

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1910

1648

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### OUT-OF-DATE POLICY

Reactionary policy are words that, judged by their constant and unctuous use, are, in the opinion of some of our friends, mighty arguments against the Church. Since the Roosevelt episode "democratic ideas and countries" roar and reverberate in editorial sanctuaries. The pity is that our friends will not get out of the atmosphere of preconceived ideas, of platitudes and traditions inherited from the easy credulity of the past. If they would use the commonsense employed by them in everyday life and place us on the balance of fair play there would be little of the rhetorical bombast that makes the judicious grieve. The wonder is that they have never a suspicion that the thing they call the Church is but a caricature. One would think that a world-spread society, enshrined in the affections of myriads, should make them pause before designating it as a medley of superstition and vain observances. The fact that men of commanding intellect have, in order to follow the kindly light, parted company with friends and worldly prospects, should be a stern deterrent to the voice of calumny.

### SHOULD BE REMEDIED

Through the long winter night, and indeed at all seasons of the year, the streets of our cities are thronged by young girls who have, to all seeming, taken the responsibility in their own affairs. Thousands of them go to work, and tens of thousands grow up with an idea of freedom which may mean everything that a true woman abhors and keeps at arm's length. The normal individual has no hesitancy in saying that the boundless freedom and the irresponsible habit of young women going and coming unprotected in the city is a constant peril. The press is crowded with frightful details of mishaps befalling these girls and women. The trouble is that many of them have no respect for parental authority. As a remedy and means to give information on vital topics the religious who have charge of Boston's parochial schools hold regular afternoon meetings for mothers. This praiseworthy practice could be, with profit both to girls and parents, adopted in all our schools. In school the children are under the sway of order and law and can be influenced for all time by the teachers aware of their responsibilities and duty to the community. It would seem possible that, waiving disputed points on moral and religious instruction, every competent teacher would give instruction in good morals and gentle manners and in the common proprieties which are the safeguard of good society, and an important department of character training. At present the young girls who laugh lightly at the pleasantries of the loafer and worse, and wear out the pavements, are courting danger and defilement.

### A NECESSARY ASSET

It is often remarked that Catholics as a class lack self assertion and aggressiveness pertaining to their work and welfare. This trait is characteristic of many when it comes to gaining promotion or securing better positions. Most of them are too timid to push themselves forward for advancement with egotism, but a firm belief in one-self and ability to accomplish a certain work is very essential to success. True it is that we hear that if a person has ability his employer will discover it; that his merit shall blossom and bring forth fruit; but we see young men of splendid ability, good education and fine training, who, lacking self-assertion, drop into a rut and never make any aggressive move for their own promotion. On the other hand, we see persons of much less ability, but who, having legitimate ambition, push on past their modest and retiring friends. We must concentrate our energies on our line of work, and even if the sparks do not always fly, to keep on hammering, knowing that tenacity of purpose and unflinching toil are characteristics of the true man. It is quite necessary in this age of hurry and clamor that a young man should not sit under a bushel, expecting that people in every day life will, in order to reveal the light, lift off the bushel. It has been well said that people believe in the person who claims something; who assumes to stand for something; who asserts himself, for this assertion is evidence of that progressiveness which is so essential to success. If we make no claims people take it for granted that we do not believe in ourselves. But the man who gives proof that he can do work begun by him creates confidence.

### IS IT TRUE?

The charge has been made that the schools have not advanced with other departments of national progress. Instead of keeping pace with the great changes that have affected the social order; with the altered conditions of home life, and with the greatly extended demands on the children, they have lagged far behind. They seem content to exist apart from the world, as a sort of hermit kingdom absorbed in their own affairs, ignoring the rest of the universe. One proof that our school system is not so perfect as our friends would have it is the fact that it is impossible to induce the great majority of children to remain in school a day longer than the law obliges them. They flee from the school room at fourteen, and, untrained and uneducated, make a bid for failure. Life is before children, city children especially, very early in these days of tension. They begin to think about wage earning, or the parents do it for them, before they are twelve years of age, and at fourteen they step into life that tires and grinds up so many of them. If parents but realized their duty in this respect there would not be so many of the immature, who, from birth to death, are clothed in poverty's shabbiest livery. But, despite the pleadings of their pastors, and the many proofs that their policy towards their children is criminal and harmful, both to State and Church, they persist in being slave-drivers who sell their own flesh and blood in the mart of life, and are unashamed. They should imitate the Scots, who are prominent in every part of the empire, because their thrifty parents gave them an opportunity to equip themselves for life.

### GOOD NEWS

Rumor has it that some of our converts are of the opinion that commencement exercises are too long, too ornate, and burdened with an undue amount of elocution. This news should be welcome to both pupils and their teachers. It will mean a great saving of time: and the fond parents will be pleased by a short and simple display.

### THE CHURCH—NOT CRITICS

The critics who take themselves seriously shrug their shoulders at the people who try to keep themselves unspotted from the world. They see wondrous beauties in filth. The problem novels, with their bold delineation of human passion, move them to fulsome eulogy. They, however, who have no taste for cesspools and believe that the soul should be sentinelled by purity and be responsive to high ideals, wonder why topics and situations that make for disorder and sin should be hailed as proofs of wisdom. We, however, do not regulate our conscience in this matter by the critics who pass but by the everlasting Church that shepherds and safeguards her children. The pure heart penetrates heaven and tell and is the source of the sweetest happiness this side of the grave.

### TO BE IMITATED

The Archbishop of Boston and his priests are pointing out to Catholics their Social responsibilities, and are showing the workman what Socialism is, its aims, its teachings. The question is of practical interest, and enlists the attention of the average man more than any other current issue. Many toilers are attracted by the vision of an earthly paradise—the land of the square deal, where charity and justice enoble and free life of misery. Socialism, it has been said, in its most explicit form, has a great attraction for the masses by reason of that quality which it possesses in common with the Gospels. It is this factor which has lent to those who profess and propagate it the illusion of an apostolate, and has inspired in those who are its objects an enthusiasm extending to fanaticism. Archbishop O'Connell is, while safeguarding his people from the dangers of socialism, stimulating their sense of social duty. The humblest citizen can be a factor in this work. Catholics of influence can contribute their quota towards reviving the days of which it was said, "See how these Christians love one another." We can show that Christianity has not lost its vital power, by achievement.

### BEGINNING ANEW

What does Lowell mean by that? Is it not that each returning spring is a mirror in which to see the true reflection of one's soul? Has the winter's petty worries robbed the spirit of freshness, the heart of joyousness, and planted frowns and furrows of care and unrest. One day of complete surrender to the humanizing, mellowing influences of

spring-time, of reverent listening for the infinite heart-beat through this newness of life that comes stealing in upon a weary-waiting world, has the magic power to reveal to every susceptible soul its spiritual lapse from its better self. But the awakened consciousness to one's shortcomings, and to the dust and deadness we have allowed to half cover us, does not bring discouragement when all nature is teaching the power and beauty of beginning over again.

### A CARDINAL FALLACY OF SOCIALISM

While it is only the errors of Socialism that meet with opposition from sound minds—the good points not being identified with the system except by accident—there are some of its errors that are fundamental and therefore deserve a larger exposure than the rest. Among these is its false conception of the relation of individuals to society. Socialism of its very nature absorbs the individual into the State in such a way as to sacrifice the individual rights to the State's authority. This is an essential feature of all forms of real Socialism, and it puts an end to morality because it destroys all personal freedom and responsibility. In the early days the Christian Church vindicated the inherent rights of conscience against the unrighteous tyranny of pagan Rome, which claimed authority to dictate the belief and control the religious practices of its subjects. Socialism would sacrifice the rights which the Church has won and must continue to defend, and proposes to erect a State, with unlimited power in the civil and ecclesiastical spheres. In the view of the Socialist the State does not exist to furnish opportunities for personal development or defend our rights. In that State the individual must exist only for the sake of society, and his principal function is to promote the temporal well-being of the governing section. To this conception of man's nature they attempt to give a scientific authority.

They borrow from biology the idea of an organism and then, passing over the essential differences, they apply it in an unqualified sense to the State. Thus we are not surprised to read that "the relations of individuals to the social organism are on a par with the relation of cells to an animal organism." This monstrous doctrine implies that man is not a person, a free moral agent, with God-given rights and duties independent of the State. It is Gronlund who says of rights: "there are none save what the State gives," and he adds "this conception of the State, as an organism, consigns the rights of man to obscurity." It certainly reduces man to a condition of physical and moral slavery.

Could it be established Socialism would thus prove a more frightful despotism than any pagan government of the past. Not a remnant of freedom would be left. The nature of our work, its place, time and reward would be fixed for us. The State could dispose at pleasure of our persons, our families and our property. It would lay its hands upon the family to destroy its unity and stability.

The masses of mankind would be placed completely at the disposal of a small and closely centralized body of politicians whose judgments would have the force of infallibility and who would be armed with irresistible power to enforce their ideals and to compel the observance of their laws.

The Socialists continually assert that religion in their system will be a private affair and no concern of the State. But they also take it for granted that once Socialism is realized religious belief must vanish. Indeed, it is impossible that Church and State, which both claim to be supreme and conflicting directors of mind and conscience, should co-exist. An omnipotent collectivism would not long bear with a spiritual authority which speaks in God's name, which necessarily disputes its jurisdiction and the truth and justice of its fundamental principles, and which is therefore a constant menace to its stability. In order to save itself such a State would naturally try to suppress and destroy the Church.

In the face of such a proposed revival of pagan society, it becomes more and more necessary to insist upon the doctrine of man's spiritual dignity and moral freedom, and the unassailable basis upon which they rest. A personal God, whose essence is absolutely moral, is the fundamental truth, which alone can safeguard our rights from unjust attack.

The obligation to obey the laws which God has imposed upon our conscience carries with it the power and the right to obey. Our rights thus are not given and cannot be taken away by such a State. They have their origin and authority in the supreme Author of our being. Their validity is bound up with the sovereign rights of God, and are therefore absolute and inalienable. It is in this Divine right that we find the broad and strong foundation of our freedom and of all the rights of man.

Thus Socialism is antagonistic to human liberty. Inseparably bound up with it is a materialistic philosophy. In the name of science—a word more abused than liberty—its adherents claim the right to revise and revolute all standards of morality. Experience shows that it thrives and propagates best in the soil of materialism. Its natural allies are the Secularists. Its irreconcilable foe, and the most formidable obstacle to its progress, is the Catholic Church.

It is, in fact, not merely a party for social reform, but a wing of the irreligious army, operating among the working classes, doing its utmost to sow mistrust and hatred of religion and to

excite the hope and belief that the amelioration of the condition of labor depends upon the success of materialism.

While thus a warning is in order to those who are led by its utterances, its greatest danger lies in the fact that it may do much mischief in spreading an irreligious spirit and weakening the foundations of belief among men whom it may not capture to its economic heresies, but who permit themselves to be influenced by what it might term its philosophic doctrines.—Boston Pilot.

### THE RELIGION OF EASE

"The Religion of Ease" is the apt phrase used by the Rev. J. T. O'Connell, D. D., pastor of St. Francis de Sales' Church, Toledo, Ohio, in a recent sermon dealing with some of the religious fads and fancies of the day.

"The religion of the world to-day," said Dr. O'Connell, "is a religion of ease, a religion of elegance, a religion of property when it does not interfere too much with the pleasures of the day. It puts away all doctrine. There is no acceptance of truth because it is truth. There is nothing of absolute truth, nothing of duty. There is all about the goodness and beauty of God, but nothing of His power, His justice, His wrath, His judgments. Of conscience that brings remorse, that terrifies, that reforms, this new religion takes no note.

"It has come to be a habit to think that the things of the past must be put away, must be rejected. So men ignorant of the history of the world will speak of the past as if it was a time when all was ignorance. It is true that there was darkness and error at times in the past, but if we have escaped some of the errors of the past we have not escaped errors of our own day. We have lost the great body of faith, and we have not the great revelation of soul that made men great in the past.

"We are not to regard lightly the advances and material progress of the day. There are times when the things of the world did not completely engross the minds of men as they do to-day. Were not those men of a former and simpler day just as happy in themselves? Time was when we had less conveniences and luxuries than we have to-day. Was not family and social life less disturbed then than it is to-day?

"What does the new religion of ease and elegance do for the soul? There is yet a longing for something that can give comfort to the heart, but the new religion has nothing to offer. We must be watchful of this new religion. It is an easy thing for men who do not understand dogma to say, away with dogma. It is easy for men who live in opposition to Christianity to say, away with the Commandments of God.

"In this new religion of ease there is no obligation, no conscience, no dogma, no commandments, no charity. There is nothing that satisfies the mind or the heart. The only things that satisfy the cravings of the soul are things that are eternal. The past ages have done their share in the development of the human mind. From the past we have things that have withstood the assaults of the greatest minds, and why should we not cling to the old things, and walk in the old pathways?

"And when you go away from the Catholic Church, what do you find? No belief, merely the opinion of some one of more authority than yourself. Keep this new religion of ease out of your lives, and cling to that religion that is sealed with the blood of the martyrs and the supreme sacrifice of Jesus Christ.—B. C. Orphan Friend.

### A COMMONPLACE WONDER

YOUNG MEN ON RETREAT AND THOUGHTS PRODUCED THEREBY

One night I was present at the ending of the three days' retreat of a young men's sodality. A very commonplace occasion. But it was the circular of a great non-Catholic proselytizing society read just before, that cast a mystical and tender glory about the ending of that retreat.

The circular had been sadly eloquent of what "they" are doing, and we, it seems, find it so hard to do. There were tales of great gymnasia, and reading rooms in crowded cities, and halls in lonely villages, of railroad libraries and saloons' rests, in home and foreign ports. There were lists of lecture courses, and Bible classes, and figures which dealt with brick and stone and money and games and books. And to be sure the question rose in our mind, as it has in many minds before; why cannot we, with our faith, with our clear vision of the need, with our sorrow for perverse proselytizing, and zeal for conversions to the one true faith—why cannot we make such boasts as these?

Some hours later I stood in the rear of a sodality hall, and listened to the closing words of the retreat. There, crowded together on the not luxurious benches, listened a throng of men various in nearly every respect, but they all were Catholics and earnest souls. No social pleasure nor fine equipment nor sports nor books held at all to gather them together for these three days of thought and prayer; but they had been coming in just such throngs from office and store, and workshop and factory, to listen to the soberest truths of faith, death, judgment, hell and heaven. And they listened humbly, piously, with honest and reverent eyes.

After this last instruction there was to be an admission of candidates, and a crowd of young men, bright-eyed, vigorous fellows, knelt at the railing and recited a simple act of consecration, and were given the medal of the sodality. What did that mean? That these young men, with the flush of their hot youth in them, and the spell of the world all about them, were joining a society which aims first and almost exclusively at unearthly things. They were pledged

themselves to monthly Communion, with all that means of a steady will and strong pursuit of heavenly-mindedness. They were promising to try and keep their hearts as clean and their lives as innocent as becomes the sworn sons of a stainless mother, who is crowned in the heavens.

Then my reverie grew, and I saw in that self-same city other such sodalities, each with the same bright, unearthly aim, the same more than natural promises, and the same various membership of energetic, hot-blooded men. Except every day and hour to the full blast and flame of this world's wickedness. Then I saw sodalities in other cities, other countries, other continents. The strangeness, the superhuman strangeness and beauty of it all dawned slowly upon me, from the commonplace forms and workaday surroundings. These men move in a world which answers at unworldliness, smiles at simple faith, and yearns for the sensible and the delightful, for what it can touch and grasp and see. Yet they are not moved to their hard and pure allegiance to the Queen of Heaven by much present gain or genial fellowship, or bright assembly rooms, or social gatherings. They like all these things and have them, in some measure, and it is very desirable no doubt that they should have them more and more. But the beauty and glory of their fellowship lies just in this: that it is independent of all temporal gain, an unpriced fealty, a supernatural service—surely a high and holy and a strange phenomenon in this sordid world.

I lifted my head. The bricks and stones and books and games—good and worthy helps though they are—did not shine quite so brightly now, beside the glory of those many forms bowed at the shrine of Mary. A touch of true unworldliness—this after all is rare and wonderful on earth!—E. F. G., in America.

### HOLY PLACES IN ROME

THE HOME OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA IN THE ETERNAL CITY—MANY INTERESTING RELICS OF THE JESUIT FOUNDER

(Copyright 1910, by Wm. F. Markoe.)  
There are many holy sanctuaries in Rome which seem to lie out of the beaten path taken by tourists; and hence they are overlooked by many. They are, however, like so many fountain heads of piety in the Eternal City, and of great interest to Catholics; but it is only those who make a somewhat lengthy stay in the city, or who have experienced friends for their guides, that become acquainted with them. They are commonly known as the Rooms of the Saints. In St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel we behold Catholicity surrounded with all the pomp and splendor of royalty; but it is in the humble sanctuaries of St. Ignatius, St. Aloysius, and St. Stanislaus Kostka, that we see the tender piety of the Romans, which appeals so touchingly to the heart of a stranger; and which shows itself here in all its characteristic simplicity.

Our party having obtained permission to visit the rooms of St. Ignatius, in the monastery of the Jesuits, adjoining the beautiful church of the Gesù, a kind old priest was appointed to show us the way. As we followed him through the great sacristy of the church, and along a corridor lined with rows of doors on either side, our thoughts naturally reverted to the remarkable career of the great saint whose rooms we were about to enter. It is unnecessary to remind the reader who St. Ignatius was.

Born of a rich and noble family in Spain, he abandoned the world and its honors to embrace the higher calling of the priesthood. From an officer in the army of Spain, he became the spiritual general of the most redoubtable phalanx in the army of the Church Militant. At the University of Paris he took into his friendship one who was to be among the first to join his order, and afterwards to become the great St. Francis Xavier. Finally, at Rome, he matured the plans he was laying out for the benefit of future generations.

It was, therefore, with sentiments of profound veneration that we entered the apartments occupied by St. Ignatius in the sixteenth century. They consist of four small rooms, each rich in precious souvenirs of its sainted occupant. In the first is preserved the table upon which the saint drew up the admirable constitutions which were to govern the Jesuits to the present day. In the second is to be seen the altar upon which he daily offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and on which St. Charles Borromeo, his contemporary, offered his second Mass. There is preserved in this room a fine portrait of St. Ignatius; and also a written document, bearing, besides his own, the signatures of St. Francis Xavier and Pere Laynez, in which they state the vow they take to live under the same rules of chastity, poverty and obedience. The walls of this room are adorned with portraits of St. Philip Neri and St. Charles Borromeo, and a painting representing the death of our saint.

The father who escorted us, pointed out the door which St. Ignatius opened and shut in passing to and from his cell; and another, opening out into a small stone balcony overlooking a courtyard. Here he spent many nights kneeling on the hard flags, while his soul soared up through the stary canopy above him to converse with its Creator. Here, too, he made that remarkable petition that his order might always be persecuted. How his prayer was granted, the whole world can tell to-day. The second room is also the one in which the saint died.

The third was occupied by a brother who lived in the time of St. Ignatius. The fourth is now used as a sacristy; and in a bureau used by the saint, are preserved the chasuble and other sacred vestments daily used by him in the Mass.

After visiting these rooms, the good Father who escorted us took us to another, which was filled with relics and souvenirs of many other saints who belonged to the Order; among them the parasol which protected St. Francis Xavier from the scorching rays of the sun, while preaching to the pagans in the open air. It was evidently a pleasure to the kind Father to show us the relics connected with the celebrated members of the Order; and his countenance was lit up with a smile, in seeing our surprise at beholding them. On reaching the door, he presented us all with the medal on his rosary to kiss. We left the monastery with a feeling of increased admiration for the Jesuits and their illustrious founder; with whom we felt we had become better acquainted.—True Voice.

### THE MASONIC CONSPIRACY

M. Valentin Briauf, advocate of the Court of Appeal of Brussels, Belgium writes to America, directing attention to the recent efforts at a closer union between the Grand Orient of France and Masonic lodges all over the world. "This question," he says, "is becoming more and more a live one throughout Europe. Catholics are beginning to perceive that the centre of all anti-Christian activity is to be sought nowhere else than in Freemasonry."

"The object of which is to wipe Christianity out of the world and even to destroy all Christian civilization." To those who object that in North America at least this question is unimportant, he replies that this is a great mistake, which he had occasion to point out more than once during five months which he spent in 1904 travelling over the United States with a view to observing the tactics and influence of American Freemasons. He maintains that the essential principles of Freemasonry are the same in Protestant as in Catholic countries. The only difference is the period of evolution. The

will reveal the secret evolution of Protestant Freemasonry. Referring to Mr. Roosevelt's recent reception by the Mayor of Rome, he writes that this "proves how urgent it is to remove from all men of good faith in your country the illusion under which they have fallen and thanks to which in America and England Freemasonry, by its influence on the movement of ideas, will make possible the evolution toward paganism and anarchy of countries hitherto so deeply impregnated with Catholicism. For how can we explain that Mr. Roosevelt, himself so Christian, so convinced of the necessity of religion and of the forces it represents in the cause of social order, should have strayed into the company of a fanatic? Mr. Nathan, who is not only anti-clerical in the ordinary sense but a militant anti-Christian Jew, a natural son of Mazzini, who destroyed the temporal power of the Pope, that set on foot the schism of Freemasonry and its first step toward the complete destruction of the Papacy and Catholicism. Nathan Mazzini and Mr. Roosevelt have ideals that are as the poles asunder. How explain their hobnobbing except through Mr. Roosevelt's ignorance of the true role of Freemasonry in Europe and in the whole world?"

A similar warning appeared in the London Tablet of March 26. Under the heading, "Freemasonry and the Church," Father Herman Gruber, S. J., of Feldkirch, Austria, writes to the editor, describing the various unitive efforts between the Grand Orient of France and the German lodges, efforts which have been momentarily stopped owing to the reaction produced by inclusive articles of Germania which alarmed the Prussian Government. Father Gruber adds: "The event is of the greatest importance also for English-speaking Catholics. For if the closer union of the Grand Orient with the German Grand lodges should be accomplished, the union also of the Grand Orient with the British and American would follow, or at least partially and practically be realized. And this would be very dangerous for the generalization of the French Kulturkampf throughout the whole world. Think of the Ferrer agitation. I wonder that the foreign press has so little seized this aspect of the matter."—America.

### A FRUIT OF THE CONFESSIONAL

In a city in this diocese where it is to be found one of the most complete railway systems the superintendent, who is not a Catholic, but who has Catholic employees, has been making observations and has been putting two and two together, to the advantage of the Catholic men employed as conductors. Accosting a Catholic conductor recently, the superintendent put a supposititious question to him to the effect that had the conductor stolen a dollar from the company would he be obliged to make such fact known to his priest when he went to confession? "Sure," was the prompt answer.

The next question was intended to probe deeper into such affairs, the superintendent wanting to know if the priest would forgive such theft and allow the conductor to go to Communion. "No," was the answer to this question, the conductor qualifying his statement by adding: "Unless the one making such statement in the confessional would promise to steal no more, and would also promise to restore the amount stolen."

The superintendent was satisfied. The answer was in line with his own conclusions, for he informed the man he had been quizzing that he had been making comparisons of the return envelopes of Catholic and non-Catholic conductors, to the advantage of the former, and that there might be something in the confessions of Catholics that would explain the discrepancy that he noted.—Catholic Light, Scranton, Pa.

### AT LAST

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes  
And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,  
I struck him and dismissed  
With hard words and unkindness—  
His mother, who was patient, being dead.  
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep.  
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet;  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put beside his reach  
A box of counters and a red-veined stone.  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle of bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged  
There with careful art  
To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I prayed  
To God, I wept and said,  
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,  
And thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great and simple good,  
Then fatherly, not less,  
Than I, whom Thou hast molded from the clay,  
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say,  
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"  
—COVENTRY PATMORE.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

At Ninette, Man., on April the 10th, a prominent Methodist, Mr. Robert Mills was received into the Church by Rev. Father Jubinville, P. P.

California is to have a great Jesuit university, such as the order has established at Georgetown, Fordham and other places. The funds are now being raised. The new institution will take the place of the present Santa Clara College. A site of 600 acres has been secured at Loyola, near Mountain View.

At the order of Cardinal Logue, Charles O'Hare, of Armagh, Ireland, recently shipped a piece of marble weighing 7,000 lbs. to Philadelphia. It will be used as the cornerstone of St. Patrick's church of which Rev. Mgr. William Wilson, D. D., is the pastor.

Denis Broderick, who died lately in England, left all his property, nearly \$200,000, after the death of his wife, to be divided equally between the Diocese of Southwark and Achnonry, for the education and maintenance of students for Holy Orders.

The White Fathers of Quebec state that although European powers have abolished the more horrible forms of slavery in Africa, thousands of children and even adult men and women, kidnapped in wars between tribes, are held as slaves in the heart of the continent. The usual price of ransom is \$20.

Edward J. Le Breton, the Catholic philanthropist of San Francisco, who died recently had given munificently to Church and charity. He erected the home for the Little Sisters of the Poor in San Francisco in 1902 at a cost of \$500,000 and a similar home in Los Angeles in 1904 at a cost of \$400,000.

Rev. Father McIsaac, whose death occurred recently at Halifax, N. S., was the hero of the cholera epidemic ship England, which reached that point from Europe in 1866. He ministered to the victims of the plague, escaping it himself and living to the age of ninety years. Father McIsaac had been in the priesthood sixty-five years, and had been stationed in every diocese of the province.

Pope Pius X. has conferred the degree of doctor of divinity on the Rev. John P. Chidwick, president of St. Joseph's Seminary, at Dunwoodie, who was chaplain of the battleship Maine when she was blown up in Havana harbor. After retiring from the navy Father Chidwick was assigned to the pastorate of St. Ambrose's church, in West Fifty-fourth street, where he remained until last September, when Archbishop Farley made him president of the seminary at Dunwoodie.

Rev. Henry W. Cleary, D. D., editor of the New Zealand Tablet, one of the most influential journals of Australasia, is making a tour of the world for the special object of establishing agencies for the exposure and unearthing of the propagators of scandals and calumnies against the Catholic Church, its priests and institutions. For years Dr. Cleary, through the columns of the New Zealand Tablet, has worked towards this end by means of his trenchant pen.

The Kaiser's cousin, Prince Frederick Henry of Prussia, eldest son of the late Prince Albrecht (regent of Brunswick), who has embraced Roman Catholicism, has ceded his entire fortune to the Church, and has entered an Italian monastery as a monk. Prince Frederick Henry has had a remarkable career. A few years ago he was exiled by the Kaiser, who ordered him never to return home. After wandering about in the southern countries he became sick at heart and sought consolation in the Catholic Church. He gave up a life of pleasure for religion and finally decided to become a monk. He has abandoned his real name and rank and is known in the monastery simply as Brother Henry. The fortune which he has ceded to the Church in Italy is estimated at \$1,250,000, and will be devoted solely to charitable and humane purposes.

LORNA DOONE

B. R. D. BLACKMORE. CHAPTER XLVII JEREMY IN DANGER

Nothing very long abides, as the greatest of all writers (in whose extent I am forever lost in raptured wonder, and yet forever quite at home, as if his heart were mine, although his brains so different), in a word, as Mr. William Shakespeare, in every one of his works, insists with a humored melancholy. And if my journey to London led to nothing else of advancement, it took me a hundred years in front of what I might else have been, by the most simple accident.

Two women were scolding one another across the road, very violently, both from upstairs windows; and I, in my hurry for quiet life, and not knowing what might come down upon me, quickened my step for the nearest corner. But suddenly something fell on my head; and at first I was afraid to look, especially as it weighed heavily. But hearing no breakage of ware, and only the other scold laughing heartily, I turned me about and espied a book, which one had cast at the other, hoping to break her window. So I took the book, and tendered it at the door of the house from which it had fallen; but the watchman came along just then, and the man at the door declared that it never came from their house, and begged me to say no more. This I promised readily, never wishing to make mischief; and I said, "Good sir, now take the book, and I will go on to my business." But he answered that he would do no such thing, for the book alone, being hurled so hard, would convict his people of a lewd assault; and he begged me, if I would do a good turn, to put the book under my coat and go. And so I did—in part, at least. For I did not put the book under my coat, but went along with it openly, looking for any to challenge it. Now this book, so acquired, has been not only the joy of my younger days, and main delight of my manhood, but also the comfort, and even the hope, of my now declining years. In a word, it is next to my Bible to me, and written in equal English; and if you espy any goodness whatever in my own loose style of writing, you must not thank me, John Ridd, for it, but the writer, who holds the champion's belt in wit, as I once did in wrestling.

Now, as nothing very long abides, it cannot be expected that a woman's anger should last very long, if she be at all of the proper sort. And my mother being one of the very best, could not long retain her wrath against the Squire Faggus, especially when she came to reflect upon Annie's suggestion, how natural, and, one might say, how inevitable it was that a young man fond of adventure and change, and winning good profits by jeopardy, should not settle down without some regret to a fixed abode and a life of sameness, however safe and respectable. And even as Annie put the case, Tom deserved the greater credit for vanquishing so nobly these yearnings of his nature; and it seemed very hard to upbraid him, considering how good his motives were; neither could Annie understand how mother could reconcile it with her knowledge of the Bible, and the one sheep that was lost, and the hundredth piece of silver, and the man that went down to Jericho.

Whether Annie's logic was good and sound, I am sure I can not tell; but it seemed to me that she ought to have left the Jericho traveler alone, inasmuch as he rather fell among Tom Faggus than resembled them. However, her reasoning was too much for mother to hold out against; and Tom was replaced, and more than that, being regarded now as an injured man. But how my mother contrived to know, that because she had been too hard upon Tom, he must be right about the necklace is a point which I never could clearly perceive, though no doubt she could explain it.

To prove herself right in the conclusion, she went herself to fetch Lorna, that the trinket might be examined before the day grew dark. My darling came in, with a very quick glance and smile at my Aunt's logic, who was having the third by this time, to keep things in amity; and I waved it toward her, as much as to say, "You see I can do it." And then mother led her up to the light, for Tom to examine her necklace. On the shapely curve of her neck it hung, like dewdrops upon a white hyacinth; and I was vexed that Tom should have the chance to see it there. But even as if she had read my thoughts, or outrun them with their own, Lorna turned away, and softly took the jewels from the place which so much adorned them. And as she turned away, they sparkled through the rich dark waves of hair. Then she laid the glittering ornament in my mother's hands, and Tom Faggus took it eagerly, and bore it to the window.

"Don't you go out of sight," I said; "you can not resist me to things as those, if they be what you think them."

"Jack, I shall have to trounce these yet. I am now a man of honor, and entitled to the duello. What will you take for it, Mistress Lorna? At a hazard, say, now."

"I am not accustomed to sell things, sir," replied Lorna, who did not like him much, else she would have answered sportively, "What is it worth, in your opinion?"

"Do you think it is worth five pounds, now?"

"Oh no! I never had so much money as that in all my life. It is very bright, and very pretty; but it cannot be worth five pounds, I am sure."

"What a chance for a bargain! Oh, if they were not for Annie, I could make my fortune."

"But, sir, I would not sell it to you, not for twenty times five pounds. My grandfather was so kind about it, and I think it belonged to my mother."

"There are twenty-five rose diamonds in it, and twenty-five large brilliants that can not be matched in London. How say you, Mistress Lorna, to a hundred thousand pounds?"

seems to me one of the worst in a woman. But even before my sigh was finished, I had cause to condemn myself. For Lorna took the necklace very quietly from the hand of Squire Faggus, who had not half done with admiring it, and she went up to my mother with the sweetest smile I ever saw.

"Dear kind mother, I am so glad," she said in a whisper, coaxing mother out of sight of all but me; "now you will have it, won't you, dear? And I shall be so happy; for a thousandth part of your kindness to me no jewels in the world can match."

I can not lay before you the grace with which she did it, all the air of seeking favor, rather than conferring it, and the high bred fear of giving offense, which is of all fears the noblest. Mother knew not what to say. Of course she would never dream of taking such a gift as that; and yet she saw how sadly Lorna would be disappointed. Therefore mother did from habit what she almost always did—she called me to help her.

But knowing that my eyes were full— for anything noble moves me so, quite as rashly as things pitiful—I pretended not to hear my mother, but to see a wild cat in the dairy.

Therefore I cannot tell what mother said in reply to Lorna; for when I came back quite eager to let my love know how I worshipped her, and how deeply I was ashamed of myself for meanly wronging her in my heart, behold Tom Faggus had gotten again the necklace which had such charms for him, and was delivering all around (but especially to Annie, who was wondering at his learning) a dissertation on precious stones, and his sentiments about those in his hand. He said that the work was very ancient, but undoubtedly very good; the cutting of every line was true, and every angle was in its place. And this he said made all the difference in the lustre of the stone, and therefore in its value. For if the facets were ill-matched, and the points of light so ever little out of perfect harmony, all the lustre of the jewel would be loose and wavering, and the central fire dulled, instead of answering, as it should, to all possibilities of gaze, and overpowering any eye intent on its deeper mysteries. We laughed at the Squire's dissertation; for how should we know all these things, being nothing better, and indeed much worse, than a mere Northampton blacksmith? He took our laughter with much good-nature, having Annie to squeeze his hand and convey her grief at our ignorance; but he said that of one thing he was quite certain, and therein I believed him: to wit, that a trinket of this kind never could have belonged to any ignoble family, but to one of the very highest and most wealthy in England. And, looking at Lorna, I felt that she must have come from a higher source than the very best of diamonds.

Tom Faggus said that the necklace was made, he would answer for it, in Amsterdam, two or three hundred years ago, long before London jewelers had begun to meddle with diamonds; and on the gold clasp he found some letters, done in some inverted way, the meaning of which was beyond him; also a bearing of some kind, which he believed was a mountain-cat. And thereupon he declared that now he had earned another glass of schnapps, and would Mistress Lorna mix it for him?

I was amazed at his impudence; and Annie, who thought this her business, did not look best pleased; and I hoped that Lorna would tell him at once to go and do it for himself. But instead of this she rose to do it with a soft hum, they which went direct to the heart of Tom; and he leaped up with a curse at himself, and took the hot water from her, and would not allow her to do anything except to put the sugar in; and then he bowed to her grandly. I knew what Lorna was thinking of; she was thinking all the time that her necklace had been taken by the Doones with violence upon some great robbery, and that Squire Faggus knew it, though he would not show his knowledge; and that this was perhaps the reason why mother had refused it.

We said no more about the necklace for a long time afterward; neither did my darling wear it, now that she knew its value, but did not know its history. She came to me the very next day, trying to look cheerful, and begged me, if I loved her (love me and how little), to take charge of it again, as I once had done before, and not even to let her know in what place I stored it. I told her that this last request I could not comply with; for having been round her neck so often, it was now a sacred thing, more than a million pounds could be. Therefore it should dwell for the present in the neighborhood of my heart, and so could not be far from her. At this she smiled her own sweet smile, and touched my forehead with her lips, and wished that she could only learn how to deserve such love as mine.

Tom Faggus took his good departure, which was a kind farewell to me, on the very day I am speaking of, the day after his arrival. Tom was a thoroughly upright man, according to his own standard; and you might rely upon him always, up to a certain point, I mean, to be there or thereabouts. But sometimes things were too many for Tom, especially with ardent spirits and then he judged, perhaps too much, with only himself for the jury. At any rate, I would trust him fully, for candor and for honesty, in almost every case in which he himself could have no interest. And so we got on very well together; and he thought me a fool, and I tried my best not to think anything worse of him.

Scarcely was Tom clean out of sight, and Annie's tears not dry yet (for she always made a point of crying upon his departure) when in came Jeremy Stickle, splashed with mud from head to foot, and not in the very best of humors, though happy to get back again.

"Curse those fellows!" he cried, with a stamp which sent the water hissing from his boot among the embers; "a pretty plight you may call this, for his Majesty's Commissioner to return to his headquarters in! Annie, my dear, for he was always very affable with Annie, 'will you help me off with my overalls, and then turn your pretty hand to the gridiron? Not a blessed morsel have I touched for more than twenty-four hours!"

"Surely, then, you must be quite starving, sir," my sister replied with the greatest zeal; for she did love a man that was with an appetite; "how glad I am that the fire is clear!" But Lizzie, who happened to be there, said, with her peculiar smile:

"Master Stickle must be used to it; for he never comes back without telling us that."

"Hush!" cried Annie, quite shocked with her; "how would you like to be used to it? Now, Betty, be quick with the things for me. Pork or mutton, or deer's meat, sir? We have some cured since the autumn."

"Oh, deer's meat, by all means," Jeremy Stickle answered; "I have tasted none since I left you, though dreaming of it often. Well, this is better than being chased over the moors for one's life, John. All the way from Lynton Bridge, I have ridden a race for my precious life, at the neck of my limbs and neck. Three great Doones galloping after me, and a good job for me that they were so big, and they must have overtaken me. Just go and see to my horse, John, that's an excellent lad. He deserves a good turn, this day, from me; and I will render it to him."

However, he left me to do it, while he made himself comfortable; and in truth, the horse required care; he was blown so that he could hardly stand, and plastered with mud, and steaming so that the stable was quite full with it. By the time I had put the poor fellow to rights, his master had finished dinner, and was in a more pleasant humor, having even offered to kiss Annie, out of pure gratitude, as he said; but Annie answered with spirit that gratitude must not be shown by increasing the obligation. Jeremy made reply to this that his only way to be grateful then was to tell us his story; and so he did, at greater length than I can here repeat it; for it does not bear particularly upon Lorna's fortunes.

It appears that as he was riding towards from the town of Southmolton, in Devonshire, he found the roads very soft and heavy, and the floods out in all directions; but met with no other difficulty until he came to Landacre Bridge. He had only a single trooper with him—a man not of the militia but of the King's army, whom Jeremy had brought from Exeter. As these two descended toward the bridge, they observed that both the Kensford water and the River Barle were pouring down in mighty floods from the melting of the snow. So great indeed was the torrent, after they united, that only the parapets of the bridge could be seen above the water, the road across either bank being covered, and very deep, on the hither side. The trooper did not like the look of it, and proposed to ride back again, and round by way of Simonsbath, where the stream is smaller. But Stickle would not have it so, and, dashing into the river, swam his horse for the bridge, and gained it with some little trouble; and there he found the water not more than up to his horse's knees, perhaps.

On the crown of the bridge he turned his horse, to watch the trooper's passage, and to help him with directions; when suddenly he saw him fall headlong into the torrent, and heard the report of a gun from behind, and felt a shock to his own body, such as lifted him out of the saddle. Turning round, he beheld three men rise up from behind the hedge on one side of his onward road, two of them ready to load, and one with his gun unfired, waiting to get good aim at him. Then Jeremy did a gallant thing, for which I doubt whether I should have had the presence of mind in the danger. He saw that to swim his horse back again would be almost certain death; as affording such a target where even a wound must be fatal. Therefore he struck the spurs into the nag, and rode through the water straight at the man who was pointing the long gun at him. If the horse had been carried off by his legs, there must have been an end of Jeremy; for the other men were getting ready to have another shot at him. But luckily the horse galloped right on, without any need for swimming, being himself excited, no doubt, by all he had seen and heard of it. And Jeremy lay almost flat on his neck, so as to give little space for good aim, with the mane tossing wildly in front of him. Now if that young fellow with the gun had had his brains as ready as his flint was, he would have shot the horse at once, and then had Stickle at his mercy; but instead of that he let fly at the man, and missed him altogether, being scared, perhaps, by the pistol which Jeremy showed him the mouth of. And galloping by at full speed, Master Stickle tried to leave his mark behind him; for he changed the aim of his pistol to the biggest man, who was loading his gun and cursing like ten cannons. But the pistol missed fire, no doubt from the flood which had gurgled in over the holsters; and Jeremy seeing three horses tethered at a gate just up the hill, knew that he had not yet escaped, but was more of danger behind him. He tried his other great pistol at one of the horses tethered there, so as to lessen (if possible) the number of his pursuers. But the powder again failed him; and he durst not stop to cut the bridles, hearing the men coming up the hill. So he even made the most of his start, thanking God that his weight was light, compared at least to what theirs was.

And another thing he had noticed which gave him some hope of escaping—to wit, that the horses of the Doones, although very handsome animals, were suffering still from the bitter effects of the late long frost and scarcity of fodder. "If they do not catch me up, or shoot me, in the course of the first two miles, I may see my home again," this was what he said to himself, as he turned to mark what they were about from the brow of the steep hill. He saw the flooded valley shining with the breadth of water, and the trooper's horse on the other side, shaking his drenched flanks, and neighing; and half-way down the hill he saw the three Doones mounting hastily. And they knew that their only chance lay in the stoutness of his steed.

The horse was in pretty good condition; and the rider knew him thoroughly, and how to make the most of him; and though they had travelled some miles that day through very heavy ground, the bath in the river had washed the mud off, and been some refreshment. Therefore, Stickle encouraged his nag, and put him into a good hand gallop, heading away toward Withycombe. At first he had thought of turning to the right, and making off for Withypool, a mile or so down the valley; but his good sense told him that no one there would dare to protect him against the Doones, so he resolved to go on his way, yet faster than he had intended.

The three villains came after him with all the speed they could muster, making sure, from the badness of the road, that he must stick fast ere long, and so be at their mercy. And this was Jeremy's chiefest fear; for the ground being soft and thoroughly rotten, after so much frost and snow, the poor horse had terrible work of it, with no time to pick the way; and even more good luck than skill was needed to keep him from foundering. How Jeremy prayed for an Exmoor fog (such as he had often sworn at), that he might turn aside and lurk, while his pursuers went past him! But no fog came, nor did a storm to damp the pruned of their guns; neither was wood or coppice nigh, nor any place to hide in; only hills, and moor, and valleys, with flying shadows over them, and great banks of snow in the corners. At one time poor Stickle was quite in despair; for after leaping a little brook which crosses the track at Newland, he stuck fast in a "dane bog," as we call them upon Exmoor. The horse had broken through the crust of moss, and sedge, and marish-weed, and could do nothing but wallow and sink, with black water spitting over him. And Jeremy, struggling with all his might, saw the three villains now topping the crest less than a furlong behind him, and heard them shout in their savage delight. With the calmness of despair, he yet resolved to have one more try for it; and scrambling over the horse's head, gained later land, and tugged at the bridle. The poor nag replied with all his power to the call upon his courage, and reared his fore feet out of the slough, and with straining eyeballs gazed at him. "Now," said Jeremy, "now, my fine fellow!" lifting him with the bridle; and the brave beast gathered the roll of his loins, and sprang from his quagmire haunches. One more spring, and he was on earth again, instead of being under it; and Jeremy leaped on his back, and stopped, for he knew that they would fire. Two bullets whistled over him, as the horse, mad with fright, dashed forward, and in five minutes more he had come to the Exe, and the pursuers had fallen behind him. The Exe, though a much smaller stream than the Barle, now ran in a foaming torrent, unbridged, and too wide for leaping. But Jeremy's horse took the water well; and both he and his rider were lightened, as well as comforted by it. And as they passed toward Lucott hill, and struck upon the founts at Lynn, the horses of the three pursuers began to tire under them. Then Jeremy Stickle knew that if he could only escape the sloughs, he was safe for the present; and so he stood up in his stirrups, and gave them a loud halloo, as if they had been so many foxes.

Their only answer was to fire the remaining charge at him; but the distance was too great for any aim from horseback; and the dropping bullet idly plowed the sod upon one side of him. He acknowledged it with a wave of his hat, and laid one thumb to his nose, in the manner fashionable in London for expression of contempt. However, they followed him very closely, hoping to make him pay out dearly, if he should only miss the track or fall upon morasses. But the neighborhood of our Lynn stream is not so very boggy; and the King's messenger now knew his way as well as any of his pursuers did; and so he arrived at Plovers Barrows, thankful and in rare appetite.

"But was the poor soldier drowned?" asked Annie; "and you never went to look for him! Oh, how very dreadful!" "Shot or drowned, I know not which. Thank God, it was only a trooper. But they shall pay for it as dearly as if it had been a captain."

and for some years afterward; but now their discipline was gone, and the younger generation had seen no real fighting. Each would have his own opinion, and would want to argue it; and if he were not allowed, he went about his duty in such a temper as to prove that his own way was the best.

Neither was this the worst of it; for Jeremy made no doubt but what (if he could only get the militia to turn out in force) he might manage, with the help of his own men, to force the stronghold of the enemy; but the truth was that the officers, knowing how hard it would be to collect their men at that time of the year, and in that state of the weather, began with one accord to make every possible excuse. And especially they pressed this point, that Bagworthy was not in their county; the Devonshire people affirming vehemently that it lay in the shire of Somerset, and the Somersetshire folk averring, even with imprecations, that it lay in Devonshire. Now I believe the truth to be that the boundary of the two counties, as well as of Orre and Brendon parishes, is defined by the Bagworthy river; so that the disputants on both sides were both right and wrong.

Upon this, Master Stickle suggested and as I thought very sensibly, that the two counties should unite, and equally contribute to the extirpation of this pest, which shamed and injured them both alike. But hence arose another difficulty: for the men of Devon said they would march when Somerset had taken the field; and the sons of Somerset replied that indeed they were quite ready, but what were their cousins of Devonshire doing? And so it came to pass that the King's Commissioner returned without any army whatever, but with promise of two hundred men when the roads should be more passable.

And meanwhile, what were we to do, abandoned as we were to the mercies of the Doones, with only our own hands to help us? And herein I grieved at my own folly in having let Tom Faggus go, whose wit and courage would have been worth at least half a dozen men to us? Upon this matter I held long council with my good friend Stickle; telling him all about Lorna's presence, and what I knew of her history. He agreed with me that we could not hope to escape an attack from the outlaws, and the more especially now that they knew himself to be returned to us. Also he praised me for my forethought in having thrashed out all our corn, and hidden the produce in such a manner that they were not likely to find it. Furthermore, he recommended that at the entrance to the house should be once strengthened and a watch must be maintained at night; and he thought it wiser that I should go (late as it was) to Plymouth, if a horse could pass the valley, and fetch every one of his mounted troopers who might now be quartered there. Also, if any men of courage, though capable only of handling a pitchfork, could be found in the neighborhood, I was to try to summon them. But our district is so thinly peopled, that I had little faith in this; however, my errand was given me, and I set forth upon it, for John Fry was afraid of the waters.

Knowing how fiercely the floods were out, I resolved to travel the higher road; by Cosgate and through Countisbury; therefore I swam my horse through the Lynn at the foot of a low house (where sometimes you may step across), and thence galloped up and along the hills. I could see all the inland valleys ribboned with broad waters, and in every winding crook the banks of snow that fed them; while on my right the turbid sea was flaked with April showers. But when I descended the hill toward Lynnmouth, I feared that my journey was all in vain.

For the East Lynn (which was our river) was ramping and roaring frightfully, lashing whole trunks of trees on the rocks, and rending them, and grinding them. And into it rushed from the opposite side a torrent even madder, upsetting what it came to aid; shattering wave with boiling billow, and scattering wrath with fury. It was certain that to attempt the passage, and the little wooden footbridge had been carried away long ago. And the men I was seeking must be, of course, on the other side of this deluge, for on my side there was not a single house.

I followed the bank of the flood to the beach, some two or three hundred yards below, and there had the luck to see Will Watcombe on the opposite side, calking an old boat. Though I could not make him hear a word, from the deafening roar of the torrent, I got him to understand at last that I wanted to cross over. Upon this he fetched another man, and the two of them launched a boat; and paddling well out to sea, fetched round the mouth of the frantive river. The other man proved to be Stickle's chief mate; and so he went back and fetched his comrades, bringing their weapons, but leaving their horses behind. As it happened, there were but four of them. However, to have even these was a help; and I started again at full speed for my home, for the men must follow afoot, and cross our river high up on the moorland.

This took them a long way round, and the track was rather bad to find, and the sky already darkening; so that I arrived at Plovers Barrows more than two hours before them. But they had done a sagacious thing, which was well worth the delay; for by hoisting their flag upon the hill, they fetched the two watchmen from the Foreland, and added them to their number.

It was lucky that I came home so soon; for I found the house in a great commotion, and all the women trembling. When I asked what the matter was, Lorna, who seemed the most self-possessed, answered that it was all her fault; for she alone had frightened them. And this in the following manner: She had stolen out to the garden toward dusk, to watch some favorite hyacinths just pushing up, like a baby's teeth, and just attracting the fatal notice of a great house-snail at night-time. Lorna at last had discovered the glutton, and was bearing him off in triumph to the tribunal of the ducks, when she desisted two glittering eyes glaring at her steadfastly from the elder brush beyond the stream. The elder was smooching its wrinkled leaves, being at least two months behind time; and among them this calm cruel face appeared, and she knew it was the face of Carver Doone.

CHAPTER XLVIII EVERY MAN MUST DEFEND HIMSELF

It was only right in Jeremy Stickle, and of the simplest common sense, that he would not tell before our girls what the result of his journey was. But he led me aside in the course of the evening, and told me all about it, saying that I knew as well as he did, that it was not woman's business. This I took, as it was meant, for a gentle caution that Lorna (whom he had not seen as yet) must not be informed of his doings. Herein I quite agreed with him; not only for his furtherance, but because I always think that women, of whatever mind, are best when least they meddle with the things that appertain to men.

Master Stickle complained that the weather had been against him bitterly, closing all the roads around him; even as it had done with us. It had taken him eight days, he said, to get from Exeter to Plymouth; whither he found that most of the troops had been drafted off from Exeter. When all were told, there was but a battalion of one of the King's horse regiments, and two companies of foot soldiers; and their commanders had orders, later than the date of Jeremy's commission, on no account to quit the southern coast and march inland. Therefore, although they would gladly have come for a brush with the celebrated Doones, it was more than they durst attempt, in the face of their instructions. However, they spared him a single trooper, as a companion of the road, and to prove to the justices of the country, and lord-lieutenant, that he had their approval.

To these authorities Master Stickle now was forced to address himself, although he would rather have had one trooper than a score from the very best train-bands had afforded very good soldiers in the time of the civil wars,

The maiden, although so used to terror (as she told me once before), lost all presence of mind hereat, and could neither shriek nor fly, but only gaze, as if bewitched. Then Carver Doone, with his deadly smile, gloating upon her horror, lifted his long gun, and pointed full at Lorna's heart. In vain she strove to turn away; fright had stricken her stiff as stone. With the inborn love of life, she tried to cover the vital part wherein the winged death must lodge—for she knew Carver's certain aim—but her hands hung numbed and heavy; in nothing but her eyes was life.

With no sign of pity in his face, no quiver of relenting, but a well-pleased grin at all the charming palsy of his victim, Carver Doone lowered, inch by inch, the muzzle of his gun. When it pointed to the ground, between her delicate arched insteps, he pulled the trigger, and the bullet flung the mould all over her. It was a refinement of bullying, for when I swore to God that night upon my knees, in secret, that I would smite down Carver Doone, or else he should smite me down. Base beast! what largest humanity, or what dreams of divinity, could make a man put up with this?

My darling (the loveliest and most harmless in the world of maidens) fell away (on a bank of grass, and wept at her own cowardice; and trembled and wondered where I was, and what I would think of this. Good God! What could I think of it? She overrated my slow nature, to admit the question.

While she leaned there, quite unable yet to save herself, Carver came to the brink of the flood, which alone was between them; and then he stroked his jet-black beard, and waited for Lorna to begin. Very likely he thought that she would thank him for his kindness to her. But she was now recovering the power of her nimble limbs; and ready to be off like hope, and wonder at her own cowardice.

"I have spared you this time," he said, in his deep calm voice, "only because it suits my plans, and I never yield to temper. But unless you come back to-morrow, pure, and with all you took away, and teach me to destroy that fool, who has destroyed himself for you, your death is here, your death is here, where it has long been waiting."

Although his gun was empty, he struck the breach of it with his finger; and then he turned away, not deigning even once to look back again; and Lorna saw his giant figure striding across the meadow-land as if the Ridds were nobodies, and he the proper owner. Both mother and I were greatly hurt at hearing of this insolence; for we had owned that meadow from the time of the great Alfred; and even when that good king lay in the Isle of Athelney, he had a Ridd along with him.

Now I spoke to Lorna gently, seeing how much she had been tried; and I praised her for her courage in not having run away, when she was so unable; and my darling was pleased with this, and smiled upon me for saying it, though she knew right well that in this matter my judgment was not impartial. But you may take this as a general rule, that a woman likes praise from the man whom she loves, and cannot stop always to bemoan it.

Now expecting a sharp attack that night—which Jeremy Stickle the more expected after the words of Carver, which seemed to be meant to mislead us—we prepared a great quantity of knuckles of pork, and a ham in full out, and a fillet of hung mutton. For we would almost surrender rather than keep our garrison hungry. And all our men were exceedingly brave, and counted their rounds of the house in half-pints.

Before the maidens went to bed, Lorna made a remark which seemed to me a very clever one, and then I wondered how on earth it had never occurred to me before. But first she had done a thing which I could not in the least approve of: for she had gone up to my mother, and thrown herself into her arms, and begged to be allowed to return to Glen Doone.

"My child, are you unhappy here?" mother asked her very gently, for she had begun to regard her now as a daughter of her own.

"Oh, no! Too happy—by far too happy, Mrs. Ridd. I never knew rest or peace before, or met with kind kindness. But I can not be so ungrateful, I cannot be so wicked, as to bring you all into deadly peril for my sake alone. Let me go; you must not pay this great price for my happiness."

"Dear child, we are paying no price at all," replied my mother, embracing her, "we are not threatened for your sake only. Ask John; he will tell you. He knows every bit about politics, and this is a political matter."

Dear mother was rather proud in her heart, as well as terribly frightened, at the importance now accruing to Plovers Barrows farm; and she often declared that it would be as famous in history as the Rye House, or the meal-tub, or even the great black box, in which she was a firm believer; and even my knowledge of politics could not move her upon that matter. "Such things had happened before," she would say, shaking her head with its wisdom, "and why might they not happen again? Women would be women and men would be men, to the end of the chapter; and if she had been in Lucy Walter's place she would keep it quiet, as she had done," and then she would look round, for fear lest either of her daughters had heard her; "but now can you give me any reason why it may not have been so? You are so fearfully positive, John; just as men always are." "No," I used to say; "I can give you no reason why it may not have been so, mother. But the question is, if it was so, or not; rather than what it might have been. And I think it is pretty good proof against it, that what nine men out of every ten in England would only too gladly believe, if true is, nevertheless kept dark from them." "There you are again, John," mother would reply, "all about men, and not a single word about women. If you had any argument at all, you would own that marriage is a question upon which women are the best judges."

"Oh! I would groan in my spirit, and go, leaving my dearest mother quite sure that now at last she must have convinced me. But if mother had known that Jeremy Stickle was working against the black box and its issue, I

doubt whether he would have fared so well, even though he was a visitor. However, she knew that something was doing, and something of importance; and she trusted in God for the rest of it. Only she used to tell me, very seriously on an evening, "The very least that can give you, dear John, is a coat of arms. Be sure you take nothing less, dear; and the farm can well support it."

But lo! I have left Lorna ever so long, anxious to consult me upon political matters. She came to me, and her eyes alone asked a hundred questions, which I rather had answered upon her lips, than troubled her pretty ears with them. Therefore I told her nothing at all, save that the attack (if any should be) would not be made on her account; and that if she should hear by any chance a trifle of a noise in the night, she was to wrap the clothes around her, and shut her beautiful eyes again. On no account, whatever she did, was she to go to the window. She liked my expression about her eyes, and promised to do the very best she could; and then she crept so very close, that I needs must have her closer; and, with her head on my breast, she asked:

"Can't you keep out of this fight, John?"

"My own one," I answered, gazing through the long black lashes at the depths of radiant love; "I believe there will be nothing; but what there is I must see out."

"Shall I tell you what I think, John? It is only a fancy of mine, and perhaps it is not worth telling."

"Let us have it, dear, by all means. You know so much about their ways."

"What I believe is this, John. You know how high the rivers are—higher than ever they were before, and twice as high, you have told me. I believe that Glen Doone is flooded, and all the houses are under water."

"You little witch," I answered; "what a fool I must be not to think of it! Of course it is: it must be. The torrent from all the Bagworthy forest, and all the valleys above it, and the great drifts in the glen itself, never could have outlet down my famous water-slide. The valley must be under water twenty feet at least. Well, if ever there was a fool, I am he, for not having thought of it."

"I remember once before," said Lorna reckoning on her fingers, "when there was very heavy rain all through the autumn and winter, five or it may be six years ago, the river came down with such a rush that the water was two feet deep in our rooms, and we all had to camp by the cliff-edge. But you think that the floods are higher now, I believe I heard you say, John."

"I don't think about it, my treasure," I answered; "you may trust me for understanding floods, after our work at Tiverton. And I know that the deluge in all our valleys is such as no living man can remember, neither will ever behold again. Consider three months of snow, and a fortnight of rain on the top of it, and all to be drained in a few days away! And great barricades of ice still in the rivers blocking them up and ponding them. You may take my word for it, Mistress Lorna, that your pretty bower is six feet deep."

"Well, my bower has served its time," said Lorna blushing as she remembered all that had happened there; "and my bower now is here John. But I am so sorry to think of all the poor women flooded out of their houses and sheltering in the snow drifts. However, there is one good of it; they cannot send many men against us, with all this trouble upon them."

"You are right," I replied, "how clever you are! and that is why there were only three to out of Master Stickle. And now we shall beat them, I make no doubt, even if they come at all. And I defy them to fire the house; the hatch is too wet for burning."

We sent all the women to bed quite early, except Gwenny Carfax and our old Betty. These two we allowed to stay up, because they might be useful to us, if they could keep from quarrelling. For my part I had little fear, after what Lorna had told me, as to the result of the combat. It was not likely that the Doones could bring more than eight or ten men against us, while their homes were in such danger; and to meet these we had eight good men, including Jeremy and myself, all well armed and resolute, besides our three farm-servants, and the parish-clerk, and the shoe-maker. These five could not be trusted much for any valiant conduct, although they spoke very confidently over their cans of cider. Neither were their weapons fitted for much execution; unless it were at close quarters, which they would be likely to avoid. Bill Dadds had a sickle, Jem Slocombe a flail, the cobbler had borrowed the constable's staff (for the constable would not attend, because there was no warrant), and the parish-clerk had brought his pitch-pipe, which was enough to break any man's head. But John Fry, of course, had his blunderbuss, loaded with tin-tacks and marbles, and more likely to kill the man who discharged it than any other

of the party.

But lo! I have left Lorna ever so long, anxious to consult me upon political matters. She came to me, and her eyes alone asked a hundred questions, which I rather had answered upon her lips, than troubled her pretty ears with them. Therefore I told her nothing at all, save that the attack (if any should be) would not be made on her account; and that if she should hear by any chance a trifle of a noise in the night, she was to wrap the clothes

persons but we knew that John had it only for show, and to describe its qualities.

Now it was my great desire, and my chiefest hope, to come across Carver Doone that night and settle the score between us, not by any shot in the dark, but by a conflict man to man. As yet, since I came to full-grown power, I had never met any one whom I could not play tetotum with: but now at last I had found a man whose strength was not to be laughed at. I could guess it in his face, I could tell it in his arms, I could see it in his stride and gait, which more than all the rest betrayed the substance of a man. And being so well used to wrestling, and to judge antagonists, I felt that here (if anywhere) I had found my match.

Therefore I was not content to abide within the house, or go the rounds with the troopers; but betook myself to the rick-yard, knowing that the Doones were likely to begin their onset there. For they had a pleasant custom, when they visited farm-houses, of lighting themselves toward picking up anything they wanted, or stabbing the inhabitants, by first creating a blaze in the rick-yard. And though our ricks were all now of mere straw (except indeed two of prime clover hay), and although on the top they were so wet that no fire-brands might hurt them, I was both unwilling to have them burned, and fearful that they might kindle, if well roused up with fire upon the windward side.

By-the-by, these Doones had got the worst of this pleasant trick one time. For happening to fire the ricks of a lonely farm called Yeanworthy, not far above Glenholme, they approached the house to get people's goods, and to enjoy their terror. The master of the farm was lately dead, and had left inside the clock-case, loaded, the great long gun, wherewith he had used to sport at the ducks and the geese on the shore. Now Widow Fisher took out this gun, and not caring much what became of her (for she had loved her husband dearly), she laid it upon the window-sill, which looked upon the rick-yard; and she backed up the butt with a chest of oak drawers, and she opened the window a little back, and let the muzzle out on the slope. Presently five or six fine young Doones came dancing a reel (as their manner was) betwixt her and the flaming rick. Upon which she pulled the trigger with all the force of her thumb, and a quarter of a pound of duck-shot went out with a blaze on the dancers. You may suppose what their dancing was, and their reeling now changed to staggering, and their music now to a sweetest. One of them fell into the rick, and was burned, and buried in a ditch next day; but the others were set upon their horses, and carried home on a path of blood. And strange to say, they never avenged this very dreadful injury; but having heard that a woman had fired this desperate shot among them, they said that she ought to be a Doone, and inquired how old she was.

Now I had not been so very long waiting in our mow-yard, with my best gun ready, and a big club by me, before a heaviness of sleep began to creep upon me. The flow of water was in my ears, and in my eyes a hazy spreading, and upon my brain a closure, as a cobler sews a vamp up. So I leaned back in the clover-rick, and the dust of the seed and the smell came round me without any trouble; and I dozed about like Lorna just once or twice, and what she had said about new-mown hay; and then back went my head, and my chin went up; and if ever a man was blessed with slumber, down it came upon me, and away went I into it.

Now this was very vile of me, and against all good resolutions, even such as I would have sworn to an hour ago or less. But if you had been in the water as I had, and had long fight with it, after a good day's work, and then great anxiety afterward, and brain-work (which is not fair for me), and upon that a stout supper, mayhap you would not be so hard on my sleep, though you felt it your duty to wake me.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### A SISTER'S LOVE

FOUNDED ON FACT—BY REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER

The sunshine came brightly one morning into a great hospital ward in the city of St. Louis. Wearer sisters raised their heads from their pillows, and eyes dim with pain grew bright, as they watched it gild the white beds. It crept over little tables, where here and there a vase of flowers bloomed, and over the pillows, where sufferers, too ill to note it, lay shut with closed eyes.

There were beds, too, with screens around them, which meant the long, last journey was close at hand, but the sunshine gilded them too, though the occupants noted it not! Nurses in pure white uniforms glided noiselessly here and there, and the doctors went gravely from bed to bed, giving hope and comfort to many hearts. But the sunshine flooded it all and made the sad scene less sad, less painful.

There were nuns there, too, with chastened faces and tender touch, with gentle voices and kind eyes, and the weary faces smiled when they stood at their bedsides. There was one of them now standing at the pillow of a pale, sweet-faced invalid, wiping the sweat of agony from her forehead and holding a little crucifix to her willing lips every now and then.

She was not dying, unless you call such agony for fifteen years a constant death. These were but paroxysms of torture from her crippled spine, which came and went and left her helpless.

"Poor Bessie," said the nun; "it is so hard to see you suffer and not to be able to relieve you, unless you want the hyperdermia?"

"No, Sister, no! Am I not expiating for poor Charlie? Poor boy! If he only knew!" said the invalid, whose face was resuming its normal expression, now that the convulsion was over.

"Yes, if he only knew," murmured the nun, compassionately; and she held a restorative to the white lips of the patient, smoothed her pillows, and bathed her forehead with wists.

"Sister," said Bessie, "I suffered this way nearly all night, and something

seemed to say, 'Take courage, God will not forsake your poor brother,' and I bore it all, and offered it all to my Saviour on the cross for poor Charlie."

"Blessed are they who suffer and hope, Bessie," said the Sister, softly. "You have been with us for fifteen years, and your one thought has been of that unworthy, reckless brother. His conversion will surely be your reward. God will not let such faith and patience go unrewarded."

"Don't call him unworthy and reckless, Sister. He never meant to be either. When he was a little curly-headed fellow he used to get into every kind of mischief, but he always came to me, and I can see his black eyes yet flashing with temper, and hear him saying: 'Bess, you're the only friend a poor kid has. If they don't stop nagging me I'll run off, but I'll never forget you, Bessie.' They were hard on him, Sister—father and mother were—and he'd write a letter on the sly and tell me where to answer, and I used to beg him not to forget his night prayers at least, and to go to Mass, but then I got this fall and was crippled, and he never wrote but once after—only once in these fifteen years—and he said he didn't believe in religion any more; that church and praying were for women, and he'd leave me to do his share, and then, Sister, I promised God I would suffer all the agony of this awful back and never murmur if He would bring Charlie around, and since I have been in this blessed place it has been easier, and he is never a minute out of my mind."

"How many rosaries do you say a day for him, Bessie, besides all the suffering?"

"Well, Sister, as I have nothing else to do I say the fifteen decades twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon, and a few other little prayers between the pains."

"God bless you, dear," said the nun; "keep on suffering and praying, and put me in your prayers too, Bessie, for I need them."

"Is it you?" said Bessie, with an incredulous look. "Never a prayer do you need. Taking care of all of us, and of the like of me, from year's end to year's end. You'll go right up, Sister," and she tried to motion with her twisted hand and arm towards the blue sky.

The nun laughed, softly; then straightening the covers and giving a pressure to the hand that held the worn rosary she went on her round of duty.

Poor Bessie had indeed suffered and prayed for fifteen years, and offered it all for Charlie, her wild and only brother, who had drifted from the Church and was some place in the wide world.

Bessie knew not where—but the marvellous faith of the poor cripple was so vivid that everyone was interested in her, and her piety, patience and resignation made everyone love her.

She had a remarkably sweet face and a soft, winning voice, and the doctors and nurses who succeeded each other year after year looked on her as a prodigy, and did everything skill and science could suggest, even though unavailing, to help her condition. But she never murmured when they told her after an unsuccessful operation or an agonizing examination that nothing could be done. She only smiled and said, "I don't mind; I'll suffer for poor Charlie."

Those fifteen years of torture were an apostolate for one, single soul. A daily sermon was preached from that hospital bed which was a silent but powerful incentive to many a discouraged heart to keep on and wear out.

The Sisters felt Bessie's good influence in the hospital, and because she was incurable and without money or friends, they took tender care of her, and she loved them with all her soul.

One day the superior of the hospital came to me with a paper in her hand. "Father Alexander," she said, "I wonder if this could be Bessie's brother? It is a Pittsburg paper that has found its way somehow to St. Louis, and here is an account of an accident case—a man whose name is given as Charles Horton. He was taken to Southside Hospital. The name struck me—Charles Horton! Would it be worth while to inquire?"

"It certainly would," was my reply. I thought a minute and said: "Suppose you write to the Sisters in Pittsburg. They visit the hospitals. They would make inquiries. If good is to be effected we must go about it quietly."

Her letter went that day, giving an account of Bessie and asking the superior to ascertain if the man had a sister, and what his sentiments were. But nothing was to be said to Bessie till information was obtained.

Nearly two weeks elapsed. We were giving up hope, and we were glad Bessie knew nothing about it, when the superior came to me with a thick letter in her hand. I knew by her face there was news.

"Here is the reply to that letter, Father Alexander, and we must tell Bessie at once; I will do so, while you read the letter. It is quite a document."

She departed, and I learned that the Sisters in Pittsburg had gone to the Southside Hospital, a non-Catholic institution, and were received very kindly. They found that a man by the name of Charles Horton was there. When told the two Sisters of Mercy wanted to see him, he was extremely unwilling, and only after being urged, consented to have them enter his room.

He was weak and miserable, and evidently not far from the end. He was barely civil, and declared he was not a Catholic, and seemed so ill at ease that it was distressing to talk to him. Finally the Sister spoke of the letter from St. Louis, and asked him if he had not a sister there. Instantly his face changed, and eagerly he held out his hand.

"Yes, oh, yes, I have; how do you know it, is she well?"

"She is praying for you every day; she is searching the world for one word about you; she loves you as much today as when you were a curly-headed little fellow, telling her your troubles."

The hard face softened more.

"Yes," he said, "that's Bessie—just like her. How she would hurry here if she knew."

"But she cannot come. Don't you know that she hurt her back fifteen years ago, and is crippled ever since? Don't you know that she cannot move out of bed, but suffers terrible agony of the nerves and muscles? And don't

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you know she lies there, sweet and patient, offering it all for 'Charlie,' begging the Lord to bring him back to the Church of his boyhood?"

"She suffers that way?" said the man. "God help me! She was the most innocent girl that ever lived, and you say that she has been suffering fifteen years for me? O, Bessie, my little sister!" said the poor fellow, tears rushing to his eyes.

The nun soothed him.

"Because she loves you so much she begged God not to let her die, but to increase her pains, to expiate your faults, and to bring you back to the Church."

"Faults?" cried the man. "Sister, they are crimes. Crimes for twenty years. I have led a wild life. I have never thought of God except to curse His Name, but now I feel as if my heart was broken. Can I see a priest?"

"Indeed you can," said the nun; "and oh, how you should thank this dear sister for this grace. Be comforted, and we will send a priest here at once. Let me place this Sacred Heart badge on your poor heart and we will go home to our convent and all the Sisters will pray for you and we will write to Bessie."

He held the Sister's hand as she rose to go after a fervent prayer at his bedside. Then promising to return next day, the Sisters left. Before leaving the hospital they called up to telephone one of the Fathers of a neighboring monastery, who promised to go at once to the patient.

Late that evening the telephone rang. The Father, who had gone to the hospital, wished to tell the Sisters that poor Charlie was a most sincere penitent. He had made his confession, received the sacraments, and was waiting serene and happy for death. He begged the Father to ask the nuns to return. There was joy in heaven and earth that night for the sinner's return to God.

Early next morning the Sisters went to the hospital. Charlie was still living, but fast approaching the dark river whence those who embark never return. He smiled faintly, and laid his hand on the little badge of the Sacred Heart, and then whispered: "Tell Bessie it was her prayers. Tell her I die happy, a penitent Catholic."

"The Sister gave him her crucifix; he looked long at it, and held it tightly. After the prayers for the dying were said the Sisters returned home to pray. At noon the message came from the priest: 'Charlie died at 11 o'clock. I was with him and gave him the last absolution. He was conscious and said to me, 'It was Bessie's prayers; tell her I died happy.'"

I found myself absorbed in the closely written pages of this long letter, and when the superior came into the room I did not hear her.

"Father Alexander, Bessie knows it all. I told her what was in that letter, and she is as radiant as an angel; won't you go to her, Father? She wept with joy and excitement, but she is calm now."

I went to Bessie's bedside. It was true. Her face was angelic, her soft dark eyes were full of heavenly light, and her delicate face was rosy with joy. I never saw a face more beautiful—she seemed more of heaven than of earth.

"Oh, Father Alexander!" she cried; "God has been so good to me. Charlie has come back, and we will both be home together. 'Father,' she said solemnly, 'I have nothing more to do now; I hope I'll go home soon. Bring Our Lord to me and anoint me.'"

I was startled, but I would not show it. "I said: 'You are excited, Bessie; you must await God's will. He has indeed been good to you. Won't you stay with us and offer your thanksgiving to Him?'"

"I cannot," she said; "my mission is ended. My heart longs to see my Lord and tell Him my gratitude."

"Well then, Bessie, to-morrow morning I will bring Our Lord to you, and if you are worse I will anoint you."

"Thank you, Father," she said, simply.

I went on my round of duty, but try as I would, I could not keep my thoughts away from Bessie. They told me her sufferings that night were excruciating. She bore them with sweetness, almost with joy. Now and then she would say with a sigh, "Will morning soon be here? Our Lord is coming!"

It was Sunday morning. There was no mistake now, Bessie was dying. I went early to her bedside. Her face was white as marble, and her pinched features told how she had suffered during the night. A table was ready, and some of the nuns and more of the patients knelt there, while I gave her Holy Viaticum and anointed her. When I was leaving her she tried to clasp her poor little twisted hands together, and whispered, "Come back, Father; it won't be long now." I went back as soon as I could. She was sinking rapidly, but the pinched features had disappeared, and her face glowed as it did when the news of her brother's conversion first reached her. Everyone was impressed by the beauty of her countenance, and yet death was there. I read the solemn prayers of the Church, so

majestic and so consoling. As I paused I heard her say, softly: "Only fifteen years; so short a time for such a great reward."

In an instant that long stretch of days and nights came before me, with their torture and their weariness, and I felt something rising in my throat which threatened to choke my utterance: "Only" fifteen years, "Only" fifteen years, "Only" fifteen years.

She was dying now, and as her eyes closed, and as the last faint gasps succeeded each other, the silence was intense. Suddenly her eyes opened wide and a beautiful smile passed over her face. It faded into marble white. I raised my hand in absolution and then, and as if it were so ordained, it seemed as if every church bell in the city began to ring. Sweet, loud and strong the Sunday chimes pealed forth. The effect was electrical. It was like a peon of triumph.

Bessie was dead! Her apostolate for one single soul was over. Sister and brother were with God.

I shall never forget the beauty of that death-bed.

### WIT AND HUMOR

"As for me," remarked young Mugsy, "I don't believe in the higher education for girls. The one I marry won't know Latin or Greek."

"I can readily believe that," rejoined Miss Slasher. "A girl who knows anything at all wouldn't marry you."

### MAKING THE CONNECTION

An enterprising Scotch liquor dealer offered a prize for the best answer to a conundrum. "Why is my whisky like a bridge of Ayr?" A boy sent in: "Because it leads to the parlor, and the unprejudiced umpires gave him the prize. With every reader who a Yankee said the connection in a kindred case."

At a certain railway station an anxious man came to the door of the baggage car and said: "Is there anything for me?"

After some search among the boxes and trunks, the baggage master dragged out a demijohn of whisky.

"Anything more?"

"Yes," said the baggage man: "here is a gravestone. There's no name on it, but it ought to go with the liquor."—Youth's Companion.

### WHY HE WOULD WEAR A ROBE

The story is told of Bishop O'Donoghue, who is shortly to remove from Indianapolis to take charge of the Louisville diocese, that he was visited one day by a negro preacher of a Protestant denomination. It is characteristic of Bishop O'Donoghue to see everyone, and the colored minister was shown in.

"I would like to borrow one of your robes," said the colored man, with visions of a beautiful red robe in mind.

"What to hang yourself?" said the Bishop facetiously.

"No, sir; no squire; I don't want to hang myself, but I thought if you would loan me one I'd have my wife make one just like it."

"What good purpose would that serve?" asked the Bishop.

"Why, pshaw, Mr. Bishop, it would certainly make the colored folks in my congregation sit up and hallelujah for de kingdom come."—Indianapolis News.

"Why do they say 'As smart as a steel trap'?" asked the talkative boarder. "I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap."

"A steel trap is called smart," explained an elderly person, in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up."

More might have been said, but in the circumstances, it would have seemed unfitting.

### THE STORY OF A CONVERT

The Rev. Dr. Figgis—a clergyman whose book on "Christ and Human Needs" has achieved a considerable fame in English Protestant religious circles recently—has been delivering himself of the following to a congregation of Cambridge undergraduates. I quote his words from memory. The address appeared in the columns of the Church Times for December the 24th of last year. Subsequently I have no hesitation in saying my quotation is correct. His words were these: "But one thing I have discovered and it is this—the efficacy of auricular confession. After twelve years of doubt and struggle I came to this peace at last. Now before I pass on, I should like to pay a tribute to Dr. Figgis' sincerity, to his earnestness and to his courage. His words came with all the power that deep feeling and solid conviction alone can give. They were touched with flame—with that burning vitality that comes of a soul on fire. And it requires invincible courage to speak of intimate religious experiences. There is something sensitive and retiring in every human soul which cries out: 'Mihhi mea secreta.' The inner sanctuaries of the soul should never be made vulgarly profane to every passer-by. But Dr. Figgis had a noble purpose in public confession—for a public confession it was of doubt, of struggle and, thank God, of 'peace at last'; he wished to associate himself with the young men before him in their trials and difficulties; and he did not spare himself. No doubt it is a saving that in due time will find its own harvest."

To turn again to the matter of Dr. Figgis' address, the point to which I would draw your attention is this—that Dr. Figgis claimed for himself that he had made a discovery. To discover means "to find out something not known before either to yourself personally or to the general community." This discovery that Dr. Figgis made was—auricular confession. It took him twelve years to make this discovery. But he came to it at last. Here you have the subject matter of his discovery and time spent about it, his prospecting, as it were, and the find. What about the place, the country? Apparently Dr. Figgis' searching was within the bosom of the Church of England. For the reverend doctor was not always a member of the Church of England. Brought up in the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, he thus spent his earlier days as a member of a sub-sect of a sect; for the Countess of

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### Huntingdon's Connection was a

"schism" from Wesleyan Methodism. We take it, however, that the period of twelve years which it took the reverend doctor to discover "auricular confession" were years spent as a member of the Anglican community.

We may now go forward. Here is the surprising fact I have set before you: The Church has been established for almost nineteen hundred years. Sixty-eight thousand suns have risen and set upon it; sixty-eight thousand days have come and gone and on the sixty-eighth thousand and first, a clergyman of the Church of England makes this surprising discovery—auricular confession. Auricular confession is good. It has a great efficacy. It is a wonderful weapon with which to fight the devil. For years and years he refused to accept it. But in the end he learnt where the peace of his soul lay and accepted it.

This, then, is the remarkable situation as it developed. Apparently to members of the Church of England, the great sacramental truths of the Catholic Church are still matters of personal search and discovery. I was hoping that this was no longer so. Vain hope!

For as it was, so will it always be. Where there is no authoritative voice to point on the way, these perilous voyages and painful discoveries will continue. The religious life of an Anglican is generally a series of such discoveries and each discovery is preceded by a period of doubt and perplexity of doubt and misgiving, of storm and stress. And by the time he is an octogenarian he has made quite a collection of such Catholic truths; and incidentally learnt quite a lot about the misery of not knowing what was right to believe or sound to practise.

Think of it! Imagine such a condition of affairs! Could anything be more appalling! For it surely cannot be in accordance with the mind of God that the human soul should be thus harassed and harrowed. No, thank God for it, when the light shone, the darkness disappeared. When St. Peter set up his chair in Rome, a voice then began to speak which put an end to human perplexity in things of the spirit. Thereafter truth was made of a matter of *intrinsic*. Let the printer write that word big—that since the Catholic Church was set in the seat of authority, the what to do and believe a matter of *intrinsic*. No longer was there any need for the human soul to plunge through a welter of spiritual miseries in order to come to this "peace at last." A man may begin with this peace, continue all his life in this peace and end in this peace. It is not the will of God—nor ever was—that a man's religious history should be a chronicle of blind groping in the darkness, of possible stumblings, of desperate struggles which send the heroic soul that has persevered a battered, shattered wreck to its desired heaven. There is a peace in which a man may walk from his boyhood upwards, and this way of peace the Catholic Church alone possesses; and one of the planks of that way—to use a homely metaphor—is auricular confession. It is monstrous to ask any man in this year. Anno Domini to struggle home to this "peace at last." No, I should like every boy and girl to make these words his motto: "This peace at last"—the peace that comes of a quiet conscience, of blessed truths thankfully received, of known duties faithfully performed, for there is a peace bountiful and continuous for all those who from their youth upward walk in humble obedience to the divine

### authority of the someone who has said,

that has no history. Blessed, thrice blessed, I cry, is the soul that has no history, that runs out its course in the daily knowledge and love of God, of the Church and her sacraments. If life denies him all other goods but these, he is rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

And as for those that come to this "peace at last"—after many storms and many conflicts, much spiritual wastage and many scars—may God hasten the day when the tale of them shall be fully numbered. May the time soon come which shall see the world return wholeheartedly to the One True Church, where all men shall start with this "peace at the beginning." For "peace at the end" is a very sorry substitute for "peace at the beginning"—a beggarly substitute indeed; though they who come to it as beggars may not be choosers, but must take it gratefully, as beggars should.—H. K. Goraal, M. A., in B. C. Orphan Friend.

### TALKS ON RELIGION

#### OUR NATURE AND DIGNITY

"Know thyself," is the advice of philosophers and of theologians. "The proper study of mankind is man," says the poet Pope. Shakespeare expatiates on the same subject, saying: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and motion how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God! The beauty of this world! The paragon of animals!"

Man should know something of his nature and dignity. He is the noblest of all earthly creatures, and to him God has given dominion over all the works of His hands. Man has, therefore, been exalted by His Creator. His prominence or supremacy does not consist in his physical strength or in his agility, but in his intelligence. This attribute distinguishes him from all other earthly creatures and makes him in this respect like unto the angels of heaven.

Consider man in himself. He is a reasonable creature, composed of an immortal soul and of a mortal body.

We go back in memory to the days of our youth and we recall the fact that man is a creature, the work of God, and that God created him to His own image and likeness. It does not require deep thought to recognize the fact that man is entirely beholden to God, that man belongs to God, as the statue to the sculptor, as the painting to the artist. God being the Master, man is subject to His authority as the child to his father, as the slave to his master.

Man, endowed with reason, is a reasonable being. He is endowed with reason and with its exterior complement, intelligence. This is a gift from the Giver of all good gifts, which separates man from the mere animal and affiliates him to the angels. Man, however, is composed of spirit, of soul and body, while the angels have no bodies but are pure spirits.

Death separates the immortal soul from the mortal body. The soul then begins a new life where there is no more death, but as it exists in happy or miserable as it works in time merited. God renders to all according to their works. The separation causes the body to unite again on the day of the resurrection. We read in the Apostles' Creed: I believe in the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting."

Created a little less than angels, by sin we lower ourselves to the mere animals, or get below their level.

In the "Life of Cardinal Cheverus," by M. Hamon, we read the following: "M. Cheverus when Bishop of Montauban preached every Sunday at the parochial Mass in his Cathedral. The discourses were no other than an explanation of the Catechism. He commenced with the first chapter, and then took up the succeeding ones, according as they occurred in the Abridgment of the Christian Doctrine. At first he did not tell his hearers that it was his intention to explain to them the Catechism. So interesting were his discourses that persons of every rank and class thronged to the Cathedral to hear him. Protestants as well as Catholics learned as well as ignorant, pressed around the pulpit. When he found that his discourses were admired and that he had gained the attention of his auditory he revealed to them his innocent secret. 'If at first,' said he, 'I had told you that I would on every Sunday explain to you the Catechism, you would have deemed it beneath you to assist at the explanation of it, thinking that it was only suited to children. But for the last six months that is what I have just done, and nothing more, and you have been deeply interested by the instructions given you. Know, then, that the Catechism is the book of the old as well as of the young of the learned as well as of the ignorant. In it every person finds

**POULTRY**

ADVERTISING under this heading, not to exceed one inch space, \$3 for 3 months; 1 month, \$1.50; 1 insertion, 50c. SUBSCRIBERS desiring information relative to care of poultry, address the Editor, enclosing a stamped envelope.

**Barred Plymouth Rocks**

BEST FIVE DOLLAR BARRED PLYMOUTH Rock Cockerels in Canada. Holders of two championship cups. You cannot improve your stock with the one and two dollar kind. Twenty-five dollars on deposit with the Stock to guarantee satisfaction to all customers. Jno. Pringle, London, Ont. 1619-41.

**Buff Orpingtons Leading in Egg Laying Contest**

In the Great Egg Laying Contest now being held in England, the Buff Orpingtons are not only in first place, but of the ten leading pens, five are Buff Orpingtons. This report, just issued, was for December, January and February, and proves conclusively that the Buff Orpington is the greatest water layer. Leg-horns and all other varieties are competing. I have horns bred from the best strain in England. Eggs, \$2 for 15. I guarantee a good hatch. All big birds and grand layers. Buffs and Rocks for sale to DUNGAN, 11 Thornton Ave., London, Canada.

something to be learned, something to be admired, something to be pondered on; and to undervalue the Catechism, proceeds from nothing else than an unfounded prejudice." The Bishop of Montauban continued his exposition of the Catechism, and his discourses were listened to on every Sunday by all persons with interest and pleasure.

It is a part of wisdom to know our follies and our danger and to guard against them. Man without religion is like a horse without a bridle, uncontrollable and dangerous.—Catholic Universe.

### STRANGE THEORIES RIFE

The Archbishop of Boston has a habit of saying things which are very much to the point. The following summing up of the religious situation amongst the "late lecturers" without the Church is a masterpiece:

"To-day the great gods, mad over idealism—and the world is flooded with dreamy nonsense. To-morrow it is materialism and we are bidden to deny God. The next it is individualism and each citizen is a king. The day after it is collectivism and none of us amounts to anything—the State is king, we are only slaves. A week after the monist is upon us—we are all each other and we are gods—God is nothing. In a month all is changed and we are only myths at best—our very existence is only the result of imagination. And so on until the brain swims. And all this array of contradictory and self-destructive theories is hurled at us, and because we only laugh at the whole exhibition of unstable and unscientific contentions of unbalanced minds—a name which in fact has as much sense applied to Catholics as progress has to the jumping of the mental squirrels in their revolving cage.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00. THOS. COFFEY, LL. D., Editor and Publisher. Advertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 30 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Arch. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1910

"BENIGHTED" FRENCH CANADIANS

The "conversion" of the French Canadians, so we are informed by the Ottawa Journal of recent date, was the subject of strong addresses at a banquet given some days ago to the "missionaries" of French Evangelisation by the Bank Street Presbyterian Church.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY

We have been asked by several subscribers if it is true that there is disunion in the Irish parliamentary party. William O'Brien has broken away from the ranks of the Nationalist party and will bear no allegiance to John Redmond, but his following is so insignificant that it does not deserve the name of a party.

are writ large on the educational annals of old Quebec. Many of those who sat with us have occupied the front rank in social, political and mercantile life, others are leaders of the bar and forum; whilst the greater number are distinguished sons of Mother Church.

OUR RAILROAD BOYS

While different classes in the community have been the object of special religious and social activity on the part of the Church and Catholic societies, yet we do not seem to have given sufficient attention to the needs of the employees of our railroads.

INANE CRITICISM

Saturday Night, a Toronto society paper, whose editor descends with the self-assurance of an oracle on all manner of subjects, religious and otherwise, has recently in a leading article criticized the pastoral letter of the Fathers of the First Plenary Council of Quebec.

THE CORONATION OATH AGAIN

The much lamented death of our good King Edward and the accession to the throne of George V., have been the occasions of bringing once again before the people the Coronation Oath, a relic of the barbarism of other centuries.

THE ROOSEVELT INCIDENT

The ROOSEVELT incident in Rome has now and so far as the Holy See is concerned will soon have passed into the limbo of forgotten things. Theattempts so sedulously made to excite public feeling in the United States have, to the credit of that great nation, he it said, conspicuously failed.

Thomas Fennelly, Archbishop of Cashel: "I gladly enclose my annual contribution to the parliamentary fund." Henry O'Neil, Bishop of Dromore: "John Redmond and his colleagues can count on the loyal support of a united Ireland."

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occupation suggest that they give little thought to religion, which we wrongly associate with domestic quiet and less distracting labors. But the dictum "qui multum prigrinatur raro sanctificatur" does not apply to them and the truth is that at least the Catholics among them give more thought to religion and often know their religion better than many who have more time and opportunities at their disposal.

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their faith and the faith of their children, but which, like a compassionate mother, affords every assistance and encouragement possible to those who, under such difficulties, strive to do their duty.

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testament succession to the throne should be defined and preserved." The writer of this statement evidently addresses what he thinks ought to be the position of the Catholics. Their real feelings he grossly misrepresents. Surely the Protestant succession to the throne could be defined and preserved without casting wanton insult at the Catholic subjects of the King.

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and by the distribution, gratuitously of many thousands of books and pamphlets on Catholic subjects, paved the way to a better understanding on the part of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens of the history and constitution of the Church. Re-established now at the instance and under the active patronage of Archbishop McEvay, we bespeak for the society a long and prosperous career.

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THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY boasts a poet. He is a Kipling, a Markham and a Walt Whitman, all in one. The first he emulates in the structure of his verse, the second in his revolutionary amours and the third—well! has anyone ever been able to make out what Whitman was driving at? This perhaps does not quite describe Mr. Verne D. Rowell, but his university might well be asked what its motive is in retaining on its staff a laureate of anarchy? Mr. Rowell attracted attention recently by some verses glorifying the arch-anarchist Ferrer, who paid with his life the well earned penalty of his crimes. That was in Spain, and we are told by those who never having been in Spain, ought to know, that Ferrer was a martyr. This is the philosophy of Rowell, and his latest effusion, "The anarchist," being published under the auspices of the Western University, would seem to indicate that his sentiments are not displeasing to the authorities of that institution. "The anarchist" apostrophizes the warfare of evil upon society. Law, order and religion—"the folly of system and creed"—are made answerable for all the ills that afflict humanity, and under cover of a specious plea for the down-trodden, undying enmity is expressed against everything that may be said to distinguish civilization from barbarism and brute force. "I never shall acquiesce," sings this verbal poet, "in your system of infinite folly." It is quite possible that these are but the outcries of a naturally sensitive soul who in the lack of fixed principles to guide him has wandered far from the safe path Providence has marked out for us here below. If so, one can but pity him, but the fact remains that an institution seeking subsidies from the public purse has upon it some measure of responsibility to see that his rhapsodies—we had almost said his ravings—are kept within bounds of decency. The CATHOLIC RECORD has called attention to the matter before, and we do so again in all charity and disinterestedness.

THE HURON INDIANS

AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION FROM CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

It is generally conceded that the Hurons proper were the original stock from which proceeded all the branches of the great Iroquoian family, and a history of this tribe, therefore, affords an excellent idea of the general lines along which the American Indians developed. The article on the Hurons, by Arthur Edward Jones, in the Catholic Encyclopedia, gives an exhaustive and interesting treatment of the subject. In discussing the laws and religion of the Hurons the author says:

Their legislative bodies consist of their village councils and what might be called their states-general. The former were of almost daily occurrence. There the elders had control, and the outcome of the deliberations depended upon their judgment, yet every one who wished might be present and every one had a right to express his opinion. When a matter had been thoroughly debated, the speaker, in asking for a decision, addressed the elders, saying: "See to it now, you are the masters." Their general councils, or assemblies, of all the clans of which the nation was made up, were the states-general of the country, and were convened only as often as necessity required. They were held usually in the village of the principal captain of all the country, and the council-chamber was his cabin. This custom, however, did not preclude the holding of their assemblies in the open within the village, or at times also in the deep recesses of the forest when their deliberations demanded secrecy.

The administration of public affairs was, as de Brebeuf explains at some length, and as one would naturally suppose, twofold. First, there was the administration of the internal affairs of the country. Under this head came all that concerned either citizen or stranger, the public or the individual interests in each village, festivals, dances, athletic games—lacrosse in particular—and funeral ceremonies; and generally there were as many captains as there were kinds of affairs. The second branch of their administration was composed of war chiefs. They carried out the decisions of the general assembly. "As for their wars," says Champlain, "two or three of the elders or the bravest chiefs raised the levies. They repaired to the neighbouring villages and carried presents to force a following." Of course other incentives were also employed to excite the enthusiasm of the braves.

In the larger villages there were captains for times both of peace and war, each with a well-defined jurisdiction, that is, a certain number of families came under their control. Occasionally all departments of government were entrusted to one leader. But by mere right of election none held a higher grade than others. Pre-eminence was reached only by intellectual superiority, clear sightedness, eloquence, munificence and bravery. In this latter case only one leader bore for all the burdens of the State. In his name the treaties of peace were made with other nations. His relatives were like so many lieutenants and councillors. At his demise it was not one of his own children who succeeded him, but a nephew or a grandson, provided there was one to be found possessing the qualifications required, who was willing to accept the office, and who, in turn, was acceptable to the nation.

THEIR RELIGION

The first Europeans who had occasion to sojourn any considerable time among the Hurons seem to have held but one opinion concerning their belief in a Supreme Being. Champlain says that they acknowledged no Deity, that they adored and believed in no god. They lived like brute beasts, holding in awe, to some extent, the devil, or be-

ings hearing the somewhat equivalent name of Oqui (Oki). Still, they gave this same name to any extraordinary personage—one endowed, as they believed, with preternatural powers like their medicine-men. Sagard is at one with Champlain in his deductions, though he adds that they recognized a good and a bad Oki, and that they looked upon one Iouskeha as the first principle and creator of the universe, together with Eataentsic, but they made no sacrifice to him as one would to God. To their minds the rocks, and rivers, and trees and lakes, and in fine all things in nature, were associated with a good or bad Oki, and to these in their journeyings they made offerings. Father Jerome Lallemant incidentally states: "They have no notion of a Deity Who created the world or gives heed to its governing." Father Jean de Brebeuf, who during his long stay among the Hurons, had leisure and every opportunity to study their beliefs, customs, and odes, and consequently may be quoted as by far the best authority on all such matters, has this to say, which seems to put the question in its true light: "It is so clear and manifest that there is a Deity Who created heaven and earth that our Hurons are not able wholly to disregard it; and though their mental vision is densely obscured by the shadows of a long-enduring ignorance, by their vices and sins, yet have they a faint glimmering of the Divine. But they misapprehend it grossly and having a knowledge of God, they yield Him no honor, nor love, nor dutiful service; for they have no temples, no priests, nor festivals, nor any ceremonies." This passage is to be found in the Relation of 1635 (Que. ed., 34, 1; Cleve. ed., VIII, 117). He proceeds immediately to explain briefly their belief in the supernatural character of one Eataentsic, or Aataentsic, and that of her grandson Iouskeha. But this myth with its several variants is developed at much greater length in the Relation of 1636 (Que. ed., 101; Cleve. ed., X, 127), where many more particulars are added illustrative of their belief in some Deity.

From a perusal of these two accounts, it may be gathered that the myth of Aataentsic and Iouskeha was accepted by the Hurons as accounting satisfactorily for their origin; that the former, who had the care of souls, and whose prerogative it was to cut short the earthly career of man, was regarded as malevolent while Iouskeha, presiding over the living and all that concerned life, was regarded as beneficent. They believed in the survival of the soul and its prolonged existence in the world to come—that is to say, in a vague manner, in its immortality—but their concept of it was that of something corporeal. Most of what might be called their religious observances hinged on this tenet of an after life. Strictly speaking, they counted on neither reward nor punishment in the place where the souls went after death, and between the good and the bad, the virtuous and the vicious, they made no distinction, granting like honors in burial to both.

De Brebeuf detected in their myths, especially in that of Aataentsic and Iouskeha, some faint traces of the story of Adam and Eve, much distorted and all but faded from memory in the handing down through countless generations; so also, that of Cain and Abel, in the murder of Tausicaron by his brother Iouskeha, who, in one variant, figures as the son of Aataentsic. In the apotheosis of Aataentsic and Iouskeha, the former was considered and honored as the moon, the latter as the sun. In fact all the heavenly bodies were revered as something Divine; but in the sun, above all, was recognized a powerful and benign influence over all animate creation. As for the great Oki in heaven—and it is not clear if he were regarded or not as a personality distinct from Iouskeha—the Hurons acknowledged a power that regulated the seasons of the year, held the winds in leash, stilled the boisterous waves, made navigation favorable—in fine, helped them in their every need. They dreaded his wrath, and it was on him they called to witness their plighted word. In so doing, as De Brebeuf infers, they honoured God unwittingly.

TWO VIEWPOINTS

A young man recently tried to secure someone to address a small meeting of young people on the alcohol question. The men who in most respects were perfectly capable of speaking acceptably declined before he found his man. One said that he was "talked out of the temperance question ten years ago." Another thought temperance "a dry old topic, with nothing new to be said." All this in the face of the unparalleled temperance progress along all lines during the past decade.

Over against this experience may be placed an extract from a letter written a few days ago by one who has familiarized himself with the scientific facts about alcohol and who is devoting his spare time to popular lectures. "My audience," he said, "sat in almost deadly silence as I laid the facts before them, and when at the end of an hour I begged to stop, they begged me to go on and sat through a two hours' address closely packed with the scientific facts about alcohol."

The person who is really interested in temperance work to-day can get the facts if he wants them. The way that one is talked out on the subject ten years ago is confession of lamentable failure to keep up with the times on one of the most necessary, far-reaching and important social movements of the twentieth century.

There is in these two incidents, too, an illustration of the importance of making known, in every possible way, the scientific facts about alcohol. They have been brought down now to a practical basis, and told in a simple, practical way, will compel attention and interest. But public addresses are not the only method. There is a personal responsibility in the matter. Each is his own, but he can do the work of that one. Pass on temperance papers and periodicals and literature after they have been read, with a word calling attention to some special article or paragraph. Give the truth a chance, and it will win its way into the minds and hearts and lives of men and women.

—Scientific Temperance Journal.

HOW BIGOTS ARE MADE

Catholics who are so happily situated that they are never made to suffer in their feelings or interests from the tongues or machinations of haters of the Catholic religion are often heard raising their voices in criticism of what they term the bitterness or harshness that characterizes the utterances of those whose office it is to publicly defend the Catholic truth and Catholic interests.

On the other hand, there are Catholics who are victims of bigotry every day of their lives, to whom the violent antipathy which so many otherwise excellent and kindly disposed people feel towards the Catholic Church seems inexplicable.

A vigorous protest or correction that may appear to be harsh or bitter in the eyes of the more fortunately conditioned Catholic, at peace with his fellow-workers and neighbors, will be read with a sense of satisfaction and consolation by the Catholic who is daily nagged and insulted by those among whom he lives and works. For Catholics are human, after all, and much depends upon the point of view.

And Catholics who are given to shivers and quakes when a Catholic spokesman says or writes something not pleasant to the sensitive ears of our "separated brethren" should cultivate the habit of considering the Catholic spokesman's point of view.

"One may search in the entire range of Catholic literature," says The Morning Star, of New Orleans, "books, periodicals, magazines and newspapers, and find if they can one single instance in which the Protestant Church and its clergy are vilified or calumniated."

That is a broad challenge, but it is not a rash one. On the other hand, pick up a copy of any sectarian publication, and—

"It is always the same old story—disrespect for the Pope, whose great dignity as head of the most important body in Christendom should be little entitled him to respect, and the everlasting attack on the morals of the Catholic clergy."

Naturally enough, the Catholic spokesman or writer works under stress of emotion. His provocation is great. For instance, what words would the "comfortably situated" Catholic deem too strong to properly characterize the following taken verbatim from the Presbyterian juvenile organ, The Children's Friend, published in Richmond, Va., by the Presbyterian Committee of Publication?

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES—FIFTH LESSON ON CUBA—FOR VERY LITTLE ONES

1. Did Cuba have any religion before we sent missionaries to that island? Ans. Yes; Spain took the Roman Catholic Church to Cuba.
2. How long has the Roman Catholic Church been established in Cuba? Ans. For four hundred years.
3. Why should we try to change the Cubans from Catholics to Protestants? Ans. Because the Roman Catholic Church does not really give the Cubans a chance to become Christians.
4. What does the Roman Catholic Church fail to do in Cuba? Ans. It does not give the Bible to the people.
5. Does the Roman Catholic Church object to the Cubans having the Bible? Ans. Yes; they take it from their hands, burn it, and punish those who read it.
6. How do the priests speak of the Bible? Ans. They call it a wicked book, and that those who read it are damned.
7. Can any Church be a true Christian Church without studying the Bible? Ans. No; for God has given the Bible to teach us how to love and obey Him.
8. Does the Roman Catholic Church teach the Cubans to trust in Christ for salvation? Ans. No; it teaches them to trust in the priests, and to pay money for the forgiveness of the priests.
9. How do the Cuban Roman Catholics pray to God, as the Bible teaches us to do? Ans. No; they pray to the Virgin, to saints and to images; they care very little about Jesus.
10. Do the Cubans know that God loves them and wants them to be happy? Ans. No; they think of Him only with fear and dread, and ask the Virgin Mary to stand between them and God.
11. Do they know that eternal life is the gift of Christ, and that only those who love Him will receive it? Ans. No; they think they will be saved unless they can pay the priest enough money to pray them out of punishment.
12. Are the priests kind to the people? Ans. No; the priests are for the most part greedy and cruel and wicked.
13. What must we do to help those poor Islanders? Ans. Send them kind loving men and women to teach them out of the Bible, and to love them.
14. What can be thought of men and women who, under the specious garb of religion, fill the tender minds of innocent children, even very little ones, with such vile calumnies as these? Ans. The Catholic Northwest Progress. And what but a harvest of bigots can be looked for from such sowing?

And in The Watchman, another Protestant organ, appeared the following concerning the Barcelona riots:

"As we, with our neighbors, many of whom are devout Catholics, sat watching these great fires, many of the most pious continued saying in great sadness: 'Alas, what a pity! What a pity! Such great wealth and so many sacred things destroyed in one moment.' It called to our minds the words of the beloved disciple when he predicted what the people would say at the time of the final destruction of this fallen Church. \* \* \*

"May it not be that this is another sign that the day of her final destruction is not far distant? \* \* \*

"One strange thing about the burning of these buildings is that scarcely any one tried to hinder their being set on fire, and it is reported that many of the nuns said as they went out of the convent door, 'Thank God, we are free at last!'

"Eye-witnesses testify that some of the things found in several of the monasteries and convents were simply horrifying. For years it has been customary to the law of the land to bury the dead within the convents. When these buildings were burned, and thus left open to the public, they were visited by thousands who were anxious to see what these mysterious houses contained. In many of the convents, in certain underground apartments, scores of the bodies of monks and nuns were found chained and strapped to the walls. These were brought out into the street, where every one might see them. From every indication they had died the most horrible death imaginable, many of them undoubtedly having suffered there for long periods of time before they were relieved by death. The finger nails of many of those thus found were more than two-inches long, which would indicate that they had long been deprived of even the liberty of moving their hands. It was found on close examination that the tongues of many of these martyrs (either voluntary or forced) had been torn out by the roots. There were also the cadavers of many tiny infants.

"In one convent they found a machine for making false money. In another a bomb factory was discovered. And

right here I might add that the Jesuits were able to defend their large buildings by the use of bombs and modern firearms."

And these are only specimens of what is published daily, what is given to the innocent little children in the Sunday school lessons and to grown people from the pulpits, remarks The Morning Star. Scandal! Calumny! Everlasting scandal and calumny and libel of the vilest and most atrocious character is their stock in trade. And Catholics are expected to submit to all this campaign of detraction and not open their mouths.

CONAN DOYLE ON AMENDMENT TO ACCESSION OATH

SUPPORTS IT IN LETTER TO TIMES—HISTORY OF ISSUE SINCE RAISED IN 1901

Special to the Montreal Star  
New York, May 12.—A Times London cable says: Extremists among the Protestants are up in arms against the proposed amendment of the coronation oath, and ever since Premier Asquith signified his intention to carry out Mr. Redmond's suggestion, they have been indulging in virulent threats and abuses.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle writes to the Times pointing out that the Protestant Reformation Society, the Evangelical Alliance, and other similar bodies, "should, looking at the matter simply from their own point of view, recognize that the surest way to strengthen any creed is, as the whole history of the world has proved to persecute it." He adds:

"Is it anything other than persecution to hold up the Roman Catholic faith to obloquy in the coronation oath, while every other creed, Christian or non-Christian, is left unassailed?"

"Is it not a shocking thing that while Roman Catholic chapels throughout the whole Empire are still draped in black for the deceased monarch, his successor should be compelled by law to insult the most intimate convictions of these same mourners? And is it not a most narrow, foolish policy, unworthy of this tolerant age, that the young King should be forced to offend the feelings of great numbers of Irishmen, Canadians and other subjects?"

"I feel sure that, apart from Catholics, the great majority of broad-minded thinkers in any or of such destination in this country are of the opinion that the outpour of fanatics should be disregarded and that all creeds should receive the same courteous, respectful treatment, so long as their adherents are members of a common Empire."

"To bring these mediaeval rancors to an end would indeed be an auspicious opening of the new reign."

A CHRONICLE OF SHAME

ALLIANCE OF METHODISTS WITH CRIMINAL ELEMENT OF ROME A SAD PRODUCT OF RELIGIOUS HATE

Sad chronicle of shame! What object could tempt men of a certain religious zeal to stoop to so low a policy and to enlist the aid of rogues and mercenaries? Only a rare and alluring prize—the conquest of Italy, the Pope's own country, of Rome, his very city! What but this could prove so fatally bewitching to the Methodist heart, so dazzling to the Methodist conscience? Here lies the secret of the warped hearts and twisted consciences with which American Methodists have attempted to carry out this brilliant enterprise. Elsewhere, indeed, in the pursuit of their propaganda among Catholics, we do not observe in them any nice scrupulousness in the choice of means; witness their missions among the Italians of our large cities. But when Catholicism is not their game, their native sentiments of honor and decency seem to have full play. Then, with something higher than hatred to inspire zeal, their efforts are more worthy of respect and crowned with greater success. In contrast to their Italian missions, Dr. Stackpole outlines their policy in Germany. Here we see one of those characteristics which are so salient and sinister in his sketch of Italian Methodism. There are no ex-priests, no ex-Lutheran ministers, hired in Germany to attack or vilify the Church they have ceased to serve. Soup is not regarded as the universal divinely appointed means of salvation. The American Methodism of Germany appears—if, as we believe and trust, Dr. Stackpole's picture is faithful—what we should like to see it everywhere—decent and respectable, with a soul of piety and fervor and love. But what a marvelous magician is religious hate! It waves its wand and, lo! men of ordinary honesty and cleanliness of life see rascals transformed into helpmeets for the spread of God's kingdom; they see the light of sanctity rest upon ways and means of propaganda from which, in their sober senses, they would shrink as too vile to touch. All is fair and good when the Pope is the foe. In his presence latent antagonism is aroused, and hate and the determination to conquer at any cost.—John F. Fenlon, D. D., in the Catholic World for May.

REFORMED DECLARATION DROPPED

They framed a new declaration and Lord Salisbury, who was then Prime Minister, embodied it in a bill, but the measure did not meet with great favor and it was dropped. The next step was taken in the House of Lords, where Earl Grey brought in a bill abolishing the declaration altogether. This met with the opposition of even moderate men, and in the hope that it would be many years before it would be necessary to make an accession declaration the House of Lords rejected it by a vote of 109 to 62.

Mr. Redmond again raised the subject last year when the Roman Catholic Disabilities Removal Bill was before Parliament, but the bill was dropped. Any action now must be taken speedily if it is to be effective.

It is understood that King George is as strongly opposed to the declaration as was his father, and he would be glad if Parliament would provide a means of escape from making it.

PROTESTANT WRATH AROUSED  
Meanwhile fierce wrath has been awakened among those Protestants who are unable to distinguish between matters of faith and matters of fact. Already, in the hackneyed words of

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Send to-day for this Skirt. It is a small wool Panama Skirt. It is made in black, brown, navy, green, cream, and dark red. It is one of the new spring styles. It is the best. You will be pleased with it. Pleated all around and trimmed in fancy buttons on side and made generally fitted and pleated. Opened in back with inverted plait; beautifully tailored; guaranteed to fit as perfectly as a skirt can fit; will give complete satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in fine Luster, same color. Panama Skirt, \$5.00. All wool Venetian, all shades, \$5.98. Slip waist, same style, \$4.00. Length of skirt desired. Order one of these wonderful skirts, guaranteed to fit. Add 50c for postage. Order skirt No. 33. Standard Garments Ltd., 9 C. Ave. Block, Toronto, Ont.

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their champions, they see in imagination the martyr fires at Smithfield re-lighted and predict a revival of the tyrannies of the Tudor Queen Mary.

The secretary of the Protestant Alliance has written in hot haste to Prime Minister Asquith denouncing Mr. Redmond for invading the solemnities of the present moment and concluding: "We hereby remind you as representative of the nation that the accession oath is the law of the land and must not be interfered or trifled with."

DELEGATE PRAISES THE KNIGHTS

The first public recognition of the Knights of Columbus by the Apostolic delegate to the United States took place April 17, at Washington, when Archbishop Falconio, Papal delegate, celebrated Mass for the benefit of the members of the order in the District of Columbia.

In the course of a brief address at the close of the Mass the Delegate paid the following glowing tribute to the Knights of Columbus:

"Beloved brethren, I am delighted to be here this morning, and especially so for the opportunity to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the Knights of Columbus. I regard your organization, while properly conducted, as an agency for great good for the Church and for the community. I have heard and know of the grand work that is being performed by your order in the United States, of your great charity given without ostentation, of your visitation of the sick and your consolation and help to the afflicted, all of which is the Christian charity which the Church of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, imposes upon the faithful.

"These societies and associations have existed in the Church since our Lord instituted it, and when properly conducted and disposed by exhibition of faith and good works on the part of the members, and by each living a good Christian life, giving good example by word and action to your neighbor, will receive my approval. While not a religious society, nevertheless your order stands for the principles of our Holy Mother Church, and the large organization of the Knights of Columbus is an excellent exhibition of American citizenship and of Americans who are willing to make an open acknowledgment of the faith and the principles you represent.

"God will bless you and your works. Yours is a great society, and so long as I remain here and your order is properly conducted I can assure you that the Catholic hierarchy of the Church in this country shall recognize and encourage it."—True Voice.

Speaking in an obituary notice of Father Tabb's poetry, the great London daily, the Times, says:

It would be correct in one sense to call Father Tabb's poetry slight. One of his closest friends in earlier years was the American poet and musician, Sidney Lanier; but nothing could be more unlike Lanier's rushing, glowing stream than the tiny songs, never more than twelve lines long, and very frequently no more than four, in which Father Tabb's spirit found expression. Yet some of the minute and minutely worked poems achieve, by the force of their suggestion, indubitable greatness; and the phrase "carved cherry-stones" which has been applied to them is singularly unjust to the deep spirituality, the penetrating mysticism, and the large beauty of many of these remarkable examples of the great in little. Others, no doubt, verge on the epigram; and in the epigram proper, which he circulated among his friends, Father Tabb showed sometimes a neat, sharp wit, sometimes a hearty, almost rollicking humor, which formed the other face of his gentle, childlike nature. The large body of friends who had fallen under his personal spell was supplied

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE IN NOVA SCOTIA

Thought the Disease was Cancer of the Stomach

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Cured Him



SYDNEY MINES, N. S., JANUARY 25TH 1910  
"For many years I suffered torture from Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Two years ago, I was so bad that I vomited my food constantly. The agony I endured all these years, I cannot describe and I lost over 25 pounds in weight. I also suffered with Constipation which made the stomach trouble worse. I consulted physicians, as I was afraid the disease was cancer but medicine gave only temporary relief and then the disease was as bad as ever.

I read in the "Maritime Baptist" about "Fruit-a-tives" and the cures this medicine was making and I decided to try it. After taking three boxes, I found a great change for the better and now I can say "Fruit-a-tives" has entirely cured me when every other treatment failed, and I reverently say "Thank God for Fruit-a-tives!"

EDWIN ORAM, SR.  
"Fruit-a-tives" sweetens the stomach, increases the flow of gastric juice, strengthens the stomach muscles, and insures sound digestion. The wonderful powers of this famous fruit medicine are never more clearly shown than in curing the apparently hopeless cases of Dyspepsia and Constipation. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

London Times and Father Tabb

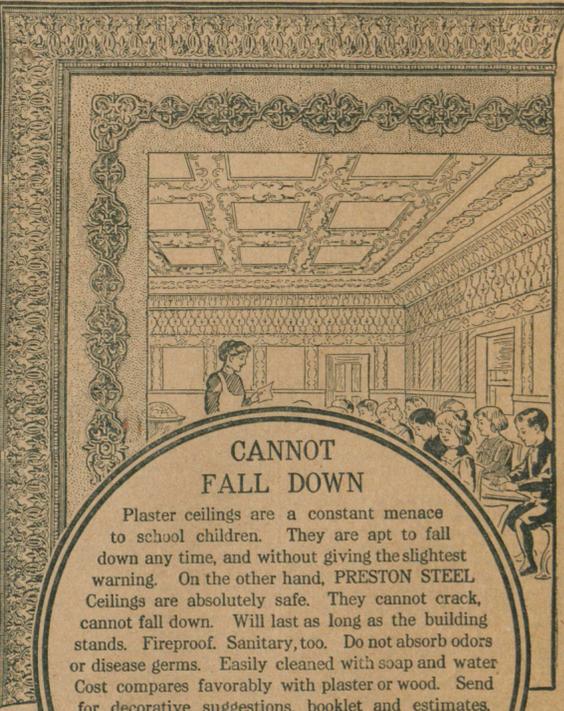
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mented by many at home and in England who knew him, but knew him well, only through his charming letters; and by all alike he will be sincerely mourned.

The Catholic Paper

The following is by Archbishop O'Connell of Boston: "A Catholic paper is as much a necessity as a church. It is as much the duty of every priest in the diocese to stand for it, aid it, and work for its widest diffusion among the people as it is to build and support a school. It is all for the self-same purpose, object and aim—the propagation and defense of Christian Catholic principles. Our Holy Father, acknowledged as a pontiff of superior human wisdom and practical good sense, has voiced all this in words which leave no doubt in the mind of the true priest: 'In vain will you build and teach and preach, unless you support and diffuse a Catholic paper.' These, in brief, are his very words. The priest who, after hearing this, still remains inactive, ready only to offer criticism, is unworthy of his office. It is as if the soldier in the face of attack stopped to quarrel over the varnish on his rifle."



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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON TRINITY SUNDAY

THE DIVINE JUDGMENT And Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth." (Matt. xxviii, 18)

When these words were uttered by our Lord He had risen from the dead. On this occasion He had with Him only the eleven Apostles, whom He had instructed to meet Him by appointment at this time and in this place—a mountain in Galilee. A few words they are, but full of meaning. The Apostles saw our Lord in the flesh again; they heard His own human lips utter this truth: that all power is His in heaven and in earth.

How did they understand Him? They understood that the Man they saw, the human Being Who then stood before them, was endowed with all power that God would exercise in heaven and in earth; that to rule this vast universe was His right; that to sit on the throne of heaven, to be worshipped and adored as God by every creature, to shape the destiny of this world, of its many nations, of its many families, of every single soul, born and to be born in it; to open and shut the gates of hell at His own will, to judge all without exception, each separately at the moment after death, and all together in the great Judgment day of God, is His right and office as the Man, because He is the Man in God and God in Man; the Man selected to be the One through Whom the Divine Nature manifests Himself in all the fullness of the Godhead in human nature.

But what, therefore, is the first thought that must enter our hearts? It is necessarily this: How will that Man receive us when we are called into His presence, one by one, as we leave this world? How will that countenance look to us at that moment? How will those ears listen to our reports of our own lives? How will those lips speak to us in that dread moment?

But why do we ask ourselves these questions? Because we know that we are to meet that Man in God, face to face, to give an exact account of all of our deeds in the body, and that He is the One to praise or blame us, reward or condemn us, receive us into eternal blessedness or cast us out into eternal, never-ending darkness, and deliver us over to the rule of those who shall be our masters in hell.

Can we tell what the result will be? Yes; and to a certainty! If our lives have been good, or if we die in His friendship, the Man Christ Jesus will give us a blessed and glorious welcome; but if our lives have been wicked, that Man will reject us for ever. He will not have us anywhere near Him. He will not endure our presence a single moment, nor permit us to speak in His presence, nor ever again to mention His Holy Name, but will cast us into that region of creation where holy names are not permitted to be uttered.

Do we truly hope that this sad fate will not be ours? Then we are truly good, leading good lives, are faithful to our duties as good Catholics. If we truly hope for His approval we can judge ourselves now and know we shall receive it.

How is this? If each one can say today, and the last of the Easter-time, I have obeyed the commands of the Church and need no mortal sin and each soul is free from mortal sin and knows the judgment of our Lord will be in his favor. Let any such soul die at any moment now and the mercy of God is surely his, for he is now in the friendship of God, his soul is restored to its heavenly state, and every soul in this state is so acceptable to our Lord that He cannot condemn it, but must welcome it to the society of those who are saved for ever.

Other causes, negligent Catholics! whose life heretofore has been a dishonor to God, a shame to your family, a scandal to your neighbor, and a disgrace to the Church of Jesus Christ, have you turned from your sins and made your peace with God this Easter-time? Have you washed your past life clean from sin by this Easter duty? Then you, too, know you will receive the welcome of our Lord, the Man Christ Jesus, you are still His enemy, and have right only to His eternal wrath. How can you sleep a moment or be at rest a single instant longer while knowing you are condemned already, because you have not made your Easter duty?

A MANLY CHRISTIAN YOUTH Catholic students in Protestant or agnostic schools and universities—if they must be found in such places—may well look upon with admiration and copy with profit the model furnished by the life of James J. Hogan, the famous Yale athlete, whose premature death occurred recently in New Haven. He won popularity in the student world such as no one else has enjoyed in the memory of the living. Famous on the field of sport, however, falls alone to account for the extraordinary devotion of which he was the object. And not only was the conquest effected without the sacrifice of principle or the slightest compromise on matters which pertain to faith, but it was in itself the fruit of strong religious convictions and simple piety which were betrayed in rugged honesty, fearless self-respect, humble thought and modest bearing. These qualities win recognition everywhere.

It is said of Hogan that, when he studied at Exeter, he used to walk every Sunday, rain or shine, six or seven miles to assist at Mass. At St. John's Church, New Haven, which he attended regularly and punctually, one Sunday morning after one of the big football games he arrived late for the services, limping, stiff and sore, bearing on his face the marks of the hard struggle of the previous afternoon; but he came and meeting the pastor, apologized for his tardiness in rising. They used to say of him at Yale that he was out to be a priest.

Whatever the temptation of college life, young men of this caliber who cultivate manhood and the manly virtues, never suffer in faith or morals; nor need they fear to lose caste. A strong faith is no handicap to a strong physique. A clean-cut athlete is none

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This seems wonderful, but we have letters from hundreds of people who have experienced it. Here is one from Mrs. E. Poyner, Uxbridge, Ont.: "You OXYDONOR has improved my health wonderfully in a short time, so much so that I have gained eleven pounds. My head was very bad, and I had violent pains in my head and I could hardly walk across the floor. Now I can walk down town and back, and the pains have left me. I would not be without my OXYDONOR."

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the worse for being morally clean. Piety does not interfere with pluck. Men everywhere admire him who scorns the bigot's fling and the libertine's taunt as much as him who stands undaunted by the host arrayed against him on the field. A robust body loses nothing by being brought into subjection by a still more robust soul. James J. Hogan's brief and honorable career proves all this. May others learn the lesson and imitate as well as admire.—Hartford Transcript.

CHURCH INDEFECTIBLE

Having shown that it is historically evident that Christianity spread rapidly during the first three centuries, it may be asked: "What caused its wide-spread success throughout the world?" Like strong and stable government, Christianity commends itself because it is authoritative and proclaims its dogmas with certainty. In its code of morality are embraced the most sublime doctrines, which, when compared with paganism shows its superiority and divine origin by proclaiming a fundamental truth which the latter never discovered, namely, that there is but one God, the Creator of heaven and earth, without Whom "was made nothing that was made." (John 1, 3.)

What could be more consoling to the mind of man than what Christianity teaches regarding man's redemption? It tells of the existence of future state where peace and happiness reign forever. The revealed mysteries of redemption, the Incarnation and original sin shed a flood of light on the highest and most abstruse problems of philosophy. They do not, it is true, control the phenomena of the natural order, but they control their explanation, and to this fact Christianity, especially among profound thinkers, owes, in a measure, its wide and rapid progress.

What is true of the authoritative teaching of Christianity applies also to its ethical code, which is the most perfect ever given to man. During the first ages of Christianity, its moral code changed the aspect of the world. Those who embraced the teachings of Christ in those early ages were, for the most part, pagans. They did not abandon their deities nor change their licentious mode of living, for lives of charity, meekness, justice, humility, purity and temperance, until convinced that Christianity was divinely instituted. They conformed their lives to the standard of the gospel. By doing so, their very example was more eloquent than words in demonstrating the truth of the Christian religion and spreading its light in the darkness of paganism. So wonderful was their charity towards one another that the pagans would exclaim: "See how they love one another." This Tertullian paraphrased, saying: "Well may they thus exclaim, for see how they hate one another."

OTHER CAUSES

For two thousand years the teaching of the synagogue was a forecast of the coming Messiah, the prophets foretold His advent, and the patriarchs prayed and sighed for His coming. Paganism, which had been on trial for four thousand years, had run its course, and proved a failure in supplying the religious aspirations of mankind. At this period Greek philosophy, which was wide-spread, furnished an accurate terminology to express the truths of Revelation. The political condition of the world at the time served to spread the growth of Christianity. Rome was the mistress of the world. Nations hitherto separated and goaded on by savage barbarity, hating each other, were then united, and rendered the spread of Christianity easier. The missionaries, not tied down by national prejudices, had freer and fuller scope.

Another cause, the early Christians displayed such superhuman courage and bravery in the midst of suffering and torture as to elicit the admiration of their persecutors. Not only men, but women and children, in those early ages, endured and suffered the most excruciating tortures and death. Like sheep led to the slaughter, without a moan, they displayed heroic fortitude, often

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showing feelings of intense joy at being given an opportunity of being dissolved and being with Christ. Many pagans who witnessed not only the extraordinary fortitude, but even the desire to meet death, were converted to Christianity; because they saw that a religion which could produce such heroes and so many martyrs was more than human. Hence the truth of Tertullian's remarks against these pagan persecutors: "Your ingenious cruelty is vain, or, rather, it is a spell which increases our numbers; we multiply under harvest of slaughter, for the blood of Christians is their seed."

Finally, one of the greatest and most powerful means that led to the rapid spread and growth of Christian teaching was the power of working miracles possessed by the early missionaries. Christ promised this power to His apostles, because it was necessary in order to convince the pagan world of the divinity of their mission and of their religion, which was to supplant their deities bronzed by the smoke of sacrifice and covered with the dust of ages. Hence, whenever the good of religion required it, these early missionaries exercised the power they had received, which was the last proof that could be given by God to man.

St. Augustine used this argument of miracles wrought by the apostles and their successors against unbelievers of his day. He wrote: "Either miracles accompanied the propagation of the Christian religion, or they did not; if they did, then it is divine; if they did not, then its rapid spread is the greatest of all miracles."

Waiving the effects of grace, we have given here what we consider the chief causes for the rapid spread of Christian teaching during the early ages of the Church.—Intermountain Catholic.

WHERE REFORM SHOULD BEGIN

There is not a word in the English vocabulary that has been so overworked for a considerable time past as "Reform." A wave of alleged reform has been sweeping over the country, and the political, social, and business worlds have been caught up and carried forward in its currents. It was declared that most things were in a bad shape. Graft, dishonesty, and demoralization were too prevalent to be longer endured; so a few offenders, and not always the most flagrant ones, were singled out and put in the pillory, "a mark for the moving finger of scorn to point at."

But the disease lies too deep to yield to such superficial treatment as this. The evil will continue to exist and flourish until the surface, ready to show its ugly head again at the first opportune moment. The reform that requires investigation by committees and lawyers cannot check the work of corruption. The plain truth is that any reform worthy of the name begins, and it might almost be said to end, in the home; and it is not always the children who need reforming either. Often the parents need it far more, for it is to them the child is to look for those examples of integrity and righteousness that are to form the characters of the future man or woman. If the parents are to fulfill their mission in this regard they must illustrate what they teach by the probity of their own lives. It will be admitted that the homes where such ideal conditions exist are few and far between, and that the average home is not only susceptible of improvement but in need of genuine reform. One has but to open one's eyes and look about him at the vast army of wayward and incorrigible youth of both sexes, to become painfully aware that many parents abdicate their just authority and shirk their duty and responsibility. Under ordinary circumstances, the boy and the girl may be trusted to take care of their own physical development and the schools will usually take care of their mental training, but the foundation of moral training, the education that makes for good manhood and womanhood, that establishes character, must be laid, if at all, in the home, and the parents cannot shift this burden upon pastor or teacher and be free from the evil consequences that may follow from their neglect.

This is the sort of training that will give a generation of men and women who will make the world better for their having lived in it. The children who are brought up under the right kind of home influence seldom go very far astray.—B. C. Orphan's Friend.

BISHOP URGES SUPPORT OF CATHOLIC PRESS

Preaching in his cathedral at Saranton, Pa., a few days ago, Bishop Hoban said:

At a conference of the priests held a couple of weeks ago I stated that they should subscribe for three or four Catholic papers, and that they should urge the people of their respective parishes to subscribe for at least one Catholic paper, more if they could afford them. My dear brethren, in this age the Catholic family is hardly worth the name if he is not a subscriber for at least one Catholic paper. How otherwise are Catholics to keep in touch with affairs in the Catholic world? How will they be in a position to make proper answers to objections and misstatements of the magazines and secular papers? Only a Catholic who reads the secular press of the country exhibited much indignation because of the punishment meted out to the infamous Ferrer. Perhaps in the whole area of these United States there were not five secular papers that printed an inkling of the truth. How many of them misstated the facts? How many of them contained editorials that were based on falsehood? How many retracted when Catholic papers, a little later on, gave publicity to the facts in the case?

In contrasting the conditions of the Church in Germany and in France, the Bishop said: German Catholics support German Catholic papers, French Catholics do not support a Catholic press, hence a French Catholic press does not exist. This lesson should not be lost by Catholics in the United States, and I entreat you to support the Catholic press. The cost to you will be found to be trifling. The advantages that will accrue to you will be found to be very great."

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FATHER BENSON'S SERMON

At the Solemn High Mass of a recent Sunday in the Cathedral, Rev. Robert Hugh Benson preached the final sermon of the course he has been giving. The Most Rev. Archbishop occupied his throne during the services.

In the course of his sermon, in which he explained the relation of the Catholic to the Church, he said:

"When we lay stress upon that great society to which we belong, we are told that we neglect the individual. When we, too, lay stress upon individual life, when we say that no man, for no cause, however great and good, must risk the salvation of his own soul, then we are told that we do not lay enough stress upon the great society to which we belong, that we insist too much upon the individual to the exclusion of the body."

"When we turn to our blessed Lord's teachings we find these two characteristics of Catholic life which the world criticises, expressly stated. We find our Lord telling us that a man cannot save his life unless he lose it; that he cannot preserve his own individuality unless he is prepared to risk it. And yet, again and again, He insists that if we would truly preserve our individuality we must lose it, but that we must not lose it in such a way that we really risk that eternal existence of individuality which God intended."

"The Catholic Church is the only Church in which nationality means nothing; in which the individuality of men counts for nothing at all; in which all partitions between nations, between persons, are broken down. One divine society containing truth equally true for all nations, for all times! And it is in this divine Church only that the individual can truly lay down his private judgment and his personal likes and dislikes in order to be filled with a higher love and a higher knowledge than he can possess individually."

"This is my first visit to the United States. I have not traveled enough to warrant me speaking about the country. I hope to come out some day and see more of it. I was impressed deeply by the great congregations at the Boston Cathedral on both Sundays I preached there. I was amazed at the extraordinary attention of the people. Congregations vary so much. Sometimes you feel as if you are speaking against a wall of brick or stone, you get no response of any kind. But your Cathedral congregation was a most responsive and keenly attentive gathering."

"I was astonished also to find that more than 60 per cent. of the people of Boston are Catholic, and that all the churches are crowded many times on Sunday. The only approach to anything like this that I have seen in Europe was in Ireland."

Speaking of the hope for the return of England to the Catholic Church, he said: "Not all of England, but all the Christians of England will, I believe

enter the Catholic fold. When they see the spirit of compromise which prevails outside the Church on the most sacred principles, their faith in Protestantism must begin to shake. One day the thinking English Protestant sees a great religious body denying the divinity of our Lord, the next day the leader of another religious body says that all we want is morality, and that dogma is not needed.

A SENSELESS QUESTION

Some one, evidently in a more or less irritated state of mind, sends in the following—unsigned, of course:

"In your last issue, commenting on Colonel Roosevelt's visit to Rome, you give expression to this impertinent remark: 'Our Methodist friends may dance the highland fling and resolve until doomsday, but their antics will have no effect on the head of the Catholic Church, who will remain long after all present-day disturbers have become food for the worms?' On what do you base such a statement?"

At the risk of again appearing impertinent, we are forced to exclaim, what a senseless question!

Our statement is based on the word of Christ, the Divine Founder of the Catholic Church; it is based on the world's history; it is based on the convincing fact that through all the ages nations have come and gone, governments have been organized, have prospered and have dropped out of existence, the Church meanwhile having outlived them all. Our remark is further based on the martyrdom of saints, on the thousands of lives given in defense of Christianity.

Let our inquiring friend take a look down the corridor of time. What will he see? Scarcely had the message of salvation been addressed to old Rome (then the world) when detestation for it burst forth in all its murderous fury. But did that destroy it? No; rather it was the more eagerly embraced by many people everywhere. Wild beasts had no effect; the stake did not stop it; cruelties the most atrocious the world has ever known only caused it to be the more popular, until imperial Rome bowed to the teaching of the lowly Nazarene and the Emperor Constantine became a Christian—a Catholic, just as is Pius X. now.

The Catholic Church was here long before any of the sects of to-day were conceived in the erratic mind of rebellious man. It will be here when the religious outcasts of the world are but a memory. The more liberal, the more scandal brought against her, the greater will she become. We have the word of the Crucified One for that, and He was truth.

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Advertisement for 'THE TOILER AND OTHER POEMS' by William J. Fischer, featuring 'Satisfy the Most Particular People'.

Advertisement for 'CHILD OF DESTINY' by William J. Fischer, featuring 'Satisfy the Most Particular People'.

Advertisement for 'The Catholic Record' and 'The Catholic Confessional'.

Advertisement for 'Canada's Big Mutual' and 'Mutual Life of Canada'.

THE READER'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"

Things are busy in Ober-Ammergau these days. The inhabitants of the quaint little Bavarian village are preparing to give representations of the Passion Play on the open air stage of the great theatre.

The first performance begins on May 16th, and between that and the closing date, September 25th, it will be presented in all thirty times. The play opens at 8 o'clock in the morning and continues until 6 at night.

The play follows very closely the Gospel narrative. To quote a writer in the Review of Reviews, "he took as his fundamental idea the connection of the Passion, incident by incident, with the types, figures, and prophecies of the Old Testament."

The life of Lord Kelvin the famous scientist, which has just appeared from MacMillan, makes interesting reading. Science did not make Kelvin an atheist.

Kelvin sized up spiritualism. It was to him merely a wretched superstition—Stead and Julia notwithstanding—which only goes to show that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

Across the border there are ever strenuous—even when it comes to evading the law. Ten thousand persons are murdered in the United States every year, and of the murderers two in every hundred are punished.

"One of the great troubles with Ireland is that no Irishman will say what he thinks." So writes Sydney Brooks in the North American Review.

"To grant Home Rule is not to make the Irish character instantaneously strong, but it is to furnish the essential elements out of which strength may be slowly formed. It is an old truism, but none the worse for being old, that responsibility in the long run is the only thing that makes men responsible; and a people perpetually at strife with its rulers, its natural genius thwarted, and its natural aspirations thwarted, is a people desperately handicapped in the evolution of self-reliance and virility."

The beautiful summer is with us. Nature is at her best these sunny days. Everything is so charmingly beautiful—the warmth of life is so manifest, that we could almost believe that winter is gone forever.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE FOLLY OF LYING

Misrepresentation in any form is the shortest-sighted policy in the world. No man ever built up a permanent position or institution upon it, or ever will, for the man who gets a temporary advantage by misrepresentation makes everybody who finds it out his enemy over after.

"Is there any power in cunning, in shrewd, long-headed, deceptive methods that can for a moment compare with the truth, with absolute integrity? There is no advertisement in the world, in the long run, that can compare with that which comes from the reputation of always and everywhere telling the exact truth, of being absolutely reliable.

Every time a man deceives he knows that he has to cover his tracks. He is always on thorns for fear of discovery, for everything in his own nature is trying to betray him; but when he tells the truth, because he is built on the truth plan, he has all the universe sustaining, supporting, backing him.

What a difference there is between the power of a man who is telling the truth and is conscious that he is backed by the eternal principle of right and justice, and the man who is lying and is conscious of it.

One can look the world in the face without wincing, because he feels that he is backed by eternal principle; there is victory in his eye, assurance in his very bearing, while there is something within the other man which says, "I am a liar; I am not a man. I know I am not a man, but a sneak, a make-believe."

The moment we attempt to express that which is not true, we are physically crippled, for we are doing an unnatural thing and are not re-enforced by the consent of all our faculties. The best thing in us, the divine thing, protests against the falsehood.

No man can be really strong when in the wrong. Everything within rebukes him; everything tells him of his cowardice. Truth is man's normal state, deception is a cultivated, abnormal thing. There is no substitute for the right. Cunning can not take its place, nor can education. A person may have great ability and a college education, but if he does not ring true, if there is any evidence of counterfeit about him he never gets our confidence, our order, our business or our patronage.

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There is always a question mark in our minds when we have dealings with a man who is not perfectly honest. We are not sure of him. On the other hand, a person may lack education, culture, even refinement; but if he has an honest heart, if he rings true every time, we believe in him; we trust him.

No man can look honest and long give the impression of honesty when he is an habitual scoundrel. It is only a question of time when something will happen to tear off his mask and reveal the real man.

Just look at the man who has practised deceit and lying all his life. There is not a line of truth in his face. His very expression is false. He radiates dishonesty from every pore. He may attempt to deceive with his smooth, honeyed diplomacy, but we instinctively feel that he is a liar in every part of his being.

A perfectly truthful man regards his honor first; his interest comes later. Truth is everything to him. Justice must be done, no matter if it goes against his own interests.

Man is constructed along the lines of truth, and he cannot violate his nature without showing it by the loss of the best thing in him. The liar's deception destroys his self-respect, and with it goes his confidence; and what can a man accomplish who cannot respect himself or believe in himself?

Why is it that a single man without wealth or position has so often exerted marvelous power in the world? Simply because he was supported by principle; because one man with the right is always a majority and can stand against the world for principle—is invincible. One man in the right has often been more than a match for tens of thousands in the wrong.

This is what made Lincoln such a giant; he always stood for truth and justice. He believed what he said, and he knew that the very structure of the universe was backing him.

He would never take a case unless he believed that his side was in the right. He knew that the advocate on the other side would always be placed at a disadvantage by trying to make others believe what he did not believe himself; that he would be weak at best, no matter how great an orator he might be. Lincoln knew there was something backing him that was greater than oratory, mightier than words, and which multiplied his natural ability a thousandfold.

Right speaks with the force of law. The world listens when truth speaks through a man like Lincoln, who was entrenched in principle, backed by the right. Not all of the mighty force which made him a giant among his fellows was generated in his own brain. There was a power back of him loaned from justice, from right, which made him invincible; a power which all men forfeit the moment they forsake truth, principle.

When a man feels that he is buttressed by the right, entrenched in truth, he does not feel weak, although the whole world may be against him. He feels the everlasting arm about him, because he knows that nothing can stand against principle; nothing can be so mighty as the right.

One of the mysteries of the ages has been the marvel of men going to the stake smiling, without a tremor; standing calm and serene while the flames were licking the flesh from their bones. They were supported by a power back of the flesh, but not of it; by the conviction that they were in the right. They did not feel alone or weak, for they were entrenched in eternal principle. They believed that they were protected by the Almighty, and nothing could shake their confidence or disturb their faith. Their exalted mental condition lifted them even above the pain of physical torture.

The man who goes through the world sailing under false colors, trying to make black appear white, will always have a hard time of it. Nobody will long believe him, no matter how smooth his tongue, how long-headed or cunning he may be. Things are so planned that if a man is ever to get very far or to accomplish very much in this world he must be honest, for the whole structure of natural law is pledged to defeat the lie, the sham. Only the right, ultimately, can succeed.

What would you think of a man who tries to defeat the laws of mathematics? He is a bigger fool who tries to get ahead of right, tries to defeat justice by lying and deceit. No man ever yet got around God, good, justice, right. It is true a man may get something in the wrong—so may a thief. But the wrong always defeats itself because it has no principle in it. A man in the wrong is out of place for the same reason that discord is out of place in the presence of harmony.

Not long since nine students were suspended at Brown University for cribbing in their examinations. A great many well-intentioned students lie by cribbing in all sorts of ways in their recitations and examinations. They put formulae and figures and suggestions and all sorts of helps upon their cuffs and shirt bosoms, finger nails and paper rolls, to help them during their recitations or examinations, thus laying foundations for future forms of deceit and dishonesty on a large scale, which may ultimately ruin them.

Many prosperous business men who are very conscientious about telling verbal lies are consummate liars in the deceits they work into their manufactures, their commodities. I know a man who is always talking to his sons about telling the truth, yet he has for nearly half a century been selling lies in his store, boxes of lies, barrels of lies, lies in "foreign" silks made in New Jersey, and all sorts of "imported" articles.

American liars in high places have recently had the flashlight of public scrutiny turned upon them. Men who not long ago stood high in the American regard are worse than nobodies to-day, for they are despised by their fellow men.

Does it pay to sell one's birthright for a little mess of pottage? Veracity to a man would be as priceless as virtue to a woman. When he has lost truthfulness and the reputation for it, he is a burned-out man, a mere shell, like one of our great skyscrapers gutted by fire.

Can any amount of money or any temporary satisfaction compensate for the contempt of one's better self, for the

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awful isolation which one feels when condemned by his fellow men and excited from his own self-respect because of his own self-inflicted infamy? Money and all the luxuries and splendor which it can purchase are powerless to bring happiness to a soul self-condemned.

The time will come when the liar will be despised and ostracised by all decent people. The liar is a mere burlesque of a man, a perverted human being. We might as well call a composition full of discordant notes played on an instrument jangled out of tune, by the name of music, as to call him a man who has violated the fundamental principles of his God-given nature.

What use is a fortune so gained that wherever the owner goes he will be pointed out as a man who has "sold out"—sold out his honor, his good name, his friends—everything that a manly man holds dear?—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHOIR BOY

Wherever there is a Sunday school and a train of altar boys, methinks if they heard the following true story, some souls might be brought to the Master and a little child would lead them.

About two years ago, while my choir boys were standing in the sacristy, waiting for services to begin, I noticed for several Sunday evenings a little fellow about twelve years of age looking in at the open door, and wistfully and earnestly watching the train of red cassocks and white surplices that were ready to march into the sanctuary.

"Who is that boy?" I asked on the third Sunday evening.

"Father he is a Protestant. He is Charlie X." I looked around, but Charlie had disappeared. However, the next Sunday night he was there, and when I went toward him he stood his ground like a man.

"I am glad to see you, Charlie. Do you like to watch the choir boys?"

"Yes sir." And an unspoken wish shone on his face. He was a bright, manly-looking lad, and I was pleased with his appearance.

After a moment, during which he never took his eyes from my face, he said:

"Could I be a choir boy?" "But you don't believe in the Catholic Church, Charlie?" "Won't you give me a chance, Father?"

The words and the lad's earnest face made a deep impression upon me. I turned away to look up a spare cassock and surplice in the wardrobe, but the boy mistook my movement for a refusal

and was turning slowly and sadly away when I called him. "Yes, my boy, I will give you a chance; put these on," and I helped him.

No king robed in ermine could have been more grave, more reverent, than this boy, when, fully equipped in cassock and surplice and hymn book in hand, he stood beside a companion in the middle of the lines.

"Now, do as the other boys do," I whispered, as the train started into the sanctuary. I watched him from the door. He was reverent and attentive, even surpassing his Catholic companions in respectful devotion, listening breathlessly to every word that fell from the lips of the priest who preached the evening sermon. Sunday night we have sermons of a doctrinal nature, followed by Benediction. Every Sunday evening he was there, and the boys never once referred to his being a Protestant, at least in my hearing.

One evening he lingered after the boys said good-night.

"Well, Charlie," I said, "tired of being a choir boy?"

How he looked at me!

"Oh, Father! No, indeed. But, Father, may I be a Catholic?"

I put my arm around him—I couldn't help it, the little face was so serious. "Certainly, my son. But your parents must be consulted and give consent."

"Why, Father, I brought them to church every Sunday to see me in my choir clothes, and mother says she would be glad if I were good enough to be a Catholic."

I inquired his address, and I went to see his parents soon after this. I found they were unbaptized Protestants, and, of course, not one of the six children had ever been baptized.

I talked about Charlie and found both parents were not only willing to see Charlie instructed and baptized, but wished the same for themselves and the rest of the household.

The end is soon told. I instructed the little apostle and his father and mother and baptized them and all the brothers and sisters, eight in all. He soon made his first Communion, and was confirmed and encouraged and helped the rest. All are now fervent converts, and the little choir boy still is seen each Sunday in the sanctuary, rejoicing in his new-found treasure of faith and lifting his innocent heart in prayer.

Who knows but some day he may stand on the altar steps and break the Bread of the World to starving souls who are yearning for just such an apostle?

Perhaps somewhere there may be another father and mother who need "a little child to lead them."—Selected.

THE BELL OF SAINT GILDAS

Should a stranger in his ramblings along the rocky coast of Brittany chance to enter the little village of St. Gildas d'Auray on a Friday, he could not fail to admire the marvellous tones of the great church bell as it rings out the Angelus in peals that echo far into the surrounding country. And if, being of an enquiring turn of mind, he would know why that particular day enjoys a privilege denied to the other six

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days of the week, let him go to find Perronik, the bell-ringer, and he will hear the story. And the story is true; for Perronik heard it from his father, who heard it from his father, whom everybody venerated.

It was a terrible never-to-be-forgotten day when the "Blues" first came to Saint Gildas to disturb the quiet of our peaceful village. It is true that, like every Breton, we were loyal to our Faith and our King, and had sent many of our young men to fight in the good cause; but until that day only vague rumors of fighting had reached our village, and it was with the advent of the enemy that we realized for the first time the full horrors of war. The "Blues" (they took their name from the color of their coats) were furious at the resistance they had met with from our troops; and went remorselessly from house to house, killing all whom they suspected of bearing arms. Loud was the wailing in our village that day; but far more terrible than the loud voiced sorrow of the multitude was the silent grief of Thuriaff, the sexton, who saw his two sons murdered before his eyes. The unhappy father nearly went frantic in that awful hour; while he, who had ever been ready with a laugh and a joke, now became sombre and morose, repulsing the kindly neighbors who would fain have shown him sympathy.

It was then that the evil spirit took hold of Thuriaff; and day after day, as he wandered along the seashore filled with one all-absorbing idea, he listened to the voice whispering unceasingly in his ear: "Why not put an end to thy misery, Jean Thuriaff?"

In vain the sexton tried to close his ears to the tempter; the voice grew louder and louder, urging him to put an end to a life that had grown to be a burden, until one Friday morning he gave up the unavailing struggle.

With grim determination Jean Thuriaff locked the door of the little house where his boys had played and studied until they grew to be stalwart youths, the pride of their father's heart. He visited the little churchyard where they both lay buried in the shadow of a stone cross now covered with clustering ivy. Before this grave the sexton paused a while, his low-crowned black felt hat in his hand, and his long white hair blowing in the wind; then, with a sigh he passed on through the uneven rows of tombstones, and out by the low iron gate onto the beaten highway.

It was a clear summer morning. Across the distant meadow came the shrill whistle of the shepherd's pipe; the fields of stubble that lined the road were gleamed almost of every straw; and in the bushes, on the top of the earthen walls which divided the different holdings of land, birds sang and called, bidding mankind rejoice in the sunshine. But Thuriaff never raised his eyes as he plodded on, his brain clouded with despairing thoughts.

More than an hour passed before the sexton reached his destination—a small wood, full of thick undergrowth, and crossed by mossy paths rarely used by the villagers. In this solitary spot, at the foot of a large tree, he paused and unwound the rope he had brought, then cast the noose over his head.

But at that very moment a sound of bells came stealing across the meadows, wafted by the morning breeze from the village below. A Breton never fails to kneel when he hears the Angelus calling him to prayer. At the well-known summons the unfortunate sexton instinctively fell on his knees and mechanically began to pray. And as he prayed—as the words of the Ave passed his lips—the rope about his neck fell unheeded to the ground; while Thuriaff, his heart softened by grace, wept long and uncontrolably as he realized for the first time the magnitude of the sin he had been about to commit.

From that hour the sexton was a changed man; and when he died, some years later, he left his entire savings for the purpose of buying a beautiful big church bell. It is that bell which is still rung every Friday morning in commemoration of the visible protection afforded by Our Lady to her unhappy son that summer day in the woods of Saint Gildas.—B. D. F., in Ave Maria.

Hostility to Catholic Church How is the fierce hostility displayed towards the Catholic Church throughout the world to be accounted for? People who profess other creeds are not thus hated. The antagonism shown towards the different forms of Protestantism and the schismatic church of the east is mild compared with the opposition offered to the Catholics obedient to the Holy See. There is nothing else in the world like this, and the only explanation to be found for it is the strange and remarkable assurance of the Saviour that the world would hate His disciples because of their being His. Strange, too it is that the incessant attacks made on the Catholic Church appear not to have made any injurious effects upon her, but rather to benefit her. Dr. Albert von Ruybe, professor of modern history at the Protestant University of Halle, has just become a convert. He did not come in contact with Catholics, and no Catholic influence was brought to bear upon

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him. He was at first attracted to the Catholic Church by the enemy she seemed to arouse. Some time afterwards, as he explains in "Back to the Catholic Church," a work just published for him by Herman Walter of Berlin, he studied Harnack's book, "Das Wesen bes Christentums," and this impelled him still further in the same direction. He now regards the Papacy and the Blessed Sacrament as the Church's two great pillars of strength.—Liverpool Times.

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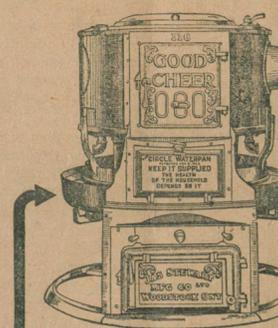
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SUPERIORITY OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Those lukewarm Catholics that are sending their children to the public schools in preference to Catholic institutions will do well to ponder the comments of Mr. Leigh Mitchell Hodges, writing in the Philadelphia North American. He says in part:

"The convent-bred girl has long been accepted as a model of sweet, useful womanhood, possessed of refinements and accomplishments which add a distinct charm to her natural attractions; and it is a consideration of the first importance that the development of her domestic traits is singularly complete. The convent-bred girl, while well grounded in the classics and mentally cultivated in every way that may be of service to self or fellow-beings, is primarily a home-maker; and, in this age of increasing common sense, we are coming to a right realization of woman's place and power in this her highest estate.

"Of the boy or youth who is armed for the battle of life in a Catholic institution, as much may be said in regard to matters of equally great assistance to him in playing his allotted part. While necessary emphasis is laid upon the mental training, the physical welfare and development are by no means neglected, and this proper regard for the upbuilding influence of clean sports and athletics has given the students and graduates of Catholic colleges place in the front ranks of athletic endeavor.

So pronounced are the advantages set forth by some of these centers of instruction that many non-Catholics, aware of the completeness of the training and the good influence of the surroundings, make choice of them, particularly since it is generally understood that no effort is made to interfere with personal religious beliefs.

"The further fact that Catholic schools, are, as a rule, more reasonable as to cost of board and tuition than secular institutions of similar standing, has also led to the notion that the reason for this must rest in limited opportunities and advantages. But the real explanation lies in the fact that Catholic schools are largely in the hands of teaching orders—either Sisterhoods or Brotherhoods, or monastic orders. These men and women are vowed to devote their lives to education. They have no social relations with the world, can own no property and receive no salaries. This makes the cost of operating the schools much less than secular institutions of similar grade, and the student receives the benefit in lower charges."

PLEDGES UNDYING DEVOTION TO ROME

OFFICE OF SOVEREIGN PONTIFF IS ACME OF PRIESTHOOD AND SOUL OF CHRISTIANITY SAYS ELOQUENT PAULIST SUPERIOR

Whilst addressing several hundred Knights of Columbus and their guests at their Hotel La Salle recently Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan, C. S. P., pastor of St. Mary's Church, paid an eloquent tribute to the Holy Father and delivered an able exposition of the duties of a Catholic as a Christian and a citizen.

Father O'Callaghan said in part: All authority is of God. In these days of splendid democracy, when many are called to counsel in the choice of rulers, we are apt to forget the fundamental principles of all government. The manner of a ruler's choice does not determine a ruler's title to our obediences. I will not obey an equal in so far as he is an equal. I obey a fellow citizen when he is vested with authority because I believe he has a right to command. His right to command grows out of necessities and laws of social order which have defined his office. The laws of social order, like all the laws of nature, can find no solid sanction except in the mind and will of the Creator.

The Church of God is the divinest expression of authority on earth. The Church of the living God is a living church. Every living thing reveals its life by growth from within. What it draws from without must be assimilated into its tissue if it is to be a part of its organism. "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you," said the Lord. The absurdity of all that is made manifest by every reverence Christ ever made to His Church or His Kingdom. The admiration a foreigner may show for our constitution would not make him a citizen of our country. Our country must give him citizenship, if he is to get the title of citizen. Christ and those who have authority to speak in His name, can alone constitute any man a disciple of the Master, or a member of His Church. By those whose lineage and authority we cannot doubt, we have been constituted citizens of Christ's kingdom. We have not chosen Christ but Christ has chosen us to be His disciples as laymen, priests or bishops.

The office of our Sovereign Pontiff is the acme of the priesthood and the episcopacy. It is the epitome of Christianity. The Rock of Peter is the Rock of Christ. "Whosoever binds on earth, shall be bound in heaven." Loyalty to the successor of Peter is the touchstone of orthodoxy and the test of genuine Christianity. Those who love Jesus Christ must love His Vicar on earth. Without that Vicar on earth there is no Christianity that can withstand the onslaughts of destructive criticism. Through Him Christ lives in every age, and proves Himself to every people, and to every man with open mind and heart. "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God."

"Shame upon the Catholic that does not love the Holy Father! Shame upon the Catholic that is ever anxious to emphasize and exaggerate the faults of

ecclesiasties in Rome or out of Rome! The soldiers who would not be loyal to his army and his leader would be counted as a "cad" by every soldier with red blood in his veins. Let the enemies of the Church be snarling critics if they will. They search the sewers and feed upon their filth, and cannot be expected to know the beauty of the City of God and worth of its Pontiff gloriously reigning therein. Our loyalty to that Pontiff is loyalty to Christ. To him is due our supreme allegiance. No country can demand such devotion as we owe to him. No Catholic can be false to him without being false to God. He that is false to his God cannot be true to any man or any country.

I honor the honest Jew who has become an exile from every country except that land of liberty rather than forfeit his allegiance to Judaism. I honor the Puritan who forsook the land of his birth and built a home in the wilderness rather than to be disloyal to that religious motive which is infinitely above the highest patriotism. I yield to no man in love of country. I love this land, as the land of my birth and as the embodiment of my highest conception of liberty. But, if the seemingly impossible should ever happen, there could be with me no hesitancy between the Pope of Rome and the President of the United States. "If any man come to Me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple."

To our Sovereign Pontiff, who is the acme of Christ's priesthood and the epitome of Christ's gospel, we give the deepest love of our hearts, and our unflinching allegiance. To the saintly Pontiff who now sits in the Chair of Peter we pledge our best devotion and fondest admiration.

TO COMBAT SOCIALISM

ORGANIZED SOCIAL ACTIVITY IN BOSTON. ADDRESSES TO WORKINGMEN ON SOCIAL QUESTIONS ARRANGED BY ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL

A few weeks ago public addresses on social questions by prominent sociologists were inaugurated by Archbishop Farley in New York. The series was counted a success and the idea is now being taken up in other eastern cities.

An organized effort to let the people of Boston know the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the social problems of which Socialism pretends to have the solution, was begun auspiciously under the auspices of Archbishop O'Connell on Sunday, April 10, by the holding of four well-attended meetings which were addressed by priests and laymen of the Church.

The principal speaker was Right Rev. Mons. Splaine, who spoke of the Church and the Workingman, and reviewed briefly the Church's efforts throughout the centuries to aid the workingman. He dwelt at length upon the encyclicals of Leo XIII, pointing out the Christian standard of labor. In conclusion he read in the signs of the times the betterment of the condition of the laboring man.

We give below some salient paragraphs from his address:

"Throughout the twenty centuries of her existence the history of the Catholic Church has been the history of standing between the oppressor and the oppressed. She saved society not only once but many times during her career. Centuries ago before the oldest of now existing dynasties had sprung into existence, the Church founded by Jesus Christ had battled against false teachings that would uproot the idea of Christian civilization. She withstood equally the attack of barbarian invasion and pagan domination, and she Christianized to-day if we but hearken to her teachings. And so true was she to her mission that when she saw the gulf again begin to widen between Capital and Labor in the last century she raised her voice in solemn warning through one who by his splendid achievements for the Church and for the laboring classes deserves the undying gratitude of nations and of workingmen alike, in pointing out so clearly the teaching of the Church in regard to social science, that illustrious Pope of the workingmen, Leo XIII. His encyclical on the Condition of Labor and his other valuable documents on the constitution of the State and Christian Democracy ably present the teaching of the Church of Christ and contain within themselves the true remedy for the solution of all the vexed problems that agitate the labor world to-day. No less distinguished statistician on the subject of labor in our own country than the late Carroll D. Wright has paid high tribute to the value and the teachings of Leo XIII, and has called the Pontiff's letter his own 'Vade Mecum,' for his own guidance and his own study in the solution of labor problems. And so true to her mission, the Catholic Church to-day takes her place in the vanguard of those who would remedy the evils of society, and the words of the illustrious Leo apply as strongly to-day as they did in the last century.

Wherever the teachings of Leo XIII. were put into practice the condition of labor has been bettered and the problem of labor has advanced with great strides towards a happy solution. Workingmen's clubs have been formed which have influenced the making of good laws for better hours of labor, for increased wages of the laboring men, for better sanitary conditions and for a better condition under which women and children may toil. The majority of these betterments were obtained not by violence, but by the cool deliberations and sound common sense that the laboring men in their unions brought to their own deliberations.

"Beware of the man who promises to fill your cup of joy to overflowing in this life. It is the old snare that worked the ruin of our first parents in the Garden of Eden. It is the old error dressed in new garb. 'Eat of the fruit of this tree and you will become like unto God.' Perilous agents of the same error in all ages, even to-day in our own day, would cheat mankind before their very eyes, holding out the same promise at the same price.

"They would endeavor to lure men from God by the false hope of lasting joy or happiness in following its maxims.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

OLD FALLACY THAT DRUNKENNESS CANNOT BE CURED EXPLODED

Many men drink who desire to stop the habit. Whiskey, however, has undermined the constitution and created a craving that is not to be denied, and the man must have whiskey or something that will remove the craving and build up the system and restore the nerves.

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Read what Mrs. G., of Hull, says of it and what it did for her: "It is four months to-day since I started to use your Remedy. I followed the directions, and had the best of results. One week after I started using your Remedy the patient stopped drinking, and has not drunk a glass of liquor since. I hope you will accept my heartfelt thanks. Hoping God will bless your Remedy whenever tried, I remain, Mrs. G., Hull, Que. (Name withheld by request.)

Now, if there is anyone in your town who needs this Remedy, tell them of it. Practical philanthropy can take no better form. If you have a husband, father, brother or friend who drinks, help them help themselves. Write today.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria, with Booklet giving full particulars, directions, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent in a plain sealed package to anyone mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. The trial package alone has often cured. Write today. The Samaria Remedy Company, 49 Jordan Chambers, Jordan street, Toronto.

Has the world ever kept its promise? Your own experience answers for you, that no created joy, wealth or honor can adequately satisfy the desires of men, for the human soul was made for God and it cannot rest until it rests in Him.

"But the signs of the times are hopeful. Better labor conditions are existing, better financial conditions are growing and Catholic workingmen and all right thinking men throughout the whole world are looking to the Catholic Church to save society and labor to-day as she saved it time and again throughout her long and illustrious life."—True Voice.

FAR FROM HOME

WE ARE EXILED IN THE WORLD'S BABYLON

By Cardinal Gibbons

When we read the Epistles of St. Paul and contemplate all his trials, dangers and persecutions as they pass in panoramic view before us, when we see him braving the most violent storms without faltering within, and then when we see ourselves so timid and so vacillating and sheltering ourselves from the feeblest wind of adversity, ashamed of our degenerate nature, we resolve to shake off our lethargy and become like the great model before us.

On the other hand, when you read of men who were once distinguished for their sanctity, once elevated on the pinnacle of perfection, falling at last into the depth of sin; when you read of a Samson, a David, a Solomon—those towering oaks of the forest who had resisted many a violent storm and were afterward overgrown by a single blast of temptation—you are warned by their example to be always vigilant and prudent and never to confide in your past virtues, for you are not stronger than Samson nor holier than David nor wiser than Solomon.

Above all other books, choose the Sacred Scripture. There is a special grace attached to the reading of the inspired volume; it will impart to your soul a solid, sturdy, rational and healthy piety. It is the inexhaustible fountain from which the fathers and doctors of the Church, Christian orators and writers, have drawn their inspiration.

Read the Sacred Text with attention and reverence. Read it not in the capricious spirit of a critic, but with the humility of a disciple of Christ. Read it not so much with the desire of information as of edification. Read it with the same spiritual joy and hunger with which the exiled children of Israel listened in Babylon to the law when it was read to them by the prophet Baruch.

"While the citizens of Jerusalem were in captivity in Babylon, Baruch was sent to them from Jerusalem to read to them the law of God. "And when they heard the law they wept and fasted and prayed before the Lord." "Upon the ruins of Babylon they sat and wept when they remembered Zion."

You, my beloved, are in a situation like that of the Jews. Like them, you are far away from your true home, the heavenly Jerusalem. Like them, you

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS TO WESTERN CANADA VIA CANADIAN PACIFIC LOW ROUND TRIP RATES GOING DATES Apr. 5, 19 June 14, 20 Aug. 4, 23 May 3, 17, 31 July 12, 26 Sept. 5, 20 THROUGH SPECIAL TRAINS TORONTO TO WINNIPEG AND WEST Leave Toronto 12.00 p.m. on above dates Through First and Second Class Coaches, Colonist and Tourist Berths. Apply to nearest C.P.R. Agent or write R. L. Thompson, D.P.A., Toronto. ASK FOR BROSSEMER'S PAMPHLET W.M. FULTON, Agent London, Ont.

are exiled in the Babylon of this world. And God sends you, as He sent them, a message contained in His holy book to cheer your hearts and bring you glad tidings of redemption.

Is not the Sacred Scripture a message from heaven? Open your hearts, then, as the ancient Hebrew did, and listen to the Word of God with sorrow for sin, with a spirit of holy compunction and in increased desire of possessing the heavenly Jerusalem. And may God, Who enriches the earth with His early and later rain, enrich your souls with the dew of heavenly grace that you may hear the Word in patience and bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

Catholics and Crime

The lecturer intimated that Catholicism would ruin a nation! Behold the moral contrast between Protestant England and Catholic Ireland. The figures are the most recent at hand:

Table with 2 columns: Crime Category, England and Ireland. Rows include Grossly immoral crimes, Murders, Woundings, Burglaries and such, Embezzlements, frauds, etc.

It is to be clearly understood, however, that the population of England and Wales is about eight times larger than Ireland; yet, even so, the supremacy of Ireland is a magnificent answer to her critics. Furthermore, hardly any virtue reveals a more intimate union with God than chastity. Now the purity of the sister isle is incomparably greater than in England; and the most moral section yonder is the most Catholic. "By their fruits ye shall know them."—Catholic Universe and Weekly, London.

Do Catholics Become Protestants?

"The Protestant sects seem unable to get hold of the idea," says the Catholic Sentinel, "that had Catholics do not make good Protestants. Men who have been instructed in the Catholic religion sometimes fall away from the Faith, but it is rarely that they become Protestants. Why should they? They know that as Catholics they already possessed whatever of Christian teaching the sects have retained. Moreover, they see Protestantism everywhere in disruption

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and decay. Of course those old-fashioned Protestants who still believe that Catholics are not permitted to read the Bible have some justification for their efforts to bring the light to 'Romanists.' These people are to be excused on the ground of ignorance. But any Protestant with a sense of humor must see the absurdity of Protestantism any longer posing as the champion of Holy Scripture."

The Solution Have you met with injustice? If so count yourself favored, for so was Christ treated when He came to call men to repentance. If you are derided, falsely accused and injured, then be sure that somewhere in your being you have the golden grain that drives people mad with envy.—New World, Chicago.

CHURCH DECORATORS THE THORNTON-SMITH CO. Sketches and references submitted II King St. W. TORONTO

DIED REGAN—Anj. Clare, Mich., U. S. A., on Monday, May 9, 1910, Patrick Regan, aged seven-seventy-one years and fifteen days, formerly of Mt. Carmel, Ont. May his soul rest in peace! RICHARDS—In Ottawa, Ont., at 670 Echo Drive, Mary Dorothy, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Richardson, aged six months.

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