

The Catholic Record.

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

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TO HOLD

Our readers may remember when they were transported beyond themselves with "the long, long thoughts of youth." The spirit of a generous idealism flamed within them, and their visions, which, viewed now as perchance childish and nonsensical, may have been then only real life. And the beautiful castles build up of dreams and illuminations seemed impregnable to the assaults of time. Turreted and pinnacled, cemented stone with stone with purity and enthusiasm, peopled with white desires and thoughts, they fronted a world roseate with promise and glorious in beauty. We could not see the pitfalls, the interminable stretches where abide weariness and disappointment. But they are happy now, despite the cynicism that would fain drain us of confidence, our own strivings, our own lapses, can still be thrilled by the aspirations of the years that are gone and whose hearts are attuned to the finest harmonies of the good and beautiful. That is a greater treasure than the wealth of India. They can walk the highway of life and have ever a remedy for weariness; things may fall and fail, but so long as they have their "castles" they have a well-spring of contentment.

THE BETTER CLASS

A contemporary, referring to an entertainment of some kind or other, tells us that it was attended by Catholics of the "better class." Our friend should give us a sign by which to know this "better class." Are its members well-groomed, well equipped with bank-stocks or otherwise? Not being a mind-reader we are unable to discern what prompted our friend's comment, but we confess to a certain curiosity with regard to this point. We might ourselves have occasion to "write up" an entertainment, and, through ignorance, put the wrong persons within the precincts of the "better class." It would be an unpardonable blunder to have a moneyless Catholic shoulder to shoulder with the one who owns a cheque-book. And worse still, to see a maiden and wife, devoid of the latest millinery fascinations, bracketed with the gorgeous creatures who exhaust the resources of the dressmaker's art.

We did have an opinion that the Catholics of the "better class" manifested in their lives the principles of their religion. And two are of the same mind still. There is no patent of nobility in the Church save that granted by virtue. The old woman who kneels in a corner telling her beads the while may be a greater aristocrat in the sight of God than the occupant of the front pews. The individual who is never far from the starvation line may by many a title have a far greater right to belong to the "better class" than the Catholic in the full glare of publicity who has never a care so far as his comforts and luxuries are concerned. The Catholic who is the salt of the earth is the one who labors in his own avocation, for the sanctification of souls. He may have little influence and less wealth, but, if united with God, he is a potent factor in the upbuilding of the kingdom upon earth. His prayerful activity may conduce to the success of parish or community. The effects of organization, or of eloquence, or of skill, may be but temporary or limited or uncertain, but the influence of a heart that has learned that obedience and suffering and purity are the mightiest forces on earth, is permanent, certain and world-wide in application.

THE STRIKE

Mr. T. Powersly, who was at one time president of the Knights of Labor, said that the "best time to stop a strike is a long time before you begin it."

And Mr. John Mitchell, a wise and conservative labor leader, deprecated the notion that violence, was necessary to make a strike successful. A single act of violence while he said it may deter a strike-breaker, or a score of them, inflicts much greater and more irreparable damage upon the party giving than upon the party

receiving the blow. Violence invariably alienates the sympathy of the public. No matter how just the demands of the men, no matter how uncompromising the attitude of the employer, the commission of acts of violence invariably puts the strikers in the wrong. In Halifax the other day the employees of the Tram Co. had a difference with its officials. Some of the citizens and small boys, mischief bent, did not like the appearance of imported strike-breakers and said so in unconventional fashion. The employees, however, remained quiet and peaceful, and won, by their staid demeanor and strict compliance with the law, the sympathy of the general public. They resorted to no force but were content with submitting their claims to the investigation and decision of their fellow-citizens.

TO BE REMEMBERED

In "Present Position of Catholics in England," Lect. IX., Newman wrote words which we can meditate upon with profit. He exhorted Catholics to become acquainted with their doctrines in order to become sowers of truth. We do not advise controversy, but every layman has occasion now and then to either explain his belief or to refute charges against it. I want to say, said the great Cardinal, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand; who know what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it. And one immediate effect of your being able to do all this, will be your gaining that proper confidence in self which is so necessary for you. You will then not have the temptation to rely on others, to court political parties or particular men: they will rather have to court you. Ignorance is the root of all littleness; he who can realize the law of moral conflicts and the incoherence of falsehood, and the issue of perplexities and the presence of the Judge, becomes, from the very necessity of the case, philosophical, long suffering and magnanimous. Were this advice heeded we might in many instances be the "kindly light" that would guide enquirers to the haven of truth. An opportune word may cause a thought, and thinking is the ally of the Church. A challenge to oft repeated calumny may provoke an investigation to the discrediting of fairy-tales and outrageous accusations invented and fostered by bigots. He may have an opportunity to clear the minds of others of false notions regarding our belief. And in some quarters he can do this more effectively than the priest, because he will not be viewed as a special pleader or as one determined to inveigle the unsuspecting Protestant. And we think that in our age the intelligent layman has a greater field for this apostolate than ever before. The old watchwords are meaningless; the Bible has been questioned by non-Catholic divines; and the average man, feeling the need of religion and finding no comfort in warring sects, is more inclined to hearken to anyone who can give him some solution of the problems that worry and torture him. Man to-day is like unto those who were ministered to by Christ. He has the same aspirations, the same needs. And he can find peace and rest only, not in a book, not in the harangues of sensational preachers, or the learned attempts to fashion an up-to-date creed, but in Christ Who walks the earth and continues in His Church to solace hearts, to bless, to heal and to offer up sacrifice. The layman may do much to prepare such souls for the gift of faith. But to do this we must have a grip on our doctrines. It means little expenditure of time or money, for we have in the publications of the Catholic Truth Society very effective weapons in the shape of pamphlets and leaflets which are well written, concise and devoid of technical terms. The Catholic who devotes a modicum of his time to this reading must become a very well of refreshment in places that are parched with the heat of the sporting prints and worthless novels. It may require effort at the

beginning, but as time goes on he may come to the conclusion that the knowledge of things concerning his best interests and the Church is more important than following the batting averages of the base-ball players. And then as his outlook widens and he begins to realize his faith and to see more clearly the mission of the Church, he will be a man who knows his creed so well that he can give an account of it; who knows so much history that he can defend it. And one man of this type in any community is a sower of infinite seed, a heaver towards the light that alone can comfort, help and guide.

MR. BALFOUR ON RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS

In the course of his speech at the special meeting of the National Society, Mr. Balfour put the case for denominational schools with great force. He said:

"Public opinion is strongly in favor of religious training. Nevertheless, in religious matters we are not as one; and I do not believe any human wisdom, however admirably exercised—it has not always been exercised to perfection—in this question of dealing with religious education in elementary schools could have drawn a scheme without difficulties and hardships to this or that section of the community. The result of that has been that a large number of people have got it into their heads that because owing to our religious differences, and for no other reason, the State does not find it possible to spend the money of the general taxpayer on religious matters with regard to which the general taxpayer is not agreed, religion, however necessary to the child, should be taught only at home, and the only duty of the State is, or at all events the fundamental duty of the State is to provide what is called secular training in the Public Schools. That division between religious and secular training is fundamentally erroneous. It implies a dualism of object, a divided object which no thinking man, whatever his views are, can really approve. The secularist might say: 'I do not approve of religious training; I think it is a bad thing in itself,' but, if he was a man who knew his business, he would say: 'If religious training is a good thing, do not attempt to divorce it from the general training of the mind. Do not put it into a separate compartment, as it were, to be dealt with on entirely different principles and for entirely different objects.' The training of the young people of the country is, and must be, an organic whole. You cannot cut it up into a separate compartment. A school is not, and ought not to be, a place merely for filling to the brim some unfortunate child with what is called secular learning."

AN INDIVISIBLE WHOLE
The object of education is training, which is an indivisible whole. Of course, I grant that towards this single and indivisible object both the home and the school must contribute. That, of course, I admit, and indeed I suppose none of us would deny that if you could get an ideal home in which not only were the moral and religious characteristics of the parents highly developed, but in which they had at their command all the secular learning necessary, a better training in some senses could be given at home than in any school or than in any school and home combined, with this exception, that there is an education that a boy derives from collision with other boys and a young man derives from mixing with his equals in age which cannot easily be attained under ordinary home conditions. But with that exception I do not doubt, both on the religious and the secular side, you can imagine home conditions better than any conceivable school conditions. But when you are dealing with a population of thirty-six millions—I do not remember the exact figure of England and Wales at this moment—when you are dealing with a gigantic population of that kind and are considering the conditions under which most parents work, it is quite impossible, whatever their will, whatever their moral qualifications, that they should do all the work of training which is required. That is universally recognized. If that be so, and if my proposition be accepted, that you cannot dichotomize education into secular on one side and religious on the other, it follows that you ought to provide the parents with that kind of religious training, if any, which they desire in the schools to which you compel them to send their children. And, as a matter of abstract argument, I am quite unable to understand how any human being can be found to controvert that proposition. It seems to me to follow with an irresistible logic from premises universally or almost universally accepted. Why, then, is not this simple piece of logic embodied in actual legislation? Why is it not given practical effect to in all the schools

of the country? The difficulties, as we all know, are practical difficulties. They are not theoretical. It is very hard to arrange matters, if the State, and so long as the State, thinks it out of its power to help this or that religious denomination, it is excessively difficult to arrange a system which shall give the parents exactly what they require. All you can do is to approximate to a historical basis, as far as you can to that idea, gradually to mould your system, which has grown up—as things in this country do grow up under the pressure of different forces—which has never been symmetrically arranged from the beginning, and is not now a symmetrical system, logically defensible in every part. All you can do is to mould that system gradually as far as possible to the two ideals—first, that religious education should not be separated from secular; and, secondly, that the religious education should be the religious education desired by the parents of the child for the child.

A DEADLY BLOW

If, per impossible, the whole system of voluntary schools and denominational teaching in this country were to break down, then who can doubt that a blow of the deadliest kind would have been levelled at the educational ideal which commends itself not merely to the inhabitants of this room and people like-minded with themselves, but to that great body of opinion throughout the country which believes that it is madness to bring up the rising generation without some worship and belief in the Unseen? You would have lost something out of the past which no efforts in the present or the future could give back to you. If the Church of England and others interested in religious education, denominational or undenominational—make no exception in this matter—fail to keep religious teaching in the schools, no subsequent lamentations will help in the smallest degree to give you back that which your carelessness has thrown away. I do not deny that quite apart from the difficulty of meeting the great and the growing strain necessarily thrown upon the liberality of Churchmen by the expansion of the needs, sometimes real, sometimes rather fanciful, as conceived by the responsible authorities of elementary education—apart, I say, from that great and growing strain, I do not in the least deny that there are great difficulties in carrying out our ideal of providing religious education in conformity with the wishes of the parent.

SOME INTERESTING COMPARISONS

Of course, there are such difficulties. And yet we are, I think, more hopefully situated for their solution than we were when I first entered public life. To begin with, I am convinced that those who lead thought in the country are far less enamored of a secular ideal than they were thirty years ago. I notice the same feeling of uneasiness growing in other countries over the loss which any community must suffer which permits itself to lapse into the slough of mere materialism, speculative or practical. You will find thinkers very well disposed towards Christianity—certainly with no special claims to orthodoxy—you will find them looking uneasily in many countries at the result which the secularization of education has produced and is producing—London Tablet.

NATHAN'S LATEST

Rome, June 7. Nathan's latest, on the walls of Benedit: 'Occasion, the Festa dello Statuto—celebration of the Constitution first given in 1848: 'Citizens: To-day occurs in the celebration of a happy day in the history of the nation, that of the agreement made and respected between prince and people thirteen lustres ago. By mutual agreement of minds and hopes it opened to Italy the path of progress, and brought it to the unity desired by Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, Victor Emanuel.'

The Constitution of Charles Albert may be modified or not, according to the exigencies of the time. Be that as it may, it originated the initial phase of the renaissance of the country; it was the first civil state document of the new Italy among the peoples. To forget it to-day, when king and nation, conscious of their country's strength, are marching serenely to fulfill their country's destinies, would be for the present, grave with events and hopes, to show ingratitude towards the past.

"Romans: Remembering XX September, let us celebrate worthily this first of June. Between the two dates pass the passion and resurrection of the Eternal City."

"E. NATHAN, Mayor." Beyond the gratuitous horrible blasphemy in the last sentence—truly Nathanic—the allusion to the possibility of the modification of the constitution is significant. The suggested modification is, of course, the elimination, demanded by Giordano Bruno and such, of the first article which proclaims the Catholic faith the religion of the State.

ENGLAND'S DIVORCE BILL

London, June 7.—The Archbishop of York, addressing the members of the Mother's Union on Tuesday, declared for the sanctity of the marriage tie and called on the mothers of England to rise against the proposed divorce bill. He repudiated the suggestion of its promoters that the working classes made any demand for increased facilities. The law of marriage must at least be kept as Christian as it remained at present.

However, the Establishment is not at one on this matter apparently. At the Worcester Anglican Diocesan Conference this week a resolution declaring the indissolubility of the marriage tie was queried by an Archdeacon present, who refused to vote for it. The Bishop then proposed it in terms that "Christ's teaching on marriage must be regarded as final," but the opposing clergyman evidently considered this, rightly synonymous, and again refused to be a party to it.

At the meeting before alluded to Archbishop of York wished to speak to the mothers on another subject of importance, but he did not seem to know quite how to go about it, although he thought it was time the Bishops gave some instructions on the matter, which concerns the diminishing birth-rate.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH BIGOTS

Pastor Primmer, the firebrand of Edinburgh, is still very much excited. He has issued a protest against Roman practices, which he declares are creeping into the doctrine of the Presbyterian Church. He even suggests that an imitation of the Romish Mass is finding favor with the people, and, if the presbytery is to be saved, it must be done at once.

Meanwhile, deputations of the Free Church of Scotland have been attending the Irish Presbyterian Assembly in Belfast to express their sympathy with the latter in their opposition to Home Rule. One of these persons, Professor Cameron, said that it was a national crisis in the history of Great Britain. They could not but be amazed that Protestant Britain should allow herself to be dictated to by a handful of Catholic Nationalists, who were trying to impose upon her and upon the people of Ulster a yoke which, he was glad to say, the other nations of Europe were busy casting aside!

Belfast is looking rather silly over its first connection with the armaments, which have been seized by the police and which nobody has the courage to own. Moreover, it is discovered that the murderous weapons imported into Ireland for the killing of fellow-countrymen are not even of British manufacture. They are "made in Germany!" The foreign papers are laughing at a gentleman, whom they describe as "Sir Carson, and enraged Orangemen," and other people are suggesting that this time this gentleman was arrested for inciting high treason.

RIGHT AND WRONG CHURCH

Dr. Charles Alexander Richmond, chancellor of Union College, New York, is charged with the responsibility for a statement which demands explanation. In a late public utterance he declared it "a thousand pities that the Church should have gone wrong almost from the first."

Dr. Richmond's declaration presents the unique characteristic of being a conclusion that is both correct and erroneous.

Viewed in the light of the most pertinent Scriptural text relating to the visible body established by Christ for the perpetuation of His doctrines, it is certainly confusing. For in St. Matthew, chapter 16, verse 18, we read: "And I say to thee: That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." This solemn promise of the Saviour makes it very clear and very positive not only that His church has not gone wrong, but also that it cannot go wrong. Moreover, error, in matters of doctrine, is outside the range of possibility. For in his commission to the Apostles—a commission which also attaches to their successors—to teach all nations, He also declared, "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

In so far, then, as it applies to Christ's church, the declaration of Dr. Richmond is erroneous. But it is absolutely correct in its application to all churches that cannot clearly trace their origin back to Christ. It is impossible that all these should not have gone wrong from the first, builded as they have been on apostasy or human weaknesses. To make the college chancellor's statement, therefore, harmonize with truth and fact, nothing remains but to admit that the wrong church has gone wrong. The right church, that is, Christ's church, continues to-day as He established it nearly two thousand years ago. And so it shall and must continue until the end of time.

because it is Christ's church, and because to it He gave such a promise.—Church Progress.

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China.

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest.

Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow-Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of aims-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....\$1,490 70
H. McW., Albion..... 1 00
K. C. Guelph..... 1 00
A. A. Pittman, New Perlican 1 00
Patrick Casey, Tweed..... 1 00
Mrs. Patrick Casey, Tweed..... 1 00
M. Hanley, Port Arthur..... 1 00
John Graham, Bohnygeon..... 1 00
John Gorman, Ottawa..... 10 00
A Friend, Fort Augustus..... 5 00
Mrs. P. Watters, Jockvale..... 1 00

BISHOP McNALLY IN ROME

Among the Bishops received in private audience this week were Mgr. McNally, Bishop of Calgary, Mgr. Schrems, Bishop of Toledo, and Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield. Calgary does not occupy a very conspicuous place on the map of the world (a few years ago it did not occupy any place), but it is one of the forty new dioceses created by His Holiness during the last ten years, and the Pope by his questions and observations to the new bishop showed that he is well informed of the conditions existing there. At the close of the audience His Holiness presented Mgr. McNally with a handsome pectoral cross, another of His Holiness' creations and this was the first visit of its first bishop to Pius X. He was able to tell the Holy Father of the spirit of loyalty, union and zeal which prevails among his priests and people; he moved the Holy Father deeply by a message from the first communicants of his diocese: "Tell the Holy Father that the happiest people outside Paradise are his first communicants," and by the offering of \$150 in gold which they had saved up so that the bishop might present it to the Pope—and even more by another offering. The little Catholic orphans of Toledo hearing that the bishop was soon to visit the Pope saved the gifts which kind-hearted people left for them in order to present them to the Pope. "Tell your little ones," said Pius X. with emotion "that they are the object of Christ's special predilection; tell them that I bless and caress them, and that I want them to grow up into useful men for God's church, and for their country."—Rome, June 14.

THE CALDEY CONVERSION

Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., speaking of the conversion to the Catholic Church of the thirty-four Anglican nuns of St. Bride's and the twenty-two Anglican monks of Caldey, recently announced, says that the event, is so far as he knows, "unprecedented in the history of the English Church." Both communities are to continue their corporate existence as Oblates of St. Benedict, under the guidance for the present of Dom John Chapman and Dom Bede Camm. Commenting on these conversions, Rome remarks that only a year ago we saw six former ministers of the English Church ordained together in the Vatican, and that the Bede College was founded comparatively recently and almost exclusively for converts from the English Church who wish to become priests; that some of the best-known English laymen in Rome, noted for their zeal and charity, are converts; and that the numbers of English converts to be met with in Rome is so large as to cause people to take the conversions above referred to as a matter of course, though really they are not, by any means.—Casket.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

The longing of the moment always seems the great essential. We are apt to forget the long eternity of regret.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Dallas, Texas, has a Sisters' Institute or boarding and day school for colored girls, in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Ghost.

A telegram from Innsbruck to the Kolnische Volkszeitung states that at Arco, Princess Guidobaldina Colonna, a Protestant, has been received into the Catholic Church.

Very Rev. F. A. Spencer, O. P., died at Washington, on June 12th. Father Spencer was former provincial of the Dominican Order and a convert from an Episcopalian family.

Father Walter of Osaka writes that quite a number of Catholic books have been lately published in Japan. The Catholic Printing Press of Osaka has been kept busy.

Assisi, the sacred city of St. Francis, in Italy, is a diocese since the year 235. St. Rufinus was its first Bishop. To-day the diocese numbers about 29,000 Catholics. It has 8 monasteries and 18 convents.

At the state convention of the Knights of Columbus which opened at Auburn, N. Y., and was attended by 400 delegates, State Deputy Robt. J. Powers of Binghamton announced that the order now has 50,000 members in the State of New York.

An English Methodist organ complained that "it is easier to build churches than to fill them." To which complaint the Rev. Herbert Vaughan made answer: "Our experience has been that it is very much easier to fill churches than to build them."

On Pentecost Sunday there were baptized in St. Joseph's Church Richmond, Va., twenty-five colored men, women and children; and on Pentecost Monday there were forty persons of the same race confirmed by the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connell—all those confirmed being converts.

Father Gavan Duffy, of India, has published a booklet on the subject of frequent Communion. The title, Tell the Guests to Come, suggests its message. It brings home in a simple, forceful manner the truth that Pius X. has so often spoken to the Church, that Christ wishes to be the daily food of His children.

At the recent mission in Waterbury, Ct., it is said that 70 non-Catholics were converted and baptized, and that fully 21,000 Communions were administered, breaking the record in number of Communions ever seen at any two weeks mission held in this country. The Missioners were the Jesuit Fathers Casey, Condon, Sullivan and Goeding.

In every portion of India and Ceylon the Church is now organized and conversions are being made at the rate of over 16,000 a year. This figure applies only to adult baptisms. More than 1,000 European missionaries are working in the Indian Empire, assisted by double that number of native clergy.

Msgr. Schoenfer, Bishop of Tarbes, says that he does not know where the next Eucharistic Congress will be held, and that nothing has yet been definitely decided. It may take place at Lourdes. For the one after—that of 1915—there is still uncertainty, Palermo, Dublin and Sydney are mentioned—which is at least an eloquent testimony to the world-wide interest in the Church.

Rev. Mr. Schneeweis, former Episcopal minister at St. Mark's, Philadelphia has completed a five day retreat at the Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C. He was received into the Church, made his confession and first Communion. He was confirmed by Cardinal Gibbons the following day at the cathedral, Baltimore. He is unmarried and will in all probability study for the priesthood.

The Rev. Reginald F. Ekins, M. A., for the last five years curate of St. Augustine's, Kilburn, England, was received into the Catholic Church at Manresa House, Rochampton, early last month. Mr. Ekins is a son of the late General Ekins, and was educated in Lincoln College, Oxford, and Ely Theological College. It is understood that Mr. Ekins is leaving for Rome in the autumn to study for the priesthood.

The Rev. Father Vassall-Phillips, who was formerly an Anglican and is now a Catholic missionary of more than twenty years' experience in England, sums up the obstacles that oppose the progress of the Catholic Church as follows: "Prejudice induced by three centuries of unbroken anti-Catholic tradition. Ignorance as to Catholic faith, practice and history. Indifference concerning religion generally. The sternness of the Church's moral law. The complete loss of any sense of duty connected with faith and public worship."

Rev. Dr. Aquilla Webb, pastor of the Warren Memorial Church, Louisville, according to the daily papers of that city, gave this appalling array of religious facts to his congregation a short time ago. He said: "I do not know the facts about other denominations, but the facts in the Presbyterian churches, both North and South, are simply appalling. Last year 5,177 Presbyterian churches did not receive a single soul on confession of faith. This included all the Presbyterian churches in this country."

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XIII

I SET OUT TO SEEK MY FORTUNE, AND MAKE A BAD BEGINNING

* Live ships, that sailed the sunny seas, but never came to shore—Hervey.

I had a first-class carriage entirely to myself, as I traveled up to Dublin by the midday mail. Leaning back luxuriously against the dusty blue cloth cushions, and curling myself in a corner, I gazed out on the flying landscape—chiefly fields of yellow stubble, and monotonous stretches of flat green pasture—and tried to realize that I, Nora O'Neill, with ten pounds in my pocket, was casting my old life altogether behind me, and setting out alone on a journey of four thousand miles. I was most emphatically "on my own hook" now, as Rody would have expressed it; I had taken my affairs entirely into my own hands, and whether for weal or woe time alone could tell. I felt a strange sinking of the heart as I thought of my long voyage among total strangers, my arrival in a strange land, also among strangers, and I wiped away one or two tears, and swallowed down a huge lump in my throat, as I looked back on Gallow, where almost every tree and field and face were dear familiar friends; but nevertheless my resolution was unshaken—nothing, nothing, would tempt me to return. As we glided into Kingsbridge station I promptly responded to a cabby's eager signal, and was soon rattling along the quay in solitary state, my portmanteau on the roof above me and my bonnet-box at my feet. I proceeded to the North Wall direct, and at once went on board the Liverpool boat. The stout, jolly looking stewardess was not a little surprised at my early arrival; but when I explained to her that I had no friends in Dublin, and was crossing alone, she was very civil and hospitable. Finding, on further inquiry, that I was not a school-girl, but a young lady who considered herself quite grown up, and was proceeding abroad in that capacity, she regarded me with sincere but kindly astonishment, and took me under her immediate protection, saw that I had a substantial tea, and a comfortable berth, and, waiving the *déshabement* of her usual afternoon gossip in the steward's pantry, brought herself and her knitting into the lady's cabin, in order to keep me company till the rest of the passengers arrived.

Although I baffled all her round-about inquiries as to where I was going, and where I came from, she was not the least offended by my reticence—on the contrary, she applauded my reserve, saying, with an air of good-natured approval: "You do well to be close, going out in the world alone; and keep yourself to yourself is my advice to ye; but how your friends allowed a young lady with your looks to be 'stragglung' about by herself, bates Banagher!" My looks! my friends' opinion of them was the meaneast. How often had Miss Fluker told me that I had not one redeeming feature—that I was peculiarly and disagreeably plain!

Next morning the motherly stewardess personally confided me to a cabin of her acquaintance with strict injunctions to take every care of me, and drive me to Waller's Shipping Agency, in Water Street. As we jolted along the docks I looked forth and saw big drays thundering past, crowds of gentlemen, workmen, navvies, and sailors hurrying to and fro, and heard the ceaseless, deafening roar of traffic. I asked myself whether I were waking or dreaming, and if I were the very selfsame young person who had left Gallow the previous morning? I felt quite amazed at my own self-possession and *sans-froid*, as I alighted in Water Street, passed through an open doorway, and made my way up to Waller's office on the second flight. On the stairs I was met by several young men, hurrying down in various degrees of haste. It was very evident that in this part of the world time was money. In two minutes more I had passed through a swing-door and made known my errand in a low and timid voice to a clerk, who conducted me to an inner sanctum, in which the head of the house, Mr. Waller himself, was seated at a high desk, with a pen behind his ear.

"Pray sit down," he said, graciously waving his hand toward an easy-chair. "Miss Neville, I believe?"

"I bowed—scarlet. This was the first time I had heard my new name.

"I have had a telegram about you from a Colonel Neville, your uncle. It came yesterday. It says: 'Come by *Corinna*, with Colonel Keith.' I can't lay my hand on it just this moment"—searching among his papers with hasty, nimble fingers. "The *Corinna* sails to-morrow evening from Morpeth Dock, Birkenhead, at 8 o'clock sharp. Shall you be ready to start?"

"Yes, quite ready, thank you!" I answered, meekly.

"Your heavy baggage—is it all right? It will have to be on board this afternoon," authoritatively.

Before I had time to reply, the swing door was vigorously pushed open, with the most good-humored face I ever saw, hurried in in breathless haste. He was dressed in a suit of dark blue serge, and carried a small bag in his hand, and an overcoat on his arm.

"You are the very man I want!" said Mr. Waller, rising and shaking hands with him cordially. "Here, indicating me, 'is your young charge, Miss Neville, just come to inquire about her passage."

"Delighted to see you, Miss Neville," said Colonel Keith, seizing me eagerly by both hands, and shaking them as they never were shaken before. "Your uncle and aunt are my oldest friends, and I am only too glad to hear that I am to take charge of you. Did you travel over from Ireland by yourself? and where is your luggage? and where are you stopping?"

I told him, in answer to his treble-barreled question, "that I had but just arrived, was stopping nowhere as yet, and that my luggage was on a cab below—only a portmanteau and a box."

"Only a portmanteau and a box!" he echoed, in a high key of astonishment; "well, you are a reasonable young lady. Why, when Mrs. Keith went out with me last time, I think we had about five tons of luggage? To be sure, we took out a piano, and all the glass and crockery," he added, as an aside to himself.

It was easy to see that he was an energetic, bustling individual. In five minutes he had received all directions touching the *Corinna*, where she lay, when she sailed etc.; and, armed with our tickets, we took leave of Waller's office, and hastened down-stairs. We drove to a splendid hotel, where we breakfasted at 12 o'clock, and then we sallied forth to see the town of Liverpool.

My attention was distracted between my new friend, who was volubly relating his family history for the past five and twenty years, telling me all about his wife and his daughter, and his son in the staff corps, and his own "off-reckonings." My attention, as I have said before, was divided; as my ears were given to Colonel Keith, my eyes to the many new and marvelous sights. The life and activity everywhere struck me forcibly; no one dawdled; every one appeared to have an object in view as they hurried briskly by.

The crowds and crowds of men, evidently very busy men, amazed me, as did also the immense and ceaseless traffic of trams and omnibuses as we walked up Lord Street, Church Street, and Bold Street. Before certain shop windows I lingered, awestruck and dumb; not only was there more energy and vitality, but there was quite as much variety and fashion as in dear, old, dirty Dublin. Colonel Keith bought me some books, a box of Everton taffy, and having seen St. George's Hall and the reading room, we retraced our steps to our hotel. I was not sorry to sit down and rest, but my indefatigable companion had no sooner ordered dinner, and provided me with a book, than he posted off to Birkenhead, to make arrangements about our cabins and our (or rather *his*) luggage.

The next evening we were quietly steaming down the Mersey; it was a fine starlight night, and the lights of the shipping in the Sloyne and of Waterloo and Seaford on one side, and Birkenhead and New Brighton on the other, made a very pretty, and to me, wholly novel scene. Once out past the lights, I experienced a curious and most uncomfortable sensation, and precipitately retired to my cabin below.

It would be useless to pretend that I was a good sailor, because I was the very reverse! Four days' incessant rolling reduced me to my lowest physical and mental ebb; on the afternoon of the fifth I staggered on deck, a mere wreck. The weather was warm and sunny and the sea comparatively smooth and calm; the breeze invigorated my much depressed spirits. I no longer wished to be flung overboard, to die at once and have done with it, as I had yearned to do for the last four days.

I had escaped from the clutches of the stewardess, too, a merry-looking young female, who took a flenish delight in acquainting me with the menu at breakfast and dinner.

"Bacon, miss," she would urge cheerfully, when I loathed the taste of meat of food. "Do try a taste, there's a dear; a nice bit of fried fat bacon to give a relish to the toast."

At dinner time it was the same story, despite my loudest and most energetic disclaimers.

"Lovely smell of roast pork, miss; the very smell of it would do you good—just try a morsel—do now!"

For four consecutive days I had been a passive victim in this woman's hands; now I had come on deck, I was rid of my tormentor. I had at last an opportunity of studying my fellow-passengers. There were not many, not more than twenty, I remarked to myself as I glanced languidly round. Colonel Keith took me under his immediate protection, selected a nice, sheltered spot for my chair, enveloped my knees in his warm maul, and laid himself out to entertain me. He brought up and presented to me a young officer, a Mr. Campbell, who had been home on leave and was now returning to his regiment, the "West Shetland" (newly named) strange to say, stationed at Mulakapore. He and Colonel Keith were evidently old acquaintances, and talked an incoherence of Indian "guff" across me as I sat between them, an amused and bewildered listener. I could not make out half what they meant. For instance, Colonel Keith observed that "one of the Juke's girls was going to be married, and it was really Pucka this time." What did that mean, I wondered.

"Oh, trust her mother for that! She won't let another fellow slip through her fingers. She's a first-class old shikarry," returned Mr. Campbell, decisively.

What was a shikarry? I gathered from the conversation that Mulakapore was a very gay station, and celebrated alike for sport and "spins." As twilight deepened it became quite chilly, and I shared the maul with its owner and Mr. Campbell. Other passengers gathered round, and soon we were the center of a sociable circle, all in the best possible spirits. Some sang songs, some told stories, and all made jokes. It was quite a new kind of life to me. One week ago I had been sitting on the stile at Gallow, taking my last look at the bog and bidding it good-by. Now I was on the deck of an ocean steamer surrounded by strangers, and yet quite at my ease, under Colonel Keith's broad wing, putting in my small or now and then, and adding a few words to the general conversation. I got on very well with Mr. Campbell. In some ways he reminded me of Rody. Like him, he was outspoken, and perhaps slightly dictatorial, but he was a more refined and (dare I even think of it?) a more gentlemanly type than my old playfellow—all, very slight, with thin aquiline features and curly brown hair—hair which thatched a considerable amount of brains, as I afterward discovered. In answer to the tea-bell we descended to the cabin, and sat together; I dividing the two gentlemen. I was very hungry, and quite ready to do ample justice to the first meal I had enjoyed for nearly five days. The sea-air had made me sleepy, and after a short turn on deck I again went below. The bay was now as smooth as glass, the night very calm and foggy. As long as it was not rough I did not care; and I lost no time in undressing and tumbling into my nice little white berth, and ere my head had been five minutes on the pillow I was sound asleep.

Out of a deep, dreamless slumber I was awoke by a bump that nearly shook me out on the floor. Another followed, still worse, which discharged me into the middle of the cabin. I jumped up now, thoroughly awake. Shouts and cries and a great many people running overhead, warned me that something serious was the matter. I cautiously opened my cabin door and peeped out, and in so doing came into violent collision with Colonel Keith, who in shirt and trousers only, and with his hair all brushed the wrong way, burst into the doorway, exclaiming breathlessly: "We are aground! On rocks! Slip on something and come on deck this instant! Don't waste a second, there's a good girl! There's no danger," he added reassuringly, as he turned and ran down the cabin with an *alacrity* I could not have believed possible.

It seemed to me that every one was running. The passengers appeared to be rushing frantically up and down the saloon with coats and bags, and anything that came to hand. I returned to my cabin instantly, and slipped on a petticoat, a pair of shoes, and a pale blue flannel dressing gown, and hastily made my way down the saloon and up on deck. As I reached the top of the companion ladder, the ship, which had run straight on to the coast of Spain in the thick, dense fog, suddenly heeled over, and lay on her beams ended nearly hurling us into the sea. Colonel Keith seized me, and dragged me to a kind of shelter at the lee side; and there I covered, shivering with cold, clutching him convulsively, knowing well that he was my sheet anchor. The scene was indescribably awful. Daylight had broken, and through the fog I could dimly discern towering perpendicular rocks towering hundreds of feet above us—the coast of Spain, and very dangerous, grim and forbidding it looked. The *Corinna* lay over on one side, completely at the mercy of the sea, which broke over her from bow to stern.

Several attempts were now made to lower the boats. One was stove in, and one was swamped with all hands; another had been carried off the davits and swept out to sea, and all that now remained, betwixt us and destruction, was the lifeboat. Presently we were accosted by the captain—now changed from the gay and cherry sailor of the previous evening! His face looked drawn and agonized, as he took my hand and said:

"It's all my fault, Miss Neville, all my fault; but never fear, I'll save you. Come with me."

We followed him with the greatest diffidence to the bridge, where the lifeboat still remained intact. The most strenuous exertions of two or three sailors, and nearly all the passengers, at length succeeded in lowering her, but the instant she was launched a wave drove her against the steamer and stove her side in. Being a life boat, her air chambers kept her still afloat, and we prepared to descend. Just as we were about to do so an enormous wave washed over us; it drenched us from head to foot, and dashed the unfortunate stewardess against a hen-coop, cutting her head open in a frightful manner; it also disabled two of the men. Directly after this we were lowered into the boat, already half full of water, and shoved off from the dangerous neighborhood of the *Corinna*. There were at least thirty of us tightly packed together in the seemingly sinking boat—half a dozen sailors, some second-class passengers, a doctor and his wife, Mr. Campbell, the second officer, ourselves, and some others, all closely huddled together, wet and half frozen.

We took it in turns to bail out, using our hands and the men's caps, but our exertions were of little use. The women and the men passengers were crowded up at the stern, which was a little higher out of the water than the bows.

One of the sailors, a young man with a bright, cheerful face, kept up our sinking spirits by telling us that he had been in many a worse scrape before, and that we were right in the line of ships, and certain to be picked up before long, and would breakfast on board some steamer without doubt.

"There's the blessed sun!" he cried, as the sun at last made its appearance through the fog, "now we are all right!"

I sat for more than an hour with the stewardess's head in my lap. She seemed to be quite stunned—only moaning a little from time to time. I had bound up her head in Mr. Campbell's silk handkerchief—it was all I could do for her. Fortunately for us the bay was comparatively smooth; great, long, rolling waves were all we had to contend with, and over these we slowly drifted, perfectly helpless, and momentarily deepening in the water. In spite of incessant, almost frantic, bailing—well, every one knew that they were toiling for their lives—we still sank steadily.

The fog lifted a little, and presently we saw a fine large steamer coming in our direction. Oh, the joy of that moment! Mr. Harris, the second officer, took off his coat and waved it on a boat-hook. We shouted, and screamed, and finally cheered—such a miserable, forlorn cheer—led by Colonel Keith's stentorian voice.

"Cheer, boys, if you ever cheered!" he cried; "now, all together, I'll give the time. Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Fancy people cheering—giving voice to three times three in the very jaws of death! Our cheers had some effect—the steamer stopped. We thought we were saved. Poor deluded wretches! we laughed and talked hysterically; we shook each other's hands. Some of us actually shed tears, such was the revulsion of feeling. But what was our frenzy, our agony, to see the steamer put up a jib and calmly resume her course; she had mistaken us for a Spanish fishing boat.

A blank, an awful silence, succeeded her departure. Even Miller, the young sailor whose cheerfulness had hitherto buoyed us up, even he was dumb, and his face assumed a ghastly, ashen hue. At last he like all of us, found himself confronted with death. One of the second-class passengers—a big, rough man, in butcher boots—now rose and with frightened oaths and imprecations pushed his way among us, thrusting us violently aside, and taking his seat at the very end of the boat. He was followed by two boys, nearly mad with fear; indeed, one of them, who was quite insane—clung to Colonel Keith, gibbering and shuddering—his eyes were turned in his head, and he presented a most awful, horrible spectacle. The other and elder lay rolling in the bottom of the boat, tearing his jacket with his teeth, and apparently stark mad. I was just as much afraid of these frantic fellow sufferers as of the great, green, hungry sea that was waiting to swallow me. The boat now made several rolls, as if preparatory to sinking. At each successive roll we expected to go over; at length she gave one tremendous lurch, and we were all instantly struggling in the water. It was well for me now that I had learned to swim. Colonel Keith and I struck out for the open, and had a narrow escape of being dragged down by the drowning.

How awful it was! There were our fellow-creatures drowning all around us. Colonel Keith had a life-belt and I had an oar, and so we managed to keep ourselves afloat. We saw the boat righted, and the survivors—alas! how few—scramble in; but as we knew that she would probably capsize again, we made no attempt to return to her, but remained in the water, now floating on a wave, now in the trough of the sea. This continued for two mortal hours. Presently we were accosted by an old, earnest, weathered man; with agonized earnestness I endeavored to pray; I dreaded with unspeakable horror the hand of death—the last agony. Oh, that it were over! Oh, that I were already dead! Where would I be then? where would I be within the next half-hour? "God help me!" was all I could ejaculate, as I my mind took in the frightful reality of my position—that the time I had to live might now be counted by minutes, and that the sands of my life were ebbing fast.

Colonel Keith's mind ran very much on his pension, and he seemed to find some relief in uttering his thoughts aloud.

"At any rate, she'll have four hundred pounds a year and the insurance money. They ought to make it double for this," I heard him mutter. "Only fifty-one my last birthday; it's a bad business—a bad business." Then very loud to me, "Keep up, Miss Neville; what's your name?"

"Nora!" I gasped, with chattering teeth.

"Keep up, Nora! Never give in. 'While there's life there's hope.'"

With such little speeches he would encourage me from time to time; but at last I ceased to make any response. My limbs were so cold and so cramped I had lost almost all power over them. I could not "keep up" much longer. It was no good. "Colonel Keith," I said, "good-by! I'm going to throw up my arms and

go down, I cannot hold out any longer!" I had said I would sooner die than marry Maurice—how soon I had been taken at my word. "Good-by, Colonel Keith!" I cried, now utterly exhausted and worn out. I had risen on the crest of a wave as I said this, and at that instant I descended the mast of a ship! Again we were buried in a hollow; but when next we rose on a wave, she looked quite close. The fog lifted at that moment, and I could distinctly see a small steamer rapidly coming straight in our direction.

"Screen now, if ever you screamed!" shouted Colonel Keith, frantically. I needed no second bidding. I did scream! I screamed with all the strength of despair. I screamed so that I was heard. In another instant the engines were slackened, and we saw some one on the bridge waving his hat.

"Oh, happy moment, shall I ever forget you! I knew that we were saved! It seemed a good while before a boat reached us, and then Colonel Keith, a generous, unselfish gentleman, directed the sailors flat to take in a poor drowning man who was close to us, and whose agonized entreaties for 'an oar! an oar! oh, send me an oar!' had added considerably to my mental torture. He had on a life-belt, but it seemed insufficient to keep him above water. He was lifted into the boat, and we followed—dragged in by main force, utterly incapable of moving a finger to help ourselves. I remembered nothing more till I found myself in a berth in the *Pelican*, warmly wrapped up in blankets with Colonel Keith's anxious face bending over me. Poor Colonel Keith! I believe he thought I was dead, but I soon relieved his mind—relieved it very much, judging by his sudden change of countenance. What quantities of hot brandy and water he made me drink, and I was so cold and exhausted that fortunately it had no intoxicating effect. I heard that eleven others besides ourselves were saved and now on board the steamer—a coasting collier, bound for Gibraltar. What mutual congratulations we exchanged the next day, when I, attired in my dressing-gown (dried in the engine-room), and my costume eked out with a blanket, joined the rest of the shipwrecked passengers! The women kissed and hugged me, the men nearly wrung my arms off, and I need hardly say that I was equally delighted to see all of them, and returned their greetings with corresponding warmth.

We had no stewardess, and no woman on board; but the captain and first mate made us kindly welcome to their wardrobes, and I had no hesitation in availing myself of a warm blue coat, lined with scarlet flannel. Colonel Keith, in the captain's clothes, was really quite too funny. Trousers half-way up to his knees, a most painfully tight pea-jacket, much too short in the sleeves, and showing a goodly space of bare wrist. He also displayed a considerable portion of bare legs, which concluded in socks and gorgeous carpet slippers: a cap with the *Pelican* band was added to his outfit, and in this costume he went ashore at Gibraltar, and set about getting some garments that would enable me to appear in public. Unknown kind sympathizers sent me a petticoat, a brown barege of the year one, an old circular cloak, and an ancient bonnet of the once famous "spoon" shape. Thus adorned, and wearing the captain's socks and boots, I made my *début* at Gibraltar! I had no collar and no hair-pins. What a miserable creature I looked, as I caught a fleeting view of myself in a glass door! I was the image of "Mad Mary Ann," a poor lunatic who used to frequent Kilcoo. We were treated as heroes and heroines, and met with very great kindness on "The Rock." I was given an ample supply of underlinen, a neat serge dress, and a couple of white muslins for the Red Sea. Colonel Keith replenished his wardrobe, and added considerably to mine; such necessary articles as brushes and combs, shoes and stockings, a hat and umbrella, were among his most welcome contributions. I wrote a very long letter to Deb, telling her of my adventure, and merciful escape; and I promised her a full budget on my arrival in India. I also told her of my bold flight from Kilcoo, as I had only sent her a few lines from Liverpool; and I again entreated her to keep my whereabouts a profound secret from all the world save Mrs. West. Colonel Keith telegraphed to my aunt, and I added a few lines on the chance of their arriving a day or two before me. After spending nearly a week at Gibraltar in company with Colonel Keith and Mr. Campbell, and visiting the galleries, the fruit-market, and various other "sights," we once more resumed our journey to the gorgeous East, on board the P. and O. steamer *Indostan*.

TO BE CONTINUED

Success has been known to assume the guise of a sexton long enough to dig the grave of genius.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Let our Lord plan and direct,—you submit. And if you wish to please Him exceedingly, be pleased with what He ordains for you. This will at once cut off a million of distractions, and draw Him to your heart, where He will remain if only you attend to Him and entice Him to stay by these little simple acts of love and resignation.—Jerusha Barber.

THE DECISION

Written for the Visitor by Kathryn Hurley

Ding—Dong—D-o-n-g. Sweetly, almost pathetically, the last note of the church-bell died away. It had called—let those who would respond.

The last few worshippers hurried up the broad steps of the sacred edifice—the Catholic Church of West-mount.

At the last, lingering notes of the bell died away and the services for the souls in Purgatory were about to commence, a sweet-faced girl walked up the aisle, bowed reverentially, and entered her pew.

She was a young girl, just turned nineteen.

As she knelt in prayer, her eyes fixed upon the altar, there was a heavenly rest crept into them, and for those few moments, at least, she saw no one—heard no one—she was alone with her God.

Ever since a toddling child, she had come to place all her little pleasures and trials at the feet of the sweet Infant and His blessed Mother—and now—now—she had come with her heart breaking, to ask their aid and guidance, for a crushing sorrow had come into her life, and a decision had to be made.

Mary Armstrong was one of a large family; her parents had worked hard to educate the five sons and four daughters, and could now look with pride on their family. All had good positions, and when Mary, the youngest, and pet of all, had finished school, a splendid place was ready for her, and she entered happily on her new duties, in the office of a large manufacturing concern.

All who came in contact with this sweet girl, loved her: whether business or social life called, she had ever the gentle charm to win all hearts.

Little wonder that the fine, mainly fellow, who daily saw her loveliness and sweetness of character, learned to love her, and she in time returned his love.

And now—oh God! could it be true! she must—must—must give him up. In a dull, wandering way, she chanted the Rosary, responding to the peters and aves almost mechanically; and then her mind ever returning to the one subject, decided, with almost a convulsive little sob—"It is best."

And kneeling there, murmuring with the multitude, she reviewed her little romance.

It had all commenced so easily, so sweetly.

She could remember the morning she first entered the office—the usual fear and trepidation, fearful of making some great mistake; and yet how good they had been to her; and their goodness seemed cold when compared with his kindness; he had not allowed her pretty brows to frown long over a complicated invoice—he seemed ever watchful to make things easy for her.

And then the delightful walks home. It seemed strange, at first, that he was always ready at the same instant as she, the walks home from the office drifted to evening walks, strolls in the moonlight; then social gatherings, the theatre and concerts; he was always watching and waiting a chance to show his devotion.

It was all over. She must tell him to-night. As the services went on the battle still raged in her heart. How could she tell him "No."

Last night, when he had asked her to be his wife, she knew that never again could she love as she loved this man—William Dunmore; and when her cup of happiness seemed filled to overflowing, it was dashed to earth, and like many another such cup, the pieces could never again be made to form a semblance of its former self.

Her lover—her hero—her, whom she thought had no equal on earth; he, oh! God! the thought almost drove her mad—he was an unbeliever.

He has acknowledged it, hesitatingly, at first, but convincingly just the same—he told her as kindly as man could, that his want of belief need never cause her one moment's pain—too late—the drop had fallen—the blow of the executioner's axe could not have cut more keenly than that assertion, coming from the lips of the man she loved.

They had been so happy that no thought had entered her mind to question him.

An unconscious thought had possessed her that any man so noble, so upright and true, must necessarily acknowledge the authenticity of the divine Father—for she, sweet child of heaven, saw the reflection of God's goodness and greatness in everything animate and inanimate, by which she was surrounded.

And now, this very unbelief of her idol, had brought her even closer to her God.

Hush—another bell—slow, sweet and solemn—'tis the Benediction; and as the priest holds the Sacred Host heavenward, Mary Armstrong bows low; and a calm, such as only follows a great battle, enters her heart, and as the words of the "Act of Reparation" fall from her white, drawn lips, she again kneels erect, answering clearly—"we ask pardon and make reparation."

Her battle was won.

At the foot of the steps, William Dunmore was waiting for her as he had done countless times before.

"My darling—it seems so long—so very long, and yet it is only a few hours since we parted at the office. You left early. I missed our walk."

She calmed her heart's wild throbbing and tried to speak.

They had walked along a favorite path.

The shades of night had lowered over the picturesque town; but even

the dreariness which inevitably accompanies November, could not hide the beauty of the scene.

The inhabitants had interfered but little with Nature, yet none could dispute the beauty of the painting ever fresh from the hand of the Great Master.

Mary Armstrong's voice came at last; low, sad, and yet distinct—oh—so distinct that years after, when sitting by his fireside or in his office, William Dunmore found himself repeating them, word for word.

"William! we have met—we have loved, and now we must part."

He stood and gazed dumbly at the young girl—no words would come, try, as he did, to speak.

Again she looked at him sadly.

"Do not try to talk, dear."

"There were some things we might have said over, but that of which you told me last night, leaves no possible bridge. Do not interrupt me, let me speak—for God's sake—while the words will come."

"Had you committed some grave mistake, yes, even so great as to steal, I think I could find some possible excuse, to forgive you; my love could triumph over many petty faults; but to know that the man I loved, and who loved me in return, could not acknowledge or bow his head to the sweet Saviour, the Guide of my infancy, childhood and girlhood; to know that come what could, let it be pleasure or sadness, we could not be united in our pleadings with the Great Father; and when the bright things of this world had flown, old age creeping on and still the husband of my dreams could see naught ahead but darkness; when I saw all this tonight, I felt, William, that just one moment's prayer at the feet of my Saviour's meant more to me than all your love, all this world's goods—yes—more than my very life itself."

"It is good-by."

"Perhaps some day God's light may dawn upon you—I shall ask it and in asking it and waiting for it, my life's work is set for me."

They had reached her modest home, and when Mary turned and walked up the little uncovered path he still stood, his head uncovered, his arms outstretched like a man suddenly bereft of reason.

He felt she was right—but for him—life was over.

Next morning an empty desk, an empty chair, told the world that William Dunmore had been suddenly called West, and his return was indefinite.

Mary Armstrong took up her daily tasks. She was ever the same sweet girl, truly a comfort to many and a help to all. The very battle she had fought had left her purified; and many a girl—and many a boy—found in her a true friend. She straightened many a tangled path—always weighing well her much sought advice.

Many marveled that she did not marry, for the finest youths of the town laid siege to her heart. She was kind to all—told them so sweetly as maiden could that her hand could not go where her heart did not follow.

At times when in the sanctity, of her own room, it seemed as though her very heart would break, when she thought of what might have been; and then, as quickly, she would drop on her knees, and thank God that He had given her sufficient strength for the sacrifice.

And thus ten years rolled by.

It was the most beautiful hour when day lingers to take a farewell glance at its own departing glory and the shades of night seem reluctant to hide the glorious sunset—the masterpiece of the Almighty.

A stern faced man sat gazing vacantly into space; as one foot tapped nervously the casement of the window, he looked drearily out at the magnificent sunset; but he minded it not.

He was dreaming—ever dreaming.

He had been sitting there since the close of his office. As his clerks and helpers had left and respectfully called "good night," he answered them briefly—but still dreamed on—his dream was ever the same.

With a weary sigh and all the unrest of a strong man's heart, he fought again life's battle.

Ten years had changed William Dunmore; from the pleasant faced boy he had grown into a stern visaged man. He had tried to drown his great grief in the maelstrom of business.

He had succeeded, financially, but the result was not satisfying—he could not learn to forget.

From the dreams of his early love, he moved on and on, over the years between.

"Just four years ago to-night," he mused, "Father FitzMaurice came to me. The dear old man. I decided at first I would not see him, but he pressed business—so I consented. How his kind old face glowed when he explained his pet charity home—he must have a club house for his boys."

"We must keep them off the street—out of the taverns," he said so earnestly that I had to agree with him. And when I gave him a contribution, the amount of which I was afterwards ashamed of, he placed his trembling hand upon my head and blessed me.

"That blessing—how strangely I have felt since that day."

Thus mused William Dunmore.

His reverie went on and on.

He had thought about the boys' home until he considered it a personal matter. Going to the good priest he had the plans explained more fully to him. Should he ever forget the clasp of the saintly man's hand, as

the check to cover all was passed from man to man.

"I thank my God as I thank you from my heart," was all the good priest said.

He had then insisted in taking his benefactor over the property.

All seemed commonplace enough until the main building was entered—the great solemn church—here a heavenly stillness—a solemnity which belongs nowhere but around that spot where burns the little light—all night—all day—telling one and all that God Himself is ever present.

As the reverend Father raised his beretta, dropped on his knees in adoration, William found his own head bowed to earth; he found himself admiring that it was not so much deference to his companion, as that strange feeling that someone else was present.

The thought never left him after. He found himself seeking Father FitzMaurice; the plans of the new building interested him; he added luxury after luxury to the reading-room, library and gymnasium.

He did not think it possible that anything but a pure business scheme could so interest him.

Since that day, which now seemed so long ago, when he had turned his face westward, crushed and broken-hearted, he had made business his one great hobby.

And his business success was phenomenal.

He thought it all over, sitting there alone—with night lowering o'er the great city, and all the world preparing to enjoy the rest and pleasure God planned for one and all.

His brow rested on his great strong hand.

He had thus spent many hours when the day's business cares were over.

Ding—Dong—D-o-n-g. My God! what is that?

He raised himself in his chair, brushed his hand over his brow. Not Yes—he is in dear old Westmount once more.

He is hurrying to meet Mary—the Benediction bell was always his signal.

Like a man bewildered, he reached for his hat, then walked calmly, steadfastly down his office steps, passed hurrying crowds, just a block—to Father Fitz Maurice's church.

The lights are rather dim through the aisle—but at the altar he gazed—and gazed.

The Benediction was over; the odor of incense still permeated the sacred edifice; Father Fitz Maurice descended from the tabernacle, the saintly smile more of heaven than of earth.

The congregation filed out, the lights on the altar extinguished, but a solitary soul remained. Into the noble soul and mind of William Dunmore crept that beautiful rest which comes only when right and wrong, truth and falsehood have been weighed and in the weighing, God's grace alone prevails.

The pastor, glancing over the sanctuary, to note if all is well, finds his friend at the foot of the altar, and the only words which emotion will permit his shaking lips to form, are "Thank God."

May, that most beautiful month of all the year, when birds, blossoms, yes, the very air—sings the harmony of the universe.

It was especially lovely in Westmount, for it is the prettiest town of the whole broad Dominion at any time of the year.

The praises of the Queen of Heaven were being sung in the quaint little church; the services were well started, when a tall stranger entered and bowed his head in prayer.

A lifetime it seemed to William Dunmore, since he had left all he cared most for; and now—how should he find his sweet Mary? Married perhaps, and happy in the keeping of another. Well, he could not complain. All his will force could not prevent him from revisiting the scene of his early love.

One thing it had done for him, this beautiful romance, it had kindled the slumbering spark of faith, and now, come what may, he had God's grace by him to meet it like a man.

No one recognized the stranger, for he had changed. Streaks of gray marked hair which had once been raven black.

He knelt there calmly and thanked God from his heart, for that beautiful submission he felt in his soul for the Master's will.

He rose, after the service, and passed slowly out. Perhaps—yes, perhaps—he would see her pass—yes, he must brave his heart for it—she might pass with husband, or maybe—lover.

Dreading the truth, yet craving to know, he stood in the shadow—and the little flock passed unconsciously along. Some faces he remembered, but still he looked beyond.

One of the last to leave the church was a stately girl—a woman, perhaps; her step was not that of nineteen, and yet one would look many times at this girl—woman, when a passing glance would do for "nineteen."

Could it be the shadows, or was it the wistful far away expression, akin to that he had himself worn so long, made William Dunmore start forward, almost draw back, and then go on—yes—it was sweet Mary—the girl he had cherished in his heart for ten long years.

One long, loving look from each to each—

"Mary—I have come at last." "William—am I dreaming? Why have you come, just as I had taught my soul to submit?" "I am here for you, my darling—I have seen the brightness of God's

glory and greatness—your prayers have been answered."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

PORTUGAL

"How is the gold become dim, the finest color is changed, the stones of the sanctuary are scattered in the top of every street?" Well may the words of the ancient prophet be used to express the change that has come over what was once among the fairest spots in the garden of the Church.

How changed from the times when Portugal was the first maritime power in Europe, from the times when Portuguese enterprise and venturesomeness opened the way to the Indies by rounding the Cape of Good Hope, from the times when to be a Lusitanian was to be a knight of the Cross, a crusader! When we contemplate the Portugal of to-day, we stand aghast at the wreck and ruin that man can work not only in a land but even in a nation.

The people of Portugal seem to be in a kind of prolonged death agony; their spirit is broken; the sun of hope does not shine for them; their past glories do not nerve them for the combat; like a fever-stricken patient, they are a prey to conflicting emotions; if they exert themselves, it is without method or order, like the convulsive quivering and aimless blows of one who is succumbing to an anesthetic. Can a nation have a new birth, a lusty childhood, a sturdy youth, and a vigorous manhood?

Just as the melting snows and the pattering raindrops on the watershed presage roaring torrents that spread death and desolation over the vast areas, so the beginning of Portugal's undoing can be traced by the course of events from the time when Alfonso the Crusader won his way against the Moorish infidels and established an independent sovereignty.

It was in the twelfth century that, thanks to the daring and prowess of Alfonso, Portugal took her place among the nations of the world. When the one vital question at issue was whether the Cross or the Crescent should be supreme in the western part of the Celtic Iberian Peninsula, there was little time, as there was little leisure, to dote and dream over the limitations or the amplification of the royal authority. Kings rewarded loyal service by great grants of land, which loyal servants promptly accepted; but the kings did things in a kingly way, for with the land they granted the right to levy taxes and to administer the laws. Thus it soon turned out that within the narrow confines of Portugal, there was not left directly subject to the monarch sufficient taxable property, to produce the needed revenues.

The inevitable took place. Angry disputes and violent rights and arbitrary deeds produced scenes of bitter enmity and bloodshed. But the kings triumphed.

Thanks to the bishops, Portugal adhered to the Roman line during the distressing period of the Western Schism. That the Church survived the shock of that sorrowful time is another proof of her divine origin; but though she survived, she did not escape unscathed. As a natural result of the spirit of strife and division, the Portuguese clergy became more dependent upon the king, whose power, or pretensions, in spirituals as well as in temporal, made rapid strides towards absolutism.

The success of the Portuguese arms in Africa, beginning with the defeat of the Moors and the capture of the stronghold of Ceuta in 1415, led to the seizure of Tangier in 1471. This town, which has one of the finest harbors in Morocco, remained a Portuguese possession until 1662, when it was made part of the dowry which Princess Catherine of Braganza brought with her when she went to England as the consort of King Charles II. These triumphs are but the beginning of a long series of brilliant exploits which made the Portuguese name known and feared as far as Indo-China.

The munificence of the Crown in providing for the propagation of the Faith and the support of religion won from the Holy See several very special favors, of which the most lasting, and the most far-reaching, and the most disastrous in its ultimate effects was the royal patronage, or patronage. Broad enough in its original scope, the favor conferred by Rome was stretched and wrenched by courtly legists into the rankest kind of a royal monopoly in matters ecclesiastical; for it was warped into a blanket patronage of the greater part of Africa and all the Far East, including not only dependencies of the Crown of Portugal and former dependencies of the same, but also other countries, even those in which the Home Government had never exercised nor claimed the right to exercise any act of civil jurisdiction.

The most glorious period of Portuguese activity in foreign parts embraces the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries. Portuguese explorers and merchants were everywhere and Portuguese missionaries accompanied them or speedily followed in their wake. Immense treasures poured into the mother country from South America and the Far East; but neither before nor since has it ever been demonstrated more forcibly or more emphatically that mere wealth does not and cannot constitute the true good and happiness of a people. Great wealth corrupted those that had it and beggared those that did not share it. Large estates owned by absentee landlords came into an ugly prominence, and serfdom in an acute and odious form became the established custom. The great body of the clergy could be roughly divided into three groups: first, those that, how little soever they actually had, cherished hopes and bent their energies towards the realization of them; third, those that had nothing and hoped for no more than they already had.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, the Church, which had been sadly hampered before, found herself all but literally bound hand and foot, and gagged. The notorious Marquis de Pombal, who had gained an absolute ascendancy over a soft and sensual monarch, seriously contemplated the setting up of a schismatic church, for he had witnessed on his travels abroad what seemed to him the best ideal of Church and State, namely, a national church dependent for the very breath of its nostrils upon the fiat of a lay legislative body. He began by waging war against the religious, who were the chief educators and catechists of the time; for, by almost common consent, the prelates and parish priests had left this very important duty to the various orders of friars and regular clerics. The Jesuits in particular were honored with Pombal's bitter and lasting hatred. What in expelling the Jesuits and suppressing many houses of other orders, Pombal paralyzed education in Portugal, for there was nobody at hand qualified (or, if qualified, disposed) to take up the work that the victims of the all-powerful marquis had been so brutally forced to relinquish. Then came the Napoleonic wars and the flight of the royal family to Brazil. The miseries of the throne next came to harass the country. This question having been settled by an appeal to the final argument of kings, a semblance of peace was restored to the unhappy realm, but there was a strong and bitter anti-dynastic party in the kingdom which finally occasioned a very general estrangement from the ruling house without, however, winning over many recruits to the cause of the other claimant of the throne. Little can be truthfully said against the last three Kings of Portugal. Louis was a student of quiet and retiring disposition; Carlos was fond of outdoor life and, like his father, left the details of government to his ministers; Manuel was an inexperienced youth who simply had to depend upon his advisers. All three may have been the helpless victims of circumstances, but it is certain that they made most unfortunate selections of men for positions of the greatest responsibility, where patriotism and loyalty were the prime requisites. The Church was degraded to the humiliating position of a State department. Official permits were exacted for such religious exercises as Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and for this permit a fee was exacted. The diocesan clergy were so few that the parishes could not be properly administered. Illiteracy among the people was the rule, not the exception. The public revenues were diverted from their legitimate purpose to enrich a hungry and idle swarm of hangers-on who profited by their relationship to the members of the cabinet, or by their social influence, to batten on what should have been devoted to improving the economic conditions of a country replete with natural wealth, yet impoverished almost to mendicancy.

On the day following the cruel murder of King Carlos and his elder son and heir to the throne, not a newspaper in Portugal had the courage to call the crime by its right name and to denounce the base perpetrators. Not that the king had no loyal subjects—far from it; but Portugal, since the evil days of Pombal, has been honeycombed with secret societies and is no stranger to the keen poisons of the assassin's sword.

The events that have occurred during the existence of the despotic thing, cynically called a "republic," are too fresh in our minds to call for repetition. The so-called Congress passed a measure intended to regulate the practice of religion; but its provisions were such that the representatives of foreign powers insisted upon certain modifications and exemptions in favor of their fellow-subjects, which were duly granted. The natives Catholics, however, were left to drain to the bitter dregs the cup of petty tyranny and coarse brutality which had been prepared for them by the vaunted champions of liberty. The avowed object of Alfonso Costa, the premier, is to drive the Catholic religion out of the hearts of the Portuguese. This feat it is hoped to accomplish in the course of three generations. The means employed are such as might have found favor with those persecuting emperors of pagan Rome who hesitated to spill Christian blood but felt no qualms of conscience over such innocent little trifles as confiscation of property, withholding the equal protection of the laws, imprisonment in filthy dungeons on any pretext or none, decrees of exile, and vexatious and intolerable espionage.

Portugal was once the fruitful mother of missionaries, but since the time of Pombal, of execrable memory, the zeal of her sons has so sadly languished that even in her own transmarine dependencies the mission work has been largely in the hands

of French, German, and Spanish priests.

"Son of man, dost thou think these bones shall live. And I answered: O Lord God, Thou knowest. And He said to me: Prophecy concerning these bones; and say to them: Ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. . . Behold, I will send spirit into you, and you shall live, and I will lay shafts upon you, and will cause flesh to grow over you, and will cover you with skin; and I will give you spirit and you shall live, and you shall know that I am the Lord."

Portugal's resurrection from her present state of national paralysis demands heroic souls in all orders of Church and State. If at the time of the Republican(?) revolution, there had been in the royal army a few more men like Captain Paiva Couceiro, the boy king could not have been hustled so unceremoniously out of the country on false pretences; if there had been more civilians like Gomes Leal, the public conscience would have been more sound; if there had been more prelates like Archbishop Manuel Coutinho and Bishop Leite de Vasconcelos, the clergy would have been more ready to meet the crisis. We are not to suppose for a moment that all Portugal is seething with wickedness, injustice, and irreligion, for the northern provinces are relatively sound in faith and morals. The country is really at the mercy of the graduates of the gutters of Lisbon and Oporto. This may grieve us, but it ought not to surprise us; for we can readily understand the effect that can be produced upon a pacific and orderly rural population by the strut and swagger of city hooligans, especially if these gangsters ignore the most elementary notions of human justice, rely upon spies for their information, pay these spies according to the information furnished, and, in a single word, make up for what they lack in numbers by brandishing the shotgun and the meat-axe, and by giving free vent to blustering threats, sandwiched in between cheap platitudes about "liberty"—a word which they could not recognize in a dictionary.

A nation that could produce a prelate like Archbishop Bartholomew of the Martyrs, a prince like Henry the Navigator, a king like Denis the Wise, not to mention a glorious array of soldiers, statesmen, and philosophers, must needs have in its bosom the seeds of future greatness; for national fecundity is not limited by the space of a few years. That those germs may respond to the call, it is set before us as a suitable intention in our charitable prayers. But we need no other motive than the fact that our Holy Father, the Pope, has designated and blessed this intention. God save Portugal!

HENRY J. SWIFT, S. J.

SCHOOLS AND THE BIBLE

There has been of late a growing agitation among non-Catholic Christians for the restoration of the reading of the Bible in the Public School. In some states the agitation has taken the practical form of bills introduced in the Legislature for the purpose of making this daily religious service a compulsory part of the school curriculum.

This in the face of the well-known opposition on the part of the Catholic and the Free Thinker is a Protestant presumption that violates every principle of religious liberty. It is acting on the assumption that this is a Protestant country and that too on the part of sectarians who are always clamoring about the dangers of a union of Church and State.

If we Catholics feel that the reading of the Protestant Bible to our children is a violation of their rights, then it is hard to understand why so many Protestants seek to override our objections.

Why this persistence on their part? We have yet to find them making the suggestion that the Catholic version of the Bible be used in the Public Schools. And if, as they say, we are too finical in protesting against the Protestant version, we rather expect that they would cease to be finical on their side and, if this movement is solely out of regard for the Word of God, they should sacrifice their sectarian demands and introduce the Catholic version.

But let that go. We do not expect that the sects that are urging Bible-reading in the schools will suddenly become so broad-minded as to ask that a version be read which is not displeasing to Catholics. However, we are not asking for that, for we do not believe that the Public School is the place for any religious service. So varied are the beliefs of the children that it is impossible to arrange matters without giving offense. And that in a free country is the only practical way of regarding the matter.

With many this persistence about the Bible in the schools is simply unopposed opposition to the Catholic Church. It is unadulterated bigotry. With others it is the attempt to remedy a bad matter. They realize the inefficiency of the Godless school, the mere instructing of children in the "useful" branches, without regard for their moral, or religious training. And hence, the conviction is so strong that to remedy matters there should be a return to the reading of the Bible, which to these well-meaning people constitutes all religion.

But is the mere reading of the Bible in the schools a solution of the problem. Assuredly not. It is simply trying to save a wounded conscience. It is only a show of moral training with the neglect of the vital things.

And this is not a uniquely Catholic view. Formerly it was. But many Protestants are coming to see the logic of the old Catholic argument in behalf of denominational schools. An instance comes from Philadelphia. At a weekly meeting of Baptist ministers held there one of the ministers expressed his conviction that the time is fast coming when all the denominations will see the necessity of establishing parochial schools. It was the sentiment of those present, who talked about the growth of juvenile crime that there was a necessity to teach religion to the youth, but that this teaching was not to be affected by the mere perfunctory reading of the Bible each morning.

It is no surprise to see men to whom the name "parochial school" was at one time significant of nothing but an attempt to destroy our free institutions recognizing its absolute necessity. The wonder is that any thinking man can hope to solve the question otherwise.

The new attitude of many non-Catholics is well expressed in this from the New England Journal: "There is one Church which makes religion an essential in education, and that is the Catholic Church, in which the mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs and whose brotherhoods and sisters, sisterhoods and nuns imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks their faith in human hearts when most plastic to the touch."

"Are they wrong, are they stupid, are they ignorant, that they found parish schools, convents, colleges, in which religion is taught?" "Not if a man be worth more than a dog or the human soul, with eternity for duration, is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right, then we are wrong; if our Puritan fathers were wise then we are foolish."

"Looking upon it as a mere speculative question, with their policy they will increase; with ours we will decrease. Macaulay predicted the endurance of the Catholic Church till the civilized Australian should sketch the ruins of London from a broken arch of London bridge."

"We are no prophet, but it does seem to us that Catholics retaining their religious teaching, and we our heathen schools, will gaze upon Cathedra when the meeting houses will be turned into barns."

"Let them go on teaching their religion to the children and we go on educating our children in schools without a recognition of God and without the reading of the Bible, and they will plant corn and train grapes on the unknown graves of Plymouth pilgrims and of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession."

We say this without expressing our own hopes or fears, but as inevitable from the fact that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

We have worked hard, and made many sacrifices for our Catholic schools because we know that they are needed for the proper training of our children. Men do not make sacrifices except for things that seem vital to them. We have cleared the way, and we feel that in time others will follow. It is the only way to free our country from the imputation of fostering the Godless school, a situation that in the words of the Baptist ministers of Philadelphia will never be relieved by the "mere perfunctory reading of the Bible."—Boston Pilot.

THE OLD FABLE

Some Baptist ministers, at least, will have no excuse hereafter for believing and repeating the old charge against the Church, that she chained the Bible to the altar, to prevent the people from having free access to its sacred pages. In a recent address before the Hartford Baptist Seminary, on Books in the Middle Ages, Professor Charles Snow Thayer gave an explanation of a custom, which has been overworked by some of our separated brethren in their effort to prove that Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible.

"It was a very common usage," said Professor Thayer, "to chain all books needed for consultation, so that they might be kept safe for all as a reference library. The same custom obtained in churches with Bibles and other books—not to restrict their use, but to protect the rights of the public."—Catholic Telegraph.



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PROTESTANT CHARGES

Non-Catholics who object to our faith on general and particular principles are accustomed to accuse us of evil-doing and misdeed, and simply because certain conditions in our religious life made it an easy enough thing for them to do. G. Elliot Anstruther, the organizing secretary of the Catholic Truth Society in England, makes it his business to deal with charges of this sort in one of the booklets issued by that body. Here, categorically, are some of the accusations he deals with:

THE BIBLE

In regard to the Bible, he says, the principal difference between the Catholic and Protestant attitude towards the Bible is that one recognizes, while the other rejects, the need for an infallible authority to be the guide and interpreter of the sacred text. Catholics accept and revere the Bible on the authority of the Catholic Church which originally drew up the "Canon," or list of writings which make up the Bible.

Without the Church there would have been no Bible. Protestants hold that individual interpretation will reveal God's word to all who seek it truly. The result of this is, says Anstruther, in effect that there are a multiplicity of doctrines, based on the Bible, in Protestant sects. Catholics have only one. Some of the readings of the Bible by non-Catholics also tend perilously towards rationalism. Far from being forbidden to read the Bible, Catholics are encouraged to do so, and there exists an indulgence granted by the late Pope to all the faithful who make it a practice to read the Bible.

WHY PRIESTS DO NOT MARRY

Celibacy in the Catholic Church is a matter of discipline, not of doctrine. No article of faith would be affected if the Catholic clergy was given permission to marry, and the celibacy of the clergy does not belittle the state of matrimony, which is sacramental and holy. It is wise that an unmarried clergy should consecrate themselves to the duties of the temple and not of the home, says Mr. Anstruther. The Church asks all its ministers' service. The idea of clerical celibacy is, moreover, appealing to a widening circle, as in the Anglican Church, for example. The Catholic priesthood exhibits morality in one of its highest known aspects.

CONFESSION

Since the early ages of Christianity, confession has been one of the parts of Catholic belief and practice. Non-Catholics (of the most ignorant kind) say that Catholics can commit any iniquity and get absolution from a priest by confession. They also say that priests are paid for absolution. Catholics know that this is not so, and Ireland (says Anstruther) is a country which exercises this use of the confessional most, and is one of the most moral in the world. Priests are merely the instruments of God, and every Catholic, from the Pope down, has to make his confession.

CONVENTS

Many non-Catholics think that convents are places in which women are kept against their will; that these women are at the mercy of tyrannical priests and superiors. It is, however, a certain fact that it is far easier for a woman to get out of a convent than to get into one. Most postulants (candidates) are rejected for every one that is accepted for the religious life. Nuns do not take their vows till after a lengthy period of trial. It is to be noted that all the "escaped" nuns have at least been able to "escape." Are monks and nuns lazy or useless? Surely good works are a proof that they are neither the one nor the other.

DO WE WORSHIP IMAGES

The Church encourages the use of statues, crucifixes as "reminders" to which a relative honor is paid. When an army salutes its flag, does it pay honor to the piece of cloth of which the flag is made? It simply testifies its faith in a principle. When a Catholic kneels before a crucifix, he is not praying to anything but to Christ there represented.

INDULGENCES

"An indulgence is not leave to commit sin, but a remission granted by the Church, of the temporal punishment which often remains due to sin after its guilt has been forgiven," says Mr. Anstruther. A "forty days" indulgence does not mean forty days less in purgatory, it simply means that once the Church used to impose a penance of "forty days" duration, and that conditions at present make prayer or fasting an easier way to satisfy the requirements of penance.

THE INFALLIBLE POPE

By infallible, Catholics do not mean impeccable, or sinless, nor do they think the Pope possesses divine attributes. But Catholics certainly do hold that the Pope when he voices the majesty or authority of the Church is divinely protected from teaching error—God having promised this through His Divine Son. Certain Popes have fallen into

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error, but on examination these errors were not found to affect doctrine.

JESUITS

The doctrines believed by the Jesuits are just the same as those believed by all Catholics all over the world. They have no "secret oaths" nor do they teach that "the end justifies the means." They do not direct the Papacy, nor govern the Pope, nor plot, nor conspire, nor are there any "female Jesuits," nor any in government or cabinet. Even when the so-called "penny blasphemous," the anti-Catholic Rock Islander Father Bernard Vaughan, it had to pay \$1,500 for the privilege of doing so.

SOCIETY'S ONLY SALVATION

If present conditions continue to gather strength—and everything indicated that they will—the day cannot be far distant in this country when the people thereof will be compelled to rally to the position of the Catholic Church on the matters of marriage and divorce. Not because there will be an acceptance of her doctrines, but because they will recognize her position in these particulars to be the perpetuation of the family and the only salvation of society.

In the change of view and the consequent change of law the Church may receive neither compliment nor even mention. Yet the fact will remain that she has been the most powerful factor in the result. For it is impossible to secure correction of the conditions indicated without approach of some kind to the Church's position.

From every quarter there are coming new and destructive notions of marriage, while the even more destructive work of our divorce courts leave no hope for future safety save in substantial enforcement of the teaching of the Church in these particulars. And there is a well defined demand to-day for such substantial enforcement, though arising from other reasons. We see it in the effort to abolish by legal enactment that oldest form of concupiscent cohabitation, called common law marriage. In the eyes of the Church this is no marriage at all. On the contrary, she holds it to be nothing more than a legally condoned and notorious violation of the sixth commandment.

Another forming reform along the same line is aimed at so-called trial marriage, which the Church denounces. She stands uncompromisingly for a life-union. In a restricted sense, trial marriage is more properly regarded as experimental marital lust. However, a more liberal interpretation—and one in keeping with our divorce statistics, would indicate that a large proportion of present day marriages come within the same category.

Under such conditions it is pleasing and encouraging, indeed, to find some of the influential sectarian bodies awaking to the gravity of the situation and casting their influence for the Catholic contention. The latest example is that of the General Assembly of the Northern Presbyterian Church which met at Atlanta. It declared marriage to be a sacred institution and favored more rigid marriage and divorce laws. The stand is creditable to the Presbyterians. It would be equally creditable to all other Protestant denominations. And if all were to vigorously unite on such a platform it is certain that the desired reforms could be soon secured throughout the entire country.—Church Progress.

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Letters of Recommendation. Apostolic Delegation. Mr. Thomas Coffey, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

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

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate, UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 27th, 1900.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, T. D. FALCONE, Arch. of Larissa, Apoc. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1918

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP FALLON LEAVES FOR EUROPE

The Catholic Tours of Chevalier John J. McGrane have grown into what might be called a regular educational institution for Catholics of this continent. For twenty years Mr. McGrane has afforded Catholics of all walks of life the opportunity of enjoying the broadening and educational influences of travel under the most favorable and pleasant conditions.

As it is impossible to be saved without devotion to Mary, so likewise it is impossible to be lost when one loves, honors and confides in her as her child.

"IMPROVE THE PUBLIC SCHOOL COURSE"

While there is nothing of more universal or vital interest than primary schools, and while under our system of government with a responsible Minister of Education the people through their representatives are supposed to control and direct the course of public instruction, there is perhaps no department of government where public opinion exerts so little effective influence.

The general mental attitude thus leaves us more prone to indulge in useless and impertinent comments on the school system of Quebec than to intelligent or constructive criticism of our own.

We were glad, therefore, to see the Globe comment editorially on the fact that only an insignificant proportion of the school population now takes up fifth class work, a condition which contrasts unfavorably with the time when "there were in the rural schools of this Province well attended fifth classes doing excellent work."

"Anyone who examines the course of study for public school fifth-form pupils will see that it is not expecting too much of children of fifteen to have gone through it with very helpful thoroughness, and therefore it is of the utmost importance to get at the reason for the wholesale exodus of pupils from the public schools after they complete the fourth-form work.

The fact that our boys generally leave the primary school before getting all that the school has to give them is notorious, and it requires no expert knowledge to recognize the fact or to discuss its significance. With the Globe's opinion that the High School Entrance examination is "the most potent cause" of this regrettable state of affairs we cannot agree.

The priests and people of London Diocese as well as his many warm friends throughout Canada and the United States will heartily wish His Lordship Bishop Fallon Godspeed on his well-earned holiday, and will pray for his safe return to prosecute with renewed vigor the many important works he has already initiated; and in still other ways serve the cause of God and country with the energy, enthusiasm and single-mindedness of purpose that have characterized his whole career.

tory conditions both of primary and secondary education by making a scape-goat of the high school entrance examination. Nevertheless it is an encouraging sign that practical discussion of educational problems tends to replace complacent self-laudation.

We have already pointed out, but for very different reasons from those given by the Globe, that the Entrance examination as such is hurtful to primary schools and accounts in some measure for the exodus of pupils before finishing the primary course. There should be a public school leaving examination obligatory for all primary school pupils; those who left school before passing it would then, by the very fact, proclaim to all whom it might concern that they had not completed their primary course.

"However much," says the Tablet, "historians of the future may be able to rectify the Catalogue of the Popes, one thing is certain, and that is that the Annuario Pontificio of 1913 did not even attempt such a task. Neither for scientific nor for any other reasons did it beg, borrow or steal any names to add to existing 'official' lists; nor, on any pretext whatever, did it expunge any names already appearing in them. Rightly or wrongly, it simply reproduced an official list that had been issued nearly two centuries ago.

AN EXPLANATION

A correspondent enclosing the following clipping from a Catholic paper asks for an explanation:

"A Rome report says that Pius X. is now reckoned as the 259th successor of St. Peter, and that he directed the doubtful Popes Boniface VI., Boniface VII., John XVI. and Benedict X. to be suppressed in the list of Popes, so as to remove any historical doubt as to the Apostolic succession."

Enclosed also was a comment from a Protestant paper, but as no comment could make the item quoted more grotesque, we shall attend only to the passage quoted. It is only fair to say that it was the scissors and paste-pot editor, or whoever, for the time being, may have replaced him, that is responsible for the appearance of the absurd item in the columns of a Catholic journal.

As a matter of fact the Annuario of 1913 simply reproduced the list of Popes as published by Benedict XIV. in 1715; and in that list the said four names did not appear. Nor are they found in what may be called the official series of Papal portraits in the Church of St. Paul's outside the walls. No competent Catholic historian ever included the four "missing" Popes, with the exception of Boniface VI., in the catalogue of the successors of St. Peter.

We should imagine that a well-instructed school-boy would laugh at the idea of the apostolic succession being involved in such a question. However, we have often found it useful to take a similar event in the civil order where religious bias is absent, for the purposes of illustration.

puted the title to the crown. Confusion and war often resulted; but whatever inconvenience and doubt may have existed at the time, we at the present day have no doubt as to who is king of England. It is claimed by some, whether with any good reason or not does not matter, that Samuel J. Tilden should have been the rightful president of the United States when Rutherford B. Hayes was fraudulently substituted for him.

There have been troublesome times in the history of the Papacy; Popes and anti-Popes disputed the right to act as Head of the Church; there were cases when it was difficult to decide which was the rightful Pope. Such questions now have only an historic interest. We know, that the successor of St. Peter at the present time is Pius X. May God preserve him, and earth and heaven be glad to see him on his throne.

"I don't believe there is any more religion in codfish than in beefsteak; honestly I don't." "The Catholic Church says we will give the laity a little water and let the priest drink the wine." "As for addressing prayers to the Virgin Mary he would much rather offer prayer to his departed mother, as he knew her. I believe my mother was as good a saint as Mary ever

"MONKS ON STRIKE TO GET TROUSERS"

Under this fearsome headline the papers have told of a strike in St. Michael's Monastery at Maikop, in the Caucasus. "Father Ambrosio, the head of the monastery," we are told, "refuses to grant the demands of the strikers, and the services have consequently been suspended. The bells are silent and the cloisters forsaken."

We read this item in a Toronto paper that gave no space at all to the conversion to Catholicity of the Anglican monks of Caldey Island, or of the Anglican Sisters of St. Bride's. Curious, is it not, how valuable space is at times, and how prodigal we can be with it at other times.

WANT OF DIGNITY IN THE PULPIT

Rev. W. C. Riddiford preached in the Egerton Street Baptist Church last Sunday. A report of his deliverance appeared in Monday's Advertiser and one of our subscribers sent it to us with a request to enter the lists of controversy with the reverend gentleman. We positively decline to do so. There are clergymen and clergymen in the sects. With discreet, well-meaning Protestant preachers who are trying to do good according to their lights, we are always ready to hold converse upon matters controversial, but with the class to which Rev. Mr. Riddiford belongs we desire to remain silent.

In this connection we may mention a few very significant words which appeared in the editorial columns of the Globe of June 26th. Alderman S. Morley Wickett addressed the Canadian Club of Hamilton upon Commission Government. He gave the result of experiments made along this line in various countries of the world. The Globe says: "If Dr. Wickett has discovered a European municipal administration anything corresponding to the Orange lodges in Toronto's civic management he makes no mention of it." There is

here for our Protestant fellow-citizens food for thought. In certain centers the attainment of position is assured if some undesirable citizen enters upon a crusade against "Romanism." With some this seems to be a proof of orthodoxy. The result of lodge rule is every day affording proof that there is a great deal of knavery in the anti-Catholic attitude of certain mediocrities who are seeking prominence in the political and municipal life of the country.

GOOD APPOINTMENTS

Official announcement has been received that Mr. John O. Dromgole, barrister, of this city, has been made County Judge of Essex, and Moses McFadden, K. C., County Judge of Sault Ste Marie. Canadians have reason to be gratified with the knowledge that all our governments, whether Liberal or Conservative, exercise the utmost care in the selection of legal gentlemen to occupy seats on the Bench. In the history of the country few mistakes have been made in this regard.

ULSTER DOESN'T COUNT

"It is not important whether the people of Canada are for or against Home Rule. The vital question is the attitude on the bill that will be taken by the great non-Conformist bodies in Britain."—Mail and Empire.

This is the "most unkindest" cut of all. So Ulsteria even in its latest phase of pretending to substitute for the wooden guns of the Solemn League and Covenant, real rifles that could be loaded with real ammunition, not even this impresses the Mail and Empire with the idea that Ulster talk or Ulster threats, or the Ulster attitude enters in any important degree into the question of Home Rule.

We can imagine Editor Hocken quoting *et tu Brute* or its American translation. Evidently the Mail and Empire is not subscribing to that civil war fund that the lodges of the Bangor district are collecting with all the secrecy which surrounds their importation of arms.

OFFICE HUNTERS

A despatch from Ottawa tells us that the Grand Association of the Orange Order of Saskatchewan, backed by the Orange Order of Ontario, and of course by the official organ, will take steps to have the 1913 amendments of the Saskatchewan School Act disallowed by Premier Borden on the ground of unconstitutionality. This statement is somewhat surprising, as we did not think Premier Borden had the power to disallow an act duly passed by both houses of Parliament.

The agitation is promoted by place hunters and if the government is weak enough to provide for these misfits the disturbance will subside for a period. A little while and there will be another commotion and our civil and religious liberties will be in danger until another batch of mediocrities are placed. The wonder is that all our people do not see the hollowness and hypocrisy of this miserable business. "Romish aggression" is preached that the ranks of this politico-religious association may be filled up. The Grand Masters then show their goods to the powers that be and demand recognition by way of semi-monthly government cheques.

In the north end of the city on the same day the Bishop of London dedicated St. Michael's Church, a large and splendidly constructed brick edifice capable of holding nearly a thousand people. In the formation of this parish Rev. James Hanlon, the parish priest, has given

evidence of rare constructive ability. A few years ago it would be considered imprudent to think of establishing a parish in that section of London, but to-day Father Hanlon has gathered about him one of the best and most zealous congregations in the diocese. Its growth is rapid and in a very few years the spacious edifice will be taxed to its utmost capacity.

CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND

Lecturing recently in New York the Rev. Vincent McNabb, the famous English Dominican, declared that the return of England to Catholicity was becoming more evident daily, and that the number of men of intelligence, influence and position who are coming into the Church was never so great as it is at present.

That they will occupy a high place amongst the judiciary of Ontario no one has the least doubt.

CHURCH ADVANCEMENT

If we may make use of a commercial expression, we have no hesitation in saying that this is the "growing time" for the Church in the Diocese of London. Constant, earnest and prudent advancement in things pertaining to the spread of the Faith has been visible on every hand in this diocese during the past three years. Bishop Fallon's predecessors build as well as they could in their day. But times have changed. This is Canada's century in matters of material advancement, and the Catholic Church in this portion of the vineyard as well as elsewhere marches onward to wit firm and steady step.

On the 22nd of June St. Anne's Church, Walkerville, was solemnly dedicated by His Lordship, who celebrated Pontifical High Mass. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Griffin of Holy Rosary Church, Detroit. Bishop Fallon preached in the evening and a large class of children and adults were confirmed. This sacred edifice was built at a cost of \$85,000 and it has a seating capacity of five hundred. Rev. H. N. Robert, the parish priest, is recognized as a man of holy zeal in the service of God's Church and holds high place with his Bishop and with the priest-hood of the diocese.

In the cathedral city, last week was also one of particular interest to Catholics. At 8 o'clock on Sunday morning His Lordship dedicated the new church of St. Patrick. He was also celebrant of the Mass. This parish will be in the care of the Redemptorist Order with Rev. Father McPhail as pastor. The Provincial of the Order was present on the occasion. This is a temporary structure designed to accommodate the Catholics of the east end until such time as the contemplated new church, which will be begun immediately, will be constructed.

It will be one of the finest edifices in the city. The advent of the Redemptorist Order to London is looked upon by Catholics as a matter of very great importance. Their splendid work for the faith in other sections of the Dominion gives assurance that the progress of the Church in East London, where reside for the most part the industrial class, will be rapid and permanent.

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in connection with this church there is being erected a school which will cost \$20,000, and it will be ready for occupation in September.

The Catholic Record congratulates His Lordship Bishop Fallon upon the wonderful success of all his undertakings. It cannot well be otherwise because he has earned and enjoys the esteem and confidence and love of a loyal priesthood and a faithful and generous flock.

COLUMBA

It is thus that the hand of time has undone the work of that zealot for pure religion, Henry the much married.

Roughly speaking, about 370 houses were suppressed by Henry the Eighth in 1536, scattering about 20,000 members. To day of convents for women alone, there are close upon 450, including religious institutions kept by nuns, and orphanages, in England.

The English Jesuits are, perhaps, the strongest of the orders. Their colleges, like Stonyhurst and Beaumont, in addition to being leading Catholic colleges, in point of architecture compare well with such historic institutions as Eton and Harrow, while at Oxford University they have their own private hall. The old Friars preachers are back again at Haverstock Hill in London, famous for its retreats every year while at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, the largest of their six houses, can be seen exactly the same life as was lived in the old Monastery of Blackfriars, which lay between St. Paul's and the Strand, and which was used by Cardinal Campeggio for the great trial of Queen Catharine of Aragon, which survived in name when Shakespeare used its back yard for a theatre, and to this day in the bridge which spans the Thames there.

The White Friars, who gave their name to that locality just off Fleet street, have also survived, and the Carmelites are back again in Kensington. The Charterhouse, too, which is a corruption of the name of the chief monastery of the Carthusians—La Grande Chartreuse—is also a living reality. The old Austin Friars are back in Fulham, and the Canons of St. Augustine, whose chief house was St. Bartholomew's the Great, now number six houses.

So completely did Henry "reform" the monastic orders that, in 1556, when Mary tried to restore Westminster Abbey to the Order of Black Monks, she could only find a little community of fifteen monks to place under the last Abbot of Westminster, Dom John Feckenham. To-day, in England, they are once more teaching, praying, and building, as of old. Then there are the Cistercians, whose beautiful Abbey of Tintern, on the Wye, is the best preserved of three hundred houses they formerly counted, and the Oratorians, Newman's Order, who boast the finest modern Church in London.

It is thus that the hand of time has undone the work of that zealot for pure religion, Henry the much married.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

To further their work of proselytism among the Jews the Presbyterians have erected a thirty-five thousand dollar building in Toronto, which they call a "Synagogue." This is in line with the bogus Masses designed to captivate Ruthenian Catholics. Both give apt point and illustration to the familiar line: "Come into my garden, said the spider to the fly."

FROM IRELAND comes a similar story of fraud and deception, which has obtained publicity through an indiscretion of the Protestant Alliance Magazine, whose motive, however, was to prejudice the A. O. H., and thereby to score a point in favor of Belfast Unionism. The sole part played by the Hibernians in the episode was to warn intended victims of their danger.

IT SEEMS that an overly zealous Protestant lady of Dublin conceived the idea of starting a "Bible Class for Catholic servant girls," and to give the venture immediate impetus had a quantity of cards printed and circulated judiciously in her neighborhood—Rathmines and Rathgar districts. These cards read as follows:

WEDNESDAYS
at 8 p. m.
SINGING AND R. C. TESTAMENT
5 Belgrave Place
Belgrave Square

The scheme was further enlarged by calling it boldly the "Servant Girls' Roman Catholic Bible Class," and a decoy sent out gave verbal assurance that the version of Scripture used in the class was authorized by Archbishop Fricker, parish priest of Rathmines. The Archdeacon, it seems, had once said in the hearing of the lady that "one could not read a better book," which remark, it is superfluous to add, had no connection whatever with the scheme in question.

UNDER THE impression thus sedulously put forward that the projected "class" was under Catholic auspices, a number of girls were induced to attend the initial meeting. This meeting was opened with a Protestant hymn, which of itself gave the whole thing away, but the repetition of the falsehood regarding the Archdeacon, seems to have for the time being dissipated the scruples of the audience. Then the Ladies' Auxiliary of the A. O. H. got wind of it, and, at the next meeting, the "teacher" had, unknowingly, the President of that organization and several other members as auditors. At the right time this lady stood up and, on the evidence before her, denounced the whole affair as a fraud, and demanded proof on the spot of the vaunted approval of the parish priest. This quite confounded the teacher and broke up the meeting. It also wound up the "class" permanently.

THEN CAME THE indiscretion of the Protestant Alliance Magazine, which, in hope of making capital for the cause it represents, "cooked" the story as "Irish Church Missionary News." It might better have kept silence, for this led to the facts of the affair being made public by the A. O. H., to the great confusion and discomfiture of those concerned. An amusing feature of the affair is that while the Alliance denounced the interference of the Hibernians as a "sample of the toleration of the Church of Rome in Ireland, and the liberty of conscience which that Church allows," it quite innocently gave the "motif" of the whole thing away by saying that one result of the interference of the A. O. H. had been to "lead one girl to come out boldly on the Lord's side." In the light of experience it is unnecessary to elucidate that remark. But the reflection arises why self-respecting Protestants, whether on that side of the water or on this, should, by their pecuniary support, give countenance to such ignoble and dishonest tactics. Truly the passion for proselytism produces singular results in the sectarian breast.

AT THE RECENT Presbyterian Congress, the Rev. Dr. Herridge of Ottawa, who enjoys a reputation for scholarship and broad-mindedness, none too common in that denomination, is reported to have said: "We are not afraid of the episcopal idea, for we are all bishops." In making a claim there is nothing after all like making it a big one, for something must be allowed for leakage and shrinkage. That maxim is often

acted upon in business of a kind, and it seems scarcely wise to leave it out of sight in these man-made religions.

IT IS OF NO significance, of course, that in Presbyterian history episcopacy in any form ranks among the "damnable heresies." It is the Covenanters' boast that they have made blood flow like water in withstanding it. But in these days of relaxing creeds and expanding ordinances; of the casting away of substances while retaining the shadows—why not go the full length, and laying aside the old prejudice against "prelacy," all become bishops. It requires only a resolution of the General Assembly to effect this, and (an important consideration) it would cost nothing. Why not, in addressing that august body, let all be "My Lords," instead of the more cumbersome "Fathers and Brethren."

BROODING OVER Dr. Herridge's words, an Anglican correspondent of one of the daily papers takes him to task for so "preposterous a claim." The Episcopal or Apostolic succession, according to this writer, is the sole prerogative of the Church of England, and the Presbyterians being of a lower order, have no claim in scripture, in history or in reason to the right of ordination or the "laying on of hands." Hence (the logical conclusion) according to Anglican theology the Presbyterian minister is but a layman. One can imagine how this spirit industriously propagated would hasten the much-heralded "union of all the churches."

THIS ANGLICAN demurrer to the Presbyterian claim is apparently assured of his own footing. It might not redound to his peace of mind, but, nevertheless, might turn his thoughts in the right direction, to give a little honest study to the foundations of his communion. He would at least be convinced that there is not or was not in the whole world a more debatable question than that of Anglican Orders. We say not, for with the decision of the Holy See (a decision sought for and precipitated by Anglicans themselves) on the question, their theories collapsed like a house of cards. The question never was other than an antiquarian one, and now it must be said that there is scarcely a question in the whole world so effectually disposed of as Anglican Orders. While these Anglican churchmen, therefore, are lecturing their Presbyterian friends upon apostolical succession and the matter of ordination, the Orthodox Eastern Church (not to mention others) will have none of theirs. So that in this matter Anglicans seem to be in the same boat with the Presbyterians.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND THE TABLET

The Bishop of Manchester has lost no time in making his reply to the comments which appeared in these columns on his recent protest against the marriage law of the Catholic Church. In a reminiscent mood the Bishop tells the readers of his diocesan magazine that his grandfather was a Quaker, and was excommunicated by that Society when he married a lady who was not of that persuasion. The Bishop continues: "But the Society of Friends did not tell my grandfather that he was an adulterer, nor endeavor to separate my grandmother from him." But why should it have done either of these things? They disliked the marriage, and expelled the man from their Society, but they never questioned the validity of the union. Then how is the story relevant? The Bishop goes on: "If the poor wife at Burnley had been told that her marriage, though valid by civil law, was not valid by canon law the statement might not have seriously distressed her." But that is just what she was told. It was explained to her that as she had not been married in accordance with the conditions required by the Church, her marriage, though legally quite valid, was before God no marriage at all. At the same time it would be explained to her how the omissions of the past could be made good. The Bishop ties again: "Or, if she had been told that the payment of sufficient fees would validate the marriage, she could have used her own discretion about paying them." Here the Bishop is misleading. No money could make the marriage valid. The Bishop is also unhappy in his next suggestion: "Or, again, if she had been told beforehand that by marrying a Protestant she would cease to be a member of the Church of Rome, she could have chosen between her marriage and her Church." But nobody could possibly tell her anything of the sort. A woman does not cease to be a Catholic because she disobeys a law of the Church. Then comes a strange argument: "But it is quite a different matter after marriage to inter-vene between husband and wife, and

to represent as adulterous a union which, after all, Rome herself would have recognized as valid, if certain steps had been taken in the right quarter to make it valid." We fear this will mystify the readers of the diocesan magazine. It seems to lay down the proposition that no marriage should be regarded as invalid if it would have been good had certain steps been taken which in fact were not taken. Finally, we read this: "Further, adultery is a crime as well as a sin. A crime is an offence against the law of the land. The Pope has no right to make laws for England." If this means anything, it means that as adultery is a crime, and crimes are offences against the law, therefore adultery is an offence against the law. It is the familiar fallacy of "the undistributed middle" and, as a matter of fact, adultery is not an offence punishable by law. So the suggestion that the Pope had interfered with the criminal law of England falls to the ground.

The rash Bishop then passes to consider the questions arising out of the Deceased Wife's Sister Act. The main issue cannot be better stated than it was by Canon Thompson in a letter to the Guardian: "Do you realize the difficulty which the clergy have now to face? They are required by Canon to exhibit in their churches a table of marriages forbidden by Scripture, and they are required by the judgment to communicate couples who have contracted one of these marriages forbidden by Scripture. There is only one way out of the difficulty. We must concede that the British Parliament can interpret Holy Scripture and define Christian morals." And to do all this, the Anglican clergy have all over the country quietly accepted that way out of the difficulty. Canon Thompson fought a lonely fight in the Law Courts, and was, of course, defeated, and he has found no imitators. The Bishop of Manchester plays with the question thus: "The State does not claim to alter the laws of the Church, but it claims to protect those who are acting in conformity with State law from being branded as 'notorious and open evil-livers.'" But if people contract a marriage which by the law of God is "incestuous," surely they are rightly and properly described as "notorious and open evil-livers." They have been so described by the Anglican Church for centuries, and if this language of official censure is now to be repudiated, it can only be because what the Established Church has always regarded as the Law of God has recently been amended by Act of Parliament. The case stands this way. Up till August, 1908, the Church of England had no doubts. She taught that marriage with a deceased wife's sister was against the divine law, and her ministers were explicitly required to repel persons who had contracted such unions from the Communion-table. Canon 39 (1908) says: "No persons shall marry within the degrees prohibited by the laws of God, and expressed in a Table set forth by authority in the year of Our Lord 1563. And all marriages so made and contracted shall be judged incestuous and unlawful, and consequently shall be dissolved as void from the beginning, and the parties so married shall, by course of law, be separated. And the afore-said Table shall be in every church publicly set up and fixed at the charge of the parish. A reference to the 'Table of Kindred and Affinity,' which is bound up with every copy of the prayer-book, shows that deceased wife's sister is within the degrees which are declared to be 'prohibited by the laws of God.' A revised edition of the Prayer-book, in which the 'Table of Kindred and Affinity' shall have been brought up to date and into harmony with the recent decisions of Parliament, is clearly called for.

One more passage from the Bishop's message deserves quotation: "As for marriages with a deceased wife's sister, the Table is, of course, perfectly well away, the Roman grants dispensations for them, and that the scriptural argument, on which their invalidity for the Church of England depends, is very far from being indisputable. Many of us resisted the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill because we saw that it was the beginning of tampering with marriage laws, and therefore objectionable—not because we were convinced that such unions were sinful." That the Bishop should regard the Deceased Wife's Sister Act as "the beginning of tampering with marriage laws" will surely seem surprising, even to the docile readers of the diocesan magazine. That doubts as to whether the Church of England has not from the beginning been all wrong in teaching that marriage with a deceased wife's sister was contrary to the law of God should now at last begin to trouble the mind of the Bishop seems too natural, and even inevitable, in view of the recent statute, to call for comment. But the remark about the dispensations so frequently granted for these unions in the Catholic Church makes it necessary to remind the Bishop of the vital difference between the Catholic and Protestant positions. As we have seen, the Ninety-ninth Canon of the Anglican Church declares that the marriage prohibitions based on Leviticus are "God's laws," and that all marriages contracted contrary to them are adjudged as "incestuous and unlawful," and "to be dissolved as void from the beginning." Doubts as to the truth of this teaching, as we know, have recently sprouted in the mind of the Bishop of Manchester, and in the circumstances, we have no doubt they will develop and deepen.

But the Catholic Church has always consistently taught that the Levitical prohibitions on this subject passed away with the old dispensation, so that there remain only the prohibitions of the Divine natural law forbidding marriage in the first degree, or in the first direct descending line of relationship. For the rest, the Church, having issued a number of additional prohibitions in the form of impediments to marriage within certain degrees of consanguinity and affinity, is free to release from them. She dispenses only from her own ecclesiastical laws. That is the vital distinction which the Bishop of Manchester in his haste has overlooked.—London Tablet.

"THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS" ONCE MORE

The Church of England is agitated over recent defections, and a lively correspondence is being carried on in its newspapers over the best means to hold people back from Rome. One clergyman recommends the reading of the Jesuits' by a certain Mr. Cartwright, from which the waverer may learn on the authority of Wagemann that those religious teach that the end justifies the means. The fine air with which the clergyman flourishes Wagemann before his readers, as if to intimate his ability to bring forward a host of witnesses to bear out the accusation, reminds us of how years ago other clergymen no wiser than he, ignoring the classic moral theologians, used to talk familiarly of Peter Dens. Both Dens and Wagemann are respectable theologians, but they do not constitute the Catholic Church. Taking the argument merely as an argument, the Anglican tending Romanward might reply: if Dens and Wagemann should hold me back, surely Thompson and Henson and Sanday should drive me on.

But there is nothing the matter with either of those authors. No one of experience could doubt that in the discussion the Jesuits and their immoral doctrine would turn up sooner or later. So Father Sidney Smith was ready, and answered the clergyman very politely, showing how he, or Cartwright, meeting the usual fate of controversialists who borrow quotations instead of going to the original sources, had misquoted Wagemann; and pointing out that the accusation had been met fully, gave a brief summary of the meaning of the maxim as found in Moral Theology. The clergyman rejoined that he was not going "to be drawn into subtle discussion," adding that "when a maxim is reiterated, it is not unnatural for an Englishman who does not think in casuistry to ignore the fine-drawn distinctions which obscure the plain sense."

The introduction of the "Englishman" is worthy of the "Pinafore." What has "an Englishman" to do with a question of science, which is universal, abstracting from all nationality? At the reiteration of the maxim, what does it mean? The clergyman seems to think that the Jesuits are always flaunting it in the faces of the whole English nation, and that, therefore, every Englishman has a peculiar right to interpret it according to his own ignorance, without the smallest regard for the science to which it belongs, choosing in his British honesty, or obstinacy, to call this a mass of fine-drawn distinctions. Such a mass of false assumptions is enough to show what an unreal thing British straightforwardness may be in those who boast of it most loudly.

The fact is, that to understand the meaning of a scientific formula, one must know something of the science. To the moral theologian the formula, or maxim, that an act derives its morality from its end, however it is expressed, is something so obvious that he wonders at hearing it made the matter of subtle controversy. He does not take it out of the schools where it is understood any more than the physicist or the mathematician uses his formulas in dealing with the ordinary world. These would be very much surprised if some one ignorant of their sciences were to drag something out of their books, found a false accusation upon it, and when rebuked, to cry: "Don't talk to me of sines and co-sines, differentials and functions, don't bring in your subtle distinction between refraction and diffraction. If you persist in reiterating your doctrine in an Englishman's face you must expect him to take in its plain sense as it appears to him." Should they reply that they have never reiterated them in the Englishman's face, but that he has dragged them out of their book to corrupt and abuse them in his ignorance for reasons of his own, the answer would be, very probably: "You are Jesuits." In this, at last, the Englishman would not be very far wrong.—America.

CHURCH STATISTICS

On the publication of the new Catholic Directory for 1918, The United Presbyterian made the following interesting comment: "The figures recently published by Roman Catholic statisticians show a noble advance in the members and adherents of that Church in the United States. There is afforded not a little encouragement for the ambitious boast that it is to be the Church of the United States. The figures just issued credit the Church with a population of 22,329,000 within the territorial limits of the United

States. Of this number upwards of 7,000,000 are assigned to the Philippine Islands. There are 4,000,000 more Roman Catholics in the United States than there are in Spain, and 10,000,000 more than there are in Great Britain. Italy is credited with but 8,000,000 more than we have. There never was a more aggressive spirit dominating the work of the Church than there is to-day. It finds expression in many forms of activity. Last year there were built 373 new churches. They now have 14,312. To work in them there are 17,945 priests. There are 6,169 young men studying in seminaries; 57,000 women belong to Societies or Orders, and give all their time to religious, educational and charitable work. There are more than 900 colleges and academies, the larger number for girls, and 5,256 parochial schools. The Church is not moribund nor indifferent to its opportunities. Its people, rich and poor, are pouring out their means to support the Church projects with unprecedented liberality and cheerfulness."

CATHOLIC GIRL LOWERS SOCIALIST'S COLORS

It is not often that a Socialist acknowledges himself beaten, and when he does, it is worth chronicling. A mere girl, Miss Edna Mullen, of Sistersville, W. V., in a stirring debate on Socialism and its tenets, pushed her opponent to the wall, winning from him a public acknowledgment that he was beaten.

The status of the case was something like this: A debate was started on the subject, "Religion and Morality Against Socialism." Miss Mullen did not hesitate to take up the banner for the cause of religion and morals and O. C. Keller defended the cause of Socialism and not any other political party. The question was discussed through the columns of the Sistersville paper. Both of the debaters were given all the space they desired, and the contest was conducted until one party surrendered and acknowledged defeat.

Mr. Keller, Miss Mullen's opponent in the debate, was backed by the three hundred Socialists of the town or village. So Father Sidney Smith was ready, and answered the clergyman very politely, showing how he, or Cartwright, meeting the usual fate of controversialists who borrow quotations instead of going to the original sources, had misquoted Wagemann; and pointing out that the accusation had been met fully, gave a brief summary of the meaning of the maxim as found in Moral Theology. The clergyman rejoined that he was not going "to be drawn into subtle discussion," adding that "when a maxim is reiterated, it is not unnatural for an Englishman who does not think in casuistry to ignore the fine-drawn distinctions which obscure the plain sense."

"No man," the Review said, "has a right to say aught against another's religious views. The man who goes about crying out: 'Down with the Catholics; they're planning to seize the government! Away with them!' is either an idiot or a reader of that detestable, anarchistic rag, 'The Menace,' an alleged publication of the Socialist party. Idiot, did we say—yes, ten times over. Any man is displaying hairbrained judgment to say the least when he seeks to cause strife among people of opposite religious views."—Catholic Columbian.

DR. ABBOTT'S PRAYER

Dr. Lyman Abbott who, at times, writes some beautiful and true things, but who enjoys the privileges of a Protestant (following his moods instead of fixed and stern principles) and having to write much, gives reign to his feelings as he accounts to no master, recently distorted Christian doctrine for the sake of a turn in his period by this sunken morsel: "We do not pray because we believe in God—we believe in God because we pray."

Were Dr. Abbott Catholic he would not have the chance of sacrificing truth for a trope, hence he would not go so fast and be so prodigal of his seething sentiments. Let us take a long look at these cloudy beauties of the learned doctor. He avers that "we do not pray because we believe in God." Here is a paganism kindred to that which in the olden times smoked Rome's Pantheon. Christ stands against this false doctrine and teaches us in the Lord's prayer to send our petitions to our Father in heaven. The gentle Saviour taught us to be children with elbows on the knees of our eternal Creator, and the whole lesson of the gospel, whose ideals we attempt to realize, has the Creator as much a term ending our prayer as we are in beginning it. How in the world can the doctor pray to God if belief has not made Him a reality? If he does not believe, he is talking through an immense void to nothing. No, doctor, we first know whom we pray before we bless His name in adoration, thank Him for old favors and beg new deeds.

How, doctor, can you pray to God when your prayer itself is his creator? No more than you can reverently adore a friend and give him your approbation without knowing his name. The name precedes your eulogy and is not made thereby; the father precedes the son and is not begotten of him, and we are all sons of God. Think more of your thought, doctor, and less of the world that is but vapor! If we, first of all, do not believe in God, why should we worship Him, as worship is prayer? If we do not believe in God, why should we thank Him, since our gratitude passes unheeded and unheard, and we would not have our God until the end of prayer? If we do not believe in God, why should we request favors, since He would be as cold-handed as the idol of the Egyptians? For shame, doctor, that you would have the creature create his God and this by

the aspirations of his weak heart and small mind, while avowing his well-felt misery and wretchedness. Lunatics, doctor, have with diseased imaginations fathered nothing comparable to the madness trembling in your wild words. To kneel down and address your petition to a Godless sky is such a travesty on common-sense that only our modern Protestant, who has the religious privilege of saying anything that words at random picked out of a hat will bespeak, has the right to formally and solemnly enjoy.

Our first word is addressed to our Father, our last is expressive of the consciousness of our own smallness. We make nothing but our sins and our follies in which infinite wisdom and patience have no part. We do not chisel our own gods through any agency. Our God was before us; our God will be after us when we have passed as a cloudlet at eventide. He made us, not we Him. For His glory our creation adds nothing, as our immortal part is His—the breath of His nostrils. In the palm of His hand we, as the great apostle of the Gentiles says, "live, move and have our being." To Him we pray. He gives our prayer efficacy and we give Him nothing through prayer or praise—and least of all being. The man would be insane who thought so.—Buffalo Union and Times.

SOUTH AMERICA

PRESBYTERIANS NOT ENTHUSIASTIC OVER THEIR WORK

In a recent number of The Continent, a leading Presbyterian periodical, there is a very frank confession. The work of the Protestant missionaries in South America evidently is not crowned with such glorious results as the workers at home are led to believe.

"The special conference of evangelical mission boards on missions in Latin America, held March 12, and 13, in the Presbyterian building, New York, was modeled on last winter's similar conference in regard to China," says The Continent, "and demonstrated the value of frank discussion of the problems which the various boards face in their common work." Bishop E. R. Hendrix of the Methodist Church South discussed the right attitude of the Protestant missions towards the Catholic Church. . . . It was agreed that Protestant missions in Romanist countries are likely to accomplish greater results through injection of evangelical ideals into the Roman Church than through building up Protestant congregations, and the conference pledged itself not to urge Romanists to leave their churches, if, after gospel enlightenment, they chose to continue in the old organization."

Think of all the good money, and enthusiastic preachers and mission workers sent out by Protestant mission boards that it has required to teach these proselytizers that they cannot make Protestants out of Catholics.

It is a strange thing that the ministers representing the various denominations who are so active among the "Romanists" of South America are crying aloud in our cities that their churches are empty. Have they something to attract South Americans to their churches that the rest of the world knows nothing of? The money spent in "evangelizing" Catholics is indeed wasted. If it has any effect at all it is nothing more or less than the one of making pagans or infidels out of them. But it is a good thought upon which our Catholic people should meditate. Right here in this country the Protestant Board of Home Missions are trying to get our own children away from the Church. They do not pick their money off bushes and trees. They are well supported by the Protestant laity. If only the rest of the world knew the million Catholics of this country would feel a little of their responsibility towards the missions, the priests of the Southwest and the plains and the Rockies would have a different tale to tell. The question is: What are you doing for missions?

Cardinal Manning has said: "It is indeed a poor Will that has not the Name of the Lord."

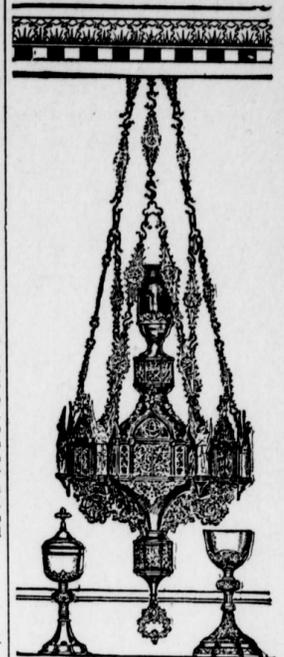
300 FAMILIES ENTER FOLD

PROTESTANTS ACTIVE IN MANCHU, BUT MAKE NO HEADWAY

On the left bank of the Ming River is situated a Manchu town of 6,000 souls, formerly intended as a defense to the adjacent harbor. Under the empire the Manchus were supported at the expense of the government. They had no dealings with the Chinese, nor did anyone go into their towns. Even the Europeans dared not step beyond the walls, for he who entered was not at all sure of coming out again.

Under the republic the Manchus of the town, like their brethren elsewhere were reduced to destitution. They tore down their pagodas in order to sell the materials of which they were built. Doubtless through the intercession of the martyrs who suffered so much under the Manchu dynasty, 300 of these families have already ranged themselves under the banner of Christ.

During the past year many deputations have implored the Bishop of the district to give them a catechist. On March 2, considering their probation long enough, he blessed the house that was to serve as residence for the catechist and also as a chapel



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where catechumens could come for instruction. Protestant missionaries have recently established themselves in this Manchu town, opened a school, scattered Bibles broadcast and started a training shop for their 30 different trades. In spite of these movements, however, the people will not hear of adopting the Protestant religion.

Be filled with hope and give the world the impression of your own mind, the material wealth will not count so much.

There are two ways of treating gossip about other people, and they're both good ways. One is not to listen to it, and the other is not to repeat it.

IRISH LOVE SONG

By Katharine Tynan-Hinkson

Would to God I were the tender apple blossom,
That floats and falls from off the twisted bough,
To lie and faint within your silken bosom,
Within your silken bosom as that does now!
Or would I were a little burnished apple
For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold,
While sun and shade your robe of lawn will dabble
Your robe of lawn and your hair's spun gold.

Yes, would to God I were among the roses
That lean to kiss you as you float between,
While on the lowest branch a bud unclose,
A bud unclose to touch you, Queen,
Nay, since you will not love, would I were growing
A happy daisy in the garden path;
That so your silver foot might press me going,
Might press me going even unto death!

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTE-COST

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

"Give an account of thy stewardship." (St. Luke xvi, 2)

We are all stewards of Almighty God. He has entrusted to each of us the most excellent treasure of this earth, an immortal soul. To show its worth Our Divine Lord came upon earth and suffered and died.

Some day God will call upon us to give an account of our stewardship. Happy shall we be, if we have not wasted and squandered the gifts and graces Our Lord purchased for us by shedding His Precious Blood.

In the Precious Blood we honor and venerate the price of our freedom and our life. It is "the Blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth us from every sin." Whatever is perfect upon earth has come to us by virtue of the Precious Blood of Our Redeemer. With what devotion, then, should we not commemorate the shedding of this Most Precious Blood to which we owe so much.

When we think that God took upon Himself the Flesh and Blood of man in order to die and shed His Blood for man's salvation; when we contemplate by what afflictions, stripes, wounds, lashes and gashes this shedding of His Precious Blood was caused; when we meditate on the great truth that God the Father, who loved His Son with an infinite love was pleased with this atonement—then we cannot but be lost in astonishment and exclaim "How unsearchable are Thy ways, O Lord, how inscrutable Thy decrees."

Yet, can we not see in this the greatness of the love of Jesus? Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (St. John xv, 13.) Jesus shed His Blood, laid down His life, for every one of us. Every drop of His Precious Blood, from the first drop shed at the circumcision to the last drop poured out on Golgotha, was shed for each individual soul. The entire price was paid for each. If the human nature of Jesus Christ is to be adored on account of its intimate union with the Divine Substance, the Precious Blood is particularly adorable because it is also the price of our redemption.

What more powerful motives for our gratitude and love could there be? If a man were in prison, bound by chains from which he could not free himself, and some kindhearted person, moved by compassion and love for his neighbor, should ransom him, free him from the chains, would he not feel grateful to him? Would he not do all he could for him and to please him? Would he not try in every possible way to show his gratitude and love to his kind and generous benefactor?

Such was our condition before the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ were applied to our souls. We were in the prison of death, the slavery, the bonds, the chains of Sin. We could not liberate ourselves. No one but God could free us. God, the Redeemer, came. He freed us from the captivity of the devil. He ransomed us from the chains of sin. He gave the price, His own Precious Blood, and we were liberated from the prison of death.

And now do we show our gratitude and love? Do we show that we are grateful to Him and try to please Him by obeying His holy law? Do we keep the commandments of God and of His Church? Or do our actions rather tend to displease our generous Divine benefactor? Do we trample upon the Precious Blood which He shed for us, by breaking some of His commandments or by receiving the sacraments, the channels of grace, sacrilegiously?

Do we dispense Him, insult Him, show our ingratitude to Him, by swearing, taking His holy name in vain, lying, cheating, slandering our neighbors, getting drunk or committing other sins? Do we trample upon His Precious Blood by unworthily receiving the sacraments which have their origin and efficacy in this Precious Blood? Do we receive them without the necessary preparation and dispositions? If so, let us be sorry for the past and resolve to please Him and show our gratitude to Him.

Remember that everything good that is in you, everything holy that is in the world is owing to the merits of the Precious Blood of Christ. From it the Church received its origin and the sacraments their power of producing and increasing grace.

By it we are freed from our sins. But in order to partake of its merits here and hereafter, faith alone without good works is not sufficient. We must not only believe what God teaches, but we must also obey—do what He commands.

For St. Paul lays down these two conditions when he says: "In Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but faith that worketh by charity." (Gal. v, 6.)

TEMPERANCE

WATER IS BEST

Water is best for the man of health. 'Twill keep his strength secure; Water is best for the man of wealth, 'Twill keep his riches sure.

Water is best for the feeble man, 'Twill make his health improve; Water is best for the poor, I ken, 'Twill make his wants remove.

Water for those who are growing old, 'Twill keep them hale and strong; Water is best for the young and bold, 'Twill make their moments long.

Water is best for the man of toil, 'Twill make his labor light; Water is best for ladies who toil, 'Twill keep them from morning till night.

Water is best for the man of strife, 'Twill make his anger slow; And for him who leads a peaceful life 'Tis the very best drink I know.

Water is best for the man of state, 'Twill keep his judgment true; Water is best for those who wait; His high commands to do.

Water, pure water's the drink for man, His fountains are full and free! Others may drink "fire-water" who can, Pure water's the nectar for me!

Water is best in cold or heat, At noon, at night or in the heat, 'Tis the only drink that "can't be beat."

Clear, healthful, sparkling, bright! THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ALCOHOL

Alcohol is related closely to each of three sets of activities, writes Frank O'Hara, in the Catholic World, to the production of wealth, to the distribution of wealth, and to the consumption of wealth.

First, let us consider the part which alcohol plays in the production of wealth. The relation of alcohol to the production of wealth is a two-fold one, in the first place, alcohol—itsself a product of industry—requires in its production the expenditure of labor power and capital power and land power and business management. Thus the production of alcohol represents effort that might be employed in other directions. Instead of employing land and labor and capital and business management to manufacture beer and whiskey and wine, an equivalent amount of land and labor and capital and enterprise might be employed in producing bread and beef and clothing and houses.

In the second place, it may be shown that the use of alcohol renders the workers less efficient producers than they would be without its use. There is a shortage, then, in the production of the necessities of life because, on the one hand, the production of the necessities has had to give place to the production of the non-necessaries, and, on the other hand, because the producers have been made inefficient or entirely unproductive through the use of some of those not necessities.

The non-drinker can be depended upon to do a higher class of work than the man who is in a semi-intoxicated condition during working hours, or than the man who drinks moderately, and confines his drinking to the time when he is off duty.

A few years ago the Federal Bureau of Labor undertook an investigation to find out the attitude of employers towards the use of intoxicating liquors by employees. Employers were asked if, in employing new men, they were accustomed to give consideration to the use of intoxicating liquors. Out of nearly seven thousand employers answering this inquiry, more than one-half reported that they required in certain occupations, and under certain circumstances, that employees should not use intoxicating liquors. Many different reasons were given by the employers for this requirement.

Moreover, the requirement of the employers for the effects of the drink habit upon the distribution of wealth are cumulative and permanent. Sins of the fathers are visited upon the children through many generations in the industrial world. The man who uses alcohol to excess, and who lowers his own economic position in society thereby, also places his children at a disadvantage in the struggle for a livelihood. As a general thing they do not inherit the property that they otherwise would inherit. They must depend to a greater extent than would otherwise be necessary on their labor power for their support. Then, too, as a rule they will not receive so good an education as they would receive if their father was not a drinker. They are thus doubly handicapped in the race of life.

1. The use of alcohol is prejudicial to the economical production of wealth.

2. Its use is inconsistent with a wholesome and wise distribution of wealth.

3. It tends to promote an irrational consumption of wealth.

Political economy, therefore, will have none of it.

HELPED SELF AND OTHERS It is my experience, says Professor Dr. Kraepelin of Heidelberg, and I would confirm it by innumerable proofs, which leave me without a shadow of doubt, that of all conceivable methods of fighting the drink evil, and personal example of total abstinence is by far the most efficacious. When twelve years ago, this became clear to me, I did not hesitate to seize this weapon, and up to this day I have never for a moment had reason to regret that I did so. I have to thank total abstinence not

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"I was a sufferer from Fearful Headaches for over two years. Sometimes, they were so bad that I was unable to work for days at a time. I took all kinds of medicine, was treated by physicians, but yet the Headaches persisted. A short time ago, I was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and I did so, with I must confess, very little faith. But after I had taken them for three days, my Headaches were easier and in a week they left me.

After I had taken a box of these tablets, my headaches were quite cured. My appetite was always poor and my stomach bad—and now my appetite is splendid and my digestion excellent. I had become thin and weak from the constant Headaches but now not only have I been cured of all these awful Headaches, but my strength is growing up once more and I feel like a new man!" BERT CORNELL.

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only for its beneficial results in regard to my own powers of continuous work, but also for the satisfaction that comes from being consistent, and from seeing the unmistakable effects of the influence of my example in the struggle against alcoholism.

THE MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

In the calendar of the Christian year the month of July is set apart in honor of the Most Precious Blood of our Lord. On the first Sunday of the month a special feast commemorates the Precious Blood is celebrated for the purpose of recalling to the minds of the faithful all that they owe to the crimson stream which flowed so copiously from the mangled body of the dying Saviour, and filling their hearts with tender sentiments of devotion towards Him who did not hesitate to shed the last drop of His blood for their sanctification.

From the moment that our Saviour at the Last Supper, ascribed to His Blood the same life-giving efficacy that belongs to His Flesh it has been the object of devotion and honor in the Church. It recalls the tragedy that brought His life to a close on Calvary and it has always been regarded as synonymous with His passion. St. Paul and the Fathers of the Church praise its redeeming qualities; and many of the Saints had a special devotion to it. In the course of time the Church sanctioned this devotion by establishing festivals and attaching indulgences to prayers and scapulars in honor of the Precious Blood. Religious congregations have been founded whose primary object is to increase devotion to the Most Precious Blood.

When Pope Pius IX. went into exile at Gaeta in 1849 he was accompanied by the Superior General of the Fathers of the Precious Blood, at whose request he extended the feast of the Precious Blood to the entire Church, and assigned its celebration to the first Sunday in July in commemoration of the fact that he arrived at this decision on the previous day, June 30. Accordingly, each year the Church celebrates in an especial manner this festival and urges upon the faithful a more tender devotion towards the Passion of our Lord, which so vividly recalls to mind.—The Catholic Bulletin.

"THE NAME THEY GO BY"

A boy who was selling mince pies at a railway station kept shouting: "Hot mince pies! Hot mince pies!" A man bought one and found it quite cold.

"Say, boy," he protested, "why do you call these mince pies hot?" "Because that is the name they go by, sir," said the boy.

"There are Christians and Catholics whose religion is cold, whose piety is dead, but they are still called Catholics." "It is the name they go by," they give no evidence of the faith that is in them. They hear Christian principles denied and ridiculed in conversation and they enter no objection.

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jection. They fail to declare their convictions.

We lists, for instance, to the superficial conclusion: "It makes no difference whether a man goes to church or not—does he pay his debts?" But it does make a difference, and we know it does. We should say so, whether or not we are prepared at the time to discuss the proposition (The man of good life, notwithstanding that he does not go to church, is usually drawing upon the hereditary of a church-going ancestry, or leaning upon the mortal recitude of the Christian community about him). However, it is not necessary to argue, but it is a duty to enter our objection to the agnostic proposition made in our presence.

We have known church-going people to sit about and hear it said: "This religious business is all a matter of graft, anyway!" Here is a chance to show that you are a Catholic and not a cold mince pie.—Northwestern Chronicle.

WHO IS RECEDING?

Many of the non-Catholic journals recently were jubilant in referring to what they term the "large" defection from Rome. The Boston Transcript would put the defections to Presbyterianism alone in the tens of thousands. If such were the truth there would be cause enough for alarm. But fortunately the official figures of the churches show that the trend is towards Catholicity rather than away from it.

The presence of members in any Protestant church, who were once Catholics, does not beat out the retention of real defections. There are O'Brians and Murphys and Kellys by the score in Protestant churches, and many of them in Protestant pulpits; but, except in rare cases, it will be found that these have either been adopted in childhood by Protestant families, or have been the offspring of mixed marriages.

Proselytising necessarily figures as a cause of Catholic defections, but in such case the convert, attracted by material gain, will hardly be sincere. Allowing, therefore, for a large loss through the liberalism and evil influences of worldly minded who are dominated by passion and luxury, the number of genuine Catholics who have left the fold is so slight as to be a negligible quantity.

On the other hand the Presbyterian Church confesses its failures. Over 1,000 of its churches have been closed. Its converts in the last five years have been only 41,000 while the Catholic Church in the United States during the same period gained over 500,000 converts.

Moreover, the difficulty of reaching the full number of Catholics in the country is one that the Protestant bodies cannot understand. A Catholic parish that has 2,000 souls to-day, may in a month be reduced to 1,500 or go up to 3,000. A constant fluctuation is going on, so that the numbers usually assigned as Catholic do not represent the whole body, but only those who have been reached.

It would be well for our Protestant contemporaries to strive for exactness and truth in their alleged statistics before urging them upon a public whose eyes can see the reality of things.—Boston Pilot.

RELIGIOUS PICTURES

The good old Catholic custom of having many religious pictures in the home is not as well kept up as it ought to be. This is a subject of some importance, and we find it well dealt with in the following brief editorial in America of February 1st: "That 'anything is good enough to cover the bare space on the wall,' seems to be the principle on which many Catholics act nowadays in selecting pictures for the adornment of the home. Coarse taste in art is even rarer in this country than good judgment in literature. For those who exercise some care in their selection of books will buy without hesitation worthless or dangerous paintings and engravings. Yet the character of the pictures in a house is a matter of more importance than the nature of the library's contents, for bad books are harmless till opened and read, but a meretricious painting may be always hanging on the wall for all to see.

Of immodest pictures there is scarcely any need of speaking, for however 'artistic' such may be considered, they should have no place of course in Christian homes. The sight of paintings of this kind but too often stains permanently the minds of children who behold them. In buying pictures more pains should be taken to secure the best. Excellent copies of the world's finest paintings may be had now for moderate sums, and the world's finest paintings, it should be said, are the masterpieces, for the most part, of Catholic artists, who found their inspiration, as a rule, in sacred subjects. These are the pictures therefore that should grace the walls of Catholic homes. Good reproductions of Raphael's 'Sistine Madonna,' Da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' Murillo's 'Immaculate Conception,' Rubens' 'Descent from the Cross,' Van Dyke's 'Crucifixion,' and the like, bear testimony no less to the warm faith than to the cultivated taste of those who select and purchase such pictures for the adornment of the home. Representations of Our Lord, His Blessed

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

Mother, and the saints, by being artistic lose thereby none of their devotional character, though some dealers in articles of piety would seem in practice to hold the contrary. Indeed the power of a masterpiece over the multitude is being proved daily in New York by the throngs that flock to see the Raphael in the Morgan exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Tasteful and well-executed paintings and engravings of sacred scenes and persons will become a Catholic home. Besides training the household to appreciate what is best in art, they suggest good thoughts to beholders, and on the minds of children in particular make such a strong impression that in after years many a temptation will doubtless be conquered, grace co-operating, through the lasting memory of a holy picture, whose meaning a pious mother had explained to tiny listeners. We seldom forget the pictures we saw in our nursery days. How important then that children should grow up among none but the masterpieces of art.

Excellent copies of most of the greatest religious paintings can now be had for a very small price.

THE VALUE OF A NAME

We must confess sincere sympathy for our Episcopal brethren in their endeavor to recover a name that the founders of their religion were so anxious to discard. It augurs well that the thoughtful among them realize the utter sectarianism of the word "Protestant." They know full well that it sets the stigma of schism on them. They are too logical not to be aware that the name "Protestant" is a negation; a protest against the Catholic Church. To say that it is a nickname is not borne out in history. Protestant Episcopal is an official name. American Catholic would be. Both are of the same authority and of the same weight. We hate to be prophets of evil, but we are of the opinion that the controversy over the name will bring to the fore the one character that will prove definitely that the Episcopal church is rightly called Protestant. True to its inherent nature, it will divide.

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Already we hear the invitation held out to those who would bother the contented Episcopalian, to go over to Rome, where they belong, and leave him alone in his Protestantism. Many will come. For God must be merciful to the children of those who had their faith stolen from them. The English were robbed of their treasure. They never wanted to forsake their mother. Bad ecclesiastics and worse rulers plundered them of their birthright.—New World.

Liberty must be limited in order to be possessed.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

BEHOLD THY MOTHER—NO RELIGION WITHOUT THESE BLESSED WORDS

The sacrifice that has meant more to men than any other ever made was almost completed. Dark were the skies and desolate was the outlook for those who, through love and faith, had followed the fortune of the Nazarene.

Standing with those who believed they saw in Him the substance of the Almighty, with those who had touched the hem of His garments with awe and trembling, she alone saw Him as her child; she alone knew the depths of such sorrow as only a mother can know.

Thus did He Who has re-made men's hearts set the seal of His divinity upon that divinest of all things human—the love of a mother.

Without it there could be no religion worth the holding. For the nearest we can come to a realization of the love of God is to know, as most of us can and do, the love of a mother.

"Behold thy mother!" Let the words of the Master—the last words He spoke to men from the cross—be to us as they were to that disciple, an incentive to such loving care and tenderness as shall repay, in the largest possible way, all that we have got from her dear hands; all that we have gained at the open door of her heart.

TO MAKE MONEY MAKE MONEY

Should a man put his money into a saving bank or should he invest it himself? That question is answered in the following article:

A saving account is the surest way in which to begin to build ultimate success in life by any one who has first to accumulate some capital before he can think of profitably using it. A plan in saving is absolutely essential

for those who want to become investors—not merely savers. A fixed purpose to save a given amount each day, each week or each month cannot fail to develop a foundation for thrift that will permeate a whole family.

When one considers that but \$1 is required to open a savings account it is surprising how many people of good earning capacity fail to get started toward financial independence. The Quaker's advice to his son is most true:

"Nathan, it is not what thee reads that makes thee smart; it is not what thee eats that makes thee fat; Nor what thee earns that makes thee rich, but what thee saves."

A man graduates from a saver to an investor after he has accumulated from \$1,000 to \$5,000. After having saved this amount he should then put it into some solid investments purchased of one of the financial institutions of standing or of well known investment bankers. At least a part of his funds should be put into what the bankers call "liquid" investments—that is, securities that can be sold for cash under almost any condition. This class of security will not bear a high rate of interest, but will meet any emergency without loss.

The amount of money put into get-rich-quick schemes as ascertained by the government in its prosecution of swindlers, is appalling. These sums reach the enormous total of \$75,000,000 to \$80,000,000 a year. This vast amount is lost largely through a desire to secure a larger interest return than the savings banks or the investment bankers offer, safety thus being sacrificed for possible (?) income.

Therefore, the answer to the question is this: The savings habit must come first, so that a sufficient sum may be accumulated—saved—for investment in good securities, these bringing in a somewhat larger return than is possible to secure, through a savings account. In short, "Savings Banks or Investments—Which?" may be answered briefly, "Both—each in its proper place."—Festus J. Wade.

DON'T WITHHOLD IT

Have you an object in life, or are you living along somehow? You may be so placed that an actual personal effort is not possible to you, but you are at least alive to the struggle and achievement going on around you. There's something for you in the appreciation of a situation and in your willingness to do.

Life is just plain difficulty when there is no outside interest to keep the indoor man in tune with the music of the world. But do I hear a murmur of dissent? "All of it isn't music," you say. Verily, it is not. There is much discord, the din of the world-battle strikes harshly on tender ears, but there is harmony within it all. Your own experience may be music to many. Don't withhold it.

DON'T BOTHER THE OTHER FELLOW

If one is going to do anything of much use in the world he must trust something to the common sense of others; he cannot spend half his time in explaining to their supposed ignorance or in apologizing to their possible misunderstandings. The fact is that other people are too busy with their own planning and doing to bestow much attention upon ours, and the explaining and apologetic habit is rather the outgrowth of egotism than of necessity or good sense.

The virtue of silence under trial is one of the rarest virtues and the most difficult to acquire, therefore it is more pleasing to God and most conducive to strength and beauty of Christian character.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SUCCESS

One of the best examples of the value of education that I ever met is the work of a boy, a neighbor who used to come into my house occasionally to play chess.

At that time he and his father worked in a small woolen factory, where the boy received 60 cents a day. He had a longing for an education, but could see no way of gaining one, for there was no money in the family, and 60 cents a day does not admit of much saving.

But when he was fourteen he came into possession of an old bicycle, and, with his parents' consent, left the factory for a job as telegraph messenger at a summer resort a short distance away. Our State Agricultural school was only three miles from where the boy lived. This school furnishes a good education absolutely free, the only cost being a small charge for the board of pupils who live at college.

But this boy was near enough to go back and forth on his wheel, boarding at home. When the season at the resort was over he took his small savings and started to school. In this way he had the full four years' course at practically no cost, earning at odd times enough to pay for his clothes and books, and to recompense his parents in a measure for his board. He developed a liking for chemistry, and during the last year made it a special study. When he graduated he was given a place at the college as assistant chemist, at a small salary.

He remained there two years studying and saving his money. Then he went to Ann Arbor, Mich., and studied chemistry until his money was gone. Then a position as chemist was offered him by a small concern in the West at \$800 a year. This he accepted, remaining there a year, living very cheaply, and saving nearly all of his salary. Then he left and began studying chemistry again, perfecting himself more thoroughly in some of the higher branches. This made him more valuable, and he was given a position at \$1,200. But he would accept only for one year. Again he saved his money, and again at the end of the year, he went away to study chemistry.

This was several years ago. Now he is chief chemist of a very large concern at Newark, New Jersey, and receives \$2,500 a year. But he is still studying chemistry and making himself thereby more valuable all the time. When the next step upward offers itself he no doubt will be ready.

This boy it seems to me, offers a very striking example of the value of study, of an education. He might have stopped at any one of the steps of his progression and considered his education finished, and have felt truly that he had made a success of himself as compared with the work at 60 cents a day. But the rest of his life would have levelled itself down to the plane where he stopped. —McCall's Magazine.

WHEN ROBERT WAS EXPELLED

"Robert Wade!" The teacher's voice was now calm, low, almost sad. But there was something in it that quieted the school as formerly neither his pleading nor his threats had done. For a week now the insubordination in the school had been growing worse and worse, and it had all been caused by Robert Wade. He had expostulated with the boy, kept him after school, even feruled him, but all to no purpose.

Robert was his oldest and brightest pupil, and the most promising. But he bubbled over with mischief. Of late he had not even tried to keep it in check. It had got so far now that he had only to roll his eyes to set the whole school into a ripple of merriment with the teacher looking straight at him, and with grave face.

Robert could, by a slight movement or twitching of a muscle, break up all pretense of study in the room. The pupils were wrought up to such a nervous strain that their glances were constantly roving in his direction.

"You may pick up all your books Robert," the calm voice went on, "and other things. Then come forward and get the articles I have taken from you. You must go home."

"Go home?—What for?" There was no merriment in Robert Wade's voice now.

"Because I cannot allow you to remain in the school." "My mother!" Robert gasped involuntarily.

"I am sorry for her—and for you, but the whole school is at stake. The past few days have seen little perfect reciting. You must go."

Robert gathered up his books with trembling fingers, then came to the desk for the articles that had been taken away from him.

"If—I promised, sir," he said, in a low voice, "could—would you—the teacher shook his head.

"You have made promises before, Robert, and broken them. You must go for a while. I am sorry for your mother, as there are only you two. But you should have thought of her before. However, I will not expel you permanently this time. You may go home for a week and think it over. Then, if you care to come back and apologize to me and to the school, I will try you again."

Robert's head went up suddenly. "Apologize to the school!" he exclaimed. "Why, it was only fun! And they laughed as much as I did, and more."

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"Very well. You may go home and think it over."

Robert went home, his mouth hard and his eyes bright. Some of the boys looked at him as he went out, and nodded their heads. Robert would never give in with that look on his face, they said.

But the next week he came back, timing his entrance to find all the pupils in. He walked straight to the platform, his shoulders square.

"Mamma sent him back!" whispered one of the boys.

Robert heard, but did not answer until he reached the platform.

"No, mother did not send me," he then said. "She told me I must decide. I have, and with my apology to Mr. Lane and the school, I want to add that I have played the fool. But I hope and believe that I am strong enough to play the man also. I shall try."

And he did try, and it is scarcely necessary to add, succeeded.—Catholic Sun.

LINCOLN DON'T FOR BOYS

The name Lincoln must ever command respect of every American, young and old, rich and poor. The sayings of others may be gained, but his cannot be, even by his enemies, if he has any.

His words on all questions of state, of morals and of social interest are especially noted for their simplicity, directness, force and good sense. We are told that he often preached what he called a sermon to his boys. It was short, direct, forcible, and made up of a series of "don'ts," as follows: "Boys, don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew, don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat, don't disobey your parents."

THE MOVING-PICTURE EVIL

In its annual report for this year the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children puts at the head of its list of evils affecting the lives of juveniles the demoralization of children by the moving-picture shows. This demoralization may be varied; by the evil associates met in such places, the character of the pictures and other entertainment, the thefts committed in order to get money to indulge the passion for the show, and so on with the whole list of evils which, it is so evident, may very easily arise under the circumstances.

The moving picture has come to stay. Like many other amusements it has its good side and its bad side. It has grown up like a mushroom. And growing so rapidly there has scarcely been time enough to know just how to treat it. Conducted well it is a source of benefit to the community. It is innocent enjoyment and innocent enjoyment has the best possible reason for existence. It has lightened the burden of the day for many a man and woman, who for a small sum obtain an hour or two of pleasure when otherwise they must have been left to their own moodiness and dissatisfaction with life.

But what is good for adults is not necessarily beneficial to boys and girls. We would not say that in general the moving picture is not a good form of entertainment for children. But in every community where the pictures have become an established thing—and where is the community that has not at least one such show-house?—they have brought with them many dangers to the children. Apart from any consideration of the cost to some families that can ill afford the continual drain which the pictures make upon the family income, apart from the fact that children who are poorly clad and who have difficulty in getting enough to nourish their little bodies, are visitors, at least weekly to the show, there are moral evils which it would do well to watch lest the picture houses become an evil influence to the community. And by moral we do not mean the possibility of moral corruption, though even some of the censured pictures are too sentimental, too full of love scenes to be of good influence upon the growing boy and girl.

The moral evil is the robbing a child of his childhood, filling his mind with grown-up notions, getting him accustomed all too soon to the ways of the world. What is the use of being careful about a child's reading, keeping the papers from him, when he is put in contact so often with the unreal life of the theatre.

In the old days to go to the theatre was a rare treat. It was above all rare. It was not considered the place for children. Now a child thinks itself abused if it cannot go to the

gational church in Toronto. "G. Ellery Read," somehow the name suggests perfumery and hair parted in the middle, rather than the vigor implied in Martin Luther, John Calvin, Philip Melancthon, Theodore Beza, who all passed the same sentence, without producing any effect.

Still wishing to be on the safe side, we read further to learn the reform G. Ellery Read demands. "The failure of the Church of Rome," he explained, "is due largely to the fact that it is most concerned with matters alien to the true mission of the Church." We want to continue in existence, and therefore think it unkind of G. Ellery Read not to tell us the adequate cause of our failure. Suppose we should abandon all the alien matters and confine ourselves to the true mission of the Church, is there not a Damocles' sword hanging from that "largely" to fall upon us notwithstanding? Nevertheless, we felt that we should not disregard his stern admonition, and cast about to find out what the Church's true mission is. After a day or two we discovered it in the New York papers, where we read that the chief ministers of the city, apparently to make sure of congregations, are going to

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preach Eugenics throughout the summer. We communicated our discovery to the Pope; but we fear he will order our clergy to leave Eugenics alone and keep on preaching the Gospel of Christ in spite of the Rev. G. Ellery Read and his threats, America.

A great work to be done; a soul to save; an eternity to gain, and only time, fleeting time, in which to do it.—Canon Sheehan.

Borrowed refinement can no more conceal its true character than can the leopard change its spots. That which is not natural can never successfully deceive.

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YOUR YEARLY DIVIDEND AS A PEASE USER PRODUCED BY LOWER COAL BILLS AND NO REPAIR COST. PLEASE ECONOMY FURNACES. DAD'S VISION. Dad was a traveller, away most of the time—and the dull days of coming winter brought him a vision. He saw his wife engaged in the dirty, dusty and unending job of trying to make the furnace heat the house, in the lack of heat, and yet, he saw his coal bill growing and growing like the Evil Spirit in the Fairy Tale and eating a big hole in his savings. He returned home one bitter morning, down-hearted and chilled to the bone and expected little comfort at home. Entering the house he was greeted by his wife—bright-eyed and happy, the children playing around on the floor—he found every room warm and cosy. Astonished, he asked his wife "What's the answer?" She took him down to the cellar, saying—"I got this PEASE FURNACE in while you were away, and that is where all the heat comes from. Mr. Smith, next door bought his wife a new fur with the money he saved on his last year's coal bill. See that large combustion chamber and that ingenious air blast in the fire-pot that actually burns air and all the gases, that in ordinary furnaces go right up the chimney and are wasted from the coal—and that vertical shaker relieves me of the back-breaking stoop when shaking the furnace. Oh! it is lovely." Dad was overcome with joy, and what was a cold and cheerless house is now a warm, cosy and happy home. Dad's PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE "Pays for itself by the coal it saves." Write to-day for free booklet. PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY. Toronto Montreal Hamilton Winnipeg Vancouver Branches: Montreal Hamilton Winnipeg Vancouver Factories—Brampton, Ontario.

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CARDINAL GIBBONS WARNS AGAINST WORRY

MESSAGE TO THE MANY WHO ARE AGITATED BY VAIN HOPES AND FEARS—HURTFUL INFLUENCE OF EXCESSIVE ANXIETY. LABOR TO-DAY, TRUST TO-MORROW TO GOD

Preaching in the Baltimore Cathedral on a recent Sunday, to a congregation that filled every corner of that historic edifice, Cardinal Gibbons warned against excessive anxiety over worldly fortune and urged that more confidence be placed in God, as He would provide for the morrow if the most is made of to-day. His Eminence said, in part:

"We cannot but admire the conduct of the multitude who followed our Lord into the desert, and who were so intent on hearing the word of life that they came from His lips that they gave no thought to supply themselves with food for the body. But our Lord, who bids us seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and promises that all things else shall be added unto us, did not fail on this occasion to reward their piety by the miraculous multiplication of bread. Their conduct is an example for all of us to read excessive anxiety about the future.

"I do not pretend to read your thoughts, my brethren, but I venture to say that there is scarcely a grown member of the congregation before me who is not agitated by some vain hope or fear. Each of you has his daily round of cares, which flow and ebb like the tide. As soon as one care subsides another rises in your breast in endless succession.

"Now, the religion of Christ, which was established to prepare us for future bliss in the world to come, contributes at the same time to our happiness in this life, as far as it can be attained in our present condition. And as cares and solicitudes are a bar to peace and tranquillity, our Lord suggests to us by His inspired writers and by His own voice the motives and means of banishing those cares, or of lessening their hurtful influence and of lightening their burden. If Christ will not subdue the storm that assails us, He will at least help us to ride upon the waves of adversity, as He enabled Peter to walk upon the sea of Galilee.

"And for reamint, why are ye so solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They labor not, neither do they spin. And yet I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these. Now, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the fire, how much more you, O ye of little faith. Look at the flowers in the garden. How rich are they in color and fragrance. More beautiful to the eye are the tints and shades of these flowers than the Tyrian purple with which Solomon was arrayed in the days of his regal splendor. Now, if God gives so beauteous a covering to the flowers of the field which bloom to-day and wither to-morrow, can He neglect to provide suitable apparel for your bodies, which are destined to be transplanted and to bloom forever in the Paradise of God?

BURDENS OF LIFE COME ONE BY ONE "But perhaps you will say: Would it not be more merciful on the part of God and contribute to our peace of mind if the Lord were to reveal to us in our early days all the trials and tribulations that were to befall us in the course of our lives? Forewarned, we would be forearmed. Quite the contrary. If the whole cloud of sorrows destined for us were set before us at one view, we would sink under the accumulated weight. And therefore Providence places before us the burdens of life one by one, so that we may have the courage to carry them.

"And I do not think that even Sir Thomas More, with all his Christian philosophy and playfulness of humor, would have exhibited his characteristic cheerfulness if it had been revealed to him in his youth that his blood would be shed in defense of his faith by Henry VIII. Again you will say: I am discontented with my condition in life. I am dejected by the desire of possessing more affluent means. I wish to have a more spacious residence, better furnished apartments, a more elegant wardrobe. I would like to have the luxury of an automobile and indulge in an occasional joy ride. I cannot afford even the convenience of a telephone. Most of our wants are artificial and imaginary. Queen Victoria never had the luxury of an automobile, nor even of a telephone. And her predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, ate her meat with her fingers and with a good appetite, for forks were not in use in England until the seventeenth century.

WHAT ARE ITS FRUITS "What good will all this fretfulness and gnawing care do you? It will not add one inch to your height, nor one ounce to your weight, nor one cent to your wealth, nor one jot to your happiness, nor one day to your span of life. That excessive anxiety which dissipates the energies of the intellect and incapacitates you for the due performance of your duties, while an abiding trust in God enables you to work with a concentrated mind and a hearty good-will.

"Here is the most powerful argument against inordinate care. The heathens believed in the existence of many gods. Their gods, they admitted, rarely took any interest in human affairs, but were wholly in-



tent on promoting their own schemes and securing their own happiness. "It was not, then, a matter of wonder that the heathen should be so solicitous about the things of this world since the result of chance; that there was no God in heaven to interest Himself in human affairs and no future life to compensate the patient sufferer for the trials of this world.

"But you have been taught a more consoling and a more sublime doctrine. You believe in the existence of a superintending Power, that watches over the affairs of men and of nations. You know that numbers and names the stars of the firmament counts the very hairs of your head. You know that the same omnipotent God who supports and nourishes the angels in heaven feeds also the worms of the earth.

"In fact, what is this earth but a vast storehouse containing all things essential to the wants of man? If you look above you, you will behold the mountains clothed with virgin forests. If you delve into the bowels of the earth, you will find an inexhaustible supply of coal and other minerals. If you cast your eyes around you, you will see there valleys smiling with harvests of grain and fruit. What God said of old to Adam He says also to you: Rule over the fish of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, and over all creatures that move on the face of the earth.

"But you will say: If God has such an eye to our wants, if His Providence watches over us, may we not fold our arms, sit down idly and do nothing? May we not even squander what we possess, trusting in God to replenish our coffers?" Man is a reasonable being. Provision for the future is one of the attributes of a reasoning man, and this foresight requires a certain amount of mental labor.

GOD HELPS THOSE THAT HELP THEMSELVES "God forbid that, while you are admonished to avoid the extreme of solitude, you should fall into the other extreme of idleness and improvidence. If your Lord points out to you the care His Heavenly Father takes of you. He expects you at the same time to co-operate with Him. 'God helps those that help themselves.'"

"It is true, indeed that God feeds the birds of the air, but He does not deposit their breakfast in their nests. They must rise early in the morning, and I believe he travels and labors more assiduously for his breakfast than the average workman. "It is true that God crowns the mountains with forest trees and enriches the bowels of the earth with coal and other mineral deposits. But it is equally true that this wood and coal cannot be of service to man without hard and patient toil.

"It is true that God gives fecundity to the earth, so that it produces grains of all kinds for the nourishment of man. But it is equally true that before the crops can be utilized man must cultivate the soil, plant the seed, reap it and gather it into barns. Christ multiplied loaves to remind us of the bounty of Divine Providence. He commanded the people to gather the fragments, to point out the duty of human industry.

LABOR AND TRUST "The upshot of God's teaching is this: You should be active and industrious without excessive solicitude, diligent and laborious without anxiety. Labor to-day as if all depended upon your right aim and brain; trust to-morrow as if all depended upon the Providence of God. Use to-day, for it is yours; trouble not yourselves about the morrow, for it belongs to God; it is still in the womb of futurity, and may never be born to you. Sow the seed with provident industry; leave its growth to the hands of your Father.

"Endeavor to pass through cares as if it were without care. While it is impossible to prevent the mists of perplexity and anxiety from hovering about the imagination and clouding the senses, do not permit these vapors to ascend to the higher and more serene atmosphere where the soul is enthroned and communes in undisturbed peace with its Maker."

THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART In Monday evening's Advertiser appeared a statement to the effect that the ladies of the Sacred Heart were not "certificated teachers." We have since learned that such is not the case, and cheerfully make correction. As a matter of fact seven members of the community hold diplomas from the department of Education for the province of Ontario; twelve with A or B licenses are teaching in the Public Schools at Halifax, whilst many members of the order, both in Europe and America hold Government qualifications as well as degrees of the University of London, England, Edinburgh, Dalhousie, Chicago, etc. A number are also employed in conducting Government training schools in England, Belgium, Holland and elsewhere. — London Advertiser, June 25.

RELIGION SECONDARY

A prominent feature in the modern discussion of Religion outside the Church, is the effort to place the supernatural in a secondary position, and to push bodily welfare always to the fore. This is also true of modern secular education. But in all true education the supernatural should be the salient feature. The force of revealed religion is impressed upon the young mind. He is taught to turn occasionally away from the things around him to a consideration of things belonging to a higher and nobler life. His religion is made the one great end and aim of his being. He is urged to frequent and earnest prayer, in order that all his acts may be stamped with divine approval. He is taught that the praise or contempt of men is of little importance as long as his heart is right with God.

But up from the ranks of the unbelievers the cry has become more and more insistent that the future with its supernatural sanctions need concern no one so long as the life of the present be outwardly respectable and prosperous. Even men of religious affiliations, talking in a religious vein will calmly relegate Almighty God and His Divine Son to an inferior place in the concerns of human life, and even contend that it does not really matter much if the thought of God never occurs to the mind.

The world is already reaping the harvest of this teaching. The utter recklessness that mars human pleasure, the immodesty in dress, in the arts, in song, in the drama, the unnatural holocaust of human lives daily offered up to the idols of crime and murder, the excesses that make vice commissions possible, the paganism that has invaded society, crushing out of it every good instinct of law and order—all these must lie at the doors of those who set God aside.

Against this chorus of satanic voices, sometimes chanting in hypocritical religious terms, sometimes ranting open blasphemy, the Catholic Church almost alone takes her stand to-day. While the hordes of the deluded are crying out in anger against Christ, the Church stands in solitary loyalty beside the Cross. To her the body is indeed the temple of the Holy Ghost—but only the temple—a crumbling monument. The body shall die, but the soul never dies.—Pilot.

FRANCHISE FOR WOMEN

BALLOT FOR ST. ELIZABETH COLLEGE TYPES NOT TO BE FEARED

That there need be no fear of entrusting women with the franchise or with any other privileges enjoyed by men was a statement which Bishop O'Connor made in addressing the graduates of the College of St. Elizabeth. The statement, however, was made with a qualification. "From every side," the bishop said, "come intimations that the scope of woman's influence in public and private life is steadily on the increase. The question that agitates the minds of many men is whether that influence will be for the best and highest interests and civic welfare of the commonwealth.

"The answer to that question depends on the nature and characteristics of the higher education which those women will receive who are to be leaders of thought and action in the new era that is dawning. It will be an era of greater freedom and wider opportunities for women. That freedom and those opportunities involve tremendous possibilities for good or evil.

"The surest guarantee that the results will be beneficial," the bishop continued, "is to be found in education."

The bishop declared that if that education be such as the young women of St. Elizabeth's College have received, the franchise and other privileges of men could be exercised by women.

Touching on the education the young women had received, the bishop declared that it was proof of the harmony between science and faith and a vindication of womanhood in its power to receive and impart the most difficult branches of knowledge.

Holding that culture is a great good in itself, Bishop O'Connor declared that it was preferable to wealth or social position. It is, he asserted, the perfection of human nature and of the powers of the soul, the attainment of the goal towards which one's faculties naturally tend in their ascent to the possession of the true, the beautiful and the good.

Culture, it was pointed out, has ever been the passion of the fortunate few, but has been of inexpressible service to the many. "The progress of the race," said the bishop, "has been the result of those who cultivate the spiritual and the intellectual in the confident trust that in these are to be found the best and richest sources of blessing, even to those who toil in the lowest planes of life.

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"Against the power of ideas and principles material resources are vain. Material resources are subject to disintegration and decay, whereas ideas and principles are spiritual and indestructible, persisting in the laws of nature, in penetrating and eventually molding and shaping those works to their own unchanging image or destroying them and leaving only the record of their rise and fall.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail, is the motto of the teacher; and the abiding place of truth is the cultivating intellect, safeguarded and fortified against the allurements of error by the supernatural aids which true religion affords.

"Our hopes, therefore, rest on the success of such institutions as St. Elizabeth College, whose efficiency, thoroughness and successful achievements we are gathered here to-day to recognize and applaud.

"And if there is one thought I would impress on the minds of the graduates it is this: that they prove themselves the loyal and devoted advocates of the progress and prosperity of their alma mater.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

SOMETHING FOR OUR BOYS

Now that the scholastic year is over and with it the severest test examinations that lead to a new course of studies for the coming year, a number of our boys will, no doubt, considering what line of work to take up that will best fit them for their future career. Indeed it is well that they should do so. Mr. Wm. Sheldon, Secretary of the Board of Education, Los Angeles, Cal., said recently in addressing a group of students: "If a young person wishes to give himself a square deal, he should include choosing a vocation early, and preparing for it. Unfortunately choosing a life-work is often postponed too long. Very commonly young men even graduate from universities without having considered seriously what their permanent occupations shall be. Aimlessness in youth brings aimlessness in manhood and, if persisted in, consequent failure. Sensible indeed is the youth who directs his thoughts and acts towards preparation for his chosen vocation."

The work of the Church opens before young and generous souls an arena to hold for their energy and enterprise in devoting themselves to further the glory of God and the salvation of their fellowmen. The need of priests and religious teachers was never greater than to-day. The great cause of Catholic education will possibly appeal to some of our boys and young men in a particular manner and to these the Christian Brothers' Training College and novitiate in Toronto affords an excellent opportunity to fittingly prepare themselves for the noble calling of religious education.

Rev. Brother Simon is at present visiting a number of parishes in the

western part of the province for the purpose of meeting any who may desire to enter the Brothers' novitiate or to obtain information on the matter. All such may arrange to meet him or write direct to De La Salle Institute, Toronto.

PROSELYTISING

A special meeting of a branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith was held recently in Boston. Bishop Dougherty of the Philippine Islands, made the following reference to the proselytising methods of the sects in that country. The ten Bishops and their small but loyal army of priests and sisters could preserve the faith of the Filipinos if they were unhampered. But five Protestant sects have cleverly divided the Islands into zones, and each has taken a division in which to make an attempt to stamp out the faith. These sects are the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and a new one, called the "Campbellites" or "Christian Church."

Unfortunately, their ministers and representatives come from the less populated parts of the United States like the far West and extreme South, and are unenlightened as to the true character of the Church.

They are of the old type that long ago became silent in the big cities of America—the type that spreads "Maria Monk" literature and even vilify stuff and attacks the doctrines of the Church, like confession. Their absolute ignorance and apparent good faith may excuse them, but their terrible work has its effect and the corruption, like leprosy, must be checked and exterminated at any cost.

The Catholic faith is as much the faith of the Philippines as of Ireland. It is being attacked as the faith of Ireland was attacked. But the generous aid of Catholic Americans has already done much to check the onslaught. Bishop Dougherty is conducting and extending a Catholic hospital, free of charge, at the very door of an endowed Presbyterian hospital that had been drawing Catholic Filipinos from the faith. He has opened an orphan asylum, improved his seminary, rebuilt churches and sent out zealous missionaries to the isolated districts to strengthen the natives who are in danger from the insidious wiles of the proselytisers.

CALDEY ISLANDS

Caldey Island, South Wales, the home of the converted Anglican monks, was for a thousand years monastic property, broken only by the cataclysm of the English reformation, when it became secular property. Caldey Abbey was founded by Celtic monks in the year 450. Among the great names connected with it are those of St. Iltud, St. Samson, St. David of Wales; St. Dubric (475-560), he who crowded King Arthur; St. Paul of Leon, St. Gildas. It is consoling to Catholics to know that Caldey, Pershore, Llauthony and Malling monasteries may once again become the property of the Roman obediences.

The high altar at Caldey monastery is built principally of stones taken from the ruined religious houses of Great Britain and Ireland.

DIED

CARTHY.—At Metcalfe, May 6, 1918, Clara Winifred Carthy, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Carthy, May her soul rest in peace!

EGAN.—At 117 Mutual St., Toronto, the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Hevey, on Sunday, June 22, 1918, Mr. John Egan, aged eighty years. May his soul rest in peace!

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL CHARTER 1864

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MARRIAGE MORAND-MOORE.—At St. Martin's Church, London, on Monday, June 23rd, Dr. Raymond D. Morand of Windsor, to Blanche Veronica, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Moore.

TEACHERS WANTED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 3 township of Biddulph, holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1918. Salary \$500 per annum. Applicants apply to Patrick Ryder, Sec. Treas., Luron, Ont. 1810-3

WANTED A SECOND CLASS NORMAL trained teacher for Elmville Separate school. Duties to begin in September. Applicant state experience and salary expected. Address Rev. Thomas Casey, Elmville, Ont. 1814-4

WANTED TEACHER HOLDING A SECOND class professional certificate, for S. S. No. 6, Toronto onto Gove School in Leslie church. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to begin after summer vacation. Apply to Chas. Doherty, Wildfield, P. O., Ont. 1811-2

WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 6, HUNTELEY. A second class professional teacher. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply stating experience and salary required to W. J. Logan, Sec. Treas., West Huntley, Ont. 1811-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 9, PERCY. Must have second class Normal certificate. State experience and salary expected. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Apply to Thos. Collins, Sec. Hastings, Ont. 1811-2

WANTED EXPERIENCED TEACHER, MALE or female, for Catholic Separate school, Section No. 10, Adria, holding second class Normal trained certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1918. Apply, stating experience and salary required, to S. A. O'Leary, Sec. Treas., Colgan, P. O., Ont. 1810-4

WANTED A FIRST OR SECOND CLASS teacher with Normal training, for South Gloucester Catholic school. Salary \$500 per year. Duties to begin on Sept. 1st, 1918. School situated in beautiful locality near Church and Post Office. Apply to Rev. Geo. D. Prud'homme, P. O. Sec. Treas., South Gloucester, Ont. 1810-4

WANTED FOR ST. HILARION S. S. OF room of the C. S. S. of Woodville, holding first or second class certificate, and also two French speaking teachers holding a first or second class certificate, capable of teaching both French and English. Apply, stating experience and salary required to F. H. Bonneville, Sec. Treas., Colgan, P. O., Ont. 1810-11

CATHOLIC LADY TEACHER, SECOND class professional, for the junior room of the town of Trout Creek, Public school. Salary \$500 per year. Apply stating qualifications to Edw. McPharlin, Sec. Treas., Essex P. O., Ont. 1810-4

A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR S. S. NO. 2, Madstone. Salary \$500. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Apply stating qualifications to Edw. McPharlin, Sec. Treas., Essex P. O., Ont. 1810-4

WANTED EXPERIENCED CATHOLIC teacher, holding a second class certificate for separate school, No. 7, Rochester. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1918. Salary \$550. All correspondence to John Byrne, Sec., Byrnedale, P. O., Ont. 1810-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE C. S. S. of Woodville. Salary \$500. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Apply stating qualifications to Edw. McPharlin, Sec. Treas., Essex P. O., Ont. 1810-3

AN EXPERIENCED PROFESSIONAL TEACHER for U. S. S. No. 3, McKillop & Hubbert. Duties to commence after summer holidays. School beside church, post office and station. Apply stating salary and experience. Enclose testimonials to P. V. McGiath, Sec. Treas., St. Columban, Ont. 1806-11



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