infantry, C. N. G., in the throng, and learned later that he declared himself as edified by the fervor of the number of soldiers who had received Holy Communion.

"I heard Chaplain Berg tell the priest who said the Mass: 'Father, I have long wanted to have a chance to be present at a Catholic service. That pleasure is mine to-day, and I want to tell you how much I enjoyed it. And those young men who received Communion! That's the material out of which good citizens and fine soldiers are made. It must have been very consoling to you.'"

CATHOLIC SISTERS PRAY FOR SOLDIERS OF ALL CREDES

In the same article the writer refers to the fact that "during the encampment over six thousand articles of devotion were distributed to the Catholic soldiers, the gift of the Sisters there, from Bishop Nilan of Hartford.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

Msgr. Henry A. Brann, of St. Agnes' Church in Forty-third street, New York, spoke the other Sunday on the subject of dancing.

A "THOUGHT-FLOWER"

Silently—shadowy—some lives go, And the sound of their voices is all unheard;

WAS CHRISTIANITY AN ECONOMIC MOVEMENT

(By C. Meurer, in the Fortnightly Review) This question was answered negatively in No. 9 of the Fortnightly Review. It seems to me that there is room for a difference of opinion.

TOO CAPTIOUS

Captious critics are complaining that the late Monsignor Benson brought with him to the Catholic Church the habit of speaking of her as the "Roman" Church and of speaking of her members as "Papists."

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followed by poverty and dependence. The Christian principle of equal rights for all underlay the so-called Socialist movement, though its founders were children of the pagan Renaissance.

Today many economists believe they can solve the social question without recourse to the old truth that God created the earth for the benefit of all men and that no one has a right to exploit the land and its resources for his own personal gain with the determination to make his fellowmen dependent upon him.

We admire and honor the architect of a great temple. We should likewise admire and honor the Supreme Intelligence that created and maintains in operation the delicate and wonderful chemical processes in our bodies.

He made our hearts for Himself and that is why nothing in the world can satisfy them. He needs and wants our love and that is why He is patient with us and sustains us from day to day (even though we insultingly reject Him) hoping that some day we will be fair enough to give Him our love.

The God who made the infallible laws of chemistry and physics, also established an infallible Church to guide men unto Him. The Church—the Roman Catholic—extends her arms to welcome you. Will you accept her guidance and acknowledge your debt to your Creator, or will you wander farther and farther away from Him who alone can give peace and happiness to your soul?—Prof. R. L. Greene, of Notre Dame University.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichow, China, Dec. 11, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly.

Previously acknowledged... Mrs. A. Sutter, Walkerton 1 00 A Friend, Revelstoke, 1 00 Owen Sound, 50 A Friend, Smith's Falls, 1 00 M. A. Shea, St. John's, 5 00 H. Ottawa, 2 00 Mrs. J. B. Chapeau, Quebec, 50 Mrs. John Walsh, Collingwood, 1 00 A. C. M., Charlottetown, 5 00 J. W. P., 3 50 A Paris Friend, 2 00 J. S., Ottawa, 5 00 A Friend, Ennismore, 5 00

head will more than compensate for all the pain that envy and malice can inflict.

If Monsignor Benson brought a bad habit or two with him into the Church, he also brought fine gifts, splendid attainments and a passion for extending the kingdom of Christ which should serve as an inspiration and model for all those who, though not equally dowered by nature, may still cherish the ambition of following in the direction in which he led and in their own way doing something to promote the glory of God.

WHY SCIENTIST HONORED GOD

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This world is but a school to train us for the life to come; and for most of us—may, for all of us—the best preparation for eternity is the thorough and conscientious discharge of the present duties incumbent upon us.—Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Redmond  
TENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
PENTECOST

THE DIFFERENT RESULTS OF TIME  
SPENT IN CHURCH

"I say to you, this man went down into his house justified rather than the other." (Luke xviii, 14)

The spiritual favors which we gain by our work of prayer in church, depend on our dispositions. A desire of spiritual gain is associated with the motive of duty which actuates the really well disposed. They are determined to make the most of each occasion in church; they pass nothing lightly; they lose no time by sloth, inattention, or worldly thoughts. Once they have crossed the threshold of the church, they give themselves up to make the best of their time, like Moses communing with God on the mountain. God's presence inspires them with prayerful sentiments, and impresses them with a holy awe. What a blessing for religion and souls it would be, were all who attend the divine services possessed of such sentiments!

Then, indeed, so many barren hours would not be spent in church; no many golden opportunities would be passed unutilized. Every exercise would be the occasion of new graces; every Sunday would be both the Lord's day and a feast day of the soul. Each individual would be a source of edification to his neighbors, both in church and in his everyday life. It is in church that the stock of spiritual strength is acquired which, whatever may be our circumstances, enables us to keep up our daily devotions, and sustains us against our spiritual enemies. The measure of this strength on each occasion will be in proportion to our dispositions. As it was with the Pharisee and the publican, so it will be with men in church today; their gain or their loss is counted according to the sentiments with which they are actuated. If holy awe for the majesty of God; if humility on account of our unworthiness and poverty; if a desire of forgiveness, and the hope of positive favors actuate us, our sentiments are those of the justified before God. We will certainly return to our homes "justified rather than" those for whom the majesty of God has no awe, whom pride allows not to see their unworthiness and poverty. For whom forgiveness and the acquirement of God-given favors have but little or no concern. Oh, the confusion that will be the portion of such people when they find that their hours in church will form the most important part of their stewardship on which they will be examined! Then the abuse of golden opportunities will stare and reproach them in the presence of the all-wise Judge. There are, it is to be feared, but too many who in the real presence of Jesus Christ personate the Pharisee, and by far too few who are blessed with the sentiments of the publican in every congregation. Each should decide for himself in his own case.

An admirable way to make sure that our time will not be unprofitably spent, that the opportunity will rather count for us than against us, is to have set prayers and set considerations, which we will say, and on which we will dwell. Let them be of such a nature as to suit the service. It is indeed hard to imagine how persons in whose hands the prayer-book or rosary is never seen, but who constantly evince a worldly, inattentive air, can be possessed of the sentiments calculated to bring blessings upon them. Certainly before our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and the august Sacrifice of the Mass, is not the place for the idle, wandering expressions common in a lecture hall. How often is it our painful lot to see it displayed in the hallowed precincts in which abide the saving presence of our Lord! The two-fold motive of fulfilling our duty and acquiring spiritual gain, is that which should bring us to church. When there, this same motive should urge us to make the best use of our time. Each should return to his home, not with the curse of having misspent his time, but with his soul freighted with new graces. Oh, could we see persons leaving church as God sees them, what a difference we would detect in the result of their attendance. Some we would behold carrying away a rich return of graces, others a less share, and others again a curse rather than blessings for abusing that most sacred occasion. All who are possessed of a lively faith, and actuated with a sense of their own weakness and their absolute dependence on God, will certainly aim to fare as well as they can, during these precious hours spent in church. It is needless to say that we shall look in vain for a lively faith and a sense of their own weakness and dependence on God in those who are indifferent about going to church, and still more so, in the matter of making the best use of their time whilst there.

Let us examine ourselves on this matter, with the feeling that it deeply concerns us. We should be conscious that, if we find ourselves seriously wanting, the fact involves not only sin, but a deprivation of graces which we could and would have otherwise gained. Oh, that we would learn a lesson from the careful, industrious business man, who makes every hour of his time count for his gain! We would learn and practice this lesson, and the great value and absolute need of God's grace to attain that eternal destiny.

TEMPERANCE

THE COLLEGE MAN AND  
ALCOHOL

Scientific revelations in regard to the effect of alcohol on the human body have set college authorities and college students, team-managers, and athletes a-thinking—and thinking to some purpose. It is realized that a clear brain is, of all things, the most important for a college man to have; also that the bodies of the young are rich in reserve, in potential forces, and that they need no stimulant, meretricious or otherwise. And here is some of the fruit:

Of recent years the managers of the Boston Marathon races have absolutely forbidden the use of alcohol before and during the race. Fifteen out of Connie Mack's twenty-five Philadelphia Athletics, in 1910, when that team won the world's baseball championship, "did not even know the taste of liquor."

Ted Coy, a Yale captain a few years ago, put the ban on all forms of alcoholic drinks for his team. At Cornell neither alcohol nor tobacco, is used at any of the training-tables, and the use of either by men in training for the athletic teams is strictly tabooed. At the University of Wisconsin alcohol is entirely prohibited to men in training; "all of our coaches are quite agreed that it is of no value." Professor A. A. Stagg (Yale '88), now the physical trainer at the University of Chicago, states, "We have no training-table; for twelve years previously we did, but at no time and in no respect was alcoholic liquor of any sort in use." The University of California has "no liquor at its athletic training-tables." At Princeton "men in training for athletic teams are forbidden to use alcohol."

"No alcohol" is the rule at the universities of Michigan and Wisconsin, and at most of the Western universities. The Cornell senior classes have the last two years voted for "dry" banquets; two Yale secret societies have recently excluded alcohol from their banquets; and five of them have abolished its use within their walls. The use of alcohol in fraternity houses is not generally allowed at Minnesota University, and it is as a rule omitted from class banquets. At Chicago there is a rule forbidding the use of alcoholic liquors in the fraternity houses and in connection with any secret societies; here also, as at Yale, no liquor is served in the general alumni meetings. In the University of California the students themselves have prohibited alcohol entirely from the campus. Obviously, then, there is a most wholesome trend against alcohol in American colleges generally.—Collier's.

FEAST OF THE  
ASSUMPTION

THE GREAT FEAST OF  
MIDSUMMER

The Feast of the Assumption, August 15, has an added interest this year. Belief in the Assumption has always been optional; during the reign of the Benedict XV, the Assumption may become a dogma to be believed in by all Catholics. But we should read the following meditation on the Assumption, translated from the French of the Abbe Paillet, not only because of that probability, but because it will help us when we say the fifth decade of the glorious mysteries of the rosary.

1. Our Lord, when He ascended into Heaven, did not associate the Blessed Virgin with His triumph. He left her on earth to help the apostles and the other faithful by the strength of her example. But who can say how great was the sorrow of this divine mother to see herself separated from the Son she loved so tenderly! During the twenty-three years that followed our Lord's Ascension, she must have felt herself an exile banished to a sort of desert where she could find nothing which she longed for. All her thoughts, affections, and desires were in Heaven.

At last the time came when God called her to Himself. He sent an angel to her to announce the happy news, and with what deep contentment must the Blessed Virgin have received it! She warned the apostles, and reminded them about her that she might give her last words of encouragement to them. Let us, too, go with the apostles to be with her during those last moments. We need not fear that agony of mind and body that ordinarily make death a lugubrious spectacle. No, here all is calm, all is tranquil, all breathes a perfume of peace like the first breezes of immortality. The face of the Blessed Virgin is more radiant than ever; her eyes reflect all serenity for she already seems to contemplate God face to face. Her heart experiences in advance eternal delights. She does not feel fear, because she has never sinned. She does not feel regret because she has never been attached to earth. She does not sigh, because death will unite her forever to God. At last she dies, but the apostles remain silent about her couch for they think she sleeps—she passes away so quietly.

What a beautiful death! Who of us would not like to die that way? But could we hope to die in a transport of love of God—we, who love so feebly and so coldly? At least, we can hope to die in the love of God, for that is the indispensable condition

of our salvation. But how can we die in His love, if we have lived for the things He hates. "The tree," says the Holy Spirit, "will fall where it leans." We die as we live. Do we wish to die as the Blessed Virgin did—in the love of God? Then during our lives, God must be the object of our dearest affections, we must love Him with all our hearts and souls and strength. Do we wish to die, like the Blessed Virgin, without remorse or fear? Then let us avoid sin and live in innocence. Do we wish to die like her without regret and without heartbreak? Then let us live, like her, without disproportionate love for earthly goods and earthly creatures.

2. After the death of the Blessed Virgin, the apostles thought to pay the last honors to her body. They carried it into the valley of Josaphat, and placed it in the same sepulcher with those of Joachim and Anne, her father and mother. Those pious duties over, they still remained to pray there for three days. Then, from the depth of the Indies came the apostle Thomas, who, since he had not been able to be present at the death of the Blessed Virgin, insistently begged the apostles to open the tomb that he might have the consolation of seeing the well-loved features for the last time. But when they opened the tomb for him, they found only lilies and roses. The body of the Blessed Virgin, that body of incomparable purity, the sanctuary wherein had dwelt the Son of God, was not to be subject to the general law of corruption. It had been carried to Heaven with her soul, and in Heaven she reigns today above the patriarchs and prophets, above the apostles and martyrs, above all the saints and even the angels, because she surpassed them in virtue.

And as she remained on earth to care for the faithful, so she still helps the living faithful. In Heaven she knows better than we, our needs and our perils. She knows, too, the aid we should have, and finding herself so near to God in Heaven, she pleads with Him for us—especially if we ask her.—New World.

SUMMER "LIFE-  
SAVERS"

FOODS THAT KEEP THE BODY  
AT TOP-NOTCH WORKING  
EFFICIENCY DURING THE  
HOT DAYS

The man who boasts of his ability to eat anything generally pulls himself into his little shell in July and August. His indiscretions during the other ten months put his digestive organs out of business when the hot days come. His vitality is low and he finds it easy to overtax his liver and kidneys, whereas the man who eats moderately and wisely all the year 'round is fortified against those distressing digestive disorders that come with the Summer solstice. Even the robust man should make radical changes in his diet to meet the conditions imposed by hot weather.

"The Summer 'life-savers' are cooked whole wheat, fresh fruits and the fresh vegetables that grow above ground, such as spinach, lettuce, asparagus, peas and string beans. When it comes to whole wheat foods, be sure the whole wheat is thoroughly cooked, and be sure it is the whole wheat. Shredded wheat biscuit is the best of all the life-savers in Summer because it contains all the nutritive elements in the whole wheat grain prepared in digestible form.

In the process of making shredded wheat biscuit, the bran coat is retained, and this is very valuable in promoting bowel exercise, thus keeping the intestines clean and healthy. Its "little loaf" form also makes it a great boon to the housekeeper as it combines easily and deliciously with berries and all kinds of fruit. Being ready-cooked, it is so easy to prepare a deliciously nourishing meal with shredded wheat in a few moments. It contains more real, body-building material than beef, steak or eggs, and is more easily digested. With shredded wheat biscuit, milk and a little fruit you can prepare a complete meal that is satisfying, nourishing and strengthening at a cost of not over five or six cents—a meal that supplies health and strength during the hot days and keeps the body in its working condition.

ADVANTAGES OF CATHOLIC  
EDUCATION AS SEEN  
FROM OUTSIDE

During the formative period of life is the best time to impart the principles of Christianity. The marvelous growth of the Catholics in our country is due to their regular and endless child training. Every day the Catholic child is in school he is taught Catholicism as well as the secular branches. When the child finishes the grammar grades, the higher grades are offered him in schools under Catholic influence until he has finished the highest degree. They are never forced to turn the Catholic student over to the State school or to some Protestant school for his finishing work. It is Catholic influence from the cradle on up, and only Catholic influence. The statistics show that during the ten years previous to 1910 99% of the children in Catholic homes were turned out Catholics, while less than 40% of the children in Protestant homes became members of any church at all. The

Catholics are never seen conducting great revivals or evangelistic campaigns. They educate the child to be a Catholic, and he is a Catholic till he dies.—Gospel Advocate.

THE MULTIPLICATION  
TABLE

AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By Rev. Thomas F. Cackley, D. D. Pittsburg, Pa.

1. God Himself could not change the multiplication table; neither could God Himself change the truths of the Catholic Church.

2. The truths of the Catholic Church are as fixed, permanent and unchangeable as the truths of the multiplication table.

3. There has been no progress in the multiplication table for the last nineteen hundred years; so also, there has been no progress in the truths of the Catholic Church for the last nineteen hundred years.

4. As long as the world lasts the multiplication table will remain as it is now. As long as the world lasts, the truths of the Catholic Church will remain what they now are, and always have been.

5. No possible discovery of modern science can ever change the multiplication table; twice two will always be four, no matter what new inventions or fresh discoveries are made in the realms of science. So also, no possible discovery of modern science can ever change the truths of the Catholic Church.

6. The world has made immense progress during the last nineteen hundred years; but no amount of progress has changed a single truth of the multiplication table. So also, in spite of the immense progress of the last nineteen hundred years, not a single truth of the Catholic Church has been changed.

7. There is no more necessity for changing a single truth taught by the Catholic Church than there is for changing the truths of the multiplication table. Each is true, and truth is immovable, eternal, inflexible.

8. Those who condemn the Catholic Church for not changing her doctrines, should also condemn the professors of mathematics for not changing the multiplication table.

9. The multiplication table was formulated centuries ago, and no educated person ever accused it of not being "up-to-date." So also, the truths of the Catholic Church were formulated centuries ago, but no educated person ever accused them of not being "up-to-date."

10. No one would think of calling a professor of Mathematics narrowly-minded who held tenaciously and in spite of all opposition to the truth that twice two are four. So also, no one would think of calling a Catholic narrow-minded who held tenaciously and in spite of all opposition to the truths of the Catholic Church.

11. The Divinity of Christ, and the Divine origin of the Catholic Church are as clear and certain and true to a Catholic, as to say that twice two are four, or that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides of a triangle.

12. The Catholic Church wants people to be consistent; that is, to treat the truths of the Catholic Church in exactly the same way that the truths of other branches of knowledge are treated.

13. No matter how wealthy, or how highly educated we may become, we can never dispense with the truths of the multiplication table; so also no matter how wealthy, or how highly educated we become, we can never dispense with the truths of the Catholic Church.

14. To attempt to change the Ten Commandments, or to bring the doctrines of Christ "up-to-date" is on a par with the attempt to change the multiplication table. When, let us ask, was the multiplication table "out of date?"

15. Not until the multiplication table gets "behind the times" and needs revision will the Catholic Church think about revising its doctrines to bring them "up-to-date."

16. No person who knows the truths of the multiplication table can be excused from accepting them; so also, no one who knows the truths of the Catholic Church can be excused from accepting them.

17. No reasonable person can object to the truths of the Catholic Church.

18. All the Catholic Church desires is that the truths of Catholicity be investigated. If you do not find the same infallible certainty for the truths of the Catholic Church as for the truths of mathematics, do not accept them.—Our Sunday Visitor.

NEGLECT OF CHURCH

Speaking in the court of domestic relations in Chicago a few days ago, Judge John Rooney said that "three out of four cases of domestic trouble which have come before me since I have been on this bench result from the neglect of husband and wife to attend any church services. I do not care what church one attends, but I do think any man or woman could spare at least an hour a week to pay reverence to the Omnipotent. Every day I have parents before me neither of whom attends church. How can they expect to have any influence on their children's moral training if they themselves do not set the example in attending church."—Intermountain Catholic.

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OF LOVELY WOMAN

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The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



NORAH WATSON  
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AFTER TWO YEARS

After two years of war we pause a moment to reflect not upon the stupendous nature of the conflict, nor upon the enormous losses of nations, nor upon the misery in so many homes. That is an oft-told story, so familiar as to have lost its wonder, so sickening that it will scarcely bear repetition. There is another phenomenon, however, consoling, not sad, which has become prominent in the course of the conflict and is even now in such plain view that no man can ignore it; namely, the phenomenon of Christianity.

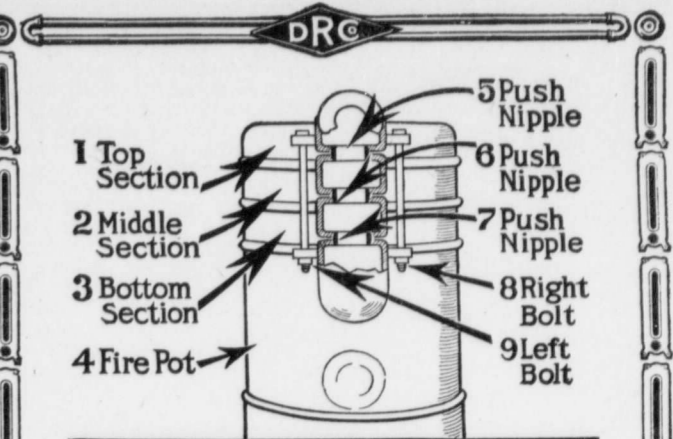
When this war began it signaled, so non-Christians were fond of telling us, the breakdown of Christianity. Nations that called themselves Christians were slaughtering one another after the manner of heathens. Christianity was a failure; it had lost whatever hold it had upon the human heart. There was of course an obvious distinction to be made between nations that were Christian in name and nations that were Christian in deed, and it was often made an explanation and as often brushed aside as too metaphysical for pragmatic minds.

But now after two years it appears, even from the evidence of the war itself, that Christianity has not failed. It is in the Catholic religion alone that Christianity exists in its only true form, and the grip of the Catholic religion upon the human heart is, it seems, still firm. Nations have hearkened to the voice of the Roman Pontiff, ever pleading the cause of the wounded and the hungry. Many priests and Sisters are serving on the battle-fields of Europe not with sword or gun, but only with the cross of Christ by their side, ministering alike to friend and foe. It is in the comfortless farewells at the end of life that a shallow religion or philosophy will reveal its fallacy. Do you see any of those Catholic soldiers slack in their faith in the midst of the death-showers of war? Rather do they cling to their religion for solace in the miseries and hardships of battle, breathing forgiveness to their enemies as they die. Wayward sons of Mother Church many of them may have been in life, but there is no one and nothing else, nor irreligion, nor skepticism, nor any other false worship, that they love more in dying.

These are not the relics of a dead faith; this is Christianity alive and flourishing. Hear the converts declare with their own peculiar pragmatic sanction that "the principles of Christ have not been given a fair trial." At last even the tongues that raised the foolish slogan "the failure of Christianity" admit that the blame for the hatreds of war attaches to the wifely heart of men, not to Christ's inhuman Gospel of love.—America.

CROSSES TO BE WON

The Manchester Guardian prints an incident that was related in the pulpit by the Anglican Dean of Manchester: "As I was standing somewhere in France, looking out on the sea of passing soldiers," said the Dean, "a Roman Catholic Irish Canadian saluted me and we entered into conversation." "You know," said the soldier in parting, "there are four crosses to be won in this war—the Victoria Cross, the Military Cross, the Cross of the Legion of Honor and (after a pause) the Cross above a fellow's grave."



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

AMBITION

Ambition is the spark plug that ignites the oil of effort. No man ever succeeded without ambition and some have failed because of it.

Be ambitious, but don't be too lazy in that ambition. Focus ambition and it will turn defeat into victory.

Men who travel, if they wish to reach a destination, know in advance where they are going. We live in a practical world; we aim to eliminate waste and lost motion; we want results—quick!

Brutus was ambitious, but his ambition was not tempered by a desire to serve and benefit. Brutus was the original Wallingford. He wanted to get rich quick, to become Caesar overnight.

If a man would grow big in life, let him never lose his ambition. When one goal is reached, let him marshal all his armies and resources to win again on the morrow.

Men who are ambitious never grow old for they have found Ponce de Leon's magic fountain. Ambition leads men on and on, through every adversity.

Men who are ambitious never grow old for they have found Ponce de Leon's magic fountain. Ambition leads men on and on, through every adversity.

Ambition is power.—The Tablet.

A MAN WHO CAN'T BE DEPENDENT UPON

Some men can't be depended upon—they are bright and quick, but they don't keep on to the end. They almost do it, they nearly succeed, they come within an ace of making good—and then they fall down.

There is always a "but" to the report of any of their endeavors. You cannot say exactly what is the matter with them, but they are a disappointment and a failure.

You don't count, because you can't be counted on. You're intelligent but untrustworthy—well posted but not a hitching post—we don't tie to people who won't stay put.

No one denies your capacity, but it's dangerous to utilize it. The dimensions of a cistern are unimportant, if it won't hold water.

The world doesn't lack for ideas, so much as it needs competent executors for the ideas already in hand.

We can't trust you. You continually promise fitness for big undertakings and as constantly wreck our confidence and your chances by some piece of crass carelessness that off-sets your valuable performances.

You're sharp but brittle—you break without wearing and we can't afford to employ such tools for important work.

There's a weak streak in your nature. We can always build with short, stout timber but it's perilous to impose weight on faulty material, however excellent the grain and finish.

You're a long ladder with treacherous rungs; you may reach far but folks who hope to get anywhere with you are liable to tumble.

Inaccuracy is intolerable—an entire calculation is upset by one wrong figure.

You seem unable to realize the importance of dependability. An irregular watch is worthless. So is an unregulated man.

When you stick to your base you play a beautiful game, but your eye is so frequently off the ball that you fear to throw to you in a crisis.

You're an "almost" man—the bane of every organization—the biggest bother employers contend with. You experience no difficulty in finding work. You create a splendid initial impression. Few minds are more agile and resourceful, but you don't complete.

You've very competence offers the greatest discouragement to those most anxious to help you. You know better. There's nothing wrong with you, except don't give a damn for detail.

If you hadn't been trained—if you weren't so advanced—if you were a slow but sure plunger—a painstaking plodder, we'd keep on with you. It would pay. Some wits ripen slowly, but yours aren't of that type.

You keep reminding us of the big things, we also know, you could do, but we can't help estimating the cost of the little things you haven't done.

A steel chain with one lead link has no strength. Who gives a rap how good the rest of the tire is, if it

has a soft spot? You never travel far, because of your flaws. You won't succeed until you change your trying habits for the habit of trying.—Herbert Kaufman.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"MOTHER"

A college professor, who had been teaching a great number of years, collected from twenty classes opinions as to what was the most beautiful word in the English language. These classes included boys and girls in country schools, in city classes up to the senior class in college.

When Uncle Jack read this he thought to himself: "This is very beautiful, but how many of those boys and girls are good to mother? How many are ready to set aside their own plans and pleasures to help mother, or to send her off on a pleasure trip?"

"It is a very easy thing to fill a slip with filial sentiment, but not always so easy to give up one's own way to please mother. If a boy could know how proud and happy he makes his mother when he shows his love for her, perhaps he would try oftener. He would say the grateful, thankful word that mother hears too seldom, or he would do the act that he knows will help mother."

Until Jack read of one mother who was going to a lecture with her boy, when a storm came up and a strong wind bent upon them. "Lean on me, mother," said the boy. Lean on her little son? The mother had never thought of such a thing.

And the boy? You may be sure he, too, was proud of being his mother's support and comfort. When the lecture was over they went home together, the mother leaning on her boy; the boy changed from a child to a sturdy youth, and glad for his young strength because mother could rest upon it.—Sacred Heart Review.

PLANTS POISON TO THE TOUCH

There are no beautiful poisonous flowers native to this country. There are only three plants that are really poisonous to the touch. They all belong to the Rhus family, and resemble one another in their uninteresting clusters of dull, greenish-gray berries.

Two of them, poison ivy and poison sumac, are found in the eastern part of the country, and poison oak grows on the Pacific Coast.

Poison ivy is a common vine that climbs over rocks, and that in some shady places covers the ground with luxuriant leaves. Occasionally, in fertile spots, it will raise branches like shrubs up over the rocky supports; elsewhere it clings to the bark of trees and climbs high.

Its flowers and berries are always in dull clusters, but its leaves may become brilliant red and brown in the autumn sun. Do not pick leaves that grow in threes on a vine, but do not be afraid to gather leaves of the woodbine, which grow in clusters of five.

It is difficult to distinguish poison sumac from other sumacs. Do not call it dogwood; it does not look like dogwood; true dogwoods have beautiful flowers, and are not poisonous.

Poison oak does not look like any oak. It has clusters of three almost round leaves, which grow on a vine like poison ivy, or more often on a low shrub. If you see the clusters of white flowers, or berries, do not touch the plant.

Many beautiful flowers have sap that is more or less poisonous if swallowed. Do not ever hold flowers in your mouth. Do not give flowers to babies, for they are sure to put them into their mouths, and some of our familiar flowers have poison enough to affect a baby's health.

There are other flowers and plants that are harmless to man, but poisonous to animals, if eaten. Many who read these lines know the bad effects of the loco weed of the West or the lamb-kill of the East. In pastures where buttercups abound, cattle carefully graze round them, but will not eat the flowers or leaves, because of the bitter taste of the poison in them.

The botanist and lover of flowers should remember two things: First, it is safe to pick any beautiful flower; second, it is never safe to let its juices touch the lips or any flesh wound.—Youth's Companion.

When you address a person courteously and he responds with a sneer don't take offense; that is his way of acknowledging your superiority.

THE FIRST PRIEST IN NEW YORK

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES LANDED THERE IN 1643

The story of the first visit of a Catholic priest to the island of Manhattan is told most interestingly by William Harper Bennett in his "Catholic Footsteps in Old New York."

In 1643, it was only seventeen years after the purchase of the island from the Indians, when a sloop from Rensselaerwick, now Albany, landed at the wharf a bent, broken figure of a man whom the kindly Dutch minister, Dominie Megapolensis, conducted into the presence of the Governor.

A strange pair they made—the portly minister in his clerical blue, and leaning upon his arm, the bent, broken figure in rags, partly Indian and partly European, that barely covered him.

Dominie Megapolensis presented the strange visitor as Father Isaac Jogues, a Jesuit priest of New France, who had been captured and cruelly tortured by the Mohawk Indians, ransomed by the good burghesses of Rensselaerwick, and had, at the Governor's command, been escorted by the minister and burghesses to New Amsterdam, there to await the sailing of a ship to France.

No visitor to our city has ever received a kinder welcome than was accorded the martyr priest by the Calvinist Dutch of New Amsterdam. His haggard countenance, drawn and seamed, his maimed hands, his evident spirituality and the pathetic story of his sufferings evoked the deepest sympathy of the people.

As he was leaving the fort one day a young man employed by a merchant of the town ran to him, fell upon his knees, seized the mutilated hands, kissed them and, with tears streaming from his eyes, exclaimed, "Martyr of Jesus Christ! Martyr of Jesus Christ!"

The humble priest, confused and embarrassed by the demonstration, embraced him affectionately, and, inquiring if he was a Calvinist, was told he was a Polish Lutheran.

Passing a house near the fort, he glanced in at the open door and was astonished to see on the chimney-piece pictures of Our Lord and St. Aloysius Gonzaga. He learned upon inquiry that the mistress of the house was the Portuguese Catholic wife of an ensign of the garrison, but, unfortunately, she knew no language with which Father Jogues was familiar. It was a great joy to his heart one day to have a young Irishman, just landed from a Maryland ship, come to him to the fort and ask permission to approach the tribunal of penance.

And thus for the first time the sacrament of penance was administered in Manhattan Island.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE GUARDIAN OF PURITY

The sound principles Father Joseph Keating lays down in an excellent paper on "The State and the Social Evil" he contributes to the July Month might profitably be brought to the attention of some of our American law-makers.

Regarding legislation against the grave disorder in question, he shows that if the State is anxious that its citizens successfully avoid the social consequences of sin, but neglects to see that their moral sense is strengthened and elevated, matters will go from bad to worse, for "Nothing can combat the evil in all its bearings, and keep the soul as well as the body healthy, except the practice of virtue."

Sins of impurity lessen or increase among a people according to the degree in which the teaching of Christ on the subject is accepted. "If the physical disease is to be suppressed, the moral disease which precedes and engenders it must first be overcome. All other remedies are but palliatives."

Father Keating then summarizes as follows what the Catholic Church as the watchful guardian of purity has done for the State:

"By the express injunction of its Founder, it made voluntary virginity a higher ideal than even Christian marriage. Its teaching on the virtue of chastity is definite, clear, and uncompromising. None of its children who have studied its catechisms can be ignorant on this important point. It stigmatizes as grievous sins all deliberate offences, were they only in thought or desire against purity. It traces the weak human will and tames the strong human passions by constant recourse to the means of grace, prayer and the Sacraments, until appetite is brought thoroughly into subjection to the rational will. It sets before Christian youth conspicuous models of virtue, the Queen of Virgins especially, and the Saints remarkable for purity of life, and bands them together in solidarities for mutual support. It preaches moderation in the use of matrimonial privileges and denounces all abuse of them. It opposes with all its force the system of successive polygamy introduced by divorce. It thus uses every means, natural and supernatural, to keep this strong animal instinct in due bounds, and it attains wonderful success in its efforts. St. Augustine, who was enslaved by the evil habit, would have despaired of permanently breaking his bonds but for the chaste example of the Christian youths and maidens around him, and that phenomenon has persisted to this day. The superior morality of Catholic boarding schools is acknowledged tacitly or openly by

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thousands of non-Catholics, and that morality is mainly due to the light and strength afforded by the Church."

The Church, moreover, has never tolerated for an instant the doctrine that sins of impurity are unavoidable, she has never regarded as inevitable what is euphemistically termed "sowing one's wild oats," and she has never accepted the so-called "double standard." The pagans of our day, however, shamelessly and persistently teach that sexual promiscuity is universal, pardonable, "natural," "necessary" and even "wholesome." Consequently public opinion regarding the social evil has become so perverted that outside the Church correct principles concerning the obligation and practicability of personal purity for both men and

women are becoming "unpopular." All the more important therefore is it that Catholic publicists should thoroughly understand and fearlessly defend the Church's attitude toward the social evil.—America.

A BY-PRODUCT OF THE WAR

The Church of England is worried about the religious future of her returned soldiers. The frank admission is made that the Catholic Church has taken a hold on the minds and affections of many English "Tommys." When these soldiers went to France what little knowledge they had of the Catholic Church was distorted and hateful. Prejudice soon broke down because they saw a religion that fitted so admirably well into the lives of the people. They saw soldiers and officers, and peasants and nobles going to Mass. They saw churches and chapels filled with worshippers who looked as if they really belonged there. They were like happy children in the home of their Father.

They were made familiar with the idea of the abiding Christ on the altar, and they saw crucifixes, and statues of Our Blessed Lady and the saints, and they came to think that these belonged in a real Church. When these soldiers marched through the open country they saw wayside shrines, and what impressed them more deeply, they saw, among the havoc and destruction about

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them, the crucifix almost invariably stood out uninjured. No wonder that a young soldier wrote back home that these crucifixes "made him think a bit," and that he considered "there was something greater and of more significance than mere chance behind it all." This changed attitude finds expression after the soldiers return to their own country. Everywhere in England once more the crucifix and the shrine are springing up, tokens of the changed attitude of the English soldier. Hitherto the Catholic Church in England has made its most effective appeal to the noble

and the intellectual, but the day is coming, hastened by the war's experience, when the poor and lowly will be brought into its fold. And this latter is the more desirable because it is the healthier condition.—New World.

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**THE DISSOLVING OF PROTESTANTISM**

Recently the Rev. G. W. McPherson, a Baptist Minister, in opening a religious meeting here in New York, stated in these plain words the issue of Protestantism of to-day has to face:

"The question before the Church to-day is: Whom shall we believe, the teachers of modern evolution or the writers of the Bible, Herbert Spencer or Jesus Christ, the Apostle Paul or Union Seminary. This is the issue. We cannot dodge it. The fight is on."

Rather startling language, this. It sounds a note of warning of which sincere Protestants must take heed. They are told that the enemies of Christianity are within the gates and are playing havoc with the teachings and the beliefs of the various Protestant denominations. The Rev. Mr. McPherson proceeds to deal in detail with the work of those whom he classifies under the heading of "teachers of false theology." Beginning with the doctrines taught in the Union Seminary of this city, he declares students of that seminary cannot do otherwise than deny the inspiration of the Bible, the Virgin birth, the bodily resurrection of Christ and all miracles.

Only the Union Seminary were the only Protestant theological school in which candidates for the Protestant ministry are imbued with such anti-Christian doctrines, it would be bad enough. But, unfortunately, such is not the case. The Rev. Mr. McPherson informs us that Columbia, Harvard, Yale, the Chicago University and the Drew Theological Seminary are in all respects as unorthodox as the Union Seminary. The theology taught in them gets rid of the supernatural and interprets life from the standpoint of the natural. The Baptist minister, who is our authority on this statement, thus sums up the character of the theology taught in these Protestant seats of learning:

"It is rationalism on the throne. It teaches that all life must be interpreted from the standpoint of evolution. It rejects the infallibility of the Bible and teaches that there are no revelations to men, save what comes from men's struggles and experiences."

Remember that the young students who are inculcated with these views become, in the course of time, authorized teachers in the Protestant Churches. It would be strange, indeed, if their influence as preachers in Protestant pulpits did not in time rob Protestantism of the vitality it derives from the Christian beliefs it has inherited from the Catholic Church.

Just a week after the Baptist minister, we have quoted, framed his indictment of the Higher Criticism, an Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, of New York, conferred all the Baptist minister's charges. He declares that the present issue is, "the Church against the Church." The occasion of his making this declaration was furnished by the Episcopal Board of Missions voting to participate in the Panama Congress, which is to be convened for the purpose of spreading Protestantism among the Catholics of South America. Dr. Manning was leader of the party which unsuccessfully opposed the sending of Episcopal delegates to the Congress. In stating his reasons for opposing the proposed anti-Catholic campaign, he says that it is plain that the Episcopal Church could not take part in such a movement "without departure from her historic position and compromise of her principles." He then points out that the Episcopal Church, though it has deep and real differences with the Catholic Church, should not identify itself with the form of Protestantism whose representatives will make up the membership of the Panama Congress. "Modern Protestantism," he says, "opposes and rejects not only that which is Roman, but also a large part of that which is Catholic and Apostolic."

It follows, then, that a religious organization claiming, as does the Episcopal Church, to be Catholic and Apostolic, can have no union with religious bodies which reject the fundamentals of such religious organization. Dr. Manning is logical enough to perceive the gross incongruity of such union. His opinion of it is set forth in this forcible manner:

"If this church should officially align herself with that confused mass of beliefs and disbeliefs included under the name Modern Protestantism and join a combined Protestant movement in opposition to the Roman Catholic Church, she would thereby justify all that Rome has ever asserted in regard to her position; she would be untrue to the faith as it has come down to her through the ages; she would separ-

always be inculcating by precept and example the virtues of reverence, obedience, application and self-control, and as these are the very virtues that young America obviously stands most in need of to-day, perhaps the Catholic teachers in the Public Schools will at last be recognized as the best "Guardians of Liberty" our country could possibly have.—America.

**THE DOCTRINE OF NON-RESISTANCE**

The Christian has been taken to task by modern writers like Tolstoy and Bernard Shaw for taking part in war contrary to what they call the teaching of Christ. They say that the Founder of Christianity taught non-resistance to evil and they quote the famous text of the Sermon on the Mount: "But I say to you, not to resist evil; but if one strike you on the right cheek, turn to him also the other." If we accept the gospel of Christ, they tell us, we must imitate His spirit of love and follow His doctrine and example of non-resistance to evil, as it is set forth in the parables of the lost sheep, the good shepherd, the prodigal son, and by Our Lord's conduct during His passion.

This view of the gospel attitude towards evil and injustice in the world is one-sided and does not represent the whole spirit of Christ. What is the meaning of such sayings of Our Lord, as when you hear of wars and rumors of wars for such things must needs be. . . . Do not think that I came to send peace upon earth; I came not to send peace, but the sword. . . . Let him (his disciple) sell his coat and buy a sword. Finally, we come to the scene when He cleansed the Temple.

"He began to cast out them that sold and bought in the Temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the chairs of them that sold doves." The great trouble with many outside the Church is that they do not see the gospel as a whole and they do not even try to look at it from a Catholic standpoint, nor seek the Catholic interpretation of particular passages. Many teachings of the gospel are counsels and not commands. Under the circumstances of His passion it pleased Our Lord to be a non-resistant, but He did drive out with scourges the whores who made His Father's House a den of thieves. Here He applied the principle of justice, there the principle of mercy as with the repentant woman.

Besides the words of love, forgiveness and gentle kindness in the gospel, we find other words denouncing the Scribes and Pharisees as "white sepulchres," and threatening inflexible justice against all unrepentant evil doers. He who told the story of the prodigal son also related the parables of the fishing-net, the wheat and tares, the ten virgins, the five talents, the good and the bad tree, the rich fool, the rich man and Lazarus, and the Last Judgment. The existence of evil in the world demands resistance and the constant warfare of justice against injustice. Christianity is a practical religion dealing with real evil in the world according to the whole spirit of Christ. Love and forbearance, and the championship of right and justice even by physical force do not run counter to the teaching of the Gospel.—The Monitor.

**"SAVING" THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS**

With the object of exposing the machinations of Papistical school-masters, the "Guardians of Liberty" have been "investigating" the Public Schools of Chicago, and triumphantly report that in one school "pictures of the Madonna were found on the walls of some rooms." As it would be difficult to secure for decorative purposes selections from the Old Madonna or two, the Guardian's discovery is not surprising. The real marvel is that these preservers of our liberties should be so indignant because a few lifeless Romish pictures were discovered in a school, yet tolerate with composure the presence there of living Papistical women who actually have under their control for hours and hours, day after day, hundreds of free-born American children, for some 60% of the Public school teachers of Chicago are said to be Catholics. Nor is this menace to our liberties confined to the metropolis of the Middle West, for the schools of New York and Boston are reported to be almost as seriously imperiled, and those of Philadelphia and St. Louis are not much better off. Indeed, if the truth were told, there is hardly a town in the northern half of the United States where the Papistical school-masters are not exerting a strong personal influence over the boys and girls she teaches.

Well it is too for the Public schools of the land that this is so. For the Catholic teacher, though she of course formally instructs the children committed to her charge only in those secular branches that fall within the scope of the Public school's curriculum, nevertheless if she is a staunch Catholic cannot but be giving her pupils constantly, though perhaps unconsciously, other lessons of far higher value and importance to them than are reading, writing and arithmetic. The reason for this is plain. Owing to the faith she holds, the ideals she cherishes and the motives that govern her life and conduct the Catholic teacher will

One reading these words of the great English Cardinal can understand why Catholic midshipmen, or Catholics in any other walk of life, cannot have their religious needs satisfied by attendance at a form of religious worship consisting entirely of preaching, singing of hymns and the public recital of prayers.

But, says the Rev. Dr. Sowers, Catholic midshipmen, when they attend Mass in Annapolis, are allowed to leave the Academy at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and are not obliged to report at the Naval Academy before noon. Whereas Protestant midshipmen have leave of absence extending only from 11 o'clock to noon, when they obtain permission to attend Protestant services in Annapolis Protestant churches. If the hour for celebrating Mass is 10 o'clock and the hour for beginning Protestant services is 11 o'clock, there can be no discrimination against Protestant midshipmen, as the Rev. Dr. Sowers would have us imply. The Rev. Doctor says that he is going to call the attention of the Navy Department at Washington to what he considers an injustice to Protestant midshipmen. In so doing he will only furnish an exhibition of his own absurd anti-Catholic prejudices.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**AN ERROR**

In the editorial article entitled "Lesser Poets" it was an error to state that T. D. Sullivan died recently. When we noticed the statement among the news items of an exchange, we were a little surprised but took it for granted that it was correct. Since the article appeared an incident has recalled to our remembrance that the author of "God Save Ireland" died over two years ago.

THE GLEANER.

**THE LANGUAGE OF UNIVERSALITY**

It seems that Latin may again become the language of diplomacy and State occasions. Reports from Vienna have it that at a recent gathering of notables from various parts of the polyglot Empire, French was the only tongue common to all. The repulsion which it caused could have been avoided had the official language of the Catholic Church been taught in the schools and universities. It is now urged that after the war, conferences of the great powers be conducted in the Latin tongue, which being a dead language can wound no national or racial sensibilities.

When the world was Catholic the beautiful and expressive Latin tongue was the vehicle of science and art and diplomacy. It was the language of the scholar and no man was thought educated who was not familiar with the language of Virgil and Horace. In Latin the great doctors wrote their apologies and Christian poets sang the glories of God. Even the common people could follow the services of the Church which were conducted in the language that spoke of universality.

Latin has always been the official language of the Church. It bears witness to the origin of the faith of Western Christendom in Rome, the great converter of nations. The Church was founded when the Roman Empire was supreme and she naturally adopted in her liturgy the vernacular of the people. Catholic missionaries kept the language of Rome in the Divine service even when they had to preach in the vernacular. A Universal Church must have a universal language. Business men have endeavored to establish some common means of communication and medical men are even now discussing the advisability of adopting some common language in their congresses. The Catholic people feel the bond of a common language at their Sunday Mass. To have a common tongue means that the Bishops from all parts of the world can meet and confer together in general councils. It facilitates the communication which must constantly be going on between the central government of the Church at Rome and the many dioceses throughout the world. By the use of Latin the language of the Church reads the same and means the same to day that it did since its institution. It is not only escapes corruption, but it is uniform throughout the world. The official language of the Catholic Church speaks her origin, her universality and her unity.

One would rarely expect to hear a defense of the use of Latin by the Church from a Protestant statesman addressing a congregation of British Calvinists. The man of the hour in England, David Lloyd George recently made the following remarkable utterance:

"Sometimes we criticize the Roman Catholic Church very severely, but there is no Church that has made a surer and deeper search into human nature. The Roman Catholic Church the greatest religious organization in the world, conducts its worship in a language of worship. The Roman Catholic utilizes every means of taking people outside every day interests and seeks to induce them to forget what is outside. Thus the language of commerce, of every day occupations is left outside and the people are taught the language of worship."

The return of Latin as a world language will be welcomed by scholars. It will not only open to more general use of wealth of learning but will bring the world of thought into

closer affiliations. There is also a great hope in the universal use of the language of the Church. The world will be better able to learn the beauty and attractiveness of the Old Mother Church. There is a natural bond between those who speak a common tongue. One of the most wonderful sights in the world is a congregation at a solemn function in the great Basilica of the Eternal City. It speaks of Pentecost. Every nation and every tribe is represented. Though every tongue is spoken, each hears in his own language when the Vicar of Christ raises his voice in Benediction. In the Providence of God the return to Latin as the language of diplomacy may be the first step in a return to Christian unity.—Providence Visitor.

**AN OLD-FASHIONED FATHER**

In his booklet, "The Christian Father," Bishop Egger of St. Gall relates the following: "While I was a student, I once spent my vacation with a good Catholic family in the western part of Switzerland. We were just at dinner when the door opened and the eldest son entered. He had been at a college in southern Germany and joyfully returned home for his vacation. I noticed that the father's countenance suddenly wore a frown, and before his son had closed the door behind him, he called out, 'Where have you been to Mass to-day?' The young man stammered an excuse saying, 'The stagecoach (it was previous to the time of railroads) left B. this morning at 6 o'clock, and consequently I could not get a chance to go to Mass before.'"

"The father refused to slink hands, treated him as a stranger and had him waited on at table like a guest at a hotel. Next day it required the mother's mediation before the father would recognize the young man as his son, and before he would again speak to him and treat him as one belonging to his family. In all my experiences," remarks the Bishop, "I remember but few incidents that impressed me more forcibly than did this lesson given on the duty to assist at Mass on Sunday.—Catholic News.

**ENGLISH TROOPS**

**WILL RETURN WITH NO REAL PREJUDICE AGAINST CHURCH**

James Cairns, English correspondent of The Churchman writes as follows: "When the Men Come Home." The phrase is being used by nearly all our spiritual leaders; what kind of religion will our returning soldiers and sailors find in England? We are really getting quite nervous about it: we expect them to tell us some home truths. Some people, like Sir Edward Clarke, think that they will come home despising High Church antics, and seeking naturally the evangelical ministers. It may be so, as so much of the religion at the front has been of that tone. (There is not much room for ritual in the trenches.) But from what we hear from those who have visited the front the soldier is not likely to despise the ceremonial of the Catholic party. He will seek a living gospel message without any particular desire for or objection to the ritual which surrounds it. We have the authority of the Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Russell Wakefield) who has more than once visited the front, for the statement that our men have lost the old prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church. They have found that religion is very much alive in France, they admire the self-sacrifice of the French priests, and they are now prejudiced in favor of that against which they felt so strongly before or objection to the war. And when they come back, they must find religion "as living a thing at home as they have found it in France." They must have open churches; the reserved pew must go, they must find the Holy Eucharist replacing matins and evensong "as the central offering to God of each day in church."

This utterance of the Bishop of Birmingham is all the more striking when it is remembered that he is by no means a customary advocate of Catholic practices. But he has been deeply stirred by what he has seen, and he thinks the proposed national mission should take these and other matters, such as religious education and church finance into its purview. An opportunity has arisen, he says, for a new Reformation."

**FIRE DESTROYS CONVENT**

One of the richest works of art and history in France, the ancient convent of the Celestines of Avignon, has been destroyed by fire, and the damage is estimated at 200,000 francs, but is in reality irreparable. It was built in 1393, and the great halls, which with their wonderful ceilings were admirably preserved, succumbed to the flames, only the chapel being saved.

In its nave are the tombs of seventeen Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, grouped around that of Blessed Pierre de Luxembourg. The convent was founded by the anti-Pope, Robert of Geneva, on a Gothic Roman cemetery. After the revolution it was given to the Invalides and later became a military prison. Recently it was appropriated as the barracks of the Seventh Engineers. There have been questions asked in

the Chamber of Deputies and long commentaries in official circles on the scandal of permitting this building, which was classed as an historic monument, to be used as a barrack, which contributed to its destruction.—Church Progress.

**DIED**

McMARTIN.—At McMartinville, Ont. on July 12th, 1916, Laura McMartin daughter of Patrick McMartin. May her soul rest in peace.

**NURSE WANTED**

WANTED COMPETENT NURSE FOR TWO children. Good wages to suitable person. References required. Apply Box 5. Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1916-17

**TEACHERS WANTED**

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school section No. 10 & 17, Richmond, holding a 2nd class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 4th. Salary \$400. Small attendance. Apply to R. W. Finnegan, R. R. No. 2, Roblin, Ont. 1916-17

WANTED LADY TEACHER, 2ND OR 3RD class certificate, for school No. 2, Hiramworth and Gard. Salary from \$400 to \$500 per year according to qualification and experience. Apply to Casper Versteeg, Sec. Treas., Trout Creek, Ont. 1916-17

QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school, No. 3, A. Maiden. Duties to begin 4th of Sept. Salary \$500. Apply stating experience and qualification to S. Boulford, Sec. Treas., North Malton, Ont. 1916-17

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school, No. 7, Township of Glenelg, holding 2nd class certificate of qualification. Salary not to exceed \$500. Apply with testimonials and qualification to J. S. Black, Route 2, Ploverville, Ont. 1916-17

CATHOLIC TEACHER (MALE OR FEMALE) Fully qualified to teach and speak French and English for C. S. S. No. 3, B. Colebrook North. For the term beginning 1st Sept. 1916 till June 30th, 1917. Applicants will please state salary and experience. Address D. A. Quillette, R. R. No. 1, Malton, Ont. 1916-17

WANTED FOR SEPARATE CATHOLIC school, two lady teachers holding a 2nd class professional certificate. Apply stating salary and qualifications to Rev. T. Filiatrault, S. J., Sec. Sturgeon, Ont. 1916-17

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 2, Baldwin and Merrit, 2nd or 3rd class certificate. Salary \$500. Duties to commence 1st Sept. 1916. Near C. P. R. station, boarding house and post office. Apply to Geo. A. Miron, Green Valley, Ont. 1916-17

CATHOLIC TEACHER HOLDING A 2ND OR 3RD class certificate for separate school No. 14, Lan. Salary \$600 per annum. Duties to commence 1st Sept. 1916. This class qualification required. Average attendance being under 13, and is conveniently located as regards to post office, railway station, etc. Apply to Alex. E. McDonald, Sec. Treas., Green Valley, Ont. 1916-17

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate school, Section No. 1, Morley, Rainy River District. This class qualification required. Salary \$450 per annum. Apply to John J. Hunt, Sec. Treas., Stratton, P. O., Ont. 1916-17

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, NO. 11, of St. Joseph, Hay Township, Huron County, teacher holding a 1st, 2d or 3rd class professional certificate. Duties to begin Sept. 1, 1916. Salary \$500. Apply with testimonials to N. A. Cantin, St. Joseph, Huron Co., Ont. 1916-17

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE KEEWATIN Separate school, holding 3rd class certificate. Must be able to teach and speak both French and English fluently. Salary \$500 per annum. Apply to Joseph Gagnon, Sec. Treas., Keewatin, Ont. 1916-17

TEACHER WANTED FRENCH AND ENGLISH for Separate school, village of Fair Court, Ont. Duties to commence after the holidays. Apply stating salary and references to Thos. Bourdieu, R. R. No. 7, Chatham, Ont. 1916-17

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 15, unincorporated. Duties to commence Sept. 3. Apply stating testimonials to Thos. O'Reilly, Malton, Ont. 1916-17

EXPERIENCED CATHOLIC TEACHER wanted for separate school, No. 4, Westman Township, 2nd class certificate and Normal training. Able to teach and speak both French and English fluently. Duties begin September 1st. Daily mail via Pembroke, O. Nearest at Pembroke, Ontario. Salary \$500. Apply with testimonials to Rev. Henri Martel, P. F., Sec. 1916-17

GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES in charge of Sisters of Charity. Course two and one-half years. Eligible applicants will be received at once. Apply to Sup't. of Nurses, Good Samaritan Hospital, Sufferin N. Y. 1916-17

AMERICAN HOUSE LAKE MUSKOKA. Good boating, bathing, fishing. Catholic church close by. For further information address M. M. Walker, American House, Lake Muskoka, Ont.

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RESPECTABLE, WELL RECOMMENDED old man, wanted as sexton, to make his home with a country parish priest. Reply giving particulars to CATHOLIC RECORD, Box Q, London, Ont. 1916-17

A BRIGHT BOY, NOT UNDER TWELVE years, no objection to over twelve, wanted for light work by country parish priest; good home, board, clothing, instruction and good care given. Reply giving particulars to CATHOLIC RECORD, Box R, London, Ont. 1916-17

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