

The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1917

2015

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THE ANGELS

We learn from the daily press that charlatans of every stripe are giving information, for a consideration of course, of the spirit-world.

This fact is an indication that the ancient tradition and belief of a real spirit world lie securely imbedded in the souls of men. The doctrines of the Church concerning the nature and existence of the spirit world are clearly defined. It is Catholic doctrine that God elevated the angels to that supernatural order of grace which was to introduce them into the splendors of the divinity after a trial of their free obedience. The duration of that trial is uncertain. According to St. Thomas it was very short, for the reason that as beings already perfect in the order of nature they could compass the end proposed to them by a single instantaneous act of charity.

As to the nature of the sin of the angels there is dispute. Some hold that it was envy; others, and they are the majority, agree with St. Thomas that it was the sin of pride, in presuming to be like God, not indeed in equality of nature, but in some resemblance that was impossible.

Be that as it may, it is a fact that the good angels obeyed and the wicked rebelled. The Church teaches that there is a great number of wicked spirits leagued in concerted action against truth and virtue, but restrained from exerting all their potent malignancy by the fatherly hand of God. They wage ceaseless war in their endeavors to destroy in man the image of God. Their hatred is ever springing from a humiliated but not humbled pride. The devil tempts man to sin and inflicts upon him other evils, yet always with the object of leading him into sin. He apes his Divine Master by false wonders and prophecies, by sorcery, witchcraft and demoniacal possession. The belief in preternatural diabolical influences is not superstition but sound faith.

WHAT WE ARE TAUGHT

The Masters of Theology assure us that it is a matter of interest to a Christian to determine the limits of their knowledge concerning himself. Can they, with certainty, know these future actions and events that depend on man's free will? The Church says No. Only in so far as these may be inferred from knowledge of past and present. Prophecy, according to Scripture and tradition, belongs to God alone.

Passing beyond the future actions of man and the secrets of hearts, it would be difficult to determine positively the limits of angelic cognition in the order of merely natural truths. Theologians, however, have generally admitted that in that concerns the material universe the only limit to their science would be the miraculous interference of God. How do they communicate their thoughts one to another? St. Thomas says that the angel needs only to will that the other should perceive his thought. Angelic speech would seem to consist simply in this, that the speaker allows the listener to read so much of his thought as he desires to communicate. Hence, angels can converse at any distance; the listener perceives the thought of the speaker and thus all possibility of error or deception is excluded.

Encouraging for each of us is the thought that his angel has charge over him to keep him in all his ways. The functions of the guardian angels have chiefly to do with the eternal salvation of their charges, but like Divine Providence and neighborly love, they extend also to assistance in matters temporal. In matters spiritual the guardian angels behave towards us as tender and conscientious parents toward their children. They protect us against our invisible enemies, either by preventing the attack or by helping us to resist. They pray for us and offer our prayers and good acts to God. Lastly, they conduct us to judgment and to eternal glory.

NEW FACTS

The economical convulsion that has shattered so many complacent nations concerning the unsuitability of this, that and the other employment for female hands and brains needs no further consideration. Its chief consequence has been to throw open afresh the whole question of future industry in the light of newly-observed facts.

A more exacting differentiation of temperamental fitness for finer and coarser kinds of work will be needed. Now, women whose nervous organization has proved to be equal to the strain of machine production at its highest power, whose quickness of eye and hand enable them to accomplish as much, if not more, than the men whose call to the Forces has given them their new opportunity, and whose entire sobriety makes them doubly efficient in the more delicate branches of commercial and manufacturing effort—these have certainly the promise of continued employment in the years of reconstruction that are to follow the feverish activities of this transitional time.

Whether it will further their higher interests and claims, or even pay them in the more material sense, is a very different thing, about which various considerations gather.

WHAT THEY CAN DO WELL

Byron spoke for more than his own class when he declared that love was an incident in man's life, while it was "a woman's whole existence." To ignore this, to strain after large pay, which involves a violent breach with the past in all domestic senses, may bring new capacities into play while suppressing more spontaneous ones. Amid all the bustle and clamor of outside activity those gentler attributes which have ever appealed to the stronger sex and curbed its temperamental excesses may give place to imitative roughness unless a studied moderation of tone and demeanor go along with a punctual discharge of the duties undertaken. We know all that can be urged by the extreme section of feminine theorists; but in such matters these are often swayed by a desire to wield power rather than to develop the natural talent and home-keeping traits which constitute woman's unquestioned claim to the devotion of those whose peace and progress she above all others can make or mar.

The subject is a wide one, and we admit that women themselves have the right to speak the final word upon it. Let but the heart have its dues; let the appeal to those deep instincts and affections which constitute her chief endowment be clear and full; and who can entertain real doubt as to her power to pass through the ordeal appointed for her?

Strengthened by unwonted toil and ennobled by trial as by fire, she will rise to new heights of attainment. Matched with men who have faced the horrors of war and come back to found more secure dwelling-places in a reconstructed State, they will mightily help to heal the wounds that remain. They will soften the acerbities of the time and gently guide the generation that puts its hand to the plough, so as to ensure such a harvest of thought and deed as only a bountiful sky can pour into the lap of the weary but expectant earth.

CATHOLIC PATRIOTISM

The great American dreadnaught, New Mexico, recently launched at New York, was christened by a Catholic, Miss Margaret De Baca, daughter of the late Governor De Baca, of New Mexico. The Governor, according to the Denver Catholic Register, had been a devout Catholic. The same paper also calls attention to the graduation of Daniel Nee from West Point Military Academy. He is the son of a local Catholic family, who ranked seventh in a class of one hundred and thirty-nine at West Point. There were about thirty Catholics among the graduates, showing the generous response Catholics are giving to the call of patriotism. No doubt it will be found that among the privates who have volunteered the number of Catholics will be no less remarkable. It is foolish, however, to think that this will put more than a temporary quietus upon the noble Guardians of Liberty.—America.

FRENCH ABBE ARRIVES

THE REV. P. FLYNN ON VACATION AFTER TWO YEARS AT THE FRONT

The Rev. P. Flynn, Abbe of Surannes, near Paris, has arrived from France to remain three months in the United States for a rest after first line trenches at the front as Chaplain. Six months of that time were spent at Verdun, seven months at Arras, and the remainder in Champagne. He was born in Paris, but speaks English very clearly.

In speaking of a chaplain duty in modern battle, the Rev. Mr. Flynn said:

"Verdun was very dangerous for all. Two chaplains were appointed to each division of four regiments, and they had to do their duties in the first line trenches as well as at the base hospital. I have seen a number of my fellow-priests killed near me, but I was fortunate in escaping without a wound. This war has brought out the love for humanity that has lain dormant in men's hearts. I have seen Protestant chaplains, Jewish rabbis, and Catholic priests working together on the battlefield in peace and harmony which was delightful to witness.

"It is a mistake to think that the Frenchmen are not religious. They have always had religion in their hearts, but before the War there was too much frivolity. But the War has made all men view things in a serious light. Officers and soldiers in the last moments never turned away from the priests, but on the contrary expressed a wish for them to be near to administer the last rights and sent for them to come to the hospitals."

"I have always wanted to see America," the Abbe said, "and when the doctor said that I must rest the Archbishop of Paris gave me permission to come here and said that I could observe and learn many things during my stay."

The Rev. Mr. Flynn has the rank of Captain in the French Army and was awarded the War Cross for ministering to the wounded and dying under fire. He will visit Washington and other cities in the East before returning to France.—N. Y. Times.

A WAR MEASURE

LORD CURZON TELLS OF SPECTRE OF IRELAND CROSSING ENGLAND'S PATH

(Through Reuter's Ottawa Agency)

London, May 22.—In a most impressive speech in the House of Lords yesterday on behalf of the Irish convention, Lord Curzon emphasized that the Government's proposals were as much a war measure as any emergency act passed. He said that at each stage of the war, while he was a member of the Government, it had been brought home to all of them that conditions in Ireland had been a source, not of strength, but of weakness to the common cause. There was no month but the figure of Ireland had arisen like a spectre across their path. Ireland, indeed, presented two faces—one turned toward the battlefield, with all the chivalrous ardor and personal courage for which the race has always been conspicuous and which never shone with brighter lustre than during this War; the other face was averted from the struggle, exhibiting discontent and even an angry mien, still playing on the ancient wrongs, still suspicious of British Government, still declining to join wholeheartedly in the supreme effort of the united Anglo-Saxon race.

A CALAMITOUS DISUNION

They had seen the unhappy, he might almost say, the calamitous effects of this disunion in every field of action—at home, where it had not been without a considerable effect on the attitude of trade unions and great labor communities, whose cooperation was such a potent factor in our strength; in Ireland, where such deplorable events had occurred which none could think of except with a sense of shame. It affected our armies in the field, which would have been at the stronger in numbers but for this fatal joint in our armor. It had not been without effect upon our allies, who wondered at our failure to do for ourselves what we succeeded in doing for others, what even in this war we are endeavoring to do for other peoples. It had given the enemy abundant opportunity to blaspheme and to practice the arts of propaganda and intrigue, wherein he excelled.

But the effects had spread to even a wider field. None who attempted to follow the recent course of events especially in Canada and Australia, could fail to see that their splendid efforts were tinged with some sense of disappointment and that their efforts would have been greater still had not the shadow of discontented Ireland fallen across our path.

Nobody in touch with American thought could doubt that an im-

mense impetus would be given to the zeal with which America would prosecute the war if only she knew that this rift in the lute was closed and that the Anglo-Saxon race bending its undivided energies to the pursuance of the common end.

FIRST HOPEFUL BEGINNING

London, May 22.—(C. P. Despatch)—Sir Horace Plunkett, the Irish publicist, who without identifying himself with either of the political parties, has been a constant worker for Irish betterment, expressed to the Associated Press today his opinion that the convention proposed by the Government for the settlement of the Irish problem will be accepted by Irishmen as the first really hopeful beginning of the end of that question.

"It has taken many generations to convince the English people that they cannot govern Ireland," said Sir Horace, "but only a few months to learn that they cannot form a system of self-government for that country. Now that these lessons have been learned I do not think it will take many weeks or even days for Irishmen to realize the great opportunity which has fallen to them or the responsibility which it involves, and as far as I can gauge the spirit underlying the somewhat confused state of Irish thought caused by the kaleidoscopic changes in British policy, the convention will be accepted as the first really hopeful beginning of the end of the Irish question. There will be an overwhelming desire to make it succeed."

"It must, however, be remembered that the more earnest the desire the more thorough will be the work of the convention, and the longer it sits behind its closed doors the better will be the prospect of the final solution of what perhaps has been the most baffling problem in the world's politics. Mr. Lloyd George may already be congratulated."

MARSHAL JOFFRE AS SABBATH BREAKER

(Toronto Saturday Night)

We sincerely trust that the Protestant Ministerial Association of Montreal was not at pains to send to Marshal Joffre its resolution condemning himself and those who received him in that city on Sunday, May 13, for breaking the Sabbath day. Apparently the victor of the Marne left our frontiers feeling that he had made a very good impression in Canada. Should the resolution meet his eye, he might be inclined to form an opposite opinion. He might also, in his darkness, come to the conclusion that Canada was in part populated by lunatics. We do not think that it would seriously hurt Marshal Joffre's feelings, for he would probably recall other occasions when he has broken the Sabbath day. One of these was in September of 1914, on a certain Sunday, he was busily engaged in thrusting the German hordes back from the Marne to Aisne. He would have to confess that to generals in the field, Sabbath breaking is apt to become an unconscious habit.

The resolution of these Protestant brethren protested strongly against "the violation of the Sabbath rest and the infringement of the rights and privileges of the Protestant minority of Montreal." Since the day was selected by Marshal Joffre himself, he is clearly the chief culprit. But our ministerial friends should throw the mantle of charity over the sins of this benighted old man. He knew not his iniquity. He came from France, from a land where the Sabbath is not officially a day of gloom, but one of healthy recreation, with due provision for religious devotion by those who wish to indulge therein. He had either to come to Canada on a Sunday or cut out Canada altogether, and, at the cost of physical fatigue he cut short his Boston visit, rushed to Montreal, to pay his homage to Canada's services in the War, and receive Canada's homage to his own achievements. Then he rushed away to Baltimore, as tired as though he had fought a battle. Now we are quite sure that Marshal Joffre, if he had consulted his own comfort, would have quietly rested in Boston, but he imagined, no doubt, that he was paying Canada a compliment which it had earned.

The Protestant Ministerial Association should be doubly charitable to the old soldier, because he was unquestionably the victim of fate. How could he know that his train was to arrive shortly after eleven o'clock in the morning, at the very hour when in Protestant conventicles divine service was commencing? How could he know that by coming at that hour he was tempting churchgoers away from the enjoyment of pulpit eloquence, more nourishing to the spirit than anything he might say? We fear that congregations in all churches which did not hold services earlier than eleven o'clock were exceedingly light—that the members of the Protestant Ministerial Association had to preach to empty benches. "Hinc illae lacrimae"! Hence, also, the porten-

ous charge of an "infringement of the rights and privileges of the Protestant minority of Montreal." But if Marshal Joffre had known that he was going to infringe on anybody or anything, he would probably have stayed away, and Canada as a whole would have felt rather snubbed.

It has been whispered that the feeling of which this resolution was born, was engendered of the fact that the Roman Catholic Archbishop and the Anglican Bishop of Montreal were guests of distinction at the official luncheon, and enjoyed the caresses thereof; whereas, in deference, perhaps, to their rigid professions, members of the Protestant Ministerial Association were not asked to break bread with the victor of the Marne. Perish such an ignoble thought! Let us believe that these gentlemen are for the good old-fashioned, cheerless, soul-depressing Sabbath, and will defend it against all earthly princes and potentates, no matter what their services, no matter what their fame! But it makes some of us who do not like to see the word "Protestant" made the synonym of every variety of tom-foolery, or Canada cast into ridicule, rather warm.

CHURCH SCHEDULES RE ENLISTMENT OF SOLDIERS

The Christian Guardian

How shall the desire of the Army and Navy Board to obtain the full number who have enlisted on each circuit and mission since the beginning of the War be granted? A question easier asked than answered. Dr. Moore refers to church honor rolls. To fill out the space assigned on the schedules from church honor rolls would result in grave inaccuracies, inasmuch as these honor rolls in many cases contain names recorded elsewhere. And not only that, but names of soldiers who have no connection whatever with our Church. I saw an honor roll in one of our village churches containing several hundred names. I found there the names of all the soldiers for miles around, both Protestants and Roman Catholic. Names are left off that ought to be on, and other names on more than one honor roll. The Army and Navy Board ask for a complete list of persons in the individual congregation or circuit, whether members of the church or adherents. I would suggest that each district chairman require from the superintendents of the fields on his district a list, secured from honor rolls or otherwise, of all soldiers claiming to be Methodists, either as members or adherents. And that a small committee be appointed at district meeting to revise these lists and take note of any duplications, and arrange for Conference a list as nearly correct as possible. And that a representative from each district committee form a Conference committee to still further revise the lists. While this would not guarantee absolute correctness, we would be much nearer to it than we are now. Judging from the number of Methodists killed and wounded, we are certainly well represented at the front.

JOHN WEBSTER,

Kemptville, Ont., May 4th.

BELGIAN WAR JOKE

Havre, May 4. (correspondence of The Associated Press.)—The work of the Belgian Flying Corps all through the war has gone far beyond co-operation with other Belgian military forces.

Belgian aviators participated in the defense of Liege, Namur, Antwerp, the Yser and Ypres. They effected reconnoitring flights of 200 miles to watch the advance of German troops toward the Marne. Belgian aviators announced to the allied staffs the intervention of deep masses of fresh German forces, advancing toward the Yser, and on the road to Calais. All through the siege operations along the Yser front Belgian aviators were the watchful eyes of the artillery, enabling effective replies to heavy German bombardments.

Belgian aviators have participated in many bombing expeditions of the allied flying corps, and have specialized in night bombardments. Yet few of the individual exploits of members have come to public notice. A correspondent of the Associated Press has just learned of one of these.

A Belgian airplane, piloted by Adjutant Jenatny, brother of the automobile racer, with Lieutenant Rolin as observer, took the air above the German lines. Rolin was looking for comrades, when he spied passing under him in a ray of moonlight a machine that he recognized as a German. It was followed by a second and a third.

"There are the Germans," he said to Jenatny. "Let us follow them." The Belgian machine followed the German flotilla until it arrived above the aviation camp of Ghisteltes. The German machine began to descend in long spirals. Jenatny and

Rolin followed them. They saw the German pilots making luminous signals, to which a searchlight from the aviation camp responded. Then the whole camp was lighted up; sheds, landing ground, guiding searchlights were well in view.

One German machine landed, when the field again was plunged into obscurity, to be lighted up again an instant later, to darken again after each landing. The three German machines had reached the ground. In their turn Jenatny and Rolin cut off the gasoline in their motor and decided to take the risk. Lieutenant Rolin repeated with an electric lamp the signals that he had just seen the Germans give. The searchlights below responded.

Jenatny and Rolin saw below a crowd of helpers and soldiers surrounding the machines that had all ready landed. Diving down into the glare of the lights that had been provided for them in the supposition that they were Germans, they plunged over the sheds at a low height, releasing the four bombs they had aboard. Four explosions shook their machine as if it were buffeted by mighty waves, and four immense flames shot into the air, followed by a thick white smoke, under cover of which the Belgians turned about, opening with their machine guns upon the dismayed soldiers and mechanics as they passed over the field.

The lights went out, the anti-aircraft guns struck up, machine guns searched the air, but the Belgians were already out of range, laughing heartily at their "swanage"—the name that is given in Brussels to a first-rate joke.

HOW IT MIGHT BE DONE

[The following letter is reproduced here not precisely because of its subject or argument, but as a refreshing example of how a political issue, political opponents, and even the Province of Quebec may be discussed without violating the amenities of civilized life.—Ed. C. R.]

LET US HAVE CONSCRIPTION

To the Editor of The Globe: It is to be regretted that some politicians and some newspapers continue to try to stir up party strife during the War. I am a Conservative, but I am sorry to say that I think my own party more to blame than the other party for this condition. I have a high esteem for Dr. Edwards, M. P., but I have no sympathy with him in his attack on Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when he blames him for the recruiting disturbances in Quebec.

The leading men of both parties have earned the gratitude of truly patriotic Canadians by their addresses throughout the Dominion in favor of service for the Empire and for freedom. I do not wish to make comparisons, but all unprejudiced men must admit that the speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. George Graham, Hon. Frank Oliver and Dr. Michael Clark, M.P., have been as patriotic and as inspiring as the speeches of any other four men in the House of Commons. In Ontario Sir William Hearst set a very high standard for any man to reach, but Mr. Rowell has proved himself to be his worthy mate as an earnest, eloquent and patriotic Canadian. No veteran politician in Canada deserves higher honor than Sir William Mulock for his splendid patriotic work. Both parties have done well. Let us be decent and work together to win the War.

It is true that Sir Wilfrid Laurier declined to act on the Registration Committee. Most people respect him more because he did so. Too much has been said about Quebec. The reason Quebec has not done better is that we have not had selective conscription from the start of the War. There is only one truly democratic system for raising an army, only one system that is just to all the people and to the country, and that is selective conscription. Conscription is the only decent system even for the young men who decline to enlist. Our country commits a crime against the hundreds of thousands of such young men still in Canada by allowing them to grow up as degenerates, unconscious of their duty to God and to man.

I do not believe the people of Quebec would have objected seriously to conscription when war began, nor do I think they would do so now. Even if a few misguided youths did cause local disturbances, they could do little harm. The loyal people of their own communities would deal speedily with any such young men.

If selective conscription, as recommended by Mr. John L. Godfrey long ago, were put in force today, every-one would be glad in a month, because they would see the absolute justice of the system.

The suggestion that has been made that Quebec should be left out if conscription were adopted is simply a gross insult to French-Canadians. England, France and the United States all have adopted conscription. Canada should get in line, and do it now.

JAMES L. HUGHES.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. T. F. Regan, of the Catholic university, has been appointed navy chaplain.

The sixty-second annual convention of the Central-Verein will be held in St. Louis, August 19-23. The Most Rev. John Bozano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, and a large number of Archbishops and Bishops will attend.

At the Pro-Cathedral of St. Mary, Minneapolis, every morning since war was declared by this country, several hundred men receive Holy Communion in a body and recite special prayers asking a speedy and honorable peace to the United States.

Washington, D. C., May 10.—Gerald Egan, son of Maurice Francis Egan, United States minister to Denmark, who has served for four years with the coast artillery at Fort Monroe, Va., has been appointed a first lieutenant in the officers' reserve corps at Fort Myer training camp.

Rome, May 15.—Official statistics just issued by the Government show that the present population of Italy is 36,500,000, of whom only 123,000 are Protestants of all denominations—about three in every thousand, most of them being Americans and Britishers.

Paschal Sherman, full-blooded young Indian of the Okanogan tribe, has the distinction of being the only aboriginal American to enter the Catholic University of America through the scholarship donated by the Knights of Columbus. This talented young Indian won his scholarship at St. Martin's College, Lacey, Washington, where at the commencement exercises last June he was valedictorian and sole winner of the B. A. degree.

Mrs. Nicholas Brady, of New York, who built the Anthony Brady Memorial Hall of the Catholic Sisters College, Brookland, D. C., has shown her appreciation of the work of the 5,000 teaching Sisters in the schools of the United States, by presenting \$50,000 as the beginning of a fund that will enable the college authorities to give free board and free tuition to the Sisters attending the college.

Contest over the will of the late Ann McIntyre, of Grand Rapids, Mich., ended when Judge Perkins in the Circuit Court issued an order confirming the original will. The matter was referred to Probate Court, where the instrument will go through the usual process of probate. The estate is valued at \$300,000, all but \$20,000 of which is to be equally divided between the St. John's Orphan Asylum and the Home for the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

An example in practical patriotism has been set to the farmers of Indiana and the nation by Hon. Patrick H. O'Donnell, the well-known Indiana Irish-American who has long been a leader at the Chicago bar, and who is well known to men of Irish blood and to all Catholic societies of the United States. Mr. O'Donnell owns one of the finest farms in Indiana. He has offered it, rent free, to the government for the period of the War, and furthermore offers all the tractors and implements to work it.

The Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll has received a report of Catholic activities in China for the past year, and remarks a smaller increase of Christians than usual. For several years past, the annual gain has been about one hundred thousand (100,000) souls, but this past year it was only sixty thousand (60,000), and the cause is traceable to the War in Europe which has withdrawn missionaries, kept others in the home-lands, and diminished the propaganda offerings. The number of Chinese native priests has increased, however. They number 828 as against 803 a year ago.

On Monday, March 19, General Judson Wade Bishop, noted veteran of the Civil War and well-known railroad contractor and manager, died at his home in St. Paul. He was eighty-five years old. After an early life filled with adventure and the most thrilling experience he spent the past few years in retirement and quiet. He was a man of remarkable strength of character and the highest determination. Six months ago after, as he said, "three years of preparation and reading," he became a Catholic. He embraced the Faith as a matter of sincere and intimate conviction and was not only devoted but a very devout Catholic.

The Holy Father has conferred the title of Doctor of Philosophy upon Alfred Herbert, a layman, who since 1904 has held the responsible position of prefect of studies in St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, which is the diocesan seminary of Westminster, England. Mr. Herbert belongs to a Protestant family and was originally destined for the Anglican ministry. He became a Catholic in 1873 and devoted himself to teaching. The duties to which he has given his life have never allowed him time for literary avocations. The honor conferred upon him is as unusual as the post he holds at St. Edmund's.

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER VIII

THE COURSE OF INTELLECT FAIRLY BEGUN

Ellen Courtney's letter reached its destination, and was the first to greet Mrs. Courtney's eager grasp as she sought the mail bag on her way to the Mass, which she faithfully attended every morning. Twice, three times she read each word; then she folded the epistle with more than due care, and placing it in a recess of her portemanteau, calmly issued some orders to a domestic in waiting, and passed out into the broad, bright thoroughfare. Once she brushed her eyes as if some defect in them caused the murky appearance there seemed to be in the very sunshine, and frequently she found herself looking at little urchins whom she met, and wondering if they would forsake their mother as her son wished to forsake her—wondering how many of them had mothers, and how the mothers could bear their boys an instant from their sight. She gained the church only to find that her accustomed devotion had departed from her; she could only gaze at the picture of the Crucifixion, which hung above the altar, and whisper, with white lips:

"I could have given him to You, my God! but not, oh! not to the world."

Brother Fabian was again summoned to one of the reception chambers to meet Mrs. Courtney, and again, for explanation of her visit, she proffered Ellen's letter.

His brow darkened, and his eyes flashed angrily as he read. When he had concluded, he asked coldly:

"What do you intend to do?"

"I have come to you for direction," she answered, "for I am weak—God only knows how weak!"

The brother paced the floor with folded arms and downcast head. Mrs. Courtney waited in anxious suspense. He paused at last, saying:

"His sister is determined upon remaining with him, and perhaps it is better so. If you insist upon recalling him, to such a mind as his that course would but hasten the catastrophe you dread. If you permit him to remain, ruin of soul and body may be the result—and a ruin in which your daughter may be also engulfed. The better course for you to pursue is to allow Howard his wish for the present; but for you to join him in Europe and superintend, in person, all arrangements that his hot-brained ardor may induce him to make."

"You know I cannot," replied Mrs. Courtney, in such hollow tones that the monk involuntarily bent his stern eyes upon her. "You know that to be with my children while they are abroad," she continued, meeting his gaze, "is something which I cannot and will not do, till the end for which I am sacrificing myself is accomplished, or all possibility of its accomplishment is no more."

An expression of scorn crossed the religious face, but it vanished in an instant, and he looked again at the white countenance lifted to his. Perchance the unwonted scrutiny disclosed to him details of a character he had but imperfectly understood before, for he turned aside and muttered:

"Oh, wonderful constancy of woman!"

He began to pace the narrow confines of the plain apartment, while his brow darkened again, and his eyes grew stern.

"Permit Howard his foolish course," he said, at length, "since his sister will remain with him; but restrict him in his supplies of money—make but limited amounts payable to him at foreign bankers—and for the rest since you will persist in your determination, be Howard's destruction, should it occur, upon your own head."

He did not wait to see the deadly pallor which overspread Mrs. Courtney's face, nor the frantic manner in which she clasped her hands together, but went hurriedly out, and the broken-hearted woman followed.

"Send O'Connor to me," she said to the maid who had taken Anne Flanagan's place, when at length she arrived almost exhausted in her own room. And O'Connor came, to recount again the tale he had so often told since his arrival from England—all that he knew of Howard's actions and Howard's words; but there were two things of which the old man would not suffer himself to speak—the infidel speech that Howard had delivered to the members of Malverton Grosvenor's club in Paris, and the cowardly blow that had followed it.

Mrs. Courtney, in the blurred reply which she sent to her daughter's letter, gave the permission which Howard desired, and allowed to Ellen, nay, enjoined upon her, the fulfillment of the latter's pledge to watch over her brother.

"Though his wanderings," the letter ran, "should, as you say they will, take you from Lady Grosvenor's home, accompany him! Leave him not, for in you, Ellen, lie my only dependence and my last hope."

Then followed a detail of the arrangements by which their remittances could be obtained in any part of Europe in which they should chance to make a temporary home. Ellen had mentioned Lady Grosvenor's accident, but not having been aware that the latter was fatal,

she had spoken of it as something from which the injured lady would certainly recover, and the note enclosed to her ladyship, while it was full of sympathy for the latter's suffering, yet conveyed no idea that the writer linked death with the unhappy occurrence. Neither did it contain any allusion to Howard's departure from the Propaganda, because Ellen had written that he wished that fact concealed—nothing but loving little reminiscences of bygone days, and grateful messages for Lady Grosvenor's kindness to the absent dear ones. The pale invalid let the epistle fall from her nerveless grasp when she had read it, saying to her husband:

"Poor Mary Ashland voluntarily absents herself from her darlings, while I am compelled to leave mine."

Lord Stanwix bent to brush tenderly back the bright curls which clustered about her forehead, but he made no reply.

Howard, true to his word, did way-lay Anne Flanagan, and through her found means of frequently communicating with his sister. If Lord Grosvenor suspected these stolen interviews, he affected to be too much absorbed in his wife to care whither or upon what errand Ellen Courtney so frequently left the house. Lady Grosvenor was growing too feeble to manifest an interest in anything but the loving attendance about her, and the Malverton fearing to break through the reserve by which the young girl's demeanor was characterized, hesitated to question her about the excitement under which it was apparent she was painfully laboring.

Howard had read with sparkling eyes his mother's permission for him to pursue the course to which his wild wishes turned, but his lip curled when he saw the arrangements which had been made for his and Ellen's reception of money.

"A mere pittance," he exclaimed. "It looks like an abundance to me," she said simply.

"That is because you are a woman and know nothing about men's work," he replied, shortly.

"Nor would I wish to know," she answered, with an assumption of womanly maturity which sometimes unconsciously to herself entered into her manner, "if such knowledge must be attended by the secrecy with which you have acted since you left the Propaganda."

He strove to laugh lightly, as he had been wont to do in childish years; but the mirth would not respond to his wish.

"Well, we have cast our fortunes together," he said, hastily, "and we must not quarrel at the outset. Forgive me for my hasty speech, and make such preparations as you can without being detected, for in a few days I will send the directions where you and Anne can meet me."

"And how am I to leave Lord and Lady Grosvenor? Not in a secret manner, I trust?"

"No," he replied bitterly; "you may tell them enough to permit your departure, and show mother's letter, if it becomes necessary. Should they require still further evidence that your brother is acting in his senses, we must wait for another answer across the Atlantic."

But ere Howard's summons to his sister arrived, for the latter and her maid to meet him at some assigned rendezvous, Lady Grosvenor had passed out of this world. So quietly, so unexpectedly had her demise taken place, that not even Lord Stanwix, who knelt beside the bed supporting her head upon his breast, nor Malverton, who sat holding one of her hands, nor Ellen, who knelt holding the other, nor any one of the attendants about, suspected she was dying, till the glazed look in her eyes, and the rigid manner in which her jaw fell after the last gasping breath announced too surely the lamentable fact.

With a savageness of manner, at which the physician in waiting shook his head as something foreboding evil to the peer's mind, Lord Stanwix grasped the fair corpse and held it frantically to his breast; but in a moment he broke down and wept like a child; then, as if abashed that he had so unmanned himself, and fearful lest his dignity had sustained some irretrievable degradation, he went hurriedly from the room, and shut himself in his own apartment.

Ellen's fair fingers assisted in arraying the beautiful corpse, strewn the white draped bier with flowers, and festooned the silken curtains which hung before the arched recess in which the still form reposed.

She anxiously looked for some message from Howard, something which would apprise her of his intended presence at the funeral; but the day of burial arrived, and neither she nor Anne Flanagan had seen nor heard from him. Ellen, anxious and troubled, wore so grieved a countenance that it excited comments among the friends of the deceased. They wondered at the almost filial affection which the fair girl seemed to entertain for the dead lady. She stood, silent and pale, by Lord Grosvenor's side while the Episcopal form of service for the dead was recited. The minister in a black-flowing robe, and deep-hanging white bands about his throat repeated the death liturgy in a simple and impressive tone of voice, eulogizing the many virtues of the deceased when he had finished, and exhorting his hearers to take the solemn lesson which the sad occasion presented to their hearts. To the one Catholic listener present his words were bringing, in painful contrast to the present scene, a vivid memory of the Catholic burial service—the Requiem Mass, with the corpse at the foot of God's altar, and the priest

offering to Heaven Christ's own sacrifice for the repose of the soul—the lights, the sweet, solemn voices of the choir—all which make our service for the dead something that seems to strengthen rather than sever the tie between us and the deceased friends.

A feeling of home-sickness entered her heart—a wild desire to make some outcry. She grew faint, and leaned heavily against Lord Grosvenor's arm. The nobleman was so absorbed in the grief with which his own stern soul had been shaken, that he did not feel the pressure against him until she fell an inanimate form by his side. The occurrence created some excitement, which continued till the unconscious girl was borne to her own apartment; then the service was resumed, and in a short time the imposing funeral cortege departed. Among the mourners who followed to witness the depositing of Lady Grosvenor's remains in the abbey which contained the family vault was Howard Courtney—disguised by a cloak that almost completely hid the rest of his costume, and a hat, pressed low upon his forehead, screened his face from too close an observation. He walked fearless of detection. He attended the funeral, but through a desire to behold, unobserved, Lord Grosvenor, of whom report spoke as being slightly insane since the death of his wife, and partly with a hope of being able to transmit into Ellen's own hands a note containing information of his future plans. When the coffin was placed on some hastily improvised stand, preparatory to being placed in the vault, Howard pressed with the friends who gathered about for a last inspection of the lovely remains—not to view the latter but to gain the side of Ellen, whom he supposed had accompanied Lord Grosvenor and Malverton. Not seeing her, yet confident of her presence he approached till he stood beside the pall covered coffin, those immediately about him giving way because they deemed by his eagerness that he must be some near connection of the deceased. Still not beholding her, in a moment of forgetfulness he pushed back the low crowned hat, and stood fully revealed to the burning gaze of Lord Stanwix, directly opposite. The nobleman's pallid, grief-worn countenance assumed an expression of fervent hate; his eyes had such a look as writers have described to be in the eyes of wild beasts about to spring upon their prey; his mouth quivered, and one could see by the snapping motion of his lips that he had locked his teeth together to prevent the outburst of some violent emotion. When he had looked thus for a moment, he crossed to Howard's side, stooped, and whispered in such hushed tones that the sound of his voice was hardly audible to any but Howard's own ears:

"How dare you insult the remains of my poor wife now, when you did not come before? But for you she would not be in her coffin to-day."

"What do you mean?" asked Howard, in tones of surprise as the nobleman's own whisper had been, but with less cautiousness of tone.

"Hush!" said the peer, his eyes flashing malevolent glances on the indignantly flushed face before him. "Dare not to make a scene here! Another time and place and I will compel from you the defence which is my right."

"Yes; another time and place," replied Howard hotly, "and Lord Grosvenor will find his superior in Howard Courtney."

The preliminaries of opening the vault had been concluded, and the nobleman, keenly observant of outward surroundings, had caused the face to assume its wonted expression, and was turning to resume his place, when Howard asked:

"What have you done with Ellen?"

The peer did not resist the desire which impelled him to give a parting thrust to the lad, whom henceforward he would consider his bitter enemy. He stooped again, and whispered:

"Your sister is lying ill at my house—the victim of her brother's apostasy."

With the speed of a frightened deer Howard started through the groups of mourners, regardless alike of what interpretation they put upon his strange interview with "my lord," or the comment they passed on his hurried exit. He hastened to Grosvenor Square, where he found Ellen, having just recovered from her swoon, sitting pale and tearful in her room, attended by Anne Flanagan.

"It's time for you to come," was the salutation from the latter; but, without deigning to reply, he at once repaired to the easy chair in which his sister reclined. Speaking in a hurried, impulsive manner which was his wont when excited, he at once burst forth with:

"Have I made you ill, Ellen? Is it grief for me that has prostrated you so?"

She smiled upon him, and strove to swallow the lump in her throat, which she knew was a premonition of more tears, but she did not answer.

"Tell me, Ellen," he urged, dashing the cloak from his shoulders and kneeling in front of her chair. "Tell me; because it is enough that I wreck my own life, and break my own heart, without involving yours in the ruin. I will send you home. You will be safe at mother's side, and I—I can struggle alone."

She bent to him, resting her hand on his head, while she replied:

"You have promised to remain with you, and I have promised to remain; neither of us can break this compact. If I grow homesick for times—if I grow lonesome for the

observation of our dear faith, which it is so difficult to practice here—if I grow troubled about the strange course you are pursuing, is it not natural, dear Howard? But such feelings never detract from my love and care for you."

He answered passionately:

"But I will not allow you troubled for me. If you share my fortunes you must promise me not to weep, nor be anxious about me."

She bent lower to him, clasped her hands about his neck, and with her face pressed against his, replied:

"Ah! Howard, you ask a pledge which I am powerless to give. Would I deserve the name of sister if I could look indifferently upon your career, and, as you desire, care but little whether its course tended? I would not, neither would I deserve the trust mother has placed in me. Oh, my brother! if I am troubled, if I weep for you, it is lest your soul may not gain its desired reward. What are all the honors which the world may give to your talents, your splendid mind? One day you will lie as Lady Grosvenor lies to-day; and then—"

She was powerless to speak further. Her vivid fancy was picturing her brother's soul wandering through the dome of an eternal unrest upon it—fancied his great, lustrous eyes were the wild look of such a doomed soul, and that his face was distorted with the agony of eternal pangs. She hid her face on his shoulder, and moaned as a child who was intensely suffering might have done.

"Don't!" he said softly, and speaking as if her words had subdued all the wild passions of the previous hour. "Don't, Ellen! Perhaps I am not quite so wicked as you think me."

"It is not that," she said, lifting her face; "but I fear for your future—fear the end to which these strange actions of yours may bring you."

He laughed—a forced effort of mirth, which jarred on the nerves of the sensitive girl—and answered lightly as he rose from his kneeling posture:

"We will permit the future to answer for itself, and waive all unnecessary fears for the present. But now for our future life; you can be sufficiently well, and have all preparations completed to leave this place to-morrow, can you not?"

He turned to Anne Flanagan, who had been an interested and, at one time, affected spectator of the whole scene.

"I don't know," she answered, a little gruffly, "for I'd like to know where you're taking us to first, before I commit myself."

Howard laughingly crossed to her, and patted her on the shoulder in a playful manner, while he said:

"Ah! Anne, I am going to take you where my sister and you shall have an opportunity of seeing life as neither of you have ever seen it before; and where your dear, cross face shall have numerous chances of frowning down the peccadilloes of unrestrained lives. Is not the picture charming?"

Miss Flanagan drew herself up in offended dignity, and was about to reply to the "impertinence," as she deemed Howard's speech had been, when he said, with a total change of voice:

"I cannot wait to know your wishes; you must be ready to-morrow. I will send a cab—possibly come with it myself, sometime in the afternoon—and afterwards the roses must come to those cheeks again."

He playfully pinched Ellen's pallid face, kissed her hastily, and, without waiting for a reply, hurried out. But in the street his gait became slower, and his manner gloomy. His sister's earnest, heart-spoken words had made an impression upon his mind, but, alas! so light a one that the very first burst of conviviality among the companions with whom he was sojourning, banished even the thought of her pale face, which had haunted him all the afternoon.

Lord Stanwix was in his library, attending to some necessary, though disagreeable item of business, as it was to him in his sorrowful state of mind, when Ellen sought him to inform him of her intended departure. He put his pen down slowly, and looked up at the trembling girl for a few moments before he spoke; then he motioned her to a seat.

"Permit me to ask, Miss Courtney, where your brother intends to take you?"

Her face became suffused.

"I do not know. He has some mode of his own by which to conduct his studies—he is not going to college again."

Lord Grosvenor suddenly wheeled his chair about, so that he might gaze directly into her countenance, while he asked sternly:

"Is your mother fully aware of this erratic course about to be pursued by your brother, and does she consent to his wild plans?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ellen, simply, proffering him the letter in which her mother had distinctly stated such permission.

He waived it haughtily back, replying:

"Your assertion is sufficient, and comment from me is unnecessary; but I will say this much: your brother is a wild, wayward lad, and one who requires a stronger guiding hand than yours can be. I know not what your mother can be thinking to sacrifice you to the whims of such a reckless boy, and I am sorry for you!"

He arose, and looked kindly down on the frail, trembling form.

"Thank you," she answered again in her simple way; "but neither mamma nor I think it is sacrificing me to have me remain with Howard."

He is all we have, you know." She looked up with such touching guilelessness of manner, that Lord Stanwix involuntarily placed his hand on her head, and answered:

"You are so truthful and trusting, that it will be difficult to make you understand how much wrong there is in the world, and it will be a bitter experience when the suffering, which must accrue from your brother's erratic course, comes upon you."

Hastily withdrawing his hand and standing erect, he resumed his usual cold tones:

"Do not allow my words to disturb you; and now, good-night. To-morrow, I suppose, we must say farewell."

She placed her hand in his light grasp for a moment, and passed through the arched entrance, the door of which he gracefully opened.

Howard accompanied the cab which came on the next afternoon for Miss Courtney and her maid; but he refused to enter the house, writing on the card which he dispatched by one of the servants, an injunction to hurry, and he paced impatiently while he waited, the open space in front of the house.

Ellen had been ready since early morning, save to don her outdoor garments, and now she had only to wait for Miss Flanagan, who, with her wonted dissatisfaction, was grumbling at the brief time Howard had given them for preparation. But both were ready at last, and the excited girl tripped down the stair to say "good-by" to Lord Stanwix and Malverton. The latter was in the aviary tending his mother's birds; but his manner was listless and discontented; it was such lonesome work tending her pets—so sad to listen to the chirrup to which her voice was wont sweetly to respond. Trice he had, by a mighty effort, subdued the girl-like grief; but now, when he turned on Ellen's entrance, his eyes filled again. He held out his hand, but did not speak till he had gulped the tears back.

"Going so soon? Father told me he thought your departure would not take place till late in the afternoon."

She smiled, replying:

"Howard is waiting. Will you see him?"

"Yes."

He put back into the foliage the chirping pet which had been perched on his finger, and accompanied her to the library, where they found Lord Stanwix writing. The latter rose at once, saying:

"I will accompany you to the cab."

With a hand within the arm of each she walked slowly down the carriage path to where Howard stood impatiently waiting her arrival. He advanced as the trio approached, bowed with mock deference to Lord Grosvenor's graceful salutation, clasped Malverton's outstretched hand with a cordial pressure, and hurried Ellen's adieu that he might at once assist her into the cab.

"Always remember me as one of the most sincere among your friends, dear Miss Courtney," whispered Malverton, as he stooped to conceal the agitation which he felt was visible in his face.

His answer was too low for him to comprehend its import, but her grateful smile assured him. Lord Stanwix said naught but a simple "good-by," till Ellen and her maid were seated in the cab, and Howard was about to follow. He paused, with his foot on the step, to wring Malverton's hand again. Lord Grosvenor proffered his.

"No," said Howard, with a passionate sparkle in his eyes, "I clasp no hand save in friendship—between us there is an eternal enmity."

For one moment the peer's face wore an expression which made Ellen shudder and turn her eyes away; but the next instant it had disappeared, and his countenance wore only its habitual, haughty look.

"Be it so," he said lightly; "but, slightly lowering his voice, "when you become a man, we will be able to adjust our difficulties."

"I shall not forget," answered Howard, scornfully, as he sprang to the seat beside Ellen.

The porters finished their work of strapping on the trunks, the driver whipped the horses up, and the vehicle started at a rapid pace down the street, while Lord Grosvenor turned immediately to the house; but Malverton watched it sadly till it had disappeared from view.

TO BE CONTINUED

"MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU"

TRUE STORY OF A CONVERSION

It was a great grief to Mrs. Moore, when, very gently, Marion broke the news that she could not in conscience accept as her own the Baptist religion so dear to her mother. It was Mrs. Moore's suggestion that the girl study other branches of the Baptist faith, there were any number of them, surely she could find one that would satisfy her needs.

Marion endeavored to do so. Patiently she poured over different "confessions" and considered the rival claims of Free-will Baptists, Anti-Effort Baptists, Menonites, Christian, Seventh-day Baptists—and many others—but all seeming to Marion as withered broken branches without fruit or foliage.

Later, work called her from home to a large city. There, away from family disapproval, she attended churches of other denominations, listening to various and many discourses, but with merciless logic

seeing many discrepancies; while the lack of unity and positiveness in teaching any doctrines, whatsoever troubled, disturbed her. One church only she avoided with scrupulous care—with something of horror—the Catholic Church—she had been taught was the Church of the evil one.

Sometimes she asked herself if she were seeking the impossible, in all the world was there no Church that could satisfy her needs? Was it only in heaven one could find true peace? What then was the meaning of Christ's words: "My peace I give unto you?"

As a forlorn hope and frankly curious, she turned at length to Spiritualism, only to turn away repulsed, disheartened. A religion that claimed to reach into the Great Beyond, to be in touch with immortality should necessarily be to mankind a stupendous message of strength, hope, courage. And to Marion Spiritualism was a thing of grotesque nothings. Always, too, she found herself expectant that presently she would discover it all to be a sham, an imposture. And now she will allow Marion Moore to tell her own story.

With something of a revulsion of feeling as offering help to every day needs, I took up the study of Christian Science. It seemed to be so big so brave, a word, a touch, and all suffering would cease. At the "readings" came disillusionment; many people attended them, in each and every face one thought, one eager desire, just to escape from pain. Did this constitute a good reason for joining a religion? Not to my soul. A yearning, sorrowful, deeply stirred my heart; so inadequately had they interpreted the life of Jesus of Nazareth! Again, Christian Science denies the Divinity of Christ, claiming for human hands the power of healing which the Christ hands had held. Could I believe as they did? Rose up as in protest the scene of Christ before Calvary, affirming with His own sacred lips His Divinity. His words seemed to sound in my ears, as a message to my soul today; and then the words of the high priest in reply: "What further need have we of witnesses?"

Little children were present, some of them fever flushed, heavy eyed, but rejecting with horror the idea of illness: an evil thing, an error of mortal mind; they were only tired! Scientists are permitted to become tired. Adults were there also whose faces bore unmistakable signs of disease; yet striving with lips at least to form the mocking lie: "There is no pain." And again, as in protest seemed to rise before my soul the cry of the shrinking Christ in Gethsemane: "Thy will, not mine, be done," and the bitter chalice of suffering drained to the dregs. What meaning for scientists, dwelt in Gethsemane's anguish, in the Precious Blood drops, the Crown of Thorns, the height of Calvary? What meaning could there be other than the way of love through suffering?

So it was that Christian Science failed utterly in any message of peace or hope to my heart's yearning for God. I was weary now of seeking some definite religion. All religions, I told myself, were merely human things, filled with imperfections, each of them fitted for certain individuals, but not for me. Why not then take for myself any beliefs I felt the need of? Beliefs or laws that would govern my intercourse with others; that would prove serviceable for every day wear. So it came to pass that after deep thought I took the Golden Rule for my own, and was almost happy. In the eyes of men my life and work rang true. I said artlessly: It is good when we try to grow tall; and the Golden Rule is very tall. In reality it is a form of the cross, needing the figure of Our Lord to rest upon its golden surface.

Thus unconsciously I have taken the Cross into my life. But alas, I had not taken the Saviour. And suddenly the Golden Rule failed me, was shattered forever. For it now happened that a storm of terrible temptation swept over me. No question here of what I might do for others. It was my own soul that cried out, and O, so unavailingly, for aid. In shrinking horror I stood alone with God, my soul bared before Him, evil passions surging over it, evil desire urging it toward the evil deed. Instinctively I knelt to pray; but prayer had become a meaningless, less jargon of words, and my little room at home a place of torture. With some faint hope of escaping from the evil thus rising in my own heart, I rose and passed out of the house, into the street, heedless where my swift pace should take me. But did it matter? did anything matter in the least? What use to struggle towards the light? henceforth there was no light, no hope; only darkness and death everlasting.

Little did I dream that a good angel led me. I wandered far, when at length I became conscious of my surroundings, I found myself in a part of the city unfamiliar to me. Close by was a church and the gleam of dim light from its hospitably open door seemed to beckon to me. I was very weary and lonely, feeling the need of human beings near to me. But I paused in the doorway of the building, realizing that it was a Catholic Church; which meant for me every evil thing the world has ever known, and then my eyes fell on a statue of the Blessed Virgin placed in the vestibule; a stately gracious figure. It represented, indeed, Our Lady. It represented, crowned, smiling of the Assumption, as if queen of heaven and earth. And now this happened to me: On it was as though a hand had been

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held out and had touched me in the darkness, guiding me to the right way, while the gracious lady seemed to bid me welcome to this House of her Son, for she was hostess there.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE DECREE ON COMMUNION FOR CHILDREN

One of the most amiable situations, and undoubtedly one very near historic truth, which artists give us on their canvases, is that of Our Lord seated among children whose innocent faces, beaming with love and confidence are turned towards Him.

One of the most amiable situations, and undoubtedly one very near historic truth, which artists give us on their canvases, is that of Our Lord seated among children whose innocent faces, beaming with love and confidence are turned towards Him.

This attitude of Our Lord towards children was evidently inspired not merely by their actual innocence but also by His anxiety for their future spiritual welfare.

There in that Church of Our Lady, and at that mission of the Paulist Fathers Conway and Kennedy, faith had come to Marion; afterwards with patient care she put herself under instruction to study the doctrines of the Catholic religion that she might give a reason for the faith that was in her.

letter to his own people, thus sums up the obligations imposed by this Apostolic Decree: "I address myself to all of you without exception," he writes, "for this is a matter which must deeply concern every faithful Catholic, viz., the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar and the manner of its administration to our children, who are the hope of the future. Who is not specially interested in this? With special emphasis I appeal to all who are in close touch with our young people, especially to the clergy and all educators, male and female teachers, and in particular to Catholic parents, to fathers and mothers and those who take their place. It depends on the faithful care of all those who have the charge of children, and particularly on the conscientious co-operation of parents, to carry out and apply in practice the regulations made in regard to the Apostolic Decree concerning First Communion, and thus render the Most Blessed Sacrament of the supernatural, heavenly means of grace for our young people in the full and extensive measure desired and intended by our Holy Father."

Needless to dilate further on this topic. The little children of today will be the Catholic men and women on whom will devolve the responsibilities of carrying on the struggle for God and souls in the next generation.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE CONVERSION OF WALES

Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., in 'The Missionary'

Before the Reformation no country of Europe was better permeated with Catholic truth than Wales. As elsewhere it was principally Roman legionaries who were the first missionaries, and Catholic civil magistrates and their families helped the subsequent introduction of priests and bishops.

Constantine the Great was born in Britain, his mother, St. Helen, being a British princess; and when he established the peace of the Church in the Roman Empire the Welsh had but to proclaim openly the Christian faith they had already only half-secretly practised.

The mere brutality of English propagandism explains the loss of Wales to the Church of Christ. The native princes, the bards, the ancient personages of every Welsh communion, all inspired with the deep-hearted instinct of the Celtic love of what is sweet and noble in racial tradition—these preserved Catholicity as a sort of national relic of holiest wisdom and virtue for generations.

For more than a hundred years after the Reformation books in manuscript were everywhere circulated in Wales teaching Catholicity in the people's own tongue, not only in prose but also in verse; copies of these books are yet extant, worn with marks of incessant use, having been passed from hand to hand throughout the country for generations.

We dare to hope, and in that hope to shape our efforts, for the return of the Welsh people to Catholic unity. To the faint-hearted, the project will seem as wild as that of rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem appeared to the men of Judah when they came back from captivity.

The race differs so radically from the rest of Great Britain in language, traditions and ancient customs, that in past ages it seemed proper to the Holy See to separate them from the other churches—especially after the Saxons conquered the rest of Britain, and give them their own hierarchy. This was accordingly done. In more recent times as far back as 1840, when the four vicariates of

Great Britain were doubled, Wales was united into one Vicariate; but when the English Hierarchy was ecclesiastically set up ten years later, North Wales was incorporated into the Diocese of Shrewsbury, and South Wales into that of Newport and Mernevia.

But a new move has been made by Rome. The creation of the Ecclesiastical Province of Cardiff is now decreed by His Holiness Benedict XV., which is to embrace all Wales, and the Episcopal seat, heretofore established at Newport, is transferred to Cardiff, and the beautiful Church of St. David is to be the seat of the Episcopal Cathedral.

This expansion of the Kingdom of God throughout Wales seems to us a most reasonable object of hope, and is undoubtedly a token of heaven's benignant favor. Wales is Celtic in its origin, has conserved Celtic ideals, Celtic customs and traditions, and it will at no distant day come back to the Faith that it accepted first when missionaries from Rome brought to it the Gospel of Christ.

Thus it is that we believe with Doctor Keating that "the chill blasts of winter evict the birds from their pleasant groves, and drives them into temporary exile; but at the return of spring, the magnetism of the old home draws them back with unerring and irresistible power. So may it be with the soul of the Welsh people. Alienated for a time from the nest in which it was reared, inculpably condemned to lead a restless and roving life, it will come back to rest among the fragrant branches of the mustard tree."

the truth, but as the obvious and notorious truth? with obstinacy calumnies, yet can never have patience to listen to me that the work is already half done; that much of the ground has been cleared for us, and much of the rubbish carted away, in the course of the recent controversies on the subject of Disestablishment.

Well, it seems to me that the work is already half done; that much of the ground has been cleared for us, and much of the rubbish carted away, in the course of the recent controversies on the subject of Disestablishment.

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MINISTER PROTESTS AGAINST UNBELIEF BEING TAUGHT IN SCHOOLS

Rev. Edward J. Bond (Meth.), Pottstown, Pa., Feb. 6, 1917

"Citizens do not send their boys and girls to school to be taught the personal views that are held by the teachers on religion. Some time ago a student of our high school came to me and said:

"Mr. Bond, is there a hell?" "Certainly," I replied. "Said the student: 'My teacher at school says: I don't believe in a hell and no one can make me believe there is. Of course, this is just my own opinion.'"

"Now, Mr. Bond, who says there is a hell?" said the boy. "Why Jesus said so, just as He said that there is a heaven."

"This was the startling conversation I had with a high school student and I submit to you, that if we cannot believe all the truth as Jesus taught it, where are we going to go for truth? Acceptance of Jesus Christ means the acceptance of all and all of His sayings. I confess I was indignant over the remark of that teacher

to the pupils. It is not up to any teacher to give personal religious views in the class room. He is to avoid speaking the truth for fear of antagonism. It is right to take a stand for truth and keep it."—Our Sunday Visitor.

"Another instance of the same kind of harmful teaching came to my personal notice. I was instructing a young person from our high school preparatory to his being received into the Church, and stated the principles of Methodist policy and the necessity of belief in the Scriptures.

"What do you mean by belief in the Scriptures?" said the student. "Does that mean believing the story of Moses, the flood, Noah, Jonah and all that? Why our history professor said they are only myths."

"Brethren, this is the sort of thing from school teachers that I indignantly protest against. If my preacher said what his teacher said you would avoid his church, but it seems that the citizen cannot have his son avoid it if he wants to send his boy to school. I submit that it is the duty of citizens to see that teachers confine their teaching to the legitimate branches and keep their mouths shut about religion. And when they teach evolution, let them believe they are of monkey origin if they like. I prefer a better ancestry. It is up to the parents to say that the skeptical teaching on religion that I have referred to have got to cease.

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There is a hell, and I am going to do all I can to keep out of it, and help others to keep out. It is all wrong to avoid speaking the truth for fear of antagonism. It is right to take a stand for truth and keep it."—Our Sunday Visitor.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

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THE SACRED HEART

The beautiful month of June is devoted by the Church to the honor of the Sacred Heart. The Sacred Heart of our Lord is the symbol of His love for us. This devotion is based on the Incarnation. Our divine Lord, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, became Man. He assumed human nature, body and soul, and our human nature has become an attribute of His divine nature and inseparable forevermore, a part of His divine personality. So His sacred body is capable of adoration as a part and inseparable attribute of His personality, and likewise all the parts of His body. Thus there are devotions to the Head crowned with thorns, to the five wounds, and to His Sacred Heart.

The heart, in common language, is the seat of the affections, especially of love. So our blessed Lord's sacred Heart is the symbol or sign of His love and mercy and compassion for man, for whom He shed His precious blood. Our Savior wants our hearts. When He says, My son, give Me thy heart, He means, give Me thy love and affection and service. And He also says, Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble and lowly, and you will find rest for your souls. Our Lord demands our love and obedience to His will and law.

Our divine Savior is our Master and King. At the Annunciation it was said, "Of His kingdom there shall be no end." The Magi asked, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" "My kingdom," our Lord answered to Pilate, "is not of this world." Hence Christ's kingdom is not material or worldly.

They wanted to know who are highest in Christ's kingdom. Thus the mother of the sons of Zebedee came with her sons, adoring and asking something of him, that her two sons might sit, the one on His right hand, and the other on His left in His kingdom. But Jesus said to them, "You know that the princes of the Gentiles lord it over them; and they that are greater among you, let him be first among you, but whoever will be first among you, let him be your minister. Even as the Son of Man is not come to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a redemption for many."

Our Lord came not to be served but to serve. So be it with us. In Christ's kingdom not pomp or office but service is the badge of greatness. He who thinks more of others than of himself, he who serves and has mercy, love and compassion on others is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. First, we should love God above all things, and then our Lord tells us the second great commandment is to love your neighbor as yourself. Christ's sweet influence in our minds and hearts will then mould our lives and rule our hearts.—The Monitor.

THE SACRED HEART

(1) The age of discretion required both for confession and Communion is the time when the child begins to reason, that is about the seventh year, more or less. From this time on the obligation of satisfying the precept of confession and Communion begins.

(2) Both for first confession and First Communion a complete and perfect knowledge of Christian doctrine is not necessary. The child will, however, be obliged to learn gradually the whole catechism according to its ability.

(3) The knowledge of Christian doctrine required in children, in order to be properly prepared for First Holy Communion, is that they understand, according to their capacity, those mysteries of Faith which are necessary as a means of salvation; that they be able to distinguish the Eucharist from common and material bread, and also approach the sacred table with devotion becoming their age.

(4) The obligation of the precept of confession and Communion which rests upon the child, falls back principally upon those in whose care children are, that is, parents, confessors, teachers, and their pastor. It belongs to the father, however, or to the person taking his place, as also to the confessor, as the Roman catechism declares, to admit a child to First Holy Communion.

(5) The pastors shall take care to announce and distribute general Communion once or several times a year to the children, and on these occasions they shall admit not only First Communicants but also others who, with the consent of their parents and their confessor, have already been admitted to the sacred table. For both these classes several days of instruction and preparation shall precede.

(6) Those who have the care of children shall use all diligence so that after First Communion the children shall often approach the holy table, even daily, if possible, as Jesus Christ and mother Church desire, and that they do it with a devotion becoming their age. They should bear in mind their most important duty by which they are obliged to have the children present at the public instruction in catechism; otherwise they must supply this religious instruction in some other way.

(7) The custom of not admitting children to confession, or of not absolving them is absolutely condemned. Wherefore the Ordinaries of places, using those means which the law gives them, shall see that it is done away with.

(8) It is an intolerable abuse not to administer Viaticum and Extreme Unction to children having attained the use of reason and to bury them according to the manner of infants. Comment on these regulations is unnecessary. Cardinal Fischer, Archbishop of Cologne, in a pastoral

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B. A., Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order. Approved and recommended by Archbishops of Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion. The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for the CATHOLIC RECORD: General agents: M. J. Magarity, Vincent St. Cor. and Miss Jessie Doyle, Resident agents: George B. Hewerton, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Brice Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Hartigan, Winnipeg; E. R. Costello, 2255-5th ave. West, Vancouver, B. C.; Ross McKeeney, 140 D'Aiguillon street, Quebec; Mrs. George E. Smith, 2388 St. Urban street, Montreal; M. J. Mervin, Montreal; E. F. O'Leary, 1447 Montague St., Regina, Sask.; and E. J. Murphy, Box 125, Saskatoon. Obtaining and postage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents. Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address. In St. John N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street, John J. Dwyer and The O'Neill Co., 129 Brunsell street. In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Millor, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1917

THE IRISH CONVENTION A WAR MEASURE

If democracy means anything it means government with the consent, by the aid, and in the interests of the governed. That the great struggle now convulsing the civilized world is a struggle—final and decisive it may be for generations—to maintain and perpetuate that democratic ideal and practice, is the asseveration of every spokesman of the allied democracies fighting for existence against the Teutonic ambition for militaristic world dominion. And these solemn professions we believe are fundamentally true. Nevertheless there is one outstanding, undeniable, flagrant fact which contradicts Britain's democratic professions. The spectre of Ireland crosses her path and turns to derision her solicitude for the inalienable rights of peoples great and small to govern themselves.

It might be expected that everyone, jealous of the good name of Great Britain, everyone sincerely desirous of winning the War would do all that in him lies to settle the Irish question, to remove at once this stigma on the good name of Britain and the greatest obstacle to the whole-hearted concentration of all the moral and material forces of civilization on the one supremely important common purpose.

Some of our Canadian newspapers, however, are more concerned with the threadbare sophistries which seek to justify England's ignominious and humiliating position in the eyes of the world than they are to facilitate solution of the Irish problem. One of these worn out sophistries has been definitely consigned to the rubbish-heap. It is no longer seriously pretended that Ireland is "two nations." The one argument with some shreds and patches of specious respectability to cover its naked advocacy of diverse weights and diverse measures when dealing with Ireland is thus typically expressed by the London Free Press in commenting on the government proposal of an Irish convention:

"Out of this proposal will come at least this: That the Irish problem will appear before the world as a matter concerning which the British Government has washed its hands."

Some nineteen centuries ago there was an Imperial Governor who was confronted with a similar problem where political interests conflicted with justice and right. He washed his hands and proclaimed himself innocent of the death of the Just Man whom he condemned to be crucified. But the unjust sentence does not appear before the world as a matter concerning which Pilate "washed his hands." It is not so easy for a moral coward "to appear before the world" as just and generous while shirking his undeniable responsibility.

But our ultra-loyal Canadian papers spoke too soon. The British Government had no intention of playing that ignoble role which a certain section of our press would so readily justify. The next day the cable told us of a speech of stupendous import delivered by Lord Curzon in the House of Lords:

"Lord Curzon emphasized that the Government's proposals were as much a war measure as any urgency act passed. He said that at each stage of the war while he was a member of the Government it had been brought home to all of them that conditions in Ireland had been a source not of strength but of weakness to the common cause. "There was no month but the figure of Ireland had arisen like a spectre across their path."

Every word of that speech, which we reproduce in another column is, a rebuke to the bigots who are responsible for creating and perpetuating that shameful state of affairs. It is a complete justification and endorsement of H. G. Wells' outspoken statement that "they would wreck the Empire rather than relinquish their Ascendancy in Ireland." But before the gathering storm of overwhelming public sentiment in England even the Diehard Tories, if not for justice sake, if not from patriotic motives, at least and at last in sheer terror of inevitable retribution, recoil from the consequences of their obstinate and shameless folly.

The course of Canadian papers in aiding and abetting the enemy within the gates was probably determined by the apparent meaning of Carson's announcement that he was with the Ulster Orangemen whether they chose union and victory or disunion and defeat. But this was only the truncheon of the wash-buckler excusing his back-down. Carson was and remains a member of the Government which has already plainly intimated that the irreconcilables of N.E. Ulster must find common ground on which to stand with their fellow countrymen in reaching a settlement. Moreover, it appears that the cabled summary of Carson's speech was misleading; for T. P. O'Connor describes it as temperate and friendly.

With the tremendous force of public opinion behind it, there can now be no doubt that the Government will honestly bend every effort to make the Irish Convention an urgent war measure to effect a real and permanent settlement of the Irish question. That such settlement is possible cannot be doubted. There is no conceivable guarantee for safeguarding the rights of Protestant minority that Catholic Ireland will not readily agree to—short of perpetuating the parasitic Ascendancy which has made possible for an Irishman such a political career as Carson's.

We regard what is called Sinn Feinism in its later manifestations as merely an expression of resentment, disappointment and unrest. In the face of the serious business of the Convention it will shrink to insignificant proportions, but it will doubtless receive much more notoriety than it deserves.

The press of self-governing Canada in so far as it may be taken across the ocean as reflecting Canadian public opinion can aid materially in bringing about that settlement which the men at the helm in this perilous time solemnly declare is necessary to avert shipwreck. And just in so far as they fail to do this they are giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

QUEBEC AND CONSCRIPTION

French-Canadians have every whit as much right to object to conscription as have the labor unions. For the Government or Parliament to enforce conscription with no sort of semblance of a mandate from the people is open to serious objection in the minds of many thinking Canadians who yield to none in their loyalty to Canada.

The Manchester Guardian, commenting on the proposal, said: "Two courses are open to Premier Borden: either to utilize the militia act to secure a large extension of his forces, thus releasing others for the front, or to put the issue of conscription direct before the people. The latter method was adopted in Australia, and though the Government failed of their aim, it is so clearly the more honest procedure that the Canadian Government is not likely to incur the odium of foregoing it."

What is said by this great English journal cannot turn into sedition when said in Quebec.

There are Canadians, however, of both parties who believe that conscription is the only fair, equitable and democratic method of distributing the burdens of a national obligation which no one outside of a few—and these not confined to Quebec—pretends to deny. In justice to Quebec the deliberate conclusion of the Hon. Mr. Blondin, Postmaster-General, based on the knowledge and experience gained in his interrupted recruiting tour should be taken into account.

It is neither good patriotism nor good politics to set Ontario against Quebec or Quebec against Ontario. We are not concerned just now to oppose the blame for a condition of things as undeniable as it is deplorable.

While conceding the absolute right of politicians and press to discuss the attitude of Quebec in the War, or any other attitude it may assume affecting the public life of Canada, we commend the tone and spirit of a letter to the Globe by James L. Hughes, which we reproduce elsewhere.

At the same time the right to differ from the majority, the right to hold their own views and demand for them respect and consideration, lends no respectability to hooliganism. A few French-Canadian hooligans do far greater injury to Quebec than all the Orangists of Ontario put together. And the authorities of Quebec will encounter no interference from the rest of Canada in any method they may choose to adopt in clearing the good name of their province from the disgrace brought upon it by her own unworthy sons.

A GIGANTIC UNDERTAKING

"A despotic government is the best for war, and a popular government the best for peace." So wrote Cardinal Newman shortly after the Crimean War. Again he says: "War tries the British constitution in the same way, to use a homely illustration, that it tries a spoon to use it for a knife, or a scythe or hay-fork to make it do the work of a spade." So this great Englishman, who had all the Englishman's love for the liberty enjoyed under popular government and all his aversion from the restraints of despotic rule, concluded from his analysis of the causes of the blunders of the Crimean War.

During this great war his conclusions have been so clearly verified that to a great extent popular government has been superseded and arbitrary powers conferred on those who seem most competent to conduct the supremely important business of the war. But it was not until the evident breakdown of the cherished constitutional peace methods that others more suitable were sought. What in this respect is true of England is true a hundred-fold of the United States. Profiting by England's experience the States have begun at the beginning by conferring practically despotic powers on the President.

But there is another sense in which Newman's dictum is true. In the despotic state the citizens are trained to unquestioning obedience; in the self-governing state the people their democratic qualities and characteristics even after surrendering the accustomed constitutional safeguards of popular rights. Hence with all the powers that he could ask the President of the United States has a gigantic undertaking on hand to mobilize a hundred million people for the stupendous efforts required of a modern nation at war.

A dispatch to the London Times from a correspondent in Chicago helps one to appreciate the magnitude of the complex task confronting President Wilson:

He bases his message on "definite information secured from trustworthy sources scattered throughout the entire Middle West and South."

"All reports," he says, "clearly indicate that the fundamental facts and possibilities of the war are little better understood now than before war was declared. Everything is going on as usual. People have no conception of the changes impending in the near future. The war is regarded by a majority of citizens in the West and South as meaning something to Europe, but not affecting this country—and this in spite of the enthusiastic reception of the British and French missions and the voluminous output of news of war preparations and plans from Washington. There is no conception of actual individual responsibility of all citizens as being essential to the successful prosecution of the war."

"Altogether the results of the most careful inquiry point to the absolute necessity of a Government publicity campaign on a large scale if the people of this country are to be relied upon for substantial and fully organized cooperation with the Allies within the next twelve months."

Editorially the Daily Mail, which also features the dispatch, says:

"It may seem to many to be also a depressing account, but nobody who knows American conditions and who remembers what we went through ourselves in the early stages of the War will be surprised. The task of starting the necessary machinery and of arousing and holding popular interest, which we found

difficult enough, even in Great Britain, is a thousand times more so in a country separated from the scene of battle by the whole width of the Atlantic, and practically secure from any direct attack from the enemy. The Americans will grow into their undertakings, as we had to grow into ours, and it will be a slow and arduous process; but there is no doubt whatever that in time it will be accomplished."

In a communication to the New York Times Joseph H. Crooker gives corroborative evidence:

Amherst, Mass., May 19, 1917. To the Editor of The N. Y. Times:

"I have just received from a friend in the Central West a letter in which I find the following paragraph:

"While it was a question of England as against Germany our sympathies have been with Germany, as has been the case with a large portion of the people hereabouts. We have no sympathy for England. She would better have thought of Ireland than Belgium. Her blockade of Germany has been as wicked as the German submarine campaign. There is no enthusiasm among the men here for the course which President Wilson has embarked upon. Those who condemned La Follette while he was one of the 'wilful twelve,' when they now see what war taxes they will have to pay, are saying that 'little Bob' was right."

"The writer of this letter is a man of prominence, a minister, a university graduate, of English stock, with Mayflower ancestors, with no Irish blood, and he has wide experience, giving him more than usual opportunity for sensing public opinion. My own observation during last winter at a college town in the West confirms his report. The Faculty and students of the theological department, with few exceptions, were extreme pacifists with decided anti-British and pro-German opinions."

"The state of mind here revealed is truly appalling."

"This letter, representing conditions which exist in various parts of our nation, is an ominous sign. It reveals 'a state of mind' which is more dangerous than German submarines."

Mr. Crooker is neither Irish nor anti-British. In fact he waxes as eloquent as the Toronto Daily News in excusing England's treatment of Ireland.

In the circumstances to persist in antagonizing the wide influence of the great Irish element in the States is, to quote the words of Mr. Crooker, "moral lunacy."

The British Government understands.

Lord Curzon says: "Nobody in touch with American thought could doubt that an immense impetus would be given to the zeal with which America would prosecute the war if only she knew that this rift in the lute was closed and the Anglo-Saxon race was bending its undivided energies to the pursuance of the common end."

Soon even Canadian admirers of the strictly conditional loyalty of N. E. Ulster will get their eyes opened.

CHURCH HONOR ROLLS

To ascertain the church affiliations of our gallant Canadian soldiers is a matter of present interest and of future historic value. Hence request of the Army and Navy Board is one that should be complied with promptly and with conscientious attempt at accuracy; for such record whether accurate or not will tend to assume an official character and be in time regarded as an authentic source of history.

In this connection we reprint on another page a letter to the Christian Guardian from John Webster, of Kemptonville, Ontario.

Referring to Dr. Moore's suggestion of using the Church Honor Rolls as convenient and reliable sources of information in the premises, Mr. Webster points out that to use such Honor Rolls would be to perpetuate grave inaccuracies.

"I saw an Honor Roll," writes Mr. Webster, "in one village containing several hundred names. I found there the names of all the soldiers for miles around, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. Names are left off that ought to be on, and other names on more than one Honor Roll."

If such ludicrous padding can be openly resorted to when the names are recorded, what may we expect when numbers only are dealt with?

Whether such lists are used or not, if the same indiscreet not to say dishonest zeal finds an outlet in making returns to the Army and Navy Board, its records will be a grotesque distortion of facts.

Would it not be possible to provide some checks that would enforce reasonable accuracy and honesty? If the thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing right. Each municipality and each county might have an interdenominational committee on which, of course, every church

would be represented. Official lists could be secured from the Militia Department and the returns checked off by the local and county committees.

If such scheme be devised a serious and important undertaking may have a farcical and harmful result.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

MUCH PROMINENCE was given in Canadian newspapers to a rather ill-considered report that the warmth of Marshall Joffre's reception in Montreal was somewhat cooled by an impression that got abroad in Catholic circles to the effect that France's great soldier is both a Protestant and a Freemason. Whether having any basis in fact or not, the reception to the Marshall was a tribute to his services as savior of France, and, as such, whatever his religious affiliations, was participated in by the Archbishop of Montreal, his clergy, and Catholics generally with as great warmth and enthusiasm as by any others. What appears to have been the only discordant note arose at the meeting of the Protestant Ministerial Association on the Monday, where a resolution was introduced protesting against the Sunday reception as a "violation of the Sabbath and the rights of the Protestant churches." Wherein this "violation" consisted was not made clear.

TO DISPUTE about this or that man's religion because he happens to loom largely in the public eye is of doubtful propriety. An incident which happened during Marshall Joffre's visit to Baltimore, however, does him all the more credit if the assertion made at the Montreal Ministerial Association meeting to the effect that he is a Huguenot is correct. The incident is thus reported by the Baltimore Sun: "One who had not seen it (the procession escorting the French Mission) until that moment, stood in a window in a big gray house on Charles street—a slightly bent, white-haired man in scarlet robes—Cardinal Gibbons. Father Fletcher stood beside him. Joffre saw him as soon as he saw Joffre, and then one of the thrills of the day occurred. The big figure of the Marshal of France rose straight up in the plunging automobile, and with his hand at salute he faced toward the Cardinal until he could see him no longer."

THE FRENCH Mission's visit to Baltimore furnished another incident which may serve to illustrate Marshall Joffre's characteristics as a soldier. We reproduce the Sun's version of it: "That was the departure of the French Mission, so far as most of Baltimore saw it. They didn't see Marshall Joffre put on the train with Viviani's party when he should have been put on the other train, and coming off, with his eyes shooting the same fire and his voice uttering the same sentences that he uttered when he fell on the pany bed. That is Joffre's fighting side—the side that comes out when things happen that he doesn't like. They didn't see him when the train pulled out, five minutes after he entered his car. He was bent over a table, writing. He dug his pencil into the paper in front of him and now and then he tugged at his white moustache and frowned. His red cap was still on his head. He was still writing when his and Viviani's train pulled out. He must have looked something like that when he was going over war maps at the Battle of the Marne."

"ONE RESULT of the revolution in Russia," says a Presbyterian missionary in Korea, writing to the Foreign Mission Board of his church in Canada, "has been the opening up of the eastern part of the country so as to permit of the teaching of Christianity." That Russia is already in possession of a Christianity much more closely approximating to that of the Apostles than the diluted type represented by this missionary apparently did not occur to him. Russia is a land of many contradictions, and its people, so long the victims of despotic rulers and of a church completely dominated by them, are doubtless deficient in many of the qualities which ordinarily characterize a democracy, but that they have anything to learn in the way of faith or morals from the rapidly disintegrating Protestantism of the West is a gratuitous assumption, in full keeping with that which intrudes missionaries into the centres of a Catholic population.

MUSCOVITE CHRISTIANITY has suffered much in purity and integrity and still suffers from its separation from the one Seat of Authority and

Centre of Unity at Rome, but it is not what Protestantism has been from its beginning, the merest subjectivism, recognizing no guide but the human intellect and bowing to no authority but the caprice of the individual. To the average Russian, faith is still, despite the assumptions of the State, a divine gift, and outweighs in the balance, therefore, all the eclectic creeds of Protestantism. On the one side, it is true, is enslavement by the State, and separation from Rome, but on the other is the wildest and most ridiculous license of opinion. Unless it is open to denial that Christianity is a religion of the supernatural there can be no two opinions as to the side on which the advantage lies.

THE WORLD-WIDE character of the work of the Christian Brothers is exemplified in the death in March last of Brother Bernadine Phillips at Calcutta. Brother Bernadine, who was born in Waterford in 1890, and entered the Christian Brothers at Dublin in 1908, had during his short life seen service in Ireland, in Newfoundland, and, for the last fifteen months of his life in India. It was in 1913 that he was selected with three other Brothers to go to Newfoundland. He taught in the schools at St. John's and so endeared himself to both Brothers and pupils that when it became known in 1915 that he was stricken with the fatal malady, phthisis, a gloom was cast over the little colony, likened by an overseas contemporary to the fogs on the Grand Bank. He returned to Ireland and was at once sent out to India in the hope of his life being prolonged in that climate. He resumed teaching but only for a short time, when it became evident that his days were numbered. His death took place on March 22nd to the great sorrow and regret of his associates.

AVE MARIA's comments on "Catholics and the Lost Cause," occasioned by an outbreak of bigotry in the South against Catholics, has been widely copied. Bishop Keiley of Savannah, himself a veteran soldier of the Confederacy, had been invited to deliver the regular Memorial Day oration and this was the signal for the outbreak. Ave Maria's comments were of the nature of a reminder of what Catholics had done for the "Lost Cause," and it cited Father Abram Ryan's poems, particularly "The Conquered Banner;" Augustus Requier's "Ashes of Glory;" Marie La Coste's "Somebody's Darling;" and several other poems by Catholics as having done more than all others to "put the Confederate cause into the literature of song." The point was well taken, and if happily a more enlightened spirit pervaded the present Southern people it might have lasting effect. But the type of religion that for the most part now prevails in the extreme South is the type that stands back of the "Missions to the Latin nations," and is voiced by the strident tones of the notorious "Tom" Watson—a type not to be reasoned with or convinced of error.

IT IS SINGULAR that Ave Maria in enumerating the several poets who have glorified the Southern cause in verse makes no mention of James Ryder Randall, who, after Father Ryan, is undoubtedly the chief laureate of the Confederacy. Randall, of Acadian ancestry on his mother's side, was born a Catholic, and for a long period was identified with Catholic journalism. He for several years edited the Morning Star of New Orleans, and his letters to the Catholic Columbian, of Columbus, Ohio, were long a feature of that paper. A poet by nature, he was a journalist by force of circumstances, and to the hard struggle which he had through life it is due that his poetical work is not more voluminous. A small volume, of less than 200 pages, published after his death in 1908, and republished with some additions in 1910 is all that has been preserved.

WHILE RANDALL wrote many lyrics worthy of remembrance his fame chiefly rests on the stirring battle-song, "Maryland! My Maryland!" The circumstances under which this was written are well known. Set to music in Baltimore and sung without pre-meditated effect in camp, its inspiring tones immediately "caught on," and were soon heard throughout the whole Confederacy. Its audience is now world-wide. Just as Ryan's "Conquered Banner" is undoubtedly the great elegy of the "Lost Cause," so is "Maryland! My

Maryland!" its great battle-song. It was one of Oliver Wendell Holmes regrets that he could not have written a poem that would have been as effective in the cause of the North as "Maryland" was in that of the South—a remark reminiscent of Southey's saying that he would rather have written Gray's Elegy than take Quebec.

"NO CANADIAN library, whether private or public," we are assured by The Presbyterian, "is complete without the 'Ralph Connor' books." The averment cannot be said to err on the side of modesty. Possibly our contemporary means no Presbyterian library, but even so the assertion seems to call for some modification.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

CONVENTION PROSPECTS BRIGHT

DANGER FROM CRAZY FACTIONISTS RATHER THAN FROM ULSTER

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

London, May 26th—The atmosphere in the House of Commons, though not entirely cloudless, is inclined to fair weather. The debate over Premier Lloyd George's proposal for a convention of Irishmen, of every political complexion, to settle the Home Rule question, though marred by two very unwise speeches, one of a stubbornly Orange hue by Sir John Lonsdale, representing the Ulstermen, and the other a wild, inconsequent and factious speech by William O'Brien, was otherwise conciliatory and sanguine. Everybody regarded the speeches of John Redmond and Joseph Devlin as greatly contributing to the hopefulness of the convention. Sir Edward Carson actually saved the situation from the impasse threatened by Sir John Lonsdale, by temperate and friendly utterance.

There is now little doubt that all same opinion in Ireland will accept the convention in the spirit proposed by Premier Lloyd George, and that every effort will be made to make it a success. However, the factionists and cranks are not appeased and their policy will be one of pure wrecking. As they found no difficulty in uniting amid all their differences in an effort to destroy the Redmond constitutional movement, so they will do nothing that might bring about a settlement of the Irish question even though full liberty for Ireland was offered them on a gold salver.

This factional lunacy, which is doing its utmost to dash the great gift of freedom from Ireland's hands, is nothing short of suicidal. That Irish hands themselves seek to destroy the golden opportunity presented by the convention, is even more tragic than even any of the many tragedies which color Irish history.

The prospect of a settlement of the Home Rule Question, however, becomes brighter with each passing hour. The chief difficulty at present lies in the selection of a chairman for the convention. General Smuts for Boer War fame, would have been an ideal selection for the place for today; he is the idol of all parties in both England and Ireland, but William O'Brien, in the course of the debate, made a sneering observation concerning General Smuts, which was rather calculated to discourage the great South African from undertaking so difficult a task.

The composition of the convention is engaging the close attention of Henry E. Duke, Chief Secretary of State for Ireland, who is one of the warmest friends of Ireland. Even Premier George midst his many war problems, and other anxieties, gives some hours nearly every day to helping the Chief Secretary, while Sir Edward Carson is exercising his utmost influence among his own followers in trying to bring them to a reasonable state of mind.

It is certain that the convention will bring together for the first time in a century the men of Ulster and the rest of Ireland; it will bring about a saner, more tolerant and more sympathetic temper between the people who are divided perhaps even more by personal unacquaintance than by old racial or religious passions.

One satisfactory episode of the debate in the House of Commons was Ginnell's atrocious lie that the Irish party had cheered the Dublin executions, which had done duty in the Counties of Roscommon and Longford, was stuffed down his throat by the Irish members and by the solemn word of the speaker of the House of Commons, who was in the chair when the alleged incident was said to have taken place.

THE PRAYER OF A CATHOLIC SOLDIER

An Irish soldier at the front in Europe wrote in a letter: "And now before we rush into battle, I pray God if I be mortally struck, mutilation will leave me a hand to bless myself, and lips untouched so as again to say a prayer before the end comes." The above, says the Catholic Bulletin, sounds like a Christian echo from the old Roman arena.

JUNE 2, 1917

ON THE BATTLE LINE

AMERICAN SQUADRON HELPS

London, May 23.—No royal remedy for the U-boat peril has yet been discovered, and the reduced losses are due to the improvements of the many existing devices and the systematic employment of them.

ZEPPELINS AGAIN

London, May 24.—Four or five German airships landed the eastern counties of England last night, according to an official statement issued this morning.

The submarine menace is well in hand, according to Mr. Lloyd George. Germany, he says, is doomed to disappointment, as Britain is in no danger of starvation, and the War cannot be won by Germany's submarines.

ON THE JULIAN FRONT, on the Carso plateau, the Italians continue to make headway. The battle is raging from Flava to the sea.

It is the collapse of the whole German objective in the War. The Marne was the failure of an essential condition of German victory: the fall of Bagdad to the British is the hopeless and final loss of that which German victory was to have gained.

SPECULATION in foodstuffs is prohibited in the British Isles. The elimination of unessential middlemen is aimed at. The further regulations of food and food prices will largely depend upon the action taken in the United States.

IN THE LOAN region, north of the Chemin des Dames, the Germans forced an entrance into the French front line trenches. Later the enemy was driven out. Elsewhere the operations were chiefly artillery.

FROM THE MARNE TO BAGDAD

The altitude of high mountains is not best perceived from their immediate neighborhood, because their immediate neighborhood is not commonly a plain of nearly the same level, but is generally filled with other mountains of considerable, though lesser elevation, which, by leading up to the greatest heights of all, are apt to spoil their apparent supremacy.

Probably very few of those many thousands who took part in it were at the time aware of the decisive importance of the Battle of the Marne. Probably the rank and file of both opposing forces remained unaware of its significance long after the battle had been fought.

For the real significance of the Marne was simply this—that it was decisive. Experts knew. Perhaps no battle at that initial period of the War could have ended the War. The stage was too enormous for any one group of actors to bring down the curtain on the drama then.

equally true sense of making the ultimate issue of the War certain. When a clock strikes, certain warning strokes sound out before the hour is announced. The Marne was more than a warning stroke. It was the first clang of the hour of defeat itself. For it meant no less than this—the failure and collapse of the first item in the German Grand Programme of Victory; and that first item was a sine qua non of the entire programme.

But the extinction of France as a restraining protesting Power was chiefly a means to an end. The eyes of Potsdam were not really turned westwards, but were wistfully strained eastwards. The near east interested, the far east absorbed their gaze.

The fall of Bagdad to the British is a great matter all the world perceives; but not instantly and at near hand is its full significance likely to be grasped by the inexpert.

Of the strategic significance of the falling of Bagdad to the British attention should be made to speak. Perhaps the less contingencies of strategy are foreshadowed in discussions the better; at all events they belong to experts and strategists. Only the point is made here, outside strategic consequences of the Bagdad events altogether and that point will be slowly and surely more and more brought home to the consciousness of the whole world—at home here, among our Allies, among Neutrals and finally to the fettered opinion of the peoples now dragged at the War.

Mr. Owen Lovejoy of the National Child Labor Committee, has recently published replies received from fifteen great agricultural States, in answer to the question, "Are city children wanted in your district?" Sixty-two per cent. stated that children were not needed, and were not wanted. No labor is so expensive to all parties to the contract as child labor. It is bad for the children, bad for the producers, and bad for the community.

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WRITTEN ENGAGEMENT CONTRACTS According to a bill introduced into the Michigan Legislature suits for breach of promise to marry will hereafter be impossible unless the persons concerned publicly recorded their engagement. This is another acknowledgment of the wisdom of the Church in her legislation. In proposing the bill the Hon. Charles W. Clark said:

In business deals almost every business man insists on a written memorandum. If the terms of such relatively minor matters are placed in writing, why should not the most important transaction one can possibly make be reduced to writing? The vast majority of partnership agreements are in writing, why not the partnership for life?

These words recall the positive legislation of Pope Pius X. for all Catholics: "Only those matrimonial engagements considered valid and canonical effects which have been made in writing, signed by both

parties, and by either the parish priest or the Ordinary of the place, or at least by two witnesses."

It is notable that the Michigan bill also provides that ministers or magistrates shall not perform marriage ceremonies within fifteen days after a license has been issued. "On the spur of the moment marriages rarely result in lasting relations." The Church has again made even wiser provisions in her proclamation of the bans on successive Sundays before the marriage takes place.—America.

THE ORIFLAMME OF FRANCE

RAISED BY CARDINAL AMETTE

London, April 26, 1917.—A notable ceremony took place Sunday at St. Denys, the great basilica near Paris, where the kings of France were crowned for centuries. Patriotic and religious, its like has not been seen since the close of the eighteenth century, for it was none other than the raising of the Oriflamme of France. This sacred flag of the French nation is the original Laborum of Constantine, which bore upon its folds the words "In hoc signo vincit." Whenever it has been raised it has brought great victories to the armies of France. The last occasion was in 1792, when it was solemnly raised by the convention and hung from the vaulted roof of the Hall of Deliberations until the magnificent victory of Valmy liberated French territory from the enemy. It has now been decided to raise it for the present war.

PROTEST BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF REIMS

Cardinal Luçon of Reims has addressed a touching protest to the world, as he has seen yet more of the precious stones of his cathedral crumble away. He declares that neither the cathedral nor any other church of his episcopal city has been used for military purposes. This protest and declaration ought to have all the more effect that they come from Reims itself, the doomed city now deserted by all, where the archbishop still remains. Since April 1 more than 65,000 shells have fallen on Reims, incendiary and asphyxiating shells being mingled with the rest. But the cardinal and the nursing nuns of the Assumption and the Infant Jesus remain to tend the wounded and succor the dying amidst all this desolation.

THE WAR AND THE CHILDREN

Unless the sober sense of State executives intervenes, hysterical legislatures will do the country as much harm as any foreign foe. The Brown bill, recently passed by the New York legislature, which practically empowers the Commissioner of Education to excuse children from school for farm work, is a good example of legislation as useless as it is vicious. Mr. Owen Lovejoy of the National Child Labor Committee, has recently published replies received from fifteen great agricultural States, in answer to the question, "Are city children wanted in your district?" Sixty-two per cent. stated that children were not needed, and were not wanted. No labor is so expensive to all parties to the contract as child labor. It is bad for the children, bad for the producers, and bad for the community.

A vital test of the strength and indestructibility of the nation, hinges on the quality of its children. Viewed in its possibility and probability, of moral harm to the children, such intemperate legislation is even more objectionable. The bitter experience of England and Germany ought to teach us wisdom. An English social worker, Mr. Cecil Leeson, asks, "Had we set out with the deliberate intention of manufacturing juvenile delinquents, could we have done it in any more certain way?" Since 1914, thousands of boys and girls have been taken from school for factory or farm work, and since 1914, juvenile delinquency in England has increased by 34 per cent. In the great manufacturing town of Manchester, it has more than doubled, the exact increase being 56 per cent. Similar conditions are reported from Germany. In Berlin, the rate of delinquency in 1915 was twice that of 1914; in Munich, the first three months of 1915 numbered as many juvenile delinquents as the whole of the preceding year. In both countries the same reason is assigned for this shocking increase. Thrown with all sorts of associates, both juvenile and adult, in the factory or on the farm, home discipline breaks down, and, in Mr. Lovejoy's words, "the children run wild." No other result could be looked for. This country is not so poor and desolate that at the very outset of the War, it must seek defense at the weak hands of little children. Only a foolish economy, a wasteful conservation, would prompt this course. The country's greatest hope for the future is its children. To them will fall the task of rebuilding, upon the ashes left by war's destruction, a State

new-dedicated to liberty, and homes whose firm bond is morality. Nothing should be suffered to mar their preparation for this great work. We need munitions for the War and we need food, but more than either we need children, developing in the normal environment of home, church and school. Not until the last trench has been reached, will it be wise to turn to them for such help as their frail and untrained hands can afford. And we are far, very far, from that trench.—America.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND SAYS THE DEFEAT OF AMERICA WOULD BE UNTHINKABLE CATASTROPHE

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., who has been in the East for several weeks, was unable to attend a patriotic demonstration in which he had promised to participate in his home city. In lieu of his scheduled address he sent the following message, which was read with frequent interruptions of applause. It is a succinct summary of what patriotism is: viz.: "The United States is at war. The simple announcement tells the duty of the hour incumbent upon each and every citizen of America. The duty is to give support, cordial and plenary, to the nation and to the government. No reservation of mind, no slackening of earnest act is to be henceforward thought of or allowed. Heretofore we believed we said we were patriots. We were patriots in sentiment, in resolve, in good-will. Now we must be patriots in fact, and in deed. We must prove to ourselves and to others that we are what we believed ourselves to be, what we said we were, patriots in very truth, capable of fulfilling all the obligations, bearing all the burdens implied in the sublime word patriotism. The cost is not to be counted; the more exacting the cost the happier we would be. EVERYTHING AT STAKE. How much there is at stake! There is at stake the dignity, the honor, the life of America, and of all the sublime things symbolized in the word America. Unthinkable is the catastrophe befalling America, if befalling humanity in its highest ideals, were America, once challenged into battle, to be compelled to lower its flag in the dishonor of defeat. The flag is now unfurled. It must float before the nations of earth in the sunshine of triumphant victory. The call is to every citizen of America to do his best for America. The privileged ones are those to whom circumstances and conditions permit that they be soldiers in army or in navy. None allowed this supreme honor should hesitate or delay. Minnesota should be first and foremost in number and in quality of enlistments. It has a record to be remembered and perpetuated. During the Civil war, in proportion to the population, Minnesota gave more soldiers to the Union than any of her sister States. TASKS AWAITING ALL. Those who cannot enlist as soldiers find their tasks awaiting them all, without exception. Women and children, as well as men, may work for America, supplying her varied needs with overflowing abundance, by word, by deed of one kind or another, creating and fostering the unanimity of action, the enthusiasm of sentiment, the heroic persistence that will go well with the Stars and Stripes wherever they float, whithersoever they travel. Whatever we do, let it be plain to all who see us or hear us that we are one people, united and knit together in absolute unanimity, in support of the nation's government and of the measures it adopts to defend the country and bring victory to the sacred causes entrusted to its keeping. A vital test of the strength and indestructibility of the nation, hinges on the quality of its children. Viewed in its possibility and probability, of moral harm to the children, such intemperate legislation is even more objectionable. The bitter experience of England and Germany ought to teach us wisdom. An English social worker, Mr. Cecil Leeson, asks, "Had we set out with the deliberate intention of manufacturing juvenile delinquents, could we have done it in any more certain way?" Since 1914, thousands of boys and girls have been taken from school for factory or farm work, and since 1914, juvenile delinquency in England has increased by 34 per cent. In the great manufacturing town of Manchester, it has more than doubled, the exact increase being 56 per cent. Similar conditions are reported from Germany. In Berlin, the rate of delinquency in 1915 was twice that of 1914; in Munich, the first three months of 1915 numbered as many juvenile delinquents as the whole of the preceding year. In both countries the same reason is assigned for this shocking increase. Thrown with all sorts of associates, both juvenile and adult, in the factory or on the farm, home discipline breaks down, and, in Mr. Lovejoy's words, "the children run wild." No other result could be looked for. This country is not so poor and desolate that at the very outset of the War, it must seek defense at the weak hands of little children. Only a foolish economy, a wasteful conservation, would prompt this course. The country's greatest hope for the future is its children. To them will fall the task of rebuilding, upon the ashes left by war's destruction, a State

A NON-CATHOLIC GOVERNOR AND NEW YORK "NUN CHASERS" The following sincere and highly appreciative words, sent to the editor of the Catholic Northwest Progress, by the Governor of the State of Idaho, might well be taken to heart by the New York politicians who were lately greeted in a public assemblage with the very descriptive, if not most elegant, sobriquet of "nun-chasers." Governor M. Alexander wrote: "I am not a Catholic and I know very little about the Catholic religion, but I can tell you that I live across the street from a Catholic school for girls in Boise, and three hundred feet from a Catholic hospital, both institutions being in charge of a Catholic Order of Sisters, and they are the best neighbors I have ever had, and I have backed up my belief in the Sisters by sending my own children to their school, for I believe their teaching and example inspire the highest ideals of womanhood of any school of our land." This is clearly no mere political document, for the writer's convictions are backed by his actions. So too a New York non-Catholic, residing close to an orphanage which has been made the victim of systematic persecution, aimed at its complete extinction, remarked that from all that he had seen he would be happy to have his own children in the tender and intelligent care of the Sisters. But of what concern is the happiness of the children or the salvation of their immortal souls to the men who are the instigators of this conspiracy against the Sisterhoods, or to the mercenary tools whom they employ?—America.

THE VICTORY OF FAITH

A great sensation was produced by the conversions to the Catholic faith of Rev. R. H. Benson, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, some years ago. Yet, after all, this case is not unusual, as the following very incomplete list of conversions will show. Rev. E. B. K. Fortesque, brother-in-law of Archbishop Taft of Canterbury; Father Harper, S. J., brother of an Anglican Colonial Bishop; Rev. George Dudley Ryder, son of Bishop Ryder, of Lichfield, and his sister, Miss Ryder, who became a nun; Miss Mary Stanley, daughter of Bishop Stanley, of Norwich, a most fervent convert, and one possessed of both zeal and fortune. She was a sister of Dean Stanley. Add to these Rev. Father Pope, nephew of Archbishop Whately, Newman's old antagonist; Lady Charles Thynne, daughter of Bishop Bagot, of Bath and Wells. Father Coleridge, S. J., had a brother-in-law in Bishop Mackarness, of Oxford. Even the great nephew of the famous Dr. Pusey became a Catholic and a Jesuit, and two of his grand-nieces became nuns. Many of the Oxford converts—Newman and Faber conspicuously—were Huguenots and proud of their descent. Mr. Dudley Baxter is a descendant of the famous Dissenting Divine who wrote the Saints' Rest. Rev. John Owen, founder of the Bible Society, gave a daughter to the Church, and Wesley himself a great grand-daughter. The fact that the children of Henry Dickens, Q. C., son of the novelist, are being brought up in the religion of their mother—the Catholic—illustrates, afresh, the affinities of humor with Catholicity, and serves to recall Dickens' memorable dream in which he was told that the Catholic Church was the true one, and that he ought to belong to it. His last use of his pen was to write to the Catholic literature, Charles Kent.—The Missionary.

CATHOLIC PAPER BEATS FRENCH GOVERNMENT

An interesting example of the fraternity of journalism in France is worth quoting. Recently it has become necessary to limit the paper supply to the Paris journals. All were equally treated with one notable exception. La Croix, the great Catholic paper published under the standard of the cross, which appears on every copy, was denied a sufficient supply by the authorities, with the object of suppressing it or limiting its Catholic activities. La Croix communicated this decision to some of its journalistic friends. Instantly all the great Paris journals, without distinction of opinion, ranged themselves on the side of their gallant little colleague. The authorities were informed that any unjust treatment of the Catholic daily would not be tolerated by the other journals.

Americans. Where to-day are the Germans? Only in far-off Germany; none on the soil of America; none west of the Atlantic ocean. Here all are Americans.

It is wonderful, this homogeneity of the entire people of America, in allegiance to the Star Spangled Banner. It might at one time have been deemed possible. It is to-day the accomplished fact.

It is all to the honor of America, whose material and moral beauty has been the magical wand that puts on every brow the radiance of America, and into every heart the all absorbing love of "The Star Spangled Banner." America, be thou blest of God in peace, be thou blest of God in war.—The Catholic Sun.

ROOSEVELT AND TAFT TELL GRIEF AT PRELATE'S DEATH

High praise of the service that the late Archbishop Blenk, as Bishop of Porto Rico, had rendered Church and country was expressed recently by the two living former Presidents of the United States. Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft. Both addressed telegrams to the editor of the Morning Star, official organ of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, upon the death of the prelate. The telegrams read: New Haven, Conn., April 24, 1917. I am very sorry to hear of the death of Archbishop Blenk. Archbishop Blenk rendered most useful service in Porto Rico in the settlement of matters which required delicate adjustment as to the rights of Church and the rights of the United States. He exhibited a sense of justice and a self-restraint that I valued to an equitable settlement. I valued his friendship and regret his death.

ROYAL FIRST COMMUNION OF BELGIAN PRINCESS

The First Communion of the little Princess Marie Jose, the only daughter of the royal house of Belgium, took place within the little strip of Belgian territory still held by the Belgian army, in which Queen Elizabeth had erected a temporary orphanage for destitute Belgian children. In the humble chapel of this refuge, and in company with some of the orphan children, the little Princess received her First Communion at the hands of the Bishop of the diocese. The small space was densely crowded with orphans, officers and priests.

HISTORY OF NURSING REVEALS A BRIGHT RECORD OF THE CHURCH

The World War while focusing the attention of the masses upon the activities of the great armies has also brought into prominence the more merciful and benignant career of the nurse. It will be of timely interest, therefore, to hear facts unfamiliar to the majority of our people concerning the history and development of nursing in our country. Here again we can turn with justifiable satisfaction to the pages of a recently published book by a non-Catholic and read from the pen of an outsider a remarkable tribute to the work which the Church has accomplished in this field of work so near the welfare of "Health Nursing" by Sewell Gardner, R. N., we are told that "in America as in England, the sick have been cared for by nuns and sisters, both in and out of hospitals, since the earliest settlement days. One cannot read of the hardships so heroically endured by the Sisters in their efforts to nurse the Indians in Canada in the first half of the seventeenth century, without thrills of admiration, and at an even earlier date Spanish Nuns were at work in the hospitals of Mexico." Here our author but corroborates the testimony of Charles F. Loomis, who records in his "The Awakening of a Nation" that a royal hospital for Indians was founded in Mexico in 1553, that in the great epidemic of 1782 this same hospital cared for 3,362 persons; that besides this there were many other hospitals founded in various parts of Mexico before our own country was anything more than a very primitive colonial settlement. Summing up their work Loomis exclaims: "No other nation (than Spain) has founded so extensively such beneficences in its colonies, and few colonies have built so well upon their inheritance." "We may pick flaws in these institutions as administered while we were hanging witches, but the institutions were there—and are there yet." Miss Gardner in turn bears out Loomis in this his last assertion when she states that: "The Pilgrim fathers and mothers, were made of different material, and came to the new world for other reasons than those which brought their French and Spanish neighbors. They came to make for themselves homes, and their religion took little heed of the Indian or the state of his soul. Among the early Canadian settlers on the other hand were Jesuit priests, who came for the sole purpose of converting the savages and saw in the nursing skill of the Sisters an important means to that end." Even so important a settlement as Montreal was intended primarily, not so much as a center for trade as a gathering point for the activities of faith and mercy. For as our author continues, "Montreal came into existence as a mission consisting of three communities, one of priests to manage the affairs of the colony, one of nuns to teach the faith to the children, and one of Sisters to nurse the sick; and all this arranged in obedience to what was believed to be a direct revelation of God, before there was any colony to manage, any children to teach, or any sick to nurse."

What a glaring contrast to this picture of devotion to the Catholic ideal of charity and mercy and for that offered to us when we are told in the same chapter of the development of nursing in New England. "The newly established communities in the English colonies, however, were not long without their sick, and as the little villages grew, provision was made in hospitals. The first, Blockley in Philadelphia and Bellevue in New York, were started as what we would now call poor-houses, and dreadful indeed was their nursing history. No tale of the cruel neglect of English almshouse nursing of the same period can exceed those that can be told of these two hospitals. Lurid pictures come down to us of drunken attendants fighting like furies over the beds of their patients, or lying in sodden unconsciousness beside the bodies of the dead." Thus we see that in this so important field of charity the Church has a record splendid indeed. It need not be known to command the reverence and gratitude of all truly interested in the welfare of institutions which make for the betterment and enlightenment of our race.—C. B. of C. V.

WILLIAM H. TAFT, NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1917. I mourn the death of Archbishop Blenk. I knew intimately the service he rendered in Porto Rico, and he is one of the Americans of whom all good Americans should feel proud.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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The First Communion of the little Princess Marie Jose, the only daughter of the royal house of Belgium, took place within the little strip of Belgian territory still held by the Belgian army, in which Queen Elizabeth had erected a temporary orphanage for destitute Belgian children. In the humble chapel of this refuge, and in company with some of the orphan children, the little Princess received her First Communion at the hands of the Bishop of the diocese. The small space was densely crowded with orphans, officers and priests.

HISTORY OF NURSING REVEALS A BRIGHT RECORD OF THE CHURCH

The World War while focusing the attention of the masses upon the activities of the great armies has also brought into prominence the more merciful and benignant career of the nurse. It will be of timely interest, therefore, to hear facts unfamiliar to the majority of our people concerning the history and development of nursing in our country. Here again we can turn with justifiable satisfaction to the pages of a recently published book by a non-Catholic and read from the pen of an outsider a remarkable tribute to the work which the Church has accomplished in this field of work so near the welfare of "Health Nursing" by Sewell Gardner, R. N., we are told that "in America as in England, the sick have been cared for by nuns and sisters, both in and out of hospitals, since the earliest settlement days. One cannot read of the hardships so heroically endured by the Sisters in their efforts to nurse the Indians in Canada in the first half of the seventeenth century, without thrills of admiration, and at an even earlier date Spanish Nuns were at work in the hospitals of Mexico." Here our author but corroborates the testimony of Charles F. Loomis, who records in his "The Awakening of a Nation" that a royal hospital for Indians was founded in Mexico in 1553, that in the great epidemic of 1782 this same hospital cared for 3,362 persons; that besides this there were many other hospitals founded in various parts of Mexico before our own country was anything more than a very primitive colonial settlement. Summing up their work Loomis exclaims: "No other nation (than Spain) has founded so extensively such beneficences in its colonies, and few colonies have built so well upon their inheritance." "We may pick flaws in these institutions as administered while we were hanging witches, but the institutions were there—and are there yet." Miss Gardner in turn bears out Loomis in this his last assertion when she states that: "The Pilgrim fathers and mothers, were made of different material, and came to the new world for other reasons than those which brought their French and Spanish neighbors. They came to make for themselves homes, and their religion took little heed of the Indian or the state of his soul. Among the early Canadian settlers on the other hand were Jesuit priests, who came for the sole purpose of converting the savages and saw in the nursing skill of the Sisters an important means to that end." Even so important a settlement as Montreal was intended primarily, not so much as a center for trade as a gathering point for the activities of faith and mercy. For as our author continues, "Montreal came into existence as a mission consisting of three communities, one of priests to manage the affairs of the colony, one of nuns to teach the faith to the children, and one of Sisters to nurse the sick; and all this arranged in obedience to what was believed to be a direct revelation of God, before there was any colony to manage, any children to teach, or any sick to nurse."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses. Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged... \$10,404 45 A Friend, Roblin... 1 00 A Friend, Jarvis... 3 00 J. A. S. Regina... 2 00 A Reader of RECORD, Kemptville... 5 00 G. Kavanagh, Cherry Valley... 1 50 "Newfoundlander"... 1 00 In honor of the Little Flower... 2 00 M. N. "Deceased Parents"... 1 00 Mrs. A. P. Monaghan, Sault Ste. Marie... 5 00 M. A. M., Charlottetown... 5 00 A Precourt Catholic... 1 25 A Friend, Summerside... 1 50

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B. TRINITY SUNDAY

THE POWER OF THE CROSS

"Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (Matt. xxviii. 19)

Custom, my dear brethren, from times immemorial, custom, sanctioned and authorized by the Church, has united the names of the Blessed Trinity with the sign of the Holy Cross. The very naming of the Blessed Trinity is a profession of faith in the Mystery, the signing ourselves with the cross is an acknowledgment of our Redemption. The revelation of the names of the Trinity, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," was made by the Son Himself. The Cross, hitherto a term of reproach, the accursed gibbet, was the instrument by which He redeemed the world, and with which He will come again to judge the world.

The naming and signing—blessing ourselves as it is commonly called—is an epitome of our religion. One God in three Persons; the Redemption and the Judgment. In the earliest ages of the Church, those under instruction were taught about the cross before mention was made to them of the Blessed Sacrament. "Being questioned, 'Do you believe in Christ?' He would answer, 'I believe,' and signs himself with the cross of Christ, carries it on his forehead, and is not ashamed of the cross of His Lord." (St. Augustine.)

And with the appearance of the cross in the heavens, followed by the victory of Constantine and the freedom of the Church, came the public honouring and veneration of the cross. The emperor decreed that never again was the cross to be the instrument of death; the cross that had brought life to the souls of men. That he might build a church, in which the cross should be venerated, his mother, St. Helena, though eighty years of age, went to Jerusalem to find it. Her searching was blessed by God, and miracles attested the genuine cross. A portion was left in Jerusalem, and the empress returned with the precious relic, and the Church of the Holy Cross was built by Constantine in Rome.

The Church, in every blessing, in every Sacrament, in every Mass, makes use of the sacred sign of the cross. The Holy Oil used in the administration of the Sacrament are blessed with many signs of the Holy Cross. Holy Water, the Ashes, the Palms, all are purified and sanctified by the cross, signed over them many times.

Watch the number of times the Holy Cross is made during the baptism of a child. Watch, and wonder, and have respect. And when we have confessed our sins, the priest gives us absolution, with the sign of the cross and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. When you are married, the very ring is sanctified by the cross, and the mutual promise, for whilst your hands are joined, the cross seals the compact and blesses it. When we are dying, the Holy Oil is given us with the sign of the cross, on our eyes and ears and mouth and hands and feet, that God may pardon the sins we have committed. Over your dead body, at your burial, the cross will claim you as God's own. Your very grave is guarded by the Cross.

But in the Sacrifice of the Mass you will see, in its solemnity, the use and veneration of the cross. Mass must be said facing a cross. The altar-stone is marked by the cross, the vestment likewise. The very first words and action are the sign of the cross, and "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." The opening passage read from the Missal sanctified by the cross. The Gospel begins with the cross signed on the book, the forehead, mouth, and breast of the priest. And the bread and the chalice after being offered are laid on the altar with a cross. At the Sanctus, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," how did He come? With the cross, and so it is made again. During the Canon of the Mass, time after time, both before and after the Consecration, as if the words were not sacred enough without it, the cross is signed as they are pronounced. Even with the Blessed Sacrament in his hand, the priest makes the cross over the Precious Blood three times over on two occasions. And the Communion, his own and each of the faithful, is given with the sign of the cross. And the Mass ends with the Blessing.

Let no one dare to think that this is idle repetition. The very sign of the cross is a power, a sanctifier, a safeguard to those who have the faith and use it reverently. When should I end if I were to tell of the Saints, who had such faith in the cross that miracles innumerable have attested its power?

The cross is given, too, as a safeguard. "By the sign of the cross, O God, deliver us from our enemies" is the prayer of the Church. It is a safeguard to our soul, as a lightning conductor is to a building. The spite, the machinations of the devil are averted by the cross. Let us be constant in its use. Let us defend ourselves with it, signing our hearts with it, when tempted, and saying with St. Philip Neri: "Lord let me not prove a traitor to Thee."

The cross is given to us to sanctify us. Make it on awakening, before prayer, on entering a church, and it recalls you to yourself, and you give your heart to God. It dedicates all

you do. It sets the seal upon all your actions, words, and sufferings; it shows they are given to God.

And we need not wonder whence its power. From the Redeemer, "because by Thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world." It is the standard of our King. How zealous should we be to uphold the honour of the cross of Christ. By our piety, constant use of it, respect for it, let us preach its power and glory to the world. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

TEMPERANCE

WHEN HE WOULD HE CAN'T

What a terrible amount of indifference there is amongst us with regard to drunkenness! A little intoxication is looked upon as a simple thing, a mere weakness; while habitual drunkenness is a terrible thing, to be sure, but what the say?

"We are certainly safe from that." That brutal, red-faced sot who breaks his wife's heart or destroys her home, we despise, as we say: "We will never disgrace ourselves as low as that."

We know it well. How do they become such? No man ever became a drunkard intentionally. No man ever takes the glass in his hand and says to himself: "I have a good reputation now. I have good health, a loving wife, children to climb on my knees and put their loving arms about my neck, but this glass will be the first step to ruin and blast all this happiness. This glass I know will lead to another, and in the end my wife will become a broken-hearted woman, my children will walk the streets in rags and filth, my heart and reputation will be gone: but no matter, here it goes."

No man intends it. Drunkenness and the whole host of evils that follow in its train come on a family gradually. Warn a man who is drinking a little; tell him what is before him. He will say: "Do you take me for a fool?" The worst drunkard lying in the slime of bestial degradation said that. No, it is not the fools that become drunkards. They know a little too much.

"I know myself," says a man. "I can take it or leave it." The poor drunkard of today who says that long ago unfortunately in every case wound up by taking it. Many a time the man who had said "he could let it alone when he had a mind to," alas! did not have the power.

"Father," said a man the other day, "I'd give my right hand if I could quit it, but I can't." "I can give it up," is the cry of the young man as he enters the outer circle, "but I won't."

"I would," is the cry of the despairing wretch in the vortex, "but I can't."—Zion's Watchman.

LIQUOR AND CIVILIZATION

Man is an animal that subsists by eating, drinking and breathing. No matter of what substance his spirit may be composed, he has found no way of expressing that spirit save through the body. Stop his breath for thirty minutes, his food for a month, or his water supply for two months, and his body dies.

If food and drink exercise such a potential influence over life itself, it is reasonable to assume that the character of particular foods and drinks exercises some influence over the particular characteristics of life. So true is this that we admit without argument the death-dealing qualities of certain drugs. No one would think of taking strychnine or prussic acid.

There are drugs which do not act so quickly, but whose effects, though more gradual, are none the less violent. Such, for instance, is morphine, and such are the intoxicating liquors. When or where drunkenness originated nobody seems to know, but drunkenness has come to be a surprising factor in civilized life. Much of the immorality, degeneracy and beastliness of modern times is directly traceable to its influence.

Not only does it unbalance the individual, giving him a warped view of his duty, and obligations toward society, but its general effect is to make people careless and improvident, and this effect is sometimes transmitted from father to son without the habit itself.

It is impossible to say just how much of the insanity, criminality and debauchery of today is attributable to the grog shop of yesterday, but probably a great deal, and the worst of it is that this same process is bound to stultify the character and mentality of future generations.—Waco (Tex.) News.

SOLDIER'S LOVE OF CRUCIFIX

Among the rows of wounded the priest finds a Scotch Presbyterian, who craves comfort and consolation from the minister of God. "Ye gave," he said, "a wee Christ upon the Cross to yon Catholic fellow. Have ye, father, e'en one for me? Eh, it's strange! I've seen a whole village smashed, and a whole kirk, by the German shells, but the great Christ upon the Cross stood untouched. His arms spread out, His head leaned wearily, His face turned up to cry His Father's mercy on us men that killed Him. And all the shells couldn't break Him; and I mind that He said, 'When I am lifted up, I'll draw all to Myself.' Father, pray Him to draw me.

Father, ye'll mind to ask Him to make me His ain laddie!"—From advance sheets of "French Windows" a new work by Monsignor Bickerstaff-Drew, senior chaplain of the British forces.

HOW COULD THEY BE?

"It is a striking and suggestive fact that a glance down the list of local divorce court cases that appears every day (except Sunday) in the daily press shows that the names of the parties given out display very few whose surnames begin with Mac or O," says the Catholic Standard and Times. "Neither do the tribe of Kelly and Burke and Shea cut much figure in these doleful chronicles of domestic failures and misfits. This fact, which is quite notorious, is powerful evidence of the tenacious way in which the children of the Green Isle cling to the faith."

SPIRITISM AGAINST CHRISTIANITY

Edward F. Murphy, M. A., in America

The ranks of Spiritists are alarmingly swelling, as was to be expected since Sir Oliver Lodge and Maurice Maeterlinck lifted their torches to light the way to the land of shades. The War has so overwrought European nerves that, to save themselves from slipping into utter despair, people simply must grasp at a doctrine confirmative of a further existence. It is too painful to believe that the millions of brave young men who flourished on the Continent only yesterday are quite annihilated to-day. Could their heroism and sacrifice possibly end in dust?

In emphatic negation, Maeterlinck has affirmed the conservation of spirit: the valorous souls of dead heroes live on in the bodies of those that are left behind, inspiring and supplementing courageously. However, this is more poetic than scientific; and the modern intellect, still tinctured with positivism from the past century, asks for material proof even of the spiritual. Men want the survival of personality badly, but, even so, they are solicitous that science prove it.

According to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the most recent prominent witness, the dual desire is now gratified. No longer do we need the misty tomes of misty theologies. Up-to-date Spiritism is self-sufficient. It assures Europe, weeping for her children and hitherto refusing to be comforted, that immortality is their portion; it makes widows hear the loved voice again, and mothers whose hands grope in darkness clasp once again those of the vanished child. Of course, Sir Oliver Lodge, who claims in his latest book, "Raymond, or Life and Death," to hold communication with his dead soldier-son, commends Sir Arthur, who strongly asserts that "we should now be at the close of the stage of investigation to assume the period of religious construction."

The sorry probability is, that the religious renaissance which promises to be the chief blessing of the great upheaval, will be much hurt by this new and popular cultivation of "spirits." But if it is effectively demonstrated in these days which try men's souls, that the Church offers just as comforting and much more certain evidences of a realm where our loved ones live again, than does Spiritism, many of the distracted folk, who are fleeing for solace to a religion based on fables, may revert to that which Christ established on a rock. Now is the acceptable time for Catholics and Christians in general to expand their best efforts in exposing the weakness of Spiritism and proposing the truth, strength, and beauty of the old doctrine.

Admittedly Spiritism bristles with difficulties, in spite of the unqualified approval of these two English poets. They believe that spiritistic phenomena are genuine. In this, respect it is to be accorded them, if not credence. But granted that the alleged marvels are the work of intelligent, invisible agents—and this is a tremendous concession—is any proof of the survival of personality afforded thereby? Spirits which never inhabited a human body may be the actors, instead of the souls of our dead. To be sure, the phenomenon of materialization, or induced apparition, which should conclusively establish the identity of spirits, is now very much at mediumistic command and, consequently, scientific demand. But science is still hampered; for the law from which mediums generally concede no exception, is that the place be dark in which the materialization occurs. Deception is well associated with darkness. "Give me light," exclaimed the old Grecian warrior, "and Ajax wants no more!" Similar is the cry of that brand of science which is not too credulous to be scientific. Until there is permission to strike a match or press an electric button "ad libitum," scepticism is just.

The further fact that materialized spirits actually wear clothes—may, can be photographed!—produces further diffidence. Spirits which are material enough for this, are material enough not to be spirits. Again, a great obstacle to apparitions as spiritistic evidence of discarnate existence, is that they deal with the living as well as with the dead. Evident as it is that a body is only where it is, common-sense tells us that such apparitions of living persons are mere hallucina-

tions. But since such is true of the living, who will ever be sure that it is not true of the dead?

So Spiritism must depend on the "messages" which it receives, if it persists in trying to prove a future life. And even here it is decidedly weak. For, according to Lodge, telepathy is the means of communication between us and the unseen world. But if telepathy is possible at all, why can it not be between living persons, as well as between the living and those who have passed beyond the grave? Now, if there can be such communication among the living, when can we ever be certain that the so-called "spirit" messages come from the dead?

And even if the messages were proved to be spiritistic, as Lodge and Doyle maintain, they may be of little benefit as evidenced by a future life. The "sine qua non" of such evidence is clear and systematic proof of the identity of discarnate souls. No one would feel complimented or comforted to have communed with a devil. As Hyslop, our American investigator, remarks, "Spiritism to be trusted must first give messages that represent super-normal knowledge, must afford facts that illustrate and prove the personal identity of the person represented as communicating." But these extremely important conditions seem unfulfilled. Separated from the body, the soul, as Hyslop admits, forgets terrestrial concerns or remembers them imperfectly. If this is so, we can hardly expect disembodied agents to prove satisfactorily that they are really not spirits of darkness and perversity, but our own dear departed. As for the required supernatural knowledge, one sees in the "messages" only a chaos of errors and mundane trifles. Revelations from the immortal spheres? Rather emanations from the limitations of earth. He that is of the earth is earthly and speaketh of the earth. A flower of spirit-thought plucked from that singular tome, "Light from the Spirit World," may pardonably be presented: "Wisdom is not knowledge, and knowledge is not wisdom. Wisdom is not folly and folly is not wisdom. Those who have not wisdom must get it where it is to be found." Ye philosophers, mongers of the abstract, get to a logic of lucidity incomparable!

These facts weaken the whole structure of Spiritism: the spirits of individuals, yet alive but supposed to be dead, have actually communicated, unknown to themselves. The orthodox Spiritist piously protests that evil spirits sometimes regale themselves with a little impersonation. Deception in the other world as well as in this? Yes; for the spirits themselves, when detected in error, sometimes make full confession.

Where there is evidence of deception, how can there be indication of truth? It is apparent that the spirits of Spiritism are evil. Their raucous laughs, outrageous lies, flippant diction, and frequent blasphemies, proclaim them impers rather than the personalities of our virtuous dead. Is it with such that men will numerously enter into alliance? God forbid! How different is the wild future life which Spiritism preaches from that which Christianity teaches—a peaceful, ordered existence wherein souls, far from reveling in banalities and inanities, see God face to face and enjoy every rational pleasure which communion with the Divine Source of Reason signifies. Science has not succeeded in proving that there is life on Mars. Why does it presume to deal with the far more distant realm of spirit and declare that it has lifted the veil? But if science has indeed reached another world, that world seems to be the lower one. Can consoling and convincing proofs of a future life come from the abyss?

Are the unscrupulous and mendacious spirits of Spiritism to be preferred to the testimony of Christ, of the martyrs' blood, of the centuries' conviction, of the doctors' scrolls? Are such arguments to be flipped to the rear or to the waste-basket, because Lodge, Maeterlinck and Doyle propose now ones? A Christian is urged to the suspicion that, if there is any truth in Spiritism, it is the Prince of Liars who is putting it there. Would he not exercise all his best forces to unmake or mar the great revival of Christianity? Quite naturally he might be expected to be busy these days when England is bending the knee, France saying the "Confiteor," Germany crossing herself, and the tear-laden eyes of the world turning to the stars. Perhaps in Spiritism he finds and is playing his trump card, "that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not shine unto them." Is the coming of Spiritism "according to the working of Satan, in all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and in all seduction and iniquity to them that perish; because they receive not the love of the truth, that they might be saved?" Holy Scripture sounds a warning: "God shall send them the operation of error, to believe lying; that all men may be judged who have not believed the truth." It behooves Christians earnestly to hurl at Lucifer's present-day spiritistic scheme, if his it be, javelins of argument and prayer.

ONE GATE INTO THE CHURCH

The Catholic Church is a city to which avenues lead from every side, towards which men may travel from any quarter, by the most diversified roads by the thorny and rugged ways of strict investigation, by the more

flowery paths of sentiment and feeling; but arrived at its precincts, all find that there is but one gate where they may enter, but one door to the sheepfold—narrow and low, perhaps, and causing flesh and blood to stoop in passing in. Men may wander about its outskirts, they may admire the goodness of its edifices,

and of its bulwarks, but they can not be its denizens and children if they enter not by that one gate of absolute, unconditional submission to the teaching of the Church.—Cardinal Wiseman.

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A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A FATHER'S WARNING

It's just because they remember their own youth that prudent fathers urge their sons to take no unnecessary moral risks. They may not have fallen, but they recall how fierce their temptations were, and they can also remember young men of their acquaintance who yielded themselves up to evil. So they warn their own boys to walk the road that is straight.

"My father either never was young, or else he has forgotten how it feels to be young!" said a young fellow in a confidential talk with his employer. "Why, he expects me to act and feel like a man of forty, when I'm only half that. It isn't fair for people to forget their youth."

Then the father in business man kindly explained to the young man that the father had not forgotten at all, but had remembered perfectly the thoughts and emotions of youth. If he had not remembered, he would have been indifferent to his own boy's career.

"It is because he does remember that he wants to keep you from the pitfalls and snares, my boy," said the business man kindly. "Take the matter of your associates, for example. Your father is quite right in warning you to keep away from the young men with whom you now mingle. As you say, they are not vicious or profane, but they are idle, content to allow their fathers to support them, and so they are dangerous friends. The next step may lead them into dissipation, for idleness brings a train of evils with it. At any rate it is because your father knows of these dangers that he is so concerned for your welfare."

Then because the man saw in the face of his young helper something which made him know that the young fellow thought he was merely moralizing, he added: "I'll tell you something else, Morgan. I notified your father that I would have to let you go, if you kept on with these associates. He and I have been working together to bring you to your senses."

With that he dismissed the young man, and sent him home to think over what he had just heard. Fortunately, the young fellow had sense enough to know what to do, and he did it. It was not long before he had begged his father's pardon for causing him anxiety, and had thanked the business man for his warning.

It always is hard for young men to believe that fathers can enter into the feelings and thoughts of youth, but they may be certain that youth is not so far in the past that the people reaching middle age have forgotten it. It is the keen remembrance of youth that makes parents so vigilant and so anxious that their sons shall keep their feet in right paths.

"I am glad I spent so much time reading good books in my teens, for now I never have a moment to read anything but the daily paper," said a busy business man recently. "I used to think it a hardship when mother wanted me to read her favorite books over and over to her, and to myself I said just how never been young. But now I can see that she was crafty enough to train my mind in that way. Many of the chapters of the Bible I read so often that I committed them to memory, and you may be sure that I do not regret it now. I am trying the same plan with my son, but it is uphill work. He feels sure that I never was a boy, or at least have forgotten how boys feel."

Until the end of time, it is quite probable that the impatience of youth will seek to ignore the counsel of middle age; but youth never should accuse middle age of forgetting. There are men who after a lapse of twenty or thirty years, look back upon little follies with a deep sense of shame. If some one had kept them from these follies, how much sweeter now would be the remembrance of their youth! But alas! Then as now youth was impatient of advice, sure that it alone was right; so the bitter experience had to teach the lesson. It is not forgetfulness of youth but keen remembrance which is at the bottom of all the anxiety of fathers that their sons shall sow no "wild oats," enter into no "shady" financial transactions or otherwise depart from what is strictly right.—Catholic Columbian

DON'T WASTE MINUTES How much time we all waste, time which might have been put to good use if we had only cared to employ it so. Each one of us in his daily routine throws away many, many minutes in doing nothing. In fact, if at the end of the year we could collect our wasted moments into one stretch of time it would probably cover a period of a couple of weeks or more. Think of it! How much might have been accomplished!

You will find, in reading through the lives of great men, whose names are blazoned in the halls of fame that not one of them wasted moments? Now what are these wasted moments? Time spent in sleep is not wasted, for it is resting mind and body. Time spent in the companionship of those near and dear to us is not wasted, for it not only brightens us and so fits us for better accomplishments, but it brings pleasure to them. No time is wasted in which some good is accomplished. But there are minutes, which amount up to hours and days, when we are doing no good either to ourselves or to others.

For example, so much time is thrown away in transportation. To be sure, we are being carried from one place to another, but during the act of transportation both mind and body are idle. Hundreds and thousands of workers are daily brought in to offices from out of town or from uptown by the subway, tube and elevated trains, and of these thousands there are probably not over a hundred who are making use of that period of time for their self-advancement.

The well-known naturalist, Cuvier, always carried something edifying to read when he rode from place to place, and one can easily detect the results of these odd moments' study in his writings. All through the histories of famous men one reads instance after instance where economy of time has helped them up the ladder of achievement. Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith who learned eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects while working at his trade. He worked fourteen hours a day in his shop and yet found time for the acquisition of this unusual number of languages. He would fit the grammar he was studying into the crown of his hat, and while he was waiting for the metals to fuse he would pull out his book and memorize a verb or two.

Goethe, the distinguished German poet, tells us not to wait for extraordinary opportunities, but to make use of common situations. There is always room for workers in this world, and the will to advance will certainly find the way. Those who neglect the minutes will soon find that the hours for accomplishment have fled, but if they are careful of the minutes the hours will look out for themselves.

We read of Benjamin Franklin stealing time from his hours for sleep and eating in order to study. We hear of Napoleon mapping out the government of the countries he had conquered while he was riding all over Europe on horseback or in his camp carriage. Hundreds of such cases are to be read in history, and certainly we sluggards should blush with shame in the reading.

When life is so short, every moment counts. If we neglect the minutes we will soon find that life itself has passed without our having accomplished anything. To waste time is infinitely more extravagant than to waste money, for money lost can be regained if the proper steps are taken, but time lost can never be recalled. Minutes are almost as valuable in the path of achievement as hours. So be economical with your time if you wish to accomplish anything in this life.—Catholic Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SISTER GERTRUDE'S STORY

Of course you have seen the beautiful picture of our Lady seated in a chair with the Child Jesus in her arms. Well that was the picture that Sister Mary Gertrude's class hung over the mantel the day of the May party. It had been a lovely party, and perhaps the best part of all came at the end when the children presented the picture to their teacher, and Mary Agnes Burke said such nice things in her speech that every body cried—just a little. "Glad crying," Bernice Moran called it, and Bernice was right, as grown folks could tell her.

Sister Mary Gertrude made a pretty speech too, and then the children closed round her for a story. "The story of the picture, Sister, please," begged little Teresa—the baby of the class. So without any ado, Sister told this story—she was always ready and "knew everything about everything," declared bustling, noisy Mollie Graham. "Once upon a time," said Sister, "there lived in a forest in Italy a holy man who was a hundred years old. He had built a hut in the shade of a great oak tree, and there the country people came to ask his advice—for he was as wise as he was holy. Among his best friends were the owners of a vineyard near by and his family. Little Mary loved to visit the hermit, and hear him talk of God and our Lady. She helped him to feed the birds in the winter, and to bring water for the roots of the big oak in summer, and always the old man was pleased to have the dear child with him.

A very severe winter brought great masses of snow to the mountains, and when the thaw came in the spring the water rushed down the slopes until the valley was a lake. "The people beyond the valley thought of the hermit and feared for his safety, but they could not reach him. And indeed he was in sad straits. By climbing into his oak he escaped the tide; and there he was obliged to stay for three days until the water subsided. He was so spent with hunger, and so worn for want of sleep that when he at last descended to the ground, he fell in a faint. His hut was gone. Homeless and destitute he was indeed in need of succor. "Did any one come, Sister?" broke in impetuous Mollie. "Yes, little Mary came. She picked her steps through mud and branches and stones until she found the old man, seemingly dead. Crying bitterly the child threw herself down near her friend, rubbed his face with her little hands, and forced some wine between his lips. She had brought a pitcher of milk and some bread, and kept begging the hermit to wake up and eat the food. Presently he opened his eyes, and joyfully Mary waited on him, holding the milk to his lips, and breaking the

bread into little pieces that he swallowed feebly. When he was stronger she ran home to bring her father, and the hermit was carried to the village and made his home at Mary's house until the people built him a new hut.

All the villagers accompanied him to his hut, and as they walked they sang hymns. Once more in his cell, the old man raised his eyes to heaven and asked God to bless the kind people and little Mary and the great oak. "May the charity you all have shown me become known among men," he said, "and may the memory of this deed be preserved among men."

"In due time our dear Lord called the hermit to his heavenly home. The great oak was cut down, and Mary's father bought the wood, to make vats for the juice of his grapes. Mary grew into a beautiful girl and married a brave youth her father's partner in the vineyard. One day she was sitting in the garden, with her baby in her arms, and her brother holding on to her dress, when down the road came a young man with a velvet cap on his head, and long curls flowing from under it. He had been thinking of making a picture of the Blessed Mother and the Child Jesus—and here were his models. Surely he had been led to this quiet spot. No more beautiful group could artist desire. He must make the sketch quickly. So he drew on the head of a win-at (one of those made from the old oak) the picture before him. Taking the sketch home, he finished the picture that is known all over the world to-day as the 'Madonna della Sedia,'—the 'Madonna of the Chair.' Who can tell the artist's name?"

"Raphael," said quiet Teresa. "Yes, Raphael. All this happened more than three hundred years ago, but you see, dear children, the holy hermit's prayer was granted. Mary's deed of charity is kept before the world, and the story of the oak whose branches sheltered him in his distress. God loves kind hearts, and blesses those who help the poor and needy."

"I'm glad we got the picture," said Mollie. "Let's put white violets in front of it through May, in honor of our Lady. I know where there's a big patch of them."

And, perhaps, said Sister, gently, "if little girls remember, when they look at the picture, to be kind and loving like little Mary, and grateful to God, like the holy hermit, our Lady will be still more pleased. And now I must go, dear children. Five o'clock; Mother will be wondering if the party is over."—Sacred Heart Review.

RUSKIN'S ESTIMATE

VERSUS THAT OF FLIPPANT CRITICS

Professor John Ruskin, author of 'Modern Painters,' and many other admirable books, published his latest work, 'Fors Clavigera,' in such costly instalments, month by month, stretching over so many years, and offered them to the public in so novel and capricious a manner, that the series is known only to a very limited circle of readers. The following tribute to the dignity and influence of the Immaculate Mother will probably be unknown to most of our readers: "Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentlemen from the churl, the first is that reverence for womanhood, which, even through all the cruelties of the Middle Ages, developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century, and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age.

"To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have been always a violent offence; they are one of the parts of the Catholic faith which are opened to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensible by the average realistic and materialist temper of the Reformation. But, after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or fallacy of the idea; I no more wish to defend the historical or theological position of the Madonna than that of St. Michael or St. Christopher; but I am certain that to the habit of reverent belief in, and contemplation of, the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies, we must ascribe the highest results yet achieved in human nature; and that it is neither Madonna worship nor saint-worship, but the evangelical self-worship and self-worship—glorifying, with an imagination as unfounded as it is foul, over the torments of the damned, instead of the glories of the blest,—which have in reality degraded the languid powers of Christianity to their present state of shame and reproach. There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfillment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden, 'He that is mighty

hath magnified me, and holy is His Name."

CORPUS CHRISTI

Henry C. Watts, in America

The difference between Corpus Christi and all the other feasts of the liturgical year surely must be that in this festival heaven has come down to us, and we think of God not as dwelling afar off, or invisible to us, but as abiding with us; the Heavenly King throne day and night in the tabernacle; the Friend, the intimate, ever-waiting near: "My delight is to be with the sons of men." This must be the predominant thought of Corpus Christi, a thought that moves the faithful in some parts of Ireland to sing during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament the Christmas hymn "Adeste, Fideles." "Come and behold Him," for the veil that hides the reality is but a slight thing.

Faith our outward sense befriending Makes the inward vision clear.

This divine condescension as of another Christmas is a note that is sounded throughout the whole solemnity of Corpus Christi, and gives to the hymn at the canonical hours the tone of that tabernaculating at Bethlehem.

All honor, land and glory be, O Jesu, Virgin born, to thee: All glory, as is ever meet, To Father and to Paraclete.

If the Purification is the festival of the poor and aged, Corpus Christi is no less the festival of the children of the family. Nowhere is this more strikingly or more beautifully shown than in the antiphon to the Magnificat at First Vespers, a prayer which is unsurpassed in the profundity of its devotion and its childlike simplicity: "O how sweet, Lord, is Thy Spirit; for that Thou mightest show forth the tenderness Thou bearest for Thy children, Thou, with the most sweet Bread given from heaven, fillest the hungry with good things, and the rich, proud in the imagination of their hearts, thou sendest empty away."

So are gathered together the children of the Church around the Table of the Lord, sicut novelle olivarum, "like the young olive trees;" so is heaven set down in the midst of a land of exile and a place of pilgrimage, from which there goes up daily, throughout the Pentecost season, the cry to Mary: "Lo, through a vale of tears we roam, Sighing, we weep, oft-times we moan, Eve's children exiled from their home. The office of Matins, which is celebrated publicly in collegiate and conventional churches, is one of the incomparable gems of the Roman Liturgy. The Invitatory is, so to speak, the motif of the feast. "Let us adore Christ, the King, Who ruleth the nations: Who giveth fatness of spirit to them which eat of Him." In the hymn that follows, which is ascribed to St. Thomas, is a song of triumph.

Let this our solemn feast With holy joys be crowned, And from each loving breast The voice of gladness sound; Let ancient things depart, And all be new adorned, In every act and voice and heart.

The antiphons, the psalms and the lessons which follow are chosen to show the harmony between the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel, regarding the mystery of the Eucharist, and in the sermon of the Angelical Doctor is summed up in one short sentence the thought of the whole Catholic world on this festival. "There is not, and never was, so great a nation which had its gods drawing so near to it, as our God is to us." The whole office of Lauds is one song of praise, an exquisite blending of ancient psalmody with the poetry of the Catholic Church, extolling that Wisdom which came forth from the Most High. Sapientia edificavit sibi domum: "Wisdom hath builded herself an house, she hath mingled her wine, and hath furnished forth her table, alleluia."

But it is in the Mass that the wondrous imagery and skill with which the Church has fashioned her liturgy are most striking. In the Mass the sacred chant combines with the liturgical words of praise to make a complete and perfect of worship unknown before or since in the history of the world. As silver trumpets piercing to the limits of the universe there rings out the Introit: "He fed them with the fat of wheat, alleluia; and filled them with honey out of the stony rock, alleluia, alleluia." And the choir takes up the refrain, as ripple after ripple spreads over the surface of a pool: "Rejoice unto God, our helper: sing joyfully unto the God of Jacob." In the Gradual and Alleluia-Verse there is again seen the parallel between the Old and New Testaments: "The eyes of all hope in Thee, O Lord and Thou givest them food in due season. V. Thou openest Thy hand, and fillest with Thy blessing every living creature. Alleluia, alleluia. V. My flesh is truly meat and My blood is truly drink: he that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me, and I in him. The Sequence, composed by St. Thomas Aquinas himself is one of the noblest poems in the Church's treasury of sacred Latin verse:

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Praise, O Sion, praise Thy Pastor, Praise Thy Saviour and Thy Master, High the choral anthems raise; All thy utmost might it needeth, For He all thy praise exceedeth, Thou canst ne'er express His praise.

Loud and solemn be our chanting, Nor let joy nor grace be wanting, In the gladness of the breast; His solemn chant be raised, While the Mystery is praised Of the Holy Eucharist.

Here beneath these signs are hidden Priceless Things to sense forbidden Signs, not Things, are all we see; Blood is poured and Flesh is broken, Yet in either wondrous token Christ entire we know to be.

Shepherd Good, true Bread and living, Jesu, be to us forgiving, Thou protecting, Thou relieving, In the land of all the living Cause Thou us all good to see; Thou all ruling, all-espying, Feed us here till hour of dying; There upon Thy Bosom lying, We with all the saints are sighing, Fellow-heirs and friends to be.

The procession of the Blessed Sacrament is the crowning act in this solemn homage offered to Eternal Reality veiled beneath the accidents of bread and wine. There is much of unbelief and materialism in the world, and if the Procession is to every Catholic an act of love, it is also a marching forth in battle array against every power of evil that lifts its ugly head against the ancient Catholic Faith. It is a sublime act of faith made in the face of a world that scoffs against every form of a belief in that which can not be evolved from the human consciousness. As an army with banners and spears, so this Christian Army gathers itself about the altar. The King rides out beneath his canopy; the spearman cluster round, while the way of the progress is strewn with scattered flowers. The clinking of the censers is faintly heard and the clouds of smoking incense arise as the chanters give their battle cry: Pange, lingua, gloriosi Corporis mysterium.

Of the glorious Body telling, O my tongue, its mysteries sing; And the Blood, all price excelling, Which for this world's ransomning In a generous womb once dwelling, He shed forth, the Gentle's King. And as this triumphant act of faith passes along on its solemn way the heart of the born Catholic is renewed again in loving memories, and to the convert comes an hour of proud service as of one called to the colors—for he has passed over from the hosts of error into the army of truth; it is a moment for which to live—and one for which to die. "Lauda Sion," "Te Deum," "Benedictus," "Magnificat," and many another are the songs that are poured out from grateful hearts on this day when God rides out borne in the arms of the priest. And when the Progress is finished and the King of High Heaven has blessed the children of His kingdom, there remains one last prayer, breathed in company with the great Doctor of the Blessed Sacrament:

Jesu, whom thus veiled I must see below, When shall that be given, which I long for so, That, at last beholding thy uncover'd Face, Thou wouldst satisfy me with Thy fullest grace!

You will see in life just what you are looking for. It depends upon the lenses of your mental vision. If they are black and smoky, you will see the shadows, the gloom; if they are clear and crystalline, you will see the rainbow of beauty.

All may not gain the world's recognition of greatness. Brilliant actions shine out only in rare and sudden flashes, now startling us by their power, now calling forth our warmest admiration by their nobility, now awakening our wonder at their depth of intellectual strength and beauty. But true greatness is the rightful heritage of all. Deny to anyone the power of attaining it and you deny to him the possession of his real self—his soul.

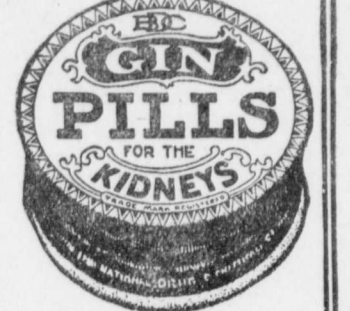
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EIGHT



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"The world would be very poor if there had not lived in it such characters as Fenelon, Pascal, Thomas a Kempis, Savonarola, Faber, Newman and a host like them.

"Her long list of martyrs, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, stand as a divine attestation to the power of Christ to save unto the uttermost.

"The Church of Rome has given us splendid examples of zealous missionary spirits. Among the successors of St. Paul as world missionaries such names as Xavier of India, Raymond Lull and Lavigerie of Africa, the Jesuits of Canada and the United States and Father Damien must be placed with those like Jordan, Taylor and Thorburn.

"She has always been able to get the poorer classes into her fold in large numbers. She is solving the vexed questions: 'How to reach the Masses' and 'How to save the City.'

"In every city of our land she maintains large churches. She seems to have little trouble with the downtown portions of the great cities.

"The devotion of her people to the Church is an example to our Protestant people. Every Catholic Church has services at 5 or 6 o'clock Sunday mornings and great congregations attend, while there is no Protestant Church in the world that is trying to keep up a service at that hour, for the very good reason that it could not be done.

"We do not claim that those early hours are the best for church services, but we simply claim that the Catholic working people get off to church at that early hour while many Protestants cannot get out in the morning at all, on the plea that they work hard all week and need the Sunday morning for rest.

"Protestants are mainly drawn to the service by the attractions of the preaching and the music, while Catholics go purely from a sense of duty and for the purpose of worship.

"The devotion of the people of the Roman Church is shown by the large contributions they uniformly make to the Church and its benevolent works. They are poorer than the people of almost any other church, yet they build finer churches and at the same time carry on more lines of charity, such as hospitals, orphanages, schools, etc., than those of any other church.

"Her orders of Sisters are doing a great work for the poor and suffering of humanity.

"In this she has set an example that is being followed by other churches.

"In her form of government the Catholic Church excels other churches. It may be a little severe and autocratic in some particulars; the truth remains, however, that it is the most perfectly organized Church in Christendom.

"With her people the Church has not lost all authority and her people are willing to keep her commandments, at least as faithfully as the citizens of a nation are expected to obey the laws of the government.

"I would not want an exact duplicate of her ecclesiastical machinery in the Protestant Churches, still we cannot but admire a Church that is able to hold within its grasp the many loyal and devoted millions which are within the pale of this great Church.

"The Church of Rome has been always a strong force in favor of public morals and the family. It has always been against the terrible public evil of divorce.

"If the family is the foundation of society, then the institution that preserves the purity of family life is rendering a great service to the world.

"We can learn much from the Catholic Church as Protestants. In many particulars she sets us a worthy example. This does not prove that in all matters she is superior to Protestantism. If we thus thought, we would go into her fold. We do think her a part of God's true Church.

"We need Rome—purified Rome—in the protection of labor against the iron hand of capitalism, and to fight the great social and political battles of our age.

"Let her mighty arm be marshaled side by side with Protestantism, under the strong leadership of such men as Bishop Ireland is and Bishop Watterson was."

HIS PRAYER
Among the prayers written by Cardinal Newman is this one: a profession of faith in the Catholic principle of asceticism.

"O my Lord, Jesus, I believe, and by Thy grace will ever believe and hold, and I know that it is true and will be true to the end of the world, that nothing great is done without suffering, without humiliation, and all things are possible by means of it. I believe, O my God, that poverty is better than riches, pain better than pleasure, obscurity and contempt than name, and ignominy and reproach than honor. My Lord, I do not ask Thee to bring these trials on me; for I know not if I could face them; but at least, O Lord, whether I be in prosperity or adversity I will believe that it is as I have said. I will never have faith in riches, rank, power or reputation. I will never set my heart on worldly success or worldly advantages. I will never

wish for what men call the prizes of life. I will ever with Thy grace make much of those who are despised or neglected, honor the poor, revere the suffering, and admire and venerate Thy saints and confessors, and take my part with them in spite of the world."—New World.

THE IDLE TEARS

Last week a schoolgirl, just thirteen years of age died in Chicago. The coroner has decided that the child met her death as the result of a wound inflicted by a revolver.

"We loved the 'movies,'" testifies the child suspected of murder. "I liked Theda Bara. I think she's wonderful." These children, boys and girls just beginning their teens, consorted whenever and wherever they wished. They bound themselves in a secret society which "usually met on the curbstone."

Together they read cheap novels and were absorbed by vile magazines; they played on the streets at night, and frequented places of low amusement. They had their sickly distaste for "life's problems," and weighed the merits of suicide as a sure release from the embarrassing entanglements of their intrigues, these babies who should have been safely housed in the sanctuary of the home, learning the lesson that manly work and womanly sweetness can be founded only on truth and purity. They were not slum children, but they were apparently, children.

The sanctuary of the home! Is it only a memory to-day, an historical reminiscence, like the right of sanctuary once claimed by the fleeing outlaw? In the magazines, the newspapers, on the streets, in places of amusement, our children are surrounded as never before, by all manner of incitement to evil. Where can these hunted children turn if not to the home? And if there is no home, what is left them but destruction?

"The newer social consciousness," so much in the mouths of soi-disant reformers has many possibilities of good. But it is only a slogan of hell if in the least degree, it leads fathers and particularly mothers, to forget that the first duty of parents is not to clean up the streets or the slums, but to take care of their children. Make the home a sanctuary, and we shall be spared the idle tears of hysterical mothers and broken fathers, repenting too late the criminal carelessness that has destroyed the body and soul of the most precious thing on earth, an innocent child.—America.

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, May 19, 1917.
Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

Table listing donors and amounts: Previously acknowledged... \$1,356 74; A Friend... 1 75; Thos. Connolly, Cedarville... 5 00; Rev. T. P. Hussey, Sebringville... 10 00; John M. Crowley, Medicine Hat, Alta... 2 00; Mrs. F. W. Hutchinson, Oakville... 5 00; Margaret Kelly, Sebringville... 2 00; Mr. John Buckley, Toronto... 5 00; Mrs. Wm. Jackson, McDonald's Corners... 1 00.

If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful.
Respectfully yours,
W. E. LAKE,
93 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

LESSON TAUGHT BY THE ROSARY

An incident in connection with the rosary is related about the late Father Maturin. Some years before he became a Catholic, his duty as an Episcopalian clergyman took him to a hospital in Philadelphia one morning. Walking through the surgical ward, his attention was attracted by the luminous expression on the face

of an aged Irishwoman, who was thanking the nurse for giving her a rosary. The visitor paused by the bed, and taking a bead between his fingers asked: "What do you say on this?"

"I say the Hail Mary, sir," replied the owner of the beads. "You Catholics think everything of the Hail Mary, don't you?" he asked. "Yes, sir, and so did the Angel Gabriel," put in the quick-witted and devout nurse. Questions and answers followed briskly, and the two simple, unpretentious women had given him a truer and deeper conception of the mystery of the Incarnation than had ever had before. The narrator of the incident asks:

"Were these simple women God's instruments to lighten the darkness of the great scholar and prepare him to receive the greatest of all graces, the priceless gift of faith? Did he compare the knowledge, wisdom and understanding of the faithful women—a free gift of the Holy Ghost—with his learning so laboriously attained in the schools."—Sacred Heart Review.

GREAT SCHOLAR SPEAKS ON BENEFITS OF CONFESSION

Leibnitz, in his "Systema Theologicum" "This whole institution, it cannot be denied, is worthy of Divine wisdom and if, in the Christian religion, there be any ordinance singularly excellent, and worthy of admiration, it is this, which even the Chinese and Japanese admired; for the necessity of confessing at one's death, many, especially those who are not yet obdurate, from sinning, and administer great comfort to the fallen; inasmuch that I believe a pious, grave and prudent confessor to be a powerful instrument in the hands of God for the salvation of souls; for his counsel is of great avail in assisting us to govern our passions; to discover our vices; avoid occasions of sin; to make restitution and reparation for injury; to dissipate doubts; to raise up a broken spirit; and in one word, to remove, or mitigate, all the evils of the soul. And if, in human beings, there is scarce anything better than a faithful friend, what must it be, when that friend is bound by the inviolable religious obligation of a Divine Sacrament, to hold forth with us, and assist us in our difficulties?"—Our Sunday Visitor.

SPIRITISM BOOSTED BY THE WAR

Catholic Press Association
London, April 26, 1917.—The subject of national importance which Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., discussed from the pulpit of Westminster Cathedral on Sunday evening proved to be the dangers of spiritualism. Father Vaughan told his large audience that the origin of these messages from the dead which mourners were so anxious to receive after sudden partings caused by the War, were certainly demoniacal, as the dead did not communicate with the living. He warned those present against the consequences of this traffic with the spirits of evil, which so often led to ultimate despair, insanity and suicide. The evil one which is unhappily on the increase.

NEW BOOKS

"The Story of the Acts of the Apostles," by Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. This book is unique, on one hand it is an intimate and detailed study of the development of the early Church on the other, it is in great measure an enchanting account of a personally conducted tour of the East under the leadership of the Apostle of the Gentiles. For those who desire a broader knowledge of apostolic times and customs, this work will be of great assistance; while it will also greatly please those who wish an entertaining narrative of the early spread of the Faith. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. 8 vo., with 16 full page illustrations and map. Net \$1.75, postage extra.
"The Rest House," by Isabel C. Clarke. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$1.35.

BILLY SUNDAY ON THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL

Billy Sunday is quoted in the New York press as having paid the following "tribute" to the Catholic Church in his "Mothers' Sermon": "The Catholics are right when they say, 'Give us the children until they are ten years old and we don't care who has them after that.' The Catholics are not losing any sleep over the loss of men and women from their church membership. It is the only Church that ever showed

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the sensible way to reach the masses; by getting hold of the children.
It is not precisely true that Catholics are content with having their children merely until the tenth year. There are dangers in the non-Catholic university no less than in the primary school, and we rightly insist upon an education that is soundly Catholic from first to last. But there is no doubt about the main fact, that the natural means Divine Providence intends us to use for the preservation of the Faith is the Catholic school.—America.

Tenders for installing a hot water heating plant and radiators in the Gymnasium at St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, will be received by the undersigned up to June 19th, 1917.
Persons tendering are required to examine the building to ascertain size of same; to make allowance for all heating apparatus already in the building; to specify the kind of heating apparatus intended to be installed and the kind of radiators; and to guarantee to heat the building to a temperature of 70 degrees in weather 25 degrees below zero.
The work is to be completed on or before Sept. 15, 1917.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily to be accepted.
H. P. MACPHERSON,
St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S.

Tenders for installing a plumbing system in the Gymnasium at St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, will be received by the undersigned up to June 19th, 1917.
Plans and specifications may be seen at College Office, Antigonish.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily to be accepted.
H. P. MACPHERSON,
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Plans for this building may be seen at College Office, Antigonish.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily to be accepted.
H. P. MACPHERSON,
St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S.

MONAGHAN.—Killed in action in France, April 9, 1917, Sergeant Leo Monaghan, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Monaghan, South Ste Marie, Ont., aged twenty-three years. May his soul rest in peace.
MARSHALL.—At Ottawa, on May 20, 1917, at her late residence, 117 Daley Ave., Mrs. Michael Marshall, in her sixty-third year. May her soul rest in peace.
O'TOOLE.—At Ottawa, Ont., on May 20, 1917, Miss Mary Catherine O'Toole, sister of Rev. Geo. W. O'Toole, of Cantley, Que., and B. F. O'Toole, Regina, Sask., aged twenty-nine years. May her soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED
ASSISTANT TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. Calabrese, one holding a second class professional certificate. Duties commence immediately. Apply stating salary and experience to J. L. Lecree, Calabrese, 3015-17.

CATHOLIC NORMAL TRAINED EXPERIENCED teacher wanted for Catholic Separate school. Duties to commence September next. Apply with references, stating salary to Peter Krottsch, Carleton Place, Ont. 3015-17.

WANTED RESPONSIBLE YOUNG GIRL TO assist in the care of two children. Good wages. Apply Box K, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2014-17.

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Aunt Honor's Keepsake, by Mrs. James Sadler. An interesting story with a strong moral purpose. The characters are met with in every walk of American society, in every trade and calling, in every room and corner. They are real.

African Child, The; translated by Right Rev. Mr. Joseph O'Connell, D. D. The story of the life of St. Perpetua, who suffered martyrdom together with her sister, Felicitas, at Carthage in the year 203. One of the most moving in the annals of the Church.

Alice Kitty Casey, by Marie Gertrude Williams. Kitty Casey is in reality Catherine Casey, a girl threatened with prostitution, who in an endeavor to escape herself, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the country in summer time, accepts a menial position in a fashionable boarding house of waitress refused by her maid, Kitty Casey. The story is well written, and a romance cleverly told.

Blakes and Flanagan, by Mrs. James Sadler. The story is well written, and a romance cleverly told. Blakes and Flanagan, by Mrs. James Sadler. The story is well written, and a romance cleverly told.

Calista, by J. M. Villiers. A study of civilization and a comparison of Christianity, not only with Paganism and purely human philosophy, but with Judaism also, towards the close of the reign of Nero. The scenes are laid in Rome and in the East, and the different conditions and situations, including the burning of Rome, the author has created imaginary characters such as those of the Roman Empire, and the story is woven into Christianity the plot of the story is woven.

Commander, The; by Charles D'Heriau. An historical novel of the French Revolution. Thoroughly interesting and well written tale of French life, including "The Recruiter," "Mine Host, Cassin," "The Boy and the Girl," and "The Poor Nobleman."

"Dear Jane," by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, little tale of a self-sacrificing sister whose ambition to keep the little household together is told with great truthfulness and pathos. Faith, Hope and Charity, by Anonymous. An exceedingly interesting tale of love, war and adventure in the days of the French Revolution.

Fenwick, Fenwick is the name of a large estate in Devonshire, England, the home of Agnes Falkland, who with her family and adopted sister, Francis Falkland, who is a nobleman, and the secret influence of which Agnes Falkland is the innocent sufferer.

Four Great Ones, by Cardinal Manning. Happy-Go-Lucky, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of Catholic stories for boys, including "A Little Hero," "The Boy and the Girl," and "The Boy and the Girl."

Hadron, by Clara M. Thomson. A story of American life founded on fact. History and fiction combined; very interesting.

Hearts of Kings, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. These stories of high endeavor, of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of self for others' good, are keyed on the dramatic story of Henry VIII. For us and for our children, Calvary's Cross (Sacred Heart Review).

Kathleen's Motto, by Genevieve Walsh. An interesting and inspiring story of a young lady who, by her simplicity of life, succeeds in spite of discouraging difficulties.

Lady Amabel and The Shepherd Boy, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic story of a noble English family which is richly detailed. In the course of the story the noble English family themselves which bring him before her parents in a most favorable light, and result in a marriage.

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