

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIV.

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1744

The Lament of The Lad From Logan

Alas! alas!
The meadow grass
May wear its dew
Till noon;
They'll not be shaken from it soon
By those brown feet that used to pass
So light to market or to Mass—
The light feet of my brown-eyed lass,
Mu Roon, Mu Roon!

Mu Vrone, Mu Vrone!
The heather has not turned to gray,
The wild rose has not withered a way,
Only my heart is overthrown,
Only for me the joy of day
Comes nevermore, Mu Vrone, Mu Vrone!

I did not think the sun or moon
Could shine in heaven when she was
gone,
Nor flowers bloom in June;
O they are faithless to you, dear,
But I am quenched, O I am here,
The night of time has fall'n upon
My heart, A Roon, A Roon!

SISTER CANDIDE IS NOT A NUN

A press despatch was printed in the daily papers recently to the effect that in Paris a Sister Candide was sentenced on a charge of embezzlement and abuse of confidence to fifteen months imprisonment. Sister Candide, the press despatch said, had been engaged for many years in an elaborate scheme of charitable work, and was arrested on May 20, 1910, at the instance of a firm of jewelers from whom she had borrowed great quantities of jewelry ostensibly to sell on commission. She is alleged to have embezzled \$100,000.

Naturally the ordinary newspaper reader believes that this woman is a nun of the Catholic Church. But she is not. As we pointed out at the time of her arrest, "Sister Candide" was repudiated by the Archbishop of Paris. These facts about her were published in America of May 28, 1910.

"Mlle. Forestier, the so-called 'Sister Candide,' whose financial transactions threaten to involve the French government in scandals similar to those of its Church property liquidations, has no right to the name or garb of a nun. She seems to have belonged to a Sisterhood more than eighteen years ago, but left or was expelled from the institution. She must have been a pushing pedagogue, for she was at once taken up by the Government, which, while persecuting the Sisterhoods of the Church, took under its protecting wing 'Sister Candide' and her 'Nuns of Ormeson.' It authorized the lotteries she attempted to defray the expenses of her pretended charities. President Loubet presided as honorary chairman over one branch of her enterprises, M. Casimir Pécier over another and Premier Waldeck Rousseau decorated her with the Red Ribbon of the Legion of Honor. M. Monod, Supervisor of Charity, under the Ministry of the Interior, lost his position because he refused her authorization to receive one legacy until the Government had examined her accounts. In eighteen years \$5,000,000, of which only \$200,000 was expended, is said to have passed through her hands. Her Secretary-General has committed suicide, and the lotteries have disappeared. The Government that lionized her and fostered her operations is characteristically trying to lay the blame of her defalcations on the Church from which she is a renegade."

ROBERT EMMET

Monday, March 4, was Emmet's birthday. We saw the hero who dared so much and taught the lesson of hope and bravery to a suffering people. The name of Robert Emmet has ever been an inspiration to Irishmen. His death was the nation's life. Ireland has never once abated in her heroic struggle for right, since her children read the magnificent speech of her patriot in the dock. That speech is the rude Jacobin-like rant of a man who never was such an orator made, and such unique conditions in the making. We have often asked ourselves the question why Emmet's name has not only lived gloriously through all the trials of a persecuted people, but has taken on new lustre as the years retreat from the tragedy of his death? There are many reasons entwined about his condemnation that will ever live in a nation essentially grateful, as is every land marked with the scars of persecution.

Emmet was young, only twenty-five years of age, when with the young nineteenth century his life went out. He was in love with one of Erin's fairest daughters, and truly has Emerson written, "mankind loves a lover." He made his glorious oration in the shadow of the gallows facing bloodthirsty judges who grossly insulted him in his bitter hour, and attempted to retrench the rights that even condemned felons have to answer why judgment should not be rendered. The ever-present desire to give his name to obloquy and thus placate Dublin Castle and the English Government and hide the iniquity done him—all these ambitions have to be put from the thoughts of Erin's heart pity for the wrong, admiration for the bravery, sympathy for the suffering and pride in the towering talents that shone in the dying words of her martyred lover.

When we think how difficult it is at some time to make a speech, we can form some idea of what it is to mount to sub-

limity with a heart already chilled by the hand of the executioner—to proceed through constant and cruel interruptions—to voice itself correctly when there was made ever patent thirst not only for his blood but for the death of his great name and wonderful deeds.

What exquisitely-turned phrasing in that mighty expression of Ireland's great though young Washington! Hear this period from the lips of a dying man:

"If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice? If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death which your unhalloved policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach?"

What a sweeping train of logical and grand thoughts are here! Equally as good is his rejoinder to Norbury, as brilliant in conception as it was stinging in its concision:

"I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhalloved ministry, in one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it."

Emmet still lives as a grand example for Irish youth to emulate. He has survived his traditors who shranked from attributing ambition as the reason of most self-sacrificing and most patriotic purposes. His name, in truth, was never on the sepulchre of death, but has been deeply engraved in the character of the land he loved and whose martyr he proved.—Buffalo Union and Times.

IRELAND AND HOME RULE

Mr. Bernard Shaw, Irishman, Socialist and non-Christian, is busy denouncing "drunken Catholics" and "maudlin singers of 'Rule Britannia'" in Ulster, nor 'nor' east.

Mr. Shaw wants Home Rule, so that the present Home Rule may end. "There is one Rome, and one only, that Rome cannot face, and that force is democracy. In democratic America Irish Roman Catholics desert their Church by tens of thousands. In oligarchic Caste-ridden Ireland the bitterest enemies of the priests would die rather than desert in the face of the enemy. In France the Roman Church cannot get even common justice. In Italy the Pope is a prisoner in his own palace. In Spain priests and nuns are in how many, it is hard to determine—and in the breasts of some Catholics too. These latter may not be anticlerical in a very miserable sense; but they may be suspicious of the clergy, or enthusiastic for social reform, or ignorant of the issue at stake even in the natural order.

It may be understood clearly, however, that Protestant acceptance of the Home Rule idea means, sometimes, a hope for a more secularized state than under England. Ireland now is, with priest or minister, manager of the "Public school," and appointing and dismissing, as far as the law goes, and with his ecclesiastical charges limited only by the wisdom, prudence, or justice of individual ecclesiastics. Though indeed, when we come to such matters, it is our own Catholic affairs, we may say. And those who do not realize that the Church of Rome's power lies in the fact that she knows how to make herself loved as well as feared, will never understand the attitude of her children, said even that far outsider, Matthew Arnold. Still, though some of those democratic non-Catholic Home Rulers may be disquieting their souls needlessly as to the amount of priestly tyranny they suffer under, they are Home Rulers, and under, they are what I want to impress on my readers.

And I want to impress this also. That many—I think, many—Catholic ecclesiastics, who reflect, and who watch with anxiety the socialistic longings, hopes, enthusiasms, of the masses—in Dublin, in the ally of Ireland's Home Rule Movement; these ecclesiastics I say, in private speech and letter, wonder if really good will come of Home Rule; discuss whether the Catholic people are prepared for it and doubt if they will use their freedom so as to be themselves wiser, better, happier. Continental democracy has not made such men happy in their minds at this crisis. And Cardinal Lough publicly notes—surely with cause—that the Irish Catholic members of Parliament, as such, make no indignant protest against these abominable palaces, lived to see himself upon the throne of St. Peter and to see the emperor grown to manhood humbly submissive without the gate.

Most Catholics are nationalists in Ireland still. But there is another class who, while nationalist in name and by tradition, must as a matter of course be now averse from change, and in the broad sense, Conservative. To be sure it is a mere accident that a Home Ruler should, in these wide senses, be either Conservative or Radical, of necessity. Once Home Rule is achieved, then the farmers, the class spoken of above, will be a naturally Conservative country party, like the Bauern of Bavaria; and many of the Irish farmers, having bought their land, are already the French peasants, prudent, saving, canny enough, and, even—say their enemies the young Gaelic enthusiasts of the towns—unpatriotic, if that is implied in the farmers' fear and hatred of self-sacrifice. Doubtless the charge may be truly laid at some farmers' doors. They have fought and won; and some of the disbanded soldiers are fine fellows, and some are mean rascals. Ireland, too, inherits from Adam and Paradise Lost. But men are not wholly to blame when, in the normal days of peace, they act relatively to self-interest. The new Ireland will not have such causes to fight for, nay, to die for, as had the old. You can't help that.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

If comfort brings corruption, you can't help that either, among the children of Adam. Because the United States and Canada know what "graft" is—the word, anyway, is still unknown in Ireland—there is no reason for grumbling your time away as if you could catch a benevolent despot and substitute his fancied perfect way for the sad imperfections of responsible government.

New Ireland's parties will out and divide, according to occupations and localities. That country conservative party will, doubtless, have a large clerical support. Yet the radical party of the towns, specially Belfast—I put it first as now the largest town in Ireland—and Dublin, will also surely, have its young clerical chiefs, struck by the miseries of our industrialism, when, in Leo XIII's words, the state of the workers is often worse than in slavery itself.

And the clergy who face the new problems will ever have to be applying Leo XIII's principle—explicitly adopted by his successor—as the wise alternative of social reform, against the proposal of the socialistic revolution. Sympathy with the restlessness and struggling of the towns, settled farmers, little found among settled farmers. Fancy proposals which would out down their private pulpits! Fancy the greatest such would get in farmers' new built houses; nay, in laborers' new laid out cottage gardens. What a change over the face of Ireland, these thousands of comfortable, if small, and, as I ugly stated, in New England, and, as I men ever talk of what is their world, and shrug their unperceiving shoulders, and preach blue ruin. I remember that we'd turn such preachers flying, in the confident-mouthed new world.

But this Ireland, too, is a new world; et qui vivra verra.

W. E. P. STOCKLEY,
University College, Cork, Feb. 1912.

"That was the result of republican government within the Catholic Church. The ablest man was chosen for the highest honors and responsibilities. And yet a royal and imperial accident of birth throughout the centuries knew that it was to bow his head to the chosen ruler of the Church, chosen because of ability, knowledge, devotion, and chosen on the basis of true republican government."

Cardinal Farley, who returns to America with the highest honor save one that the Church can confer, illustrates in our day the republican methods of the Catholic Church—methods that date far back before the day when the proud German Emperor stood for hours in the snow, penitent and submissive, outside the Pope's door at Canossa.

Cardinal Farley greeted with enthusiasm and affection by the people, welcomed with respect and pleasure by the entire citizenship, represents in his person the republican system of government that has done so much to make the Catholic Church the greatest useful power in the world.

Cardinal Farley began his life humbly but was diligent and earnest from his childhood, but he was a poor boy; his father had no fortune to give him except intelligence and character.

To-day Cardinal Farley stands with the princes of the Church, one of a governing body intensely interesting, dramatic and marvelous in its long history, and to believe that this nation, properly managed, can endure to realize that the greatest, oldest, most powerful organization in the world is the great Catholic Church, based spiritually upon the rock, St. Peter, and materially upon a republic form of government, a true democracy, recognizing no hierarchy, no aristocracy, that of intellect, character and devotion."—New World.

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THE CHRISTIAN NATION WITHOUT CHRIST

Father Bernard Vaughan preaching recently in Inverness (Scotland) gave a dark picture of the present condition in England. A quarter of a century ago or more, he said, they were sowing godless education and to-day, they were reaping the result of their labors. We have been trying, he continued, to run an empire without God, and we cannot run a child in a nursery without God. The school which is apostasy from God, and if they rejected the Law-giver they were snapping their fingers at the law, and when they ignored the teacher they would despise the teaching. We call ourselves a Christian nation without Christ; we have taken Christ by the scruff of the neck and taken him out of the school which is ought to be Headmaster. Do you think I am exaggerating? I am grieved to say I cannot exaggerate. Common authority is gone. Where in England is authority in religion? Where in England is authority in political life? Where is authority in the industrial ranks? Truth to tell, when God is not given His right to everybody else is in his wrong place. And consequently it is that we as a nation have got out of hand. We cannot control it. The Church of England cannot control, the non-Conformists cannot control, political leaders cannot control, strike leaders cannot control. There is no respect for authority, from whom authority comes. A quarter of a century ago, he said publicly at Manchester that things would come to this. There was no guarantee that England might not become a democracy with the King as President. He appealed to them to teach character without God; they could not have character without some ideal and some aim in life—some original whose features they must copy. Men had shifted their centre of gravity; they were being taught to day without ideals, without aims, without ambition.

The man who thus describes England and therefore not likely to speak with prejudice. He proclaims the truth even though it tells against his own country.—The Missionary.

THE HARBINGER OF A LEGION OF CONVERTS

America has been brought close to the heart of the great Mother Church of Christendom by the creation of the three new Cardinals. So kindly have the American people taken the great honor that has been extended to them by the elevation of three of their favored sons to the highest pontifical office in Christendom. Father Benetti called upon to extend a Christmas greeting to all non-Catholics as well as Catholics. To our thinking there is a wonderful significance in this attitude of friendliness on the part of Rome, to America, and the recognition on the part of America toward Rome, the harbinger of the coming of the Church of a legion of converts. Converts are not made all ways by logic, and very few come by the severe processes of reason. Sentiment brings many; kindly feelings lead others to study; still others are drawn by the attractive features of the Old Mother Church. The good will of converts comes to "men of good will."

"The Latin races," says the Holy Father, "are assailing the Mother that gave them the civilization they possess," and the love of His heart is concentrated on the Western people beyond

the Sea, and He has placed the hopes of the future largely with the English-speaking peoples.

Never have the Vatican halls rung with such unalloyed statements as were made by Pius X. in the public Consistory in which He conferred the Cardinal's hat. The Pontiff recalled the Scriptural warnings in regard to the inevitable persecution of the Church, but he declared that the Church will last to the end of the world, and even during its tribulations consolations are not lacking. Thus the new Cardinals would share the Pope's sorrows and His joy, and would strive with Him to serve the Church. Alluding to England and Holland, the Holy Father referred to the rejoicing in those countries over the Cardinal's journey and Van Rossum, which, he said, filled him with "the hope that the non-Catholics of both countries would return to the true Faith." Then in a louder voice, which was broken with emotion and indicative of the profound conviction of the Holy Father he said: "This hope is increased when I think of you who come from distant America, of the enthusiasm there over the news of your revelation to the Cardinalate, of the demonstrations of all classes of citizens, of the acclamations accompanied with blessings, and affectionate greetings on the occasion of your departure from New York and Boston, and your triumphant journey across the ocean. Protected by the Papal blessing I hope that your return will multiply the fruits of your apostolic mission and that they will spread over your hospitable country which welcomes the peoples of the world. Where well intended freedom contributes to the general welfare, there surely God will reign."

LOOK AT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND LEARN

A LESSON FOR TORONTO PREACHERS

Tribute to the greatness of the Roman Catholic Church of an order unusual from a Protestant pulpit, was paid on a recent Sunday in Newark, N. J., by the Rev. Henry R. Rose, the pastor, in the Church of the Redeemer. With his subjects, "The Growing Power of the Catholic Church in America and its Lessons for Protestants," Mr. Rose asserted it to be at once an inspiration and an example and declared that N. J., by the Rev. Henry R. Rose, the pastor, in the Church of the Redeemer. With his subjects, "The Growing Power of the Catholic Church in America and its Lessons for Protestants," Mr. Rose asserted it to be at once an inspiration and an example and declared that N. J., by the Rev. Henry R. Rose, the pastor, in the Church of the Redeemer. With his subjects, "The Growing Power of the Catholic Church in America and its Lessons for Protestants," Mr. Rose asserted it to be at once an inspiration and an example and declared that N. J., by the Rev. Henry R. 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MILES WALLINGFORD

By James Fenimore Cooper

CHAPTER XV

"And as for those rascals we have set, it is our pleasure, one of them depart: Therefore come you with us, and let him go."

King Henry VI.

By such simple means, and without resistance, as it might be, did I recover the possession of my ship, the Dawn. But now that the good vessel was in my power, it was by no means an easy thing to say what was to be done with her. We were just on the verge of the ground occupied by the Channel cruizers, and it was preposterous to think of running the gauntlet among so many craft with the expectation of escaping. It is true, we might fall in with twenty English man-of-war vessels before we met with another Speedy, to seize and order us into Plymouth, had everything been in order and in the usual state, but no cruiser would or could board us, and not demand the reasons why so large a ship should be navigated by so small a crew. It was over matters like these that Marble and I now consulted, no one being on the quarter-deck but the mate, who stood at the wheel, and myself. The cook was keeping a lookout on the fore-castle. The Englishman had lain down, in full view, by the side of the foot of the mast, while Neo, ever ready to sleep when not on duty, was catching a nap on the booms.

"We have got the ship, Moses," I commenced, "and the question next arises, what are we to do with her?"

"Carry her to port of destination, Captain Wallingford, to be sure. What else can we do with her, sir?"

"Ay, that is well enough, if it can be done. But in addition to the difficulty of four men's taking care of a craft of five hundred tons, we have a sea before us that is covered with English cruizers."

"As for the four men, you may safely set us down as eight. I'll engage we do as much in a blow, as eight such fellows as are picked up nowadays' long shore. The men of the present time are mere children to those one met in my youth, Miles!"

"Neither Neo, nor the cook, nor I, am a man of other times, but are all men of to-day; so you must call us but three, after all. I know we can do much; but a gale may come that would teach us our insignificance. As it is, we are barely able to furl the main-topgallant-sail in a squall, leaving one hand at the wheel, and another to let go rigging. No, no, Moses; we must admit we are rather short-handed, putting the best face on the matter."

"If you generalize in that mode, Miles, my dear boy, I must allow that we are. We can go up Channel, and ten chances to one but we fall in with some Yankee, who will lead us a hard or two."

"We shall be twice as likely to meet with King George's ship, who will overhaul our articles, and want to know what has become of the rest of our people."

"Then we'll tell 'em that the rest of the crew has been pressed; that they know their own tricks too well, not to see the reasonableness of such an idea."

"No officer would leave a vessel of this size with only her master, mate, cook, and one man to take care of her, even had he found a crew of deserters from his own ship in her. In such a case, and admitting a right to impress from a foreigner at all, it would be his duty to send a party to carry the craft into port. No, no, Moses, we must give all the English a wide berth, now, or they will walk us into Plymouth, ye."

"Blast the hole in the wall! I'm a prisoner during the voyage, and never want to see its face again. They've got what they call the Mill Prison there, and it's a mill that does grinding less to my taste than the thing of you're at Clawbonny. Why not get north-about, Miles? There must be few cruizers up that way."

"The road is too long, the weather is apt to be too thick, and the coast is too dangerous for us, Moses. We have but two expedients to choose between: to turn our heads to the westward, and try to get home, trusting to luck to bring us up with some American who will help us, or steer due east and run for a French port—Bordeaux, for instance—where we might either dispose of the cargo, or ship a new crew, and sail for our port of destination."

"Then try the last, by all means. With this wind we might have the ship in with the land in the course of two or three days, and go clear of everything. I like the idea, and think it can be carried out, if the rest of the crew are Americans, and there must be men enough to be had for the asking, knocking about the quays."

After a little further conversation, we determined on this plan, and set about carrying it into execution on the spot. In rounding-to, the ship had been brought by the wind on the larboard tack, and was standing to the northward and westward, instead of to the eastward, the course we now wished to steer. It was necessary, therefore, to wear round and get the ship's head in the right direction. This was not a difficult manoeuvre at all, and the Englishman helping us with seeming good will, it was soon successfully executed. When this was accomplished, I sent the English sailor into the cabin to keep Diggins company, and we set a watch on deck of two and two, Marble and myself taking charge four hours and four hours, in the old mode.

I acknowledge that I slept little that night. Two or three times we detected Sennit attempting to haul close up under the ship's stern, out of all question with a view to surprise us, but as often would he drop to the length of his tow-ropes, as he saw Marble's head and mine, watching him above the taffrail. When the day dawned I was called, and was up and on the lookout as our horizon enlarged and brightened round ship. The great object was to ascertain, as early as possible, what vessel might be in our neighborhood.

But a solitary sail was visible. She appeared to be a ship of size, close-hauled, heading to the southward and eastward; by steering on our proper course, or certainly by diverging a little to the northward, it would be an easy matter to speak her. As I could plainly

see she was not a ship-of-war, my plan was formed in a moment. On commencing it to Marble, I met with his entire approbation. Measures were taken, accordingly, to carry it into immediate execution.

In the first place, I ordered Sennit, who was awake, and had been, I believe, the whole night, to haul the boat up and to lay hold of one of the boat tackles. This he did willingly enough, no doubt expecting that it was to be recouped into the ship, under a treaty. I stood on the lookout to prevent an attack, one man being abundantly able to keep at bay a dozen who could approach only by ascending a rope hand over hand, while Marble went below to look after the two worthies who had been snoring all night in the cabin. In a minute my mate responded, leading up the seamen, who were still more asleep than awake. This man was directed to lay hold of the tackle and slide down into the boat. There being no remedy, and descending being far easier than ascending, this exploit was soon performed, and we were well rid of one of our enemies. Sennit now began to remonstrate, and to point out the danger there was of being lowered under the ship going through the water the whole time at the rate of five or six knots. I knew, however, that the English were too skillful to run the risk of being drowned unnecessarily, and that they would let go of the tackle before they would suffer the boat to be swamped. It was ticklish work, I allow, but they succeeded surprisingly well in taking care of themselves.

We had more difficulty with Diggins. This fellow had been so beastly drunk that he scarce knew what he was about when awake; and Marble rather dragged him on deck, and sit to the taffrail that assisted him to walk. There we began to remonstrate, and to point out the danger there was of being lowered by the tackle. So stupid and enervated was the master's mate, however, that he let go his hold, and went into the ocean. The scoundrel did him good, I make no doubt; and his life was saved by his friends, one of the sailors catching him by the collar, and raising him into the boat.

Sennit availed himself of this accident, to make further remonstrance on the subject of having any more men put in the boat. It was easy to see, it was as much his policy to get everybody out of that little conveyance, as it was mine to get all the English into her.

"For God's sake, Captain Wallingford, knock off with this, if you please," cried the lieutenant, with a most imploring sort of civility of manner. "You see how it is; I can barely keep my boat from swamping, with the number we have in her; and a dozen times during the night I thought the ship would drag her under. Nothing can be easier than for you to secure us all, if you will let us come on board, one at a time."

"I do not wish to see you in irons, Mr. Sennit; and this will remove any necessity for restoring to an expedition so unexpedient. Hold on upon the subject, as I shall feel obliged to cast you off entirely, unless you obey orders."

This threat had the desired effect. One by one, the men were let up out of the fore-castle, and sent into the boat. Cooked meat, bread, rum, and water, were supplied to the English; and, to be ready to meet any accident, we lowered them a compass and Sennit's quadrant. We did the last at his own earnest request, for he seemed to suspect we intended sending him adrift, as indeed was my plan at the proper moment.

Although the boat had now twelve men in it, it was in no danger, being buoyant, six-oared yawl, that might have held twenty on an emergency. The weather looked promising, too—the wind being just a good top-gallant breeze for a ship steering full by. The only thing about which I had any qualms, was the circumstance that southwest winds were apt to bring mist, and that the boat might thus be lost. The emergency, nevertheless, was one that justified more risks, and I pursued my plan steadily.

As soon as all the English were in the boat, and well provided with necessaries, we felt at more liberty to move about the ship, and exert ourselves in taking care of her. The man at the wheel could keep an eye on the enemy—the Dawn steering like a pilot-boat. Neo was sent aloft to do certain necessary duty, and the topgallant-sails being loose, the claw-lines were overhauled, and the sails set. I did this more to prevent the English ship from suspecting something wrong, at seeing a vessel run off before the wind, under such short canvas, than from any desire to get ahead, since we were already going so fast as to render it probable we should pass the other vessel, unless we altered our course to meet her.

Diggins Billings, the cook, had broken a little leisure to serve us a warm breakfast. If Mr. Sennit were living, I think he would do us the justice to say he was not forgotten. We sent the people in the boat some good hot coffee, well sweetened, and they had a fair share of the other comfortable eatables of which we partook ourselves. We also got out and sent them the masts and regular sails of the boat, which was fitted to carry two spinnakers.

By this time the stranger ship was within two leagues of us, and it became necessary to act. I sent Marble aloft to examine the horizon, and he came down to report nothing else was in sight. This boded well. I proceeded at once to the taffrail, where I hailed the boat, desiring Sennit to haul her up within comfortable conversing distance. This was done immediately.

"Mr. Sennit," I commenced, "it is necessary for us to part here. The ship in sight is English, and will take you up. I intend to speak her, and will take care that she knows where you are. By standing due east you will easily get her off, and there cannot be a doubt of her picking you up."

"For heaven's sake, consider a moment, Captain Wallingford," Sennit exclaimed, "before you abandon us out here, a 1000 miles from land."

vessel is a running West Indian; she may take us all the way to Jamaica." "Well, then, you will have an opportunity of returning at your leisure. You wished to take me almost as much out of my course; or, if not absolutely out of my course, quite as much out of my time. I have a little relish for Plymouth as you seem to have for Jamaica."

"But the stranger may be a Frenchman; now I look at him, he has a French look."

"If he should be French, he will treat you well. It will be exchanging beef for soup-meat for a week or two. These Frenchmen eat and drink, as well as you English."

"But, Captain Wallingford, their prisons! This fellow Bonaparte exchanges nobody this way, and if I get into France I am a ruined man."

"And if I had gone into Plymouth, I fear I should have been a ruined man, too."

"Remember we are of the same blood, after all—people of the same stock—just as much countrymen as the natives of Kent and Suffolk. Old Saxon blood, both of us."

"Thank you, sir. I shall not deny the relationship, since it is your pleasure to claim it. I marvel, however, you did not let your cousin's ship pass without detaining her."

"How could I help it, my dear Wallingford? Lord Harry is a nobleman, and a captain, and what could a poor devil of a lieutenant, whose commission is not yet a year old, do against such odds? No, no, there should be more feeling and good fellowship between chaps like you and me, who have their way to make in the world, than to be meddling with the tackle. So stupid and enervated was the master's mate, however, that he let go his hold, and went into the ocean. The scoundrel did him good, I make no doubt; and his life was saved by his friends, one of the sailors catching him by the collar, and raising him into the boat."

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Diggins Billings, the cook, had broken a little leisure to serve us a warm breakfast. If Mr. Sennit were living, I think he would do us the justice to say he was not forgotten. We sent the people in the boat some good hot coffee, well sweetened, and they had a fair share of the other comfortable eatables of which we partook ourselves. We also got out and sent them the masts and regular sails of the boat, which was fitted to carry two spinnakers.

By this time the stranger ship was within two leagues of us, and it became necessary to act. I sent Marble aloft to examine the horizon, and he came down to report nothing else was in sight. This boded well. I proceeded at once to the taffrail, where I hailed the boat, desiring Sennit to haul her up within comfortable conversing distance. This was done immediately.

"Mr. Sennit," I commenced, "it is necessary for us to part here. The ship in sight is English, and will take you up. I intend to speak her, and will take care that she knows where you are. By standing due east you will easily get her off, and there cannot be a doubt of her picking you up."

"For heaven's sake, consider a moment, Captain Wallingford," Sennit exclaimed, "before you abandon us out here, a 1000 miles from land."

long consultation in private, after the closest scrutiny could detect no flaw in the papers. Then Monsieur Gallois approached and renewed the discourse.

"You have no boat, sir?" he asked.

"I lost my boat three days since, about a hundred leagues to the southward and westward."

"It is not here had veddar! Why you no more marins in your sheep?—eh!"

"I saw it would be best to tell the whole truth, at once, for were I to get any aid from this lugger, the facts, sooner or later, must be made known. Accordingly, I gave the Frenchman, and his English-looking companion, a full account of what had occurred between us and the Speedy. After this narrative, there was another long conference between Monsieur Gallois and his friend. Then the boat was again manned, and the captain of the lugger, accompanied by his privy councillor and myself, went on board the Dawn. Here, a very cursory examination satisfied my visitors of the truth of my story."

"I confess, I expected some commendation from a Frenchman, when he heard the ready manner in which we had got our vessel out of the hands of the Philistines. No such thing; an expressive 'Bon' had escaped Monsieur Gallois, his parent he was looking much sharper for some pretext to make us a prize himself, than for reasons to commend our conduct. Each new aspect of the affair was closely scanned, and a new conference with the adviser was held, apart."

"Sair," said Monsieur Gallois, "I have much regret, but your sheep is bon prize. You have been prisoner to ze English, ze enemy of la France, and you shall not capture yourself. L'Amérique is not at war—is neutral, as you shall say, and ze Americans cannot make ze prize. I consider your ship, Monsieur, as ze hand of ze English, and shall capture him. Mes regrets sont vifs, mais, que voulez-vous? Le corsair most do his devoir, ze same as ze sheep national. I shall send you to Brest, here, if you be not sold par un decret. I shall be too happy to restore your batiment. Adieu!"

Here was a denouement to the affair, with a vengeance! I was to be captured because I had been captured. "Once a corporal, always a corporal." As the English had taken me, the French would take me. A prize to-day, you must be a prize to-morrow. I have always thought the case of the Dawn was the first of the long series of wrongs that were subsequently committed on American commerce, in virtue of this same principle, a little expanded and more effectually carried out, perhaps, and which, in the end, terminated by blockading all Europe, and interdicting the high seas on paper.

I knew the uselessness of remonstrating with a rapacious privateer. "Let him send me in," I thought to myself at first; "it is just where I wish to get on; in the minister's man get me clear. The fellow will only be the dupe of his own covetousness, and I shall profit by it, in the degree that he will be a loser!"

I presume Monsieur Gallois entertained a very different view of the matter, for he manifested great alacrity in throwing a crew of no less than seven or eight men, big and little, on board us. I watched these operations in silence, as did Ned and Diogenes. As for Marble, he lighted a cigar, took his seat on the windlass, and sat in dignified anger, ready to explode on the slightest occasion, yet apprehensive he might be sent out of the ship should he betray one half of what he felt. Out of the ship neither of us was sent, however, the French probably feeling indisposed to be troubled with passengers in the narrow quarters they had for themselves.

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TO BE CONTINUED

HER FIRST CASE

Rev. Richard Alexander

It was a scene of enchantment that burst on the vision of the beholder, as he entered the ball-room of one of the palatial Florida hotels, in the height of the season.

The great native palms, the scent of the magnolia and orange blossoms that floated in from the grounds, the brilliant electric lights, the strains of the orchestra, all intoxicated the senses.

The sight of beautiful women, and handsome men in evening dress, gliding through the mazes of the dance was stimulating and fascinating, and one could not help feeling, for the moment at least, the delicious sense of pleasure that becomes in its fulness so dangerous to the spiritual atmosphere.

A group stood apart, near an archway of southern moss. A young girl of twenty-three, and two men. One of them was evidently her brother, a strong family resemblance marking the two. The other man was older, with a professional look, and at this moment his face was lined with grave thought in spite of the festivities about him.

He was apparently well acquainted with the young man who had introduced him to his sister—a new arrival from the North.

"I tell you, Miss Laura," said the older man, "I am used to scenes of pain, but my heart ached for that family this evening!"

"Tell me more about them, Doctor," said the young lady.

The young girl had been listening with intense interest. Her heart had been beating strongly with an appeal, and not in vain. "Doctor," she said, "I have just graduated as a trained nurse from the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, after years of study, for the course is very thorough. I came here for a little vacation trip to see my brother, who resides here, and for a little relaxation before I began work. Now, this will be my first case! Will you take me to this family?"

"Why, Laura!" interrupted the brother, "this is your vacation!" and he frowned. "You can't begin work so soon, you need rest!"

"This family, Miss Laura," said the Doctor, "can't afford to remunerate you for your services. I doubt whether they could give you enough to eat."

"Exactly what appeals to me, Doctor. If they had wealth and comfort they could get anyone to nurse them! Come, we lose time. You said that some of the children were dying! Suppose we go to them."

"They will all die, I think, if things go on. This is a noble resolve of yours, Miss Laura. I honor you for it, but hadn't you better think twice about it?"

"Why, Sir," said her brother, "this is a suicidal act of charity; be sensible! Maybe they won't want you!"

"Nothing like that, Bob," said the girl with a smile. "Come, Doctor, give me five minutes to get on my uniform, and call a cab, for I mean to help those people," and she ran off, gained the wide staircase and disappeared. They had left the ball-room and were standing in the lobby. The two men looked at each other. "What do you think of that, Doctor?" said Bob. "Why, that girl has just come from a strenuous four years of hard study and hard work. I coaxed her down here for a rest, and got her to the ball to-night to see life as it goes here, and you come along with your story of sickness and poverty, and away she flies on a tangent!"

"Hold on, Bob! She is a woman in a thousand! We all know that when the Lord got the angels into Paradise He left a few of them floating around this old earth to keep it from falling to pieces? Your sister is one of these angels! Give her the right of way, she'll come out all right! God bless her!"

"Oh! if your profession did save bones? Of course you think it's all right, but she's my sister! I'm proud of her, and want to keep her as long as I can with me!"

"You'll be prouder of her than ever when she puts these poor people on their feet. Don't say a word, Bob! Let her do as she pleases. By Jove! I could worship such a woman!"

"Well, keep off, or I'll tell your wife!" said the younger man, smiling, as the subject of the conversation tripped down the stairs in the fresh white linen uniform of a nurse, carrying a small satchel. Throwing a long light overcoat over his dress-suit, the brother ran to call a taxicab, and the Doctor who had on no dress suit, held out his hand and looked at her admiringly.

"You're a queen, Miss Laura! The Lord will surely work miracles for you. Not one young woman in twenty would lay down her pleasure and take up this cross over her shoulders. But it will come back to you some day!"

"Nonsense, Doctor, I'm not used to physicians bestowing fatality. If I give my first case to the Lord, as an offering, I know He will bless my life. God is never outdone in generosity."

The physician turned his head away. He did not want this girl to see the impression she made. Just then her brother came up.

"Well, Laura, I know there's no use arguing with you when you have made up your mind. I learned that when I was a youngster. Here's a taxi, and I'm going with you as far as the house to see if it is habitable."

"You dear old Bob!" said his sister. "You always rise to the occasion! Just see how soon we will cure them all! Won't we, Doctor?"

The Doctor shook his head, and they all started for the taxi which was buzzing at the door.

They reached their destination, a small cottage on the outskirts of Jacksonville. The Doctor told the chauffeur to wait, and ran up the little garden-walk and opened the door. The feeble cries of a sick child fell on the ear, and a pale, slender woman stepped out into the vestibule, but drew back startled when she saw the uniformed nurse, the Doctor and another gentleman.

"I've brought the nurse, Mrs. Stanton!" said the Doctor cheerily.

"Oh! don't trouble yourself about that," said Bob, humoring the pride of the poor man, "my sister is pleased when she can practice her profession. She and the Doctor work for the love of work!"

Upstairs the wife led the way to a room with two little beds and a sofa upon which the small sufferers lay tossing and moaning. The mother went to the little girl, who was crying for her, and while she was across the room the Doctor laid his hand on the pulse of the baby who was lying, motionless and white.

"You may as well get ready to draw the sheet over this poor baby," he said in a low voice, "he is almost gone!"

He went to the others, said a few words to the heart-broken mother and then warily shook hands with the nurse after giving her some directions. "May the angels guard and bless you, Miss Laura, you are surely kin to them. Good night!"

The nurse smiled a farewell and immediately gave her attention to her charge.

In a short time with cooling medicine and careful nursing they were quieted and as the grateful mother looked on hopefully Nurse Laura said in a low gentle voice:

"Now, Mrs. Stanton, you have confidence in me, I see; I want you to lie down and get some sleep. If anything occurs, any change in the condition of these poor little darlings I will call you at once. If I don't take care of you I will have you on my hands too," she finished with a smile.

The poor mother took both of her hands in hers and wrung them silently. Then she left the room and going to the room opposite, left the door a little open but Nurse Laura softly closed it in a few minutes, wishing the weary woman to rest without hearing the children fretting.

Downstairs the Doctor and her brother had departed and she had waved goodbye from the window. The consumptive father, whose bed was on the first floor, had retired and save for his dry hacking cough all was still.

The nurse examined the baby; and although the Doctor said he was almost gone, she worked with him as only a true woman and a skillful nurse can, and was rewarded by seeing the ghastliness of his face give way to a more life-like hue. From one bed to another she passed all night long, giving medicine, cooling their pillows, sponging their fevered heads, and limbs, and when the dawn appeared it seemed to her that none of them would die, although the danger was by no means over. The mother kept the heavy sleep of tired nature, and no sound came from her room. The nurse scarcely sat down all night, but when the first pink glow of morning rose out of the East she lifted her heart to God and offered to Him "her first case," a labor of love and purest charity, and begged His blessing out.

Then the thought of the souls of this family came to her, for she had graduated from a Catholic hospital in Western Pennsylvania, one of the first in the land, and here she had learned from the Nun teacher who presided over the nurses' class that, together with care for the patient's body came a care for his soul. A slight noise drew her attention. The mother stood in the doorway.

"They are all doing well, Mrs. Stanton," she whispered. "We will try to pull them through."

"Oh! thank God!" murmured the mother.

"You are a Catholic, are you not?" said the nurse. A blush overspread the woman's face.

"I ought to be," she said at last, "but Mr. Stanton was a bitter Presbyterian, and after I was married a while he began to say such harsh contemptuous things about my religion and the Church that for peace sake I dropped everything. I haven't been inside of a Catholic Church for thirteen years!"

"Oh! you poor unfortunate!" said the nurse, "and are not the children baptized?"

"No," said the mother, "I did not dare to raise a fuss again, although many a time, I've wept bitter tears in secret. But how could you rest, in the present circumstances knowing that were in such imminent danger?"

"The thought of it nearly broke my heart these days and nights I have watched them! Oh, how I prayed to God that something might happen that they could be baptized! But I am afraid to mention it to my husband, he would set into a rage and it might bring on a hemorrhage!"

"You are timid," said the nurse "this is a question of three immortal souls and they must be saved! Is there a priest in the neighborhood?"

"Oh, yes, I believe there is, but I beg of you not to mention it to my husband," said the weak little woman.

Pruning the Appendix

What thousands of people are rushed to the hospitals these days with the idea that pruning the appendix will rid them of the cause and effect of wrong habits of eating and living.

We eat too much, take too little outdoor exercise, breathe the impure air, and when the system gets loaded with foul impurities, which irritate the digestive system and set up inflammation, we are told that the operating table is the only place for us.

Why not prevent appendicitis, as well as acute indigestion, peritonitis and Bright's disease of the kidneys, by keeping the liver active and the bowels regular. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cleanse the digestive system of foul impurities more quickly than any treatment you can obtain. They awaken the liver and ensure the healthful action of the kidneys and bowels.

He Got a Call

Dearest Hubby—When you go out of town again, please leave my CAM-PANA ITALIAN BALM at home, as I need it for my complexion these windy, dusty days. If you want it for your old shaving, buy a bottle for yourself, stingy. Cecelia.

Just then the dry cough of the father was heard. He had just come into the room.

"The baby?" he said in a husky voice, "is he alive?"

"He is alive and will pull through," said the nurse gently.

"She has worked miracles with them; they are all better," said his wife.

"God bless you, nurse," said the man, deeply moved. The nurse grasped her opportunity.

"Mr. Stanton, these children must be baptized. You must send for a priest this morning. You don't want to lose all your darlings at once. Get them baptized for they are of your wife's religion and mine. I am a Catholic, and I cannot stand by and see those sweet children separated from heaven. They must be baptized, and I will stay with them till they are prattling around your knees once more."

The wife did not dare raise her eyes; the man looked at the nurse with a frown. She met his gaze firmly. He looked at her for a minute and then held out his hand.

"I admire a woman that stands up for her convictions," he said. "If you want the children baptized you send for whoever you wish to do it, I'll not hinder you. If you pull them through and let them be around me for the short time I have to live, you'll be the best friend we have, and your wish shall go every time."

"Thank you, Mr. Stanton. I knew I would not be disappointed in you. I'll do so to-day. And now I'll prescribe a little for you. You don't look as if you slept last night. Let me look at your medicine." And as the man, after looking at the three children who seemed quiet and peaceful turned down stairs, the nurse followed. She straightened the bed, shook up the pillows, ordered him to lie down from her own astobal gave him a stimulant and a sedative, drew the blinds and commanded him to sleep till she called him. Then closing the door gently she went up stairs.

The mother was weeping quietly. "Oh nurse, you have been sent from heaven! How easily you got that promise from my husband!"

"Your husband is all right. Perhaps you have been too pliant, too easily subdued."

"Perhaps I was. I must do better," said Mrs. Stanton. "How can I ever thank you?"

"Don't thank me," said the nurse, "but if you feel rested, put on your hat and go to the 6:30 Mass this beautiful morning and afterwards tell the priest what has happened, and ask him to come this morning and baptize the children, and pray with all your soul before the altar that God may give you strength to return to your duty."

"You talk like the nuns who instructed me at school," said Mrs. Stanton. "I'll go."

"I have just graduated from the 'Nan's Training School for Nurses,' said Laura, and I am trying to do what they taught me—save both soul and body."

The mother departed and nurse Laura watched her charge. The man slept soundly down stairs, while the children fretted from time to time. When the wife returned refreshed by her walk and the good night's sleep, she told the nurse the priest would be there that morning. After breakfast Mr. Stanton was so much better from the effects of his restful sleep and the bright cheerful influence of the nurse, the improvement in the children and the general sunshine of encouragement that was diffused over the little cottage that he forgot to be ungracious to the priest who came as he promised, and even invited him to sit down and talk to him.

The children were baptized and Nurse Laura breathed freely, for they were by no means out of danger, but the "miracles" had begun. When the Doctor arrived laden with messages from Bob and a basket of fruit and other dainties it was a different household he met the first day!

"Why, the miracles have started, sure enough!" said he as he noted the improvement in each little patient. "This baby isn't going to die after all. They are all on their way out of the woods. Miss Laura you are a wonder-worker. But mind you're to take a rest now. Mrs. Stanton will look to things for a while. I'll be back to-morrow," and so he left muttering to himself: "God will never be outdone in generosity, sure enough."

The days passed on wearily days, with many a hope and fear storming. Every day, however, the Doctor, the nurse and the happy mother felt that the improvement was increasing. In two weeks the children were sitting up. But now their father was visibly failing. He would sit in the children's room for hours watching Nurse Laura minister to them. He recalled to his wife and when she told him she had returned to the Churoh, had been to confession and Holy Communion, he only kissed her and said "she should never have left her religion."

Nurse Laura like a good angel, however, hovered round the family, keeping up an atmosphere of sunshine and hope. One by one the children were led down stairs to their father's room, and once down stairs their convalescence progressed until their merry laughter in the little garden of the cottage made the mother and father glad. But Mr. Stanton grew weaker each day. Nurse Laura had gone back to the hotel under Bob's protection, but came frequently and cheered the patient. One morning they were alone and the Nurse said: "Mr. Stanton, you are not getting better. You have seen what the Catholic Church has done for your wife and children, why do you hesitate to look into her claims? You would certainly join us."

"I don't need to look into her claims" was the surprising answer. "I have watched you, nurse, and I have read a bit, and I have only waited for you to ask me if I wanted to be a Catholic, for I do."

The nurse took his thin white hand feebly. "That's God, Mr. Stanton. I have prayed for this ever since the children were baptized. May I send for that good priest once more?"

"Any time you wish," was the reply. And when the nurse with joy told Mrs. Stanton, who had suspected this was coming, and was full of gratitude to

the devoted girl who had brought this happiness to her home.

The priest came. Mr. Stanton was instructed and baptized, and as the days passed by made his First Communion. Still the nurse tarried, for her practiced eye saw that he was not long for earth.

One evening about the Angelus-hour Mrs. Stanton was sitting by his bed when the dread messenger came.

Quietly she called the wife and children and telephoned for the priest. He came, and as the night shadows fell the agony ceased and the purified spirit of Mr. Stanton, with the words of the last Benediction still on his ear passed without a struggle to the Lord who had created him.

Nurse Laura closed his eyes, comforted his wife, soothed the children, and when she knelt in the little chapel at the funeral Mass, she could not help looking back in wonder on the month just passed, and she thanked God for the blessings that came and the reward that followed the taking of her "First Case."

She still lives, reader, a noble and graceful woman. Blessings have followed her everywhere. A happy marriage, a beautiful home, and lovely children, and most of all, a deep consciousness that "God will never be outdone in generosity."

CHARLES DICKENS—1812-1912

One great service Charles Dickens has done the general public is to make the early English novelists superficial, Smollett, Fielding and Sterne he read at an age too young for them to do him justice, and the result of his reading and absorbing what is good in these authors Dickens continued and improved on their work.

The cosy inn and the picturesque stage-coach, with all the pomp and circumstance that go with these, the broad highways and the merry laugh and jest about the roasting hearth-fire, the deep potatoes and the slap-stick farce—all these, equally characteristic of the early Victorian days as of the days of Fielding, are reproduced in Dickens with a detail as minute, a humor as great and a gift of imagination immeasurably superior.

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quite another way. His plots are often distinctly oriental, and, while very suitable for the times of Good Haroun al Raschid, not at all acceptable for modern life. Coincidences are done to death; probabilities are set at naught.

Charles Dickens was the first of our novelists to write with perfect sympathy about the poor; the first to make lovable children central figures in his stories. In season and out he teaches the lessons of purity, honesty, charity, and not infrequently forgiveness, gentleness and patience. From the viewpoint of morality, however, some pages in the "Pickwick Papers" and a few scenes in other early works of Dickens are open to objection.

Visualization is the mark of creative genius. The man of talent describes his hero; the man of genius sees him. Dickens saw his characters, heard their voices, laughed with them and wept with them; and the English-speaking world has followed his example. Dickens has voiced the common mind, has given a splendid expression to the common feelings—he is the great vox humana of literature. He is Democracy become creative and expressing itself, and hence he is at once the idol of schoolboy and the grandfather. His work was popular during a lifetime in a sense now obsolete. We speak of popular writers to-day, but it is in quite another meaning. We read their works as a relief from reality; but we long for the end. With Dickens' books, we wish they would go forever.

As Mr. Gissing has pointed out, most of the readers of to-day think and speak of Dickens from their boyish memories. This, he says, is an obvious source of much injustice. Let them read him again, and, despite bad plots, exaggeration of horrors, violations of taste, an occasional narrowness and religious bias—remember Dickens was self-made man—a forcing of the pathetic note, despite all these—one will discover in him a keenness of observation, a sprightliness of narrative which, in the opinion of many of the latest critics, place him as the greatest novelist of the nineteenth century.

Francis J. Finn, S. J.

WALKING DOWN THE WRONG ROAD

So numerous have become the schemes for social reform, and so frequent are they urged by men who apparently ought to be better informed, that even Catholics are at times at "the parting of the ways"—in a mental sense where it is exceedingly difficult for them to step with certainty to the right or to the left. In order to avoid the dangers of modern schemes for the improvement of the world, the uplift of the capitalist and the laborer, the uprooting of vice and the permanent establishment of its opposite—virtue, the person to-day must needs have some sound rule by which to measure what he meets.

In this matter the Catholic has an authority that he can wholeheartedly trust and confide in, but when one is constantly confronted with new views, mistaken messages, and so on, one's trust is often weakened—the result is uncertainty.

Many there are who attempt or who would like to attempt the solution of man's ills by various methods. These same persons seem to have given a great deal of study and contemplation to the hatching of their plans, but in general all these solutions and their proposers disregard one thing. In the outlining of all the "isms" for the improvement of man's condition there is always one thing lacking, and the absence of that one ingredient makes them absolutely worthless. The ingredient which is missing is the teaching of the Saviour, and any scheme that proposes to ameliorate our present state of life without a grateful and goodly leave of "the teaching of the Saviour" to give it substance—is naught but a husk, and but poor fare for starting man to feed upon.

Herein is the weakness of the modern "isms" which, through their garish promises win over those who have fared ill in the conflict of the day. Why do these fraileid philosophers not turn to the words of the God-man? Where can they find more certainly delineated the evils of the world, whose cure they find clearly outlined the true solution of these evils, where can they find total destruction more plainly predicted for those who refuse to put into practice these solutions? And yet, although this truth cannot readily be denied, why do so many of those who seem to have the welfare of mankind at heart, pay little attention to the teachings of Christ? There are many reasons. One is that so many of our overeducated problem-solvers have rejected Christ as a divine teacher, and look upon Him as a Man—and as nothing more. They have with their keen intellects argued away evidence that would be overpowering in a court of law, and after the destruction of this evidence they coolly assert: "Christ was a very perfect Man—but He was not God." The thought is horrible, but the reality of such a thing is even more terrifying. The most reasonable question that suggests itself is: How could these people ever solve the problem of humanity, when they can set aside testimony to the fact of Christ's divinity? So, through their rejection of Christ, these same people injure their case when they present it before the man who thinks.

But here the difficulty arises. Those who do not think for themselves, and with the proper guidance are taken in by these "isms" in the form of socialism or of any other like error. What are they to do? They are to turn to the doctrine of Christ. But where is the doctrine of Christ? In the repository of the Catholic Church into whose keeping Christ gave it personally with the charge that she conserve it down the ages, and in the promise that she should never lack strength to so care for it. The Catholic Church has this doctrine, and in her doctrine is to be found—and there alone found—the solution of modern difficulties. To the Catholic this is a great source of joy and satisfaction, and he is so happy in the enjoyment of his security that he wishes the

same temporal blessing for others who are not of his fold.

Let us apply this wonderful doctrine to several deep and noisome sores of modern society, and see if it does not purge the corruption. Socialism offers a solution of the disparity between the rich and the poor by promising to place all on the same level in amount of physical goods. This is a cunningly planned materialistic scheme to exaggerate in the minds of those who have little, the value of possessing a competency or a surplus. It directs man to his body and makes, at least in concept, "a heaven of earth." This is shortly what socialism is. How does the Catholic Church stand on this point? She tells her children with the voice and identical words of Christ that the kingdom for which He wrought is "not of this world, that even the lowest mentally may in eternity pass those who are above him in natural endowments, that this earth will never be a heaven and it is but a delusion of man's to try to make it so, that if "we bear wrong patiently," and "forgive injuries," we will be preparing a higher place for ourselves in that kingdom. With these thoughts to guide him, the Catholic is inclined to look upon the evils of this world not as venial but as opportunities to be turned to advantage for a higher world to come. That this is not a quixotic utopian or foolish wish of the difficulty is shown by the millions who have attained success, some even in temporal life, through their practice of it.

On such questions as divorce the Catholic Church also speaks with a voice that, were it listened to would cure with pleasing speed a gaping wound and a filthy wound in modern society. Her solution of the marriage question is the true and only solution and is so acknowledged by those who argue against it. Its very success is so compelling that it must strike the very brain and consciousness of everyone—save possibly those whose consciousness has been rendered impenetrable by a defect of nature. Even the sensual man in all his lowness must, I am sure, admit with-out reasoning it out, so strikingly true it is, that on this matter the Catholic Church proposes the only sensible doctrine.

And so I could go on and on and on to the doctrine of the Church to modern errors and in each instance will be seen such a surprising corrective influence that none but a Divine Originator could have conceived it. But if we say, "forget the body, or if it must be before your mind, use it as a means to a higher place in the land of promise." Man's very nature tells him that these words, these doctrines fit and fit perfectly, but he is, at times, inclined to hearken to other voices that charm for the moment.

Our lower nature is constantly inclined to itself upon our attention in offices a most disagreeable manner, and when the lower nature has the upper hand—it is then that we turn to the false solution.

A final word would, then, seem to be somewhat in this order: Let us keep our vision clear, let us repeatedly clarify it at the foot of the cross, and let us be provided for by that same Saviour, and the closer to Him we are, the more clearly we see Him, just that much quicker will our solution be at hand.—Francis Mohler, M. A., in Catholic Columbian.

A CARDINAL AND A HOTEL MAN

A long while ago, when Cardinal Cullen lived, there was a sick call for a priest in Dublin. The sick person was a Protestant. A stormy, wet, dark night it proved.

As soon as the messenger got there a priest started. Through mud and slush he made his way, and at last arrived at the hotel, saw the sick person and gave him the sacraments. Everything went off as usual, but far, but not the curious part began. The proprietor of the hotel, thinking to do a little private proselytizing, invited the priest to come into his own sitting room. After administering some welcome refreshments, this Protestant evangelist let himself out. "To think, Father," said he, addressing the priest, "of the pride and sloth of these Bishops and Cardinals? It is not monstrous? I warrant now, that while the Cardinal has sent you on this long tramp through the muddy snow, he is comfortably toasting his heels and drinking a good warm punch."

"I think you wrong him," "Why? " "Because he is doing nothing of the kind." "You tell me that. But how do you know?" "I know by the beat of reasons. You have never asked my name." "Your name. What is it?" "Cullen—Cardinal Cullen." In a moment the hotel-keeper was on his feet, hat off. "Will your Eminence forgive me? I spoke in ignorance. Shall I order a carriage for the Cardinal?" "Oh, no, I can go back as I came. I am used to such journeys." The Cardinal departed. A few days afterwards the hotelkeeper went to a priest for instructions, and was finally received into the Church. This incident is strictly true.—Catholic Columbian.

ABOUT THE MEDAL-SCAPULAR

A correspondent of the Irish Ecclesiastical Record asks a number of pertinent questions concerning the medal-scapular, and the Rev. Thomas O'Doherty, of Maynooth College, answers these questions in a recent issue of the Record.

Rev. Dear Sir: Will you kindly answer the questions regarding medal-scapulars. They are no speculative doubts, but have arisen from actual experience.

1. Must the medal-scapular be blessed for one particular person, or may it be blessed for any one who has been properly invested with the scapular?

2. When a priest blesses medal-scapulars publicly in the church, may any person hold several in his hands for the blessing with the intention of giving them to persons already invested, and must he have these persons in mind at the time of blessing?

3. May a person have a dozen or more of medal-scapulars blessed for himself, and use them indiscriminately, so that in changing his clothes he may always be sure to have one about his person?

4. May a person wear a medal-scapular in the day time and the scapular at night, or vice versa?

5. May a person change at any time from wearing the medal to the scapular, or vice versa?

6. May a person wear a medal-scapular blessed for somebody else, or is the blessing personal?

These queries are very pertinent and practical. Our opinion on the points involved will be based on the motive which prompted the issue of the Decree on the terms of the Decree itself, and on such commentaries on it as we have been able to consult.

It is the express wish of the Holy Father that scapulars should still continue to be worn in the same way as formerly. In honor, and in conformity with a request frequently conveyed to him, he grants the "privilege" of wearing a medal-scapular instead. Now, it seems reasonable to suppose that a person may or may not avail of this privilege just as he pleases. When and as often as he wears the scapular itself he is setting more conformity with the desire of the Holy Father; but he may use the medal-scapular if at any time he

finds it more convenient. The answer, therefore, to two of our correspondent's queries (4 and 5) is sufficiently evident. A person may wear a scapular during the day time and a medal scapular at night, or vice versa. He may also change at libitum from wearing the medal to the scapular, or the reverse.

As a guide to the solution of the other questions raised, it will be useful to set forth the following points in the Decree regarding the blessing of the medal. 1. The priest who blesses the medal must have the power to enroll in the scapular, or scapulars the wearing of which it is intended to replace. 2. The person who wishes to use it must have been actually enrolled at the time the medal was blessed. These are the only restrictions imposed by the Decree.

Father Hilgers, whose opinion from his position as Consultant on Indulgences is of the highest value, distinctly lays down that the medal need not be blessed in the presence of the person who is to wear it. All that seems to be necessary, therefore, in order to gain the indulgences, is that a person wear a medal which de facto has been blessed under the conditions stated. It may be observed, however, that it would be a dangerous practice to bless a number of medals to be afterwards distributed even to persons who were enrolled at the time of the blessing. For a mistake might easily be made either about the time of the enrolment, or so people would be exposed to the danger of losing their indulgences.

All that is necessary to attend to, in our opinion, is the purpose for which, and not the purpose for whom, the medal-scapular is intended; and this will serve as a sufficient answer to the first and sixth questions proposed. It is only necessary to insist again on the danger involved in the practice which these questions suggest. The danger, as is manifest, is all the greater if the medal is intended to be worn as a substitute for several scapulars. Hence, in practice, it would be safer for each one to have his own medal blessed for himself. Save for this reason, there seems to be no reason why a person should not hold several scapulars in his hand, as suggested by the second question, while the priest is imparting the blessing or blessings, even though the persons for whom they are intended are not distinctly, or at all, before the mind of the holder. This is especially true when the medals are blessed for one particular person. But if several medals were imparted some of the individuals might continue, through ignorance, to wear the medal as a substitute for a scapular in which they were invested afterwards, and so lose the indulgences. Finally, in reply to the third query, we see no reason why a person might not wear several medals, if he holds several scapulars in his hand, as indicated. Provided he wears a medal validly blessed, he gains the indulgence.

THOMAS O'DOHERTY.

APOSTOLIC ZEAL OF SISTERS

Sister Marie of the Missions, one of the community in charge of the hospital at Kumbakonam, East India, relates the following story of the conversion of an old lady, to show that souls as well as bodies are healed at this charitable institution:

"This old lady lived with her family in a village situated on the bank of the Kavery. After a violent quarrel with her daughter-in-law, she left her children's home and walked along the bank of the sacred river. There, she implored the goddess of Kavery for help and called her to witness that henceforth she would have nothing to do with her own people and that she belonged irrevocably to her. Then, sitting the fanatic jumped into the river. She seemed lost forever, but Divine Providence was watching over her with an incomprehensible love. Tossed by the waves for quite a distance, she was cast upon the sand not far from a street where some charitable Christians lived. These good people restored her to life and after a few days, brought her to the priest to whom she told her story. It was rather difficult to persuade her to be taken to the hospital at Kumbakonam, but she finally consented, and was received, as you may imagine, with open arms.

"At first, silent and sad, our poor old lady, for she was about sixty year of age, finally became more friendly. Touched by the nuns' kindness, she opened her

heart to them and came of her own accord to the catechism instructions. Soon by the grace of God she became ashamed of her vulgar superstition, renounced her gods, and after a few weeks asked to be baptized. Her zeal

and humility were touching to behold. She called herself the most unworthy of creatures and said her beads continually. Now she receives Communion often and is learning her catechism with great perseverance, for her memory is poor."

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

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

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

THE ETHICS OF STRIKES

The stupendous power, which organized labor can wield, is driven home as never before by the results of the great English coal strike. But the question is, are working men justified in using this stupendous power so as to paralyze industry and commerce, and cause millions to suffer the direst pangs of hunger and privation.

Many non-Catholics look upon the Catholic Church as the greatest conservative force that makes for the salvation of society and Christian civilization; indeed this fact is clearly recognized by socialists themselves. Thinking Catholics know that the Catholic Church alone can save the civilization which is being created.

Leo XIII. has defined the Catholic position in his immortal encyclical on the condition of labor which has been aptly called the Magna Charta of the workingman.

They have a right to wages that will support them in decent comfort. They have a right to wages sufficient to make for their families decent Christian homes.

But, abstracting from these excesses, and considering strikes in themselves, we have to say that, given free competition, they are one of the rights of the

operatives, and cannot justly be condemned or repressed.

He then considers the following objection: But even where there is no violence at all, strikes, it will be urged, do serious harm. They suspend production, impede commerce, take away the profits of capital, disturb the economic order, and sometimes go so far as to stop the supply of necessities.

"All this is true," replies Liberatore, "and society would have an indispensible right to forbid strikes and put them down, if it fulfilled its duty of protection. But the liberalistic fancy for unbridled competition restricts it to the purely negative task of not permitting violence; and therefore the workman can only be expected to keep within the negative duty of not breaking the law.

Admitting that capitalists are sometimes not to blame, being forced by competition to give less than they would, Father Liberatore asserts that "it is no argument against strikes. It only proves that the economic system is wrong."

It behooves Catholics to know the position of the Church on these matters. The Church is with the working man in his fight for freedom and independence; the Church asserts his rights and upholds them, while condemning utterly the destructive principles of socialism.

In the case of the Welsh mines, there is an agreement between owners and miners which does not expire till 1915. Here it might appear that the miners are not justified in striking. They certainly would not be so justified if they were receiving enough to live on decently, but such is not the case.

There is a parallel between the condition of the miners and that of the farmers of Ireland. Freedom of contract there was none, the Irish tenant had to agree to the rack rent or starve. Parliament recognized that an essential condition was lacking and established land courts which, despite the contract between tenant and landlord, reduced the rents to a reasonable basis.

MINIMUM WAGE. In view of the fact that the whole colossal coal strike with all its appalling consequences hinged on the question of minimum wage, it is opportune to examine the morality of this demand of the strikers.

Later economists generally treat labor as anything else that is bought and sold, the price, therefore, being regulated by the law of supply and demand.

Liberatore thus comments on this view: "First of all to look upon labor as merchandise, and of wages as its price, is a false manner of considering it and the source of grave errors, of which the worst is it loses sight of the workman's dignity as a humane being.

Leo XIII. asserts these rights, and asserts also the right of workmen to unite in order to obtain those things to which they are entitled.

They have a right to wages that will support them in decent comfort. They have a right to wages sufficient to make for their families decent Christian homes.

They have a right to be treated as human beings composed of body and soul and not as beasts of burden, drudges or slaves.

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people. Engineering it is a group of syndicalists who are practically anarchists.

Of course, the privileged and favoured classes are the State and the people. The million or more coal miners are presuming to think they are part of State and some of people. There may be socialists and even anarchists amongst them or their leaders, but their demand for a living wage is neither socialistic nor anarchistic, but a natural right.

Again Mr. Shaw tells us that "the minimum wage principle is economically unsound, and would ruin many coal-owners in South Wales."

The poor coal-owners of South Wales will hardly be compelled to move with their families into the "incestuous warrens of the poor." Economically unsound! Yes, if it be a canon of Political Economy that the rich employers may combine to depress wages below the standard where decent living is possible, and that poor workmen may not combine to force wages up to that standard.

It is good to find another type of capitalist in Sir Arthur Markham, a great coal owner, who, in addressing a miner's meeting, at Northingham, advocated the minimum wage. He declared that no undue burden would be placed upon the coal industry or consumer if a minimum wage of eight shillings daily were paid every collier.

Eight shillings, \$1.92 a day, would practically double the starvation wage many of these poor fellows are now getting. Premier Asquith's recent proposal was a minimum of five shillings for adults and two shillings for boys.

Well may Father Liberatore, speaking of the evil of underpaid wage-earners say: "To remedy this evil, statesmen should give their utmost attention; private individuals their charitable care; economists their earnest study. If Political Economy does not succeed in suggesting a remedy for so great an evil, it is an empty and useless science."

DUE TO THE CHURCH

The reverend gentleman cannot deny that the Bible has been handed down by the Catholic Church. And yet that Church, according to the Protestant homilies, was in abominable idolatry for eight hundred years. Now is it not strange that he can pin his faith on the Bible that was in the possession of a Church deluged with idolatry.

Then he, a professed Christian minister, denied the divinity of Christ and called his denial of the Master a new view of the Incarnation.

He was recently in Canada and occupied various pulpits in churches which still call themselves Christian. As a matter of course the press gave liberally of its space to his pulpit inanities and platitudes.

Now, this New Theologian, this Christian clergyman, who does not believe in Christ, this self-advertising pulpiteer acclaimed by people and press, has a new message for mankind, one so important and urgent that the Associated Press cabled it to us without delay.

"One is sometimes influenced to question whether there has been any progress in the world at all, or whether if there has been any progress, it has been worth the ages upon ages of agony it has cost. Of course, I believe there has been progress; but the question is whether it has really furnished a sufficient reason for the existence of humanity in a material world."

"Frankly, I don't believe so. Are things to day so different from ancient Egypt or Rome, when precisely the same economic questions were being fought as those which still confront the modern world, such as the free distribution of food to the poor and legislation for fixing wages and prices?"

Whatever God may think, R. J. Campbell does not believe there is "a sufficient reason for the existence of humanity."

This poor blind guide of the blind tells them nothing matters, nothing is worth while, and invites them to flounder with him in the ditch of unbelief, pessimism and despair.

Last week a man was arrested for breaking a window in the City Temple as a protest against the teachings of the minister. If this man had been charged with duty of guarding City Temple property his position would be analogous to that of Rev. R. J. Campbell himself.

OLD TALK

A Halifax correspondent has sent us a paper containing the report of a sermon of a divine who is not unknown to our readers. This gentleman, preaching in St. Paul's church, declared that the rule of faith is the Holy Scripture alone. Now, a rule of faith by which to regulate our lives must be within the reach of every one, for God wishes all men to be saved.

end of the first century. Where, then, were the Christians of those first years to find their religion since there was no Bible or at least no New Testament? Where did the millions who lived before the invention of printing find their religion? They could not, and for obvious reasons, possess a Bible.

A rule of faith must be able to furnish us with all the truths necessary to salvation. Now, the Bible does not give us the sum total of apostolic instruction. It does not decide the mode of baptism; it does not clearly determine whether infants are to be baptized; it does not definitely confirm the change from the Sabbath to the Lord's Day; it leaves undetermined a great number of questions upon which Christians are decided.

The Bible does not decide all questions of morals. Hence it follows that a rule, which cannot be within the reach of every inquirer, which is neither clear to all nor able to give us all truths necessary to salvation, cannot be the rule made by the God of wisdom and goodness.

He who will take, says the distinguished Dr. Delbrück, the Scriptures as the highest source of a knowledge of faith—he declares it to be something which in its very nature it can not be; which is not in consonance with the intentions of the Lord; and which from its own evidence it does not wish to be; and I add, which, in the first centuries when Christianity arose in its primitive vigour and strength, it was not.

AN AIM AND WORK

To be effective an organization must have some definite aim and labor mightily to attain it. Not words but achievement can nourish and strengthen it. We have seen societies that promised well languish and die because they tolerated the "talker" and forgot to justify their existence.

It is an easy matter at all times to arouse the demon of bigotry. The press dispatches are sometimes responsible for this. We are, however, willing to admit that the gentlemen who send out these reports are not always to blame. They merely give the facts, but bigotry is so atrociously suspicious that an unjust inference is at once arrived at by ultra-Protestants.

It is a dark picture of the condition of the Protestant elementary education in the province of Quebec was drawn by Rev. J. A. McFarlane at the meeting of the Montreal presbytery. As superintendent of home missions for the Montreal and Ottawa presbyteries, Rev. Mr. McFarlane had conducted investigations, and he gave the results in a report.

Our good city of London was this week invaded by the Grand Black Chapter, which we take to be one of those divisions or branches of Orangemen which observe unrestricted reciprocity in ignorant bigotry with all the other sections, from the Most Worshipful County Lodge to the Most Worshipful Sovereign Grand Lodge.

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WHAT DR. BRIGGS SAYS

"Biblical history shows," to quote Dr. Briggs, "that the Church is a great fountain of divine authority. If we go back of Church history into the Bible history we find that the Church antedates the Bible. If there had been no divine authority in the Church there would have been no divine canon of Holy Scripture.

"One is sometimes influenced to question whether there has been any progress in the world at all, or whether if there has been any progress, it has been worth the ages upon ages of agony it has cost. Of course, I believe there has been progress; but the question is whether it has really furnished a sufficient reason for the existence of humanity in a material world."

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TOO NOISY

We are not surprised when ministers do not see eye to eye with us in doctrinal matters. But we confess to a sense of bewilderment when they are not loth to press into service against us the arts of misrepresentation and of prejudice. Surely they should be advocates of fair-play. Why, then, should they, while discussing the Ne Temere, caricature it and use it to fan the embers of bigotry.

STRANGE INDEED

It is strange to hear an Anglican preacher talking of Scripture as the final court of appeal. We say it is strange because the Bible and the Bible only has been tried with results that cannot but pain the Christian. It stands for spiritual anarchy. It means the multiplication of sects, of opinions and delusions, and the assertion of self. It has been tried in the Anglican Church

and has proved on application to be the cause of Anglicans holding mutually irreconcilable and contradictory doctrines. Dr. Sobars, in "Creeds of Christendom," Vol. 1, says that the Church of England nursed at her breast Calvinistic Puritans, Armenian Methodists, liberal Latitudinarians, and Romanizing Tractarians.

A rule of faith must be able to furnish us with all the truths necessary to salvation. Now, the Bible does not give us the sum total of apostolic instruction. It does not decide the mode of baptism; it does not clearly determine whether infants are to be baptized; it does not definitely confirm the change from the Sabbath to the Lord's Day; it leaves undetermined a great number of questions upon which Christians are decided.

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STRANGE PEOPLE

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As to Home Rule, the Orangeman has a bad conscience, and once a year he pines it with a "Croppie Lie Down" resolution. The Orangeman has but little claim to be called an Irishman. He has ever been a foreigner in the country, and has ever played the part of the foreigner, at the bidding of his English master, for a consideration, and the consideration was ascendancy over his Catholic neighbor, and the enjoyment of the Dublin Castle patronage.

Many a time have we thought it would be imprudent to take the average Orangeman seriously, for indeed his doings are often comical in the extreme. While in London, Ontario, the Black Chapter has placed itself upon record as opposed to bilingual schools, demanding that we should have but one language in this British country, at the Capital we behold Dr. Sproule, speaker of the Commons, and late Sovereign Grand Master, sitting up late at nights studying French and actually offering up prayers in that language.

It is an easy matter at all times to arouse the demon of bigotry. The press dispatches are sometimes responsible for this. We are, however, willing to admit that the gentlemen who send out these reports are not always to blame. They merely give the facts, but bigotry is so atrociously suspicious that an unjust inference is at once arrived at by ultra-Protestants.

It is a dark picture of the condition of the Protestant elementary education in the province of Quebec was drawn by Rev. J. A. McFarlane at the meeting of the Montreal presbytery. As superintendent of home missions for the Montreal and Ottawa presbyteries, Rev. Mr. McFarlane had conducted investigations, and he gave the results in a report.

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employment of a celebrant who is entitled to keep a register and has at the same time something to do with religion. To Catholics marriage is a sacrament, and its virtue lies alone in that. Any Protestant who detracts from the sacramental nature of a Catholic marriage, detracts from the Protestant marriage such sacramental quality as it has, and at the same time he does his best to degrade all marriages to a merely civil status.

The decree which begins with the Latin words, "ne temere," or in English "test rashly," is nothing more than a regulation made by a particular church and binding alone upon the consciences of those who choose to avail themselves of any benefits which may flow from a connection with that body, just as the admission of another church against the practice of attending the theatre is restricted only to Methodists. I suspect that much of the objection to this decree arises from theological jealousy because it really is binding upon the Catholic conscience, whilst the Protestant churches are incapable of making any such regulation, because they are aware that their adherents decline in advance to be bound by decrees no matter how salutary they may be.

Those who are so confident that the Catholic Church is wrong in its attitude towards marriage would do well to reflect that marriage and divorce are bound up together. The Catholic Church is the bulwark of the institution of marriage in Canada, where we have had only 434 divorces in the last forty years, as compared with 1,274,341 in the United States in the same time. Having regard to the number of people in the respective countries, divorce is 320 times as common with them as it is with us, and the rate is increasing three times as fast as the population. This condition of affairs may well be counted to the Catholic Church for righteousness even by those who have inherited the traditional hatreds of the old world.

The church is already too weak. No friend of humanity should wish it weaker. In times of great spiritual activity the church is least necessary. As the spirit grows cold it must find a refuge within an ecclesiastical organization where it will be kept alive until some saint comes to awaken it into new life.

The Catholic Church carried humanity over the wastes of the Middle Ages, and the Church of England justified itself by the production of John Wesley and George Whitefield, names which are pertinent to the present argument that churches should leave one another alone. It is one function of Protestantism to protest, but it is not the only one, and protesting is merely a negative virtue. There will be Ultramontanes in Quebec so long as there are Orangemen in Ontario, and their mutual hatred are as bad for the cause of religion as they are for the welfare of the country.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM. Now that the Grand Black Chapter has closed its proceedings, has called upon God to save the king, and entertained feelings of a different character toward the Pope, we hope our Protestant neighbors will enjoy sweet composure in the hours of rest. We hasten to assure them that notwithstanding the gruesome picture painted by the delegates to the Grand Chapter, their liberties still remain intact. They need not repeat the lullaby of the North of Ireland mother, "Go to sleep or the Pope'll get you." We can confidently assure them that there are no Ross rifles in the basement of the Cathedral, Father McKeon has no "Long Toms" tucked away in St. Mary's hall, and the good nuns are but making war upon misery, degradation, poverty and sin, bringing up in the fear and love of God the little waifs placed in their care, and tending with a Christ-like regard the indigent ones whose steps are moving in life's winter time. Orange gatherings ever leave but a streak of acrimony, a fog-like, increasing and unreasonable bigotry, which the sun of intelligence quickly dispels. Sleep soundly, neighbors. What the Pope is doing is for your welfare as well as for that of Catholics. Your civil and religious status is now and ever will be, so far as the Pope and the Catholic Church are concerned, as impregnable as the little mountain at Springbank.

THE INSTITUTION known as the Upper Canada Tract Society, which, under cover of zeal for religion, conducts a book store in Toronto, is taking a hand in the present vicious campaign against the Catholic Church in Ontario. Passing by its door on Richmond Street the other day our attention was attracted by the elaborate display of anti-Catholic books in its window—a display calculated to inflame the intolerant spirit which, in the minds of the ignorant and debased, does duty for religious fervor, "The Escaped Nun," "The Irish Priest," and "Shall Rome Reconquer England?" rubbed elbows with the latest lurid productions of Joseph Hocking and other decadent novelists. So far indeed from making any display of religious literature in keeping with its name, the whole window rather rivalled a railway book stall—with this qualification, that no such book-stall now-a-days would lend itself to so vicious a propaganda. That is a distinction monopolized, it seems, by denominational publishers and tract societies. And yet the same individuals would be insulted if their honesty or respectability were called in question.

THE EFFECT such a policy, whether on the part of preacher or publisher, has had upon the churches; multitude, or even upon their own people, is well illustrated by a letter in one of the Tor-

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Onto papers lately, headed: "Are they Blind Leaders of the Blind?" The writer, a Mr. E. R. Allen, of Port Hope, urges ministers to keep out of politics and polemics and to attend to their business of soul saving. Let them desist, he urges, for at least the forty days of Lent, from senseless harangues, and preach the Gospel. It would be an agreeable change from the present order of things, for he adds, "the truth is that the uplifting, helpful, moralizing influence of Christian teaching has been too much neglected."

THE TRUTH is, as we pointed out last week, Protestantism has worked itself out as a Christian force, and its accredited teachers (so far as it can be said to have had accredited teachers) have, to justify their existence, fallen back upon the ephemeral social theories of the hour. Christ has little or no place now in their pulpits and the eternal verities of Christian teaching have given place to the vain speculations of German critics, and to the most approved, up-to-date methods of advertising. To identify religion solely with zeal for social reform is, in their estimation, to give it its highest expression. And to convince the multitude that religion pays is the battle-cry of the latest continental organization with a group of Wall Street capitalists behind it. It is no occasion for wonder, then, that the Catholic Church, the immutable witness to Eternal Truth, should enlist the enemy of such a movement.

OUR HIGH CHURCH Anglican friends who, in these latter days, have become such vigorous claimants to the term "Catholic," and who exalt King George as the legitimate head of the "Catholic Church of England" (a contradiction in terms), will derive no solace from the King's own practical repudiation of the title. It occurred in this wise. During the recent Royal visit to India, the Catholic Hierarchy approached His Majesty with a loyal address of homage and welcome. In this address, as was right and proper, in conformity with official Government usage, they referred to themselves as "the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of India." It is significant, however, that in his reply, the King not only addressed their primate as the "Catholic Archbishop of Simla," but throughout spoke of the "Catholic Church of India," and of the "Members of the Catholic Church." Now, since the Anglican is the Established Church in England, and in India claims some sort of official recognition as such, it is doubly significant that its official Head should be troubled with no such scruples as to the one rightful owner of the title "Catholic." It but accentuates His Majesty's well-established title to disavowment and good sense.

NOR ARE the times more propitious for Anglican Orders. So far as Catholics are concerned the question of their validity has been settled for good and for all by the adverse decision of the Holy See. But Anglicans have, despite many rebuffs, clung to the hope of the recognition of their orders by the Russian Church. A recent incident in New York would seem to shatter even this hope. It is related by Dom. Sir D. O. Hunter-Blair, O. S. B. (himself a convert from Anglicanism) in a letter to the Edinburgh Scotsman. An Episcopal clergyman, one Irvine, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Central Pennsylvania, announced himself as a convert to the Russian, or Greek Orthodox Church, and sought admission to its communion. As a convert, we are told, he was welcome, but, as a "priest," he was absolutely ignored. Aspiring to the Russian priesthood, he was first confirmed, and then, at intervals, all the degrees of the ministry were conferred upon him with the elaborate ritual of the Orthodox Church. The ordination to priesthood took place with every possible solemnity and publicity. The Russian Church, in fact, says the New York Herald, treated him precisely as it would treat any layman, his confirmation and ordination in the Protestant Episcopal Church counting for nothing. This will be a sad blow to Anglicans everywhere, especially to those who pride themselves upon the "Catholic" character of their orders. The Protestant Bishop of Montreal, Dr. Farthing, will, in the light of it, have to revise his notions of Catholicity.

REFERRING TO Mr. Winston Churchill's allusion, in his Belfast speech to the valor of Irish Catholic soldiers in the South African War, the Tablet recalls O'Connell's famous retort in the House of Commons, to Lord Lyndhurst's characterization of the Irish as "aliens." "Aliens, indeed!" cried O'Connell, "Good God! Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords and did not start up and exclaim, 'Hold, I have seen the aliens do their duty? I appeal to the gallant soldier—tell me, for you needs must remember, on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers—tell me, if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to lose, did the 'aliens' blench? On the field of Waterloo the blood of England, of Scot-

land, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream. When the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together. The dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? And shall we be told as a requital that we are 'aliens' from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?"

THE IMPUTATION which O'Connell repelled with such justifiable heat and feeling, was fashionable enough half a century ago—and less. If so enlightened and courteous a statesman as Lyndhurst could, with no apparent thought of its anomalousness, so lightly hold the part of the sons and daughters of Ireland in the extension of British power abroad, what could be expected of the rank and file? That a more enlightened feeling now prevails cannot be denied, but that the old feeling still lingers in the dark corners of Belfast—Toronto Orangelan—evidence has been furnished recently in abundance. Well it is for Britain, that her leading statesmen, and the multitude of her sons have now a clearer vision, and that the natural aspiration of the Irish people bids fair to be ere long realized. Then, indeed, may they with zest and enthusiasm join hand-in-hand with their brothers of England and Scotland in the working out of the nation's destiny.

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, the English Nonconformist preacher, about whose "wonderful eyes" we have heard much through the press during his recent visit to America—and to Toronto—has, since his return to England, been giving his impressions of religious matters on this side. He was asked by an interviewer what most impressed him in the religious life of America, and without hesitation he answered:

"The growth of the Roman Catholic Church since I was last in the States nine years ago. The Press shows more deference to Romanism than it does to Protestantism. Boston, once the home of Partisanism, is now under Catholic domination. On Thanksgiving day the President of the United States, although not himself a Catholic, attended Mass at the Catholic Cathedral. Protestants attribute this increase to immigration, but a Catholic Archbishop assured me that it is largely due to direct conversion also. The fact certainly needs accounting for."

THIS TESTIMONY might be pondered on with profit by the Toronto Star upon whose assertion that it is Protestantism that is on the increase in Canada, we had occasion to animadvert last week. For in this matter, the experience of the Eastern States bids fair to be duplicated in Canada. The antecedents and the prevailing conditions are not dissimilar in the two countries. And, as we remarked, whatever story mere statistics may appear to tell, it is quality that counts, and in fidelity to revealed truth, it is certainly not Catholics that are recreant. It is a safe conjecture that within another twenty-five years Protestantism will have entirely parted with whatever measure of faith it still retains. As a name it will then have ceased to mean anything, and "wonderful eyes," or "leoline heads" (as Dr. Clifford's), will not take the place of dogma.

A RECENT book on South America, by Dr. H. J. Mozans, published by the Appletons, pays a striking tribute to Catholic missions to the Indians in the southern continent. The book is entitled "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," and is a record of travel and exploration by a man of talent and experience. His book is likewise a tribute to Spanish colonization, and effectually dispels the falsehoods which, in this regard, have so long been disseminated by unfriendly historians, and by the salaried emissaries of North American Protestantism.

REFERRING TO the success of mission work in the days of Spanish dominion, Dr. Mozans says: "It could never have been achieved had not the missionary's heart been in his work, and had he not had a genuine affection for the people committed to his care. . . . Wherever his ministrations have been felt his memory is still green. They still long for his return, and wonder why he remains away so long. . . . Even to-day, after an absence of a century and more, the father priest, as he is called, is a name to conjure with among many Indian tribes of the Montana, who know him only through the traditions which have come down from their forefathers." How sad it is to see, as with the Jesuit mission to Paraguay, the greed and rapacity of a type of Spanish trader to which the author makes reference, and the ruthless iconoclasm of godless statesmen should have put an end to so happy a period!

DR. MOZANS' reference to the initial beneficence of Spain's policy to the missions in the New World, and to the inhumanity of certain of her sons which brought so great evils in its train, will bear longer quotation. He puts his finger upon the weak spot in Spanish

colonization. Not that in this it compares unfavorably with that of other nations in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but that there was less of policy in their methods. Dr. Mozans writes:

"Never in the entire history of conquest were the laws made on behalf of the conquered so just or so beneficent. If the reader has any doubt of this, let him peruse the Bulls and briefs issued in favour of the American Indians by Paul III. in 1537, Urban VIII. in 1659, Clement XI. in 1706, and Benedict XIV. in 1741. Let him study the laws framed by Charles V., Philip II., the Council of the Indies and the Bishops of the New World in Council assembled. . . . It is not Spain that is to be held responsible for the inhumanity practised, but those of her cruel sons whose lust of gold and power made them robbers and oppressors of those of whom they should have been the defenders and guardians. No country ever did more to protect the weak against the strong, to shield the innocent and helpless from the tyranny of the soulless invader."

EX PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was to have been the author's companion in this latest tour of exploration, but other projects (the expedition to Africa for one) set this aside. He contributes, however, a preface to the book in which he describes Dr. Mozans as an ideal traveller, and his book as a mine of profitable information. Its blemishes, which were, perhaps, inevitable, and to which reference has been made by some reviewers, need not for the present be dwelt upon here.

LENTEN CONFERENCES

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN ON SOCIALISM AND THE FAMILY

CONFERENCE IV

On Sunday, March 17, Rev. Father Vaughan delivered his fourth Lenten Conference before a densely packed congregation, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y.

The preacher opened with an eulogy of the Christian family and the Christian home. To attempt to interfere with those institutions he said to meddle with the foundations and pillars of the State. He said in part: "I shall first of all remind you of the teaching of the Catholic Church with regards to wedded and family life." I shall then proceed to point out in what the gospel of socialism differs from it. What we want to discover is, can their views on these subjects be made to agree, or are they hopelessly and utterly irreconcilable? These are problems which demand the closest attention, for we are going to test nothing less than the actual basis upon which your own great Republic relies for its stability, unity, and strength. He said that all through the ages the Pope, no matter what the private lives of some of them may have been, had always shown themselves to be inflexible in the matter of Christian marriage. Not by a hairbreadth had Rome swerved even when a king had threatened to drag a great nation into Schism. Had Paul III. listened to Henry VIII. and sanctioned his adulterous union with Anne during the lifetime of his lawfully wedded wife Catherine, England would have continued till now to be a great Catholic land.

They were living in a day when in most countries the Civil Law had usurped an authority altogether beyond the powers of Christ's Church, and it had declared marriage to be not a sacred and indissoluble union, but a civil contract only. The Civil Law had let loose forces that had proved to be beyond control, and people were now becoming so alarmed at the disastrous consequences of the act that it was not altogether unlikely there might be a turn in the tide favoring the old tradition of things.

In the Catholic Church consummated marriage was absolutely indissoluble. In that matter the Christian Law was uncompromising, absolute, final. Father Vaughan said: "If only man and wife made fuller allowance for their differences in tastes and in heredity, in temperament and in character, if instead of exacting so much they were to be contented with far less each from each; if, in a word, their demands upon one another's lives, instead of being measured by what each wanted from the other, were, on the contrary, to be regulated by what the other could give, when after long years of wedded life, in the words of the poet, to the wife's and whisler: 'More years have made me love thee more' there might far often be heard the husband's firm reply: 'There is none I love like thee.'"

The preacher said he would no doubt be reminded of many failures in the married lives of Catholics. These were, he was free to admit, some shameful failures, but they were due to scorn of warning and neglect of Catholic principle and practice. Where Christianity was strong, there it was admitted, even by the socialist de Play, family life was strong no less.

Father Vaughan insisted that there was no greater influence on the human heart than that exercised by the Christian home. He multiplied instances of it. It was true to say that the popular estimate of the family was an infallible criterion of the State of Society; not even heroes could save a country where the ideas of the family had been dropped and degraded. "On no consideration what-over associate yourselves," exclaimed the preacher, "with any system or policy or theory of life which dares to lay its sacrilegious hands upon those pillars on which your country relies for its unity and stability, the family and the home."

"Let it be clear to all," he continued "that the Catholic Church stands for the sanctity and stability of home and family life. She reminds those who are joined together till death do them part, that it is their high vocation to co-operate with God in His creative energy, and that the rights and pleasures of married life may not be indulged divorced from the sacred duties which they involve. Race-mixing was a vice against the Author of Nature. It was

an unnatural crime. Was it not an act of constructive treason against the Majesty of God Himself, and a mischief setting His laws at defiance? Man and woman entering upon the wedded state must either leave themselves in the hands of God, or else abstain from exercising rights which he has granted."

Father Vaughan urged parents to remember that over their children they were bound to retain and maintain parental rights. They must be prepared to repel any invasion or usurpation of those rights even by the State. The State had no jurisdiction over the religion of their children. It might interfere only when the children were being neglected or cruelly treated. Children were the property, not of the State, but of the parents.

Father Vaughan went on to say: "Among many reasons for finding fault with socialism, there is this, that it proposes to reorganize, or rather to de-organize the Christian home. Socialism, if we study it ethically, we shall find it to be committed to a set of ideas about wedded life and its most sacred duties, which I am forced not only to describe as foreign, but as repulsive to those who have been trained in the School of Christ. The socialist, who is something more than a mere social reformer, cannot well avoid attacking the institution of the family as we know it. It is bred in him to do so, because it is an essential constituent of historical socialism. This I shall proceed to show is no gratuitous assertion. It is borne out by a 'cloud of witnesses.' Take the book called: 'The Origin of the Family,' and referred to by socialists as 'an intellectual treat,' a 'great socialist classic.' In this work we are assured that 'monogamy was not founded on nature, but on economic considerations, namely, the victory of private property over primitive and nature collectivism.' The author informs us that: under socialism, marriage will no longer be indissoluble. He informs us that marriage is moral only as long as love lasts. 'The duration,' he writes, 'of an attack of individual sex-love varies considerably according to individual disposition, especially in men. A positive cessation of fondness, or its replacement by a new passionate love, makes a separation a blessing for both parties and society.' No passage in that socialist 'classic' could, Father Vaughan said, be ventured to say, be made to fit with the gospel of Christianity. . . . To take the socialist's intentional text book on the subject of the question, 'Woman' has run through more than 50 editions in Germany alone. In it are passages such as this: 'The satisfaction of the sexual impulse is as much a private concern of each individual as the satisfaction of any other natural impulse. No one is accountable to anyone else for this. No person has a right to interfere. . . . If between man and woman who have entered into a union, incompatibility, disappointment or revulsion should appear, morality commands a dissolution of the union which has become unnatural, and therefore immoral.' This, 'social classic' full of passages such as I have cited, differs in every line from the gospel of Christ, as all the world may see. Once more, in a work written by 'the greatest man in England,' and entitled: 'Socialism, its Growth and Outcome,' we read: 'That undivided and united regime of Propriety in children would lead to an, and every infant that came into the world would be born into full citizenship, and would enjoy all its advantages, whatever the conduct of its parents might be. Thus a new development of the family would take place on the basis, not of a predetermined, life-long business arrangement, but of an ally and nominally held to, irrespective of circumstances, but on mental inclination and affection, an association terminable at the will of either party.' This teaching requires no comment from me. Lastly, we are told in 'Socialism,—Positive and Negative,' a work described as 'a primer for the more racy,' that 'socialist parties, to attack Religion, the Family and the State,' but the brilliant author makes a point of reminding us that 'socialist philosophy proves conclusively that the legislation of the positive political and economic ideals of socialism involves the atrophy of religion, the metamorphosis of the family and the decline of the State, as we understand it. This quotation speaks for itself."

The preacher said in part: "My in-place quarrel with socialism is this: that in its recognized classics, in its propaganda, in its press and in its unguarded utterances, it proclaims and proclaims a gospel of selfishness and family life. . . . I have seen the teaching of Christianity. No sane man can give himself up to the study of socialism without coming to the conclusion that, taken as an ethical and as an economic theory of life, it is committed to doctrines about marriage which it would seem must inevitably destroy the home and the family life. . . . Socialism is founded on a philosophy of life which makes the indissolubility of marriage ridiculous, which makes race-suicide rational, and makes children the property of the State. The preacher went on to say that of course he would be told by individual socialists that he had misrepresented the socialist's position with regard to marriage, its rights and its duties. In answer to that he would reply that what he had said he had drawn from their own very much read and very highly recommended socialist classics. Those works had not been withdrawn. They were still on the market."

Socialists instead of finding fault with him for quoting from their own recognized authorities would do well first of all to issue an expurgated edition of their classics, or else to withdraw them once and for all from 'the book market,' repudiating as un-socialistic, the teaching which they profess and propound. . . . Socialism shall have shifted its centre of gravity from anti-Christian premises, until socialists shall have publicly renounced the philosophy of life as formulated by the founders of their movement, and until their men of light and leading shall have made it clear to us that socialism endorses, upholds and enforces the time-honored traditions of the Christian family and the Christian home, we have no alternative but to de-

nounce socialism from pulpit and platform, in public and private, as a most insidious menace to the State which must rest on its own God-given foundation, the Home.

AN INTERESTING EVENT

SERMON PREACHED AT OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, FEB. 20TH, 1912, AT ANTIAGON, IRELAND, N. S. BY REV. V. NAISH, S. J.

Oh, Lord I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth. (Ps. 25, 8.)

The ceremony of to-day, dear Fathers and Brethren, carries us back almost to a bound, to the miracle age of Catholic faith and University Founders. It is a far cry from Oxford and Cambridge, and their pleasant meadows and running waters to the frozen streams and snow-swept fields of Canada. But the spirit that moved the founders of old, from Waynflete to Wolsey, from William of Wykeham to the Martyred Countess of Salisbury, lives to-day in another race and under a newer and more enduring form than of old. The thirst for knowledge, the finding of pure springs to slake that thirst, the fencing in and guarding of these springs from pollution of the outer pagan world, the barriers of quiet cloister and studious groves and halls, all these are the very marrow of the Church's intellectual life from age to age. The flock of Christ may not grow and gather strength without them. And so to-day whilst the storm king holds high revel without, we are gathered for the first time in this peaceful holy spot—to raise the Victim for the first time to the stone of sacrifice, and consecrate this chapel to its great work of prayer and devout worship. In that prayer and worship gratitude bids us keep in mind forever—whilst these solid walls shall last—two names of honored Founders—two students in these halls of old—whose lives were given to the Church's history. From the barns of Oxford, the butts of Cambridge, the cramped parlours of Paris, the bare walls of Glasgow and St. Andrew's, the stream of Catholic life has flowed unbroken in the twin channels of Faith and Learning, till damped and polluted by human pride and passion and heresy. When in our days the great historic universities of England and Scotland have kept their secular anniversaries of five centuries past, have hung their banners from those towers and spires that still "whisper to us the latest enchantments of the middle ages" they have turned with natural grace and inborn courtesy to salute the Pope of Rome as the lineal successor of their founders. The building that we dedicate to-day, that opened some months ago, far surpasses in dignity and usefulness the first rude structures of the historic universities. May we not also say in humble gratitude that we feel far safer of their ultimate duration and utility in this land of freedom and progress than any founder of the troubled times of old could have promised to his scholars? Is it a vain dream, an unsubstantial vision, to look forward to the time, when many a broad acre around will be withdrawn from the work of plow and scythe to bear the stately burden of books and library of science halls and refectories? Compare the rude beginnings of fifty years ago with the equipment of to-day, and then set bounds if you will to the development of the future. I base my hope for that future mostly on two facts, first, that nowhere in the many countries I have lived in have I seen a more earnest and more racy of the soil than this, more faithfully representative of national traits and peculiarities, with more of local color and less of dull cosmopolitan uniformity. Like the restless, unconscious movements and motions of the healthy child, forever stretching out to age and growth, even so the Celtic nation of Celtic wit and combativeness, the two great characteristics noticed in our race by Tacitus, makes for a long, a successful, and in the main, a happy life.

The second element of success I find in the earnest but quiet spirit of Catholic piety and devotion to work that animates professors and students alike. One who has had the most intimate opportunities of knowing the true state of things in this institution may I trust be permitted to speak what is the fact.

This splendid gift of to-day, this chapel, in Newman's words, redolent of the tender memories of the past and hopes of coming years "does it not speak of a fount of pure devotion in our race, a sweet ancestral union of Faith and Science that three centuries of savage persecution have failed to sever? Let a Pugin weep and tear his hair amid the fallen splendor and riled beauties of Ely's matchless Lady Chapel, let Ruskin's bitter cry echo down the centuries: "You talk of the scythe of time; the tooth of time. It tells you time is scytheless and toothless. It is men who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers and have bidden the night winds chant in the galleries and the wild flowers bloom in the cloisters." What matters to us—to you above all, dear students of St. Francis Xavier's—if these splendid days are gone forever? The time is young for you—is all before you—behind you the glorious heritage of the true Faith, the boundless energy of Catholic tradition. For you in this new land of unmeasurable wealth and promise there are, what were denied to your forefathers, "the hills beyond Pentland, the lands beyond Forth" the ever widening horizons of wealth, success and fame, the noble examples of men of your blood who have written their names in the golden book of Canada's Immortals. You too have felt the noblest stir that can come in the current of man's early life—the craving rather for honorable distinction than for worldly success—the note of Hector's death song.

"Yet not without a struggle let me die, Nor all inglorious; but let some great deed That future men may speak of mark my fall."

To you, if you are generous and loyal, as I trust you to be, the thought must come to-day: "What shall I do in the hour of my success to aid the work, to further the good, to enhance the dignity of this my Alma Mater?" She will wait for you in the future, as she has waited for the Founders of to-day, in plain, poor, working clothes, ungraced and unkempt like the Queen of Learning in the olden time. "Her beauty like the spouses is within"—not without, after the fashion of to-day, which builds a palace for intellect and then fails to people it. In your days of prosperity and distinction "remember the pit in which you have been digged, the stone from which you were cut." Pay to the nursing-mother of your youth some fair return for the love and devotion she has lavished on you. But above all other gifts lay at her feet in future years what she most craves, the stainless wreath of an honoured name, a pure unspiced life, the example and career of a strenuous Catholic. There are too many laggards and simpletons in our ranks to-day. We need more energy and higher mental training. For your use and benefit has this gift been designed, this chapel built. Do you "love the beauty of God's house, and the place where His glory dwelleth." If so remember that while it is above all the place of daily sacrifice to the Most High, the house of prayer and praise to the ever present Victim of Salvation, it is also the house of high and holy thoughts, the cradle of noble purposes and high endeavors. Bring hither from lecture hall and play ground, from sunny hours of sport and play, from sombre days of toil, your hopes, ambitions, yearnings, heart desires—what you are and what hope to be—and lay all at the Master's feet and enter into His school, to learn more there than all the world beside can teach. As Longfellow so sweetly sings—

"The thoughts of Youth are long, long thoughts," But Oh they are dangerous too; and you must force and temper here that natural character which will be your sword of destiny, the blessing or the curse of your future life. Here alone with God will you find strength in your weakness, hope in your gloom, joy in your sorrow, light in your darkness. Here will wit, invention ever new, and careless charm of pleasure bring will find their limit and their consecration. Here and here only must each one of you study from year to year to learn God's secret purpose in your being, your calling and career, that common denominator of Heaven and Earth, of things temporal and eternal, which is special and private to each one of us.

The martyred Jesuit poet, St.owell, has sung in one of his sweetest and truest lyrics: "O! high climbing thoughts, The wings of swelling pride, Their fall is worse than from the heights Of greatness onwards slide." Here you will learn to elip without ontng, to prune without distorting, to conquer without wounding. A saint and clear sighted critic, Sir Arthur Helps has well said: "Many a man has a kind of mental kaleidoscope, in which the bits of broken glass are his own fancied merits and fortunes; and they fall into harmonious arrangements and delight him, often most dangerously and to his ultimate detriment, but they are a present pleasure." Beware of your imagination, especially in youth. That great gift of God is an excellent servant but most dangerous master for the Mind and Will. Remember the golden advice of one of our forgotten masters of song: "Retire, the world shut out, thy thoughts call home. Imaginations airy wing repress."

If you would learn to repress and control what is dangerous and yet preserve all that is good and lasting in natural character and energy, lay your desires, your purposes, your thoughts day by day, on the altar stone of God's Sacrifice. Cast them in the rough gold and alloy together, into the furnace of Jesus' Sacred Heart that so refined by celestial fire they may pass current at the bar of God's Treasury on the Great Accounting Day.

The work that I have to do for our Lord in the world will be all the more fruitful and beautiful, the more I see Him shining through my whole life. When I work, I work in union with my beloved Lord Jesus Christ. He is such a real Friend of mine, we love each other so much that everything is in common between us, and the growth of my soul is also His life and expansion. What thought could possibly give me more strength and joy?

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RU-BER-OID Roofing Gives Most Protection Per Dollar of Cost RU-BER-OID'S cost per roll is moderate. The cost of laying is very small, as skilled labor is not required. The only upkeep cost is a coat of RUBERIN Cement every three or four years. RU-BER-OID is weather-proof, not affected by acids, fumes, gases or extremes of heat or cold, and strongly fire-resisting. This complete protection has lasted, in the case of the first RU-BER-OID Roofs laid in 1891, for 21 years—and these roofs look good for many more years of service. Our Booklet, "RU-BER-OID—Why?" explains why RU-BER-OID costs least per year of service. If you are interested in roofing, write for it, and for samples of RU-BER-OID, made under Canadian Patents 93,027 and 93,160, in Colors—Red, Brown, Green—and in natural Slate. THE STANDARD PAINT CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. MONTREAL. WINNIPEG. VANCOUVER.

PSYCHOLOGY OF SECRET SOCIETIES The psychology of anti-Catholic secret societies is well set forth by Dickens, and is interesting to those of us in this country who remember similar movements here. The novelist writes: "To surround anything, however monstrous or ridiculous, with an air of mystery is to invest it with a secret charm, the power of attraction which to the crowd is irresistible. False priests, false prophets, false doctors, false patriots, false prodigies of every kind, telling their proceedings in mystery, have always addressed themselves at an immense advantage to the popular credulity, and have been, perhaps, more indebted to that resource in gaining and keeping for a time the upper hand of truth and common sense than to any half a dozen items in the whole catalogue of imposture. Curiosity is, and has been, from the creation of the world, a master passion. To awaken it, to gratify it by slight degrees, and yet leave something always in suspense, is to establish the surest hold that can be had, in wrong, on the unthinking portion of mankind. "If a man had 'ood on London Bridge calling till he was hoarse upon the passers by to join with Lord George Gordon, although for an object which no man understood, and which in that very incident had a charm of its own—the probability is that he might have influenced a score of people in a month. If all zealous Protestants had been publicly urged to join an association for the avowed purpose of singing a hymn or two occasionally and hearing some indifferent speeches made, and ultimately of petitioning Parliament not to pass an act for abolishing the Penal Laws against Roman Catholic priests, the penalty of perpetual imprisonment denounced against those who educated children in that persuasion, and the disqualification of all members of the Romish Church to inherit real property in the United Kingdom by right of purchase or descent—matters so far removed from the business and bosoms of the mass might, perhaps, have called together a hundred people. But when vague rumors got abroad that in this Protestant association a secret power was mustering against the Government for undefined and mighty purposes; when the air was filled with whispers of a confederacy among the Polish powers to degrade and enslave England, establish an Inquisition in London and cast the pens of the market into stakes and cauldrons; when tortures and alarms which no man understood were perpetually broached both in and out of Parliament by one enthusiast who did not understand himself, and bygone bugbears which had lain quietly in their graves for centuries were raised again to the terror of the ignorant and credulous; when all this was done, as it were, in the dark and secret invitations to join the Great Protestant Association in defence of religion, life and liberty were dropped in the public ways, thrust into the hands of those who trod the streets by night; when they glared from every wall and shone on every post and pillar so that stocks and stones appeared infected with the common fear urging all men to join together blindfolded in resistance of they knew not what, they knew not why,—then the mania spread, indeed and the body, still increasing, grew forty thousand strong."

That Dickens had no love for the Catholic Church and no understanding of or sympathy whatsoever with the Church's work in England in the days before the Reformation, is well attested by his 'Child's History of England,' which is so full of flippant sneers at matters worthy the reverence of all Englishmen that is not fit to be called a history at all; but in 'Barnaby Rudge' he set up before the world a picture of a secret anti-Catholic movement and the horrors to which it led, that ought to be commended to those who have not yet got over their love for the dark-lantern organization and its methods.—Sacred Heart Review.

RU-BER-OID Roofing Gives Most Protection Per Dollar of Cost RU-BER-OID'S cost per roll is moderate. The cost of laying is very small, as skilled labor is not required. The only upkeep cost is a coat of RUBERIN Cement every three or four years. RU-BER-OID is weather-proof, not affected by acids, fumes, gases or extremes of heat or cold, and strongly fire-resisting. This complete protection has lasted, in the case of the first RU-BER-OID Roofs laid in 1891, for 21 years—and these roofs look good for many more years of service. Our Booklet, "RU-BER-OID—Why?" explains why RU-BER-OID costs least per year of service. If you are interested in roofing, write for it, and for samples of RU-BER-OID, made under Canadian Patents 93,027 and 93,160, in Colors—Red, Brown, Green—and in natural Slate. THE STANDARD PAINT CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. MONTREAL. WINNIPEG. VANCOUVER.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

EATING MEAT ON FRIDAY

Most of our young men have been brought up in good Catholic homes, wherein the precept of abstinence from meat on Friday is faithfully observed.

When these young men go into business-life and eat some of their meals in restaurants or hotels they are frequently shocked to see other men who rank as Catholics eat meat regularly and knowingly on Friday.

It is readily understood that at times a Catholic business man, dining away from home, may be entirely forgetful of the fact that the day is Friday, especially if he be not accustomed to take meat at breakfast.

Do these men think that the precepts and observances of the Church do not apply to Mammon's favorites? Do they really wish to masquerade as non-Catholics? They should ponder deeply upon the words of our Lord: "Whoever shall deny Me before men, I will deny him before My Father Who is in Heaven."

To fit their case, it might be said: "Know all men by these presents I am the great Mr. S. and So, the premier of my race. I have acquired money—no matter how, have occasionally broken into blue-blooded society, which has invited me to its festivities because it can use me for its own purposes, but which fact I do not see; I am greatly exalted because I have flattered a little, and, therefore, no more Church nor precepts thereof for me. To rank with the Servants of Mammon I am willing to sacrifice my real friends, my conscience and my God. I have no king but Mammon, and am willing to give him not only all that belongs to him but also what I owe to my God."

This is a fair picture of the Catholic who in good health knowingly eats meat on Friday.

Men of this kind will say that the writer is old-fashioned and out of date, the inference being that the precepts of the Church must be changed or modified in order to be adapted to the cowardice or the unfaithfulness of the new Catholic, or in other words, of the Catholic modernist layman in social life.

We admit that we are so old-fashioned as to know that abstinence from speckled food was the first commandment given to Adam, and that his disobedience are primarily due to all the ills which have afflicted the human race. We know that all through the Old Testament the precepts of fasting and abstinence were numerous and strict. We know that from the very dawn of Christianity, Friday has been observed and commemorated as a day of abstinence in order to do homage to the memory of Jesus Christ suffering and dying on that day of the week.

It is, therefore, most appropriate as a weekly recurring act of meditation, recognition and partial imitation that every true follower of Christ should be willing to undergo this little act of self-denial.

It is hard to understand how the name Catholic or Christian can be justly applied to those who through cowardice or through contempt refuse to abstain from meat on Friday. Scarcely any other offense is regarded with more abhorrence by the faithful. In moments of passion or as a consequence of contin-

uous or powerful temptation men may commit sins of human frailty, but most of these lack the cool malice which characterizes the sin of unlawful use of meat on Friday. Condemnation is not so much for the material act as for the mind and disposition behind it.

We have some hope that true faith may exist in spite of sins of passion, but it is the general opinion of good Catholics that genuine faith has departed from the man who despises and rejects the precept which forbids him and all others to eat meat on Friday. He is regarded with suspicion and as one who has shown his faithlessness to God, and the deduction is drawn that he will not be true to his fellow-man.

In individual cases of severe ailments, and for good and sufficient reasons this obligation may be relaxed. But in spite of this fact there are multitudes of Catholics who would never eat meat on Friday even if the law were abrogated; and added to these are thousands of Protestants who observe this act of self-denial with far greater respect than do some of our pseudo Catholic business men and politicians.

St. Augustine says: "Abstinence purifies the soul, elevates the mind, subordinates the flesh to the spirit, begets a humble and contrite heart, scatters the clouds of conceit, extinguishes the fires of lust, and enkindles the light of true chastity." We are bold enough to think that most of these results would not be injurious to those who do not practice abstinence on Friday.

There are multitudes who use little or no meat on any day of the week, and somehow, they seem quite as vigorous in mind and body as do the recreant Catholics who feel that they must eat meat on Friday. Some of the greatest athletes, distinguished particularly for endurance, never use meat. They do not wish to make their stomachs a cemetery for dead animals.

In these days of plenty, when so many kinds of food are available, it is absurd that any one not seriously ill should attempt to stifle his own conscience, scandalize his fellow-man, whether Protestant or Catholic, despise the precept of his Church and sell his birthright as a Christian for a mess of food which he consumes on Friday as an act of servility to heretical ignorance or of obligation to his own conceit.—Pilot.

DESPONDENCY

If you are distressed in mind—live; serenity and joy may yet dawn upon you. If you have been happy and cheerful—live; and diffuse that happiness to others.

If misfortunes assail you by the faults of others—live, and be wiser in future. If you are indigent and helpless—live; the face of things, like the renewing seasons, may happily change.

If you are rich and prosperous—live; and enjoy what you possess. If another has injured you—live; the crime will bring its own punishment.

If you have injured another—live; and recompense good for evil. If your character be unjustly attacked—live; and you may see the aspersions disproved. If the reproaches be well founded—live; and deserve them not in future. If you be eminent and applauded—live; deserve the honors you have acquired. If your success be not equal to your merit—live; it thoughtfulness and humility.

If you have been negligent and useless in society—live; and make amends. If you have been industrious and active—live; and communicate your improvements to others.

If you have kind and faithful friends—live; to protect them. If you have been wise and virtuous—live; for the benefit of mankind.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman in a kitchen and the text: 'Never any failure or disappointment when MAGIC BAKING POWDER is used. COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. MADE IN CANADA. E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.'

If you hope for immortality—live; and prepare to enjoy it. If you ever expect to reach the mansions above, love everybody, whether they be enemies or not; and above all put trust in Him who will never desert His children in their hour of need, if they call upon Him in sincerity and love.—Great Thoughts.

GIFT OF SINCERITY

Take from a man every gift but sincerity; let him be blind and deaf and lame—let him stammer in his speech, lack education and good manners. Handicap him as you please, so you leave him sincerity, and he will command respect and attention. His work will endure. The world, which is always looking for the real thing, will gladly overlook all his infirmities.

In every relation of life sincerity is the secret of power. The salesman who does not himself sincerely believe in the merits of his goods will generally be a failure. The business man who sets about to fool other people, must end—as he has, in fact, begun—by making a fool of himself.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Climbing up a Hill Never look behind, boys, Up and on the way! Time enough for that, boys, On some future days. Though the way be long, boys, Fight it with a will; Never stop to look behind When climbing up a hill.

First be sure you're right, boys, Then with courage strong, Strap your pack upon your back. And tug, tug, tug along; Better let the lag loaf Fill the lower bill, And strike the farther stake-pole Higher up the hill.

Trudge is a slow horse, boys, Made to pull a load, But in the end will give the dust To racers on the road. When you're near the top, boys, Of the rugged way, Do not stop to blow your horn, But climb, climb away.

Shoot above the crowd, boys, Brace yourselves and go! Let the blodding land-pod Hoe the easy row. Success is at the top, boys, Waiting there until Brains and pluck and self-respect Have mounted up the hill.

—JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY.

POPULAR, BUT "BAD FORM"

Many girls are "bad form," without suspecting it. Here are a few things, little considered, that are popular but not in good taste:

Inquisitiveness. Have you never pried into personal affairs by questions? Boisterous. Noisy fun, especially in public, is common in both sexes of the world. A girl can have a good time without laughing and talking at high pitch.

Practical joking. What seems pure wit to the perpetrator, to the victim is stupid horse-play or downright malice. Intrusion. Some girls have no respect for privacy. They burst into a closed room without knocking, offer their society unasked, and will interrupt the most earnest conversation with a perfunctory "I beg your pardon."

Disloyalty. It is ill-bred if nothing else to run down those to whom you owe fealty or to betray a friend's confidence. Even worse is it to discuss family affairs with outsiders.

Bickering. Girls may not mean anything when they argue before a third person, but the listener is just as uncomfortable as though the disputants were at daggers drawn. Especially poor taste is for one to argue with her fiance or husband in public.

Braggery. What if you are a belle, have hosts of suitors and trunks full of fine clothes. The girl of good taste allows the world to discover her popularity and good fortune, she does not thrust them upon it.

Slang. There is a big reaction in favor of the girl who can enjoy life to the full yet keep her respect for good English. Sponging. Some girls have the notion that the world owes them a good time, and they snatch pleasure at the expense of their friends with no thought of return. The girl who is always out of change, who proposes gayeties for which others pay, who accepts favors and is cheerful about favoring, is worse than bad form, she is almost dishonest.

Fibbing. Truth is right, likewise well-bred. The girl whose word is worthless, who wriggles out of every uncomfortable situation, who tells you one thing and her next confidante another, is bad style.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT LIVES NEXT DOOR

When I was cranky every way, and tired of school and tired of play, and to feel that every day was just a nuisance and a bore, 'twas then my mother came to me and, taking me upon her knee, would softly ask me did I see the little boy that lived next door. That little boy lived in his chair; his mother used to set him there, and he

could only sit and stare at other happy boys at play. That little boy, you'd think was sad, and that he never could have had a reason to be bright or glad; yet he was laughing all the day. I always used to wonder why my mother would begin to cry, when I would ask the reason why that little boy was fashioned so. And then she'd smile so sad, and say she guessed it must be just God's way of teaching other boys that they must learn their gratitude to show; that when they thought things were so blue and tired of games that weren't new, they longed for other things to do, they ought to take and ponder o'er the lot that fell to other boys, who hadn't half their share of joys but never cried nor made a noise, just like the boy that lived next door. The little boy that lived next door, he died one day, and never more his little chair beside the door was placed there by his mother's hand. But somehow, though so long ago, his memory lives on, and so I think at last I've come to know the things I could not understand. Oh, you, whose psalm of life divine degenerates into a whine because some days the sun don't shine, this lesson heed and ponder o'er; the resignation to one's fate, that makes one's deepest cares abate, is taught by greater griefs that wait on some poor soul that lives next door!—Tablet.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN

A young woman who worked downtown, and who was out on the street more or less during the day, was a wonder to her friends because of her keen enjoyment of everyday affairs.

You are the greatest girl I ever saw for catching the amusing and interesting side of what's going on around you," one of her friends said one day. "I wish I had the knack, but I haven't."

"Cultivate it," was the other's laughing advice. "Oh, yes, you can," as her friend shook her head doubtfully. "My own knack, as you call it, is largely home-grown. You know Grandfather Tingley can't get out on account of rheumatism, and his eyes have grown so dim the last year that he can't read much if any. He's always been so interested in what was going on in the world, and it's pretty hard for him to be shut away from it altogether, so he is now. He's always so glad to have me get home at night, and so eager to know what I've seen and heard during the day that I've fallen into the habit of keeping my eyes and ears open for anything funny or interesting that I can tell him at night. And when you are looking for the amusing and interesting things, it's surprising how many you find."

For the sake of an old man whose active enjoyment of life was over, this young woman had cultivated the habit of looking for the amusing and entertaining side of everyday happenings, and the habit had made her an unusually interesting and attractive companion, and much in demand among her friends.

In her experience there is a hint for others. There are only a few people, comparatively, who have wonderful experiences, or great wit, or knowledge, to make them interesting to others.

With most of us the little happenings of everyday make up a large part of life, and those who have the happy knack of catching the bright and amusing things of life, not only find entertainment for themselves, but oftentimes for others as well, and thus in a way help to make life bright as they go along through the days.

THE GENTLEMAN BOY

An eminent educator, addressing an assemblage of parents, said: "Let your boy with the first glimpsing of speech be taught to speak accurately on all subjects, be they trivial or important, and when he becomes a man he will scorn to tell a lie."

"Early instill in your boy's mind decision of character. Undecided, purposeless boys, make bad husbands, and are useless to themselves and to every body else."

"Teach your boy to have an object in view, the backbone to go after it, and the stick-to-it-iveness quality."

CAKED UDDERS CURED IN 24 HOURS

By Douglas' Egyptian Liniment Here is the opinion of Mr. Robert Harkness, a leading resident of Tamworth, Ont. "Having had wonderful success with Douglas' Egyptian Liniment on my stock. I feel it my duty to write you."

"Our cattle were troubled with caked udders, so bad in fact that they thought they would lose the use of them. We applied the Liniment but twice, and in twenty-four hours we could milk without any trouble."

"When anything goes wrong in our home or stable, this excellent Liniment it always called for, and never fails to give instant relief."

"I hope this letter will catch the eye of those whose cattle are suffering from caked udders."

Besides quickly curing this trouble, Douglas' Egyptian Liniment has proved its worth in both human and animal disorders, such as rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, sprains, burns and inflammations. It has healed, without blood poisoning or other complication, serious wounds, sores and bruises.

25c. at all dealers. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

"Teach your boy to disdain revenge. Revenge is a sin that grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength. Teach him to write kindness in marble, injuries in the dust."

"There is nothing that improves a boy's character so much as putting him on his honor—trusting to his honor. I have little hope for the boy who is dead to the feeling of honor. The boy who needs to be continually looked after is on the road to ruin. If treating your boy as a gentleman does not make him a gentleman, nothing else will."

"Let your boy wait upon himself as much as possible. The more he has to depend upon himself the more manly a little fellow will show himself. Self-dependence will call out his energies, bring into exercise his talents. The wisest charity is to help a boy to help himself."

"Happy is the father who is happy in his boy, and happy is the boy who is happy in his father."—True Voice.

THE LAYMEN WE NEED

The troubles that beset the Church today, it has been observed, are due not so much to the malice of her foes as to the apathy of her friends. The disadvantages under which she labors are caused less by the courage and activity of her enemies than by the cowardice and remissness of the laymen who should be her defenders. If we look abroad we see a noisy little band of anti-clericals seizing ecclesiastical property and proscribing divine worship. Here at home we often find the Church's progress hindered and her work left undone owing largely to the lack of a zealous and efficient clergy.

In proportion to their numbers American Catholics seem to have in their ranks far too few men of mark. In civil and commercial life, in the trades and in the professions, representative Catholics are not sufficiently conspicuous. More men are needed of high principles, lofty ideals and wide education. The Church can take little pride in having as her sons politicians who never receive the sacraments, violent leaders who are advocates of labor and even anarchical methods of reform, social climbers who make Protestant marriages, professional men who send their boys to non-Catholic colleges, or officials whose public utterances are often as wanting in good taste as in Catholic loyalty.

The Church regards with sorrow and anxiety children of hers who in their eagerness to attain wealth and position are deaf or indifferent to her pleadings when she urges them to be men likewise who can help her to face and solve the problems she now has to meet. For the Church in America must minister effectively to the spiritual needs of the Catholic immigrants that are flocking by thousands to our shores, she must protect the lambs of her fold from sectarian settlement workers, she must safeguard the faith of her little ones, maintain and defend against enemies countless charitable and educational institutions and build up against the forces of socialism, immorality and irreligion a bulwark of well-edited and well-supported papers and reviews.

But bishops, priests and religious cannot, of course, gain all these objects unaided. The co-operation and assistance of a devout, efficient and highly-educated laity are needed. These laymen, besides keeping the commandments, would also undertake works of zeal, besides being upright and energetic they would be men of trained and cultivated minds, besides being Christians and scholars they would be gentlemen.

Then there would not be wanting, if occasion offered, men for instance, who could write a trenchant letter to the press to correct public opinion on some Catholic question, who could make a strong and effective speech for some Catholic object, who would think little of devoting time and money and personal service to the promotion of Catholic causes. With such a laity to second or inspire the initiative of the clergy, and with union and co-operation among all the Catholics, in our land, whatever the race or tongue or origin may be, it would be rash to set limits to the progress that the Church would make in the United States during the coming century, or to venture predicting bounds to the power and influence she would have in strengthening and preserving our republic.—America.

THEN AND NOW

The contrast between the magnificent reception given by New York to Cardinal Farley and the hostility manifested on a similar occasion some sixty years ago has had a parallel not less remarkable in London. When in 1850, Pius IX. restored the Hierarchy to England, appointed Nicholas Patrick Wiseman Archbishop of Westminster and raised him to the dignity of Cardinal, there was an outburst of fanatical frenzy throughout England, more intense and universal than even the days of Know-nothingism had witnessed. Pope and Cardinals were burnt in effigy in town and village, a Prime Minister denounced this "insolent, Papal aggression," a Bill was rushed through Parliament forbidding Catholic prelates, and even deans, to assume their ecclesiastical titles, priests and religious were prohibited from appearing in public in the dress of their order, and a leading parliamentarian declared, "the Anti-papery agitation has risen to such a height throughout the country that he was astonished the Cardinal had not been burnt in person instead of in effigy." Cardinal Wiseman's entrance was made in the utmost privacy, his appearance was not seldom greeted with insult, and he narrowly escaped personal violence.

On January 20, 1912, Cardinal Bourne entered the Cathedral of Westminster amid the plaudits of cheering thousands. Accompanied by many bishops and hundreds of priests and religious, who were dressed in the insignia of their rank and the robes of their orders, the Cardinal was received by the Lord Mayor of London and the Mayor of Westminster, who were present in State in their robes of office, to pay London's official tribute of respect to a Cardinal of the Catholic Church, who by his elevation to the Sacred College, is now judged so have added distinction to the

greatest city in the world. Press and people were in accord with the civic heads of London and Westminster. Passion and partisan hate may ebb and flow, but the Catholic Church, divinely guarded, will always rise above worldly tides, and its beneficent influence will ultimately find its vindication.—America.

To study the Sacred Heart that we may love it; to love it and always try to love it more; and to live in conformity with this love,—is what Jesus asks of us, when He shows us and gives to us His heart. His love cries out for our love in return.—Abbe F. Manourant.

NA-DRU-CO Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound advertisement featuring an illustration of a fish and a bottle of the product. Text: 'THE "building-up" value of Cod Liver Oil is well known, but its drawbacks have been its nasty taste and indigestibility. Na-Dr-u-Co Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound has the nutritious qualities of the Cod Liver Oil, without the slightest disagreeable flavor. In it the Oil is skillfully combined with Extract of Malt, Extract of Wild Cherry, and Hypophosphites, making a splendid tonic as well as a valuable food. Na-Dr-u-Co Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound is particularly good for growing children who are puny or run-down. In 50c. and \$1.00 bottles, at your druggist's. 106 NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.'

Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES advertisement featuring an illustration of a child's face and a box of cereal. Text: 'Millions daily do enjoy Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES. Surpasses in popular favor as in tempting flavor—the cereal everybody likes and nobody tires of—luscious, feathery, golden-hued flakes, rich in the succulent sweetness of sugar corn's sweet hearts, with ninety per cent. nutriment in easily-digestible form, ready to eat and sure to satisfy. Order a Package of 10 and Examine the Label. Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES. H. K. Kellogg, Battle Creek, Mich. TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., LONDON, CANADA. The backbone of the world.'

"Eastlake" Steel Shingles will save you money advertisement featuring an illustration of a man and a diagram of a shingle. Text: 'The Experimental Farm at Guelph Ontario ranks as one of the best in the World. There, the farm buildings are roofed with Eastlake Steel Shingles. Some of these buildings were roofed 18 years ago—all are in perfect condition to-day. A pretty stiff durability test, don't you think? It's the "Eastlake" exclusive features, that no other metal shingles possess, that count. The single side-lock and gutter—the "Eastlake" counter-sunk cleat—and three-inch lap. The "Eastlake" single side-lock makes it the easiest and quickest to lay and permanently weathertight. No rain or snow, no matter how fine, can sift in under an "Eastlake" Steel Shingle. There is a full three-inch lap, and the counter-sunk cleat holds the bottom of the shingle as tight as though welded in place. The bold "Eastlake" Pattern is so deeply embossed that only the very best Steel will stand it. Let us send you our illustrated booklet, "Eastlake Metallic Shingles." Write to-day—just your name and address on a post card. We also manufacture Corrugated Iron, House and Barn Siding, Metallic Ceilings, Eave-troughs, Cornices, Conductor Pipe, Ventilators, etc. THE METALLIC ROOFING CO. Limited. 1188 King Street West BRANCH FACTORY: WINNIPEG AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES TORONTO'

IHC Manure Spreader advertisement featuring an illustration of a horse-drawn manure spreader. Text: 'An IHC Manure Spreader Will Save Your Farm. THE whole future of American farming depends upon the farmers' attitude toward fertilizing. Already Middle Western farm lands are issuing a warning to their owners by producing smaller and smaller average crops. If the warning is not heeded, and fertility immediately restored to them, the lands of the West will soon be in the same list as some of those of the East—worn-out farms. Immediate action is imperative. If your farm has not yet shown signs of reduced production you are fortunate; you can save it without a long, tedious system of unshading. Whether your farm is "as good as new" or not, your duty to the soil and to your children—the farmers who will follow you—is: Practice rotation of crops, begin using an IHC Manure Spreader and spread once fresh manure each year to replace the plant food drawn from the soil by the previous crop. IHC Manure Spreaders Corn King, Cloverleaf are best for the work because they get 100 per cent efficiency out of the manure. When spread by an IHC Spreader, one ton of manure will produce more and better results than two tons spread by hand. IHC Spreaders are constructed to completely pulverize manure and to spread it in an even coat, light or heavy as may be needed, over all the soil, at the same time requiring the least effort on the part of driver and horses. They are simple but effective, strong, but not too heavy; and exceedingly durable. The beater gears are held by a single casting which keeps them in line under every strain. The beater are cast in strong and chisel pointed. They pulverize the manure and do it thoroughly. The IHC local agent will show you the IHC Spreader and help you select the machine best adapted to your needs. Made in many styles and sizes. Get catalogues from the local agent, or, write the nearest branch house. CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSES INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA (Incorporated) At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton. IHC Service Bureau The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any queries concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to IHC Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U. S. A.'

LETTER FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

St. John's, Nfld., March 1st, 1912. Dear Mr. Editor, - It is now quite a while since I had the pleasure of sending a few notes to your esteemed journal, and I propose now, to attempt for the benefit of your many readers, a resume of a recent sermon in our magnificent cathedral, one of a series of Lenten sermons, delivered by His Grace Archbishop Howley.

By way of preface, Mr. Editor, I might say that, as a Catholic people, we are keeping up the best traditions of our faith, in so far as religion is concerned, a matter on which we have been frequently congratulated by visiting clerics of high rank.

On last Wednesday night, the second week in Lent, our beloved Archbishop addressed the vast congregation that filled the sacred edifice, choosing for the subject of his remarks, the holy sacrament of matrimony, and treating in his own learned way, on the relationship it bears, both to the social and religious aspect of life.

His Grace opened his remarks with a clear, concise explanation in simple language, of the cause of the much-talked-of Reformation, and showed in a forceful manner that it was based on an attempt to interfere with the solemn authority of the Church, in the sacrament of matrimony.

From the earliest days when first the command was given - "Those whom God had joined together, let no man separate" the Church had always taken a foremost place in the carrying out of this sacred duty, and has been firm in her laws governing marriage. Up to the reign of Henry VIII, the Sovereigns of England had admitted the Supremacy of the Pope, until that sovereign attempted a free and easy plan of taking a sixth wife while his fifth wife was yet alive. Already, an ecclesiastical law had been suspended by the Church, allowing him to marry a blood relative, and this was probably his reason for supposing that the Pope would permit him to marry Anne Boleyn while Catherine of Arragon was alive - his lawful wife. Incensed at the opposition of the Holy Father, he threw off the influence and yoke of the Church, and commenced through the instrumentality of a monk named Luther, what is known as the Reformation, the era of so-called free thought, religious liberty or freedom of conscience, from which the present Church of England had its origin.

His Grace then came down to more modern history, and gave a brief but explicit description of the Ne Temere decree, about which so much has recently been published in certain sections of the Canadian press. Quoting records, the Archbishop showed how this decree had been issued, from a desire on the part of our Holy Father to safeguard the validity of marriage, and to throw all possible protection about those who entered into this solemn life contract.

By letters patent, not since revoked, the religion of Quebec is Roman Catholic ever since its capitulation to the English, when full power and authority were then conferred on the Catholic Church, to practise all its religious rites, without interruption. This therefore, is the Civil Law of Quebec, and being so, emphasizes the absolute necessity of the instrumentality of the Catholic Church, to practise all its religious rites, without interruption. This therefore, is the Civil Law of Quebec, and being so, emphasizes the absolute necessity of the instrumentality of the Catholic Church, to practise all its religious rites, without interruption.

As a safe-guard by nothing in the baking powder line unless all the ingredients are printed on the label. The manufacturers of the brands of baking powder in which large quantities of alum are used, are afraid to print the ingredients on the label as no person would buy it at any price. Magic Baking Powder is pure and guaranteed not to contain alum.

SANOL

The new discovery will positively remove Gall Stones, Kidney Stones, Gravel in the Bladder and will effect a complete cure. It will dissolve and remove stones without pain and there is no necessity for any operation in the future, as Sanol will cure in every case no matter how long standing the disease may be.

Sanol will be found particularly valuable in cases of Rheumatism and Bilious trouble. Sanol is a preparation of herbs and extracts from plants, and contains no poisonous ingredients. Its use therefore, cannot possibly harm either the Stomach or the Lintestines.

Sanol's booklet sent free from The Sanol Manufacturing Co. Winnipeg, Man. PRICE \$1.50 From Anderson & Nelles, Druggists 248 Dundas St.

Strong mention was made also of the laws of divorce as applied in recent years, and His Grace deplored the fact, that in America no less than 1,000,000 divorces had been granted between the years 1880 and 1900 - the latest statistics obtainable, what state of affairs must be existing there where practically every third or fourth person you meet is a divorcee. On this point the Church was always firm - "what God has joined together, let no man separate." The contracting parties pledge themselves to be faithful to each other, and as one, "until death do us part." Is it not then most deplorable that two persons so solemnly pledged, should forget their promise, and seek so easily obtain a divorce.

For over an hour the Archbishop expounded the dogma of the Roman Catholic Church in connection with this important matter, and exhorted his hearers to keep up the lofty ideals of our Holy Faith, by a continued and emphatic carrying-out of the policy under which all marriages are performed, fashioned as they are, after the precept of the Creator of mankind - "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man separate."

I need not tell you, Mr. Editor, that the discourse was highly interesting and very instructive, and was listened to with rapt attention by the entire congregation. Long may our beloved Archbishop be spared to rule over his people in Newfoundland, and to expound to us, in his learned yet simple manner, the tenets of the grand old faith for which in earlier days our forefathers gave up their lives, that we might be enabled to save our immortal souls. It is a great honor to me, Sir, that you should so kindly show us the void of life without religion, and because it so appealed to me I have tried with my poor, feeble pen to outline the substance of it for the benefit of your thousands of readers, some of whom, perhaps, have not frequently the opportunity of listening to such a splendid and instructive discourse. Yours very truly, J. J. LACEY.

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A REMINISCENCE OF EDWARD BLAKE

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD:

In looking over my scrap-book recently I came upon the peroration of a speech delivered by the late Hon. Edward Blake, then member for South London, in the British House of Commons. The incident, which called forth this outspoken expression as sense of justice and British fair-play which dominated the life of this great statesman and patriot, was the passing of a motion of sympathy for the Home Rule cause in the Federal Parliament at Ottawa some twelve years ago. In view of the recent demise of the honorable gentleman and the probability of the fruition of Ireland's hopes in the near future I am sure his words will prove of interest to your readers.

"Look at Ireland," said he. "I know all here do not share my views. I respect in it opinions. But you will find me standing here, an Irish member, and proud of it, to declare that I believe, with a passionate intensity of conviction, whereof I have given some proofs, that the true cure for her ills, and for those weaknesses of the empire which her ills create, is to apply courageously to her the same great principles which, with such signal fortune, you have applied elsewhere. Sir, I believe that no such object lesson has ever been presented to this people as that shown by the great colonies this month. I thank God for it and I humbly pray that they may take to heart the lesson. To me it seems truth. I make no apology for stating it. Had I failed I should have justly come under the censure of those noble lines with which I close."

When the Lungs Are Weak

To every person with weak lungs or who has a family history with records of consumption, a cough or cold is a serious matter.

Coughs have a tendency to hang on. They irritate the weakened membranes and prevent healing. There is always the danger that a cold may get a firm foothold and settle on the lungs. It is so easy under these conditions for pneumonia or consumption to develop.

About the surest means of controlling coughs and colds is by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. This treatment loosens the cough, allays the irritation and inflammation and thoroughly overcomes the disagreeable symptoms. The success of this medicine has given rise to many imitations. It is only natural to suppose that the original possessors merit of an unusual degree.

THE MOOSE JAW CASE

THE FATHER OF LIES VERY BUSY

The following dispatch having reference to another marriage case, appeared in the Montreal Star of Monday:

Moose Jaw, Sask., March 11.—The Ne Temere decree is being hotly discussed in this city, as the result of a case which has just been made public. It is alleged that a young couple who had been married by an Anglican clergyman, Ardeacon Johnson, were visited by a Roman Catholic priest, who addressed the wife - who according to one story, was a Roman Catholic, her husband being a Protestant, and according to another story, vice versa - and called her "Miss" assuring her that she was not married.

He caused her such agony of mind that the marriage was speedily celebrated, according to the Roman Catholic ritual.

Speaking in one of the city pulpits yesterday, Father Woodcuter sought to minimize the gravity of this latest Ne Temere case, declaring that the woman had all along agreed to enter the Roman Catholic Church, and that the couple would have been married by a priest in the first place, had one been available. He denies that he had told the young bride that she was living a life of shame until the marriage was re-celebrated. He concluded that he had sufficient ground to have the writer of the article in question arrested for criminal libel, but would give him the benefit of the doubt.

Ardeacon Johnson, on the contrary, says the girl had told him she had promised to join the Roman Catholic Church in order to get married, and that she could not enter the Church. Consequently he, (the Ardeacon) had married her. Public opinion is much exercised over the case.

(Canadian Press Despatch)

Moose Jaw, Sask., March 11.—The Ne Temere case which developed here Friday was the subject of bitter remarks in both the Anglican and Catholic churches yesterday.

The Catholic clergyman, Father Woodcuter, said the writer of the story was a liar, and would be arrested for criminal libel.

White Swan Yeast Cakes

No woman wants her bread to be a failure and no bread will be a failure if White Swan Yeast Cakes are used in the baking. Sold by your grocer, six cakes for 10c. Sample sent on request. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WHY ARE THE GERMANS SO FOND OF THE IRISH PEOPLE?

Because the Germans are Irish. They are Irish by heart, by religion and by sciences.

1. By heart. There is a love between both races, because one is "der deutsche Michel," the other the Irish Pat, but the Irish made Mike the friend of both.

2. By religion. The Irish monks brought to Germany the Catholic faith, and there are over one hundred and fifty Irish abbeys, patrons of parishes in Germany.

3. By sciences. How those Germans searched for the Irish poets, music, art and philosophy; that's why the old Gaelic language came to its glory again. The Germans did it for love of the firm, in-born, staunch Catholics, that never, never failed.

Writer is only sorry not to have been born in Ireland, but God knows best, where each one had to be born.

PRECURSORS OF LUTHER

Time was when anything that smacked of "monks or monkey" was the favorite abomination of all staunch Protestants. No contrast apparently could be found more striking than that which the life of a zealous preacher of Luther's free Gospel, presented to the selfish, superstitious practices of cenobites and hermits. But here is Dr. Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, contributing to the March Atlantic a paper on "The Persistence of Religion," who refers to Luther as the man in whom "all the old protests of the monks against the regis of the priests, and of the mystics against the limitations of the theologians, were magnified, centred and made effective."

In fact, we are told that in vindicating "the principle of the development of religion, he is akin to Francis and Benedict." For a monk, it appears, "was a layman who had determined never to go to church again. He turned his back upon the altar, and upon all the ancient order of worship and found what seemed to him a better church in a cave or in the woods, where he had no sermons and no sacraments, but sought God in his own way."

Well, Well!

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use

I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used

DYOLA ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use. NO CHANGE of using the WRONG DYE for the Goods one has to take care to select from the list of DYES. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

Neither the Poor Man of Amis, who submitted the rule of his new order to Innocent III, nor the Patriarch, Benedict, who was so dear to Pope Gregory the Great, will thank Dr. Hodges for trying to establish relationship between them and the old hierarchy of the sixteenth century. Nor would all those monks and hermits, who joyfully received from Holy Church their habits and their rule, so many of whom were conspicuous for their loyalty to the Apostolic See, feel greatly flattered at being considered by the Dean of the Precursors of an apostate Augustinian, who waged a relentless war against Rome.

With regard to the assertions that the monk "turned his back upon the altar" and went "where he had no sacraments," it is to be feared that Dean Hodges is more familiar with the works of the "advanced thinkers," whom he freely quotes in his paper, than with the writings of Father Daigraire, or of Marin, not to mention those of the Ballandists or of Cassian. It is abundantly evident, for instance, that the so-called solitaries of Egypt, as a rule, did not live so far away from villages and churches as to be deprived of weekly Communion. Sometimes, indeed, among their huts arose an altar, at which a priest ministered. In the church at Nitria, observes Father Daigraire, "five thousand monks of that desert assembled to receive the Holy Communion every Saturday and Sunday," while in the laura of St. Euthymius, Mass was said every day. It must not be forgotten, moreover, how readily the Church at that time allowed the faithful to carry the Blessed Sacrament with them. As for the monks of the West, Communion at least six times a year was prescribed by rule.

This being the case, it can hardly be said with truth that the early monks had "no sacraments," and it is difficult to understand how anyone who has read Cassian can maintain that the ancient solitaries cared for "no sermons." But what these holy cenobites and ascetics certainly did not have, Dean Hodges to the contrary notwithstanding, was any likeness or relationship whatever to the proud and sensual rebel, Martin Luther. -America.

Just Right for You No other cereal food is so widely liked as Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. Its flavor pleases everybody. Order a ten-cent package from your grocer today.

CONDITION AND CURE

Standing in the shadow of the passing year and looking beyond into the light of the new year, we are reminded that month that is gone, things do not appear to promise much that is important and desirable.

Those who read and reason will readily admit, so far as our own country is concerned, that its cradles and mansions of education emit deadly odors; that sectarianism has practically lost whatever of nobility it possessed; that social activity has set itself against authority; that materialism is laying hold of the masses; that commercialism is making for doubt and infidelity; that the preachments of pulpits and professors and books are contrary to the Gospel of Christ, and that the press is a purveyor of evil.

Day after day the preachers and doctrines of destruction are multiplying. The Bible is discarded; the Scriptures are folklore; the divinity of Christ is denied; dogma is slavery; redemption is ridiculed; the immortality of the soul is a fancy; the existence of hell is a fable - and some of the pronouncements of our progressive thinkers.

For the fundamental truths taught by the Saviour they substitute their own dicta, doctrines of hate, of free love, of denauehery, of social anarchy, and of family degeneracy. Nor do they stop here. For who has not heard their demand for the abolition of the deformed and mentally undeveloped? Who has not read their pleas even for the destruction of the unborn?

This condition of society is causing great uneasiness among the thinking people of our land, as well it may. Its awful fruits are manifest and are daily chronicled in the newspapers and seen by one witness. The reasons for this moral decay are being searched for by theorists and innumerable remedies are being constantly advocated. But there is only one fundamental reason for this condition, and that is Sectarianism; just as there is only one cure for it, the Catholic Church. -Church Progress.

DIED

MACDONALD - At North Lancaster, Co. Glengarry, on March 7th., 1912, Mr. Anstin R. MacDonald, aged eighty-three years, and seven months. May his soul rest in peace!

Easter Decorations

For home or altar decorations we are head-quarters. Easter Lilies, washed, 75 cents a dozen. Easter Lilies, plain, 50 cents a dozen. Fleur-de-Lis 50 cents a dozen. Tulips, Chrysanthemums, Irish Lilies 50 cents a dozen. Carnations 20 cents a dozen. Write at once. Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont. 1744-2

Favors Received

A subscriber wishes to return thanks for a favor received after prayers to the Blessed Virgin and the Souls in Purgatory.

A reader wishes to return thanks to the Infant Jesus, Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Joseph for a cure of a long standing ailment.

A reader wishes to return thanks for favors received through "The Thirty Days' Prayer" to the Blessed Virgin.

A subscriber asks the prayers of the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD, to obtain a special temporal favor from the Sacred Heart.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony and the Souls in Purgatory for a great favor received through their intercession and promise.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks for temporal favors received after promise of a novena of masses for the Souls in Purgatory, union with the Blessed Virgin. Also requests the prayers of subscribers to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin for special favors.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, for relief from pain after applying the Sacred Heart-badger and Lady of Victory medal. Also a thanksgiving to the Souls in Purgatory, St. Anthony, Ann, St. Benedict, St. Gerard and St. Christopher, and requests the prayers of the readers for two special favors.



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