

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1913

1804

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### OUT OF DATE

We remember the letters that an estimable old gentleman wrote with weary regularity to the individuals who kept him on the pay-roll. Every now and then he set forth on his mission of rescuing benighted Romanists from the thraldom of the Church. He plied his trade assiduously and with much success if we attach credence to his narratives that were read and gloated over by members of sewing circles. His methods were simple to the verge of pathos. Having arrived, for example, at Mexico or Spain, he bent himself to the task of flooding the dark places with the light which he always carried. He went cautiously, for at any moment a subtle priest with the velvet grip and cat-like tread might pounce upon him and consign him to the mercies of the Inquisition or have him roasted over a slow fire. But when all signs of danger were absent he accosted one of the natives and presented him with a Bible. And what a wonderful change took place. The poor man's face became irradiated with joy; he trembled with excitement; the scales fell from his eyes as he read, and he proclaimed that never before had he known the message of salvation. His was another scalp added to those that adorned the girdle of the old gentleman, and the fact was acclaimed with sundry noises. But this method is antiquated nowadays. The sects are too much involved with rationalism to have any time or energy for anything else. They are on the rack of critical analysis with the result that their vitality is ebbing away and they are visible to all who are not blind as mere systems built up by man, without unity or coherency or justification of their existence. Their claims are set aside by the ruthless critics, and they front those whom they faintly would teach with a Bible whose infallibility has been questioned and discredited by their own leaders. Their last stronghold is the Y. M. C. A., which, purporting to be non-sectarian, is Protestant in atmosphere, aim and policy. Without authority and with the "open Bible," once their boast in the maelstrom of doubt and antagonism, the sects, so far as spiritual vitality is concerned, are going the way of oblivion and death.

### TO BE REMEMBERED

Respectable people sometimes descend on the temptations of the saints and affirm that no such trials assail them. Perhaps the reason is that they are respectable people but not saints, and that they are spared what they could not resist. Perhaps it is that the tempter deems pettier temptations more suited to their mediocrity; is contented with their self-content; and does not wish to wake them out of their dream of security. Or perhaps they fancy they meet no temptations because they never resist those temptations, just as the flying leaf does not feel the gale that splinters the tree.

### A STRANGE ANNUAL

Naturalists and others who study the weird on this planet are not in harmony as to either the origin or the mode of living of the animal that is called the gossip. It infests all lands to the misery thereof, and it, though it ravages and leaves a trail of desolation, must neither be trapped nor shot. In fact the laws that safeguard it are very stringent. Some naturalists, however, are of the opinion that it should be caged so as to afford them a better opportunity of studying its habits, or deported to some lonely island with the hope that solitude may render it more beneficial to the world. The naturalists tell us that the gossip is a very timid animal, akin in some respects to the coyote. Disliking the light, it skulks in the darkness and now and then emits dolorous sounds as if ashamed of its existence. It has a curious habit of snarling and of spitting venom which has a very offensive odour. It is never so happy as when it can find a choice morsel of slander. It thrives on anything derogatory to the character of the neighbor and can conceive nothing

more beautiful, more soul-satisfying than a brother's name mired with falsehood. Then it becomes ghoulish in its glee, and persons who have heard it at that ecstatic moment shudder ever afterwards at its vindictiveness and malice. Just why it acts in this manner is not apparent. Some naturalists declare that it is true to type, others say that the gossip is an abnormality, a perversion due to a combination of empty head, diseased imagination and venomous heart. We are inclined to agree with the latter. Designed to be useful, it lapses through its own fault into uselessness. Created to diffuse light and cheer, it begets gloom and discouragement. And instead of walking the highway with a song, however the winds blow, it derives a mysterious satisfaction from doleful declarations about the wickedness of those round about it. And the most intricate part of the problem for the naturalist is how the gossip reconciles its life with its professions of Christianity. Hard, unscrupulous, stalking its victims with grim pertinacity, retailing scandal, ever on the alert for shortcomings and ever anxious to blazon them abroad, unsympathetic and loveless, they carry big prayer-books and are in their own estimation exemplars of right living. All this is baffling to the lay mind. People who believe that Christianity distills a balm for bruised hearts, has a message for the downcast and sorrowful and holds within it a very well-spring of vitality for the weak and discouraged, view with suspicion the claim of the gossip to be considered Christian. Not being so judicial as the naturalists they are disposed to regard it as an animal of unclean habits and destructive tendencies which is allowed to desecrate and defile the beautiful things of life.

### OUR OWN

We are amazed at the sweeping statements made by some Protestant educators and at the apathy that allows them to pass unchallenged. While not wishing to impugn the sincerity of their motives, we must say that either their reading is limited or they are meshed in prejudice. We are willing to give due meed of praise to Protestant educators, but endeavoring to make out a case for Protestantism as the mother of modern popular education, they manifest a disregard for facts which is not consonant with scholarship. They point to Rousseau who, by the way, was not a Protestant and whose principles exemplified in his life would make a decent pagan blush for shame. We hear of Pestalozzi, and his pupil Froebel as the master artificers of the present-day educational methods. Fortunately, however, for fair play about other Protestant authorities have no hesitancy in admitting the debt that education owes to the Catholic Church. Even Carlyle, in his "Heroes and Hero Worship," concedes that this glorious Elizabethan age, with its Shakespeare as the outcome and flower of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholics of the Middle Ages. The Catholic faith, which was the theme of Dante's song, had produced this Practical Life which Shakespeare was to sing. Historians of acknowledged prowess have traced in letters of fire the work of the Church in civilizing Europe and in developing and educating it to the highest point of efficiency. Our friends cannot well deny this, but they are strangely silent about us when dealing with modern education. History, however, warrants us in saying that St. John Baptist De La Salle was the founder of modern popular education. Just as the Church founded the university and college so also she instituted the public or rather the parochial school. The normal school was born and developed under her fostering care. The Sunday school was founded by her. And we suppose that when our children assemble on Arbor Day to plant trees and to be bored with prosy addresses their teachers do not remind them that that custom can be traced back to the days of the University of Paris. But technical and manual schools are surely children of this generation. Again, however, history tells us that in 810, in the monastery of St. Gall, there were workshops for shoemakers, armorers, turners,

carriers, goldsmiths, blacksmiths, locksmiths, etc. We might go on, but suffice it to say that no educator worthy of the name can ignore the Church in any discussion on our educational progress. Catholics should be ever ready to correct misstatements and to direct that portion of the public that can be cajoled by the partisan writer to sources of authentic information. The past is ours, as a writer has well said, but we treat it shamefully. We neglect it; we let its sacred memory be enveloped in a growth of rank weeds that hide or efface its noble records; we permit its deeds to be misrepresented, its honour to be stained, its glory to be tarnished; and scarcely—or if at all in feeble accents—do we enter protest. And the past should stimulate us to act so as not be unworthy of one forbears in the faith. We should be enthusiastic in the cause of education and be willing to give toll of labour and self-sacrifice for its progress.

### THE UNIVERSITY'S CASE STATED BY PROF. KYLLIE

With reference to your editorial of April 5th, criticizing President Falconer's proposal that senior matriculation should become the standard for entrance to the universities of this province, may I offer a short explanation of the President's proposal? At present some high schools and the university are doing matriculation work. The President proposed that the schools should do all this work on the ground that they could do it better and more economically than the university. The work must be done somewhere. University buildings are large and expensive, university lecturers must be paid higher salaries than high school teachers, university classes are large and pupils cannot receive the personal attention which they are given in the schools. As it is, many junior matriculants now come to the university too young to enter university life and to resist the distractions of large communities, whether these are university or urban communities. They spend much more money than they would think of spending in their own homes. Frequently they fail in the examinations. They have been drawn away from the country and are yet unfit to continue in the university. President Falconer asked that these people remain in the high schools for a year longer. They would be more mature and better prepared to get the most out of their university courses. There would not be the same waste of money or of effort as the present system may easily involve. If the President was right, if this work can be done more economically and to better advantage in the schools than in the university, it is a little hard to see how the province, or "the common people" would suffer. There is room for argument that the work cannot be done as economically or as well in the schools as in the university, in which case the province would suffer. There is no room for the contention that the President or anyone else was doing an injustice to the "common people." Any improvement in education helps the "common people." This type of argument recalls that so often used by politicians in the country districts of Ontario to the effect that money given to the university is money taken from the schools. Still I shall be asked would not this proposal make it harder to enter the university? The question is a fair one and can be answered in several ways. It may become somewhat harder to enter the university; it will be easier to stay in it. At present too many people must be turned away at the end of the second or later years because they have not stayed long enough in the schools. The gain will probably outweigh the loss. It must always be remembered that the majority of those who now come to the university have attained the standard which the President proposed. Comparatively few enter on junior matriculation, and they are not usually the children of the "common people." It is true, however, that if the entrance standard is higher, the standard of university work will be higher before the end of the course. We must face this fact squarely. The Province of Ontario must enter into competition with other countries. The graduates of its universities must compete with those of foreign universities. The universities will not do their duty by the country if they do not send out men and women as well trained as those elsewhere. The country should not compel the universities to neglect their duty. We are a proud people, and yet we are quite willing that our graduates should find it necessary to become under-graduates in English universities for two or three years before they can hope to pass the final exam-

inations there. The fact that Canada is a comparatively young and poor country has little to do with the case. We shall not always be young and poor; we are certain to be old and rich, and we must decide as soon as possible whether we are to be old and wise or old and foolish. Again it will be asked, would not the proposal put a heavier burden on the schools? Again there are several answers. In most schools the burden would not be felt. They do this work now, and where the persons affected would be distributed over the whole province, a slight increase in the size of classes and of teachers would probably meet the demand. Smaller schools could send their pupils for a year to a neighboring collegiate rather than to Kingston or Toronto. Continuation schools are in no way concerned. They could do as much work as they pleased and where necessary, like the smaller schools, send their students to the colleges. The schools doing all the work would, as the President intended, be centres of higher education through the Province. Every one knows that teachers rejoice when advanced pupils remain in their charge. The pleasure which they now experience from teaching honour and senior matriculation candidates would be increased, and in proportion as the teachers had opportunities for more agreeable and more stimulating work they would exert a better influence upon their communities.

The contention that the proposal would add subjects to the curriculum and thereby increase the congestion in the schools is not true. The proposal simply meant that more people would take work already taught, and try examinations already existing. It is equally unfair to say that the university is thinking only of itself, and not of the majority of pupils who never enter the universities. If any part of education is improved, then every part of it and especially the greater part is benefited. No university man has ever contended in the course of this discussion that the sole or chief business of the schools was to train university matriculants. Many of us have urged, however, that when matriculants are being trained they should be trained as well and as economically as possible. We have no other object. The complaints made at the recent Teachers' Convention were not directed against the universities or against President Falconer's proposal, and had no bearing upon this subject. Every one knows that the present curriculum in both Public and High schools is overcrowded and that much of the work is in consequence ineffective. The cause of this evil is not to be found in the universities, but in the growth of knowledge and in the consequent demand which is said to come from the people, though I rather imagine it originates in the minds of officials, that every conceivable subject should be taught to the unfortunate children. Universities have been in a measure the victims of the same tendency. They are trying to escape and may be able to help the schools, if they are not prevented by the sort of prejudice which I am afraid your editorial was only too likely to create. There is really no division of interest between the schools and the universities. The schools prepare people for the universities. If they do not prepare them well, the universities are crippled, they cannot produce good teachers, who will go into the schools and prepare their pupils well whether for life or for the universities. We are really moving in a circle. If you give a push to any part of the wheel you help it all to move faster. If you stick a spoke in anywhere, you bring everything to a standstill.

### THE CHURCH HAS NO MASTER BUT GOD

"It is truly painful," said our Holy Father, "that while we are thanking Providence for having called Constantine from the darkness of paganism to raise temples and altars to that religion which his predecessors for three centuries had endeavored to exterminate, to restore to the Christians the property that had been seized from them and to give Christianity full religious liberty we, amid all the vaunted progress of civilization and in all the light of knowledge must ask in vain for the Church, even from Christian governments, that liberty which they themselves recognize, or should recognize, as necessary for the development of supernatural action on earth. The Church, that great religious society of men who live in the same faith and in the same love under the supreme guidance of the Roman Pontiff, has a scope superior to and quite distant from that of civil societies; for they aim to attain temporal welfare here below while her object is the perfection of souls for eternity. The Church is a kingdom which knows no master but God and whose mission is so high that it crosses all boundaries and forms into one family all peoples of every tongue and nation. It can not therefore be imagined that the kingdom of souls is subject to that of bodies, that eternity is the instrument of time, that God Himself is the slave of man."

### FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China. There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest. Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow-Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God. The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser. Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

### REMITTANCES

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### LAY ACTIVITY

#### OUR MEN MUST DO MORE TO SHOW THEIR CATHOLICITY

With the rapid increase of rule by the people, the need for lay action on the part of Catholics becomes more and more imperative. And yet, strange to say, there are many who see no need for such activity. They seem to think that a layman's duty is perfectly fulfilled if he goes to Mass on Sunday, approaches the sacraments once a year, and in a mild sort of way observes the commandments, at least those which forbid certain actions, does not steal, nor lie, nor commit adultery. In a certain sense such men are fulfilling their duty. They may even save their souls; but it surely does not look as if Christ expected more than this from the average layman. He came to found the kingdom of God on earth. He calls all to enter that kingdom and declares that "all who are not with Him are against Him." Are these men, who do nothing for the spread of the kingdom of God, really with Christ? Certainly Pius X, Christ's Vicar on earth, expects more. In his encyclical on Catholic Social Action, he speaks of the need in these times for the lay apostolate. Now an apostolate, whether lay or clerical, implies more than a mere passive resistance to the attacks of foes; it means action, generous and insistent action in bringing the good tidings of the gospel to the millions who are craving enlightenment. Are those who seek nothing beyond the salvation of their own souls doing this? And yet laymen are often the only kind of apostles capable of doing the work. The apostolate to-day, at least in the beginning, is to be carried on in the shop, the factory, the office building and in society. By convention, nothing of canon law, the priest is prevented from taking an active part in business and politics; he cannot well take a position in a factory, nor fill a seat in the legislature. Even if he did so, the world would not listen to him, for it

has decreed that the clergy cannot settle questions of social reform. Who then is to look after Catholic interests? Naturally it is the layman who must do the work. He is there, out on the firing line, and he can, if filled with the apostolic spirit, if not too timid or indifferent meet the attacks of the enemy, and by doing so bring to many a knowledge of the truth. And he has a strict duty to do so.

But to do this work, the layman must be such a man as Pius X. demands for the work. "Catholic proof against anything, firm in his faith, well instructed in religious matters, truly submissive to the Church; a man of true piety, of manly virtue, of life so blameless as to be an efficacious example to all." Such men can by word and example bring the non-believer to Christ. They are a tremendous power for good; they are true apostles. But where are we to get such men? They are abundant in the Church; all they lack is that vivid realization of the power of Christ which transforms the ordinary Christian into an apostle. Give them these and you have made apostles of them.

But how give them these qualities? The retreats for laymen, as conducted in Europe, notably in Belgium, are turning out such men by the hundreds. Get men then to make these retreats, and you shall have done the work. There are several such retreat houses in the country; we have one here in Cleveland. But only a handful of men know of them, make them known, talk them up, draw men to make the retreats and you shall have done a truly apostolic work. Above all make one of these retreats yourself.—Catholic Universe.

### THE BLOT OF BLASPHEMY

The appalling prevalence of the sin of blasphemy is one of the most incomprehensible phenomena of modern society. Blasphemy and oaths are the language of hell, and to hear them on the lips of men who profess Christianity is the most repulsive of paradoxes. The man whose assertions are emphasized with blasphemous, or who habitually drags God's fair name into his idle or scurrilous speech, shows that he despises the God who made him and laid down His life for him upon the cross; he insults his neighbor by befouling the name of Him to whom that neighbor owes all love, obedience, and adoration; he makes himself the most despicable of creatures—for he deliberately panders to the devil.

Christ forgave thieves, liars, adulterers, and murderers,—and it is more than a mere accident or coincidence that there is nowhere in the Scripture any record of His pardoning a blasphemer. A man may be tempted to lie, to steal, or commit other sins, and fall in the combat. The blasphemer has no such excuse. Of his own free volition he expatriates himself, and sets about preparing to be naturalized in hell by using the vocabulary of the devil.

In the middle age knights laid down their lives to save their ladies' names from insult. Is silent suffering then, the proper attitude of a man when he hears the name of God degraded in the mire of filthy conversation? Is it not the duty of any self-respecting rational animal whether or not he be a Catholic and a member of the Holy Name Society, not only to reverse the name of God himself, but to resent its insult by others?—Notre Dame Scholastic.

### SELF-CONDEMNED

#### THERE IS A CONFLICT BETWEEN SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY

Socialists deny that there is a conflict between Socialism and Christianity. The following quotations from their leaders prove the contrary: Three great obstacles block the path of social reform—private property, religion and the present form of marriages.—Engels. Religion is a fantastic degradation of human nature.—Karl Marx. Christianity to-day stands for what is basest and lowest in life.—George D. Herren. It is better for a young man to be a traitor to his country than to be a traitor to his class by joining the militia.—William Haywood. One word on that singular hybrid, the "Christian Socialist."—Bax. We have no use for the distorted and mystical figure that they present as Christ. . . . Christ, the democrat, the agitator, the revolutionary, the rebel, the bearer of the red flag—yes, we can understand that figure.—New York Call. It is our duty as Socialists to root out the faith in God with all our zeal, for is anyone worthy the name who does not consecrate himself to the spread of atheism.—Wilhelm Liebknecht. Christianity and Socialism are like fire and water to one another.—Bebel. I am working for Socialism when I attack religion which is hindering Socialism.—Blatchford. Socialism Christianized would be Socialism emasculated and destroyed.—John Spargo.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

A long-missing masterpiece," the Annunciation to the Shepherds," at one time belonging to King Louis Philippe, painted by Velasquez, has been found in London.

A proposition is under consideration for the reinstatement of nuns as nurses in French hospitals. The feeling of the whole country is said to be in favor of this measure.

Nearly 100 converts are reported as having come into the Church as the immediate result of a mission to non-Catholics given in the church of the Paulist Fathers, New York.

Another museum has been added to the many in the Vatican—the new Egyptian Museum. This new museum comprises a wonderful collection of papyri, dating from many centuries before the birth of Christ.

Very Rev. John E. Hogan, D. D., president of St. Patrick College, Maynooth, has been appointed by the royal warrant a member of the Senate of the National University of Ireland.

Grenoble, France, whose population is about 67,000, has petitioned the Government to recall the Sisters recently banished from its hospitals. The petition is signed by 27,000 adult citizens.

Not fewer than 40,000 Catholic ladies in France are laboring effectively for the religious education of children. These are the Church's Volunteers to take the place of the Regulars whom the hostile government expelled.

Converts are coming into the Catholic Church in this country at the rate of 30,000 a year. The work of the rate of lying Monac and other anti-Catholic papers does not deter them. They have investigated for themselves and they know better.

Cardinal Farley will have the sum of 140,625, which has been collected this year in the diocese, to send to foreign missions. This is the third successive year that New York Catholics have sent to the mission field the largest donation of any diocese in the world.

United States Senator Randall of Louisiana says that the number of marriages "dissolved" by our courts in the last twenty years is 945,625. Carroll D. Wright, a non-Catholic official, says: "However great and growing be the number of divorces in the United States, it is an incontestable fact that it would be greater were it not for the widespread influence of the Catholic Church."

Earning a small salary as chef at St. Thomas Seminary, Denver, Colo., Thomas Mullen, born in slavery, has donated \$50 for the founding of a fund for the benefit of sick members of the Holy Name Society and the assistance of young men aspiring to the priesthood. He was a servant in a Catholic Southern family, was baptized in his early youth and has since been a devout member of the Church.

For the first time since his inauguration, President Wilson recently attended services in St. Matthew's Church. The occasion was the solemn high Mass in honor of the late President Manuel Bonilla of Honduras. The ceremony was also attended by the diplomatic corps and members of the cabinet, and the president cancelled his early morning engagements to be present at the entire ceremony.

Father Conrardy, a Belgian missionary, seventy-two years old and for many years the companion of the heroic apostle of the lepers of Molokai, Father Damien, has been appointed to a new post of usefulness. For years Father Conrardy has been laboring in Canton, China. Now the authorities of that place have placed the lepers of the district, to the number of 1,500 in his charge. Two islands have been acquired, on which the sufferers will be installed.

Frank Spearman, the American Catholic novelist, in a personal account of his reasons for becoming a Catholic, mentions among a number of obstacles which he found in his path to Catholicity the fact that he was a Freemason. To become a Catholic Mr. Spearman knew that he must, of course, give up his membership in that order. He writes: "From the Masonic side of the question in my case, there was no reason that I could see why I could not belong to the Church and to the order. But what I realized instinctively was that Masonry was not vital in my life, whereas the choice of an authoritative religion was extremely vital."

Cardinal Farley consecrated the new Spanish Church of Our Lady of Hope in 156th street, between Riverside Drive and Broadway, New York City, recently. Prominent Spaniards were present at the ceremony, and King Alfonso was represented by Don Juan Riano y Gayangos, the Spanish minister at Washington. It was the Cardinal's seventy-first birthday, and he said that the best way to celebrate it was to consecrate the new church, which is now freed of all debt. After the ceremony the Cardinal motored to St. Patrick's Cathedral rectory, where he spent the day in quiet, offering up prayers for the Pope's recovery.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER
We all must follow, when Fate puts from show—Byron.

CHAPTER I THE BURIAL

"Young barbarians all at play."—Childe Harold

Miss Nora! Miss Nora! your grandfather would be real mad if he was to see ye. Whatver are ye doin', diggin' holes in the plantation?"

"Neville, pertly, "Don't waste your time watching us, but trot away to your dinner; the potatoes will be cold."

"I was down on my knees, lading out the earth from a hole in front of me, with both hands, and never even condescended to turn my head."

"Such childer! such heart-scalds! such young divils! Ugh! they bato all—the plagues of Egypt was nothin' to them. Ugh!"

"The undersigned, do promise to meet each other, under this tree, this day ten years—July 17th, 1870. Signed."

"That will do splendidly," I observed, taking it from him with an earthy hand, and read it over carefully; "but, Rody, are you sure there are two m's in promise?"

certing candor, scooping deeper and still deeper into the bark. "You think there is room for improvement, as far as I am concerned?"

"Red hair," he continued, as if I had not spoken, "great wild cat's eyes, a face as freckled as a turkey's."

"Lumphish figure!" screamed Deb, "and what is yours, I should like to know, you hideous, shock-headed, stupid lout!"

"I'm not your good girl!" cried his sister, vehemently. "Well, then, my bad girl!" he continued, blandly.

"Hulloa!" he cried, looking more surprised than pleased, "this is an unexpected pleasure. What are you doing here, you imps?"

"I can't! I hate carving! It hurts my hand," whined Debora. "Look here, Rody, it's no trouble to you, and you do it so well, in a cajoling voice."

"Like I wonder what we shall all like this time ten years?" I remarked, by way of a digression, as I stood in an easy attitude, with my hands clasped behind me, and hat on the back of my head, and watched Rody's progress with critical interest.

for your energies. There is a wearisome sameness about your jokes; I am getting a little tired of finding flour in my pockets, water in my boots, snuff among my handkerchiefs—not to speak of the whole contents of my wardrobe being scattered broadcast in all directions.

"How I hate him!" I observed a few minutes later, as I walked up the back avenue, angrily kicking the fire-crackers before me. "I wish he had never come here."

"Then what will you do?" inquired Rody, with wide open eyes. "I shall have money—plenty of money," I returned, with a still further accession of importance and a visible elongation of my neck.

"No matter what you think!" scornfully, "Maurice is only eighteen, and Miss Fluker is—oh!—my age; and besides, horrid as he is, and detestable as he can make himself, he is ten times too good for her!"

"What fun is Maurice to you?" cried Rody, cutting a caper. "Would not your grandfather be in a glorious rage?"

"A fortnight previously Maurice Beresford had arrived, to pay his first visit to grandfather and Galloway. Hearing him spoken of as a 'boy,' Rody, Deb, and I looked forward to his appearance with the liveliest anticipation.

"Let me inform you, my young friends," he proceeded, raising his voice, and surveying us with a pair of very angry, handsome, dark gray eyes, "that I am not going to stand this sort of thing much longer. I warn you to find some other field

and we certainly took every advantage of our opportunity. At first he tolerated us with passable politeness, and put up with our continual society as a necessary evil actually tried to teach us cricket and rounders, and man-ners!"

"I was driving, I was upset," I muttered dolefully. "So I saw," he returned, endeavoring to strangle a smile. "But what possessed you to drive in that fashion? Jelu, the son of Nimishi, was nothing in comparison."

"I must confess that my new acquaintance did all in his power to divert attention from me, and screened me as much as possible. He was rather nice about it, I thought when I reviewed the whole dreadful scene, as I lay suppers in bed trying to cool my burning cheeks on my pillow."

"I must here explain that the 'twig' was a small basket carriage (shaped very much like a wicker chair), with a swift trotting brown donkey, and the two rectory children every day to Galloway to do lessons with me. They had the benefit of my English governess, Miss Fluker, and shared our early dinner, and generally remained to tea. Within the last year, Rody had been sent to school, and the basket-carriage only contributed one pupil."

"To return to Rody after this long digression, I gladly and foolishly lent an ear to his suggestion. I had been mewed up in the house all day, and was pining for a bit of fresh air, and less regard for my clean stockings and best frock; and without further persuasion started the mule at a brisk canter. Off we went, down the back avenue, I leading by quite three lengths, and keeping well in the middle of the drive, in case Rody should attempt to pass. I steered away down the road full speed, standing up in the cart like an ancient Roman charioteer with my carotid mane fully given to the breeze. The mule was going home, or thought he was—so was the brown donkey; the race was close, and extremely exciting. Rody was gaining on me, for the road was down hill, and the twig was light. With voice and reins I encouraged the still galloping mule; the cross-roads were in sight; the victory would be mine! Would it? Almost at the goal fortune played me a cruel trick, the linchpin came out of one of the wheels, and I was sent flying! I landed flat in a heap of mud that had been scraped up at the side of the road. For a moment or two I was stunned, but I was soon brought to myself by a strange voice, in a strange accent, saying:

"Little girl—it is a girl!" as if there had been any doubt in the subject—"I hope you are not hurt?" "No—no!" I stammered, as I stood up and gazed vacantly around. I see Dan, the coachman, who, though well accustomed to my escapades, is hiding a smile with his white-gloved hand; I see the mule and the dilapidated cart; I see Rody; I see the twig, helped me up, and who, still holding my hand, can this be Maurice? Of course it is.

"Who is she, is it? Sure she's your own cousin, Miss Nora O'Neill; who else could it be?" returned Dan, with unintentional irony. Here was a pretty introduction! I but I was forced to make the best of it. I pretended that I was hurt, and assumed a slightly invalidish appearance, as, with my head on one side, I tottered toward the dog-cart a truly humbling spectacle. I was scraped—yes, my frock was literally scraped—with Rody's knife; my hands and arms were dried in my cousin's handkerchief. I was permitted to ascend and be driven home. Where he looked after my late conveyance and stool, I don't think I ever felt so small in my life as during that miserable drive. My long legs dangled down before me, actually caked with mud, my new blue llama frock was no longer recognizable as either new or blue. Mud on my hands, my arms, my face, my hair, I should have liked to cry to cry long, to cry copiously, but by a heroic feat I managed to cry without tears would only make matters worse, if worse they could be! I had no handkerchief. I stole a glance at my companion. He was spotless, a neat, dark-tweed suit, irreproachable white linen, remarkably well-cut boots, remarkably good feet—the celebrated Beresford foot, in step and all—I mentally noted, as I looked at

my own extremities, two shapeless masses of mud. "How did it all happen?" he asked, abruptly, kindly averting his eyes from my face; "how did you come to grief?"

"I was driving, I was upset," I muttered dolefully. "So I saw," he returned, endeavoring to strangle a smile. "But what possessed you to drive in that fashion? Jelu, the son of Nimishi, was nothing in comparison."

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and listened to the deeply interesting description of the sacking of a house, and picking of its inmates, with unconcealed indignation. Nor did his soul catch a spark of enthusiasm, when, from a nook in the chimney, a blunderbuss was produced, and proudly exhibited, as having done good service in more than one fray. On the contrary, the sight of it made Maurice absolutely furious; he threatened to smash it, told Patsey he "was a bloodthirsty old rebel, who deserved to have his neck stretched," told us "we ought to be ashamed of ourselves and our taste for low company," and flung out of the cottage in a towering passion.

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things, he bore himself well—was respectful and attentive to grandfather, amiable and polite to Miss Fluker, and kept his temper in an astonishing manner as far as we were concerned. I think he discovered that nothing cut us up so much, or disappointed us so keenly, as his passing over our jokes with a disdainful silence—ignoring them and us completely, and accepting many startling disclosures with matchless self-control.

A CONVERSION, AN APOSTASY, AND RESTORATION

By Isaac L. Gamewell in the Missionary

Having been requested by a priest I hold in respect and veneration, to give a narrative of my religious experiences, I yield to his opinion that some good may be done to others thereby, not that I think my personal affairs either spiritual or material, are of any degree of interest to the general public. I was born of a Protestant family, and a peculiarly zealous one, and trained in that faith both in the Sunday school and home, both by precept and example. But very early in my life I became dissatisfied with these teachings, and resolved fully to be a Catholic, almost as soon as I became capable of forming either an opinion or a desire on religious subjects. Just why I made the resolve at that time is a puzzle to me even now, for I know that I had never had an intelligent conception of the requirements of Catholicity—indeed knew nothing about it. Yet the fact remains whether explainable or not, that the desire existed, and strongly enough to carry me into the bosom of the holy Catholic Church, and I thank God for it!

"Of course that desire was opposed unanimously by my family, but my mother, an earnest, devoted soul, finally said: 'My son, I don't want you to join the Catholic Church—none of us do, but if you are fully persuaded that you ought to do it, and that the step is necessary to your religious peace, you may. I won't force anyone's conscience, nor allow any one else to force yours. But remember, if you will be a Catholic, be a credit to them and be as good a Catholic as you can, and remember also that you shall attend the church of your choice. I won't force you to attend my church but you certainly shall attend some church and attend it regularly.' So just there began my regular attendance on Catholic services. And many a Mass have I attended because forced to do so by a Protestant mother—not that she ever made any approach to the Church herself, but that of all persons the absolutely just and fair to man and to God so far as His will became known to her. I continued thus as a mere attendant at the Catholic services, for several years. I did not receive the sacraments or make any special or systematic preparation to do so. I do believe, however, that even in this ignorant groping, I received graces from the Blessed Sacrament, for the soundness of the sacred bell, the uplifting of the Holy Host and even the misty cloud of incense ascending heavenward before the altar filled my mind with awe and my soul with peace. Very little of intelligent faith in all this, theoretically, you will say. Granted, but I know that under God there was a very great deal of practical saving faith in my poor soul. Finally I received conditional baptism in a little church in Atlanta, Ga., and made my first confession and received absolution and Holy Communion, all in one day. Then began my life as a really practical Catholic, and I found in it joy and peace and rest for my soul. But owing to my circumstances at the time (I was a soldier) my instruction was very desultory and I did not receive confirmation, both these lacking elements contributing to bring about the fall which it pains me to record. About this time the religious world was inflamed with discussions about the dogma of papal infallibility then about to be promulgated by the Vatican Council; discussions whose bitterness hardly be imagined or credited by this younger generation, and like many others at that time, presumptuous in their ignorance and hardness in their self-will, I adopted a position of opposition to a doctrine of which I knew nothing and which I said I could not believe it for I believe it to be sound psychology and theology that he who resolves that he cannot believe in a matter of faith (as I did, though unconsciously so, perhaps) is in the identical attitude of him who says 'I will not. However, as my reverend friend asked me for a treatise on experience and not for a treatise on theology or psychology, we will leave that question to those better fitted to discuss it, and proceed to the practical effect of the attitude. I decided that as an honorable man I could not reject a dogma promulgated by the Church and continue to retain membership in the Church which I had just decided. So I consider it a just ceremony or leave-taking—just quit and did not cross the door of a Catholic church for nearly forty years. And I may say just here that had I been in this matter as fully honest as I was pharisaically pretending to be, had I exercised some of the inflexible justice and fairness of my mother (to whom I had before alluded) in this matter and, studied the question be-

CHAPTER II COUNTRY COUSINS AT HOME

"Displaced the mule, home the good old evening. With most admired order."—Macbeth.

A fortnight previously Maurice Beresford had arrived, to pay his first visit to grandfather and Galloway. Hearing him spoken of as a 'boy,' Rody, Deb, and I looked forward to his appearance with the liveliest anticipation. In our mind's eye, he was included in various prearranged amusements and excursions. He had been in the neighborhood of the house for some time, and we were all impatiently waiting for his arrival. He was not our style, in the least, no more than we were his. He was not at all likely to be 'hail fellow, well met' with a posse of mischievous children, who were boiling over with wild high spirits—impudent, reckless, uncultivated, and disorderly—who had no wish to open a book, to wear gloves or collars, or to be otherwise than other young savages.

Maurice, on the contrary, read a great deal, and spent several hours daily studying in his own room—when it was holiday-time—when he was not obliged to!" we exclaimed to each other, with unmingled amazement. "He was a muff!" such was our verdict. He had not a bit of fun in him. No more idea of a joke than grandfather himself, and there was nothing Irish about him, except his eyes and his name. Yes—and his temper of his own name. When he was roused, and we did'nt play him, sometimes, by loud but playful banging at his door, by many artless practical jokes (previously alluded to), by tripping him up in the dark, or by unexpectedly supplementing his morning bath by a sudden douche from some upper window.

Needless to say, we did not amalgamate; our guests scorned climbing trees, and driving the donkeys tandem—neither did his tastes lean to rat-hunts nor practical jokes. We had long been languishing for a new victim; and as he would not aid us as an accomplice, he seemed to be sent expressly as a 'subject,'

fore deciding it. I would have been saved to the Church, and my life for nearly forty years of misery and unrest. Immediately on taking up the attitude of resistance to the Church's decision, I fell, *ipso facto*, into the Protestant attitude of the right of private judgment in all questions of religious faith, and thereby fell heir to the biggest job I've ever had, as follows: If I am to be my own guide in questions of faith and morals and choose for myself one among the many jarring sects which are drumming souls with their clash of creeds, I must study them all in order to choose intelligently, and, poor fool that I was, I tried to do it, but found life too short to get around. Still, I think I did study as fully as my limitations would permit, most of the prominent known systems of theology and several unknown ones which I tried to get up myself, but on which I hold no patent, nor have I applied for any. It seems to me that any Protestant of fairly logical mind, holding the principle of the right of private judgment and responsibility for the results of the exercise of that judgment, must face a logical necessity, the study of the Catholic doctrine, unless he wishes to take the position of a dear lady I heard speak of Catholics and say: "I don't know a thing in the world about them, but I don't like them." But to proceed—all this study and clash produced a condition of mind in which I was "tossed about by every wind of doctrine" and could find rest nowhere, for owing to wilful perversity I would not (I said could not) look for it in Christ's holy Church, where only it could have been or be found.

Yet all the time I yearned for church affiliation of some sort—felt as if I would spiritually die without it, and regarding it as impossible to return to the bosom of Holy Mother Church I entered the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Texas. I worked hard in prayer meetings and Sunday school and all other departments of Church work, was soon ordained a ruling elder of my congregation and took part in public speaking and prayer. Soon pressure was brought on me by my pastor and others to enter the ranks of their ministry; they said it was my duty to do it, the church needed me. I replied "All right, I'll try to do anything that is a duty." So at the next meeting of the Marshall Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which was held at Lodi, Texas, I offered myself to that body as a candidate for the ministry, relating to them my religious experience as much as I could here, and adding that my only ground of dissatisfaction with the Catholic Church was the dogma of infallibility. On that statement the Presbytery received me as a candidate and placed me under the care of the Presbyterian Committee on literature and theology, who were to direct my studies and preparation. Immediately I began preaching or doing something I called preaching, to four different Churches, every Sunday. I kept this up till the next meeting of the Presbytery, which was six months from the date of my reception. At the second meeting of the Presbytery I was examined by the Committee on literature and theology. After the examinations were concluded and I had retired from the committee room, a member of the committee approached me and said: "The Committee is ready to report to the Presbytery, but before reporting, desires to know if you will accept ordination." This came as an absolute shock to me, as the very most I had expected was, if my proficiency in studies was satisfactory, that I would be recommended for license to preach. I came very near refusing the ordination, and was unwilling to accept it, and afraid not to, so my answer was: "I don't think that you ought to lay the responsibility of this decision on me, and I will not accept it. You must decide the matter, and I hope you will decide right, but remember St. Paul's injunction to Timothy in the matter of ordaining preachers—Lay hands suddenly on no man." The result was that the Committee that night reported satisfaction as to my proficiency in studies (I've always thought they were easily satisfied) and ordered that I be licensed to preach at the meeting of Presbytery next morning, and that at the night session I be required to preach a sermon for the Presbytery as a part of my trial for ordination. If that proved satisfactory to the body I should then be regularly ordained and set apart to the whole work of the gospel ministry by the imposition of the hands of Presbytery and prayer, all of which was done. I was immediately called to the pastorate of a church, and then my trouble began. I never had given up my views as to the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. I knew I was not qualified to confer anything of sacramental character on the elements of bread and wine, and yet as a minister I had to consecrate them by prayer, and the burden would have crushed me but for my placing strong emphasis on the memorial feature of communion. And I am still inclined to the belief (speaking with submission and under correction) that in the case of any Protestant sincerely endeavoring to walk in all the light he has, and devoutly partaking of bread and wine as memorial to Him of broken body and shed blood of our Redeemer, will become a better man thereby and that our gracious Lord will make of the act a means of grace to the recipient, and of glory to himself. And at the present I do not feel in advancing this opinion tentatively I forfeit one iota of my loyalty and reverence to

and for our Most Holy Church and Her Sacraments, and if it is an error I humbly ask pardon of Almighty God and Holy Church, and hereby retract it. Another feature of my administration of Communion was that I was accustomed to carry the communion to the sick in my pastoral care, the only case, to my knowledge, of any Protestant minister doing this, and this brought about another difficulty. The communion, with the church to which I was attached, is a Church ordinance, administered by the authority of the church only, and as a minister I had no sacerdotal character or authority to empower me to administer it at all, apart from the church. I obviated this by taking two elders with me. Two elders with the pastor constitute a quorum of the church session, competent to transact all church business, and administer the ordinances. So technically at least, in the presence of my two elders, I had authority to administer the communion, which I employed this expedient was this. I called on a poor woman who for many months had been dying of consumption and had never professed faith in Christ. I sympathized with and tried to help her, and found her very tractable and amenable to gospel teaching, so far as I was capable of imparting it. She was the wife of a prominent saloon keeper, and on that account the family was properly or otherwise frowned down by the rigidly righteous "better class" in the little North Texas town where all this occurred, which may account for her telling me that I was the first and only minister who had ever visited her. At all events, on my second or third visit she professed faith in Christ as her Saviour and seemed to become more peaceful and happy and beautifully resigned to the death which was then so inevitably near. I asked her if she desired communion and she grasped eagerly at the proposition. So the next Sunday I took two elders with me and administered communion after baptizing her, and she seemed to find comfort and happiness in it. The second Sunday after, I officiated at her funeral. My God grant rest to her soul. Amen. Many difficulties like these, and others I met. One was that often when preaching or trying to, the scriptures would vividly flash through my mind and shock me. "Lest when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." Then when I would contemplate giving it all up I would be confronted by the other: "For necessity is upon me, and woe is me if I preach not the gospel." While in all this confusion I can only hope I led no one astray to the peril of their souls. If I did, may God forgive me. I do not recall any preaching I ever did which I could not conscientiously preach as a Catholic, if the Church allowed me to preach at all. In fact I never preached anything but repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I believe the Lord has honored the message I so feebly and unworthily delivered, in the salvation of at least some souls. I do not feel this to be an arrogant claim. He has said His Word shall not return to Him void." He has said He will honor His word, and I believe He does and will wherever, however, and by whomsoever preached, even if the devil preach it, as he has done, on occasions. Still, it is not strange that the message that I claim to have been a blessing to others, brought no blessing to its deliverer? Do you wonder that in this blind groping in the dark, without one ray of "kindly light" to "lead one on" the burden became so crushing that in sheer desperation I cast it down, resolved to preach to others no longer something which brought no more peace to myself. After seven years of this struggle I applied to my Presbytery of Marshall for a letter of dismissal and recommendation which they granted in terms certifying that I was a regularly ordained minister of their body in good standing, and was dismissed therefrom at my own request, and recommended me to the favorable consideration of the people of God wherever my lot might be cast. So ended that chapter. I have no word of censure or unkindness for the brethren I left. I remember with gratitude the many kindnesses they did me, and many undeserved honors they placed on me.

Among these men are many devout, humble and sincere Christians according to their light, and I pray God to bless them and above all to grant them the crowning grace of true faith and admittance to the Fold of the one Shepherd here, and a home with Him hereafter.

My story is almost done. After the point at which my ministerial life ended my spiritual trouble increased. I tried all I could to do, but I was not thinking of religion at all. For years (I'm ashamed to say how many) I did not open a Bible, and when rebuked by my good wife for this I replied that I knew plenty of it to condemn my life without studying any more.

I never thank God, became atheistic. To say nothing of religion or grace, I had more sense than that, but I was beginning to wallow in the slime of agnosticism, when from the lowest depths I began to call on the name of the Lord and He was quick, as He ever is, to answer the cry for help. In my extremity my first response to the feeble glimmerings of the light of God's grace, so nearly extinguished in my heart, was to request a dear old friend of mine in the town of Pineville, Louisiana, to see that I did not die without the priest, for my health at that time was bad. A very short time after this, God sent two Paulists (Fathers Skinner and O'Hern) to conduct a mission in the little town. The Mission was blessed

in the salvation of my soul and of many others, thank God.

Since, I have endeavored to do God's will as He reveals it to me. I have no doubt now as to Infallibility, nor, to tell the truth, have I ever had an honest doubt about it. I put in forty years trying not to believe it, constituted myself a devil's advocate to assail the Dogma and collect all the evidence I could find against it, and then told people "I could not believe it." It was "an intellectual impossibility." Did you ever notice how intellectual a fellow gets when he is full of the devil? If not, look around you.

God has wonderfully blessed me in plucking me forth from the mire pit in which my soul was almost finally suffocated. Since then He has laid the hand of affliction heavily on me and those far dearer than my own life, but He has given me grace to say "Thy Will be done." In view of the prolonged agony before my eyes, of the dearest one I loved, the mother of my children, before He mercifully took her out of it, in view of forty years of wasted life and opportunity which should have been spent for God, and out of which I let the devil cheat Him and me; in view, I say, of all these things, I cannot be happy, nor, I say it with reverence, do I think the Blessed Lord in Gethsemane could be happy, and yet He could and did say "Thy Will be done." And I thank Him for grace to say it with Him, and that He permits me to spend the remainder of my unworthy life closely in His service, in penance for my sins, and in praise and devotion to Himself. And when the cloister shades envelop me, as they very soon will, I humbly ask the prayers of all Christians whose eyes may fall upon the lines of this experience. And may God grant that they who have or are tempted to think they have sinned away the day of grace, for surely no one was ever nearer that yet He has saved me.

In conclusion let me offer a tribute of sincere affection to the best friend a man ever had, the one who has been most potent of all human agencies, in the redemption of my life. I speak of the apostolic man and Bishop, the leader and example to the flock of which God has made him an overseer, the model Christian and citizen, the faithful priest, the stainless and courteous gentleman, and the loving, loyal and self-sacrificing friend, Right Reverend Cornelius Van de Ven, Bishop of Alexandria, Louisiana. God bless him and send us more like him—*Ad multos annos!*

I will close by offering this testimony. All the peace and spiritual consolation I have experienced came to me either before I left the Holy Catholic Church, or since I returned to her bosom.

(Signed) ISAAC L. GAMEWELL.

**AN ANGLICAN MONASTERY**  
MONSIGNOR BENSON DESCRIBES THE LIFE THEREIN

In view of the reception into the Catholic Church of the Anglican monks of Caldey, and of the Anglican nuns of Milford Haven; and in view of the expected conversion of other similar communities, the following article by Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson, son of the late Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, describing his life in an Anglican monastery at Mitford, Yorkshire, England, will be timely, interesting and instructive to readers of the Catholic Telegraph:

"I WAS TO LIVE AS THE FRIARS HAD LIVED"

I had an interview with Dr. Gore, in his canon's house at Westminster, and was definitely accepted as a probationer of the community of the Resurrection, of whose fame I have heard again and again. Dr. Gore was extremely kind and sympathetic; he seemed to understand my inspirations, and was deeply impressed both by his own hearing and by the quiet religious atmosphere of the house. It seemed to me that all my troubles were at an end. I was intensely excited and pleased at the thought of the new life that was opening me! and it became easier than ever to treat all Roman difficulties as diabolical temptations. I see now that my attention was distracted, and my imagination filled with other visions; I was not really settled; but when I went up to Birkenhead for the annual retreat of the community, with which my probation was to begin, I can sincerely say that no thought of henceforth ever leaving the Anglican communion appeared conceivable. I was to be launched in a new sea together; I was to live as the friars had lived fifty years ago; I was to dedicate myself to God once and for all in the highest vocation open to man.

It will be impossible for me ever to acknowledge adequately the debt of gratitude which I owe to the Community of the Resurrection, or the admiration which I always felt, and still feel, toward their method and spirit. All that it is possible to describe is the external aspect of their life, and to hint at the deep Christian charity and brotherliness and devotion that existed beneath it.

OUR DAILY LIFE

We lived in a great house standing in its own gardens, at the top of a hill above the valley of the Calder. It was a somewhat smoky country; there were tall chimneys visible all round us; but the land that belonged to the house prevented any sensation of being pressed upon or crowded. Our external life was a modification

of the old religious rules, and resembled, so far as I understand, a kind of combination of the Redemptorist and the Benedictine. Some of the brethren were engaged almost entirely in scholars' work—the editing of liturgical, hymnal, expository and devotional works; and for the use of these there was a large library of about 15,000 volumes. The rest, who were the majority spent about half the year in prayer and study at home, the rest of it in evangelistic and mission work.

Our life was in very simple and practical lines. We rose about 5.45, and went at once to the chapel for morning prayer, and the Communion service; at 8 we breakfasted; at 8.45 we said Terce, and made a meditation. Until 1.10 we worked in the library or our own rooms; then, after Sext and intercessions, we dined. In the afternoon we took exercise—walking or gardening; at 4.30 we said None and had tea. We worked again until 7, when we sang Evensong; we supped at the half-hour; and, after work for an hour or two, we said Compline at 9.45, and went to our rooms. On Saturday morning a chapter was held, at which, all kneeling, made a public confession of external breaches of the rule.

THE GRADUAL CHANGES

The community life was, when I first went there, in a somewhat transitional state; the brethren were feeling their way in the direction of the greater strictness; and by the time that I left them, four years later, a considerable development had taken place toward a more completely religious character. Silence, for example, was extended gradually, until at last it did not speak from Compline in the evening until dinner next day; manual work for so many hours a week was made an absolute rule; we broke up and carried coal, cleaned our own boots, and made our beds. The dress of the community, which was at first rather nondescript, developed more or less steadily in the direction of a habit, consisting of a double-breasted cassock, girded with a leather belt. Originally, too, the head of the community was commonly addressed as "Senior;" but when Dr. Gore was appointed Bishop of Birmingham, and a new principal was elected, this title was supplanted by that of "Superior." The title "Father," which was at first somewhat unusual, became almost universal, although one or two members still disliked its significance. These changes, which the majority, including myself, ardently desired, were not carried out without protest on the part of three or four members; and, although nothing resembling bitterness ever made its appearance, one Brother at any rate found himself compelled to withdraw at last at the time of the annual renewal of vows.

OUR VOWS

It is more difficult to explain those vows. Roughly speaking the probation lasted normally for one full year—from July to July—after which, if the probationer received the votes of the community, he made his profession. This consisted of an absolute promise to observe the rule of the community for thirteen months, and an expression of his deliberate intention to remain in it for life. Profession, therefore, was not in the least of the nature of an experiment; it meant practically a life intention, though an escape was provided if the life for any reason became intolerable. It was less rigid, therefore, than that of the ordinary Catholic Orders, but more rigid than that of such congregations as the Oratorian.

We numbered about 14 members, all of whom had had experience of parish work. We had no lay-brothers, but the necessary household duties which we did not do ourselves were done by 3 or 4 servants. Now, however, the members of the community have risen to about 20; a large College of the Resurrection has been built in the grounds for the education of poor men for the ministry; a hostel has been opened in Leeds, and a community house in Johannesburg. A chapel also, I believe, is in course of erection; but while I was there we used a large room in the house, very skillfully and beautifully adapted for worship.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY AND MYSTERY

Our worship was really dignified and devotional, but did not in its ritual rise above the ordinary level of the Anglo-Catholic party in general. We used vestments, at first of linen, but later, by means of a gift made through me to the community, we substituted colored vestments. We used incense unceremoniously, in accordance with the Lambeth "opinions;" and for our music sang, for the most part, unaccompanied plain song adapted to the Book of Common Prayer. Frankly, we did not sing well, but we did our best; and I shall not easily forget the sense of beauty and mystery at our song celebration early on Sunday mornings. The altar was on the approved English type, with "riddels;" two candles stood upon the altar, two more upon the posts of the curtains, and two more in standards. We had a sanctuary lamp, which I always disliked, since it did not signify anything in particular.

It is impossible to describe the happiness which I enjoyed at Mirfield. For about one year, I did very little external preaching, and busied myself almost entirely in theological study and prayer. My "novice master" was an admirable guide of souls; and, although I did not go to confession to him, I always felt that

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he was able and willing to help me. For a while there was only one other parishioner besides myself—an Irishman of great eloquence and fervor, who developed into an extremely capable mission preacher. We were thrown together a great deal, and I found in him an open enthusiasm of faith and confidence in the Church of England which did much to reassure my own.

"I SAID MY ROSARY REGULARLY"

When the time of my profession drew near, however, I began somewhat to distrust my suitability for the life. It was not that I was troubled with Roman difficulties, for these had practically vanished; but owing to a certain resolution, passed by the community in view of a crisis in the Church of England, I began to think that my position was too "advanced" for my contentment in the house. "By this time I had learned to hold practically all the dogmas of the Catholic Church except that of the Pope's infallibility." I said my Rosary regularly; I invoked the saints; I thought that the word "Transubstantiation" best expressed the reality of Our Lord's presence in the Sacrament; I held that penance was the normal means by which post-baptismal mortal sins were remitted; I used the word "Mass" freely at home. Those doctrines, too, I preached in veiled language, and found that by them, and them alone, could I arouse the enthusiasm of congregations—those doctrines at least set forth round the adorable person of Christ, which, remembering the lessons of "John Inglesant" I endeavored to make the center of my teaching. I remember, for example, being told once by an indignant curate that my doctrine seemed "a mixture of Romanism and Wesleyanism"—an accusation that brought me the greatest satisfaction. The community in general, on the other hand, seemed to me at that time to be over-cautious, to desire to dissociate themselves from the extreme party in the Church of England; and it was to this party that I now belonged.

IN THE CONFSSIONAL

The end was that I postponed my profession for one year, in order to test myself yet further. But that year removed my difficulties. I began to be more and more encouraged in mission work, and to find that my quiet life at Mirfield gave me a power that I could obtain in no other way. It is hard for Catholics to believe it, but it is a fact that as an Anglican I had far longer hours in the confessional than I have ever had in the Catholic Church—though, of course, this is to be accounted for by the fact that since becoming a Catholic I have never preached a mission. In one London parish, for instance, for about four days at the end of a mission, my brother missionary and I interviewed people, hearing confessions and recommending resolutions and rules of life, for over eleven hours each day. Two more hours were occupied in delivering sermons to vast congregations.

This, however, was after my profession. Yet everywhere it seemed as if an immense work was waiting to be done. We came from our quiet life red hot with zeal, and found everywhere men and women who seemed to have been waiting for us in an extraordinary manner. We saw conversions everywhere; we saw sinners changed by the power of God, children unkindled and taught the lukewarm set on fire, and the obstinate broken down. It was impossible to doubt that the grace of God was at work here; and if the Church of England was capable of being a vessel of so much honor, why any longer need one doubt of her divine mission? And since that was so, and since also I had found such extreme happiness and inspiration in the life at Mirfield, why should I any longer hesitate to commit myself to it?

MY NEW CASCOCK

Before my profession I was asked by Dr. Gore, greatly to my surprise, whether I was in any danger of lapsing to Rome. I honestly told him, "No, so far as I could see;" and in July, 1901, I took the step without alarm. It was an extraordinarily happy day. I obtained a new cascock for the purpose—which, strangely enough, I am wearing at this moment, adapted to the Roman cut. My mother came up; and was present in the tiny ante-chapel. I was formally installed; my hand was kissed by the brethren; I pronounced my vows, and received Communion as a seal and pledge of stability. In the afternoon I drove out with my mother in a kind of ecstasy of contentment.

"A CITY OF CONFUSION"

Then once more I set to work, I think the most trying part of my

external work lay in the strange varieties of doctrine and ceremonial with which I became acquainted. As a rule, of course, we were asked to conduct missions only in parishes where our standard was accepted. (We were not, I believe, however, regarded as quite satisfactory by the extreme party of Ritualists; and this, no doubt, was partly owing to Dr. Gore's position. He was identified, rightly or wrongly, with the High-Liberal School; he was supposed to be unsound; and to the doctrine of the Incarnation his views irremediably. Here, as well as on Higher Criticism, were considered dangerous; he was thought a little extravagant on the subject of Christian Socialism. And all this, of course, was a certain distress to me, since on these three points I was not at all one of his disciples.) But what was far more trying was my experience of churches where I gave an occasional sermon, and where the clergyman did not feel that the merely passing presence of a Brother would compromise him irreparably. Here, as well as in the three churches of Mirfield, which we attended on Sunday evenings, I found all kinds of teaching and ceremonial. In one church they would wear elaborate stoles, but no vestments with doctrine to correspond; in another, vestments would be used at services to which the important Protestants did not come; teaching on the Real Presence would be skillfully veiled, and penance would be referred to in a hasty aside as the "Sacrament of reconciliation," or taught explicitly only to a favored few at some small guild service.

MY CONFIDENCE SHAKEN

It was possible after a very little experience to diagnose, almost at a glance, the exact doctrinal level of the teaching given; and in such places it was my custom to preach the love of Jesus Christ or the joy of penance or the Fatherhood of God with all the fervor I had, in the hope that those truths would find their normal outcome some day in those who heard me. But this was all very unsatisfactory, and gradually, no doubt, though I did not realize it at the time, began to shake my confidence once more in the Church of England as a Divine Teacher. I used to hurry back to Mirfield as if to a refuge; for there at least there was peace and unanimity. My intellectual escape from the difficulty seemed to me, however, quite convincing.

"IN MY DREAMS I AM BACK AT MIRFIELD"

There, then, I settled down for nearly two years as a professed member of the community—during about one year extremely happy and confident (except once or twice when my old difficulties suddenly recurred for a while, and then left me again), finding, as I have said before, a brotherliness and companionship that is beyond appreciation. Still, in my dreams sometimes I am back at Mirfield, though never, thank God, as an Anglican! Once, I remember Cardinal Merry del Val had been appointed superior, and had received the submission of the community; and I, too, was back there, happy and exultant, standing in the library, and laughing with pure joy. Once I was there, I thought, as a Catholic priest; and found that, although there should have been a barrier of shyness between the community and myself, there was none. We

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stood together in the hall, and talked as four years ago. Yet I have never been back there, although I should like to go for a visit, even without the Cardinal; but the community judges otherwise. It was there, too, that I first began to systematise my devotion, and to attempt the art of meditation; and it was here that God rewarded me abundantly for my poor efforts. He was preparing me, as I see now very well, for the great decision that He was to set before me so soon.

**"I BECAME A CATHOLIC BECAUSE"**

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1913

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY

One hundred years ago there was born at Milan of French parents one whose name is destined to be linked to the end of time with the greatest charity organization in the world, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Mr. Joseph Denais, a French deputy who acts as correspondent of Le Devoir, recalls an incident significant as well as somewhat comical. Fifteen years ago the University Review of Paris, published by a group of free-thinking professors, issued an appeal to the student body to form "a society of a new order."

source of his inspiration and confess his plagiarism. May the centenary of Ozanam be the occasion of reviving in all Catholics interest and active participation in the Christ-like work of the great world-wide charitable organization, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

A POSSIBLE RESULT OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Following is a fact which may throw more light on the results of woman suffrage than volumes of theorizing on that subject which is thrust on public attention by its clamorous advocates.

"There is mob violence in some countries and strident oratory elsewhere on behalf of votes for women. Here in California we have woman suffrage, and Berkeley is one of the star centers of that movement.

In all large cities a problem of municipal government is the influence, the unscrupulous selfishness and the solidarity of the vote controlled by the worst elements in the civic population. The saloons, the gambling dens, the houses of ill fame, the dance halls and all the enormously profitable interests connected directly and indirectly with vice in great cities are by no means indifferent in the exercise of the franchise.

In spite of the clamant insistence of its few noisy advocates, the great majority of decent women are indifferent on the question of the franchise, while those who are not decent will be actively and selfishly interested in exercising their right to vote.

PREACH THE GOSPEL

And he said to them: Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

Before the invention of printing, when a single book written by hand was more expensive than an edition of thousands at the present day, it was the custom to have a Bible chained in the church. Hence we had the awful charge that the Catholic Church kept the Bible chained up! Of course, the object was the same as (before the era of microbes) impelled authorities to chain a drinking cup at a fountain; not that no one should use it, but that it should remain for everybody to use.

What recalls this medieval custom just now is the fact, every day more evident, that if our Protestant friends do not devise some twentieth century plan of chaining up the Bible there will be nothing left of it.

At the New York presbytery, the other day, four candidates for the Presbyterian ministry declared that they did not believe in the Virgin birth of Christ, nor in the divine origin and accuracy of the Pentateuch; two were dubbed St. John's gospel, and two were shamed on the Resurrection. Such is the somewhat irreverent way in which the press tells of the proceedings of that august body, the New York Presbytery.

The real and appalling significance of the incident is not that four callow young men with no serious grounding either in philosophy or theology

should be carried away by the pseudo-science of higher criticism, but that the presbytery by a vote of 71 to 10 should admit to the ministry.

St. Paul, 1 Corinthians, 14-15, says: "And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God, because we have given testimony against God, that he hath raised up Christ."

But then "Paul" was a "theologian"; unenlightened by the "historic method" one can not estimate his development of Christ's teaching at its true value. In fact "Paul" is on his way to the biblical scrap-heap.

What may be required in another generation for "Ministers of Christ" and "Preachers of the Gospel" is hard to predict; but does it matter? Who will go to hear them?

Already a vast number of hungry sheep have tired of looking up to those who will not or can not feed them. The husks that will be left in another generation will not tempt them back.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE PEOPLE

OUR POINT OF VIEW

In another column we publish a communication from Professor Kylie of Toronto University, who takes exception to our comments on the recent demand of President Falconer in the matter of Matriculation examinations. We are very glad to give the University side of the question as we think that full and free discussion of the question can not fail to be eminently useful not alone to those interested in University work, but to all who are interested in education in the ordinary acceptance of that term.

To understand our position it is necessary to appreciate our point of view. What that point of view is we shall endeavor in this article to make clear.

Our whole educational system is organized, whether designedly or not, in the interests of the few. It is anything but what it pretends to be—democratic. Whether or not any University man advocates this condition of things is altogether beside the question. It is a fact. And until this fact is realized there will be no real improvement in the very unsatisfactory condition of the schools of Ontario. That the schools are in a very unsatisfactory condition is beginning to be pretty generally recognized.

Nearly half a million children are enrolled in the primary schools of Ontario; less than 10 per cent. of them go higher. Yet the one examination that has any recognized value in the primary schools is that for Entrance to High Schools. Our test of a primary teacher's efficiency is this examination. We care nothing for the 90 per cent. and everything for the 10 per cent. We proceed on the assumption that the object of primary education is to prepare for secondary education.

And we persist in this absurd assumption in spite of the fact that after forty years experience only one in ten receives any other than primary schooling. True, some abortive attempts were made to establish a Public School Leaving examination. They failed because they did not take into account that primary education is a good in itself altogether apart from secondary education. The High School Entrance examination may be actually a primary school leaving, a certificate that the pupil has completed the primary course. It is not, however, so regarded. Any one with a little experience in school matters knows that thousands of pupils are deprived of the advantages of the training for this examination for the reason that they or their parents or both very naturally regard the Entrance Examination as useful only to those who intend going to the High School. There ought to be a primary school leaving examination which parents and pupils, trustees and teachers would all recognize as the examination that every pupil is preparing for from the first day at school; and that any pupil who fails to take this examination has failed to complete the primary course of instruction. The Department of Education could insist on this by making it a basis for the distribution of the government grants to the schools. In fine we should have primary education considered in itself, and not as preparatory for High School work. Until we get this complete change of viewpoint we shall continue to hear the best and truest friends of education

deprecate the fact that our primary schools are stagnant if not deteriorating.

Nor do we think a jot less of secondary education than those who fail to recognize the immense importance of primary education. We should be delighted to see the number in the Higher Schools of the province doubled and trebled, provided that in the High Schools they received an education worth in itself all the time and money expended on it. Now, however, the whole and sole object of secondary education is to prepare pupils for entrance to Normal, entrance to the Universities or entrance to the professions. That is to say that the whole course is shaped to this end. The curriculum is determined with this object in view. And the result is that tens of thousands enter the High Schools, and because they do not wish to be teachers, or university students, or professional men, they have no incentive to take any special course, prepare for no examination, and they waste one, two or three years. Often their High School years are not merely useless, but positively injurious; lacking the mental and moral discipline of sustained work for a definite object, the majority of the pupils fall into habits of mental indolence and physical laziness. Only a small proportion go on for the regular examinations, the rest drop out anywhere with a smattering of useless knowledge. Secondary education in Ontario will never be worth while, until it is considered as a good in itself, until its courses take shape, and its curricula are determined in the interest of and for the sake of the whole student body, and not to meet the exigencies and requirements of the few.

Two years in a High School should be a valuable and valued opportunity for extending and supplementing the education already acquired in the primary school. Of what use are two years under present conditions? Four years spent in the higher schools should suffice for a valuable secondary education. If the pupils do not prepare for some of the examinations which at present determine the whole work and curricula of High Schools, they may spend four years with little advantage. We must get back to the primary object of High Schools if we ever expect to change conditions for the better. This is our point of view with regard to primary and secondary education.

We stated it before, but while there are people who pride themselves on things as they are, it takes some iteration to get a hearing for the common sense viewpoint. The University point of view is radically different; it would perpetuate the present system, accentuate the subordination of secondary education to the interests of the few, and aggravate the evil consequences which are already too serious to be borne without protest—from the common people.

SOME MORE PRIVATE JUDGMENT "In the past, Bible students have not been sufficiently critical in studying God's Word." So a publication called "Bible Study Club" informs us; and proceeds to elucidate the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis. We are seriously told by the "sufficiently critical" expounder of God's Word that "the account does not begin with the creation of the physical earth as was once supposed. 'The beginning' refers merely to the work accomplished by Divine Power in bringing the waste and lifeless earth into condition for man's use."

"The earth was already in existence before the time mentioned in the Genesis account." That is, the earth was in existence before it was created!

Having cleared up this important point our critical expounder explains "Let there be Light." "There was no light on the earth prior to the time when Divine Energy brooded on the surface of the waters. The account seems to suggest an electrical influence, and a light somewhat resembling the Aurora Borealis."

As our private interpreter knows as much about Science as he does about Exegesis he reconciles the two without difficulty. It is surprising that the majority of nominal Protestants have no use for either Church or Bible? What another generation or two will bring forth is not pleasant to contemplate. While Protestants believed in the Bible, they retained many important truths of Christianity. As they find

they have built on the shifting sands of private judgment and their faith in the Bible itself is crumbling away, their hold on Christian truths of faith and morals is slackening perceptibly that the end is in sight. Higher Criticism is the logical and inevitable outcome of the principle of private judgment; and the vagaries of the latter have prepared the way for the destructive influence of the former on the very foundations of Protestant Christianity.

REV. MR. CLAREMONT

The man behind the fountain pen in the office of the Ontario Reformer, Oshawa, has a bumper share of good sense. In his issue of April 25th he pays his respects to one of those roving spirits who, too lazy to make a living at a reputable occupation, takes the road and appears in various meeting houses to inform our non-Catholic brethren that the "Romish" church is no better than it ought to be. Some weeks ago we made reference to a person named Claremont, coarse of speech, who appeared in some places in Eastern Ontario with the purpose of defaming the Church of Christ and taking up a collection from persons who carry about with them a goodly complement of ignorance and bigotry. This is how the editor of the Ontario Reformer, Oshawa, treats the Rev. Mr. Claremont:

"With the town hall and the churches closed against him, Rev. Mr. Claremont failed to work out his infirmities on the non-Catholic population of Oshawa. The people of this community refuse to be guiled by an adventurer who, by weapons from the garbage heap, attack law-abiding citizens."

This unfortunate is in the same class as the opium-eating ex-monk who was never a monk, who has lately assumed the role of street preacher in the capital and whose performances have become a public nuisance. He has been chaperoned by a Baptist preacher with whom nature has been niggardly in the matter of common sense. We are glad to see that our Protestant fellow citizens are becoming every day more and more distrustful of these unlovely characters some of whom have been dropped over the Vatican wall on account of gross misconduct.

THE ART OF MAKE BELIEVE

It is not a product of the New Thought. On the contrary it is as old as the world, but we have brought the science a little nearer perfection.

This is an age of make-believe. Things are not what they seem. One can buy Persian rugs, for instance, that never saw Persia, and Egyptian curios that were made in—New York. So with people—they are not always what they seem; on the contrary they are more often than not very unlike what they seem. He is unsophisticated indeed who would judge a book by the cover in this year of grace, 1913.

Some one has said "Language was given us to conceal our thoughts," and we knew a dear old Irish priest who used to say, "Tongue and thought are often not at one but at two." Shakespeare tells us, on the authority of the Prince of Denmark, that "A man may smile and smile and be a villain," and we feel instinctively how true it is that behind the smiling countenance there is often a very unlovely heart. Make-believe is not only part and parcel of men's dealings with one another but it has a part even in men's dealings with Almighty God. But if men can be thus deceived not so the Divine Reader of hearts. "Woe to you, Pharisees, because you are as whitened sepulchres that appear not, and that men walk over unawares. You make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but inside you are full of rapine and iniquity."

Stand in spirit at the sanctuary rail of some Catholic Church any Sunday morning, and notice how sanctimonious the crowds look sitting in their pews. But when the Holy Sacrifice is over and they file out into the work-a-day world how much of this sanctity do they take with them, or do they put it in cold storage for a week? Walk along the street, and observe the young man, well groomed, spotless collar, clothes nicely pressed, but what about the creases in his soul? See the young lady—how long, think you, did she stand before the glass to assure herself that her hat was on straight, but did she give one thought as to whether or not her soul was straight before Almighty God?

St. James tells us to have done with Make Believe where he writes, "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." You who read these lines, are you counterfeit or genuine? Are you like the man who looked in the glass, and presently forgot what manner of man he was? Does the teaching of Jesus Christ make about as much impression on your hearts as the image does upon the mirror—that is, none at all, for as soon as you walk away from the mirror there is nothing left of the image. Are you, too, an expert in the art of Make Believe? COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

DAILY PAPERS throughout Ontario have given great prominence to a letter from the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., endorsing the work of a new organization called the "Boys Dominion." Among other things he enlarges upon the fact that it is common ground upon which boys of every creed—even "Jews and Roman Catholics"—may work side by side. Elsewhere it appears that already four hundred and sixty-seven Catholics are included in its membership.

WE HAVE no means at hand of vouching for either the non-sectarian character of the institution or of the extent of its Catholic membership. It may be all that the Y. M. C. A. secretary claims for it. But we may say frankly that experience has taught us to distrust these "unsectarian organizations, and that we believe it incumbent upon Catholics, parents and teachers, to scrutinize the Boys Dominion closely before giving their charges into its care. We know the value of the Young Men's Christian Association's protestations of unsectarianism, and if this later institution, which Mr. Warburton recommends so highly, is in any way akin to that with which he is identified, it is no proper environment for Catholic youth.

DESPITE ALL ITS brave show of aggressiveness, its prodigal expenditure, and the ostentatious zeal for proselytism which characterizes non-conformity in England, no less than its counterpart in Canada, there is not one of its numerous subdivisions but what continues to show either stationariness or decided shrinkage in the matter of membership. This fact has been alluded to before in these columns, but has usually met with the rejoinder from the sectarian weeklies, that the figures were not authentic nor the reference un-biased. Well! what our non-Catholic contemporaries are not willing to take from us they may accept from one of themselves. Sir Robertson Nicol, certainly, cannot be accused of want of sympathy with Nonconformity in any of its multifarious phases. As editor of its leading journal, the British Weekly, and himself a minister in good standing, he is not likely to color his estimates of the position to their disadvantage. Moreover, he enjoys the reputation of being an acute and conscientious observer, to which qualities as a journalist, it may be added, he owes his knight-hood.

SIR ROBERTSON NICOL, then, as the Globe's special English correspondent puts it, has thrown a bombshell into the camp of his friends. He has been telling the truth in regard to "Protestant progress" in Britain. Discussing the annual May meetings of the sects in London, he has especially directed his invective against the appalling stream of talk—vain, purposeless talk—which characterizes these gatherings. We are not unfamiliar with that quality as exhibited in similar gatherings in Canada. But, having regard to their origin, aim and constitution, what else can they do but talk? Talk is the life and soul of the system, and without it, or confined within reasonable limits, its occupation would be gone. Sir Robertson's reflection is that "laymen are growing sick of talk," and he prognosticates that the "decline in membership will steadily proceed until a new spirit of devotion to plain, every day duty takes possession of our churches." Which, adds the Globe correspondent, "is only repeating an old song."

THE TIMELINESS of Sir Robertson Nicol's protest may be best appreciated by those familiar with the conditions against which he inveighs. The decrease in membership, which is the occasion of his warning, however, is, contrary to his own appraisal of the situation, due more to the decay of dogma than to any other single cause. Men, after all, are attracted to church just in proportion as they find there an antidote to the selfish-

ness, materialism and hopelessness of life's struggle. This antidote no speculative philosophy, social theory or shallow sentimentalism can supply. It is to be found only in the Gospel of Christ, as adhered to and proclaimed with Pentecostal authority. And since Protestantism has apostatized from even the pretence of such authority (the reality of course it never possessed) it follows that any hold which it ever had upon the masses, has been relaxed, and its adherents slipping away. This is the condition which has elicited such strong expressions from Sir Robertson Nicol, but the remedy for which he, any more than others concerned, fails to discern. Needless to say, it does not lie in the "lust for talk" against which the knightly editor declaims.

THAT THE decline in "Free Church" membership is real and serious is shown by figures recently compiled.

Table with 2 columns: Denomination and Decrease. Wesleyan Methodists... 2,624; Congregationalists... 381; Baptists... 101; Primitive Methodists... 53; Calvinistic Methodists... 726; United Methodistists... 1,670; Presbyterians... 20; Society of Friends... 88; Churches of Christ... 163; Independent Methodists... 719; Wesleyan Reform Union... 266; Moravians... 400; Countess of Haddington's Connexion... 100; Disciples of Christ... 211.

Total decrease, 6,980.

THESE FIGURES, writes the Globe's correspondent, suggest serious reflections, especially, as in some cases, the decline has been going on for several years. In six years Wesleyan Methodism, for instance, has lost 15,000 members. The serious reflections, however, of either Sir Robertson Nicol or the Globe writer, do not seem to go deeper than that their leaders are "completely out of touch with the mind of the age." The latter has, perhaps, a glimmering of the truth in that he concludes that in addition to the several naturalistic reasons advanced, "there is another which has been equally unkind to Nonconformity," and that is "higher criticism." The same hand-writing is on the wall in Canada.

THAT THE Church hastaken on new life in Canada, and that true to her mission she is rising to the exigencies which confront her in the inrush of new people to this country must be apparent to every observer. From ocean to ocean the movement inspired and encouraged by the Holy Fathers, to safeguard the faith as well as the material welfare of the Catholic immigrant, is being put well in hand, and with far-seeing vision, our Bishops are making every effort to provide him with facilities for the practice of his religion, and to ensure a Catholic education to his children. We see this in the erection of new ecclesiastical provinces, the founding of new dioceses, and the establishment everywhere of churches, schools and religious houses. It is a great problem, and even from a human point of view, one worthy of the highest endeavor of every Catholic in the Dominion, priest or layman.

THE GREAT field of the future necessarily lies in the West, with its abounding energy and magnificent possibilities. But in the East no lesser a problem confronts us. Our foreign population is rapidly increasing and in the larger cities, such as Montreal and Toronto, new parishes are being erected for their especial accommodation, and priests of their own several races being placed in charge of them. This is the more necessary, since the sects in spite of their own dissolving tendencies, are ever active in seeking to undermine the faith of the Catholic foreigners, and are none so scrupulous in their way of going about it. As in other places, even in Rome itself, by base appeals to physical wants, or appetites they seduce young children into their schools or "mission halls," and, through the children, war upon the faith of parents also. That such and irreparable mischief has been wrought in this way no one with open eyes can fail to see.

TO MEET this crying evil there has lately been introduced into the Archdiocese of Toronto the Carmelite Sisters of the Divine Heart of Jesus, whose especial mission is to the immigrant of whatever race or tongue. We have received an article descriptive of this offshoot of the great,

Carmelite Order which will appear in next issue of the RECORD. In the meantime we must content ourselves with saying that their advent to the Province of Ontario at this time is certainly providential. They came unheralded, and, true to the apostolic injunction, without purse or scrip. The Archbishop of Toronto having placed a house at their disposal, they took up their abode there with nothing but bare walls to welcome them, and without loss of time set them down to the work to which they were called. Already they have gathered about them a little group of orphaned or neglected children, and the seed thus planted in the spirit of faith gives every promise of developing into a mighty tree. Speaking the language of the Italian, the Ruthenian, the Bohemian, the Pole and the Hungarian, they go amongst the immigrants, warn them of their dangers, instruct their children, and in multifarious ways care for their welfare. In other countries they have had wonderful success, and there is no reason to doubt that Providence will similarly bless their efforts in this country. In due time their work will no doubt extend to other parts of the Province. For the present they are located at 52 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, and there the charitably disposed may co-operate with them by contributing something to the furnishing of their home and to the work which they have in hand.

### HOW BISHOP KETTELER CORRECTED A SCANDAL

Much attention has been given of late to the interesting figure of the Bishop of Mayence, Baron von Ketteler, who fifty years ago began a systematic warfare upon the un-Christian teaching of Socialism in Germany.

There is another side to his character, not less interesting to the clerical reader, which the Ecclesiastical Record declares shows forth his courage as a shepherd of souls.

An incident of his life chosen almost at random will indicate alike the prudence that guided him in his episcopal office and the whole-souled zeal which made him shrink no labor for the good of his flock.

It was not his custom, as it is with us, to combine his regular pastoral visitation, in which he was engaged for about six months at a time, with the periodical administration of the sacrament of confirmation. For this latter function he selected other times when he would also frequently take part in the celebration of local church festivals, pilgrimages and missions.

Nor was his participation in these exercises of popular devotion limited to the celebration of Pontifical Mass, or preaching. His purpose of studying the religious and social conditions of the community in which he happened to be at the time was manifested by his going into the confessional, visiting the working people and the sick as well as the local clergy of the neighborhood, and by making himself felt everywhere as an active participant in all that interested the community.

We get a glimpse of how he departed himself on such occasions from some of his letters. Thus on one of his confirmation journeys, under date of September 14, 1875, he writes:

"Since your departure from here last July I have been continually away administering confirmation. I returned for the Congress in Freiburg, and after that went to Dieburg for the feast of Our Lady's Nativity. There was a great concourse of people there on a pilgrimage. I heard confessions from 1:30 in the afternoon 9:30 at night, and was up again at 2:30 in the morning to hear the people who were waiting. They kept up in the confessional until noon, excepting the time for Mass and sermon. We had 5 Capuchin Fathers helping, besides 12 of our own priests."

In another letter dated July 31, 1872, he writes:

"Since Easter I have been on the go all the time, and just now am in the midst of a group of merry children. Apart from the fatigue and the great heat at this season, I find much to give me joy in the different parishes so far as conditions admit of such a thing. . . . Since I left you I have spent most of the time in the Odenforest district, where the churches and the parish schools lie widely apart from one another, so that I have difficulty in getting to them. But I like the country here and am fond of its people and I know pretty well every nook and corner of the region, so that so long as the weather is good I enjoy life in the mountains."

It was in this way that Bishop Ketteler came to know his flock and enjoy their fullest confidence. But there were trials also with which he had to cope singly handed.

Toward the end of the year 1875 the Bishop was suddenly notified that one of his priests, a pastor in a country district, had been accused of a dastardly crime and arrested by the civil authorities.

Immediately the Bishop repaired to the presbytery, took charge of the parish, and on the following Sunday appeared in the pulpit of the bereaved

church. The priest's arrest and the Bishop's sudden arrival had brought everybody to the late Mass.

The Bishop preached on the text of St. Matthew 18:7: "Woe to the world because of scandals."

He had carefully thought out what he wished to say and there is a record of the notes he had sketched for the occasion among his papers collected by his Jesuit biographer, Father Pfaff:

"My coming to you at this time," he said, "is caused by an occurrence that affects me with bitterness of heart, and I have made the journey at a great sacrifice. But I have been urged by the thought that your visit to you might be of profit to your souls and at the same time prove a consolation to you. And in this I feel that I am fulfilling my duty to you as your Bishop. It would be futile to pass unnoticed the sad incident which has taken place among you, and I shall speak of it with perfect frankness. May God grant that my words enter your hearts unto salvation."

"First of all, let me say that the time is not yet ripe for passing judgment as to whether your pastor is guilty of the crime which is laid to his charge or not. That is a matter still to be proved by the authority which has taken in hand his trial. When the competent tribunal has pronounced its judgment, I as your Bishop shall have to deal with the matter, and I shall do so as I am bound by my responsibility to God."

"But whatever may be the measure of his guilt, he unquestionably deserves to be reprimanded in this that his conduct permitted the bringing against him of a charge, the very suspicion of which is a crime in a priest. The minister of God is bound to avoid not only foul crime but even the appearance of it, so far as that is possible. The conduct of a priest must be such as to contradict the very suspicion of evil in him. Such is the wish and intention of the Church. In this your pastor has failed; his action was calculated to arouse suspicion against his integrity. That itself is a crime, inasmuch as it involves the sin of scandal."

"How great a calamity this sin of scandal is you may realize if you will reflect with me upon the words of our text, 'Woe to you because of scandals.' . . . Although scandal is the subject of Christ's awful malediction, we must guard against the error of making the Church responsible for such a calamity, when its cause is the bad conduct of a priest."

"Yet this is what the enemies of the Church will do when they point the finger of scorn at the unfortunate minister of Christ who has brought about the scandal. How unjust it is to fix the stigma of this evil upon the Church you will readily see if you will follow me attentively."

"I. God has appointed men in all conditions of life to be His representatives among their fellows. Such representatives are, in the first instance, parents with reference to their children; likewise in all Christian society the civil magistrates and other officials of the secular order; finally, such representatives in the communications of things spiritual are the clergy."

"2. To all men God gives sufficient grace, natural and supernatural to overcome sin and to fulfil the duties of their state of life. This grace is accorded in a special manner to parents and to priests. To the former God imparts grace in the sacrament of matrimony, and to the latter in the sacrament of holy orders."

"3. Those who co-operate with this special grace in the exercise of the sacred priesthood are faithful and good priests. But since God does not take away from the priest his freedom of will, it may happen that a priest fails to correspond with the divine gift of the sacrament of holy orders, and thereby becomes a bad priest."

"4. You see then how unjust it is to lay the blame for the actions of an unworthy priest to the charge of the Church. The Church takes her priests from among the people. They are not sent to her from heaven, but are called from among your own children. She warns us at all times lest any one enter the priesthood who has not an earnest conviction that he is really called to her service. Those who have shown signs of a vocation she reminds of the dangers and difficulties which encompass the priest in the midst of the world. She is utterly adverse to a spirit of false or feigned virtue, and she exhorts the priest, as she does each of you, to be faithful ministers and to practise constant vigilance in the exercise of the sacred obligations imposed upon him. She does not gloss over his sins, but bids him remember that in him sin is a more grievous fault than in those of less exalted dignity."

"5. What then are we to do under the present circumstances?"

"(a) In the first place remember the warning of Christ not to judge too hastily. Refrain then from much needless gossip about the same matter which has occurred in the parish."

"(b) Above all things do not discuss it in the presence of your children."

"(c) Do not silently recommend the matter to God in earnest prayer."

"(d) Take warning to be more than ever faithful in the fulfilment of your own duties."

"(e) All the more as I, your Bishop, am helpless in the matter, however much I desire to heal your wounds."

Such were the thoughts which the zealous Bishop placed before his deeply humiliated flock with all the

burning eloquence of which he was capable. But he was not satisfied to have spoken to them. He would act for them. For the time being the duties of his extensive diocese called him home, where he remained until the functions of Lent and Holy Week were over. Then he returned to the parish which had suffered from its shepherd's disgrace. He announced to the people that love toward their children had drawn him back, and that he wanted to perform himself the task of preparing them for their approaching first Communion.

"For twenty-six years," he said, "I have not had an opportunity of leading the lambs of my flock to the Holy Table, since this duty does not properly belong to the Bishop; but a special tenderness for your children has awakened in my heart the desire to prepare them for this sacred step."

The preparation of the children, however, was merely the occasion of the much more important work which he had in mind for the re-awakening of Catholic zeal in that same congregation. In fact he opened a mission for the parish, which he himself directed; preaching, instructing, hearing confessions, and meeting each individually, that he might remove the impression which their priest's conduct had left in their minds.

In other words, the entire community was engaged to take active part in the preparation of the children for their first Communion. Confessions we heard from very early morning, for the people, seeing their Bishop so willing to labor for them, responded promptly to the call. Besides the instructions given to the younger children, there were separate instructions for the older school children, and devotions to suit the condition of the parents and other adults. The Bishop himself undertook to bring Holy Communion to the sick in the parish, in order that they too might participate in the renewal of spirit which he hoped to effect in the congregation.

He left the people enamored of their chief pastor, only to return a few months later to administer confirmation and exhort them to perseverance. Once more, the following year, he found his way back to them, when again he prepared the little children for first Communion and assured himself that the scandal given by an unworthy priest had yielded to the zeal of their Bishop and had been turned into a blessing.

Such was the interest which he took in the spiritual welfare of his flock; and this at a time when his mind was engrossed with cares requiring ceaseless activity in wide fields of ecclesiastical and national affairs.

Among his published works there are some two hundred pastoral letters and other important appeals touching the educational and social as well as religious necessities of his people. To hear him in the pulpit of his cathedral or in the tribune of the national parliament one would have thought that he was absorbed in public affairs to such an extent as neither to allow nor to incline him to take the place of his humblest curate among the poor and the workmen of the factory, towns and farming districts of his diocese. But his power of adaptation was marvelous undoubtedly for the simple reason that it was fed by the love of his priestly heart for the salvation of souls.

Innumerable instances might be recounted in his life of this humble zeal in a man born amidst the aristocratic surroundings of an ancient nobility, with the spirit of the soldier in his veins, yet endowed with a simplicity and meekness that must have come from frequent communings, amidst all his labors, with the Sacred Heart of the great Shepherd of souls.—Truth.

### HIS VIEW OF ANGLICANISM

THE CAUSE WHICH LED ONE OF THAT COMMUNION INTO THE FOLD OF PETER

This is what L. H. Peyton, English convert, saw in the Church of England before he left it. He tells the story himself in an article in the Catholic Times:

"I looked out into the Anglican communion, and as I saw her internal dissension and conflict; Bishops and clergy denying the fundamental doctrines of Christianity; pouring vitals of wrath and scorn over each other for their opposition; every man a law unto himself, and with scarcely a common platform amongst them except the revilement of the Holy See: I asked myself the candid question: 'Can this anomalous coherence of heresies, including within itself as it does every species of speculation and error, that allows and invites its members to dabble and experiment with every agnostic theory under the sun, and that reserves its ire and its discipline for only those of its clergy who endeavor to approximate to the Catholic Faith—can this body have any connection whatever with that Church of our Lord which by its unity, its sanctity, its Catholicity, and its apostolicity stands before men as such a witness that the whole world may believe?' Candidly and honestly I could return no answer, save a distinct negative."

Many good men and women are every day asking the same question and answering by the same "direct negative." And so it will continue until the time divinely promised comes—there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.

### CHURCH AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE

CARDINAL GIBBONS TELLS WHY HE DOES NOT FAVOR IT. REPLIES TO SUFFRAGIST WHO SAID CHURCH OPPOSES THE BALLOT FOR WOMEN

A letter from Cardinal Gibbons opposing woman suffrage was read at a mass meeting in Baltimore recently under the auspices of the Maryland association opposed to woman suffrage. The Cardinal said in part:

"Equal rights do not imply that both sexes should engage promiscuously in the same pursuits, but rather that each sex should discharge those duties which are adapted to its physical constitution and are sanctioned by the canons of society."

When I deprecate female suffrage I am pleading for the dignity of women. I am contending for her honor. I am striving to perpetuate those peerless prerogatives inherent in sex, those charges and graces which exalt womanhood and make her the ornament and the coveted companion of man.

"We must remember that though woman does not personally vote she exercises the right of suffrage by proxy. So powerful is the influence which a sensible matron exerts over her husband and sons they will rarely fail to follow her counsel, which comes from inspired rather than labored reasoning."

Cardinal Gibbons recently expressed his personal opposition to woman suffrage, but in answer to the recent utterances of Miss Inez Mulholland declared:

"The mission of the Church is to define faith and morals. In other matters, individuals decide for themselves."

He said that he did not make his statement to take issue with the suffragettes, but to set forth his views. He declared that Miss Mulholland was in error when she said that the Catholic Church was opposed to equal suffrage and had taken extreme measure even to prevent women of the Church reading literature pertaining to the question.

Miss Mulholland had quoted a western prelate as to the opinion of the Church to equal suffrage. Cardinal Gibbons said:

"The western prelate quoted must have spoken as an individual. Personally, I am opposed to female suffrage, but I am in favor of perpetuating the real dignity of woman."

"The Christian religion has exalted woman to her present sphere. She is no longer the slave of man or the toy of his caprice, but the equal, the peer of man. She is the queen of the domestic kingdom, and her proper sphere is in the home. She is justly honored everywhere, by reason of her sex."

"Now, if she were to enter political life, it is much to be feared that her dignity would be impaired, if not jeopardized. As soon as women seek to enter politics, they may expect to be soiled by its dust, and the grace and charm inherent in women would be seriously impaired by her rude contact and contention with men in political life."

"Woman, as wife and mother, will have ample occasion to engage all her time and faculties. The wife who absents herself from her home habitually, inevitably neglects her children and causes her husband to suffer because of her absence."

"The country has enough voters. Although women may now exercise suffrage, the finest among them are voting by proxy. Their power is incalculable. We cannot exaggerate the influence of a good woman on the men of her circle."

"We read that Themistocles was on one occasion approached by his son, who asked a considerable favor. 'I cannot grant what you ask,' said the great general, 'you must go to your mother. It is true that Greece rules the world, that Athens rules Greece, that I rule Athens, but, my son, your mother rules me.'"

"Since it is beyond dispute that the most representative women are getting what they want indirectly, I believe that society cannot afford to risk the safety of the family and the destruction of the home. What would be the value of our national life if votes obtained by the rag-tag tactics that disgrace the name of womanhood?"

The Cardinal's statement was given out in reply to a speech delivered by Miss Mulholland at a suffragist meeting in New York. A woman in the audience arose and said: "I am not a suffragist because I understand that the Catholic religion does not approve of the movement. Is this so, and why?"

Miss Mulholland at once replied that the Catholic Church was against the votes for women movement, and that she had been informed by a prelate in the West that the Catholic Church much preferred to have things go along as they are, because if the ignorance of a greater part of its communicants were dispelled and female suffrage were admitted it would cause great trouble in controlling the parishioners. She went on in this strain at great length and became violently and most offensively anti-Catholic in her remarks.

So indignant did a number of Catholic ladies become that they rose and left the hall. There was a hum of dissatisfaction all around the room. Then a young lady in one of the boxes arose and said: "I am a Catholic, and I would like to ask the speaker to tell me the name of the prelate who told her this story."

While the whole audience listened for the answer, this is the lame and idiotic reply that Miss Mulholland made: "I cannot think of his name right this minute, but I have it somewhere, and will give it to you tomorrow."

At this unsatisfactory reply, the meeting broke up in confusion.—True Voice.

### VILLAINY MOST FOUL

The distinguished editor of the Newark Monitor, Rev. Dr. Cantwell, in a fierce philippic fired by holy zeal and prompted by intense devotion, the outcome of indignation at attempted sacrilege of the worst kind, discloses, in a recent issue, an attempt of some contemptible detective to trap the secrets of the confessional by the aid of the dictograph.

The facts reported by the daily press are substantially these: Father Linane of Tom's River, N. Y., was summoned to jail to hear the confession of a man arrested on suspicion for murder. On arriving the priest was surprised to find that the prisoner had not sent for him and that an ominous wire was connected with the cell where the confession was to have taken place. Quietly the priest, however, ordered sealed lips and, getting paper and pencil, heard the confession of the accused Catholic without interchanging a word.

Thus did the prudence and good sense of the priest frustrate a plan as diabolical in its purpose as is the dictograph unique in its idea. Here is law for you! Here is justice! The dirty fellows who were trying to establish the guilt of a supposed murderer forgot that they were doing something incomparably worse than murder in attempting the ruin of the seal of the confessional, a divine institution, which in the whole history of Christianity has never yet been violated by the minister of the sacrament of penance, is safeguarded by all the legal forms of civil courts, and is one of the greatest blessings that human society can have to keep hearts from breaking, minds from insanity and souls from floundering in despair or being wrecked in suicide. These so-called officers of law would doubtless burn down their neighbor's house to get coals to cook their own egg—would "hang, draw and quarter," as in the old time, their mothers to glut their vengeance on an unfortunate man who fell under their suspicions. If their suspicions were as ignorant as the means used to establish them, then we believe in the innocence of the accused.

The whole procedure has in it all the worst possible elements. From the viewpoint of the law of the land, it was robbing a man, innocent until proved guilty, of all the privileges of a citizen and, as these rights pertained to his soul, it was a tyrannical abuse of the sacred respect the State gives conscience.

Then they were liars of no mean order when they lied without the knowledge of the prisoner, for a priest and tried to make a cat's paw of his sacred person and office to further their nefarious designs.

Dr. Cantwell, in his splendid arraignment of the whole process, forgot one thing that reduces to the absurd these clever swindlers of a man's soul. The testimony that might have been gleaned in their unwarranted manner would not be admitted in court. The court itself would deprecate the infamous plot and would not dishonor its dignity by permitting such illegal means to be registered as an argument against any man charged with any crime. These hounds of what they supposed the law forgot, in their tripping haste, the court that would conclude matters. In attempting to condemn others, their ignorance equalled their malice and their sacrilege was more than the sum total of both.

The foiling of the devil calls anew man's mind to the wonderful character of Christ's mercy-seat in the tribunal of penance. Were there no other argument to prove the divinity of the Church, the confessional alone would be ample, else how account for the fact that never once, in the varied histories of priests, was the seal of the sacrament violated? Priests have suffered pinchers to pull out their tongues, silent in the curtained secrets of penance and went thus maimed to horrible agonies. Priests have suffered the disgrace of members of their families being innocently hanged rather than tell what they knew through the confessional. Priests have apostatised cowardly for popular or worldly advantages, but the first and worst of them never gave a syllable of what the confessional disclosed. Priests, in any form of insanity, never betrayed the trusts of penance. And why? Because the sacrament of forgiveness is divine and God Himself guards it. In no other way can the strange and marvelous record be explained.

God made the confessional where the sick seek health, the weak strength, the strength hope, the hopeful perseverance, the persevering heaven, and God conserves the inestimable gift of grace and mercy so that no power on earth can frustrate the heavenly design embodied in the sacred tribunal. Palaces may crumble, yes, nations decay, but the confessional box, in its little corner of Christ's Church, will never be missed from earth no more than will God's clemency vanish from the skies. The whispering of the sinner there has been more eloquent with heaven than all the proud periods of a Bossuet or a Lacordaire winged to the ages. What dastards are these brainless

minions of law who would invade sacred privacy! What inhuman ghoul are they who would desecrate it! How kindred to fiends themselves are the monsters that would dare hear what was silently intended for God! Honor to the prudent Father Linane and glory to the denouncing pen of the brilliant Dr. Cantwell! Doubtless the governor of the State will hear the voice of outraged Catholicity and set his seal upon the sacredness of the confessional side by side with the seal of Christ and His Church by punishing the mad course of sacrilegious wretches tramping to their ignoble purposes under the majesty of law disgraced by their uniform.—Catholic Union and Times.

### CHURCH BESTS THE BENCH

CLERGY WITNESS SPURS WITH JUDGE IN DUBLIN COURT

A little sparring match between the Church and the law recently amused Dublin. The case concerned a certain kinematograph film of a biblical subject which was to be shown in Dublin.

Threatened with an injunction, the kinematograph syndicate produced several clergymen as witnesses to the edifying effect of the film. One of them was a distinguished Irish Jesuit, who has been dubbed "the Father Bernard Vaughan of Ireland."

"Do you approve of actions simulating such scenes in cold blood for the purpose of making money out of it?" he was asked.

"I cannot answer yes or no," was the cautious reply.

"The question is a very plain one," said the judge, a well known lion of the bar a few years back.

"It is not a plain question to me," replied the Jesuit. "If a person asked me did I think it right that a judge on the bench should distribute justice, which is one of the highest virtues, and do it for the sake of his salary?"

"What on earth has that to do with it?" hastily interposed the judge.

"Persons may have several motives," replied the Jesuit. "We cannot live in this world as ethereal beings, and if a person's motives are to do good and *en passant* he also makes his living by it I see no objection."

Honors rested with the Church.

### WORSHIPPERS WHISTLE HYMNS

A novel feature was introduced in the special services for men held at the Wharton Street Memorial Methodist Episcopal church, E. W. Stillman, pastor, by the whistling of hymns by the congregation. The effect was not impressive when the first hymn was whistled, but when "Onward Christian Soldiers" was started a vigorous and pleasing rendition of this martial hymn was given. The whistling of hymns was adopted because it makes a more popular appeal than singing, for all cannot sing, but all can whistle. That this new feature has proved popular was evinced by the large number attending the services, and it is probable that it may be continued at the men's meetings.—Philadelphia Record.

One is prompted to ask—what next? We are willing to admit, that anything that will elevate the mind to God should be tolerated—if not commended; but can the substitution of a musical air that is apt to convey to the memory some ribald suggestion, ever be admitted as equally pleasing to the sight of an infinitely perfect Creator, as could words that should rivet the mind—so to speak—on things spiritual, by the very thought and expression conveyed by words of prayer and praise?

Personally, I think not.

To what ends will the poor wanderers have recourse? How diligently should we pray that these blind leaders may be brought back into the paths of certainty and peace—under the guardianship of the Prince of Peace. "My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer; but ye have made it"—a place of entertainment.—Odd Man Out, in Denver Reporter.

### THE ROSARY

The Mystery of the Rosary focus mind and heart upon some event of joy, sorrow or glory in the life of Jesus. There is a vocal element of prayer which, to the heart that loves is less a distraction towards the lower needs of the fancy or the finger than Jacob's ladder to lead the climbing feet heavenward towards the stars. A great speaker toys with the trinkets on his chain in a paradoxical effort to concentrate his mind on things of the mind.

When Elijah sought the gift of prophecy he besought them to bring him a minstrel. "And when the minstrel played the hand of the Lord came upon him." He found inspiration where you and I, gentle reader, would find only distraction. Thus the vocal and the manual part of the Rosary, the mere telling and tallying the beads, has its effect in engaging tongues and hand with those lesser activities which leave the spirit free to soar.

Moreover, the bidding of the Aves plays a mystic part in focussing the soul on its Saviour. They determine how long the soul shall be focussed. It is not a mere instantaneous impression; it is a time exposure. By a delicacy of divine art the length of time during which mind and heart shall rest on God is measured, not by the movement of a hand round a dial, nor yet by the movement of the earth round the

sun, but by the circling of beads through hands that pray and the wreathing of Paters and Aves by lips that love.

Whilst the Pater and its attendant train of Aves move gently between the fingers and through the lips, the soul is resting in its thought of Jesus. Then when the Aves cease, and a certain fullness of time has come, one mystery of Jesus' life gives place to another, as wave follows wave on the deep and rhythm follows rhythm in the songs men sing.

Even thus the prayers said on the lips and the thoughts overflowing silently in the heart, in their rhythmic movement of speech and silence, of mystery, and following mystery become, by the fullness of their time and rhythm, a song of songs made to Him Whom Heaven's glie-singers bore with carols to the Vale of Tears.—Vincent McNabb, O. P., in the Tablet.

### SOME GOOD ADVICE

Don't get into the habit of being late for Mass. A moment of preparation before Mass may be the means of opening your souls to many graces.

Don't go to Mass without a prayer-book, unless you wish distraction and not devotion to occupy your mind.

Don't talk in church without necessity. Talk with God, whom you may not have visited, in His Temple, since last Sunday; you will have plenty of time to talk with your neighbor.

Don't criticise the sermon, nor the manner of preaching. It is a message from God bearing some truth to you. Heed the instruction and profit by it; it has something for you to learn.

Don't leave the Church until the priest has left the sanctuary. Take a moment in which to thank God for the graces of the Holy Mass.

Remember you are in the presence of God in His Holy Sacrament. Your gossip will keep until you reach the street.—Bishop Conaty.

### MAY DAY WITH ERIN

May Day with Erin: what a happy day.

May Day without her: sure it's dull and gray.

May Day with Erin: mid the blossoms bright.

May Day without her: sure it's black as night.

May Day with Erin: rosaries and joy.

May Day without her: bleakness and annoy.

May Day with Erin: faith, and hope, and love.

May Day without her: worry, rush and shove.

May Day with Erin: decked with lily flowers.

May Day without her: gusts and dusty towers.

May Day with Erin: skies of azure blue.

May Day without her: clouds of deadly hue.

May Day with Erin: all the world in bloom.

May Day without her: lifeless as the tomb.

May Day with Erin: blessings of the cross.

May Day without her: oh the pain of loss.

May Day with Erin: poor, but oh! how rich.

May Day without her: wealth but of the ditch.

May Day with Erin: hearts atune with flowers.

May Day without her: minutes dreary hours.

May Day with Erin: dream of Paradise.

May Day without her: freedom, but for vice.

May Day with Erin: Benediction grand.

May Day without her: in a Godless land.

May Day with Erin: rosaries and joy.

May Day without her: bleakness and annoy.

May Day with Erin: such too good for me.

May Day without her: may you never be.

—P. A. SHARKEY.

John B. Ferguson David M. Sanson

### Ferguson and Sanson

INVESTMENT BANKERS AND BROKERS

High Grade Investment Securities

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313-314 Continental Life Bldg. Toronto, Ont.

### We Will Buy or Sell HOME BANK STOCK

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

TRINITY SUNDAY

THE HOLY TRINITY

On the depths of the riches, of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God. How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways.

These words, my dear friends, taken from the Epistle of St Paul to the Romans, are applicable to this day's feast—a feast in honor of the greatest mystery—the mystery of the Trinity.

There is nothing grand, nothing beautiful in life that is not more or less mysterious. Man himself is an inexplicable mystery. He knows comparatively little about himself in this world, while the future is hid from his view.

Since revelation is divine, is from God, whatever it teaches must necessarily be true. Now revelation teaches the mystery of the Holy Trinity—that in one God there exists three distinct persons, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

And it is easy to believe when we know that God teaches it and that God can deceive us no more than we can deceive Him.

There are passages in the Old Testament which contain the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, as in the Book of Genesis, God the Father and Creator of all things seemed, as it were, to be taking counsel with the other persons of the Blessed Trinity when He said: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness."

Many passages in the New Testament enounce the doctrine, among them that from the fifth chapter of St. John, "There are three who give testimony."

The words of Jesus taken from the 28th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel of to-day are a sufficient proof that the mystery of the Holy Trinity is taught by Scripture.

It is a profound mystery which we must humbly believe, as did the saints and faithful of all ages since the time of Christ, without trying to understand it.

St. Augustine was one day walking along the seashore trying to dive into and understand the mysteries of God, when he saw a beautiful little boy pouring water from the ocean into a small hole he had made in the sand on the shore.

We have some semblance of this mystery in nature. The sun, though one body, has three closely united but distinct forces: fire, light and heat.

The soul is one in substance though endowed with three faculties; will, memory and understanding.

So God is one in substance though three in persons: the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

This mystery of the Holy Trinity is above reason but not contrary to it. It is above reason because it pertains to the infinite God and man can never with his weak intellect understand the infinite perfections of the Deity.

There are some things that we know through the medium of the senses, as for example, color, size and most things we know. Other things we learn by means of the intellect, as truth. And others we know by faith, as the mysteries of our holy religion.

The mystery of the Holy Trinity is one of the first articles of our creed and the end of all the other mysteries. All the other mysteries and all the festivals we celebrate tend to the glory of the Triune God—the Holy Trinity.

The Christian is dedicated to the Holy Trinity from his baptism to his death. At his baptism by the invocation of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, he becomes a child of God the Father, a disciple of God the Son and a temple of God the Holy Ghost.

the Holy Ghost, and at his death the priest who prepared him says: "Depart out of this world, O Christian soul, in the name of the Father Almighty who created thee; in the name of Jesus Christ the Son of the living God who suffered for thee; in the name of the Holy Ghost who sanctified thee."

Let us, my dear friends, not imitate those who know not God nor His holy religion. Let us not forget God and busy ourselves in beautifying our farms, building fine buildings and amassing wealth.

TEMPERANCE

OUR BILL FOR ALCOHOL

A correspondent signing himself "Sacerdos," writes in the Catholic Standard and Times:

"At a time when minds are so actively engaged in considering the causes which explain the high cost of living, these few thoughts suggested by Professor O'Hara's carefully written article in the March number of the Catholic World, may prove both interesting and helpful.

The Church in teaching this mystery is in perfect harmony with revelation, tradition and reason.

That revelation is divine, all Christians believe. Its divinity rests upon facts and principles which if denied, would overturn society and destroy all evidence.

Since revelation is divine, is from God, whatever it teaches must necessarily be true.

Now revelation teaches the mystery of the Holy Trinity—that in one God there exists three distinct persons, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Hence, we must believe it, although we do not understand it.

And it is easy to believe when we know that God teaches it and that God can deceive us no more than we can deceive Him. There are passages in the Old Testament which contain the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, as in the Book of Genesis, God the Father and Creator of all things seemed, as it were, to be taking counsel with the other persons of the Blessed Trinity when He said: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness."

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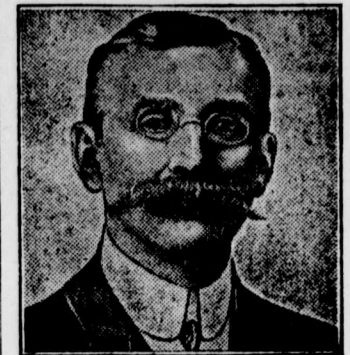
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STRONGLY ADVISES "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Because They Cured Him, And They Will Cure You



WALKERTON, Ont., May 9th, 1917. "I have been in Walkerton in business for a good many years and many of my townsmen know that my health, for long periods was precarious. My trouble was extreme Nervousness, brought on by indigestion and Dyspepsia, from which I suffered in the most severe form. It was so bad that I could not sleep before about four in the morning. I noticed one of your published testimonials of how someone had used 'Fruit-a-tives' for similar trouble and asked Mr. Hunter, my druggist, his opinion on the matter and he advised their use. I immediately procured several boxes and I am pleased to say that I now enjoy splendid health and could not possibly feel better. I can eat with every degree of satisfaction and sleep without an effort. I strongly advise anyone suffering from like complaints, to commence using 'Fruit-a-tives'. ALEX. McCARTER. Soc. a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

drunken husband, whose kisses and caresses of years gone by have long since given place to blows and foul imprecations. How many a poor child has not looked with horror upon domestic scenes that are burned like a curse into the memory of life's early years.

"There is no need of dwelling on the gruesome details of these ever-recurring tragedies; they are too well known to call for rehearsing. Broken hearts and blighted homes bear witness to the havoc wrought by the demon of drink throughout the length and breadth of the land. Young and old, men and women, have sacrificed their self-respect, their homes and their happiness, and it may be their very souls to their cravings for the poisoned cup. Surely, where such horrors occur there is need of the virtue of temperance; for without it the world must needs become a hell."

CORPUS CHRISTI

Sacred Heart Review

Next Thursday, the Feast of Corpus Christi, is one of the days on which Christian faith unites most intimately with the hope and charity in a trinity of most sublime devotion. It is the Feast of the Body of Christ. In the Blessed Sacrament Our Lord resides under the appearances of the white Host, with all His power and brightness, the most beautiful of the children of men. He has all those admirable proportions, and all the perfect fitness of those divine members, which were formed in the most beautiful of the daughters of Adam, and the purest of Virgins. There are those feet which were watered by the tears of Magdalen, and which traversed the length and breadth of Judea and Galilee. There are the hands, spotless and consecrated for the office of the divine High Priest; those hands which worked with Joseph in the carpenter's shop; those hands which scattered blessings and miracles throughout the land of Israel; they are there, under the Host, bright as gold, and perfect beyond anything in humanity. There is that face, once disfigured and buffeted and covered with reproaches for love of us, but now resplendent as the sun in all the glory of its light; that mouth whose voice is as the sound of many waters, whose eyes which shed tears over the suffering, and that now light up the abode of the saints.

There too, under the white Host is the Precious Blood, the price of our ransom, shed profusely on this earth, but now again within His sacred veins, and giving its life-giving qualities to all His members under the action of His Sacred Heart. And with that Sacred Body is also that human but glorified Soul of Jesus, possessed with all the treasures of divine Wisdom.

In the modest little Tabernacle upon the altar Jesus rests to-day in that same Sacred Body, with His Blood and His Soul and His Divinity. There in the bustle and noise of the world as well as during the quiet watches of the night He looks forth upon mankind with the love and affection that made up His life while in Israel. There He waits that some one from out the millions, for whom He suffered and died, may come and speak words of welcome. There, too, He waits for the prayer of suffering and affliction, the cry of the weary soul and the weeping of those who have learned the name of sorrow. There, too, he waits for even a closer relation, that which comes in the reception of Holy Communion, when the Body of the Lord is united

most intimately with His creature, to impart to him those graces and blessings that are not of earth, and that find their fruition only when the liberated soul shall look for the beginning of an eternity upon the same Sacred Body glorified and immortal.

BLASPHEMER MEETS UNUSUAL DEATH

DEAD MAN MOCKINGLY PROCLAIMED HIMSELF TO BE THE RISEN CHRIST

Pueblo, Col., April 14.—The details of a tragedy which seems nothing short of the wrath of an outraged God were made known in this city to-day by an Italian eye-witness, who was formerly a member of a gang of religion scoffers at Delagua, a coal mining camp adjoining Trinidad, Col.

He refuses to permit of its use, the name of the witness, who fled the scene of the tragedy, is withheld, but the tale as told to a Catholic priest whom he had known was substantially as follows:

One Angelo Rotondo from Roccaseca, province of Aquila, Italy, was the self-appointed leader of a gang of Italian coal workers, who amused themselves in parodying holy things, scoffing at religion, and attempting to harass others in the practice of the climax of their buffoonery was reached when Rotondo proclaimed himself the Risen Christ, and caused his companions to carry him through the streets of a little coal mining camp on a litter, that he might receive the homage of the populace. The journey had not progressed far when the blasphemous Italian lost his balance, and fell a distance of but a few feet to the ground, where he lay prone as one dead. His companions thought it a part of the plan of outrages, and proceeded to pay him homage. Failing after a time to arouse the now unconscious man, they became alarmed and fled the spot leaving the supposed Christ to the care of the curious hangers on. Perceiving that the man must be injured, a doctor was summoned, who found his patient had lost all consciousness, but could discover no injury. The man was removed to a Trinidad hospital where he died without having regained consciousness, and the hospital authorities were unable to diagnose the cause of death. Not a single friend or relative could be persuaded to arrange for funeral ceremonies, and the body was buried by the grave digger in the potter's field. The spot has been studiously avoided by all the Italians of the section. Such is the story in brief.—Denver Register.

BEHAVIOR IN CHURCH

Sacred Heart Review

God is everywhere; we can in no wise escape from His presence, even if we would. The psalmist has said it:

"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy face? If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there; if I descend into hell, Thou art present. If I take my wings early in the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there also shall Thy hand lead me; and Thy right hand shall hold me. Darkness shall not be dark to Thee, and night shall be light as the day; the darkness thereof, and the light there are alike to Thee. Nevertheless, there are certain places which we set apart as churches, and we call them places where we assemble for the express purpose of adoring God, of praising Him, of bringing our needs before Him. These places we dedicate to Almighty God; they are sacred places, and they demand from us a peculiar reverence of demeanor, fitted to the solemnity of the buildings in which we assemble. These facts would seem to be what we call self-evident, needing little explanation to a thoughtful mind."

Let us consider, what the central wonder is of this "house of God," in this house is offered up, day after day, the tremendous Sacrifice of the Mass, the pure oblation of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Angels surround our altars, veiling their faces with their wings, and trembling with awe at the majestic and supreme "act" which mortal men receive power to perform by the grace of their ordination as priests of the Catholic Church. The same Jesus Who once offered Himself on Calvary in a bloody Sacrifice never to be repeated, day by day still offers Himself on our altars in an unbloody Sacrifice, that constantly renews for us the benefits of Calvary. Here the Man-God offers Himself, in a sacrifice of adoration, expiation, impetration, reparation. Here we are bidden to come, and unite our hearts with His. What, then, should our behavior be in church?

Surely, we ought, in the first place, to enter reverently, as if we knew how great an act of worship awaits us, and how divine a Sacrifice. If, in olden Jewish days, the Lord said unto Moses, when He appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush, "Put off the shoes from thy feet: for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," with what reverence ought we now to approach the hallowed buildings where Jesus Christ is offered on our altars, and where, in the tabernacles of those altars, He deigns to dwell with us; How should we constantly refrain from idle whispering,

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

from wandering glances, from careless postures, from irreverent thoughts. Dom Ferrand Cabrol, O. S. B., says, very appropriately, in his "Le Livre de la Priere Antiquaire," or "The Book of the Ancient Prayer," some wise things on this important subject of our behavior in church. We translate as follows:

"Be attentive. At the threshold of this building, forget the cares of the world. Banish profane thoughts, desires for riches, the pre-occupations of vanity. Come to church in order to pray there in calmness, silence and peace; you will find there the true rest, the consolation that you seek. You will forget for a moment the burden of life, that perhaps weighs so heavily on your shoulders."

"Call to mind the fact that this Church is the image of your soul. Jesus is present there. It is He Who has said: 'Ask and it shall be given you; seek and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.' His table stands there, always ready; and He invites you to that banquet. He awaits you, that He may strengthen you, console you, cleanse you from your faults, reveal His will to you."

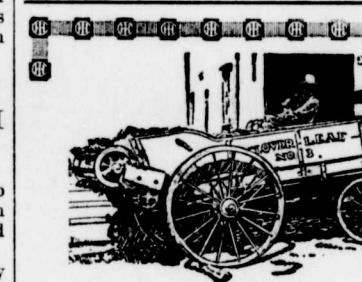
BOOST YOUR TOWN BY ORGANIZING A BRASS BAND. Information on this subject with printed instructions for amateur bands and a printed form of Constitution and By-Laws for bands, together with our big catalogue, will be mailed FREE on request. Address Dept. "D."

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

Makes Child Rearing a Pleasure!

From Mrs. Bullock, Norton Caves, Cannock, January 6th., 1913. "I have given my baby Woodward's Gripe Water since she was a fortnight old, and we quite thought we should lose her. Really, until she was five months no one could tell I had a baby in the house, so good and contented she was. If people ask why she is so happy, I tell them all that I owe it to Woodward's Gripe Water. My other children have had it, and they are fine."

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER has behind it a long record of medical approval. Any druggist in Canada can supply you. You must ask for WOODWARD'S.



An Unsolicited Testimonial

A CLEAR-EYED young farmer stepped up to a manure spreader demonstrator at the 1912 Chicago Live Stock Exposition and, pointing to one of the spreaders in the exhibit said: "I own one of those machines. It is the strongest spreader I ever had on my farm, and I've had a number of different machines. I honestly believe that if I filled that spreader with soft coal it would spread the stuff for me. I wouldn't trade it for any spreader I ever owned or saw."

This unsolicited recommendation from a man who had used an I H C spreader, and therefore knew what it would do, carried weight with his hearers. They might have doubted whether an I H C manure spreader would spread soft coal—but there was no doubt in their minds that an I H C spreader had spread manure to this man's entire satisfaction. This is a typical case showing what users think about

I H C Manure Spreaders

Corn King and Cloverleaf

I H C manure spreaders are made in many sizes, running from small, narrow machines for orchard and vineyard, spreading to machines of capacity for large farms. They are made with either endless or reverse aprons as you prefer. The rear axle is placed well under the box, where it carries over 70 per cent of the load, insuring plenty of tractive power at all times. Beaters are of large diameter to prevent winding. The teeth that cut and pulverize the manure are square and chisel pointed. The apron drive controls the load, insuring even spreading whether the machine is working up or down hill, or on the level. I H C spreaders have a rear axle differential, enabling them to spread evenly when turning corners.

The local agents handling these machines will show you all their good points, and will help you decide on the one that will do your work best. Get literature and full information from them, or, write the nearest branch house.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd. BRANCH HOUSES: At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

ENDING YOUR GATE TROUBLES

Isn't the kind of Gate all good Farmers want as follows: a Gate (1) that won't sag, break, bend, burn, blow down or rot; (2) that can be raised (as shown) to let small stock through, yet keep back large stock; (3) that will raise or lift over snow in winter; (4) that will positively keep back breachy cattle; (5) that will last a lifetime; (6) that is guaranteed



Clay Steel Farm Gates

meet all the above requirements. This is why the leading stockmen, with scarcely an exception, have Clay Gates on their farms. This is why farmers who once try them, keep them, being delighted with them. The C. A. C. has them; so have the Experiment Farm at Ottawa, and the Macdonald College Farm. 30,000 Clay Gates were sold in 1917. They cost a little more than other Gates, they are worth more.

THIS GATE

is made of tubular steel of large diameter—far superior to gas pipe or tee or angle iron; and of heavy wire mesh fabric. Will last a lifetime. Can be raised as shown, by simple adjustment. Clay Gates are wonderfully light and strong and always swing true.

60 DAYS FREE TRIAL. One or a dozen Clay Gates will be sent, freight paid, to any farmer willing to try them. Keep them 60 days without expense or obligation. Send name of opening when writing. Send to-day for illustrated price list.

The Canadian Gate Co., 84 Morris St., Guelph, Ont.

THE ELIMINATION OF WASTE

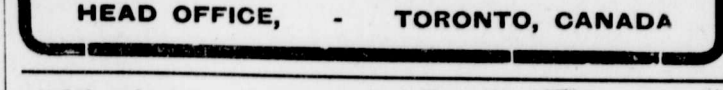
As never before, master business minds are concentrating upon the elimination of useless operating costs. For years the North American Life has specialized in economy of insurance management.

Palatial office buildings, big-salaried officials, highly expensive methods of putting large volumes of costly New Business on its books—these things find no place in the operations of the North American Life. Every item of expenditure is closely scrutinized by men who are specialists in their departments.

As a result, 19 per cent. of the total income for 1917 was sufficient to defray all expenses and charges; the remaining 81 per cent. was either paid to Policyholders and Beneficiaries, or held to their credit. The North American Life excels in economy of management.

North American Life Assurance Company

"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT" HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO, CANADA



And then this learned Benedictine writer adds the following far-reaching advice:

"But be not too limited and narrow in your views. Do not think that when your prayers are finished, and you leave the church, you are through with your duty towards God. Learn to adore Him and to pray to Him in that universe which is also His temple. His presence follows you; you bear Him away

with you. Keep yourself, then, always pure, and be honest and sincere with yourself, and remember that your body and your soul are the temple of the Holy Spirit."

WENEELY & CO. BELL. The Old Reliable Family Friendly. CHURCH SCHOOLS & OTHERS.

Common Sense Terminator KILLS BATS AND MICE

These are the days in which the "Almighty Dollar" has lost nearly 50% of its "almightiness." A \$2,000 income today leaves you in practically the same position as a \$1,000 salary found you a few years ago. A life insured for \$1,000 today is protected to the extent of only about \$500 of the money of twenty years ago; therefore

"To provide the same protection you must

The Dwindling Dollar

Double Your Insurance

THE Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada WATERLOO, ONT.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract OF Malt with Iron

is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY. It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron.

It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility. For Sale at Drug Stores.

W. LLOYD WOOD General Agent Toronto :: Canada

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LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

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

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

GUARANTEE every Clay Gate to be free from any defects whatsoever in material or workmanship. I will replace free any parts of the entire Gate giving out for this reason.

H. RALPH STEELE, Manager

The Canadian Gate Co., 84 Morris St., Guelph, Ont.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CONQUERING SMILE

The cheerful man shall speak of victories. The world is a mirror—it smiles back at the man who smiles at it.

In an agency whose advertisements are known all over the United States, a prominent placard hangs near the art editor's desk. It reads thus:

Notice to Art Department: Have smiling faces in every piece of copy possible.

This placard is backed up by a rigid office rule, and any art editor with a tendency toward depression cannot stay long in the establishment.

A big manufacturer, whose products were advertised in nearly all the periodicals of the country, found the sales, nevertheless, far from satisfactory.

"Everybody likes a smiling face," was the explanation given by a psychologically minded observer who had done a good deal of business in his own jolly smile.

His advice was experienced and true. This world was created to respond to sunshine. It was built on that plan, and all normal human beings like warmth and light in their lives.

Perhaps one of the deep, underlying reasons why a smile appeals to all, and is contagious in its cheerful influence, is its element of victory and courage.

It is told that Arago ascribed his success to words found on the paper cover of his book when greatly discouraged. They were: "Go on, sir; go on!"

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usually foolish will pay some regard. The tendency, however, has been to enlarge the field of possibilities; there are many professions that a man may enter now without any risks such as his grandfather would have encountered.

The problem is further simplified by the greater freedom of movement that is now possible. A man, instead of finding the field of his activities circumscribed to a narrow range round the place of his birth, as in former days, may now go where he will.

Often it reveals to him possibilities that would never have been presented nearer home; and in many cases his freshness of view enables him to succeed where others of equal capacity fail because their familiarity with local conditions has blinded them to the chances that await them.

Some of us have a notion that time spent in play or recreation is time wasted. Never was there a greater mistake. In various stages of life, work and play have different meanings and different uses, but they never dawn an hour when play should not be considered as having its legitimate place as an alternation with work.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BOY'S PASSPORT

The Germans have a proverb we'd do well to understand: "Tis this: One can go anywhere, if the hat is in one's hand. Nothing perhaps is truer, and the saying isn't trite. A boy is welcome everywhere, providing he's polite.

As well within our country, as in lands beyond the sea, politeness is his passport to good society.

So don't forget the proverb, boys: "Twill stand you well in hand, if your hat is in your hand."

HE WAS NOT RETAINED: A man noted for the amount of work he accomplishes and his reliability in all matters, tells this story about himself:

"I wanted to get a position in Mr. G's office. He was a noted lawyer and a training under him meant much to an ambitious young man, such as I was in the early seventies. Through the influence of a friend I secured the place. I was only a desk boy in this lowest round, and had to attend the telephone.

"One day Mr. G. said that a certain man, also a celebrated lawyer, wanted to talk with him, over the telephone, at 11 o'clock. 'You call him up on the telephone at 11 and then let me know.'"

"At 11 I tried to get the man, but failed. I tried again three or four times, but failed each time. Finally I gave my undivided attention to my desk work.

"A few minutes after 12 Mr. G. looked up from his work and said: 'What is the trouble about that gentleman with whom I wanted to talk at 11 o'clock?'

"'Why, sir, I answered, 'I tried to get him, but the wire was busy.'"

"'But why did you not keep at the wire until you got him?'

"'I explained that I thought he would not want me to neglect my desk work. See here, boy, he said, 'the most important job you had to do this week was to get that man. If you could not get him, you ought to have told me, and I could have sent a messenger. When Saturday night comes you may consider yourself no longer one of our force.'"

"The lesson was a severe one; but I learned to obey commands, and to-day that lesson of the need of prompt obedience is worth much to me. Not only promptness, but faithfulness, but a realization that people usually know what they want you to do."

SALUTING JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE: They were passing the Church of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, at Far Rockaway, a seaside resort, not far from New York City, a pretty young mother with her two-year-old son in his baby carriage.

Catholic faith to raise their hats in passing a Catholic church. Many a motorman or a conductor on the passing surface car, a driver of horses, a passer-by on the street, or a passenger in the car, touches his hat as he goes past the church.

These young men are not afraid of being criticised, nor of being called "pious" in scorn, for there is good muscle back of their piety which would suggest vigorous Christianity put into action if any remarks were overheard.

But the average New Yorker minds his own business and keeps his mouth shut among strangers. Either he respects in silence, the act, or he overlooks it. How pleased with this salute must be the silent Prisoner of Love in the Tabernacle of the altar.

He will not fail to reward an act of homage rendered to Him by His toiling children who thus confess Him before men.—Mary Agnes Rose.

TAKE YOUR TIME

Don't rush your prayers. Don't shorten or omit them on the pretext that duty calls you to some other task. The highest of all duties commands you to make ample provision for this daily Communion with God. There will always be something to be done, if you permit such things to stand between you and God.

There is no economy of time when there is a question of useless conversation, amusement, or recreation. Hour after hour is spent with our families, friends and neighbors, but the time spent with God is, as a general rule, exceedingly brief. In the morning we are hurried. The only one thing that can keep us close to God, that can keep alive the fear of sin, the one thing that can procure for us the supernatural light, whereby we discern the true from the false in spiritual matters, is hurried, slurred over, and gotten through mechanically.

Some morning when our last day of the sun rises on our last day of life. The time is short and we make a hurried preparation. We pray then as we never prayed before. We pour our souls in regret for the lost days and hours. We would give a million worlds for another week, another year in which to make up for lost time. Last time! The time that could be devoted to prayer and good works! The time that has no importance in our eyes, while we are well and strong the time that is spent in worldliness, in sin, in vain amusements, in the things that do not count, in everything but the only thing useful and profitable, prayer.

The world blinds us, the devil draws us away from God, the flesh always furnishes with a pretext and we go along through life giving no thought to the wasted hours and never thinking of economising time until there is question of spending it in the things for which time was made, prayer and the love and service of God, which have their root in frequent and fervent daily prayer.

THAT BOY IS A FAILURE

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

When he lets a day go by without making someone happier and more comfortable. When he tries to rule others by bullying instead of by example.

When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity, then. When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is. When he envies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth than he has.

When he does not care what happens to his neighbors or to his friends, so long as he is prosperous. When he is so busy that he has no time for smiles and cheering words.

MARTYRDOM OF FATHER JOGUES

A PIONEER MISSIONARY AMONG THE HURONS—MUTILATED BY THE MOHAWKS

In that beautiful city of France, made famous by its association with the name of the immortal Joan of Arc, was born the saintly Jesuit missionary and martyr, Father Isaac Jogues, described by the historian Parkman, as "one of the purest examples of Catholic virtue which this Western continent has seen."

He was born on the 10th of January, 1607, and became a Jesuit at the age of seventeen. Father Jogues earnestly desired to engage in missionary labors amongst the Western Indians, and entered upon his heroic life work before he had attained his thirtieth year.

He went to Quebec in 1636 and was assigned to the Huron missions. He penetrated the Western forests to the western shores of Lake Huron, and was the first to plant the Catholic cross on the soil of Michigan. After six years he went to Quebec for supplies for his new mission.

Returning with a party of about forty Huron warriors, they were set upon by a party of Iroquois Indians and nearly all killed or taken prisoners. Father Jogues was amongst the prisoners, and was treated with most savage cruelty. When permitted to proceed, the survivors went by canoe through Lake Champlain, and at its Southern extremity they were again set upon by a band of Mohawks and forced to run the gauntlet.

Father Jogues fell, drenched in blood, and fire was applied to his naked body by his savage torturers. Nearly all his fingers and toes were cut off, joint by joint, and other un-

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement. To guard against alum in Baking Powder see that all ingredients are plainly printed on the label. The words "No Alum" without the ingredients is not sufficient. Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Full weight one pound cans 25c. E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

speakable tortures inflicted upon him by the furious Mohawks. His young French companion, Goupil, underwent the same cruel experience.

His release was finally effected by the Dutch at Albany by the payment of a large ransom in the Fall of 1643, and he was permitted to sail down the Hudson to New York, where he was most kindly received by Governor Kieft.

He found on Manhattan Island, now the great metropolis of America, just two Catholics, an Irishman and a Portuguese woman, and was the first priest to administer the Holy Sacraments where the great City of New York now stands.

The kindly Governor procured him passage back to France, where he arrived after undergoing the perils of shipwreck. Reaching the Jesuit College at Rennes at last, ragged and footsore, the rector admitted the haggard and mutilated stranger on hearing that he had been in Canada.

His first question was: "Do you know Father Jogues?" The stranger answered, "Very well." "The Iroquois have taken him," continued the rector: "Is he dead? Have they murdered him?"

"No," answered Jogues, "he is alive and at liberty, and he is here." As he uttered these words he fell on his knees, asking his Superior's blessing. That was a day of joy at the College of Rennes. Great was the rejoicing in the Society of Jesus over all France. It was supposed Father Jogues was dead, and his sudden re-appearance amongst them was something extraordinary.

At the French Court he was received as a saint and martyr. Queen Anne of Austria kissed his mutilated hands. The nobility and ladies of the Court vied in exhibiting their deep sentiments of respect and veneration. Indeed, the slaves of the Mohawks became the revered and "admired" of all admirers. The Pope granted him a special dispensation to celebrate Mass with his mutilated hands, saying: "It would be unjust to refuse a martyr of Christ the privilege of drinking the blood of Christ."

It was the desire of all that Father Jogues should remain in France; but he sighed after his American missions, and returned to Canada in 1645. In July of the next year he was present at the peace negotiations at Three Rivers, between the French and Hurons and the Mohawks. This event led him to conceive bright hopes of founding a permanent mission among the Iroquois.

In May, 1646, he set out with a companion for the Mohawk towns, to confirm the peace already made. On this journey he again passed by Lake George, to which he gave the name of Lake of the Holy Sacrament. Having established peace on what he considered a firm basis, Father Jogues returned to Canada with the

HEAVY DRINKER CURED

SAMARIA CURED HIM AND HE HELPS OTHERS: A man who has been released from the awful cravings of drink, and whose first thought is to help others, shows the spirit of true brotherhood and philanthropy. Read his letter:

"The Samaria Remedy Co., Toronto, Ont.: 'Will you please send me also circulars relating to your valued remedy for the drunk habit. I wish to hand these to a friend who is going to run through drink. You will remember that I have taken your remedy, and I find it all you claim it to be. I never think of taking up using strong drink any way, as all desire for it has left me. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful remedy. You may use my name in any way you wish in public.'"

"H. L. Lywhite, Brigidon, Ont." Samaria Prescription is tasteless and odorless, and dissolves instantly in tea, or coffee or can be mixed with food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge. It removes the craving for drink, builds up the system and restores the nerves. Drink becomes distasteful and even nauseous.

Drink is a disease, not a crime. One drink of whisky always invites another. The inflamed nerves and stomach create a craving that must either be satisfied by more whisky or removed by a scientific treatment like Samaria Prescription. Samaria Prescription has been in regular and successful use by physicians and hospitals for over ten years.

If you know of any family needing Samaria Prescription, tell them about it. If you have a husband, father, or friend that is drifting into drink, help him save himself. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sincerely confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 96, 49 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

intention of making all the necessary preparations for the conversion of the Five Nations.

He returned a second time with his young companion, Lalonde, in September, 1646. The venerable man had a singular presentation of his fate, for previous to his leaving Canada, he wrote to a friend: "I shall go and shall not return." He had scarcely reached the confines of the Mohawk nation when his danger became apparent. A little box which he had left behind on his first visit was now returned to him. The bad crops, the sickness, and all the mischief that had befallen the nation was attributed to the mysterious box! It sealed his fate.

Suddenly seizing the holy missionary, some Mohawks cut "strips of flesh from his back and arms," at the same time cruelly taunting him. "You shall die to-morrow" was the stern sentence. The sun of his earthly hope had set, to rise again in brighter skies. He was about to water the scene of his toils and sufferings with the last drop of his blood. A murderous tomahawk crashed into his skull as he stooped to enter a wigwam; and the immortal missionary breathed his soul to God. His head was cut off and fastened high on the village palisades.—Catholic Bulletin.

Habit is an ever-lengthening chain whose links get heavier with each added ring. True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their worth and choice.

PRESIDENT WILSON ON CATHOLIC CHURCH

The London Tablet quotes the following passage from President Wilson's latest book, "The New Freedom," written on the eve of his inauguration:

"The only reason why government did not suffer dry-rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic system, which then prevailed, was that most of the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the Church—from the great religious body which was then the only Church; that body which is now distinguished from the other religious bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Church was then, as it is now, a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest so obscure that he might not become a Pope of Christendom; and every Chancellor in Europe, every Court in Europe, was ruled by these learned, trained and accomplished men—the priesthood, and that great and dominant Church."

Commenting upon the passage, the Tablet remarks: "Perhaps in some future era the failure of the so-called democracies of to-day and to-morrow to achieve the true happiness of peoples may, with an equal candor, be attributed to the absence of that very spirit of Christianity which informed, or did its best to inform, the body politic of older days. Now, as then and ever, it is not the letter of the constitution that counts—it is the spirit informing and transfiguring the letter."

A THOUGHT ON PRAYER

Prayer is the atmosphere in which the Christian lives; the key which opens the door of heaven; the wire which connects it with the great white throne; the gate through which we enter into the presence chamber of the Eternal; the highway on which we meet the King in His beauty; the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night which lead us through the wilderness of this world to the bright Canaan beyond; the valley in which still waters flow and Easter lilies bloom and in which He Whose name is wonderful, revealed Himself; the golden stairway by which the angels convey the longings for our hearts up to our heavenly Father.

As for me, says St. Alphonsus Ligouri, I often say and will always repeat that the whole affair of salvation depends upon prayer; that all

spiritual writers in their books, all preachers in their pulpits, all professors in the sacred tribunal, should inculcate nothing so much as prayer. I wish they would repeat continually, "pray, pray and cease not to pray," for if you pray you are sure of being saved, and if you pray not your damnation is certain.

"Goes Like Sixty"—"Seils Like Sixty" advertisement for Gilson Engines. For all power purposes, you cannot afford to buy an engine until you investigate the latest improvements incorporated in Gilson Engines, which place them far in the lead. Send for free catalogue. GILSON MFG. CO., 203 York Street, Guelph, Ont.

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES advertisement. Are best for nursing mothers because they do not affect the rest of the system. Mild but sure. 25c. a box at your druggist's. NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 163

NEW CENTURY WASHER advertisement. WATER PRESSURE DOES MOST OF THE WORK. The New Century Washer solves the washing problem. It eliminates slavish, arduous toil and reduces manual labor to a minimum. The city water pressure furnishes the power that is transmitted by the New Century water motor. There are some exclusive and patented features in the New Century that make it unique. One prevents warping of the tub, another gives great strength and rigidity. See the New Century at your dealer or write to us for full information. 103 Cassiar-Dorwell Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

IHC Wagons Are As Good As They Look advertisement. TO really know the value of a wagon you must know of what material it is made, how it is built and about how many years of satisfactory wagon service you may expect. When you know all there is to know about IHC wagons it is safe to say that your next wagon will bear the IHC trademark—the stamp of quality and honest value. Every piece of wood used in IHC wagons is carefully selected and air-dried. Only air-dried lumber does wood retain its full strength and elasticity. All steel or iron is selected with the same care to secure the greatest possible strength. Thorough knowledge of the strain each part must stand is necessary because a wagon, like a chain, is no stronger than its weakest part. Every part of IHC wagons has the same relative strength. The men who build IHC wagons know why one part is built stronger than another, know the exact strain it will have to bear. This same thorough knowledge has enabled them to build a wagon of light draft, which puts the least strain on the horses, without impairing the strength or durability of the wagon. Petrolia Chatham International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd. Eastern Branch Houses: At Hamilton, Ont.; London, Ont.; Montreal, P. Q.; Ottawa, Ont.; St. John, N. B.; Quebec, P. Q. Built at Chatham and Petrolia, Ont.

SMART AMERICAN STYLES AT ENGLISH PRICES FIT AND QUALITY GUARANTEED advertisement. THIS HOUSE—The Rego Clothiers—is an old English Firm with large shops and branch stores all over England. In a country where woollens and labor are cheap, and clothing is sold at what appears to Canadians, ridiculously low prices. Our gigantic business reduces the price even lower than ordinary English prices—so low in fact that we can sell made-to-measure suits in Canada (duty and carriage paid) for less than half the Canadian prices. Our Canadian customers are served by a Canadian branch. The clothes are cut either in American or English styles. But they are made in England from English fabrics. \$10. Suit in English Cloths—Tweeds, Serges or Worsteds. Absolute fit and satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Widest Range of Newest Fabrics Best English Quality. We issue a fashion magazine which we are prepared to send free to every Canadian. In it we show the new styles for every occasion. At the same time we send an array of samples which show new patterns in the highest quality of fabrics. Our self-measurement chart is new and complete. Any one can be measured at home and be assured of receiving a well fitting suit. Write our Toronto Office to-day for the Fashion Magazine and Samples. LONDON OFFICE: 122 Cheapside, London, E.C. LIMITED. Room 102, Jones Bldg. TORONTO.

ANGLICAN REVIEWER ON MONSIGNOR BENSON

Church of England people are somewhat hysterical over recent events. The childish, "I don't care" attitude of some of their organs is belied by the torrent of calumny, detraction and abuse that goes with it.

Monsignor Benson asserts that the few converts who return to the Church of England, do so by the road of complete unbelief, or through some grave sin, or through a species of insanity, or because they have never really grasped the Catholic position.

But, says the reviewer, Monsignor Benson is a man of temperament. He had leanings to Theosophy, an absolute passion for "John Inglesant," Swedenborgianism and hypnotism.



libility, we ask what has his diagnosis to do with the case? Are only the critical and judicial to be saved? "God wills all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth," even the artistic. Such talk is a mere begging of the question.

But no fair-minded reader of Monsignor Benson's book will admit the presumed lack of judgment. To go into this with the reviewer would be waste of time. Let us see what lengths his passion leads him.

After this one is not surprised that the reviewer falls into language still farther from Christianity. Monsignor Benson points out man's need of exterior sensible acts of worship, and that Catholic ritual supplies that need.

Chapped Hands - Rough Skin - Sore Lips - cured by Campans's Italian Balm - Send two-cent stamp for postage on free trial size or 25c for a full-sized bottle postage paid - mentioning this paper - to the distributors, for Canada, E. G. West & Co., Toronto, Can.

LITLEDALE ACADEMY

During the Episcopate of the late Bishop Power the old homestead of the late Judge Philip Little, situated in a beautiful locality in the immediate vicinity of Waterford Bridge, about 2 miles from town, was secured as an academy for young ladies.

As the number of pupils began to increase annually the energetic Mother Superior of the Convent, Sister Joseph Kelly, urged on His Grace the Archbishop to continue the work of the building according to the plans already conceived, and the work was commenced about two years ago (1916).

The new building is now fully completed at a cost of \$42,000, all of which is paid with the exception of some \$5,000. It will take a few thousand more to furnish and equip it.

The present building consists of 5 stories, including the basement and the upper dormitory which is in the mansard roof. In the basement are the kitchen, with oven, pantry, etc., and the girls' refectory or dining room, coal cellar, scullery, servants' rooms and lavabo for the children at the entrance to the refectory.

On the first floor, which is about 7 feet above the ground and is reached by an external stairway (yet to be built) in front, giving access to an elegant and spacious hall. A main hall or corridor 8 feet wide runs the length of this flat. It contains Nuns' refectory, visiting room, for pupils' relatives, several other rooms to be used as offices, special rooms, etc.

It is not the intention here to speak of the scholastic aspect of the building. It is only necessary to say that at present there are about 40 young ladies in the establishment. In the new building there is accommodation for about twice as many. The training school for pupil-teach-

SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES

SANOL is the "RELIABLE CURE" for Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney Stones, Gravel, Lumbago and all Diseases arising from Uric Acid. Price \$1.50.

SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES is the only remedy which has a record of complete cures of Diabetes. Price \$2.00. For sale at all Leading Druggists. Send for Free Literature.

The Sanol Manufacturing Co., Ltd. WINNIPEG, MAN.

ers is in the building. There is a separate school in which they receive special lessons in practical teaching. The staff is composed of Sisters of Mercy, with some teachers of music, etc., from the city. The singing and voice production are in the hands of Mr. Hutton, and the school is in every respect up-to-date.

THE "KICKING" CHURCH

In reference to the "national convention" of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America announced to be held in New York in October, the Sun says "It is predicted" that "unusually spirited debate on the old question of changing the name of the church will take place."

That is good advice, that is the right and wise thing for the "opponents" to do. Go to the Church in which there is no trouble about names—the Church of one name, one faith, one doctrine, unchanged and unchangeable for all time—one fold and one Shepherd.

Among the advocates of change, the Sun says further that one body of Churchmen said to be unanimous are the foreign missionaries. They maintain that the natives of Japan, China, Korea, and other countries are not familiar with Church history and therefore see no significance in the present name.

A literal translation and a fitting. The founders of Protestantism were "kickers." They "kicked" against the Catholic Church—the Church that had been so recognized by Christendom for fifteen centuries.

FROM VANCOUVER

The Sacred Heart's Men's Club organized here April 7th last at their rooms 930 Pender St. East, with officers elected as follows: Honorary President, Rev. Father McNeil; President, Rev. Father Datcher; Vice-President, P. G. Dougherty; Secretary, C. A. S. McGuire; Treasurer, T. Monk; Board of Directors, G. Long, T. Gerriston, N. Debraux, and T. Enright.

There is also in connection a spacious hall with portable stage complete where entertainments will be regularly given. Daily papers, foreign, central, home and local are always at hand. One visit only to these club rooms will show the friendship and interest taken in each member's welfare, not only in wide acquaintance, fast friendship and wholesome entertainment, but also one will be in close touch with affairs in and around Vancouver.

of Vancouver, especially strangers, to come and visit the rooms. Further information will be cheerfully given on application to the Secretary.

DEATH OF SISTER ST. PRISCA

The death occurred in Ogdensburg, on April 16th, of Sister St. Prisca, of the Grey Nuns community, Ottawa. Her name before becoming a religious was Miss Mary Jane Shannon, of Osceola, Renfrew County.

Sister St. Prisca was twenty-six years of age. Having entered three years ago, she made her profession in January, 1912. Since entering Sister spent most of her time in St. Patrick's Home, which is one of the city houses; and in Ogdensburg General Hospital. Death was due to heart failure, following an attack of pneumonia from which Sister St. Prisca suffered last February. Having the best of doctor's treatment, Sister seemed to improve somewhat, and a short time ago expressed a wish to go to Ogdensburg in hopes of a change for the better.

Her stay in Ogdensburg proved to be very short, she grew worse and on Wednesday at 4 a.m. April 16th, she breathed her last, having received Extreme Unction. Her death was quite unexpected at the time, although her parents were aware of her serious condition.

Like most of those who leave all in this world, for a life of sacrifice and labor for God and his poor, Sister Prisca faced death bravely, happy that the time had come when God chose to call her.

Besides her father and mother, Sister Prisca leaves to mourn her early death, three sisters, Sister John of the Sacred Heart, of the Grey Nuns' community, also Misses Annie and Annette, and two brothers Joseph and M. J. at home. The funeral reached Ottawa from Ogdensburg on Tuesday evening and interment took place on Thursday morning to Notre Dame cemetery. Grand High Mass was celebrated in the Sisters' chapel, where about three hundred nuns and the immediate relatives paid a last tribute to her who was loved by all who knew her. May her soul rest in peace!

CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO CITY

THE LARGEST AND OLDEST ON THE CONTINENT—CORNERSTONE LAID IN 1573

It is the largest Cathedral on the North American continent, says Frank Carpenter, writing about the Cathedral of the City of Mexico in the Chicago Tribune, and its roof covers acres. It is paved with bricks, containing enough to form the roadways for a town of 11,000 people.

This building cost millions, and the tower alone cost \$100,000 more. The choir has a balustrade formed of an alloy of silver, copper, and gold which weighs almost three tons and is worth more than that weight in solid silver.

Inside the Cathedral was once a single statue of gold set with diamonds, valued at \$1,000,000, and the altars contained precious stones before they were plundered in some of the revolutions of the past. The Cathedral has one bell so heavy that it would take forty horses to haul it if it could be broken up and loaded on wagons. The clapper of that bell is two feet taller than President Taft, and it weighs 200 pounds more. On clear days it can be heard six miles away.

The church has altogether forty bells, and when they ring at midday the peons who hear them take off their hats. Their sound is also the call to lunch and the clerks then drop their work and rush for the street cars to go home to eat and to rest.

This Cathedral is not only the biggest church on the continent but it is also the oldest. The cornerstone was laid in 1573, upon the site of the great Aztec temple which Cortez destroyed. A small church was erected there two years later, and then fifty years afterward came the foundations of this mighty building, whose walls were completed five years before our Puritan fathers first came to America.

The walls of the Cathedral are said to have cost more than a million dollars, and when the church was

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st May, 1918, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, June 2nd, 1918. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, 1918, both days inclusive.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Home Bank of Canada will be held at the Head Office, 8 King St. West, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 24th day of June, 1918, at 12 o'clock noon.

By Order of the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager.

Toronto, April 16th, 1918.

BY-LAW TO INCREASE CAPITAL

It is the intention at the above Meeting to submit for the consideration and approval of the Shareholders a By-law to authorize the increase of the Capital Stock of the Bank to \$5,000,000.

opened the richest of the Spaniards gave up their jewels to decorate it. Something like \$2,000,000 worth of ornaments were presented, and among them a chalice covered with gems valued at \$300,000. This was given by a rich miner, who later, falling into financial distress begged that his gift be returned. It is said that he got back \$100,000.

GOOD BOOKS

Of the many opportunities now offered the young, that of owning the best books is most precious. For a few pennies the youth can buy almost any one of the vital books. Let him begin early to collect a library. When the volumes are his own he may mark the passages that most impress him, and live with them until he learns to prize them as one prizes old familiar things which he associates with gentle emotions and noble thoughts.

DIED

DOYLE.—In Cayuga, Ont., May 3rd, 1918, Miss Katherine Zeta Doyle, daughter of Mrs. Wm Doyle. May her soul rest in peace!

READER, CURRAN.—Will reader please send us her name so that we may return the money received as we have discontinued the publication of the items referred to.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING AN ACADEMIC or Normal school diploma to teach English and French—class in English—for Portage du Fort Model school (Catholic). Apply in both languages stating salary and experience before 21st of May. Also teacher for the elementary department please state salary and experience. Apply P. B. Coyne, Sec. Treas., Portage du Fort, Que. 1804-2

BUSINESS OFFER

WANTED, A MAIDEN LADY, OR WIDOW age about thirty to enter into business with a lady reference exchanged. Address, Box K, Catholic Record. 1804-1

FARM HELP

CATHOLIC FARMERS WANTING CATHOLIC men will do well to address Mr. D. Miller, Room 206 Confederation Life Building, Toronto, St. Vincent de Paul Society. State probable wages. 1804-5

OPENING FOR UNDERTAKER

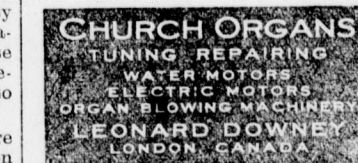
A VERY GOOD OPENING IN CITY OF London for Catholic undertaker; arrangements must be entered into by May 20th. Apply at once. Box "L," Catholic Record Office. 1804-2

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CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES ARE WANTED for a number of little boys age one to seven years. These children are wards of Children's Aid Societies and are available for adoption. Applications received by Wm. O'Connor, Inspector, Children's Branch, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. 1803-6

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The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

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