

The Catholic Record

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1914

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TOO CHERFUL

One of our exchanges seems to be very pleased at the success of the International Bible Conference which was held in Pittsburgh a few weeks ago. Our friend, however, must have been in mood optimistic when he penned his pleasant words. For the ministers who attended that conference were very doubtful over the smallness of the audience. It caused them anguish of heart and made them grieve over the apathy and indifference of their followers. But they did not assign any adequate cause for the sparse attendance. It avails little to fulminate against materialism, which has laid a corroding hand on people who erstwhile staked their hope of salvation on the Bible. The temper of the times may have had something to do with the scantiness of the Pittsburgh audiences, but the real causes were the ministers themselves. The man in the street has seen the Bible divested of inspiration and relegated to the level of the ordinary book by divines who were either seeking notoriety or suffering from an overdose of Higher Criticism. Why, then, should he give time to listening to dissertations on the Bible, which has been questioned and discredited by his own spiritual guides. Divines have stripped him of belief and have made Christianity dim and confused to his blurred eyes. And they have given him nothing in exchange for what they have filched from him.

GOOD FOR THE TABLET

A subscriber sends us a clipping to show that the London Tablet is emerging from the darkness of the Toryism that looks at Irish Catholics through the glasses of prejudice. We are glad for the Tablet's sake. Its conversion is somewhat belated, and it may take many months of perseverance to convince those who are aware of the past that its conversion is sincere. As a token, however, of its change of heart, it presents, in its issue of March 28, the views of Cardinals Wiseman, Newman and Manning in regard to Ireland.

Cardinal Manning pronounced the Irish people "the most profoundly Christian and most energetically Catholic on the face of the earth. . . . I hope you will see the noontide when they will be re-admitted, as far as possible, to the making of their own laws." Newman recognized them as "not only a Catholic people but a people of great natural abilities, keen-witted, original and subtle."

We may add that to many people they are incomprehensible because, as a rule, they have never been money grubbers and have lived close to the supernatural.

TIMELY WORDS

Some people imagine that man can be made moral by legislation, and that vice can be eliminated by education and exterior agencies. With disregard of the falsity of this principle they go blithely on, running the gamut of denunciation of the police and the government and advocating always the enactment of new laws. Just now they are chanting the praises of sex-hygiene as a deterrent to the present evil and a safeguard against the future one. Ex-President Taft scores these faddists in words that cannot but elicit the approval of educators who are interested in the moral welfare of the children committed to their care. He says roundly that the pursuit of education in sex-hygiene is full of danger if carried on in general Public schools. Any benefit that may be derived from frightening students by dwelling upon the details of the dreadful punishment of vice is too often offset by awakening a curiosity and interest that might not be developed so easily, and is too likely to set the thoughts of those whose benefit is at stake in a direction that will neither elevate their conversation with their fellows, nor make more clean their mental habit. I deny that the so-called prudishness and the avoidance of nasty subjects in the last generation have ever blinded any substantial number of boys and

girls to the wickedness of vice or made them easier victims of temptation. It has generally been possible for them to recognize sin, and to know that they ought to avoid it, without leading them into an atmosphere which they can hardly breathe without polluted suggestion.

A GREAT WORK

The Catholic Immigration Association of Canada is but at the inception of a work that must have far-reaching and permanent results. It is a work of urgent necessity and must be a factor in the shepherding and guiding of those who come within our gates. When the stranger comes to us it will be both a comfort and strength to him to feel the touch of a kindly hand and to hear the accents of the faith that is dearer to him than life itself. It will convince him that he is not a stranger but a brother member of the family of Christ. And when he settles in the cities or pins his future to the prairies, the memory of the greeting that he received, of the assurance that round about him are thousands of his Catholic brethren, will tend to make him proud of his faith and zealous in resisting attacks to destroy it. Needless to say that the work of this Catholic Association will prevent much of the "leakage" which we deplore. It is quite true that the mixed marriage is one source of defection. So is the home whose horizon is bounded by this world. The children of households that are saturated with indifference develop into adults whose Catholicity is so very attenuated as to be blown away by any gush of passion, by efforts to make pelf and position the supreme objects of existence. But "leakage" has also for cause our non activity in looking after our brethren who come to us from other lands. It is our duty to stand by them until at least they can find themselves. To let them go on without a word of sympathy and direction is to cast them out to be preyed upon by influences which they cannot understand and whose potency they are unable to realize. And if we do not help them others will contrive to make the sections in which they settle the breeding ground of "leakage," of indifference and apostasy on the part of their children.

UP TO DATE

Our esteemed contemporary The Christian Guardian should tell its readers what it thinks about the occurrence that lifted the Troy conference of the Methodist Episcopal church far above the commonplace. According to press reports, at a recent ordination of ministers the Bishop requested the wives of the candidates to kneel beside their husbands who were then commissioned to preach. The Bishop said in explanation that in the work of clergymen husband and wife should be recognized as equally important.

Mrs. Pankhurst will doubtless send a telegram congratulating our friends on their fairness and up-to-dateness. Here is something that may keep the editor from undue brooding over Rome. It may divert his attention and so help to restore his equanimity. He will, with his accustomed eloquence, denounce the innovation because he is one of the custodians of the "open Bible." Should he need any picturesque language he can easily get it from the Guardian's editorials in which the cause of religion in France against the Church was defended and championed.

IT IS TO LAUGH

Some time ago a chapel was dedicated to St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and Doctor of the Church in the Episcopal Cathedral of New York. The fact must have induced retrained laughter on the part of the Anglicans who have not parted with common sense. It is true that they copy our vestments and strut around in plumage concocted by ecclesiastical millinery establishments, but we did not think that they would steal a Catholic saint and place him in a church which is the home of doctrinal mobility.

The editor of America refers to the incident with a charming daintiness of expression:

"Those who knew him (St. Ambrose) intimately will recall, for instance, how fond he was of saying: 'Where Peter is there is the Church,' and 'they have not Peter's inheritance who have not Peter's chair,' how proud too, he was of his brother because the latter would not receive the Holy Eucharist till assured that the Bishop who brought it was in communion with the See of Rome; how careful he was to say Mass daily for his people and to pray while at the altar for his brother's soul. But never more alas! will his voice be heard exalting the Catholic creed; no longer will his life be a mirror of evangelical counsels. For the other day he apostatized from the Church and joined a sect which denies the primacy of Peter, and refuses to obey the Pope which makes belief in Christ's divinity merely a matter of opinion, and which rejects the sacrifice of the Mass, prayers for the dead, the invocation of saints and celibacy of the clergy."

We would think that the episcopal authority of New York would give a place of honor to some product of the "bright and blisful Reformation." To appropriate our saints is to confess that the ground ploughed and harrowed by Henry VIII. and other exponents of the pure gospel is sterile. But why not give lodgment to Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer? We confess that Cranmer's portly frame in a chapel all to himself might provoke readers of history to undignified language. But as all Anglicans are not given to books, we suggest that Cranmer, so often extolled, should be taken in and given a little space in the Cathedral of New York.

THE TIDE IS TURNING TOWARD HOME RULE

By Lindsay Crawford
(Staff Correspondent of The Toronto Globe.)

"You can't shoot an act of Parliament! The say they have no quarrel with the Catholics. Who, then, are they going to shoot? As I told one of the volunteers recently, all they could possibly do would be to shoot the administrators of the act and then they would be no better than the Phoenix Park assassins."

It was the Rev. J. B. Armour who spoke these words—the leader of the home rulers in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. Grey-bearded, approaching the allotted span, there was something of the old Covenanters in the flashing eyes, beaming brows, and inflexible mouth. When Gladstone decided to cut the upas tree of Ascendancy to the ground, Mr. Armour followed the Grand Old Man into the home rule camp. When many Liberals in Ulster were swept off their feet by the cry, "Protestantism in danger!" this sturdy Presbyterian divine from the famous Route Presbytery, Ballymoney, county Antrim, stood firm and weathered the gale. For years he was like a voice crying in the wilderness. But he has lived to see his courage and consistency rewarded. Protestant home rule is in and around Ballymoney comprise at least 60 per cent. of the Protestant population, and there are in addition many silent votes that will be recorded against exclusion should a plebiscite be taken.

MANY CONVERTS TO HOME RULE

Men known to the writer four years ago in this district as ardent Unionists are now as ardent Nationalists. Others who were timid and retiring have come out boldly into the open. But Mr. Armour has never wavered. He saw in Gladstone's conversion to home rule a natural sequence of policy, following disestablishment and land reform. Ascendancy must go if Ireland is to breathe freely. The roots that have struck so deeply into the soil of Ireland, choking growth, must be destroyed. But it is not the uprooting of Ascendancy in Ireland that has aroused the ire of the privileged classes. They know the day of their rule has already passed. What stirs them to such wrath and frantic efforts to block home rule is the fact that what Gladstone began in Ireland nearly half a century ago Lloyd George is undertaking to-day in Great Britain. Already the axe is laid at the root of the tree of landocracy in England, and, like experienced tacticians, the privileged classes have occupied the advanced lines of defence in Ulster, in the hope of delaying the struggle on British soil. It is not the first time Ireland has been the battleground of contending British parties, and the merits of her own peculiar controversies have been obscured by the smoke and dust of British party conflict.

Anxious to know how Presbyterianism stood in relation to the Irish question, Mr. Armour assured me that were clergymen free to express their mind freely fully one-third of the Presbyterian ministers would openly declare for Home Rule. "Over one hundred of the younger clergy walked out of the General Assembly when the vote on the Home Rule bill was taken. I need hardly say," said Mr. Armour, "I have not spoken to one of them

since. I shall go on with the fight were there only three to support me."

"You see," he continued, "Belfast is the Mecca of the Presbyterian clergyman. Every young man who enters the ministry hopes some day to occupy the pulpit of a Presbyterian church in Belfast. As the Orange influence extends to every congregation in that city there is a constant temptation to play to the gallery in matters political. This is one of the reasons why the Presbyterian clergy, and once the leaders of Nationalism in Ulster, are now largely behind the volunteer movement."

FEELING IS STRONG

"I had a funny experience recently in a train," resumed Mr. Armour. "A volunteer was talking excitedly to what the Ulster army would do if the bill passed. 'But my friend,' I ventured to say, 'who are you going to shoot?' He glared at me angrily and snapped out the reply, 'Not the Papists.' 'Who then?' I interjected. 'You will be one of the first to be shot,' he retorted, amid the general laugh of all in the railway carriage."

"Is the feeling so strong against Protestant Home Rulers?" I inquired. "It may surprise you to know," replied Mr. Armour, "that for the past twenty years or more I have never been invited to occupy a pulpit outside my own Presbytery. The boycott against men like myself has never been withdrawn, and I do not now anticipate any change for some time to come. Some Presbyterian clergymen have been forced out of the country altogether. One case I know where the clergyman refused to hold a Covenant Day service, and one of his elders held the service over his head. That minister subsequently went to the American continent, to enjoy the liberty of conscience which the so-called champions of civil and religious freedom denied him in his native land."

THE TIDE IS TURNING

"But the tide is turning, Mr. Armour," I ventured to hope. "Certainly it is," and his eyes flashed with the fire of a man who had gone through dark and lonely days and was now coming into his own. "I could name you one stronghold of Unionism in Ulster where changes have taken place in the several churches recently. The Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist ministers of this particular town are home rulers. The tide is turning. If the bill goes through as it is, many now on the fence will come down on the Nationalist side."

As I shook hands with this old veteran I could recall the days when he stood almost alone. It was men such as the Rev. J. B. Armour of Ballymoney who have held Ulster for many days when only men of great moral courage dared to face the boycotting and social ostracism which attachment to the Home Rule cause brought down upon them.

A MONSTROSITY OF JOURNALISM

The Menace according to its editors has a circulation of 1,820,000 copies weekly.

If this claim is on a par with most of their claims, it is a hell born lie. But let us take it for granted that the Menace has this enormous circulation. The publication has been a success from the start. This much is quite certain. The fact that a lying, slanderous, serpentine monstrosity of journalism, perpetrated in the name of liberty, polluted in every page, and putrid in every line, can succeed in the United States, staggers belief and puts credulity to shame.

The further fact that its supporters are the patrons and graduates of the Public schools, is a more damning indictment against that system of education that has ever been voiced by its bitterest enemies.

The Menace is an organ of mendacity, a mouthpiece of malevolence, a champion of bigotry, a defender of fraud, a promoter of prejudice, a herald of hatred, an inspirer of ill will, an inventor of falsehood, and is edited by a brazen brood of blatant bluffers known as Teddy Walker and Marvin Brown.

It goes without saying that these slandersome pose as patriots and parade in public as paragons of purity. They ask you to believe that the average Catholic priest is a menace to decency, virtue, innocence, honor and patriotism, despite the fact that many of them serve their parish for decades and succeed in winning the confidence and respect, not only of their own people, but the entire community. If what the Menace says were true, this would be impossible. The Truth Seeker of New York, the national organ of atheism in America has published a book giving a list of preachers who have committed crimes during the last thirty seven years and the editors frankly admit on page six that "comparatively few Catholic priests figure in this record." Nobody but a knave or a fool would condemn all ministers because of the few who go wrong.

In view of what Catholics have done to develop the Americanrepub-

lic, defend its flag on battlefields and uphold its sacred institutions in times of peace, the blanket charge that no Catholic can be a true patriot, sounds the very depths of infamy. Catholics have died for the glory of the flag on every battlefield of the republic. I would no more trust the patriotism of a man who could impugn the loyalty of Phil Sheridan, than I would trust the honor of a pimp. Like millions of others, General Sheridan was a true Catholic and a loyal American citizen.

Catholics would be more than human, if they could listen without protest to Menace lecturers lie about their priests, besmirch the fair name of the "Little Sisters of the Poor," and question their loyalty to the flag of stars. It is surprising in view of the provocation, that more riots have not occurred. The fact that Crowley, Clark, Seguin, Boles and Sims, can lecture in a community for a week or ten days and depart in peace, self-control and Christian forbearance of Catholics. No other class of American citizens have ever been so traduced and insulted in the press and from the platform. The injustice, the injury thus inflicted, must be resented and condemned by all fair-minded Protestants.—Brann's Iconoclast.

WHEELING PRIEST SUES THE MENACE

THE REV. F. P. ROSSMAN INSTITUTES LIBEL ACTION IN FEDERAL COURTS

From the Wheeling (W. Va.) Daily News, April 30.

Some months ago a sensational rumor was current in this city concerning the character and conduct of Rev. Father F. P. Rossman, a well-known member of the Catholic clergy of Wheeling. The rumor was persistently circulated and finally appeared in the columns of The Menace, a newspaper published in Missouri, apparently devoted to warfare upon the Catholic Church. Today a reporter of The News learned from an authoritative source that action for libel had been begun by Rev. Father Rossman, or rather by his attorneys against The Menace.

Father Rossman referred inquirers to his attorney, Hon. Frank A. Oxen of this city, and the latter in response to queries made the following statement:

"We have been retained by Rev. Father Rossman with the knowledge and consent of his superior, Right Rev. Bishop Donahue, to bring action for libel against the newspaper, The Menace, and action has been begun. The suit will be brought, or rather is being brought, in the Federal courts, and a firm of distinguished Western attorneys has been retained to co-operate in the trial. The suit will be brought at Joplin, Mo. The action will be based upon an article appearing in The Menace, in which serious charges were made reflecting upon the moral character of Father Rossman."

"In view of the widespread publicity given these charges in this city and vicinity, both by secret rumor and gossip, and by publication in The Menace, Father Rossman and his friends believe that nothing less than a complete and thorough investigation should be had. The case will be pushed vigorously, and we have confidence in the fairness and integrity of American courts and juries to insure an honest and full adjudication."

BOWING GOD OUT OF HIS UNIVERSE

On more than one occasion we have referred to the havoc "the higher criticism" has wrought in the ranks of Protestantism. We find in the latest issue of The Word and Way, of Kansas City, Mo., a Baptist organ, confirmatory proof of all we have said about the destructive effects of views of the Bible which, unfortunately, have gained wide acceptance with the Protestant sects. Our Baptist contemporary pithily sums up "the higher criticism" when it says that those who are championing it "are politely bowing God out of His Universe." A volume could not describe more fully the work of the new theology. It has begot among Protestants, according to the testimony of our Baptist contemporary, "spiritual blight and moral decay."

This is not surprising. A similar effect would be produced in the Catholic Church should Catholic bishops and priests, if such a thing were possible, preach Sunday after Sunday sermons which would generate doubts about the essentials of Catholic teachings. About a decade ago the Modernists undertook to carry on some such propaganda. We know how Pius X. dealt with this attempt to undermine Catholic Faith, Protestantism, possessing no similar means for combating Protestant Modernists, has been forced to stand idly by whilst the destructive work of the "higher critics" went steadily on.

In summarizing that work, The Word and Way declares that Protestants are taught that the Acts of the

Apostles are largely fiction and that the New Testament is a thing of shreds and patches. Dr. Abbott, Editor of The Outlook, is quoted as saying: "The new theology denies absolutely the old assumed distinction between the natural and supernatural," which is equivalent to a denial of the Incarnation, the miracles, the expiation, the resurrection and the ascension of Christ—in a word, everything that has been considered as an essential of Christianity goes by the board. The effect of all this is thus described by one commenting on the principles and methods of the Religious Education Association of Chicago: "Naturalism; Rationalism; Christ an example without being a Saviour; sin minimized if not ignored, and salvation left out; creedless conduct for the life, that now is, and let the life to come take care of itself; pedagogy paramount to piety."

Remember that the process of Christianizing is taking place under the auspices of organization that calls itself a "Religious Education Association." The critic we have been quoting says of this sort of education: "In many educational institutions the teaching of the Christian religion is tabooed, but there is no law against teaching religion."

"I can give you abundant facts to substantiate the charge that there are such schools that are hot beds of infidelity. To my certain knowledge some of them have become slaughter-houses of faith and morgues of piety." The case of a young man who was a student in a New England Divinity School is quoted. After listening to a lecture delivered by a Professor, he advanced to the Professor's desk and laying his Bible down on it, said: "If what you have been teaching us is true, I have no further use for that book."

That young man voiced the sentiment of all Protestants who have succumbed to the faith-destroying influence of the new theology. The Word and Way quotes the President of a New England Protestant Theological Seminary as declaring that the new theology has largely destroyed the spiritual side of religion, has caused the practical disuse of the Bible with its stores of spiritual nutriment, has brought about a loss of a present, living, daily Saviour, has done away with a sense of dependence, of the prayer life, of the life by faith. All of which shows that the Protestantism of to-day is losing its spiritual vitality, as a consequence of its diminishing belief in its former rule of faith—the Bible.—N. Y. Freeman Journal.

THE JESUITS

Dr Charles G. Herbermann calls attention in America (April 25) to an article in the Revue Historique, dealing with an historical document that was discovered recently by the superintendent of the National Historical Archives of Madrid. The document was dated between the years 1701-1768, and consisted of obituaries of 305 Jesuits of the old Kingdom of Aragon, addressed by the Superior of the various Jesuit houses to the Father Provincial. Dr. Herbermann thinks it likely that these papers were seized every Jesuit in Spain to be deported to Italy. "No documents could give us a more direct and reliable insight into the character and spirit of the Jesuits at the time of the suppression of the Order," he says. "Every class of Jesuits, high and low, from the simple lay brother to the Provincial, is represented." The analysis of these obituaries as given in the Revue shows that:

In the eighteenth century the Jesuits were men highly influential and greatly respected in the highest circles of Spain up to the very court, that they were looked upon as able educators, excellent instructors, eloquent preachers, and prudent directors of conscience. . . . Men of simplicity, of self denial and of spotless lives, zealous priests filled with the spirit of loyalty to their Order, the Church and their country, devoting their lives to good works and fearlessly facing death.—Sacred Heart Review.

AT ULSTER INCIDENT

Here is a little incident, writes a London correspondent, of truth showing the relations which really exist between Catholic and Protestant in Ireland:

For some days the Protestant rector of Donacul, County Downgal, has been missing. Search parties were organized to find the gentleman when he did not return from a fishing expedition or turn up at dinner at a neighboring house. Amongst the search parties was one composed of local Catholics, who gladly offered their aid. It was they who found the rod and line of the clergyman on the shore of Lough Aghnuch, a sinister discovery.

Immediately they proceeded to little Catholic chapel in the neighborhood and there offered up a rosary for the safety of the reverend gentleman if still alive, or for his soul's welfare if he had passed from this life. Could anything more adequately express the true charity of the Irish Catholic peasant to his neighbor?—Catholic Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Dominichino's "St. Catherine of Alexandria," one of the Italian master's pieces of the sixteenth century, discovered last year in a historic Scotch castle, has been authenticated in Paris. It was lost for two centuries.

A Spanish correspondent chronicles the reception into the Church of Mr. William Dawnhill, English Vice Consul in Granada. He received the waters of baptism in the Archbishop's chapel and at the hand of the Archbishop on April 15.

Belgian Catholics are erecting a national basilica to the Sacred Heart like that of the "national vow" of the French. The basilica of Belgium is to be one of thanksgiving for the many benefits the country has received from God during the seventy-five years of its independence. The site of the basilica is a commanding one, on the Plateau of Kakeberg.

The first native American Indian girl of British Columbia to be professed as a nun was recently received into the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Infant Jesus at Vancouver. The new religious is a full-blooded Shuswap, and among those who witnessed the ceremonial of her entrance to the religious life were several Indian chiefs.

The Rev. J. K. McDowell, B. A., until recently Vicar of Barrington, England, has just been received into the Catholic Church at the Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs, Cambridge, by the Very Rev. Monsignor Barnes. Mr. McDowell was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and at Ely Theological College. He was ordained in 1894 by the Protestant Bishop of Liverpool.

The Catholic University of Washington, under the will of Theodore B. Basseline, of Croghan, N. Y., will receive practically all of the \$1,000,000 estate of the lumberman and water-power. One hundred thousand dollars will go to the university for the erection of a hall of oratory, with the request that the donor's name be suitably recognized. The balance is for its maintenance. The sum of \$25,000 is given for a parochial school at Croghan.

The League of the Cross Cadets, consisting of 1,000 members, San Francisco's foremost Catholic military organization, were the first in that city to offer themselves for service in Mexico, says the Monitor. They are ready to strap on their knapsacks and shoulder their rifles in a few hours' time, and on the day that hostilities began announced their willingness to enlist in case President Wilson sends a call for volunteers.

Names of eight Catholic priests who have volunteered to serve in the American Army or Navy in case of war with Mexico have been sent to President Wilson. They are as follows: The Rev. John J. Brady, of New York; the Revs. Hugh Ryan and Theodore Peterson, C. S. P., of Washington; the Rev. W. Sherman of Freeland, Penn.; the Rev. William Colbert, of Wheeling, Md.; the Rev. James A. Harvey, of Crossville, Penn.; the Rev. L. Panicki, of Christopher, Ill., and the Rev. Francisco Vasquez Gomez, of New York.

One would have to search through the Pontifical directory, says the Home correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times, to find out the name of the oldest Bishop in the world. To discover that of the youngest is easy, for the Bishop of Prussia, Brazil, counts only twenty-nine summers. Bishop De Aquino belongs to the Salesian Fathers and is, I believe, the first Salesian to be elevated to the episcopal dignity. His ecclesiastical studies were made in the Gregorian university of Rome, one of his professors being His Eminence Cardinal Billot. He was ordained priest in Rome by the late Cardinal Respighi in 1909.

In the picturesque grounds of the Convent of the Faithful Virgin, London, two weeks ago, the funeral took place of Mother St. George, the last of the band of heroic nuns who assisted Miss Florence Nightingale in her noble nursing work in the Crimea. It had been suggested that a gun carriage should be lent by the War Office to invest the funeral with a military significance. That would have been a not unworthy honor, but it was found that it could not be accommodated in the convent grounds. As it was, the funeral was simple in character. There was a requiem Mass in the convent church, and the interment was afterwards made in the convent burying ground.

Right Rev. Alfred Carlyle, O. S. B., Abbot of Caldey, and founder of the community of convert monks, was ordained to the diaconate on Easter Monday at the Abbey of St. Benedict, Maredsous, Belgium. By special dispensation he is to receive the priesthood in June next and make his religious profession as a Benedictine, after which he will return to Caldey. It is expected that the monastery of Caldey will be raised to the canonical status of an abbey. The Holy See has granted a concession whereby religious may become choir monks without proceeding to the priesthood, which is invariably the custom with choir monks in the Benedictine Order.

AILEY MOORE

SALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW VICTIMS, MURDER AND SUICIDE PARTISAN ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER XIV THE TRIAL, AND MANY THINGS CONNECTED THEREWITH

There were many interests concerned in the trial of Gerald Moore, and therefore many agencies employed in bringing matters to a crisis. Of course each was influenced by some motive, and each aimed at some end—public justice being an infinitesimal part of either the object or the impulse by which people were swayed.

We fear we cannot exempt the Government from its share in "personal motives and considerations." From time to time "an example" is absolutely essential as an illustration of Government's activity, and a victim most desirable to prove a Government's impartiality.

The friends of Mr. Moore had numerous motives, too; but they almost all of them resolved themselves into affection for himself and Alley, and hatred of Mr. Joyce Snapper. The lord of Kinmacarra was a goose, it was believed, in everything unless the gender, and people minded him only as he wrought through Mr. Joyce Snapper.

There was a great array of lawyers on each side—an immense army of "wigs, Whigs and wags," as a very witty gentleman observed when he heard the list read over.

Some innocent people imagine that the scenes enacted in a court-house are all extempore, and that the ingenious question, the witty retort, the luminous aggregate of interrogatories, etc., are all fresh from the "laboratory of the brain"; but they are very much mistaken.

We congratulate, from our own convictions, the Crown Solicitor, upon his position and duties. He is the only man at the bar not exposed to the tiresome worry of "preparing witnesses."

In the back room of an hotel, two nights before the trial, were five or six gentlemen, each with a remarkable air of their power of "preparing witnesses." There were three wax lights on the table, which were mahogany, and two on the mantelpiece, over which was a large mirror.

"Finished," said the worn-out looking scrivener. "Very good," said the intelligent-looking man.

"The rascal!" cried the smoker, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and spitting into the fire.

"The man with the cat looked dog," said the smoker.

"Boran is very bad," timidly remarked the scrivener.

"My father, I believe, saw him yesterday," said the young gentleman with the cat.

"Here a knock was heard at the door."

"Come in?" roared the smoker.

"The man with the cat looked disgusted, and looked at the sofa also."

"A message from the cooler," said the scrivener.

"Let him in," said all.

"What the d—l are you all about," cried the Crown Solicitor, opening his eyes.

"The prisoner Boran is dead," said the scrivener.

"Dead!" shouted all together. Even the man with the cat and the scrivener were moved.

"He tore off the bandages of his arm," replied the scrivener, "and when discovered had nearly died from hemorrhage."

"Lost!" said the Crown Solicitor. And then all looked at each other, and were silent. In fact there was a long pause.

"The circumstances are still strong against the accused," timidly remarked the scrivener.

"The hour of his arriving home that night makes the proof of an *alibi* impossible. The two Forde's saw him, and one of them swears to his having fired the shot. The property found there and the beggarman will prove the conspiracy."

"The beggarman be d—d," remarked the man of fifty; "he knows more or less than he says; I swear he knows more, but the infernal devil is not superior to him."

"The case will go on, of course?" demanded the man with the cigar.

"Confound the whole squad of you," cried the man on the sofa, "go on to something else. Are we to sit here singing the obsequies of some clown from Connemara or some pickpocket from Cork street? Go on," he said.

There was a dead silence. "Conticure omnes." A great man had spoken—i. e. the man who pays the damage. We would like to see the man who has an unchangeable opinion against the learned gentleman on the sofa, simply to advise him to a more rational course—that is if he expects anything whatever, justice or generosity, or tolerance from the man on the sofa.

We would not conceal from the reader, too, that Mr. Gerald Moore's counsel had a long sitting and a vigorous discussion; but they were all doing their own business, not "the business of the Crown." Every one of them was remarkable also for strong opinions on certain subjects, which strong opinions were reprobated by their "learned friends on the other side."

"Well, Moore," said a gentleman with a massive head, Auburn hair, and clear gray eye, "well, Moore, shall we hang your namesake?" he demanded.

"What think you?" the learned counsel addressed reply.

"Oh, Mr. Leader," replied the first speaker, "you are an authority."

"An authority for giving my friends 'rops,'" replied Counsellor Moore.

"Good reason for giving them 'rops' sometimes, not to be strangled yourself, or pulled beyond your depth, my angle," retorted the first.

"Oh, hang such wit," replied Mr. Moore.

"Nay, you might give it rope."

"And so I do. I only wish it would use."

"Come!" said a tall, powerful-looking lawyer, "give me the cross-examination of 'Shaun a Dherk.'"

"I'm in there," remarked Mr. Moore; "but you may have 'Shaun' if you please. Take care of him, he's singing and poisoning."

"Don't fear; Shaun is an old neighbor of mine, and paid me the honor of a visit more than once. I'll manage Shaun."

"Hear, hear, hear," cried all. "An so the morning of the great criminal trial broke upon the city, which had waked before its time to watch the result of interests and exertions of which every one was aware. Long before the hour for opening the court-house, the gates were besieged; and a strong guard of 'Peelers' could with difficulty keep order. Crowds of women mingled with the men; and every one remarked that so many young and handsome faces had never been seen at Her Majesty's town of assize.

"Well, how will it go?" inquired the man who rubbed down the cat. "Much depends on Boran's testimony. We can easily keep his trial back, and his testimony will be available until he's convicted," said the man of fifty.

The attorneys are a great race during an assize. Men of one idea; they run, they fly, whithersoever the ideas direct, and their bags—the attorney's bag—fat or lean, according to the circumstances of its master's kitchen, is held by the neck so firmly, energetically, that you would say the attorney's bag wants to get to "court" in spite of its lawful master, and to bid defiance to any and all other bags. Then the "counselors" and their bags, and their strut and rollicking air, to show that their minds are full of fun, which they don't feel, and their pockets full of cash, which they never counted.

Every great counsellor have five or six small sized attorneys running at his heels, all designed to show what a first-rate adviser or pleader he is, and how full of business. The "management" of the profession is a great element of success—and why not, pray? Does not the "management" of things, so as to represent his own cause to the eye of the public, prove his capacity to "manage" the cause of the public, so as to affect the jury or the judge?

We could of course make due report of the proceedings of the crowd—the "cheers" for "Repale," and the loving "burra" for O'Connell! how local bigotry or folly, and with the irony for which a Tipperary mob is remarkable, celebrated the "beauty" of some fright—the "justice" of some villain, and the "sanctity" of some debauchee; but we may at another time have a better opportunity and more heart for such labor. At present we do not wish, by the humor of our friends outside, to mock the grave condition of our friends within; for reader, our case and our characters are as real as written history.

Moreover, we may as well allow the mounted police to come along the main street—the absurd halberdiers, with their silver-laced hats, white coats, yellow vests, and leggings, to follow; the braying trumpets, to be heard at some distance, announcing the coming judge (a disloyal fellow said the braying trumpet was a very fit instrument for preceding the judge of *assise*); the sheriff's white wand pointing out of the window of the judge's carriage, and the rush behind and before, and at the side of the same, "and so on," as our friend Mr. Joyce Snapper used so effectively to remark.

The Right Hon. — was on the bench, and beside him was the Lord of Kinmacarra. Drawn perpendicular to the bench, at each end of same, were two lines of lawyers— young and old enough to complicate any case, and to make anything legal, or the contrary. Behind the learned gentlemen, left of the judge, were the jury. Opposite his lordship were the witness-table, the dock, and the gallery, which looked all faces. About the bench, in various places, were bronzed "orange-women," selling their stores—boys with baskets of soda and confectionery; and in a box, from which the mysterious rod shot forth—shot forth nearly as far as the dock, was the sheriff.

The press was also in attendance, and examined or made their points to catch the electric sparks of wit which were to flash from themselves, or to seize those thoughts of others which they deemed to immortalize.

All ready," whispered Mr. Frylie, the Attorney-General.

"Hem, hem!" said his antagonist, Mr. Bonnell. And then there was a great unrolling of "briefs" (why on earth are they called "briefs"? and gentlemen put up their glasses to their eyes—and they raised up the papers—and they commenced to read them all with great rapidity and attention. The public is to understand that it is in a few minutes they make the preparation for these noble manifestations which the public is to see by-and-by. The amiable public, of course, believes all this—and so we chronicle the fact.

Reginald Moore stood within the dock, such as everyone had always seen him. The expression of firmness, perhaps pride, so natural to him, was, ever so little, deepened, and he was scrupulously neat in his attire. He stood easily and freely, and looked towards the bench. Old Father Mick was near Mr. Bonnell and all our friends, or nearly all, were here and there around the witness-table. Shaun a Dherk was not visible, nor was Mr. McCann. The silence was extreme.

Mr. Frylie rose and opened the charge; every word was heard with a distinctness almost painful. The right hon. gentlemen were earnest and impassioned, and developed the case with much clearness. Occasionally Bonnell played upon his irascibility by a humorous comment, but all agreed that he was perfectly master of the case, and put the various circumstances, each in its own place, with fine order. He spoke of the causes of enmity between the accused and the murdered man; of the gloomy character of the prisoner's mind; of what importance to the prisoner it was to obtain a certain bond; how the prisoner was seen on the night of the murder, and by more witnesses than one, to pass near the place of assassination; he had been seen by one respectable laborer in the act of firing the shot; the hour was defined by his return home, the arrival being ready to swear to the servant being ready to swear to the murder. His handkerchief was found on the spot where the murder had been committed; and he could not, in the face of such evidence, but congratulate the country upon the

efficiency of Mr. Joyce Snapper, J. P., S. T. M., who, notwithstanding the apparent high character of the prisoner, his pretensions, and his popularity, boldly pursued this case until he brought it to its present position. "And let me say," concluded the candid and ingenious Mr. Frylie, "that it is not creditable to the claims of the prisoner to behold on his part an array of council, which it is said cost one hundred pounds and more, while he holds in his possession the arrears of many years' rent due to a noble lord, whose name I need not mention. I call upon the jury to do their duty, and to vindicate by their verdict the fallen character of the noble county, and the blood of an honorable son of their soil."

Mr. Frylie was heard with awe, and they looked at him, when he closed, as one would look at his father's murderer, a regiment of soldiers being present.

Mr. Forde was the first witness called by the Crown; and Mr. Forde most readily answered the summons. In fact, Mr. Forde ran up "upon the table" most hurriedly, and rather wildly some thought, from the perturbation of his spirits, and some, more charitably, from his anxiety to see "justice" done to the law, and as from Mr. Forde looked badly, or as the popular voice declared, "villainously." He was pale and worn-looking, though well dressed; and the sinister or black scheming expression of the "souper," all the "low" people said, was stamped on his face and hung round his bearing. This may have been all imagination in the case of Mr. Forde; but we will back the assertion against all gainsayers, that nothing spoils a body—more than a mere physical body—more than a superstition. Of the soul there is no question, because they are all of them, as every one knows, knocking at the gates of hell with their eyes open. But the body—eyes, hands, feet, trunk, and gait, all spoiled without hope of renovation.

Of the few there are of them, we have seen a fair representation, and anything like the self-demonned, yellowish white look of sullen reprobation, and the mean, cur-like face of the wretches, we had never before heard. Idle, untrusting even by the high priests of error that paid the Judases the price of their souls; huddled together in some "colony," where they fester in houses built for their apostasy, they are shunned by all and they shun all, until fortune, or repentance, or death, takes them away from public scorn, and enables them to raise their heads and look at the sun, or hides them in a kind of corruption under the green sod.

"Well, Mr. Forde was an object of great curiosity, and many glasses were raised to many eyes for the purpose of scanning him more closely. We beg to say, parenthetically, however, that the glasses do not help half the people that use them, only to the small good of grinning graciously but "Rien ici has qui nait en soi sa vanite," as the philosophical Victor Hugo says, and we agree with him.

Mr. Forde was ready to swear, just as he had been prepared to swear; indeed, he was like a hound in a leash and occasionally ran ahead of the learned Crown counsel's wishes. But the learned counsel pulled him up, and then he would run back again, sorely tormenting the learned gentleman by the ready rapidity of his return. He was a most willing witness—all he wanted to know was what precisely he was expected to do; and his anxiety on this head frequently made him do more and less than was desirable.

Mr. Forde had seen Gerald Moore the night of the murder; had seen him go in the direction of the "lodge" of Kinmacarra; had heard the report of a pistol; had found Skerin shot through the side, had also found Gerald Moore's handkerchief on the spot; and no one can conjecture what other things he would have seen and known, if the learned counsel had thought fit that he should have seen and known them.

Mr. Forde wiped his face with the tail of his broadcloth coat, when the "Crown" sat down to rest himself and to such a "Chaney orange." And in truth Mr. Forde had good reason to take that little refreshment, because he had had hard work to encounter when he turned to the cross-examination. Mr. Bonnell put on a pair of formidable spectacles, and he eyed Mr. Forde most fearfully. Mr. Forde had great misgivings, and was near "blessing" himself, when the first question showed him some of the ground which he had to travel. As we remarked before, all the people of Ireland "bless" themselves in all circumstances of joy, sorrow, surprise, or pity. It is a "superstition" of theirs to be fond of the sign of salvation; and so frequently do they use it, that really, like St. Paul, it is clear they "glory in the cross." One of the weaknesses which they inherit from Tertullian and the early church is to cross themselves before and after food, commencing and ending all and every prayer—when the clock strikes, or the tolling bell tells the story of a new citizen's entrance into the world of spirits. Even the little fellows tumbling into the river for a peasant bath, or with wry faces taking physic for their body's health, they all, every one of them, "arm" themselves with the "sign of the cross."

Fifteen hundred years ago the "enlightened" Fathers of the Church had the same unmeaning practices, and 1800 years ago they celebrated it as a duty and an educational study, which things show that it would have been very well for "humanity," as our allies say, had the Earl of

Shaftesbury lived early enough to have been the schoolmaster of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, Tertullian, Origen, St. Ignatius and so forth.

We remember to have met a Protestant "clergyman" once upon a time—he is now our dear friend and a good Catholic layman; and this gentleman was not a little staggered in his stiff heresy by a scene in a country chapel—and "crossing" had much to do with it. "Crossing" is an act of faith. In danger it proclaims confidence in God's power; in joy it professes gratitude for God's goodness; in sorrow it is submission to His will; before all actions and enjoyments, before and after all spiritual exercises, it tells the Christian and the looter-on, that from Calvary all things have come unto us.

"All the Cross, oh! my soul, there are treasures of grace," is a line babbed by the infant, and spoken by the child of sorrow, when the green fades from his existence, parched hope crumbles, and he lies on his face by the Cedron's side, amid the dark shadows of Gethsemani. The old women of Ireland, moreover, are quite convinced that it drives away the "devil and his angels," and therefore cross themselves whenever they meet a bad person. They say also, that the Reformation banished the sign of the Cross "as from the enlightened" distaste of Satan, and from his fondness for the Reformers' company, he would not have any such obstacle thrown between them and himself. And finally, they say that every "true Protestant" has good reason to be disgusted and indignant at the effort to restore the said sign in the ceremonies of the English church, for nothing can be so destructive of the "spirit" which has always reigned in that institution.

Mr. Forde, then, had almost made the sign of the Cross at Mr. Bonnell's first question.

"You are one of the class of apostates, called Soupers?"

"I'm a Protestun."

"You have been once tried for petty larceny?"

"Is, an' freed."

"Oh, yes, certainly. You have been denounced by your former parish priest for drunkenness and debauchery?"

"I was spoke uv from the altar."

"For an attack on the virtue of a child and an orphan?"

No answer.

"On your oath, had you not been the vagabond of the parish, before you became a saint and a servant of Mr. Joyce Snapper?"

"Don't answer that question," said Mr. Solicitor-General.

Mr. Forde breathed more freely.

"Where were you the moment the shot was fired?" thundered out Mr. Bonnell, while the spectacles looked to Forde like the glaring eyes of a wild animal.

"I was—I was comin' from home."

"Come, sir, I know you, and you are in my hands. The fellow who makes his broken health and rotten character sound by his apostasy, is a great lover of justice. Where were you the moment, the very moment the shot was fired?"

"I—I was where I said I was."

"Don't be confused," said the Crown.

"Pray, sir don't interfere," retorted Mr. Bonnell. "The moment, the very moment, mind?"

"I was about a quarter of a mile away."

"Which side did the sound come from?"

"I don't know."

"On your oath, do you know the man that shot Mr. Skerin?"

"No."

"Do you know Shaun a Dherk?"

Here the Court became still, so still, that one felt as though everything had suddenly become dark.

"I saw him sometimes with the master."

"Who is the master?"

"Mr. Snapper."

"Had you any conversation with Shaun a Dherk before the murder?"

"I had often."

"Did you ever speak of your hatred of the prisoner, Mr. Moore?"

"No."

"Did you ever say, it would be well if he were out of the country?"

"I said he was a disturber, because he put the people up not to let the Bible readers in."

"Did you ever say the master would 'lose a fall,' or send him to Botany Bay?"

The witness looked astounded.

"Come, answer the question."

Shaun a Dherk was not very far from the witness-table. He had come in a few minutes before. Half-looking round, in his amazement Forde saw the beggarman. His, the beggarman's, face was apparently assuring. Forde felt the question in the face, and boldly answered—"I never said it."

"You positively swear you found the pocket handkerchief on the ground, the night of the murder?"

"Yes."

"Neither before nor after?"

"Yes."

police, and his wife and two children lived with them, too, so there was a very legitimate presumption that Mr. Forde did not acquire the wealth of this world by the common and humble ways of laborious industry.

When Mr. Forde had descended from the table, curiosity pricked up his ears to hear the name of the next witness, and expectation, if disappointed not disagreeably, for the next witness was Mr. Joyce Snapper. Mr. Joyce Snapper was very nicely dressed, as was his custom; at least, it was his custom to wear what he thought and believed was beautiful and exquisite; but as we remarked before, fine clothes ruined Mr. Joyce Snapper. Besides that the worthy Justice of the Peace and S. M. had a slight impression that the case was as described, an incident was added upon the present occasion, indeed two incidents, which were calculated to increase his embarrassment. The first of these was, that he had not been at all prepared for appearing second "on the table," and was induced to do so by an interview with Shaun a Dherk, who crossed the court to speak to him just before the closing portion of Mr. Forde's testimony. And the second was, that in jumping across the barrister's box, he (Mr. Snapper) brought with him, Mr. Solicitor-General, wig, exposing a very questionable cranium by the procedure. In fact, some malicious person, or persons, had tied Mr. Joyce Snapper, tail to the cue of the venerable law-officer's horse hair cap; and by that very unjustifiable conduct exposed two respectable men to very uproarious laughter. It is "credibly believed" that many persons would have been fined, and severe measures pursued to discover the delinquent, if happily, "the Court joining in the merriment," as the papers reported, had not given the whole thing the character of an innocent frolic.

Mr. Joyce Snapper, then, was very red, and indeed, profusely perspiring, when he took his seat in proper form and in the proper place. Mr. Crown Solicitor rehabilitate the outside of his head, and commenced to put the questions suggested by Mr. Joyce Snapper ere he left his place in the side-boxes.

He knew the witness Forde. Forde was a most faithful, loyal man; had never found Forde a liar, a cheat, or a dissembler. Forde had been of great service in diffusing the society's tracts, and carrying out ejections; he was much persecuted for his opinions; he knew that the murdered man had a bond, of which the father of the prisoner was the security; had once himself offered to purchase the bond, and is therefore sure that the murdered man possessed such a document. That bond had never been found; had heard the spoken of man named "Shaun a Dherk" spoken of; that poor man was a loyal, sober, conscientious, and indeed, most valuable man to the country; he had known him for years, and would have recommended him to the consideration of the local magistracy, but the poor man steadily resisted saying, "he did what he did, not for the magistrates, but for justice and for his country," and he, witness, believed him.

In the cross examination, Mr. Joyce Snapper swore, with the candor usual to such public characters, that he had no enmity to the prisoner; had never threatened "to send him out of the country;" he believed the Gospel—of course according to his own judgment of what it demanded—that he believed was true Christianity, and a great guard to Christian morality; he had never taken gifts for the exercise of his influence, but confessed that he feared both the prisoner and the parish priest; had thrown down the houses of the cottagers; would have spared them if they had embraced the Established Church; their sincerity or insincerity was nothing to him; Gospel truth would have their children.

"I appeal to the Court," cried Mr. Solicitor-General, "against this vague course of the learned gentleman on the other side; the learned gentleman can put no such questions to the witness."

"You are Lord Kinmacarra's agent?" demanded Mr. Bonnell, and seeming to pay no attention to the Crown.

"Yes."

"You look upon the prisoner's late demesne and mansion as very beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Miss Moore is said to be very beautiful?"

"And amiable?"

"She is, indeed!"

"And highly accomplished?"

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and cursed Snapper and "the Forde." Shaun a Dherk was very generally a favorite, because he had a free open hand, and promised difficult things to many, which he either did, or accident found them accomplished, when he had once promised them. But even Shaun a Dherk's popularity was no proof against the praise of Snapper and against the sworn declaration that he was "loyal."

Let not the writer be supposed to pass over another view of "loyalty"—the affection which a man has for the power which represents his "country." This is a burning love that is inspired by a country's history to glory, by her eminence, her influence, the distance which she guarantees to the liberty which she bestows, the solicitude with which she watches over her children, and the yearning devotion with which she ministers to them. All her beauties are represented by a "sovereignty," and all her claims are centred in it. To men at the English side of the Channel, this loyalty of the "affections" is familiar; but it would be a grievous error to suppose such a loyalty to exist in Ireland. It never has been, even for one moment of her historic connection with England, and there is no likelihood that it ever will be.

But there is a "loyalty" far above the "loyalty" of a mutable feeling—the loyalty of unchanging Catholic principle. "Protestantism," as Brownson says (after a hundred others), "is the religion of rebellion; it springs from rebellion, and was nursed in the school of resistance and change. The only security it can ever give to a state is to stand by it as long as its private judgment thinks proper. But the Church of Christ, as long as 'Caesar reigns, bows to him in the things which are of Caesar.'"

TO BE CONTINUED

BETWEEN TIM AND THE PADRE

The sun shone down pitilessly on the dusty plain, on the rough scrubby herbage and the cactus plants that stretched green fingers into the white desert in a vain attempt to wrest it from the universal drought. From the distance came the roar of cannon, and now and then the thunder of a thousand voices shouting: "That was without."

But within the mission there was peace that hovered above the ruins that war had left; the peace of death to some, of suffering for others, in the quiet shadow of the mission patio, where the cots of wounded men were laid in series under the low cloister. In the center of the enclosure a little fountain splashed and glittered in the sunlight amid orange trees and oleanders, making a pleasant sound that inclined to slumber.

The quiet priest of the mission, Padre Joachim, though he was of Irish parentage, passed from cot to cot soothing and comforting as he best he could. He was not ignorant of medicine, but without supplies he could do little for the men under his protection save shelter them from the heat and dust of the desert. They followed him with eager eyes, those American men of Irish and German and Italian parentage; even those with a long time of New England Puritan ancestry grew calmer for the presence of the grave old priest in his brown habit, whose eyes smiled at them as he passed along ever seeking those whose need was the greatest.

Lieutenant Tuttle closed his eyes wearily. His head ached, and the pain in his shoulder was like burning sword thrusts, but at length, utterly exhausted, he, too, fell asleep. Now and then a sharper pang than usual aroused him, and he swore; not loudly but the Irish boy in the cot next to him shuddered at the man's wild words. He was too weak to speak much, however, and besides, the lieutenant was his officer, and so military discipline sealed his lips.

The cannon shots grew less frequent and more distant as the day wore toward evening, and the shouting had ceased. The lieutenant noted it all, and understood that the battle was over, and he longed for news. How had the day gone and how many of his brave comrades had fallen? He could stand it no longer, and made a frantic effort to rise, but he was too weak, and in the pain of his wound admonished him to desist. He lay back weakly—and swore again.

A sigh came from the cot at his side, and he turned his eyes languidly in the direction of the sound. To his surprise, he encountered the familiar features of his own servant, Tim O'More, the life of the regiment and the most impressive joker of them all.

"Tim," he exclaimed, feebly. "Lieutenant," replied the boy. "You are wounded, too, I see." "Killed entirely this time, sir." The words came weakly but firmly. "Not so bad as that, Tim. You'll be better soon—curse this pain in my shoulder, he muttered. "I'd be at the front yet if it wasn't for that." The Irish boy's eyes glistened. "Dead then, sir, 'tis time you took a

rest; and there's hot work going on out there. We're better off 't it."

Lieutenant Tuttle drew in his lips in a low whistle of astonishment. This from Tim, the biggest dare-devil of them all, the boy who was always spoiling for a fight and seemed as though he could never have had enough of it! He began to think that the boy really was "killed entirely," as he had said. And then the Padre came again. This time he bent over Tim's cot tenderly and spoke to him gently. The lieutenant watched him, and saw him raise his hand for a moment over the suffering form. He saw, too, the restful look that crept into the lad's grey eyes and the calmness of them, even when the pain forced him to bite his lips lest he should cry out and disturb his comrades. He saw too, how the Padre's face softened when the boy spoke to him in some queer language that he had never heard before. And then the priest passed on with a gentle smile and a courteous inclination of his head to the officer.

Lieutenant Tuttle was annoyed. After all, Tim O'More but his servant, and he felt that it was his right as an officer to receive the first attentions of his host; but another glance at Tim's suffering face disarmed his resentment and even caused him a little quiver of shame, for he began to see quite plainly that the boy's hours were numbered.

The Padre paused unthinkingly from cot to cot, bending now and then to whisper words of consolation to one of the quiet occupants, and the lieutenant noticed that he always raised his hand in the same mysterious way as though he commanded some invisible enemy to be gone. The darkness fell, blotting out the fountain and the orange-trees, but the perfume of the white blossoms was heavy on the night air. For long the lieutenant lay awake, and over and over again when occasion demanded it he swore under his breath, and every time he swore Tim sighed softly. That sigh irritated him after a while and he began to connect it with his own profanity. He could scarcely realize that one of his men, and his own servant at that would dare so to express disapproval of his words. He swore again more loudly this time, to test the truth of his surmise. "Easy now, lieutenant," whispered Tim, softly; "try to sleep. You're getting yourself all wore out acting that way."

"What way, man?" "Swearing lieutenant! An' now I've said it. But I'll be dead in the morning, and you can't be angry with a dying man, now, can you?" coaxed Tim.

The lieutenant was nonplussed. He knew that Tim spoke truly, and that in all probability the morning would find him dead. Angry?—well not exactly—he wasn't angry, but it wasn't the thing for a man to speak to his officer like this. But of what use to argue with the poor boy? Tim had closed his eyes; he could see that much, for the moon had risen now and flooded their side of the patio with her soft light. Lieutenant Tuttle lay and looked at the handsome face beside him, and his heart was filled with pity for the youth thus early cut off. Tim opened his eyes again and smiled: "You aren't angry with me?" he whispered.

"No, no my lad. Don't think of it. You did me a good turn; saved me from wasting my breath, may be."

"That's it," returned the boy, eagerly, "that's it. Wasting your breath. When you want to swear say a prayer instead; it helps a lot better."

"A prayer," the lieutenant smiled, a little sadly. "Blest if I know a prayer, Tim! My memory's not good for such things."

"God help you sir! was the unexpected response. "God help me!" echoed the officer. "But that's a queer prayer, Tim."

"Maybe not so queer as you think, sir. 'Twas but a thought that came to me."

Their voices had attracted the Padre's attention, and he stole silently to Tim's side. So quietly did he come that they did not hear his foot steps. He paused for a moment with a half smile to listen to Tim's last words; then because the others about must not be disturbed, he came forward and motioned for silence, but when he saw the look in Tim's eyes and the peace of his face, he fell upon his knees beside the cot, questioning him.

"And the pain is all gone, Padre," concluded Tim. "I think I could sleep now."

"You are quite willing to die?" inquired the priest, anxiously. "Yes, Father, I know what it means when the pain goes—a few hours, that's all."

The priest sighed gently, but he raised his hand once more before he turned from Tim's side. He felt a light touch on his sleeve as he passed close to the lieutenant's cot, and turned to him at once.

"What is it? Can I do anything for you, sir? Anything at all?" "I don't know, Padre, but it seems to me that you might do the same for me as you did for Tim there. I've watched you all day, and when you have reached a certain sign the men have seemed the better for it—easier and quieter. I can't explain it."

Padre Joachim smiled. "I did nothing sir; only blessed them in God's name, unless it may be that I heard some poor fellow's tale of sin and folly, and he was the happier to know himself again the friend of God."

"Yes, yes, Padre. That is all right for Catholics. Of course, I don't be-

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lieve all that, but I think I should like that blessing you spoke of. It couldn't do me any harm," he added, whimsically.

"No; it couldn't do you any harm, and it might do you good, for the blessings of God works wonders for those who receive it right," returned the priest. "But you must go to sleep now. I will give you the blessing you ask for. May God make it fruitful to eternal life," he added solemnly, and Lieutenant Tuttle lay back very still and full of thought until he, too, fell asleep.

The morning sunshine woke him, and his first impression was of the bubbling of water and the soft cooing of pigeons. He opened his eyes slowly and looked about him. The sun was falling in long slanting rays athwart the waters of the fountain, making a brilliant rainbow that spanned the broad basin. A dozen or so of pigeons, were perched upon the rim, bowing and cooing to each other, and between whistles they dipped their bills into the cool water to drink. The lieutenant watched them idly for a few moments; it was as though he dreamed. Then a sharp pain passed through his wounded shoulder and the quick word that rose to his lips turned strangely into the words of Tim's prayer—"God help me!"

It was so rapid that he was scarcely conscious of having thought at all, but the words brought Tim to his remembrance and he looked toward his cot. For a moment he thought that he was dreaming still, but his shoulder was stiff and painful, and he knew that he must be awake—only—Tim's cot was empty—and as he still looked, another was brought in to fill it—an old soldier with a deeply scarred face, a Mexican.

He was silent. Not even a groan escaped him as his comrades laid him down with rough tenderness, yet the pain must have been almost intolerable for he was fresh from the hands of the surgeons. The Padre came to him very soon and knelt by his side, while the old man made his confession brokenly. Again the lieutenant watched and again he saw the mysterious power of the priest; yet when Padre Joachim turned from his task and would have spoken to the officer, the latter feigned to sleep. The priest looked steadfastly at him for a moment and his eyelids flickered, but his lips were grave as he raised his hand in blessing ere he passed to another who needed him more urgently.

Another ten days passed. With the finishing of the battle had come the end of the war, and wounded combatants from both sides mingled at the mission, and fought their battles over and over again in friendly fashion. Many left that calm refuge for home, come to rejoin their returning regiments, others for the "Long Journey."

The old Mexican recovered slowly. He was a man they couldn't kill. But this time he would fight no more, for he was hopelessly crippled. The lieutenant was able to be up. The bullet had been extracted from his shoulder, and the shattered bone carefully set. It was a painful wound and long in healing, but the lung had escaped, and in time he would be quite well again. Now and again he tried to converse with the old Mexican, but the man's Spanish was so mixed with Indian and other words that it was very uphill work. Moreover, the lieutenant was still weak; neither was he a patient man, and his favorite ejaculation, "God help me!" made the Padre smile, it was so like swearing.

Now and then the priest would stop and speak to him courteously, but he avoided mentioning religion and Tim O'More, and the lieutenant's reserve was adamant. Yet for all that he had learned many things, and perhaps chief of them all, not to mock at that which he could not understand. When at last he, too, went home to Boston he bade farewell to the Padre with unaffected regret.

The priest sighed a little when he was gone. He had partly guessed the young man's state of mind—perhaps, too, he had permitted himself to hope, but—Padre Joachim's eyes grew strangely bright as he raised them for a moment to look into the sunset—"there is always prayer," he murmured.

For a time the lieutenant almost forgot those painful days at the mission in the pleasant bustle of his return and the loving greetings of kinsfolk and acquaintances, who vied with each other in doing honor to the returned hero. In fact, for a few weeks a friend might have feared for him lest the universal homage should do him harm. But his own good sense—and the prayers of Padre Joachim—upheld him through the ordeal.

After a while he grew tired and slipped away into the country, where

he might have room to think. He told them that he needed quiet, and he spoke truly; he needed it more than he thought.

The village that he selected was not very remote from the city—just far enough away to be out of sight and sound of the houses and the people—and it stood amidst gently rolling country and green fields and pleasant woods, where the violets sprang blue amongst the tender green of young ferns, for it was May. Here he could sit and dream, and here, too, now and then, of the long hot days at the Mexican mission, and the Padre, and the boy Tim who had taught him the one prayer that he knew and used. He strolled into a little graveyard one day and wandered amongst the flowers and the tombstones until he came to a gray granite cross that stood alone.

He approached it carelessly to read the inscription, and found that it had been just erected to the memory of the Catholic men who had fallen in the war, and amongst them was the name of Tim O'More, late of the Regiment. And the long list was followed by the usual prayer for the departed: "Requiescant in pace."

Lieutenant Tuttle bared his head. "God help him, if indeed he needs it!" he prayed, not knowing that he had said the words aloud. A woman who had knelt behind him touched his sleeve deprecatingly. "Twas you was Tim's officer?" she asked timidly.

"I—er—yes," he hesitated: "and you?" "I am his mother, sir. Tell me how he died, if you can. Did he have the priest?"

"He died beside me, ma'am, while I slept. He was a good lad, and he was cared for by Padre Joachim. He—he taught me to pray. Ma'am, I was a heathen before then, and 'twas Tim taught me to say 'God help me,' instead of swearing at the pain."

"Then—you are not a Catholic," she sighed. "No, ma'am. But I may be one—and that soon—I don't know, but that boy's end and Padre Joachim's blessing have inclined me to believe."

She forgot her own sorrow for a while in the joy of her Catholic soul, while she poured out a flood of strange language that he dimly recognized as that in which Tim had held converse with the priest. Yet though he understood not the words of her canticle, he discerned therein the faith and love and wonder and gratitude of an Irish mother's heart. She grew silent at last, and led him to the tiny white and green cottage that nestled among the pink-tipped apple blossoms close to the little wooden church.

There she bade him be seated, and gave him buttermilk, and suffered him to tell her his story—and Tim's—in his own way. Soldier like, he told her of fierce fighting, and of deeds of valor, and of her boy's unselfish gaiety but he drew a veil of silence over their sufferings and hardships for he remembered the tenderness of her mother heart. After a while she left him, feigning to remember some duty, and bidding him not stir till she returned.

"Sure, 'tis the priest must do the rest; but he's Tim's convert, Glory be to God!" she murmured joyfully, as she slipped away and stole by a back lane to the rectory on the other side of the church.

Five years had passed, Padre Joachim walked slowly across the white sand to the brand new station that was one of the results of the war. He was old, and the anxieties of that time had aged him still more, so that he had petitioned his superiors to send him an assistant, for many of his people lived a day's ride from the mission.

"Maybe I shouldn't have asked," he thought, fingering his rosary nervously. But then he remembered his feebleness, and his dear people who lived so far away—so very far away. "All is good that God provides," he told himself, and just then he had no time for any more thoughts of the kind, for the train came snorting and panting into the little station in the midst of a cloud of dust.

There was only one passenger. He would have known the tall, soldierly figure among a thousand, and he seemed to reach the Padre's side in two steps.

"You didn't know that they were sending me, Padre?" he cried, and his blue eyes danced with the joy of it. "No. Father Guardian said a young man from the seminary."

Father Timothy laughed. "And when I had told him all about my days here at the mission, he said that I had a right to come and prove my gratitude, for it was your blessing began it, Padre."

"And Tim's prayer!" dashed back, the old man.

"You heard that?" asked Father Timothy, in surprise. "Aye, that and more, God help me," returned Padre Joachim. "Well, thank God, you're here safely. Come to the mission now, and cool off. To-morrow we'll go to work."—Mary Agatha Gray, in St. Anthony's Almanac.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1914

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

We have been very insistent on the necessity of curtailing the needlessly long elementary course usually inflicted on pupils regardless of the consideration of industry or mental capacity. If it would be absurd to make a delicate child take precisely the same course of physical training as a sturdy young athlete, or to limit the latter to what is suitable to the former, it seems not less but infinitely more absurd to make all our boys and girls take precisely the same time to complete their elementary course of studies.

Discussing this question the Rev. John M. Waldron, in America, says very pertinently: "If twenty years of school attendance is asking the unreasonable and, for most of our people, the impossible, we are confronted with the problem of gaining one and if possible two years somewhere in our system. In Europe, it is the rule, rather than the exception, for the collegian to get his first degree before he is twenty. Why should we exceed this by two or three years? We are not prepared to admit that our pupils are less gifted, neither can we claim that their parents are financially better able to carry the burden of this drawn-out process. In Europe most children begin their foreign languages in their tenth year. In America our children begin this work in their fourteenth or fifteenth year. Why this delay? Most college men will agree that it is possible to bring a well-prepared boy to his college degree within three years of academic and four years of college work.

There is another serious consideration which should be taken into account. Our boys now leave the elementary school in their sixteenth year quite as often as in their fourteenth. That is when they complete the course; far too many leave before that. This is the worst possible period of the boy's life to throw on him the decision as to whether he will enter on the secondary course. For, after all, the boy himself has a good deal to say in this decision. He is just undergoing physiological changes. He is usually somewhat shy. He is unsettled. He is not a man, but he feels he is no longer a child. A few years later he will not feel so old. This has been called the "hobble-dehoy" period. Could a more unsuitable time be chosen for him to determine whether or not he will continue at school? Nay more, take up a new course of studies? If he had been already a couple of years in high school or college he would continue as a matter of course. And a couple of years earlier he would, also as a matter of course, be in a much larger measure, guided by the wishes of his parents and by the advice of teachers and friends.

Without pressing the matter too closely we submit to all interested our conviction that only by shortening reasonably the elementary school period shall we materially increase the number of those who will begin a college course, or having begun, will persevere to the end.

If this be true, it is obvious that present conditions very materially lessen the number of available candidates for the priesthood. This is a consideration which in itself makes the question of unnecessary long detention of our boys in primary school work one of great practical importance and one which we are sure will engage the earnest attention of zealous priests.

AN INCOMPLETE STORY

While the Kikuyu controversy was raging so furiously in the English press that despatches to our own papers assumed an alarming tone Canada contributed a soothing and very hopeful letter to the discussion. This contribution was from the Anglican Bishop Du Vernet of British Columbia who stated that some years ago in Prince Rupert he invited all to come and receive Easter Communion. In his own words: "The scene on that Easter Day was a memorable one. Roman Catholics, Orthodox Greeks, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, as well as Anglicans, came. Together we sang most heartily 'The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord.' Together we knelt side by side and partook of those sacred elements which, variously interpreted, meant for each and all the Holy Communion, the Fellowship Divine."

This, doubtless, was calculated to reassure the insular and frightened 'Catholic' Anglicans "at home" that Kikuyu pointed the way to real reunion. Indeed Prince Rupert appeared modestly to suggest that Kikuyu was nothing new and only a weak imitation of what was going on elsewhere under the Apostolic Anglican Bishops in distant parts of the Empire. The Times' head-line saw the point and Bishop Du Vernet's letter appeared under the heading "A Canadian Kikuyu." But the head-line of the Thunderer saw more than that as he clearly indicated by the sub-heading: "Roman Catholics at an Anglican Eucharist."

Catholics, however, were not so easily duped. The London Catholic Times wrote the Catholic Bishop Bunoz, Prefect Apostolic of the Yukon, now resident in Prince Rupert. Bishop Bunoz referred the query to a committee of pioneer Catholics who sent the following reply: "The scene on that Easter Day was a memorable one. Roman Catholics, Orthodox Greeks, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists of course; we are comprehensive enough to include these at home; at least we have sections if not sects in Ecclesia Anglicana which would fain fraternize with Orthodox Greeks, and others with the Baptists. But 'Roman Catholics at an Anglican Eucharist' is a consolation to all. Roman Catholics are so logical, so simply consistent, that their position compels consideration from too many Anglicans. So 'A Canadian Kikuyu' with a pointed sub-heading was just at the time most opportune as well as very consoling."

Prince Rupert, B. C., Feb. 27th, 1914. Dear Sir: We the undersigned members of the Catholic congregation of the city of Prince Rupert, who have been resident here since the inception of this city, have had our attention drawn to correspondence sent to the London Times and Daily Mail of London, England, signed by F. H. Du Vernet, Bishop of Caledonia, of the Anglican Church, stating that Catholics had associated themselves with other religious denominations in receiving the sacrament of Holy Communion at an Anglican ceremony in this city some five or six years ago. We absolutely and unequivocally contradict the above statement and unhesitatingly pronounce it an interested falsehood, which does not contain a scintilla of truth so far as Catholics are concerned, and we challenge Bishop Du Vernet to name one Catholic who has participated at his Communion Table since 1906. Prior to that date the town-site of Prince Rupert was an unbroken, uninhabited forest.

Yours faithfully in Christ, DANIEL W. MORRISSEY FRANCIS W. KELLY GEO. J. MORRISON HUGH McEACHERN PATRICK DOHERTY. Bishop Bunoz vouches for the fact that the signatories are "good Catholics and irreproachable citizens." He adds, also, the following interesting and relevant fact: "Five or six years ago when Prince Rupert was only a railway camp and Catholics were only a few, they had not immediately a resident priest. Yet these few Catholics when Easter time approached sent for a priest five hundred miles away in order to have an opportunity to make their Easter duty. At their request, Rev. Father Thayer, O.M.I., came from Vancouver for that purpose, and they received Easter Communion from his hands. These men surely did not go to the

Anglican Church hall for communion. In fact, although I have been here four years, I never heard of such an apostasy."

The Catholic Times of course published the answer to Bishop Du Vernet's riddle. Its great namesake, however, condensed the letter into a fair enough summary but gave the paragraph space in an obscure corner without startling heading or significant sub-heading.

It can not be supposed that Bishop Du Vernet was guilty of deliberate falsehood; but he must now be aware that he was grossly deceived by somebody. Prince Rupert has a short history; and the Bishop's vivid recollection of the "memorable scene on that Easter Day" should furnish clues to some Anglican Sherlock Holmes eager to vindicate the Bishop's veracity. True, of the vast numbers who read of the "Canadian Kikuyu" a large proportion will not have seen the repudiation by the Prince Rupert Catholics of the doubtful distinction thrust on them by the Times' sub-heading. This is a consideration which, we hope, will not weigh with Bishop Du Vernet. If he was in good faith when he made his picturesque contribution to the Kikuyu controversy he should now add to this story a short concluding chapter which might not inappropriately be entitled—Moral Courage. In fact we have been waiting for this chapter; but lest it should be too long forthcoming we give the incomplete story, with the promise to add the missing chapter when it is written.

WEAK AND UNORGANIZED

The Globe quotes E. B. O. who writes the notes on Canadian affairs in the National Review an English Tory source of information and enlightenment: "The political influence of the Orange lodges is altogether out of proportion to their numerical strength, large as it is. It is invariably exerted in favor of the Imperial connection, and that is why the Canadian Orangeman is generally—though not at all times and in all places—a staunch supporter of the Conservative party, whose Imperialism cannot be questioned. In comparison with the Orangemen, the Irish settlers from Roman Catholic Ireland are weak and unorganized. In Canada, as in the United States, these men are seldom settled on the land; the great majority are wage-earners, navvies, and so forth, and wage-keeping is the only industry of which the more intelligent can be said to have a grip. There are, of course, brilliant exceptions."

This must be interesting and instructive reading for English Tories who are just now showing such patriotic and unselfish devotion to Imperial interests. They will be delighted to know that "Imperial connection" is safe at the Canadian end. It is no less interesting to Canadians. It is consoling to read that "the political influence of the Orange lodges is altogether out of proportion to their numerical strength." But is it true? If political influence be measured by the political promotion of individual Orangemen, it is perhaps true. After that—well Orange lodges can be kept busy in repelling attacks on "Imperial connection." As a matter of fact there is an element in the voting population of Canada so easily and so often humbugged as the Orangemen? "The Irish settlers from Roman Catholic Ireland are weak, and unorganized." That is in a sense probably true enough. But one of the stock arguments to keep the Orangemen "organized" is that the Catholic Church is a huge political machine controlling absolutely the votes of its members. Religious weeklies ring the changes on the same old song. It helps to make it easier for the boss-ridden Orangeman to resist any temptation to independent thought or action. But then it can't be true that we Irish Catholics are "weak and unorganized" and at the same time so controlled by the "Roman hierarchy" as to make the Church a huge political machine. No, E. B. O. was writing for British consumption. And the Orange political bosses have in view the importance of making it appear that the galling yoke of politico-religious "organization" is necessary for Canadian Orangemen. And it is—for the political success of some of them.

It is quite true that there is no freer vote in Canada than the Irish Catholic vote. It is free from pulpit appeals to religious prejudice; free from childish religious fear; and free, thank God, from anything approaching the "organization" of the Orange lodges. To that extent it is "weak and unorganized." It may be a regrettable thing from the point

of view of a certain type of politician; but it is a good thing for Canada.

Irish Catholics navvies! Well that was in a measure true a couple of generations ago. Now, however, the great majority of the successful contractors are Irish Catholics, while the navvies employed by them are British born when they are unable to get a better type of laborer.

The Globe commenting on E.B.O.'s Canadian notes says: "Such gross libels embitter the Irish question and make its solution difficult. As a matter of fact many of the leaders of Ontario's intellectual life are Irish Catholics, while in trade and commerce they have held their own with the best of their competitors of English and Scottish descent. The libel of E. B. O. is on a par with much of the rubbish that takes the place of argument against Home Rule."

It is the sort of rubbish that defeats its own object in the long run.

A POLICEMAN'S SERMON

The disappearance of some London girls, and subsequent "white slave" talk on the duties of policemen brought out this from a policeman to an Advertiser representative: "The trouble with a great many people is that they let their daughters run loose on the streets before they are of an age to take care of themselves," said one police officer. "There may be something in the white slave talk, but how can the police act if there is no notice given of a disappearance until weeks after the parents have known of it. The officers are just as human as anyone else. They would not hesitate to act if they could get the necessary information, but usually there is not a fact upon which to work. Girls may have left the city of their own accord. Some of them may have been enticed away. If this happens it would seem necessary for the police to provide an escort for every susceptible child that walks the streets. Let the mothers of these girls give them the proper attention and you will not hear much of disappearances. Why I see 'bums' on the streets with girls who come out of good homes. I warn the girls, but they seek out the same companions again. It's time the loafers who ogle girls were made an example of."

Now there seems to be a good deal of common sense in the officer's view of the question; a good deal that mothers and fathers, too, should take to heart. If the law is to be invoked in the premises it is the parents who should be made an example of. The New York Times tells of a league of mothers and fathers in that city which seeks to establish more wholesome standards for children yet at school. The president, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, admits that they "are still thinking somewhat nebulously, rather than concretely, along many lines." Some of the evils appear to be anything but nebulous. Concretely they are "indiscriminate theatre-going and the dissipation involved in late hours at dancing and other parties and in excessive social activity of all kinds." The heads of boarding schools confess that on talking with a group of boys and girls after a vacation one is "struck with their poor physical condition, with their talk of social gatherings they have attended and with the demoralizing character of the plays and musical comedies they have seen and heard."

Mrs. Hammond very naturally but somewhat nebulously and helplessly remarks: "It seems to many of us that not only New York life, but our whole national existence sadly lacks the spiritual note in education and elsewhere."

The object of the league seems to be to establish some sort of gregarious sentiment that will lend moral support to "conscientious parents who thoroughly disapprove of the tendencies of the times but who find themselves pulling against the stream." An apparently insuperable difficulty as things are is that "their children say truthfully: 'All my friends have been allowed to see that play' or 'if I come home from the dance at 11 I shall be the only one to do so, and besides, the dance will hardly have begun.'"

These are not the problems of the struggling poor. No, the names of the officers in the Mothers and Fathers League are the names of those who are first in wealth and social position. Their groping after "simpler domestic and social life" for their children, their recognition that their unrestrained license and fevered fun are plainly unwholesome and unhealthy, though no great concern of ours, nevertheless affords an interesting and useful social study. These are the people whose philosophy proclaims that it is better to have few children who shall be well reared, well educated, well-trained

mentally, morally and physically. The only reference to religion in the lengthy dissertation on their aims and methods is this: "There are those among us who are trying to go deep into these matters, and who feel that what we really need is a working and a workaday religion which will lead, through definite activities, rather than through abstract philosophies, toward lives of actual service."

Here we have an echo of the vague but still dogmatic talk of "the religion of the future." We can learn nothing of the past, we are afraid to look the present squarely in the face, we are concerned with the future. Our children may be going to hell before our eyes, but what of that, their great-grand-children will be properly born when the eugenic policeman shall have had time and opportunity to properly mate the parents. Meanwhile the unfit are eliminating themselves, and it is a pretty safe prediction that those who are frantically concerned with the religion of the future, the ethics of the future and the children of the future will have left not a trace of influence on future generations which in all probability will be descended from the same people of the present generation who live in the present guided by the experience of the past.

It is not to mothers' leagues or to policemen or to futurist preachers or to vaguely sonorous resolutions that we must look for the preservation of wholesome standards of child life and progress in civilization. It is to a realization on the part of parents that God's commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother" imposes the sacred and binding duty of conscientiously exercising parental authority not less than the correlative duty of filial obedience. It is not the religion of the future that is going to help us but the religion of the present. The only religion of present or future that can heal human ills is none other than that established by Christ the Son of God, definite in its standards for young and old, and vitalized by God's Holy Spirit. "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

BOYCOTTING

The other day we read of an English committee that visited Ireland and on returning denounced Nationalist "misgovernment" in the Catholic South. The English visitors discovered cases of "boycotting" amongst the trembling Protestants.

On the value of such an opportune "discovery" we are not in a position to form an opinion. But Harold Spegie, an intensely Protestant but honest Englishman, wrote this: "After spending many weeks in Ireland, after going here, there, nearly everywhere, after meeting numerous people circumstantially to know the truth of Irish social life, I returned to England with not one single case of Catholic persecution in my notebook. Among all the good and earnest Protestants I met in Ireland, none could tell me of a single story of Catholic bigotry. It is most important for the liberal-minded English Protestant who reads this chapter to remember that no Irish Protestant ever complained to me of Catholic persecution, or hinted at Catholic intolerance."

Now read Lindsay Crawford's letter in another column of this paper. Mr. Crawford quotes the Rev. J. B. Armour, a sturdy and white-haired Ulster Presbyterian clergyman who has, nevertheless, the courage of his political convictions, and is a staunch and uncompromising Home Ruler: "It may surprise you to know," replied Mr. Armour, "that for the past twenty years or more I have never been invited to occupy a pulpit outside my own Presbyterian. The boycott against men like myself has never been withdrawn, and I do not now anticipate any change for some time to come. Some Presbyterian clergymen have been forced out of the country altogether. One case I know where the clergyman refused to hold a Covenant Day service, and one of his elders held the service over his head. That minister subsequently went to the American continent to enjoy the liberty of conscience which the so-called champions of civil and religious freedom denied him in his native land."

A PROTESTANT AMONG CATHOLICS

A Protestant councillor of West Clare, Ireland, Mr. W. C. Doherty, goes on record in the Freeman's Journal as follows: "I am a Protestant living in West Clare, which has a population 98 per cent. Catholic. Yet this community, intensely Catholic as it is, has elected me for six years a member of Killyrush Rural District Council and Killyke Town Commissioners. In one of the contests I was elected as head of the poll against Catholics."

A PROPHECY FULFILLED

Those who do not look deep down into the soul of things are apt to affect a very superior air at the sight of some old Irish peasant woman "telling the beads." Week-end trippers have smiled a pitying smile at the simple ignorance of the people that attributes something supernatural to a mere string of beads. Passing by the open cabin doors of Ireland they hear the mechanical repetition of the Hail Mary, and thank God for the superior intelligence of Protestantism. And yet, did they but understand, the brown beads passing through the fingers of a grey haired daughter of the people as she sits by her cabin door, is one of the strongest proofs of the divinity of the Catholic faith. Soon after Gabriel had announced to Mary that she was to be the mother of God the Virgin went over the hill country of Judea to visit her cousin Elizabeth. And after Elizabeth had marvelled at her condescension in coming under her roof, and had saluted her "blessed amongst women," Mary broke forth into the sublime prophecy of the Magnificat, "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." The old woman with her brown beads is but fulfilling this prophecy. Take away the Catholic attitude towards Mary and the prophecy of the Magnificat is void, for the Catholic Church alone calls Mary blessed. Yes, indeed, all generations, since that first day among the Judean hills, have pronounced her blessed among women. Elizabeth and the Irish peasant woman are linked across the ages by the bond of faith. Many, having eyes, see not, for the foolish and the little children confound the worldly wise. Thank God for the faith of the Mothers of Ireland, for the church that proclaims itself the church of Mary's Son in so much as it honors the Mother of Jesus. COLUMBA.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

The following letter will interest the generous contributors to the Father Fraser Fund. Evidently the far off Chinese fields are white with the harvest. Each one of us should consider it a privilege as well as a duty to help at least by prayer and financial aid according to his means. Father Fraser speaks of the sacrifice made by those who have come to his aid. The glimpse of his apostolic life afforded by his letters will surely inspire others to make some little sacrifice that will give them a share in his heroic missionary work. Catholic Mission, Taichowfu, China, April 3, 1914.

Dear Mr. Coffey,—I have just returned from a month's absence in a city forty miles from here which is also in my parish. As the route there is infested with brigands I left orders that no correspondence should be forwarded, which accounts for the delay in answering your well come letter of Feb. 10, containing the generous subscription of the RECORD friends to my mission \$1,320.80. I am very thankful to you for making an appeal in my behalf and to them for their exceeding kindness. I am sure this sum represents many a great sacrifice. May God reward the donors and give them everlasting life! In the city above mentioned I am building a big church to accommodate the hundreds of converts who have recently embraced the Faith. It is the first church in that city and neighborhood. This sounds well, does it not, for the propagation of the Faith? I laid the corner stone on March 15 and hope to complete the structure in two months. It is of brick, 114 feet long by 50 feet wide. Father Yao my native assistant and I planned the church, and now we are overseeing its construction between us. He went there today. I also bought, a few days ago, a piece of land in a town ten miles still further away where there are many converts with the intention, if my friends aid me, of erecting a church. I would like to build a hundred churches. I think this would be a most efficacious means of confirming in the Faith the newly converted and attracting many others. For the Chinese pagans do not pay much attention to what they hear but only to what they see. The big church I am putting up is creating a great stir among the population. The people here have any number of pagan temples and very magnificent ones and if all I have is a barn to offer them in which to adore God our religion appears too miserable for them even to give it a thought. The time is now ripe for every kind of missionary endeavor. We must show the pagans by word of mouth, by example and by building churches that our holy religion is superior to theirs in every respect. They will be drawn into the Church for they are now for many reasons losing faith in their idols. May God send us help,

more missionaries, prayers for our intention and temporal aid. Yours faithfully in Christ, J. M. FRASER.

FOR THE TRUTH-SEEKER

Here are a few interesting questions Catholics may with justice ask of their Protestant fellow-citizens who are inclined to give any sort of credence to the Menace Islanders. Did you ever hear of a Catholic priest who had been a Protestant clergyman maligning his former co-religionists? He was always willing to present arguments and present them forcefully; but did he ever attempt to soil his nest?

Did you ever hear a Catholic priest assert that the Protestant clergymen as a class were lecherous beasts, in the company of whom good woman-kind was unsafe?

Did you ever hear a Catholic priest or Catholic layman say one single word against the character or even against the sincerity of the Methodist or Lutheran deaconesses, or an Episcopalian nun?

Did you ever hear a Catholic of any kind say, as did Spurgeon of Des Moines, that he hoped for a revolution that would sweep the Protestant voters off the lists and deprive Protestant citizens of their rights to citizenship?

Did you ever hear a Catholic state that it was no crime to kill a Protestant minister, as did the same clergyman recently in Denver? Did you ever state that it was impossible for a Protestant to be a good citizen of his country; and that, in case of war with a Protestant country, he would be found on the side of his co-religionist, rather than on the side of his country, right or wrong?

To sum it all up, Protestants as well as Catholics claim to be Christians, to love the religion of Jesus Christ, to practice the precepts which the Master gave, not only for His time, but to the very end. Chiefest amongst these precepts is that of charity. Who violates the command of charity? Who tells his co-religionists to hate those whom they admit to be their fellow Christians in the name of a God of love? Who publishes, month after month, not in one, but in a dozen periodicals, the vilest lies concerning their neighbors and applauds every effort to do these neighbors an injury? Standing square on the Tenth Commandments and the teachings of Holy Scripture, who seems to love the commandments the more and follow Scripture the closer?—Chicago New World.

"IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER?"

SERMON PREACHED BY THE VERY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT C. S. P., IN THE CATHEDRAL, PHILADELPHIA

It does not make any difference what a man believes, says my non-Catholic friend, as long as he behaves himself like a Christian; I am opposed to religious creeds and dogmas. Let us imitate Christ's life, he adds, and not quarrel about His doctrine or teaching. Now, my brethren, if I were a member of any Protestant Church, I should resent having a creed imposed on me. Protestants are agreed that not their Church but their Bible, gives them their rule of faith. But being a Catholic, I look upon my Church and her creeds very differently. St. Paul expresses my view, who says of Christ's society that it is the "Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground" (which might call it the foundation "of truth." (1. Tim. iii, 15.)

It is reasonable for our non-Catholic friends to make little of religious differences. What else can they do, since after three hundred years of earnest endeavor those differences are deeper and more perplexing than at the beginning? Three hundred years of failure is failure indeed. Meanwhile our Protestant friends in a number of cases really love Christ's truth, and would gladly know it and follow it if they could only make sure of it. But you might say you Catholics go to the other extreme. You are very intolerant. I say in answer that Catholics, indeed, have the greatest possible aversion for error in religion—an untrue statement about the teachings of Christ is to them simply abominable. But so is liver complaint to a doctor. He hates the disease in proportion to his love for the patient. The individual non-Catholic—O God help us!—we hate him not at all, but feel bound to love him; and what love is so admirable as a pitiful love! Now tell me, are not your Catholic friends good natured? The kindest man in any town is the Catholic priest; the Sister of Charity nurses, Jew or Turk, Protestant or Agnostic, with equal affection. We dare not lodge any individual. "By his own Lord he stands or he falls." (Rom. xiv, 4.) But when there is a question of the truth or falsehood of a certain principle in religion, the Catholic Church and all her members, candidly take sides for the truth. To Catholics there is such a thing as Christian faith. To us it makes every difference what a man believes about the religion of Christ. We cannot, we dare not, say that one Church is as good as another, for we know and we are amply able to prove that Our Lord organized

His followers into one single society. Membership in that society He com-

manded to all who would be His friends. His doctrine, His means of salvation, He entrusted to that society, and to it alone.

Now let us consider doctrinal indifference as between man and man. You esteem a man of deep convictions, whether it be about politics or political questions. Shall it be otherwise about religious questions? The kind of man this world wants is a man full of certain truth.

Was not the Apostle right in condemning those who are blown about by every wind of doctrine? (Eph. iv., 14.) No man thoroughly hates a lie who does not deeply love the truth that is opposed to it.

Are you going to add, "Except it be a religious truth?" Religious indifference is fatal to all religious thought and study. Are you going to take thought—intellect—out of religion? You do so by saying it does not make much difference what a man believes. How admirable, on the contrary, is that man who says, "I will never rest in my search for the truth?" How right he is when he adds, "I will pray to God always for light, and I know that He will not disappoint me."

They that shall seek the Lord shall not want any good," explains the Royal Prophet. (Is. xxiii., 11.)

Brethren, God has made you to know the truth. To be indifferent as to whether a doctrine be truth or falsehood in religion is a dreadful calamity. The true man adores the truth. Thomas à Kempis says, "O truth, my God, make me one with Thee in everlasting love." No man is so foul an enemy of mine as he who unsettles my mind about what God has revealed; about His son, His Gospel. His holy Brotherhood which is His Church, about His way of salvation in any particular.

Doubt is a disease of the human spirit, and it is to be lamented with tears of blood.

The true man yearns unceasingly for the true religion of God if he have it not; if he does possess it, it is the pearl of great price to him. For a moment, or even for years, one may be baffled in one's search, but manhood ever reasserts itself. The struggle for light always is renewed, and as sure as God is true it shall never finally be in vain.

since the day He delivered it. Resisting the known truth of God has made men God's enemies from the beginning of the world. Has Christ been a failure as a teacher? If so, how can you say He has not been a failure as a Saviour? How greatly deluded then must you think Nicodemus to have been, who said to Christ, Master, we know that Thou art a teacher sent from God." (John iii., 21.) As indifferentists would interpret these words, they should add, "Thou art a teacher sent from God, but Thou hast not left us any means of knowing what Thy teaching really is."

Catholics, thanks be to God, are absolutely certain of Christ's teaching. The Apostles themselves were no better agreed, no more firmly convinced about His doctrine than the whole body of the Catholic people, priesthood and Bishops, this day. Is there the faintest reason to think that Our Saviour Himself was indifferent as to whether or not our minds were sure of His teaching; and as to whether or not our Church was divinely guided to preserve them? Did He not say to His Apostles, "Going, teach all nations" (Matt. xxviii.) To the true Church has heavenly Wisdom said, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." (John viii., 32.)

Allow me to say in conclusion that because one's search for the truth has been baffled even for a long time, he should never give it up. How long and patiently did Jacob wait and serve to win Rachel, his wife? Do the same for heavenly Wisdom, and she shall finally be made the spouse of your soul. Once a man suffered for some years from a painful disease. In a moment of weakness he began to use morphine, and in the end the morphine habit was a far worse malady than the original one which he sought to soothe. So doctrinal indifference is a disease worse than doubt itself. Such a soul has taken refuge in a mental morphine which induces torpor of mind. Doubt is often painful, but it is like the growing pains of vigorous youth—stimulating exertion and resulting in stalwart manhood of conviction. Never give up your prayers for light; never cease to search for truth.

ANGLICANISM AND CORPORATE REUNION

I—THE PRESENT

Readers of America are aware that non-Catholic Christendom is now vigorously stirring in quest of reunion. The lead has been taken by the Episcopal Church of this country, with whom committees of representatives of some thirty other denominations are already co-operating. A great World Conference is planned for the amicable discussion of doctrine and discipline as a first step to re-union. Of the exact nature of the ultimate union, and of the means by which it is to be achieved, the leaders of the movement appear to have no idea. Yet both their words and actions show that they are earnest and hopeful in their pursuit.

While the Episcopal Church itself there exists a small but active party whose members are not at all prepared to concur in a unity whose nature and method is undefined. This is the "Catholic" Party—the most advanced, and therefore the most consistent of the High Churchmen. These men could in no event accept a unity, in whatever form, which would make no account of a traditional deposit of revealed truth.

The union of complimentary opinions into a more comprehensive system of belief, no matter how complete in the event, would of itself be a denial of their basic principle. They must inquire not only what is to be believed, but also why. For the profession of ecclesiastical authority in matters of faith is precisely that which distinguishes the true High Churchman from him who is such in name alone. This latter—no rarity to day—will welcome a creed from any source or all sources, provided it does not interfere with colored stoles, choral services, Modernistic distinctions between Christ's "deity" and "divinity," and the degradation of the sacred name of Catholic to his own novel sense of "all-inclusive." He can readily take his place with the majority of his neighbors, as prepared for unity of any sort and at any price.

Not so the true High Churchman. He has taken the Oxford Movement seriously to heart. Viewing his Church as essentially distinguished from other Reformed Churches by her profession of antiquity in doctrine and episcopacy in form, he has consulted the ancient Fathers, and under their inspiration has read into these two elements the Church's notes of Catholicity and Apostolicity. These being presumed, he has argued that sanctity must also be present (though it may need awakening) and the Unity too there must be, at least as the common bond of an inner life, though outwardly the three branches of the Church be severed. He has borrowed Catholic ceremonial and devotion is the only adequate expression of what he holds to be the faith of the Church of past ages. And that Church, whatever its limit of existence may have been, he asserts to be now his authority in matters of belief.

No wonder that such an anomalous position is difficult for many Catholics to comprehend. How, it is justly asked, can these men appeal to an authority which they themselves have created, defined and chosen? How call themselves sacrificing priests, when the Church's sacrifice

is stigmatized as blasphemy by their own articles of religion? How select from Catholic authors only those points of theology which seem to favor their claims, while rejecting the very foundation of the whole theological system? How imitate the externals of Catholic worship under a system essentially opposed to its whole principle? These are fundamental and pertinent questions; and when no satisfactory reply is forthcoming, it is too often concluded that these men are simply dishonest imitators of something which they envy, yet dare not embrace; grown-up children playing at Church. Such a conclusion is quite erroneous. The vast majority of High Church Anglicans are sincerely earnest. Illogical indeed they are even to absurdity; but men may firmly adhere to illogical conclusions and yet be subjectively in perfectly good faith. This may occur either because the premises of argument are too hastily assumed, or because concepts are not clearly defined, or because the reasoning is habitually inexact, or because a prejudiced will unconsciously influences the reason to emphasize certain evidence to the neglect of certain other. Most of all, then, may illogical conclusions be expected where all of these sources of error play a part, as in fact they do in the sum total of Anglicanism.

Thus the High Church Anglican yields to none in his desire for a reunited Christendom; but his principles impel him to seek it in a quarter far different from an amalgamated Protestantism. For him no authoritative creed can arise from such a source, no matter what its articles may be. Reunion with the apostolic See of Rome is the only end which he can set before him. His conceptions of her authority are variable, yet he admits at least her historic primacy, if not her divine supremacy. Rome must, therefore, be the centre and goal of the only united Christendom to which he can yield allegiance. And, in point of fact, it is to prepare his own Church for this truer reunion that the genuine High Churchman, wherever he may be found, is praying and laboring to day.

This aim is not a recent aspiration. Even in Pusey's lifetime, many of his party had come to see that this could be the only normal destiny of a catholicized Church of England. The perpetuation of her separate existence would be inconceivable. Pusey's own "Eirenicon," though ill-calculated to serve the end, was an eloquent testimony to the growing desire to return to Rome. And to day the majority of his followers are frankly acknowledging that the hope of reunion is their true incentive to perseverance in their thankless task. True, their misconception of the nature and position of their own Church leads them to insist that some concessions must be made from the other side; yet they are by no means so well agreed upon the extent of these concessions as in their desire for reunion itself. The means are to them undetermined, but not so the end. In future papers other aspects of this sad and perplexing problem will be considered, in the hope that Catholics and Protestants alike may see even more clearly the only solution which will give honor to God and peace to distracted souls.—W. H. McCleann, S. J., in America.

THE KIND OF PEOPLE THAT OPPOSE THE CHURCH

Friend and foe acknowledge that Brunetiere was one of the greatest French critics of the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. Since 1896 he was professor of the French language and literature in the Ecole Normale, in 1899 he was elected to the French Academy. In 1896 he became a convert to the Catholic Church in consequence of long and thorough study of Bossuet's sermons. During the last ten years of his life he made numerous speeches in all parts of France to defend the faith against the assaults of so called free thinkers.

In the following lines he has given us a pointed and pithy characterization of the kinds of people who go to make up the main body of the critics and accusers of the Church: "Who, then, are they who reproach religion with being too wearisome? Those who do not practice it. "Who are they who reproach the Church for exacting faith in her revealed doctrines? Those who believe in the worst fooleries and in the most absurd superstitions.

"Who are they who reproach the Church for not recognizing the dignity of man? Those who claim the monkey for their father, chance for their master, pleasure for their law, annihilation for their end.

"Who are they who upbraid the Church with being a religion of money? Those who despoil of her goods with the utmost cynicism.

"Who are they who accuse the Church of being intolerant? Those who cannot allow any one to hold an opinion differing from their own.

"Who are they who charge the Church with being an enemy to light? Those who, despising liberty have closed Catholic schools and driven out the nuns and the religious teachers.

"Who are they who reproach the Church with being the enemy of the people? Those who, ignorant of history, are presenting the charitable institutions established by religion (hospitals, creches, workshops, etc.)

"Who are they who indulge with the utmost audacity in violent tir-

ades against the Church and her teachings? Those who know nothing whatever of religion or of what its precepts require.

"We are not afraid, then, either of the number or of the fury of those who attack us, and dare rather to congratulate ourselves. They know what they are doing, and that we are what the world calls "a force." Their anger is aroused by the knowledge that they are able neither to slight, nor to despise nor, above all, to ignore us.

We overtake them by our number, our doctrines, our ideas, the progress we are continually making, the fear we have that we shall achieve even greater things, by our confidence and our hopes. Out of reach as we are of their anger, it is their indifference that we have to dread.

"Born under persecution, growing up amidst heresies, strengthened by controversies if the Church had no longer adversaries we would need to despair of the promises of her Founder. But as long as strength continue, she will live."—Bombay Examiner.

LITERATURE

COTTON MATHER'S CATHOLIC VICTIM

In "Irish Witchcraft and Demonology," a very interesting book just issued by Norman, Remington & Co., Baltimore, the author, St. John D. Seymour, B.D., who is not a Catholic, finds that up to the Anglo-Norman invasion the story of witchcraft in Ireland can be written with the same brevity as the celebrated chapter on its snakes. The Anglo-Normans brought it over, but failed to popularize it, for, previous to the Reformation, they alone were the *dramatis personae* in witch trials, which were so few and insignificant that in 1447 the Irish Parliament protested to the king that "no such art [sorcery or necromancy] was attempted at any time in this land, known or rumored among the people." The reformers broke the record. Bringing with them the witchcraft superstitions that then ran riot in Scotland and England, they put them on the Irish statute book; but though the practice continued, especially among the Cromwellians and Scotch planters, and some of their superstitions, such as milk charming, were adopted by an occasional native, the general antipathy of the Catholic majority to persecutions, whether of witches or heretics, prevented the transplantation from flourishing. The trials and condemnations occurred among Protestants only, so that to find a real case of a genuine Irish witch of native stock, the author has had to come to America. The inaccuracy of his account of this alleged Irish-American witch, due to his following exclusively Cotton Mather's narration, and the remarkable accommodations and consequences of her execution, are the occasion of this paper.

The woman was Ann Glover, executed in Boston in 1693, ostensibly as a witch, really as a Catholic. The original settlers brought with them the mania against Catholics. Jesuits and witches then prevalent in England, and all three were banned and barred in Boston's "Body of Liberties," drawn up in 1636 by the "Simple Cobler of Agawam." Their practice was sometimes better than their principles, for in 1650 the dignitaries showed much courtesy to Father Druilhettes, S. J., notably John Eliot, of Indian missionary fame, who, he writes, "treated me with great kindness and begged me to spend the winter with him and his wife as an ambassador from the Quebec Government on a matter of business interest, and the same year it was decreed that any Jesuit remaining in the colony should be executed. Witches began to get like attention when Endicott became Governor. It was not, however, till the Mather family dominated Boston that persecution flourished. There had been three executions for witchcraft from 1648 to 1656, and four of Quakers, one of them a woman, from 1669 to 1681; but it was from 1688 to 1693, while the Mathers ruled supreme, that witch hunting became general. It appears from an examination of their writings, that there was a studied method in their madness. Their victims were selected with a view to the elimination of opponents to their personal domination and their particular brand of religious views. There was one exception, which should particularly interest Catholics. It is the case inadequately described in "Irish Witchcraft and Demonology."

Robert Calef, a Boston merchant, writes in "More Wonders of the Invisible World," printed in London, 1700: "In the time of Sir Edmund Andros' government, Goody Glover, a despised, crazy, ill conditioned old woman, an Irish Roman Catholic, was tried for afflicting Goodwin's children." He adds that "Cotton Mather was the most active and forward of any minister, taking home one of the children, and managing such an intrigue with that child and reprinting such an account of the whole in his 'Memorable Providences' as condoned much of the kindling of those flames"—that culminated in the Salem executions and imprisonments of 1692-3. Calef was one of the men of Boston, who, with Leverett and the two Breatties, vigorously opposed the witch-hunting of the Mathers at the risk of their lives, and eventually suppressed it. His book was an answer to Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," which "wonders" were the doings of witches that Mather had

visualized in Boston and its environs. Mather had power to prevent the publication in Boston, and when it returned from London, Increase Mather, his father, then President of Harvard, had it publicly burned in the University grounds. It contained many proofs that the witches were merely persons politically or religiously opposed to the views of the Mathers.

The English opinion at that time that a witch, a devil and a Catholic were one and the same, was sedulously fostered. There are extant many Protestant confessions, of which the most notable is that of Ralph Hovem's dictum that though "all Papists be not witches, commonly all witches be spawn of the Pope" and when Cotton Mather discovered a Catholic in Boston, he found her a most suitable victim, her religion alone establishing her guilt. Ann Glover, as he names her, was an Irishwoman who had been sold into slavery under Cromwell, with her husband and many thousands of Irish folk, and sent to the Barbadoes. She testified that "shortly after her daughter's birth, her husband had been scored to death and did not give up his religion, which the same I will hold to." Whether this happened before or after her arrival in Boston is not clear, but that she and her daughter suffered death, because they would not give up their religion is clear enough. A late issue of the "Catholic Historical Researches" of Philadelphia, shows that there were many Irish Catholics in the Barbadoes and Bahamas at this period, and we know that a large train of slaves was brought thence to New England, some of whom fell to Frederick Parris, of Salem. Ann Glover was known as a Catholic in 1692, and thereby gave umbrage to "the only Christian people." A woman who had failed to convince her of "Papistical errors" accused her of witchcraft and dying soon after, prophesied that she would be hanged. Mather undertook the fulfillment of the prophecy. The story may be gleaned from his writings and from those of Calef and Drake, of which a good, though not always accurate, summary was given in the Ave Maria, March 4, 1905.

Ann Glover made a scant living by washing for those who would employ a Papist. One of these was John Goodwin, whose family were special proteges of Mather. His daughter Martha falsely accused Ann Glover's daughter of purloining some clothes, and when this was disproved charged both with bewitching her. Even if Mather had not inspired the precocious Martha, the accusation was perfectly natural. Witchery and diabolic possession, and the devil and his ways and environment, formed the usual subject of Mather's sermons, as one may glean from his "Memorable Providences" and "Magnalia" and most of his more than two hundred curious productions. He took the Goodwin child to his home, and Calef accuses him of tutoring her in suitable evidence of Glover's witcheries, while according to Brooks Adams, in "Emancipation of Massachusetts," Goodwin's four children began to mimic the symptoms they heard so often described. One thing is certain: Ann Glover was not "crazy" in the modern meaning—the term was then used in the sense of weak and infirm, as Drake points out in his "Annals of Witchcraft in New England"—and it was because of her religion and not for witchcraft that "they did her cruel," as Calef graphically expresses it. Mather describes her as "a scandalous old Irishwoman, very poor and obstinate in idolatry." Her bewitchment empowered the Goodwin girl, he says, while "possessed of the devil and Glover, to read Popish books, and even Quaker and Episcopal volumes," "but not books against Popery." Mather had been long trying to convert mother and daughter from "obstinate Popery," and their answer to the Goodwin charge in 1697 is significant: "You may have us whipped, but we won't go to the sermons." It was then, says Drake, "that the magistrates, long annoyed by the presence of an obstinate Papist in Boston, ordered Goody Glover to be taken into custody." Already her daughter, who "would not go to the sermons" had been driven to lunacy and death by "writings and ravings." The mother's trial elicited no guilt except that she was a Catholic and spoke Gaelic, "instigated by the devil." When they showed her "an idol secret in her house"—seemingly a small statue—she snatched at it with joy, and cried: "I die a Catholic." Thereupon the "jury brought her guilty."

The Magistrates visited her in prison, urging her to retract. When they asked her what would become of her soul, she said: "I trust in God." Mather asked her to say the Lord's Prayer, which a Catholic or a witch was deemed unable to do. "She recited the later Noster to me," he writes "in Latin and in Irish and in English, but she could not end it" that is, in the Protestant way. She said "deliver us from evil" in a voice "marvelous strong" which Mather interpreted as a reproach to the devil for deserting her, but was evidently intended for himself. As she continued "obstinate," the next day was appointed for her hanging, "and there was a great concourse of people to see if the Papists would relent. . . . Before her execution," adds Mather, "she was bold and impudent, making to forgive her accusers and those who put her off." One can understand the Scribes and Pharisees preferring a life charge against Our Saviour on the Cross as He uttered the same prayer.

The following year it was written that there was no longer a Catholic in New England. Three years later, Rebecca Nurse, a lady who had befriended Ann Glover, was hanged at Salem, and though better conditions followed the downfall of the Mathers, after the executions and imprisonments of 1692-3, in 1724 the white scalp of Father Sebastian Rale, S. J., was put up at auction in Boston. But Ann Glover's prayer was heard. Rale's relics were inherited by a Catholic priest, the direct descendant of the commander of the troop that murdered him, and among those who decreed or witnessed the execution of Ann Glover in 1688, there is scarce a family that has not given some or all of its members to the Catholic Church; and they and their brethren are now exercising with justice and tolerance, more authority in Massachusetts than was ever possessed by the Mathers. A Catholic Governor sits in the chair of Endicott; a Cardinal Archbishop rules from Boston one of the most flourishing and faithful dioceses of the Catholic Church. The Catholics of New England should keep in gracious memory that humble, noble hearted woman, who in slavery and poverty, and bitter exile and isolation, and persecution and prison and death, was staunch against all persuasions, and died a Catholic, forgiving and praying for her enemies.

M. KENNY, S. J.

AN ENGLISH JESUIT ON IRISH FAITH

Father Bernard Vaughan, asked recently by a press interviewer in Dublin, "whether he thought that the Irish people are as religious as they were," answered that, "If you should judge of the religion of a people by the absence of crime, by the purity of their women and the innocence of their children, Ireland does not seem to be falling away from her grand ideals." Continuing, Father Vaughan said that in England they are "fond of taking a census of church-going folk," but "it would be easier in Ireland to take a census of those who do not."

The eloquent Jesuit further added this glowing tribute to the faith of the Celt: "Till you can wipe the sun out of the heavens, till you can stop your rivers running into the sea, till you can change day into night, it will be useless to talk about a want of faith and fervor in the Celtic race in their religion. They are just stepped in it, saturated in it. It is bubbling up all over them. Faith is woven into the very texture of their beings." Of the speaker of these words it might well be said, as was said of some of the early Norman settlers who were friendly with the native race—"more Irish than the Irish themselves."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Church Decoration

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have had experience in the decorating of some of Canada's largest churches. Their staff and equipment enable them to enter upon the most extensive contracts promptly and to guarantee their satisfactory completion within the most reasonable limit of time. Correspondence is invited, which will receive the personal attention of a member of the firm.

—STUDIOS—
11 King St. West, Toronto

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble purpose which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries for J. J. Gaudette, North Bay (\$1.00), John Leamy, Portland Cove (\$1.00), Edw. MacPhee, Victoria Mines (\$1.00), Thos. Grant, Corbin, Nfld. (\$1.00), Subscriber, Lake Umbagog (\$1.00), Mrs. R. G. Thompson, Woodstock, N. B. (\$1.00).

Pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome

Under Episcopal Patronage, will leave Montreal and Quebec By the Palatial Allan R. M. S. "ALSATIAN" (18,000 Tons) July 2nd

And will arrive at Celebrated Shrine of OUR LADY OF LOURDES in time for the Opening Sessions of the

International Eucharistic Congress

Under the Spiritual Direction of RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP P. E. ROY BISHOP OF QUEBEC, and REV. P. J. GALVIN, B.A. ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, PETERBORO, ONT.

Several days will be spent in London and Paris before proceeding to Lourdes. After the Congress, Toulouse, Marseille, Nice, Venice, Lucerne, Milan and Rome will be visited.

Bookings for the Pilgrimage should be made as soon as possible, in order that the organizers may be enabled to complete necessary arrangements for accommodation at Lourdes and Rome.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Price. TO LOURDES (Second Class) \$282, TO ROME (Second Class) \$402, (First Class) \$352, (First Class) \$472.

All Expenses (Hotel Accommodation, Excursions, etc.) included in above prices. FOR FULL INFORMATION, APPLY TO HONE & RIVET, Travel Specialists

48 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, or 9 St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal



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HERE are some of the things that stand back of McCormick binder service. On a McCormick binder the reel has a wide range of adjustment and handles successfully, tall, short, down or tangled grain. A third packer assists in handling grain that is full of undergrowth or that is very short. The bottoms of the guards are nearly level with bottom of the platform, allowing the platform to be tilted to cut close to the ground without pushing trash ahead of the knives. The floating elevator on a McCormick binder handles grain in any quantity and does not clog. The cutter bar is built to use either smooth section or serrated knives. The improved McCormick knottor does good work without the usual close adjustments. The McCormick local agent will explain these and other important features on the McCormick binders which are built especially to meet Eastern Canadian conditions. You can get catalogues from him, or by writing the nearest branch house.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

THE CHURCH—ITS CATHOLICITY

The Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth is to abide with the Church forever and keep her One, Holy, and Catholic.

TEMPERANCE

DRUNKENNESS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY

Close on the heels of the recent receipt of the Czar to the new minister of finance, urging the necessity of so directing the administration of the state monopoly of spirits as to save the country from drunkenness,

But the teaching of Christ and His Apostles, although to be universal, was not to reach every individual.

They who, on account of their vices, do not deserve and who who reject the grace of faith, form and always have formed the majority of mankind.

The Catholicity of the Church is to be taken in a moral, not physical sense.

She was to become Catholic by teaching all truth to all nations; and her teaching and governing authority was to preserve her Catholicity.

From what has been said, it is plain that the Church of Christ should be Catholic, diffused through all nations, teaching all truth and substituting in all ages.

Now what one of the churches claiming to be the Church of Christ possesses this characteristic mark?

Every one of them owing to their fundamental principle, private judgment, is, or is fast becoming, what Macaulay called the Church of England.

Another fact which shows that those churches outside the Catholic Church have not this characteristic mark is, they were not diffused by teaching the nations, but by detaching from the Church by appeals to gross passions and by brute force.

But the true Church was to be diffused by "teaching all nations."

From the very beginning of Christianity, shortly after Christ gave the command to "teach all nations," the Catholic Church has possessed this characteristic mark of the true Church—Catholicity.

Everywhere, says Tertullian, "are to be found the disciple of the Crucified, among the Medes and Parthians,

in Asia Minor, Egypt, in Gaul, Britain, and Germany." If the true Church was really and truly Catholic in those times of persecution, when to be a Christian was to expose yourself to lose everything and often even life itself, it has been so to a greater extent since.

Her lines extend across all known lands, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, among the Chinese, Indians and Australians, until they become entangled among the jungles of the barbarians.

All the nations that have been converted to Christianity have been converted by her. Her history is the history of the civilized world.

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FREE OF ALL THREE DISEASES

"Fruit-a-tives" Brought Him Perfect Health

AVON, ONT., May 14th, 1913. "I am younger since I have been taking 'Fruit-a-tives'.

Now I am free of all these diseases and enjoying perfect health, and able to work whenever I like.

No other medicine I could get was so good and I took lots of different remedies before I found out how good 'Fruit-a-tives' were.

I keep 'Fruit-a-tives' on hand all the time, and am never without them. I even take them with me when I go motoring, so I can have them handy.

At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

into the carriages, but no fewer than sixty-four of them had to be picked up at the intervening six stations.

DATE OF THE DISCOVERY OF ALCOHOL

The word alcohol originally bore no relationship to "aqua ardens" or "burning water," and to this confusion of terms is responsible all the uncertainty attendant on the date of the introduction of "spirit of wine" into history.

The second assertion is also denied. It does not follow that because a man acts as a representative even the unanimously and expressly commissioned representative of a body, for example, in a deputation to the Sovereign, and in his capacity of representative, receives a mark of favor in the shape of a title or power or both together; therefore the whole receives this mark of favor, are elevated to the same rank or authority.

Hitherto several reasons have been given that the Greek words Petros and Petra are identical. This has been established, also that the words of Our Lord "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church, etc." applied to Peter and him alone, have been proven from the context and the testimony of Protestants as applicable to Peter only.

PRIMACY OF PETER

THIRD AND FOURTH OPINIONS

The first opinion, that Christ Himself is the rock, has been proven to be untenable; the second, that it is Peter's faith or the doctrine confessed by Peter, or, according to others, his subjective faith, the actual assent which he had given, or the external declaration thereof, the external act of faith constituted the rock.

The first point being established, namely, that Peter is the Rock, we will next take up the question, what is the Church that was to be built on Peter?—Intermountain Catholic.

A GRACEFUL ACT

A graceful and chivalrous act was that of a Frenchman, Count Gaitisola of Bordeaux, who recently restored a wayside cross that had lain neglected for a century near the village of St. Hilaire, Mayenne.

It has been already shown that the whole address of Christ, beginning, "Blessed art Thou, etc." in the most explicit and emphatic manner directed exclusively to Peter. There

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is not one word, directly or indirectly addressed to any other apostle or to the body of them. This opinion is utterly gratuitous and could be dismissed by a gratuitous denial.

But take the two arguments advanced in favor of this opinion. The first, that whatever is here promised, and was, therefore, afterwards given Peter, was also given to the other apostles?

Even though this assertion were true, it by no means follows that, on the present occasion, what was promised to Peter was also, on the present occasion, promised to the rest, especially as the words of the text contradict this.

The second argument follows. Peter in his profession of faith, speaks as the mouthpiece or representative of the apostles; what he confessed, they confessed. Therefore Peter was rewarded as the representative of the apostles; what he received they received.

In replying to this flimsy argument, both assertions are denied. There is not one word, from the beginning to the end of the narrative of this event, which in any way indicates that Peter spoke as the representative of the other Apostles.

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There is an impressiveness which no one is proof against in the row of curtained booths which first greets the eyes of the visitor to a Catholic Church. What revelation of human sorrow and sin those narrow walls could give were they to become vocal!

ELECTRICITY Operates the Seafoam

The up-to-date housewife demands that all the tools in her workshop be run by "White Coal."

The metal frame wringer that is permanently attached to the washer is operated by the motor and is guaranteed for five years.

Rheumatism

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Just Send your Name on a Postal

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Illustrated in my free Book which comes with the Drafts. After trying the Drafts then if you are satisfied send me One Dollar, if not, they cost you nothing.

ing impurities is carefully explained and illustrated in my free Book which comes with the Drafts. After trying the Drafts then if you are satisfied send me One Dollar, if not, they cost you nothing.

against evil, what wholesome penances prescribed, what sacred confessions established, what saving directions vouchsafed, as laden souls were unburdened there!—Sacred Heart Review.

He who gives too much attention to the business of other people is surely neglecting his own.

"SAFETY FIRST"

is the "Golden Rule" nowadays which is why you should deal with the Grocer who wraps his Goods in

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G. H. Enjoy Your Home Music to the Fullest Extent Gerhard Heintzman Canada's Greatest Piano

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PASS IT ON
Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for thee alone,
Pass it on.

world. The great Scottish writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, is another case in point. He perfected his literary style and wrote his wonderful books at a time when on account of a deadly weakness of the lungs he was forced to remain most of his days in bed.

MANY BRANDS OF BAKING POWDER CONTAIN ALUM WHICH IS AN INJURIOUS ACID. THE INGREDIENTS OF ALUM BAKING POWDER ARE SELDOM PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IF THEY ARE, THE ALUM IS USUALLY REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE.

Him God; and if He be God and Almighty He can delegate any function He chooses. He said that He did delegate His own authority of binding and loosing. He must have meant something; is it arrogance, is it impiety, to believe that He meant what He said, and that He could do what He said?—John Ayscough.

that he would marry a spiritual minded woman who has suffered the pangs of poverty, and would be able to sympathize with the poor; but it is not to poverty the average minister turns, but to wealth and position.

Is Your Money Earning its Best?
Thousands of those who save, fail to take advantage of investment openings because they do not realize what may be done with small amounts of money.

If young men would read every day a chapter from the New Testament of the Bible, they would soon find great spiritual profit from it. It is the most beautiful book in the world, the most interesting, the most edifying, the most comforting, the most strengthening, and the sweetest.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE PRAYERS OF A BOY
The heat was intense. All day the sun had glared down pitilessly on the little frame church.

Marys. I can say the 'Our Father,' but my mother, sometimes she has to help me with that.
Something like a smile was on Father Grey's lip when he went back to his work, and sweetly, patiently, strongly, for the sake of a blue eyed innocent, he dealt with every sinner that night; knowing that the loving Christ had been so low to aid him in his hour of weakness, bidding him remember that, though evil lives seem to triumph, innocence and holiness do triumph, and live on forever.—St. Paul's Bulletin.

It is so rapidly depleting the ranks of Presbyterianism. At the business meeting to which we have referred a diagnosis of the causes that have produced such disastrous consequences was made.

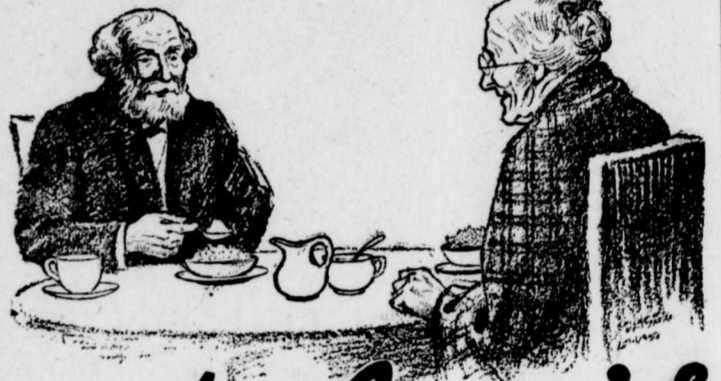
AN EXPLORER'S COMPANION
Several periodicals have lately reproduced a facsimile autograph from the Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, whose wonderful explorations in Central Asia and in that grim 'Forbidden Land' of Tibet have made his name famous.

Suddenly seated there in the confessional, a sick loathing came over Father Grey; horror of the wrong, the shame, the evil of this thing so near him. He staggered out of the confessional, murmuring that he would be back presently, and passing down the aisle, stood just outside the door of the church.

WHAT EVERY GIRL CAN DO
The Girl's World suggests fifteen things which every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint, well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within every girl's reach:

It is this belief that is responsible for what is known as "the scientific management" of churches. The Continent, a Presbyterian organ published in Chicago, gives a description of one of these scientifically managed churches, the First Presbyterian Church of Oklahoma.

The One Dish That Agrees With The Aged



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
Get the Original
Profitable Poultry Starts with the Chick
Feed properly from the first day and chicks grow into the worth-while kind of poultry profits.

Harab Baby Chick Food
is specially prepared for each stage of chick growth. Use it and you will see steady, healthy development from the start.

But in twelve years of arduous travel, this adventurous traveler, pushing into trackless wastes and mountain fastnesses, never left the Bible out of his pack.

Something like a pall of darkness, fearful in its weight and blackness, was holding the priest's soul in thrall, with no prayer, no hope, no gleam of light within it—only in a dull persistence, knocking at the door of conscious thought, three lines of mocking poetry with the power of a poet's genius strengthening them:

EMPTY PEWS AND THE CAUSE
The Presbyterians of New York City have been taking the bearings of their Church in the Metropolis of America. In other words, they have been trying to ascertain whether the Presbyterian Church in this city has been declining in a numerical sense.

But the priest absolves, and he is a man; how dare he? Because he is himself sinless, or pretends to be? No, but because God has given him authority to do what only could be done by God's delegation.

MAKING GOOD
The great merit in the difficult task we all have of leading good and useful lives here below, consists in that we do our best according to the opportunities God gives us.

He was surely very little to be standing there alone, perhaps he was five years old, certainly not more, but he seemed quite at home, and not in the least afraid.

The report brought out the fact that it costs \$4.50 for every person who occupies a pew in a Presbyterian Church for one hour each Sunday. Just imagine what would be the financial condition of the Catholic churches of this city, if they had to face a similar cost in connection with administering to the spiritual needs of the throngs that crowd the churches at the various Masses every Sunday during the year.

WHO CAN FORGIVE SIN
But the priest absolves, and he is a man; how dare he? Because he is himself sinless, or pretends to be? No, but because God has given him authority to do what only could be done by God's delegation.

"Salada" Tea is "Hill-Grown"
"Hill-grown" tea has the small, tender leaves—with full, rich, delicious fragrance, redolent of the spicy tropics.
"Salada"
Tea is grown high up on the mountains of Ceylon—with its native delicacy and fragrance held captive in the sealed lead packages.

THE GREAT SHIP "SEANDBEE"
Length 500 feet, breadth 98 feet, 6 inches; 510 staterooms and parlors accommodating 1500 passengers. Greater in cost—larger in all proportions—than any steamer on inland waters of the world.

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER
The Best of all Remedies for Children.
From Mr. H. EVERED, Norway House, Victoria, Nova Scotia:—
"I am writing to you in praise of your Gripe Water as a tonic. My little girl who is now 12 months old has thrived on it wonderfully.

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Arrive Cleveland 9:30 A. M. Arrive Buffalo 7:30 A. M.

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Offers the most attractive fox proposition yet put before the public. Without fear of contradiction, we state that the St. Lawrence Silver Black Fox Co. Ltd., should pay the shareholders a larger dividend than any company yet on the market.

Invest in the Company with High Quality Foxes and Low Capitalization
Now is the time to invest in The St. Lawrence Silver Black Fox Company, Ltd. \$40,000 worth of stock sold up to the present. Almost one-third of total capitalization taken up in one month.

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Occupation
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DUKE OF CONNAUGHT VISITS ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, WINDSOR

May the 5th was indeed a gala day in Windsor. It was the occasion of a royal visit from His Highness, the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, and his charming daughter Patricia. It was a glorious day, and both the city and the hearts of the people were festooned with joy and gladness.

St. Mary's Academy, which is soon to celebrate its golden jubilee, shared in this joy. The Royal Party and its retinue were met and greeted at the door of the Academy by Msgr. Meunier and the Mother Provincial, and escorted by them to the hall of reception where three hundred students and a host of invited friends awaited their coming. Immediately on the Royal Party entering the auditorium, St. Mary's Orchestra, composed of twenty-five Academy girls charmingly attired in uniforms of black and cream with mortar board caps, rendered a triumphal march. The stage to which the Royal Party and attendants were conducted was a marvel of beauty in its setting and decorations. A large hand-painted shield, the work of one of the community, represented the royal coat of arms, and this was banked on either side by stately palms and a large likeness of the late King Edward and the Queen Mother Alexandra. Amongst those who had seats on the stage surrounding the Royal Party were Msgr. Meunier, the Mother Provincial and the Mother Superior of St. Mary's, Mayor Clay of Windsor, and the aides de camp, Col. Wigle, Col. Loring, R. O. Col. Surgeon Casgrain and Mrs. Casgrain, Hon. J. O. Beaume, and Mrs. Beaume, Oliver Wilcox, M. P., Mayor Marx, of Detroit, Mr. Geo. Mair, Col. Conant, Major Stewart, Commissioner Fenkel of Detroit, Mr. J. F. Smyth, and other prominent citizens, with a goodly number of priests from the surrounding parishes. It was evident that His Royal Highness and his beautiful daughter the Princess Patricia were deeply touched and delighted with the splendor of the scene and the greeting accorded them. Indeed, at the close, the Princess remarked to a lady that she had never witnessed a more graceful, charming greeting than that tendered by the pupils of St. Mary's. After the Welcome Chorus, two young girls, Irma Langlois and Mildred Sells, presented to the Duke and the Princess large bouquets of cream and pink roses. His Royal Highness expressed his delight at visiting this splendid seat of learning, spoke most graciously to the students, and proclaimed a public holiday in honor of the occasion.

The students then rendered "God Save the King," with a rhythmic waving of Union Jacks to emphasize the words of the National Anthem, after which the Royal Party and guests having signed the visitors' book, departed, leaving in the keeping of St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, the memory of a delightful and charming royal visit.

DEATH OF SISTER BERNARDINE

The Sisters of St. Joseph, London, are mourning the death of their Sister M. Bernardine, which took place, suddenly, at St. Joseph's Convent, Orillia. Sister had gone to Orillia to visit once more her aged mother who was dying. Sister Bernardine herself had been in delicate health for some time. On the evening after her arrival at her former home her mother passed peacefully to God, and Sister expressed her happiness at being present at her mother's beautiful and holy death. But in her weakened condition the strain proved too great and at 3 o'clock on the following morning, April the 25th, she, too, passed into the great eternity, strengthened for the journey by the last anointing. Sister Bernardine had spent the greater part of her twenty-six years in the religious life at Mt. Hope, the home of the aged, where her gentle, kindly nature endeared her not only to the Sisters of her community, but also to the aged poor to whose care her life was devoted, so, many and fervent are the prayers their grateful hearts offer for the soul of the dear Sister, who so generously wore out her life in their service.

On the morning of the funeral solemn High Mass was celebrated by

A PLACE OF ENGLISH CATHOLIC MARTYRDOM

In the Catholic mind Tyburn is closely associated with many of the English Martyrs who perished there between the years 1535 and 1681, but its history as a place of execution extends over at least six hundred years, and many notable personages were there brought to an ignominious death. Originally a gallows near the banks of a stream, its first site was probably near Stratford Place, though its position was moved until the top of the ridge separated in the valleys of the Tyburn and the Westbourne became the recognized site. The name of Tyburn, except as applied to the gallows, disappeared almost entirely, and that of Marleybone took its place. The Tyburn originally passed through Mayfair and the present site of the Green Park and flowed into the Thames by a delta in marshy land from which rose Thorney, and which later gave the broad meadows of Westminster. In Roman times the Watling street crossed the River

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Thames at Thorney, passed over the Tyburn about the site of Buckingham Palace, and then, continuing towards Verulam (St. Albans), it was crossed by another Roman road passing to London from the west near the site now marked by the Marble Arch. The gallows of Tyburn stood near these cross roads in the Middle Ages, and here perished Longbeard, Roger Mortimer, Warbeck, Wallace, Claude Duval, Jonathan Wild, and some 50,000 victims of an age when death sentences were awarded on nearly fifty different counts.

The stream flowing below this Golgotha, as it is termed by Dom Bede Camm, supplied London with water for about three hundred years, until the New River Company tapped other sources early in the seventeenth century. Nowadays the Tyburn, whose name has been so closely knit up with Catholic memories in the martyrdoms of John Houghton, Sebastian Newdigate, Edmund Campion, Kirby, Coleman, and Archbishop Plunkett, flows in the darkness of a sewer. But at Tyburn Convent the adherers of the Sacred Heart continue in prayer for the King and country, invoking the intercession of those saints, faithful sons of the Church, who yielded up their lives at the gallows close by in the years following the so-called Reformation.—Sacred Heart Review.

Physicians Endorse Great Diabetes Remedy

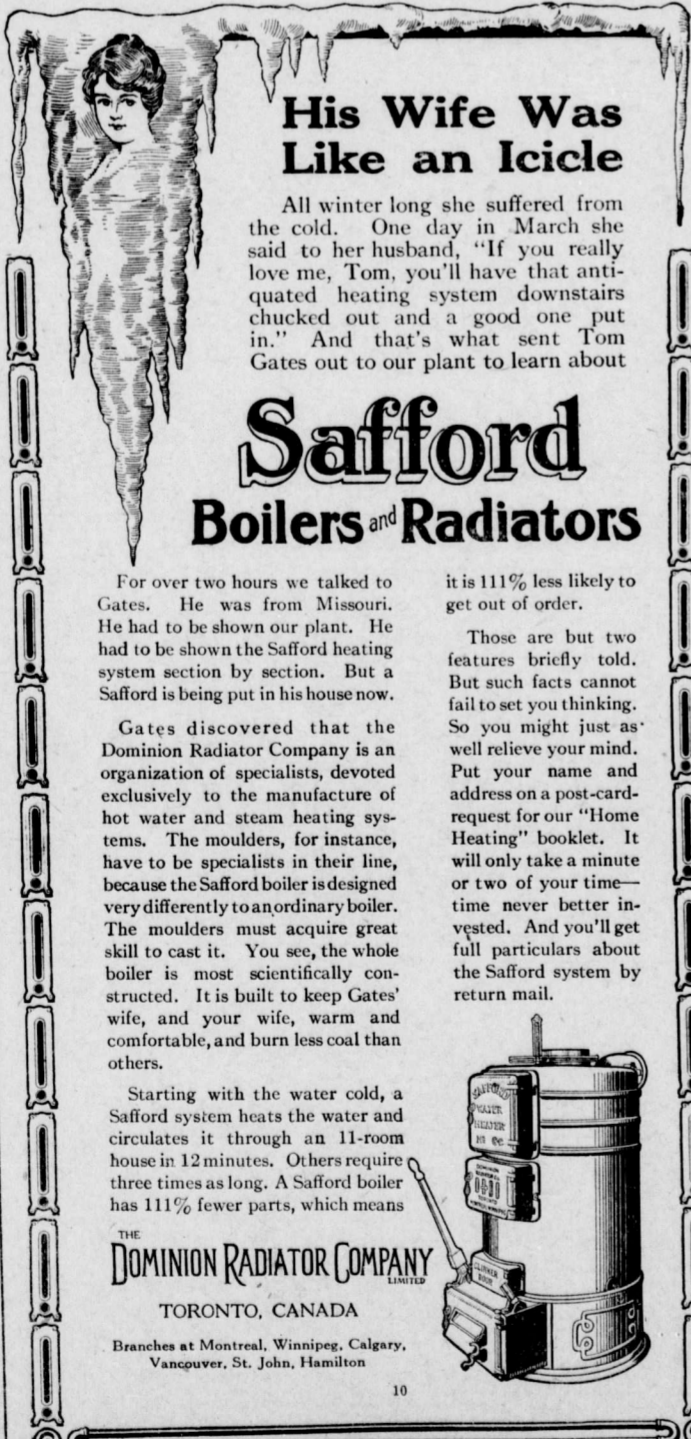
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His Wife Was Like an Icicle

All winter long she suffered from the cold. One day in March she said to her husband, "If you really love me, Tom, you'll have that antiquated heating system downstairs chucked out and a good one put in." And that's what sent Tom Gates out to our plant to learn about

Safford Boilers and Radiators

For over two hours we talked to Gates. He was from Missouri. He had to be shown our plant. He had to be shown the Safford heating system section by section. But a Safford is being put in his house now.

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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. (7%) PER ANNUM upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending the 31st of May, 1914, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, the 1st of June, 1914. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of May, 1914, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
JAMES MASON
General Manager.

Toronto, April 20th, 1914.

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Held in conjunction with the Annual Business Show at the Arena, Toronto April 25th and 27th 1914

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

Name	Machine	HALF-HOUR Total Words	Net Words Per Minute
Margaret B. Owen	Underwood	3,929	126
Rose L. Fritz	Underwood	3,854	122
Bessie Friedman	Underwood	3,805	123
Emil Trefzger	Underwood	3,704	120
Wm. P. Oswald	Underwood	3,725	119
Rose Bloom	Underwood	3,742	117
G. Trefzger	Underwood	3,648	116
Parker C. Woodson	Remington	3,626	111
Harold H. Smith	Remington	3,583	102
E. G. Wiese	Remington	3,507	95

CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP

Name	Machine	HALF-HOUR Total Words	Net Words Per Minute
Fred Jarrett	Underwood	3,444	105
Corinne Bourdon	Underwood	3,288	95
P. J. Cowan	Underwood	3,379	81
Nellie Haskell	Underwood	2,985	74
Mary Tharrett	Underwood	2,266	58
Thos. Vezina	Underwood	2,350	57
Reta Odium	Underwood	1,595	41

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