

# 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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### THE CHEAP TALKER

As a rule the man who thinks in circumspect utterance. He looks at a thing from different angles and his opinions are characterized by modesty and reserve. He makes no appeal to groundlings and shrinks from watchwords enshrined in the affections of the prejudiced. His ideas may not be original, but their setting is his own. He is not pessimistic because he believes in the ultimate triumph of goodness and truth, and he is not a sharer in the optimism which is characteristic of the young and inebriate. But who thinks that he thinks pronounces magisterially upon all subjects. He is a volcano of fury and sound. He bids for the patronage of those who are without fixed principles and who like the smart saying and the envenomed phrase. He makes epigrams which mean nothing and berate monstrosities confused by a perverse and super-heated imagination. And because this can make money we have cheap infidels echoing Ingersoll who in his turn echoed others who had a quarrel with God. And because he is this kind of infidel he pokes out his tongue at saints and seeks to drown their voices with a blatant verbosity that splits the ears of the reasonable. He prates of science, ignoring that the greatest scientists revere things which he reviles. He claims for science far more than its votaries claim for it. While science leads men of original thought and amazing research to God, he, artificer in words, is led by his science to a world where there is nothing bright but the dollar and no sound save the laughter of fools.

He talks of honor and good-will and fair-play, but then even a foul-mouthed jester with cap and bells must, to hold his dupes, pretend to be civilized. If our readers wish to know the futility and absurdity of the statements of this kind of writer—his perversions and misrepresentations—they should read the late Rev. Dr. Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll." Ingersoll strode up and down the land for years exhibiting his bag of tricks borrowed from Voltaire and others. He was unctuously brilliant as 50c per. He ridiculed Moses and aimed quip and jest at religion. But one day Dr. Lambert took his pen in hand to write a few things about Ingersollism. Incisively and remorselessly he stripped it of verbiage and laid it out for all the world to see—a tawdry thing made of rubbish. The flame of his logic played like lightning around the statements of Ingersoll and showed how poorly equipped he was for debate. His misrepresentations were exposed: for all time he was pinned down as a charlatan on this subject: his tinsel was rubbed off so effectively that even his admirers had to wonder at the perfection of the work of Dr. Lambert.

Dr. Lambert "said enough to convince his readers that Ingersoll is unscrupulous: that as a logician and metaphysician he is beneath contempt; that he is ignorant and superficial—full of gas and gush, in a word, that he is a philosophical charlatan of the first water who mistakes curious listeners for disciples and applause for approval;" and he has imitators.

### CREED-MAKERS

The framers of new creeds are not characterized by that accuracy of statement which is the badge of scholarship. Because they are weary of sermons, humanitarian and political, and of divines who use the Bible as a target for criticism, they assume that they must draw up a creed adapted to the needs of this generation. The magnitude of the task has no terrors for them, and their own temerity in essaying to guide the destinies of millions of human beings does not even enter their minds. A political platform demands some thought and investigation, but a brand new religious platform needs but a loquacious individual and a type-writing machine. He has but to declare this and that doctrine absolutely untenable, chant in a minor key the ignorance of past ages, extol the boundless free-

dom of the present, and then, garnishing all this with platitudes about our needs, he hands it to the press and is designated as a path-finder by reporter or editor. This new creed is a phantasmal apparition, intangible, floating in the clouds of assumption and rhetoric. Like the German trains spoken of by Mark Twain, it starts from nowhere and gets nowhere. We know, of course, that this is an age of unparalleled intellectual activity. Man has discovered undreamed of forces and obtained control of the earth and seas. New problems clamor for solution, new theories are broached and doubts spring up and increase in ever-widening circles. But the deep-rooted needs of man's spiritual and moral nature are the same in every age. He needs truth: he needs consolation when he is sick and suffering, hope when he is dying. He wishes to be assured of a future life because this assurance meets an eternal need of his being. Science cannot satisfy him because it maintains an absolute silence in regard to the questions which forever will fret the human mind. It, moreover, affords no sufficient motive or sanction to right-doing. New creeds elaborated in an idle moment or born of antagonism to sects which are in state of spiritual anarchy may satisfy certain needs of man, but they leave untouched the questions which concern him intimately, which demand an answer and which reason and conscience refuse to hold as insoluble. Ere this "new creeds" have fallen far short of the results predicted for them. They were followed for a short time by people of little discernment, and oftentimes for the sake of novelty. Despite the prophecy that the Catholic Church would lose prestige and power in the clash of new movements, she is to-day as strong and as vital as ever. More face to face with moral intellectual forces she is credited by those without her pale with marvellous success. While the criticism of the century has shaken men's faith in Protestantism it has neither weakened her foundations nor changed her dogma. So that thinkers like Matthew Arnold have no hesitancy in stating that the Christianity of the future will be the form of Catholicism. So we have no doubts as to the outcome. These "new creeds" will disappear and the Church will continue to satisfy the needs of the soul and to guide it to eternity. Knowing the story of her past we can look forward with calm assurance to her future.

### DREAD AND FOREBODING

The Duke of Norfolk is famed, and deservedly so, for his benefactions to charitable objects and for his zeal in promoting Catholic interests. Strange, however, that he does not like the prospects of Home Rule. More, he wrote in a letter to the promoters of the recent Orange anti-Home Rule meeting in Dublin that he condemned "the course of action which has filled every heart with dread and foreboding." This is a great mystery. Perhaps he is a victim of moods or under the sway of melancholy. Perhaps Lloyd George troubles his dreams and makes him see fearsome things. Perhaps his devotion to the Unionists inspires him with the belief that any scheme, however just, must, if not blessed by his political friends, be the fruitful mother of disorder and oppression. But it is strange to see the noble Duke marching with Sir Edward Carson and his cohorts, who imagine that Ireland belongs to Ulster, to the time of "Down with Rome." His dread and foreboding could be dispelled by a dose of Irish history in which is recorded in letters of gold that Catholic Irishmen have never been tainted with the odious crime of religious intolerance. Persecuted themselves, they never took advantage of their day of power to retaliate upon the members of a hostile sect. The liberty they craved was bestowed with open hand upon all, irrespective of race and creed.

Cooke-Taylor, a Protestant, says, in his "History of the Civil War in Ireland:" "It is but justice to this malignant body (the Irish Catholics) to add that on three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand they never injured a single person in life or limb for professing a religion different from their own."

Perhaps the following words of Lord Spencer, erstwhile Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, may exercise this dread foreboding and give him back his morbid serenity of spirit: "I have had some experience in Ireland, he said. I have been there for over eight years and I don't know of any specific instance where there has been religious intolerance on the part of the Roman Catholic against the Protestant fellow-countryman. But religious intolerance has been shown, and where? It has been shown in Ulster where more than half of the population belong to the Protestant faith. I believe the Protestants have been the chief cause of keeping up the animosity. Sir Edward Carson is but playing a game, not one that commends itself to fair play, but one that will interest bigots who are purblind and warm themselves at the fire of prejudices that is kept burning by more bigoted divines. That Home Rule must mean Rome Rule is Belfastian vapouring. For in the Home Rule Bill there is a clause providing that; 'In the exercise of their power to make laws under this act the Irish Parliament shall not make a law so as either directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion or prohibit the free exercise thereof.'"

### TAXING CHURCHES

RIGHT REV. J. T. McNALLY SPEAKS ON "MORAL EXPEDIENTS AND THEIR VALUE"

"Any effective plan for social service and the revolution of human society must be directed by those who look toward a purely Christian unity, the solidarity of the Christian peoples," said the Right Rev. J. T. McNally Bishop of Calgary in speaking to a large audience in the public library in the University of Calgary's lecture course on social service. The subject of the bishop's address was "More Expedients and their Value."

"There were various theories and plans put forward with a view to the regeneration of society," said Bishop McNally. "Some concerned the moral side. Others were content to relieve material needs. Others took education as their basis, and still others laid stress on human dignity and liberty trusting to an awakened sense of these to solve the problem. But much depended on the motives which dominated the leaders of these movements. Some people were led to take up social service through love of excitement. It pleased them to go among the poor, distributing food. These people took it up as a fad, and dropped it as quickly. Education alone was useless because it developed the power without impressing on it the right direction. Much was said about liberty of conscience, of speech, of thought. But was thought free? Liberty was God's noblest gift to man, but it could be wrongly used."

### MISDIRECTED EFFORT

But there were certain more or less well-meant efforts to uplift mankind. If these were to be successful they must have the inspiration from the right source. Misdirected effort sometimes led to grave errors, such as the corruption of children by the premature exposition of certain functions of our human life which they were not prepared to understand.

"After some years devoted to work among growing minds I can bear witness that tender youth in the normal state needs no enlightenment on such matters," said Bishop McNally. "When the time comes for the imparting of a certain amount of instruction, it must be given delicately and judiciously and only in sufficient degree to warn the young against the abuse of the noble nature which God has given them." "Each class has a duty toward every other class," said his Lordship, "both a temporal and a spiritual duty. It is our duty to give our fellow both material and spiritual assistance when we can. In the sight of our Maker we are all equal. Our service should be without any display of arrogant condescension, but simply the charity of Christ. Let us give up referring to any one class as the working class. We should all be workers, and let him who will not work cease to eat. We should carry our Christian principles out into the open field to fight the battles of the race."

### OPPOSITION TO RELIGION

Much has been said about the restraint which Christianity placed on the human passions. It was wise to keep in view the enemies it had to fight. There were not only the social evil, malicious literature and secret sins in high places, but all over the world to-day the press was more or less opposed to religion. We saw it in false reports from Rome regarding supposed pronouncements of the Pope. Clericalism was attacked by those to whom religion

was distasteful, and even by those who believed in religion, but were anti-clericalists. This was just the same as if we said we believed in education and advocated shutting up all other teachers in prison.

We had a striking example in the papers just the other day, said the speaker, "when two ministers of the gospel had a dispute regarding the exemption of churches from taxation. There were even stupid protests against exemption, and pronouncements concerning the relation of Church and State. But the Church is not merely an agent of social uplift. It is more. You cannot make the natural handmaid of the supernatural inferior to the State. It is superior. Because the end of the State is the things of this life, whereas the end of the Church is eternal life."

### PENALIZING WORSHIP OF GOD

"Yet some newspapers and some of our representatives in the legislatures would penalize the worship of God. All other institutions for social use are exempt from taxation, but the temples of Him Who gave us our all are not exempt from this support. Our people are still deep in their hearts and spirits religious. Canadians will never believe that a Supreme Intelligence is not in control of this universe."

"Let us make our Christian religion a study, let it be practised and preached freely, that no man may come into this world in darkness concerning its great truths. Read your bibles, make it a part of your lives, and our religion will stand unquestioned, leading to a higher solution of our social problems."

The speaker sketched the work that was being done in a quiet unheralded way by that vast army of people who gave up their visions of earthly advancement to serve mankind, inspired by the faith of Christ. They were drawn from all classes, dedicating themselves courageously to perpetual service. They were the intermediaries bringing all classes into mutual love.

### CANNOT GET RID OF RELIGION

"May we never permit the divorce of charity from Christian faith," said the speaker. "Those who profess to set aside religion cannot do so. They breathe despite themselves the invigorating atmosphere."

His Lordship adjured those who would lead in the work of social regeneration to first see that they themselves made their lives right. If the dens of vice where men destroyed their bodies and lost their souls were to be abolished, if the murderers of children yet unborn were to disappear those who were to work to this end must first live out their teachings. Large families were regarded by some as a bad thing. But happy were those who had children. Children were a duty and a blessing laid upon us by God himself.

"Let us as social workers learn the lesson that will fit us for the higher society later on," concluded the speaker. "May it be said of us all that our greatest title was that we served our fellows."

### DENIES FLING AT CATHOLICS

SECRETARY BRYAN REPUDIATES STATEMENT ATTRIBUTED TO HIM BY MASONIC JOURNAL. ASKS FOR CORRECTION

The Southern Guardian of Little Rock, Ark., publishes a letter from Mr. Bryan disposing of a statement attributed to him by the editor of The Freemason, published in San Antonio, Texas. The statement was as follows:

"Everybody knows the Catholic Church organized the Knights of Columbus to fight the Masons. The Masonic fraternity has been a thorn in the flesh of the political Romanists because it stands solidly for a disunion of Church (particularly the Catholic) and the State. Many Catholics, in backsliding from Catholic control and idolatry, found membership in Freemason lodges.—W. J. Bryan."

It will be observed that this absurd and atrocious statement is credited to the present Secretary of State of the United States—the Hon. William J. Bryan. A zealous Catholic and Knight of Columbus at Beaumont determined in justice to the Knights as well as to the Secretary himself, to probe the matter a little, and the following correspondence ensued:

### LETTER TO SECRETARY BRYAN

Beaumont, Texas, Jan. 20, 1914. Honorable Wm. Jennings Bryan, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: The attached clipping is taken from the December number of The Freemason, L. A. Hell, editor, published at No. 307 Market Street, San Antonio, Texas. Now, my dear sir, what we ask in behalf of eighteen millions of your Catholic fellow citizens, three hundred thousand of whom are members of the Knights of Columbus, is whether or not you are in any way responsible for the publication, and further, does this in any way express your sentiments with reference to the Catholic Church and the Knights of Columbus?

Trusting for an early response, I am, yours very truly,

C. H. MCGILL  
MR. BRYAN'S REPLY  
Department of State,  
Washington, Feb. 5, 1914.

Mr. C. H. McGill, care of Beaumont Council No. 961, Knights of Columbus, Beaumont, Texas.

My Dear Mr. McGill: Your favor of January 20 was brought to Mr. Bryan's attention. The statement in the clipping which you enclosed is false. Mr. Bryan has never used any language which could be construed into resembling it. For your information I enclose a copy of a letter which Mr. Bryan wrote to Mr. Hell, the editor of the Freemason.

Yours very truly,  
MANTON M. ARGOUX,  
Private Secretary.

Enclosed in Mr. Bryan's letter was the following copy:

February 5, 1914.  
Mr. L. A. Hell, Editor the Freemason,  
307 Market Street, San Antonio,  
Texas.

My dear Sir: The enclosed clipping which I am informed appeared in the December number of the Freemason, was sent to me. I write to ask that you publish a notice denying the authenticity of the statement. I have never used such language nor any language which could possibly be construed into resembling it. Very truly yours,  
WM. J. BRYAN.

We have not yet learned what action the Freemason has taken to comply with Mr. Bryan's request, and atone for its publication of such a gross slander upon him and upon the Catholic Church and the Knights of Columbus.—True Voice, Omaha.

### CARDINAL TELLS OF PAUL'S LIFE

PRELATE TELLS HIS HEARERS TO READ DAILY A CHAPTER OF EPISTLES

Baltimore, March 4.—Cardinal Gibbons preached at the High Mass in the cathedral Sunday morning on "The Apostle of the Gentiles." He urged a thorough reading of Paul's Epistles, saying: "Read a chapter every day, or you will not realize or understand what a great blessing you have missed." The sermon was a sort of farewell sermon in view of the cardinal's departure Sunday for New Orleans. The cardinal said, in part:

When St. Paul describes in the epistle of to-day the virtues that should adorn a Christian in the battle of life, he is modestly but eloquently portraying his own sublime and unparalleled career. St. Paul is conspicuous by his writings. Next to the gospels of Jesus Christ his fourteen epistles form the most important and the most familiar portion of the Holy Scripture. They have been the delight and consolation of thousands of souls in every age and country. Many a great light, like St. Augustine, is indebted, under God, for his conversion, to the Epistles of St. Paul. These letters are a beautiful orchard abounding in every kind of heavenly fruit, most delicious to the spiritual taste. And just as the manna which fell on the children of Israel in the desert adapted itself to the taste of each connoisseur, so do the letters of the apostle accommodate themselves to the special wants of every pious reader.

But what tongue can adequately portray the eloquence of Paul, an eloquence that made princes tremble on their thrones; that swayed multitudes and converted nations? St. Paul is the only apostle that has received and that merits the glorious title of the Apostle of Nations. So captivating and inspiring was Paul's eloquence that when the pagan inhabitants of Lystra heard him speak they imagined that he was Mercury, the god of eloquence, and they desired to offer sacrifice to him as to a divinity.

Convinced with this eloquence was Paul's greatness of soul. Two things are essential to genuine eloquence, intense faith in the doctrines we promulgate and indomitable courage in proclaiming them in the face of opposition. These gifts Paul possessed in an eminent degree.

But who can sufficiently describe his sufferings and privations in the course of his ministry? His whole public life, from his conversion to his martyrdom, is almost one continued scene of hardships. It would be an excellent cure for our impatience in adversity if we were to compare our little penances with his tribulations we would see how they pale into insignificance. In his second epistle to the Corinthians he thus describes his trials and vicissitudes: "From the Jews, five times I received forty stripes, save one. Thrice I was beaten with rods. Once I was stoned. Thrice I suffered shipwreck. A day and a night I spent in the depths of the sea. In journeying often. In perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren. In labor and distress, in watchings often, in

hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness."

But the crowning virtue of the Apostle of the Gentiles in his intense love for God and for his fellow man. Paul never did anything by halves. He loved the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength. Love was the motive power of his indomitable zeal and indefatigable labor. Our labor for a cause is proportioned to our love for it. Where there is love, there is no labor, or if there is labor, the labor is loved. He smiled at tyrants and persecutions, at obstacles and privations. He looked on them with as much indifference as a traveler hastening to his wished-for home regards the storms and rains he encounters in the road.

So great was the sympathy of Paul for his Jewish brethren, though persecuted by them, that he was willing, if it were possible, to forego his eternal happiness that he might save them: "I speak the truth in Christ Jesus, I lie not, my conscience bearing me testimony in the Holy Spirit, that I wished myself to be anathema from Christ, for my brethren who are my kinsmen according to the flesh."

Can we wonder that an apostle who so ardently loved his God and his fellow beings, who spent himself in the service of his Master, who laid so firmly the foundation of Christ's spiritual kingdom on earth, can we wonder, I say, that such a man should have so strong a hope and confidence in the rewards of eternal life? This hope ripened and bloomed into absolute certainty as the term of his life drew nigh. More than once he expressed this assurance: "I know whom I have believed, and I am certain that He is able to keep my deposit unto that day."

Shortly before his death he exclaimed: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. For the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the just judge, will give unto me on that day."

Read the epistles through and through. Read a chapter every day. Do you seek for divine knowledge? You will find it there. Do you seek for the manna of spiritual consolation? You will find it there in abundance. You will receive a share in the apostle's spirit and virtues, and you will enjoy, I hope, hereafter, a share in his glory.—Catholic Universe.

### NEEDS A LESSON IN MANNERS

The London Tablet administers a richly merited reproof to the Anglican Guardian, which made the following impertinent comment on the Congregation of the Index for condemning M. Maeterlinck's frankly infidel writings. The Guardian said: "The Index is the silly business of silly old men, and this addition to its swollen columns may be expected to improve M. Maeterlinck's sales considerably—the Roman Catholic world is always very anxious to read books that are forbidden to the faithful; it is only the converts who take these absurdities seriously. Discrimination is not the strong point of the Congregation of the Index, and it is to be supposed that M. Maeterlinck's as yet unwritten books will, as they appear, be automatically banned. It is the instinct of primitive man to club anybody he does not quite like, and the primitive instinct is still strong in the breasts of the obscurantist elderly ecclesiastics of the Index—some of whom, we will be bound, never read a line of the Belgian poet until they were asked to declare him a danger to the faith."

The Tablet says it is not its province to teach the Guardian the elements of good manners, but it does remind that organ that a time may come when its impertinence may prove harmful to it. The Anglican schools are in deadly peril, while the Catholic schools are safe. Cardinal Vaughan's pronouncement, "Catholic children will go to Catholic schools or nowhere" holds the field, and the Government realizes this fact. The Anglican schools need all the help they can get in the event of a new Education Bill, and the Tablet puts the issue squarely to its contemporary in the question: "Is it prudent for this Church organ (the Guardian) in these circumstances to go out of its way to use the language of gratuitous insult towards their only possible allies?"

The impertinence of the Guardian is surpassed by its ignorance, we should say. Real Catholics do not read books "forbidden to the faithful." They obey their spiritual head—which is a duty not required of imitation Catholics, and indeed is impossible to them, as they have no spiritual head. And putting a book on the Index is not the simple act the misleading Guardian describes. "Silly old men" may decide issues for the class it represents, and may also condone contempt for honorable age, but in the Catholic Church only the wisest and most learned are empowered to deal with questions affecting the Catholic body, and their deliberations are animated by the Holy Ghost.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

At St. Alphonsus church, New York, an Irish sermon was preached on St. Patrick's Day. The Rosary was also recited in Irish.

The London Tablet announces the recent reception into the Church of Crawford Pritch, a brilliant writer, whose "A Little Journey in Spain," has lately appeared.

Arrangements have been completed for the erection of a Catholic Church in Zion City, Ill. If the promoters are successful it will be located on a tract of land adjoining the property formerly occupied by John Alexander Dowie, who built Zion City.

An estate of about \$85,000 reverts to Mount St. Mary's College, at Emmitsburg, Md., and Georgetown College at Washington, D. C., by the death of Charles J. Reich, of Tryon, N. C., the last family legatee sharing in the will of the late Dr. Charles W. Hoffman of Frederick, Md., who died December 26, 1896.

A decided innovation has been undertaken by Northside Council, Knights of Columbus, Cincinnati, in the establishment of a night college course for its members. A course embracing Catholic philosophy, composition and mathematics will be established and skilled instructors are to lecture on subjects to be studied.

A monument to cost \$8,000 is to be erected in May to mark the grave of the Rev. Louis A. Lambert, the distinguished priest editor, at Scottsville, N. Y. It will be of Vermont granite and carved after a design by Mrs. Sally James Harnham of New York. It will be in the form of a cross with a bronze medallion of Father Lambert in the transverse section.

George Cardinal Kopp, Bishop of Breslau, Germany, died on Wednesday, March 4, in Rome. He was born in Duderstadt, diocese of Hildesheim, July 27, 1837, and was created and proclaimed Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII. January 16, 1893. His death leaves Germany for the present without a prelate of German descent in the Sacred College. Cardinal Kopp is its forty-sixth member to die during the pontificate of Pope Pius X.

A Franciscan friar named Father Francis Guppi has just died at the Convent of the Minor Observants, Paris. Father Guppi joined the order about ten years ago when he was nearly fifty years old, a widower with five grown sons. Strangely enough all the sons ended by following their father's example and became friars, and in order not to keep the family disinherited a special dispensation was granted for the father and the five sons to reside in the same convent.

The editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia announce that the Index Volume will be ready for delivery on March 20th. This is just nine years from the time of their organization as a Board of Editors and seven years from the appearance of Volume I. Some estimate of the amount of labor required in the compilation of this Index Volume may be formed from the fact that it has taken one year and four months after the completion of the fifteen volumes of the encyclopedia proper, although it had been in preparation four years before this time.

Sacrificing a stipend of \$850 his only income, although he married man with children, the Rev. Malcolm H. Winter, who has been Anglican curate at Northfield, in Worcestershire, for over a year has entered the Catholic Church. The formal reception took place at the Oratory, Birmingham, on February 14. The rector of Northfield, the Rev. C. H. J. Wilton, in making the announcement to his congregation, said he had never worked with a holier man than Mr. Winter. A native of England, Mr. Winter has spent the greater part of his life in Canada, mostly in the Northwest.

In the years 1122-1136 the great Benedictine Abbey of Cluny in France was considered only second to Rome as the center of the whole Church and Christian world. The Abbey was a vast and magnificent structure, and was regarded as one of the wonders of the Middle Ages. Its Abbey Church was the largest in Christendom, and was only later surpassed by the building of St. Peter's, Rome. It was 555 feet in length with five naves, several towers and an ante-church. The library was the richest and most important in France, containing a vast number of priceless manuscripts, which perished when the Hugonots sacked it in 1662.

The Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., who for the past three years or more has guided the fortunes of America, has retired from the editorship of the paper and will now devote himself to historical work. Until after Easter, Father Campbell will be mainly occupied in completing a fourth volume he has begun about the heroes of the Canadian Mission. The book will be called "Pioneer Laymen" and will contain vivid sketches of the achievements of such intrepid explorers as Champlain, Iberville and La Salle. Father Campbell's successor as editor-in-chief of America is the Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S. J., who has been for the past five years professor of philosophy at Woodstock college.

AILEY MOORE

TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW VICTIMS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER VII SHOWING HOW PEGGY HYNES DID NOT GO TO THE POOL-HOUSE, AND WHY

Biddy Browne the beggarwoman's house lay at the back of all the dwellings of the town-land. It was a lonely house, on a lonely road, called the "Bog road," and behind it, far far away to the shadowy mountains, one saw nothing but "reeks" of various bulks, and "holes" of various dimensions; these "holes" spreading out, some into diminutive lakes, and others looking like open graves, overflowed with water. It was a sad place to dwell, and only Biddy Browne could live there; but Biddy very truly said that "beggars can't be choosers."

Biddy Browne's house was not better than its situation; the walls were mud, and where the old thatch had been worn away, it had been replaced with loose straw; the chimney was a remnant of wicker-work that had never been very substantial; the window-holes were open in the summer days and nights, but stuffed as best they might be in the winter. There was a bench covered with sods of green grass at one side of the door—the left—and a very black-looking pool of water on the other. An asthmatic-looking duck was muddling in the pool, and a poor-looking cock and hen—the beggars of their tribe—vainly scraped up the mound at some distance, looking for a collection. So that the apologetics of Biddy Browne, who said she did not beg through pride, or stay out of the workhouse for comfort, were not far mistaken.

A great flood of light poured in through the chimney, and made the hearth-place very like a roofless portion of the "cabin." A large quantity of reddish peat-ashes was always gathered here, and it was a favorite spot for little Eddy to sit while he made his "sally whistles," or sometimes fondled, much against its will frequently, Biddy Browne's black cat.

There was a plain board on ledges, which somehow or other kept their places on the wall—this was the "dresser." There was a large hanging from an old cross-beam—a broken tub, an old sieve, and a spinning-wheel on the floor; "Our Blessed Lady"—a frightful woodcut besmeared with pink and blue (why don't we make out some decent woodcuts for the poor?)—was on the wall; and in the end of the cabin there were two "locks of straw" by a figure of speech these were called beds; and alas! they are the beds of the poor.

But Christ was poor; and "dear Mary" often, it is said, was hungry; and the best friends of God—those who lived only to make Him known, and died to glorify Him—they all lived in hunger and thirst and cold, like the winter-time of old Biddy Browne's cabin. "A great sign," poor Biddy often said, "a great sign," she said, "that this wasn't the world that God made for His friends, for many uv em hadn't much uv id, an' the handful of 'em that had any uv id didn't care about id—like Ailey Moore, God bless her."

Would any of the philosophers please to inform a man who does not wish to give up the Christian religion, upon what principle—that is, by what reason—money is in these times made a sign of the love of God, and of the truth of religion? "Wherever I met the cross," says a mighty peer of England, and a very devout man too, "wherever I saw the cross, poverty was near at hand," and then his lordship shook a wise and pitying brain. "Surely," was the sympathizing induction—"God's truth and this poverty can't abide together."

down sobbing, with her baby in her arms, at the foot of the great cross. She remained there a long time, a very long time, she said, until her infant began to weep along with her, and then she remembered the "Mother of God, near the Cross, on Mount Calvary," and though it made her shed more tears, she said, it comforted her somewhat, and she began to make up her mind to go.

And then poor Peggy looked at everything around St. Senanus's—the little spring that sparkled in the sun, and the shadows of the leaves, as they trembled on the clear deep water. She looked at the pleasant little nooks where she used to nestle with a little girl, and where she used to feel "like as if the angels were all round 'er," though she saw them not; and the little oler-tree—she thought she knew every leaf upon it, for she never remembered that it changed; and she thought how many a time she stood in its shadow, and somebody that loved it with her too, beside her. The thought brought another burst of memories which again opened the fountain. Poor child! she thought it hard to leave them all—perhaps for ever; and she was foolish enough to kiss many a spot beside the Cross—spots where loved ones and holy ones too, and whose prayers for her were often breathed—she was tempted to believe, too, vainly; and she looked and looked, and was almost jealous of the beauty that was round her; she thought it nearly unfeeling in everything to look so gay, and she "going into the poor-house." Poor Peggy Hynes!

At length she tore herself away. The peasant's final thought—God bless the Irish peasantry!—was Peggy Hynes, "God's holy will be done!" The girl's mind was burdened with a multitude of griefs, and her affections were fresh and full as the spring in her own valley. So she went often taking "last looks," until she came to a turn in the highway, on her sad journey;—there the Old Cross would vanish—a few little steps, and she could see it, never. Why did poor Peggy believe that she should never see it again?

The lonely woman paused—the baby looked into her face. Permeated as she thought was the infant's look. It clung to her, and it shook, poor little creature; and then a huge cloud darkened the sun—a few drops fell, and there was a peal of thunder. Peggy looked her little one in the arms. Her heart began to beat—fearfully—terribly. "That was all Peggy Hynes remembered, when she woke in Biddy Browne's cabin, and found old Father Mick Quinlivan by her bed of straw. Drenched with rain, and covered with gore—for she had burst a blood-vessel—little Ned discovered her, and like a sensible boy that knew the soft heart that old Gran had—she told the reader that Biddy Browne had a gentle heart under her rough looks—she engaged the services of the first passer-by to bring her to "his house," and to save her.

Biddy Browne clasped her hands—thanked God upon her knees—cursed the "agent," it must be admitted—prayed for "every poor sinner that wanted id"—chafed the temples of the sick woman with some decoction of herbs—sent Neddy off for Father Quinlivan, and then remembered she had not the young mother's dinner. "God's will be done!" said Biddy Browne.

The faith and hope and patience of the poor! If ever poor, and sick and deserted, we find ourselves homeless and hopeless, may it be near the cottages of the poor! The comforts of poverty are the comforts of feeling and hope—they all come from the other world, or, at all events, they all have the light of the other world upon them. Faith is not a mere word with the poor, as it is with people who have their pleasure in eating, and drinking and pride. Faith is the poor man's inheritance, and the fortune of his little children and his wife. He clings to its promises, therefore, and he does its commands, because he "will have pleasure in heaven." A greatly deceived man is any who looks for happiness to falsehood and folly; but the poor man, whose religion is his *all*, if he look to any thing but God for comfort, is a madman. And the great bulk of the good of the world is among the poor—all the holy saints were poor. If we ever get sick and sorrowful, far from the aid of home and friendship, may it be among the cottages of the poor!

On the fifth day of July, in the year before mentioned, poor Peggy was better; she had now been a full fortnight lying down. Her features had become more defined; her flaxen hair was softer and more glossy, and her skin was fairer and more delicate than ever it had been before. Her eyes were very brilliant, and her cheek had the color of a young and tender rose-leaf; and as she bent her mother's look upon the sleeping baby by her side, she seemed a creature fit for paradise. Everything around Peggy Hynes, we should remark, wore an appearance of neatness, and even of comfort. The sheets were white and fine—the counterpane was nearly new, and she had two pillows; in fact, her little bed—clothes contrasted with the bed and with the place.

Gran was at her wheel near the great light-house hearth, and she looked towards Peggy and the infant. Neddy was at his work for the poor little angel, and flung its little arms round the mother's neck so—that love, and fear, and memory, and apprehension, smote her all together, and poor Peggy Hynes fell

"Peggy is very handsome," said Neddy—although he had never looked round.

"Yes, *avra*; poor Tom will be glad to see her; won't he, *avra*," she said, addressing Peggy, "when he comes back from Merikay!"

Peggy smiled, and a large tear rolled down her cheek, and fell upon the baby. Poor thing! she stretched its little arms up towards its mother, and cried.

She raised the creature and kissed it, and laid it gently in her bosom; but the drops of perspiration stood upon her brow after the little exertion thus made, and she nearly fainted.

"Gran?" she said.

"Yes, *avra*," said the good hearted beggarwoman, as she rose and went towards her.

"Gran," she whispered, "bury me down by old Mammy's side;" and the tears rolled fast as she was speaking.

"Gran, *avra*, I'm dying, and dying in peace, an' wid a forgivin' heart for all. Bring Tom to where you lay me, Gran, an' make him kneel upon the grass alongside me," an' say to him, Peggy, his own colleen, was thrue, an' will meet him— and poor Peggy looked up, for her speech had failed her.

"Cushla, Cushla!"—said Gran. "Step!" interrupted Peggy. "Gran, the Father of Heaven will bless you, and Neddy will be your gardlan. Neddy is so good, and he never, never lets one hear uv id. Neddy, come an' kiss me, your poor Peggy *avra*, gall."

"No, I won't!" answered Ned, abruptly.

"Eh! Ned?" said the sick girl.

"No!" the boy answered: in a lower voice.

"Och, Neddy," joined Gran; "I thought—"

The poor boy was overcome; he burst into a passionate grief, frightful for one so young—and ran—ran out of the door—ran, shrieking along the road.

God bless that healthful honest heart of little Ned!

"Gran," again said the sick woman.

"Yes, *avra*, don't wak'n yourself!" "Gran," and she smiled; 'twas like sunshine from heaven on her face, even while she was still weeping. "Gran, I have got a mother for little Aileen!" and she again raised her first-born, who laughed in freshened vigor as it embraced its parent. "An', Gran, listen; God made me call her Aileen; tell no one till I'm gone—but d'ye know the reason?"

"Yes," answered Gran.

"Ah! no one knows the angel, on'y me; she never let me out o'er eyes—never; an' no one was the wiser. An', I'm lyin' on the sheets of her own bed; an' her pillow are supportin' me. Oh! darlin', darlin'! Ailey Moore!"

A shadow fell on the doorway; the speaker looked from Gran, and she saw Ailey Moore herself, leading Eddy by the hand.

"Och, *cead mille failte routh nasail, iasail!*" cried Gran as she ran over and fell upon her knees; "*Cead mille failte routh!*"

"We cannot give a translation of Gran's welcome—the English language fails us here. The idea, however, is, a hundred thousand welcomes to the fair Ailey, whom she calls a lady that comes down to the level of the poor. If any of our readers will send us a better translation of *nasail iasail*, we shall correct the one which we have given."

"Thank you, Gran," said Ailey, taking off her bonnet, and approaching Peggy Hynes. Ailey took Eddy's kiss from the invalid, and raised up the baby. "Come," she said, "I must have my little namesakes," and the child clasped its little hands, and put forth its little lips to press those of Ailey.

The young lady pressed the nursing to her bosom ardently.

No one but such as Ailey Moore knows the luxury of making poverty's paradise. What an ecstasy there is in beholding even an infant rejoice in your arms, and in witness the fire of her burning heart come into the mother's eye as she proudly sees her little one caressed by a "lady." Alas! with what little cost wealth might become the sunshine of the sorrowful, and share the felicity it creates and forms! How happy even a few young ladies might make their locality by sitting down once a day, even for a little while, beside the bed of the lowly! How much love they might develop! How much gratitude!—and then how strong might be the bonds between the rich and the poor!

Father Mullois, of Paris, tells us that a medical man, some short time ago, found a smart-looking, neat young woman, and a handsome one, waiting upon a poor invalid in a poor faubourg in a back room of a wretched poor house. Everything was neatly done up. The furniture was clean, the bed adjusted, the few little articles all nicely in their places.

"Was not the countess happy?—certainly she was. And there are hundreds of lady's like her in Paris, for Paris is Catholic, thank God!"

Ailey Moore spent a portion of every day with her sick friend, preparing her to die, and persuading her to live. She would take her by the hand, and kiss her hand very often, for Ailey thought her holy. She was a martyr, poor Peggy was, as she said she deserved everything for her sins; for oh! she "so often fretted her good mother, and she was so wild," she said, and "hadn't loved God half enough, and He was always so good to her; although once she had put Tom between her and God, and God had given Tom to her, and he had done everything for her, and she had done everything for Miss Ailey!"

Eddy was kneeling near the lady's chair or seat, and he had the point of his finger on Ailey's little shoe, and he looked up in her face like one worshiping, and he really did worship her—'he murmured, "Ailey Moore!"

Ailey overheard him.

"Well, dear little Eddy?" she said, raising him with one hand, while she held the child by the other—"well?" she said.

"Nothing," replied Eddy.

"Do you remember the story I told you?"

"Of the boy that bought his father from slavery by working and saving?"

"Exactly."

"I'd do more than that for some wan," said Eddy.

"What would you do?"

"I'd go and be the slave myself to the man."

"You would?"

"Ia."

"Bravely said; and for whom?"

"Oh, for some wan."

"Come now, for whom?—tell me; for the priest?"

"Yes, sartainly, for Father Mick," replied Eddy; "he's good to Gran an' ev'ry wan."

"And for poor Gran?" pursued Ailey.

Eddy gave Gran one of these concentrated looks so wonderful in a boy—it spoke a volume.

"And," continued the beautiful girl, "surely for—"

Ailey Moore, steadily as if he were a man, and in a low tone, replied "poor Eddy."

Eddy had a brave heart.

Ailey Moore and Eddy, two hours after, were proceeding along the "Bog road." The evening was fast declining; Ailey had over-stayed her time. At a distance the sea was seen through two hills, and looked like an undulating lake of molten gold. The cultivated lands spread around their rich verdure and glorious promise. The smoke was ascending in blue curls from the farmhouses, and the cattle lowed upon the plain and hill. It was a beautiful evening, indeed; this 5th of July, Ailey had no fear; every one knew her, and loved her. She prayed, because she always prayed. She never saw a shrub, or flower, or piece of sky, that struck her as beautiful that brought not the Eternal to her mind, because she knew He had sent them. She was the sister of Reginald or Gerald Moore, and she was a Catholic.

Right in the mid path, as they proceeded, they were met by the man whom we have seen so often, and know so well—

"Shaun a Dherk." He asked an aim as he received it.

"God bless the Lily of the Valley!" said Shaun; "an' God purtect 'er from her enemies!"

"That's Shaun," said Eddy, in his old dreamy way.

"Will you gie me wan momint's talk miss?" said the beggar-man.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Miss Ailey," the strange man said, in a low voice, and one of great solemnity, "you are the friend of the poor, an' the poor love you. I want to do your brother good."

Ailey started, and reddened, and grew pale.

The following was Shaun's letter: "Sir—It is known the landlord refused you everything, an' his insults to you whin you went there. You can't keep the land—the rears of rint would brake you. You'll be charged with murder, to take you out o' the way, an' thin the wolf will come upon your fold. All the money you have in the world want pay a bond your father signed in security for a mah that's gone to Merikay. *Snapper* has that bond; he took it from the dead man Sherkin. When you're in jail and your father is poor, an' your sweet sister hasn't a home to cover her; some people think they'll get a wife asy. You have some friends that want nothin' from you—they don't want to know you till the day come. They'll die or save you in the end; but, as an honorable man, burn this letter, an' never know, in any case, SHAUN."

"The clouds are gathering," said Gerald, as he tore the paper to atoms quietly, and burned the fragments on the grate. "God's will be done!"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CALL OF CAITLAN

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY SKETCH BY REV. D. A. CASEY, in the Magnificat.

Over the miles of ocean space they are calling—these Voices from the glens of Ireland. A soft croon from the fair plains of Tipperary; a wailing cry from the desert ranches of Meath; a stern call from the rugged heights of Mayo; a plaintive banishes heaving from the empty halls of Tara; a murmur as of many voices from the glorious Yellow Ford. From glen and hillside and sun-kissed plain is Caitlan calling on this night of memories, and eyes shine brighter and hearts beat faster at the sound of her voice, for she is a fair sweet-heart, is Caitlan-ni Houlihan, and broad as the earth is her kingdom, and countless as the stars her lovers. It matters not whether they dwell in gorgeous city mansion or lonely log cabin, rich or poor, they have wooed and loved her, and she smiles alike on all. It may have been yesterday you knelt at her feet or kissed her goodbye: it may have been many, many years ago. Caitlan of the unforgettable heart has not forgotten you. Every day she stands on the mountain top looking out across the sea for a sight of the ship that is bringing you back to her. And every night she kneels by her lonely couch and prays the God of Nations to keep and guard you. She is weary waiting for that to-morrow that will bring you back to her. But it is ever to-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow never comes. Yet does she keep on hoping against hope that some day you will sire of your wanderings and come back to her. She has many other lovers, but you she cannot, she will not forget. It is you she wants—you to kneel at her feet, to hold her soft white hand, to kiss her red lips. You are far away and lonely and she would cuddle you to her breast and comfort you. She would to her best and comfort you. She would to her best and comfort you. She would to her best and comfort you.

But a mother never forgets, and Caitlan of the many lovers is the mother of the Gael. A mother's heart, the holiest thing on earth, treasures your memory, and as long as the shamrock grows green in her valleys so long will she remember you—so long will the Spirit Voices call you.

The Spirit Voices? They are forever calling, but to-night of all nights you hearken to their incessant pleading. Come back? Come back? To the heart that is hungry for you, to the home that is lonely, and the eyes that are dim for a glimpse of you. "The hearts that don't forget" are calling you—the hearts of your kindred. From the storied heights of Tyroconnell their pleading comes to you. From the glens of Wicklow they speak in the night winds that play about the moors of Kerry. You catch their accents in the lapping of the waters at the lonely feet of Kin-coora. And the din of the city streets is as the echo of fairy music; the babel of the many voices is as the chanting of the Litany amid the broken cloisters of Clonmacnoise; the very winds that wake the silence of the forest glades are as the cooing of the mighty dove. Caitlan of the Unforgettable Heart will not suffer herself to be forgotten. Her spell is ever upon you, but it is at such a time as this that you especially feel her witching thralldom. Scenes that you had thought forgotten crowd the portals of memory: Voices long silent whisper in your listening ear. Faces you have loved people the shadows. Ah, it is to-night of all nights Caitlan of the many lovers speaks to your hearts. And there is a strange, gripping of the heart as you listen, for the call of Caitlan is the saddest cry on earth—the home cry of the Gael.

It was on the Curragh quay at Queenstown one beautiful morning in early August that I first heard the call of Caitlan. The great liner that had left Liverpool at midnight was now nearing the Cove of Cork. Like some huge dragon it came ploughing its way through the breakers, as if impatient for the feast the tender was bearing forth to its hungry maw. The salon and second cabin had already embarked. They were a happy, careless crowd, returning Americans for the most part, already counting the hours until the statue of Liberty would welcome them back to the great land of their adoption.

"Third class passengers, open up your tickets," calls the man at the gangway. I had heard so much of

the bleeding wound of emigration, of the heart-rending separation between parents and children, brothers and sisters; of the going forth into an exile more bitter than death, that it was with interest I turned from my place on the deck of the little vessel to see the crowd that was now preparing to come aboard. They were fine, strapping lads, and handsome lasses for the most part, with here and there a sprinkling of grey hairs—fathers and mothers going out to join their children in the great strange West. One by one they crossed the narrow gangway—the bone and sinew, the health and strength, the youth and beauty of this stricken land. No smile on the white, drawn faces; no merry glance from the tear filled eyes; no cheery call from the quivering lips. Above the autumn sun shone brightly in the unclouded sky; a blackbird thrilled forth his soulful melody from the groves on the hillside; the clang of the cathedral bell called the early worshippers to Mass; scarce a ripple broke the azure surface of the bay. Everything in nature spoke of life and happiness. One felt it good to be alive. But there was a blot on the fair canvas as though some devouring moth had settled upon it. There was a discordant note in nature's grand melody. It was as though the summer's sun shone down upon, and the birds sang in the trees above, some lonely country churchyard where the grass grows above the graves of the forgotten dead. Here was death-in-life, the passing of a nation, its manhood fleeing from a land fruitful as another Eden. How many tragedies have been enacted here upon this quay of Queenstown? What deeds of heroism, epic in their greatness, have had their setting? Under God, and Victor, guardian angel of His Irish people, who can tell?

One typical example must be recorded. When nearly everyone had crossed the narrow gangway we noticed a poor old woman clinging to her boy in one long farewell embrace. She was loth to part with him, and although her eyes were dry we knew her heart was breaking. True daughter of the Mother of Martyrs she tried to make the parting less bitter for her son by denying nature its tribute of tears! But the filial heart would not be denied, and great as the sea were the sobs that shook that manly frame. A gruff call from the official cut short the leave taking. The young man pressed one last kiss upon the withered forehead above which the grey hairs fell back under the neat white cap, then the narrow plank echoed to his footsteps, and she was alone. The whistle sounded; the gangway was drawn up; the engines throbbled, and we were away. Then it was that a cry, as awful and heart-rending as ever fell upon mortal ears, rang out over the waters. No words can convey its depth of misery. Rachel was weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they were not. That cry on the quay at Queenstown is still ringing in my ears. I have seen the infant fawn from its mother's arm, a blossom nipped in the bud ere yet the warm sunshine of life had time to wake it upwards and bring it to maturity. I have stood above the new-made grave and saw a mother look down upon the coffin of her only child. It was terrible, but it was Nature's law. But this death-in-life was something that nature rebelled against as ever more terrible than death itself. It was a poor broken hearted figure that toiled slowly back to her home amongst the mountains that August morning. The sun shone upon her pathway, but the sun of her life had set forever. No more would she stand at the cabin door as the shadows lengthened to welcome his home coming after the day's task had been accomplished. No more would his presence make sunshine in the humble cottage. No more would they kneel together upon the earthen floor to tell the beads, before seeking their well-merited repose. The leaden hours would lengthen out into weeks, the weeks into months and years, until the hour struck that called her on a longer journey, and the stranger's hand it was that would prepare her for that journey. But the giant of the waters went its way unheeding this tragedy of the lonely mothers of Ireland.

The lonely Irish mothers explain the Spirit Voices. It is from such homes as we have described their message comes over the waters. And somehow, out in the great new world, they wake responsive echoes in exile breasts. The telepathy of love and grief links up the leagues that part. Memory annihilates distance. From out the shadows dead past go by you in the darkness. And oh! who is this that with gentle step and gentler touch comes to you in the twilight of this festive day of the Gael? Aye, there is magic in the touch, and it needs not the familiar lips to tell you that the best beloved on earth that has come to you with the spirit Voices. Away in our Tipperary home she has been counting the days that will bring you back to her, but this night of nights she cannot remain away from you, so she comes to you on the wings of the wind and bears you back with her across the miles of space, back to the old, old home. To-morrow is Patrick's day, and she wants to pin your Patrick's Cross upon your shoulder. You have outgrown that you think, but in her eyes you are still the baby she carried in her arms in the golden days ere grief had set its seal upon her brow. Poor, lonely mother? She will think of you to-morrow as she kneels at Mass in the village chapel. When she sees other

mother's boys come in and kneel beside them she will think of you. And it will be through a mist of tears that she will look up at the altar and at Father Pat saying Mass. And many's the prayer will be said for you, and many a beads will she offer up to the desolate mother ere she returns to the home that knew you as a boy. And then she will take down your letters and read them over—poor, faded lines, blotched by a mother's tears, until maybe some kind hearted neighbour dropping in, will find her crying over them and will tell her "not to be foolish," and to put them away. Ah, poor lonely Irish mothers! God bless them everyone, and comfort their desolate hearts. May they live to see the ship come in over the waters—to see the dawning of the day when the Spirit Voices will not call in vain.

The Spirit Voices? Do you not hear them calling. Across the miles of space they come borne on the breeze that has its source 'mid the hills of Ireland. And it blows softly through the city streets, gliding in at open windows, rustling memoranda on the business man's desk, climbing up long flights of steps to where, in lonely garrets, the toilers are resting after the heat of the day, or maybe it taps gently at some aristocratic suburban villa, half afraid to enter here. And to one and all it bears the same message—a message from Ireland. Then again it takes wing and is away to the hills and the fields, over great rivers and through lonely forests, searching out the child of Ireland. And it enters in with the smell of the health-clad hill, munter heavy upon it and the murmur of the limpid brook in its wake. And old eyes brighten, and young hearts beat proudly for it is the call of the blood, the voice of Caitlan. A mere speck on the world's surface. A tiny little island far out on the breast of the sea. And yet the eyes of the Gael turn towards it as the exiled Israelites looked to Jerusalem and the Sacred Mount.

"Whence this fever? Whence this burning, Love and longing?" Answer it, burning and lonely heart, Answer it, leagues of ocean foam, That widely, darkly and drearily Part the wandering Celt from his native home.

It is only the exile's heart can answer. Only the exile understands what is meant by the call of the Spirit Voices.

THE ACADIANS

WAS BELCHER ACTING ILLEGALLY IN DEPORTING THEM

Editor of the Halifax Chronicle:

Sir:—The sketch of the life and public services of Chief Justice Belcher, which the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Townshend, read at the meeting of the Nova Scotia Historical Society on Friday evening, is a valuable and important contribution to the political history of the province. Prepared after careful and full investigation into every source from which information could be gleaned, and presented, as might be expected, in attractive form, it was fitting that a resolution was passed at the conclusion of the meeting, requesting the early publication of the paper in the printed records of the society.

Belcher was a highly educated man. He was likewise a well-trained and careful lawyer. Very shortly after he assumed the duties of his public office in Nova Scotia, he pointed out to the Governor and the other members of the council, he himself being a member, that that body exceeded its powers in passing ordinances; imposing taxation on the people and otherwise regulating their civil duties. No such power was given to the government in his commission and instructions; and all the powers the Governor had were derived from these documents. His powers were stated in clear and unmistakable terms in the commission and if he assumed powers not provided for in the commission, his action therein was illegal and void. The commission authorized the Governor to constitute his council to assist him in the government of the country, and the council was accordingly constituted; but the commission continued to be the sole charter of his powers until an assembly should be summoned.

The opinion of Chief Justice Belcher was concurred in by the law officers of the Crown, one of whom afterwards became the famous Lord Mansfield, and to that opinion we owe very largely so early in the history of our colony the establishment of our representative institutions. In this matter Belcher displayed the caution and spirit of a careful lawyer and legislator; he manifested a feeling of solicitude and anxiety that the body of which he was a member—the Governor and Council—should perform no act, should adopt no policy and should pass no ordinance which was not fully authorized by law.

There was, however, another matter in which he took a large share of responsibility, because it had his approval and support as a member of the council. With respect to this matter one may fairly ask upon what legal grounds Chief Justice Belcher based his action? Perhaps to illustrate the point I may be permitted to refer to some events of later date in the history of what is now Canada. It will be remembered that in 1887 and 1888 the colonies of Upper and

Lower Canada were in a state of disorder. A number of the inhabitants broke out in open revolt. They took up arms against the Queen's authority, and human blood was shed and human lives were sacrificed. The man who defied the authority of the Crown—no matter what their grievances, for that is neither here nor there—were, in the eye of the law, rebels and they had rendered themselves liable, upon conviction, to the severest penalties which the law prescribes for those who are guilty of the crime of treason. In January, 1838, the constitution of Lower Canada was suspended; and to bring about the pacification of the country and some sort of order out of the welter of affairs, the Home Government sent out Lord Durham as Governor-General and High Commissioner, investing him with exceptional powers in dealing with the affairs of the country. The position, briefly, was open rebellion, several of the leaders of the rebellion in custody, the constitution suspended and the Governor in chief and high commissioner invested with large powers in order to put affairs right. One of Lord Durham's first acts was to pass an ordinance, directing that the prisoners who took part in the rebellion should be deported to Bermuda, a British colony beyond his jurisdiction.

When news of this ordinance reached England two eminent English statesmen, Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst, declared in speeches in the House of Lords, that the ordinance was illegal. The Attorney-General, Sir John Campbell, and the Solicitor-General, Sir B. M. Rolfe—each of whom later became Lord Chancellor of England—gave a reasoned opinion to the effect that the ordinance so far as it dealt with the transportation of the prisoners to Bermuda was "beyond the power of the Governor and his special council and void."

The following brief extracts from some of the speeches in both Houses of Parliament will show how the ordinance was regarded by some of the most enlightened statesmen in England:

Lord Brougham said: "No power to inflict pains and penalties upon individuals who had not been brought to trial was conferred upon Lord Durham. General laws for the good of the colony he might make, but subject to one exception which restrained him from altering any act of the British Parliament."

Lord Ellenborough said: "The smallest deviation from constitutional principles on the part of a constitutional government was fraught with danger. Such governments as had a different origin might indeed venture on courses consistent with despotism, but the whole transaction was alien from the spirit of British jurisprudence."

The Duke of Wellington said: "Steps should be taken to set the Government of Canada right on the proceedings which appeared to be totally illegal. Lord Durham did not appear to know what he was about. It is quite impossible that the people of this country could suffer any man to be driven into banishment without trial."

Lord Chief Justice Denman in presenting himself for the first time in the House, said: "My objections to the ordinance are founded on no technical point of law; but are directed to a gross violation of the constitution."

Sir John Campbell said: "The banishment of the prisoners to Bermuda was a legislative act, but the legislative power of the Governor was limited to the borders of Lower Canada and it was therefore in vain to contend for the legality of that transaction."

Lord Durham's great mistake as to his powers resulted shortly after in his downfall as a public man. The opinion of these great men—four of them became at one time or another Chancellors of England—have never been seriously questioned, and it may be assumed that these opinions give a correct statement of the English law as to the right of Colonial Governors to order deportation. If it was good law in 1838, why was it not good law in 1877? In 1877, according to Chief Justice Belcher, it was illegal for the Governor and his Council to impose a tax of a few pence on a gallon of rum or a pound of tobacco. If the Governor and Council were so restricted in their powers, so impotent in regulating matters of mere local finance, where did they get the legal authority to pass resolutions ordering the deportation from Nova Scotia to other colonies beyond their jurisdiction of several thousand of the inhabitants of the Province, most of whom were women and children, and none of whom had been adjudged guilty of any crime, known to the English law? If it was illegal for Lord Durham to order the banishment of men who were caught red-handed in rebellion, surely it may be argued that it was at least equally illegal for Lawrence and Belcher to order the banishment of numerous men, women and children who were guilty of no crime.

I have no desire—and, indeed, I do not feel qualified—to discuss the expulsion of the Acadians as a matter of public policy. That is not the point I am raising. I confine myself entirely to the question of the legality of the act. If Belcher considered it legal to deport the Acadians, on what grounds did he base the opinion that it was legal; that it was within the power of the Governor and his Council to do so? If it were beyond the Governor's powers and illegal, how could Chief Justice Belcher justify his own action as mem-

ber of the Council and Judge—in participating in an illegal act? An answer to these questions seems to me to be necessary, when his life and works are under review.

J. A. CHISHOLM.  
March 10th, 1914.

**THE IMITATION OF CHRIST**

**ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MASTERPIECES**

After the Psalms of David, there is probably no book in the whole range of devotional literature which is so widely known, so universally used by persons of the most completely divergent theological views, and so tenderly loved, as Thomas a' Kempis' "Imitation of Christ." The causes of this extraordinary popularity are several. First, it is not controversial. It is of course, wholly and convincingly Catholic; it was written at a time when practically no form of Christianity other than Catholicism was known in Europe; the Catholic creed and Catholic devotion are taken for granted. One complete section of the book—often omitted, however, in Protestant adaptations—treats of the Holy Eucharist and the doctrines of Sacrifice and Sacrament both learnedly and devoutly; yet the author does not argue greatly concerning these things, still less does he controvert views opposed to those which he himself held. There is, therefore, throughout the book an atmosphere of complete rest and serenity. Secondly, the book treats of spiritual life in its deepest, and therefore its simplest, realm. Christianity, it has been said, is Christ. It is not, as it is so often said, a code of laws or observances, though laws and observances are necessary for its setting forth; it is not, fundamentally, a series of dogmas, though dogmas are necessary for the scientific statement of the truths which it, or any religion, contains; it is not essentially a series of devotional acts, though devotional acts are necessary for the expression and continuance of the spirit which underlies them. But Christianity is the Person of Christ, from whom Christian laws take their rise, of whom dogma speaks, and to whom devotion is directed. It is, then, directly to the Person of Christ that Thomas a' Kempis leads his readers, setting that Divine Figure before them, and, yet supremely as their Model. He is presented there, under the guise of His humanity, as the Perfect Man, by the imitation of whom can alone be found that peace which He promises as the Master who Himself led the road along which His disciples must follow; as the Teacher of the soul who, in dialogue, describes how obstacles must be overcome how graces must be used, how experiences of life must be met—how, in short, those supreme relations towards God and man, of which both the law and the Gospel speak, must be transformed by religion after Christ's own pattern and precepts.

The book is sometimes described as a masterpiece of mysticism. This is perfectly true if the word is used in its simplest sense. It scarcely resembles at all the mystical writings of such persons as St. John of the Cross, or St. Teresa; these treat of a way of initiation—of modes of purification, illumination and union—founded indeed upon an imitation of Christ, and intended to lead to the same end as that to which Thomas a' Kempis aspires, yet ranged under completely different modes and images, and discussing on route a number of considerations—experiences, phenomena, introspections, and spiritual conditions—to which our author seldom, if ever, refers. Such writers as these Spanish mystics present the spiritual life—the one under a parable of a rugged mountain that must be ascended, the other under a parable of a sea, engulfed in darkness, night upon night with scarcely a glimmer between; the other, as an interior fortress, intricately built and fenced, inhabited by distractions, yet ruled by the Sovereign Lord who waits the coming of His bride in the chamber. He has set aside for Him and her. Such writers as these analyze the inner life of a Christian with marvelous insight and knowledge, yet by the very wealth and variety of their intuitions and illuminations terrify sometimes those simple souls who desire what they, too, desired so fervently. But Thomas a' Kempis leads such souls as these rather to a little walled garden in the sunlight—such a garden as even the poorest may possess if he has but the will for it; and there brings the timid, loving soul to the feet of a brother who is yet a Master, of a Master who yet is God. Certainly he, too, leads the soul to the highest from the lowest; there is not a step, on the Way of Sorrows—the Royal Road of the Cross as he names it—which he would have us miss or avoid; there is not the smallest and most minute act of kindness to a neighbor, of mortification towards self, or of love in his teaching; yet he deals with souls, not as a guide brings the traveler over the hills of death and storm, or as another may conduct a visitor through halls where the men-at-arms brawled and the dogs bay up to the bride-chamber in the heart of the castle, but rather as a mother, infinitely tender, yet no less resolute, disciplines her children, even while she smiles at them, over their lessons on a summer's day. He presents the soul to Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ to the soul; and there the two speak

together. The Divine Figure is infinitely pathetic, yet almost intolerably strong; the soul is infinitely desirous—of desiring, if of nothing else—yet knows herself unbearably weak. He bears upon Himself the marks of His passion, and beneath the rags of her unrighteousness and the scars of her sinning are the lineaments of a saint in making. Here, then, the two speak together; He urges her to the highest, and shows how this may be attained only by submitting to the lowest; He does not spare her when she needs rebuke, yet never forgets to give her courage even in the midst of pain; and she, acknowledging her unworthiness, not only of glory, but even grace, grasps by the very knowledge of her weakness and the remembrance of her falls that grace which alone can lead to glory.

A third reason for the popularity of the book, amongst even those who do not accept Catholic authority, may be found in its relation to the Bible. Its direct and explicit quotations from that source are comparatively few, yet, in itself, it may be described as being a strong solution of Scripture. It resembles in this respect a mediæval church, which, although it has few actual texts carved or painted upon the walls, yet in wall and window, in carving and fresco and glass, presents, under another form, the essence of the story of God's dealings with men, crowned and consummated in the great road above the doors that lead to the high altar. In the case of the "Imitation" it is the mystical, ascetic, and ethical teachings of the Scriptures that is so presented. Upon one page it would seem as if Solomon were once more uttering proverbs; upon another as if David were singing to his harp; from another the Shepherd of Galilee Himself seems to be re-iterating, through the delicate delineation of the author's style, the deep principles of the Beatitudes, the poignant warnings to those who rejected or misinterpreted Him, or the sublime and moving discourses of the Upper Chamber. Yet above all towers the Figure of the Crucified, drawing all to Himself, uniting into a common system of devotion and spiritual wisdom the utterance of prophet and king and seer and saint, by placing in their centre the keystone of His Cross. That Cross has budded and blossomed indeed into beauty; its arms and head break out into gilding and flowers and angels' head; yet in its midst, as in the record of Scripture itself, hangs the grim and bloodstained Victim of Calvary.

Lastly, the book bases its universal appeal upon the extraordinary knowledge which its authors shows, not merely of those outward aspects of human nature that are within the reach of the most boisterous of cynics, but of that inner reality of it—that strange cauldron of motive and negligence, or self-seeking and altruism, of generosity and prudence—in short, of self as contemplated by self, the moment of whose first discovery is the supreme crisis of conscious life. In this book, then, the mind that has passed inwards for the first time, and found itself in a realm where all is strange and bewildering, where all is instant self-sacrifice, where the dominant motive, and at the next, self-assertion; when the soul, tormented by impulses which she cannot explain, now raised to an ecstasy of self-abnegation, now rolling herself in the gutter, believes herself alone in her experience, wonders afresh at God and man, and most of all, at herself—in this book she finds a record of all that she has gone through, a prediction of her future, which, little by little, she verifies, and a promise of a secret which, if she will, she may faithfully adhere to, it shall bring her safe out of all her trouble.

It is the extraordinary human knowledge of the book—less than its divine wisdom—that is the key to its power of reassurance. As when a sick man visiting a doctor, and learning from him, after five minutes conversation, that his sensations, after all, are not unique; that he is suffering from a perfectly familiar illness, that his symptoms are thus and thus . . . finds, in the very recounting to him by his physician of all his trouble, an amazing strength and encouragement: so, too, when a soul, first conscious of ill-health and agonized, first aware, in fact, of itself through unfamiliar discomforts, turns to the "Imitation of Christ," she finds, in the minuteness with which her own state is described, in the steady and accurate probing to which she is subjected and the instant response of every nerve, as, one by one, each is touched by a skilled finger, a confidence, and, indeed an alleviation, she could never have won from a merely unintelligent course of diet or medicine dictated for her obedience.

The book, therefore, will remain always as a monument of spiritual teaching, for it is not with phrases or movements or fashions that it deals but with the immutable laws of interior humanity. Even if Christianity itself were but a phase, even if Theism were but a hypothesis, even if dream; even so, at its deepest, the soul is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever" the "Imitation" could never wholly die, since it displays the constitution of that soul with an accuracy that can never be surpassed. And, from this very accuracy in undeniable facts, it supplies a kind of strength, if slender, apologetic for Christianity, a probability for its truth in matters that are for some minds doubtful, if not unknown. For it is hard to think that a man so

clear-sighted as was its author in the verifiable realms of psychology, and humanity, so unerring in his knowledge of human frailty and human aspiration could, after all, be utterly deceived in the remedies he proposes for the one, and the rewards he promises to the other.

Of the author himself comparatively little is known, beyond the unsurpassable revelation he has made of his own soul. He was a priest and a religious, at first one of the Brothers of the Common Life, his parents lived at Kemped (whence he took his name), near Cologne; later he joined the Order of "Canons Regular" at Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, and ultimately was elected Prior. He finished this book of his in the year 1411, A. D.; but fragments of it are extant nearly twenty years earlier. Other works have also been attributed to his pen, and especially, a certain series of meditations on the Life of Christ as recorded in the gospels; but for his authorship of these the evidence is neither so strong, nor so ancient, nor so widespread as that on which it is believed that he wrote the "Imitation." Translations of his book were freely and rapidly made from the Latin, in which it was written, into various European tongues.

It is remarkable how entirely absent from this book are all hints of the stirring events in the world at the period in which was composed. It has all the peace of the cloister and the serenity of a soul that loves the cloistered life, and makes no account of the superficial world of external event. It is none the less profound—in fact, it is all the more profound for that very reason, since the man who wrote it knew well that it is in the world of spirit that real history is made, that here alone are the conflicts that count, that here alone irremediable disaster and inalienable victory are reached, since the Kingdom of God is within us, and "cometh not with observation."

**CATHOLICS AND THE BIBLE**

**A REVIEW OF THE OLD FABLE**

In his tirade against the Catholic missionaries of New Mexico, the Rev. J. B. Bloom, in his article in the October issue of "Old Santa Fe," the new quarterly, repeated the hackneyed allegation that the Bible was an unknown quantity with them. How untrue this was is proved by the following third and last article written for The Denver Register by the Rev. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.

Now for the charges that before 1846 the Bible did not reach New Mexico; that the Bible in the vernacular was unknown there; that it was not read in the churches in the vernacular; that the padres themselves had not a single copy in Spanish. Like our Divine Saviour, St. Francis, who in everything closely imitated Christ, sent out his friars to preach Christ and whatsoever Christ had told His Apostles His rule has a special chapter on the manner of preaching Christ, even to the "briefly of speech about upon earth." That implied the study of the Scriptures; and, like St. Francis himself the friars were great Bible students, as the ten huge folios of St. Bonaventura (named due to St. Francis), show. It is safe to say that any of St. Bonaventura's sermons abound more in appropriately employed passages than any dozen of the Rev. L. B. Bloom's discourses. St. Anthony, whom St. Francis appointed to teach theology to his brethren, was said to have been able to reproduce the Bible from memory. Nothing need be said of other intellectual giants who became famous in sacred letters, and in the Scriptures, during the thirteenth century which, according to the Rev. L. B. Bloom was "dark," because he knows no more about it than the average sectarian, but parrotlike merely repeats what ignorant or malicious quacks choose to peddle around among their gullible people as "history."

In obedience to St. Francis' Rule, as well as to the regulation of the "Holy Roman Church" (thus he fondly spoke of her) the Franciscans not only studied the Scriptures for themselves, but sought to bring their treasures to the gentiles. The three friars, who in 1540 appeared on the Upper Rio Grande, and stayed there alone with the savages, are in evidence to the Rev. L. B. Bloom as a Bible with them, because it was not necessary, and because according to the Franciscan Rule they, like the Apostles, came without bag or baggage. Yet they had as much of the Bible as was sufficient for all practical purposes. Those friars, as well as those after them, every day in the year read more from the genuine Bible than the Rev. L. B. Bloom did in a week or possibly in a month. Has he ever seen a priest's Breviary? Hardly. He cares nothing for investigation when he suspects that it may possibly take away the substance of his accusations. That is sectarian fashion. The Breviary, as the name indicates, may be properly styled the Bible abridged. It contains large portions, the beginning chapter or chapters always, of every one of the seventy-two books that comprise the genuine Bible. These books are distributed over the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. In addition, there are commentaries on those very portions of the Bible written by the various great Fathers and Doctors of the Church in the first centuries, besides life-sketches of the heroes of religion, the martyrs and other canonized

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friends of God. The friars, like all priests, read these portions of the Bible, etc., every day in the year, and they still do so under pain of grievous sin. Thus it has been from the time of St. Francis and long before. Oh, but the Breviary is Latin. What of it? Does the Rev. L. B. Bloom imagine that Almighty God understands not the palms addressed to Him in Latin? Some prefer Greek. What of it?

Now as to the whole Bible not having reached New Mexico. The founders of the missions there, the old Franciscan Friars, are dead. They cannot reply to sectarian charges. Hence the Rev. L. B. Bloom finds it very safe to launch his accusations. Nevertheless, their practice will answer loud enough for the intelligent thinker. When it became feasible, on the backs of mules and horses, along with everything else that was necessary, came also libraries all the way from the City of Mexico. There were no railroads then. It was exceedingly difficult and expensive to get up anything. Yet Bibles came up, too, and old tomes of every kind. How do we know? Patience. The friars themselves hailed from the capital, just as did those who achieved the wonderful work of conversion in California. All these friars had the same rules, the same customs, the same general superiors, and consequently the same practice obtained with them wherever they labored in the vineyard of the Lord. Their successors are observing the same practice now. Ask those on the Rio Grande and among the Navajos at present.

In California, the missions were confiscated in 1824 and 1825 by Voltairianized and liberalized unscrupulous politicians, just as happened in Old Mexico repeatedly since 1824. Everything was inventoried and sold. Thus the libraries of the friars (and each mission had books of every description, as the Rev. L. B. Bloom may see in Bancroft), were like the property of the Indians, scattered. Many of the books, however, were saved or returned and found their way into the libraries of the Bishop of Los Angeles, of the parish of Monterey, Old Mission Santa Barbara and Santa Clara College. A cursory examination of the library at Santa Barbara reveals the fact that the friars possessed well-thumbed Bibles which date back considerably beyond 1846. To pass over all others, the oldest found here was printed in 1578, and was used by Father Miguel Piaras, stationed at Mission San Antonio from 1771 to 1774. One complete Bible bears the name of the saintly Father Magin Catala de Mission Clara, whose beatification process is under way in Rome. There are other complete Bibles with the names of the respective missionaries. Every friar in California, it appears, had a copy of the Bible, and that is solid reason for the belief that the same friars in New Mexico were similarly equipped. Now, for the charge that the Bible in the vernacular was not known and that it was not read in the vernacular in New Mexico. We must fall back upon the practice of the same friars elsewhere, for instance in California. How much of the Bible in the vernacular does the Rev. L. B. Bloom read in his meeting house on Sundays? The whole book? Surely not. Well, in the Catholic churches from time immemorial different portions of the Gospels and Epistles have been read in the vernacular every Sunday, feast day of the year by order of the very Church which the Rev. L. B. Bloom does his utmost to vilify. The library of Santa Barbara contains any number of books in the Spanish idiom which have the said Gospels and Epistles with appropriate explanations in the same language. Then there are Spanish sermons without number as old as some of the Latin Bibles. An old tome before me was printed in 1664. It is by Luis de Granda on Prayer, Fasting and Almsgiving. Another, smaller work, printed in 1692, explains word for word the Gospel of the respective Sunday or feast day in the vernacular Spanish. Such books abounded in Old Mexico. The converts, especially, were filled with them, as the Rev. L. B. Bloom may see in the city of Mexico he goes to the Public Library building, which is none other than the confiscated church of St. Augustine. He will find both side naves of the splendid structure filled from the ceiling to the floor with books robbed from the convents as the brand on the margin demonstrates. The friars not only read and spoke in Spanish to the Indians, but in the native language. There are such sermons in the Indian language, though only written, at the Sancta Barbara Monastery.

In fact, the first works in the Indian language of the United States were written and published by Father Francisco Pareja of St. Augustine, Florida, as early as 1612 to 1617, before the Puritans reached Plymouth Rock. These works are catechisms and expositions of the Christian doctrine in both the Spanish and the Timuquian Indian language. Father Pareja died in 1628 at the Convento Grande de San Francisco, the very monastery that supplied Mexico with missionaries.

Finally we come to the bold assertion that the padres themselves had not a single copy of the Bible in Spanish until the close of this period (i. e. 1846). We have again to ascertain what was the practice of the same friars elsewhere, in California, for instance. Notwithstanding that the missions were confiscated and the books scattered, some of the latter have been preserved. Before me lies "La Biblia Vulgata Traducida en Espanol," in nineteen volumes, Madrid, 1794-1797. Moreover, it is a second edition. The notes are numerous. It was used by Father Gonzales of Mission San Jose.

The Rev. L. B. Bloom caps the climax of mendacity, however, with this charge: "Jesus Christ as only Saviour and Supreme Master was unheard of in New Mexico through the Roman Catholic Administration" (P. 188.)—ing idioty! Ask the aforesaid Mexican of the plaza.

The Rev. L. B. Bloom closes his remarkable chapter on the Catholic Church in New Mexico with the assertion that "Mexico has only the most vague ideas of civil liberty, and still less conception of religious freedom, whereas the people of the Thirteen Colonies had long had knowledge of, and experience in, both." (P. 189.) It would be wiser for Rev. L. B. Bloom to be less loud on that subject. Where are the Indians found on the eastern coast by the Puritans and non-Catholic English in general? Butchered out of existence. In just retribution said Puritans themselves have well-nigh disappeared. They were their own executioners by race-suicide. As for religious liberty, better hide in shame. Think only of Salem and Cotton Mather, and the Blue Laws. In Mexico, at any rate, the Indians were allowed to exist, and to day they constitute nine-tenths of the population, whatever their faults, largely due to the baneful influence of Voltairianized politicians, who hate the Catholic Church quite as much as does the Rev. L. B. Bloom. Hence the shocking disregard for human life there, and the demonlike mercilessness with respect to the rights of the soul.

In New Mexico, too, the Pueblo Indians still exist, and live pretty much as they did at the time of Coronado. Had the case been reversed, had the Puritans, the co-religionists of the Rev. L. B. Bloom, entered the heart of the country instead of the Spaniards, it is certain these natives would have been exterminated just as thoroughly as in Massachusetts. As it is, the Archbishop and the Franciscans have a time of it to shield the poor Indians in New Mexico and Arizona against avaricious land sharks.

What a difference the animus makes with which a man undertakes to describe a country and its people! Years ago a party of non-Catholic literary and scientific men entered New Mexico for purposes of investigation. Whilst they examined above and below the surface, the ruins of past missionary activity, and studied the pueblos, they also dug into the history of the past. The result was that they came away with loftier opinions of the Catholic Church which through her missionaries effected such wonders in the very deserts without anything like the modern facilities to lend assistance. One of these honest investigators, Bandler, despite what may have been found amiss in individuals, became a Catholic. The others, like Charles Lummis, the famous editor of the "Out West," Fred W. Hodge, in charge of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C., etc., would as soon now accompany a polecat on his marauding expeditions as join the Rev. L. B. Bloom in vilifying the Catholic Church and her ministers. FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

**THE PERIODIC BUGABOO**

"The history of religion in the United States shows us," says the Catholic Advance, "that about every fifteen or twenty years some irresponsible nobodies get together, imagine, or pretend to imagine, that Catholics are planning a new St. Bartholomew's massacre, to counteract which, said nobodies proceed to throw divers fits. They jabber about papal aggression, Romish domination, lecherous priesthood, depraved convent life and an abundance of other such elevating topics. The sum total of their efforts is to frighten a few women and children, gather money from a not inconsiderable number of ignorant people,

retire with well-filled pockets. Supporters of anti-Catholic fanatics are found chiefly in small towns and sparsely settled districts where the inhabitants have little chance to know what the Catholic religion is. Most of those who contribute to the propagation of slanderous stories against our Church, have never seen a priest or nun except in effigy. They have never been inside a Catholic place of worship and would not recognize the convent if it were placed under their nose."

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

University of Ottawa, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper The Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good, and, above all, its Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1914

ARE THE ANGLICAN BISHOPS CHRISTIAN?

A Catholic asking such a question would certainly be accused of intolerant exclusiveness. Many Anglicans, however, are asking precisely this question and insisting on an answer. The Bishop of Zanzibar insists that the "Ecclesia Anglicana as represented by her bishops gives forth a clear, unwavering testimony to the Truth."

"If Episcopal, Sacraments, the Bible, and the Lord Christ Himself are on the official list of Open Questions, what is there left of the Deposit that we are here to hand on to Africans?"

"To the Most Reverend the Archbishop and the Right Reverend the Bishops of the Province of Canterbury in Convocation assembled: "We, the undersigned priests in the diocese of London desire to approach our Fathers in God and pray them to receive from us the expression of our grave anxiety at this present time: First, in consequence of the unrebuked denial of certain fundamental Truths of the Faith by some who hold office in the Church, and second, in consequence of the widespread tendency to approach the problem of reunion among Christians in a way that is clearly inconsistent with the belief that Episcopal Ordination is essential to a valid Ministry of the Word and Sacraments.

"For the help, therefore, of ourselves and of our people, we are driven to ask our Spiritual Fathers, first, to repudiate the claim of some clergy to reject the Miracles of our Lord's Birth of a Virgin and the actual Resurrection of His Body from the tomb, because we believe that these Truths lie at the very centre of the Faith and that the statements of the Bible and the Creeds with regard to them are perfectly plain and unambiguous; and, second, to make it plain that, in accordance with the teaching of the Church in all ages, the Church of England has always taught and must continue to teach the necessity of Episcopal Ordination as a condition of exercising the Ministry of the Word and Sacraments.

"We desire to express our unwavering belief that the Church of England is a true part of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, and, whilst recognizing the fact that freedom must be allowed within well-defined limits, we humbly ask to be reassured as to the two principles to which we have referred, being convinced that on this basis alone the Church of England can make the most of its opportunity and best fulfil its mission."

be difficult for sincere Anglicans to retain their belief in the function of the Episcopate and confidence in the Christian faith of the Bishops.

IRELAND IN REPEAL DAYS

The Ireland of John Redmond's day offers a different picture to the Ireland that rallied to the standard of O'Connell when the great Liberator awoke the national heart to the cause of Irish autonomy. O'Connell, by the sheer force of genius, had succeeded in wresting Catholic Emancipation from the British Parliament, but O'Connell had not succeeded in converting either party in England to recognize the undeniable justice of that measure; it was granted by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, not because it was demanded in the interests of justice, but, as they themselves confessed, because they were helpless before the organized opinion of Catholic Ireland.

The ascendancy faction still has a monopoly of the offices in many parts of Ireland, but the condition was infinitely worse in the days of O'Connell. The passage of Catholic Emancipation, while it broke the shackles, did not immediately open the door to Catholics to the higher offices; O'Connell himself, though ranking in the very front of his profession, receiving only tardy justice from the authorities. Few Catholics could hope to reach the bench, and for fourteen years no Catholic was mayor in any Irish town.

In 1840 there was not a monument to a single Irishman in Dublin; so that a foreigner, after examining the statues erected to the memory of German, English and Dutch heroes, was said to have inquired whether Ireland had produced no man worthy of being perpetuated in marble. A visit to the sculptors' shops made by a writer of the time revealed the fact that Shakespeares, Scotts, Homers and Dantes were found in abundance, but the bust of scarcely one Irishman, except the Duke of Wellington.

In the system of national education the geography and topography of Ireland received no more space and attention than Switzerland and Scotland, whilst Irish history and biography were rigidly excluded from the curriculum. English history was universally taught. Moreover, the Public Schools provided by the State between the Act of Union and the Reformed Parliament were schools where, the Protestant catechism, expounded by a Protestant schoolmaster, and interlarded with lectures on the errors of Popery, was part of the daily discipline. Up to 1832 the children of the industrious classes were taught in hedge schools held in the open air.

The mass of the people were poor, uneducated and hampered by laws of shameful unfairness. The Penal Code had left nearly four millions of the people unable to read or write, and nearly a million and a half more who could read but not write.

cabins of one room. The women and many of the men went habitually barefooted and half-clad. An eminent Frenchman, De Beaumont, visiting Ireland in 1824, declared that he had seen the Indian in his wig-wam and the negro in his chains but that the condition of the Irish tenant at will was worse than that of the savage or the slave.

The men of the Young Ireland Party are associated with the unfortunate uprising of '48; they will be held in grateful remembrance by the Irish race because of the splendid revolution they wrought in the national life of the people. They familiarized the popular mind with the true greatness of Ireland's past by holding up before them the great heroes of the race and by inspiring that pride of race and love for historic Ireland that mean so much in the present struggle for Irish autonomy.

WHERE AMERICA TRAILS EUROPE

There is a strong conviction in the popular American mind that an international comparison between the United States and European countries in the field of invention would establish beyond all doubt the superiority of the U. S. To travellers to Europe who do not penetrate into the recesses of shop and mill and factory, and who are content to form their verdict of scientific advance in Europe on the inferior modern conveniences that confront them on their travels, it would come as a particularly severe shock to be told that in many important departments of invention Europe is far in advance of America. Especially is this the case in the respective contributions of America and Europe to the scientific technique of the iron-and-steel business.

"It would be easy to cite fifty or a hundred important inventions of the last quarter century which have originated in Europe and have come into extended use there, and which we have merely copied or in some cases almost ignored here. When one views the whole field of engineering and industry, and particularly the progress of the last twenty-five years, it is humiliating to confess that, instead of being in the lead, the United States is lagging far in the rear."

"Some original contributions have been made to the art by American inventors in that time, of course, but the great advances which have been made have almost all originated abroad. We are to-day something like five years behind Germany in iron-and-steel metallurgy and such innovations as are being introduced by our iron-and-steel manufacturers are most of them merely following the lead set by foreigners years ago."

"It is humiliating to realize that nearly all recent improvements in electric lamps, both arc and incandescent, bear the foreign trademark, in spite of the fact that electric lighting is in the main, of American origin. Similarly, in spite of all this country has done in the development of the steam engine, American manufacturers are far behind the times in the use of super-heated steam. In not a few of the engineering trades we are, in this country, copying European products instead of compelling them to copy ours as of yore."

This failure of the United States to lead the world in the field of industry is discussed and illustrated in an article by William Hard in the December Everybody's. This failure to lead is characterized as the "one real crime in any system of things, the only crime that ever really costs it its head," and the writer has undertaken to analyze conditions in American life with a view to placing the responsibility for America's inferior achievements in the scientific technique of industry. This inquiry promises to prove most interesting as Mr. Hard proposes to study the

bearings on the industrial conditions of the country of the Trusts and the Patent Law of the United States. He thus states his plan:

"We shall try to test the Trusts of the United States and the Patent Law of the United States, not so much by inquiring if they have made some people rich and if some of these people are wicked, as by inquiring whether or not they have resulted in technical and commercial advance and have left the avenues for further advance wide open to the immense individual energy of the American people."

The articles open up a question that to the student of present-day economics cannot fail to be of absorbing interest.

IN FRANCE

As a result of the law of separation of church and state in 1905 the budget of worship amounting to 35,000,000 francs a year was suppressed leaving the French clergy to shift for themselves. In addition to this the buildings of the grands and petits seminaires reverted to the state after 1907 and the bishops with their strained resources were compelled to find accommodation for their students. About 382,609,000 francs belonging to the vestry boards and episcopal funds were likewise appropriated by the state. A superannuation fund amounting to over 19,000,000 francs and 50,000,000 francs constituting foundations for masses shared a similar fate.

The effects of these measures on the church has been felt most keenly in some dioceses. In 1910 the Bureau de l'Alliance des Seminaires called attention to the fact that the work of recruiting for the priesthood was suffering from the blow, the number of seminarians being lowered to one-half the former number.

We learn now that the matter has become so serious in certain dioceses that several Bishops have felt it necessary to appeal to the Holy See for advice and help. The result has been the issuing of a decree by the Consistorial Congregation providing that in a number of the dioceses, which are seriously menaced by a dearth of priests, it shall not be permitted to seminarians to enter any religious order, congregation or missionary society until they have worked for at least six years as priests in their own dioceses. The diminution of priestly vocations is a barometer of the spiritual life of the country.

IRISH ENTERTAINMENTS

The propriety of certain St. Patrick day celebrations may well be questioned, says the True Voice. Usually the fault lies with non-Catholics who neither know nor appreciate the spirit of the feast of St. Patrick. But Catholics are not always free from blame in this respect. There is little use in blaming others for failure to properly observe the feast if we ourselves co-operate in celebrations that are nothing more than a caricature of the race. Ireland has had a glorious past in which can be found inspiration for the day. She possesses a music that thrills the national heart and that is admitted by lovers of music in all lands. The achievements of her sons in different fields of activity are themes that if thrown on the canvas must stir the depths of national emotion.

Why then crowd these beautiful features of the program to give place to sketches that would be equally in place on the king's birthday, or the 12th of July? The Irishman who attends a St. Patrick's celebration where the program is almost as barren of Irish sentiment as the ordinary vaudeville performance cannot be blamed if he declines to patronize succeeding entertainments.

PATRICK

In New York a few days ago a County Clare man named Cunningham petitioned the court to have the Christian name in his naturalization papers changed from Peter to Patrick. Cunningham claimed that he had been christened Patrick but that, owing to a great many others in the family bearing that name, he had been given the name Peter. On coming to America at the age of thirteen he had tried to resume the name of Patrick but an uncle with whom he lived was called Patrick and insisted that the youth be called Peter. On taking out naturalization papers he informed the clerk that he had been christened Patrick but the clerk had nevertheless made out the papers in the name of Peter Cunningham. He now applied to have his naturalization papers corrected, a request in which the court acquiesced. In days gone

by when Irishmen saw their country in the mirror: held up to them by their enemies, when the precious annals of Ireland's greatness were a closed book and the pride of race extinguished the names Patrick and Bridgid lost their sweet and glorious significance to some of Erin's children. Irishmen nurtured in the lore of Erin are now claiming again the blessed heritage of their forefathers. Patrick Cunningham is a type of Irishman that will grow more numerous with the advance of knowledge of Ireland's unparalleled religious greatness.

"WHY WE ARE PROTESTANTS"

In a series of sermons under the above heading, the Rev. W. B. Caswell of the Broadway Methodist Church, Winnipeg, is at present engaged giving reasons for the faith that is in him. We do not presume to question his right to explain why he is a Methodist. Indeed we would extend to him the same privilege we wish his prophet not Wesley but Buddha or Mahomet. But on any authority other than his own we would be sorry to believe that his profession of faith was founded upon such a quagmire of ignorance. If his own printed synopsis of his reasons does not help him we should say that he belies himself to revise his theology.

"We are Protestants," says Rev. Caswell, "because we were born so, and rejoice in the fact of our heritage." Really. Now, would it be impertinent on our part to ask Rev. Caswell if it isn't a fact that St. Peter was born a Jew? And St. Paul was, no doubt, rejoicing in the fact of his "heritage" when he went down to Damascus "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." And yet, when the "light from heaven shined round about him" he readily exchanged his "heritage" for faith in Jesus. Surely Rev. Caswell believes he did right? And wasn't Luther born a Catholic? Why, even Rev. Caswell's not very remote ancestors were Catholics. If the fact of being born in a certain faith is a sufficient reason for continuing to profess that faith why does Rev. Caswell's sect send missionaries to the heathen? "They were born to a belief in many gods, and, we have no doubt," rejoiced in the fact of their heritage." We are not quite sure that there is not a missionary or two of Rev. Caswell's persuasion endeavoring to convert the Quebec habitant. And isn't there a Methodist mission in Rome praying for the conversion of the Pope who, poor man, knows no better than to "rejoice in the fact of the heritage" to which he was born, even as Rev. Caswell tells us he rejoices in his Methodism? If Rev. Caswell believes in his "reason" he is, to put it mildly, not very consistent. Or are we to take it that the only faith that inheritance proves to be correct is that professed by the minister of the Broadway Methodist Church? No, Rev. Caswell, you are not a Protestant because of the reason alleged by yourself. You would be saying the rosary with His Grace of St. Boniface did Anne Boleyn but happen to have the small-pox in her infancy, or had Henry VIII. been more faithful to his marriage vows.

The other five reasons advanced by Rev. Caswell are not one whit more convincing. "Protestantism is a return to the spirit and polity of the First Church." Then Jesus Christ broke His word, and the Spirit of Truth taught false doctrine, for otherwise there would be no need of a return to the First Church because that church would have been unchangeable. For Christ promised to remain with His Church "all days, even to the consummation of the world." He said, moreover, that the "gates of hell," that is, error, should never prevail against her, and that He would send the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, to teach her all things, and to abide with her forever. Did Christ keep His promise? Did He send the Spirit of Truth to teach His Church? Then the Church could not err. And if it didn't fall from grace how can Rev. Caswell maintain that "Protestantism is a return to the spirit and polity of the First Church?"

"We reject the order of priesthood as unfounded or unscriptural by our Lord," says Rev. Caswell. That is only a little portion of the things Rev. Caswell's friends rejected. But the Jews rejected Christ. Was he, therefore, not the Messiah? If the priesthood was understood by Catholics as "unfounded or unscriptural by our Lord" why did He say to the Apostles at the Last Supper, "Do this in commemoration of Me?" Why did He say on the night after His resur-

rection, "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained?" Why did He say, "As the Father sent me, I also send you?" If the order of priesthood is "unfounded or unscriptural" by our Lord why did the Apostles communicate this "unfounded" and "unscriptural" power to others, as witnessed Paul and Barnabas? (Acts 13:2-3). And Paul and Barnabas appointed priests in every church. (Acts 14:22) Paul ordained Timothy, and instructed him what kind of men he in turn was to select for the episcopal office. (1 Tim. 3.) He gave similar instructions to Titus. (Tit. 1:5.) If the order of priesthood is "unfounded or unscriptural" by our Lord then He was only playing with words, and St. Paul and the Apostles were playing also.

Rejecting the priesthood it naturally follows that Rev. Caswell should reject the Mass. Of course he holds "the intercession of the saints and the adoration (italics ours) of the Virgin Mary is unnecessary and a degrading of the character of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" because "God is love." It never occurred to Rev. Caswell that this ridiculous and puerile argument proves his ministry "unnecessary." Since "God is love" we no more need the prayers of the Broadway minister than we do the prayers and intercession of Mary and the saints. But Rev. Caswell's last reason is the gem of the series. "Protestantism does not stand for a church," he says. Indeed it does not, nor would its worst enemy accuse it of so doing. Protestantism stands for a whole crop of churches, all differing on essential points, and all claiming to be the church of Jesus Christ. And, by the way, we notice that Rev. Caswell is delivering these sermons on Sabbath evenings. We take it he means Sunday evenings. Now, where in the Scriptures does he find his "sanction" for observing the Lord's Day on Sunday?

We are sadly disappointed in Rev. Caswell. If, as a result of his series of sermons, he expects to find His Grace of St. Boniface worshipping henceforward in the Broadway tabernacle we are afraid he is a little too previous in counting his chickens. As for ourselves, much as we dislike Lenten penances, we see no avenue of escape from them in Rev. Caswell's "reasons." If he is really anxious to make good Protestants out of us he will have to try again. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

While the Irish Question is still uppermost in men's minds and drawing nearer day by day to the only possible solution, it may not be unprofitable to direct attention to the issue which a soulless clique has sought to force upon public attention. There are thousands of honest and well-meaning people, whose instinctive sympathy with the cause of liberty and self-government has been somewhat unsettled by the danger cry of Belfast Unionism. How senseless and dishonest the plea is our readers do not need to be reminded. But if these words should come under the notice of any of the class referred to let them give them more than a passing thought. Disinterested testimonies of the kind that follow surely bear the stamp of trustworthiness rather than the frenzied utterances of a hate-inspired faction with which the past year has made the world familiar.

THE HON. George Peel, an English publicist, in a recently published book, characterizes the Unionist cause as a "new religion." "New," it can scarcely be to anyone familiar with the history of Ireland. But that it has all the earmarks of a fanatical cult can scarcely be doubted. It is unmistakably the religion of hate. But "the new religion," says Mr. Peel, "consists of two tenets, vociferated in constant crescendo from many roaring pulpits. . . . If you differ from your neighbor politically you are at liberty to hate him without stint, and if your hatred does not terrify him into submission to your political wishes, then you may take up arms against him. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets of Belfast."

THE OTHER picture, drawn by Joseph Campbell, an Ulster Protestant, has to do with the Irish priest, against whom the full force of Belfast declamation has been directed. The picture that hangs upon the wall of every Orange Lodge in Ulster or in Canada depicts him as the in-

sidious foe of liberty and progress. Nor do we have to seek far for its painter. But those who know him as he is, those even not of his own flock, will recognize him rather in this affecting portrait by Joseph Campbell. To his uninformed detractors upon this side of the Atlantic we would say, look upon that picture and then upon this:

Walking the road between grey, lichened walls, To where the sick man or the sinner calls, You tread the path that Paul and Jerome trod, Dispenser of the mysteries of God.

The scholarship you know, the Latin, Greek, The books you write, the shining words you speak, Your silvered hair, your shaven face, your dress, Are but as shadows of your holiness. I do not judge you; any more than I have judged another; but with wisdom's eye, I look, and count you worthy of high song, Who lift the fallen, bid the weak be strong.

THE REV. DR. Griffith Thomas, of Wycliffe College, Toronto, contributes to the current Princeton Theological Quarterly "An Evangelical View of Cardinal Newman." The article really purports to be a review of the "Life" by Wilfrid Ward. What constitutes the "evangelical view," we are fully informed through the same writer's fantastic notions of Spain, which have had some currency lately. The one thing not necessary to such a view is light, and it (the view) derives additional interest through being had by applying the eye to the large end of the telescope.

THE CONCLUSION at which Dr. Thomas arrives after the exhaustive survey of Newman's career is, that "to those who know and love primitive Christianity as recorded in the New Testament, the story of Newman is indeed a tragedy." A "tragedy" it certainly was, but the victim was just as certainly not John Henry Newman. Those familiar with the history of the Oxford Movement will not need to be reminded of the "tragic" effect which the secession of its great leader had upon the Church of England. Gladstone, and Dean Church, and Sir Francis Hastings Doyle and even Dr. Pusey himself have all borne testimony to this fact. Need we quote more than the words of the great Prime Minister, who, High Churchman though he was, had as little sympathy with Newman in his conversion as the Wycliffe professor of to-day can by any possibility have. The difference simply is that Gladstone spoke with knowledge, while the most that can be said of Dr. Griffith Thomas is that he exemplifies in his own person that somewhat famous saying of Josh Billings: "it isn't so much the ignorance of mankind that makes them ridiculous as the knowing so many things that ain't so."

IT WAS thirty years after Newman's secession that Gladstone's great opponent, Disraeli, spoke of it as "a blow from which the Church of England still reels." And it was at about the same period that Gladstone himself said of it that "it had never yet been estimated at the full extent of its calamitous importance." That it was "indeed a tragedy" to the Church of England testimonies are numerous and to spare. But individual testimonies are not needed in presence of the subsequent history of the Established Church. Newman strove so hard in his day to vindicate its Catholicity, and to identify it with the Church of the first ages. He failed, and through that failure found his way to his true home. The victory therefore, was all his, and the "tragedy" with the battered hulk he left behind. What it has since become in spite of the enormous growth of the "Catholic" party within it, we may see in the Kikuyu controversy of to-day. The one thing, as once more made evident by that affair, that Anglicans may be said not to know, is what their church teaches. And Dr. Thomas is no exception to this rule. In the light of the primitive Christianity then, which he summons as a witness—against himself, the conversion of the future Cardinal is a very real tragedy—to the Church of England.

IF WE had had less experience of these "evangelical" theologians, we might be disposed to marvel over their "primitive" claims. Dr. Thomas takes his stand upon the New Testament! It would of course be an impertinence to enquire how he reconciles this with the whitening process

in regard to the same New Testament which is ever going on in the seminaries of his persuasion, and in every Protestant theological institution throughout the world.

IN THE midst of this squabble about sacraments and orders, about exclusiveness and comprehensiveness, an Anglican bishop writes from British Columbia describing an Easter service held in his cathedral at Prince Rupert five or six years ago.

"Variouly interpreted" (italics ours): can one imagine a graver or more grotesque distortion of the Lord's Supper as set forth in unmistakable terms in the New Testament?

FIFTEEN YEARS or so ago, readers of Catholic periodical literature in the United States and Canada came gradually to know a new writer of wide knowledge and penetrating insight in the person of a New York physician, Dr. James J. Walsh.

DR. WALSH has not hitherto been so well known in Canada as in his own country and his lecture at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, on the 18th inst. was little short of a revelation to many of his hearers.

TAKING UP the subjects of biology and anatomy Dr. Walsh held his audience in the hollow of his hands, showing, as he did that all the greatest developments in modern surgery and medicine were built upon foundations laid in the ages of Faith and

under the patronage of the Holy See. In the field of electricity he cited the names of Galvani, Volta, Ohm and Amperé, whose names are familiar to every worker in the field.

THE INTRODUCTION of three such celebrated men to Canadian Catholics in one season as Father Langdon (Secretary and collaborator to Dom Gasquet), Wilfrid Ward and Dr. Walsh should not be without its effect upon our intellectual development.

ABBERANCE FROM OLD HAS GONE TOO FAR

INVOLVES TOO MANY ABSURDITIES FOR THE COMMON SENSE OF HUMANITY. RATIONALISM IS BANKRUPT

IN the course of an address delivered before the Holy Cross Alumni in New York, the Hon. Bird S. Coler paid his respects to the rubbish men discover and call religion in these days.

Prof. George Santayana, late of Harvard, where he taught philosophy, I understand, a non-believer in revealed religion, but he is not without a shrewd vision of his own.

My friend the doctor is a few steps behind the times, although he harbors the strange illusion that he is in advance of them. The materialistic nightmare that followed Darwinism is passing from the minds of men.

It is a pleasure for me to be here with men who are not afraid of dogmas. It is a pleasure to be among men who believe in a personal God and a definite moral code, true and unchangeable and authoritative.

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and sentimentality rings on life like a tin 10 cent piece.

IN contrast with the impotency of these queer new systems that are spawned at a materialistic conception of life, how splendid is the demonstrated power of your dogmatic cause in the face of the practical evils that beset us.

BECAME DANCE MAD

And we must have some standard, some authority. Recently our people became dance mad. A form of dancing translated from San Francisco slums and South American dives was introduced, and its evil influence spread like a pest through all social conditions.

There are reasons why I am not surprised at the more recent demonstrations of the moral efficacy of your Church. Although I am not of your communion I have read your history. I have had the good fortune to overlook the false conception born of the medieval politics which classical historians in our tongue have had of the Church of your age.

BISHOP HICKEY WARNS AGAINST CURRENT VICE

At the Cathedral, Rochester, N. Y., recently Bishop Hickey spoke of the object and aim of human life, namely the salvation of the soul, and said that while we are in society, we must not forget the final object of our creation.

"If we review society to-day," said Bishop Hickey, "and observe it with an unprejudiced, unbiased eye, what would come to us? I think it would be the existence of the spirit of commercialism, which has invaded all ranks of life.

This is not a pessimistic view of life, but the point to be made is this, that men to-day are working by the spirit of commercialism to gain the things of time, and it is not true that the effect of it all is to destroy in themselves and society the higher and better ideals of life?

Take society to-day from a small boy to the multi-millionaire, put a proposition before them and each will study how he may come out ahead. It is then a mere question of money, and yet here we are Christians living under the very shadow of the cross.

get that pleasure or recreation is not the essential thing in life, but only the incidental of it. It may be compared to the seasoning of the food.

"Society to-day is indicated in certain spots for its very commercializing of vices. It is bad enough that pleasure should lead and control men, but to-day, without doubt, vice is bought and sold, so that it is reported of one, who did not hesitate to say, that he would serve the public with filth until the public revolted.

"Side by side with this spirit of commercialism and love of pleasure there is found a forgetfulness of God. What is to protect us? I answer purity of life, and that will be determined by our association in life.

THE CHURCH AND CIVIL LIBERTY

REFUTATION OF THE CHARGE THAT SHE FAVORS OPPRESSION

The enemies of the Catholic Church declare that it is opposed to civil liberty, that it is in favor of popular oppression, that it is the foe of free institutions, says a writer in The Catholic Columbian.

But history proves that the Church, instead of being an opponent of the rights of the masses of the people, has been their support for nineteen centuries. It has resisted barbarism, slavery, and despotism. It has promoted civilization, combated bondage, and favored freedom.

When the Catholic Church was established, the Roman Empire ruled the world. Ignorance and brutality prevailed. Slaves were numerous. Laws were cruel. Rulers were arbitrary.

The Church began its mission by teaching the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It warned the men in authority that they were responsible to a higher Power. It resisted the unjust exactions of class distinctions and race hatreds.

When the Church emerged from the catacombs and was recognized by Constantine, it used its influence for the welfare of the people. Ambrose, Chrysostom, Athanasius, Hilary, as well as Pope after Pope, stood up against tyranny and took sides with the multitude for human rights and Christian civilization.

When the Roman Empire fell and Europe was overrun by Hun and Visigoth barbarians from the North, the Catholic Church was the strongest opponent of the savage oppressor. It conquered the Northmen by converting them. It softened their ferocity. It amended their brutal laws. To diminish the evils of the feudal system, which they had introduced, it established "the Truce of God," which provided that, out of reverence for Christ's passion, the hostilities should be suspended until the evening of the following Monday.

Finally, it destroyed feudalism, as it had destroyed slavery. It rescued Christendom from Mohammedanism. Catholics fought and won the Battle of Lepanto. It preached the Crusades, which not only secured

the independence of Europe, but also promoted the development of free institutions.

Protestant historians have testified to the services rendered by the Catholic Church in the development of liberty from the days of Caesar to the end of the Middle Ages.

"By all sorts of methods the Church likewise strove to repress the tendency of society to violence and continued wars. Everyone is aware that it was by the Truce of God, and numerous measures of the same nature, that the Church struggled against the employment of force and devoted itself to introduce into society a greater degree of order and mildness. These facts are so well known that I am spared the trouble of entering into any detail."

"During the Middle Ages, when there was no social order, the Papacy alone perhaps saved Europe from total barbarism. It created bonds of connection between the most distant nations; it was a common center, a rallying point for isolated States. . . . It was a supreme tribunal, established in the midst of universal anarchy, and its decrees were sometimes as respected as they were respected. It prevented and arrested the despotism of the emperors, compensated for the want of equilibrium and diminished the inconvenience of the feudal system."

The great Protestant writer, Von Leibnitz, in his treatise, "De Actore um Publicorum," says:

"It must be confessed that the solicitude of the Popes concerning the canons and ecclesiastical discipline was from time to time most beneficial; and that, by influencing kings, in season and out of season, either by the authority of their office, or by the threat of ecclesiastical censures, the Pontiffs hindered many evils. And nothing was more common than that kings should subject themselves in their treaties to the censure and correction of the Pope, as in the Treaty of Bretigny, in 1360, and in the Treaty of Etaples, in 1429."

And a Protestant writer in the North American Review for July 1845, says:

"Though seemingly enslaved, the Church was in reality the life of Europe. She was the refuge of the distressed, the friend of the slave, the helper of the injured the only hope of learning. To her chivalry owed its noble aspirations; to her, art and agriculture looked for every improvement. The ruler from her learned some rude justice; the ruled learned faith and obedience. Let us not cling to the superstition which teaches that the Church has always upheld the cause of tyrants. Through the Middle Ages she was the only friend and advocate of the people, and of the rights of man. To her influence was it owing that, through all that strange era, slaves of Europe were better protected by law than are now the free blacks of the United States by the national statutes."

Another Protestant writer, in the Foreign Quarterly Review, says: "Feudalism was the worst foe to social order because it was equally opposed to the sovereignty of the monarch and the liberty of the people. Could it have held its position, Europe must have sunk into barbarism; but it had to oppose a powerful principle—the influence of the Church. In the eleventh century the Papacy fought the battle of freedom and civilization."

Southey, in his "Book of the Church," says: "Politically, the Papacy was the savior of Europe—for, in all human probability, the West, like the East, must have been overthrown by Mohammedanism, and sunk in irremediable degradation, through the pernicious institutions that have everywhere accompanied it, if, in that great crisis of the world, the Roman Church had not roused the nations to a united and prodigious effort, commensurate with the danger."

Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," says: "But everywhere amid this chaos of dissolution we may detect the majestic form of the Christian priest mediating between the hostile forces, straining every nerve to lighten the calamities around him. When the Imperial City was captured and plundered by the hosts of Alaric, a Christian church remained a secure sanctuary, which neither the passions nor the avarice of the Goths transgressed. When a fiercer than Alaric had marked out Rome for his prey, the Pope St. Leo, arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, confronted the victorious Hun, as the ambassador of his fellow countrymen, and, Attila, overpowered by religious awe, turned aside in his course. When, twelve years later, Rome lay at the mercy of Genseric, the same Pope interposed with the vandal conqueror, and obtained from him a partial cessation of the massacre. The Archdeacon Pelagius interceded with similar humanity and similar success, when Rome had been captured by Attila. In Gaul, Troyes is said to have been saved from destruction by the influence of St. Lupus, and Orleans by the influence of St. Agnan. In Britain an invasion of the Picts was averted by St. Germain of Auxerros. The relations of rulers to their subjects and of tribunals to the poor, were modified by the same intervention."

By the monks the nobles were overawed, the poor protected, the sick tended, travellers sheltered, prisoners ransomed, the remotest spheres of suffering explored."

These quotations might be multiplied indefinitely, but our time is short and our space is limited.

The free cities of the Middle Ages and the republics that followed them—Leon, Madrid, Worms, Cologne, Venice, Genoa, San Marino, etc.—developed under the Catholic Church and with the protection of the Papacy.

Pope Alexander III. was the head of the Lomard League for the protection of civil liberty against the Emperor Barbarossa, and after the victory of Legnano the Pope dictated the terms of peace which secured the freedom of the people of the league. See Hallam's "Middle Ages," chapter 3, page 184.

The great charter of civil liberty in England, the Magna Charta, was wrested from King John by the Catholic barons, at the head of whom was Archbishop Langton. That is a Catholic document, drawn up by Catholics, signed by Catholics, and vindicating Catholic principles. It secured trial by jury, fixed courts, taxation only with the consent of the people, the writ of habeas corpus, etc. It is the cornerstone to-day of the liberties of the people of Great Britain. Yet its date is 1215, before Protestantism was born.

But the principles of Magna Charta are older than it. Its chief provisions were contained in the laws of Edward the Confessor, and in the charter granted by Henry I. in 1100. It was confirmed by English kings thirty eight times between the date of its adoption and the date of the Reformation. It was in operation for three centuries before Protestantism was invented.

All the heroes of liberty in Christian history down to recent times were Catholics. Alfred the Great and Archbishop Langton were Catholics. William Wallace and Robert Bruce, the patriots of Scotland, were Catholics. St. Henry, Conrad, Sobieski, and Godfrey of Bouillon were Catholics. Andrew Hofer and William Tell, the patriots of Switzerland, were Catholics. Furst, Werner, Melchthal, and Arnold Winkelried were Catholics. Joan of Arc was a Catholic. Montalembert and Lacordaire were Catholics. Calvert, Lord Baltimore, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton were Catholics. Lafayette, Pulaski, Count de Grasse, Rochambeau, De Kalb and Kosciuszko were Catholics. Moyal and Commodore John Barry were Catholics. Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator was a Catholic.

WHILE MARY SLEPT

While Mary slept she dreamed a strange new dream— (Oh what was this beyond the tide of years?) It was a hill against a storm-swept sky; It was a cross, higher than Love is high. (O in the night how swiftly fell her tears!) While Mary slept the Christ-child held her hand— (And as she dreamed she trembled in affright.) She felt the nails that bound Him to the tree; She felt the blood, and His heart's agony. (O it was dark—the day had turned to night.) But Mary woke; all her fear was dead. (O close beside her lay her little One!) She kissed His hands, she kissed His tiny feet; "O Thou," she said, most wonderful and sweet, (It was a dream, it was a dream—my Son!)

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

WOMEN WHO DO GO TO CHURCH

A popular magazine prints an article on "Why Fifty Women Do Not Go to Church," embodying letters from half a hundred women in reply to the question whether or not they were Church goers. "Their replies, taken as a whole," remarks the Register of New York, "lead to the conclusion that in the average Protestant view the Sunday morning service is not a solemn act of public worship, performed at the command of an omnipotent Creator, but a species of gracious concession to the Deity, to be granted if found convenient and agreeable, or abandoned if not. Unfortunately we have indifferent Catholics who, through Protestant associations, learn to look upon church going in much the same way, as a concession and not a duty, but their numbers are comparatively insignificant. An article such as "Why Fifty Women Do Not Go to Church," unfailingly brings to mind the scenes witnessed at some of our Catholic churches on Sunday mornings, with half the congregation for one Mass collected on the sidewalk waiting for the congregation of the previous Mass to vacate the edifice."

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Taichowfu, China, Feb. 8, 1914.

Dear Mr. Coffay—I will act on the suggestion contained in your letter of Jan. 5 and that of Father Dowdall and send you regularly accounts of the progress of my mission. At present we are in terrible suspense. The government is considering the advisability of making Confucianism the state religion in China. This will be disastrous for the Church, the Catholics will be excluded from governmental positions as those in office will be obliged to adore Confucius. Please ask your readers to pray God to avert this danger from the infant Church in China.

I read the other day in a Shanghai paper that a priest was killed in the next province by a band of robbers. Such news does not startle us missionaries. We came to China with the hope of dying for Christ. We do not know what the future has in store for us, but one thing is certain as long as there is breath in my body I will battle for Christ and for the souls for whom He died. Your extreme kindness in keeping the subscription list open gives me courage to go ahead. The houses I erected on my return to China are now overcrowded with people under instruction. I will now erect another house 60x24 ft. with upstairs for the women who come up for instruction from many distant towns. The workmen will begin immediately.

I have reached the point when another assistant priest is urgently needed to attend to all the newly received converts. May I ask your readers to pray earnestly for this intention. I have invited several young priests whom I know in America. They tell me to pray that they may receive courage to come. Yours sincerely in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Mrs. James K. Toronto, Wm. O'Connor, Toronto, Thos. Mulcahy, Orillia, P. Fitzpatrick, St. John, A. Reider, Dublin, Miss M. A. Gallant, Oyster Bed Bldg., Field, Guelph, Mrs. F. O'Rourke, Carleton Place, Chas. J. Bailey, Montreal, An Irish Girl, Toronto, For Father, Lakefield, Wm. P. Ryan, St. John's, The Bird, St. John's, John Holden, St. John's, A Friend, Lawn, S.S., D. Donovan, Montreal, Tim Connelly, Skull Creek, Sask., Mrs. J. J. S. Fort Louisa, Que., J. A. C. Edmonton.

FATHER VAUGHAN ON LOURDES MIRACLES

Father Bernard Vaughan must have been in excellent form when interviewed at Edinburgh the other day on the subject of the Lourdes miracles. In the course of some pithy and common sense remarks, he said: "What a surgeon can do with his knife you must allow God can do without it, and if some bodily ill will yield to a physician's treatment, it may yield with even greater facility to the word of the Great Physician, but before I can pronounce upon any individual case I must first of all investigate the matter. I must know the nature and character of the disease as it was before the patient went to Lourdes, and I must know the course of some pithy and common sense remarks, he said: "What a surgeon can do with his knife you must allow God can do without it, and if some bodily ill will yield to a physician's treatment, it may yield with even greater facility to the word of the Great Physician, but before I can pronounce upon any individual case I must first of all investigate the matter. 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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. J. J. BONES, PHOENIA, ILL. PASSION SUNDAY

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

"In every place there is a sacrifice, and there is offered to My Name a clean oblation." (Mal. 1. 11)

The Epistle for Passion Sunday mentions some of the sacrifices of the Old Law which prefigured the great sacrifice of the New Law.

We learn from Genesis of the fall of man. Universal tradition, as well as Scripture, informs us that the creature formerly became guilty in the eyes of the Creator.

The pagans following the primitive traditions, or obeying the law written on the tablets of their hearts, sacrificed to their idols, which they took for the true God.

God Himself carefully prescribed the quality, manner, number and place of the various sacrifices which He was pleased to accept from the hands of His chosen people.

From this fact, that sacrifice has ever formed a prominent feature in the worship of all peoples, we conclude that it belongs to the essentials of religion.

The sacrifices of the Old Law were provisional and prefigured the great sacrifice of the New Law prophesied by Malachias.

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TUMOR IN THE STOMACH

Completely Removed When She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

NEWBURY, ONT., April 4th, 1913. "Some years ago, I was sick in bed, and thought I was going to die."

"I had a growth in my stomach, which the doctors said was a Tumor and they said that the only thing to do was to go to the hospital and have the tumor cut out."

"I dreaded an operation although both doctors said it was the only cure. I said I would die before being operated on."

"At this time, my mother in Alvinston sent me some 'Fruit-a-tives' and induced me to try them as she had heard of another woman who had been cured of a similar growth in the stomach by taking 'Fruit-a-tives'."

"To please my mother, I began to take 'Fruit-a-tives' with the happy result that they cured me. I have not been to see a doctor since and my health is first class."

"I recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' every time I get a chance and I will be glad to have you publish this letter as some other woman may now be a sufferer from the same trouble and 'Fruit-a-tives' will cure her." Mrs. A. McDONALD.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Cross made many times by the priest over the Host and Chalice reminds us that we offer to God the Divine Victim of the Cross and that we ought to unite ourselves to Him by loving the Cross, by patience and Christian penance.

"Proud sectarians whose errors she has confounded, tyrants who have shed her blood in torments, prophets of death who have so many times pronounced her obsequies, but not surprised that she has so easily triumphed over your sophisms, wearied your executors and given the lie to your predictions. She has with her a God infinite in Wisdom, infinite in power, infinite in duration."

"If you have visited ancient cathedrals, or even some of the grand churches in this country and admired the varied ornaments and artistic wonders therein, if you have ever been present at religious solemnities and witnessed the gravity of our ceremonies, the beauty of our chants and the piety of the adorers; if you have reflected on the spirit of sacrifice, self-forgetfulness and self-devotion so common to Catholicism and which prompts multitudes of young persons of both sexes to forsake the world and devote themselves to the care of the sick, to the education of children and to other works of charity which reflect upon them, you cannot but have asked yourselves why are such gorgeous temples built; why such magnificent works of art; what



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prompts such sacrifices? And the answer will be, because the Church is the edifice where God daily renews the prodigies of His mercy and what-ever its beauty and magnificence, it can never be worthy of His love or our gratitude; because God is ever with us in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar to soothe our cares and answer our prayers.

We have seen, my dear friends, that the Supreme action of religion is sacrifice, in which something is offered to God in a state of immolation, thus recognizing Him as Master of life, and death; that from the beginning of the world this action of religion has been commanded and observed by the people of God; that the ancient sacrifices of the Jews had references to, prefigured that of Christ upon the Cross and on the altars of His Church; that the Sacrifice of the Mass is the same sacrifice of Calvary perpetuated in an unbloody manner and which fulfills the prophecy of Malachias: "In every place there is a sacrifice," and that this prophecy of Malachias is fulfilled by the Sacrifice of the Mass.

This Sacrifice of the Mass instituted by Christ at the last supper when He said "This is My body; this is My blood, do this in commemoration of Me," has been the public worship of the Church of Christ at all times as we learn from St. Paul who says "We have an altar whereof they have no power to eat who serve the tabernacle." (Hebrews xiii, 10). St. Irenaeus says "Christ in consecrating Bread and Wine instituted the sacrament of the New Law which the Church received from the Apostles according to the prophecy of Malachy."

The Son of God, after having taught us by His word, shown us by His example and merited for us by His grace the virtues necessary for salvation, would institute the Blessed Sacrament to come Himself and imprint them upon our hearts. Of these virtues the most important are humility, meekness, obedience, patience and charity. Let us ask God while present at Mass for a lively faith in His real presence, an ardent love for Him in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar and the grace to imitate His humility, meekness, obedience, patience and charity here and enjoy His presence forever hereafter.

TEMPERANCE

ALCOHOL IN MEAT AND MALT PREPARATIONS The Rev. Father Hays, as vice-president of the United Kingdom Alliance—the position occupied for many years by the late Cardinal Manning—appeared before a very representative and influential audience of about a thousand persons in the new town hall, Burslem, England, recently to make a pronouncement on temperance.

A large number of Anglican clergy, the local priests, and many Non-conformist ministers, doctors, aldermen, and councillors were present. In the course of a lengthy and interesting address Father Hays declared that the Christian conscience of the nation was being deeply stirred. All admitted as being the gravest and humanity's most deadly enemy. It stood as an impassable barrier to every movement that was making for the physical, social, intellectual, and moral advancement of the people.

He wished to sound a note of very grave and solemn warning. During recent years there had been a rapid development of a most dangerous form of traffic in intoxicating drinks, which was doing an enormous amount of harm, and which constituted a grave peril to young women and children. He referred to the extensively advertised meat and malt wines. They were a delusion and a snare. Those wines were so advertised that many persons took them under the impression that they contained little or no alcohol, that they contained substances which acted as food and drugs to give health, strength and nourishment, and that they had the approval of a large proportion of the medical profession, and were recommended by the medical journals.

What were the facts? Those medicated wines were disowned by the medical journals and by the medical profession. "Meat and malt wine is, in fact, a farce," says the Lancet; and the British Medical Journal states: "It may be pointed out that by the use of these wines the alcoholic habit may be encouraged or established, and it is a mistake to suppose that they possess any highly nutritive qualities." The universal use of these wines was the more insidious because it assumed the guise of respectability, and they could be so easily procured. Many persons, outside the ranks of temperance workers, maintained that alcohol should never be given to children, and not to women in certain conditions.

He had in his hands the analysis of three of the most extensively advertised meat-malt wines. The first contained alcohol by volume 20.15, sugar by weight 10.2, meat extract by weight 0.5. The second contained alcohol 17.26, sugar 12.8, and meat extract 0.6; and the third analysis was alcohol 19.6, sugar 18.2, meat extract 1.2. They were stronger in alcohol than claret and hock, and nearly as strong as sherry and port. The quantity of meat extract was ridiculously small. The alcohol was of a crude form, and there was the addition of very dangerous drugs, such

as cocaine—a deadly nerve-shattering drug, and most insidious in its action.

Was it not a serious thing to have these things scattered broadcast by those who assumed no responsibility for their consequences, and to see them given indiscriminately to children and to nervous, delicate women? In condemning this practice he felt he had the support of all right-thinking men and women.

SALOON CONVERTED TO TEMPERANCE USES

A large gathering of members of the League of the Cross was held on a recent Sunday afternoon in England, to participate in the opening of a memorial hall to the late Cardinal Manning which has been provided for Deptford. Curiously enough the building now converted into a memorial to the great advocate of temperance. Cardinal Manning was formerly used as a public house or tavern. The circumstance was certainly interesting, and hopefully significant. The former saloon is now being used as a propagandist's hall, and it is hoped that it will become an active center for the spread of total abstinence in this thickly populated area.

At the opening meeting Father Hemans explained the object of the hall, and said that members of the League of the Cross still cherished the memory of the late Cardinal, and were desirous of continuing the great temperance work which had made his name famous throughout the world.

Another speaker, Father Murnane, recalled his associations with the late Cardinal Manning, and particularly his yearly visits to the League of the Cross festivals at the Crystal Palace. The motives which moved His Eminence were the outcome of the disastrous effects which the drink traffic was having upon the masses of working-class people throughout the country. For seven years the Cardinal pondered and prayed before he took the pledge, but once he took it, like all things else, it was unchanging and unchangeable. He took the pledge at an historic gathering in Hatton Garden. During the proceedings His Eminence asked how many of those present had taken the pledge from Father Mathew. Seventeen people instantly replied in the affirmative. His Eminence was deeply touched by the loyalty of these people to temperance principles, and he asked them: "What can I do for you?" Instantly the reply came: "Ask the priests to lead us and guide us." The Cardinal immediately responded to the touching appeal, for amidst ringing cheers he declared, "I will ask no man to do what I will not do myself. I will be your leader and your guide."

Cardinal Manning once related a striking story to a meeting of the Catholic clergy of London. When he was an Anglican clergyman he opened a mission room for farm laborers a few miles from Lavington. He had arranged to hold a service for their benefit, but a terrible storm burst over the district. He thought the room would be empty, but he was determined to keep his word, and to his surprise he found the room full of his parishioners. As he entered a sturdy old laborer remarked to those present: "I told you he would never fail." That was the spirit which guided the life of the late Cardinal Manning after his reception into the Church, and it was the spirit which actuated his work as a temperance advocate.

Father Murnane added that the night of the house before him and the wonderful gathering present gave him the greatest encouragement as regards the future of the League of the Cross in South London. There were along the river bank on the south side three living, thriving branches at Deptford, Rotherhithe, and Bermondsey. He prayed that the work which had been begun that evening in memory of the late Cardinal Manning would be blessed and that the work which he had inaugurated would grow and flourish as it did in his time.

A GOOD SAYING OF WILLIAM CORBETT Have you ever read Corbett's History of the Reformation? If not send at once to any Catholic publisher and get a copy. It is absolutely absorbing. You cannot put it down. A recent letter in Everyman calls attention to the fact that "it is far more widely known and read than any of his other books." A cheap edition is now available.

Why he lived and died a staunch Protestant has always been a mystery, and here is Corbett's solution. When he was stumping the country on the currency question he often called in to see his friend Father John Holden at Theford. They were kindred spirits. On a certain evening, when Corbett was leaving, Father Holden exclaimed: "Mr. Corbett, it is a marvel to me that you, after writing your book on the Reformation and your Legacy to Parsons, should not have become a Catholic." To which Corbett answered in characteristic bluntness, "And it is a marvel to me, Father Holden, that you, a Catholic priest, should not understand the difference between conviction and conversion."

To this we may add, that it is giving good books preaching sound doctrine, and private Catholic talk that produce conviction. But it is prayer, and sacrifice, and suffering that obtain the grace of conversion.

GOOD NEWS FROM QUEBEC

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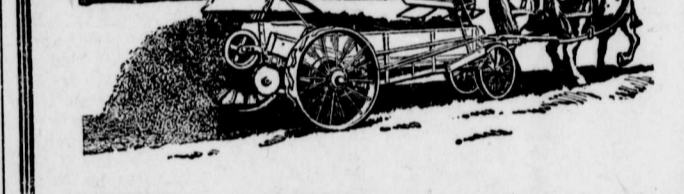
In Old Quebec

Every reader of this paper, who is suffering from Kidney Trouble or Rheumatism, should take advantage of the generous offer made by the National Drug Company, and write them for a free sample of Gin Pills. The letter published below is only one of many that has come to our notice in praise of Gin Pills, and we feel sure that anyone who writes for a sample will have good reasons to thank us for making the suggestion.

QUEBEC, P.Q. I received the sample box of Gin Pills and have taken them. They have done me so much good. They did just what you say in your circular that they will do. I can but congratulate myself that I sent for the sample, and I bought the full box.

Madame MARIE MIVILLE DUCHENE. This offer is open to you. Simply send your name and address and the National Drug Co. will mail you a sample of Gin Pills absolutely free.

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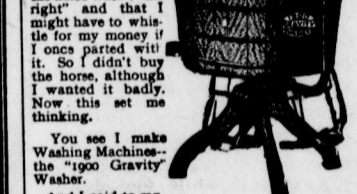
My unbounded faith in my Foot Drafts is built on my record of results. If you could see the thousands of letters I get, telling of cures at every stage in the progress of this cruel torture called rheumatism, cures of old chronic cases, you would be convinced that my Foot Drafts are as well as all the milder stages, you would lay aside your doubts. But I do not ask you to believe my coupon today. You will get a \$1 pair of Drafts by return mail, and you can try them FREE. Then, after trying them, if you are fully satisfied with the comfort they bring you, send me \$1. If not, they cost you nothing. You decide. Can't you see that I couldn't do this if my Drafts didn't satisfy? I wouldn't you mail a coupon to know for yourself, when I, knowing as I do, risk my dollar treatment on your verdict? Address: Frederick Dyer, P.O. Box 131, Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only coupon. Do it now.

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This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know a thing about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, 'All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right.' Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't 'all right' and that I might have to wait for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this is the way I think.



And I said to myself, 'lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who craved it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, I'll only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. I know what our '1900 Gravity' Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them. It can save half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without soiling the clothes. Our '1900 Gravity' Washer does the work so quick that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. It saves the clothes and breaks through the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the fibers of the clothes like a force pump might. So, said I to myself, I will do with my '1900 Gravity' Washer what I wanted the horse to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a '1900 Gravity' Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the '1900 Gravity' Washer must be all that it says it is?

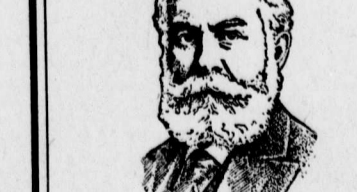
Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the '1900 Gravity' Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Address me personally—J. M. Morris, Manager, '1900' Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAKING OF A GENTLEMAN

One of the first principles conducive to a happy life is, in fact, to be ready to take every man with a discount—to count up the points that please us and set them against the points that displease us; and, if the good points predominate to be satisfied. If you get 60 or 75 per cent of what you would like to have in a man, it is time to thank God for it. And justice requires that you should credit him with all that you find creditable, and that you should put up with the rest without repining—still more without encroaching on his liberty and trying to make him miserable just because he is not in all respects what you would like him to be. A great help to this philosophy is to reflect that while you are painfully conscious of the faults of others, others are also painfully conscious of your faults, which are just as distressful to them as theirs are to you.

And so it comes to this. One of the elemental parts of a gentleman under the heading of justice is to have a good humored tolerance of others; a kindly concession to them of the liberty which you claim for yourself, a spirit of give and take and of fellowship in infirmity which prevents you from imposing yourself upon others, just as you would not like others to impose themselves upon you.

PLAYING THE FAIR GAME

Thus under justice as the quality of a civilized being, we include everything which concerns due respect for the personal rights and liberties of others, consideration for their feelings and interest, tolerance for their defects, and a general spirit of good will and fair play for all, giving to every man his due chance in life—entering into fair competition where need requires, but playing the game fairly, and not trying to bluff or bully or domineer over him—yielding graciously to his superiority where this manifests itself, prepared to suffer defeat with equanimity and without malicious resistance, and without trying to take advantage of some other way in the spirit of revenge.

A good illustration of this point is found in the department of sport. The chief educational value of games is precisely to give exercise to this spirit of justice and fair play. The rule of the games are laid down, and it is a point of honor for every player to observe them while foul play of any kind is considered a disgrace before the whole field.

The game is a contest of sterling merit, not of cunning or trickery or violence; and the spirit of a good sportsman is to take victory without offensive exultation, and to take defeat without gloom or resentment—to take discredit to himself and to give credit to another with even-minded impartiality; to play a winning game with sobriety and moderation, and above all to play a losing game in good humor and perseverance—content to take second place with honor rather than first place with dishonor.

The football field is in this way a complete epitome of life, and is a remarkable test of a man's character as to whether he plays the game of life fairly or unfairly—whether he is actuated by impulse and passion and selfish interests without consideration for others, or whether he is actuated by principle and reason and justice with full consideration for others—in short whether he is a civilized gentleman or a savage.—The Bombay Examiner.

COURTESY

To some courtesy may seem a lost art, little worth bringing back. But it is not. Courtesy is one of the old line arts that dies only with the man or the business. For the rise of many

a man and business has started with it.

Take time to be courteous. Emerson once wrote: "Give a boy address and accomplishments and give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes." Courtesy is of more value to a man than a thousand letters of written recommendations. Courtesy is an asset of more power than money or influence. Take time to be courteous.

A few years ago, a young man by the name of Wallace stood behind a railroad office window in Oil City, Pennsylvania, as a ticket agent. But he didn't stay all the time. When he saw a chance to render a courteous favor by delivering tickets direct to a customer, he delivered the tickets. Also, he sought out new ways of giving service. Business grew. A bigger job came after him. Then a bigger one. To-day, still a young man, he is general passenger agent for the entire Erie railroad. He may be its president some day. All through courtesy.

Take time to be courteous. Courtesy lightens the burden of toil. Courtesy demands respect. Courtesy is a little brother to opportunity and follows her around through the hours of the busy day. Courtesy always leads a man higher up.

Take time to be courteous. The courteous office boy, the courteous clerk, the courteous stenographer, the courteous manager, the courteous leader at big tasks—whoever heard of such a one not growing, not climbing into bigger things? Think over these things. For it is tremendously worth while to—

Take time to be courteous.—Intermountain Catholic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE "LILY OF FRANCE" SAVED BY THE "SHAMROCK OF IRELAND"

It may not be generally known that the famous battle of Fontenoy, May 11, 1745, one of the most notable in the war of the Austrian Succession, was won by the Irish Catholic exiles, then living in France. The opposing forces were the French, sixty thousand strong, under Marshal Saxe, and the allies, English, Dutch, and Austrians, in nearly equal numbers, under the Duke of Cumberland.

The King of France, Louis XV., saw his army mowed down by as gallant a body of soldiers as ever shouldered musket or charged with bayonet. Fourteen thousand English soldiers advanced steadily, in spite of every obstacle, almost to the very heart of his position. The whole French army was on the verge of defeat. One hope alone was left, the "Reserves," and they were the Irish Catholic exiles, who stood impatient for the fray. Most of them had gone to confession the night before the battle, and Irish priests exiled like themselves after the Treaty of Limerick, were among them bestowing blessings and giving absolution.

The question was: "Could these men retrieve the fortunes of the fight? Would they fight less valiantly because they had gone to confession? Marshall Saxe did not doubt in the least. "Lord Clare," he said to their valiant commander, "there are your Saxon foes." That was sufficient. Lord Clare gave the command to charge. The Irish Catholic exiles blessed themselves with the sign of the cross. Before them they saw the enemies of their faith and country, and then they forgot their surroundings. They imagined themselves again on Irish soil; beneath their feet the shamrock seemed to grow; before them rose the ruined walls of Limerick, and the stately Shannon flowed majestically to the sea. They remembered the cruelties and perfidy

of their adversaries, and with a shout that struck terror into the heart of the bloody Duke of Cumberland, they swept down upon his regiment like an avalanche from the Alps. Clubbing their guns in hands that were strong because they were inherited from pure mothers, they beat the enemy back and scattered his ranks in disorder over the fields. A glorious victory was won and the "Lily of France" was saved by the "Shamrock of Ireland."—Magr. in "Waits and Strays."

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A MINISTER EXPOSTULATES

SEES NO REASON FOR NEW MOVEMENT OF INTOLERANCE

Rev. Dr. John Faville, one of the oldest and best known Protestant ministers in Wisconsin, speaking from the pulpit of the Appleton Congregational Church, took for his subject "Why I believe in the Roman Catholic Church." He introduced his subject as follows:

Some years ago, during my first year in this city, I preached a series of sermons on "What I like about the Churches of Appleton." In that series was "What I like about the Roman Catholic Church." In 1896 I preached a sermon which was published in the local press on "The Catholic and the Protestant Ideas of Religious Authority," which grew out of a sermon I heard Father Sherman, the son of General Sherman, preach in St. Mary's church.

Before that I preached a sermon, which was also published, in which I gave reasons for not believing in the American Protective Association, that was then active in many places as an anti-Catholic organization. One of the organizers of that association came to my study one day to get me to join or to lend my influence, and he found me so strongly opposed to the movement that he gave up the idea of going ahead with his work. Whether an association was ever organized here I do not know, but at that time I gave myself credit for turning the tide against it.

My taking up this topic at this time grows out of the fact that some months ago in a sermon, I denounced the anti-Catholic paper known as The Menace. I had read this paper, more or less, for months, it having been sent to me by some one, and I had read a number of the anti-Catholic books it advertises. I said that I regarded such a paper in the spirit it showed, in the bigotry it exhibited, and in the falseness of many of its positions, as a menace to our country and to our Christianity. That saying was reported to others, and sometime after I received a number of letters from friends of the Menace, in which the thanks were conspicuously absent. The Menace itself honored me with a notice as being "one of those Protestant preachers who do not protest, and to which all creeds and alleged Christian practices look alike," and closed with: "We are truly sorry for Rev. Faville and the men of his ilk." But I also received some interesting personal letters, some of them anonymous and some with names given.

But such letters are really pathetic, more than ludicrous, a menace rather than a joke, for they are the pitiful eruptions of a spirit still existing among a class of ignorant men in reference to both the Protestant and

A BOY WHO SUCCEEDED

Many years ago a little Italian boy walked from town to town in Ireland, peddling various small wares. Often he was foot-sore and weary, and often the thought came to him of owning a car—a thought that in due time became a reality. Charles at last became the proud owner of a little car that not only carried him on his way, but suggested an idea that had great results. Perhaps, too, the thought was a reward for his charity, for it came to him after he had given a ride to a wayfarer. The idea that struck him was to start a car from one town to another, charging a fare for the service.

The young pedlar made the experiment, and his car became so popular that after a while he had hundreds and thousands of them in operation all over Ireland. He controlled a host of employees, and wherever he told the story of his success, he never failed to add that with car centers all over the land, and hundreds of thousands of pounds passing through the hands of his employees, he met with little or no loss either through neglect or dishonesty on the part of the men who worked for him.

Charles Bianconi became Lord Mayor of Dublin and his daughter married a son of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish leader.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE GENTLEMAN BOY

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

"Early instill into your boy's mind decision of character. Undecided, purposeless boys make namby-pamby men, useless to themselves and to everybody else."

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

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

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

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

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

WISHES TO HELP OTHERS

Mr. Roy Blanford, 706 East 10th Street, Michigan City Indiana, has the courage to wish his name published in the testimonial he gives to the wonderful benefits of Samaria Prescription for the cure of Drunkenness. One treatment of Samaria did it.

Many men have not the wish to stop drinking as Mr. Blanford had. Their system is undermined, their nerves, brain, and stomach crave alcohol. They are its slaves. They need help and in such cases, friends, wives or sisters should induce them to take Samaria or give it to them in their coffee, tea or food to ease their craving and help them to take hold and make themselves into men again. It is tasteless and odorless.

Mr. Blanford knew he needed help and took Samaria to help him loosen the clutches of the whiskey fiend. It cured him and he has the courage to tell the whole world about it and send the thanks of his wife and four children for the happy home restored to them all.

Mr. Blanford says in part: "I have not taken a drink now for over four months—I have no desire passing a saloon the odor almost makes me sick. My nerves are much better, my appetite is good, in fact my whole system is in good condition. Samaria has made a great change in me as well as making a happy home, let me and my wife and four children thank you, and hope Samaria will help many others—you may use all or any part of my correspondence as testimonial. Roy Blanford, 706 East 10th Street, Michigan City, Indiana."

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Souls are never lost because their beginnings break down, but because they won't make new beginnings.

Sin seen for the first time is a hateful monster, but seen too often it becomes familiar, we begin by pitying it, then enduring it and unfortunately too often the end is, embracing it. Keep it at a safe distance.

the Catholic Churches. For such people know as little about true Protestantism as of true Catholicism. So I have chosen this theme as much in the interest of the Church to which I belong as the one that I shall talk about.

Whatever has been the history of both of these Churches, whatever has been their past relations and their present strength or weakness, the first fact to be met is, that both of them are here and each must adjust itself to the other, in some way. It is not a question of one absorbing the other, or of one annihilating the other, it is a question of getting along altogether.

We need, in the discussion of any great question, political, social or religious, to start on this fact. We are not as a people in this city or anywhere, two armies on opposite sides fighting each other. We are one people, one humanity, in one ship, battling with the same waves, being driven by the same wind, trying to make the same harbor. And we are not going to get at the truth or get the Christian religion into our own lives or into the world by criticizing, misjudging, or having each other. We are to do it by fair comparisons, by knowing each other better, by respecting each other, by working altogether as much as we can, and by liking each other in spite of much that is not good or lovable in all of us. It is under that fact and in this spirit that I want to speak to-night.

I am not to speak as a Protestant, a protestor, if I can help it. Whatever right or duty some people, hundreds of years ago, had or had not, to enter their protests against the Catholic Church, does not concern me now. We find it hard to get away from a past spirit and attitude.

You recall the fond mother who said to her maid: "Go and see what Billy is doing, and tell him not to do it." The Protestant hearing toward the Catholic Church has been to much, "Go and see what she is doing and tell her not to do it." By birth and by training, by history and tradition, we are Protestants, and that is a good way from always being Christians. Edward Eggleston in his "Circuit Rider" speaks of two people; one was a Methodist and likewise a Christian; the other he says was a Methodist, but not likewise. Many a man or woman is a Protestant or Catholic and also a Christian; some in both Churches are not also.

Dr. Faville then went on to develop the following points in favor of the Catholic Church:

1. It stands for authority; demands obedience; speaks with a note of assurance and faith.

2. The Catholic Church stands for Christ. It is not a Church that "sits and sings itself away in everlasting bliss." It joins prayer and service; faith and works.

3. This Church stands for devotion; the worshipful in religion. Two of the hymns we used to-night came from Catholic hymn writers. What music has been born at her altars; what books on prayer and devotion she has furnished.

4. It stands for democracy. As no other Church, it levels all men and women at the altar.

5. It stands for great names and deeds in history. Since the Reformation history has been written too much from the Protestant point of view, and too often the Catholic Church of the past has not had fair dealing in its work in education, or art, or morals, or religion. We single out Athanasius in creed-making, Augustine in theology, Sapientia in reform, Thomas a Kempis in devotion, and all of us bow down to them as masters.

6. The Catholic Church stands for womanhood. The Catholic Church has been rich in its womanhood, devoted to special religious work; its womanhood that has foregone a life of ease and pleasure and of the home life, and taken up the life of teacher and nurse and missionary. The Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church hail Mary as their inspiration and adoration, but this is not her greatest place in the world's history. She has, by the emphasis that this Church has placed upon her, by the exhortation that protest against, but in Christianity a new force, a true power for the world's good.

He concluded with the following words:

For years my convictions have strengthened that the time has come when the Protestant must see that to exalt Protestantism by degrading Catholicism; to call the Protestant Church the chosen of God, and the Catholic Church the mother of iniquity; to look for the weakness and the wrong in her and not see the strength and the good in her; to fence ourselves off and say we are right always and they are wrong always; to assume that the Catholic does not want to be or cannot be, or is not, as good a home-maker and citizen, as good a patriot and Christian as the Protestant, or that this Church has not had a part in the Kingdom of God to this earth, and is having a part now—for years I have felt that to take that position is poor Protestantism and poorer Christianity.—Catholic Citizen.

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IS THERE BIGOTRY IN THE BANKS?

The Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Sir: I beg to solicit the space in your esteemed paper as well as the attention of your readers to certain long-standing conditions which exist in the majority of the Canadian Banking institutions, conditions which the great majority of the Catholic public are evidently unaware.

There is at present, and no doubt from the beginning of banking in Canada, a discrimination and bigoted prejudice exercised by all or almost all of the foremost Canadian banks against the comparatively absurdly small number of Catholics who have entered the service of these financial institutions with the mistaken idea that they would be accorded the same treatment as their fellow-employees of a different religious creed.

Why is it an undisputable fact that all the positions of more or less importance and emolument in our Canadian banks are invariably held and have always been held by Protestants, when taking into consideration the fact that practically all of the banks now conducting business in Canada have been doing so for many years; and in all this time no Catholic has succeeded in gaining a position of more importance than the management of some small and inferior branch in some obscure village?

This appears to be the highest pinnacle that a Catholic can climb in the banking profession as it is in Canada, while in all other walks of life, commercial or industrial, the Catholic is, compared to the banking profession, immeasurably better represented in proportion to numbers, but in the banking institutions alone are they few and those few hold invariably the smaller paid and inferior positions.

The following is one reason: When a young man approaches a bank with the intention of obtaining a position therein, he is obliged to fill in an application form supplied by the bank for that purpose, with one exception the questions asked for are perfectly correct and justified, the exception being that the applicant must specify as to what particular religious denomination he belongs to. Now what is the reason for this if it is not for that of separating what is in the eyes of the "powers that be," etc., wheat from the chaff?

If not it certainly gives the executive an exceptionally fine opportunity (should they be so disposed) to discriminate against the Catholic when a question of promotion or increase of salary arises. Especially so when the executive is wholly composed of Protestant and the majority of them no doubt members of a secret society which is to say the least not favorably disposed toward the Catholic people.

One of the foremost banks in Canada, with an executive as usual composed altogether of Protestants, has had at least a short time ago forty branches in the Maritime Provinces. The great majority of these agencies were in localities where the Catholic population was greatest—comprising on the average a good 40 per cent. of the population in some places considerably over 50 per cent. yet only three managers of the 40 odd were of the Catholic faith and were stationed in three of the most unimportant and obscure and isolated towns to be found on the list of this bank's branches in the Maritime Provinces. This in spite of the fact that Catholics were as willing to enter the service of this bank as Protestants and also giving it their support as customers.

In what way can the foregoing be explained, but by bigotry, not for lack of the necessary ability on the part of the Catholic people surely, for the Catholic population of the Maritime Provinces have contributed their share at least of clever men to all the various professions in Canada, the

United States or any other country where they chanced to locate.

It appears quite evident that when a Catholic is given an opportunity to enter the service of a Canadian banking institution it is not with the intention of giving him the same chances for promotion (as his abilities call for) as his fellow Protestant employee but purely from a motive of business policy, for it would show very poor business tact indeed to discriminate completely against those of the Catholic faith who were desirous of entering the banking profession, for many influential and profitable customers as well as a good number of the shareholders are of that religious persuasion.

So a very limited number (here is where the aforementioned religious test does its fine work) are employed for the sake of appearances, but the management relies on the unfair treatment accorded these few Catholic employees to compel them to resign in disgust after serving more or less time in underpaid drudgery in some unimportant branches.

It is quite reasonable to believe that taking the foregoing instances into consideration that this mean bigotry does not end with these unfortunate behind the lines, but should the opportunity present might as easily be applied to any Catholic customer who might stand in need of some financial accommodation to tide over a temporary depression in business. Might he not be politely and smoothly "turned down?" while his Protestant competitor, also suffering from the same depression, find no difficulty in obtaining the necessary financial assistance to tide him over, while the other, should he not be able to procure the required accommodation from some other source—goes under.

This may partly explain why some Catholics for no apparent reason fail to make a success in business while the other under no apparent better circumstances comes through all right.

The idea of this letter is not merely for the benefit of the Catholics who are brought in contact with these bigoted financial institutions from a customer's standpoint, but more to give any Catholic parents (for the employees usually enter at a high-school age) who might have the opportunity of placing a boy in a bank, an idea of conditions therein and what his chances are in the majority of the Canadian Banks as they exist at present.

One explanation of this contemptible prejudice is that the staffs of these institutions are recruited largely from the most bigoted class of Protestants and when all the positions of authority are invariably filled by those drawn from this class, it is easily seen what chance a Catholic has of improving his position, when completely at the mercy of a bigoted and prejudiced executive.

The Canadian Banking institutions as they are at present are more in keeping with Orange and Belfast ideas than those of an enlightened country, and it is up to the Catholic public to demand that they have representation on the Executive staff of the banks they help support and also to insist that this religious test as required by these institutions be abolished. A VICTIM

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF CANADA

A new departure in the work of this society has been inaugurated which consists of lectures given by the members to those desirous of knowing of its work. The first of these lectures was given last week in the parish hall of the Gore of Toronto. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The chairman, Rev. R. Walsh, P. P., introduced the lecturer, Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan, who chose for his subject "The Future of Catholicity in Canada." Mr. O'Sullivan dwelt particularly upon the advantages, spiritual and otherwise, which would be gained by Catholics by the adherence to Catholic principles. The lecturer was listened to with the greatest attention and he was followed by Mr. W. E. Blake, of Toronto, who explained the aims and objects and work that the Catholic Truth Society is now engaged in. Mr. Blake drew special attention to the re-mailing work and the results that have ensued.

This re-mailing work consists of the forwarding of Catholic newspapers each week to Catholic families who may be too poor to be able to subscribe or, perhaps, may be careless in this matter. The co-operation of the pastors throughout Canada is earnestly requested. Any pastor that may know of any such families, would confer a favor upon the society by sending to Box 383, Toronto, the names and addresses of any families to whom he would like papers mailed. Envelopes should be marked, "Re-mailing Committee."

In connection with the work of this society, it is advisable to report that the series of Sunday evening lectures to non-Catholics held in one of the Yonge Street Theatroids every Sunday night since the commencement of the winter months will be discontinued at the end of March. These lectures have been listened to with a great amount of attention and the audience have been composed almost exclusively of men. The lecturers have been chosen from the ranks of the lay members of the Catholic Truth Society, and the innovation, if such it may be termed, is one that has met with very great success. It is intended that next year similar lectures will be conducted by the Cath-

olic laymen but in a much larger hall.

The general meeting of the society will be held in the Knights of Columbus hall on Tuesday, March 24th! Invitations have been extended to the different Catholic Societies and the society will welcome anyone who would like to become a member.

GAEILIC NAMES

To the Editor of the RECORD:

Dear Sir:—In a recent number of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I noticed an interesting extract from the Cornhill Magazine regarding the Gaelic name of the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Sept. 14. The word as it appeared is hard to recognize, but it is intended to represent *Feil-an-Roid*, often written and pronounced *An Fheil-Roid*.

John MacKey, "Am Pibairne Dall, the Blind Piper," who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century, refers to it in his beautiful pastoral poem, "Cumha Choir-an-Easain."

"S mi aig braighe 'n alltain riab-haich,  
"Ag Iarraidh gu bealach na featha,  
"Far am bi damh dearg na croice,  
"Mu Fheil-an-Roid a dol 'sam dam-hair."

This may be literally rendered,  
By the braes of the dappled brook—  
Seeking the moorland pass,  
Where the antlered red deer,  
Round Feil-an-Roid awaits his mate.

One of the very first things that must impress a student of the Gaelic language is the manner in which it has been permeated with Catholic thought and with Catholic practices. Take, for example, the well-known Gaelic word *pac*, a kiss. It comes to us from the Liturgical custom of "giving the pax," and is simply the Latin *pacem*, the termination being dropped.

Take again the Gaelic names of the days of the week. *Di hainne*, Friday, means "the day of the fast." *Di daoin*, Wednesday, means "the day of the first fast," and *Diardoin*, Thursday, means "the day between two fasts." Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but I have already taken too much of your space.

D. M. A.

THE CHURCH INVADING I. W. W.

One hundred and one of the 190 men who were led (or misled) by a young member of the I. W. W. to invade St. Alphonsus Church, last week, in New York, demanding food and shelter and conducting themselves in a disorderly and disrespectful manner in the church, pleaded guilty, and were set at liberty under suspension of sentence. Twelve pleaded not guilty. They were quickly convicted and remanded for sentence. Only one who pleaded not guilty obtained his discharge. The charge in all the cases was disorderly conduct. The only man found guiltless and discharged was Ernest Rutherford, a young machinist, who said he was in a jam in the vestibule of the church and held there by the crowd until the police swooped down and made the arrests. —Sacred Heart Review.

SEEKING UNITY

From time to time we receive literature concerning a proposed world conference on faith and order—the beginning of a movement towards Church unity first broached at the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America in 1910. That such a movement has begun shows that many outside the Church realize the folly and the harm of division among Christians. We sympathize heartily with their desire for unity but we fear that their well-meant efforts will end only in disappointment for the promoters.

Catholics regret, as sincerely as anyone can, the disunion that human pride has brought among Christians. But they cannot hold out any hope of compromise as an incentive to those outside the Church to return to it. If the Catholic Church were a merely human institution she might trim her teachings to suit the tastes of all those who object to this or that doctrine. But she is not merely human. Founded by Christ Himself and given a definite commission to teach His doctrine, she cannot compromise or deny His truth. Members of various sects may feel free to accommodate or change the doctrines of their so-called churches at any time. But Catholic doctrine is unchangeable. It is useless to hope for concessions. The Catholic Church cannot make them.

But we are glad to see that a study of the problem of Church unity is being taken up seriously by at least one organization of non-Catholics. If they will only pursue their study far enough they may arrive at unity by a road they now scarcely think of. An impartial study of the origins of modern divisions among Christians is one of the means by which the destructive folly of the "reformers" can be brought home to the seeker after truth. Once this is realized, many will seek to be united again with that Church which is the pillar and ground of truth, the source and center of unity in religion. We wish those seekers after unity well and we would give them every possible encouragement in quest for it.—True Voice.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

On Tuesday the 16th inst. the parishioners of St. Francis Xavier church, Thessalon, Ont., presented the Rev. Thomas H. Trainor their parish priest with an address and a magnificent upholstered chair. The occasion was the birthday anniversary of the Rev. Father. The rev. gentleman was taken by surprise, but expressed his sincere thanks to his parishioners for their generosity and thoughtful kindness. The address was signed on behalf of the congregation by W. E. Pryor, T. J. Leclair, F. H. Cavanagh, M. Lortie, F. Massel and M. McGuire.

Don't break a pane of glass, and then whine because the rain comes in. Don't burn the candle at both ends, and then complain because there is no more candle.—F. W. Tupper.

DIED

MCCAFFREY.—At Komoka, Ont., on March 11, 1914, Mr. James McCaffrey. May his soul rest in peace!

O'KEEFE.—At his late residence, 202 William St., Chatham, Ont., Mr. D. J. O'Keefe, aged sixty three years. May his soul rest in peace!

PAYETTE.—At Haileybury, Ont., on Thursday, March 12, 1914, Mary Rita, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Payette, aged six months and twelve days.

LYNCH.—At Orillia, Ont., on Sunday, March 15, 1914, Mr. Thomas Joseph Lynch, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Lynch, aged seventeen years. May his soul rest in peace!

COTE.—At Parry Sound, February 22nd 1914, Helen Foley Cote, beloved wife of Joseph E. Cote, aged twenty seven years and eight months. May her soul rest in peace!

Mr. Vincent O'Brien who is touring Canada with Mr. John McCormack was the man who first discovered the famous Irish tenor. Mr. O'Brien is organist and choirmaster of the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, conductor of the Dublin Philharmonic Society, and has also won recognition as a composer.

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