

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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YEARS AGO

Time was when writers of a kind discoursed at length on the blessings of the Reformation. According to them progress was nurtured by it and under its benign influence literature waxed strong and brought forth rich fruitage. Historians, however, have made this talk out of place among people who read. They have pulled down the reformers out of the golden air into which they had been raised by zealous and unscrupulous partisans and shown them as they were—sordid and voluble—gifted and strutting every string of passion to please the multitude. There was an old game—bread and pleasure. Their preaching appealed to the ignorant and hence the mob swept like a plague over the artistic and literary treasures of the past. Education was decried by some of them; poetry and art savored in the eyes of the dour Calvinists as diabolical. The land torn with strife and burdened with contradictions held no place for the flowering of literature.

OUR HERITAGE

It is said that Elizabethan literature was due to Protestantism, but Matthew Arnold speaks of the Elizabethan literature as the work of "men of the Renaissance, not men of the Reformation." And Carlyle tells us that this glorious Elizabethan era, with its Shakespeare as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholics of the Middle Ages. The Christian faith which was the theme of Dante's song, had produced the practical life which Shakespeare was to sing. Those who wrote when the sword was sheathed and the sky was blue drew upon the learning of the monasteries that were beyond all price in the days of misrule and turbulence. They were affected unconsciously, if you like, by the doctrines of the Church that had, during the centuries, upbuilt the house of civilization. We do not refer to the writers who, because they are without vision or principle, sing and speak of the things that pass, but to those who know that pages throbbing with the blood of a genius unlock the gate of dreams and of truth and help stumbling mortals toward the stars.

Longfellow, Unitarian though he remained, speaks "of the bright, deep stream of Faith." Approaching Italy he says:

"This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land,
All hearts are touched and softened at her name,
And even as children who have much offended,
So men repenting of their evil deed
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in Heaven makes intercession,
And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and true
Than all the creeds the world has known before."

Hawthorne tells us: "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin-Mother who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligently to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

Shelley calls our sweet Mother the "Veiled Glory of the lustrous universe."

Byron, who prayed that his daughter Allegra "should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion," sings:

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer,
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love,
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above."

Orby Shipley has compiled a Marian anthology, "Carmina Mariana," of nearly five hundred pages, in which the praises of the Blessed Virgin are sung in almost every key by the English-speaking poets.

Ruskin, who liked us not, ascribes to Mary "every highest and loftiest achievement of the art of manhood."

From the moment when the spirit of Christianity had been entirely interpreted to the western races, the sanctity of womanhood worshipped in the Madonna and the sanctity of childhood in unity with that of Christ became the light of every honest heart, and the joy of every pure and chastened soul.

Lecky, the champion of Protestantism, says: "The world is governed by ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more salutary influence than the medieval conception of the Virgin . . . All that was best in Europe clustered around it and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of civilization."

CONFESSION

Lowell, in one of his best known poems, tells the story of a Catholic who learned by long pilgrimage and suffering the lesson of humility and brotherhood. No churchman, he lived to keep All Saints and speaks truly of the "household faith, the guarded fold that shelters, not confines." But Lowell was too satisfied with himself to seek to enter the household.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, puritan to the bone, speaks in one chapter of "The Scarlet Letter" of the clergyman's library, rich with parchment-bound folios of the Fathers and the lore of Rabbis and the monkish erudition of which Protestant divines even while they vilified and decried that class of writers, were yet constrained often to avail themselves.

Later on, in the same book, he speaks of the solace of public confession. In "The Marble Faun" he speaks of private confession. Puritan prejudice strikes now and then a dissonant note in his tribute to the Church, but it is otherwise a noble testimony to his sincerity and sympathy. In the 37th Chapter he tells how a young New England girl having witnessed a murder finds the burden of the crime greater than she can bear. "Rome," he says, "supplies a multitude of external forms in which the spirit may be clothed and manifested. There is no want or weakness of human nature for which Catholicism will own itself without a remedy. To do it justice Catholicism is such a miracle of justice for its own ends, many of which might seem to be admirable ones, that it is difficult to imagine it a contrivance of mere man."

The young girl wanders into St. Peter's at Rome and sees the people at Mass. "Each had his individual petition to offer, his own heart-secret to whisper below his breath. There were divine auditors ever ready to receive it from his lips. Must not the faith that built this matchless evidence and warmed, illuminated and overflowed it, include whatever can satisfy human aspirations at the loftiest, or minister to human necessity at the sorest."

She goes into a confessional and experiences great consolation from revealing the knowledge that sorrowed her life.

HOME-SICKNESS

Thackeray, if we remember aright, says: "There must be moments in Rome, especially when every man of friendly heart who writes himself English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are separated from European Christendom. . . . Of the beautiful parts of the great Mother Church I believe many people have no idea; we think of lazy friars, of pining, cloistered virgins, etc., and the like commonplace of Protestant satire. Lo! yonder inscription which blazes around the dome of the temple so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost—it proclaims to all the world that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built, against which hell shall not prevail."

THE MASS

Rev. Dr. Barry writes that a frequent saying of Carlyle was that the saints were the best men he knew; that a peasant saint would be of more consequence to Europe than all its fleets and armies; and that

the divinest symbol was still "the Peasant of Galilee by whom has been bequeathed us the Religion of Sorrow." Carlyle dwelt far from the Catholic Church; when its accents smote upon his ear in the Cathedral at Bruges he could but mutter that it was "grand, idolatrous music," yet he confessed to Mr. Froude that the Mass was the only genuine relic of religious worship left among us. A suggestive word, deserving of our deepest meditation.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

For nearly forty years James Whitcomb Riley exerted, in his unobtrusive way, a power for good in this country. A shy and sensitive man, who shunned crowds, and hated to be made the object of public demonstrations, he nevertheless indicated in his homely poems the spirit of broad fellowship with human nature. Indiana, so proud of its host of writers, had reason enough to be proud of Riley. He had made the village life and the farm life of his native State familiar wherever the English language is read and spoken. One does not care to recall, in thinking of Riley, any one poem, or to make any studied selection of the poems which made him famous.

Perhaps he was not really one of our poets. That surmise is worth considering. It is getting to be harder, not easier, to define poetry as the language develops and literature becomes more complicated. Whitcomb Riley was a versifier of uncommon skill, he knew human nature, he loved and understood children, he had a keen and sensitive feeling for inanimate nature, he was not sure that he cared to see in the world around him, and while his endowment of personal humor was far out of the common, he could express deep sympathy with affliction, he took note of the common sorrows of life, and with these qualities of mind and heart he put forth a volume of writing that has cheered, consoled, charmed and delighted a multitude of readers. Let us set all doubts aside, call him poet, and stick to it.

Much has been said of the mystery of Riley's life, but much mystery must be associated with the life of any man who never seeks notoriety, and will not talk in public about himself. He was humble, of obscure origin, and self-educated. He was also sincere, high-minded, and true in all his actions to simple but noble ideals. They tell of his refusal to be made a biographer's subject. But the authentic story of his life will be told in due season; he will not lack posthumous honor. Indeed, we are not sure that a distaste for some of the later fashions of the American verse may not lead in time to spontaneous and general revival of interest in Riley's lyrics.—N. Y. Times.

SHARKS AT RESORTS

A number of bathers at eastern seaside resorts have fallen victims to man-eating sharks. These deep sea monsters are rare visitors to our seacoast. Large rewards have been offered for their capture and shark hunters are on the look out for these man-eaters of the sea.

There are other sharks, not of the sea-going variety which infest our summer resorts. They are a danger to the moral life of the visitors which is more grave than any dangers of the sea. The physical relaxation of the vacation is often accompanied by the moral relaxation. Having thrown off for a time the cares and restraints of business or work, the vacationist is inclined to throw off other restraints. There is an old saying that the devil finds work for idle hands. The devil takes no vacation. He attends summer resorts but strictly as a matter of business.

We would not say that vacations are harmful in themselves. They are often necessary for body and mind, especially in these days of strenuous effort which strains to the utmost tension all our physical and mental powers. Without the relaxation and recreation of an annual vacation many would completely break down. The dangers lie in the fact that the order and regularity of every-day life are to some extent disorganized. Family and home life are suspended and the members of the families are often separated. At summer resorts or friends are made on short acquaintance. Many a divorce case had its inception at the summer resort. Many people are thrown into close familiarity without that supervision which would be given them at home. The danger that follows is evident. Summer romances are not always the comedy they are pictured. Many of them are heart-breaking tragedies.

The extravagance in dress is often seen at many summer resorts is another danger. A spirit of emulation is stirred up and the seeds of

extravagance that are planted may afterwards result in financial and moral ruin.

Catholics can avoid the dangers of vacation if they will be mindful that the laws of God are binding at all seasons and in all places. We are always in the presence of God, whether at work or at play, and we can honor and serve Him in our pleasures and recreations no less than in our devotion and daily work. Vacation can be made doubly profitable if some of the time which is taken from the cares and trials of the world is given to God. No good Catholic will spend his vacation where the duties of religion cannot be performed. On the contrary his vacation may be a time of special spiritual refreshment. Attendance at daily Mass and the frequent reception of Holy Communion during the time of vacation is possible for many Catholics who would not avail themselves of these blessings during the year. In this way vacation could be a refreshment, both physical and spiritual.—Intermountain Catholic.

GREAT BRITAIN

THE BIRTH-RATE

The commission appointed by the "National Council of Public Morals" to investigate the decline in the birth-rate has just published its voluminous report. The most important findings are set down as follows: (1) The birth-rate has declined to the extent of approximately one-third within the last thirty-five years. (2) This decline is not, to any important extent, due to alterations in the marriage rate, to a rise of the mean age at marriage, or to other causes diminishing the proportion of married women of fertile age in the population. (3) This decline, although general, has not been uniformly distributed over all sections of the community. (4) On the whole the decline has been more marked in the more prosperous classes. (5) The greater incidence of infant mortality upon the less prosperous classes does not reduce their effective fertility to the level of that of the wealthier classes.

Two other conclusions are thus set forth: "Conscious limitation of fertility is widely practised among the middle and upper classes, and there is good reason to think that, in addition to other means of limitation, the illegal induction of abortion frequently occurs among the industrial population."

There is no reason to believe that the higher education of women, whatever its indirect results upon the birth-rate may be, has any important effect in diminishing their physiological attitude to bear children.

The report declares that as a consequence of the low birth-rate the Empire will be invaded by members of non-British races, who may even become the dominant elements. Moreover there is danger that the race may deteriorate in a marked degree.

The decline in the birth-rate at present is not eugenic, but dysgenic. Restriction prevails most in the classes in which the conditions of family life are most favorable, and the largest families are found under those conditions, hereditary, environmental, or both, which are most adverse to the improvement or even maintenance of the quality of the population.

As usual in cases where God is not given first claim the commission fails to grasp the ethical and religious significance of the problem under investigation. This is nowhere more apparent than in this abstract from the address of Dean Inge who presided at one of the sessions: "I suppose we may take it that there is no doubt that there is a natural limit to the number of people that can be supported in the world, nor that, if the birth-rate had no restrictions upon it in any part of the world, that limit would be reached in less than a century. The productiveness of the human race would appear to have been evolved in such a way as to meet the losses due to war, famine, pestilence, and other causes."

"In the Middle Ages, for instance, the birth-rate was about forty-five, and the death-rate about the same. Within the last century the death-rate has been reduced from the medieval level to fourteen and if the birth-rate were maintained at anything like its natural level, about forty, all over the world, the population of the globe, which is now 1,700,000,000, would in one hundred and twenty years have reached 27,000,000,000, or about ten times as great a number as the earth could probably support. That, it seems to me, is the fundamental fact we have to recognize, and one that makes a drastic limitation of the birth-rate an absolute necessity."

The Lancet strikes a truer note by saying: "When the war ends we may see a more sober and earnest nation reviewing the situation in which it finds itself; for ourselves, we believe that the young men and women who have taken part in and witnessed the

great struggle will become the parents of a generation not so selfishly frivolous as that into which they themselves were born."

The Lancet's belief will be justified, if after the war religion begins to play a prominent part in the lives of Englishmen.—America.

"HE SPAKE AS ONE WITH AUTHORITY"

A certain Anglican clergyman was recently moved to resign the pastorate of a fashionable Church in Newark, N. J., rather than "boil down" the Gospel of the Cross—as he knew it—to suit certain prominent members of his congregation, notably vestrymen. According to the Minister's own statement, "his vestrymen wanted him to run the Church just like a grocery store—to please the customers." On one occasion, it is said that a certain member of the vestry went so far as to tell the rector that his sort of religion was interesting, but that it was bound to hurt business.

It is needless to say that we tender our sympathy to the Reverend Mercer Green Johnston—the man who was not willing to betray his Master for so many pieces of silver. And, we think that all earnest Christians—of whatever name—will think well of this sincere Anglican clergyman who stepped down rather than pervert the Gospel of Christ, as he understood it.

But then, it must be remembered that Doctor Johnston is by no means the first Episcopal clergyman to take such a step, for similar reasons. Their name is legion. And now, the question arises, "whose fault is it?" Even the most conservative of Anglicans will be constrained to admit that it is almost entirely the fault of the ecclesiastical system itself. It is the present-day Anglicanism itself that is to blame.

True, this particular clergyman did make one serious mistake—he spake as one having authority, and that was a dreadful mistake; for, there is no authority in Anglicanism. The Church of England herself has no authority, and it is not to be expected that her ministers should be able to exercise what she herself does not possess. There is no place in the Episcopal Church for one who believes in authoritative teaching of any kind. The best that any Anglican clergyman can do is to set forth his views. And these views may be either accepted, tolerated or rejected by the pew-holders. And, this is the point, even though the particular views of any particular clergyman are tolerated, they are never tolerated in any authoritative way. The very fact that vestrymen mutually exclusive are tolerated in every diocese is proof positive that no views in particular are enjoined.

In other words, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church can and does preach very much what he pleases. Why, then, did not this particular Anglican clergyman consent to "boil down" his views to suit his particular congregation? The answer is plain—his conscience would not let him. Though probably, if he had consented to this alternative, all would have been well.

The moral: There are many sincere Anglicans today, in a similar predicament. They are not able to teach—much less to practice—what they believe where they are. We need scarcely remind them, that the fact is due to external causes over which they themselves have no control. It is the fault of the system itself, and that fault will never be remedied until they return to that unity whose Builder and Maker is God. No one ever hears of a Catholic priest presenting his views. And the sheep hear his voice.—F. A. G., in The Lamp.

NEW ENGLAND CATHOLIC

"It is these figures that give rise to the haunting fear that I have for the future. Be it in religion, or in politics, or in war, the majority lords it over the minority. And the Pope still has a shrewd idea that some of his successors will rule the whole spiritual world. Look at the subject from the foreign point of view. In France the Roman Catholics are multiplying at a much faster rate than the Protestants. In Germany the same law holds good, and in Berlin alone there is an average of one child more in Roman Catholic households than in the Protestant."

The United States, fast becoming a Roman Catholic stronghold. The New England States, the original home of Puritanism as immortalized in the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, are now important centers of Catholicism, one of the States alone, Massachusetts, showing 1,100,000 Catholics to 450,000 Protestants of all denominations, combined. Again, in New York State, we find 2,300,000 Catholics and about 300,000 Methodists, while no other Protestant body can number more than 200,000. My figures are trustworthy, for they are taken from the Hibbert Journal, the leading authoritative review of religion and philosophy.

PROTESTANTISM LOST CAUSE

"The sum and substance of the matter is this; Roman Catholicism is everywhere flourishing. Look at their line of communicants in church and in chapel alike, and listen to the wail that our Sunday schools are not what they were thirty years ago. Protestantism is not a lost cause, certainly; but at the rate we are going on it soon will be.

"We are unconsciously making its coffin and digging its grave. As long as we have only two children to show for the Roman Catholic four we are fighting a losing cause.

"Wherever the solution lies, this much is certain, and I say it not as a criticism of Roman Catholicism, for that religion, like all other religions, has its adherents thousands of earnest, pious, good living souls; I say it not in any spirit of jealousy or bitterness—for where can you expect to find charity of thought and work unless among Christian ministers—I say that this much is certain; that, unless a miracle happens, according to the law of population, which, like the law of the Medes and Persians, altereth not, the whole Christianized world will some time in the future—sooner than some of us think—be overwhelmingly Roman Catholic owing to the simple but sufficient reason that the Catholic birth rate is 50% more virile, more aggressive, than that of Protestantism."—Intermountain Catholic.

"THE MOVIES"

No film-manufacturer produces improper moving pictures. For proof we have the assertion of many in the trade. Neither does any impressario lend his skill to the arrangement of films not utterly correct, nor can any commercial censorship be found to bless them even with a forced smile of approval. Nevertheless, moving pictures offensive alike to good taste and morality, do exist; but since no one is responsible for their existence, no one, it would appear, made them. Like Topsy, they "just groved." This is a perplexing situation. Evils are most effectively checked at their source. But this evil has no source. What can be done?

A hopeful ray of light beams from an advertisement, recently inserted in many American newspapers, by a prominent firm of producers. "For the good of motion-pictures," counsel these wise persons, "sign this protest. Should the manager of your local theater show sensational, vulgar and unwholesome pictures? For your family's sake and the good of the community, speak up! Sign this protest and leave it at the box-office."

"I am opposed to sensational and suggestive pictures. I want the best. I will support you in any conscientious effort toward bigger, cleaner, better pictures."

Apparently, these gentlemen have concluded that in the long run, decency is the best policy. If they are willing to live up to their profession, they deserve and should receive, the exclusive patronage of the public. Furthermore, if singly and by societies, the sixteen million Catholics of the United States are willing to act upon the advice proffered by this commercial firm, reform will speedily dawn over many a house of amusement. It can hardly be taken for granted, that all who don the sock and buskin, to strut across the stage or flicker across the screen, adopt by preference, a theme of impropriety. The choice is dictated largely by commercial considerations. Morality is chained to the box-office in our modern day, thereby making it easier to fight the devil of impropriety with money than with fire. If there is no other way of inducing the modern stage to return to virtuous ways, let us pay it to be good.—America.

CANON FARRAR'S TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH

From the fifth to the thirteenth century the Church was engaged in elaborating the most splendid organization the world has ever seen. Starting with the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power, and the mutual independence of each in its own sphere, Catholicism worked hand in hand with feudalism for the amelioration of mankind. Under the influence of feudalism, slavery became serfdom, and aggression was modified into defensive war.

Under the influence of Catholicism the monasteries preserved learning and maintained the sense of the unity of Christendom. Under the combined influence of both grew up the lovely ideal of chivalry, molding generous instincts into gallant institutions, making the body vigorous and the soul pure, and wedding the Christian virtues of humility and tenderness into the natural grace of courage and strength. During this period the Church was the one mighty witness for light in an age of darkness, for order in an age of lawlessness, for personal holiness in an epoch of licentious rage.—The Monitor.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The emperor of Austria has just bestowed a Madonna medallion of silver upon Frau Marie Mirtler of Welsberg, Stiermark, in recognition of the fact that she has given to the army seven sons, three stepsons and two grandsons.

Two great Belgian works of art have been removed to a place of safety; the Memlings on the reliquary of St. Ursula, in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges, and "The Adoration of the Lamb" by the Van Dycks.

A marble monument is being erected at the Shrine of Montevergine, near Naples, to Pope Leo's most devoted Lieutenant, His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, who, during his fifteen years as Papal Secretary of State, never slept a night outside the Vatican.

Among those killed in the naval battle in the North Sea, was the second son of the Earl of Denbigh, Lieutenant-Commander the Hon. Hugh C. R. Feilding, R. N., of H. M. S. "Defence." The Feildings are reckoned among England's Catholic peers.

Seven young Spaniards who were persecuted in Mexico and fled to the United States a year and a half ago were among the priests ordained by Archbishop Mundelein recently at the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago. All had been beaten and starved and one had a bullet wound when they reached Chicago. They will work in the missionary field.

A Vienna dispatch says that Prince Maximilian, son of the murdered Archduke Ferdinand, has founded the Youth's Association of Prayer for a Speedy and Favorable Peace. The association already has 14,000 members. Prince Maximilian is fourteen years old. He is the son of the Princess Sophie Hohenberg, the wife of the Archduke Ferdinand, who was assassinated with her husband at Sarajevo.

In Omaha, Neb., recently a play was produced at one of the theaters the author of which is a Sister of Mercy at one of the Omaha convents. The scene of the play is laid in Ireland. Its title is "Meg Burns," and it was produced at the Krug Theater, by the North Bros. Stock Co. The author of the play, who writes under the name of "Gilbert Guest," is a daughter of Joseph Brennan, one of the patriot-poets of the 1848 period in Ireland.

It is a most remarkable fact that for many months the average attendance of non-Catholics at the evening service in St. Joseph's, Brighouse, Yorkshire, England, has been at least three hundred. They join in the prayers and sing the hymns of the Catholic ritual in a devout way. The priest conducts classes, for those desiring to understand the faith, on Sunday afternoons and also on one evening during the week. Both classes are well attended.

Philadelphia has been greatly honored by the Holy Father. Rome has filled two vacant American sees and in both instances Philadelphia churchmen have been chosen. The vacant see of Los Angeles has been filled by the appointment of Right Rev. Bishop J. J. McCort and the vacant see of Harrisburg by Right Rev. Mons. P. R. McDevitt. Thus Philadelphia loses two of her most zealous laborers, for Bishop McCort was auxiliary bishop of this archdiocese and Mons. McDevitt was diocesan superintendent of parochial schools.

The Rt. Rev. John J. McCort, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Philadelphia, has been appointed Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, Cal. Bishop McCort is well known in the United States as a scholar and writer. He was born in 1860 and educated at St. Charles' Theological Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. In 1888 he was ordained to the priesthood and in 1912 was appointed Auxiliary Bishop of the archdiocese of Philadelphia as well as Vicar General of Philadelphia and Titular Bishop of Azoto.

The Hon. Timothy E. Howard, Laetare medalist and professor of law in the University of Notre Dame, died Sunday, July 9, at his home in South Bend, Ind., in his eightieth year. Judge Howard was formerly State Senator and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana. He was also a member of the commission to codify the Indiana laws and held numerous other positions of public trust and honor. As a Union veteran he was severely wounded at Shiloh and was past commander of Auton Post, G. A. R.

Admiral Charlton, now in command of the Cape squadron with his headquarters at Simon's Town, Natal, South Africa, is a grandson of one of the most distinguished Oxford converts, the renowned lawyer, Sergeant Bellasis. Newman's "Grammar of Assent" was dedicated to him; and after his death in 1873 Newman wrote: "He was one of the best men I ever knew." Admiral Charlton was educated at the famous English Catholic college at Ushaw, and has had a distinguished career in the navy, having been appointed Rear Admiral three years ago, and is a naval A. D. C. to the King.

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

VII.

MILLBANK

Arrived in London, he proceeded at once to the Colonial Office, and left his letters for the Secretary, and with them his address in the metropolis. He went through the same routine with the despatches for the Prison directors. Then, though his heart craved instant action, he was forced to exercise his patience, to wait until these high and perhaps heedless officials were pleased to recognize his presence.

The great city was a wonder to him; but in his intense pre-occupation he passed through it as if it had been familiar from childhood. On the day after his arrival, not expecting an answer from the officials, one of whom, the Colonial Secretary, was a Cabinet Minister, he tried to interest himself in the myriad strangenesses of London. He visited Westminster Abbey and the British Museum. But, everywhere, his heart beat the same dolorous key; he saw the white face, the slight crouching figure in the dock, the brown hair bowed in agony and disgrace. On the walls of the great picture-gallery the gilded frames held only this pitiful scene. Among the tombs of the kings in Westminster, he thought of her ruined life and shattered hope, and envied, for her sake, the peace of the sleepless marble knights and ladies.

All day, without rest, or food, he wandered aimlessly and wretchedly through the sculptured magnificence of the galleries. When the night closed, he found himself, almost unconscious of how he had come to the place, or who had directed him thither, walking with bare feet and feverish brow beneath a high and gloomy wall—the massive outer guard of Millbank Prison.

Hour sped after hour, yet round and round the shadowy, silent, precipice of wall the afflicted heart wandered with tireless feet. It was woful to think how near she was, and to touch the sullen granite—yet it was a thousand times more endurable than the torture and fear that were born of absence.

Surely, if there be any remote truth in the theory of psychic magnetism, the afflicted soul within those walls must have felt the presence of the loving and suffering heart without, which sent forth unceasingly silent cries of sympathy and comfort. Surely, if communion with living spirits be possible, the dream of the lonely prisoner within must have thrilled with tenderness when his fevered lips were pressed against the icy stone of the prison wall, as once they were pressed to her forehead in affectionate farewell.

Back to his hotel, when morning was beginning to break, the lonely watcher went, spiritless and almost despairing. The reaction had begun of his extreme excitement for the past four days. He passed along the lonesome river, that hurried through the city like a thief in the night, flashing under the yellow quays, then diving sullenly beneath dark arches or among slimy keels, like a hunted murderer escaping to the sea. Wild and incoherent fancies flashed through Will's feverish mind. Again and again he was forced to steady himself, by placing his hand on the parapet, or he should have fallen in the street, like a drunken man.

At last he reached his hotel, and flung himself on his bed, prayerless, friendless, and only saved from despair by the thought of an affliction that was deeper than his, which he as a man and a faithful friend, should be strong to relieve and comfort.

It was past noon when he awoke. The fever had passed, and much of the dejection. While dressing, he was surprised to find his mind actively at work forming plans and surmises for the day's enterprise.

At breakfast, a large official letter was brought him. It was a brief but unofficially cordial message from the Colonial Secretary, Lord George Somers, appointing an hour—2 o'clock on that day—when he should be happy to receive Mr. Sheridan at the Colonial Office.

Under other circumstances such an appointment would have thrown off his balance a man so unused to social or formal ways as this stranger from Australia, whose only previous training had been on a merchant ship. But now, Will Sheridan prepared for the visit without thinking of its details. His mind was fastened on a point beyond this meeting.

Even the formal solemnity of the powdered servant who received him had no disturbing effect. Will Sheridan quite forgot the surroundings, and at length, when ushered into the presence of the Colonial Secretary, his native dignity and intelligence were in full sway, and the impression he made on the observant nobleman was instantaneous and deep.

He was received with more than courtesy. Those letters, Lord Somers said, from Australia, had filled him with interest and desire to see a man who had achieved so much and who had so rapidly and solidly enriched and benefited the Colony.

The Colonial Secretary was a young man for his high position—certainly not over forty, while he might be still younger. He had a keen eye, a mobile face, that could turn to stony rigidity, but with a genial and even frank countenance, when conversing cordially with this

stranger, whom he knew to be influential, and who certainly was highly entertaining.

Will Sheridan was soon talking fluently and well. He knew all about the Penal Colony, the working of the old penal system and the need of a new one, the value of land, the resources of the country, the capabilities for commerce; and all this the Secretary was most anxious to learn.

After a long interview, Sheridan rose to take leave, and the Secretary said he hoped to see a great deal of him before his return to Australia, and told him plainly that the opinions of a settler of wealth and intelligence on colonial matters in Western Australia were just then of special importance to the Government. He also wished it were in his power to give Mr. Sheridan pleasure while he remained in England.

There was only one thought in Sheridan's mind all this time, and now was the moment to let it work. He said he desired very much to visit the convict prisons in England, and compare the home system with that of the Penal Colony.

The minister was gratified by the request, and, smiling, asked which prison he would visit first. Will mentioned Millbank, and the minister with his own hand wrote a few lines to the governor, and handed the paper to his visitor.

Will Sheridan took his departure, with a tremulous hope at his heart, and drove straight to Millbank Prison. There is something strange, almost unaccountable, and yet terrible, in the change that appears in half a century in the building of prisons. Few people have thought of this, perhaps; but it contains a suggestion of a hardening of hearts and a lessening of sentiment. The old prisons were dark and horrible, even in aspect, while the new ones are light and airy. In the latter, the bar takes the place of a wall—and the bar is often ornamented with cast-iron flowers and other slightly but sardonic mockery. Better the old dungeon, with all its gloom, better for the sake of humanity. The new prison is a cage—a hideous hive of order and commonplace severity, where the flooding sunlight is a derision, and the barred door only a securer means of confinement. For the sake of sentiment, at least, let us have the dismal old keep, that proclaims its mission on its dreadful brow, rather than the grinning barge that covers its teeth-like rails with vulgar metal effluence.

The great penitentiary of Millbank is, or rather was, an old-fashioned prison, its vast arched gateway sombre and awful as a tomb. It has disappeared now, having been pulled down in 1875; but those who visited it once, or who even passed it, will never forget the oppression caused by its grated and frowning portal. In the early part of this century, the Government of Great Britain determined to build an immense penitentiary, on the plain laid down by Jeremy Bentham in his celebrated "Panopticon, or the Inspection House." Bentham's scheme proposed a colossal prison which should contain all England's convicts and dispense entirely with transportation. The Government, acting on his plan, purchased a large and unhealthy tract of flat land, lying beside the Thames, and on this the unique structure was raised. The workmen were ten years in completing it; but, when it was finished, Englishmen said that it was the model prison of the world.

And it certainly was a great improvement on the older prisons, where those confined were often herded, many in a room, like cattle the innocent with the guilty, the young and pure with the aged and the foul. In Millbank, every prisoner had his or her own cell—a room of stone, walls, ceiling and floor, with a large and heavily-barred window. Each cell was 8 feet square. The prison was built in six vast pentagons, radiating from a central hexagon, from which every cell was visible.

The entrance to the prison, from the street, was a wonder of architectural gloom. First, there was a dark archway of solid masonry, from the roof of which, about 6 feet from the portal, sprang a heavy grate or portcullis, with spear-points apparently ready to fall and cut the unfortunate off for ever from the world. Far within the arch appeared a mighty iron gate, ponderously barred, with an iron wicket, through which an armed warder could be seen on sentry within the yard.

These details were not noticed by Will Sheridan as he entered the echoing archway; but he was chilled, nevertheless, by the cold shadow of the surroundings. The warder with-in came to the wicket, and took the letter, leaving Will outside. In a few minutes, he found that his introduction was an "open sesame." The governor of Millbank himself, an important gentleman in a black uniform with heavy gold facings, came speedily to the wicket, the ponderous bars were flung back, the awful door rolled aside, and Will Sheridan entered.

The governor was very gracious to his distinguished visitor. On learning his desire to see the arrangements of the prison he himself became the guide.

An hour was spent in the male side of the establishment, which was an age to Will Sheridan. While the governor thought his attention was engaged in observing the features or motions of some caged malefactor, the mind and fancy of the visitor were far otherwise employed. He did not see the wretched, crime-stained countenances in the cells he

passed; but in every one he saw the white face, the brown hair, and the crouching figure that filled his mind.

At last the governor asked him to visit the female prison, in which the discipline was necessarily different. They passed through a long passage built in the wall, and entered the corridors of the female prison.

Sheridan's heart beat, and the blood fled from his face, leaving him ghostly pale, as he passed the first iron door. He feared that the governor might notice his agitation; and he wondered how he should learn whether Alice were there or not.

As he walked down the corridor he noticed that on every door was hung a white card, and, approaching, he read the name, crime, and sentence of the prisoner printed thereon. This was a relief to him; as he walked he read the name on every card, and on and on they went, up stairs and down, and round and round the pentagons, until he thought she surely was not in the prison, and the governor concluded that his visitor evidently meant to see all that was to be seen.

When the last corridor on the ground floor was entered, Will read every name on the doors with a despairing persistence, and his heart sank within him as he came to the last.

The governor opened the door at the end of the passage, and they entered a light, short corridor, with large and pleasantly-lighted cells. Here, the governor said, were confined those prisoners, who by extreme good conduct had merited less severe treatment than the others.

Will Sheridan's heart leaped within him, for he knew that this was the place he should see her.

On the doors were simply printed the names and sentences of the occupants; and, at the fourth door Will stopped, and read the card:

ALICE WALMSLEY

LIFE

Seeing him pause, and intently examine the card, the governor beckoned to the female warder, who was in the passage, to come and open the door.

The woman approached, the key in her hand, and stood aside until the gentlemen withdrew from the door. Will turned and read her intention, and with a shudder he put her back with his hand.

"No, no, not her," he said hurriedly; then, recollected himself: "No, no, the prisoners do not like to be stared at."

Next moment, before he could think of the consequences, he turned again, and speaking rapidly, said—

"I am wrong. I should like to see—I should like to see the interior of this cell."

The lock clicked back, the heavy iron door swung open, and William Sheridan saw Alice Walmsley before him.

She had been sewing on something coarse and white, and a heap of the articles lay at her feet. As the door opened, she stood up from the low seat on which she had sat in the centre of the stone-floored cell, and with her eyes on the ground, awaited the scrutiny of the visitors, according to prison discipline.

Will Sheridan took in the whole cell at once, although his eyes only rested on her face. She never looked on him, but stood in perfect calmness, with her eyes cast down.

She was greatly changed, but so differently changed to Will's expectations, that he stood amazed, stunned. He had pictured her fragile, broken, spiritless, wretched. There she stood before him, grown stronger than when he had known her, quiet as a statue, with a face not of happiness, but of intensified peace, and with all that was beautiful in her as a girl increased a thousand-fold, but subdued by suffering. Her rich brown hair had formerly been cut close, but now it had grown so long that it fell to her shoulders. Her face was colorless for want of open air and sunshine. A casual observer would have said she was happy.

Something of her peace fell upon William Sheridan as he looked upon her. Suddenly he was recalled to consciousness by a simple movement of hers as if averse to inspection. His heart quickened with fear and sorrow for his impulsive action in entering the cell, for now he would give all he possessed that she should not look upon his face. He turned from her quickly and walked out of the cell, and he did not look round until he heard the heavy door swing into its place.

When he had walked so far from the cell that she could not hear his voice, he asked the governor what work these privileged prisoners were engaged in, and was almost startled into an exclamation of astonishment when the governor answered:

"They are just now engaged on a pleasant task for themselves. They are making their outfit for the Penal Colony."

"Is she—that prisoner going to the Penal Colony?" asked Will Sheridan, scarcely able to control his emotion.

"Yes, sir; she and all those in this pentagon will sail for Western Australia in the next convict ship," said the governor. "We shall send three hundred men and fifty women in this lot."

"When does the ship sail?" asked the visitor, still apparently examining the door-cards.

"On the 10th of April—just three months hence," answered the governor.

With his eyes fixed on a ponderous door, which he did not see, Will Sheridan made a sudden and imperative resolution.

"I shall return to Australia on that convict ship," were the words that no one heard but his own soul.

"I thank you, sir, for your courtesy and attention," he said, next moment, to the governor; "and as I wish to examine more closely the working of your system, I shall probably trouble you again."

The governor assured him that his visits to the prison would be at all times considered as complimentary; and Will Sheridan walked from Millbank with a firmer step and a more restful spirit than he had known for ten years.

VIII.

SIR JOSHUA HOBBS'S CONVICT-MILL

Lord Somers, the Colonial Secretary, had evidently conceived a high opinion of Mr. Sheridan from his first brief visit. He soon renewed the acquaintance by requesting another interview. In the course of a few weeks their relations had become almost friendly.

Their conversation was usually about the Australian colonies, on which subject the Secretary found Sheridan to be a perfect encyclopedia. It seemed that every possibility of their condition, latent as well as operative, had come into his practical mind, and had been keenly considered and laid aside.

But Sheridan was a child in London. He was supremely ignorant of everything that this nobleman considered necessary to existence. He knew nothing of British or European politics—did not even know who was Prime Minister. It gratified the genial and intelligent Englishman, on their frequent rides through the city, to impart information and pleasure to his Australian friend.

One day Mr. Sheridan received another large official letter, this time from the Chief Director of Convict Prisons, Sir Joshua Hobb, who, without apologizing for the delayed acknowledgment of Mr. Sheridan's letter, asked him to meet the Board of Directors on the next day at noon, at the Department in Parliament Street.

Sheridan kept the appointment, and became acquainted with the half-dozen men to whose hands Great Britain had intrusted the vast burden of punishing and reforming the criminal class.

Half an hour's conversation, though of a general nature astonished Will Sheridan, by convincing him of the stupendous conceit and incompetence of these men. They talked glibly about the weight of a prisoner's loaf, and the best hour to light the cells in the morning; they had statistics at their finger-tips to show how much work a convict could perform on a given number of ounces of meat; but they knew nothing whatever of the large philosophy of penal government.

The Chief Director, Sir Joshua Hobb, however, was an exception, in so far as he had ideas. He was a tall, gaunt man, of fifty, with an offensive hauteur, which was obviously from habit rather than from nature. His face said plainly: "I know all—these gentlemen know nothing—it is not necessary that they should—I am the Convict System." He reminded Sheridan of a counsellor in a narrow piece of special knowledge. He looked superciliously at Sheridan, as if to ask—

"Do you mean to pretend, before me, that you know anything about prisons?"

"Confound this fellow!" said Sheridan to himself, five minutes after meeting him; "he deliberately delayed acknowledging my letters, to show his importance."

But Sir Joshua Hobb was an expert in penal systems. He had graduated from a police court, where he had begun as an attorney; and he was intimately acquainted with the criminal life of England in its details. But he had no soul for the awful thought of whence the dark stream came, nor whether it was going. He was merely a dried mudbank to keep it within bounds for a little way.

The admiration of his colleagues was almost reverential. Mr. Sheridan was informed by several of the Board—in subdued voice, of course, so that the great reformer should not be put to the blush—of his wonderful successes in the treatment of criminals.

"I feel his hate him," said Mr. Pettigrew, one of the Board—"I give you my word, sir, that every criminal in England hates the name of Sir Joshua Hobb. He has made them feel his power, sir, and they know him."

"He was knighted by the Queen for his Separate System," said another Director.

"Is that your present system?" asked Sheridan.

"No," said the Director. "At present we are on the other tack." "The Separate System was a failure, then?" inquired Mr. Sheridan.

"Not a failure, sir, but it was abandoned out of regard to the sentimental reformers. It increased insanity from 12 to 31 per 1,000. Sir Joshua himself was the first to find it out."

"And then you adopted the Public-Works System, did you not?" asked Sheridan.

"No," said the Director. "The Separate System failed, Sir Joshua introduced the mask—a cloth skull-cap coming down over the face, with eyelet-holes—to promote a salutary shame in the prisoners. He was made a Knight Commander of the Bath for that wonderful invention."

"Then that system gave beneficial results?" inquired Mr. Sheridan.

"Well, there was no doubt of its moral excellence; but it increased

the insanity from 31 to 89 per 1,000. Sir Joshua himself was the first to discover this, also."

"He certainly deserves the name of a discoverer," thought Sheridan. Then aloud:

"And your present system is his invention, also?"

"Yes, our present system is wholly his. We are just now examining results. We discover one peculiarity, which Sir Joshua hardly knows how to class but he says it certainly is a proof of progress."

"May I ask what is this peculiarity?" inquired Mr. Sheridan.

"That within three years insanity has decreased 2% answered the Director," while suicide has increased 17 per 1,000."

"Sir Joshua inclines to the opinion," said another Director, who was listening, "that this fact proves that we are at last getting to bear closely on the criminal principle. The law is touching it—there is no escape—and in despair the baffled criminals give up the fight, and kill themselves."

There was something fearfully repugnant to Sheridan's broad and humane view in all this, and he would gladly have escaped from the place. But the Directors meant to impress him with their ability to manage the entire Penal System, both in Australia and England. To secure this general management, Sir Joshua Hobb had recently introduced a bill to Parliament.

"Have you heard, sir," said Sir Joshua, addressing Sheridan with a patronizing kindness, "of the proposals made to the Government as to penal reform, by Mr. Wyville, of Western Australia?"

"No," answered Sheridan, smiling at his own ignorance. "I have never even heard of Mr. Wyville."

"Indeed!" said Sir Joshua, with a stare of rude surprise. "He is the most influential man in the West Australian Penal Colony."

"I never heard his name before," simply answered Will.

"He, perhaps, resides in a district far from yours, Mr. Sheridan," said one of the Directors. "Mr. Wyville is a wealthy settler from the Vasse District."

"From the Vasse?" repeated Sheridan, quite surprised. "I thought I knew every man, rich and poor, bond and free, in that district. I have lived there many years."

Sheridan saw that his importance was lessened to the Board, but, strange to say, increased to the Chief Director, by his confession of ignorance of Mr. Wyville. However, Sir Joshua continued to speak.

"Mr. Wyville wants to introduce the sentimental idea into our penal system—an absurdity that has never been attempted. There is only one way to blend punishment with reform, sir,—by rigid rules, constant work, low diet, impersonal treatment,—and all this kept up with unflinching regularity for all the years of a prisoner's sentence."

"With educational and religious influence added, of course," suggested Mr. Sheridan.

"No, sir, not of course," said Sir Joshua, in a tone of severe correction; "a chapter of the Bible read by a warder every morning, in a regular way, may do some good; but these influences have been over-schooled. The quality that is absent in the criminal class is *order*, sir; and this can best be supplied by persistent and impersonal regularity of work, meals, exercise, and sleep."

"You subject all prisoners to the same course of treatment?" asked Sheridan.

"Precisely," answered Sir Joshua. "Our system is the measure of normality, sir. We make the entire criminal or abnormal class pass through the same process of elevation, and try to reach one standard."

Mr. Sheridan would have asked what the standard was, and how many had reached it, and what had become of those who had failed to reach it, who had sunk under the Draconian yoke; but he thought it prudent to keep the questions back.

"Suppose a youth commit a first offence," he said, "or a man hitherto respectable and industrious commit a crime in a moment of passion,—will you treat him as if he were a professional criminal?"

"Precisely," repeated the eminent reformer; "our system regards criminality as a mass, and ignores its grades. This is our leading idea, sir—uniformity and justice. The criminal body is diseased—our system is the cure, sir; physician and cure in one."

Accustomed to say the word he meant, Will Sheridan could hardly restrain an indignant comment. "Confound the man," he thought, "he would take a hundred men, with as many diseases, and treat them all for the cholera." He concluded that Sir Joshua would have earned distinction as a torturer as well as a reformer, but he did not say so. As soon as possible he ended the conversation, and withdrew from the presence of the Directors of Prisons.

"Lord help the convicts!" he thought, on his way to the hotel. "No wonder they are eager to be sent to the Penal Colony."

TO BE CONTINUED

WHY BE UNINFORMED?

"No Catholic has an excuse for being uninformed about current Catholic events," says the Church Progress. "Nor can any Catholic truly claim to be posted on them who is not a faithful reader of the Catholic paper."

IN AFFLICTION'S HOUR

The evil day which poor old Kitty had so long dreaded had come at last. She was obliged to go to the work-house. It was a place which she had always regarded with loathing and horror, and she had strained every nerve and practiced the most pitiful economies to avoid it; but, alas! all was of no avail. She had gone for three days without food, the tiny attic which she rented in the lodging house in Soho was stripped bare of furniture, for everything had gone to the pawnshop, and she owed the landlady a whole week's rent, which she must either pay at once, or be turned into the street. Alas! there was no alternative, for her strength had gone, and with it her little savings; so on a cold winter's night she had found herself shivering and penniless on the gray pavement of the inhospitable London street, where she must either lie down to starve and die, or else totter to that abode so hated by the struggling though respectable poor of which Kitty was a type. When she heard the heavy door of the workhouse bang behind her, she felt as if she were being buried alive, but she did not despair, for she belonged to the land and to the race which hold fast to hope and faith in God in the hour of deepest trial and affliction. Kitty, or to give her full name, Kitty O'Connor, had once been a happy peasant girl in the Land of Shamrocks. Her father, Myles O'Connor, was an industrious small farmer, who worked hard to bring up his family in comfort, and though the rent was high and the landlord was hard he managed to live and thrive. But, alas! black '47 came, and swept his and many another smiling home away. Father, mother, and three children fell victims to the typhus and cholera with which the country was reeking. Kitty and her sister, Mary, the only ones left, swelled the tide of emigration to England. On arriving at Liverpool, Mary was attacked by the fever and taken to a quarantine hospital, and whether she lived or died, or what became of her, Kitty could not discover, though she made the most strenuous efforts to trace her whereabouts. Those were awful times for the unfortunate Irish emigrants flying from their hapless country, and it sometimes happened, that between the plague ship and the cholera hospital, parents and children, sisters and brothers, were separated, never perhaps to see each other again.

When Kitty, after many months of weary searching, had failed to discover any trace of her sister, she followed the footsteps of many of her country people to London, and eventually found herself a resident in the Irish quarter of Soho. The little Catholic church there, dedicated to the Patron Saint of Ireland, which had been built with pennies of Irish emigrants of former years, was now thronged to its fullest extent with a crowd of worshippers speaking the soft, sweet tongue of the Gael, and Kitty was among their number. The priest, though an Englishman, in a tone of severe correction; "a chapter of the Bible read by a warder every morning, in a regular way, may do some good; but these influences have been over-schooled. The quality that is absent in the criminal class is *order*, sir; and this can best be supplied by persistent and impersonal regularity of work, meals, exercise, and sleep."

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That workhouse was a prison and a place of torture to Kitty, rather than the haven of rest which the aged and deserving poor have a right to. Her gloomiest anticipations were more than realized. The food was bad, and there was little of it; but that was not by any means the chief cause of Kitty's suffering. The harsh and unsympathetic manner in which the inmates were treated, so altogether different from the warm charity of the Irish towards their poor, wounded her sensitive soul. The poor creatures were atoms without human feeling at all, and indeed the iron system under which they lived made them look the stereotyped edition of each other.

When Kitty had had her own little room she had been accustomed to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament every day, but that happiness was hers no longer, since the workhouse door shut her in. All were, however, allowed a few hours' freedom on Sunday morning to enable them to attend their various places of worship, and this privilege she never failed to claim, be the weather what it might. Her regularity in attending church attracted the attention of the matron who was a bigoted non-conformist, and when she discovered that Kitty was a Catholic, her attitude toward her became quite hostile. If she were a minute late in returning from church she would not be allowed to go to Mass on the following Sunday, and if she went to Holy Communion she had to go without her breakfast, for that meal was served at a certain hour when Kitty could not be there, and the matron said she could not keep any over just for the whims and caprices of Papists. In fact, she never missed a chance of inflicting annoyance on her. Among Kitty's most treasured possessions was a small picture of St. Anthony, which had been in her family for ever so long, and to this she faithfully clung even when she had parted with everything else she possessed. She had a great devotion to the Miracle-Worker of Padua, and before that picture of his she had prayed long and earnestly, that he would restore to her her long lost sister if she were in the land of the living and, though the long and weary years rolled by without a sign yet she never once lost hope and confidence in his intercession. One day the matron, going through the ward, saw this picture hanging over Kitty's bed. She sent for Kitty and ordered her to take it down at once.

"I cannot have such an idolatrous thing here," she said in the bitter sneering tone of voice which poor Kitty was now so well accustomed to. "I wonder you Papists dare to call yourselves Christians when you are nothing more nor less than a pack of idolaters. You ought to know better than to pray to that thing, living, as you do, in this enlightened country. No doubt you are trying to spread your ideas all you can, like all the Papists—perhaps you are a Jesuit in disguise for all I know—but I'll see that there is no more of your tomfoolery here. Remove the thing at once, and if you ever put it there again I'll throw it into the fire."

Kitty had no alternative but to take the picture down, and reverently she did so, and clasped it to her heart while her lips moved in prayer in reparation for the insult which had been offered to her dear saint. The matron observed it all, and with a sneer on her lips she remarked:

"Old fool that you are, do you suppose that that thing hears you? I assure you, you might as well be talking to that table; but there is no arguing you Papists out of your folly."

"Within, ma'am, I know that the dear saint does hear me, and this very day I'll implore him to take me out of this place, and what's more, ma'am, he'll hear my prayer, as you will see before long."

A great confidence in St. Anthony had seized Kitty's soul at that moment, and she felt her deliverance was at hand, although she had not the faintest conception of the manner in which it was to come.

"Old fool!" said the matron, "you've come here to stay, and here you'll live and die."

But she reckoned without St. Anthony.

The next day being Sunday, Kitty went to Holy Communion, as usual, and afterwards remained a long time engaged in earnest prayer over the picture of St. Anthony. She rose from her knees with fresh hope and comfort in her heart. Near the door was a wooden box labelled "Books and Papers for the Workhouse," into which the parishioners dropped occasionally whatever they had finished with in the way of literature, whether books, newspapers or monthly magazines. Standing by the box was a lady who periodically distributed its contents to the workhouse people. She was evidently waiting for Kitty. In her hand she held a book.

"It's all that's left," said she, as Kitty approached; "the others have been beforehand with you and have got all the magazines, but I think you will like it, as it is the life of a saint. You find the biographies of holy men interesting, don't you, Kitty? and this one, I am sure, you will like particularly, as it is the life of St. Anthony. He is one of your favorite saints, is he not? I think I saw you praying before him just now." Kitty was over-joyed at getting this book. It was one which she had always wanted to read, but could not afford to buy.

"Many thanks to ye, ma'am," was her reply; "there isn't wan that I'd like better, and it's it I'd take if I had me pick and choice of the whole lot. Thru for ye, ma'am, I do love the dear St. Anthony, for 'tis he

that's always ready to help the poor body. Glory be to God!"

She hastened home with her treasure, and though she had to go breakfastless, as usual, she didn't mind in the least, for now she had a feast which she liked much better.

Directly on her return she opened the book, and something fell to the floor. She picked it up, and lo! in her hands, and to her utter bewilderment and amazement, she found a £10 note. It would have meant a greater fortune to Kitty at that moment than the untold wealth to many a millionaire, but she never for a moment thought of keeping it. No one so honest as the Irish peasant. In many a village in the west of Ireland, before the famine year, bars and bolts were things unknown, so secure did the people feel in the honesty of their neighbors.

"It must belong to the owner of the book," thought Kitty; "see, here is her name and address in the corner, so I will have no difficulty in returning it to her."

But there was a difficulty. She could not get leave of an hour's absence, though she implored it almost with tears. But she kept her own counsel about her discovery, and resolved to take it to its supposed owner the next Sunday morning after Mass. The address on the book was that of a house in Torrington Square, and as that was a good quarter of an hour's walk from the church, it would make her at least half an hour late returning, but she resolved to risk all pains and penalties. So with the £10 note clasped lightly in her wrinkled hand, she hastened on the following Sunday to restore it to its owner. The door of the house was opened to her by a waiter, who looked very astonished to see her, for the place was a boarding house, and persons of Kitty's description were not usually among the callers.

On inquiring whom she wanted, she gave the name written on the book and presently she heard the waiter announce to his mistress that one of the workhouse people wanted to see her. Kitty told her of the discovery of the note, and asked her if she had lost it.

"Yes, my good woman," replied the lady, and I could not in the least imagine where it had gone, though I remembered putting it somewhere, but where I couldn't tell. All this week I have been praying to St. Anthony to restore it to me, and you see he hasn't failed me."

"He never fails," said Kitty. "He's very good," answered the lady, "but I have a grudge against him, for years. Long years ago I lost something far more precious than gold—a dear, dear sister, and though I have prayed to him every day since then, I am not a bit more enlightened as to her whereabouts. But it's a long story, and I do not wish to detain you by telling it. And now you will accept this as a reward for your honesty, will you not? Not every one in your position would have thought of a lost bank note."

As the lady spoke, she thrust 5 golden sovereigns into Kitty's hand. The latter demurred, as she did not like the idea of receiving a recompense for her honesty, but the lady insisted so much that she was forced to take it.

"A thousand thanks, ma'am, and God bless you for your kindness. 'Tis I'm the happy woman this day; for now I'll not only be able to leave the work-house, but I have enough to bring me back to Knocknamella, and sure maybe I'll die in old Ireland, after all."

"What place did you say?" queried the lady, growing pale and excited.

"Knocknamella, ma'am," answered Kitty. "Sure, that's where all the O'Connors come from, and 'twas there I was born and bred, and there I hope I'll die now."

"And your name. What is it?" asked the lady, now looking very pale indeed.

"Kitty, ma'am—Kitty O'Connor, and if I only had my darling sister Mary now I'd be the happiest woman in all Christendom."

"Kitty! my own darling Kitty! I ought to have known you among ten thousand," and the lady threw her arms around Kitty's neck and sobbed convulsively.

In another moment Kitty, too, was weeping for joy, for she instantly realized that she was speaking to her own long-lost sister.

No words could describe their happiness. Mary's story was briefly this. She had recovered from the cholera and on convalescence had been removed to another hospital a long distance away, where she had been informed through some mistake on the part of the officials, that her sister had sailed for America. Hence, all their efforts at discovering each other had been misdirected. Mary became a parlor maid in the house of a good old English family, and her mistress became so attached to her that on dying she left her a legacy of £500. She then married the lady's coachman, who had been paying her attention for some time, and with their united means they had purchased the Bloomsbury boarding house, which they made a great success, and became people of considerable wealth. When Kitty found her she was a prosperous, though childless widow, still yearning for the lost one.

Kitty did not return alone to Knocknamella. In the grand house which now looks down upon the Irish village two elderly ladies lead peaceful and happy lives, dispensing bounteous alms to the poor, who love and bless them.

"There's something that's not natural about them Papists and their saints," said the workhouse matron, when she heard of Kitty's good fortune.

"Yes, something supernatural," said a poor old creature, to whom no one had been kind but Kitty and who had through her influence become a Catholic.

These words made an impression upon the matron. She pondered them in her heart, with the result that she, too, eventually joined the One True Fold, and her rule was thenceforth characterized by mildness and benignity towards all.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

BEATIFICATION OF VENERABLE DE LA COLOMBIERE

The Venerable, Claude de la Colomiere is the one whom God chose to be the helper of Blessed Margaret Mary in making known to the world the devotion to the Sacred Heart. This saintly priest was her spiritual director at the time of the revelations; it was through him that they were first given out. The humble Visitandine had not spoken to her community about the favours she had received from Our Lord or about the mission He had entrusted to her; but when her director himself alluded to those epoch-making revelations, she felt that her secret was out and that she should no longer by her silence put any obstacle to the wishes of her Heavenly Spouse.

Margaret Mary had been professed for several years in the monastery of the Visitation, at Paray-le-Monial, when Father de la Colomiere was sent thither as superior of the Jesuit residence. The saintly religious had long been receiving extraordinary communications from God, but she tried to stifle the interior Voice which was speaking to her so constantly. She had frankly made herself known to her spiritual directors, but those men, otherwise sound theologians, failed in their discernment of her case. According to them she was really the victim of hallucinations, and needed to be turned away from her imaginings; they had entirely misinterpreted the action of the Holy Spirit in her soul.

In her loneliness and desolation Our Lord encouraged her. "Be at peace," He told her; "I will send you My servant." And what her biographers have all considered a divine intervention, de la Colomiere was shortly afterwards named her spiritual director. He proved a faithful and enlightened confessor and guide, and brought peace and confidence to the troubled heart of Margaret Mary. He calmed her fear of deception and bade her abandon herself unhesitatingly to the Divine Spirit who was guiding her. Mary herself afterwards wrote: "I was in a most terrible state of suffering until my Sovereign Lord sent Father de la Colomiere to me, telling me that he was one of His most faithful servants and dearest friends."

After the revelations of 1678, the holy nun, still impressed by her own unworthiness, asked Our Lord how she, a cloistered religious, could live a life so remote from the world, could carry out His wishes regarding the spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart. The answer came to her: "Consult My servant, Father de la Colomiere. Tell him from Me to do his utmost to establish this devotion and give Me this pleasure. Let him not be discouraged by the difficulties he will meet with, for they will be numerous. He must know that one is all powerful who distrusts himself; let him put his trust in Me."

This authentic divine commission to act as the co-apostle of the Sacred Heart was willingly undertaken by the saintly director and was carried out whole-heartedly. While others doubted or were alarmed at the seeming novelty of the devotion, he never questioned the genuineness of the revelations. Father de la Colomiere clearly recognized therein the finger of God, and so strong was his confidence in the great revelation of June, 1678, that six days later, which was the octave of Corpus Christi, the very day chosen for the feast, he consecrated himself for life by a solemn act to the service of the Sacred Heart. He became an unwearied promoter of the devotion; everywhere he preached the practice of the Communion of Reparation on the annual feast and on the first Fridays of the month.

He had been eighteen months at Paray-le-Monial when, in 1676, he was appointed chaplain to Mary of Modena, Duchess of York, who later became Queen of England when James II. received the crown. This royal lady was pious and humble, and would have buried herself in a cloister had she not yielded to the wishes of Clement X. who felt that religion in England would profit by the presence of a Catholic queen on the throne; but the policy of her weak-kneed husband as well as the hatred of the nation for Catholicism, banished any hopes for religious toleration the Holy Father might have entertained. The queen had much to suffer in her exalted position, and she would have yielded to the pressure had not the wise counsels of her chaplain enabled her to bear everything patiently. Father de la Colomiere taught her devotion to the Sacred Heart, and imparted to her some of the holy fire

with which he himself was aflame. So ardent a promoter did she become that the first petition addressed to the Holy See for the institution of the feast of the Sacred Heart was signed by Maria, Regina Anglie.

During de la Colomiere's stay at St. James' Palace he had his own share in the trials of his royal penitent. The state of the Catholic Church in England was in such a lamentable state that it brought grief to his apostolic soul. At that moment all London was thrown into a frenzy over the monstrous fabrications of Titus Oates, and the effects were felt by the holy chaplain. He was accused of being an abettor in the pretended conspiracy to blow up the parliament houses, and in November, 1678, he was arrested and thrown into prison. He was accused, besides, of urging Protestants to become Papists, of receiving adjudgments from the State religion, and of propagating the faith of the Pope in England. Father de la Colomiere formally acknowledged these "crimes," regarding them as titles of honor, and after a term of imprisonment he was banished back to France.

Symptoms of tuberculosis having begun to show themselves shortly after his arrival in England, his condition became so aggravated by his hard life in prison that his transportation across the channel was effected only at the cost of great suffering. He had, however, the consolation of spending a few days at Paray-le-Monial. "I have seen him twice," wrote Blessed Margaret Mary; "he could hardly speak." The patient himself regarded his illness as one of the greatest mercies God had bestowed on him. "I have learnt," he wrote in one of his letters, "that God does not wish to make further use of me. I was not worthy to be employed in the direction of souls."

His native air gave him a season of respite in his struggle against the fatal ailment. During the interval, while acting as spiritual director of his religious brethren at Lyons, he planted devotion to the Sacred Heart in the hearts of others of his Order who were to spread it after his death. Realizing that his end was rapidly approaching, he endeavored more and more to perfect the conformity of his will to the adorable will of his Master. "Our Lord has been teaching me these last few days," he wrote in November, 1679, "how to make a more perfect sacrifice, which is to be resolved, if it be His will, to do nothing at all, to die even now, to extinguish at once by death the zeal and the great desire which I feel to labor for souls."

When another change of air was suggested, Margaret Mary wrote to him and besought him, if it were not contrary to obedience, to remain at Paray, telling him that Our Lord wished him to make the sacrifice of his life there. The holy man submitted, and ultimately expired there, resting as it were on the Heart of Jesus. "Oh how sweet it is to die," exclaimed Margaret Mary, "after having had a constant devotion to Him Who is going to be our Judge."

Father de la Colomiere was buried in the church of his Order at Paray-le-Monial. After the suppression of the Society of Jesus in France, in 1762, his body was transferred to the monastery of the Visitation nuns. Three years later, in 1765, a member of this community wrote: "His remains rest in a casket close to those of our venerable Margaret Mary, and there every day we invoke the prayers of those two great servants of God." In 1877 the precious relics of Father de la Colomiere were placed in a house raised to honor his memory. Since 1900 the condition of affairs in France inspired such fear of sacrilege and spoliation that the ashes of the holy apostle of the Sacred Heart were transferred from Paray to safer quarters where they are at present.

No one felt his loss more bitterly than Margaret Mary. When the news of his death reached her she begged prayers for his soul; but a few hours later, as if she had received assurance from on high, she added, "Do not grieve for him any more; pray to him without fear." She who knew him best and could gauge the treasures of grace which flooded his soul, was lavish in her praises of his holiness. In her prayers and letters she called him a saint; she gave away portions of his relics; she celebrated the day of his death as a feast day. "He is a saint," we read in a contemporary work, "although not yet canonized, there is hope that in time he will be."

Father de la Colomiere's reputation for sanctity has kept on growing during the past two centuries. He was declared Venerable by Leo XIII in 1880, and the cause for his beatification is now being actively urged before the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The prayers of all lovers of the Sacred Heart are earnestly asked for the speedy elevation to the altars of this great servant of God. Once the Infallible Church has set the seal of her approbation on his life and virtues we shall have a new official intercessor in heaven. Let us pray that the day may soon come when we shall be able to address him as "Blessed," and when we may, with greater confidence in his power near God, ask him for the temporal and spiritual graces we need. Who may hope to be heard more readily than lovers of the Sacred Heart.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

NEWMAN ON RELIGION

Cardinal Newman wrote in 1851: "What I desire in Catholics is the gift of bringing out what their religion is. You must not hide your talent in a napkin, or your light under a bushel." And again he said: "I want a laity 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." Cardinal Newman's words have point and meaning to day.—Sacred Heart Review.

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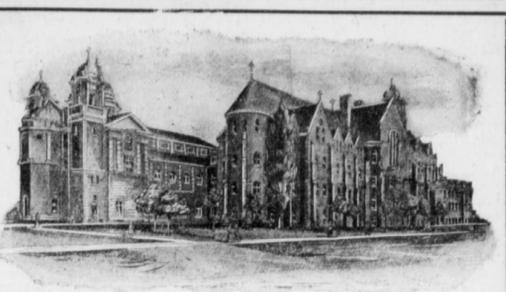
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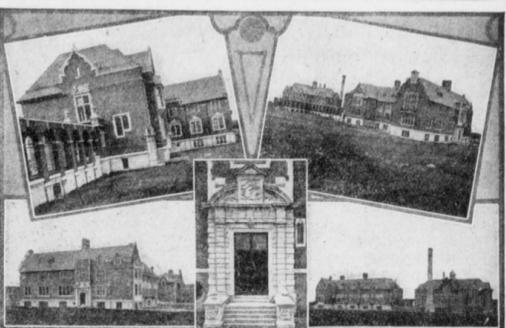
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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1916

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA

In the June number of the Catholic World is a masterly article by Bishop Shahan outlining the history of the Catholic University at Washington. In chaste and scholarly language he recounts without boasting the great work already accomplished; but the Right Reverend Rector is a man of faith and vision and he outlines, also, the needs of the future. Strangely enough this very faith in Catholic education which he shares with the Holy See, this vision of future development seemed to some less encouraging than the self-complacent inertia of men of little faith.

It is quite impossible to summarize the article must be read, re-read and studied by all who are interested in Catholic education.

A few extracts, however, will enable our readers to glimpse the far-reaching influence that the Catholic University has already had on the whole system of Catholic education in the States.

"The express wish of the Holy See that religious should be admitted to all the advantages of the University was generously met on both sides from the earliest days. Apart from the Sulpicians, to whom was confided the administration of Divinity Hall and whose novitiate is now established here, the Paulists were the first to respond, and soon the Marists and the Fathers and Brothers of Holy Cross established themselves in close proximity.

"In due time came the Franciscans and the Dominicans, the Society of Divine Love, the Fathers and Brothers of Mary (Dayton), the Oblate Fathers and the Capuchins. The numerous students of these communities are a notable element of academic strength, while their regular, edifying lives contribute greatly to the general discipline. At all times the mutual relations of these communities and their relations with the University have been excellent.

"It may be said with truth that the conditions here in briefly outlined are unique in the history of Catholic education, that they offer the brightest hope for the future in the way of harmony and common service, and that to-day nowhere in the world is there a similar academic situation so ideal in its outlines and so rich in promise."

"Many of our seminaries and colleges have to-day on their teaching staff a good number of scholarly professors educated in the Catholic University, and in this respect its influence has been most beneficial. In several dioceses the superintendents of schools are graduates of the University, and by their personal influence and their training affect favorably the growth of our educational system. Indeed, there is no service, which the University prizes more, highly or is more anxious to render than the service due to Catholic education. This is its highest merit, its broadest field of action, its very *raison d'être*. If it had done nothing else in twenty-five years than what has been accomplished along these lines it would have justified the hopes and the sacrifices it called forth from its foundation."

"The Catholic Sisters' College, formally established in 1914, gave definite shape to the teaching which had been carried on for three years previous under the guidance of the University for the better formation of our teaching Sisters in all that pertains to their scholastic duties. If the satisfaction of those immediately affected be a guarantee of its timeliness, the College may be said to have already justified itself. It may be that a generation from now it will go without saying that this work was the happiest because the most necessary of all the academic enterprises set afoot by the University."

The foregoing extracts indicate that the Catholic University of America has grasped the vital importance of a great educational truth. The Universities form the teachers of the High schools and these in turn prepare those who teach the elementary schools. If the Universities are irreligious, agnostic or anti-Catholic the very well-springs of the educational system are poisoned.

The Catholic University must be the source from which a Catholic

educational system draws its inspiration and on which it must depend for any sort of strong and vigorous vitality.

The curious misinterpretation of the import of Bishop Shahan's article called forth the subjoined correspondence which fully explains itself:

London, Ont., July 6th, 1916.

The Right Rev. T. J. Shahan, D.D., Rector Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

My dear Bishop Shahan.—A paragraph you have had with various persons are being used—in one instance in the public press and in several private ways—to discourage, retard and prevent the establishment of a National Catholic University in Canada.

May I ask if the Catholic University at Washington is a failure? Is it worth while? Has it accomplished results to justify its existence? Is its future uncertain? And may its past trials, its present condition, or its future prospects be fairly offered as an argument against the establishment of a Catholic University elsewhere?

And may I use any reply you may see fit to send to this letter? I remain, my dear Bishop Shahan, Yours faithfully in Christ, M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London.

The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. July 8th, 1916.

Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., London:

My dear Bishop Fallon.—Your letter of July 6th, just received, surprises me. In this country my Catholic World article on the Catholic University has been received with universal satisfaction. Its plain, unadorned statement of our progress during the last twenty-five years is so convincing that I wonder how anyone could torture out of it the pessimistic conclusions you tell me it has aroused in some parts of Canada. I am sending you a copy of the article, which has been widely distributed, and I am sure that when you have read it you will find no paragraph that could at all justify any doubt as to the stability and future of the Catholic University.

Since facts speak louder than words, I can say that in the last seven years the University staff has grown from 28 to 83 teachers; that the endowment has grown from \$700,000 to about \$2,000,000; that 4 large academic buildings have been erected at a cost of about \$700,000 and paid for; that the original site of the University has been increased by 75 acres; that 6 new religious communities have purchased land and have established themselves at the University; that the Library has grown from 50,000 to over 100,000 volumes; that the lay students have increased from about 50 to 410; that the Knights of Columbus have made an endowment of \$500,000 for 50 graduate students, whose benefits Canada shares, and another endowment has been established of at least equal value for the education of ecclesiastical youth; that our reviews, publications and literary work have increased; that over 50 will have been closed in favor of the University; above all, that thorough harmony reigns in our counsels and our works, for which reason alone we rightly look forward to a progress proportionately great in the decades that lie before us.

Whoever knows me is aware that I have never spoken of the University except in terms of sincere optimism. I have given nearly thirty years of my life to the great and holy work, and I feel that God has amply rewarded me, even on this earth. I have been privileged to assist, and have part in, the growth of the most promising educational centre which the Catholic Church possesses to-day in the entire world. You may say in my name, that the Catholic University at Washington is not a failure but a great success; that the efforts of thirty years of toil have been crowned with very satisfactory results; that its future is as certain as any of the great Catholic works in the United States; that its past history, considered as a whole, is an irrefutable argument in favor of the ultimate success of a National Catholic University wherever and whenever undertaken, under the auspices of the Holy See and with the aid of the Hierarchy. You may make any use of this letter you see fit.

With best wishes I remain, Fraternally yours in Christ, THOMAS J. SHAHAN, Titular Bishop of Germanicopolis and Rector of The Catholic University of America.

VOTED FOR THE WRITTEN TEST

The boys of St. Patrick's School, Ottawa, unanimously refused to be "recommended," and to accept the usual written test for High school Entrance. The entire class of 36 wrote, 35 passed, 10 with honors.

Of the St. Patrick's girls 28 wrote, 23 passed, 7 with honors, one of them taking the First Honor Scholarship; 10 were recommended.

It is not boys and girls, thus prepared, who risk nervous prostration if they write on the Entrance examination. But then, "recommendations" obviate other risks.

In our reference last week to the Entrance results in London, we were

mistaken in saying that the Separate school pupils led the city "for the fifth consecutive year." A Public school pupil led in 1915; the Separate schools had that honor in 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1916; and in 1913 a Separate school pupil headed the honor list for the province.

A NEW VOCATION FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS

What can I do in the summer holidays?

This question is put by many people in the sweltering season. Even those in a position to take a long holiday, without worry as to means, find the problem of summer puzzling. They find themselves tiring of their holiday after the first few days or weeks. Boating, shooting, fishing and other varieties of sport are given a turn and abandoned after awhile. Conversation is tried and proves a trial. What is to be done in the evenings? Is there any way of passing summer evenings with profitable results? Those who have tried it say with confidence: try the vocation of thanksgiving. It is a profession that is not overcrowded.

"It would not be easy," wrote Faber once, "to exaggerate the common neglect of this duty. There is still enough of prayer, but there is still less thanksgiving. For every million of Paters and Aves, which rise up from the earth to avert evils or to ask graces, how many do you suppose follow after in thanksgiving for the evils averted or the graces given? It is not hard to find the reason of this. Our own interests drive us obviously to prayer; but it is love alone which leads to thanksgiving."

But is thanksgiving really a vocation? asks a sceptic. It is just as truly a vocation as the most practical pursuits on earth. There are people who do not understand the real nature of thanksgiving, but that does not prevent it being a vocation. There are people who do not appreciate the nature or need of prayer. Yet prayer is a vocation, one of the highest vocations. The contemplative orders, by their prayers, do a vast work for the salvation of the human race. Their prayers fill a place in the scheme of Providence which nothing else could fill. It is the same with thanksgiving. The human race needs it, if it is to make any spiritual progress.

So next time when the shadows of night have fallen and the conversation seems to lack spirit and sparkle, just turn the current of your thoughts in a new direction and make your way to a Church. Here you are sure of the best of company. Not only are there the angels who love to be near the altar, but there is the certainty of being in a place often blessed by the presence of the Holy Mother of God, and blessed perpetually by the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. There, in the tabernacle, is the Saviour of the world. Come to Him with your joys and sorrows. He loves to hear you tell Him all the thoughts of your heart. He rejoices with you in your happiness; He sympathizes with you in your trials. He can do you a vast amount of good. It will do you good to be in His Presence. You cannot be near Him without receiving benefit. In that humble tabernacle is One Who possesses limitless power. He knows exactly what is wrong with your life and why you have failed in some undertaking. Ask Him to set your life right again, and He will do it. While you kneel before Him, He will pour forth His grace upon you, grace to strengthen you in your battle with the world and to make you wise with a wisdom that is of heaven. What you will receive from Him will not leave you in a few days or pass from you at death, like earthly possessions. The blessings which you receive from Our Lord as you kneel before Him in a Church, will cling to you for all eternity. Thanksgiving is the best paying profession in the world.

As you kneel in front of the Holy Sacrament on a week day night you will seldom be jostled by crowds. If some earthly king or president were announced as certain to be present on a certain night in a certain church, what crowds of curious gazers there would be. What a besieging of the church doors! What an importunity for seats! Yet no earthly king or president could confer a jot of the endless spiritual graces which are conferred upon the thankful by that wondrous Dweller in the Tabernacle. A thousand earthly kings might be seen and the soul be as poor as ever. But by one visit to the Blessed Sacrament, graces have been won that

changed the whole course of men's lives.

Your new vocation of thanksgiving will place you in the same vocation as some of Heaven's choicest souls. You will be doing the same work as that holy nun of the Visitation, Blessed Margaret Mary, to whom Our Lord taught the practice of the Holy Hour. "Every night between Thursday and Friday," He said to her, "I will make you partaker of that sorrow unto death which it was My will to suffer in the Garden of Olives. To join with Me in the humble prayer which I then offered to My Father, you shall rise between 11 o'clock and midnight; you shall prostrate yourself for one hour, with your face to the ground, both to appease the anger of God by imploring mercy for sinners, and to sweeten in some way the bitterness I felt when My apostles abandoned Me, being unable to watch one hour with Me."

There are a thousand reasons for thanksgiving. A happy home, perhaps, obedient children, temporal blessings, spiritual favors, your place as a Catholic in the Church of Christ, your privileges of the Sacramental life; or may be, your favored lot as a religious, specially dear to God and dowered with special blessings; even loneliness and isolation are reasons for thanking God. In the midst of friends we may sometimes forget Him, but in loneliness, or with those around whom we love not and who love us not, how strongly we are drawn for solace to God, and to the intercessions of the Blessed Virgin. Out of loneliness and sorrow have arisen many saints.

THE MAN IN THE STREET AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Between the man in the street and the Catholic Church there are so many interests in common that each is persistently drawn towards the other. The man in the street is in search of truth and this truth the Catholic Church possesses. It is the nature of truth to be definite. Every page of the New Testament, from the account of the miraculous birth of Our Lord to that of His glorious Resurrection, shows it was the aim of the Gospel to inculcate definite truths. Christ invariably laid down His doctrine with calm authority, befitting the infallible knowledge of the Son of God. In the plain words of the baptismal formula, He taught the doctrine of the Trinity; He declared His Messiahship when He said to the Samaritan woman: "I am He Who am speaking with thee." He revealed His divinity in the words "I and the Father are one," and His real Presence in the Holy Eucharist when He said: "This is My Body."

The man in the street finds no lasting satisfaction till he reaches the Catholic Church. He is not impressed by tracts thrust into his hands, founded usually upon misinterpretations of the Bible. His common-sense rejects the views of persons who tell him that to be saved faith makes all the difference, while works matter not a jot. Yet while the man in the street is a reading man. In that case he soon finds out that the trouble with the tract-pusher is that neither they nor their tracts have any clear idea of accurate definitions, or of the meaning of words. It is only in Catholic theology, he finds, that a real logical system prevails, or that there's any real liberty to hold the truth. Outside the Catholic Church, the man in the street finds himself expected to swallow all sorts of vague and contradictory opinions. He is told by the tract-pusher that he is to be justified by faith and faith only, while in the epistle of St. James he reads that "faith without works is dead." It is not until he reads the explanation of Catholic theologians that he finds that St. James does not contradict the teaching of St. Paul.

Where else is the man in the street to turn for religious truth except to the Catholic Church? The Anglican Church, with its solemn services and the beautiful English of the Book of Common Prayer, may hold him for a while, but if he be a reading and thinking man, his position in that body soon becomes impossible. He hears, for example, that the Anglican bishop of Oxford believes that the Mass is a sacrifice, while on the other hand, the Anglican bishop of Liverpool has no belief in sacrifice of any kind, save that of praise and thanksgiving. On one side of the street in which he lives, there is an Anglican "High" church in which preachers declare their belief that Our Lord is really present in the Holy Eucharist, while on the other

side of the street, not a quarter of a mile away, there is another Anglican Church, a "Low" church in which the pastor declares that the Real Presence is merely a doctrine of the "romanizing party," further along the street is another Anglican Church, in which a reverend gentleman of the "broad church school" states that differences of doctrine are merely different aspects of the same truth, though what that truth itself actually is he always neglects to say.

The more that the man in the street examines the claims of non-Catholic bodies, the more dissatisfied he becomes with the whole non-Catholic attitude. He hears so called "Evangelistic" sects declare that the Bible is the sole source of truth, but there comes the question: How is a man to know whether the Bible is God's word or not? A book, composed of leaves and letters, with no living voice of its own, cannot be its own interpreter. The interpretation of the Bible is the most important matter in the world. It concerns each man's life in this world, his interpretation of life's problems, and his life for all eternity. In such an important matter it is most rash to trust to any authority which by its own admission is liable to error and change. All non-Catholic bodies by their own fundamental principles are liable to error and change. By their very nature, non-Catholic bodies can never satisfy the human mind or heart. The desire for truth and happiness can only be satisfied by a body which knows what truth is and what are the essential conditions for obtaining happiness. The man in the street, or any other seeker for truth, if he pursue his quest, finds his true home can never be anywhere else but in the Catholic Church.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

The Clergy and Religious who have been making their annual retreat or attending the midsummer course of lectures at our universities, and all others who have had to remain at their posts during the recent sweltering weather, can appreciate something of the sacrifice of those who labor under similar circumstances and in less congenial surroundings for the greater part of the year.

It was in the month of March in the city of Havana. We were discussing with the Superior of the College of San Augustino the places of interest in that "Paris of the Western Hemisphere." He said to us: "Have you visited the San Lazaro Hospital, the home of the leper colony?" The remark caused us an involuntary shudder, for we had read something that Stevenson had written of the unfortunates of Molokai. The kind Father informed us, however, that we would run no risk in visiting the place, so long as we kept at some little distance from the inmates. Armed with this assurance we sought admission. A bolt was drawn back and we entered the spacious court, which is common alike to private houses and public buildings in the South. It was the female ward, and the poor creatures were sitting or standing in little groups under the portico. Oh! what a contrast they presented to the gay multitude of pleasure seekers that thronged the Prado, only a few stone-throws distant! A Sister came forward and offered to show us through the institution. We thanked her kindly, but declined to go farther. Something about her accent and appearance aroused our curiosity; for she spoke in perfect English and her features seemed to indicate a different nationality from that of those about her. We made bold to enquire where she was born. "I'm from Ireland, Father," she replied. Even now those words still ring in our ears. The day before we had visited the convent school in the Vedado, the fashionable suburb of Havana. We had thought the lot of the Sisters there hard enough, teaching in a monotonous climate and far from their homes, for they were Americans. But what was their sacrifice to that of this Irish nun! They enjoyed the society of those of their own home land, and their charges were interesting, bright-eyed Spanish girls of the wealthier class. Her society, however kindly disposed, was alien to her, and her charges the most abject of humanity. The nuns of the Vedado could look forward to a vacation and to a home journey after at most, three or four years; but this poor victim of charity would have no vacation, at least in the accepted meaning of the term, nor would she ever bid the top of the morning to her beloved Irish coast. She seemed to us the

very personification and epitome of that spirit of self-sacrifice that has moulded the lives of so many of her race.

But the Irish of the old land enjoy no monopoly of this spirit. We were aware of the record of the Diocese of Pembroke which had won for it the appellation of "Nursery of the sanctuary and of the cloister"; but did not expect to find its religious children in the land of the royal palm. Yet we encountered in a convent at Cienfuegos a young lady from the banks of the Mattawa. Again at Santiago, when we enquired if there were any English speaking ecclesiastics in the city, we were told that there was a Jesuit Father at the College who could speak English, and that there was a Canadian Christian Brother teaching in a community of French religious that had been recently exiled from their own land. We decided to meet the latter and enjoyed his company during the greater part of our sojourn in that oldest of new-world cities. He talked of his work, of the apparent fruitlessness of it, of the instability of the Cuban character, and of the great number of students that failed to persevere in the practice of their religion after leaving school. Yet he was content to labor and leave the rest to God. But the natural man in him longed for the day when he would be recalled to his northern home. He accompanied us to the ship, and talked of Canada and of his conferees there, till the last warning whistle blew.

As we sailed out of the harbor, past Morro Castle, whose grim walls had looked down more than two centuries and a half ago upon the galleons of Spain, many memories were awakened within us. We thought of Columbus, who landed here in 1492; of Valasquez, who founded here just four centuries ago the site of the first episcopal see in the western world; of Cortez, who sailed from here to conquer the Aztec empire. We remembered, too, but not with the same degree of interest, Cervera and San Juan. But these thoughts were merely superficial. Deep down we were meditating upon our own recent experience; and that night, when the Captain pointed out to us the constellation of stars, that is known as the Southern Cross, we were thinking of another cross that is borne by so many friends of His, all unknown to us, in every part of the world. THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN OUR reference two weeks ago to Father Gallitzin, pioneer missionary of the Alleghenies, the name of Bishop Flaget, first Bishop of Bardstown, now the Diocese of Louisville, Kentucky, was naturally recalled. They have just been celebrating the centennial of the old cathedral of Bardstown, and the character and work of its first episcopal occupant was the theme of Archbishop Glennon's sermon on that occasion.

BISHOP FLAGET'S is distinctly one of the great names in the annals of the American church. Driven from France by the Revolution he found a field of labor white for the harvest in the new American Republic, and turning his back upon the comforts and consolations of the older-settled communities, he struck out what were then the frontier wilds of Kentucky. There he began to build from the ground upward a spiritual fabric which bears the impress of his devotion and sanctity to this day.

NO MAN ever entered upon his chosen field of labor with an eye more single to the welfare of his brethren than the first Bishop of Bardstown, and no one could have followed the furrow to the end more faithfully or perseveringly. He not only recalled neglected and forgotten Catholics to their duty, and brought many outsiders into the Fold, but he laid broad and deep the foundation of the many flourishing parishes with which the Diocese of Louisville abounds today, and of the collegiate institutions which are an honor to his name. No church could be called poor which can claim Benedict Joseph Flaget as its founder.

THE UNDERLYING motive of church union as recently decided upon by the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches, is seen in the comment of the Presbyterian Advance of Nashville, Tennessee. "In Canada," it says, "we will soon have a great Protestant church to stand for the principles of the Reformation over against the united Roman Catholics."

Better a negative virtue, perhaps, than none at all! But when the world is assured with one breath that union is desired as a step towards mending the rent in the seamless garment of Christ, and with the other that the prime object is to intensify antagonism against the one Church which through all ages has striven to heal the wounds of humanity and to bring all men into One Fold, we may be pardoned any enthusiasm over its pending accomplishment. The dissenting Presbyterian minority would seem after all to have a truer appreciation of "unity" than the more demonstrative majority.

THERE IS AN institution in New York called the Union Theological Seminary, which has been the vehicle through which a large percentage of the Protestant clergy of the United States has received its training. It is not, apparently, under the aegis of any particular denomination, but has rather been a forerunner of the sort of union just referred to—a union distinguished by the elimination not only of sectarian restrictions but of definite dogmatic teaching as well.

THIS INSTITUTION has been the object lately of some scathing remarks at the hands of a Rev. G. W. McPherson, superintendent of the Tent Evangel (whatever that may be) at 124th Street and Manhattan Avenue, New York. The "new theology," as taught there and in other seminaries, is, he affirms, based primarily on the old Pagan philosophy. "As a result of our educational methods, and philosophy," he continued, "the devil has captured our institutions of learning as he has done in Germany. No man who is true to the church and the Bible can hold his peace when we see the religious wrecks that this and similar institutions are making. It is clear that this institution has become an arch-enemy of the evangelical church of Christ."

THIS IS A severe indictment, but it would seem to have been well-earned. If the purpose of union among the sects is but to make a stronger showing against the Catholic Church, the way is certainly being paved in every direction, for the evils which Reverend McPherson deprecates having already eaten into the vitals of the leading Protestant theological institution in the United States.

THE CARE WHICH the Catholic Church has for the welfare of the native races of the American Continent is exemplified by the issue quite recently of the Catechism in Choctaw language. The translator of this interesting and important production is Rev. William H. Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at Washington, and it carries the imprimatur of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, whose love for the Red Man and zeal for the propagation of the Faith are well known.

THE INDIAN title of this little book is "Kialhik Iksa Nana-Aiyimmika I Katikisma," or, in English, "A Catechism of the Catholic religion translated into the Choctaw language." It is profusely illustrated and furnished with a vocabulary of the words used, contains all the most necessary prayers, some hymns, and simple instructions on the fundamental teachings of our Faith. The Choctaw chief, Victor Murat Locke, has expressed the opinion that it is the most correct translation of English into Choctaw that has thus far appeared.

WHAT ADDS to the interest and importance of the Catechism is that the Chickasaw (the Choctaw is the written language of the Chickasaws) is not a Catholic tribe, the great bulk of its people being Protestant. But the Church has a mission to all men, and in her care for the souls of the heathen knows no boundary of tribe or family. It has been well said that of all those who seek to carry the knowledge of Christianity to the heathen, the Catholic missionary alone is able to do it with understanding and sympathy, and this no doubt is due to his Church's twenty-century long experience as well as to the Divine authority which is behind him.

THE CATECHISM is printed in alternate pages of English and Choctaw and in its appeal to the conscience of the non-Catholic supports the doctrinal points of each chapter with copious citations from the Scriptures.

The book is in no sense, however, of a controversial character, but rather a simple exposition of the great truths of religion to all who have ears to hear and hearts to understand.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

TORY OBSTINACY WRECKS IRISH SETTLEMENT

LONDON, July 29th.—My cables the last two weeks have prepared you for the final breakdown of the negotiations incident to the proposed Irish Settlement.

OUR READERS may like to see what the familiar Hail Mary looks like in an Indian dialect. Here it is:

"Nan-isht-i-kana isht alotowa, Meli ma! Chitokakay ye chibai achvshkhe: ohovo at asha ka moma imaiya hosh na chi yuk-pshke; miha Chivst, chim ushvyto atobvt vta yvt, holito-pshke. Chihova Ishki, Meli Holitopa ma! Himonasi, micha pilla chi hvshi-kanvili aiema ka, anumpa-iltvsha isht ish pi anum-pohozlashke. Amen."

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Brusiloff has won two great victories, and the Russian army of Volhynia has reaped the fruit of its valor by the occupation of Brody, an important town of Galicia located just within the borders of that province on the Lemberg-Rovno railway.

The fleeing Austro-Germans did not attempt to hold Brody, which is 58 miles northeast of Lemberg. Passing through the town they set it on fire, and also destroyed the stores and munitions that could not be removed.

The second victory, although clearly a part of the same strategic plan that resulted in the capture of Brody, was won some thirty miles to the northward in the Lutsk sector.

It must not be supposed that the Russians will then hold as much of the enemy's territory as Germany and Austria hold in Russia.

General Haig also reports a triumph for the Allies. British troops yesterday captured the last German strongholds in the village of Longueval, the possession of which—and of the Wood of Delville, lying to the north of the village—has been fiercely contested by the Germans during the past ten days.

Has the Allied drive in the Balkans begun? The Serbs have driven the Bulgars from a number of hill positions on the part of the Saloniki front west of the Vardar Valley held by them.

Recent despatches from the Balkans state that most of the Austrian and German troops have been withdrawn from the Saloniki front, and that Bulgars are seriously alarmed as to their present position.

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The Irish leaders, without a second's hesitation, rejected these suggestions and a party meeting, held immediately afterwards, enthusiastically confirmed their attitude. Strong action was agreed upon which led to the debate of last Monday. Up to the last minute the Ministry attempted to turn Redmond from his purpose of immediate debate and the rupture that would necessarily follow, but the Nationalist leader, amid fervid cheers and some passionate interruptions from the Irish benches which showed how bitter was the feeling, sternly refused.

The debate went splendidly from the Irish side, and Redmond's calm and dignified presentation of Ireland's case produced a profound impression. No speech afterwards from the other side succeeded in meeting his contention that the Ministry had broken its solemn contract. This exposure of the shabby transaction humiliated all Englishmen as well as exasperating the Irishmen, and the debate ended with a disastrous impression of weakness, vacillation and bad faith on the part of the Ministry. This following almost immediately upon the damaging debate over the Mesopotamia and Dardanelles campaigns, further weakened the already tottering government.

The second impression of the debate was the feverish eagerness apparent on all sides except among the Tory junkies, whose leader, Lord Lansdowne, wrecked the Settlement, that the question must not be left at this disastrous point. Nearly every newspaper accepted Redmond's view of the situation and not one had a word of excuse for the Government.

Well meant attempts are being made behind the scenes to find some other formula for saving England and Ireland from another disastrous misunderstanding, and there is renewed talk of a joint executive body of all parties in Ireland to carry on the administration of government during the war. How these things will end, I cannot yet say, but I am a hopper.

The upper smoke room of the House of Commons, as it is called—in contradistinction to the Stranger's smoke room which is in the basement—is one of the spots where you get more of the realities of Parliamentary life than in any other spot in the Parliament House. At half past four to five every afternoon there is to be found in this room a considerable number of the most important members of the House. Ministers rarely go there: though now and then Mr. Lloyd George, who remains simple, democratic and companionable amid all his great changes of fortune, and who cannot do very long without a smoke of some kind somewhere—occasionally drops in; but as a rule Ministers have to stick to their own rooms and employ the intervals between their appearances in the House of Commons with an attempt to keep up with the work of their departments. Winston Churchill used also to drop in now and then; he does so more now that he has been relieved for a while from ministerial cares. I have never seen Mr. Asquith there, and I am sure it would have given a fit to the company if the lean, ascetic face of Sir Edward Grey had ever been seen there; and now the House of Commons knows that familiar figure no more.

The advantage of the smoke room over the floor of the House, is that there you see men without the sock and buskin; that there is no public to listen and look in; that party ties cease to exist for the moment, and deadly political enemies sit down in the cordiality and intimacy of private friendship. But party—especially in times of bitter conflict—sometimes asserts itself even in the Upper smoke room; and it is not many months ago since you saw there every afternoon the Irish Orangemen forming a little group by themselves, and apart from other groups of the House—even from that of their English friends. They have always had a certain aloofness from every-

body—these rather dour Ulstermen. But even in the hot times—now so remote spiritually, though so near in mere point of time—this aloofness was not continuous; Irishmen can never entirely get over their gregariousness and their kindness. Ronald McNeill, the giant who was one of the fiercest of the Orange leaders—it was he who threw a book at Winston Churchill in one of the Home Rule debates—was always on good terms with some of the Nationalists. I knew him years ago when he was editor of the St. James' Gazette and our acquaintanceship never ceased even when things were hottest.

It is one of the significant events of the transformation of the Irish scene that this isolation between the two groups of Irishmen has largely come to an end within the last few weeks. You might see often the strange spectacle of myself or some other Irish Nationalist seated amid the Orange group, and discussing with them a not unpopular topic with both sides—the stupidity and the vacillation of these English masters in whose hands lay the fate of the recent negotiations. In common scorn for English density and English ignorance on all affairs Irish, the two groups found common ground. Sir Edward Carson, who led a cup of afternoon tea and a mild cigarette—always one of the figures in the smoke room. He has always around him his little court of ardent admirers and loyal followers. This tall dark man with the hollow cheeks, the high cheek-bones, the resolute mouth and the deep-set sombre eyes, with a curious mixture of geniality, grinniness and melancholy in the expression—has a wonderful power of magnetising men. It is naturally and without effort a dominating personality. It is only he who, on the one hand, could reduce the Orange population to the frenzy of Civil War; and on the other, could induce them to forget their fierce hostility to Home Rule and to their countrymen south of the Boyne. It was the same thing even with men from whom he differed. In the Cabinet he was supposed to have more influence with Asquith than any other of his colleagues.

But the man to whom Sir Edward Carson came nearest was Mr. Lloyd George. In the intimate and sympathetic association of these two men may be traced much of the history of the settlement of the Home Rule question. What brought them together was their intense feeling about the war, and their common impatience with any slackening in the efforts for conducting it vigorously. Both men of energy and of action, hating procrastination, incapable of indecision, ruthless in incompetence, they found themselves cooperating warmly in the efforts to speed up the war machinery. To Lloyd George and to Carson nothing mattered but the war. Thus it was when the rebellion broke out they both saw at a glance that a disturbed and unrecanted Ireland was incompatible with any concentration on the war, with the repute of the Empire, with our relations with our Allies and with the great neutral country of America. Starting on this common ground, they found themselves able to cooperate cordially in the effort to bring to an end, on terms fairly acceptable to both sides, the disastrous quarrel between North and South in Ireland and between Ireland and the Empire.

But then came the obstacles and the difficulties, raised partly by unfavorable conditions in the Irish temper in consequence of the severe repressive measures after the Rebellion; and partly because of the resurgence in the South of Ireland and among the ultra-Tories of England. This was added to by the break-out within the Cabinet itself of the irreconcilable Unionists who began to agitate against the settlement. The agitation, of course, came to a head, and the determination of Great Britain to carry on the war to the bitter end.

Sir Edward Carson was just the man to be enraged by such an outburst and by such vacillation. That direct, simple, energetic mind when once it is made up, does not understand any halt or any vacillation; and the smoke room resounded to his strictures on the delay and the hesitation; and when some of the British Unionists tried to reproach or to weaken him, they got a taste of that vigorous tongue, the lashing of which his old enemies knew so well. It was Carson's loyalty and determination that were among the strongest factors in forcing the settlement.

All these things I recount now to add this important conclusion; that these negotiations and their twisted history have done much to bridge over the gulf between the North and the South of Ireland. The other Orange leaders were quite as resolute and quite as inflexible as Sir Edward Carson. One of the men, curiously enough, who helped him most was Colonel Craig. A new figure revealed himself to the Nationalists during these negotiations. Reasonable, tolerant, staunch, clear-headed, this great big man, hitherto known only as a man of violent temper and of strong language, showed himself to be quite fair and sternly loyal. He pointed out the difficulties to Nationalists in the Parliamentary history of the settlement, and displayed a strange

familiarity with the point of view and the inner life of the Irish Nationalists themselves. Thus there has sprung up something like personal friendship and sympathy between the leaders of the two parties. The splendid courage of the Ulster division in the recent fighting has to be med another bond. The reunion of Ireland has begun, in my opinion, on the morrow of its temporary partition—may on the day before that tragedy in Irish history has been enacted.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Ningpo, China, June 26, 1916.

Dear Mr. Editor.—Please publish the enclosed letter or acknowledge the gift mentioned. I feel very grateful to the generous donor and will certainly remember her in my prayers and Masses. I have just finished my annual retreat here in Ningpo and in a couple of days return to Taichowfu. I was not at all well the last few weeks, having caught a dreadful cold returning forty miles in a rowboat from Tientai, but I am all right now, thank God, and in the best of spirits, ready to do still more for the glory of God when I return to my mission. Today I visited the new seminary which is being built in Ningpo. When it is finished the seminarians will be transferred here from Chusan and it is to be hoped the training of native priests will be much more developed than formerly. Really this is a work of primary importance as all our mission stations are crying for more priests. From my mission in Taichowfu I sent over ten students to the seminary. I saw them today and was much pleased with their demeanor. How good is God to me to select so many neophytes from my parish. Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

Dear Father Fraser.—The enclosed \$50, which I hope will reach you safely, is towards the upkeep of the Sisters who are helping you so much in your glorious work. I always read your letter in the CATHOLIC RECORD. You see it is always good to make known our wants. The good Lord generally finds ways and means to advance His work, so I know it will be less difficult for you in His own good time. I shall, if at all possible, send you the same next year. Kindly acknowledge it in the CATHOLIC RECORD. "From one to whom the cause is very dear!" Wishing you, dear Father Fraser, all the success you most certainly deserve and with love to the dear Sisters. FROM THEIR ABSENT FRIEND.

THE HYPHENATED AMERICANS

One hears so much about hyphenated Americans today, that one begins to wonder just how many "hyphens," if any, a man may have, and still be reckoned a loyal American; for, it does seem that everyone in this hyphen somewhere. In other words, there are very few men, if any, in the world, against whom it would be impossible to bring the charge of "hyphenated citizenship," provided we adhere to the strict sense of the word, and not the popular sense of it. For, as a matter of fact, we all have a divided allegiance. Hence, since we are all hyphenated citizens, and it is not possible for us to drop the hyphen at will—as some seem to suppose there is but one thing that we can do: We can make the hyphen a sign of union and not of separation.

For us, Catholics, to deny that we have this double allegiance would be the greatest of follies. We all know that we have our duty to our God as well as our duty to our country. But what we wish to impress upon our readers is the fact that the two duties seldom, if ever, can be said to conflict. It is by no means impossible for a Catholic to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, while he renders unto God the things that are God's. The wonder is that the world at large seems so utterly incapable of grasping this fact.

It has always been very difficult to understand just why the charge of "lack of patriotism" has so frequently been brought against Catholics, in America and elsewhere. It will be even more difficult to bring such a charge after the present war. Yesterday the forces of materialism wanted to know why the Catholic Church did not confine itself to matters purely religious; today, the world is asking the question: Wherefore the silence of Rome when so many are laying down their lives on the bloody battlefields of Europe?

See the inconsistency of our foes! Yesterday, they accused us of interfering with the development of national institutions; today they charge us with being unwilling to interfere in the present crisis. And, in the same breath, they say, "unpatriotic," "disloyal," "hyphenated" Americans, or Germans, or Frenchmen, or Englishmen, as the case may be. And yet we see the French Bishops and Clergy loyal to France, the German Bishops and Clergy loyal to Germany, and the English Bishops and Clergy loyal to England. And who will say that if—which God avert—America should be placed in a similar situation, the American Cardinals and Bishops and Clergy and Catholic people would not be loyal to America?

Indeed, it is the teaching of the Catholic Church that love of country

is second only to the love of God. Like her divine Founder, she ever invites us to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. That is why the Holy Father has no words of condemnation for those who are laying down their lives for love of country, whether they be English, French or German or what not. There is no law of the Catholic Church which forbids patriotism; but there is the constant teaching of the Church which enjoins patriotism. No man can be a good Catholic who is not a good patriot.

In the popular sense of the word, then, Catholics are not hyphenated Americans; in the strict sense of that word, they are. They are not unpatriotic, in any sense; and whereas the Catholic Church cannot be a party to the apotheosis of the State, it has always been her constant teaching that Love of Country is second only to Love of God. Catholics, then, have no other hyphen, except the hyphen which binds them to one another in one great universal brotherhood of love.—F. A. G., in The Lamp.

A FAVORITE BY RILEY

THE RAGGEDY MAN

The Raggedy Man! He works for Pa. And he's the goodest man you ever saw! He comes to our house every day, An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay; And he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh When he drives out our little old wobbly calf. An' nen—of our bired girl says he can— He milks the cow for 'Lizabuth Ann. Ain't he an awful good Raggedy Man? Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man! Why, the Raggedy Man—he's ist so good, He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood; An' nen he spades in our garden to. An' does most things 't boys can't do. He climbed clean up in our big tree An' shooked a' apple down for me— An' 'nother 'n, too, for 'Lizabuth Ann— An' 'nother 'n, too, for the Raggedy Man. Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man? Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man! An' the Raggedy man, he knows most rhymes, An' tells 'em, ef I be good some-times; Knows 'bout Giuata, an' Griffins, an' Elves. An' the squidgeum-Squees 'at swallers themselves! An' wite by the pump in our pasture-lot He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks 'is got. 'At lives 'way deep in the ground an' can Turn into me, er 'Lizubuth Ann! Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man? Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man! The Raggedy Man—one time when he Wuz makin' a little bow-an'-arry fer me— Says: "When you're big like your Pa is Air you go' to keep a fine store like his An' be a rich merchant, an' wear fine clothes? Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows?" An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann, An' I says: "M' go' to be a Raggedy Man— I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!" Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man! —James Whitcomb Riley.

DESERTING THE TRENCHES

Appropos of the well-known fact that in numberless Protestant churches throughout the land there is a practically complete suspension of religious activities during the summer, a certain minister who still retains some old-fashioned notions about the necessity of worshipping God even in July and August, puts the following pertinent questions to his co-religionists: Have you heard that the Central Empires are planning to evacuate most of their trenches just at the time when it is known the Allies are to make their strongest "drive"? Or is it the Allies that have made this incredible plan? No, it is the churches and welfare forces that are evacuating their trenches for the summer, when the hell-fire forces are accustomed to make their most deadly charge. We are sending thousands of soldiers to Texas and Mexico, expected to march with heavy equipment and light regardless of torrid summer weather; and we send missionaries to many fields where the coolest weather is hotter than our hottest. It would be interesting to hear what answer the pastors of the closed churches will make their fellow-minister, for his position seems impregnable. Without question summer and vacation time is Satan's busy season. He is thoroughly aware that as the thermometer goes up, piety goes down, that a rise in temperature is often followed by a weakening of frail humanity's moral fiber, and that the average person's fidelity to the duties of a Christian are marvellously influenced by geographical considerations. No doubt the woman

who announced "I have chloroformed the cat, loaned the canary to a neighbor, said good-bye to the Ten Commandments, and am off for the seashore" frankly expressed in words the thought that is hidden in the minds of many who make elaborate preparations for an "enjoyable" vacation.

So it would seem that the Protestant minister who really has at heart the spiritual welfare of his flock ought to make extraordinary efforts to lure them to Church during July and August and should by no means altogether give up holding services. But perhaps it is only the shepherd's concern for the errant sheep who stray during the summer months by mountain or mere that leads him to join them there himself. In this connection it is worthy of note that the main concession the Catholic Church makes to the summer thermometer is merely the omission of the late High Mass and the longer sermon. As for Catholics on vacation they clearly understand that they are still bound to assist at the Holy Sacrifice every Sunday.—America.

MINISTERS ADMIT

THAT FEW PROTESTANTS UNDERSTAND US

Rev. Chas. C. Starbuck (Presb., Andover, Mass.) "In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king, and therefore I hope I am not guilty of a very alarming vanity in giving myself considerable airs of superiority in this direction above my fellow-Protestants. I have been asked how I came to have so good a knowledge of Catholic theology. I am not deeply learned, but I think I may say that what knowledge I have is accurate. For a quarter of a century I have enjoyed constant access to one of the largest theological libraries of the country, and that I have given myself up almost wholly to the study of Catholic matters, taking great pains to compare and correct, to distinguish opinion from dogma, and reigning from dubious opinion, and to pursue the intricacies of jurisdiction so far as easily possible for a new England Protestant. One of my fellow-Protestants has signified to me that I knew too much about the matter to be trusted to write of it, evidently believing that for a child of the Reformation ignorance is the mother of efficiency. Indeed, my knowledge of these matters has been imparted to me in all forms, by A. P. A. acquaintances as a misdemeanor, and almost a crime. One or two of them (not acquaintances) have threatened to hang me for knowing too much for the good of the cause."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapel, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

- Previously acknowledged... \$7,619 25
F. Greiner, Ridgetown..... 25
Ben. J. Grover, Causo..... 1 00
Mrs. J. A. Thomas..... 2 00
Waverly..... 1 50
Petitioner, Glen Sandfield. 1 50
Pearl Hanning, Saskatoon. 1 00
M. L. Donnelly, Alliston... 1 00

Merchants' Bank of Canada ESTABLISHED 1864 Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,250,984 GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS 206 Branches and Agencies in Canada Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Best Current Rates Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

THOMAS SIMPSON, applying to the British Parliament in 1760 for a charter for the Equitable Society, based his position on the following grounds: "The great numbers of His Majesty's subjects whose subsistence principally depends on the salaries, stipends and other incomes payable to them during their natural lives or on the profits arising from their several trades, occupations, labor and industry, are very desirous of entering into a society for assuring the lives of each other in order to extend, after their decease, the benefit of their present incomes to their families and relations, who may otherwise be reduced to extreme poverty and distress by the premature death of their several husbands, fathers and friends." THE Capital Life Assurance Company of Canada HEAD OFFICE OTTAWA

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ious, scientific, or it matters not what it may be, he goes to headquarters for authentic information—never to those who seek to destroy, or who are the enemies of that which he wishes to study. Not one Protestant in thousands ever seeks information concerning the Catholic Church from Catholic sources. The history of Christianity, from the Apostles to the fifteenth century, is not taught in any Protestant theological seminary, nor anywhere else amongst Protestants, as far as I know. Nor is it possessed by Protestants. I have never seen nor heard of such work, except in Germany. I studied theology, passed my examinations for the Methodist church, and knew absolutely nothing of Christianity, or whether there was any, during the period. When I awoke to the fact of my dense ignorance, I felt resentment; and I confess I do to this day. Protestants never think of such a thing as reading Catholic books, or periodicals; or anything that smells of Rome. I never did; and yet I was, of all men, not a bigot. It is an inborn and fostered prejudice of many generations. But this is not all. Not only are Protestants absolutely ignorant of Catholic teaching, practice and history; but they generally believe a distorted caricature, and call it Romanism."—Our Sunday Visitor.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REMOND
EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

HOW WE SHOULD USE EARTHLY POSSESSIONS

"And I say to you: Make unto you friends of the mammon of iniquity, that when you shall fail they may receive you into everlasting dwellings." (Luke xvi, 9.)

Since worldly goods are to many an occasion of sin, and the cause of their damnation, to remind us of this our Lord calls them the "mammon of iniquity." He would have all those who follow Him use them so as to insure His fellowship, and that of the angels, saints, and all who have His glorious cause at heart. So that, when life here below should fall them, He and His heavenly court would receive them into the everlasting dwellings above. No Christian need be told that to follow the maxims of the world in the use of its goods, is to make of them the occasion of sin and the cause of damnation. If we would use them aright, and thus gain the friendship of heaven, we must accept the maxims of our Lord.

He would have us understand, that though what justly or naturally accrues to us, is ours, as far as man's title extends, yet He, the Creator and Preserver of all things, is their only absolute owner. Our capacity then is but that of stewards, whose incumbent duty it is to use the goods in our possession according to His divine pleasure. "The silver is Mine and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of hosts." "The land is Mine: you are strangers and sojourners with Me." It is so strictly in keeping with His divine pleasure, that we extend the full hand of charity to those in need, that His command stands obliging us to this use of our goods. "Help the poor, because of the commandment, and send him not away empty-handed, because of his poverty." Hence, to shrink the fulfillment of this obligation, is a matter far more serious, we are led to believe from their conduct, than some people are wont to imagine. Alas, that people, aye, Christian people, are thus but too commonly disposed! They respect not the designs of God's providence, and often betray the poor into a like fault. They are alike dead to both natural and Christian feeling. God's goods they handle as stewards; He commands them to give to the needy; they do not, and by consequences are unjust stewards. Yea, more, they violate the twofold law of charity. Large, indeed, is the number of those who curse themselves in life and eternity by their hardness of heart toward God's poor. Many, too, there are who give without practising the virtue of charity, on account of the imperfection of their motives or manner. They are not, O Christian man, aware that your work is not charity, when vanity, human respect, or the view to free yourself from their importunities, moves you to aid the needy? No, not even can that offspring of a kindly nature, compassion, which all of us admire so much, be recognized as a motive of charity. We must have motives that ascend to God, because charity is of God. Our blessed Lord should be ever present to us in the person of the poor. To Him our hearts must go out when our hands are extended with the gift. Natural motives will crowd upon us; we must handicap them by the pure motive of proving the genuineness of our love to our dear Lord by aiding His needy members. Our charity to Him in this way should bear due proportion to our resources. People actuated by such motives will never betray that niggardliness, alas, so common in the world, much less a morose, chiding disposition. "In every gift show a cheerful countenance, and with a good eye do according to the ability of thy hands, for the Lord maketh recompense."

Oh, who but God can tell the extent of this recompense, who but He can enumerate the countless blessings that descend upon them that show their love to Jesus in the person of the poor! The benedictions of heaven come upon their earthly substance; the benedictions of heaven bring them in sickness or distress a consolation more than earthly; the benedictions of heaven will even follow their posterity. God's word is not in vain. Read His word in the Sacred Scriptures and be convinced. Besides those temporal blessings that come upon those who are charitable to God's poor, rich and numerous are the benedictions that attend all their spiritual concerns. "He that is inclined to mercy shall be blessed, for he hath given of his bread to the poor." Who will say that he stands not in need of God's mercy? But repentance is necessary to experience its blessed effects. Both the one and the other will be heaven's gifts to all those who are really charitable to the poor. Stretch out thy hand to the poor, that thy expiation and blessing may be perfected. "Worldly substance is among the God-given talents which we are to use in His service. He only makes his substances serve the purpose, who gives to the poor agreeably to the good pleasure of God. He thus "makes friends of the mammon of iniquity, who will receive him into everlasting mansions of bliss." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you; for I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat," etc.

It cannot but seem, dear people, from this short consideration, that our duty toward the poor deeply concerns our eternal interests. Becoming, then, it certainly is, that

we should seriously before God examine ourselves on the matter. Can we in all candor say that this species of charity has been displayed in our lives to the extent that our earthly substance has warranted? If so, it is well; but if not, it should occur to us that had we gone out of life before this, it is, to say the least, gravely doubtful that we would have had friends to receive us into everlasting dwellings. From this our duty for the future is clear.

TEMPERANCE

AN INCIDENT WITH A MORAL

Coming home from Europe on one of the great liners I noticed the captain—a ruddy-faced Scotsman—did not use wine at the table, and when urged declined with great politeness. The voyage was a boisterous one, and as we neared the land a spirit of thankfulness and sympathy was manifested at every meal. Wine was called for, and the captain was frequently toasted. On each of these occasions he acknowledged the compliment with cold water. There were many professional men, including ministers, judges, doctors and teachers, and all seemed to enjoy the festivities of the last day or two. Many times the passengers were hilarious, and the effects of wine were very prominent.

The captain refused to partake in any way, giving no reasons, but declining with the utmost courtesy. Some of the passengers were persistent to know why he could not join them in taking a little wine—among them a judge, who, on one occasion, pressed the captain for reasons of his refusal with persistence. The captain answered in a very solemn tone:

"When a boy in Scotland my ambition was to go to sea. This my mother refused to let me do. Finally, after a long time, she consented, if I would promise her never to touch wine or spirits during my lifetime. On my knees at her side, with my hand on the old family Bible, I made this promise, and I have never violated it, and never shall. It is too sacred. A few years later I was shipwrecked, and with three other comrades was washed to the rigging, and remained nearly two days before we were taken off. We were numbed, chilled and exhausted, so that we could hardly move. The boat that rescued us carried with it a quantity of brandy, and we were offered all we could drink, but I refused, although told that it was at the risk of my life. I said: 'I will die before I will take any spirits!' Both my comrades drank freely, and became delirious, then unconscious, and finally died, but I recovered, and this taught me a lesson—that spirits were not good even in extreme cases of exhaustion—and many times I have been grateful for the promise I made my mother. My father was a seaman and a drinking man, and he died in middle life. My mother knew the peril of a sailor, and knew that I could not be different unless I was pledged in advance. She prayed for me while she lived, and that promise and her prayers have carried me so far, and will as long as I live."

Tears came to the eyes of the judge and other listening passengers. Finally the judge said: "You have taught me a lesson. I, too, promised my father on his death bed that I would not drink spirits. I have forgotten it, but my life will change after this, and I thank you, captain, most sincerely, for this lesson, and from this time forth it will be the rule of my life to help others to keep away from drink!"

Each one shook hands with the captain in the deepest gratitude for his courage, for he was a hero on a higher plane than we ever realized. That poor Scotch woman's intuition and faith that her boy would rise to eminence if he followed her promise was fulfilled.

If mothers could only realize what a powerful influence they could impress on the minds of the children, influence that would go down to all the future, how often they would use it! This powerful, stalwart captain, the idol of the passengers that travel on the great liner, bearing the responsibilities and cares, is a living example of a true man who is proof against all blandishments, and who can be depended upon in every condition of strain and stress.—J. D. Crothers, M. D.

WHAT TO TAKE AND WHAT TO LEAVE

One of the biographers of St. Basil, Archbishop of Caesarea, assures us with charming naivete that although this great Doctor of the Church mastered the main principles of geometry, medicine and other branches, he held them subservient to the studies that bore more directly upon his sacred calling. "He was not less admirable as the chronicler puts it, 'for what he neglected in the sciences than for what he learned.'"

Is it too much to expect that St. Basil's example be followed by twentieth century Christians? The ideal of mental culture for which he stood has long been recognized as the proper one for the clergy, but just why should it be supposed to serve for them alone? Surely, the Catholic lay person is charged with some measure of responsibility regarding the books he reads and the studies he pursues. Many people who would be shocked at the notion of overindulgence in drink, or a failure to manage their business in a punctilious manner, think little of allowing the faculties of their minds

to join hands in a riotous excursion into fields of reading or of study that, if not actually prohibited by the Church, are highly likely, at the least, to lead to a weakening of the faith and a resultant lowering of the moral standard.

Undisciplined mental dabbling is not at all, as some appear to think, synonymous with intellectual breadth. The confusion may be avoided by the exercise of common sense, prefaced by frequent prayers to the Holy Ghost.—New World.

CONVERTED BY TRUTH AND LOVE

I have learned something new. "Slackers," are of little use to the Church, I read. Then I learn the "Slacker" referred to is the convert who disappears, never could see why converts should parade themselves; at the same time I am willing publicly to give the reason why of my conversion, hoping it may be of benefit in leading some poor wanderer home.

The Anglican Church, thanks be to God, taught me as a boy that the Christian church is an institution with an established hierarchy; instituted by Jesus Christ to continue His mission until the end of time; thus turned to look upon the Church as a Divine institution with a Divine Mission. When the mind once grasps the historic facts concerning the indestructibility of the Church, and appreciates the promises made by Christ concerning the teaching of her certainty, the seeker after truth easily recognizes the falsity of the Protestant position. I never could imagine that the Church of Christ is or ever was a chimera, emanating from the desire of some dissatisfied or intemperate zealot to foist his—her—ideas on credulous hearers by presenting things according to their own impulses. That it is a human invention presenting Christian religious truths and practices, an institution not founded by Almighty God, was abhorrent to me.

When matters began to take a more serious hue, I wanted to investigate. I would ask myself the question: Why should I accept Christianity simply because it had been imbibed in childhood. Then followed, what I now look back on as the formative period, for years I applied myself diligently to the study of history, noting carefully the development of the early Christian church; the historic view of the New Testament; the doctrinal code as presented by Jesus of Nazareth Himself. And then the origin and development of the "New Learning" in the sixteenth century; the lives and work of the so-called reformers. This was placed beside the teachings of other world renowned "prophets." Thus I laid the foundation for what I considered to be a reasonable conclusion; and my conclusion was that historical Christianity had the practical solution of the question of how I had better live, and how it would for best to die. But so far I had only the shell. The shell? Yes, that is what Luther called it. He also said "In the Catholic church is the kernel of Christianity." That is what I desired to find.

Meantime I considered fundamentals. I instinctively realized that I did not produce myself, consequently I had to admit "a first cause," and I was not long in accepting the arguments advanced by St. Augustine concerning God and man, creator and creature; I acknowledged truth to be universal and God the creator of all things. But, "The Kernel." Oh! that is summed up in this: God so loved the world that He took upon Himself the nature of man, and became one of us, giving His only begotten Son to teach us, and to die for us; and promising that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but should have eternal life. I realized therefore that this same Creator so loved us that He offered Himself to His Father as a sacrifice for us. For this love of me! Could I resist such love? But even this was conditioned: I must keep the commandments; "If you love Me you will keep My Commandments." And again another condition: faith; he that believeth. Believe what? What God has revealed. But now the crucial question: how has God revealed it—which are the means appointed by our Lord to enable me to know, what I must believe, or what I must not believe, which latter is as equally important as the former.

I had formulated an idea of a teaching body in my boyhood; not alone a teaching body but a teaching body with a Divine authority; one not tossed about by every wind of doctrine but firm in the doctrine of sound words, once delivered to the Saints. I never was obsessed by the vagary that "The Scriptures alone are sufficient." That to me was always an absurdity. I could not believe an all-wise God desires me to read black white and you white black in the same book. I was a constant Bible reader, and from my readings I formulated the idea that Jesus was God. That He claims my love. That to love Him fully I must know Him wholly. And knowing Him was simply a case of pure attraction to all His words and works. Who can refuse to surrender to such love? He laid down his life for me. Again, the New Testament I took as the only original account of the rise of the Christian Church, and read it accordingly. Its meanings I held to be that of the Fathers and the Councils; that is to say the Church. And so I became a Catholic. The more I

now read devotional works, for example the Lives of the Saints; the more I feel inclined to acknowledge my littleness, and to thank God from the bottom of my heart for the gift—(and I look upon it as simply the Gift of God) of the true faith.

My love for the Anglican establishment was next to veneration. Here let me say that I was a firm believer (even as an Anglican) in the Real Presence; the foundation-stone of everything Catholic. But strange to say this was the stone upon which I stumbled out of Anglicanism. If it had not been for a special grace I might still be an Anglican; for I thought that church had the Real Presence. But the many controversies that were waged among leaders of that church about the Eucharist (in some cases absolutely blasphemous), so unnerved my firm convictions on this very point of the Real Presence, that I began to wonder if after all, there was any security within her pale. I thought she was at least a part of the church Catholic; but how could she remain a part and be at variance with the main body on such a stupendous teaching? You see I was firmly anchored on two essentials, the Divinity of Christ and the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. But this anchorage was my own conclusion; not the united teaching of the Episcopal Church. Was I quite sure I was right? How could I be? I knew that the Protestant Episcopal church was not represented at the council of Nice in 325. I knew that she laid no claim to infallibility. I knew that her articles condemn the very things that were dearest to me. I knew that it would be wild to suggest the name of a single one who was a member of her communion prior to the year 1534. I knew that for the Anglican church there never was a corporate union with Rome, and yet I acknowledged Rome to be Primus. And more, I also knew that all the Fathers of the original Christian church were in union with Rome.

My insecurity began to dawn upon me, much to my chagrin. I often thought of these words of the old saying and paraphrased them: "If ever by choice or chance you should go to Modena, you will be shown Tagoni's bucket; but it is not the true one." So for my case: "If ever by choice or chance you should go to Canterbury, you will be shown Augustine's successor, but he is not the true one."

Finally I became convinced that the Anglican Protestant Episcopal church could not be right and wrong at the same time. Christ is present in the Blessed Sacrament, or He has deceived us. He is God or He is not. If He is not, the deception is equally rank. If He was God, then the Church that He founded is the only authoritative judge of true doctrine and the only dispenser of the gifts of God to poor repentant sinners. She alone is the only legitimate court of appeal in matters pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

Reader, are you in Peter's church? Peter's Church, I am convinced is Christ's Church, no matter how ugly the mask may appear that is thrown over it by its enemies to hide its beauty. My dream was dispelled. Had I been the dupe of a pseudo ministry? I firmly believed I had; but, withal, I love the Protestant Episcopal church for the good she did me.—H. A. Wimbush, in The Missionary.

LOVE OF GOD

There is a way in which the obligation of worshipping God is plain to the common sense of every one. To be grateful to those who do us good is a natural instinct, implanted not only in all races of men, but even in animals. If then, we recognize the fact that all the good things of which the world is full, and which men are so eager to possess and enjoy, come from God as their author, that He has made them, and made them for us, what excuse can we put forward for not being grateful to Him for His goodness to us, and showing that gratitude with our lips and in our lives? Men cry out against those who are ungrateful; and ingratitude to our first and greatest Benefactor is still more unreasonable and wicked than ingratitude to men.

TEACHING OF NATURE

That is what is meant by Natural Religion, the knowledge of God and our duty to Him, which comes naturally from our using our reason on the world in which we find ourselves placed. Let us observe (1) that this Natural Religion is accessible to all men, (2) that it is the duty of all, and it is (3) at the foundation of all religion, for men cannot believe in a revelation from God till they have first come to believe that there is a God.

Natural Religion helps to explain that the heathens are not left without some light and knowledge to lead them to God and His service. There have been ages and countries of great darkness and ignorance, in which men did not know that their souls were immortal and that God would reward and punish men in another life. But still they were never entirely without the means of knowing God and their duty of serving Him; and those who faithfully acted up to this may have been rewarded by the gift of supernatural grace and an eternal reward, just as much as those who were faithful to greater knowledge and greater opportunities. The same disposition that will make a man love and serve God with little light will make him do so

still more with much light. In the early history of the Israelites we find little said about a future life. God led them to His service chiefly by the fear of immediate punishment or present reward. He tried and proved them by these lesser means to see if they would serve Him. Even if there had been no future life for them, or if they did not know of it, yet they were still bound to serve God as their Creator and Master and to love Him as their Benefactor. Agnostics and "Infidels" often speak as if we might do as we liked, if there were no future life. But what shows a man's bad heart and his unworthiness of God's mercy more than his being ready to give up God's love and service unless he will be eternally punished for it? Such is not the service that will win eternal life when a man does believe in it.—Sacred Heart Review.

MORE RADICALISM

Surely, France has learned its lesson. The most persecuted of her children have been proven her most loyal defenders. This should suffice to turn her from the paths of radicalism to those of truer democracy. To those who laid down their lives for her, she owes a debt which seems impossible of repayment. Still that is the task that now occupies such attention as can be spared from the affairs of the front. France's war orphans are at this moment her great concern. To whom will she listen? To the voices of the dead fathers and living mothers? Or to those whose livelihood has been the maligning of her heroes? The voice of the Socialist element is raised strongly, urging that all children who suffered the loss of a parent on the field, be housed in state institutions which, needless to say, will be conducted along the same irreligious lines that have characterized public education in France in recent years. Against this demand is the pleading cry of the mothers who beg that they be not robbed of all that is left to them. Are they not worthy, they ask, who so readily gave those who were dearest to them when the country was endangered, to be trusted with their own children? Are they not true women of France, and shall it be said that the truest women of France are deemed incapable of performing the first of mothers' duties, child rearing?

DENOUNCES BAD PRESS

Cardinal Mañi, president, and far more than honorary president—the keenest worker in the "Good Press" organizations of Italy—has published a telling article against the "Bad Press," more particularly against the immoral literature which pours out over the country from time to time. It became a scandal during last summer, which was in reality a good thing because so glaring that it could not but be seen. And that at a time when Italians were filled with a patriotic spirit and rose up against it hand in hand with the Catholic organizations, mainly that led by Cardinal Mañi himself.

A bill has been drafted against it and should be carried into law during this session of parliament—if all goes well, but one can never count on the legislation which is promised at the beginning of an Italian (or other) parliament. Anyhow the scandal has died down very considerably owing to the public opinion aroused generally.—Church Progress.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE HABIT OF THRIFT
How to acquire the habit of thrift in these days of prodigal expenditure and increasing luxury, is a problem that every young man should consider.

"How can I be sure of spending less than I earn?" inquired Mr. Business Man.
"Save, and save and then keep on saving," replies T. D. McGregor with true Scotch cannyism in his "Book of Thrift."

Voicing the argument that the period of prosperity for the United States that has been predicted to follow the European war will be followed by an even more emphatic age of financial dullness when the ex-belligerents can resume their industries, Mr. MacGregor holds that the present offers an admirable time to make provision for this future emergency.

To him debt is the abomination of desolation, the savings account, the key to a comfortable old age. One of his first warnings to those who would keep out of debt condemns the charge account. There is a rather well-known cartoon of a man sliding down a snowy hill on a sled only to realize that he has to haul the sled back to the top again before he can make another trip.

The hill represents the charge account—easy to pass over but difficult to surmount. Aside from this, extravagance—meaning the expenditure of money in a way that will yield no return—may also lead into debt.

Classed under this head are a number of amusements and incidentals, including theatre suppers, taxicab rides, flowers, etc. Avoidance of extravagance will allow a proportionate increase in the amount of money banked, and the saving of a certain amount of money is one of the first steps in the direction of thrifty living.

According to Mr. MacGregor, thrift is an inclusive term covering the functions of economy, industry, frugality, and prudence. As he says, "Industry earns, economy manages, frugality saves, prudence plans; but thrift earns, plans, manages, and saves."

The writer does not attempt to give any formulas for increasing the earning power of the reader. His theories cover the spending of the income so that it will go the farthest.—Catholic Columbian.

A DELIBERATE PURPOSE IN LIFE

Any dead fish can float down stream, but it takes a live fish to swim upstream. Your purpose, your firm determination to succeed in whatever you undertake, will help to carry you upstream, no matter how strong the current or what obstacles may oppose you.

If you have no purpose, if your determination is weak, wavering, like a dead fish, you will float down stream with multitudes of other human derelicts who haven't enough vim or will-power to force their way up to success.

It does not matter how much ability you have; if you lack that power of resolution, which knows no surrender, which fixes on its goal and never turns back, you will not likely achieve anything that is worth while, anything that is distinctive.

In this day of sharp, close competition, it is only those who fling the weight of their whole lives into their vocation who usually succeed in any marked, individual way.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHY DOLLY WANTED TO GO TO ST. PATRICK'S

"Take me to church next Sunday for the half past ten Mass at St. Patrick's. I've got new boots."

Such was the request of my landlady's six year old daughter, Dolly, as we sat in her mother's parlor in Sherbrooke St., Montreal.

"Why do you want to go to the half past ten Mass so particularly, Dolly?" I asked.

"Because there'll be lots of people there and I want them to hear my new boots creak," said Miss Dolly smiling.

"The last time I had new boots there was any amount of people who looked at me when I walked into church, and I want to see them do it again."

"You vain little Miss," said I. "Well, you'll take me to church anyway won't you, Mr. Herbert," said Miss Dolly.

"Besides there's a poor old man who's been nearly starving in a shack near here, and I want St. Anthony to help him. Father Brown's given him money to buy food and I want St. Anthony to send him some new clothes."

"You like St. Anthony?" I said. "Sure," said Miss Dolly, "he's such a good one to find things when you lose them. I lost Sarah Jane, my best rubber doll once before you came to live with us, and I never thought I'd see her again, for I'd dropped her on the mountain, as I was coming home with Miriam from a party at Cote des Neiges."

"And what did you do, Dolly?" I asked. "Told St. Anthony at once," said Miss Dolly, "and sure enough before an hour had gone little Esther came round to our house, bringing Sarah Jane. She'd found her on the mountain and knew her at once because of her navy blue dress and green shoes, which I'd made her myself."

"St. Anthony's quick when he gets to work," said I. "I should just think he is," said Dolly. "Did I tell you how he helped Polly, our charwoman, when she was awfully hard up?"

"No," said I. "Tell me the story, Dolly." "Well," said Dolly, "Polly was in an awful fix, for she'd had no work for weeks and she had no money to pay her rent. She went down to Notre Dame, and prayed to St. Anthony till she couldn't pray any more. As she was coming out of the church, she met mother who was a stranger to her. Polly looked awfully pale and then mother's pretty shy of speaking to strangers, but she felt somehow she must speak to Polly. I expect St. Anthony whispered in mother's ear. Anyway, mother spoke to Polly and Polly told her all her trouble, and Polly came next day to work for mother, and mother paid her rent, and lots of other people gave her work when mother told her Polly wanted it, and Polly's never been hard up since. Wasn't it good of St. Anthony?"

"St. Anthony's a dandy at helping people," said I. "Well, my poor old man wants helping badly," said Dolly, "so St. Anthony will just enjoy himself."

"You might tell the Little Flower, too," said I. "She likes helping people, too."

"Sure," said Dolly, "I forgot the Little Flower. I'll ask her to send my old man a nice new overcoat, and I'll ask St. Anthony to bring him a new suit and boots which creak like mine."

"What color are your new boots, Dolly?" I asked. "White, of course," said Miss Dolly. "You can always wear white shoes when you're tiny feet like mine."

H. T. E. R.

DISLIKE OF WORSHIP

By Maria Longworth Storer in The Lamp

faith that they abandon their churches and substitute social entertainments and attempts at moral reform, for the worship of a God about whose divinity they are doubtful.

Ask any of the Protestants who stay away from "divine service" and you will find that they are agnostics. One cannot adore without faith. It is when belief in Christ and in all that is supernatural fades and dies that we find a class of Protestants who "dislike worship."

CAUSED BY DECAY OF FAITH

The real evil is the decay of faith, not the mere abandonment of a habit. Therein lies the difference between the Mother Church and all Protestant denominations. Cardinal Newman defines it clearly. He says: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real, in any of our notions, as to whence we come and whither we go."

We Catholics love to worship because we recognize the living presence of our Lord upon the altar. Let us glance at the world of aggressive skepticism which has banished God altogether and which is really responsible for the "dislike of worship" among those persons still nominally Christian, who have not yet reached the stage of open denial.

The scientific philanthropist who has abandoned the Christian faith because he has lost all sense of the obligations enjoined by religion. He ceases to have any true moral sense. His one aim is to construct an earthly paradise full of healthy animals. He advocates social changes and reforms which are absolutely revolting to any one, Israelite or Christian, who has been taught to respect the Ten Commandments as a divine revelation.

He usurps the place of the God whose existence as a Heavenly Father he denies, and would dare to decide, himself, who shall be born, who shall live a human life, and what lives shall be "suppressed." There is something hideously grotesque in the various social readjustments which grow freely in atheist soil.

Some of them too in distinctly un-Christian influences, our social system, both in England and America, has been steadily drifting towards infidelity. The result is an increase of juvenile crime and the prevalence of moral degeneracy in dress and behavior, which has dragged our fashionable world down nearly to the level of the decadent Roman Empire.

A distinguished Anglican clergyman speaking upon this subject, says: "The atmosphere in literature and in art, in novels and in dramas, in newspapers and reviews, is not only no longer Christian, but is largely anti-Christian even on the ethical side."

Biblical criticism by modernist scholars has also done much to encourage the infidelity or indifference from whence the "dislike of worship" springs. Prominent professors in our American universities have written books whose object is to contradict or disprove some of the most vital truths of the Christian faith, and even to cast doubt upon our Lord's teachings, by discrediting the Gospels. Dr. H. B. Sharnan, Instructor in New Testament History and Literature in the University of Chicago, published in 1909 a book called "The Teaching of Jesus About the Future," in which he asserts that Christ never spoke of the soul as something which survives after death, nor of eternal life, nor of hell, nor of heaven as a place of future existence for man.

The repentance of the good thief and the promise to him of paradise is apocryphal (according to this writer,) and the parable of Dives and Lazarus is a Jewish apologue which strayed into the Gospel by mistake; the parable of the sheep and the goats is not authentic, nor the promise to St. Peter, nor the injunction to him to "confirm his brethren," and so forth.

Last autumn (1915) an instructor in Biblical history at Princeton University, Lucius Hopkins, willer, published a book called "What We Know About Christ," in which he denies the resurrection. Mr. Miller asserts that he himself is just as good a Christian since rejecting this miracle! In England also destructive criticism progresses since the beginning of this century. In 1909 the Cambridge University Press printed "The Gospels as Historical Documents," by H. V. Stanton, Ely Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. This volume destroys all the historical value of the Gospels.

The author is much influenced by the German Liberals, which seems a pity in a Canon of Ely. The Rev. James Orr, M. A., D. D., Professor of Apologetics and Systematic Theology in the United Free Church College, Glasgow, in an admirable work entitled, "The Resurrection of Jesus," declares, with regard to a treatise on the same subject by Professor Lake (as well as some destructive criticisms of the Gospels by Wellhausen and Schmiedel,) that "These methods furnish ready aids for the disintegration of the text and the evaporation of its historical contents. If a passage for any reason is distasteful, the resource in the critical arsenal are boundless for getting it out of the way. The application of this method to our immediate subject is admirably seen in Professor Lake's recent book, 'The Historical Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.' A painfully minute and unsparring verbal criticism of the Gospel narrative and of the references in St. Paul results naturally in the conclusion that there is no evidence of any value except perhaps the general fact of appear-

ances to the disciples. No fibre of the history is left standing, as it was."

Is it any wonder that the worship of our divine Lord should be abandoned by many non-Catholics, amid this chaos of doubt and denial, and this dispute? How can men kneel in prayer and adoration before the altar of an obscure and debatable deity?

In the life of the Curé of Ars, we are told that he noticed a poor peasant who every day when his work was over came to the little church and, leaving his tools outside the door, entered and remained half an hour. One day the Curé met this man at the door as he came out and said to him: "My friend, what is it that you do in the church every afternoon?"

And the man answered, "I look at Him, Monsieur le Curé, and He looks at me." There is the faith that the Protestant world needs to-day. The faith of the poor peasant—the faith of the little child! How far it has strayed from this simplicity of belief is shown in the recent action of the New York Presbytery, which has admitted into the ministry three graduates of the Union Theological Seminary who refuse to affirm their belief in the Incarnation as related in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke.

One of them denies also the raising of Lazarus from the dead and the resurrection of Our Lord. Are these avowed Unitarians going to belong to the "Federation" of Protestant churches which claims to be founded on a belief in the Apostles' Creed? Are they to be admitted to communion in the Episcopal Church? The Duke of Argyll in an address delivered before the English Church Union in July, 1915, remarks upon this very subject in relation to the Kikuyu controversy, that the Bishop of Zanzibar has raised a question "which put fairly and squarely and briefly is nothing less than the coherence of the Anglican communion and as to what claim it has permanent in Christianity itself."

The Duke also asserts that in Scotland "the greatest and most notorious laxity prevails now about baptism." He goes on to say: "And these are the sort of people who are to be welcomed to our altars when their own humor or their geographical insulation suggests it to them—people who neither desire nor intend to be confirmed at all, but who propose to use the Church's sacraments or to disuse them at their own will or pleasure."

The following paragraph, with which I will end my quotations from this very remarkable address, is so truly Catholic that one can hardly comprehend how anyone writing it can remain outside of the Church: "Men increasingly desire the visible reunion of Christendom, but never will such an event be brought about or hastened by so much as a day by playing fast and loose with the Sacraments confided to the Catholic Church."

Since the Duke of Argyll's address was written, the Episcopal Church itself has strayed further out of bounds through evil communications. Only two months ago (April 5th) Bishop Vincent of Southern Ohio said in a Lenten sermon: "Faith in miracles is not necessary to salvation. Jesus said so. 'Some stumble over the Creed. Why insist that everything be taken in deep literalness? Look for the deep spiritual truth and then you can accept the whole Creed. Hold fast to the faith you have. God will give fuller light. Go to Communion. Be not afraid of hypocrisy.'"

And so the light is failing. The growing darkness rejects. How can men worship after faith is gone?

DEVOTION TO OUR LADY

One of the great glories of the Catholic woman has been her devotion to the Mother of God. It is a part of her nature. The reverence for the purity of the Blessed Virgin has given strength against the temptations from a world that has ever sought to degrade womankind. It is one of the commonisms of history that Christianity has given woman the dignity she now enjoys. No need to review paganism with its sneer at woman as an inferior being. We are so used to the Christian attitude toward her that the history of any other attitude seems so the wildest fiction. And how much of that Christian reverence for women is due to the Christian's reverence for the fairest of all women, the Mother of God!

But it is not a matter of mere rhapsody. "Son, behold Thy Mother," was the declaration in which Christ set up the ideal. To her, then, we all look as to one who has a peculiar care for us, a glorified mother love. The ideal for all, she is particularly so for woman. But a mere glorification of words, a mere litany of praise is not enough. Some of the poets whose lives were far removed from Christian ideals of purity gave her such glorification. Words and nothing more, even while they marvelled at her.

Is there not a danger that the Catholic woman with her traditional love for Mary may have nothing more vital in that love than the pretty words of an unbelieving poet? Prayers to Mary, hymns in her honor are all very well, but there is something more important. It is the modeling of the woman's life after the ideal. To-day there is a special need of aiming at that ideal. It needs no acute observer to-day to note that women are becoming less womanly. They are fashions that shock even the

man that makes no pretence to virtue. There is a lot of talk about a single standard of morality, and the conclusion reached by many is that a woman has as much right to be bad as a man has, not—that man has as much obligation to live pure as a woman has. There is in this self-lowering of woman a danger for the Catholic women even with all the helps of her religion. Therefore the need to cling all the more closely to that old reverence for the sinless woman. The girl with a tender love for the Blessed Virgin does not slavishly submit to fashion when that fashion outrages decency. She talks only as a real Child of Mary should talk. She does not fear being called old-fashioned, for in her heart she knows that she has the respect of even the abandoned. The salt of the earth is the modest gentlewoman. What a world it would be if all sought the womanly dignity of the handmaid of the Lord. Therein, if women only knew it, is their truest emancipation.—St. Paul Bulletin.

IN A FRENCH VILLAGE

John Ayscough (Monsignor Bickerstaffe Drew) relates in the Bitch some touching war incidents. He is establishing a hospital in a French village, in the church—the only available place. There are no lights in the cottages, but some women creep out from hiding places. They have seen the priest on his errand of mercy and pluck up courage. "I am an English priest," he tells them. "We expect many wounded. Is there anything you could bring me?"

"What does Monsieur want?" asks a woman with a fine, strong face. "Ah, madam, what do I not want? There is the church, and that is all. To lay a sheltered brave down on the hard flags—that also is hard."

"Of the hardest. Come." Presently, the women returned, with mattresses, blankets, pillows, milk, wine and eggs. They were hungry themselves, but they brought their all.

"It is poor peoples stuff," said the leader. "I can not thank you. God must. Your French Saint Martin gave Jesus Christ half his cloak, and how he boasted of it in heaven that night! He is showing these beds to St. Martin, and St. Denis, and St. Remy now. . . . Eh, mesdames. He will be proud of His Church's eldest daughter."

"Ah! Monsieur, then is Catholic, too? We did not know for sure. English pastors come and say they are Catholic and afterwards we find they are not of our faith. We thought you might be a pastor also. But we knew you wanted what we could give you for your soldiers; it was enough."

An aged man helped to prepare the place. His tongue was sharp. "It is a pity," he said, pointing to the pulpit, "that M. l'abbé can not be there to preach. That would help the wounded to sleep."

The women hurried away to make soup from cubes that the priest gave them. The leader alone remained. "You have sons?" asked the priest. "Two. They are both at the war—Philippe and Philippin."

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"May they both come home safe and sound! I will say Mass for them."
"Monsieur," she said quietly, "for Philippe the Mass should be black. He was killed the first day."

AN ARABIAN LEGEND

According to an old Arabian legend, when the Holy Family were passing near Remia on the occasion of the flight into Egypt, their approach was noted by two robbers lying in wait by the roadside. At sight of the Blessed Virgin, however, one of the robbers, Dymas, was filled with compassion and urged his companion, Gestas to let her pass in safety. Gestas refused to allow this and demanded that the Holy Family

be despoiled, relenting only when Dymas gave him a girdle and forty pieces of silver.

As Dymas was paying him the silver, the Blessed Virgin passed, and, knowing what had happened, smiled upon Dymas and said: "The Lord God will receive thee at His right hand and grant thee pardon of all thy sins." This prediction came true; for the two thieves who were crucified on either side of Our Lord were the identical robbers who would have waylaid Him.—Ave Maria.

He who is great when he falls is great in his prostration, and is no more an object of contempt than when men tread on the ruins of sacred buildings, which men of piety venerate no less than if they stood.—Seneca.

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WHEN THE SICK MAN WOKES UP

"England," says the Monitor, "had been nursing the Sick Man of Europe for a century and now the moribund patient has turned over and has smitten the doctor hip and thigh at Kut-el Amara. Father Yorke wittily summed up the situation by saying that it is bad enough to be hit by a jitney but it is a disgrace to be run over by a hearse."

