

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE FORTUNE FAIRY

If you walk in Tipperary
By a certain castle gray,
Like as you'll meet a fairy
Somewhere there along the way.

He's a crabbed little fellow
In a quaint, old-fashioned suit,
Scarlet coat and waistcoat yellow,
And a three-cocked hat to boot.

All his fingers to his knuckles
Crusted thick with glittering rings,
And a pair of silver buckles
On his shoes, like any king's.

Well, perhaps, he'll be reclining
"Fair as alsy" in the sun,
Feeling drowsy after dining
And not much disposed to run.

Faith, 'tis then your chance to nab him,
Steal up softly in the shade,
Creep up cautiously and grab him
And your fortune's surely made!

Yes, your fortune's made forever
If you look him in the eyes,
Vowing he'll escape you never
Till he tells you where it lies—

Where it lies, the hidden treasure,
Good gold pieces fair and round,
Minted in no stinted measure
By the fairies underground!

He'll be turning, he'll be twisting,
He'll be peevish as a cat,
He'll deny the gold's existing,
He'll be saying this and that;

He'll be mocking, he'll be crying,
He'll be grave and he'll be gay—
Every trick will be he trying
Just to make you look away.

But whatever thing he's saying,
And whatever trick he tries,
And whatever game he's playing—
Look him straight between the eyes!

Aye, be wary and be steady,
For 'tis oft the rogue has laughed
At the mortals fooled already
By his cunning and his craft.

Aye be steady and be wary,
For the quiver of a lash
Will release the Fortune Fairy,
And he'll vanish like a flash!

—DORIS A. MCCARTHY

LAWLESS SOCIALISM

ADDRESS BY ARCHBISHOP
IRELAND — SOCIALISM, UN-
PRINCIPLED IN THEORY, WILD
AND VIOLENT IN METHOD, IS
THE PERIL OF AMERICA TO-
DAY

In the course of an address on "Some Problems of Democracy" delivered at the "Grant Day" celebration in Galena, Ill., last Saturday, April 27, the Most Reverend Archbishop Ireland spoke as follows on the economic peril that menaces American Democracy:

The economic peril is wild within our doors: care is needed that it do not penetrate further into the interior of the household. It is seen in the lawless ambition of those who have less to have more, of those who have nothing to have something. I say the lawless ambition. For, far be it from me to set brakes upon ambition rightly ordered to win for oneself a fair portion of earth's possessions and earth's honors, upon efforts rightly ordered to turn that ambition into actual ownership. The earth is given by its Maker to the children of men, to all the children of men, that all live of it, that all enjoy the perfume of its flowers, the nutriment of its fruits. But He who made the gift, laid down laws, prescribed conditions, under which alone ambition to possess and actuality of possession make for the greater good of the whole human race, under which alone men, singly and collectively, are to be allowed to plan and act.

The interest of the individual man—yes. But above the interest of the individual man, whoever he is, is the interest of the social organism. Man is born into the social organism: he is bound by ties of nature, by the exigencies of soul and of body, to fellow-man, whether within the circle of the family, or within the wider confines of an aggregation of families, civil society. The rights of others he must respect and guard, no less than his own; upon the salvation and welfare of the collectivity, family or civil society he must put a higher price than upon that of his own personality. Were it otherwise, the collectivity perishes, and the individual himself perishes.

Whatever leads to the disruption of the social organism is forbidden: that also is forbidden, which ruins private property—the foundation stone upon which rests the social structure, the very core of life in human effort and human aggrandizement, whether in the individual or in the collectivity. Eliminate private property, destroy or minimize unduly its rights, make it insecure or profligate—you have ruled that labor is not worth the fatigue, that indolence and improvidence are privileges to be sought for; you have stilled personal and national progress, you have driven back the human race to the chaos of barbarism and savagery.

DEMOCRACY AND EQUALITY OF POSSESSIONS

All men are born equal: democracy is the government of the people for the people. Therefore—say some—there should be equality of possessions; and the office of the government is to lend its authority to the enforcement of this equality. Fatal misconceptions of the meaning of the Declaration of American Independence, of the meaning of American democracy!

All men are, indeed, born equal—in the meaning of the Declaration of Independence—equal so far as the laws of the land may reach, equal in

rights derived from government, equal in such opportunities as government creates or is enabled to create. But all men are not equal in nature's gifts, physical or moral, and equality of this kind no government can create, no government is allowed to presuppose.

In the battle for the possession of earth the essential factors are strength of limb, perspicacity of mind, perseverance in toil, self-control in winning the prize, in holding it when it is won. In all those endowments men vary by nature, by willing choice are utterly unequal; those endowments no constitution, no law will ever make them equal. And, so, say what we will, do what we will, men will never share alike in the ownership of the things of earth. Equal in ownership to-day, to-morrow they will be unequal: for the possession of the things of earth is the reward of things that are necessarily unequal—personal talent and personal energy. Democracy has its value over other forms of government: it increases to the individual the field of opportunity; with good reason it may be named opportunity, opportunity equal to all is not success to all. No one in this regard has more fittingly defined democracy than the one who, himself a despot, willed democracy for all others, the First Napoleon "Democracy," said Napoleon, "is a clear pathway for merit of whatever kind." But the merit must be at hand, that the pathway, however open and clear of barrier, may lead to the goal of success. And, so, necessarily, there will be the poorer and the richer; necessarily some will have much, and some little or nothing. Theorize as we may on what this world of men ought to be, fashion in dream as we may utopias of governments and commonwealths, in the hard matter of fact field in which we live and work, there always will be the man who can purchase out of his store the labor of other men, and the man who, to enjoy a livelihood, must be the toiler in the service of other men: there always will be the employer and the employee, the capitalist and the laborer.

To attempt the use of powers of a government, be that government the freest of democracies, in order to make the world of men other than what nature has willed it, it is the most futile of tasks, doomed by nature to failure, sure if long pursued, to destroy the government itself and the social organism in whose behalf it was instituted.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

Does all this, however, signify that no duties devolve to a government in the economic field, that no room is open to the poorer, and the citizen with less to make more fortunate than it is the lot of the poorer, to repress the excesses such as cupidity may suggest in the richer, and thus in some measure, to soften the asperities of inequality, guard better than at times they are guarded the natural and inalienable rights of the poorer, and take from the richer the power to enlarge their opportunities into fraud and unrighteous oppression? By no manner of means. To government and to individual effort, under the sway of God's eternal justice, much is allowed along the lines of economic betterment, much is counselled, much too is commended.

God forbid that I rejoice not over the transformation wrought in past days in the condition of the toiler, lifting him from the slave to the serf, from the serf to the freeman, from the mere freeman to the fully-endowed citizen. God forbid that to day I do not lend a sympathetic heart and a helping hand to all who, in the struggle to rise from the level of the brotherhood of all toward all—the brotherhood of the divine sonship granted to all by Him Who is the Creator and the Father of all, and to hasten so far as human shortcomings permit, the reign among all of charity to all, of justice to all. Were I to think and do otherwise, I were not myself the child of the Almighty God, certainly not the disciple and the minister of the Redeemer of Galilee. To the poorer of my fellow-men, to those who wearily toil for daily bread, I say, as I should say—seek by all legitimate methods to improve your lot, to lift yourselves to a higher plane of manly independence and material comfort, to secure to yourselves the full reward that justice should measure out to talent and industry. Effort to this end, personal or combined, is praiseworthy: it is a duty you owe to yourselves and to those who are dependent upon you for maintenance in life. And with this end in view it is your right to invoke servicable legislation, and in securing it to make use of your political privileges as citizens and voters. This may well be said to the honor of the people of America—it is a wish of theirs that those who are the poorer shall be held to their poverty, that honest toil shall be barred from sufficient and adequate remuneration. None in America will resent efforts put forth in fair play towards the social betterment of any class in the population, especially when that class are those upon whom weigh most heavily the burdens of human life, and without whose earnest and willing concurrence the talent of others is doomed to idleness, and industry and enterprise put out of commission.

THE THEORIES AND METHODS OF SOCIALISM

If this were the meaning and intent of that heterogeneous and many-sided combination of plantings and activities calling itself Socialism, welcome it should be, welcome it would be. Forward, we should say, and say we would, in aspiration and design—forward, provided always the one restriction be observed, that social order be maintained in safety, that rights to property won by talent and toil, secured by the just laws of the social organism, be held in honor and reverence.

But what not unusually are the theories and the methods of Socialism? Here it is the absolute denial of the right to private property: "property" are told "is theft." These such impediments are set to private property, such control and limitation, that few or none will toll to acquire it, few or none will be able to retain it. If reward of toil is allowed, the reward, it is declared, must go to the one class of toilers—to those whose hand is the sole arm of power: those who toll otherwise, who bring to the task application of industry, talent of mind, grasp of thought, wearisome fatigue of soul, are to be treated as outcasts, entitled to little or nothing in the distribution of the prize, which without them never should have come into form. Property—yes; but it must not last: it must not be stored, added unto, although property in this shape is that alone which will put in motion the wheels of industry and enterprise: capital, as stored property is termed, is the enemy whose destruction is imposed. So the every day preachers of Socialism. Capital, we should all agree, growing into measureless bounds through fraud and oppression, ought to be repressed; but not this, the theory of Socialism. Capital, Socialism declares, however gathered, must be minimized, if not absolutely annihilated, even, although, through the absence of large capital, large plans are vital to a great nation be made impossible, and the whole people be, in consequence, reduced to mediocrity of effort and success.

Those theories of Socialism; and the theories are preached broadcast. It is the bitter hatred of one class of citizens toward another; it is the reckless jealousy that pulls down and destroys; it is the defiance of law and social order: it is the menace of war even unto the spilling of blood.

SOCIALISM, THE PERIL OF AMERICA

Socialism, unprincipled in theory, wild and violent in method, is to-day the peril of all lands whatsoever their form of government. Especially is it the peril of democracies: there wider social liberty is allowed, the more socialistic there political rights are more easily swayed into its service. Socialism to-day is the peril of America: they are blind who see not its workings; they are reckless of the country's welfare, who take no alarm from its advancing tidal wave.

The appeal is made to the toilers of America to think and to act in opposition to the erroneous theories of Socialism, to its unreasoning and destructive methods. The appeal is proper. Much depends upon the toilers of America: none others would suffer more than they from the permanent, or even temporary triumphs of Socialism. But to the richer, also, and to the employer of labor, the capitalists of America should the appeal be made and made most forcibly. Too often the rich are thoughtless of our social perils, doing nothing to avert them, so bearing themselves that they widen and intensify them.

I have in mind the extravagance, the recklessness in expenditure, the indulgence in pride and selfishness, so often indulged in by richer Americans. The question among them is who can make the most lavish display of wealth, who can spend the most money for purposes the most senseless. Extravagance has become one of our national characteristics: it is scandalous of America, at home and abroad, it is the most potent cause in the growth of our economic perils.

That large fortunes will be amassed that large fortunes are indispensable in a rich and prosperous country, I freely admit; and this, too, I admit that large fortunes, wisely and generously made use of, are a blessing to the nation, and that the rich, inasmuch as thereby great enterprises are possible, and great works, otherwise unrealizable, are done for national grandeur, for social and philanthropic weal. But ill it ed, made to minister only to vanity and selfish indulgence, large fortunes are a mighty peril to social peace and national contentment.

THE BREEDERS OF SOCIALISM

At the bottom of unreasoning Socialism, of which I speak as a peril to American democracy, lies a widespread irritation, begotten from the belief that something is wrong in the present conditions, that things are upside down, and that who ought to have something, have little or nothing, while those who deserve little or nothing have so much that the problem for them is how to throw it away or misuse their abundance. Across the turbulent waters of unrest and protest the sowers of Socialism spread reports of extravagance of the richer classes afforded to them by the columns of the public press—and a storm is begotten that sweeps through the land in destruction and death. Let us beware of the breeders of Socialism and Anarchy. But let us know that the breeders of Socialism are not only the dissatisfied denizens of the impoverished, squalid and garret, and the fiery orator of them Socialist rustrum; among them we must number also the opulent spendthrift—the gilded youth of yatch and club room, who seemingly has the one task before him, to waste in rare viand and costly liquid the savings of a self-contained ancestry; the vain dame whose boast is the \$25,000 or \$50,000 strung in gold and pearl over arm and neck; the toily-stricken host or hostess intent on dazzling guests with precious plate upon the table, while exotic roses, telling of remote tropical climes, deaden their senses. The fashion of extravagance is limitless in its absurd bests: Croesus and a Cagliani are distanced by their American imitators. Meanwhile, nearby men and women suffer the pangs of hunger; and the toilers sweat out their life-blood in noisome factory and death-dealing mine that they and their families may at all be enabled to live. And, meanwhile, too, the spirit of extravagance is let loose among all classes; the middle ring, following, though from afar, in the footsteps of richer

neighbors, must spend away beyond needs and means; even the poorer must ply the knee to the idol of the times and worship to pride and sensualism upon bedditing moderation, and eat and drink and dress, until night is left behind in provision for the morrow, as a safeguard against days of industrial depression, such as surely now and then will darken their pathway—and, as the result, the most wealth-creating country in the world is thrown into the throes of poverty, and, even from America the clamor goes out that all is wrong in the present social organism, and the time has come to decree its death and extinction. Yes—if ever the wildest form of Socialism prevails in America, the rich men and women of America will have none their ample share in hastening its triumphs.

ONE VIEW OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

From the recent Lenten Pastoral Letter of Right Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, we take the following interesting remarks on the Woman Suffrage question.

The Sacrament of Marriage is the corner stone of human society, and, therefore, it has been left by its Divine Institutor, not at the mercy of civil governments, but in the guardianship of His Own Church, to whose jurisdiction it belongs no less fully than any other sacrament, or rite of our holy religion. And you see that as soon as men throw off the Christian faith, or lose a hold of its principles, one of the first practical consequences is an attack upon the marriage tie. What they call modern progress, in the moral order, may be measured by their divorce laws. They would put women back again in her pagan condition, in pre-Christian times, and it is a sad fact, but an eloquent demonstration of the need of an inflexible guide in morals, as well as faith, that the only religious body which now stands like a wall of brass against this crush of human passion is our Holy Church, which, by its teaching, and by God's blessing to keep out this fatal evil, but we have to be on our guard against the advance of principles, and the admission of practices which are the first steps in the same direction. There has been for some years a movement to draw women from their homes, and to engage them in occupation which an elder generation thought entirely unsuitable to them. Even in our Catholic schools one can perceive a spirit of publicity, a craving for notoriety, which is entirely new amongst us. For myself, I am convinced that the annual publication of children's names, and sometimes even of their photographs, must on educational grounds be injurious, and be fatal in the long run to true scholarship and hard work both for boys and girls; but for girls I regard it as the first step toward breaking down the delicacy and modesty which is their most precious possession. School should be a second home, and its work be almost equally private. The law, however, although serious is remote, but a far greater evil is already upon us, and seems to me to call urgently for attention. A considerable number of Catholic girls are following the courses of our University Colleges in exactly the same conditions as young men, with no distinction between them in studies, or even social conditions. In Ireland we have been able to long run to true scholarship and hard work both for boys and girls; but for girls I regard it as the first step toward breaking down the delicacy and modesty which is their most precious possession. School should be a second home, and its work be almost equally private. The law, however, although serious is remote, but a far greater evil is already upon us, and seems to me to call urgently for attention. A considerable number of Catholic girls are following the courses of our University Colleges in exactly the same conditions as young men, with no distinction between them in studies, or even social conditions. In Ireland we have been able to

HOW EXPLAIN THEM?

At last the editors of our secular papers have waked up to the fact that there are things happening in the world in the present age that invite the closest investigation of modern science and challenge explanation by skeptics of the political power with men is being advanced, and it is because I feel the danger that this monstrous coordination may, without the consent, and almost without the knowledge of the people of this country, be imposed upon us, that I feel it my duty to call attention thus publicly to the danger.

What is the explanation? Perhaps it is too much to expect an editor on a daily paper to admit the likelihood of supernatural power effecting those wonderful cures. He must first be convinced of the reality of the cures, and then he will search for the law by which they are to be explained. The proof of the facts rests upon the same kind of evidence as the best authenticated facts of history—the testimony of eye-witnesses. In the case of Lourdes the witnesses are experts, the best physicians—many of them without any religious bias—who examine the patients before foreign the cures. Hundreds of cases have been so authenticated. It is, therefore, up to the editor to formulate his law to explain the facts. Or will he—after examination—do what greater scientists have done—admit that they cannot be explained on merely natural grounds?—Trine Voice.

CATHOLIC POPULATION OF ENGLAND

In a speech delivered before the Catholic Association of England His Eminence Cardinal Bourne made the following interesting remarks on the increase of the Catholic population of England.

"The other day," said His Eminence, "the Archbishop of Canterbury—after expressions of tender respect for the foreign religious communities that have settled in England, and using words which showed his appreciation of their efforts, and also a realization of the fact that if they received so many non-Catholic pupils, it is not because we are seeking non-Catholic pupils, but because the non-Catholic parents are seeking the convent school—went on to suggest that Anglicans need not be afraid, after all, because if we were to take the statistics of the Registrar-General they would show that the number of Catholic marriages was not increasing. I have not had time to verify these facts, but I am presently persuaded that our numbers in England are not decreasing, but they are steadily increasing, and that they are very much larger than we have any knowledge of. As long as the legislature does not see its way to include 'religious belief' in the decennial census we shall not have accurate figures. The other day I called attention to the undoubted fact that we have now in England something like treble the number of churches and of clergy that we had sixty-one years ago. The Catholic Church in this country is a voluntary organization. We live on the alms of the faith

WHEN HUSBAND AND WIFE DISAGREED

The objection to giving votes to women is not that they would exercise the franchise with less judgment or honesty than men. In intelligence, in conscientiousness, in genuine desire for the public good, they are not inferior to men. That is not the objection. From the peace of their homes they would be drawn into the angry, and often squalid, strife of political parties. Now they stand outside all such contentions. A man comes home from some turbulent scene of an election contest, and finds in his home, under the influence of a good woman, the calm and quietness

ful. Does it not follow clearly that if our churches are well maintained and our clergy well supported—although the Catholic wealth of the country has not increased to a surprising degree—our numbers in every rank of life must be enormously greater than they were sixty years ago? Wherever we set up a chapel, even in a remote town in England, there is in a very short space of time a growing congregation. Further, if we set up a church in any suburb of London, or in any new district of the greater cities, and if we put there, unburdened by debt, a priest who is zealous and active, we find that in two or three years he will most certainly find sufficient means of subsistence. I quote these facts as proof, if any be needed, that the number of Catholics in this country is steadily increasing. I have no wish to bear testimony to the fact that the apostolic and zealous labors of generations of Bishops and priests and the devotion of generations of laity have not been in vain; and if in the future we are to make progress in this country, it is in proportion as we remain faithful to the policy of the past. There is nothing aggressive about us. We have no desire to interfere with the liberty of our fellow-countrymen, but we wish by all reasonable and lawful means to bring home to the mind and the conscience of the English people that the one true Church of Jesus Christ is that which has its center in the Eternal City of Rome.

"CURTAILING LIBERTY OF THOUGHT"

"Alphonse," in the Ave Maria, thus answers the time-worn objection that "the Church curtails the liberty of thought": "The answer to an objection so often made against the church—that she curtails liberty of thought, closes up the search for truth, and stifles free discussion of religious questions,—is, of your right and freedom to hold, or even to think, the opposite of that truth. Take an example. No scientist thinks his liberty of thought interfered with because he has accepted the law of gravitation. He has committed himself forever to Nature's principle that a stone will fall to the earth; he can not, consistently with sanity, assert or himself the liberty to think that the stone will fall up to the moon. Has he, then, renounced the freedom to think for himself? In regard to this particular truth, he certainly has.

Again, he will not and cannot deny the truth of the heliocentric system, or the possibility of navigating by star, or the fact of the circulation of the blood, or of the rotundity of the earth, or the truth of the proposition that any two sides of a triangle are greater than the third side. I say he is absolutely compelled, willy-nilly, to admit these facts; consistently with reason, he dare not think otherwise about them. Has he, then, given up his freedom to "think for himself"? Again, I answer, so far as these truths are concerned, most assuredly he has; and for the simple reason that every truth excludes its opposite, and no sane man can hold two contradictory beliefs at the same time.

But to recognize this is one thing, and to say that in consequence the scientist has paralyzed his judgment, and forfeited or bartered away his God-given faculty of thinking for himself on other things, is surely something quite different. Who would be so silly as to draw such a conclusion? No one, I venture to think. Yet it is precisely this silly conclusion that Protestants draw when they accuse Catholics of "giving up their freedom of judging for themselves" because they are obliged to accept certain truths that God has revealed. Catholics believe the Catholic Faith because it is the Faith, no more and no less, once delivered by the Apostles to the Church. And they certainly have no wish and no right and no freedom to criticise it, or believe anything opposed to or different from it. But surely in this there is no sacrifice of liberty except in the sense I have already explained; rather is it the attainment of true freedom. "You shall know the truth," said our Blessed Lord, "and the truth shall make you free,

BIGOTRY IN A NOVEL

The New York Times Book Review is noted for undue partiality towards the Catholic Church. Consequently when it places "Valadero Ranch" under the above caption, the book must be a wretched performance and certainly unfit for a Public Library. If you come across it in your Public Library, just copy the following estimate of the book from the New York Times Book Review.

"Narrow minded anti-Catholicism will find much pleasure in reading Hop Darling's 'Valadero Ranch' (American Tract Society, \$1), for its whole tenor is antagonistic to the Catholic Church. The writer has tried to make her villain a sort of early nineteenth century Cardinal Richelieu, and every chapter breathes contempt for Rome. The story is laid in Southern California in 1832 and the plot consists of the efforts of the Church to get possession of the property which gives title to the story, and, incidentally, to win back to the faith Mercedes Valadero, niece of its owner. The right or wrong of either belief aside, it does no good to stir up ill-feeling between men. Few but bigoted persons will find the book readable. Like the text, the illustrations are apparently the work of an amateur, and had the publishers been wiser both had never been printed.—From Truth.

truth. Does it not follow clearly that if our churches are well maintained and our clergy well supported—although the Catholic wealth of the country has not increased to a surprising degree—our numbers in every rank of life must be enormously greater than they were sixty years ago? Wherever we set up a chapel, even in a remote town in England, there is in a very short space of time a growing congregation. Further, if we set up a church in any suburb of London, or in any new district of the greater cities, and if we put there, unburdened by debt, a priest who is zealous and active, we find that in two or three years he will most certainly find sufficient means of subsistence. I quote these facts as proof, if any be needed, that the number of Catholics in this country is steadily increasing. I have no wish to bear testimony to the fact that the apostolic and zealous labors of generations of Bishops and priests and the devotion of generations of laity have not been in vain; and if in the future we are to make progress in this country, it is in proportion as we remain faithful to the policy of the past. There is nothing aggressive about us. We have no desire to interfere with the liberty of our fellow-countrymen, but we wish by all reasonable and lawful means to bring home to the mind and the conscience of the English people that the one true Church of Jesus Christ is that which has its center in the Eternal City of Rome.

CATHOLIC NOTES

During the year 1910, 175 missionaries including 12 Bishops, died in the foreign mission field. Of these 88 were from France and 2 from the United States.

The State armory board has kindly offered the use of the Seventh Regiment armory, New York, to the parishioners of St. Vincent Ferrer's church for divine services while the church is being rebuilt.

According to statistics just published the Catholic population using the German tongue in the German empire, its colonies and in Luxembourg, Switzerland and Austria amounts to 41,450,385, with over 43,000 priests, secular and regular.

The Jesuit Fathers opened a Catholic University nine years ago at Shanghai. It is already famous among the educated classes of China and is known as the "University of the Dawn of Day." Another university to be conducted by the Jesuits is about to be opened at Hong-Kong.

A hospital costing not less than \$1,000,000, exclusive of the ground, will be built next spring by the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, Cincinnati, O., according to the inauguration of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, Cincinnati, O., according to the inauguration of the Sisters of St. Francis operate some 25 hospitals in the United States and Europe.

At the recent meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the A. O. H., of Plymouth county, Mass., resolutions were adopted urging Catholic women to deny social intercourse and friendship to all persons who having obtained a divorce, are living in sinful union, thus openly defying the law of God, for as Catholics we denounce absolute divorce.

The Rev. Oldric Derenthal, O. F. M., who is laboring among the Indians, writes that "of the 4,398 members of the Chippewa tribe, 3,102 are Catholic. There are five schools under the management of the Catholic Sisters at Odanah, Bayfield and Reserve, where hundreds of Indian boys and girls during thirty years have received a practical training to fit them for life and eternity."

The Holy Father has just finished the writing of an antiphon in Latin verse for the Maestro Perosi, of St. Peter's, Rome, who is now setting the antiphon to music. It will be rendered in the Basilica of St. Mark's, Venice, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Campanile, April 25. His Holiness wishes his work to be regarded as a gift to the people of Venice.

A picturesquely patriarchal figure, who attracted the attention of thousands of American visitors to the "Passion Play" of 1910, has just died at Oesernammerg, aged ninety-three. His name was Ledermann, and he was the oldest inhabitant of the village. He has acted in the "Passion Play" in 1825, at the age of six, and continued to appear regularly thereafter at each decennial performance.

Announcement has been made that Mrs. Hosley, widow of Commodore H. H. Hosley, U. S. N., has definitely decided every thing upon becoming a nun and will be received into the Order of the Sacred Heart, says the Army and Navy Journal. Mrs. Hosley is a present at Kenwood Convent near Albany, where her novitiate will be passed. She is described as a handsome woman of middle age and the mother of a child who, immediately after her graduation two years ago, entered the Order of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Md.

President McAlister of the Boston club of the American Baseball League presented to Cardinal O'Connell a perpetual pass for the new baseball grounds. The pass is of gold, a magnificent piece of workmanship, and was graciously received by his eminence, who, in answer to the presentation speech of Mr. McAlister, said he was very pleased to approve of any enterprise which objects was the progress of the city of Boston and the advancement of clean, manly sport. Cardinal O'Connell added that he would gladly use the pass which had been presented to him.

The magnificent Chateau of Coigny, which is now the property of Lady Beauchamp, the heiress of the Dukes of Colchester, has been placed by this lady at the disposal of the Bishop of Coutances for use as a Catholic College. Lady Beauchamp and her children, all of whom occupy important positions in court circles at St. James, London, are Anglicans, but she has great sympathy for the Church, and both are anxious to assist Christian schools of France which have struggled so bravely to keep alive the faith.

With the confidence gained from many successful recitals in their own country the Pausil Christianists of Chicago will leave on May 10 to take part in the international contest of choral societies in Paris on May 27, 28, and 29. The contest will be held under the auspices of the French Government. All the best choral societies of Europe will be entered. A national holiday has been proclaimed for the days of the contest. The street in front of the Trocadero, where the contest will be held, is to be closed to heavy traffic so as to prevent any noise disturbing the choirs.

The Methodists have begun their proselytizing among the Italians of Denver, Col. The work is in charge of one Rev. Francesco P. Sulmonetti, who conducts the mission under the name of Evangelical Italian Church, and for the support of which the Methodists allow him \$1,400 a year. There are about 15,000 Italians in Denver, and in a few years they will outnumber all its foreign-born citizens. It is proving a rich field for the proselytizers who have ample funds behind them to carry on their misrepresentation of the Catholic Church and destruction of the Christian faith in the hearts of these people.

truth. Does it not follow clearly that if our churches are well maintained and our clergy well supported—although the Catholic wealth of the country has not increased to a surprising degree—our numbers in every rank of life must be enormously greater than they were sixty years ago? Wherever we set up a chapel, even in a remote town in England, there is in a very short space of time a growing congregation. Further, if we set up a church in any suburb of London, or in any new district of the greater cities, and if we put there, unburdened by debt, a priest who is zealous and active, we find that in two or three years he will most certainly find sufficient means of subsistence. I quote these facts as proof, if any be needed, that the number of Catholics in this country is steadily increasing. I have no wish to bear testimony to the fact that the apostolic and zealous labors of generations of Bishops and priests and the devotion of generations of laity have not been in vain; and if in the future we are to make progress in this country, it is in proportion as we remain faithful to the policy of the past. There is nothing aggressive about us. We have no desire to interfere with the liberty of our fellow-countrymen, but we wish by all reasonable and lawful means to bring home to the mind and the conscience of the English people that the one true Church of Jesus Christ is that which has its center in the Eternal City of Rome.

"CURTAILING LIBERTY OF THOUGHT"

"Alphonse," in the Ave Maria, thus answers the time-worn objection that "the Church curtails the liberty of thought": "The answer to an objection so often made against the church—that she curtails liberty of thought, closes up the search for truth, and stifles free discussion of religious questions,—is, of your right and freedom to hold, or even to think, the opposite of that truth. Take an example. No scientist thinks his liberty of thought interfered with because he has accepted the law of gravitation. He has committed himself forever to Nature's principle that a stone will fall to the earth; he can not, consistently with sanity, assert or himself the liberty to think that the stone will fall up to the moon. Has he, then, renounced the freedom to think for himself? In regard to this particular truth, he certainly has.

Again, he will not and cannot deny the truth of the heliocentric system, or the possibility of navigating by star, or the fact of the circulation of the blood, or of the rotundity of the earth, or the truth of the proposition that any two sides of a triangle are greater than the third side. I say he is absolutely compelled, willy-nilly, to admit these facts; consistently with reason, he dare not think otherwise about them. Has he, then, given up his freedom to "think for himself"? Again, I answer, so far as these truths are concerned, most assuredly he has; and for the simple reason that every truth excludes its opposite, and no sane man can hold two contradictory beliefs at the same time.

But to recognize this is one thing, and to say that in consequence the scientist has paralyzed his judgment, and forfeited or bartered away his God-given faculty of thinking for himself on other things, is surely something quite different. Who would be so silly as to draw such a conclusion? No one, I venture to think. Yet it is precisely this silly conclusion that Protestants draw when they accuse Catholics of "giving up their freedom of judging for themselves" because they are obliged to accept certain truths that God has revealed. Catholics believe the Catholic Faith because it is the Faith, no more and no less, once delivered by the Apostles to the Church. And they certainly have no wish and no right and no freedom to criticise it, or believe anything opposed to or different from it. But surely in this there is no sacrifice of liberty except in the sense I have already explained; rather is it the attainment of true freedom. "You shall know the truth," said our Blessed Lord, "and the truth shall make you free,

BIGOTRY IN A NOVEL

The New York Times Book Review is noted for undue partiality towards the Catholic Church. Consequently when it places "Valadero Ranch" under the above caption, the book must be a wretched performance and certainly unfit for a Public Library. If you come across it in your Public Library, just copy the following estimate of the book from the New York Times Book Review.

"Narrow minded anti-Catholicism will find much pleasure in reading Hop Darling's 'Valadero Ranch' (American Tract Society, \$1), for its whole tenor is antagonistic to the Catholic Church. The writer has tried to make her villain a sort of early nineteenth century Cardinal Richelieu, and every chapter breathes contempt for Rome. The story is laid in Southern California in 1832 and the plot consists of the efforts of the Church to get possession of the property which gives title to the story, and, incidentally, to win back to the faith Mercedes Valadero, niece of its owner. The right or wrong of either belief aside, it does no good to stir up ill-feeling between men. Few but bigoted persons will find the book readable. Like the text, the illustrations are apparently the work of an amateur, and had the publishers been wiser both had never been printed.—From Truth.

Truth is the quality we all seek as the highest good. If confidence exists, all the complications of life fade away. That the word of an individual is unquestioned in the greatest asset he can possess is life.—L. C. Abbot.

MILES WALLINGFORD

By James Fenimore Cooper

CHAPTER XXIV

"Some short at victory's loud acclaim. Some fall that victory to assure, But time divulges that in name, Alone, our triumphs are secure."

The Briton had come out of the Cove of Cord, only a few days before, and was bound on service, with orders to run off to the westward, a few hundred miles, and to cruise three months in a latitude that might cover the homeward-bound trading ships, from the American provinces, of which there were many in that early period of the war. This was not agreeable news to us, who had hoped to be landed somewhere immediately, and who had thought, at first, on seeing the ship carrying a press of sail to the westward, that she might be going to Halifax. There was no remedy, however, and we were fain to make the best of circumstances. Captain Rowley promised to put us on board the first vessel that offered, and that was as much as we had a right to ask of him.

More than two months passed without the Briton's speaking, or even seeing, a single sail. To these vicissitudes of the sea, we were subjected one time or another in the midst of craft, at another the ocean seemed deserted to himself alone. Captain Rowley ascribed this want of success to the fact that the war was inducing the running ships to collect in convoys, and that his orders carried him too far north to permit his falling in with the American bound for and from Liverpool. Whatever may have been the reason, however, the result was the same to us. After the gale of the equinox, the Briton stood to the southward, as far as Madeira, such a change of ground being included in her instructions; and thence, after cruising three weeks in the neighborhood of that island, she shaped her course for Plymouth. In the whole of the frigate had, at that time, brought on board some thirty sail, all of whom were neutrals, and not one of whom was bound to a port that would do us any good. The ship's water getting low, we were now compelled to go in, and, as we had been told, we made our way northward. The Briton was in the very day of the Briton's second cruising ground, a strange ship was seen directly on her course, which was pronounced to be a frigate, about the sun set.

The Briton manoeuvred all night to close with the stranger, and with success, as he was only a league distant, and a very little to windward of her, when I went on deck early in the morning. I found the ship clear for action, and in a degree of animation pervading the vessel, that I had never before witnessed. The people were piped to breakfast just as I approached the captain to salute him with a "Good morning."

"Good morning to you, Wallingford," cried the old man, in a cheerful way; "you are just in time to take a look at your Frenchman in his glory. Two hours hence he'll be all but as good as a dead man, and he'll be at our feet. She's a noble craft, is she not, and quite of our own force."

"As for the last, sir," I answered, "there does not seem much to choose—she is fifty guns, I dare say. Is she certainly French?"

"As certainly as this ship is English. She can do nothing with our signals, and her rig is a character of her. Who ever saw an English frigate with such royal-mast and yards? So, Master Wallingford, you must consent to take your breakfast an hour earlier than common, or go without it, altogether. Ah—here is the steward to say it waits for us."

I followed Captain Rowley to the cabin, where I found he had sent me, and where I saw the kind-hearted old gentleman seemed desirous of adding this act of civility to the hundred others that he had already shown us. I had received much generous and liberal treatment from Captain Rowley, but never before had he seemed so much disposed to act toward me as a father.

"I hope you have done justice to Davis' cookery, gentlemen," he said, after the assault on the estates began to abate a little in ardor, "for this may be the last opportunity that will offer to enjoy it. I am an Englishman, and have what I hope is a humble confidence in the superiority of an English over a French ship; but I very well know we never get even a French ship without working for it; and younder gentleman may not leave us any crockery, for to-morrow, He evidently means to fight us, and I think will do himself credit."

"I believe you English always go into action against the French with a confidence of victory," remarked, "Why we have brought our lads up to that feeling, certainly, though I would not have you fancy I am quite of that way of thinking. I am too old, and have seen too much service, Wallingford, not to know that every battle is liable to accidents and vicissitudes. There is some difference in service, I must suppose, though not half as much in men as is vulgarly imagined. The result is in the hands of God, and I do think we are fighting his battles, in this fearful war; therefore, I trust He will take care of us."

I was surprised to find Captain Rowley, who was usually cheerful and gay, talking in this manner; but it did not become me to pursue the subject. In a minute or two we rose from table, and I heard the order given to the steward to report to the first lieutenant, as soon as the table was cleared away, that the cabin bulkheads might be removed, and that the French frigates, which were about two cable's length distant, with their topgallant-sails clewed up and the courses in the brails; "in ten minutes we shall be hard at it, and I leave it to yourself to say whether prudence does not require that you should go below."

I had expected this, and instead of contesting the matter, I bowed, and walked off the quarter-deck, as if about to comply. "Out of sight, out of mind," I thought; "it would be time enough to go below when I had seen the beginning of the affair. In the waist I passed the marines, drawn up in military array, with their officers as attentive to dressing them in line as if the victory depended on its accuracy. On the fore-cabin I found Neb, with his hands in his pockets watching the manoeuvres of the French as the cat watches those of the mouse. The fellow's eye was alive with interest, and I saw it was useless to think of sending him below. In the fore-cabin, they had taken their own course, and only smiled good-naturedly as I passed them. The first lieutenant, however, was an exception. He never had appeared well disposed toward us, and, I make no doubt, had not been so hospitably taken into the cabin, we should all have got an earlier taste of his humor."

"There is too much good stuff in that fellow," he dryly remarked, in passing, pointing toward Neb at the same time, "for him to be doing nothing at a moment like this."

"We are neutrals, as respects France, Mr. Clements," I answered, "and it would not be right for us to take part in your quarrel. I will not hesitate to say, however, that have revealed to me such kindness on board the Briton, that I should feel miserable in not being permitted to share your danger. Something may turn up that will enable me to be of assistance—ay, and Neb too."

The man gave me a keen look, muttered something between his teeth, and walked whither he was proceeding when we met. I looked in the direction in which he went, and could see he was speaking in a surly way to Captain Rowley. The old gentleman cast a look forward, shook a finger at me, then smiled in his benevolent way, and turned, as I thought, to look for one of the midshipmen who acted as his aids. At that moment the Frenchman went in the stays, delivering his whole broadside, from aft forward, as the guns bore. The shot told on the British spars smartly, though only two hulled her. As a matter of course, this turned the thoughts of Captain Rowley to the main business in hand; and I was forgotten. As for Neb, he immediately made himself useful. A shot out of the mastsprings just above his head, and before I had time to speak, the fellow seized a stopper, and caught one of the ends of the stay, applied the stopper, and was hard at work in bringing the rope into its proper place, and in preparing to press to bear a strain. The boatswain applauded his activity, sending two or three fore-castle-men to help him. From that moment, Neb was as busy as a bee aloft, now appearing through openings in the smoke, on this yard-arm, now on that, his face on a broad grin whenever business was always presented itself to his mind as truly wonderful.

"I understand you—we shall all three serve in the humane gang. Well, when I went on deck early in the morning, I found the ship clear for action, and in a degree of animation pervading the vessel, that I had never before witnessed. The people were piped to breakfast just as I approached the captain to salute him with a "Good morning."

his habits being certainly as much opposed to liberty as those of Napoleon himself. Although the reader probably will not understand the drift of his question, it was not lost on me. I answered, therefore, like one who fully comprehended him.

"I am afraid, Moses," said I, "there is very little republicanism in France just now, nor do I know that resemblance in governments makes nations friends. Unless the resemblance be complete, I rather think they are more disposed to quarrel about the differences, than to allow the merits of the points of affinity. As between England and France, however since we are at peace with both, we Americans have nothing to do with their quarrels."

"I thought that would be your idea, Miles, and yet it would be awkward to be in the midst of a fight and take no part in it. I'd give a \$100 to be on board that Frenchman this minute."

"Are you so much in love with defeat as to wish to be fogged?" "I don't know how it is, but I think I agin the grain to take sides with John Bull."

"There is no necessity for taking sides with either, though we can remember how these people have saved our lives, how kind they have been to us, and that we have literally lived three months on their bounty. 'Neb, I'm glad to see, makes fair weather of it on the berth-deck; there's more in that than you dream of, perhaps Mr. Clements, the first lieutenant of this ship, is a sly one, and he thinks more of a good seaman than some priests do of piety. If I'm not greatly misled, he intends that Neb shall quit this ship till the peace."

"How! He surely cannot pretend that the black is an Englishman?" "There are all kinds of Englishmen, black and white, when seamen grow scarce. However, there is no use in looking out for the worst; we shall know all about it when the ship gets into How are we to behave, Miles, in this new battle? It goes again my feeling to help an Englishman, and yet an old salt don't like to keep under hatches while powder is burning on deck."

"It would be wrong for either of us to take any part in the action, since we have nothing to do with the quarrel. Still, we may appear on deck, unless ordered below, and I dare say opportunity will be offered to be of use, especially in helping the hurt. I shall go on the quarter-deck, but I would advise you not to go higher than the gun-deck. As for Neb, I shall formally offer his services in helping to carry the wounded down."

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of the enemy's fire on the Briton, as well as the manner in which the English repaid all they received. While standing near the mainmast, in the battery that was not engaged, Marble made me out in the smoke, and came up to speak to me.

"Them Frenchmen are playing their parts like men," he said. "There's a shot just gone through the cook's copers, and another through the boats. By the Lord Harry, if the boys on this deck do not bestir themselves, we shall get locked. I wouldn't be licked by a Frenchman on any account, Miles. Even little Kitty would point her finger at me!"

"We are only passengers, you know, Moses; and can have little concern with victory or defeat, so long as the striped and starred bunting has nothing to do with the credit of the thing."

"I am not so sure of that, Miles. I do not like being fogged, even as a passenger. There! Just look at that, now, two or three more such zaps, and half our guns will be silenced!"

Two shot had come in together, as Marble thus interrupted himself; one of them knocking away the side of a port, while the other laid four men of its gun on the deck. This gun was on the point of being discharged, as the injury was inflicted, but the loss of the captain prevented it from being fired. The lieutenant of the division caught the match from the fallen seaman, gave it a puff with his breath, and applied it to the priming. As the gun came leaping in, the lieutenant turned his head to see where he could best find men to supply the place of those who had been killed, or wounded. His eyes fell on us. He asked no questions; but merely looked in our direction.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Marble stripping off his jacket, and taking the tobacco from his mouth. "In one moment. Just hold on, till I'm ready."

I scarce knew whether to remonstrate or not; but hard as it went, and delighted in his zeal, the officer clapped him on the back, leaving him to act as captain of the gun. Afraid the contagion might extend to myself, I turned, ascended the ladder, and was immediately on the quarter-deck again. Here I found old Captain Rowley, with his hat off, cheering his men, and the French vessel, having just gone over his side. It was not a time to make my report, nor was any needed just then; so I walked aft, as far as the aft rail, in order to get out of the way, and to make my observations as much removed from the smoke as possible. This was the only opportunity I enjoyed of noting the various positions, as well as conditions, of the two vessels.

The Briton had suffered heavily aloft; but all her principal spars still stood. On the other hand, her antagonist had lost both main and mizen-topmasts, and her fore-mast was materially weakened within the last fifteen minutes. She was falling more under quarter-way fire, and the crew's losing command of their ship; the two frigates having, some time before, come by the wind—the Englishman a little on the Frenchman's weather-quarter. As is usual, in a heavy cannonade, and a moderate breeze, the wind had died away, or become neutralized, by the concussion of the guns; neither combatant moved much from the position he occupied. Still the Briton had her yards knowingly braced, while those of her enemy were pretty much at six and sevens. Under such circumstances, it was not difficult to predict the result of the engagement; more especially as the spirits of the Briton's crew were rising with the duration of the combat.

I was still making my observations, when I heard the crack of a shot, and the ripping of plank, on the forward part of the quarter-deck. A little group collected around a fallen man, and I thought I caught a glimpse of Captain Rowley's uniform and epaulet, as he lay in the sufferer. In an instant I was on the spot. Sure enough, there was my old friend grievously wounded. Clements was also there. Catching my eye, he observed,

"As you are doing nothing, sir, will you assist in carrying Captain Rowley below?"

"I do not like the manner in which this was said, nor the expression of the first lieutenant's eye while saying it. They seemed to me to add, 'I shall now command this ship, and we shall see if new lords don't produce new laws.' I complied, however, of course, and aided by two of his own servants, I got the poor old man into the gun-room, where the surgeon cast his eyes on the injuries, I saw, by his countenance, there was no hope. His words soon confirmed the bad news.

"The captain cannot live half an hour," this gentleman said to me aside, "and all we can do will be to give him what we can do to ease his pain, but in a few minutes, he will probably ask for water, or wine and water; I wish, sir, you would indulge him in his wishes, for you can have no duty to call you on deck. This will be a lucky hit for Clements, who will run off with more than half the credit of the battle, though I fancy the Frenchman has as much as he wants, already."

And so it turned out, literally, in the end. About twenty minutes after I went below, during which time the Briton did most of the fighting, we heard the cheer of victory on deck. These sounds appeared to cause the wounded man to revive.

"What means that, Wallingford?" he asked in a stronger voice than I could have thought it possible for him to use. "What do these cheers mean, my young friend?"

"They mean, Captain Rowley, that you have conquered, that you are master of the French frigate."

"Master!—an I master of my own life? Of what use is victory to me, now? I shall die—the son, Wallingford, and there will be an end of it all! My poor wife will call this a melancholy victory."

Alas! what could I say? These words were only too true as respects himself, and, I dare say, as respects his wife, also. Die he did, and in my presence, but that, alas! with all his senses about him; but I could see he had his doubts whether a little lustre like that which attended his end, was fulfilling all the objects of his being. The near view of death places a man on a moral eminence, whence he commands prospects before and behind, on each side

and on every side, enabling him to overlook the whole scene of life from its commencement to its close, and to form an opinion of his own place in a drama that is about to close. Like many of those who exhibit themselves for our amusement, and to purchase our applause he is only too apt to quit the stage less satisfied with his own performance, than the thoughtless multitude, who regarding merely the surfaces of things, are too often loudest in their approbation when there is the least to praise.

I shall pass over the next ten days, with a very brief allusion to their events. The first proof I had of Mr. Clements being commanding officer, was my being transferred from the cabin to the gun-room. It is true, there was no want of space in my new apartment, for officers and manning the prize had left several state-rooms vacant in the Briton's gun room, which fell to the share of the French prisoners and myself. Poor Captain Rowley was preserved in spirits; and then things went on pretty much as before, with the exception that our crippled condition and reduced crew rendered us no longer anxious to fall in with Frenchman. I may say, in this place, also, that now the excitement which had carried him away, was gone, Marble was profoundly ashamed of the part he had taken in the late affair. He had fought under English colors, once more; and though I seldom dared to allude to the thing, it is in my opinion he heartily regretted his conduct, to his dying day. As for Neb, all seemed right enough in his eyes; for though he well understood the distinctions between flags and countries, he always imagined it a duty to stick by the craft in which he happened to be.

Ten days after I had been living under the regime of "new lords and new laws," we fell in with a frigate, in the chops of the Channel, and encouraged signs with her. The reader will judge of Marble's and my dissatisfaction, when we heard it announced that the ship which was then fast approaching us was the Speedy. There was no help for it, however; she was already within gunshot, and soon rounded-to, within half of the Briton, which ship had hove-to, to wait for her. In a few minutes, Lord Harry Dermond, in person, was alongside of us, in a boat, to show his orders to Captain Rowley, and report himself, as the junior captain. I could not quit the quarter-deck for a desire to ascertain, if possible, what had become of Sennit and his companions, though prudence dictated concealment.

Clements met the young nobleman at the gangway, and apologizing for not going on board the Speedy, on account of the state of his boat, reported the late action, and its results. Lord Harry then found himself the senior, instead of the junior commander, and he immediately began to ask questions. He was in the midst of these interrogatories, when his eye suddenly fell on me. He and Clements were walking on the quarter-deck together, and I had gone into the gangway, to escape his notice, when this unexpected recognition took place. It occurred as the two were turning in their walk, and were so near me that I could hear what was said between them.

"Who have you there, leaning against the outer, Mr. Clements?" demanded the captain of the Speedy. "It's a face I know—some old shipmate of mine, I fancy."

"I rather think not, my lord—it's a Yankee I picked up at sea in a boat, a Capt. Wallingford, of the American ship Dawn. His vessel foundered in a gale, and all hands were lost but this gentleman; his mate and a negro. We have had them on board, now, more than three months."

A long low whistle escaped from Lord Harry Dermond, who immediately walked up to me, raised his hat, and commenced a very disagreeable sort of a dialogue, by saying,

"Your servant, Mr. Wallingford! We meet under very unusual circumstances, and somewhat odd. The last time was at a rather interesting moment to me, and one in which I was so much engaged, that I had no leisure properly to pay my respects to you. Mr. Clements has a little business to transact with this gentleman, and must ask the favour of your company and his, for a few minutes, in your cabin."

No objection could be raised to this request; and I followed the two officers into the Briton's cabin.

TO BE CONTINUED

A GLIMPSE AT THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS

The following very clever paper on the great novelist, Dickens, is from the pen of Maud Regan, now Mrs. J. W. Rigney, of Kingston, Ont. For many years literary contributions from her pen were eagerly sought by some of the best magazines. Her short stories and sketches possess a charming literary finish. We hope she will continue her contributions to the literature of our day. With Dickens she is particularly at home, and her thoughts reveal an intimacy with those charms in his characters which will live as long as the English language is spoken.

Of the important centenaries marking the year 1912, perhaps none is of wider interest or more universal appeal than that of the genial, kindly, wondrously gifted boy.

Never was the proverbial ill-luck attaching to the beginning of a journey on Friday more happily disproved than on the February Friday, one hundred years ago, which witnessed the outset of Charles Dickens' earthly pilgrimage. He was born at PortSEA, where his father was at the time employed in the Navy Pay Office, but as the family had removed thence to Chatham before he was four, he regarded himself as being to all intents and purposes a Kentish man, Chatham, being as his biographer prettily phrases it, the "birthplace of his fancy"—how often his fancy revisited these Kentish scenes! We find the roads and rivers familiar to his childhood immortalized in many a Christmas sketch and uncommercial etching, and suggesting in Great Expectations some of the most picturesque effects of his

riper art. It is pleasant to think that time brought about the fulfillment of at least one of his youthful dreams in his subsequent ownership of that rambling Kentish mansion, Gad's Hill, past whose gates he had been led by his father in childhood days and promised that some time he might come to live there if he worked very hard and was good. It was the enchanted palace of his childhood and there were dragons to be slain and a way to be hewn through the forest of difficulty, but the goal was ultimately won and there were thirteen happy hospitable years in legend-haunted Gad's Hill before the day when England gazed with dimmed eyes upon the famous picture of the novelist's deserted study, entitled "The Vacant Chair."

First lessons in reading were given Dickens by his mother, after which, with his elder sister Fanny, he was sent to the school of one William Miles who recognized his pupil's exceptional abilities, and resolved that they should not lie fallow for lack of cultivation. However, it seems probable that his best education was found in a deserted bedroom of his father's home where he discovered some dog-eared volumes of the English Essayists, and pored over the words of Fielding and Smollett, assimilating the beauties and rejecting the coarseness with the blessed innocence of childhood. In as much as caring cares and sordid worries were soon to cloud his youth and that the busy days of his authorship held scant leisure for reading it is fortunate that his early literature was good of its kind, or when not good at least gay.

In 1821 his family removed to London, his father's salary having been reduced in consequence of an effort at departmental retrenchment. Thenceforward John Dickens was perennially involved in financial difficulties, and perennially certain of an ultimate bettering of his affairs. In fact, though his son dearly loved him and carefully arranged for the comfort of his declining years, certain external trails seem to indicate him as the original of the whimsical, mercurial Micawber.

Who does not recall with a smile the description of the latter individual declaring gloomily at supper-time that nothing was left for him but the jail, and at bedtime calculating the cost of adding bay windows to the house "in case of anything turning up."

From a literary standpoint we cannot regret these years of stress and dimness immortalized in the pages of Copperfield, for on his own confession his early chapters are practically an autobiography. Murdstone and Grinby's Warehouse were in reality Warren's Blacking Factory, but the mental work and scanty pay, the uncongenial surroundings and speculative devices of the dinner hour, were actual experiences to which Dickens' mind never reverted without a shudder.

"All rescue from this existence," he writes, "I considered hopeless, though never for an hour was I reconciled to it, or other than miserably unhappy."

It is pleasant to realize that his misery was of brief duration. Soon released by a happy accident from this unworthy environment, he was put in the way of such an education as fell to the lot of most boys of the class to which he belonged.

A class of fellow students was soon formed for the purpose of circulating short stories written by Dickens, and he was also manager of the theatricals they inaugurated. He describes himself as, "a writer when a mere baby, an actor always," and throughout his life his love for both avocations persisted. Kindly references to the player folk abound throughout his works, and we cannot better illustrate the Catholicity of his sympathies in this respect than by recalling that they range from Vincent Crummals and his infant phenomenon to Mrs. Jarley's wax works. He even describes himself as an entranced spectator, an exhibition where an intrepid female entered a cage of wild beasts and feigned sleep upon the back of the principal lion while the ring master exclaimed dramatically the while, "Behold the amazing power of woman."

When circumstances once more forced Dickens into the struggle for a livelihood, he drifted into the office of a Grays Inn Solicitor. During his eighteen months' legal experience he mastered sufficiently all legal technicalities to subsequently write without rudimentary errors upon the processes of the law.

To this period we are doubtless indebted for the portraits of Mr. Spewlow, of Mr. Talkington, of Sergeant Bun-Fuz, and countless other legal luminaries.

At the age of seventeen Dickens began his work as parliamentary reporter for the morning Herald. In this connection it will be interesting to quote his own description of hardihood, "I went to such an avocation in the early '30's."

I have often transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes important speeches, where strictest accuracy was required, writing on the palm of my hand by the light of a dark lantern as the dead of night. I do verily believe have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in the country. I have been belated on miry byroads towards the small hours, in a wheelless coach with exhausted horses and drunken post boys, and still got wet in time for publication; and as if that by-product of those adventures there remain to us incomparable pictures of old coaching days, of genial coachmen and loquacious guards, of pleasant pauses at quaint old inns with leading fire and suaded fobs and hospitable cheer for man and beast.

Verily the "wheelless coach" was to transform itself into a fiery chariot and whirl our boy into fame and fortune.

In 1833 appeared the first of his printed pieces. "Mr. Mumps and his Cousin," and 1834 he assumed the pen name of "Boz," his childish nickname for a favorite brother. Appearing first in the Evening Chronicle, these sketches were so warmly received as to justify their reproduction in two volumes, illustrated by George Cruikshank, the copyright being purchased from Dickens for £150, and subsequently redeemed by him for thirteen times the amount.

The year 1836 was a very notable one in the life of Dickens, witnessing as it did his marriage to Catherine Hogarth, daughter of the friend who had encouraged his early efforts in the Morning Chronicle, and also the publication of that work by which he stepped into the full light of fame "Pickwick Papers."

So marvellous has been the success of this work that a few facts concerning its origin may be of general interest. Encouraged by the success of his sketches Messrs. Chapman and Hall suggested that he should write a monthly paper to act as a sort of text for illustrations to be prepared by the comic illustrator Mr. Seymour, and either author or publisher conceived the idea of a Nimrod club of unlucky sportsmen, whose adventures should provide a congenial theme for pen and brush, but reversing the original intention Dickens very reasonably maintained that the pictures must grow naturally out of the text.

Only one number had appeared when Seymour died by his own hand, and Thackeray, who was Dickens' senior by a few months, applied for the vacant post of illustrator. As his style as draughtsman was singularly unsuited to the text, and as he was so soon to achieve immortality in his own field, it is fortunate that his application was unsuccessful. Finally in no very fortunate hour for some of Dickens' books Hablot Browne received the vacant appointment. Fast upon the publication of "Pickwick" followed that of Oliver Twist, Dickens first novel, with an avowed purpose, namely that of putting before his readers a picture of the dreags of life never before portrayed in their loathsome reality. The heroism of Nancy, the gay, good nature of Charley Bates, and the merry quips of the artful Dodger, are bright spots in the dark realism of this strange under world. Very many of Dickens' novels had to do with his work as a social reformer, and as such do not fall within scope of this paper. In this category, we include Little Dorrit, where he thrusts a lance against the abuses of a Debtors' prison; Nicholas Nickleby with its arraignment of Yorkshire school conditions; and Bleak House whose personages are more or less influenced in life and character by the blighting delays of a Chancery suit. We note its effects in the gradual deterioration of young Richard Carstone, his growing suspicions, his feverish pursuit of the shadow of fortune dependent as it is upon a single settlement of his suits, and his abandonment of all the serious purpose and earnest endeavor which make for success in its best sense. We have another victim of the effects of deferred hopes in Gridley, the Angry Man from Shropshire, and we have poor little Miss Fille whose white hair grows astray in a vain effort to follow Chancery to its many windings.

The book abounds in sharply drawn portraits, farcical and serious. We have the Sir Leicester Dedlock, true chivalrous gentleman beneath his stiffness and pomposity; we have Chadband, the style of unctuous hypocrite most repugnant to Dickens, who reminds us strongly of Pechoff, and we have Mrs. Jellyby, nominal mistress of a neglected home—sometimes an ethereal warning to long distance philanthropists. We have the hopeless crossing sweeper Jo, forever "moving on," a hounded, piteous, forlorn little figure, against whom fate sling and arrow spent their utmost might. Who has not chafed a little over his terse creed of gratitude towards his almost only benefactor—"He was good to me, he was."

Dickens' books followed each other in such rapid succession that it would be impossible in the brief space of a single page to linger over them, and the other end of the scroll which more sublime than Ham Peggotty's attempted rescue at the sacrifice of his own life, of the charming, treacherous Steerforth who had dishonored his home and wrecked his life.

No other writer has so identified himself with the festival of Christmas. Irresistible, indeed, is the very magic charm of Dickensian Christmas with the hospitable Mr. Wattle at Dingley Dell, brimming with hilarity from the moment when Sam Weller thrusts his merry face into Pickwick's chamber with the announcement that the water in the wash basin was a mash of ice.

Each recurring Christmas finds a new generation making its delighted acquaintance with the Christmas Carol and an older one renewing, with undimmed satisfaction, its acquaintance with Scrooge, the regenerated, the Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim—immortal Christmas folk of whom we never grow age-wearied or custom-staled.

It is interesting to recall the fact that his life Dickens found time for a series of readings from his own works, marvellously successful both in England and the United States. From Baltimore he writes his son that he seems to stand on the beach of a roaring sea of response—and indeed this phrase seems

Rids Poisons From the Blood

To get the blood pure is a problem which nearly everybody has to face in the springtime. The quicker the poisons are swept from the blood the less suffering there will be from pains, aches and rheumatism.

The liver and kidneys filter poisons from the blood, and you can very effectively help them by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

to epitomize the public attitude towards Charles Dickens in every phase of his career. His novels, following each other in quick succession, show a uniformity of merit rare in so prolific a writer. A trait very evident to any reader of Dickens is his habit of labeling his characters so to speak by triads of manner or turns of speech. Turning to the pages of Dombey & Son we may cite in illustration the quaint ascriptions of Susan Nipper and the rambling prolixities of Cousin Tlesie. This novel, preceding the appearance of Copperfield, showed Dickens almost at the zenith of his powers and of all the works of his author none has more powerfully and permanently taken hold of the imagination. Paul Dombey, and Florence Walter Gay, three of those wonderful child portraits in which Dickens excels, and pompous, purse-prod Dombey and his fawning toll, Carver, are living, breathing realities. So also are those selfish old worldling Mrs. Skewton and Major Bagstock. Can anything be more consistent than that final glimpse of paley-stricken Mrs. Skewton, "muttering at death the plang of her notes upon him as though he had been the Major," and Bagstock gazing upon this painted ruin with the dispassionate observation of an immortal being.

It would be pleasant to follow Dickens into private life, to mingle with his friends, numbering as they did the most distinguished people of the day, to watch him organizing charades and theatricals for the young folk at Gad's Hill, to partake in spirit of its easy hospitality—but of a life so busy and full we can but suggest the merest outline.

We cannot, however, omit to mention his connection as editor with two periodicals, Household Novels and All the Year Round! The contributions were criticized without fear or favor. In his editorial capacity he was both mentor and sponsor to many literary aspirants, notably Adelaide Procter, in whom it was his delighted surprise to discover the daughter of his old friend, Barry Cornwall.

Mrs. Gaskell, likewise one of his early contributors, is left us in Cranford a delightful picture of the contemporary reception of Dickens. Who does not recall the controversy between Major Browne and stately Miss Jenkins, whose style has been carefully modelled on Rasselas and the Rambler concerning the comparative merits of Johnson and Boy? Staunch to the last, we find her in one of Cranford's concluding chapters still upholding the Johnsonian standard and pressing the Major's granddaughter into her service as reader, but when she lapses into the doze of age, we find the unconverted little lass taking furtive dips into the "Christianity of Johnson and Boy?" Staunch to the last, we find her in one of Cranford's concluding chapters still upholding the Johnsonian standard and pressing the Major's granddaughter into her service as reader, but when she lapses into the doze of age, we find the unconverted little lass taking furtive dips into the "Christianity of Johnson and Boy?"

Of the historical novel, Dickens left us two examples: "Barnaby Rudge," which is founded upon incidents in the Gordon Riots, and the masterly "Tale of Two Cities," immortalizing tragic incidents of the French Revolution. He lacked the patience for this form of composition so successfully exploited by Thackeray & Scott, but in another sense he has written history by preserving for future generations vivid pictures of the manners and customs of contemporary England.

We picture him moving from triumph to triumph, laden with those honors, and accompanied by those "troops of friends" wherof Shakespeare speaks, but across the most triumphant progress, beats, sometime, the arresting note of the muffled drum. It came to him across the pleasant fields of Gad's Hill on a golden June day forty years ago.

He dies, as he would have wished, in harness, working almost to the last upon his novel, "Edwin Drood." He had hoped to be buried near Gad's Hill but in deference to a widely expressed wish that the national writer should rest in the National Mausoleum, his family permitted his interment in Westminster Abbey.

It had been his wish that his works should be his monument. "If the books be true in spirit," said he, "they will live, if false, they will quickly perish." Time has vindicated his confidence.

He will always be affectionately remembered as one, through the web of whose genius ran the golden thread of a lofty purpose, in the clear, unclouded tones for the voiceless cause of suffering and oppression; broke many a lance against hypocrisy and oppression; championed valiantly the cause of children and the weak.

And both for him and for ourselves, that we may ever remember what he stood for in the moral uplifting of his race, we beseech you to read the genial, kindly Dickens, his own old prayer—"Lord! keep his memory green!"

THE NUN OF FICTION AND THE NUN OF FACT

From the Catholic Press, Sydney, N. S. W.

The convent has ever furnished a theme for a tale. In days of old when Lucy broke her heart through a disappointment in love she retired, in fiction, to a convent. And if you glance at a popular novelist's works, found in any Protestant household, where books are read, to this moment, you will meet with that story told once more in modern phraseology. But if Lucy didn't break her heart, if she merely came into a fortune, she went to the convent all the same, against the wishes of her friends, hypnotized by Rome. And occasionally, if the fortune was very large, she was carried off by main force to the Catholic institution.

This was the fate of the nun of fiction with which our grandmothers were familiar, and to-day the identical old plots serve the authors who write for Protestants. "Luicy" may be re-christened, but she is still the nun recognized by women of another day through the medium of books written with a purpose. Of course she has difficulties in the way of the everyday novelist, the journalist, anxious to catch the atmosphere of the Church before penning a line. This is the supernatural life. At the very entrance to that life, the skeptical author is sure to say "shibboleth" instead of "shibboleth," and so he or she never crosses the threshold. And thus it came to pass that Catholic characters in fiction are frequently lay figures collected

from ancient lumber-rooms, and redressed in modern garment. The Protestant world knows very little about Catholic dogma, Catholic practices, but it is well acquainted with certain stock characters as depicted in modern novels, and many a speaker at a meeting is credited with making an attack on the Catholic Church when the truth is he is merely giving a synopsis of a Protestant author's latest novel.

THE MYSTERY OF CONVENT-LIFE

In spite of the clear sunlight of to-day the convent and convent life is still a great mystery to thousands. With women workers in every field of toil, with various phases of women's work, the outside world is tolerably familiar. From week to week it learns how women are endeavoring to better the conditions of life in high and low places, of fresh efforts to help the help-less. Of course, life beyond the fact that some nurses, do needlework, or nurse, the world knows practically nothing. This state of things may be good for the convent. It is certainly not good for the world, and it offers an open field to the false nun pictured by the novelist wherein to wander at will.

THE CASE OF ROSE DALY

When a Catholic girl, Rose Daly for instance, after much prayer and meditation with her spiritual director, arrives at the conclusion that she has a vocation for the cloister, she acts much in the fashion of a girl equally sure that she is called to a hospital career. Her first steps will be to visit the Superior of the convent of the order which she is desirous of entering. As in the case of the hospital nurse about to interview the matron, the heart of Rose Daly will probably beat just a little faster when the Superior comes into the reception room. The length of the interview will depend on circumstances. Strict inquiries will be made concerning important matters. There is the question of health, character, education, spiritual qualifications. Talents, money, are advantages. But they can not take the place of the essentials often the possession of the poor. . . . Should the credentials prove satisfactory the applicant will probably be enrolled as a postulant with the view of becoming a choir or lay Sister in the future. In a teaching community the choir-Sister finds her duties in the schoolroom, the lay-Sister in the kitchen. But, as Mary and Martha, both will find equal opportunities in the spiritual life. For six or twelve months (according to the rule of the order) Rose Daly will wear a simple gown.

ROSE'S TRAINING

The actual work of training will embrace many lowly duties. And Rose will not always be aware that some defect of character, some ordinary folk, trifling fault is being carefully noticed by the Superior and the mistress of novices; for although Rose may be devout, she may not be giving evidence of that spirit which will enable her to live up to the rule of the order. In different ways her real or imaginary vocation will be tested. Some little thing, such as a thing as any light-hearted, innocent girl may hold dear, may be keeping Rose bound to the world, as with an iron chain. In the discipline necessary in the attainment of the desired detachment, and something held dear must be removed. It may be only the precious gift of a dear friend, a cherished home custom, but it is probably the obstacle standing in the road of spiritual perfection. Is Rose equal to the test? Can she look with a smiling face on an empty place, forget the void in her heart? That is the question, all that is involved, which she alone may answer. Besides fulfilling her spiritual and daily duties to the satisfaction of those in authority, Rose must show that she is happy in the chosen life. A gloomy face, tokens of discontent, are very sure signs of a mistaken vocation. At the end of six or twelve months the Superior and the mistress leaves if she realizes that the honor of serving God in the convent is not for her.

THE PROBATION PERIOD

At the end of the given period of probation Rose Daly is convinced that she has not made a mistake in entering the convent, and the Superior and the mistress of novices are of the same opinion. But still she is not yet a nun. There is still a fairly long journey ahead before the goal is reached. Now the simple gown is put away. Its place is taken by the habit of the order. The reception of the novice is often a very grand affair. It is accompanied by beautiful Church ceremonies. The dearest and nearest of the novice's friends are present, and there is sure to be a repeat afterwards in the style of a wedding breakfast. And Rose Daly wears a lovely white gown, just such a gown as she might have worn had she stayed in the world and married one of her many admirers. The lovely gown will be worn only for a brief space, for to-day Rose publicly turns her face from vanity, and takes upon herself the vove of poverty, chastity, obedience. And she gives up the name of Rose. Henceforth she will be called after some dear saint, who lived hundreds of years back, or maybe a little nearer to the present. The name may be chosen by herself, but if the name chosen is common in the community, she will act on the advice of a wise counsellor. So now we may forget Rose Daly and think of her as Sister Genevieve. The work of training still goes on. It will go on for two years (of course the period may vary in an active or enclosed order) and that way will not always be smooth. This week a hard lesson in humility may be needful, and the next week one in obedience. The whole natural nature must be disciplined until the soul un-

trammled is free to give out the fragrance of love to God and good will to man.

WHY SISTER GENEVIEVE DOES NOT "ESCAPE"

One day towards the end of the long course of training, Sister Genevieve reaches an eminence from which it is possible to obtain a clear view of the road by which she has been led. The time is near the taking of the final vows. In some orders, annual vows only are taken for quite a number of years before perpetual vows are accepted. Sister Genevieve in the white veil is still free to return to the world. But a strange thing has happened, just one of the things over which the ordinary Protestant is apt to stumble. The doors are open, yet Sister Genevieve does not take a step towards the door. In the process of training the soul of the novice has become detached from the earth. Neither a daisy chain nor a chain of roses binds her to the world. Father, mother, sister, brother, are still loved dearly, but that love is not strong enough to stand between her soul and that intimate communion with heaven, which is so often found in quiet places, set apart from the world. The taking of the final vows, an act which excites a spirit of distrust in the Protestant community, is for her only a passing out into a larger room. Since she entered the order as a postulant she has been given every opportunity to "know herself." In numerous searching ways her vocation, or assumed vocation, has been tried while she wore the frock of the postulant, the veil of the novice. If at the end of the prescribed probationship the nun does not stand on firm ground in arriving at a decision, a practical person might be pardoned for speaking of her as a fool.

THE MODERN MASQUERADE

SOCIALISM IN THE GARB OF SCIENCE A GREAT MENACE

By Conde B. Patten

In the New York Tribune, Conde B. Patten, LL. D., had an illuminating article on Socialism, in answer to an article in the Tribune of January 14, entitled "A Socialist's Answer to the Oft-Repeated Query, What is Socialism?" by John R. McMahon.

Dr. Patten, who is an able and scholarly man of the day shows the fallacies of modern so-called socialism in a thorough manner. The article is too long to be published here in its entirety, but some of the most striking passages will be given:

To say that socialism is not easily comprehensible to Dr. Patten, is a bit of hyperbole which may be forgiven in an enthusiast. Socialism is not difficult to understand, provided it is scrutinized squarely and intelligently. It is neither transcendental nor occult, and, however wonderful it may seem to the rapt initiate, its principles and their consequences are perfectly visible to a fairly diligent and average intelligence.

The "fifty-seven varieties" need not bother one in a search for real socialism, for the "fifty-seven varieties" are not really varieties, but fifty-seven confusions arising from the fifty-seven futile efforts of socialist apologists to evade the difficulties into which they have driven wherever socialism is properly analyzed. Though the fifty-seven confusions are perfectly legitimate targets for criticism and are palpable evidences of a school of mental obliquity which refuses to face the ultimate issue, we may waive them for the sake of charity and simplicity. We will concern ourselves only with fundamentals and their consequences.

THE FUNDAMENTALS

Real socialism, the kind that labels itself scientific, consists of two fundamental hypotheses of Marxian elaboration; these are economic determinism and surplus value. These are the driving forces to the goal of social democracy, whatever that may be, for socialists are poor prognosticators save in terms so nebulous that a London fog would be a transcendent illumination in comparison.

Economic determinism, or the materialistic conception of history, is the first fundamental of Marxian socialism. It is nothing more than an eviscerated Hegelian formula strained through Feuerbach's materialistic speculations. It is Hegel's dialectic of history emptied of the Hegelian idea. The idea (I am not here concerned with the truth or falsity of the Hegelian speculation) unfolds itself in human history and proceeds by its own inner necessity to a self-recognized goal through the various stages of development, which are characterized by the German philosopher as the thesis, antithesis and synthesis. Feuerbach threw the idea out of the window, but retained the dialectic; in other words, he got rid of Hegel's ideology and reduced the dialectic to a purely materialistic basis. Marx wrapped himself in Feuerbach's mantle. As Engels, Marx's friend and collaborator, puts it: "The dialectic of the idea became itself merely the conscious reflex of the dialectical evolution of the real world, and therefore the dialectic of Hegel was turned upside down, or rather, it was placed upon its feet instead of its head, where it was standing before." (Engels, "Feuerbach, The Roots of Socialism," translated by Lewis, pp. 90.) We will let Engels tell us in brief what is economic determinism, the fundamental proposition of the Communist Manifesto.

"That proposition is that in every historical epoch the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange and the social organization necessarily following from it form the basis upon which

of socialism is to abstract our foundation. DISPOSING OF FAMILY AND RELIGION

There are two institutions, the family and religion—"shabby paraphernalia," in the socialist vernacular—in whose fate we do not happen to be interested. Mr. McMahon leaves us to surmise only what he chooses of us. But a more serious does not always satisfy the bourgeois mind, especially when it comes from Missouri. Let us plod our way for a few moments in Missouri fashion and we may arrive at the illumination which Mr. McMahon so inconsiderably cuts off. In the first place, the family (or the none I confine myself to the family) is a bourgeois institution built upon the economic foundation of capitalism; its economic basis is to be knocked from under; ergo, down comes Humpty Dumpty, and all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot set Humpty Dumpty up again. The logic is irrefragable; if the present social organization depends absolutely on its present economic basis—and socialism iterates it ad nauseam—and if the family is a part of the present social organization—and socialism reiterates it—and if you destroy the present economic basis of the social organization—and socialism insists upon the process—then you, of course, destroy the present social organization and all its works; ergo, you destroy the family. The same series of Missouri probings will apply to the question of socialism's ultimate effect upon religion.

QUARREL IN THE RANKS

Mr. McMahon, in response to his own question whether socialists are bound to observe the laws and ethics of to-day? answers: "Yes. These laws and ethics are valid for the present, if not for the future." Mr. McMahon is not here in agreement with all his fellow socialists. William D. Haywood, who has recently been elected to the national executive committee of the socialist party, emphatically answers "No." In a brochure written within the last year, I believe, and shortly prior to Mr. Haywood's election to the national executive committee, he declared that the workman who thoroughly understood and accepted the fundamental tenets of socialism was not bound to respect the laws of property, and yet Mr. Haywood was elected to the national executive committee.

It is a pretty quarrel and a fundamental one. Without wishing to take sides—for it might be straining the etiquette of the situation—I will merely venture to remark that while Mr. Haywood enjoys the logical advantage Mr. McMahon clearly appreciates the exigencies of the socialist propaganda. While we admire the courage and honesty of Haywood's logic, we fully understand the expediency of McMahon's fessure. Mr. McMahon evidently realizes the embarrassments of a socialist workman who would refuse to abide by "the laws and ethics of to-day," when capitalism is in the saddle.

UNFAIR INDICTMENT

The social indictment of the present social organization is concentrated blackness. There are of course many existing evils, some remediable, some mitigable, but many of them with their roots in human nature itself and only to be expunged from under this vault of heaven when nature is in her final death agony. Socialism however, refuses to admit that there is anything wrong at all in human nature; human nature is only wrong, and socialism has eyes for the evils alone. It searches the highways and the byways for the lame and the halt and the blind, and gathering the motley crowd cries aloud: "Behold what capitalism has done to poor humanity!" It frequents the hospital, the morgue, the almshouse, the asylum, and reiterates its denunciatory wail with increasing and menacing vehemence. It shouts aloud from the housetops in turbid rhetoric that socialism is the only panacea for the ills that afflict us, and that as long as the present social organization endures humanity can only go from bad to worse.

The picture is immensely overdrawn, is limned with pitch, radically falsifies the perspective, and is a reckless calumny to boot. Abuses there have been, abuses there are, under the present

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is built up and from which alone can be explained the political and intellectual history of that epoch; that consequently the whole history of mankind (since the dissolution of primitive tribal society holding land in common ownership) has been a continuous struggle between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes." (Preface to Communist Manifesto, 1888)

NOT FAR ENOUGH

Mr. McMahon, in his article in the Tribune, has not done justice to the slightest objection to his emphasis that the theory of economic determinism is the fundamental law of socialism. I acquiesce with no less emphasis. I grant that this is the foundation of socialism; but I take exception to the foundation—it is not true. . . .

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THE OLD STORY

Rev. Dr. Dey, Moderator, presented his report on French Evangelization in Quebec at a synod meeting held in London on the 1st of May. It has always been a mystery to us that the ordinary business man, accustomed to turn over and examine every phase of a trade transaction, will continue to recognize and support this palpable humbug. It is not pleasant to impute unworthy motives to anyone, but in this case we are forced to the conclusion that those engaged in the work of proselytizing the French Canadians play on the bigotry of Ontario Protestants that contributions for the work in hand may continue to flow.

Here is a sample of Mr. Dey's misleading presentation of school conditions in Quebec: "The national or public schools of Quebec were in reality Roman Catholic Sunday schools, operating five days in the week. Religious instruction was given in the Roman Catholic faith, and thousands of Protestants in Eastern Quebec were forced to send their children to Roman Catholic schools."

We do not know if the schools in Quebec are called National or Public schools. It matters not, however. No effort has ever been made to conceal the fact that they are Catholic schools—Catholic every day in the week and throughout the school year—schools in which the Catholic faith is taught the pupils. Protestants have the privilege of establishing their own schools, and they also may elect to make their Protestant or Godless. Catholics never force Protestants to go to Catholic schools. In cases where there may be two or three Protestant families in a school district would Mr. Dey expect that Catholics should eliminate all religious teaching from their schools to accommodate half a dozen Protestant children? In the province of Ontario Protestants are by law permitted to establish Protestant Separate schools and some such schools we believe exist. Would the trustees of such schools eliminate all Protestant teaching therefrom so that a few Catholic children might be able to attend?

"The Roman Catholic Church," said Mr. Dey, "claimed rights and privileges as a result of the Treaty of Paris which had been really derived from a series of enactments. These rights ought to be and could be cancelled." This is not an honorable role for a minister of the Gospel to take. So that he might gratify a feeling of bigotry and narrowness and deal a blow at the Catholic Church he would become a treaty-breaker. Let it be understood once for all that whatever rights the Catholics of Quebec enjoy under the Treaty of Paris in no way disempower the Protestants of that Province. "The law of Quebec," continues this gentleman, "requires that municipal parishes should coincide with ecclesiastical parishes." In the name of common sense, in what way does this entail any hardship upon Protestants? Would Mr. Dey have the Protestants of Ontario believe that these parishes are gerrymandered solely for the purpose of inflicting injustice upon those not of the Catholic faith. But here is a terrible indictment. Says Mr. Dey: "Protestants buying property from Roman Catholics are also obliged to pay entailed taxes to the Church of Rome because the Church could levy taxes extended over a number of years." When a Protestant in Quebec is buying land from his Catholic neighbor he knows the conditions. He is not forced to buy. As well might he deem it an injustice when buying farm property in Ontario to assume responsibility for a mortgage which may be registered against it. It is unfortunate that at the church meetings of nearly all our Protestant brethren language is made use of which tends to promote irritation between neighbor and neighbor. It looks as if Mr. Dey belonged to this class. We hope the time will come when the laity, who are after all the supreme power, will put a term to the mischief-making utterances of bigoted preachers.

PROMOTERS OF BIGOTRY

We fear we will have to place in this class Mr. Hugh A. Ellis, of 38 Hambley Ave., Toronto. He writes to the Toronto Globe drawing attention to the arrest and fine of some members of the Salvation Army in the Catholic city of Quebec. He should not get nervous over a small happening of this sort and fly to the press with a little letter which may have the effect of building up in the non-Catholic mind unfriendly feelings toward the people of a sister province. Such action is uncalled for. Nearly all our Canadian municipalities have by-law regulating demonstrations on public thoroughfares. Some of them come under the head of a nuisance, others cause the running away of horses, and others again are conducted by men who promote unrest in the public mind, such as socialists, anarchists, mormons, etc. We do not wish to say an unkind word about our fellow-citizens belong-

ing to the Salvation Army. Their methods are crude and noisy and sometimes their preachers make use of expressions very unbecoming—it may be through thoughtlessness. We commend them for the good they are doing but we are sorry when we see them adopting methods which do violence to the proprieties. What would be the opinion of Mr. Ellis of Salvation Army methods were the members to take up a position near his residence every Sunday afternoon and were their large drum and brass band to keep him awake while he was seeking a much-needed siesta after lunch? Such is the case in this city. There is no shadow of bigotry about the Quebec incident. If Mr. Ellis were to write the police clerk of London, Ont., an intensely Protestant city, he would find that not many years ago the authorities there not only arrested but committed to goal members of the Salvation Army for doing precisely what they were charged with in Quebec. Mr. Ellis ends his letter by asking: "I wonder what can be done?" We wonder also. Meantime we take the liberty of suggesting that Sir James Whitney might be able to relieve him. It would be an excellent thing were the Premier at next session of Parliament to have introduced a measure granting \$100,000 more to his pet university for the purpose of endowing a Chair from which might be delivered, for the benefit of many persons in Toronto, lectures on "How to Mind One's Own Business."

A SHAMEFUL ACT

Scandalous conditions still continue amongst some of our separated brethren in regard to the marriage ceremony. The Globe of last Monday tells us that "after she had been missing from her home for several days, the parents of a girl living in the west end of the city, after making thorough search for her, discovered that she had been married to a Toronto Chinaman by a local Presbyterian minister. It appears that the marriage was legally contracted, the girl being of age and both parties consenting, but it is said that the parents are greatly exercised over the matter, and will endeavor to have the marriage annulled if it can be done. The minister, it is understood, made careful inquiry before conducting the ceremony, and assured himself of the good intentions of the man."

The rev. gentleman's excuse is worse than none at all. He had made careful enquiry. Of whom? Surely his first thought should be to interview the parents of the young girl. What would be his feelings were his own daughter to procure a license, present herself before a brother minister, and get married to a Chinaman or a negro. Would he consider the excuse made in this case a valid one? Is it not strange that many, even amongst the most thoughtful class of our non-Catholic fellow citizens, have said so many uncharitable things about "the Pope" because he has made an effort to put an end to just such scandals as this. For a No Temere decree there is a crying need amongst sectarians.

Later information contained in the Toronto Globe of May 8 tells us that the marriage was performed at night after 10 o'clock, the legal hour. The minister, it is said, is prepared to swear that it was before 10 o'clock, while others aver that it was after that hour when the Chinaman and his would-be bride left the place where they procured the license.

DOUBLE DEALING

There is a feature of the Socialistic discussion well worthy of consideration. All manner of traps are laid for the unwary. Well does the socialist walking delegate know that so far as religion is concerned the Catholic Church and that Church only possesses the power—yes the divine power—to hold in check and to bring to confusion the designs of the madmen—the Get-Something-for-Nothing cult—who would bring us to social chaos. Knowing this, efforts both insidious and vile are being constantly made to bring Catholics into the ranks of socialism. The Catholic may tell the socialist that he cannot have any connection with an organization the founders of which have made proclamation of their hatred of Christianity, their advocacy of free love and the consequent destruction of family life. It is here that the propagandist desires to get in his fine work of equivocation and evasion. He tells the good Catholic that he too cannot approve of the programme laid down by the fathers of socialism, that they (the founders) merely represent Scientific Socialism, but that he advocates General Socialism. A mere stripping could at once see the hollowing of this contention. Socialism takes rank in some sense as an army. The Scientific Socialists are the commanders-in-chief, and the General Socialists the rank and file. Does this silver-tongued n'er-do-well wish it to be understood that when the time of trial comes Scientific Socialism and General Socialism will be bodiless apart? He knows in his heart of hearts, (but he will not say it, as he hears the lively of hypocrisy) that the soldiers will obey their com-

manding officers, and that Scientific Socialism and General Socialism are one and the same thing. Those bearing the name are the same brothers in arms for the same fell purpose—the doing away of Christian standards of conduct and bringing to us an era of robbery, the acquisition of wealth by the walking delegate which he never earned, and the promise of a happy hunting ground to the workers—a happy hunting ground where they can live in luxury and smoke the pipe of peace in idleness. Beware of these charlatans. They offer something beautiful to look at, but it is dead sea fruit. In its treatment of Socialism the New York Freeman's Journal does not mince matters. Here is what it says in its issue of April 20th:

"Whatever else the Socialist is, it is apparent that he is the enemy of religion. The Catholic who accepts Socialism must, therefore, be prepared to apostatize from his Church. The whole Catholic press is now engaged in dragging Socialism out from the shadows in which it obscured itself for the purpose of urging its propaganda on unsuspecting minds. Full-fledged Socialism is a veritable whirlpool of heresy and infidelity. The Catholic who entrusts himself to its mercies must expect to be engulfed. And we want to bear this tribute to the Catholic press of the United States, that it has stood foremost in exposing Socialism. It has again vindicated its necessity and its power."

GETTING THE LIGHT

Once in awhile we are given pleasure by noting the disposition on the part of some of the ministers of the sects to look with kindly eye upon the practices of the Catholic Church. May we not suppose that divine grace is falling upon those who study and take thought of her claims upon the hearts and consciences of men. With the narrow-minded, who have been nurtured in the school of anti-Catholic prejudice, the very fact that Catholics are accustomed to venerate the Blessed Mother of God, and ask her intercession in their behalf, is sufficient to build up in their minds an antipathy towards the one who is declared fall of grace and who brought into the world the Saviour of mankind. Preaching in the Collegiate Baptist church in New York, Rev. Oscar Haywood said: "Protestant churches may follow with advantage the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the Blessed Mother, and added that many Protestant denominations seem inclined to neglect her." Dr. Haywood said "there had been mischievous reactions in the religious thought of the world due to the advent of the Protestant reformation." "One of those," he added, "has resulted in the creation of a prejudice with respect to the Holy Virgin. Her name is rarely mentioned in a Protestant church. We have dispossessed her of that glory and honor which is hers by divine right."

We pray that Rev. Mr. Haywood may be given still more light and that he will follow in the footsteps of that long line of distinguished Protestant ministers who have found peace and holy hope in the bosom of the Mother Church.

THE REASON

All along we felt convinced that the course of the leading Unionists in Ireland was prompted entirely by selfish motives in the action they had taken in promoting hostility to Home Rule. Argument failing, they have appealed to bigotry, and are making use of fairy tales to stir up the militant intolerance of their Orange dupes in Ulster. The following extract from an editorial in the Toronto Globe of the 4th May will, in the light of present-day doings in Orangedom, be found very interesting:

"The Act of Union, as every student of history is aware, was carried by corruption and fraud. Thirty-two Peerages, twenty-five promotions to higher rank in the Peerage, and much ready cash were the awards to Castlereagh's hirelings at the time of the Union. What has been the record since then? From 1885 till 1905, when the Unionists retired from office, the representation of Ulster Unionists in Parliament varied from thirteen to eighteen members. During that period twenty-seven Ulster members left the House. Of these, six only retired without receiving awards. As for Sir Edward Carson and Mr. J. H. Campbell—the representatives of Dublin University—they have received several times their weight in gold as Solicitor-General for England, and Attorney-General for Ireland, respectively."

THE CATISH UNIONISTS

Young Mr. Chamberlain has lately been making fiery speeches in the House of Commons against the Home Rule measure. One never knows where to find a Chamberlain. His father, Joseph Chamberlain, at one period of his life was as ardent a Home Ruler as John Redmond. He suddenly became as bitter a Unionist Tory as Carson or Castlereagh. His worthy son may some day make a sharp turn too. But it matters not. Home Rule will come notwithstanding. Young Mr. Chamberlain predicts that if the Home Rule Bill is passed and Ulster resisted, the public opinion of England would not tolerate any attempt to drag on the North of Ireland. The majority of the people of England having declared in favor of Home Rule it is ridiculous to suppose that they will re-

verse their opinion on the subject when they are advised that the members of the Orange Society—which has ever been a politico-religious conspiracy, at one time in its history having made an effort to put its Grand Master the Duke of Cumberland on the throne instead of the great and good Victoria, who died a few years ago—are militantly opposed to it, making fiery speeches and playing rag-time Orange music in the streets of Belfast. But after all these people are only the tools of Castlereagh, Carson and Londonderry—men who enjoy generous perquisites because of the present status of things in Ireland.

THE BLUE LAW PEOPLE

Some time since the Federal Government very wisely decided to allow the canals to remain open on Sundays so that the enormous accumulation of grain in the elevators and on the wheat fields of the West might be brought to market. With the proper observance of the Sabbath we are heartily in accord, and this should be carefully guarded in every Christian country, but there are times when labor becomes not only a necessity but a duty. The following despatch appeared in the daily papers on the 8th:

St. Catharines, May 7.—The ministerial association of St. Catharines and vicinity this morning unanimously adopted the following resolution: "It having been brought to the attention of the association that orders have been issued to keep the Welland Canal open on the Lord's Day, this association would respectfully call the attention of the minister of railways and canals to the great injustice thereby done to the men employed on the boats and on the canals, inasmuch as they are robbed of their day of rest and are prevented from attending the services of the church; we would, therefore, earnestly request that the order be recalled in the interests of the men and of a quiet Sunday."

As to Christian conduct the following words of our Divine Redeemer Himself will be found in direct contrast to the resolution of the Ontario Puritans:

And it came to pass when Jesus went into the house of one of the chief of the Pharisees, on the Sabbath day, to eat bread, they watched Him, and behold there was a certain man before Him that had the dropsy, and Jesus answering spoke to the lawyers and Pharisees saying: "It is lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? But they held their peace. But He, taking him, healed him and sent him away! And answering them He said: Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fall into a pit and will not immediately draw him out on the Sabbath day? And they could not answer Him to these things. (Luke xiv., 1-6.)"

A PECULIAR CEREMONY

In Borneo the bride and bridegroom sit on metal logs before the priest, who gives them cigars and betel while he blesses them. He waves above them two towels bound together. The bridegroom then places the betel in the bride's mouth and a cigar between her lips. They are now married.

The above paragraph appears in the Woman's Kingdom in the Sydney, N. S., Daily Post. We would suggest to the lady in charge that she be more careful in making use of the word "priest." No doubt many of her readers have formed the conclusion that the marriage ceremony above referred to was performed by a Catholic priest. Such could not be the case. If a priest in Borneo were to officiate at a marriage ceremony it would be just the same—he having no power to change it—as that celebrated in Sydney, N. S. There would be no such fantastic performance as that above referred to. Unlike our Presbyterian friends, who "perform" a "Catholic Mass" for Ruthenians, the Catholic Church never did and never will permit the end to justify the means.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

The first and second degrees were conferred on a large class of members of the Knights of Columbus in this city on last Friday, to be followed on the following Tuesday by the third degree. We were delighted to welcome to the city once again Brother E. W. Fitzgerald of Olean, N. Y., who came to assist in the conferring of the second degree. This gentleman is always most welcome to Canada. His work is perfect, for the reason that he is fully equipped for the position. A Catholic who knows his Faith thoroughly—a Catholic who combines Faith and practice in his every day life and one who is ever ready to give reason for his belief, is the Catholic who counts in spreading the Faith, by holding up to non Catholics the Church as it really is and dispelling the mista thrown about it by ignorance and prejudice. Such a man is Brother E. W. Fitzgerald, of Olean, N. Y.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT CATHOLIC

With unfeigned regret we learned of the death of Mr. W. H. Riddell, of Waterloo, Ont. The publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance for many years and because of his sterling qualities—a citizen above reproach, a Catholic of the genuine mould and a friend whose friendship was of the golden stamp—held him in the very highest regard. His life was a blameless one, and in the life beyond may we not hope that his reward will be eternal bliss. Upon the newly-made grave of the pure soul now gone from us the writer desires to lay tribute of prayer to the Most High that such may be the case. The following press despatch gives a sketch of Mr. Riddell's life:

Waterloo, May 9.—The death of W. H. Riddell, assistant manager of the Waterloo Mutual Life Assurance Company, occurred this morning at 8:55 o'clock from apoplexy. Deceased was in good health up to last night at 7 o'clock. He started for Vesper, when suddenly he was stricken with paralysis.

The late Mr. Riddell was born in the village of Sparta, York County, August 18, 1837. He received his education at Collingwood, Ontario, Collegiate Institute, and entered the teaching profession at the age of nineteen. In 1867 he abandoned that for the insurance field. In 1879 he became editorial writer on the Toronto press and in 1876 joint owner and manager of The Toronto Tribune.

In 1882 he accepted the secretaryship of the Mutual Life of Canada, removing from Toronto to Waterloo, and five years ago was promoted to assistant manager of the company.

Three years ago he was appointed grand knight of Berlin Council, 1248, Knights of Columbus, retaining it for two years. At the time of his death he was past grand knight.

For a number of years he was president of the Berlin and Waterloo Hospital, Board of Trade, Library and park boards and also a member of the Council of St. Louis R. C. Church here.

In politics he was a strong Liberal, being on terms of intimacy with Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

On August 17, 1873, he married Maggie H. Redmond, who, with two daughters, Bertha, at home; Sister Mary Carmel, of the Ursuline Academy, Chatham; two brothers, George, of Southampton, Ont.; John, South Dakota, and Mrs. Margaret McCullum, Ottawa, survive him.

THE REFERENCE last week to the religious beliefs of Burke and Gibbon, two of the greater names in English literature, opens a vein of thought which may, not unprofitably, be pursued a little further. It reminds us that in the long role of famous names, these two by no means stand alone as having at one time or another come under the influence of Catholic beliefs or ideals. In the case of Gibbon the issue was not a happy one, since, on his own showing, the good seed had fallen upon stony ground, and hence failed to yield fruit in season. Temporal interests, as he had the honesty, at least, to confess, proved stronger than spiritual, and the tie, once broken, he soon drifted to the furthest limits of unbelief.

With BURKE, as has been pointed out, it was DIFFERENT. A naturally religious soul, devoted always to the highest human ideals, he appears to have failed realization of Catholic faith only through unhappy early environment. At least with the evidence available, his lack of definiteness in belief in his later years would seem to have followed naturally upon the atmosphere of carelessness or indifference in which his youth was passed. As it is, we have to solace ourselves with the reflection that though Burke missed the great happiness, his influence throughout a public career of unusual splendour was devoted to the dissemination of high principles, and that in the Catholic Church he recognized always the most venerable, the most steadfast and the most powerful exponent of the Christian religion.

THE RELIGIOUS belief of the Bard of Avon, which, like other facts of his life, is shrouded in much mystery, has been a fruitful subject of discussion in late years. We have no intention of opening the subject afresh here beyond repeating the now generally accepted affirmation, that whatever the religious practice of Shakespeare's life, his plays certainly breathe Catholicism in every line. That their author had more than a mere outsider's knowledge of the Faith, and of Catholic practice, scarcely needs affirmation. And that he chose as his best and most lovable characters, Catholic heroes and heroines, is equally beyond doubt. While, then, the subject of his personal attitude to the Church must, apparently, always remain in the region of the problematical, we are quite safe in including Shakespeare among the celebrated English men of letters who have been more or less influenced by Catholic ideals.

ANOTHER DRAMATIST of the Elizabethan age who came into juxtaposition with the Church was the "Rare Ben Jonson" of Davenant's inscription on the Westminster Abbey monument. Like Gibbon, Jonson had at one time in his life been a Catholic, but whether hereditary or through conversion we have no authority at hand to decide. Neither is it certain what led to his falling away. But that in his early manhood he gave promise of a devout life is evidenced by his beautiful poetic tribute to the Virgin Mother of God, entitled "The Garland." This poem was for long unknown to general readers, having remained inedited until a few years ago. It is, however, included in the latest edition of Jonson's poems, and is a lasting tribute to his early fervor. "The Garland," which is really an epitome of the Litany of Loretto, breathes throughout a tender devotion to the Blessed Mother, and we are led to marvel that so devout a client should, in the end, have proven faithless. As it is, we can now, unhappily, but rank Ben Jonson as a melancholy instance of the Might-have-beens.

Of even John Milton, the Ariar author of "Paradise Lost," and the very incarnation of English Puritanism, it has been said that he died a Catholic. The evidence is somewhat indefinite, and, on the face of it, the thing seems rather incredible. Yet it has some basis to go upon, and was made something of at the celebration of his tercentenary at Cambridge four years ago. The evidence, briefly, is this: Sir Christopher Milton, the poet's younger brother, and a judge in the reign of Charles II., was undoubtedly a Catholic, and he is said to have stated at an asize dinner in the town of Warwick that his brother had died a Catholic and had been one for several years prior to that time. One of those who heard Sir Christopher make this statement was Dr. William Binke, Dean of Lechfield

and a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. On Nov. 5, 1704, thirty years after the poet's death, Dr. Binke preached before the House of Commons, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and in the course of his sermon repeated what he had heard from Sir Christopher. This sermon was printed at the request of the House, and the statement about John Milton's religion was made more definite by the following footnote: "Judge Milton, a professed Papist, in his circuit at Warwick, affirmed to several gentlemen and justices that his brother, Milton, the famous author, was of his religion."

NOR IS THIS all. There is, it appears, a second line of tradition, coming through Lord Dorset, a patron of learning and a friend of Milton's, who is said to have told Prior, a contemporary poet, the same thing. The real facts may never be known, but while Milton "wrote himself blind" in warring against the Church, it must at least be said that his later writings, particularly the tract "Of True Religion," published in 1673, is very moderate compared with his earlier works. He could not have been a Catholic when he wrote the tract, but it may be taken to indicate a changing disposition in regard to the Church, and is not inconsistent with a reception more than a year later. The evidence certainly is fragile and forms no basis for a conclusion, but the mere mention of such a possibility in connection with so rabid a Puritan and so eminent a poet forms an interesting footnote to the history of literature. And the undoubted fact that Milton's brother was a Catholic, yet on friendly terms with the poet, renders the possibility something more than a wild conjecture. Dr. Richard Garnett, who has written a Life of Milton, cites Christopher as "exemplifying the law of reversion."

OF A CONTEMPORARY and friend of Pope's, Dr. Samuel Garth, we get a glimpse in Spence's "Anecdotes." He was more celebrated as a friend of literary men than as, himself, a writer, but he is not unknown as the author of "The Dispensary," a poem with a purpose, published in 1699, and of the epilogue to Addison's "Cato." Of Garth, Spence says that in his maturity "he talked in a less libertine manner than he had been used to do," and that he was accustomed to say that if there was any such thing as religion "it was among the Roman Catholics." It is not surprising, therefore, that "he died a Papist," and had the consolation of the Sacraments at the last. Lady Mary Wortley Montague said of him that "he was a very worthy man," and Pope, "the best good Christian he."

SOUTHWELL and Crasshaw, Pope and Dryden, scarcely come within the category of these remarks. For Southwell, the sweet poet of the Society of Jesus, was faithful to the end and testified to the reality of his faith by the shedding of his blood at Tyburn, and Crasshaw also lived and died a good Catholic. Dryden and Pope were of a more worldly type—the one a convert, who, though taunted with making the change from worldly motives upon the coming of James II. to the throne, proved his inward conviction by his perseverance. His conversion has been made memorable in English literature by the celebrated poem "The Hind and the Panther," wherein the Church is depicted as the "Milk-white Hind," "spotless without and all pure within." It is worth recalling, too, that of Dryden's three sons, one became a priest and another an officer in the Pope's Guards at Rome. Alexander Pope, on the other hand, was the son of devout Catholic parents, and while he lived (after a fashion) and died a Catholic, his faith was not of that robust type which we love to contemplate. Blessed Thomas More, "the wisest and best," whether as statesman, sage, man of letters or martyr, occupies a place by himself in English history.

ONE MORE example and we leave the subject for the present. William Wycherley was another of that brilliant band of dramatists that have made the reign of Charles II. in that respect memorable. At the age of fifteen he was sent to France to complete his education and returned "a fine gentleman and papist." Later he became a member of Queen's College, Oxford, where, we are told, "he was reconverted to Protestantism." He then turned to comedy writing and produced four that were successful. In 1704 he published "Miscellaneous Poems," and in the same year became acquainted with Pope, who undertook to supervise his verses. He married, for the second time, in 1715, and eleven days afterwards "died a Romanist," so that grace triumphed in the end. In this respect he was more fortunate than Jonson, Gibbon and others that might be named. He is described by Pope as a "very handsome man" and of brilliant manners.

THE WHOLE subject above touched upon forms an interesting chapter in English literature and especially so to

those of the household of the Faith. A whole book might, indeed, be written upon it. A host of celebrated names of those men of letters, who were either born Catholics or became so by conversion, and who lived and died faithful to their trust, passes in review. And there is that further retinue, who, not Catholic by profession, but greatly influenced by Catholic teaching (such as Dr. Samuel Johnson) who should be interesting to Catholic readers. We have but touched upon the fringe of the subject, and may have occasion to refer to it again.

RELIGIOUS DISUNION

Some time ago President Emeritus Elliot of Harvard University outlined the religion of the future. He proceeded on the principle that the religious life of man is all a question of evolution. In other words, no absolute truths have been revealed to him by the Author and Source of all truth. According to this theory mankind is groping through the ages painfully seeking after light. The late head of Harvard University proffered his glimmering taper to guide the feet of those who have turned their backs upon the revealed truths of Christianity. We know not whether Dr. Elliot's outlining of the religion of the future had anything to do with suggesting to the editor of The Christian Advocate the thought of calling the long roll of existing man-made religions for the purpose of showing that there is no need of lengthening it out. "Why should any one," asks the editor of The Christian Advocate, "wish to find or found another religion?"

He then proceeds to enumerate the tenets of the different sects into which Protestantism is split up. He argues that all sorts of persons in every stage of intellectual development will find in the doctrines temporarily championed by the sects, something to suit them. We advisedly use the words "temporarily championed," because there is no telling what a day may bring forth in the Protestant churches in consequence of the so-called higher criticism which is at work removing the ancient Protestant landmarks. But even if those landmarks remain undisturbed, there is an ample doctrinal variety to choose from. The Christian Advocate calling attention to it points out that if there are straight-laced Calvinists of the old school, they will find branches of Presbyterianism that still adhere to the grim teachings of Calvin. We are told that there are "several divisions of Presbyterianism." You can choose between them, and still remain a Presbyterian. What is said of the latter sect is true also of Congregationalism. The Christian Advocate informs us that the churches in these two Protestant bodies "differ greatly from one another in their doctrinal belief and general spirit."

But if there is nothing in Presbyterianism or Congregationalism that appeals to you, why then you can try Methodism, which is divided and subdivided in a manner that opens up all sorts of vistas. We quote from the article we are alluding to: "If you wish zeal, there are still Methodist churches to be found that will meet your desires. If you would prefer a church of that order which cannot be identified as a church except by the hymnal, it can be found. The Methodist churches are very numerous, and they vary in spirit more than they did formerly. You can find the calmest and the most unemotional church, if you wish it, in all cities; and others whose characteristics resemble those of a century ago."

If there is nothing in Presbyterianism or in Congregationalism, or in Methodism that appeals to you, the Universalists and the Unitarians are prepared to extend to you the hand of fellowship. If you don't wish to grasp it, you can turn to the Society of Friends, "who sing no hymns, administer no sacraments and preach not till the spirit moves them." Finally, if you cannot find anything in these sects that will satisfy your religious yearnings, you can look over the list of the eighty different religions and forms of religions existing in this country, which you will find embodied in the religious census of the United States. We believe Dr. Elliot's religion of the future is not in the list, but surely the eighty religions of which it is composed will furnish enough of material for a choice.

There is one passage in The Christian Advocate we must not pass over in silence. It contains an erroneous view that is prevalent among Protestants. Here it is: "If you prefer the Roman Catholic Church it is almost everywhere. If you do not wish to be under its iron control, but differ from it only in a few points, the extreme High Church Protestants of England can be found in every large city." The underlying thought here is that a Protestant sect which copies the forms of Catholic worship, as the Ritualists do, thereby becomes more Catholic than the other sects. That is not the case. The externals of Catholic worship may be reproduced in a Protestant church and the members of that church remain as Protestant as those who denounce them for being traitors to Protestantism. So long as Ritualists are not in communion with the Holy See they are Protestant, no matter what name they may wish to be known by. The eighty religions listed in the religious census of the United States bear testimony to the effects of the absence of that communion. They are the outcome of man's efforts to improve upon Christ's commission to the Apostles.

The Christian Advocate article, without its writer intending it, is an arraignment of the underlying doctrine of Protestantism which has destroyed the unity of Christendom, and which has been the fruitful source of the disorganization typified sects recorded in the United States census.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthrope who quarreled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong.—Thackeray.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION

THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE

"Be prudent, therefore, and watch in prayer." (St. Peter, iv, 7)

What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter-time through Confession and Communion, and how desirable it is that this happiness should continue!

"Be prudent, therefore," and do not let yourselves be ensnared again by evil. Consider the great happiness which you now have, and compare it with your great misery when you are in danger of being lost for ever.

Now that you have the happiness of being in God's favor, how you ought to strive not to lose it! Show your prudence by "watching in prayer."

The assistance of God continues while the habit of prayer lasts, but no longer. Pray, and all will be well with you. If you do not pray, nothing can save you.

ENGLISH PRIEST AND AUTHOR NOW WITH US

Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, son of the late Episcopal Archbishop of Canterbury and a distinguished convert to the Catholic faith, well known as a writer, is now in this country.

"The Dawn of All," which has been read by Benson in his own country, is a masterpiece of English prose.

"I have the power of visualization," he said, "I can see the things I am writing everywhere. This is a new book I started yesterday."

"I will be finished to-morrow morning," he said. He laughed heartily. "As a matter of fact at times I don't write for weeks. I know when I take the pen in hand and form a few letters, I'm in the mood; and when I see that I am not, I throw the pen aside, and wait until the mood comes back. But once started, I write very rapidly, and I scarcely ever rewrite. I know Stevenson did it, and other authors do it, and Stevenson says you can never get your effect at the first shot; but if I rewrite I'd kill my work."

"Do you live in London?" I asked. "No, in Bantingford, in the country, a very beautiful place. I was a curate at Cambridge after my ordination, but now I live at Bantingford in my own house; I have a chapel there, and a library, and am very happy."

I told him I knew Stevenson, and asked if he liked him. "I never tire of Stevenson," he said. "Stevenson, I adore. I can read him over and over again. But I could not read Scott; he bores me to death. I think I've had enough of Kipling. As for De Morgan, I cannot read him at all."

Amongst his own books his favorite is "Richard Raynsford Solitary," which is the least successful from a selling point of view. "In fact, it didn't sell at all," he said, "but I prefer it to anything I have written. It professes to be a translation of an old MS, but it is, of course, a work of imagination. He loves things medieval."

His first book written at the Anglican Monastery at Mirfield, while he was still an Anglican. "The Light Invisible," is a collection of stories of a semi-mystical nature, centering round a man he calls a Catholic priest, but whom he means to be neither Roman nor Anglican. "By What Authority," he wrote, too, before he was in the Church. When he left the Anglican community, and went home to his mother's house, feeling it a duty to submit to the Catholic Church, his

SHE FAINTED WITH THE AGONY

"Fruit-a-lives" Cured Her Kidneys



MISS MAGGIE JANNACK

MOUNTAIN, ONT., DEC. 14TH 1910

"I desire to let the world know the great debt I owe 'Fruit-a-lives' which saved my life when I had given up hope of ever being well again."

For six years, I suffered from dreadful Kidney Disease. My legs and lower part of my body were fearfully swollen. The pain in my side and legs would be so bad that I would faint with the agony.

Five different doctors attended me and all said it was Kidney Disease and gave me no hope of getting well. A kind neighbor visited me and mentioned the case of Mrs. Fenwick who had been cured of a sickness like mine. I took 'Fruit-a-lives' and in a short time, I began to feel better—the swelling went down—the pains were easier—and soon I was well.

I have gained over 30 pounds since taking 'Fruit-a-lives'—and my friends look upon my recovery as a miracle." (Miss) MAGGIE JANNACK

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

mother desired him to allow himself time and energy for a reaction if such should come. He had read at Mirfield a curious MS upon the Elizabethan Days of the Church of England, and now began to consider whether he could not make a novelty of it. "The result was that I was soon hard at work upon 'By What Authority.' It was extraordinary how excited I became. I worked for about eight or ten hours every day, either writing or reading or annotating every history and pamphlet I could lay my hands upon. In fact, I wrote myself into the Church, and after my reception by Father Reginald Buckler, O. P., I went back to my mother's house, and finished it. I am writing another novel now on Elizabethan times. It will be published shortly."

EVERYONE WHO DESIRES TO WRITE CAN

Writing books and preaching, and performing all the other duties of a priest form only a part of Monsignor Benson's work. He has a huge correspondence, mostly from people thinking of submitting to the Church. He answers them all, and for a purpose he keeps a shorthand writer and typewriter.

A reviewer the other day remarked that Monsignor Benson's clever anticipations of scientific inventions are not excelled in vividness or verisimilitude by those of Mr. Wells, and he draws attention to the extraordinary power with which he describes various terrestrial phenomena as seen from above the earth. Now, will those who have read his books, and who are reading "The Dawn of All," believe that Monsignor Benson never saw a flying machine or a flying man?

"How, then, do you do it?" I asked. "I have the power of visualization," he said. "I can see the things I am writing everywhere. This is a new book I started yesterday."

"I will be finished to-morrow morning," he said. He laughed heartily. "As a matter of fact at times I don't write for weeks. I know when I take the pen in hand and form a few letters, I'm in the mood; and when I see that I am not, I throw the pen aside, and wait until the mood comes back. But once started, I write very rapidly, and I scarcely ever rewrite. I know Stevenson did it, and other authors do it, and Stevenson says you can never get your effect at the first shot; but if I rewrite I'd kill my work."

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I suppose, the most prolific of all living writers. The parish priest here is a countryman of Father Kearsney's, too; and "the most lovable man I know," said Monsignor Benson. He certainly looked the picture of sweetness and light. He left us smoking in the library, and in the course of conversation the Monsignor told me how he came to join the Church. It is a long story, and as it will be told in a book from his own fascinating pen, shortly to be published, I do not intend to enter into the details here.

Briefly then he was intended for the Indian civil service, but at Cambridge he decided to become a clergyman. After his father's death in 1870 his health suddenly broke down, and he went abroad, and saw facts as they were, and didn't look at things through provincial spectacles any more. "I felt out of communion with the great body of Christians," he said; "I felt it traveling through the French Church and an old friend of her own. He had come to say goodbye to me, too, and to wish me God-speed."

Some Anglicans say, as they say of every convert, that he is certain to go back, but Monsignor Benson says the idea of returning to the Church of England is as inconceivable as the idea of seeking to enter the Choctaw fold. "To return from the Catholic Church to the Anglican would be the exchange of certitude for doubt, of faith for agnosticism, of substance for shadow, of brilliant light for somber gloom, of historical world-wide fact for unhistorical provincial theory."

"I asked him, as I was leaving, what he thought of the outlook for religion in England. 'I think,' he replied, 'we shall have all the religion that there will be in fifty or sixty years' time, but there will be an enormous amount of infidelity and agnosticism. The other form of Christianity are tumbling downstairs as fast as they can go.' "Even Anglicanism?" I said. "Oh! yes," he replied; "when disestablishment comes it will burst like a shell."—Sydney Catholic Press.

Another "EX-PRIEST"? Some time ago the Chicago Daily Socialist gave considerable space to a report that a certain Father Bowden of Kansas City had joined the Socialists. For years and years, according to the report, Father Bowden, formerly editor of the Catholic Leader of Kansas City, had "raved and tore" and "preached and wrote against that dreadful revolutionary and agitating party, the Socialists." Then in a moment of fatal weakness he began to read Socialist literature in order to show up more clearly and thoroughly the dangers of Socialism. This opened his eyes. He discovered his "misérable mistake," for he found the conditions which he was so anxious to change by "silly reform." He then became a Socialist because, forsooth, he found he could not be a Catholic unless he was a Socialist!

This article was republished in other papers that place their columns at the disposal of the advocates of Socialism. It appeared in a recent issue of a certain paper in the Northwest of the United States which is sold to carries a department which is sold to the Socialist Local, as "regular ad-

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Church to-day than this sympathy of Mrs. Benson with her son and a little incident that happened at the station. "As my mother was turning away she saw coming towards her a prelate of the Episcopalian Scottish Church and an old friend of her own. He had come to say goodbye to me, too, and to wish me God-speed."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

STUDY THE CATECHISM

Every Catholic should realize that in religion are truths of the utmost importance which must be known, and duties absolutely essential for happiness which must be performed.

Since vast differences exist in the opportunities among men for the acquisition of this knowledge, and also in mental capacity, the method of teaching these truths and duties must be accommodated to all in such a manner that each can realize that "This is eternal life to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

To effect this purpose, the Council Trent commanded that a Catechism should be prepared for the instruction of the people. This work was intended "To meet the mischievous activity of the reformers and to rear the edifice of Christian knowledge on a secure and solid basis; to afford the faithful a fixed standard of Christian belief and to the pastor, a prescribed form of religious instruction. It is a work to abate prejudices, instruct ignorance, promote piety, and to contain a comprehensive summary of the dogmas of Christian faith, and an epitome of the principles of Catholic morality."

In our day, science is a word that demands respect. The specialist who claims scientific knowledge about agriculture, geology, botany, economics, electricity, mathematics, as astronomy or any other branch of human investigation, what should be the limit of admiration for the specialists who spend their life's best work in acquiring and dispensing knowledge about the infinite majesty of God, Who is the source and fountain-head of all beauty, all science, all truth, and all perfection? Whatever of grandeur and excellence man discover in created beings is only a feeble ray of the beauty, the perfection and the infinite majesty of God, Who made all things, the qualities and quantities of which man labor so long to discover, and of which they really know so little.

If science concerning created beings is essential and worthy of honor, how much more necessary and more glorious is science concerning the Creator? If for the sake of self-exaltation, or for the purpose of contributing to the comfort of man during the brief period of his visit to this earth, men toil, slave, endure and suffer, what should be the zeal and devotion necessary to learn and to teach the truths which give here and hereafter "Peace which the world cannot give!"

Religion, therefore, is the queen of sciences, the most glorious, the most consolating and the most necessary. It treats of the grandest of all subjects; viz., God. It explains the one greatest of all facts; viz., that God has made all the laws which regulate all created things and beings. It makes manifest that the "Heavens and earth are full of His glory." It teaches the truth about life, death and eternity. It permeates all history; it reaches into the very life and soul of every human being. National life is impossible without it, and every civic life follows when the principles of religion are ignored or violated.

It is the most consoling of sciences. Without it life would be an insupportable enigma, full of horror from beginning to end. Darkness would reign in our minds bestiality and ferocity in our manners; civilization and all its benefits would be impossible.

Deprived of divine light, and the rules of conduct which come from faith, hope and charity, man would be a human wolf, a prey to man all the lessons taught and the duties required by religion, and there is no foundation left for civil government or human happiness. Justice, truth, mercy would be but dreams.

Therefore, to hold what has been gained for the world by the faith, hope and charity of the predecessors in religion, it is absolutely necessary, for the young to acquire and for all others to renew a comprehensive knowledge of the truths essential to individual and civic happiness, and for all to understand that they are under obligation to be responsible to God for the performance of the duties required by Him.

The Catechism contains a most complete compendium of these essentials. It is a book which should command the chief place in every home. It is an absolute necessity, not only to children, but also to the other members of the family who, perhaps, have not looked at it since they left Sunday school. To them, it is ever new, because as adults, they are able better to understand and to apply its lessons. When they renew their study of the Catechism, they will be surprised at the profundity and yet, clearness of its doctrine, and also at the considerable portion of it forgotten by them.

Parents should study it in order to explain its truths to their children, and also to non-Catholic acquaintances, many of whom are sincere in their search for truth and light. To neglect this great work may result in gravest detriment. God alone can read the future of those who are now children. He alone knows amid what trials and conditions they will soon be placed. He alone knows who and what their associates will be in public and private life. He alone knows what dangers will threaten their faith and morals.

No duty of parents is more important than that which obliges them to furnish spiritual chart and compass for the guidance of their children amid the storms and tempests certain to come into every life. All must wage strenuous battle for a medium of happiness here and for the salvation of their immortal souls. They must have adequate ways and means for these purposes.

Catholic parents give years of thought and vast sums of money for the advancement of their children in worldly affairs; much greater sacrifice should be made to comply with the words of Our Lord, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S RULES The recently published Life of Cardinal Newman by Wilfred Ward brings into the public eye again the maxims framed by the great English convert for those who would excel in writing or in

public speaking. As a writer and a speaker Cardinal Newman was most effective, and the rules which he followed and which he desired others to follow are all the more interesting because of his own great power with both the written and the spoken word. Here are some of the most important of his maxims:

A man should be in earnest by which I mean he should write not for the sake of writing, but to bring out his thoughts. He should never aim at being eloquent.

He should keep his idea in view, and should write sentences over and over again till he has expressed his meaning accurately, forcibly and in few words.

He should aim at being understood by his hearers or readers.

He should use words which are likely to be understood. Ornament and amplification will come spontaneously in due time, but he should never seek them.

He must creep before he can fly, by which I mean that humility, which is a great Christian virtue, has a place in literary composition.

He who is ambitious will never write well, but he who tries to say simply what he feels, what religion demands, what faith teaches, what the gospel promises, will be eloquent without intending it, and will write better English than if he made a study of English literature.

A DEADLY HABIT A fault-finding, criticising habit is fatal to all excellence. Nothing will struggle forward quicker than a tendency to hunt for flaws, to rejoice in the unlovely, like a hog which always has his nose in the mud and rarely looks up. The direction in which we look indicates the life aim, and young people who are always looking for something to criticize for the crooked and the ugly, who are always suspicious, who invariably look at the worst side of others, are but giving the world a picture of themselves.

The disposition to see the worst instead of the best grows on one very rapidly, until it ultimately strangles all the beautiful and crushes out all that is good in oneself. No matter how many times your confidence has been betrayed, do not allow yourself to sour, do not lose faith in people. The bad are the exceptions; most people are honest and true and mean to do what is right.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A FOUR YEAR OLD SAINT

She was not a child-martyr of long ago, nor is she a saint in the canonical sense, though it is quite possible she may some day become so. Only a little Irish girl who died in Cork, February 2, 1908, aged four years, five months and eight days. The facts of her short career were so extraordinary that the Bishop of Cork permitted them to be related to Rome and wrote a letter giving them formal recognition of their sanctity, and the Holy Father addressed an autograph reply to her schoolmates in which he expressed the wish "that they may always keep as good as their companion Nellie who was called to heaven while still a child."

Her life has been since written in Italian by a priest attached to the Vatican, and dedicated to Pope Pius X, by the express permission of His Holiness; and a "Priest of the diocese of Cork" has given a charming account of her in a penny brochure of some 20,000 words under the title, "Little Nellie of Holy God," (Cork: Guy & Co.), which has the exceptional merit of letting the beautiful story tell itself. Nellie O'Grady Horgan was born of poor but truly Irish parents August 24, 1903. When she was three years old her saintly mother died, and the four children were placed with charitable institutions in Cork, Nellie, with her sister, going to St. Finbar's Industrial School, conducted by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. She was sickly from the first, an inheritance from her mother's disease, tuberculosis, and was a constant sufferer from other painful maladies, but she was always cheerful, insisted on sharing with others whatever was offered her, and never complained after she had become acquainted with little over three, with "the story of Holy God."

Seeing a statue of the Infant of Prague on an altar in the Infirmary she asked what it was, and being told it was an image of the Child Jesus, she wanted to know His whole story. She then called Him "Holy God," and spoke of Him by no other name thereafter. She would ask Him for many things, chiefly for others, but on one day she was rebuked by the nurse for asking the globe in the hands of the Child's statue in exchange for her "little shoes." "Oh," she replied, "He can give them, if He likes." Indeed, it appears she had special warrant for thinking so from the many instances related of her personal relations with the Child Jesus and the unusual favors she received from Him. When she made the Way of the Cross in her nurse's arms, Nellie became agitated at the Crucifixion, and wanted to know "why are they hurting Him," and why "Holy God" allows them. On hearing the explanation she burst into tears, crying between sobs: "Poor Holy God!" She used the same expression whenever her eyes fell on the Crucifix.

She quickly grasped the mystery of the Real Presence in the Tabernacle, or, as she put it, why Holy God was "Shut up in that little house," and was quite glad that He was not "squeezed." Soon her searching questions about religious-mysteries and practices exhausted the information of the nurse, who had not been long a Catholic and who confesses that Nellie cured her of many residual antipathies against the religion. The nurse, though usually a daily communicant, sometimes failed to receive, and on such occasions Nellie informed by some spiritual instinct, would fix reproachful eyes upon her, saying: "You didn't get Holy God today." Once she thought Nellie was dying and said so, but the child replied, "No, Holy God says I'm not good enough yet." When questioned she said Holy God "did come and stand there," and her clear description did not correspond with the picture she had known.

She was soon to die, and her spiritual perception was so extraordinary that the bishop, unasked, administered to

her Communion. She told him: "I am Holy God's little soldier now." She then began to have an insatiable desire for Holy Communion. She knew instinctively, though there was no human means of her knowing it, when the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and would cry: "Holy God is not in the lock-up today; take me down to Him." Then in her childish language she would speak the thoughts of God's saints. As, despite her begging, she could not yet "get Holy God," she insisted that a Sister would come immediately after receiving Holy Communion and kiss her. Soon the bishop, after a Jesuit Father had pronounced the child extraordinarily endowed with God's love and arrived at the age of reason, permitted her to receive Holy Communion. "The child," writes the Father, "hungers for her God and received Him from my hands in a transport of love." In the remaining two months she received "Holy God" thirty-two times, and spent nearly all her days in thanksgiving. A nosocomer from a diseased bone in her jaw had been hitherto almost unbearable but disappeared completely after her First Communion. She insisted on being dressed in spotless white when receiving Holy Communion, and she would have none but fresh natural flowers, "Holy God's own flowers," around Him.

Asked to pray for certain sick persons she told what would happen in each case, and it proved true. She had announced that she would "fly to Holy God on Holy God's own day." With tears of joy in her eyes which were fixed longingly on something invisible, and trying to move towards it, she died on Sunday, the Feast of the Purification of Mary and of the Presentation of the Child Jesus in the Temple. "Holy God and Holy God's Mother came for her," wrote her schoolmates to Pius X.

Many other extraordinary things are told concerning "Nellie of Holy God," that happened before and after her death. A most touching letter written by the children of St. Finbar's School, to "Our dear Holy Father," recites that soon after her death they had "made a novena that she would obtain for her little companions and all little children over the whole world the great favor of receiving Holy Communion as near to the age that she received it as possible." They deftly insinuate that it was through Nellie's intercession that the Holy Father issued the Decree in favor of Children's Communion: "And if it is not wrong to think so, we would be so happy, dear Holy Father, if you made our little flower a saint, the little saint of Child Communion. All we know is that she cried for Holy God and she got Him, and now she asked Holy God to come to us and we too have got Him." They finish by asking "dear Holy Father's special blessing for all in this holy house, for all Irish children, and for the land where this little flower grew—dear old Ireland." The Holy Father sent them the blessing, written with his own hand, and though he should not grant their further request to make a saint of Nellie, her life should tend to warm the faith and love of "all little children over the whole world" who may read it, even of their elders.—M. K.

How often we say to ourselves, "Would that this had not come to pass!" How often we feel in regard to our own schemes "Would that I had done differently!" This is the judgment of regret; and it is a silent witness of the heart to the conviction that some things are not inevitable. It is a confession that that battle has been lost that might have been won. It is the acknowledgment that things which are, but are not right, need not have been, if we and our fellowmen had seen more clearly and followed more truthfully the guiding star of the good.—Henry Van Dyke.

It is a matter of sincere regret that Catholics as a body show such apathy and indifference to the mission of the press. In this century of infidelity and lawlessness our enemies have captured the press, and are using it as a weapon to undo the work of Mother Church.

Day by day the most sacred tenets of religion are exposed to the scorn and ridicule of men.

In the pages of the press the anti-Catholic bigot is sure of a sympathetic audience when he holds forth on the errors and heresies of the Church. Yet we—Catholic young men—accept these attacks and relapse into a state of mental coma. As children of the Church, we never consider that we have our duties to perform to that sacred institution.

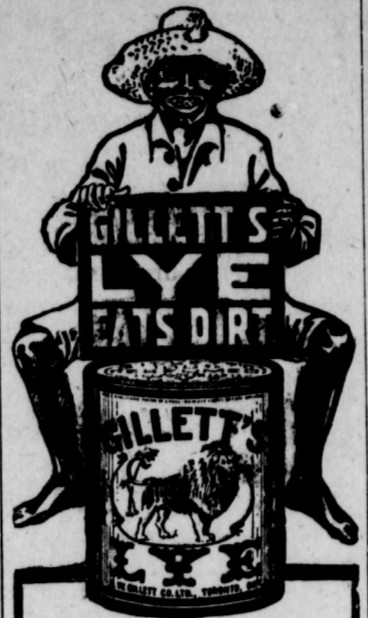
Consequently to use the words of Father Plater, S. J., we surrender ourselves to "the perversion of the anti-Catholic Roman correspondent, the sociological charlatan, the decadent literary critic, and the pseudo-scientific cheap journal." We fall to follow intelligently the battle which the Church is waging on a hundred fields, because we do not interest ourselves in the daily teachings of the press. We build churches and convents, endow schools and colleges, found and establish homes; but ignore completely that mighty power which tramples upon and obliterates the work of such institutions—the printing press. Each day the un-Christian spirit in the press grows apace. It seeks to remove Truth from its pedestal and enthrone error in its place. It parades its spirit of independence and scoffs at Christianity. It accepts dictation from no ruler, save from the atheist and agnostic. It decides the most sacred issues of the world with the mock wisdom of a jester. This independent spirit has estranged the press from the considerations of all Christians, who believe that its mission should be the cultivation of Truth, Justice and Charity among men.

It is quite in keeping with the spirit of the age to find the press ignoring or trying to ignore—the existence of a Divinity. The hydra of secularism surmounts and dominates its articles. Its pages inspire men to build up educational systems devoid of religious knowledge, to found colleges and academies from whose halls the sacred influence of religion is banished.

It teaches them to build up fortunes in mines or railroads, to interest themselves in the cultivation of orchards, in the designing of aeroplanes, or in the breeding of race horses, but—this daily mentor—never points out the way to all happiness and prosperity in the recognition and worship of an omniscient and omnipotent Being.

Now it may be pertinent to ask, has Catholic literature any possibilities? Are there any new worlds which it may conquer? Yes; there are great possibilities before Catholic literature. In the untilled fields of thought the Catholic litterateur will find much work for his hands to do. We live in an atmosphere that is poisonous to Catholicity, and unconsciously we inhale the vapors of that atmosphere. It lies in the hands of Catholic writers to purify that atmosphere, and render its evil effects less dangerous to mankind.

The great truths which adorn the pages of Catholic literature must be used to point out the moral obligations of the age. The spirit of the day is not one of seriousness—we are, one and all, desirous of shirking the solemn responsibilities of life. We find the daily path of duty irksome and monotonous. We try to forget our responsibilities in a happy round of pleasures but we soon



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CATHOLIC LITERATURE

But Catholic literature has a still greater mission to perform. Its voice sounds over the waste spaces of life, and re-echoes in the halls of the world. It calls to the young sons and daughters with a call that is not in vain.

There are two kinds of scandal—the scandal our wicked lives give to the innocent, and the scandal our no less wicked tongues spread. Both are fruitful of evil: the scandal of our lives has slain its thousands, but the scandal of our tongues has slain its tens of thousands. To-day I shall speak only of the scandal of the tongue.

A FOUL WINGED BIRD

Scandal is a sort of foul-winged bird a happy black with the blackness of hell. It has two long wings, so that it flies, old beyond the years of the grey hills, flies swifter than the wind. The demon of scandal has a thousand eyes, and a thousand ears, and a thousand tongues—basilisk eyes that kill with a stare; ears that hear the very grass growing; tongues whose edge is sharper than the sword and more venomous than all the worms of the Nile.

With all her tongues wagging this fearful creature wings through the valley of the world. She flies in at palace windows; she stops with equal pace at the cottage gate; she stays her footsteps at the broken door of the hovel. And everywhere she sets her foot, she leaves a filth like unto the slime which

find ourselves at the end of the tether. The still, small voice of conscience commands us to begin our labors anew. Our duties and responsibilities cannot be shirked. They form a barrier which effectually blocks the path of pleasure. Our moral obligations loom large before us and command our attention. The great truths which enrich the pages of Catholic literature will help us to bear our burdens in a spirit of abnegation and self-sacrifice. Its teaching will bring home to us our personal and social responsibilities. The mission of Catholic literature is obvious. It has to destroy the apate spirit of the age, and to create an appreciation for the outlines of eternal Truth.

The doctrines of error must be supplanted by those of Truth, and the multitude brought back from the unhealthy luxury of "the fleshpots of Egypt." Catholic literature must shake the gaudy trappings of the hour from its shoulders, and stride forth in the glory of its supernatural raiment. It must be less apologetic and a little more enterprising in its time, and must no longer be the patient but of the buffoons of Christendom. It must strike dumb the lying taunts of agnostic and atheist, and "with fire-touched lips" preach eternal truth in the forum and market place, until no longer be "a voice crying in the wilderness but must vindicate its Divine Charter, and confound and subdue those who endeavor to defame its teachings. It must create a desire for the fruit of the Tree of Wisdom, and destroy the longing for the poisoned fruit of the tree of Evil.

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the caterpillar trails over the flowers. In her wake follows wars and rumors of wars.

The food of the scandal is human hearts and souls. She drags from poor, wind-swept graves the bones of the dead, and with ghoulish glee feasts on the forgotten ashes. Worse than the bite of the gnat, the sting of the wasp, the blow of the serpent—far worse is a single tongue of scandal.

Scandal is a goddess wherein souls are reared and blessed, a sinner whose baleful breath so often destroys the flowers of virtue; a canker which eats away all that is good and noble. Most women are too fond of scandal—women, as the Apostle of the gentile says, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not. When women get together how quick they are to regale the minds of one another with juicy bits of what can hardly be called scandal, but is so near scandal that there is no other name for it! Let a woman receive the faintest whisper of some neighbor's shortcomings, and the news is "as an arrow that sticks in a man's thigh"—she must get rid of it. And a great many men, a very great many, are no better in this respect than the women.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

If a man were shown to me who had a long memory for little kindnesses, who never seemed out of debt in his affections who exaggerated his obligations to others, kept anniversaries of them and repaid them twenty-times over, I should be more struck with the likelihood of his turning out a saint than if I heard that he disciplined himself to blood daily, slept on the bare boards, enjoyed the prayer of quiet, had been scourged by devils, and had seen our Blessed Lady. Alas, we forget the ten lepers and nine that were ungrateful—Father Faber.

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PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

MGR. BENSON'S TOPIC BEFORE LEAGUE FOR POLITICAL EDUCATION

Mr. Robert Hugh Benson, of England who some years ago became a Catholic having renounced the Church of England of which his father, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, was the spiritual head, spoke at a meeting of the League for Political Education in the Hudson Theatre recently on psychic phenomena, but usually avoided giving his own views on the subject, contenting himself with the suggestion at the close that in the theory of the psychologist of the subconscious personality the churchman may divine the truth of his belief in the immortality of the soul.

At the outset the speaker explained that he has never seen a ghost, never had attended a spiritual seance and never has written a book on the subject, but that from his earliest years he has been accustomed to an atmosphere which ministered to his fondness for delving into those experiences of which he purposed to speak. He always has been afraid of the dark, and as his study has progressed he has been led to believe that the light gives little or no suggestion.

The modern psychologist, according to Mr. Benson, has seized upon the theory of the subconscious self as a sort of "carpet bag" into which are tossed these mystic phenomena. In its terms are explained many sets of phenomena otherwise difficult of correlation. It is Germany, and American psychologists have developed it to a large extent. Diagrammed the theory is that the mind is a two-story house with one room above another and a trapdoor between. In the upper room are the objective faculties, those that enable men to transcend the ordinary business of life; in the lower room are the faculties of imagination, intuition, memory and all those things that have their expression in dreams, in works of art and mystical experiences.

In the room of the objective faculties lives the practical man; down below dwells the weaker of faculties and the Spanish serial architect. Most men are inclined to live more in one room than in the other and the true genius is he that has such a control of the trapdoor that he can open or close it at will, so that the things that have been planned down below can be made to take substantial form by the exercise of those faculties that keep to the upper chamber. Some there are who have used the subconscious faculties so often and so long that the trapdoor has become closed and these folk dwell in unpleasant places. In Mr. Benson's opinion the tendency of modern psychologists is to explain everything by this theory just as some psychologists have made the explanation of every phenomena that troubled anybody for any length of time.

Mr. Benson then referred to several well-known phenomena that are explained by this theory. For example, the experience of starting to tell a funny story and finding oneself at an absolute loss to recall the funny part of it. The objective memory tells how the story begins, but the subjective memory has seized upon the point of it and to get it through the trapdoor is like trying to extract a cork that has been pushed down into the bottle. You can touch it, but it bobs around and evades recovery. Even when the same phenomena is observed in old men, who may not be able to say whether or not their wives are alive but can describe with exactness the kind of dress they wore in youth. The explanation is that the subconscious memory is an absolute memory. Everything is there, but the objective memory can only bring up only the unimportant things.

As for dreams, your consciousness is poised in the subconscious room and you wander there without the objective check of the reason or will. You are at the mercy of the faculties there. A person constantly roaming in this mysterious realm is either insane or asleep.

Explaining telepathy the speaker told a story of a party at a country house. Several persons remained in one room, decided upon something to be found or done by those in another room and then called these persons in. One young lady just married proved especially susceptible to these telepathic suggestions. After many trials it was agreed that she should be asked telepathically to take off one of her shoes. She came into the room, began to blush, got very nervous and completed the experiment by going to her husband and taking off one of his shoes.

On another occasion the monsignor hypnotized two boys and placed them in separate rooms. One boy he told to look into a glass of water and see the cow climbing a church steeple. The boy had no difficulty in seeing it. The other boy then was brought in and told to explain what he saw in the same glass of water. This young man reported that he saw a big thing going up a thin thing and afterward gave fuller explanation to the effect that it

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was a bear climbing a pole. These suggestions were made through the subconscious faculties of the two boys.

Mr. Benson said he did not purpose to be humorous on the subject of ghosts. There are two kinds generally accepted. One kind appears at the moment of death and the other long afterward. He said he accepted the phenomena, but not the spiritualist's explanation. He met once in Rome a priest who related that as he arose one morning he saw a vision of his father in his home in Canada. While he was wondering on the subject a cable message came announcing the father's death. At the time of the vision the father was not yet in his coffin, which shows that while the actual scene is not transmitted through the subconsciousness the general idea of it is. The explanation of this modern psychologist is that when the father was dying he was unconscious. His reason was not being used, but his subconscious faculties did not suffer the same atrophy. On the contrary at the moment of death they became more active. His subconscious ideas were naturally colored by the idea of approaching death and it is this coloring that conveyed to the mind of the son the idea of a coffin.

"I must suggest here," said the Monsignor, "that the same pieces of evidence have a different bearing to different people. The explanation of any phenomenon appeals differently to different persons because they have different fundamental ways of looking at things. As I myself believe in a spiritual world close to this, and that communications pass from one to the other, I hear of spirits coming back, and I believe it because I am convinced of the objective character of the spiritual world. If a man does not believe in this he is justified in rejecting what I believe. We are differently constituted. It is not a question of evidence, but a question of one's philosophy of life. So when we hear a ghost story we bring our first principles and our creed to bear on the facts as they are presented.

"We have the evidence of haunted houses. This is not so convincing as the evidence of appearances at death, and some psychologists deny the phenomenon altogether. I do not agree with them. There must be something back of an idea of such long standing."

The speaker then gave an explanation of the appearance of the ghost of a man who was murdered by his brother many years ago in a house in England. At night, when the moon is beaming into the room, some have seen the ghost of the murdered man standing in the circle of light on the floor. The theory of this is that the subconscious self affects surrounding objects, just as some persons impress one marvelously, not for anything they do or say, but by their certain ideas or impressions. These impressions have been handed by some person whom we love or of whom we are afraid. In this case the two brothers were at a high emotional pitch. Their subconscious selves were giving off impressions and affecting the surrounding objects in the room. Now, when some person particularly susceptible to the impressions stored up in these pieces of furniture came into that room, when the circumstances are as they were at the time of the murder, these objects give expression to the impressions made upon them and the sympathetic subconsciousness of the susceptible person enables him to take up those impressions and to visualize the murdered man. With this explanation Mr. Benson does not agree, but he did not say what his own theory of it was.

With spiritualism as it is practised generally Mr. Benson has little sympathy. He thinks that it is surrounded by fraud, deception and hypocrisy and that ninety-nine out of a hundred cases of alleged appearances of the departed are humbug. But of the one case in that one hundred he has a different idea. He said that psychologists describe a medium as a person with a much-developed subconscious self, but he wanted to know why if these mediums can bring some spirits back they cannot bring all, he referred to the fact that

while Cardinal Newman has been brought back, according to some mediums, and has given his blessing, it is not worthy that his blessing was given with an American accent. He said further that these alleged appearances are discounted by the fact that the usual medium is far from being a high type of man or woman.

He then related the experience of Sir William Crookes, who could not be regarded otherwise than highly, in having with him a daughter who had died and even being able to feel her as a semi-corporeal body. The Monsignor said he had theory of his own of a disincarnate personality that does return after death, but he declared this theory a dangerous thing to deal with and vouchsafed no further explanation. His conclusion was that the psychologist has discovered a part of the personality that does not share in mortal dissolution, that the faculties pertaining to this part show an unusual energy as death approaches and that in this part of us is a perfect memory by which we shall be judged and in which is found our character.—New York Sun.

CAUGHT UNAWARES

No man begins to drink with the intention of becoming a drunkard, says a writer in Everybody's Monthly. If indeed the order of experiences were reversed, and the penalty preceded the pleasure, where would there be a drunkard at all? If the delirium tremens went before the career of dissipation, instead of after it who would pay the price of delirium tremens for all that he drank? It would follow! But every drunkard thinks to snatch the pleasure and escape the penalty. He intends to stop short before the danger point is reached, however, the faculty of self-judgment and self-measurement is seriously impaired. There is an island in the midst of the sloping flood of Niagara, just above the point where that vast wilderness of water tumbles over into the abyss. The boat that is caught in the current may still be saved by making for this island. The man who is caught in the current of intemperance calculates that he can still steer his boat to the island of abstinence or of strict sobriety. Fondly he pines for the island, but his brain is in a whirl; his spirit is confounded with the rush and thunder of the waters; his eyes see double. There are two islands, three islands, ten islands, there is no island at all—no other landing place between him now and the curling lip of the cataract. He swims over the lip. He is sucked down into the depths. He is dashed to pieces on the rocks, and the mangled form, all that is left of him, is washed ashore among the wandering eddies and spent spray a mile below the fall. The illustration is extreme, you say, or it is but a partial application. Is it not one, I ask, that is verified in some one within the circle of acquaintances of every one of you? And was there, ask again, a single one of those in whom it has been verified, who would not have been one day as ready to laugh at the idea of its application to himself as you are ready to laugh to-day? Is human nature one thing in you, another thing in all the world besides? Is the awful law of averages by force of which annuity companies and insurance companies live and flourish, going to be set aside for the benefit of the present generation of transgressors?

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CONVERSION OF THREE ANGLICAN MINISTERS

Three more Anglican ministers in Australia recently entered the Church. Rev. Gordon Tidy, just prior to his conversion to the Catholic faith, was in charge of the Anglican Cathedral at Bathurst, Australia. Though his intention was known to his friends for months previous, his fulfillment was somewhat startling to the Anglican community of New South Wales. Mr. Tidy is now in Rome, studying for the priesthood.

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Wednesday, May 8th, the feast of Blessed Joan of Arc, was kept in right royal style by the Pupils of the Sacred Heart Academy, who celebrated their first holiday in honor of Reverend Mother Stuart, recently elected Superior General of the order. The day began with Holy Mass, celebrated by Right Reverend Bishop Fallon, and after a pleasant morning spent in various amusements, all gathered at the entrance on Dundas St. to await the arrival of the Sisters, for the orphans from Mount St. Joseph who came to spend a few hours at the convent. They were escorted by six of the devoted Sisters of St. Joseph who so ably care for their needs; and surely the appearance of this chosen portion of the Lord's vineyard testifies well to the tender solicitude of the Sisters, for no better cared-for or better trained band of healthy, happy children could be met. A pleasant afternoon, during which the children mutually entertained each other, passed all too quickly, and the little ones left for home, charmed with their day's outing and the enjoyment provided for them by their young hosts, and the nuns of the Sacred Heart. In the evening all assembled in the Study hall for a veritable art treat, a

Saloons and Slaves

The saloon business cannot exist without slaves, says Congressman Hobson. You may smile at that statement, but it is absolutely true. Is not the man who is addicted to the drink habit a slave? There can be no question about it. There are 1,000,000 such slaves in the United States. They are slaves of the liquor habit, carrying their earnings to the saloon-keepers every day in the year. It is quite natural, of course, that the slaveholder should not care to liberate these slaves.

DIED

CLARKIN.—At Merrickville, Ont., on April 20, 1912, Mr. Bernard Clarkin. May his soul rest in peace! CRUICKSHANK.—On Thursday, May 9, 1912, at her residence, 717 Waterloo Street, London, Catherine Cruickshank, sister of Charles G. Cruickshank, aged sixty-six years. May her soul rest in peace! McLAUGHLIN.—At Tilbury, Ont., on April 12th, 1912, Mrs. McLaughlin formerly a resident of Chatham, Ont., and a charter member of Branch No. 8, C. M. B. A. May her soul rest in peace!

Important!

You can always tell the "1900 Gravity" Washer by the "S" shaped links underneath the tub. Don't forget the tub to move up and down as well as back and forth—thus getting at the dirt from every possible direction.

Banish Dandruff in a Month. The faithful use of Na-Dru-Co Dandruff Eradicator, according to directions, every night for a month, will completely overcome the worst case of Dandruff. NA-DRU-CO Dandruff Eradicator is compounded and guaranteed by the largest Drug Firm in the British Empire. Its formula is based on real, scientific knowledge of the hair and its diseases. Expert chemists compound it from ingredients which do NOT include anything that can possibly injure the scalp or change the color of the hair.

In Memory of Mrs. Eliza Dowling. Long resident of Montreal, Can., who departed this life in San Francisco, California, on March 10, 1912. Blessed is the life that brightens to a close. Mid gracious deeds, and works of faith and zeal! Death, like a golden sunset, seems to steal Down the calm skies; and, flush'd with after-glow Of ray hope and love, the soul's release. Makes radiant twilight in the realms of Peace.

AN OLD PUPIL. Reverend Mother Lewis has kindly given the old pupils an opportunity of sharing many intellectual treats during the year, the more recent ones being lectures at different times on literature, history, science, delivered by specialists from Educational centres. Needless to say we deeply appreciate Reverend Mother's interest in our mental improvement, and trust she will continue so far favor us in the future.

NO MORE DUSTY FRIDAYS! THE DUST KILLER. A handful in a line WHEN YOU SWEEP absorbs the dust, brightens the floor, and cleans your carpet. One week free trial. Yours for health, DUSTBANE. ALL GROCERS.

Shopping is only half done if you forget the Maple Buds. Children must have sweets. Their little natures crave for dainty sweet things. Bad for them? Not Cowan's Maple Buds. Pure milk, pure sugar, pure chocolate. What could be more nourishing and wholesome? What else could make them such favorites with intelligent mothers? Make the children happy. Give them sweets you know are good. Put Maple Buds on your shopping list.

Cowan's Maple Buds. THE COWAN CO., Limited, Toronto, Ontario. Look for the Name. If our actions are accompanied with holy dispositions, our whole life shall be a series of virtuous acts, succeeding one another uninterceptedly, so many precious links of a golden chain.

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Spring Tonics Real and Unreal

Some people use stimulating medicines in the spring. This is a mistake. The action of the heart is increased. You feel better for a time, but the reaction soon sets in. You are discounting the future by using up more rapidly the little strength you have left.

Get a real tonic—a true tonic, one which will increase the amount of pure, rich blood in the body, revitalize the feeble, wasted nerve cells, and so prove of lasting benefit to you. A good example of a true tonic is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This food cure does not give you false hope, but gradually and naturally builds up the tired, worn-out system. You may not feel the benefits so quickly, but have the satisfaction of knowing that the gain you make is natural and lasting. There is no spring tonic half so satisfactory as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Note the "S" shaped links underneath that cause the tub to move up and down as well as back and forth—thus getting at the dirt from every possible direction.

Important! You can always tell the "1900 Gravity" Washer by the "S" shaped links underneath the tub. Don't forget the tub to move up and down as well as back and forth—thus getting at the dirt from every possible direction. Our success has been so great that competitors are making their machines look as much like ours as possible.

Four Weeks' Washing Free

So sure am I that everything I say about the "1900 Gravity" Washer is true that I will send one to you freight prepaid (does not cost you a single cent), let you prove it yourself by doing four washings with it, before you say whether you want to keep or not—it is paid for. Isn't that a fair offer?

The "1900 Gravity" Washer will wash a large tubful of clothes in 6 minutes—and so easily that a child can do it. It will make the clothes wear twice as long—because it cleans without friction and is the only machine made where the tub moves up and down as well as swings to and fro—thus getting at the dirt from every possible direction and making the machine work easier and quicker. It will wash the dirtiest overalls or finest lace and linen equally well. Stop all that hard work and drudgery at once, and make wash day a pleasure.

Write to day for handsome illustrated booklet and particulars of our special offer of a

"1900 GRAVITY WASHER" FOR THIRTY DAYS ON FREE TRIAL. Address me personally—G. C. Bach, Manager The 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.