

Canada Bank of Savings... Volume XXXIII... LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1911... 1684

The Catholic Review

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

VOLUME XXXIII

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1911

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[Lines from "Saul"]

Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock to rock— The strong roading of boughs from the fir-tree— the cool silver shock of the plunge in a pool's living water— the hunt of the bear.

Arrianism. Descending from the sixteenth century, deep into the abyss of the twentieth century, we find rationalism trying to pervert the life of Christ to deny that He had authority from God to deny that the Church has authority to teach in His Name.

idea. Scripture lessons were so arranged as to place certain statements in high light and leave others in obscurity. Again and again it has been found that the Church has authority to teach in His Name.

they are now understood, cannot be harmonized with the true 'origins' of the Christian religion; they must also strongly condemn the assumption of a dual and opposed, non-rational character by any Christian man, viz., that of the historian or critic and of the believer.

PROTESTANT SUPERSTITIONS

CONCERNING THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

The unveiling, on Thanksgiving day, of a monument to Orestes A. Brownson, situated about half way between Grant's tomb and the soldiers' and sailors' monument, below Riverside Drive, New York, was a just and timely recognition of one of the brightest philosophic intellects America has yet produced.

CATHOLIC NOTES

TEACH THE CHILDREN IN THE HOME

A Protestant writer, commenting on the change that has been wrought in non-Catholic homes of recent years, says: "Some good mothers live for their children most devotedly, but think only of them as to their education."

CATHOLIC NOTES

THE ACTUAL CRIB OR MANGER IN WHICH CHRIST WAS LAID AFTER BIRTH

During the sixteen years of mission work among non-Catholics, Father Kress of Cleveland, O., has received into the Church 2,600 persons an average of 162 a year.

CATHOLIC ORGANIZATION

THE BISHOP OF SCRANTON URGES ORGANIZATION THAT CHURCH IN AMERICA MAY NOT SUFFER AS IN EUROPE

At the close of a lengthy sermon preached in St. Peter's cathedral New Year's day, Right Rev. M. J. Hoban, D. D., Bishop of Scranton, stated that the duty of Catholics in the United States was to organize so that the exigency arise they would be able to speak as one man for Christ.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY

For more than three hundred years it has been held as an axiom by millions of people in the English-speaking and Teutonic nations that the religious revolt led by Luther, Calvin and Zwingle was a return to the pure religion of Apostolic times.

THE PAPAL OATH TAKEN

AGAINST MODERNISM UNIVERSALLY BY THE PRIESTS OF THE CHURCH

Before Jan. 1 every Catholic priest, professor and student, seminarian in the world took an oath to forsake what is known as "modernism"—namely, the present-day beliefs which tend to disprove, by means of modern science, miracles, wonder workings and the like as narrated in the Bible.

PEACE OF CHURCH THREATENED

A Brave Superior

Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 18.—Falling into line at the sounding of the fire alarm, a hundred and fifty children ranging in age from five to fifteen, marched from St. Joseph's orphan asylum to-night and escaped unharmed from the flames which totally destroyed the main building and dormitory at an estimated loss of \$75,000.

FAITH DEFIED

"Fifty, I hold as most certain, and sincerely believed, that faith is not a blind result of religion breaking forth from a dazed sub-consciousness, and proceeding from the heart and flexible will alone, but which is conformable to reason and has been revealed by a personal God, our Creator and Lord, and we believe it to be true, because of the authority of God, who is eminently truthful."

MIRACULOUS OCCURRENCES

Cardinal Newman once told how a non-Catholic attended the service commonly called Benediction in a Catholic church in England, and afterwards gave a minute description of how the priest, when he held up the Sacred Host, managed to manipulate secretly a little bit of wax, to make the people think that some miraculous occurrence was then taking place.

A TOUCHING RITE

I need hardly observe to you, my brethren, that the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the Church, writes Cardinal Newman. The priest enters and kneels down; one of them unlocks the tabernacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament, inserts it upright in a monstrance of precious metal and sets it in a conspicuous place above the altar, in the midst of lights for all to see.

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THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY

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BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, D. D.
Author of "My New Crusade," "Lute Delinquent," "Lute," "The Broom," etc.
CHAPTER XXXVII
A DREAM ORDEAL

During these sad days in the opening of the New Year, Annie O'Farrell was torn asunder under the agony of conflicting feelings. She had not openly disobeyed her uncle, to whom she was so much indebted, but she knew that he strongly disapproved of her visiting Robira, and that there was a strain in their relations towards each other that might possibly widen into an open breach. She went every day to see the lad, who was clearly under sentence of death from the dread malady, and every day, as she pulled on her gloves and left her home, she felt her heart giving great pain to her benefactor. Yet, she argued, how can I do otherwise? I have adopted a profession, which demands a sacrifice of feelings where the interests of suffering humanity are at stake; and to refuse the little help and sympathy I can render? She made up her mind on the matter, and as she ever hesitated, that piteous cry "Annie!" would instantly strengthen her resolve to do everything in her power to relieve him. The gratitude of the old doctor, who was a gentleman, in his manner, but always a gentleman, was very touching. He said little, but by every sign and gesture he made it clear that he appreciated deeply that solace with which this young and accomplished nurse watched over her patient. He could not help noticing, too, how completely differences of religion were kept out of sight. There was no egotism, no kindness, no humility, charity. One day when Annie was coming into the room unexpectedly, she heard the old man saying: "Oh, that God has given me such a daughter in my old age!"

She drew back the door gently and retired. But it was enough to prove how deep, if unspoken, was the grateful appreciation of her services in that Protestant household. And yet it was only her strong spirit that helped her to persevere in face of the tacit opposition of her uncle, and the various things that were said to her in a hundred ways, that "the people were talking about her." As the days lengthened, Jack Wycherly was able to release his nurse and even to resume his own studies at the hospital. But the cold of January, the icy showers of sleet, and the biting of the air at night made it very hard for him to be so far from home, and he was loath to leave the dear old man. The senior surgeon, who was so deeply interested in him, peremptorily ordered him abroad, and after a consultation with the other members of the staff, it was decided that South Africa, with its dry, warm climate, was the one place on earth that gave hopes of arresting the ravages of the dread disease.

He promptly decided to go, but dare he go alone? He thought not. He was too weak, too depressed by his illness to face the ordeal of an ocean voyage. And then—suppose that this terrible hemorrhage should recur whilst at sea? He decided he would go unless some one accompanied him. Needless to say—that someone was Annie. It was pitiful during these days of doubt to see how the poor boy would follow with his eyes the figure of the girl, who now seemed indispensable to him, as she flitted about his bedside, apparently unconscious of his anxiety, but in reality full of doubt and terror at the thought that he might ask her to accompany him abroad and that she would not refuse him. To his eager question to the senior surgeon, whether he might travel alone, the decided answer was given. "Most certainly not, nurse." And he had not concealed it. Two things then were clear. Jack Wycherly was to leave Ireland for the Cape on the first of February, and one of the hospital nurses was to accompany him. Many of the latter were eager to go. The novelty of the thing, the desire to see life, the pleasures of ocean travel, the wish to improve themselves, and to obtain larger knowledge of their profession, were excellent reasons for wishing to go abroad; and yet it was mutually understood that the dying boy, panopied, and friend of his, should accompany him, and that the day of his departure was drawing near.

One afternoon the senior surgeon bluntly asked him: "Well, Wycherly, have you made all arrangements? The sooner you get away from this infernal climate the better." It was a bitterly cold afternoon, showers of sleet beating against the windows and a fierce wind howling along the streets and sweeping them free of pedestrians. "Nearly all, sir," said Jack. "But I fear I cannot manage about the nurse." "Why?" said the doctor impatiently. "Expense is it?" "Not," said the boy, with a blush spreading over his pale, hectic face. "Father has actually secured cabins in the 'Castle' Line. But—"

"Here he stopped and the blush grew deeper on his face." "Well?" said the surgeon. "What else? Can't you get the lady? I'd imagine they'd jump at the offer." "I am afraid I cannot get the nurse I need most," said the boy. "Who is she?" "Miss O'Farrell. She took charge of me the night of my first hemorrhage and I have known her at home." "That's quite right," said the surgeon. "In your condition you will need sympathy and the feeling of confidence even more than skillful nursing. But why has Miss O'Farrell refused? That was selfish of her." "I haven't asked her," said the boy. "And why not? The time is closing in, she'll be expected to go. You don't expect she is going to proffer her services?"

"It is not that, sir!" said the boy. "But I'm afraid she won't go and I don't like to risk a refusal. Besides, if Miss O'Farrell won't come with me, I shall stay at home to die."

"But—but," said the bewildered man of science. "I cannot understand. Why should Miss O'Farrell refuse to go? You say she's an old friend?" "I'm sure she'd like to go," was the answer. "But Miss O'Farrell is a Roman Catholic, and you know they're very particular, very fastidious about the proprieties and all that." "Oh!—d—d nonsense!" said the irascible doctor. "There's no question of propriety or fastidiousness with us. We have to save human life—that's all!"

"I'm afraid," said Jack, mournfully shaking his head. "And then her uncle, her guardian, is a parish priest—a great scholar and theologian and all that—but a terrible stickler for law and the right thing and so on—a kind of Catholic Paritax, you know." "Of course, I see. But is Miss O'Farrell dependent on him?" "Partly. But she's deeply attached to him. And, if she comes with me, it means war. He'll never see her again. At least, I think that's what is in her mind."

"Well! well," said the surgeon. "The thing looks blue. But I'd advise you, Wycherly, to face the matter at once. You cannot run and hide. You must be clear away from this infernal climate as soon as you can. I'll sign." And the great man shuddered, as an icy blast threw pellets of snow against the windows, and the little streams, melting, flowed down and washed them clean. Frowled this poor, doomed lad never understood such an ordeal in his life as the one he faced that evening, when the doctors had departed and he felt that he had to settle the matter finally, or decide to remain at home. In that silent, thoughtful, melancholy way in which such stricken souls move through the narrowing paths of life, he crept through the corridors, hoping to meet the girl whose word he had so much depended on. He knew well his was no longer a prepossessing figure. All his masculine energy, which had created his masculine beauty, had washed itself down the drain, and he was left a skeleton. The great brown masses of Auburn hair, which had clustered and curled so proudly on his broad, white forehead, were now matted heaps that fell down but could not conceal the deep valleys in his temples. His cheeks had fallen in, leaving the cheek-bones high and prominent. His lips were blue and dry. His hands were sunken and wasted, and his eyes, which once had glistened and emanated, seemed but a skeleton on which his garments were hung. He coughed slightly, always with the dreary accompaniment of his handkerchief, and his lips, which had once been firm and straight, were now bent into a miserable, unhappy, dreary, yet seeking this interview with the one being, who alone could shed upon his desolate path a little hope and love.

He walked up and down the long corridor of the hospital under the gas-jets, watching and listening for the opening of every door, in the hope that the student and figure he desired to see might appear. Now and again, at the sound of a bell, a nurse would appear, glide swiftly along the corridor, exchange a kind word with the student and pass on. But to all appearances Annie O'Farrell had vanished. Then he began to ask himself, could he be mistaken, and was she on night duty? But he knew this was not the case. As last he was about to leave for his lodgings, when, on turning around, he came face to face with the girl.

She said a little word of kindness, and was then about to pass into another ward, when he arrested her with the one word: "Annie!"

She stood still arranging some utensils she held in her hands, until he said: "Would you spare me one moment and walk a few steps with me?"

"I am very glad to see you," she said, and was then about to pass into another ward, when he arrested her with the one word: "Annie!"

"I expected to hear you say so," he replied gently but sadly. "It was too much to hope for. I know all the difficulties and I admit they are insurmountable. But it was my last hope. I shall die at home now."

"Don't say that!" she cried, alarmed. "The doctors give you a chance for life if you go abroad. I know you need a nurse—a trained nurse, but any of the nurses—Miss Fortescue, Miss Langton, Miss O'Reilly—any of them will be delighted to be asked."

"Perhaps so," he replied. "But I shall not go unless you come with me!" "Now, that's foolish nonsense, Jack," she said almost impatiently. "I know it is the result of your weak condition. The moment you are on board the steamer all that will vanish and you know you can rely on any of the nurses here."

"Of course," he said. "But my mind is made up. You won't come?" He coughed slightly, took out his handkerchief, drew it across his lips, and looked anxiously at it. The little action touched her and she had to look away to hide her tears.

"You know my difficulties Jack," she said, secretly wiping her eyes. "It is cruel—not to mean that—but it is cruel to press me. You know how my uncle and I are bound up together; and then you know how those wretched people down there will talk. It will kill him!" "I know that well. I'm selfish," he replied, "brutally selfish. But I suppose it is my malady. But I have the most positive assurance, Annie, from Doctor Standhurst, and you know he is at the head of his profession, that in the public mind there is absolutely nothing indecent, or imprudent, in any skilled nurse accompanying a poor devil that has been sentenced to death."

"Of course that's true," said the nurse, in the profession and amongst educated people. But you see, Jack—you know the class of people my uncle has to deal with and how their prejudices will twist and turn to any account against him."

"But," he said more cheerfully, for he felt he was gaining ground, "all wise people ignore the prejudices of the lower classes. Otherwise, the world could not go on. Surely we should not be influenced by the prejudices of the ignorant?"

"I suppose you ought not to be," she replied. "But my uncle is a priest and has to live amongst his people; and he must be careful in these days when people, he says, are so critical."

"Perhaps! But somehow it seems to me, Annie, that the Lord Christ did not heed these things very much when He went about doing good?"

"The appeal was so unexpected that she could not reply."

"I know," he went on, "that a deeply religious girl as you are, Annie, must be shocked at my mentioning such a name as that. Of course I have no more religion than a cow but the little I have learned has taught me that. And do you know, Annie, it is not altogether for my own comfort I am begging you to come. It is certainly arranged, I must die in South Africa or elsewhere; and somehow I feel, you know, that I should want you with me at the last. You could pray for me, and, perhaps, pray for me over, they won't shut the door altogether against me, if you knock a little. Do, Annie! Come! If the Lord Christ were here, He would say, Go! You cannot refuse Him."

"The appeal was irresistible and she felt now that she should accompany the doomed life and remain even unto the end. But although she knew that the duty to temporize and ease her conscience. After a few seconds' thought, she said: "You do put things in a new light, Jack. But, because you have done so, I must consult those who are my own guides in matters of the kind. Give me a couple of days and I'll let you know. But oh! I shall have my heart set when you are with me. He'll never forgive me!"

"Her anguish appeared so acute that the boy's heart, which was deeply touched and gently laying his hand on her arm whilst she turned away her head, he said: "There let us hear no more about it, Annie! I am a perfect brute to torment you. And it is only for my own sake of life, more or less! I'm utterly ashamed of myself to have pressed you. I'll end the matter now. And after all I can die happier at home."

"That cannot be," she said. "You must go to South Africa and I must go with you. It is Destiny!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII
NATURE AND LAW
She did not make light of the ordeal before her. She had calculated everything, and she knew that she must stand face to face with her trial that she realized its magnitude.

She consulted her confessor in the city, who was deeply touched and gently laying his hand on her arm whilst she turned away her head, he said:

"The two, nurse and patient, travelled together to their respective homes in the same railway carriage. His father's brougham was waiting for him and he drove Annie to her uncle's house. There, as they parted and shook hands, she said: "I have consulted my friends, Jack, and I'm going with you. The sooner our preparations are made, the better for us both."

He put her hand to his lips and said: "God bless you! Give me one bare week. This day-week we start together."

It was a sad week for the devoted girl, and yet her decision, now with her strong character unalterable, made the situation more tolerable. During the week her uncle did not relax the severity of his manner towards her. Cold and impassive and reserved, he received her redoubled attentions with a frigid politeness that was less tolerable than bursts of anger. And what was more, the indifference of almost total blindness had reduced the old man to a condition of helplessness and weakness that was very touching.

Yes, for an alien in race and religion, you see abandoning me in his helplessness, the man who took you into his house when you were a helpless orphan, and who has watched over you with fatherly interest all your life!"

"I had kept these few pounds in reserve for you, that you might not be penniless for hereafter. But as this is death, for hereafter you are dead to me."

"Uncle, uncle, stop, stop, or you'll kill me," said the poor girl, flinging herself on her knees before him. "Oh, I have no heart, no feeling for anyone. Oh, for God's sake, take back your money and give me—give me your blessing!"

"Sit down," he said, "and listen to me." She rose from her kneeling position and sat down, though she was too weak to do so.

"I was just after tea that she broached the subject to her uncle. The news had been suffered by both to pass almost in silence, as if he had foreboding that it might be the last. Then, gulping down her emotion and summoning all her strength, she said: "I shall be leaving in the morning, Uncle, and I shall not probably see you to-night."

"I am going to South Africa," he replied. "I am going to South Africa." He started with surprise and was silent for a moment. Then he said, as if anxiously to reassure himself: "You have got an appointment out there as nurse?"

"No," she said. "Or rather, perhaps, I should say yes. I am accompanying a friend of mine to South Africa, as the chance of saving his life. We both leave in the morning to catch the Cape steamer in London."

CHAPTER XXXIX
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you say, is already doomed, with the scandal you will give to every member of my flock? How can I face the people again? How can I stand at God's altar, where I have denounced vice and every occasion of vice until I had rooted out every possibility of sin in my parish? Will not the people have a perfect right to turn round and say: 'Physician, heal thyself! You, who have never spared the feelings of others, when sin was in question, now let us hear what you have to say of your niece? She has eloped, run away with that Protestant gentleman!'"

"Uncle! uncle!" cried the girl, her face crimson with indignation and shame, "for shame! I never thought I should hear such cruel, unjust, and uncharitable things from your mouth. You know perfectly well it is not an elopement—that there's not a single feature of anything so base in it—that I am acting through a pure sense of Christian charity and my duty as a hospital-nurse. Nor do I believe that there is even one in the entire parish that would look at it as you—as you—"

And here her womanly pride broke down and she sobbed out: "I am not a man to be touched by such a scene; and even if he were, he felt so keenly that so great a principle and so noble a cause that he would be equally relentless."

"You are gravely mistaken," he said in a serious tone not meant to be severe. "There is not one in this parish that will either sneer at or condemn you for your purpose doing. The guilt or innocence of the matter concerns yourself. The scandal to my parishioners concerns me. But there is no use in wasting words on such a subject. You have made your decision. And this is mine."

"I had kept these few pounds in reserve for you, that you might not be penniless for hereafter. But as this is death, for hereafter you are dead to me."

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CHAPTER XL
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most a few months. Mr. Wycherly cannot live long and he shall be at liberty in any case to return home when I see him firmly and safely established in Africa."

"If you mean by returning home, that you shall be at liberty to come under my roof again, I say most emphatically, Never!"

And he brought down his clenched hand heavily on the table. "I, who have ostracized and banished from this parish for twenty-five years everyone that offended against public decency, I say that you shall never darken my door again, or give occasion to the impious to blaspheme God."

She rose up and went to the door. His voice arrested her. "Mind," he said, "there is no passion or resentment in what I have said. But Law is Law and I, its representative. Let us not part in anger, Annie! Come hither!"

She approached the table again and he pushed the pile of notes toward her. "Take these," he said. "They are no use to me and they were intended for you. You will need them."

"I am in no need of money," she replied. "But I dread a long voyage without your forgiveness, Uncle, can you relent and forgive? Surely our Lord would not approve?"

He hesitated, but he caught at the word. "He would never approve of your conduct and your action. Go of your own will and come of your own will. I will not see you again."

She went weeping to her room, where she passed a sleepless and sorrowful night. And it was only the loud chiming of the clock at midnight on his mantelpiece in the dining-room that woke up the old man from his reverie. He turned down the lamp, lighted his candle, and groped his way towards the bed-room. He never closed his eyes in sleep until the gray dawn was breaking, and, therefore, he could not have heard a light footfall stopping outside his door in the early morning, or the sound of sobbing, as the girl knelt and put her lips to the panels of the door.

"Outside in the cold, icy atmosphere of a January morning the brougham was waiting and the coachman had already hoisted her luggage on the top. Jack Wycherly, looking wan and pinched and miserable, even though he was wrapped in the furs, put out one boy hand and clasped the soft fingers of his nurse, as she drew her into the carriage. She turned away her face after the first greeting, but he saw that she had been weeping."

"Annie," he said, "I know what a sacrifice you are making. But God will reward you." In an hour they were in the train, speeding fast toward the South.

CHAPTER XLI
A WAITRESS OF QUALITY
By Joseph Evers Lawrence
Shields and Richards had been bounding over the macadam highways in the former's motor-car since early in the morning, and Richards protested continually that it was altogether too far past noon-time and luncheon-time to proceed without a halt for refreshment.

you will serve us everything your house affords for luncheon, right here in this bower, as quickly as you can. Expense is not to be considered."

"It is past luncheon-time," said the girl, looking the two men over critically, "but I will see if the cook can get you some bouillon and broil a chicken for you. We do not serve meals out of hours, as a rule."

"You will see nothing by showing us extra vitt' on them," said Shields. "And you may bring us a couple of cocktails—Martini."

"We have no bar or wine-cellar," said the waitress simply. "Never mind," cried Richards, as his friend was about to protest at such an unusual omission. "It's just as well, I'd rather have a good pot of tea than anything else in the world."

"Oh, I'll make you some tea at once," said the waitress, hurrying away. "Good!" called Shields after her. "Make it yourself, my dear, with your own fair hands, and my sentimental friend will double the price of it."

"Shut up, you brute!" said Richards, kicking high spurs and nodding the table. "You ought to have your head punched. Can't you see the girl has a most sensitive and refined nature?"

"She could grace a Paris gown as well as she does her apron. Note how well modulated her voice is, and how reserved and well bred she appears. I already count myself her inferior."

"These country girls are very apt. They show remarkable cleverness in picking up the ways of their city customers. Now, if you could see your fair charge way to Long Island, I'm sure my company of a Sunday evening, you would be disillusioned, my boy. This little social veneer is very neatly assumed, but you should wait until these Arcadians forget themselves and revert to type. They can't help it, you know."

"That's thoughtless sophistry," declared Richards. "You can generalize all you please, but don't affect the present case. I know a truly refined nature when I see it, you know."

"And one has to be mighty careful about making such breaks as you do. Tom, nowadays, only finds all sorts of nice girls, college girls and daughters of impetuous families—engaged in all kinds of occupations. This waitress may attend Wellesley or Vassar in winter, for all you know."

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By Joseph Evers Lawrence
Shields and Richards had been bounding over the macadam highways in the former's motor-car since early in the morning, and Richards protested continually that it was altogether too far past noon-time and luncheon-time to proceed without a halt for refreshment.

place on Long Island. Shields did not spare his friends' feelings, but put all the blame upon him, giving the hostess and guests an exaggerated account of what he termed the strange intonation of a gentleman for a buxom milk-maid. Not wishing to engage in a vulgar quarrel with the other man, Richard held his tongue and good-humoredly stood for the meretricious banter of the entire company. Some of the women were inclined to treat him very kindly, and the whole situation was made vastly uncomfortable for him.

The next day was Sunday, and the members of the house-party romped over the estate, riding driving and boating until the afternoon. After luncheon two motor parties arrived to swell the number of guests, and an impromptu musicale was started in the music-room.

Richards had kept by himself most of the day, and shields found him smoking alone on one of the verandas in the middle of the afternoon. "I've hunted all over the place for you," he said. "There is a friend of yours here. Come with the Harleys in your auto. Guess who?"

"She's more likely a clever impostor," said Shields. "I don't know. I care particularly."

"Well, you will care," said Shields; "it's your precious friend, the waitress of the modest little tavern we got busied by yesterday. She has butted in with those easy marks, the Harleys, and she's probably a desperate adventuress. I'm going to tell Mrs. Weston all about her."

"You'll do no such thing!" declared Richards fiercely. "I think you are lying anyway; but if that little waitress is really here, I'll see that you do nothing to embarrass her. Tom, I will just show what an ass you made of yourself. I warned you that she might be a college girl or something like that."

"She's more likely a clever impostor," said Shields. "Come on in and see her."

A moment later they were both presented to a handsome, well-gowned girl—Miss Faulkner, of Philadelphia. She grew kindly red, and she said she had barely found voice to murmur polite greetings.

"Now what do you think?" said Shields to Richards, drawing him aside. "Look at the gown your waitress has on. Does that look like the costume of a heroine of poetry? I'm going to find out about this."

"You dare to say one word about it, and I'll take you out and thrash you," said Richards threateningly. "The case is peculiar, but I'll bank on the honor of that girl, and I'll do all the investigating that is necessary."

Miss Faulkner certainly seemed ill at ease. She was silent and distrustful; and whenever her glance fell upon either of the two men, she turned alternately pale and red. While some one was singing a song at the piano, Richards managed to get a word with her where she sat by herself in a corner.

"My dear Miss Faulkner," he said kindly, "we are in a very awkward position. I am a very close friend of yours, and I should be glad to have the case explained. But I don't ask you for an explanation, and I want you to know that any secret you may have about it is safe with me. I shall mention the coincidence to no one, and I think I may assure you that my friend will preserve silence."

The girl was painfully embarrassed, and it was difficult to speak at all, but she said at last:

"You are very good indeed, Mr. Richards, to show me such consideration. I will admit to this: the care to be reintroduced to this company as a waitress, but I do assure you that I am really Miss Faulkner, of Philadelphia."

"Why I am found doing menial labor in a public place I prefer to keep to myself. You may take it as a girl's prank, or any other way you choose, but I hope I may have your confidence. I admit that you have a perfect right to put me in a very embarrassing position," Richards was plunged. There was surely a mystery to solve, but he did not know how to solve it. The high-bred face and honest brown eyes of the girl were all the guarantee he asked, and he would treat her very cordially, but he would keep a close watch on the waitress lady just the same."

"What have you learned?" demanded Shields a moment later, dragging him into the library.

"I don't think I am ready," said Shields in hopeless confusion. "No, one treats a servant as he would a lady, you know; and if Miss Faulkner had the courage to masquerade like that, she ought to have been prepared for embarrassing developments."

"I am very sorry it happened, but the company was not concerned, you Tom," he replied curtly. "Just attend to your own affairs; and I will be responsible for any actions of Miss Faulkner, myself. You may put up with as many a mystery-prank in your time, and I guess a girl has as good a right as a man to do such things. I know that this girl is all right, and that will have to satisfy you."

"Well, it doesn't," complained Shields. "You are having the wool pulled over your eyes by a charming adventuress, old fellow; you're too good to be deceived by a while; but I'll keep a close watch on the waitress lady just the same."

The music had stopped, and the company was almost silent for a moment. Then a burst of laughter and greetings announced the return of the host, Mr. Weston, from a drive with some of the guests.

"James, here is some one you will be delighted to meet," Mrs. Weston was heard to say to her husband. This is Miss Faulkner, the daughter of your old chum, Colonel Faulkner, of Philadelphia."

"You don't say so?" cried Weston. "I thought you were still a wretched mite of a girl, Miss Faulkner. It seems to me you were in a perambulator the last time I saw you."

There was a merry burst of laughter, and Shields turned and clutched his friend by the arm.

"That is one too many for me," he said. "You can't convince me that the business is on the level at all, but I don't know that Colonel Faulkner is worth a couple of million. It doesn't look reasonable that his daughter would be playing around Westchester as a road-house waitress."

"Wait a moment," cried Richards; "you are too hasty, Tom. You'll make an awful ass of yourself if you try to do anything. Wait until I think what to do. This is really very odd."

But with a sudden start, Shields sprang away from him and rushed into the music room before he could raise a detaining hand.

"Uncle James," said the busybody, "I assure you it is much against my will that I cause any unpleasantness here. But there is a mystery which should be settled to every one's satisfaction without further delay."

"Well, well, Tom," laughed Mr. Weston, "you are always finding wildly exciting adventures round people's parlors, and in most unexpected places. What is it now, my boy? Let's have it over."

"I think I can tell you, Mr. Weston," said Miss Faulkner suddenly. "I seem to be the cause of Mr. Shields' uneasiness. He has heard of my story for me to tell, but I'd rather hear my own version of it."

"Oh, of course, the lady's version will be the most interesting," asserted Shields in a light, airy tone. "And then I may have some points to add to the tale."

The girl flushed angrily, but began in a firm voice:

"It will no doubt surprise you to learn that when Mr. Richards and Mr. Shields dined together at a certain place in Westchester yesterday, they found me there as a waitress, and I served them at table. I'm sure you will also be surprised to hear that Mr. Shields behaved so rudely to me that Mr. Richards had several times to reprove him for it."

"What was your dear young lady?" "It was at Friendship Lodge," said the girl simply. "The men had their luncheon served in the pergola, you know."

Instantly, Mr. Weston collapsed into a chair, and it was several minutes before he could control his laughter enough to speak coherently.

"Why, Tom, you young fool," he roared, "Friendship Lodge is the country home of Colonel Faulkner. He was very red, and he said he had barely found voice to murmur polite greetings."

"No, indeed," protested Shields indignantly, "a man on the road told us it was a road-house, and when we stepped to a gentleman's home for a road-house?"

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"You're not quite right there," put in Richards, who had entered the room. "The man on the road said we should go to a road house near the church, but you didn't want to make sure that you had found the right one."

"Well, it was really all my father's fault," said the girl, "and I am almost glad the thing happened as it did, to teach him a lesson. You know papa has positively hopeless taste, Mr. Weston, and in spite of the continual protests of maids and men, he will have our place appear ridiculous with those awful iron statues and the horrible garden; and when he had the swinging sign put, with that absurd name upon it, we knew that it was the old place would be taken for a cheap tavern by half the strangers who passed it."

"I happened to be in the garden, with my garden apron on, when these two gentlemen came, and when they addressed me as a waitress, I was rash enough to jump at the chance of humiliating papa. Mother and one of the maids helped me to prepare their luncheon, and then I thought it would serve them right—or, rather, it would serve Mr. Shields right for his rudeness, to charge him ten dollars for the light luncheon, and our missionary fund at the church."

"And I'm sure you'll laugh when I tell you that papa was in such a rage when he heard about it last night that he sent out and cut down the sign himself, and smashed one of the poor iron dogs. He says he's going to have the gardens and everything cleared away, and have a plain, green lawn."

"After I have made the amende honorable," he said, "I hope you will be so gracious as to give me some more of that orange pekoe, Miss Faulkner.—The Cavalier."

ROBINSON, WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

BALANCE YOUR SPIRITUAL ACCOUNTS—AN ALL-IMPORTANT MATTER WHICH SHOULD BE SETTLED NOW.

The last thing that a man usually thinks of putting in order is himself. He will put his house in order, he will put his business in order, he will put his clothes and his correspondence in order. He will introduce method into his amusements and his diet. If he is a professional man he will put other people's affairs in order, their lives, their lawsuits and their libraries. It is in public life he will put public affairs in order, regulating drains and planning parks. But it seldom occurs to him to transfer these business methods to the ordering of his own spiritual nature.

I knew a keen business man who had a small garden attached to his house. He paid a man to look after it, but had no notion what was in it. He never sat in it nor walked in it nor thought-in it. Still less did he work in it. He kept it more or less respectable in appearance, because his neighbors would have made disparaging remarks had it been left to grow into a jungle. But it came very little into his thoughts; it was a mere adjunct to his station in life, a thing which social convention required him to keep up. He smiled indulgently when it came to be mentioned: "Ah, yes; my little garden. Quite pretty I believe. I wish I could find time to give to it. A pleasant hobby, gardening, is it not? So useful. But it is out of the question for a busy man like me."

My friend was, as I said, a keen business man; wonderfully methodical and with a perfect genius for grasping a situation and inventing an advantage. His mind was perpetually active in finding ways of increasing his capital. He knew exactly what he had got and how it could be improved. He gave no personal attention to his garden because his garden was not a business concern. It could not expand his business; could not increase his income; could not give him a man to keep up it.

My friend, besides being a keen business man, was also a Catholic. He went to Mass on Sunday, attended a decent standard business society, and subscribed to local charities. His religion, like his garden, was something to be kept up but not thought about. It was a kind of respectable adjunct to life which he could not give much personal attention. It consisted of a few mainly outward observations which marked off from "those atheist and socialist fellows," who would not share his success, and for whom he had a profound contempt. He was even proud of belonging to a fine old historic church and would mention the name of one of its heroes just as he would mention the name of a flower in his garden. "Pastor—Yes, a great Catholic scientist."

I grew it myself. But he was no more alive to the spiritual forces which made the horticultural processes which supplied him with carnations. The scientist and the flower both gave a slight adornment, a dash of color to his life, and he was content to leave it at that.

I tackled him squarely one day. "Robinson," I said in his name was not Robinson, but an act not getting you (him away). "do you know what you are worth?"

He mentioned a sum of money. It was a large figure.

"I don't mean that," I said. "I don't mean your business; I mean you." He stared interrogatively.

"Yes," I continued remorselessly, "I mean you. Your business exists for you I suppose, and not you for your business." He stared further speechless until his eyes were evidently somewhat new to him.

"What I mean is," I went on, "do you ever take stock of your business?" "After all, if you are more important than your business, this would seem a business thing to do."

"What do you mean by taking stock of myself?" he asked, with a shade of impatience in his tone.

"Well, this way," I replied. "You have a soul, I suppose, an immortal soul which is at the back of all your activities."

"And you have a God?" "Yes." "And you are a Catholic?" "Yes." "Well, look here! The matter is worth thinking over. The Catholic Church tells you some startling things about God and your soul. She tells them to you as hard facts, certainties about which there can be no doubt. She says you have got to take them—or you will be miserable for eternity. You can't pick and choose. The claim of the Church on you is either monstrous or it is what is called the truth. It is the direct message of Almighty God.—Make up your mind as a business man—but, I forget it. You are a Catholic and have already made up your mind, what the Church tells you among other things is this: that God became man for your sake and that you have simply got to put Him first and live for Him. This life is a mere time of preparation for the next. The only evil in the world is sin; the only thing of real value is God's grace—the only business of importance is the business of your soul."

"I know all that. I am a Catholic." "Yes, you know it right enough. But have you faced it? Have you ever sat down to consider all that it means? Do you give that level, steady attention that you give to your business? Has it ever really become the dominating force of your life?"

"No," he said, slowly, "to be honest, it has not. But I have been thinking of it all day. I save my business to attend to."

"Yes," I replied, "and your religion need not hinder your giving due attention to your business. As a matter of fact, if it did, your business would have to go. Better sweep a crossing and do God's will than make your pile and thwart it. Anyhow, business must not

come first; and because you put it first you are a poor specimen of a man." You have your religion, but what use we were old friends and I could take liberties, especially where so much was at stake.

"Look here," I went on, "your business is stunning and crippling you. It is on the top of you instead of your being on the top of it. You are a slave to it and cannot call your own a slave. You have a most glorious chance, a most splendid opportunity. You are offered a most dazzling investment in liberty, happiness and nobility. Yet you need allow yourself to think of it, and to see what it all means. You know a great deal about what is outside you and nothing about what is inside you. You simply haven't read your own human dignity, your supernatural possibilities. You spend all your time in making more of your business and never think of making more of yourself. You are a slave to the machine, but the machine is failure as a privileged human being."

"That is putting it rather strong!" "It is the plain truth. And because you are an influential financier you do not hear it from me. The most valuable thing about you is your immortal soul, and you never really think about it. If you did you would be another man. You would be free, and you would take on a new color and you would find in yourself an astonishing source of happiness, strength and peace. Nothing could upset you—failure, pain, death, sorrow, bereavement, anything. You would like the thought of death, (Robinson) Take God's gift and you will become lord of this world and the next. Every fine human quality will be developed in you, every high aspiration satisfied. You will begin to be a success."

"It sounds attractive," he admitted. "Business life certainly does tend to deaden the finer instincts." "It does," I said. "And literature and art cannot save you. You must go deeper and get a new view of God and yourself. You will want to shake and all the rest of the world will drop into its place."

"How can I do it?" he asked in a low voice. "I can't do it," I said. "But God can and will if you give Him the chance. Robinson, listen to me! Take three days off and make a retreat."

"A what?" he asked. "A retreat. Get away to a retreat house in the country and find yourself. If you doubt the efficiency of my cure, ask anyone who has done it. You will be put through a three day's course of prayer, fasting, and other things which are good for the soul. You will see how things to look deep down into your own soul. The sight will astonish and terrify you. Then God will come—yes, He will come. He will come to shake and reassure you and build you up and make you strong. You will come out of retreat with a light step, a new outlook on life, a steady purpose and a great confidence. You will want to shake hands with everybody you meet, and you will worry me by the hour with your protestations of gratitude. I know my retreat, 'By It'—Charles D. Plater, S. J., St. Ignace's Eng."

intrinsic reasonableness. * * * No one who does not understand the Catholic faith and spirit, knows in detail the proper attitude, mental and moral, of a man towards his Creator, and no one fully understands the spirit of Catholicism save him who possesses it. This statement is saved from intolerance by its truth, and from arrogance by its impersonality.

Given the fact of revelation and a living Church, it is an obvious consequence. * * * Accordingly, the Catholic is not greatly disturbed by the constant mistaken comments of the non-Catholic press on his religion in its essence or its manifestations. He is prepared for ignorance always, and sometimes for malice as well.

No one, says The Month writer, can be a Catholic who doubts or disputes these signs of the infallibility of the Pope—a fact which easily disposes of the claims to the name of Catholic of those who announce in the secular press their rejection in one way or another of Catholic authority.

This is the great gulf between the Catholic mind and the non-Catholic. The latter must rely on his own personal judgment, first, last and all the time; he cannot defer to authority, it is to one which is not alive, or which has no divine credentials, or which is otherwise inadequate to teach, and he reserves the right to interpret its guidelines as his own reason dictates.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Church in Newfoundland

THE CHURCH IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have noticed that, not very frequently, do you describe the meetings or parades of any of our Catholic societies, and I thought the present time most opportune, to give you a feeble account of the fortieth parade of the strongest Catholic organization in Newfoundland—the Star of the Sea Association. I might say, Mr. Editor, that it is a time honored custom with us to parade on the feast of the Epiphany, and owing to so many of our members being obliged to work it was deemed advisable to parade on the Sunday within the octave. We have nearly five hundred members on the roll, and there were not many who did not turn out. Leaving our hall, which is centrally situated, we proceeded to St. Patrick's Church, headed by the band of the Catholic Cadet Corps, and having also the band of the Total Abstinence Society, and the very efficient band of drum and bugle of the St. Ignace's Band.

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His Grace explained why gold—the royal metal—was offered, to show that they believed Him King, frankness to profess their belief in His Divinity, and my reb—the emblem of death—to show that He would suffer and die for us. My poor pen is not fitted in the smallest sense of the word, to properly describe the fervor and earnestness with which the reverend and venerable and venerable Archbishop, masterly sermon was listened to, but I am sure it will have every beneficial effect.

After Mass we reformed and to the street and the band marched to the Government House by way of the principal streets, where in a forestal and eloquent manner, our President, Mr. E. J. Jackson, tendered the society's greetings and loyalty to the throne and constitution of the great empire, of which it is our proud distinction to be, not only a part, but the oldest colonial possession. Cheers were heartily given for His Majesty, and for Governor and Lady Williams, after which His Excellency replied to the President's address, at great length. He thanked the society for its loyalty and love, not only to the motherland, but to the mother and her people, and he said it gave him great pleasure to meet us, and he hoped to be spared to welcome us on many future occasions. He made particular mention of the great work which we are engaged—the temporal and spiritual welfare of our members, the betterment of our city, the development of our Island, the strengthening of the ties of brotherhood with other similar societies were on a very friendly basis.

Cheers were again heartily given, after which the society reformed and marched to the Archbishop's Library, where we were received by His Grace, to whom in a few well-chosen words, the

President tendered our greetings and loyalty to the Holy Catholic Church, of which we form an important factor in Newfoundland.

His Grace replied in very suitable terms, thanking us for our call, complimenting us on our general appearance, and assuring us of his warm interest in our affairs at all times, spiritually and temporarily. He was followed by our dearly loved spiritual director, the Rev. Father O'Callaghan, who, in a manner, all his own, complimented us on the results of the past year, and exhorted us to be just as true members of the biggest and best society on earth—the Holy Roman Catholic Church, in a manner, I want to say, Mr. Editor, that in my humble opinion, the present tip-top standard of our association is due in no small measure to the untiring efforts, the unremitting attention, the unswerving zeal with which the Rev. Father O'Callaghan has labored in the spiritual guidance of our association. One item alone—his lectures on Socialism—are an education in themselves, and I know are more highly appreciated by the members than any other form of entertainment or instruction. Even now, he has in contemplation, a plan that will enable the members to become monthly communicants, all of whom, I am sure, will be the day and the devoted priest who made it feasible. On some future occasion, Mr. Editor, I shall write about this.

After leaving the library, the Society returned to its spacious hall, where we were, after having participated in the largest parade of recent years, in this city.

In passing, I want to pay a well-merited mark of appreciation of the newly-organized choir of St. Patrick's, under the musical direction of Professor McCarthy, enraptured the souls of all present, and brought forth ecstasies of praise from all sides.

Before concluding, Mr. Editor, I want to tell you, that in this, and in fact all our parades, our dear pink, white and green was drawn by two beautiful girls, which, in charge of his private coaching, were hand-picked for the occasion, by the Hon. John Harvey, who is not of our Church. I make particular mention of this, Mr. Editor, because it is a sermon in itself, to see such a grand display of light and color, and of different religious beliefs, and incidentally, it just serves to show how things are done in this dear old island home of ours. With thanks for space,

Yours respectfully, J. J. LACEY.

REMINISCENCES

"On a steamer bound for Naples in 1896," writes Father Kittell of Loretto, Pa., "I noticed a young man, dressed just like a Catholic priest, but who seemed to 'fight shy' of me. On the second evening, sitting on a bench under the electric light, I noticed him promenade all around the deck, and I determined that the next time he would pass before me I would talk to him.

"So the next round I said, 'Excuse me, sir, but are you a priest?'" "I am," he replied.

"Where are you located?" "He had a companion, a 'Father' Riddell, who was such a jolly good fellow, fat and with a smile that wouldn't come off—that I froze to him immediately. For hours at a time we would promenade the deck, and one day he told me that his companion's father, a merchant in Brooklyn, didn't take kindly to his son's becoming a 'priest'—he didn't believe in ecclesiastical millinery."

"After some months I ran across Riddell in the piazza of Trinita dei Monti, Rome. As soon as we shook hands I said, 'Riddell, I wish I were you. Bishop Fulton, my friend, I would suspend you on the spot for wearing such long clothes.'"

"Oh," he replied, "I don't want to be noticed, I can have a better time dressed as a secular."

"I understand that both became Catholics, I never heard since of

"What was your dear young lady?" "It was at Friendship Lodge," said the girl simply. "The men had their luncheon served in the pergola, you know."

Instantly, Mr. Weston collapsed into a chair, and it was several minutes before he could control his laughter enough to speak coherently.

"Why, Tom, you young fool," he roared, "Friendship Lodge is the country home of Colonel Faulkner. He was very red, and he said he had barely found voice to murmur polite greetings."

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"After I have made the amende honorable," he said, "I hope you will be so gracious as to give me some more of that orange pekoe, Miss Faulkner.—The Cavalier."

Pessimism in Chicago

The New World of Chicago says: "The great lack in the development of Catholic literature in our country is the lack of Catholic readers. Why talk about building up a Catholic literature? We had better first add to the subscription list of our Catholic papers. If a Catholic paper refuses to subscribe for little more than its household will buy and read Catholic books. Most of our Catholic authors if they depended for their daily bread on the work of their pen would be fast traveling towards a poor-house. And ours, as Catholics, is the shame."

Riddell, but his ardent comrade is now Papal Marquis, Spencer Turner, whose return to America was mentioned in the Missionary recently."—The Missionary.

NOTED FRENCH CONVERT

DR. AMIEUX, HEAD MEDICAL INSPECTOR OF CHOCOLATE FACTORIES

Among the first fruits of M. Marc Sanguier's submission to the Pope's letter on the "Sillon" is to be numbered the conversion of Dr. Amieux who is head medical inspector of the chocolate factories of the well-known firm of Menier.

Writing to M. Sanguier in a letter which has appeared in the Democratic, Dr. Amieux says: "I have become a Catholic and write to ask your prayers. I cannot do without the Sacraments. You did well when you bowed to the authority of our Holy Father the Pope. Had you acted otherwise, I should certainly not have become a Catholic today, for I had confidence in you, and you would have ruined that confidence, and put off my conversion. I have waited four years before taking this irrevocable step. I shall never go back upon it in spite of all the reverses which may await me in my life as a Catholic."

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REMINISCENCES

"On a steamer bound for Naples in 1896," writes Father Kittell of Loretto, Pa., "I noticed a young man, dressed just like a Catholic priest, but who seemed to 'fight shy' of me. On the second evening, sitting on a bench under the electric light, I noticed him promenade all around the deck, and I determined that the next time he would pass before me I would talk to him.

"So the next round I said, 'Excuse me, sir, but are you a priest?'" "I am," he replied.

"Where are you located?" "He had a companion, a 'Father' Riddell, who was such a jolly good fellow, fat and with a smile that wouldn't come off—that I froze to him immediately. For hours at a time we would promenade the deck, and one day he told me that his companion's father, a merchant in Brooklyn, didn't take kindly to his son's becoming a 'priest'—he didn't believe in ecclesiastical millinery."

"After some months I ran across Riddell in the piazza of Trinita dei Monti, Rome. As soon as we shook hands I said, 'Riddell, I wish I were you. Bishop Fulton, my friend, I would suspend you on the spot for wearing such long clothes.'"

"Oh," he replied, "I don't want to be noticed, I can have a better time dressed as a secular."

"I understand that both became Catholics, I never heard since of

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The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum. United States & Europe—2.00... THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1911. ST. CYPRIAN. In a former issue we presented some notions of St. Cyprian's views of the constitution of the Church.

she consulted Rome and sought its approval for the decisions of her councils. Appeals were made to Rome by Bishops who were deprived of their local councils as well as by heretics and schismatics of all kinds.

The saint exercised his vigilance and zeal over the Church, but always through the Pope. He wrote to Pope Stephen to hold up with his weight and authority of Cornelius and Lucius who were vicar and successor Stephen had become.

PORTUGAL. The new Republic of Portugal received not long after its entrance into life quite a scare. Paris reports spoke of the probability of a counter revolution.

clared urgent, and so enacted by a decree. Another decree was issued authorizing all classes of workmen to organize strikes. This seemed to interfere with the new liberty, so that a second decree was issued restricting this right.

A PROTESTANT UPON THE PRIESTHOOD. We often wonder how so many ministers unblushingly pretend to explain Catholic doctrine and how their people sit and listen with so much patience.

OF CONVERTS from the ranks of the Anglican clergy there have been no less a number than 572 and they represent the very cream of the Church of England.

delegated by our Lord. These things, and in truth the whole sacramental system, imply a ministry of sweeping power and tremendous influence. Nor is the priestly power the result of development or growth.

only to the few, who, while men of the finest mould, were content to know, love and serve God in humble spheres, rather than by betrayal of conscience to seek the world's applause.

Mr. GORMAN has, as said above, concluded his list for the most part to the United Kingdom, but a few Canadians appear here and there in his pages.

Hon. Theodore Davis, ex-Premier of British Columbia, Rev. Finlay Alexander, at one time curate of St. George's church, Guelph, and later sub-dean of the Anglican Cathedral of Fredericton, N. B., and the late Very Rev. Edward Gordon, Vicar General of the Diocese of Hamilton, who in his youth found his way into the Church which, as a priest, he was to serve with such zeal and fidelity in later years.

THE VALUE of this book is not as a mere list of names, or as a work of reference, though, in the latter capacity it has, as we have already pointed out, a place of its own.

IT MAY be interesting to our readers to have a brief summary of the tale told by Mr. Gorman. There are something like five thousand names included in this volume and it covers a period of but sixty years and almost wholly within the limits of the United Kingdom.

Hon. Theodore Davis, ex-Premier of British Columbia, Rev. Finlay Alexander, at one time curate of St. George's church, Guelph, and later sub-dean of the Anglican Cathedral of Fredericton, N. B., and the late Very Rev. Edward Gordon, Vicar General of the Diocese of Hamilton, who in his youth found his way into the Church which, as a priest, he was to serve with such zeal and fidelity in later years.

We HAVE received two very interesting and attractive handbooks, descriptive of Oxford and Canterbury respectively, published by Blackie and Son, in a series entitled "Beautiful England." They are interesting in that the verbal description of these ancient cities, about which cling so many of the most precious memories of English history, is in the main well and concisely told.

Mr. LUTHER is not known in Canada—at least not known to the general public—but we will not say that he is not known in the police departments.

Chapman's) reference to the higher criticism was," he says, "a note that should not often be repeated. No one can reasonably object to Dr. Chapman having views on this matter, nor, indeed, to his occasionally expressing them.

IT WAS NOT A MISTAKE. A few weeks ago we took occasion to pass some strictures upon an article written by "Flaneur," one of the staff of the Toronto Mail and Empire.

ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE. We take the following despatch from the El Paso, Texas, Morning Times: "Phoenix, Ariz., Jan. 11.—A man advertising himself as Rev. King Luther of Canada, an evangelist, communicated by the Catholic Church, and who for the past week has been preaching in a local hall in accordance with the announcements of a forty-day meeting, left town suddenly on this evening's train, pursuant to the advice of the city marshal suggested by Mayor Christy.

Religious Order Won. Toronto, Jan. 13.—Lilla, daughter of the late John Sandfield MacDonald, a former premier of Ontario, died in 1884, leaving her estate to the Jesuit Order. F. Schauer, on behalf of the order, applied at Osgoode Hall for an order that the annuity which was set aside in her father's will for the deceased lady, and which since her death has been divided among the other children, should go instead to the Jesuit order, as part of her estate.

THE AFFAIR has, however, some interest to the student as illustrating certain phases of Protestantism, and the eccentricities which it from time to time develops. In these days of relaxing mood-restraint it is instructive along these lines to contemplate the enthusiasm which can be worked up by naturally devout people on a purely non-dogmatic basis.

MR. GORMAN has, as said above, concluded his list for the most part to the United Kingdom, but a few Canadians appear here and there in his pages. There is Sir John Thompson for instance, whose death at Windsor Castle caused widespread regret at home and abroad. We find also the names of Mr. Justice Beek of Alberta, Prof. W. E. Stockley of Queen's College, Cork, formerly of the University of New Brunswick, Mr. Joseph Pope, C. M. G., under Secretary of State at Ottawa, Sir Allan MacNab (a death-bed convert),

THE MERE enumeration of the eminent names to be found in this book would take up more space than we have at our disposal. Some of them are men of world-wide fame, who by their achievements in literature, science, and art, have made mankind their debtor for all time.

THE ORANGE. The Orange Lodges are numerous and are placed throughout the country, but they are not so numerous in Ontario as in other parts of the Province. They are a very ancient order, and their origin is shrouded in mystery. They are a very ancient order, and their origin is shrouded in mystery.

JANUARY 28, 1911... THE ORANGE... COURT BE... UNRES... ANYONE... EUROPE... HUMAN... LIBERTY... ANOTHER... COURT BE... UNRES... ANYONE... EUROPE... HUMAN... LIBERTY... ANOTHER... COURT BE... UNRES... ANYONE... EUROPE... HUMAN... LIBERTY... ANOTHER...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

TAKING COURAGE

Sometimes, my brethren, we feel discouraged because we have not kept our good resolutions, and are even ready to say it is better not to make any at all, so often do we break them. I have no doubt that there are some listening to me who began the new year courageously and with some sincere promises to God of leading a good life, and have already slipped back into the bad old ways, and now they say, "What was the matter with my good resolutions? I did not mean to lie to God, yet I have not kept my word with Him; I have relapsed; I am as bad as I was before, maybe I am worse. What, then, was the matter with my good resolutions?"

Now, in considering this question let us not get into a panic. God knows us just as we are, and far better than we know ourselves. Therefore He is not so cruel as to hold us strictly to all our promises. "God is true and every man is a liar," says St. Basil, and our experience of human nature demonstrates that although we are honestly determined to tell the truth, and do tell it, when we promise to God to behave ourselves properly, yet we are very ready at a moment of weakness we may break down, and that is understood when we make our promise. I remember reading of St. Philip, that sometimes on waking in the morning he would say, "O Lord, keep thy hand on Philip to-day or he will betray Thee."

Hence it is a great folly to say, "I do not want to make a promise for fear I could not keep it." That would be good sense if you were going to swear to your promise, or if you were to make a vow. But a promise to attend Sunday Mass, to keep a fast, to abstain from stealing, to be more good natured at home, and the like is a very different matter. In such cases we must shut our eyes and go ahead, and maintain prayer hard for God's assistance. There is such a thing as being too fidgety about the future, looking back too far into it or imagining temptations not likely to come up. Once there was an officer who led an edifying life, and who came to a priest of his acquaintance and informed him that he was in great distress, and feared that he could not persevere. "What is the matter?" said the priest. "Why I know that duelling is a deadly mortal sin; yet if I were challenged to a duel for fear that I should not have the virtue to decline the challenge and suffer the disgrace which would be sure to follow." "But," said the priest, "has any one challenged you or is any one likely to do so?" "Oh, no; not at all," but—"But what until the temptation comes. You have made up your mind not to commit mortal sin, and when this particular temptation comes God will give you grace to overcome it."

There are three things about which one should make good resolutions rather than about any others: First, the practice of prayer; second, going to confession and Communion; third, avoiding the occasion of sin. The first two fill our souls with the grace and the third keeps us out of danger. Put all your good resolutions into company with prayer and monthly, or at least quarterly, Communion, and you will find that the difficulties in pulling through. From month to month is not so long a time to keep straight, and a good confession and a worthy Communion is God's best help. Prayers, and night prayers are a mark of predestination to eternal life; keep away from bad company and dangerous places, and avoiding bad reading and all other dangerous occasions, has very much to do with an innocent life and a happy death.

THE CATHOLIC POSITION

"There is one thing," writes Mr. Raymond Blithway (Protestant) in a recent issue of the Reunion Magazine "that the ordinary dissenting minister resents almost more than anything else, and that is the idea that the Roman Catholic priest is not necessarily unpopular with the cultivated man of the world. Disliked himself only too frequently by the majority of the upper classes, it is difficult for him to realize that the priest—the man whom all others hold most in contempt—is nevertheless the man who almost invariably wins both the respect, liking, and admiration of the ordinary travelled man of the world. And this is singularly in evidence throughout the world at large. Where the average dissenting minister is cordially disliked—owing not, I hasten to add, to any misdeed on his part, for, as a rule, the Nonconformist minister is a man of absolutely irreproachable life and character, but rather to some queer intangible crackling of disposition—the ordinary priest of the Roman Church is ever in increasing favor. In, let us say, India, China, Japan, South Africa—the world over, indeed. And this is owing in large extent to the fact that, despite his seminary training, he is a man of the world, which the other is not. "The Catholic priest is a man of the world with a curiously intimate knowledge of human nature. And so, in spite of his 'superstitions' and 'deadly doctrines,' as the dissenting minister contemptuously designates the religious beliefs of the Roman priest, he is almost invariably persona grata with men who possibly do not believe in anything at all, but who are fervid in their admiration of a self-sacrifice and a power of self-denial, a courageous contempt of danger which only rarely indeed to be found in the men of the other side, who are so fond of deprecating his whole life and work. In fact, the priest in his daily life is a deal better than the world in general is broad-minded, toler-

Never Had It's Equal

Rochester, N. Y., Man Found Something Good in Canada

Mr. Thos. Johnson, whose home is in Rochester, N. Y., is enthusiastic over one Canadian product at least. He says: "While visiting in Millbrook, Ont., I was suffering from a sprained knee, and could get nothing to help me until my father gave me a bottle of Egyptian Liniment, which relieved me in a few minutes. I never had anything to equal it in my life. I am sure if your Liniment was introduced to the people of Rochester it would sell like hot cakes." Quick work is one of the strong points of Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. It goes right to the spot. It stops bleeding at once. Prevents proud flesh, or inflammation and is a positive safeguard against blood-poisoning. It will instantly relieve all kinds of aches and soreness.

25 cents at all druggists. Free sample on request. Douglas and Co., Napanee, Ont.

— and, commensurate; the dissenting minister, as a rule, is not. There are, of course, amongst Nonconformist ministers brilliant exceptions, just as there are mean-minded and ignorant priests; but what I broadly allege holds good as a general rule. "No one, I suppose, has had a wider personal knowledge and experience of Roman priests, Anglican Bishops and dissenting ministers than I have had, so that after many years I can claim to some accurate knowledge of the subject. The Roman priest, Cardinal, Bishop, or parish priest is almost invariably a suave, delightful man of the world. "All this by way of preamble to the singularly charming and winning personality of the Archbishop of Westminster, a man who, despite the very lofty position to which he has attained by sheer force of character, uprightness of soul, and charm of manner, is absolutely without any self-conceit or 'side' of any description whatever. "A man with a broad vision of life, with a keen and vivid realization of the many intricacies of human nature, and with a singular power of sympathy and understanding for other minds and other views than his own. A man of the world, and yet not a worldly man. There is all the difference between the two; a humble; devoted follower of Christ, and yet a man who could not be taken in for a single moment. "THE ARCHBISHOP'S VIEW OF RELIGION "It is his humility of life and character—perfectly natural—together with an innate charm of character, which more than anything else have served to make the Archbishop of Westminster to-day. I had a long talk with him one sunny day in June on the condition of Catholicism generally, and particularly in its relation to modern thought, and in other forms of the Christian religion. He was quite simple, sincere, and outspoken in his view of the whole matter. "I began by asking him what was his idea of reunion with the Anglican Church. 'Ah!' he said, with a smiling shake of the head, it is very far off, because from our point of view reunion is only possible on condition that the authority of the Holy See is recognized. Now I am quite sure that Lord Halifax would only recognize a sort of primacy of honor in the Holy See, and perhaps a primacy of jurisdiction, but he would not admit that the Holy See was competent to define with absolute authority what is or is not to be believed. That is the difficulty. We believe there is a God, and that God has placed the authority in the Holy See. "I smiled at the amusing idea of a combination of authority and Anglicanism and right rule in our own happy-go-lucky church of England. The Archbishop read my thoughts. 'Ah!' said he, 'Anglicans are not prepared to recognize authority anywhere. They claim liberty, they say. Well, our theory is that authority is perfectly compatible with liberty, otherwise liberty is apt to degenerate into license. I believe that the Catholic Church is a regular Liberty Hall.' "The unthinking Nonconformist will smile with a sneer at this. But to the ordinary man of the world, whose view of life is often characterized by generosity, there is a vast amount of truth in the Archbishop's statement as regards life in general. There are thousands of dissenters who will condemn for ever a member of their congregation who would venture to drink a glass of beer or smoke a cigarette. Such rigidity of conscience is practically unknown to Catholic circles. However, this by the way. "Let us hear the Archbishop farther on the matter: 'We have,' he continued, 'a great variety of private devotions, all under authority, but which are not imposed of necessity on anyone. Of course the Modernists deny that we have liberty; I say we have it in plenty in the Church has not spoken, but they have devised a system of philosophy which reduces everything to subjectivism. They regard all religious doctrines as so many phases of the general indefinite religious sense that you find in the world. If it is simply a question of study and research in matters in which the Church has not spoken, then immense liberty is left to the individual.' "SCIENCE AND FAITH "There is one thing," said I; "I always want to know of a man in your position, and that is the general attitude of the mind of a man like Father Perry. The essential difference between the two is whether he combine science and faith? Is his mind in bulk-headed compartments, the contents of which can not infiltrate into one another?" "The Archbishop smiled. I see what you mean, he replied; but I can not see where he would find anything in the teaching of astronomy to run counter to anything he was bound to believe as a Catholic. There is nothing in the ascertained facts of science contrary to definite Catholic teaching, though not infrequently you may have certain scientific hypotheses which appear to conflict with certain representations of Catholic teaching. That is where the shock comes. Father Perry doubtless often said to himself: 'This does not

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A man who has been released from the awful cravings of drink, and whose first thought is to help others, shows the spirit of true brotherhood and philanthropy. Read his letter: "The Samaria Remedy Co., Toronto, Ont. "Will you please send me book on drink, also circular relating to your valued remedy for the drunk habit. I wish to hand these to a friend who is going to take through drink. You will remember that I have taken your remedy, and I find that it has helped me. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful remedy. You may use my name in any way you wish in public. "H. Lilywhite, Bridges, Ont.

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seem quite to tally with my religious training, but I have seen how difficulties arise, and how these difficulties, and doubtless this will disappear also. "SLOW, BUT STEADY, INCREASE "Is Catholicism increasing here in England?" I asked the Archbishop. "Yes," was the reply, 'slowly but steadily.' High Church party have helped us indirectly by familiarizing people with those things which they have been most opposed in the past—the Mass and Confession. But High Church influence has also acted adversely to us, as it has sometimes kept people back by assuring them they could find everything, all they desired, in the Church of England. "And when do you think we will meet most conspicuously?" I asked the Archbishop. "Lack of authority and discipline. Your Church has neither. And that tends to weaken faith. Religious teaching becomes then a mere matter of human opinion, and that almost invariably leads to indifference. The tendency of the Anglican Church is to do things, and if no authority compels you, why should you do them? And yet I gladly acknowledge that these defects do not prevent our Church from being a great blessing to the world. At all events, it helps to keep religion alive in this country. There could be no greater triumph for the Holy See than that Christian religion should die out. The peasant without religion, once declared Mr. Renan, is the ugliest of brutes, no longer possessing the distinctive token of human nature."—Sacred Heart Review.

Poem by the Late Father Bove The following beautiful verses were written some time ago by the late Rev. John Bove, who died December 7, at St. Aloysius Orphan Asylum, Fayetteville. Father Bove was born in Ireland. He was seventy-four years of age. He had many friends in Indianapolis and visited this city last St. Patrick's day: WHEN I AM DEAD I do not want a gaping crowd To come with lamentations loud When life has fled; Nor would I have my words and ways Belonged to some man's tardy praise When I am dead. I do not want strange, curious eyes To scan my face when still it lies In silence dead; Nor do I want them if they would To tell my deeds, were ill or good When I am dead. I only want "the very few" Who stood through good and evil, too, "Through friendship's test: Just they who sought to find the good And then, as only true friends could Forgive the rest. They, who with sympathetic heart Sought hope and comfort to impart When there was life; Not keeping all the tears and sighs Till weary worn-out nature dies, And ends the strife. I'd have them come the "friendly few" And say for me a prayer or two. By kindness led; Not many tears I'd have them shed, Nor do I want much sung or said When I am dead. To have them each come in alone And call me in the old sweet tone, Would suit me best; And then, without a sob or moan Go softly out, and leave alone The dead to rest. Just as I've lived for God alone A life of toil, obscure and lone So let me die. Like one who lived and worked and died— A mound of earth and cross beside Tell where I lie.

Sometimes the very things that seem the hardest to bear are just our best opportunities. The example of a heavy trial nobly borne may accomplish far better results than could possibly have been achieved by any work of human choosing.

Stop, Madam! Do not throw out that old piece of furniture.

It's marred and the worse of wear, true, but some of your fondest recollections are associated with it. "Lacqueret," the specially prepared Lacquer, will restore its original beauty, concealing the mars and blemishes of wear and tear and making it as good as new. The next best thing to a new suite for any room in the house is a coat of "Lacqueret"—the wonderful furniture renewer.



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SIN AS A JOKE IT IS ONE, HOWEVER, THAT CLOSES HEAVEN AND FILLS HELL

Brilliant is the great wide "White Way." Thronged with pleasure-seekers, oblivious for the time being of all else. "On with the dance! I'll to the brim of the sparkling glass! A merry life, even though it be a short one!" "Dum vicium vicium!" Packed are the theatres, fashionable or plebeian. The more sensual the better they please the animal rabble. Crowded are the saloons. The gambling bells are thronged with the avaricious. In supposedly reputable mercantile affairs and in politics, dishonesty and graft seem universal. "Business is business!" That's enough to clear the crook. If accused of injustice his reply is a laugh. "They all do it. Business customs govern our business law." The element of conscientious regulation of amusements and of business is an iridescent dream. The acknowledgment that for every idle, unjust or immoral thought, word or deed every man must inevitably render an account to the God of justice and purity is ridiculed as absurd. "Sin? Why, that is only a joke!" Let us see whether it is or not and on whom the joke is. In general terms sin is a violation of law. To transgress the law of the state is a sin against the public good. Does the state regard these offenses as jokes? If so, the joke is responsible to the taxpayers for the cost of all the judges, all the court officials, all the police, all the prisons, the reformatories and all the criminal trials. These are brought upon us by the jokes of our fellow-citizens. An official of one of the largest prisons in the nation says that homicidal crimes have increased during the last twenty-five years in the United States four hundred and fifty per cent.; also, that the yearly cost of crime to the taxpayers is \$1,575,000,000. Is it a joke? Upon whom is the joke? Is it anything to be laughed at? No consequence? Now add to this sum the annual cost of the construction and maintenance of battleships; add the expenses of the regular army and navy; add the annual cost of pensions; then add the support of soldiers' and sailors' homes. These all belong in the account, because they are the cost of wars past and of wars future, both of which must be charged up to somebody's offenses against the state or nation. No sin no war. No war, no military expense. What about the joke?

Now, let us pass to something still more important. What has stated above is only the direct cost of sin. Now, about the indirect. Who but God can compute the cost of lives wrecked and shortened by sin; the cost of ruined homes, of all the sicknesses caused by violation of God's physical and moral laws, of all that is expended for lawyers, for physicians, for medicines, for hospitals, for insane asylums, for houses of refuge, for infant asylums, for the cost of immoral theatres, saloons, gambling houses, and stock swindlers? Add to this the extortions of predatory trusts, of cheating business men; add to this the cost of the armies and navies of the nations with whom our people trade and for which the money must be raised by taxation, either direct or indirect. Isn't sin against the state a great joke? Let us all laugh and enjoy it. Of course, the taxpayer may not see that this joke keeps him poor. That must be a joke, too. Ask him.

Now, consider what sin is, and what it costs not only in money, health and bodily suffering, but what it costs in immortal souls. Men who look beyond their pocketbook and their animal interests consider sin in the very greatest possible evil. It is an insult to the divine wisdom of God. Who made laws for our control and for our happiness here and hereafter. The sinner practically tells God that He does not know how men should be regulated and that the sinner's way is better than God's way. Sin is a repudiation of God's intelligence. It is disobedience, rebellion, ingratitude, contempt and insolence. Sin

changed the angels of God into devils. It despoiled the human race of its princely gifts, brought your death and mine into the world, and condemned us to every pain, sorrow and suffering that we have endured or that may yet come to us. Is sin a joke? "Sin is responsible for every crime ever committed, for every war, for every tyrant, for every torture or cruelty. It is the cause of every hunger, of every oppression and of every evil that humanity suffers. It is responsible for the loss of souls and for every torment suffered by the damned in hell. It is the cause of every humiliation of Jesus Christ, of His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, of His crown of thorns, of His scourging, of His crucifixion and death. It demerits the earth, it closes heaven, it fills hell. Is it a joke? On whom is the joke? —Boston Pilot.

The Irish People and the Police The Dublin Leader says: "One great fundamental goal that Home Rule would do is, it would put all good citizens on the side of the law. At present all patriotic citizens are in an uncertain and most unsatisfactory state; there is the very disturbing instinct in us all that stimulates our sympathies against the foreign Government's police, magistrates, and so on. Taking the police all round, they are for the most part Irish of the Irish in breed, and personally very decent fellows, and in many cases men of exceptional talent and character. But they are part and parcel of Dublin Castle rule, and that fact influences the people with regard to the police."

Haydn And The Rosary It is related that once when the famous composer, Joseph Haydn, was in company with a number of other musical clowns of prominence, the question arose as to the best way of refreshing the mind when one is wearied with mental labor. "For my part," said one, "I find nothing

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Season's Greetings THE DIRECTORS and OFFICERS OF THE Mutual Life of Canada extend hearty greetings to its policyholders and the Canadian public in general, who will be pleased to learn that the present year has been the most successful in this Company's career of 41 years, having written new business amounting to the handsome sum of \$9,250,000, as at December 24th, 1910, and made very substantial progress in all other departments of its business.

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worry no more about lightning makes the cheapest good roof why the lock matters so much PRESTON SAFE-LOCK SHINGLES

METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO., Limited DUCHESNE Street Factory PRESTON, CANADA Branch Office and Factory, Montreal, Que.

Now, at the beginning of year, every young man should form the habit of decision up his mind promptly as to course to take in every confronting him and then to follow decisively to the very end, determined not to dilly-dally, dawdle, not to drift along, not from making decisions, and not back after he has once made up his mind to the proper course. He is a weakling, a coward, a shirker, but a man of positive character, decision, and of resolute will.

THE MAN OF DECISION The man who can make up his mind quickly, on correct principle, it made up, carrying out that which he had to make up his mind to. He is fit to be a leader, is apt to rule, he is likely to succeed. He is a man among men, a victor, to every temptation, and to every obstacle. The undecided man, the man swayed by his inclinations, the man who yields to every temptation, is a character. He is contemptible, is no manliness in him.

That is our great need—of decision that we shall not be weak in thinking, in decisions, or in devising, in making present decisions, at once, without delay, when he duty. When our characters say, "My boy, will you this, we will say, whatever at the time, not 'Excuse me, please,' not 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' and 'loitering.

And we need the habit not only as to acts, but also to thoughts, so that we shall be active and straight-acting. are this way. They know up their minds and to do so, they have minded to do so. Perhaps we say: 'Yes, sir, the weak. How can we habit of decision? A house needs a foundation. A character. Or rather the foundation with the strength above it. The character to include the foundation, the characters of decision we are physical basis for them in swift-answering bodies. ourselves a good, wholehearted to this end by living up to it. With great men, early necessity did the service of frugality and hard work, tough, well-lit, and well-governed. It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility.

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God of peace and strength them—the God of decision. Then we can help to tie to make decision a habit. As soon as a thought comes before our mind we promptly consider-thing to do?" If it is, once and carry it out. Practice decision. your judgment and to on matters that are im-

HOLY FATHER RECEIVES METHODIST MINISTER

RECTOR OF CHURCH IN DUBUQUE GREATLY IMPRESSED BY POPE'S PERSONALITY

"I confess that I was somewhat surprised in view of the incidents concerning the Vatican and the Methodists in Rome, to receive an invitation from Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the American College in the Eternal City, to attend a 'papal function,' said the Rev. Dr. Atkinson, rector of St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal church of Dubuque, who has just returned from a tour abroad.

"Through the courtesy of Archbishop Keane, I had a letter of introduction to Monsignor Kennedy, who, when I presented the letter, assured me that he would use his best offices to secure to me an opportunity to attend a public audience with the Pope in the Vatican.

"In good time, Monsignor Kennedy brought word that I would be welcomed. I considered it an honor and an opportunity of special privilege.

"The Pontiff is a man of striking beauty of countenance. His face shows a surprising strength of character and his snow white hair, combined with the gentle goodness of his countenance, gives him a most benign appearance. I had never heard that the Holy Father was an orator, but such he is, and one of great power and eloquence. The occasion on which I saw him was one set aside for him to meet a number of dignitaries of the church in regard to the canonization of three saints. They presented their orations in Latin and the Holy Father arose and for twenty minutes spoke in Italian, with great style of oratory, and with a rare grace of gesture. His voice is mellow and rich and his manner of speaking most fascinating. He smiles so pleasantly and spoke so devoutly that he seemed indeed a father to his people.

"I was interested in seeing him not only because he is the Pope, but because he is an international figure of prominence and one whom I consider to be worthy of the respect of all men.

"The treasures of the Vatican were a delight, these embracing the world's greatest art, and kindred treasures, but I had never seen the Holy Father. He was an orator, but such he is, and one of great power and eloquence. The occasion on which I saw him was one set aside for him to meet a number of dignitaries of the church in regard to the canonization of three saints. They presented their orations in Latin and the Holy Father arose and for twenty minutes spoke in Italian, with great style of oratory, and with a rare grace of gesture. His voice is mellow and rich and his manner of speaking most fascinating. He smiles so pleasantly and spoke so devoutly that he seemed indeed a father to his people.

"The newspapers of the United States are at last waking up to the fact that the Portuguese Republic is a very poor imitation of a government of the people, by the people and for the people. At the first accounts of a revolution in Portugal, nearly all our esteemed daily contemporaries went into spasms of delight; they printed without bothering as to the truth of them the carefully cooked dispatches from Lisbon; they swallowed the stories of Jesuit bomb-throwing, Jesuit underground work, and Jesuit wickedness in general; they took the word of Braga and his followers that the revolt was the protest of austere moral patriots against the reign of monarchial and ecclesiastical iniquity and inefficiency; and some of them were quite disappointed because the United States Government did not at once hasten to recognize formally the new sister republic of Portugal.

"A reaction against all this mistaken sentiment toward the Portuguese revolutionists has set in, we are glad to say, among respectable American journalists. They are beginning to estimate at their true worth, or worthlessness, the doctrinaires who are posing as the leaders of the Portuguese people. They are recognizing the folly of which they have been guilty in accepting Portugal as a real republic. And they are printing editorials that differ somewhat in tone from those which appeared when the revolution was first reported. Now they are recognizing and admitting that the crowd who have obtained control in Portugal are openly indifferent to the form of government, provided they are allowed to grasp the spoils. The new attitude of American papers towards the Portuguese revolutionists is well shown in an editorial in last Sunday's Boston Herald which says: "Despite a rigorous censorship, the reports indicate that the new government has been unable to fulfil the pretensions promised. It says it is to secure power. The working people were made to believe that they would all become rich by government favor, but now find themselves as badly off as they were before the change, and are as much dissatisfied with the new government as they were with the old. Insubordination in the army and the navy, encouraged to depose the king, is now directed against the party in power and, as was to be expected, discipline has been destroyed.

"The 'Establishers' used their political positions to enrich themselves at the expense of the country and secured immunity from justice by an arrangement with the opponents for rotation in office, permitting each corrupt party to have an opportunity for plunder; and it was ex-procurer Franco's attempt to rid the country of the 'Establishers' and their system of loot which led to the assassination of King Carlos and the expulsion of Franco from office. The indecency with which the politicians glorified the memory of the late king's assassin, after his suicide, by strewing flowers on his grave and offering his portrait for sale in the shop windows, gives an idea of the morals of the political class in power."

"Any attempt to replace a monarch by a republic is certain to meet the approval of well-meaning but uninformed persons all over the world, who fall to see the word 'Liberty' which Senator Hoar well described as 'obedience to law,' is often used as a refuge of scornful derision. Senator Braga, the new President, is described as a philosopher, poet, romancer, historian and statistician; a sensualist with an overdeveloped propensity to shed tears at the slightest provocation. The London correspondents, when their uncensored reports finally reached the public, were practically a unit in describing him as a mere dreamer set up as a figurehead until the stronger and more practical men behind him would depose him.

"Whether the provisional government continues until free elections proposed to be held next spring or not, it is doomed eventually to failure, because it is built on sand. The correspondent of the Westminster Gazette describes the new regime as a 'Central Dictatorship of the worst type, established in Europe.' It may be that in the fulness of time a change in government may bring about in Portugal that which will bring order and give a stricken and abused people the form of government and industrial opportunities they need; but the present so-called Republic based on murder and greed will sooner or later be shot into the plumbless depths of the past, to mingle with the other lost opportunities."

DEATH OF FATHER M'KEANY

Rev. Bartholomew McKeany, pastor of St. Bartholomew's Catholic church in Bonaventure, died at his home Sunday, Dec. 17, after an illness which had extended over a long time; he had been seriously sick for about five weeks.

Father McKeany was born in Ireland, he came to Massachusetts and the Springdale diocese. His first station was at Blackstone, then Milford and afterward Hingham; he came to Bonaventure in 1879. The parish, which had been organized only the year before, and he at once began the erection of a church, which was given his name. In this building he conducted services for thirty-one years until his death. The parish was originally much larger than now, other parishes having been taken from it from time to time. During his pastorate Father McKeany, worked hard for the welfare and comfort of his people, by whom he was dearly loved.

Father McKeany was much of a student, especially in mathematics and astronomy, the latter science being his favorite, and in his home were such facilities for the study as he could make use of. Interesting observations along this line were made by him in Egypt a few years ago, during one of his long trips abroad, taken in order to improve his health. His was a nature which it was indeed a pleasure to know intimately, although few were given this privilege. Quiet, unobtrusive, going about his duties in the parish with an even, untroubled manner, he won many friends in the community among those not of religion.

The funeral was held from the church Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock and was attended by an unusually large number, both of townspeople and visiting priests. There was a solemn and beautiful requiem high Mass, with these officers: Celebrant, Right Rev. Bishop Thomas D. Beavan, D. D., of Springfield; assistant celebrant, Right Rev. Mgr. Madden of Springfield; deacon of honor, Rev. Thomas Smith of Springfield, Rev. James Trusec of Springfield; deacon of the Mass, Rev. John F. Griffin of Holyoke; sub-celebrant, Rev. L. O. Gearty of Three Rivers; masters of ceremonies, Rev. John A. Quigley, assistant chancellor of Springfield, Rev. Father Leo of Bonaventure, Rev. M. C. Carey of Holyoke, Rev. M. J. Lesma of Pittsfield; concelebrator, Rev. James Danahoe of Worcester; the eulogy was preached by Rev. William E. Foley of Hartford. Burial was in the priests' lot in St. Thomas cemetery.

THE PRINTING BUREAU ENQUIRY

It is safe to say that no investigator ever went to a job with a stronger determination to put the probe in deep than Rev. Mr. J. W. Johnson, whose was gored then the Hon. Charles Murphy did in the case of the printing bureau. Rumors had been current for some time, that the wash was not as it ought to be in the big printing shop. The Public Accounts Committee had made frequent efforts to test these rumors, but their inquiries came to naught. When Mr. Murphy assumed office he made up his mind that he was going to be made of the situation, that he was going to know all about this printing branch for which he had been made ministerially responsible, and that he was going to see for himself what there was in the unfavorable rumors. The onerous commission of enquiry was issued by himself. The evidence fully set forth in the report, and shows that there was never the slightest attempt to shield anybody, let them be political friends or enemies. One witness was given an opportunity to say that the late Mr. Condit had told him he was "taken by the throat" by a minister and compelled to buy certain stock. He was put through a cross examination with the idea of obtaining further information upon this important point, and the questions and answers are set forth verbatim as they were uttered. A trick by which the tender system was evaded in the case of the printing bureau was exposed in a certain paper given out was exposed in a certain paper. The fact that The Ottawa Free Press printing department had at a considerable reduction in price in a short season completed a copy order which had been given to a firm that was not adequately equipped to handle it

only we would offer them up, in ready and glad obedience, to our all-wise Master, confident that He will make them all work together for good to them that love Him! Let us make the earnest resolve to cease from complaints, querulousness, and dreary moaning; and let us determine, with God's help, to remember that His sunshine is there behind the most sombre cloud, that the darkest hour is just before the dawn; that the gloom and the pain and the heartache are for a brief day only, but the joy, the sunshine, the reward, the glory are for life eternal that shall never fade or end.

It is a season, a narrow way that leads to heaven and we give to God the glory of bearing our cross for Him, and of uniting our wills to His will no matter how contrary to our plans and wishes His will may be. Though He should slay us, still let us trust in Him, crying out, in loving adoration: "Not my will, but Thine be done!" Even if we are debarred church privileges for a time, and spiritual consolations, and sacramental joys, through illness or some other cause, let us say with one of our Lord's holy and happy servants, who practiced, in a marked degree, abandonment to His holy will:

O Jesus, whose face is the sole beauty that ravishes me, I may not behold thee upon earth the sweetness of Thy glance, nor feel the ineffable tenderness of Thy kiss. There is I consent, but I pray Thee to imprint in me Thy Divine likeness, and I implore Thee to have the same me with Thy love that it may quickly consume me, and soon I may reach the vision of Thy glorious face in heaven!—Sacred Heart Review.

DIocese of Peterborough PRESENTATION TO REV. FATHER CASEY

At a very pleasant evening spent at St. Peter's Rectory, the Rev. Father Peterborough Examiner, the officers and Executive of the Ladies' Literary Society took occasion to bid goodbye to Rev. Father Casey who has been transferred to Campbellton. The following address was read by the Society's President, Miss Hurley:

Rev. D. A. Casey: Reverend and Dear Father:—It is with feelings of deep regret that we are tonight to bid farewell to you as our Literary Director. Needless to say we will miss your kindly interest in our literary activities, which have benefited us faithfully, and we feel sure that the success of this year is due, in a great measure, to your literary ability. Although you are leaving us we hope you will advance and will occasionally attend the meetings. In conclusion we ask you to accept this gift as a slight token of our gratitude and esteem.

THE CHURCH IN HISTORY

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was brought out and spread upon the published notes. Mr. Murphy's enquiry was spread over months. Dozens of bureau officials were put into a veritable 'sweat box,' and not only was every opportunity given to them to talk freely, but they were made to talk by one trained in the art of compelling witnesses to turn their minds inside out.

THE CHURCH IN HISTORY

THE CHURCH AND THE SALOON

THE PRINTING BUREAU ENQUIRY

THE CHURCH IN HISTORY

THE CHURCH AND THE SALOON

THE PRINTING BUREAU ENQUIRY

stands in the forefront of all material progress. Her children are among the first in every field of human endeavor, with such names as Madame Curie, Pasteur, Lavoisier, Leverrier, Secchi, Laennee and the rest lighting up the last structures of human science. She is depreciated only by those who know neither her nor her history; to those who know her she is indeed, after Christ, the most important fact in history.

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