

The Catholic Record.

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

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WE WONDER

Macaulay, speaking of Frederick the beloved of the Germans, says: "In order that Frederick might rob a neighbour whom he has sworn to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America." We wonder what he would say if he lived to-day? The "scrap of paper" incident, the brutalities which are regarded as mere trifles by the bland German Professor would impel him to pen another vitriolic phrase. The Kaiser has appealed often and vehemently to God on the grounds, we suppose, that religion is absolutely necessary in the State. Does he, however, believe with Frederick that the real religion of a prince lies in his own interest and in his own glory; and that it would not be wise in a king to have any religion himself? One thing certain is that the religion which looks complacently upon violated treaties is a very poor substitute for that preached by Jesus of Nazareth.

WHY THEY AVAIL NOT

We have often wondered why some editors "see red" when they discuss political questions. For their leaders they reserve exuberant eulogy, but their opponents are placed in journalistic stocks and ridiculed to the extent of the vocabulary of abuse. This method may please the ward-healer who thinks by proxy, but to the discerning it cannot but be incompatible not only with decent journalism, but with even the pranks that are associated with the irresponsible young. They who seek to mould public opinion must exhibit justness of mind and courtesy of expression. The subject for discussion should be weighed upon the scales of reason; viewed in the light of the country's interest; and submitted to the readers without any attempt to cloud it by irrelevance or personalities. Earnestness of advocacy can be had without the violation of the canons of social amenities. And any editor can wage war for his cause valiantly and effectively without availing himself of the methods of the assassin. We hold no brief for the public man who uses his office not as a trust, but to fill his pockets; who surrenders his honor to political expediency and is a mere pawn in the game; but the high spirited public man should not, because he does not see eye to eye with some editors, be a target for meaningless abuse.

A PERIL

The humorists wax merry over the married woman who prefers pugs to children. But the thoughtful regard it as a portent that cannot be ignored by all who regard weakness and decadence as menaces to national stability. France and England and other nations, awake now to the abuse of matrimony, are trying to counteract the growing practice. The eugenists, however, armed with statistics, advocate the restriction of families. They tell us with bewildering variety of nauseous detail, that the more children born into a family the less chance each has of a living. The fewer the children the stronger they are to come to grips with life and to win. They talk as if they had created a new world, and were empowered to draw up rules for its guidance. But the Christian family was not made for the State, but for the glory of God. Its character is heaven-made and its function is to contribute by its children to the glory of God. Hence, any wifely interference with the course of nature must be reprobated. The Church condemns anything which does away with the primary end for which matrimony was instituted. She looks with horror upon the books and advertisements which strive to make the evil as easily accessible as possible, and she warns the world that that way is degeneracy and death. Statistics also might be adduced to show that luxury and selfishness and disinclination to duty are oftentimes but whips that scourge the individual as well as the limited offspring. With Christian principles as

the foundation of the family life, one can but have pity for the men and women who urge small families and hold out a few printed words for the regulation of human passion.

A GREAT CHURCHMAN

The venerable Cardinal of Baltimore has his name not writ in water on the annals of history. We are well within the bounds of propriety when we say that no American Churchman has rendered such services to the faith, and has exercised such compelling influence over thousands not of his creed as Cardinal Gibbons. Gentle always with the strength of a virile manhood, knowing when to speak and when to be silent, clear visioned as to the needs of the age, and clad as with a garment, with the kindness that disarms suspicion and wins hearts, he goes his way a sower of infinite seed. He may be remembered by his books; but his enduring monument is, in our opinion, his success in convincing his fellow-citizen that the Church encourages the legitimate aspirations of the age and blesses anything that can be redounded to the good of the world.

LETTING IN THE LIGHT

Lay action is a destroyer of prejudice. The influences of an environment and education hostile to the Church lose their strength when confronted with the intelligent Catholic. "If we do our duty," says Archbishop Ireland, "truth will make progress among our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, and once made Catholics, they will by their zeal and activity rank among the most loyal, and most devoted of the children of the Church."

ARE WE GUILTY?

Mr. Desmond says truly: Cardinal Manning once remarked: "We do not mean to be negligent, but we are too prone to believe that all good things will take care of themselves without any effort on our part to make them better." The public mortality of our community is something in which we are more or less concerned. It is not enough that we go apart and try to save our own souls. We are, to some extent, "our brother's keeper." If there are good movements afoot, it is a sin of omission on our part that we do not lend a hand. Let us examine our conscience along this line: "What am I doing in aid of good causes?" "Do I, by act or word, help these movements which are making for a purer moral atmosphere in my neighborhood?" Too many good people are dreadfully neuter. They let the saloon-keeper run ward politics. They let the corporations run the city. They let panders to obscenity furnish the amusement of the poor. And in many other ways they omit to oppose that which is an evil, or to help that which is good. They have their presence, their voice, their vote, their exertion, their influence; yet they do nothing.

TESTING MEN'S FAITH

The following extract from a recent pastoral of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, shows the results of the war upon the men of England: "New men are clearly showing forth that, deep down in their conscience, there was all the while the knowledge that our life here is but one stage in our being, that life on earth is not coterminous with our whole existence, and that there are things greater, nobler and more important than the years, few or many, that we may pass upon this earth. Young men who seemed careless, frivolous, selfish, self-indulgent—sinful, too, perhaps—have in thousands risen to a new consciousness of the real sense and consciousness of their lives. By their action they have proclaimed their belief that there is another more valuable life beyond the grave, and that duty, love of country, and the love of God, upon which both are based, hold in themselves a higher value than the prolongation by a few more years of their lives upon this earth. Without the compulsion of any legal enactment—and therein surely lies a higher claim to merit—they have taken their lives into their hands, and offered them willingly, to be taken or left as the providence of God may decree, in the service of their country."—St. Paul Bulletin.

POLAND LITERALLY A DESERT

A POPULATION HOMELESS, FOOD-LESS, HOPELESS

London, May 9.—Robert Crozier Long, author and special correspondent, has written for the Associated Press, upon his return to Stockholm after an extended tour of the war-devastated districts of Poland, the following account of what he saw: "Finis Poloniae," Kościusko's epitaph on his country, has been realized. A tour of Central and South Poland and the Polish parts of Galicia convinces me of that. I visited all the chief towns and many villages, or ruins of villages, in 10,000 square miles of country lying between the Austro-German lines and the Vistula in a semi-circle from the Bzura to the Nida. I visited also the basin of the Dunajec and Wisloka, the theatre of the sanguinary May Day battle. The country is a desert, the home of nomads. I got my first glimpse of it on the Bzura, west of Warsaw, where, during a four months' artillery duel, every habitation has disappeared.

CHIMNEYS ALL THAT ARE LEFT

"I reached this battle front first after dusk, and from an observation tower saw against the red background, formed half by the sun's afterglow and half by a blazing forest, the remnants of a dozen villages. These remnants were gaunt, erect pillars. This is typical of burnt-out Poland. A street of frame cottages, often straw thatched, catches fire from the first shell, and only ugly rows of brick chimneys are left. At night these long, double rows of chimneys present a gaunt effect. "Everywhere except east of the road from Warsaw to Sandomir, blackened brick chimneys represent Polish homes.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF POPULATION

"Poland's population is suffering as no European has suffered since the Thirty Years' War. Every second man is a refugee. Warsaw has 60,000 refugees, a third of them Jews. In Radom I found 15,000 refugees; in Kielce, 20,000.

"A Warsaw rabbi assured me that 100,000 Jews from the towns of Lodz, Piotrkow and Lowicz were without homes. Many refugees still tramp the road begging despairingly from people themselves beggars. Many thousands are huddled in the tottering fragments of cottages, while 10,000 are shivering in the abandoned trenches and terraced Russian dugouts at Skaryszow.

"In Radom Province I found 80 unfed families cowering underground. Some were half-naked, as they had spread their soaked clothing to dry on a barbed-wire entanglement. They held me off more, presentation underground dwellings improvised at Głowno, near Lodz. There the shell-torn terrace dugouts had been repaired and enlarged, stocked with tables and utensils, and even equipped with stoves.

"I met many refugees without food or money and mostly ill-clad. Near Ostrowiec was a dreary procession of men in thick sheepskin coats without other clothing, women in men's trousers and children in dresses improvised from shawls. They lost their homes in an Austrian night attack, in which four villages were burned. They had saved only a dozen rambler carts, filled with kitchen utensils, pillows, brilliant but malodorous rags, and scores of shrapnel cases used as tumblers. Children rushed after a Cossack patrol, begging bread. The Cossacks tossing to the ground what they had, galloped away to escape the children's cries. I think few starve to death. One is touched with the universal charity, but many are emaciated, shivering and forlorn.

FUTURE WILL BE EVEN WORSE

"Such is Poland's present. The future will be even worse. The country, ravaged and irreclaimable, begins to resemble the primeval Sarmatian waste. Roads, forests and even fields have vanished. Many roads are still as von Hindenburg left them in his November retreat. They are chess-boarded with quadrangular cavities deep in rain water. Some still bear the Germans' ironical placard, 'No bathing here.' "The roads which have been repaired cannot bring food to civilians, for all are crowded by parallel transport columns. The fields were destroyed by transport and artillery trains which finding the roads too narrow, spread right and left, obliterating farms.

"Water grain was not sown and there is no seed for grain for Spring. Everywhere are labyrinthine tangles

of trenches faced by broad mazes of barbed wire. These peasants, knowing that the war will return, fear to remove. Arable land is a sandy desert, for trench diggers dug beneath the fertile surface and scattered the subsoil of sand.

DAYS WE CELEBRATE

In many sections of the United States one day in the year is celebrated as "Mothers' Day." But every day is the mothers' day, if we only knew it. Immense libraries contain manifold accounts of what men have done to make the world better. Of what the mothers have done little has been written, because men have done the writing. What the mothers have done never can be told. The star that has guided man through all the dark centuries of advance in civilization is the love-light that has ever shone steadily in the world's mothers' eyes. The mother is enthroned at the very centre of human life, and she extends her subtle, beneficent influence to the utmost advance of human progress. The mother love, impressed deep in the plastic mind and heart of childhood—there is the moving and directing force in the world. It is the earthly reservoir of all the best impulses that have been, even from the beginning, and that ever will be, even to the end. It sweetened the breeze that scented Eden's grove, and ever since its blessing has been borne into every nook and corner of the habited world. The mother love! Who can measure its sustaining power? The mother devotion! Who can tell where that ends and divinity begins?

There is no passion in which poor human nature so nearly reaches the divine as that of the mother's love for her child. It is the supreme passion of earth, the fundamental force that has populated it and civilized it. It is a steady light beaming from heaven to make the world habitable and heaven conceivable.—Montreal Evening News.

THE POPE THE ONLY MEDIATOR SAYS PROTESTANT WRITER

In his "Contributions to the History of the Origin of the Great War," M. B. Valtier, a Protestant writer in Holland, says: "There is only one Power standing without and above the parties (to the struggle of nations) and entitled by its moral position to interfere. When it thinks the opportunity has come, this Power will undoubtedly do so. This Power is His Holiness the Pope. All those who love peace for itself, be they Protestants, like the author or Catholics, and who feel impelled to plead for peace with some man, must go to Rome and not direct their appeal to governments, not one of which can be considered a disinterested party to the questions at issue.

"The influence of the Holy Father knows no national boundaries and is strong in England also. His great spiritual prestige must be conceded by all countries. Hence the appointment of a Dutch ambassador to the Vatican would be not only the fulfillment of a long neglected, great and ideal duty towards the Catholic fellow-citizens, but also, under existing circumstances, an act of peace and wisdom, not to say a meeting of an urgent demand of the times."—B. C. Western Catholic.

EFFICIENT

In discussing "Benevolent Foundations and Efficient Philanthropy," John D. Rockefeller speaks rather approvingly of the work done in charitable and educational lines by the Catholic Church. Says he: "Just heretofore it occurred to me to testify to the fact that the Roman Catholic Church, as I have observed in my experience, has advanced a long way in this direction. I have been surprised to learn how far a given sum of money has gone in the hands of priests and nuns, and how really effective is their use of it. I fully appreciate the splendid services done by other workers in the field, but I have seen the organization of the Roman Church secure better results with a given sum of money than other church organizations are accustomed to secure from the same expenditure. I speak of this merely to point the value of the principle of organization, in which I believe so heartily. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the centuries of experience which the Church of Rome has gone through to perfect a great power of organization.

John D. Rockefeller led to these reflections by the observance of facts that are patent to all. A cursory examination of the reports issued by any charitable institution conducted under Catholic auspices would reveal an economy in management that might appear unattainable to boards of control of State-managed institutions. Almost any State in the Union can furnish examples of the greater efficiency and economic superiority of the privately-controlled establishment over the one that is a public charge.

In the matter of education, it is well known that Catholic schools can

be maintained at less than one third the expense required for the public schools. Eight dollars a piece per year is a fair estimate for the parochial pupil against something over thirty for the child in the State supported school.

Mr. Rockefeller has arrived at a proper conclusion when he says the Roman Church secures better results with a given sum of money than other church organizations, and he might have added, than any other organization on earth. Whether or not it is because of her centuries of experience, is an indifferent matter. It is gratifying to learn from such a source as the originator of great foundations, that the Church is efficient, and efficiency is the great thing in these days of the almost universal worship of accomplished fact.—Providence Visitor.

COURAGE FOR OTHERS

Stories of heroism will come to us in numbers from this latest tragedy of the war, the sinking of the Lusitania. No one will be tempted to underestimate the acts of bravery, coolness and humanity that emerge for the honor of the race from the confessed reports of such events, but it is worth while to consider also the stay-at-home courage of those who have to bear in imagination all the possibilities conjured up by the news of the dreadful day.

On the Transylvania, which sailed Friday afternoon after word of the Lusitania's loss had been received, were a number of nurses from the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal, going over to nurse the wounded Canadian soldiers. Four of these nurses called up their parents on the long distance telephone and told them of the disaster, asking if they should still sail. All were told to put their trust in Providence and do their duty. It is in this sort of incident even more than the courage of persons confronted by actual danger that resides to a martial spirit among peace loving citizens. It is a forerunner of what would happen in ordinary homes if mothers and fathers, too old to fight, were called upon to send their children to the aid of the nation. Whatever the outcome of the present serious situation, it is a satisfaction to reflect that here in our own country as in Canada the moral temper is not likely to fail to respond to any real need.—N. Y. Times.

NEWMAN'S PREACHING

James Anthony Froude, the great historian and apologist of Henry VIII, could hardly be said to be a devout Catholic, but he was a keen observer and a most charming writer. He was an undergraduate at Oxford during the residence there of John Henry Newman as professor, and the recollections he has left us of the great Cardinal are interesting in the extreme. We have heard Newman extolled by a Professor of Theology in a Protestant theological seminary as the finest rhetorician in the English language, and by another as a preacher whose discourses were of marvelous inspirational power to the missionaries of the Cross. Froude, in his reminiscences of the future Cardinal, as given in his "Short Studies of Great Subjects," dwells rather upon the intellectual power and deep moral fervor of Newman's sermons, as witness the following passage: "Personal admiration, of course, inclined us to look to him as a guide in matters of religion. No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from the select preachers before the University. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us,—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of a rock. . . . I recollect a sermon from him—I think in the year 1839. I have never read it since; I may not remember the exact words, but the impression left is ineffaceable. It was on the trials of faith, of which he gave different illustrations. . . . Again, I am not sure whether it was on the same occasion, but it was in following the same line of thought, Newman described closely some of the incidents of Our Lord's Passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence; then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said: 'Now, I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God.' It was as if an electric shock had gone through the church, as if every person present

understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries."

Newman was already coming to be recognized as a leader in the religious thought of England, and the undergraduates flocked in great crowds to hear him, impressed by his sincerity, his vigor and elegance of style. We learn in reading his "Apologia" that in later life he was accused of false reasoning, of sophistry, of dishonest argument, of unfair dealings with his religious antagonists, but he clears himself in masterly fashion of these charges, and shows that his conduct throughout had been most consistent. He entered the Catholic Church in 1845, and made that date a memorable one in the religious history of his country, as well as a most important one for the myriads of souls entering the Church, who would find intellectual and moral nourishment in his writings. Preachers and missionaries, converts and non-converts find his books to be a mine of inexhaustible wealth and inspiration.—The Missionary.

HISTORY'S WARNINGS

Of the dangers to our faith none is so subtle, so deadly as for us to feel so secure as to feel that we cannot lose it. Let us look back at the history of nations once Catholic. Look at France, once proud to be called the eldest daughter of the Church; France, that received the faith from the very friends of Christ, Lazarus, Mary and Martha; a faith which strewed the land with churches and monasteries which are to this day the wonder of Christendom. How this land became atheistic and infidel, filled with corruption of every kind; her priests driven from her shores because she knew not the necessity of guarding the faith. Italy, chosen above all other nations to take the place of Jerusalem, the centre of unity, the land of faith, and so yet among the people generally—there the property of the Church has become the property of a Godless government and the Holy Father is a prisoner in his own land, insulted by his own wicked, perfidious children.

As with nations, so with individuals. No man is so secure in his faith that he may not lose it, unless he cherishes it, loves it, practices it. Faith is not a domestic plant of the earth, but a gift from heaven, and we must guard it from the rigors of the soil. Faith is a supernatural gift of God bestowed without any merit on our part, and if we would preserve it in its strength we must overcome ourselves, keep it safe from the storms of passion, nourish it by holy purity. If we cherish it not, then it will die. Why did all the Fathers from St. Paul down to our own day never tire of preaching the necessity of watching over and guarding our faith. They knew that the one sin that made man despair of salvation was the loss of faith. Take away that and you take away the sense of repentance necessary for salvation. Therefore we say: Love the faith, practice it and make generous sacrifices for building and supporting the Church. May we be true to the faith as were our forefathers, rugged sons of toil, and may future generations as they pass through our cemeteries read our names and say, "Thank God, they lived in the faith; they died in the faith, and they handed down that faith to us."—Intermountain Catholic.

DEAN HOWELLS

William Dean Howells is a novelist, but even a novelist should not tamper with truth. For instance he has no right to say that the Jesuits teach that lying may be done in a good cause or for the purpose of enforcing a principle; and that evil may be done that good may come of it. Such is the statement or implication made by Mr. Howells in an article in the current North American Review.

The Rev. Father Tierney, S. J., editor of America, wrote to Mr. Howells, asking him for proof to support his statement, but received no answer. A second letter also failed to bring a reply—for the reason, no doubt, which Father Tierney attributes to the novelist, in the following comment. We quote from America, May 1: "Mr. Howells is still silent, a piteous spectacle of a man who, when caught in an attempt to put the stigma of infamy upon the brow of honorable folk, takes to cover and remains there. His darkness is his. May he enjoy it! The explanation of his conduct may be found in his own words: 'A man, especially a dramatic author, ought not to be too honest.' Possibly a weightier reason is the impossibility of getting such proof as our brother-editor asked Mr. Howells to produce. 'Pastor Russell' might be able to furnish it from his factory of lies about the Catholic Church and her ministers—but then no one would believe it.—Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In the last ten years, 6406 Jews have been converted to Catholicity.

In Paris there are 2,205 Catholic charitable societies at work relieving the effects of the war.

It is expected that the new \$600,000 Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, will be completed and formally opened next fall.

Catholics of Cincinnati have just completed a \$4,000,000 hospital consisting of twenty-four buildings, and has sixty-five acres.

In the Cistercian monastery at Rein, Germany, there was recently found a beautiful crucifix, the handiwork of Michael Angelo.

The most costly book in the world is a Hebrew Bible in the possession of the Vatican. Its weight in gold, \$108,000, was refused for it.

In Germany, French priest-prisoners are allowed to say Mass daily and give retreats to their fellow prisoners.

Nearly all the parish priests, monks and nuns perished in Avazano during the recent earthquake. The College with more than a hundred girl students collapsed.

To meet the needs of priest-soldiers in the French army, who are unable to say Mass, over 500 portable altars have been sent to them by Catholic societies.

The Rev. John Chapman, O. S. B., formerly Prior of Edington Abbey, Birmingham, England, has been appointed a member of the Valgate Commission, and has now taken up his residence at St. Callista's, Rome.

The old Father Mathew Temperance Hall in Friary Lane, Cork, Ireland was re-opened in the presence of a large number of the parishioners of St. Finbar's by the Most Rev. Dr. Cohan, assistant Bishop of Cork.

The Atlantic Transport steamship Maine, which left Philadelphia for London on Friday, April 23rd, had aboard a fireman who formerly belonged to the Church of England, but who was drawn into the true faith by observing the heroic work of the nuns in the city of Antwerp while that city was under siege.

Twenty-five years ago there were 500 priests laboring in the archdiocese of New York; to-day there are 1,050. Twenty-five years ago there were eighty-five Catholic schools; to-day there are 175. Twenty-five years ago there were 40,000 children attending the diocesan schools; to-day there are over 80,000.

A special correspondent in a leading European Catholic publication, says that so Catholic are the Bavarian soldiers that they frequently present on the march the appearance of a religious procession. In many instances at their head, their chaplains carry the Blessed Sacrament, and that even during fierce engagements in the trenches they recite the rosary. The piety of the Bavarian army is something extraordinary.

Cardinal Bourne, writing to the Rev. Dr. Burton who with Father Pollen, S. J., issued two volumes of the new series of "Lives of the English Martyrs," expresses his regret that the war had impeded the sale of the volume last published. He urges convents, colleges, and Catholics in general, to procure the work for their libraries, and says that unless adequate support is given to this volume, the publication of the succeeding volumes necessary to complete the history of these martyrs will be rendered uncertain, and thus the cause of the martyrs' beatification may be seriously delayed.

"Mr. J. W. E. Moores, who at a specially convened court of the Worshipful Company of Scriveners was admitted to its freedom, and after swearing allegiance and making the required declarations before the Master of Faculties in the House of Lords, was admitted as a Notary Public—is, we understand, the first Catholic to be so appointed since the Reformation," remarks the London Tablet, (March 6.) Mr. Moores passed the examination with honors, the first to do so for twenty-five years. He might have been appointed a Notary years ago if he had been willing to take the oath against the Catholic religion. This oath was abolished by King Edward VII.

In the town of Pinner, England, the corner-stone of a new Catholic church was recently put in place by Cardinal Bourne. Catholics are very few in Pinner, but the University of London notes that there seems to be a complete absence of religious bigotry in the town—if the action of certain leading residents may be considered an index to the general feeling. One well-known non-Catholic gentleman has given a pair of brass candlesticks for use in the church, and a non-Catholic clergyman has presented the rector, Father Canfield, with a set of altar-rails for the furnishing of the new building. Several non-Catholic clergymen and leading residents of all persuasions assisted at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

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CHAPTER XXIII—CONTINUED

If George Martins had spoken his thoughts, he would have cried out, "What are wealth and honor and position, affection of son and daughter, compared with her love and reverence, which are the price I must pay to secure the others? She will love me in poverty and dishonor, and with her love, I can endure these." Instead, he answered: "You have no claim upon me calling for recognition." The son's hand fell back upon the table. Yet that awakened affection made another weaker appeal to him. Again he leaned toward his father, his dark impelling eyes fastened, almost fiercely on the pair, so like them, and cried, a quiver of pain running down his voice: "I will concede all, but one little thing! Oh! my mother must have loved you well that there is still affection for you in my heart, pleading for mercy for you after all your cruelties to me! Listen, my father! I will give up all, ask nothing in return, for your acknowledgment of my claims upon you before this one man, with his solemn promise of eternal secrecy. Give me this poor long-withheld right for your own sake and theirs—your loved ones!" Acknowledge before St. John Worthington that Constance Preston had been deceived and by him! That his proud wife filled a barbarian woman's place! That her son and this man, stained with every crime, had a common claim upon his fatherhood? "You are not my son!" The voice was cold, cruel and relentless. It struck the hearer like the flash of a whip. He straightened himself and laid his hand again upon his weapon. "Very well! You will not give me justice. I will give it to others—both living and dead. I am now going into that room and to your wife and son and Gerald Martins' daughter. I will read the story of our common crime. I shall go armed, and if you or Worthington attempt to have me taken prisoner before I shall have finished, those three persons shall be killed. I hate your son and wife so well that I can kill them with pleasure; and since I may not live with Teresa, the next joy is to die with her." "You shall not enter that room while I live!" said George Martins. "I shall guard my home with my life." "You must not attempt that!" cried Worthington, threateningly. "Those three are innocent, they demand mercy." "So was Amy Martins innocent. What mercy did she show her? Can you forget that long night, St. John Worthington, when you and that bereaved husband walked those dreary woods seeking for her whom you both loved? Remember that who brought you both that sorrow, this man here, walked that night by your side, bewailing your loss, and without a pang of regret looked next morning upon her dead face!" "It will not right dead Amy's wrong to press sorrow into another woman's soul," said he. "I came here in the cause of the living, not of the dead. The ruler of this community must be worthy of his position, but as I could not take the advantage of him which my knowledge of his crime gave me, I resigned my own prospects and ambition for the sake of my countrymen. I also came to demand full justice for Teresa Martinez. But if I had known you to be other than one disinterested like myself I should not have come. Mercy and justice for the living; the dead want nothing from our hands. So," and he moved from his place to the side of the man whom he had caused to hate, "I take my stand with George Martins to defend the innocent living." The Indian looked upon them with something like amusement. "I do not wish to harm you," he said to St. John, "but I repeat my warning: I am a desperate man. Do not push me too far, or I shall not be answerable for what follows. I am fully resolved that those three in that room shall hear the story of this man's sin. I gave him the opportunity to save himself and them by yielding to me my simple right. You heard his refusal. Now when a man has waited and worked for fully fifteen years, be assured that he will not let a thing so weak as the will of two men stand between him and victory. He says that I shall not enter that room while he lives. Sooner than shed his blood I will waive my right, if you will go there and tell them my story in my stead." "I will not do it!" replied St. John Worthington. "Then I shall call that man's wife, their son, and the girl they wronged here. They will come fast enough if I clip the handle of that vase yonder. By the God that made us, they shall hear my words to-night; or they shall hear no other man's ever! This is your choice, George Martins! Shall Worthington tell them quietly, according to the white man's way, and then bring them here to read the confirmation of his words on this paper; or shall they be brought here to hear it from my lips?" The great control he had exercised over himself was with him now; or perhaps there was something of truth in the legendary foundation of his family. Certain it is that never in his palmist days were George Martins' manners more courtly, his appearance more dignified, his voice

freer from emotion, than now in this bitter hour of downfall, when he turned to his ancient foe and said: "Mr. Worthington, my aid necessarily forces me to request you to accept and fulfill this commission, which I know is most repulsive to a gentleman." The pity of a proud man's proud acceptance of his fate entered Worthington's soul and overmastered his natural antipathy toward George Martins. But he hesitated, for he knew that Preston Martins awaited him in that room. He recalled their walk through the streets of Lexington; the mutual friendship to which that hour had given birth and remembered that he was his successful rival. He lifted his sad dark gray eyes to the father and said, "I cannot—cannot meet your son!" "It is less hard for you to meet him there, than for you to see Mrs. Martins meet this creature here! In the name of our common manhood, go!" St. John Worthington bowed his head and like one who goes to hear his death-warrant, he crossed the room to the doorway. Reaching it, he paused and looked back at that silent figure at the foot of the table; but there was no reprieving of the doctor from those stern set lips. He opened the door and stepped into the little room where Preston Martins was sitting, reading to his mother and Teresa. Dead silence reigned in the library between the two men, but there came to them the murmur of St. John Worthington's voice. Once a muffled sob fell on their ears—a woman's sob; later, a half-strangled cry—a man's cry of pain; then silence, save for the flow of the speaker's voice. This too ceased. When next it took up the story, it was hesitating, irregular, heavy with a pining heart's emotion. It was then George Martins moved from the table toward a chair. This made him half-turn from the lynx-like eyes that never left his face. Under the shield his body thus gave, he slipped his hand into his breast-pocket. The act caught the eyes of the watcher, and he sprang toward him with a shriek. It was too late. Even as his voice rang out, George Martins' pistol was pressed against his own heart. A report—a moan—and he fell at the feet of his son. As that son dropped on his knees by the prostrate body, George Martins opened his eyes and hissed, between straggling breaths of wild pain, "Your work! Parricide!" At last he had given the long-withheld recognition of this man's claim upon his fatherhood! The four in the little room had rushed in, Preston in advance. He caught the words from his father's lips, and stopped short, his clinched hands driving the nails into the flesh. He turned quickly to his mother but the awful sight had defenestrated her ears to every sound, save the low moans of pain coming from those purple lips. She pressed her own to them and cried to those dull ears, "George! George! my husband!" He opened his eyes and looked upon her, then his glance passed slowly around the little group until it fell on the Indian son, half-crouched on the floor, his face buried in his hands. Did the sight of this son bowed in horror, perhaps grief, when the other stood with ghastly, white accusing face, appeal to him, or did the memory of the long, long dead years when he played with him, a child in the lowly wigwam, call up his first parental love? Be that as it may, he half lifted his head and gaped to St. John Worthington. "It is innocent! I shot myself!" Then his head fell back on his wife's bosom. Teresa, who had stopped appalled at the doorway, now sped to the seemingly lifeless figure and falling beside it cried, "Cousin George! Cousin George! Won't you see the priest? O don't die unreconciled with God. Preston!" he called out in anguished tones, but Preston was gone, and the carriage which had brought St. John Worthington and the Indian son was hurrying fast as the horses could draw it to Lexington for the physician. When he roused the man of science he sought the priest's house, to whom he briefly stated the sad particulars of his father's attempted suicide. He did not know that his father would accept an spiritual ministrations, but he asked the clergyman to accompany him, and in the next moment they were on their wild homeward drive. On entering the house, Preston escorted the priest to the parlor, and sent a message to his mother, informing her of the clergyman's presence; then, he turned toward the library. It lay in the soft light cast by the tall wax candles, calm and still. There was not a trace of the terrible tragedy, for which it had been the stage. It was as he always remembered it, except that the tall-backed chair by the table was vacant, and the familiar face, with its winning smile, did not greet him on his entrance. Instead, on the opposite side, his head bowed on his hands, sat St. John Worthington. He now rose and for a breathing space, the two men regarded each other silently; then Mr. Worthington passed around the table with outstretched hand. Preston took the hand and wrung it, while a sound which was more a moan than a sob, broke from between his white lips. But after that moment, his calmness returned, and he said: "The servants say that he is still alive. Is there any hope?" "It is a bad wound. The doctor has come and is with him. He may have some hope for us."

There was a pause, then Preston asked, "Where is—he?" "He has gone," returned Worthington. "You said something about a paper—my cousin Gerald's will—which he had all these years: did he carry it with him?" "He did not." "It was addressed to you, I believe, as guardian of Miss Martinez—my cousin Amy, I should say. Will you permit me to see it?" asked Preston. "I cannot." "Mr. Worthington, I insist upon seeing that paper," said Preston. "That paper no longer exists," answered St. John Worthington. "Miss Martinez burned it—burned it unread and at the peril of her life." A profound silence followed the words; then Preston exclaimed: "Destroyed her father's will! The only proof of her right to this property! And you—you let her do this!" "I was powerless to prevent her," answered Worthington. "When the servants carried your father from this room, and she, and he, and I, were alone, she asked me for her father's will. I pointed toward where it was lying on the table, guarded by his pistols. As she moved toward the foot of the table, he, as if divining what would be its fate, sprang from his crouching position on the floor, and ran to the place also. She was before him. Her hands caught the paper, his, the weapons. He demanded the paper from her. His voice seemed to awaken all her woman's fury. He stood there with a pistol in each hand, one aimed at her, the other aimed at me; but as if he were a child, instead of an enraged creature more wild than man, she turned upon him the torrent of her righteous anger. He hesitated. I thought that he was deliberating whether it were not better to kill us both and then turn the weapon upon himself. I spoke to him, told him that he had brought sorrow enough upon this lady and others of her name, in his effort to revenge himself upon one man. That revenge was his own, and I bade him not to add to his list of crimes the death of others. I begged him to go as she had told him to do, and leave us to our misery, misery of his bringing. 'I will not go,' he answered me, 'without that paper!' At his words, she laid the paper on her bosom and folding her shawl across it, said to him: 'You may take it from me when I am dead, not before!' I knew I could gain nothing by my words, but time, which I hoped would bring me interruption and assistance. I turned to her and asked her to remember that that paper belonged neither to him nor to her. It was mine and I asked her to relinquish it to its proper owner. I assured her that I would guard it with my life, if necessary. She appeared then, for the first time, to realize the danger which was threatening us, for she turned to him and commanded him to put down his pistols. Her taunts of cowardice shamed him into lowering his weapons, and when she saw them lying on the table, she asked me what the paper contained. I told her that it was her father's last testament. It appointed her guardian and informed me that I should find her at Loreto convent under an assumed name. She asked me if her Cousin George had seen the will. I told her that he had. She then wanted to know its value to her personally. I replied that beside her father's property, she was heir to her grandfather's estate in Virginia, and without this she might have difficulty in proving her identity. She asked what was its value to this man that he had kept it all these years and was so anxious to re-possess himself of it. I was not prepared to answer that question. I saw she turned upon me her beautiful eyes and said: 'Tell me this and I shall trouble you no further. Is there anything in this paper, written by my father, which would bring one pang of pain, however slight, to the heart of Mrs. Martinez, or would grieve her son?' I said, 'There is.' I was looking at her as I spoke. The words had not fully passed my lips, when her place was vacant, as by me she sped like a flash of lightning toward the sitting-room. With a yell, which brought every servant on the place to the library, he sprang to follow her. I grappled with him, but he dragged me forward. We both reached the door in time to see the white paper lying in the heart of the flames. In the next instant they had caught the brittle sheets, and the man fell back against my breast, with a piteous moan. The servants were hurrying in, as Teresa rose, and said to him, 'I have it now in my power to wreak upon you a daughter's justice against the murderer of her parents. But though you did not spare them, nor me, nor others I love, I will spare you. I forgive you freely and fully, as I hope to be forgiven. Now, in God's name go and repent!' He was clinging to my arm like a child. I think he was weeping. I turned and walked with him to the hall door. Without a word, or a sign, he went down the steps and out into the night." Preston Martins had stood throughout the recital without a movement, except that the hand resting on the back of his father's chair, trembled at times. A mist came before his eyes as Teresa's last question was repeated; but it soon cleared and the eyes again looked upon the face of the speaker with their new tragic expression.

"And he is my father's son—my brother!" He spoke the words half aloud, as St. John Worthington's voice ceased. Then he asked, in clearer tones, "Do you know—did he ever say, who his mother was?" "In the confession which your cousin made him write at Raisin, he stated that she was a Natchez Indian maiden," answered St. John Worthington, turning his eyes away, that he might not see Preston Martins suddenly drop his head, as he murmured, "O my mother!" But he soon lifted himself from that position and stood as he had stood throughout the recital, save that he had removed his hand from the tall back of his father's chair. He folded his arms and waited for Mr. Worthington to bring back his wandering glances. There was no desire in his attitude, neither was there bitterly nerve resistance. It was but the natural expression of a proud, strong soul, which could bear honor without humiliation. As the eyes of the two men again met, Preston Martins said: "Worthington, I can but dimly guess what occurred in this room before you came to us. Am I correct in thinking that you came at the request of my father—or the threat of—him?" "At your father's request, and his threat," returned St. John, hesitatingly. "Am I also correct in thinking that your words, telling us that the man whom we knew as Senor Martinez, had returned, the self-admitted murderer of Gerald Martinez's wife, that he bore our cousin's will, stolen at the Raisin massacre, and it showed that Miss Martinez, not the child we buried, is Amy Martins—that these words were but the introductory to a following story, which the shot prevented your relating?" "Preston, I must ask you to question me no further," said St. John Worthington, and though his voice was natural, his companion noted the working of the subtly sensitive face. "I am sorry, St. John, that I cannot comply with your request. It is necessary, vitally necessary, that you answer my question. The situation is painful to us both—may I urge you to release us from it by giving me that information, which you cannot deny, is my right to possess. A man, sir, must see how he stands, before he can begin to fight." "Preston Martins stands where his mother's sin could not but stand without blame and above reproach." "You have answered my question," he then said, with his proud calmness. "Say to me now what a no-altogether unfortunate circumstance—since it spared her—prevented your saying to us! Tell me, St. John Worthington, what you would not tell Teresa—what else did that paper contain?" "My friend's happiness is as dear to me as my own happiness. One word of what that paper contained will never pass my lips!" and as St. John Worthington spoke, he folded his arms, and the sensitive face grew hard as stone. "Worthington," cried young Martins, "you are the friend for whom my soul has ever yearned! And your friendship, like everything else, has come to me to be held but for a brief moment and then relinquished. Your refusal is more eloquent than many words. The suspicions I tried to hurl from me are by it confirmed beyond the possibility of a doubt. I know my father's sin! I know my father's shame! I know my father's crimes! And they are such that they thrust me, his son, beyond the pale of love and friendship and honor and all that the heart of man holds dear! This is God's decree as well as man's. And I accept it." "I am not going to reason with you, nor even remain with you, Preston," returned Mr. Worthington. "I only say this: I am your friend and will not be cast off!" "Will you indeed remain my friend?" cried he. "Then do this for me. Teach her to forget me. Make her, whom we so cruelly wronged, happy. Then, indeed, will you have proven your love for me, who can never more make other claims upon it."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BLIND PIPER

In a drowsy heat of the summer day the gray old town lay half-asleep, resting itself comfortably against the soft bosom of the green hills that lay behind it. A traveler climbing those hills by the rugged pathways and narrow lanes, closely beset by rows of straw-thatched cottages, shining tier after tier, golden, and gray, and white in the sun, had surely a glorious prospect to look back upon. Out on the blue waters of the harbor, reflecting the stainless skies, lay many a white-winged yacht sailing fast before the light summer wind, whilst on the other side of the bay the wooded hills of Waterford shone smiling and peaceful, dotted here and there by a comfortable farmhouse or a tiny white-washed cottage, with faces turned ever patiently towards the sea. Far out on the horizon the black smoke of a great American liner left a thin trail behind it. Away from the other end of the town the sands stretched themselves interminably like a broad yellow ribbon between the green fields and the blue waters, rippling silver edged along the strand. Great old hookers and fishing smacks lay idle against the quay walls, whilst the sailors mended their nets or gossiped quietly over their pipes in this veritable "Sleepy Hollow."

Down at the ferry beyond the deserted market-place there seemed alone some little life and stir. The river-boatmen carried their three weekly carriers of tourists on the board bosom of the Avonduff to the great Cistercian monastery, past many a scene of sylvan splendor and old-time history, to-day idly at anchor. It seemed as if the ferryman were in consequence to reap full benefit from their industry, for close to the landing-stage the long red ferry-boat, full to overflowing, was making ready to start amidst a buzz of lively talk and merry laughter. It carried a motley crew of passengers—youth, gaily-dressed people of both sexes down from the city on a seaside holiday; anxious, tired-looking mothers in charge of noisy troops of children; the ubiquitous American tourist, criticising everything and making odious comparisons as he went; grey-headed grandfathers taking well earned rest after their long life's work, and scanning benevolently the faces of the other passengers with a view to finding an agreeable conversational companion. In one end of the boat sat an old man with the patient hopeless air of the typical Irish peasant, grim with years of hard work and disillusionment; at his feet, beside the collie dog, who looked up in his face, yelping excitedly now and then, lay huddled a frightened sheep, and beyond the sheep again was a great bundle of hay, presumably fodder for the animal he scarcely together with a stout straw rope. The mother of the noisy children looked anxiously from one to the other, and fixed a disapproving glance on the old man with his sheep and dog and truss of hay each time that the boat rocked to and fro at the water's edge. In a place of honor in the centre of the little craft, Seagan Buide (Yellow Jack), the Blind Piper, fingered his chanter tenderly and crooned to himself a sorrowful song, his sightless eyes staring out over the shining waters. At last they were ready to pluck off. But whilst Seamus Dwyer pushed one ear into the water, Phelim Farrell, his companion, sat unaccountably still. "Ye'll have another passenger," he said, laconically, in answer to Seamus' look of inquiry. "Wait a while." The fussy mother threw an appealing glance towards Seamus, and muttered something about the boat having already as many passengers as was stipulated by the Board of Trade notice on the landing stage. But her protest fell on deaf ears. Seamus Dwyer paid little heed to foolish women's talk—sure if one minded the like there'd be no living at all, and why wouldn't he wait for the lady when it would be a full hour before he could come back for her again? The new-comer, flushed and breathless, at last reached the water's edge, and was helped by willing hands into the ferry. She was a tall, still handsome woman of about thirty six, with a certain elegance in her bearing and apparel, and the soft rustle of her skirts as she arranged them about her filled some of the poorer passengers with a respectful and silenced awe. In another moment the boat was off, and the wish-wish of one ear after another through the fast-flowing water was alone audible for some time. But by and by the young people began to find their tongues once more. The new-comer, sitting silently amongst them, listened with an interested expression to the lively chatter and fun, interspersed here and there with a sentence from the soft mother tongue of the speakers. The owner of the live-stock was giving his next door neighbor a lively account in the Gaelic of his doings at the last fair of Milken, whilst a grey-headed old gentleman was describing to the mother of the children, much to her discomfort, a shocking accident by which fourteen people lost their lives at this very ferry when he was a young man. But, on a sudden, a long wailing sound pierced the air and all the voices ceased. The Blind Piper had begun to play. There he sat, a pathetic, lonely figure, his head bent in a listening attitude, his sightless eyes turned towards the people, all his mind and soul absorbed in the music of his pipes. He was still a young man, for all the grey streaks that silvered his flaxen hair, the flaxen, almost colorless, hair that so often goes with defective sight. He might be forty, perhaps a little less, but there was a sorrowful look of premature old age about his bent, shrunken figure, his thin, stony fingers, and in the lines of his still handsome face, browned and weather-beaten now by the sea winds and the sun. As he hugged his pipes lovingly, caressingly, the wild strains of an old Irish ballad-song floated out across the waters, and awakened the echoes amongst the rocks on the other side. The tide was flowing strongly out to sea, and, despite the efforts of the sinewy oarsmen, the boat carried along by the river current, drifted stubbornly out of the straight course. But the passengers did not seem to notice it; even the most nervous of them forgot to be afraid, listening to the music of the pipes. Then, all at once, the defiant, triumphant song of battle was changed into the plaintive, soft drone of a love melody. The Blind Piper was once again young and happy! He had forgotten the boat, the people, the rushing waters, his blindness, his threadbare clothes and poverty. He was back at home in his own beautiful valley of Desmond, his sweetheart by his side. The sight of his eyes

was with him, and all the world lay before him, smiling and alluring, full of love and joy and sunshine. Something of his thoughts perhaps showed itself in his face, awakening half forgotten memories in the mind of the well-dressed woman who watched him with such strange interest. Her thoughts, too, flew backwards nearly twenty years, to the days when she was still a girl, an innocent, shy-eyed colleen, living in a little thatched farmhouse high up amongst the hills—the days before she sold herself at her mother's bidding to the wealthy owner of the ginnaloe in Boston, who had come home to his native land to seek a holiday and a wife at the same time. The strains of the "Cullionn," played now by the blind piper, brought back to her mind the blue eyes and yellow locks of handsome Jack O'Riordan, the village schoolmaster, who had wooed and won her youthful heart. What a fool she had been, she told herself, thinking with a shudder of those lost wretched years, during which she had silently endured every torture of shame and degradation, whilst her ignorant, purse-proud besotted husband drank himself slowly to death. Could any wealth, any luxury, make up for it? If but her mother could have foreseen the end of all her plotting and planning for her child's welfare and happiness. But she was dead long since, dead and buried beside her husband in the little churchyard of St. Bride; and many a time had her daughter thanked God in her heart that the old woman had never learnt the truth. The boat had now passed through the river current, and was fast nearing the further shore. The lonely woman felt half-reluctant to leave her place. Dreaming the long forgotten dreams of her girlhood once more, and listening to the droning of the pipes, she felt as though she could be happy sitting there for ever. What had become home for, widowed, childless, fatherless, motherless, with hardly a friend in this sorrowful, lonely motherland that she might call her own? Surely it was but a foolish sentiment which had brought her back, lonely and empty-hearted, despite her wealth, after her absence of eighteen years. But she could not resist it, and would not, even if she could, this cry of her motherland insensibly calling her home. She would go back to the little village of her girlhood, even though she be unknown and forgotten there. She could at least visit the graves of her father and mother, and put up to their memory there some fitting monument of their simple lives. Perhaps, too, when her heartache had grown less, she might do something with her wealth to help the poor children and old people of her native village. The harsh grating of the boat on the pebbles of the rocky landing-place at last awakened her from her reverie. She gathered her flowing black skirts about her and prepared to leave the boat. Many of the passengers had already stepped ashore, and were hurrying off to their seats on the "long car" which was waiting to bring them to the pretty seafaring village on the other side of the hill. The blind piper stood on the steps of the landing stage, bare-headed and hat in hand helping with his free hand, as was his wont, each passenger to alight. She noticed that many of these dropped a coin into his hat as they passed him by. Now it came to her turn, and as she stepped out on the slippery steps, wet with the receding tide, she gladly took the proffered hand of the poor piper out-stretched to help her. The hot sun poured down on his bare head, on his sightless eyes, and weather-beaten face, now grown suddenly cold and gray since the music of the beloved pipes had ceased. But as she placed her soft, warm hand in his, the face of Seagan Buide was suddenly transfigured with a shining glory. It was as if all the love and beauty, the joy, the pride, and glory of the world, of which his pipes had just been telling, were suddenly vouchsafed a moment to him; as if the light of the sun itself shone out from behind her face. He held her hand closely, tenderly in his own, and as he did so a quick tremor ran through his frame. "That," he said at last, in a soft, moving tone she had known so well in that far-off happy long ago, and his whole soul seemed to be turned towards her; "that is the hand of Nora Bawn O'Driscoll!" It was her own name, and as she stooped with a tender reverence and touched her fingers with his lips, she all at once seemed to realize what it was that had called her back. The hearts of Seagan Buide and of Nora Bawn were still young, and if they at length did not live happy that way may!

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

THE LEANING TOWERS

The leaning tower of Pisa is world famous, but there are two leaning towers that are seldom heard of though they are certainly marvels of architecture and worthy of much attention. They are to be seen at Bolton, as a spot where five streets join. The taller of the two is 320 feet high and is four feet out of the perpendicular. The shorter of the two is unfinished, and, though only 15 feet high, is no less than 8 feet out of the perpendicular. There is no doubt that if it had been completed it would have been the most marvelous leaning tower in the world. There is nothing beautiful about the towers, for they are built

JANE ALDEN'S LETTERS

WRITTEN BY A CONVERT TO PROSPECTIVE CONVERTS

Have you ever seen that picture of the "Good Shepherd" bending down and draw up to Him the little stray sheep? I have seen it many, many times, and each time it has had a new significance. At first I was that lost sheep, and my heart throbbled with anxiety over my own peril. I used to look up, wondering whether I would ever see the rescuing hand held out to me, or whether I would be doomed to hang on to the vague support upon which my feet rested till it gave way, carrying me with it into oblivion. Then one day my anguished eyes beheld what seemed to be a shadow of hope. I gazed at it, and to my astonishment found something strong to hold on to—something firm, yet tender, which drew me—drew me up, up, up, till I, too, stood upon the heights safe and secure. Now from the summit I can look down upon the struggling ones, and perhaps reach out my hand to help others who are climbing even as I once did. We are all sheep, and Christ is the Great Shepherd, but we human sheep are in many ways far more silly than the animals whose names we are called by. They are gentle, submissive, and follow wherever they are led, trusting implicitly to the one who has charge over them. But we hang back rebelliously, constantly questioning, tossed about by every wind that blows. Perhaps we are not entirely to blame; that is, not we ourselves. For long ago, our forefathers left the Fold seeking freedom, as they said, but instead of freedom they plunged themselves and all succeeding generations into a maelstrom of heresy and doubt. You think I speak as one who knows? Perhaps I do now, but it was not always so, and because of this,—because I have asked and have been answered, have sought and have found the true Faith—I am going to try to explain it to you. We will go step by step through each difficulty, and break down the barriers which seem to exist unaccountably. I say "seem," because they are not really there. Our eyes are blinded. We are afraid to believe, afraid of what "they" say. That mysterious "they" whom everyone fears, and who cast dust into our faces just when they are shining brightest. Looking back now, it seems as if through all my life, even in its earliest years there ran a vague, unarticulated longing. At first I did not know what it was,—could find no explanation,—but as I grew older I realized that my whole heart and soul was crying aloud for a firm faith in God. All around me I heard conflicting ideas. Each church contradicting the teachings of others, and turning the different chapters of the Bible this way and that way till it seemed one vast contradiction to which no explanation could be given. Wearily I turned from the door of one church after another, finding no peace in any one faith. It was just when my eyes had grown unaccountably tired with straining upward to an unseen goal that I saw the shadow of hope in the Catholic Church. I could scarcely believe it possible that any benefit should be found for me amongst the teachings which most of my friends reviled, but desperately I clung to them. For months I toiled over the questions which perplexed me, always doubting, half afraid to trust myself in its unknown paths. But little by little the light shone through till at last I stood in the dazzling brightness of the true Faith. "Now," thought I, "all my trouble is at an end"—at least it would have been if I had not let the things which "they say" worry me. And because I have gone through all this and have come out with a stronger, deeper reverence for my chosen Church I am going back over the whole ground step by step with you. Unless you have done as I did, you will scarcely be able to realize what it costs to turn your back upon the teachings of all your family and friends, and adopt as your own a Faith which seems the direct contradiction of all that you have ever learned. But if you have been through this mill you will soon find how instinctively dear this religion, for which you have sacrificed so much, soon becomes. Yes, can not hope to love or understand it perfectly at the very beginning. Nothing is of much value till you have fought for it, and earned the right to it. So, too, I had my moments of doubt, even after I had entered and had "burned my bridges" behind me. First of all "they said" that I was doing wrong to pray to the departed saints, or even think of them, and my narrow-mindedness found it hard to grasp. But the Good Shepherd was very kind and patient with his stubborn sheep, and answered each question so logically and clearly to permit the slightest doubt. I have some friends, exceptionally dear ones, and many times when in trouble I have asked them to pray for me, that I might be guided aright. Now, if we have the faith in a life after death which we are presumed to have, are not our dear ones living somewhere in God's great universe?

Is it not reasonable to believe that our prayers for them are listened to, and answered? We say we believe "in the life everlasting," do we not? Then surely our loved ones are living, not dead. This is all very true, you say, but it does not explain about the saints. Please wait. Stop and think a moment, and you will realize how few perfect ones have ever lived on earth, and how dear those few must be in the sight of God. Would He not willingly grant their petitions in reward for their great love for Him which sanctified their lives? And if we who are so sinful, so lax in our duty towards Him, strive to imitate their virtues and ask their assistance, can this be wrong? If so, then it is equally wrong for me to ask my living friends, whom I love, you say, that they pray for me. Living and dead, past and present are bound together by the chains of God's love. We are one great family, mutually helping each other—yet Catholics are doing wrong to venerate the saints.

Then again my friends question our use of statues or pictures. Yet when I visited their homes I found countless photos of relatives and friends adorning their rooms, but their Greatest Friend, Christ, was nowhere to be seen. They hung pictures of Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Rossini, Bonheur, Corneille, and any other worldly favorite upon their walls, but Mary, blessed amongst women, the one woman above all others whom God chose to carry out His Divine plan, was thought unworthy of any place. Can you tell me why? And as for praying to the picture—when a mother picks up the photo of her absent boy and kissing it, breathes a prayer to God for his safety, is she praying to it or to God? If I keep my eyes upon the pictured face of Christ while I murmur my petition my attention is more apt to be firmly held than if I have no such image for my mind to cling to. If we were all strong enough to fix our minds upon Our Savior without the help of visible things we might do without pictures, but we are only human and need the evidence of our eyes to sustain our wandering thoughts.

While walking with a friend one day we passed a window where church goods were displayed, and at the sight of a crucifix she exclaimed, "Oh, how I hate to see those things! It gives me the creeps. I think they are heathenish." Yet neither fear of the heathens, nor dislike, nor "creeps" kept Christ from suffering for our sins the terrible death of which we see only the symbol. She was a Christian and loved God, but could not bear to see His cross, or the picture of His Mother. And "they say" the Catholic Church is inconsistent. Fanny, isn't it?

Do you see how glorious a thing it is to be able to point to a higher, wiser authority for every act which you do? No country, not even the tiniest town, can run smoothly along with no definite form of government, but the ever-lasting City of Religion is supposed to be able to stand firm with no ruler, no advisors, no infallible guide. Of all the churches you know or hear about, which one stands unshaken by the present-day waves of heresy and godless principles? Which church is steadily growing in spite of terrible opposition? What church can point with pride to the little ones in her care and say, "These are the Master's sheep, and they are safe?" You will say that these very sheep often go astray, and it is all too true. But which Church turns out the greatest majority of clean manhood? I have studied and tested it all, and the answer is found in the Catholic Church alone. So let others say what they will—hold fast and you will soon see a way to answer every question and perhaps do, as I hope I am doing now, lead some weary soul back into the "House of the Lord."

We know each other now, and I have tried to tell you how reasonable every part of our Faith seems when once you understand and grasp its beauty. We are near to one another, you and I, and only two converts traveling side by side can be. I have traveled by little ahead, and am looking back to smooth the rocks from your path, or tempt you to join me. Will you come?—The Missionary.

LOYALTY TO THE "POOR SOULS"

"Forgetfulness of the dead is a peculiarly base form of inconstancy," says the Catholic Universe. "What ever obligations we owe to the living—of kinship, or friendship, or common charity—are immeasurably increased when the living become the dead and lose the use of those opportunities of eternal gain that make life most precious. Death is a surer bond than life because ester from life's inevitable changes and estrangements, and its faithfulness as well as its helpfulness is a claim upon the generosity of the living. The 'poor souls,' we call the dead who are expiating their sins in purgatory, not because they are poorer than we who have not yet won purgatory's assurance of heaven, but because they are beggars in so complete a sense that they can receive no help unless it comes as the alms of our charity. To the earthly mendicant a fraction of the rich man's wealth represents affluence, and to the souls in purgatory one day of life's opportunities of grace and petition stands for the attainment of eternal happiness. The prayers we give them are not great gifts in themselves, but they become inestimably great in the good purchase."

LITERATURE IN THE HOME

Every mother desires the success of her children, and this is quite natural, but it is of the greatest importance to discover in what success consists, and then what are the means to secure it. There is sometimes seen in a community a family whose members are honored above their neighbors; both parents and children receive the confidence of their Pastor and others. Sometimes this compliment provokes the ill-will of the thoughtless, who fail to recognize the cause—superior ability.

One such instance recurs to my mind. A lad in the elocution class gave in so slovenly a manner the extract assigned to him that the teacher called from a lower class a much younger boy, who recited the selection, with delightful clearness of enunciation, eloquent modulation and rare gracefulness of demeanor. The listeners showed their appreciation by their enthusiastic applause. The difference between the two lads was traceable to their mothers, or rather, to their grandmothers. In one family the station in life was the same, but in one home reading was a delight, and the parents led their little ones along the flowery paths of knowledge.

There succeeded to the study of the catechism readings in Scripture and church history. The children were taught the Mass so carefully that they could unite with the very words of the Priest when Mass was in progress. They recited in Latin the Gloria, Credo and Pater Noster; the other parts in English as the priest said the words in Latin. The father of such a family had been taught by a blind aunt who lived in that Emerald Isle, where persecution drew the faithful to the church. They prized the faith in proportion to the price they paid for it—many gave their lives.

In the household of the intelligent Catholic the arrival of the Catholic weekly paper is a delight. Therein may be found the answers to many of the charges against the faith which are met in intercourse with non-Catholics. The Catholic weekly, read aloud in the family, furnishes information not only on the facts, but by the exquisite style of the writer, but by the variety and excellence of the articles add greatly to the knowledge of science and of scientific men, who have been also faithful sons of the Church, loyal to their God and useful to the world, whether as statesmen, physicians, artists or artisans, or in any occupation in life.

It is but recently that a well known priest received a call from a committee of men prominent in the municipal affairs of a great city who desired the names of some men of the parish who were capable of administering certain departments. The priest expressed surprise, and asked if there was some mistake. But no, a clean administration was desired, and only men of good principles could cope with the existing corruption.

The home wherein good reading is cultivated is usually remarkable for the courteous manners of the family; gentleness and good English give a pleasing grace and a delightful voice. Familiarity with good reading is like companionship with good society, both stimulate and refine. The young folks are prepared for the success that comes to the deserving.—Catholic Bulletin.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A CATHOLIC?

Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, 1915, begins the three hundredth year since the poet's death which occurred on April 23, 1616. As a fitting preparation for the observance of this tercentenary celebration Catholic students of Shakespeare should examine thoroughly all the evidence that can be adduced to prove that he was a Catholic, and in a special way belong to us. In the following paper the main heads of that evidence are presented:

There is no doubt that Shakespeare's mother lived and died a Catholic. Her name was Mary Arden and many of the Ardens continued to be staunch Catholics even during the dangers of Elizabeth's reign. Indeed, one of the prominent members of the family suffered death for the faith. Shakespeare's mother, moreover, made a will in which there is a mention of the Blessed Virgin, a custom that had gone out of vogue in England at this time except among Catholics. Shakespeare's father, too, is on the list of Stratford recusants who were summoned by the court for not attending the Anglican service on Sundays. Shakespeare's immediate surroundings, likewise, were distinctly Catholic, for the spirit of the old religion had not died as yet in England. Indeed, it was very much alive in the central portion of the country.

It is sometimes said, however, that there can be no question of Shakespeare's being a Catholic for he was married, baptized and buried in the Anglican Church. But these facts, it must be remembered, have in themselves no such significance as they would possess at the present time. There was no way of having the birth of a child properly registered then in England except by having it baptized in the Church by law established. Obsequies also had to be observed according to the Anglican rite, for the only cemetery was close to the parish church. As for Shakespeare's marriage, in recent years the interesting suggestion has been made that the real reason for the circumstances attending the ceremony, which are supposed to carry a

hint of scandal with them, is because he was originally married by a Catholic priest. As it was then very perilous for a priest to show himself in public or to perform any official church service, the marriage was, of course, performed secretly. Anne Hathaway's family, moreover, was Catholic by tradition and about the time of the marriage it is known that a priest, not entirely without the knowledge of the local authorities, used to say Mass privately, in the loft of one of the houses at Shottery.

But if Shakespeare was a Catholic should not his plays show it? Unquestionably. And I maintain they do. Commentators have pointed out for instance, that Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet" follows Arthur Brooke's "Tragicall History of Romeo and Juliet" very closely. He has, however, changed the whole of the play's attitude towards the Catholic Church. Confession instead of being a source of sin actually protects the young people from their own passion in the most difficult circumstances, and almost succeeds in rescuing them from an unfortunate complication. Instead of being "superstitious," Friar Lawrence is pictured as a dear old man interested in his plants and what they can do for mankind, but interested still more in human souls, trying to care for them and quite willing to do everything that he can, even risking the displeasure of two noble houses rather than have the young people commit sin. Friar Lawrence is represented in general as one to whom Romeo and Juliet would naturally turn in their difficulty.

But "King John," it is maintained, represents an altogether different attitude toward the Church. In that play they assert that are passages which make it very clear that Shakespeare shares the general feeling of the men of England in his time. King John protests, for example:

That no Italian priest Shall tithes or toll in our dominions. But as we, under heaven, are supreme head, So under Him that great supremacy, Where we do reign, we will alone uphold, Without the assistance of a mortal hand: So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart To him and his usur'd authority.

In this play, too, there are some bitter comments on monks which would seem to prove that Shakespeare shared the opinions of many of his contemporaries regarding monasticism. But let us turn to "The Tenthredine" of King John, in which Shakespeare made his play, was probably written in the year of the Spanish Armada when English national feeling ran very high and there was bitter antagonism against Catholicism as the religion of England's greatest enemies. The dramatist was not quite sure who it was—allegedly took advantage of this political situation in order to gain favor for his play. He tickled the ears of the groundlings and attracted popular attention by stimulating the prejudice of his audience. Shakespeare modified all this to a very marked extent when he rewrote the play seven years later, though it can be seen that he used many of the words of the original version and was evidently following it very closely. But for some good reason he was manifestly minimizing all the anti-Catholic bias in it though letting stand whatever sentiments were suitable for such characters as King John and his entourage. In the matter of monks and nuns and their treatment in the original version of "King John," Shakespeare has been even more drastic in the changes that he made.

But the best evidence of Shakespeare's attitude toward the Anglican Church is to be found in "King Henry VIII," one of his poet's greatest plays and the last he wrote. Some of the Wolsley speeches in it are the finest examples of English that were ever penned. It is conceded by all the critics to be the ripest fruit of his mature years. Therefore, if a play can be considered the expression of Shakespeare's settled opinion, that play is "Henry VIII." Now it so happens that the subject of "Henry VIII" is exactly the story of how the change of religion came about in England. But it is sometimes urged that the fifth act, with its culminating scene in the birth of Elizabeth, and the high prospects for England and the rejoicings which this occasioned, indicates that the writer considered that the marriage of King Henry to Anne Boleyn and the birth of a daughter by that union marked a great epoch in English history and, above all, that the steps that led to this happy termination, though dramatically blameworthy, must be condoned owing to their happy consequences. It is well known, however, that the fifth act by every test known to Shakespearean commentators was not written by Shakespeare at all, but by Fletcher.

Our knowledge of Shakespeare's relations with people in London would indicate that a great number of his friends and intimates were Catholics. It is possible that the Burbages, the actors with whom he was so closely joined during most of his dramatic career, belonged to the Warwickshire Catholic family of that name. One of Shakespeare's dearest friends, the Earl of Southampton, who was his patron in early years, and his supporter when he bought the Black Friars' theater, was closely allied to a Catholic family and, as Simpson has pointed out, was cradled in Catholic surroundings.

The conversion of Ben Jonson about the middle of the last decade of the sixteenth century showed how easily men might be Catholics in London at this time. Ben Jonson was in the Marshalsea prison on a charge of murder in 1594 and found himself surrounded by priests who were charged with treason because of their refusal to take the oath of supremacy. By associating with them Jonson became a Catholic and when released from prison married a Catholic wife. His child was baptized Mary, and Shakespeare was chosen as her sponsor. This choice of a godfather seems to indicate that Shakespeare was a Catholic at this time for, in his order as a new convert, Ben Jonson would scarcely have selected an Anglican for that office.

One more proof of Shakespeare's Catholicism in conclusion: About the close of the seventeenth century the neighboring county of Staffordshire but who was well acquainted with Stratford and its history, and who could easily have had very definite sources of information denied to us, declared that Shakespeare "died a papist." It would have been perfectly possible, it must be remembered, for Archbishop Davies to have spoken during the years that the poet spent in Stratford at the end of his life. After this review of the evidence I can not but conclude that Shakespeare not only "died a papist," but also lived as one.—James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., in America.

EFFICACY OF THE MASS

The Lenten pastoral of Bishop Hedley is an admirably fervent exhortation to make use of the Mass as the most efficacious means of placating Almighty God and of delivering the world from the scourges which it is now afflicted. Before speaking of the August Sacrifice, however, the Bishop explains the duty of prayer, its propitiatory and intercessory power, its offices, and fruits; declaring that at so momentous a time as the present this duty is a most pressing one. War, plague, famine, flood and earthquake are chastisements of God, and He wills that it should cease by the repentance and prayers of His people.

The Bishop points out that, while private afflictions may be good for us, spiritually, and therefore we should never pray to be delivered from them, except with careful submission to the will of God, public calamities are not favorable to His Kingdom. "They are intended to correct great evils and to teach the world great lessons; but as long as they last, they, on the whole, and with most men, interrupt, interfere with and spoil both the internal and the external activity of love, prayer, and work, which ought to be the unceasing life of the Christian soul. Fear, suffering, uncertainty, apprehension, hunger and wandering sanctify the saints, and turn men and nations to their Creator and their Last End; but they are more or less fatal to religious practice, whether individual or general; they hinder sacramental life, they silence and paralyze the word of God, and too often they desolate the altar and devastate the Church. . . . Nothing can be more vital to the world's welfare than the peace and well being of organized religion. On that depend the religion of every individual, the eternal salvation of the multitudes, the practice of the Christian ideals, the education of the young, and the happy deaths of those for whom Christ died. If, therefore, the Church—for that is what we mean by the Christian community—is disturbed by heresy, by war, by pestilence, or by persecution, it is a calamity which has the most far-reaching consequences." Therefore, it must be the divine will that when men's hearts have turned from evil, public calamities should have an end.

The Mass, as no well instructed Catholic needs to be reminded, is the supreme means of intercession with God and the most stupendous act of adoration and thanksgiving; but it is also the great sacrifice of propitiation and impetration. . . . Just as the sacrifice of the Cross made atonement for divine justice for all the sin of the world, and merited for men all help and protection unto life everlasting, so the Mass applies this satisfaction and impetration daily and hourly to the end of time." The Bishop's further words call for extended quotation:

"The Church teaches that the Sacrifice of the Mass is a true propitiatory sacrifice; that we find therein mercy and grace when we stand in need of assistance;" and that it is rightly and justly offered for the remission of sin, and of the punishments of sin, for satisfaction and for other necessities." (The Council of Trent, Sess. xxii.) Let us observe that this offering of propitiation is not the same thing as the effect of impetration. As we shall see just now, impetration means obtaining a thing by prayer, and the Mass is the greatest and best of prayers. But propitiation is something different; that belongs to the Mass because it is the Mass, and can never be separated from it. It means that the Mass placates Almighty God, as the phrase is and causes His just anger to cease. We must not suppose that in the most pure bosom of the God-head there is any passion of anger, such as it is experienced by mortal men. But, however we express it, it is certain that God pun-

ishes as if He were justly angry; and when He is said to be propitiated or placated, the effects of what we call His anger are suspended and He punishes no longer.

It is of faith that this propitiation of our God and Creator, which was perfectly accomplished by the Cross, is applied to the course of Christian life by the Mass. The importance of this tenet of faith arises from this consideration—that no graces, blessings or deliverance from evil can be obtained by men, however ardently they may pray for them, unless the just and holy anger of God is first made to cease. Hence, any of the faithful who follow the admirable prayers of the Mass must have noticed how frequently the priest prays that the sacrifice may placate—that is, appease or propitiate Almighty God. In the words of the Roman Catechism, "The Holy Eucharist was instituted that the Church might have a perpetual sacrifice by which our sins might be expiated, and our Heavenly Father, so often grievously offended by our wickedness, might be turned from anger to mercy, from just severity to clemency." (Part 2, ch. iv.)

It may be said, without extravagance or exaggeration, that it is difficult to understand how the world could be allowed to continue to exist without the daily propitiation which is offered by the Mass. Consider the sinfulness of men in every age—in the past and in the present; consider how human life, even in Christian countries, is little else than sin; consider the forgetfulness of God, the indifference to His obedience; the pride, the selfishness, the violence, the injustice, and the impurity that prevail everywhere on the face of the earth. Could things have been worse when the waters of the Deluge were sent to destroy the greater part of the race? Would it be any easier to find just men in our own day than it was to find them in Sodom and Gomorrah? Did the children of Israel deserve more justly the wars and the plagues that darkened the pages of the chronicles and the Prophets than the civilized peoples who boast of the Gospel light? God still visits men in His wrath; but it is certain that His visitations are less terrible, less disastrous, and less absolute than they were before Christ came. Where can we find the reason for this except in the propitiation of Calvary, renewed and applied daily in the innumerable Masses that are our happy privilege as children of the Church? The Mass is offered for our well being and that of the whole world—pro nostra totiusque mundi salute.

The Mass is the rainbow—the true rainbow symbolized by that which gladdened the eyes of those who came down out of the Ark. Of the Mass it can be said even more absolutely than when the words were spoken on the slopes of Mount Ararat, "When I shall cover the sky with clouds, My bow shall appear in the clouds, and I shall see it, and shall remember the everlasting covenant that was made between God and every living soul which is upon the earth." (Genesis, ix, 14.) There is nothing that should so fill our hearts with certainty in the mercy of God—with hope and trust that He will deliver us, and deliver the world from the present awful war—as the grace of hearing Mass. Everyone who assists at Mass and devoutly unites in the great action does his part in lifting from the world the chastisement which the world has deserved.

As has been said, the Mass is also a prayer. When the divine anger has been appeased, prayer can approach the Throne; for the gates of justice are unbarred, and there is nothing in the way. But the prayer, or impetration, of the Mass is not ordinary prayer. In the Mass it is Christ, our Head, who prays; and we, His brethren, do no more than join our stammering accents with His mighty cry. As St. Alfonso says, "God more readily hears our prayers during Mass than at any other time. He does indeed at all times impart His graces, as often as they are asked of Him through the merits of Jesus Christ. But during Mass He dispenses them in more abundant measure; for our prayers are then accompanied and supported by the prayers of Jesus Christ, and they acquire through His intercession an incomparably greater efficacy, because Jesus is the High Priest who offers Himself in the Mass to obtain grace for us. The time of the celebration of Mass is the hour at which

Our Lord sits upon that throne of grace to which, according to the counsels of the Apostle, we should draw near to find mercy and help in all our necessities."

The Bishop concludes by urging his flock to hear Mass daily, intelligently and fervently; thus giving glory to God, honoring the Faith, extending the Church, bringing themselves very near to Christ, and drawing down blessings upon the world. "If Mass in war time makes every one of us a more real and earnest Catholic, peace will be all the sooner restored."—Ave Maria.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is our helper.—Mason.

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The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1915

THE POPE'S INFALLIBILITY

The gigantic struggle of nations embattled against nations with its ever accumulating horrors has shocked into silence the self-complacent prophets of the decadent modern philosophy of life.

Mockingly or despairingly is heard the query: "Is Christianity a failure?" Sober second thought rejects the implication. Neither national ideals nor social ideals have been Christian.

Amongst these is worthy of note that of a high class English weekly, The Spectator. "The claim of infallibility," says The Spectator, in an article reproduced in World Wide, "constitutes the Papacy a grand interpreter of civilization."

Leading the world in modern thought and tendency, leading in Science and culture, in whose governing classes both politically and intellectually rationalism had superseded Christianity, Germany shocks the world by the logical and ultimate development and application of the very principles that the world loved so much: the State supreme, the State a law unto itself, the State above all restraint of the moral law, the State's right limited only by the State's might.

With the awful consequences of bankrupt modern philosophy before their eyes it is not surprising that deep in the hearts of men there is questioning and weighing of things hitherto unquestioned and unconsidered. Beyond the clash of arms, the thunder of guns, and the welter of blood and carnage, stands one great power with no army, with no navy; centred in one old man, powerless, in a worldly sense, amongst the world's great powers, yet representing and exercising a power to which the world at this time instinctively turns.

But the popular saying has it that, "no man is infallible." Good Protestants, nevertheless, proclaim the writers of the Bible infallible, and more than that, inspired.

Now inspiration is something more than infallibility. The Spectator may speak for those who believe neither in an infallible Church nor an infallible Book; neither in an infallible interpreter, nor inspired writer. Certainly the Bible and its inspired writers are a greater "super-human pretension" than an infallible interpreter of revealed truth.

God leads us by strange ways; we know He wills our happiness, but we neither know what our happiness is, nor the way. Left to ourselves, we should take the wrong way; we must leave it to Him—Cardinal Newman.

should, then, be no insuperable difficulty in recognizing that Peter the Rock on which Christ built His Church against which the gates of hell are powerless, Peter for whom Christ prayed that his faith should not fail and whom he commissioned to confirm his brethren, Peter whom they recognize as one of the inspired writers, there should be no insuperable difficulty in recognizing that Peter might also enjoy the lesser prerogative of infallibility. And if Peter, then Leo and Pius and Benedict, for Christ's promises are "to the consummation of the world."

Prejudice and bias and pre-conceived notions aside there is no "superhuman pretension" involved in the Pope's infallibility that is not involved in still greater degree in believing that the Bible is the inspired Word of God. And the visitor from another planet whom The Spectator calls in an unprejudiced witness would probably observe that nowhere in the civilized world, or in the uncivilized world either for that matter, is law left to interpret itself. There are judges and courts for that purpose; and always and everywhere some court of final appeal.

The Spectator confidently appeals to the planetary visitor. See this awful war, it involves questions of morals. Now the Pope claims to be infallible in questions of faith and morals. "We say nothing about faith but surely if ever there were a plain occasion for moral direction and moral judgment this war provides one." And The Spectator makes the other planet stranger silently acquiesce in the English Protestant view.

But the stranger might ask: Do you acknowledge the Pope's claim? And he would have to be told that England made it treason to be a papist. Many died martyrs, but as a great English historian says: "A whole nation could not be expected to imitate the example of Reynolds and Hale, and the three Carthusian priors, and Bishop Fisher, and Sir Thomas More. How many could calmly face the prospect of strangulation, the ripping knife, the block, to yield their testimony to the belief that there was a law above the laws of Parliament and the will of a despotic king?" Then the stranger might remark: England drove the Pope out of her national life? She does not believe in his mission? The Spectator might answer: Oh never mind questions of faith; we don't know what we believe and don't care what others believe; but isn't that a good one on the Pope who claims to be infallible in questions of morals? But the stranger amused in an other-worldly sort of way at the Englishman's rock-like prejudice might surprise and pain The Spectator by desiring to inform himself on the papal claims from some not unfriendly source. And he would find that neither Pope nor Church claims infallible guidance except in defining the principles of morality. For instance, to take an example unaffected by war passions, the Church infallibly defines as part of Christian revelation that Christian marriage is indissoluble except by death. She does not claim that in a particular marriage case that her courts are infallibly guided. Such decisions are human judgments based on human testimony and attain only human certainty. But she proclaims and safeguards the eternal principle of Christian morality that Christian marriage can be dissolved by no earthly power, not even by the Pope. Thus she stands as adamant against the corroding and corrupting influence of pagan sensuality as embodied in pagan divorce laws.

The Spectator confuses the infallibility of the supreme teacher in matters of faith and morals with the duty of infallibly arbitrating all human disputes.

"And the soldiers also mocked Him, coming to Him and offering Him vinegar, and saying: If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself and us."

"Yah, thou that destroyest the temple of God, and in three days buildest it up again; save Thyself, coming down from the cross."

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THE POPE AND PEACE To those who find fault with the Holy Father's constant desire and appeal for peace Rome very pertinently points out a fundamental misconception of the whole question:

Thus it would seem as if everybody except the Pope still wants more misery, more destruction, more bloodshed. Mere argument is of little use against such a psychological state. And yet in normal times it would be obvious that all the objections raised against the Pope's efforts for peace are based on an elementary misconception. People are confusing peace with the conditions of peace but Benedict XV, who for the last eight months has never ceased to invoke peace through every means available to him, has not yet said a single word about the conditions of peace. The conditions of peace must, for weal or woe, depend on the results of the war—not merely the apparent results up to the present, but the results that would in all human probability be obtained by continuing the war to the bitter end. In reality the Holy Father is only asking the United States and the belligerents themselves to begin to consider the possibility of stopping now, rather than six months or a year hence, the destruction of human life and happiness which has been going on day after day since last August.

There is also behind all such objections to the consideration of peace the despairing conviction that only by crushing victory and overwhelming force can satisfactory peace terms be reached. Is it treason not to despair of humanity and civilization?

THE AMERICAN NOTE Before the RECORD will have reached its readers Germany's answer to the American note on the sinking of the Lusitania will probably have been given to the press. Seen in the perspective of the horrors of this War the sinking of the Lusitania is a small matter. Nevertheless it involves a principle of international law hitherto unquestioned. And this principle the United States vigorously and unequivocally asserts. "American citizens act within their indisputable rights in taking their ships and in travelling wherever their legitimate business calls them upon the high seas and exercise those rights in what should be the well justified confidence that their lives will not be endangered by acts done in clear violation of universally acknowledged international obligations, and certainly in the confidence that their own Government will sustain them in the exercise of their rights."

Germany proceeds on the assumption that international law as hitherto understood is abrogated; that England in intercepting foodstuffs for the civilian population of a country not blockaded, creating a "military area" of the North Sea, and otherwise has disregarded international law as heretofore understood and accepted. Germany claims to have herein justification for her proclamation of a "war zone" around the British Islands, and she proclaimed that "travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk."

Any such justification is anticipated in the American note when it says: "No warning that an unlawful and inhuman act will be committed can possibly be accepted as an excuse or palliation for that act or an abatement of the responsibility for its commission."

The United States stands squarely and firmly against the position taken by Germany in her submarine warfare. Will Germany recede from that position? If not will the United States be drawn into the War? It has been suggested that Germany is deliberately attempting to draw the United States into war. Then she might freely make submarine war on all shipping coming from America, and the output of American munition factories would be diverted to domestic purposes. Whatever temporary advantage might thus be gained would be utterly insignificant compared to the final enlistment of the tremendous resources of the United States on the side of the Allies. We may conclude that there will be no war with the States, unless, as some suggest, that the German authorities would really welcome some such excuse for suing for peace. They might thus save their faces with their own people by pointing out that no other course was possible with the world in arms against them.

But that war between the States and Germany is even by the strongest pro-British papers regarded as only a remote possibility is indicated by this concluding paragraph in an editorial of the N. Y. Times:

"The people's full confidence in the President is to be justified. He will in no sense misrepresent them. His note will give no provocation to war, its whole purpose will be to avert misunderstandings that might sever friendly relations. He is with conscience, with sincerity, and with firmness seeking to avert the great calamity of war, without involving us in the greater calamity of invoking the reproach of supine toleration of unbearable wrongs."

After the President's note had been published the Times said: "The President brings clearly into view Germany's way out. He is conciliatory to the point of clearly indicating the terms of a reply that will meet our demands. We can not believe that (Germany) will choose the path to perdition."

Do Catholics read anything but their prayer books? What a ridiculous question, you say. And at first sight it does seem ridiculous. But to the struggling Catholic author enumerating his sales it seems anything but absurd. He at least may be pardoned for thinking that a great number of Catholics never read anything but the "Key of Heaven" or "The Garden of the Soul."

THE ABOVE, as read with its context, was not written with intent of anticipating the judgment of the Church, or of imputing more than human authority to the many edifying incidents related of the holy Pontiff. But, at least, the author hopes, as all may hope and pray, that an examination of the Pope's life and works, if made, will fully satisfy the rigorous conditions required for the honors of the altar, and that in due time we may rejoice in being able to publicly honor and invoke him whom all Catholics so loved and venerated during his lifetime.

PIUS X. WAS, before all things, a Pastor and Shepherd, whose first concern was God's glory and the salvation of men. His pontificate will be forever illustrious for its great works undertaken and carried through successfully against every human prognotication, but, it is safe to predict, it will shine even more gloriously by reason of the personal sanctity of the man, and that beautiful and winning simplicity of character which impressed itself so strongly upon all those whose privilege it was to know him or, at any time during that memorable decade, to have looked into his face and heard his voice.

WHILE THE virtues of Pius X. were universally acknowledged during his life and especially at his death, it is Catholics only who can really appreciate the measure of the world's indebtedness to him. Aside from his personal character, the Pope who crushed the head of the rising serpent of Modernism, who delivered the Church in France from threatened slavery; who reaffirmed the sanctity of the marriage tie and brought into prominence the Church's supernatural guardianship of its sacramental character; who codified the laws of the Church; set on foot the revision of the Latin Vulgate—one of the greatest works in the realm of scholarship undertaken for centuries; and who did so much for the spreading and deepening of devotion to the Holy Eucharist—a Pope who was responsible for all this and more, can scarcely fail to take his place in the Church's annals as among the very greatest of her Pontiffs, and a man after God's own heart. That the honors of the altar should be the heritage of such an one would seem to human eyes to be a natural and fitting climax.

THE SINKING of the Lusitania under such appalling and horrifying circumstances, taken with the finding of the Commission named by Parliament, under the presidency of Viscount Bryce, to investigate and report on "outrages alleged to have been committed by German troops during the present war" would seem to have removed all doubt as to the reality of said outrages. Many people—we think most people—have been inclined to consider current reports as greatly exaggerated: the result of the Commission's investigation is to show that their gravity has been rather understated—a finding which is borne out by the German Government's tacit acceptance of responsibility for the Lusitania horror, and its insistent bearing in respect to the same.

FROM Arras to the sea at least three separate and tremendous battles have been fought. In former days any of them would have decided the fate of nations; to-day they are but

CATHOLIC JOURNALS, whether on this side of the water, or the other, have shown no disposition to judge the German people harshly in this matter, or unduly to anticipate the findings of history. They have been disposed rather to allow for heated exaggerations and to lay the responsibility at the door of that ruthless and overbearing Prussian military spirit of which the world has heard so much and had so many concrete examples since this War began. But the German Government's own attitude toward the sinking of the Lusitania puts at rest all such doubts and scruples, and proclaims the Kaiser's posture as a "man of God" to be a farce which can be fittingly characterized only by such adjectives as impious or profane. The Prussian military theory must be judged by its own standards.

WE SAW last week that the savagery of the German troops in Belgium were but the working out of a deliberate system which exalts terror and outrage into legitimate weapons of warfare. Aside from the later official admissions, we are not left to conjecture on this point. Catholics in the nature of things have, in Belgium and France, been the chief sufferers, and from the lips of prelates of European reputation we have details of the appalling sacrileges which have resulted. At a meeting in Westminster Cathedral Hall in February last, Mgr. de Waeleer, Auxiliary Bishop to Cardinal Mercier, recounted some of the doings of the German armies in Belgium. They would be unbelievable if emanating from an unauthorized source, and are recorded only as showing the lengths to which misguided human nature can go under the aegis of a debased philosophy.

AT the meeting referred to Bishop Waeleer thus delivered himself. The full significance of his words can be understood only by Catholics:

"He said that he had been informed recently of awful cases of sacrilege committed in Belgian churches. The German system, he said, was to frighten and to terrorize. They had no respect for churches or convents of religious institutes of any kind. Everything had to be destroyed. They had used churches for stabling horses, and had indulged in all sorts of excesses in sacred buildings. In the case of one beautiful cathedral, so many sacrileges had been committed in it, said the Bishop, that it had to be consecrated again by Cardinal Mercier before the Holy Sacrifice could be offered in it. The Cardinal performed the ceremony of consecration in the presence of the German Burgomaster. He had heard from priests of sacrilege committed in other places, the details of which would horrify anyone. Certainly several priests had died as martyrs and had given their lives for the faith. German soldiers dressed in the best vestments played and danced in the churches and fell to the ground in a state of drunkenness. Nothing but ruins remained in many cases, and he had received information of priests saying Mass in cellars, a spectacle which drew tears from the eyes of all present. That was the state of things in Belgium now, not only in the diocese of Malines, but in other dioceses.

IF THE War, with all its appalling sufferings and sacrifices, succeeds in abolishing forever from the earth a spirit so atrocious and detestable, it will, in the judgment of humanity, not have been waged in vain.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

While on the Eastern front the Russians seem to be at last making a stand against the onrush of the Austro-German drive, in the west the French gained a sweeping victory. The French offensive on the right swept on toward the Arras-Lens road like a flood. It gained the heights of Notre Dame de Lorette, the hills west of it and flowed round the villages of Ablain, Carency, Souchez and Neuville, St. Vaast and almost isolated them with their German garrisons. By dint of the expenditure of 270 rounds of high explosives per gun one day all the German defenses except the villages were leveled to the ground. The allies have good hope that the German troops will be destroyed and the French generals who are leading this powerful and valiant attack will gain great success if they can break through the hard outer crust of the German defenses. The British believe they can scatter the German armies, whose offensive causes them no concern at all. But to break this hard crust they need more high explosives, more heavy howitzers and more men. This special form of warfare has no precedent.—Globe, May 15.

THREE GREAT BATTLES

From Arras to the sea at least three separate and tremendous battles have been fought. In former days any of them would have decided the fate of nations; to-day they are but

very many books, even "best sellers" which should never be found in the hands of Catholics. Furthermore, there are many books which if morally blameless are worthless, and the reading of which is a pure waste of time at best. Life is too serious to be frittered away over the pages of "shilling shockers." We should, then, exercise good judgment in selecting our literary fare. We should feed our minds upon healthy food, and we should realize that we have a duty to our own Catholic authors that we should not be slow to perform.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IT WILL be no surprise to Catholics throughout the world who take an intelligent interest in their Faith and who followed closely the late Pontificate, to learn that the sanctity of Pius X. is universally acclaimed in Church circles in Rome, and that the probability of the introduction of his cause, looking to his eventual canonization, is common subject of discussion. "There are thousands of Catholics who believe," says a clerical contemporary, "that the late Pope was a saint—not only a saintly man as all the world knows him to have been, but a veritable saint of God, to be named with the great ones who glorify the Church's calendar."

THE ABOVE, as read with its context, was not written with intent of anticipating the judgment of the Church, or of imputing more than human authority to the many edifying incidents related of the holy Pontiff. But, at least, the author hopes, as all may hope and pray, that an examination of the Pope's life and works, if made, will fully satisfy the rigorous conditions required for the honors of the altar, and that in due time we may rejoice in being able to publicly honor and invoke him whom all Catholics so loved and venerated during his lifetime.

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incidents. Whatever the issue, both sides alike are compelled after a few days to pause. The lines must be readjusted and consolidated; fresh troops brought up to fill the great gaps in the ranks; supplies of ammunition renewed and time is needed for removal of the dead, dying and maimed from the battlefield.

The losses have been great on our side as well as the Germans. In no action during the war have so many men fallen in the same period of time as in the last few days. If a survey is taken of the whole length of the battle line the allies have good reason for congratulation, confidence and hope.

Furious and determined attacks by the Germans have repeatedly been launched at the British lines. All have been repulsed with heavy slaughter. But the determination to drive the allies out of the last acre of Belgium seems no whit abated and the pressure upon the British lines at Ypres is still tremendous, if unavailing.

It is in heavy artillery that the enemy have a marked superiority. The German heavy guns knock the trenches to pieces and deprive the infantry of shelter. Describing the check to the British army at Fromelles, when, after gaining a footing in the enemy's trenches, the infantry were forced to retire. "We lacked high explosives to level the enemy's parapets. Until we are thoroughly equipped for this trench warfare we stand under grave disadvantages. If we can break through the hard outer crust of German defences, we believe we can scatter the German armies, but to break this crust we need more explosives, more heavy howitzers and more men." The cry from all parts of the British lines is keeping him moving.

While the Russian victory in eastern Galicia and Bukovina is not to be compared in importance with that of the Germans in western Galicia, it is, nevertheless, a most substantial one. On Tuesday, after having been badly defeated, with the loss of thousands of men taken prisoners in an action on the south bank of the Dniester, the Austrians retreated rapidly. A Petrograd official statement issued last night says: "The Austrian army evacuated on the eleventh a strongly fortified position, extending from the Bistrica River (near Stanislaw) to the Roumanian frontier, in length about 94 miles, and fell back precipitately on the twelfth, beyond the River Pruth. The Germans, which was sacrificed in repeated charges to protect the general retreat, was dispersed by our fire. Our cavalry divisions broke through the enemy's front at various points, and by successful charges threw the enemy's columns which were on the march into disorder. Our vigorous pursuit continues under conditions particularly favorable to us. The great number of prisoners we already have taken is being rapidly increased."—Globe, May 15.

Thus we have had "The Fighting Bishop," "The Eloquent Bishop" and the like, but the name of Bishop Colton, the fourth Bishop of Buffalo, will go down in the history of the diocese as "The Working Bishop."

Born in New York City, October 15, 1848, the late Bishop received his early education in Public School No. 5, there having been no available parochial schools at the time. Later he prepared for college at the Latin School of St. Stephen's Church, and in 1869 entered the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier, continuing his studies there for three years. In September, 1872, he entered St. Joseph's Theological Seminary at Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained to the priesthood, June 10, 1876. Immediately after his ordination he was appointed assistant pastor of St. Stephen's Church at the request of Rev. D. E. McGlynn, one of his former teachers, who was then the rector of the church.

For ten years he was an energetic assistant, performing his duties with a humility characteristic of the newest curate in a parish. In the latter part of 1886 he was appointed pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, at Port Chester, N. Y. Shortly after he was called back to St. Stephen's to act as assistant once more, and within a few months Archbishop Corrigan appointed him to the pastorate. It was in this capacity that he displayed his remarkable executive and business ability.

When he assumed the pastorate of St. Stephen's the parish was encumbered with a debt of \$150,000 and the lack of a school. During his incumbency this debt was extinguished, \$185,000 was expended for the erection and site of a parish school house; two residence buildings were purchased for a cost of \$40,000, and the church property was improved and kept in good repair.

On March 5, 1894, Archbishop Corrigan, in recognition of his valuable services, appointed Father Colton Vice-Chancellor of the archdiocese; and in a short time was so pleased with his work and ability that he promoted him to the office of Chancellor.

In 1903, when Bishop Quigley was promoted to the Archbishopric of Chicago, Very Reverend M. P. Conroy was designated Administrator of the Diocese. Shortly after a meeting was called to select candidates for the vacant episcopacy, but the list of candidates chosen by the majority of the diocesan electors was not approved by the bishops of the province, and at a later meeting others were substituted with Father Colton as dignissimus. Father Colton, long and favorably known for his great work in New York City, was appointed by Rome to succeed Bishop Quigley, and was consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, August 24, 1903, by Archbishop Farley, assisted by Bishop McQuaid of Rochester and Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn.

No sketch of the activities of Bishop Colton would be complete without some mention being made of the new Cathedral. This magnificent edifice, costing nearly \$2,000,000, was the crowning effort of a man who wore himself out in the service of God and his fellow man. As long as the diocese of Buffalo exists, this wonderful building, with its graceful, gleaming spires, its beautiful windows, its wonderful altars and interior decorations, will stand as a great marble monument to the man who, to quote one of the diocesan consultants, was "The hardest working Bishop in America. He was charitable to a remarkable degree, and more than that, gentle, sweet, and kind and loving and beloved, winning his people and his clergy by his love, never by his authority; he literally worked himself to death, but he made the diocese of Buffalo what it is to day."—The Buffalo Echo, May 13.

The funeral took place Friday morning, Cardinal Farley officiating. The procession was most imposing. Ecclesiastical students, priests, both secular and of various monastic orders, monsignors, bishops and archbishops moved in order of rank, preceding His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York.

Dignitaries in this remarkable line included the Most Rev. Dr. Neil McNeill, Archbishop of Toronto; the Most Rev. Dr. James J. Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque; the Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, Bishop of Rochester; the Rt. Rev. Dr. George W. Mundelein, Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn; the Rt. Rev. Edward Kozlowski, Bishop of Milwaukee; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Edward D. Kelly, Auxiliary Bishop of Detroit; the Right Rev. Dr. John E. Fitzmaurice, Bishop of Erie; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Michael John Heban, Bishop of Scranton; the Rt. Rev. Dr. James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton; the Rt. Rev. Dr. John Grimes Bishop of Syracuse; the Rt. Rev. Patrick James Donahue, Bishop of Wheeling; the Rev. Dr. Patrick Richard Heffron, Bishop of Winona; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Michael F. Fallon, Bishop of London, Ont.; the Rt. Rev. Dr. J. F. Caney, Bishop of Pittsburgh; the Right Rev. Dr. F. H. Glabbe, Bishop of Ogdensburg; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Joseph Schrems, Bishop of Toledo; the Rt. Rev. M. F. Power, Bishop of St. George's, Newfoundland; the Rt. Rev. Dr. J. H. Conroy, Auxiliary Bishop of Ogdensburg; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John H. Swift, acting Bishop of Albany; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. A. O'Brien, LL. D., of Kalamazoo; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. H. J.

When the press Monday morning conveyed the sad news of the sudden death of Right Reverend Charles Henry Colton, fourth Bishop of Buffalo, Catholics and non-Catholics alike were profoundly shocked. The end came with no lingering illness or serious indisposition to prepare the general public and particularly his faithful flock for the news of his demise. It came suddenly, like a thunderbolt from the clear skies, and brought consternation to all. Rallying from the effects of the staggering blow inflicted by the first announcement of his sudden death, Buffalo Catholics are by degrees beginning to feel keenly the reality of his death and the magnitude of the bereavement.

On Friday morning the solemn liturgy of the Church was witnessed for the first time by the public in the new St. Joseph's Cathedral. His Eminence John Cardinal Farley and other distinguished prelates graced the occasion by their presence.

Buffalo Catholics had looked forward to the first exercises in the new Cathedral with such joyous anticipation. But on Friday morning that magnificent house of worship was the scene of a demonstration of grief. The Church dignitaries came not to honour a living Bishop in the ceremonies of dedicating the Cathedral, which was the crowning effort of his labors, but to celebrate a solemn pontifical Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of a dead Bishop, for whom it was not reserved to participate in a celebration in which he was in justice to have been the central figure.

The prelate who had been selected to occupy the pulpit on the occasion of the dedicatory exercises, was summoned a fortnight in advance to perform his task, but his theme was altered. Life and joy were to have been the dominant keynotes, but death and sorrow have interposed.

"THE WORKING BISHOP" In the lives of men of distinction we find that they often received appellations that expressed some striking phase of their character or life work. This practice has also been observed in the case of many American bishops.

Cardinal Lucon on Rhinns and Canterbury. In acknowledging the sum of £8 10s. collected at a lecture at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, by some citizens of the metropolis of the city of Canterbury to the Metropolitan of France, Cardinal Lucon, the Archbishop of Rheims, has sent an interesting reply (says the Times):

In it Cardinal Lucon dwelt upon the parallel between Canterbury, where St. Augustine baptized the first Christian King of England, Ethelbert, for which the way was prepared by his Christian wife, Bertha, and Rheims, where St. Remi baptized Clovis, the first Christian king of the Franks, whose wife, Clotilda, played a similar part of that of Bertha. He was also glad to hear of another interesting connexion between Rheims and St. Augustine's Abbey—namely, that it was at Rheims in 1046, where Leo IX. was holding a synod on the occasion of his visit there to dedicate the Abbey of St. Remi—which bears the same relation as St. Augustine's to Canterbury Cathedral—that Wulfic II, the Abbot of St. Augustine's—then on an embassy from King Edward the Confessor, received from the Pope the right to wear a mitre and to take precedence of all Benedictine Abbots except the Abbot of Monte Cassino.

It was on this occasion, too, that Wulfic obtained the Pope's advice and blessing on his project for rebuilding his Abbey Church and translating the bodies of the saints—the foundations of which very reconstruction have just been discovered below the work of his successor Abbot Scotland.

THE POPE'S PRAYER FOR BELGIUM Pope Benedict XV. on Thursday last week, received Mgr. Deplaigne, President of the Institute of Philosophy at Louvain, who had said how much he wished to have a Belgian flag, bearing the inscription: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, save Belgium," blessed by His Holiness, in order that he might himself offer it at Paray-le-Monial. The Pope graciously acceded to this request and when the flag was brought to him said:

I bless this flag with all my heart, and I pray the Sacred Heart not only to save Belgium but also to restore her in all her former prosperity and to make her more beautiful and fairer than ever.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER HOWLEY, R. N. NEPHEW OF LATE ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY A HERO OF 100 WOUNDS, BUT HAPPILY RECOVERING

The Daily News, St. John's, Nfld., April 29 Yesterday, James P. Howley, Esq., F. G. S., father of Engineer Lieutenant Commander Richard A. Howley, of H. M. S. Irresistible, received a letter from his son, then in hospital at Plymouth. He has kindly consented to the publication of some extracts from the letter, which will be read with pride and gratitude by the compatriots of the gallant young Commander; pride in the calm courage displayed, gratitude because a valuable life has been spared to his family and the Empire. That he may speedily be restored to health and vigour will be the general hope and prayer.

THE EXTRACTS R. N. Hospital, Plymouth, April 18th, 1915. "After being some time at the Dardanelles, during which time the poor old Irresistible took part in the attacks on the outer forts, without casualties, and did a great deal of useful work, as our landing parties blew up no less than forty guns in the reduced forts, the 18th was selected for the great attack on the narrow, Kild Bahr and Chanak.

The fleet pounded away for about two hours, each ship at some particular fort, then two French ships and two of us were ordered to close in to our out-works. We did this for a bit, but just about 4 o'clock either a mine or a torpedo struck the ship starboard side of engine room. The Chief and myself were in port engine room. A terrific explosion threw the ship over to port. All lights went out, and then she heeled over to starboard. The starboard engine rooms had flooded. We sent the men on deck, and the Chief and myself tried to stop water coming into port engine room, but it was no use, water gained, and when it got to our midles, we gave it up and started up the ladder used by officers. The heavy armoured grating was down, and I tried to lift it and couldn't, and I remember saying to him, "My God, we are trapped," but fortunately two men overhead either saw or heard us and came to our rescue. We were, of course, wet through and a bit shaken. I then had to do what I could to prevent an internal explosion generally caused by sudden rush of cold water on to guns and boilers under pressure, so I went to each of the three boiler rooms in turn, shut the main steam valves opened the safety valves to relieve the pressure and ordered all hands on deck. One of my men was most devoted to me during all this and would not leave me, and when I went down the first boiler room he said most pathetically, "don't go down too far, Sir."

This must have taken me about half an hour, so I thought I had better go and see how things were. I went on deck and found that the men had got orders to leave the ship and get to a destroyer close by, and only a few men and the officers were left on deck, and they were all quickly preparing to leave too, so I started to blow up my swimming collar, and at that instant a shell fell on the deck just behind me, and my back was terrific, my legs felt as if they were both broken, and my back as if it had been flayed. I fell on the spot, and thought I was done for. I had a little Rosary, Norah gave me when leaving, in my pocket. I took it out, kissed the Crucifix and crossed myself. I immediately experienced an extraordinary change, something forcing me to action, and the one idea in my head became to get into the water. I managed to crawl to the ship's side where several men were still standing on the netting. They wanted to swim with me to the destroyer when they saw I was badly maimed, but I refused and told them to drop me in the water, which they eventually did. I thought I was done for, and told them not to risk their valuable lives, as I was no more good to anybody. I fell into the water, and fell on a log of wood which I held. I couldn't swim, and so drifted with the tide away from the rescuing destroyer, all the time watching people swimming from the ship to the destroyer. I drifted, picking my wounds, for nearly half an hour, when a steamboat from another ship swept round behind me and picked me up. I was taken aboard the Albion—my back was so bad that my wounds were first dried. I was kept here until midnight when I was removed to the hospital ship Soudan. I spent a night of awful agony. They gave me injection of morphia, but it didn't have much effect. Next four days I spent most of the time under chloroform, having pieces of shell taken out of me. One doctor commenced to count the number of wounds, and gave up when he got to 70. They reckon there were over a hundred wounds on my body, fortunately mostly small. A few big ones, and a very bad one in my right foot; from outside ankle the whole of the instep was taken away.

The Soudan arrived at Malta on the 25th March, and I was transferred to the naval hospital, where I spent a week. They were awfully good to me there and took great care of me, with the result that I was well enough to be transferred to the hospital ship, Plassy, which left for Plymouth on April 1st. We arrived on the morning of the 8th, and I was again transferred to Plymouth hospital.

I am progressing very rapidly now, and hope by the end of next week to be able to get about in a bath chair. I fear it will be a couple of months before I can put my right foot to the ground, but I have had a most miraculous escape. I am able now to sit up on a sofa, but I don't find it very comfortable for writing.

I had only been in hospital one day when I had a visitor. A man came in to see me, and I didn't know who he was. He said I would never guess who he was, and I would not have. It was Frank Pinsent. He is living in Plymouth, married and has some Government job.

I had a small operation yesterday, another piece of shell taken out of my right foot, but it feels much better to day. A week from now I shall be well enough to move, and will probably be sent to Haslar.

SO LET IT BE! The prayer that Christ enjoins Live ever in our soul and on our tongue. So let it be! The worship He assigns— Our great Creator—with thanksgiving song, From hearths in temples, yes, wild woods among, Pour forth! So let it be! As drooping vines Drink the reviving shower so sink into Our hearts His precepts! Lo, one word enshrines Full attestation of our faith! "Amen" Includes the sum of our assent, and bears The seal of truth; it is the wing of prayers Speeding the voice of millions not in vain, To God's high throne, borne on seraphic airs, To ratify in heaven our glorious gain!

AN UNPREJUDICED TRIBUTE The Booklover's Magazine pays this unprejudiced and sterling tribute to the Catholic Church. It is a common sense view often expressed by Americans. It remains that these same sentiments shall be expressed in terms of the heart and conscience of the growth of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is one of the most striking facts of history—and she has also gained the popular good will, or at least a favorable possession, and she has conquered respect. At present those who look upon her most favorably are that large and influential class of men whose antecedents were Protestants, but whose actual connection with a Protestant church is little more than nominal. They knew enough of Protestantism to make them alive to

its faults, and they know just enough of Catholicism to make them admire its excellence. These men care little for the theological and ecclesiastical questions which separate Rome and Protestantism. They are legislators, city officials, railroad men, editors, managers of large business interests. Whenever their dealings bring them in contact with a Roman Catholic institution, they find an organization which knows its own mind, knows what it wants, has some one who can speak for it officially and finally. They can see that it maintains discipline among its own members, and seems at the same time to retain their affection. They are attracted, in a word, by its practical, business-like efficiency, and are repelled by the opposite qualities in Protestantism.—The Republic.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE WELCOMED IN AUSTRALIA Australian Catholic papers tell of the splendid welcome given by Sydney to Australasia's first Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Cerretti, Archbishop of Corinth. His Excellency, even after his experiences in Washington, must have been surprised when he stepped on board the government launch Premier at Archbishop's Wharf, Manly, en route for his first official visit to Sydney.

It was a glorious summer day; air, earth, sky and sea were full of light and color; the Delegate, surrounded by the Archbishop of Sydney, the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Coadjutor Archbishops of Brisbane and Adelaide, the Bishops of Armidale, Maitland, Goulburn and Wilcannia and many of the distinguished prelates, priests and laymen of Sydney, set out on his triumphal journey accompanied by a flotilla of steamers, gay with bunting and vibrant with bands and cheering.

On landing at Sydney Mons. Cerretti was met by representatives of the State and Commonwealth governments and by the Mayor of the city, who said: "May it please Your Excellency, as Lord Mayor, and on behalf of the aldermen and citizens of Sydney, I desire to extend to you a respectful and hearty welcome as Apostolic Delegate to Australasia. Moreover, since your official residence has been located in our metropolis by the Holy See, I rejoice in saluting Your Excellency as a fellow citizen. A magnificent procession was then formed and the delegate received a continuous ovation along the route between the wharf and St. Mary's Cathedral. Here addresses from the hierarchy, and from the clergy and laity of Sydney were presented, to which the Delegate replied.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE HAPPIEST OF MEN St. Francis expresses in loftier and bolder language than any earthly thinker the conception that laughter is as divine as tears. He called his monks the mountebanks of God. He never forgot to take pleasure in a bird as it flashed past him, or a drop of water as it fell from his finger. He was, perhaps, the happiest of all the sons of men. Yet this man, undoubtedly, founded his whole polity on the negation of what we think the most imperious necessities. Of his lovable character, thus reflects Gilbert K. Chesterton: "Why was it that the most large-hearted and poetic spirits of that age found their most congenial atmosphere in these awful renunciations? Why did he who loved where all men were blind seek to blind himself where all men loved? Why was he a monk, and not a troubadour? We have a suspicion that, if these questions were answered, we should suddenly find that much of the enigma of this sullen time of ours was answered also.—The Republic.

DRUGGING THE MIND "Habitual novel-reading," says the Fortnightly Review, "often destroys the taste for serious literature; and few things tend so much to impoverish the character as the habit of constantly saturating the mind with inferior literature, even when that literature is not immoral."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION Taichowfu, March 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. May God be praised who designs to open months to His praises in the Far East to replace those skilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Previously acknowledged... \$5,888 62 Subscriber, N. B. 1 00 P. B. M., St. Joseph's, Nfld. 1 00 Mrs. McRae, Parkhill, 1 00 Friend, St. Joseph's, 1 00 Friend, St. John, N. B. 2 00 In memory of A. E. Werneke 2 25

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPELT

PENTECOST

"When the days of Pentecost were accomplished they were all together in one place." (Acts ii, 1)

Our chief task in life is to love Jesus, and for love of Him to keep His commandments, and our reward is that He comes to us and dwells in us by His grace. We can see how this was the case with the first Christian community in Jerusalem...

The earliest Christian community after our Lord's ascension assembled in one large room. There were about 120 people present, including our Lady and several other women. Tradition tells us that they had gathered together to pray in the same room where Jesus had presided at the last supper...

How beautiful and edifying a sight must this assembly of Christians have presented! All were inspired by the same love, the same faith and the same zeal in prayer. There was no pride, no self-esteem, no vanity; all were full of humility, desiring only to receive the Holy Ghost...

The Christian Pentecost is in the spiritual sense also a harvest festival, and the Holy Ghost is the fruit ripened by the death of Christ, for it was by His death that He bestowed the Holy Ghost upon His Church. Pentecost is a feast of first fruits, for by the coming of the Holy Ghost, not only was the first assembly of Christians in Jerusalem wholly dedicated to God, but three thousand more were converted by St. Peter's sermon...

The first Pentecost was also a festival of legislation, inasmuch as the Holy Ghost enlightened our Lord's disciples, so that they then understood fully the doctrines and commandments of Jesus, and the same Spirit gave them courage to proclaim the new law of grace throughout the world.

"This shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel, after those days, saith the Lord: I will give my law in their hearts, and I will write it in their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." (Jer. xxxi, 33)

If you are really to benefit by the feast of Pentecost, you must beg the Holy Ghost to let it be to you a harvest festival, a festival of the Law and a feast of first fruits. May Pentecost be to you a harvest festival in the sense that on this day you renew your good resolution so to live that in this world you may gather in an abundant harvest of good works, and in the world to come an everlasting reward.

Be so to spare no pains in acquiring all those graces of mind and heart that are necessary, if your life is to be good and profitable both to yourself and to others. This will be possible only if Pentecost is to you also a festival of the Law, a festival when you renew your resolution to obey the law of Christ and to turn a deaf ear to the flattering, misleading and deceitful commandments of the world.

Let it be to you a day when, with redoubled fervor, you beg the Holy Ghost to keep you in the way of His commandments in spite of all dangers and temptations. He will not withhold His help if you are determined to observe this day also as a feast of first fruits, when you dedicate to God once and for all the early years of life. If, whilst you are young, you learn to cling to God with pure, true, loving hearts, your after life will be devoted to serving Him faithfully. If in your youth you regard life from a higher point of view than that suggested by love of amusement, vanity or folly, if now you recognize the right though steep path that leads up to heaven, and begin to climb it in the spirit of Christ, you will not hereafter desert striving after God, that will finally bring you to your eternal home.

If, however, the years of youth are not dedicated as first fruits to God, if they are only first fruits of folly, vanity and love of amusement, or are wasted in unprofitable dreams, it is only too likely that each subsequent year will plunge you more deeply into sin, and will lead you further away from God; what the world, that applauded you folly when you were young, will be unable to

prevent your falling into everlasting destruction. Therefore pray to day and always, with one accord, like the first Christians in Jerusalem, that the Holy Ghost may make you all delight in His law, and give you now true piety and love of God, and throughout life abundant fruits of good works, so that hereafter, by the aid of Him who to-day came down upon the Church, you may be admitted to the glorious presence of God.—Amen.

WOMAN'S BEST MEDICINE

Mrs. Kelly Advises all Women to Take "Fruit-a-Tives"

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., AUG. 26th, 1913.

"I can highly recommend 'Fruit-a-Tives' because they did me an awful lot of good and I cannot speak too highly about them. About four years ago, I commenced taking 'Fruit-a-Tives' for a general break-down and they did me a world of good. We bought a good many dollars' worth, but it was money well spent because they did all that you claim for them. Their action is so pleasant, compared with other laxatives, that I found only pleasure, as well as health, in taking them. They seemed to me to be particularly suited to women, on account of their mild and gentle action, and I trust that some other women may start taking 'Fruit-a-Tives' after reading my letter, and if they do, I am satisfied the results will be the same as in my own case!"

Mrs. W. N. KELLY

"Fruit-a-Tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-Tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Church is now born in those Dis- Kingdom of the Spirit of God has begun; it is manifested, and its conquest will be speedy and glorious.

A transformation takes place. Those men who but a moment before were trembling for fear of the Jews, now feel a courage that drives them forth to meet every difficulty and danger in the cause of Christ. They who but a short time before were the rude, uncultivated peasants of Galilee, now feel a consciousness of a knowledge inspired of God; they who could hardly speak in the rude tongue of the barbarians, now utter the truths of Revelation in a manner that is comprehended by men of all nations. They who had but themselves up in the obscurity of the Cana, now go forth under the blaze of God's sunlight to teach and convert the world.

The Pentecost of that Upper Chamber is not a mere dead thing of the past. It lives to-day in the Spirit of God animating and vivifying His Church. For the Holy Ghost still comes down into the hearts of the children of God, sometimes in confirmation, and sometimes in those movements of divine grace that pass over the soul. The Holy Ghost lives to-day as always, the source of light, the dispenser of all good gifts, the eternal fountain of grace.—Pilot.

will clear up your urine—neutralize uric acid—dissolve stone in the bladder or kidneys—stop the pain in the back—and cure all Kidney and Bladder Trouble. 20c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Trial treatment free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

Beautiful Walls For Your Home Sanitary, Fire-Proof, Inexpensive. Make your home more attractive, and protect it from fire with these beautiful, sanitary "Metallic" Ceilings and Walls. They will out-last the building and are very inexpensive. They can be brightened from year to year with a little paint at a trifling cost. Made in innumerable beautiful designs suitable to all styles of rooms. Can be erected over old plaster as well as on new buildings. Write for catalogue. We manufacture a complete line of Sheet Metal Building Materials. THE METALLIC ROOFING CO., LIMITED Manufacturers King and Dufferin Sts., TORONTO 797 Notre Dame Ave., WINNIPEG

Stained Glass Memorial Windows and Leaded Lights. B. LEONARD EST. QUEBEC: P. Q. 1896. We make a specialty of Catholic church windows.

THE ST. CHARLES Most Select Location Fronting the Beach ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. With an established reputation for its exclusiveness and high class patronage. Thoroughly modern and completely equipped. Courteous service. Bathrooms, with hot and cold, fresh and sea water attachment, etc. Magnificent sun parlors and porches overlooking the board walk and ocean. Orchestra of soloists. Always open. Golf privileges. Illustrated booklet. NEWLIN HAINES CO.

TEMPERANCE

WHY NOT IN PEACE AS WELL AS IN WAR?

If patriotism demands that in time of war men should be sober, and by compulsion it needs be, it ought to make similar demands at all times. A nation that is loved only when war threatens the life and happiness of its citizens, is not worth preserving at the cost of blood and sacrifice then, if it is to be so advantageous to a nation to have its citizens sober in time of war, the advantages of sobriety are certainly not less valuable in times of peace.

There are more services demanded of good citizens than to defend their country from the onslaughts of the enemy. These services are best rendered in times of peace. It may be too late to invoke the aid of laws of restraint in the hour of danger. Russia would have a better army than she has to-day if she had eliminated alcohol drinking from her people a generation ago, or had invested in munitions of war what was spent on alcoholic beverages even during the past few years. What ever service the Czar of Russia might have rendered to his people long ago, this much is certain: he has not only blessed them wonderfully by his edict of prohibition but he has given the world an example which will do much to silence reckless enemies of temperance reform.

The example set by France in the prohibition of absinthe has strengthened to a remarkable degree the position of the prohibitionists. The speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in England will exert a widespread influence in commending legal enactment as a means of making men sober. But the best services rendered to the cause of temperance are the attitude of the warring nations towards their great enemy, alcoholism, is the emphasis which such attitude gives to the value of common sense in every great emergency and the futility of nonsense in the hour of danger.

People may be willing to be humbugged in the "piping days of peace," but not in the sterner times of war. But nonsense is nonsense in peace as in war, and the enemies of temperance have dealt out much of it at all times. These latter have juggled truth and every moral principle. They have distorted wise maxims into shibboleths of senseless enthusiasm that have only thinly cloaked the foolish cravings of appetite and the mad lusts of sensuality. In these sober days it is good for all of us to get back to first principles. In times of mighty changes only such principles can guide us aright. In these times and at all times we must learn to have the common sense of the true worth and eschew nonsense.—Catholic Temperance Advocate.

RAYMOND ROBINS AND THE JESUIT. A tribute that made every Catholic who heard it proud, was paid to a Jesuit missionary of Alaska at the University of Colorado recently, by Dr. Raymond Robins of Chicago, who had come to Colorado to conduct a campaign for "social Christianity" at the University and at the Colorado Agricultural College.

Robins is a millionaire social service worker. He has devoted his life and his wealth to the service of humanity and to the perpetuation of the democratic ideals on which the American nation was founded.

In Illinois he is known as a power for good and his influence is now spreading throughout the country. To emphasize the power of Christianity in his life, Robins gave a thrilling picture of his career. With only nine months' schooling in his boyhood he had amassed a comfortable fortune before he was twenty-one, but in a commercial transaction, learned that he was uneducated and started out to make a lawyer of himself. Completing his law course, he opened offices in San Francisco, where he built up what he called the "meanest reputation in the world," that of being effective in a police court of a boss-ridden city. So successful and effective was he that he was offered positions by both the Democratic and Republicans.

Robins was trying to decide to "which set of thieves to sell out," as he expressed it, when the first steamer arrived in San Francisco with gold from Alaska. He decided to make a three month's trip to the great icy north in order to get into the open where he could make up his mind. He stayed three years and three months, and when he returned to the States, political plums no longer interested him.

The story of his life in the great north, in the midst of icy silence, in utter cold and utter desolation, when all nature seemed dead and the cold bit in and in, was one that few men who heard it will ever forget. The first inkling that Robins got that there was something in life beside the race for money and material power was when in a storm he stumbled into a Jesuit mission and was held there by the elements for three days. He there met Father Bernard, a Jesuit priest, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University and of the University of Paris, a man educated and cultured, who had the reputation of being the best man on snow shoes in the valley. Robins said the priest was one of the greatest men he ever met. He saw the schools for boys and girls maintained at the mission, and he wondered.

Robins saw that the priest wasn't getting paid, that he wasn't making any money, and he wondered why he stayed there in the wilds of Alaska instead of going to the centers of civilization where his qualities could win him wealth and worldly power, and finally he asked the priest, "I am a follower of the Galilean," answered the priest, "Ours is to do our duty. Results are in higher hands." Robins was not converted, but he was impressed, and when he left the mission he carried with him a picture of a real man doing real work.

It was the devotion and the sincerity of the Jesuit that left its indelible mark on Robins and first gave him the motive to study the meaning of the Cross.—Denver Register.

THE PLAINT OF A GRIEF-STRIKEN MOTHER. During the recent riots in Italy which had been precipitated by the Socialists and Anarchists, a young recruit in the ranks of Socialism was shot down by the troops in Turin. The Socialists immediately took charge of the body with view of holding a public demonstration at the cemetery.

A Socialist spellbinder was the master of ceremonies in the cemetery. With bated breath he cursed the tools of capitalism. The deceased he eulogized as a martyr to the cause of social revolution.

St. John's, Newfoundland

John T. Kelly

MONUMENTAL and HEADSTONE Dealer in Granite and Marble

While the speaker was thus haranguing the crowd a pale-faced woman, whose features betrayed suppressed grief, slipped her way through the crowd in an attempt to meet the speaker's face. The latter was reaching the climax of his incendiary speech and had made a dramatic pause, when suddenly the shrill voice of a woman was heard exclaiming: "It's my boy! He was a good boy, honest and industrious, until he joined your Socialist club. You made an idler and a loafer of him. You urged him to take part in the riots, in which he was shot down. There he now lies in the casket. You Socialists, this is your work. Receive with these tears the curse of a grief-stricken mother."—Intermountain Catholic.

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

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How to Get Rid of Dandruff

This Home Made Mixture Removes Dandruff and Stops the Hair from Falling Out

The following simple recipe which can be mixed at home, or put up by any druggist will quickly remove dandruff and stop the hair from falling out. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orifex Compound, and 1 oz. of glycerine. These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the hair of dandruff, and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp disease.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

KEEP THE MEN IN GOOD HUMOR. When hubby "lights up" for his after dinner smoke be sure he has a Match which will give him a steady light, first stroke.

Ask Your Grocer for Eddy's "Golden-Tip" Matches. One of their many brands.

Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters. To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that, sooner or later must come, and wakes to the fact that he is a slave to the drink, you think every thing will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has undermined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after that you have hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taste for liquor.

My marvelous remedy—Samaris Prescription—has done this for hundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge as it is tasteless and odorless and quickly dissolves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver: "I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Samaris Prescription. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that has brought me back to my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The cure of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."

FREE—SEND NO MONEY. I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write to-day. Plain sealed package. Correspondence strictly confidential. E. R. HERD, Samaris Remedy Co., 1421 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada

DR. McTAGGART'S VEGETABLE REMEDY for those who are suffering from indigestion, no loss of sleep, loss of appetite, and all other ailments arising from indigestion. Literatures and medicine sent in plain, sealed packages. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart's Remedies, 155 King St. E., Toronto, Canada.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED. Every bicycle should have a Rider Agent. We are looking for agents in every town, village, or hamlet in Canada, without any money down. We will not cost you one cent if not successful. We will pay you \$10.00 per month for your services. Do not buy a bicycle, lamp, or accessories at any price until you get our latest and best illustrated catalogue and see our prices. The low prices will astonish you. Write to-day. Write us a postal, and catalogue with full particulars will be sent to you Free, Postpaid, by return mail. Do not wait. Write to-day. HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited, Dept. 1, TORONTO, Canada.

NEW HOTEL TULLER Detroit, Michigan. Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Avenue. ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF. 200 Rooms, Private Bath, \$1.50 Single, \$2.50 Up Double. 200 " " " 2.00 " 3.00 " " 100 " " " 2.50 " 4.00 " " 100 " " " 3.00 to 5.00 " 4.50 " " Total 600 Outside Rooms ALL ABSOLUTELY QUIET. Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms. New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Excellent.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

BE A GENTLEMAN
Come wealth or want, come good or ill
Let young and old accept their part...

LOOKING BACKWARD
The constant looking backward to what might have been, instead of forward to what may be, is a great weakener of self-confidence.

BE OF SOME ACCOUNT
If any young man will make up his mind to be of some account in the world, he can do it.

FORM GOOD HABITS
Habits are formed like masonry. Every thought seems small, as every brick seems small.

DON'T BE A CONSTANT GROWLER
Whenever you are tempted to growl against fate or complain of your lot, just look round and find out what others are hearing.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE THINGS THAT COUNT
Marie Agnes Gannon in 'The Rosary'

Man, women, children, books, cats, dogs, scenery, confectionary, dresses, jewelry, and even so many more, etc., are pronounced by this class of young girls 'too sweet for anything.'

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER
MADE IN CANADA
INSURES PERFECT BAKING RESULTS
GUARANTEED TO BE MADE FROM INGREDIENTS SHOWN ON THE LABEL AND NONE OTHER.

knows that even the labors and tears of an Apostle are vain unless the Lord give the increase.
To 'Make America Catholic,' from our standpoint, means no more than to teach the truth, as we know it—to preach the truth when and where we may be heard; and to live the truth in our every day lives, thereby making our teaching and preaching effective.

incorporation of such a movement is not far distant. When such a day arrives and such a hope becomes a reality this country will have taken one of the most important steps in its history—a step which will mean the preservation and perpetuation of Christian principles among the people.—Church Progress.

MGR. BENSON'S MEMORIAL

One of the events of Easter week in London was the opening of the completed portion of Buntingford Memorial Church, which was one of the last works of Mgr. Benson's life.

It is a curious and pathetic coincidence that Mgr. Benson's last book, which will shortly appear, is entitled 'Loneliness.' No fewer than three books upon the late priest are now either on the library table or in course of completion.

Professor Guthrie of Berlin, some years ago, gave parents some good counsel concerning the literature that should be kept from their children.

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HOW TO READ

- 1. Plan your reading. Select the books to be read far in advance.
2. Vary your reading. Follow romance with history, history with biography, travel, art, science, philosophy, religion.
3. Limit your reading. Know a few books well rather than many books indifferently.

THE HOLY FATHER PRAISES WORKERS

The Holy Father is an ardent promoter of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. On a recent occasion he addressed the Association of Adorers of the Blessed Sacrament, (canonically erected in the Church of the Holy Cross, Rome) and expressed his joy in the work they were accomplishing.

The Pope also commended the zeal of the pious women who make the sacred vestments, thereby showing themselves solicitous for the fitness and beauty of what is connected with the Blessed Sacrament.

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Swollen, Aching Veins

A Common Cause of Discomfort

The army of people troubled with swollen veins is a large one and was steadily on the increase until the discovery a few years ago that a germicide-liniment of marked value for other ailments gave prompt relief from this aggravating trouble.

Since this accidental discovery hundreds of sufferers have proven its efficacy—it has made good even in cases of long standing.

Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Becket, Mass. before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swollen, knotted, and hard.

After using one and one-half bottles of Absorbine, Jr., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years.

This germicide-liniment—Absorbine, Jr. is made of herbs and safe and harmless to use, which in itself makes it distinctive.

Most druggists have it or send \$1.00 to the manufacturer, W. F. Young, P. O. F. 299, Lyons, N. Y., Montreal, Canada, and a bottle will be mailed to you promptly. Safe delivery guaranteed.

of pain-causing poisons through the feet, assist in nature to do her work in her own way. These simple but powerful Drats have already won their way into every civilized country in the world.

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PECCAVI
Like autumn leaf hard-blown by rain
and wind,
My storm-tossed heart recalls the
Of dear days gone; and from my lips
the cry
Of Love's deep loss is breaking, "I
have sinned."

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM
A NON-CATHOLIC'S OPINION
When one soberly weighs its trials, its sacrifices, its enemies and—notwithstanding all this—its achievements and its success, the greatest glory of the Catholic Church in this country to-day is the Catholic school.

"MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC!"
What, then, is the meaning of this phrase, "Make America Catholic?" Our enemies, the people who live by slandering the Catholic Church, make much of the now famous phrase.

They claim to have discovered it. It originated, they say, with the old Pontiff on the banks of the Tiber. Looking from his watch-tower by the Vatican, he saw how the races of Southern Europe one by one, were giving up allegiance to the Holy See.

With their diminishing faith—so also diminishing his power. Something must be done to prop up his tottering throne. New nations and people must be mustered in to take the place of those who had left, otherwise Roman faith and Roman power would soon be a negligible thing in this great progressive world of ours.

So the watchword was created, and the message sent: "Make America Catholic." Priests and bishops were to receive the secret password—and loyally work for its fulfillment—politicians were to be approached—new Cardinals were to be created; so that imposing dignity the one side, and servile expediency the other, might be made to hasten the result.

"Make America Catholic," as a phrase, savors somewhat in form of political methods. It is crude and materialistic. A Catholic may pray that America will become Catholic, but he knows that neither he personally nor in collusion with others—how great their dignity or intelligence may be—can make America Catholic.

He knows full well that unless "The Lord should build the house, in vain do they labor who try to build it." He

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When one soberly weighs its trials, its sacrifices, its enemies and—notwithstanding all this—its achievements and its success, the greatest glory of the Catholic Church in this country to-day is the Catholic school.

"MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC!"
What, then, is the meaning of this phrase, "Make America Catholic?" Our enemies, the people who live by slandering the Catholic Church, make much of the now famous phrase.

They claim to have discovered it. It originated, they say, with the old Pontiff on the banks of the Tiber. Looking from his watch-tower by the Vatican, he saw how the races of Southern Europe one by one, were giving up allegiance to the Holy See.

With their diminishing faith—so also diminishing his power. Something must be done to prop up his tottering throne. New nations and people must be mustered in to take the place of those who had left, otherwise Roman faith and Roman power would soon be a negligible thing in this great progressive world of ours.

So the watchword was created, and the message sent: "Make America Catholic." Priests and bishops were to receive the secret password—and loyally work for its fulfillment—politicians were to be approached—new Cardinals were to be created; so that imposing dignity the one side, and servile expediency the other, might be made to hasten the result.

"Make America Catholic," as a phrase, savors somewhat in form of political methods. It is crude and materialistic. A Catholic may pray that America will become Catholic, but he knows that neither he personally nor in collusion with others—how great their dignity or intelligence may be—can make America Catholic.

He knows full well that unless "The Lord should build the house, in vain do they labor who try to build it." He

He knows full well that unless "The Lord should build the house, in vain do they labor who try to build it." He

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IT IS THE CORRECT THING
To know that open-handed hospitality is generally rewarded by the happiness afforded, even in this world.

To know that great men and noble women are generally reared in happy homes.

To remember that courtesy, patience, consideration, affability, self-sacrifice, sympathy, are some of the virtues to be practiced in the home circle.

To have family prayers in common where possible.

For every member of a household to consider morning prayer as much of a duty as prayers at night.

To be punctilious about saying grace before meals, and returning thanks afterwards.

To let no unpleasant subject ever be broached at table.

To be ever ready and glad to give a place at one's board to a friend.

To be temperate in eating as well as in drinking.

For a Christian "to eat to live, not to live to eat."

For a Catholic to serve Friday fare on Friday, no matter who is expected to dine.

To have a crucifix in every bedroom.

To have Catholic pictures in the parlors as well as in bedrooms.

Only 9 Main Parts Above the Base
1 Top Section
2 Middle Section
3 Bottom Section
4 Fire Pot
5 Push Nipple
6 Push Nipple
7 Push Nipple
8 Right Bolt
9 Left Bolt

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WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS
We'd like to send you a sample of this pure essence of soap in flakes, Madame—
LUX
A wonderful preparation that coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes. LUX gives a rich, cream-like lather which dainty hands and garments need never fear. It prevents all fabrics from matting and shrinking in the wash.
LUX Won't Shrink Woollens—Price 10c.
Send a post-card to-day for free sample of LUX.

