FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response 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 salva-tion 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.

Previously acknowledged....\$1,936 30 For Mother, Lucknow....... Miss C. Wells, Chatham..... Friend, Alexandria..... Patrick Daly, Ottawa...... L. T., St. Catharines...........
In Memory of Mother,
Linwood...... A Friend, Sault Ste Marie, Mich..... M. J. C., Toronto.... A Friend, Toronto.....

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1918

TO BE REMEDIED We wonder sometimes why Catho

lics-a great many of us at least-do

not attend meetings for the discus-

sion of civic matters. The Protest-

ant clergyman is a rule on the platform, and the speakers who contribute their quota to the solution of the problem are largely non-Catholic. It seems to us that we should be always represented, because we may have an opportunity of dissipating many a prejudice and of infusing the Catholic spirit into the lives of our fellow-citizens. We have the principles that can be applied to any problem. This may take up time and entail self-sacrifice, but, nevertheless, the man who knows his duty as a Catholic and a citizen should not only be ready but anxious to give of his energy and ability for the advancement of society and the Church. He should do his share towards convincing some good people that we are deficient neither in intelligence nor in public spirit. We remember that Leo XIII. counselled Catholics to work for truth and virtue wherever they were allowed to work, and with men who, though not themselves Catholics, were led by their good sense and their natural instincts of righteousness to do what is right and to oppose what is evil. A word said at the opportune that thought may be as a kindly are of the opinion that some editors. who, preening themselves on the advantages which they profess to enjoy, talk vehemently and betimes slanderously about Latin countries, are affected with distorted vision. With they might see things at home which could bring into play their most variegated adjectives and power of invective. We may be that "enlightened gen eration " of which orators speak, but we are not as yet qualified to be universal censors. And facts, descanted upon by space writers and sponsored by editors whose idea of their responsibility to the public is very shadowy, should be investigated by the journalists who believe that even far-away lands should have a fair

READ THE CATHOLIC TRUTH PAMPHLETS

To a subscriber who, judging from his letter, reads but the secular paper of the sensational type, we beg to say that Fathers Lambert and Gerard would give him the information that he is in need of. Some editors are not deficient in crudeness of statement, and in chronicling some alleged scientific facts are not disinclined to use it to the detriment of the believer. The scientific charlatans will accept any theory and bow cap in hand to some self-constituted teacher; the true scientist respects the religious convictions of others, keeps within his own province and does not indulge in verbiage which is due to an overheated imagination. He studies phonomena and their laws. He ponders over phenomena, and therefore is not forged by satan.

given to declaration of those who are distinguished neither by research nor thought. One thing to remember is that everything brought forward by Rationalists is not an accepted fact. And we should also remember that true scientists such as Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Kelvin and others have acknowledged as a result of their investigations the existence of a supreme ruler of the universe. Dr. Pasteur, he of the original touch, penetrating mind and amazing scientific discovery, proved that the highest scientific attainments were compatible with a devout Catholic life. Science, we should not forget, has no answer to the problems of origin and destiny. It maintains an absolute silence in regard to the questions which yex the human mind. Whence come we: whither go we, asks Mr. Tyndall. "The question," he replies, "dies without an answer, without even an echo on the shores of the unknown. Let us follow it to its utmost bounds. Let us claim it in all its forms, to experiment with and to speculate upon. Having thus exhausted physics and reached its very rim the real mystery still looms up before us, and thus it will ever loom beyond the bourne of knowl-

This is not the language of frenetic claptrap fathered by one discredted German scientist, but of a man who knew nature and its limitations. And as for morality, thinkers acknowledge that it exists when there is above men a living arbiter of right and wrong to reward and to punish. Any system of morality based on mere science is utterly useless in the storm and stress of life and utterly futile to the soul in the grip of passion. Harrison and Comte may talk of humanity as the great barrier to vice, but others equally barrier to vice, but others equally hath taken away. Blessed be the distinguished, such for example as Name of the Lord.' Sir James Stephen, calls this Humanity "a stupid, ignorant half beast of a creature." Putting human ity in the place of God has not only not alleviated human sorrow, but it has even been a failure in the eyes of those who championed it.

TO BE REMEMBERED We should also remember that

organization founded to teach men to live good lives here and obtain everlasting happiness hereafter. She does not discourage the pursuit of natural science. Readers of history know that the Church kept burning the lamp of learning when men busied themselves with the sword or were adore, and Him only shalt thou emerging from the darkness of bar- serve. moment may provoke thought, and barism. The Church has ever been the patron of every manner of intellight to lead some into the fold. We lectual culture, and filial obedience to her has never limited the human mind in its search of truth. Our most eminent converts, such as Newman and Brownson, bear testimony to this fact. Nay, more, the teachings of the Church have inspired and their optic nerves in good condition guided them, and, while protecting them from vain speculations, have urged them on to the intellectual achievements which are a part of the world's history and a testimony to their faith. Their exploits in every department of human activity rebuke effectively those who talk of the Church as the enemy of true progress. Every intelligent man knows that there can be no real antagonism between the Church and science, because the truths taught by one and the other come from the Author of all truth. "Their objects or aims are different but by no means contradictory: they are diverse, yet never opposite. Revelation has in its very nature to give us a knowledge of the invisible world-the superior, nay, even the immortal part: science must treat of the empirical, the material, the transient. The former is fixed truth which depends on the veracity of God; the latter must be tried or experimented upon - is subject to progress or even neglect. Experimental evidence is the ultimate barrier beyond which it dares not go."

No matter how well you strive to live, and irrespective of the good in tentions of your heart, you will al ways have a few acquaintances in your individual world to make sneering remarks concerning you. must carry, even those who do the sneering, for they are sneered at in matter and the sequences of material less chain whose first link was

CARDINAL GIBBONS

NOTABLE DISCOURSE ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

In a sermon last Sunday in Balti more Cathedral on the Holy Scriptures Cardinal Gibbons spoke as fol

The Apostle St. Paul, like the Patriarch Job, proclaims a truth which our daily experience confirms that life is a warfare and that our most formidable foes are the invisible powers of darkness.

"The apostle tells us that to con-front and subdue these enemies we must be clothed with the panoply of a Christian. We must have our loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of justice and taking the shield of faith, wherewith we may extinguish the flery darts of the most wicked ones—taking the helmet of salvation and, above all, wielding the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God.

The timely remembrance of an appropriate text of Scripture, like the shout of a popular battle cry in time of war, is a tower of strength in moments of temptation and despondency. But we cannot recall the text of Scripture unless we are famil-But we cannot recall the iar with the Word of God. And we will not be familiar with God's word unless we accustom ourselves to the habitual reading of the sacred text.

USED AS A WEAPON "When the demon of swelling

pride and vain glory assails you, let your battle cry be the word of the royal prophet: 'Not to us. O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name give When the spirit of avarice haunts you, let your antidote be the saying of our Lord : 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' the demon of unhallowed desires endeavors to defile your soul, devoutly recall the words of Christ: 'Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God,' or the words of the Patri arch Joseph : ' How can I sin in the presence of my God?' When tempted with impatience on account of the loss of goods, health or relatives, say with John: 'The Lord gave, the Lord

"It was thus our Saviour acted when tempted by the devil, to teach us how to conduct ourselves in similar circumstances. The demon, like other hypocrites, sugar coats the temptation by a plausible use of Scripture. When he tempted our Lord to gluttony, our Lord answered by quoting an appropriate text of Holy Scripture: 'It is written not on bread alone doth man live, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.' When the devil tried the Catholic Church is a spiritual to persuade Him to perform an unnecessary miracle, by precipitating Himself from the pinnacle of the temple, and thus to tempt the Providence of God. Christ answered in the words of Holy Writ : 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' And when prompted to vainglory He again replied: "Begone, Satan, for it is writ-ten: 'The Lord thy God shalt thou

COMPANION IN TIME OF PEACE "The Holy Scripture is not only your weapon in time of war, but also Few things are more enjoyable than the companionship and conversation of a devoted friend. And yet have you not learned from experience that these conversations sometimes leave a sting behind them? You have in advertently said something to wound your friend. You have used a bantering, word which has cut him to the quick or he has made some remark that has irritated and annoved you. You part from your friend with a cloud ed brow and a troubled conscience Hence a? great pagan philosopher seneca, has said in one of his epistle that he 'never left the company of men without feeling less a man.' the contrary, you never quit the com-pany of God without feeling more a

" After listening to His 'still small voice,' without noise of words, in the Holy Scripture you feel more hnmble, more chastened and subdued, more patient and charitable, more devout and religious. Conference with God in the sacred volume diffuses around you a heavenly and delicious fragrance. With the Holy Scripture as your companion, it will lead you into the most sacred and memorable scenes ever presented to the gaze of men. It will take you in spirit to Mount Sinai, where you can contemplate Johovah giving His law to Moses. It will enable you to follow the children of Israel in their devious wanderings through the desert until the promised land is reached. It will accompany you to the mountains of Judea, where you can listen to the prophets denouncing the iniquities of the Hebrew people. With the multitude you can sit on the grass and hear our Lord preach ing his Sermon on the Mount. can reverently stand beside Him while He is conversing with the Samaritan woman at the well of Jacob. You can listen to Him while He is preaching His last discourse to His

COMPARED TO MIRROR

of that refined but superstitious people. You can behold in imagina-tion those sacred personages re-corded in Scripture and listen to the very words that fell from their lips.
"The Holy Scripture is a mirror

in which we see vividly reflected the exalted virtues of some and the moral deformities of others. The admirable conduct of the saints stimulates us to imitate their virtues, while the crimes of those who have fallen serve as beacon lights, warning us to shun the rocks on which they have been wrecked. When we read of the heroic patience of a Job, after being suddenly de-prived of health, children and property, we are moved to a spirit of resignation in our privations. When we read of the Patriarch Joseph and of Susanna consenting to the sacrifice of liberty, reputation and of life itself rather than defile their souls, we cherish more than

ever the excellence of a chaste life. When we read the epistles of St. Paul and contemplate all his trials. dangers and persecutions as they pass in panoramic view before us when we see him braving the most violent storms without and tempta-tions within, and then when we see ourselves so timid and so vacillating and sheltering ourselves from the feeblest wind of adversity, ashamed of our degenerate nature, we resolve to shake off our lethargy and to be come more and more like the great model before us.

SOUNDS GRAVE WARNING

"On the other hand, when we read of men who were once distinguished for their sanctity, once elevated on the pinnacle of perfec tion, falling at last into the depths of sin-when we read of a Samson, a a Solomon, those towering oaks of the forest who had resisted many a violent storm, afterward overthrown by a single blast of temp tation-we are warned by their ex ample to be always vigilant and pru dent and never to confide in our pas virtue, for we are not stronger than Samson nor holier than David nor wiser than Solomon.
"The Word of God is the most

fearless preacher you can listen to. Your most intimate friend will hesitate to remind you of your faults from a sense of delicacy and from fear of being considered censorious Even the ministers of God, though they are commanded by the Holy Ghost to preach the word, to reare cautious not to lay bare the diseases of the soul in deformity from a dread of suggesting evil thoughts to the innocent or of giving personal offense to the guilty or of shocking the sensibilities of their hearers generally.

TELLS UNVARNISHED TRUTH ' But the inspired volume is never ashamed to tell us the plain, unvarnished truth, for people can never suspect its authors of being personal.

Moreover, you cannot usually hear the living voice of a preacher more than once or twice a week. His words pass away, but the written word remains. You have always the sacred book which has impressed you, and you can imprint it on your

heart and memory.
"It was the reading of a passage in one of St. Paul's epistles that gave an Augustin to the Church. Seduced in his youth from the religion of his pious mother, Monica, into the Manichean heresy, Augustin became not only shipwrecked in faith, but also dissolute in morals. One day while in company with his friends, Alipius and Pontianus, the latter relates the extraordinary life and sanctity of St. Anthony. Augustin listens with marked attention to the narrative of his friends, and then replies with emotion: "These ignorant men take the kingdom of heaven by violence, and we, with all our learning, re mains wallowing in the mire of sin.

"TAKE UP AND READ" "Retiring afterward into the gar den, he sits under a fig tree and gives vent to tears. He is struggling between virtue and vice. God gently calls him upwards to Himself, but his passions strive to chain him to earth. While virtue and vice are earth. struggling for the supremacy Augus-tin hears the voice of a child uttering those words: Tolle, lege, tolle lege, (Take up and read, take up and read). He instantly rises, and, knowing that these were not the usual expressions of a child, he recognizes in that utterance a voice from heaven Entering the house, he finds the epistles of St. Paul open, and his eyes fall on these words, so well adapted to his condition: "Not in reveling and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision, for the flesh in its concupiscences. He reads no more. From that mo ment dates his conversion.

RULE OF THE SEMINARY " During our ecclesiastical studies in the seminary it was our rule to carry about us a copy of the New Testament. We were obliged to read from it every day, not sitting or standing, but on bended knee. And from the time of his ordination every priest is obliged to spend more than an hour each day in reciting the "This companion will transport you to Athens, where you can hearken to Paul, condemning the idolatry ture. Now, what is good for the duties of the battle of the which is detections from the Sacred Scripencouragement to us, amid the difficulties we encounter in our studies,

priest ought to be profitable to the people. Pope Pius VI., the highest authority in the Church, in an official letter urgently recommends to the faithful the pious perusal of the Word of God.

By meditating on the Holy Scripture you will nourish your soul with the bread of life. Read the sacred text with attention and reverence. Read it not so much with the desire of information as of edification. Read it with the same spiritual joy and hunger with which the exiled children of Israel listened in Baby lon to the law when it was read to them by the Prophet Baruch. While the citizens of Jerusalem were in captivity in Babylon Baruch sent to them from Jerusalem to read to them the law of God: 'And when they heard the law they wept, and fasted, and prayed before the Lord. Upon the banks of Babylon we sat wept when we remembered Zion.

"You my beloved, are in a situation like that of the Jews. Like them, you are far away from your true home, the heavenly Jerusalem Like them, you are exiled in the Babylon of this world. And God sends you, as He sent them, a message contained in His holy books to cheer your hearts and bring you glad tidings of redemption. Is not Sacred Scripture a message from

Open your hearts, then, as the ancient Hebrews did, and listen to the Word of God with sorrow for sin with a spirit of holy compunction and an increased desire of possessing the heavenly Jerusalem. And may God, who nourishes the earth with His early and latter rain, enrich your souls with the dews of heavenly grace. that you 'may hear the word in patience and bring forth fruit a hun-

THE PAPAL DELEGATE PAYS A VISIT TO THE PRESEN-

TATION BROTHERS His Excellency, Mgr. P. F. Stagnis visited the Presentation Brothers cademy, Sherbrooke, Que., Wednes-

day forenoon. His Excellency was accompanied by the Bishcp of Sherbrooke, Mgr. Paul LaRocque, the Bishop of Nicolet, Mgr. Bruneault, Mgr. Tanguay, Mgr. H. O. Chaifoux, V. G., the Rev. A. O. Gagnon, Superior of the Seminary, Rev. H. A. Simard, Rev. H. Deseve, and many other members of the

clergy. The Irish Catholic School Commissioners were also present.

The distinguished visitors were received by the Rev. Bro. Stanislaus, and the Rev. Bro. Peter, assistants to the Superior General, Ireland, and by Rev. Bro. Cassian, Superior of the Academy, together with his staff.

The students sang in a charming style a number of songs including the "Song for the Pope," "The Harp That Once," etc. their perfect rendering evoking the warmest admira

The Rev. Brother Stanislaus then welcomed His Excellency, in the name of the Presentation Brothers, and pupils of St. Patrick's Academy He said His Excellency's presence was an evidence of the lively interest he took in the work of education, above all, the work of Christian edu cation, in which religious and secular knowledge were happily blended. Bro. Stanislaus then referred to

the small and unsuitable class rooms when the Brothers came to Sherbrooke from Ireland, two years ago, but said in Ireland are represented in the Imthat, thanks to the untiring energy and perseverance of the Irish Catho lic School Commissioners the present educational establishment was erected in the course of a few months.

To day the young students have the great blessing of bright, cheerful and spacious halls. Finally having referred to the docility and "esprit de corps" of the pupils, he concluded by asking the blessing of His Excellency. The following address from the pupils was read by Master John

May it please Your Excellency-We, the pupils of St. Patrick's Academy, approach Your Excellency with feelings of profound veneration, to offer you our respectful homage, and to give expression to the sentiments of steadfast loyalty and filial devotion to our Holy Father the Pope, with which our hearts are filled.

The name of our Holy Father Pope Pius X., is very dear to us children, for he may be justly styled "the children's Pope," hence it is that with feelings of intense pleasure and hearts overflowing with gladness we have looked forward to the auspici ous day of which we have the happiness of beholding in our midst the distinguished representative of His Holiness in this country.

"We appreciate most highly your gracious kindness and we beg Your Excellency to accept our sincere gratitude for the honor you have this day conferred on us.
"We know it is the wish of Your

Excellency, and the duty of our station, that we should at present prepare ourselves by strict attention to our spiritual and educational duties for the battle of life which is

to know that we are pursuing them under such happy auspices.

We are aware that when religious and secular education are indissolu bly united, the best possible provis ion is made to secure that we shall go forth from these class rooms, unalterable in our allegiance to the teachings of our Holy Mother, the Church, and armed with a shield and buckler against the various influences which are at work sapping religious

'In conclusion, we humbly beg Your Excellency to bestow on us your benediction, and we pray that Your Excellency may long be spared to fulfill with such conspicuous success the arduous duties of your exalted office."

On the conclusion of the address His Excellency congratulated the boys on the magnificent reception they had given him, and said it was a fitting termination of his official visit to Sherbrooke. He had listened with great pleas-

ure to the beautiful sentiments ex pressed in the address in which loy alty to their holy faith, and devoted ness to their religious duties were emphasized.

His Excellency felt sure that the boys would bear in mind the same loyal sentiments when they reached the age of manhood.

By doing so they would be good and loyal citizens, and would reflect credit on the Presentation Brothers under whose fostering care they would receive the very best training His Excellency then extolled the good work that had been accom olished by the Irish Catholic Schoo Commissioners, in so short a time and concluded with a beautiful ex hortation to the students to be faith by their zealous teachers.

REV. JOHN COBURN

MILITANT ORANGEMAN'S IN-TEMPERATE UTTERANCES CRITICIZED

Rev. John A. Carr, a young Irish priest who has for two years been touring the world, and who arrived in the city from New Zealand, via Vancouver and the Canadian Rockies gave the following interview to The Star at the Grand Union Hotel in reply to The Star interview on Home Rule from Rev. John Coburn.
"I am surprised," said Father
Carr, "that Rev. Mr. Coburn found

the Ulster trouble a purely Protestant one. I am convinced that his diagnosis of the case is wholly wrong. Radically, the Ulster trouble is neither Protestant nor religious, but wholly Orange and political. The sacred subject of religion is introduced by the Orange leaders of the North to serve their own ends and to stir up civil and racial strife.

"As far as we Catholics are con cerned, the question of religion never enters into the question of Irish nationality. In the past our most cherished patriots were Protestant Irishmen. To mention only a few, consider such men as these Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmett, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, Thomas Davis, and Charles Stuart Parnell You will find in almost every Irish atholic home in Ireland or outside it the picture of that noble Protestant patriot, Robert Emmett, hanging often side by side with the picture of the Madonna.

HAVE PROTESTANT REPRESENTATIVES "In present day Irish politics some of the most Catholic constituencies perial Parliament by Protestant Irishmen, as for example, Stephen Gwynn, Swift MacNeil, Captain Donnellan and William Abraham. Take for instance, my own native city of Galway, where 95 per cent. of the people are Roman Catholics. Stephen Gwynn, the son of a Protestant clergyman, was nominated for Par liament by the Catholic Bishop of Galway, and was elected to represe that city in preference to an Irish Catholic simply because he was recognized by our people as the better representative. Again, in that same city our late Borough Surveyor, Mr. Perry, was a Protestant, our chief engineer, Mr. Burns, is a Protestant. The secretary of the County Council, whose salary is £2,000 a year, is a Rev. Dr. Clark and the Rev. Mr. Perry, both Protestant clergymen. sit on boards side by side with the Catholic priests of the city.

RECEIVE NEW COURAGE

We have noted in these columns, from time to time, how consoling it s to the missionaries to know that their brethren across the seas are in sympathy with their endeavors to bring all men to the feet of Jesus Christ. That an offering of money does more than feed and clothe the priest or sister to whom it is sent nay be understood from the following lines from a letter of Father Rossier, of Papua:

"When we see that our brothers are interested in us, we realize that we belong to one great family, and it gives us new courage to work harder and spend ourselves in labors that are not always appreciated by those for whom they are undertaken."

CATHOLIC NOTES

France has started a nation-wide crusade to help the Catholic press through parish organizations. France has felt the effect of neglecting Catholic journalism and she knows it.

Conrad Zimmer, a well-to do resident of Berlin, who died recently, left \$100,000 of his estate to be di-vided between 4 Catholics papers that he had read for forty or fifty years. He left \$5,000 to a hospital and \$2, 500 to his parish church

We see it recorded that in an English town, recently, a Catholic mis-sion was preached in the market place instead of in the church with remarkable results, the whole congregation, headed by the pastor, going there in procession.

A magnificent cross, the gift of the Irish pilgrims and associates to Lourdes, has been sent from Waterford via London to its destination. It stands 17 feet high, is carved out Kilkenny limestone, and credit to Irish skill and workmanahip.

There is in Ireland only one priest to every 1,600 Catholics, there is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopalian Church to every 340 members of his creed, one to every 600 Presbyterians, and one to every 290 Meth-

odists. The coming of the learned Benedictine Abbot Gasquet to this country is not ignored by our esteemed con temporary, the Churchman (Protestant Episcopalian) which, commenting on the Abbot and his work as head of the Papal Commission on the revision of the Vulgate, says that he is to-day a worthy representative of the order which produced Morinus, Montfaucon and Mabillon,

A St. Louis telegram states that Mr. James Hope Nelson, eldest son of Sir William Nelson, the Chairman of the Nelson Line, and a member of the Hurlingham polo team which toured India in 1909, was married on Saturday to Miss Isabel Valle, daughter of Dr. J. F. Valle, of St. Louis. Mrs. Nelson was received into the Catholic Church shortly be-

fore her marriage. The members of the Third Order of St. Francis in Cork, numbering over 1,000 made a pilgrimage last month to Timoleague Abbey, in the ruins of which Mass was celebrated, the first in six-hundred years. On the arrival of the train a procession was formed, headed by the Cork Workingmen's Prize band, playing sacred music. The Blessed Sacra nent was borne by Rev. Father Rapheal, O. F. M.

Another quiet victory for the sisters of Charity of the Santa Maria Institute, Cincinnati, is to be re-corded in the closing of the Presbyterian church and school for Italians on Barr Street. This work of proseltizing was started two years ago, but the Sisters of the institute went quietly to work, and succeeded not only in safe-guarding the of the young people and children, but brought many of their elders to the more regular and fervent practice of their religion.

The Rev. Francis Izard, a Benedictine, recently ordained to the priesthood by the Archbishop of Birmingham, England, is a fully qualified medical man and was formerly assistant superintendent of the Staffordshire County Lunatic Asylum at Cheddleton, near Leek. ago, on becoming a convert to the Catholic Church, he gave up practice in Lancashire and came as a novice o Erdington Abbey, where, in medi cal and other capacities, he has rendered much acceptable service.

Six universities in Latin-American countries were established before the first one in the territory that afterward became the United States, ac-cording to a recent bulletin of the Bureau of Education. The universities of Mexico and Lima were founded in 1551; Santa Domingo, 1558; Bogota, 1572; Cordoba, 1613 and Sucre, 1623. Another group of Latin-American universities sprang into existence in the era of inde-pendence, typifying a developing sense of national unity. Among such are the University of Buenos Ayres (1821), the University of Trujil-lo, in Peru (1831), the University of Arequipa (1835) and the institution at Medellin in Colombia (1882).

Susie Smith, the daughter of a Liverpool dock laborer, and an in curable cripple, who had spent nine of her thirteen years on crutches, was recently taken and bathed in St. Winefride's Well. Suddenly she declared that she felt a pain in her legs. and was removed from the water On putting her feet on the ground she found herself able to walk out her crutches. The facts of the case have been sifted by the clergy and reporters representing Liverpool and outside newspapers. to the same conclusion, and the incident was acclaimed a miracle in the northern Press. She had been treated at the Children's Infirmary, and subsequently became an inmate at the David Lewis Northern Hospital, whence, after an operation, she was discharged as incurable. bors as well as relatives attest that she has been unable to walk with out crutches during the past nine years.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XXIX-CONTINUED

" Nora, this is your doing." That was a day I shall never for get! a day of agonized suspense and

self-reproach; and the next was another of long-drawn, leaden certainty; but evening brought us great news-intelligence that ound Mulkapore like wildfire— Captain Beresford had killed the

man eater."
He had assumed the Banghy post man's bells, patrolled the fatal locality, and brought down the terror of the country. The news had been sent in by a coolie, who was almost hysterical with joy. He said that the entire district was up of the country. The news en masee, and were with difficulty restrained from doing pongee—wor-shipping Maurice. A day later the hero of the hour galloped in with the

on the saddle. Great was the enthusiasm of the whole community. Auntie looked as if she would like to hug him; uncle was in a state of rampant exultation. and I felt rather uncomfortable more uncomfortable still when when Maurice, having dismounted and returned our greetings, unrolled the trophy, and laid it triumphantly at

skin of the tiger wrapped before him

my feet.
"It is for you, Nora," he said, standing hat in hand. But I won't have it!" I cried.

"That horrid animal you risked your life to kill, and that has eaten "Come, come, Nora, don't be un

gracious," said auntie; "you should be very proud of the honor." am, and of course I'll take it; but it seems to have cost—cost

so much," I stammered, struggling to repress my tears. t's not much of a skin," said

Maurice, turning it over with his but a man eater has always a bad coat. However, he will never trouble the country any more—that's one blessing."

By this time the crowds of our re tainers had assembled to see the great sight, and all passers by were streaming up the avenue on the same errand. So uncle, taking Maurice proudly by the arm, led him within (in spite of his remonstrances, and apologies for his rough shikar suit,) and we all followed him into the dining room, and sat round and gazed at our hero with all our eyes he made a most excellent breakfast.

A forty-mile ride early in the morning gives one no end of an appetite, Mrs. Neville," he said apologetically. "I hope you won't be shocked at the awful ravage I have made in your excellent pie."
"Go on. Now, if you have finish-

ed," said uncle impatiently, " tell us about it; begin at the beginning," tapping the ground with his foot. Oh, there's not much to tell,"

said Maurice modestly. "I got my leave all right, the night I was here, and reached Nazapett by 7 the next morning, and found the village in a state of the most abject fear. No one had stirred since the catastrophe. Mari and I had something to eat, and then went out, and prospected the place where the post had usually been taken. We picked up the bag, letters and all complete from where it was lying in the middle of the road near to a pool of blood : and there was a ghastly track through the tall grass, where, apparently, the body had been dragged

Spare us these details, please," said auntie, looking rather white, And what was the country like?'

inquired uncle, judicially; "jungle or nullahs, or hills, or what?"

"Very hilly," returned Maurice; high conical hills, densely wooded, and a low scrub jungle at either side of the road.'

A nasty place! And how far from the village?" asked uncle. About two miles-the fatal spot was in a valley about half a mile in

length—with dense jungle on either side. Within this space three Banghy postmen had met a violent "Well, go on, what did you do

man?" said uncle, imperatively. We went some way into the postman's jungle, and found the turban, and—but never mind."—correcting himself—"we picked up the bag and bells, and returned, had a wash, and a meal, and a sleep; and about 11 o'clock I started out alone, in spite of Mari who besough me with prayers and tears to 'tie ur and to beat.' I slung the Bangh bells to my rifle, and made for the dreaded spot; the villagers looking upon me with gloomy commisera-tion, as a would be and determined spicide. It was a splendid moonlight night, bright as day and still as death. For nearly two hours I patrolled the deadly mile at a long slinging run, loudly ringing my bells At last I began to think it was of no use, and that I might as well turn in, when I heard a sudden crash through the bushes to my and an enormous tiger slowly stalked out into the road-about twenty yards ahead of me-uttering low growls.

should have shricked and fainted," interpolated Mrs. Vane.
"Hush!" said uncle excitedly. "Go

on. Maurice. What next? what next? Well, he stood surveying me for nearly a minute, lashing the ground his tail, evidently thinking, Another Banghy wallah come to be devoured!' As I saw him crouch to make the spring I fired both barrels.

and had the luck to hit him right be tween the eyes. He made one wild convulsive bound, a kind of gurgling snarl, and rolled over and over, liter ally biting the dust. Another min-ute, and he was dead. I went up and made sure and certain, and then set off to Nazapett at the double. At first the population fancied that I was fleeing for my life; but I soon undeceived them. They could not, however, believe the news at first, it was too good to be true. At last, emboldened by Mari's valiant example, they timidly stole out, and lo, when, a great way off, they descried the body of their enemy lying dead in the middle of the white, moonlit road, their joy knew no bounds. They nearly tore me to pieces; they went down on their knees before me, and wept and laughed like so many

When the first mad moments were over they turned to the tiger, who lay stretched out like a huge triped cat, and spat at him, cursed him, and denounced him with howls of Oriental vituperation; to which as you know. Billingsgate is but delicate pleasantry. He was then tied to a bamboo, and borne off by twelve stout coolies; the crowd accompany ing him with tomtoms, and vells of defiance and derision. mainder of the night was given up to incessant tomtoming, feasting, and singing. Sleep was the last thing to be thought of, so I resigned myself to my fate, and sat in great state, beside the headman of the village, to be seen and admired. I consumed no less than six cheroots, and returned thanks for many magnificent speeches, in my best Hindoo with a slight teach of Tamil and Telagu. Early this morning I as wreathed in flowers; ditto Desertborn,' who bore his honors most ungraciously, and would allow no interference with his tail. It was really all I could do, nobly backed by Mari, to get leave to depart : the innocent villagers could hardly persuaded that I was not one of their gods, a deliverer sent from heaven, in the shape of a Feringee soldier However, at last I got away, and,

concluding lamely, "here I am." Next afternoon, when Maurice and were alone in the garden, I made kind of excuse for my speech at the dinner table. He received my apolo gies very readily, saying with a laugh: "I suppose you think that because we don't go about playing on guitars, and breaking each oones, we are a miserably degener ate lot, and that the spirit of chivalry is dead. But you are laboring under a delusion, my pretty cousin—a man can still make his lady love

> 'Glorious by his sword. And famous by his pen.'

But I was not Maurice's lady-love, and never could be, I thought with a blush, and I had no right to accept his fame and glory.

We had been playing tennis, and l

as now sitting on the low wall that divided our compound from Colonel Fox's, and under the shade of an enormous tamarind-tree, whose broad trunk afforded an admirable resting place for my back.

Look here, Nora," said Maurice suddenly; "I obeyed your behest, and fulfilled my devoir, as it was called; and now I want to know what guerdon you are going to give me. By rights you ought to offer to it—it ill becomes me to remind you, but my delicate innuendoes have all

been of no avail.' "A wreath of laurel, of course," I cried, with animation; "you shall have a wreath at once, if you will promise to wear it."

I had quite enough of that kind of thing at Nazapett-about twenty monster wreaths swathed round my

ingly.
"I am thinking as hard as ever I can," I replied, chipping off bits of mortar with my tennis-bat. "You have studs, chains, a locket, pins-I don't want anything of that kind," interrupted Maurice hastily. Shall I work you something with my own fair fingers?" I asked, with

a smile. You have given me a smoking cap," be remarked, ungratefully.

Then just mention what you would like, and you shall have it.'

exclaimed, ironically.
"Can't you guess what I would like ?" he replied, slowly swinging his tennis-bat to and fro, and looking

at me, very hard. ' I replied, with innocent thoughtfulness, "but I will give you this," laying down my bat, and un-fastening a little gold anchor from my bunch of charms, and holding it out on the palm of my hand.

"'Hope on, hope ever'—a most significant token; thank you very nuch, Nora," said Maurice, slowly Anything else ?"

"I declare you are the most grasp-ing person I ever met! I endow you with a very pretty little gift-on my pet charms-and still, like the daughter of the horse-leech, you cry, Give ! give ! Here, you may have this rose into the bargain," him a lovely, half-opened, crimson bud, taken from the front of my dress. "Now I hope you are satisdress. "Now I hope you a fied?" I asked, imperiously.

I suppose I must be!" he replied. discontentedly. He was standing beside me, twirling the despised rose between his fingers. "You may as well put it in for me," holding out

the lapel of his coat.

To this I assented, having searched for a pin, and descended to terra

"I can see that you are not satis fied yet," I said, surveying my cousin critically as I pinned in the flower.
"What did you wish for—honestly—tell me what you would like?"

"I would like," replied Maurice, with a sudden odd inflection in his voice, "something far rarer, and a million times sweeter, than this rose," touching it. "Now, perhaps you can guess what I mean?" look-

ing at me with expectant eyes.
"No, I can't; that is to say stantly outrivalling the reddest of red roses. "If you mean what I think you mean, I mean to say-

stammering pitiably.
"If you mean what I think you mean," echoed a gay voice; and just behind us stood Mrs. Vane, who had silently strolled across the grass with a white parasol over her head. "What do you both mean by not coming to tea? I have been sent to know what had become of you. Come along, putting her arm, affectionately within mine. "Come along, Captain Beresford; you must not neglect your afternoon tea like this; you said the other day that it softened the manners. Now," hav-ing taken us both in tow, "now I ing taken us both in tow, "now I insist on hearing the whole of your is burning like a coal, and I am con vinced that you have been discussing

> CHAPTER XXX PECCAVI

Too late I stayed-forgive the

Unheeded flew the hours. How noiseless falls the foot of Time That only treads on flowers!

I am afraid that when people com to the end of this chapter they will also arrive at the conclusion that I was "a terrible young girl," as Sweetlips used to call me; and, indeed, no one can have a worse opinion of my shameful silence than I subsequently had myself.

Maurice and I became excellent friends, as you have seen; and if with friendship we had been content, these confessions need never have been made. A steady, sensible, protherly and sisterly regard is an admirable thing : but is such friend ship possible between a handsome young artillery officer and (though speak of myself) a pretty girl, who have many tastes and ideas in common and who are thrown into each other' intimate society day after day and

Maurice was my partner for three wal zes at every dance we went to At tennis we generally played to-gether, and somehow I never was so uccessful as when he was on my side. He was my constant escort when I rode of an evening, and never failed to join us every Thursday morning—the garrison holiday. Uncle had given me a new horse—a young chestnut waler, called "Cava lier"-and Mrs. Vane had entirely appropriated "Methuselah" for her own exclusive use. She, uncle, and were frequently joined by Maurice and Dicky Campbell, and the latter usually rode at my bridle-rein, for Cavalier was half broken, and as hot tempered and impulsive as any of his namesakes, and liable to frantic fits of alarm at the burly elephants we sometimes met, or the long string of camels stealing silently past. I shall never forget those lovely Indian mornings !- the fresh, crisp air still retaining the coolness of daybreak, the heavy dew sparkling on the grass, and the slowly rising sun gradually

gilding tree and mosque and farstretching plains.

Passing through early rising vilwe beheld groups of picturesque women, surrounding that center of attraction, the well, clad in soms from the neighboring cork trees. of grinding corn for the family use might be heard, accompanied cheerful chanting. Droves of pack bullocks would be passed, driven by their sturdy, long legged owner, sing ing as he went a wild, monotonous song. Away from the cantonments and villages, out into clear, open country, what gallops we had. Maurice and I, being the two best mounted and the most enthusiastic, led the van, sometimes putting up a fox or a jackal, to which Tuppence gave long, praiseworthy, but wholly

Maurice's one extravagance was horseflesh. He owned, to my knowl edge, three capital charges, a dog-cart horse, and a couple of polo nonies. Mounted on his black Arab Desertborn—no contemptible handful he looked the very beau ideal of a graceful, finished horseman. A Terai hat-a kind of gray-felt som brero encircled by a dark blue and gold puggaree—cast a romantic, not to say becoming, shadow over his face, and his much too eloquent dark

gray eyes. If Major Percival could only ride like Maurice! But the wildest flight of imagination failed to realize Major Percival on horseback at all, much less bestriding Maurice's flery black Arab; and I smiled to myself a wicked smile as I pictured his face, his gestures, and his ultimate destination, He often said that he preferred but himself, and he would not give a much less follow, or care for-any one but his special proper master These trivial remarks gave me little glimpses of Maurice's character. If August!" he demanded such absolute devotion

However, it was no concern of mine. Maurice could no doubt be jealous, very jealous, but his jealousy would never affect me. During these tete-a-tete rides we became excellent friends, and my cousin's mind was wholly disabused of the passing impression it had received from the gate top that moonlight evening. We talked of Gallow, the draining of the lower meadows, the new roof, the new cottages—improvements that would absorb the best part of Maurice's income for the next three or four years. Nothing was done with season, and, as we rolled homeward out my approval : not a gate put up nor a tree cut down. "You know so much more about the place than I do," Maurice would say, humbly, as he confided his troubles and his business correspondence to my inexperienced ear. Gallow was heavily ortgaged, too, and in no way an un

alloyed bequest. "You would not sell it, I suppose?" profanely asked: "it is not much good to you. You will never live

"Sell it? Never! What are you thinking of. Nora? Sell Gallow, which has been in our family since the flood? Sell the banshee that gambols on the roof? The whole contents of the burying-ground would rise at the mere thought. No. no! am enot quite such a Goth as imagine. To begin with, I could not sell it; it is entailed property; and to conclude, I have more family pride than you seem to imagine.'

"But you will never live there," I again urged. "You must hate the place. Your recollections of it can. not be very pleasant. By the way, I hope you attach no special importance to first impressions. Shall you ever forget the day you picked me out of the mud?"

"No," he returned, emphatically. "What an object you were, to be sure! No one can ever accuse me of falling in love with you at first sight, can

"I should rather think not!" "Nor at any other," I was about to add, but suddenly arrested my too ready ongue, and asked instead: "How times did you come to Gallow-three times, was it not?"

"Yes; my first visit was made nemorable by your practical jokes. My second was devoted to hunting and my third"—a pause—"my third was the luckiest visit I ever paid in my life."

This speech was made with deliber ate intention; it was the first time Maurice had even distantly hinted at the old bond between us.

"Your third visit to Gallow was al together hateful and detestable." I answered vehemently, avoiding his eyes. and looking straight between my horse's ears; "and we will never speak of it again, if you please," gave no time for an answer purpose ly, but administering a sharp cut of my whip to the much amazed Cavalier, was soon alongside of uncle and Mrs. Vane, whose company effectually excluded any more youthful remin iscences on the part of my compan

But Maurice found other topics more welcome to me as we walked our horses homeward under the shade of the wide-spreading fig trees that fringed our high-roads. He told me of his years spent in India and described people and places with a wit and freshness that interested and delighted me. Nothing fired my imagination more than a description he gave me of a shooting trip in Bundelcund, a wild, little known tract near Central India, where glades of green, park-like land were studded with magnificent trees; where lakes were half covered with sheets of un bright yellow garments, confined suspecting duck, teal, geese, and round the waist with broad, massive wild-fowl of all descriptions; where neck. I was half choked. No, no, silver belts, their hair ornamented or the red flamingo drilled his battalthink of something else!" beseech padded out with fragrant white blosly paced his sylvan solitude, m Inside little brown houses the sound of all he surveyed; where tanks and pools were concealed beneath a network of exquisite, pink-tinted lotus flowers, and black buck and deer abounded, sauntering hither and thither in leisurely, graceful groups. But where Maurice became really elo quent was when he spoke of game-of the watchings, the waitings the beats-and of the bag of twentyfine tigers which rewarded the un flagging exertions of two whole, hot months

Was it because Maurice was my escort that these mornings-these Thursday mornings-seemed to me heaven sent, the happiest existence? I dared not ask myself the question; when it forced itself to my notice, I

instantly thrust it angrily aside. Maurice was my cousin, the friend of my early days (I did not think so —as he cantered beside me on his then, my nearest relative in the hard-mouthed but light-footed steed, world after auntie. He road capital ly—he was a delightful companion. As to Major Percival, if he could not ride he could do other things, "and we all know," remonstrating eagerly with my too tiresome conscience

"that comparisons are odious." Day after day went by-flew by, it seemed to me-and I had never vet nade my little speech to Maurice; the longer I postponed it the more difficult I found it to make the avowal. He had given me his entire confidence; I knew all about his doings for the past five years, and, indeed, with Mrs. Vane to jog his memory, he had no chance of forgetting much. There were no love passages during some of those mad, wild much. There were no love-passages plunges that Maurice appeared to enin his past, absolutely none; and "I am too old to fall in love now," to keep a horse no one could ride rashly boasted to me at an early stage of our friendship. "According groat for any dog that would look at to your friend, Mrs. Roper, you take the malady when you are quite young, and surely I am out of danger - eight and . twenty next

Don't shout till you are out of the from his dumb animals, what would he not ask from—

| Wood," returned Mrs. Vane with a laugh. "Look at George."

(Now George was her husband the had fallen madly in love with her, if report was to believed, when he had attained the ripe age of fifty.) Shooting, fighting, playing polo— which with him amounted to a pas-sion—were the events that Maurice chiefly dwelt on when he summe up his past career. Poor fellow! he firmly believed that he was as intim-ate with all the episodes of my lazy young life as I was myself. Alas, again I say, poor Maurice! It was the height of the Mulkapore

in the open carriage, those white moonlight nights, from balls and dinner parties, I, sitting with back to the horses, feigned abstrac tion or fatigue, as I gazed over the moon-flooded plain—was I thinking of Major Percival, do you imagine No. indeed. I was not: every corner every chink, every crevice of mind had Maurice for its tenant. was mentally reviewing every word weighing every glance, and spending the evening over and over again in imagination. While I danced and enjoyed myself I could not refrain from watching Maurice, and taking a cousinly interest in himself and his partners; and I found, after a time that it gave me a very novel and curiously disagreeable sensation to see him laughing and talking to other girls, exactly as he did with me to see him sitting out dances with pretty conpanions, his brown head bent low in confidential conversation and his arm assiduously wielding a fan. I would look away as if I had stung, and angrily ask myself as I floated round the room to the strains of an excellent string band, 'Could it be possible that I was envious of my cousin's attentions to other girls? Was I so wicked as to be jealous of Maurice?" Absurd! for we all know that jealousy is akin to

By degrees the bonhomic of Maur ice's manner disapppeared, his cavalier; cousinly criticisms remained un spoken, and were replaced by a reerved, deferential demea slight but subtle change that I told myself I was at a loss to under stand. But in truth, and in my heart of hearts, I had a glimmering of the reason, a faint, intangible, but none the less certain conviction that Maurice loved me. I had seen the same symptoms in others, and in former instances I had been partly vexed, partly flattered, and wholly indifferent. Query, was I vexed, was I indifferent now? I tried to blind my eyes to silence my conscience, to tell myself that we only cared for each other cousins. Why, then, did the sight of Maurice's horse in the distance, much less Maurice himself, bring a flutter to my heart, a flame to my cheek? I postponed-weakly and wickedly postponed—telling Maurice of my engagement. Every night I said to myself, "I will certainly tell him to morrow;" and when to morrow came, it was still tomorrow. I pretended that opportunities for making the announce ment were lacking; that when I had screwed my courage to the sticking-point some interruption invariably occurred: that, after all, it did not greatly signify when I told him. Full well I knew the difference be tween us the great change my news would make. "You ought to tell, you must tell, you shall tell him," clamored conscience; but in the end I am truly ashamed to confess that it was conscience, but Mrs. Vane, that forced the truth from my reluctant

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ARTIST

His interview with his wife took a L'Estrange, and what was of greater oment, robbed him of all inclination to go on with his picture. This neant that two days would be wasted for that night the Academy was to give a dinner to old Revelle, the French painter, who was in the city on a visit, and Nathaniel knew that the speechmaking afterwards would drag on so late that he would be unable to do any work the next day. Nothing irritated Nathaniel more than enforced absence from his work. and he had never felt more industrious than this morning until his wife interrupted him.

Differences between them were frequent, but he had never lost his temper so badly with her before. She, indeed, on her side was quiet enough but it was her very quietness that exasperated him most. She just sat on the chair opposite him, with her hands clasped on her knee, looking at him with big dark eyes and saying nothing. He often thought that it would be soothing and ex-hilarating if she broke out into a rage instead of sitting there quietly with that air of martyrdom.

To day she had come into his study and besought him to accept the pro fessorship offered him by the Muni cipal Art School. It meant giving up to teaching the best hours of the morning, which he always devoted to his work. The offer—a well meant compliment to his growing renown from the inartistic City Fathers-enraged him, for he considered it an

He had told her of it indignantly enough the day before, and now this morning she had come into his studio and begged him to take it "for the children's sake." She sat in silence until he had

made his angry appeal to her. "Good God have you no sympathy with me-you alone of all the people and yet you know best of I knowall how I strive to attain myself, how I toil to accomplish something great. How can you ask me to give up my for Revelle. Revelle was to deliver

best hours to work that any damned better than I can-and all for the sake of the children—the children who have every earthly thing they

"It would give us a regular income The children are growing, they will want to be educated. We have but little money. This would bring us We could always count

He stopped her with an angry gesture. "You will want me next to put in for a government job with a You will want me next to pension attached to it. I believe you would be glad if I gave up painting altogether. I never can expect any sympathy or understanding from you No, I see that more plainly every day." She winced and made a movement

as if to speak, then checked herself and did not. He took up his palette

and began mixing colors to let her see he considered the interview

ended, but still she sat on. presence irritated him. She had come into the studio from her morning domestic work, and her attire was untidy and dusty. In truth she pre-sented an unlovely figure. The rosefaded red garment she wore was not chosen because it in any way suited her but because she had got the material cheap at a sale, and had made it up herself. A strand of her carelessly knotted hair was loose at the back. Her face, still a young face, was sallow, and tired in expres sion, and a little hopeless. Her disordered attire, her falling hair, the ugly loose garment did violence to his strained nerves, and to his beauty loving, order loving eye. After a time he threw down his palette and walked up and down. An idea that he had been brooding over for long came now suddenly before his mind. It has been the suggestion made to him a couple of months before by his friend, Butler, the best known of the ittle group of artists who had banded themselves together to found a new Butler had suggested art in the city. that he ought to leave his house and little income to his wife, and come in and share his rooms and studio, where they would be of much assistance to each other and where they could better discuss their plans and formulate their ideas to the other fellows. The suggestion had been pleasing enough to Nathaniel, but he was a man of wavering disposition, and though he had almost agreed on it with Butler, he had not even mentioned it to his wife. Now, in walking up and down in front of her, in a ing up and down in front of her, in a cheers with which the students few hasty sentences, he laid the progreeted Revelle was probably as much posal before her. He was adding he would bring her any extra money he made on his pictures always and would only keep a bare pittance for his own wants when he happened to glance at her. She was following his movements with strained terrified eyes, leaning forward slightly in the chair, her lower lip pressed hard against her teeth. He paused in the middle of a sentence, for second there arose in him a faint spark of the old feeling for her-the eeling that once, when they were ooth pupils in old Revelle's studio, had seemed to him the driving force

of his existence.

He walked to the window and tood silently looking out, waiting for her to speak. But instead he heard the door close quickly, and turning round found himself alone. A little remorse filled him, but he justified himself and told himself that, with regard to her, he had really no reason to reproach himself. He gave her all his money; it seemed to him sufficient for their wants. He himself and a large family of brothers and sisters had been brought up by his mother on a smaller income. He led a blameless, hard-working

life; he was pitied by all his admirers because he alone of the younger painters of his set had a wife and children to be a drag on him.

Let it here be said that the man's estimate of himself was also the estim ate of his brother artists. The general public did not understand him or them and did not want to, for their art had not grown out of the desire of men or of a nation to make itself or part of itself articulate, but was a delicate elusively beautiful thing, that had sprung out of a clique By his fellow artists he was regarded as a man of unusual power from whom something extraordinary was to be expected.

He dawdled away the rest of the day in the studio. He only left it to dress when night came on and the hour of the Academy dinner approached.

As he came down stairs to go out through the half open door of the sitting room, he saw his wife seated in an armchair. A look of physical pain in her face made him pausethe desire to say something friendly to her made him push open the door, but the figure of another woman seated at the opposite side of the fire place stopped him. His intended kindly speech took a formal-

I am going to the dinner, Jessie. After it's all over I'll stay with some of the fellows for the rest of the night. I'll be back to morrow evening." Without turning round she said good-night."

Outside the door he knocked up against an old doctor he had often een in the house for various ailments of his children. Nathaniel gave him friendly nod as he passed into the house, but did not stop him. His children's ailments were seldom important enough to interest him. 2

Any gloom that may have remained in Nathaniel's mind dissipated itself when he found himself among the gay, laughing crowd of men women that waited in the big hall Butler's cool satirical voice-

short address to the art students before going into the other room to dinner, and the back part of the hall was crowded with young men and women, but the front was decorated and reserved for guests, and was filled with a well dressed crowd, many of whom were celebrities. They were nearly all well known to Nathaniel, who, when he allowed himself rest from work, gave himself up to social pleasures.

A few women surrounded him when he entered. Their elegance and beautiful dresses pleased They were ready enough to admire and flatter him, and he talked gaily to them. A tall German of well known name, renowned for his weird and symbolistic uses of green colors, and a thin, dilapidated looking Belgian were presented to him; they showed a flattering and appreciative knowledge of his work which finished the business of restoring Nathaniel to cheerful careless good humor.

Many anecdotes of Revelle and his famous heresies passed from mouth

to mouth. Nathaniel entertained them by a description of the old man's life when he knew him, in an old farmhouse outside Paris, and the big glass roofed barn of a studio, where his pupils congregated. Revelle himself painted n the corner of it. He never taught his pupils anything; if they couldn't paint themselves he told them to give it up. Revelle and Madame Revelle tilled their own farm, and after Revelle spent the morning ploughing then he would come in and preach one of his famous little sermons to his pupils, and afterwards go on with his own painting. Nathaniel told them, amic d great merriment, how old Revelle had recommended him to do a little ploughing also, and not to paint so much, and how angry the old man plied that life was too short to do anything in but paint. A few weeks after that he had left old Revelle's studio for good, but he did not tell them that with him he carried off and married old Revelle's best beloved nunil.

Amid the laughter that Nathaniel's stories aroused, the door at the end of the hall opened, to the applause of the students the President of the Academy entered with Revelle. strained their eyes for a look at the great old man, whose sayings and doings had gained a renown greater than his pictures. Nothing makes such an appeal to youth as a splendid physical presence, and the prolonged a tribute to the noble figure which confronted them as to his fame. A man less like a crank or a person to be laughed at it would be impossible to imagine.
With the strong limbs and frame

of the old peasant stock from which he sprung he gave the impression of enormous strength of body and mind. His hair and beard were quite white, but his cheeks had a childlike pink ness and his face was almost with out lines and without regrets. As he stood on the platform smiling begreater and different civilization-a civilization in which there was no thing degrading. A silence fell on the room. It seemed to Nathaniel who had never seen him in such surroundings, as if, compared with Revelle, the men present were diseased in body and mind. He looked as if he had been the conqueror of things they were too weak even to wrestle with. looked as if his spirit had known no defeats.

In a voice that further startled the

room, it was so fresh and open air like, and in English that was a little strange and foreign, he spoke. id not say much and what he say was familiar to nearly all his audience already, because they were the things he had been reported in the newspapers as saying for half a century. He told the students that only the rudiments of their craft could be learned at school, the rest each man must teach himself and learn unaided. He told them to be ware of working in groupes or congregating in cliques—this encouraged eccentricity and mediocrity-a great artist best did his work alone.

His little speech only lasted a few minutes. Supper was laid in the exhibition room, where a number of pictures by Butler, Nathaniel and the others were on view. It was known that Revelle had made a prolonged visit with the President to the pictures in the morning. been expected to say something about them in his speech before supper, but he had made no reference whatever to them. Butler asked the President to tackle Revelle at supper about the show. At the end of supper, the President

made the formal request to Revelle. He said that, as nearly all the pictures around them were painted by those present, they would like to learn Monsieur Revelle's opinion of

It has been said of Revelle who was not much used to social gatherings, that he spoke to everybody except his wife, as if he haranguing an audience.

Now he looked around the room at the pictures, waved his hand towards them and addressed the table: Messieurs, there are too many pictures here. None of you have attained any sincerity. You juggle with your paints, you play with your palette and brushes." His voice took an excited note. "Messieurs, why do you paint? No picture here looks as f it came out of the life of a man. Why do you paint?"

answer there flashed back "Why do you paint yourself, sir?"

A red flame of anger flared across

burst forth of me and kill me." His angry eyes roamed round the recognition in his direction, and then addressed the table eagerly. "Messieurs the presence of an old pupil of my studio at this table recalls to me that there is a great painter in this city. If Madame Nathaniel L'Estrange still paints, there is great artist among you." And he bowed delightedly towards Nathaniel. Every eye was rivited on the embar-rassed Nathaniel who grew still more embarrassed when he caught Butler's whimsical amused glance across the table. Butler was scornful about Revelle, but the younger men pres ent were hanging on every word that came out of the old artist's mouth. It was one of the peculiarities of Nathaniel and Butler and the little clique they guided that they were extremely appreciative of movements in art, and easily recognized talent of all degrees, but in presence of real genius they were baffled. They not only failed to understand genius in their contemporaries, but they considered Titian, Velasquez and Leonardo de Vinci unaccountable. This was their limitation, whereas it was Revelle's limitation never to understand anything but genius.

When the buzz of conversation took up again Nathaniel felt less awkward. He knew that his wife was being discussed. There were one or two present who knew of her as an artist who did not now paint, but whose pictures some five or six years before had been bought up at an exhibition by an American dealer, who had also gone on a hunt round the city for other When specimens of her work. When Nathaniel recovered himself after Revelle's sensational statement, his topmost feeling was pleasure, he was glad that the woman praised so highly was his wife. His anger of the morning died away and she to take an importance in his eyes. When the mood seized him he admired her greatly, and he had always had moments when remembering h success in Revelle's studio, he admitted to himself that she might painted extremely well, but that her life was taken up with household drudgery. This kind of mood was generally followed by one was angered by what he called her unreasonableness, and his own misfortune in having married young. It was one of the opinions held by his set, that an artist fared his set, that an artist fared badly in the marriage relation-that the artist nature got a year or two of ecstacy and no more. The woman got all she wanted, children and a home, and the man nothing but a clog to the development of his

When the supper was ended Revelle beckoned to him and shook him warmly by the hand, announce ing that himself and Madame Revelle would call and see Jessie and the children before leaving the city. What a great girl your wife was

Tell her she must sing her Irish war song for me again. She must mount her high stool and swing her legs and sing 'Fineen the Rover.'

Nathaniel flushed red—the old man was so childlike and simple in the presence of these complex tempera-mented people that he felt like the rising young man suddenly accosted

possessions were valued by other people the higher their value in his eyes. He stayed with Butler until the next evening. Revelle's speech had made Butler angry. What he said would be reported in the papers and would seriously damage the prestige of what Butler called the Dublin School of Painting." He discussed Jessie's work with Butler, and they admitted that there was an incomprehensible fascination about it. Jessie, too, unknown to them, had taken a new importance in Butler's mind. Nathaniel started for home in the evening, thinking about his wife all the way. She had changed greatly since their marriage. In the beginning her eager joy in things had astonished him, her joy in her work, her ecstacy she seemed to get out of doing the humblest household toil, her happiness at the birth of their first child. He himself, who had never felt any emotion to the paint of ecstacy, had watched her in pleased astonishment. What a change from the dusty, weary, pallid woman who had aroused his anger the morning before. After that first year he lost touch with her, he had got immersed completely in the work of the artistic set in town, became a much wanted person at social gatherings, and quickly enough his interest had drifted

However, he walked up the steps of his house in a pleased fame of mind, full of new resolutions and all kindly feeling for Jessie.

The door was opened by a stranger -a woman with a weary face—she gave him a startled, frightened look. We could not find you all day sir. She would not let us send for

you last night." He seized her by arm. 'What are you saying? What do

"Last night—the child was bornborn dead—and she is not better."
He pushed her aside and ran upstairs, passing, somebody on the stairs. There seemed to be a multitude of strrnge people about. He went into his wife's room. She was

lying very pale on the white pillows, | might possibly be hoped for, and nervous hand was raised in a passion-ate gesture.

"I paint, Monsieur, because if I did not the energy that is in me would of the most any notice of Nathaniel. He ran over and knelt down beside the bed. His wife turned her eyes toward table when, suddenly catching sight slowly, and a look of terror came into of Nathaniel for the first time, his them as she saw him. The nurse, in anger changed to delighted surprise. a low voice, requested him to leave He made a quaint fiery gesture of the room. The doctor followed him

outside the door. Her vitality was very lowstrength was broken—this last child was too much for her. Some hours

will decide one way or the other.

Nathaniel sat for hours in bewilderment in the studio, hardly conscious of anything. His youngest child came sobbing to him in the middle of the night, and for the first time in its small life crept into his arms. The child awoke him sharply to a realization of the struggle that was going on upstairs. early morning, as he went to lay the child on a sofa, he found to his hand the letter that had come from the Art School-the letter they had quarreled over yesterday morning. It seemed an eternity since then. In agony of remorse he wrote straight off accepting the offer, and rushed out bareheaded in the night in pouring rain to post the letter. When he came back he begged to go up and tell her that he had done so, to remove the terror from her eyes. All early morning, after the night's suffering, his spirit seemed to reach his moment of highest comprehension and there flashed over him the thought that in their marriage, it was she who had paid the cost, and that his stupidity had made the relationship so ignoble that it had

In the morning he was summoned. We can do no more," the doctor said. She lay quiet and still, her little dead baby beside her. Without a sign or a word to him she passed on to death. Nothing in all his egoistic irresponsible life had prepared him for the tragedy he had to face.—M. C. McGuire, in the Irish Review.

WHAT BISHOP GORE OVERLOOKED

Bishop Gore of Oxford (Anglican observes in the religious revival in France a hopeful indication of what might happen to the Church of England if it were disendowed and disestablished. In his speech (Feb. 12, 1913), supporting the second reading of the bill for disestablishing and disendowing the Welsh dioceses of the Church of England and Wales, the Bishop expressed warm sympathy and admiration for the French Church, of which he spoke as fol

There is hardly anything in Europe which interests me so much as the great spiritual revival which Church. The French Church is in many ways vindicating its claim to be the Church of the country in directions which surprise us. The French Church has passed through a great crisis of disestablishment and lisendowment. I think what attracted our attention at that time was the magnificent loyalty with which it asserted its principles and made its spiritual claims, and at the same time betrayed an extraordinary degree of indifference as regards its secular position, and as regards its financial resources. I think that at a select party by a rustic relative. was extraordinary. I watched that But again his uppermost feeling process with admiration. As a rewas extreme pleasure—the more his sult, though doubtless the French Church has lost influence in many ways, there has been, and I believe there will increasingly be, a great revival. Whatever their spiritual laim was-and, of course, I cannot but regret that that spiritual claim bound the Church in France in such complete subjection to Rome—they asserted it. They put their spiritual principles first, and their secular position and finances last. They did wisely."

FORGOT SOME IMPORTANT POINTS This is rather a handsome acknow edgment on the part of the Oxford Bishop, allowing for his natural bias. But the churchman, in hoping for similar results in event of the Church of England being also deprived of State support, failed to consider several vital points that inter into the survival of the Church in France. A writer in the Nine-teenth Century calls the Bishop's attention to these points most frank-ly and instructively. This writer is an English-woman, and a member of riage she is the Countess De Franque ville, and a resident of Paris. Returning from London "where Disestablishment is in the air " she an alyzes the Bishop's speech and plainly tells him that his optimism is futile, as there is no parallel be-tween the position of the Established Church and that of the Church in

France. In the first place the Established Church has no Pope to speak for the entire body of worshippers. The Church of France has a Pope and when this acknowledged head for-bade the formation of Associations of Worship, in which the hierarchy had no legal recognition, prelates and priests submitted to his ruling.

and eagerly discussed in Paris and all over France. During the ten tions of the Socialist party since years I have lived in France. I have 1899 and to the International connever heard any matter debated with gresses and conferences at Amsterso much heat. Until the Pope spoke dam, Stuttgart, Copenhagen and the only question was how much Brussels.

dowments."

MAGNIFICIENT LOYALTY TO THE POPE The Pope saw the menace to the Church hidden in the specious plan of Associations; he spoke with the voice of authority, and the Church of France obeyed. The Countess tells "the complete subjection to Rome" of the Church in France, "is the key to the whole situation—'the magnificent loyalty' was to the Pope." At his bidding the Church in France gave up 331 millions (francs.)

tinuing, the English woman declares:
"To me that loyalty is all the more truly magnificient, and that heroism all the greater, because very many among the French clergy, as well as the laity, hoped the Pope would decide otherwise. All realized to the full what beggary would mean to themselves, and still more in the crippling of their work at a time when the need for temporal means was ever increasing. By beggary to themselves I mean not only their working stipend, but their old age pensions; for in addition to that provided by the State, almost every diocese had its own fund for retiring pensions; all of which was robbed by

NO COMPETITION OF "CHURCHES" IN FRANCE

Having shown the need of a Pope o command the situation brought about by the Separation law. Countess then points out to Bishop Gore that in France there is no competion of churches.

Protestantism represents an insignificant stationary minority. The competion is simply between Christ and anti-Christ. The Church in France receives all the blows beand anti-Christ. cause it alone is the organized, living medium of the Incarnation in rance. The only influence it has lost by the Separation consists in the means of influence. . . . Remember that the situation in England is far more complicated owing to the competition of sects."

THE "GREAT REVIVAL" IN FRANCE The great spiritual revival in rance—for which Bishop Gore exressed such admiration—is clearly attributed to the fact of Separation, declares this writer. Recent books and articles dealing with the issue favor this impression. "There is more vigorous life and energy," the Countess asserts. "The line taken by Pius the Tenth as to Modernism as had as one result the concentrating of energy in practical work.

been tightened, while the spell of State officialdom has been broken Energy and organization are extending the influence of the Church in Paris and big towns, and the younger clergy everywhere are working with a freedom denied them, when "the State jumped to the Cure for too much zeal.

THE PARISH SYSTEM The Parish system is next taken

"The parish is the "foyer" of the whole Church to each group, and keeps the sacred fire alight throughout France. . . In the last dioesan conference, Cardinal Amette Archbishop of Paris, insisted on the importance of nurturing and using the parochial spirit. In all this, as in the question of endowments, one hears none of the nonsense one now ears in England.

This practical writer then dis cusses the question of support—a support so meagre in many places that the Cure would starve scant stipend was not helped out by contributions in kind parishioners. She reminds Bishop

That the Church of England has no Pope, not only to lead and com mand, but sure of obedience; and that the parochial system of the Church of England is mainly worked by a married clergy.—Sacred Heart

DEBATE ON SOCIALISM

FATHER RYAN AND MAURICE HILLQUIT

Announcement has just been made of a forthcoming event which will be of great interest to Catholics all over the country. The event in question is to be a joint debate on the merit or demerit of Socialism. The de-bate will be conducted through the columns of "Everybody's Magazine," beginning with the October number and will constitute one of the most sat as usual on my wife's knee, who important and distinguished series of articles ever published in that table. I do not think the old man of articles ever published in that magazine, as well as most notable contributions to the pros and cons of Socialism. The champions chosen them silently for a little while he befor the opposing side are masters of the subject, and their statement of their respective positions, answers and rejoinders, from premises to conclusions cannot fail to be both satisfying and enlightening to all who desire a clear and comprehensive understanding of every side and every angle of this vital question of the day.

THE SOCIALIST CHAMPION The side of Socialism will be taken and its principles defended by Morris Hillquit, a distinguished practicing lawyer of New York. He is a native of Riga, Russia, but has lived in this country since 1886. He is the author The Countess says:

"Before the Pope had spoken, the matter of the Associations was freely and eagerly discussed in Paris and a delegate to the national conven-

THE OPPONENT OF SOCIALISM

As is befitting, the opponent of the Socialist champion will be a Catho-lic priest, Rev. John Augustine Ryan, D. D., for the last twelve years Professor of Moral Theology and Economics at St. Paul Theological Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota. Rev. Dr Ryan is a native of Minnesota, studied theology in St. Paul, and continued his post-graduate studies at the University of Washington, D. C. He has given much study to economic subjects and his book, "The Living Wage," has been accepted as a standard in two hemispheres.

WHERE THE CHURCH STANDS It making the announcement of the debate the Editor of "Every-body's" says: "The comment often heard will be familiar to many readers that 'the Catholic Church chief bulwark against Socialism." Many people outside the Catholic church have spoken thus, and many Socialists have recognized that th Catholic church represents the most definite organized expression agains their cause. Unquestionably argu ments based on the teachings of re vealed religion will be a factor in Dr. Ryan's discussion, but he will not rest on inspiration or authority for weapons or armor. * Yet it is true that by the undertaking of this task he has become the inevitable representative and contender for the position of all Christian churches in so far as they are in opposition to Socialism with opposi

tion based on religious argument." Rev. Dr. Joseph H. McMahon, rector of Our Lady of Lourdes church, and director of the Catholic Library Association of New York, who was instrumental in bringing about this momentous discussion, has this to say in a statement which he has just ssued regarding it:

When Everybody's Magazine asked me, now more than a year ago what was the exact reason of the opposition of the Catholic church to Socialism, my answer was that their principles were essentially contra dictory and mutually exclusive

Appreciating the import ance of setting before so great a body as Everybody's readers a clear, suc cinct yet adequate statement of the stitutions of these two recognized world-powers, the Catholic church and Socialism, the proposition was made that a representative scholar from each of these bodies should be asked to enter upon this discussion in some respects unique in the annals of journalistic debate."

Dr. McMahon details the arrange ments for the manner of presents tion of both sides of the debate and concludes as follows:

"The selection of Dr. Ryan to con duct the Catholic side of this discus sion will commend itself to all. He is a recognized authority on socia logical questions, and his sound theological training, as well as his practical knowledge of the economic conditions and problems of the American world of to day give assurance that the case of the Catholic

"All intelligent Catholics will welcome a statement from him on the fundamental differences between the Church and Socialism.

TWO ANECDOTES OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

In reviewing the Hon. Stepher Coleridge's Memories, recently pub-lished, the Guardian (Anglican) quotes some of Mr. Coleridge's reminiscences of Cardinal Newman. Here

gentle, winning way. I remember once him telling us after dinner about some High Church Anglican, whose name I have now forgotten, who traveled to Italy, and when he got to Rome went to a service in one of the churches, and being an advanced churchman, essayed to participate in the ceremonial, kneeling when the priest knelt and standing when he stood; and just at the conclusion of the service he noted on looking round that he was the only man in the congregation - all the other worshippers being women. "The fact was," said the Cardinal,

he had been churched." And here is the Cardinal in vet

another unfamiliar aspect: He came on one of his periodical visits when my boy Johnnie was about three years old, and about the middle of breakfast, according to custom, he was brought down and saw any little children very often in came visibly moved, and rising from

IT'S EASY TO

the table he murmured in a low , half introspectively, as it were 'I think I must bless him.' and on the little child's head, and aid a few inaudible words of benediction. I think every one present was touched, and glad to have been present at so beautiful a moment.

ALONE WITH CONSCIENCE

sat alone with my conscience, In a place where time had cease And we talked of my former living In the land where the years in

And I felt I should have to answer The question put to me, And to face the answer and question Throughout an eternity. The ghosts of forgotten actions

Came floating before my sight, And things that I thought were dead Were alive with a terrible might And the vision of all my past life

Was an awful thing to face. In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning, Of a sorrow that was to be mine, In a land that then was the future But now was the present time And I thought of my former thinking Of a judgment day to be;

But sitting alone with my conscience Seemed judgment enough for me. And I wondered if there were

future
To this land beyond the grave; But no one gave me an answer. And no one came to save.

And the present would never go by ; For it was but the thought of my past

Grown into eternity. Then I woke from my timely dream

ing, And the vision passed away. and I knew the far away warning Was a warning of yesterday;

and I pray that I may not forget it In this land before the grave. That I may not cry in the future And no one come to save. And so I have learned a lesson

Which I ought to have learned before, and which, though I learned in

dreaming,
I hope to forget no more. o I sit alone with my conscience

In the place where the years in-

and I try to remember the future In the land where time will cease and I know of the future judgment,

That to sit alone with my conscience. Will be judgment enough for me

PROTESTANT MINISTER DE-FENDS PURGATORY IDEA

Defense of the theory that proides between heaven and hell an ntermediate state for the springing of sin-stained souls was made by Rev. H. Page Dyer in a sermon in the Protestant Episcopal church of the Ascension last Sunday. The utter injustice of a divine procedure that would provide for the repentant evil soul as quick as entrance into the land of the blessed as is accorded the pirit of the pure and godly formed

Almost everybody believes there s a heaven, but there is a diversity of thought as to when the saved shall reach there. Of course, it is evident that the bodies of all the saved will be reunited to their souls at the til of the Resurrection, but not until then will they have risen from their graves. But what about the entrance of the souls into heaven? The Pro testant belief is that every soul that does not go to hell goes to heaven at the moment of death. One difficulty about this is that it takes no account of the quality or character of a man's mode of life. A man whose life has been so low and bestial that he barely escapes damnation, according to this theory, goes as surely and quickly to heaven as a man who has lived a careful, holy and beautiful life.

"The ancient belief of God's Church

is one of holy common sense. Fev souls are so pure that they are fit for heaven, where nothing that is defiled may enter. And yet there are many millions of people who are too good to go hell. This vast body of immortal beings will at death go neither to heaven nor to hell, but to an in-termediate state, a sort of vestibule to heaven, an ante-chamber, where their stains will be removed, and where a divine process of purgation is mercifully provided by Almighty God"—From Philadelphia Record, April 28.

"TELL YOUR BEADS"

"Tell your beads," as they say in Ireland, particularly during this month of October, when the family athers around the hearth and the nead repeats the rosary.
Yes, "tell your beads," you here

in America, and remember during this sweetest devotion to pray for the conversion of the negro race in America. It is just as important as the prayers for the conversion of England, to which the great Cardinal Manning devoted his life. The soul of the negro is of equal value in the sight of God. There is a big harvest to be gleaned right here in the big cities. Away down South the conditions are pitiful. The poor negroes are crying out for Catholic missions and schools for their children.

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So "tell your beads" and be assured that the great Mother of God

will not forget you, in your last ex tremity, when death beckons to you and you must go. You in the prime of life "tell your beads." You young girls and boys do likewise and let baby voices be lifted in the grand refrain: "Holy Mary, Mother of pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

Sweet, consoling words that have come to us through the ages since the time that the angel announced to Mary that she was "blessed among Mary that she was women." You cannot repeat the divine prayer too often, and ber when you are saying it to pray If you can help materially, do it. There are many ways. One is to write or send to the Rev. John E. Burke, Director General of the negro missions, 1 Madison avenue, New York gain the best results. In the mean time "tell your beads." — Shiela Mahon in Catholic Standard and

ANGLICAN BISHOP UPHOLDS INVOCATION OF SAINTS

SERMON BY DR. INGRAM. OF LONDON. SHOCKS EXTREME PROTESTANTS

A special cable dispatch to The Sun (New York,) dated London, September 30, says:

'Extreme Protestants are shocked at a sermon by the Right Rev. Arthur Ingram, Bishop of London, delivered at one of the services of the annual Church of England Congress at Southampton to-day, in which he dealt with invocation the saints. He made a plea for the restoration of that aspect of the communion of saints to which every Christian reciting the Apostles' Creed is pledged.

The Bishop said it was a mistake to regard the invocation of the saints as a question which merely divided the Roman and Anglican churches. It was, he said, a matter which concerned what was deepest in human nature, and which was agitating the minds of many people at the present moment and also occupying the attention of men of science. It would have to be reck oned with as much as anything else. said the Bishop, if there was going

to be a reunion of Christendom.

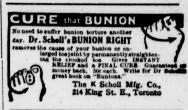
"Bishop Ingram said he knew men to whom the invocation of the saints meant everything in life next to belief in the Trinity. He suggest ed that the proposed supplement to the prayer book should contain some form of comprecation recognizing fellowship in prayer between the living and the faithful dead. Never theless he did not wish to incur the risk of leading any from good in

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order to give comfort to those who would receive a wider vision through realizing more completely the co munion of saints.'

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Apostolic Delegation

Mr. Thomas Coffey Ortawa, lune 13th, 1903.

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ablity, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic spirit, it strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the issachings and authority of the Church, at the same tense promoting the best interests of the country. Wollowing these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnetly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued to Catholic families.

University of Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mi. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your satimable paper the Carmonic Record, and congravates you upon the manner in which it is published. See matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I cau recommend it to the liatithii. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain.

Your Saithfully in Jesus Christ.

† D. Falconio, Arch. of Larissa. Apos. Delog.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1918

THE INVOCATION OF SAINTS

The cable informs us that the Church of England Congress at Southampton listened "with some show of uneasiness" to the Dean of Durham on divorce. The same reliable source of information is responsible for the statement that:

"Extreme Protestants are shocked at a sermon by Right Rev. Arthur Ingram, Bishop of London, delivered at one of the services of the Church of England Congress at Southampton to-day, in which he dealt with invocation to the saints. He made a plea for the restoration of that aspect of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints to which every Christian re citing the Apostles' Creed is pledged.

The Congress was held last month. and we clipped the despatches at the

The twenty-second of the thirtynine Articles of Religion reads thus

'The Romish Doctrine concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration as well of Images as of Reliques, and also Invocation of Saints, is a fond thing vainly in vented, and grounded upon warranty of scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God."

It is passing strange that every Christian reciting the Apostles Creed is pledged to the Invocation of Saints and every Anglican clergy man pledged also to the Thirty-Nine Articles. But Bishop Ingram speaks out in meeting just the same:

" The Bishop said it was a mistake to regard the invocation of the saints as a question which merely divided the Roman and Anglican churches. It was that, he said which concerned what was deepest in human nature, and which was agitating the minds of many people at the present moment, and also occupying the attention of men of It would have to be reck science. It would have to be reck-oned with as much as anything else said the Bishop, if there was going to be a reunion of Christendom.

Yes, the Invocation of the Saints will have to be reckoned with if there is going to be a reunion of Christendom. But who is going to settle it? Who will authoritatively impose this "Romish doctrine." this "fond thing vainly invented without "warranty of Scripture and "repugnant to the Word of God' on Evangelical Christians? "Men of Science" perhaps. Sir Oliver Lodge believes in spiritistic communication with the departed, there fore the invocation of saints, though hitherto a "Romish doctrine," now becomes a respectable scientific opinion.

"Rishon Ingram said he knew mer to whom the invocation of the saints means everything in life next to be lief in the Trinity. He suggested that the proposed supplement to the prayer book should contain some form of comprecation recognizing fellowship in prayer between the living and the faithful dead. Never theless, he did not wish to incur the risk of leading any from good in order to give comfort to those who would receive a wider vision through realizing more completely the communion

Ah, just so. The Church of England is nothing if not comprehensive. Some Anglicans there are who are "frankly Catholic"; others uncompromisingly Protestant. These may give their adherence to the Articles of Religion in their "literal and grammatical sense" while the "frankly Catholic" Anglicans take their Anglican articles in a Pickwickian sense and the creed in a Catholic sense

Never must we incur the risk of retarding the reunion of Christendom by lessening the "comprehensiveness" of the Anglican half-way house.

ORANGE LOYALTY OPEN LETTER ON HOME BULE Hugh T. Barrie, M. P., N. London

"I am going to write, and see King George in person at Buckingham Palace, and I will tell him, 'If you gn the Home Rule bill you will lo our crown and Empire.

George sign the Home Rule Can Let him do so, and his Em pire shall perish as sure as there is a God in heaven. Therefore, let King George sign the Home Rule Bill and he is no longer my king."—Ottawa Hugh T. Barrie, M. P., is not a dis-

oyal Nationalist; he is the loval Orange Unionist Member of Parliament for North Londonderry. We read that the singing of "God Save the King" by Nationalists enrages the Orange Loyalists even now. Soon the National Anthem will be seditious song in Northeast Ulster. Mr. Barrie, M. P., is going to see

King George in person; we can imagine the scene : Your majesty King George are you

oing to sign this blanked Papist Bill or not? Don't answer till know the consequences. If you do you will lose your crown and Empire and, moreover, you will no longer be my King. You would never peen King anyway if we had had our loyal Orange way with your grandmother; but we have forgiven all that and if you side with us now, you may keep the crown during good be

What His Most Gracious Majesty nay say in reply to his trusty and most valiant commoner we shall not try to imagine. But after this momentous interview King George will have himself to blame if he wakes up the morning after signing the Home Rule Bill to find his occupation gone, and his Empire handed over to King Carson or the Kaiser.

SEX HYGIENE AGAIN

What is Sex Hygiene? With the

aid of the dictionary we are able to define Hygiene as that department of sanitary science which treats of the preservation of health; or, a system of principles or rules designed for the promotion of health. But " sex ?" A somewhat extensive reading of newspapers, magazines. novels, plays, educational faddists and discussions of women's clubs. leaves the impression that sex is some recent scientific discovery of vital importance. The world, in its ignorance of the mysteries of sex, has been plunged in darkness from which it is just now emerging. The dawn of a new era is at hand. In the light of the new gospel of sex hygiene vice and disease will vanish like mists before the rising sun. The new evangelists, however, seem to regard as hopeless those who were born, bred and educated in the Dark Ages before sex was discovered, or at any rate understood, when hygiene concerned itself with the health of male and female indiscriminately, and sex knowledge was hampered by foolish notions of morality. Not so the rising generation. The boys and girls in the schools may be rescued from the darkness of sex ignorance; and old maids rush in where

mothers fear to tread. There are those who advocate the eaching of morality in the schools. morality based on religion. The apostles of the new evangel of sex hygiene agree up to a point. Morality? Yes, incidentally, but morality based on sex hygiene and hygiene is quite broad and nonsectarian, it is concerned not with morality but with health.

Amongst the women who advocate the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools it would be interesting to know what proportion are mothers of large families of healthy children. We have a shrewd suspicion that the barren fig trees far outnumber the fruitful vines. However, the recent history of education shows that it is not safe to allow the advocacy of any fad, no matter how grotesque, to pass unchallenged. It is too likely to pass through the stages the poet ascribes to vice. Sex hygiene to persons of sane mind and sound moral health is a monster of fruitful mien : its advo cacy in season and out of season by those who have forgotten, if they ever knew the wholesome atmosphere of childhood, is apt to breed such familiarity with the term that we may endure and even embrace the

hateful thing. In Chicago the Superintendent of Education, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, ordered sex hygiene lectures to be given by medical men in the Public schools.

The abstract generalizations of the advocates of sex hygiene in the schools is one thing; the concrete instruction of the children is another. The fathers and mothers of Chicago might be but vaguely interested in the one; they would not stand for the other. The Chicago Board of Education has already rescinded Mrs. Ella Flagg Young's order. Of sex hygienists it appears to be true that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Sex, sex, sex! sex novels, sex lances, sex plays ; sex discussions at 5 o'clock teas and W. C. T. U. reunions; sex equality, sex morality, sex hygiene.

Under the thin veil of zeal for the welfare of humanity in general, women, and men who address themselves chiefly to women, discuss sex problems ad nauseam. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Whatever outward homage they may affect to pay to Christian standards of morality, they make it plain that inwardly they are governed by the materialistic and nedonistic philosophy of life that spurns self-sacrifice and exalts selfindulgence.

Shall we let these sexual neuras thenics infect the atmosphere of the class room ?

Before us lies a medical journal containing a paper read by Dr. Leszynsky, an eminent neurologist, before the New York Physicians' Association, and later before the Bronx Medical Society.

"Let me digress for a moment to mention incidentally how such topics often appeal to the masses and even to the average intelligen layman unless carefully and judi ciously presented."

He then referred to an English translation of a book intended for the medical profession on sexual psy copathy.

"It dealt with all generally recognized and unsuspected forms of sex ual perversion, and had a larger sale among and was perused with more avidity by the laity than by earnest members of the medical profession Of course, the majority of reader through lack of proper training failed to appreciate the true scientific value of the work, but were attracted through their morbid desire to in dulge in so called pornographic litera ture, and they discussed the matte

If such is the appeal of sex hygiene to "the mass of men and even to the average intelligent layman," what influence will it have on the immature minds, unformed habits and awaken-

ing passions of boys and girls? The learned lecturer himself answers this question. He is a neurologist of recognized standing; he is addressing his brother physi cians; consequently his language is free from sex hysteria. He weighs his words. He knows whereof he speaks. All the knowledge that sex hygienists deem so important is possessed both by himself and by those to whom he is speaking. His knowledge and his experience confidently appeal to theirs for confirmation. His words were intended for addressed to medical men, but they might very appropriately be addressed to those who thrust sex hygiene as a school subject on the consideration of decent people :

"The public instruction of adults and even school children in regard to sexual matters is a more recent innovation. It has seemed to me that the presentation of such informa. should be undertaken only in the most tactful and discriminating manner by specially trained physici ans. It is unnecessary to teach more than can be properly assimilated. Whatever is taught, we must assure ourselves that it is not misunder stood. More knowledge on the sub ject of sex than is required tends to morbidity of imagination.

"As a rule the more thorough the elucidation the greater the misinter pretation. The dormant sexual in stinct may thus be aroused in mor-bidly susceptible individuals, new mental complexes of a sexual character being formed, which may ultimately develop into various psy

choneuroses. "In the case of children, however individualization is absolutely essential as a precautionary measure against psychosexual curiosity and its baneful results. Hence, such teaching is impracticable and inexpedient in the public class room, and cannot be safely relegated to pedagogical routine and Furthermore, the imparting of such knowledge to children should be the prerogative of instructed parents whenever possible.

This sane expert opinion of the value of sex hygiene in the schools we commend to the W. C. T. U.

"In the case of children individualization is absolutely essential a precautionary measure against psycho sexual curiosity and its bane ful results. Hence such teaching is impracticable and inexpedient in the public class room,"

THE NE TEMERE DECREE

Cardinal Rampolla, secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office, has addressed a letter to all the bishops of the Church asking for precise information as to mixed marriages during the past ten years. "This letter." says Rome, "proves that the Holy See is taking every precaution to make the law of the Church on mixed mar riages as perfect as possible before embodying it definitely in the new Code of Canon Law." Rome then continues:

"The Ne Temere Decree was, in me respects, largely experimental, and sufficient time has now elapsed o test its working. Has it reduced the number of mixed marriages? Has it resulted in an increase or diminution of totally invalid mar riages between Catholics and non-Catholics? Has its working duced a gain or loss of souls to the Church? . . . A great many bishops have already presented memorials to the Holy See on the effects of the Ne Temere in their respective dioceses, and it is well known that the results have not been everywhere

In so far as the Ne Temere in validated mixed marriages unless contracted before a duly authorized priest, it was a departure from the previous marriage legislation of the Church. Germany and some other countries were exempted from these clauses of the decree. The circular letter of the Holy Office will accumulate the data necessary for an intelligent judgment as to whether or not the new legislation was productive of the desired results.

SEX THEOLOGY

Well, why not? Some one has said it has struck "sex o'clock." Outside the Church theology is as salt which has lost its savor. It takes on the savor of the prevailing spirit of the At the Church of England congress

at Southhampton the Very Rev. Herbert Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham, openly advocated divorce. "The strength of divorce," said the Very Rev. Dean, "lay in the fact that it gave expression to the distinctively Christian factor of self-respect that would not acquiesce in a situation which actually became degrading.' Of course this is not very original. When sexual attraction is stronger elsewhere it is degrading to cleave to husband or wife. It is the philosophy of divorce. But the Dean of Durham's theology has a distinctly novel way of interpreting the ninth commandment. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife" is a crude, unconditional way of putting it. It applies, of course, only in a modified sense to modern society. But if you do covet your neighbor's wife it is immoral to cleave to your own. That would be "acquiescing in a situation which has actually become degrading." Christian self-respect demands divorce. If the law of the land lags behind advanced thought it is unfortunate, and entails, we presume, on the timid believer in private judgment a forfeiture of Christian selfrespect. Certain Socialists and as an example to other retired others have however, the courage to others have, however, the courage to go to the logical conclusion of such teaching; but they do not profess to be authorized expounders of Christian doctrine.

THE CATHOLIC THEATRE MOVEMENT

In answer to inquiries as to the Catholic Theatre movement, it may be said at once that, contrary to what might be inferred from the meagre references to it in the secular press, there is no intention of establishing a Catholic theatre in New York nor a chain of Catholic theatres through out the country. Neither does the movement, inaug-

urated by His Eminence Cardinal Farley, contemplate the denunciation of particular plays as anti-Christian in principle or shamlessly sensual in tendency. It is recognized that such denunciation is sought by managers and press agents as a very effective advertisement. While decent, thoughtful and selfrespecting people may avoid plays so denounced, the prurient minded, the curious and the thoughtless for that very reason swell the box-office receipts. Commercialized drama naturally considers this the touch stone of success. But there are plays that are decent and clean and wholesome. There are plays that are elevating in their influence and efining in their character.

The Catholic theatre movement considers it a more hopeful measure to point out worthy plays and educate young people to choose them than to stimulate their curiosity by denouncing bad ones.

preliminary letter, aims at unifying the sentiment and action of Catholics on positive lines, urging them to patronize such plays only as are con sistent with Christian morality.

A card catalogue in the office of the Catholic theatre movement will classify the output of all New York theatres, and later those throughout the country. Managers will be notified by letter of such action and will be offered widespread advertisement or wholesome performances ahead of any tour.

It is noted that the Archbishops of Philadelphia and Cincinnati lately banished an objectionable play from their dioceses by unifying parochial sentiment and gaining all creeds to co operate in a civic demand on the authorities. By the Catholic theatre movement it is hoped to enlist the aity through every parochial activity. through sodalities and other religious societies; to secure the influence and co-operation of each in his family his business associates, his parish connections and his social circle The movement, nation-wide, will furnish dramatist and manager with demand and support for wholesome plays, and will go far towards making unworthy productions less profitable.

The movement, which will have the approval and co-operation of all right thinking people of every creed, will not only safeguard young Catho lics from the dangerous influence of indiscriminate theatre going, but will aid very materially in forming such a public sentiment as will secure not the occasional banishment of an immoral play but permanent regulation of the stage in accordance with Christian morality.

PLAIN SPEAKING

Toronto Saturday Night, whose editor is a non-Catholic, writes as follows in regard to the turbulent Orangemen of Northeast Ulster. He is a manly man, this editor of Saturday Night, seemingly not afraid of those ignorant and very narrowminded bigots who might write him to "stop the paper." Saturday Night is almost in a class by itself amongst the secular publications in Toronto. We would have a better state of feeling in the community, and the Orange lodges would not count so many recruits, if all the editors of the great dailies in the big cities would boldly speak their minds in regard to those disloyal, bigoted and utterly selfish men who are threatening disturbance if Ireland be given Home Rule:

" The antics of Sir Edward Carson and the leaders of the seditious movement in Ulster are more mischievous than those of the Suffra gettes. While the latter have their arson squad, the Ulster leaders are publicly drilling a murder squad-'volunteers' raised to resist for the Home Rule can be described as nothing else. They even have their commander selected in the person of Sir George Richardson, who sumed the title of General Officer Commanding. The old gentleman, who has seen active service in several campaigns, is probably insane, but for the authorities to court martial sentence him to a nominal term and publicly cut off his buttons and tear the insignia of his rank from his uni-The proposal of a pack of firebrands who are in the minority, not only in Ireland, but in Ulster itself, to resist by force an act passed after long consideration by Parliament, is the cheekiest instance of the tail attempting to wag the dog in recorded history. The Unionists of Great Britain and Scotland as a whole care nothing for the so called cause ' of Ulster. They are simply encouraging Sir Edward and his friends because they assist in embarrassing the Asquith Government."

THE DANGER OF SOCIALISM

The most deplorable aspect of the present unfortunate Labor War in Dublin is the evidence it affords of the hold that Socialism is acquiring over the Catholic workmen of Ireland. When the late lamented Canon Sheehan issued his warning through the medium of his novel. "Mirjam Lucas," he was mostly laughed at for his pains. What fellowship hath Light with Darkness, men asked, and how could the Socialistic gospel win adherents amongst the children of St. Patrick? And now, ere the grass is green above his grave, the Dreamer of Doneraile is being hailed as a prophet. Even as the simple villagers who loved him passed by his door on tiptoe, fearful to disturb the last moments of their illustrious pastor, the streets of Dublin were echoing to the tramp of hungry multitudes, the red flag of Socialism was being flaunted to the skies, so called Catholics were haranguing the crowds, prating loyalty to Mother

The movement, we are told in a Church in one breath, and preaching Socialism in the next, priests were being insulted in the press and in the streets, nuns engaged in a heroic work of charity were being threatened with bodily harm if they did not yield to the demands of the mob! Socialism in Ireland is not a thing of yesterday. Gradually but surely, the while the sentinels slept in fancied security, the enemy crept in between the lines. There was no open attack on religion. The men behind the movement knew but too well that to show their hands was to court defeat. The men of Ireland have not endured the Penal Laws for nothing. Love of holy Church is part of their very being, and to make war upon their cherished belief could only result in their turning a deaf ear to the prophets. The Socialist leaders were wise in their generation. Whilst they could not attack they could undermine, and by advocating their rights of the working classes they might hope to stir up class prejudice, fan the flame of discontent, and thus bring the Catholic workingman, unknowingly and against his will, into the Socialistic vortex. This they effected under the guise of a strike, and of these strikes, engineered in the principal centres during the

struggle is the climax.

The present situation in the Irish

capital, deplorable though it be, is

bound to have beneficent results. It has torn the mask from the Socialistic masqueraders. Overestimating the success they had achieved, they have forgotten that they were playing a part. They have come out into the open as Socialists, naked and unashamed. A Social Reformer is sure of a following in Ireland because everyone must admit there are crying abuses that demand redress. But a Socialist as such can hope but for few converts amongst the children of St. Patrick. Extracts like the following, which we enable the working men of Dublin, and of Ireland, to form a proper estimate of the motives that inspire their pseudo-saviours and heavensent leaders: "Since?when did the Catholic Church become an affiliated branch of the Employers' Federation fulminating against the workers in return for good dinners and liberal subscriptions to unnecessary charities? What has the one struggle against the violence and ing classes." . . . "It would really seem as if the priest, the press, and the police in Dublin had combined to aid the life-crushing, bloodsqueezing, sweating employers of this city in forcing upon a certain published in part in the daily papers, section of the citizens conditions that are degrading and damning. commit with impunity sins and offences for which the poor would be bility sits less heavily to find fault almost stoned to death. The accommodating minister of religion, who no brains, it might be a good idea frowns at the erring mortal on our streets, will clasp the kid-gloved hand of the tall-hatted villain. . . As a Roman Catholic, I feel humiliated

> Such wild ranting as this inclines us to believe that Socialism in Ireland has over-shot the mark. Love of Catholicism is too ingrained in the Irish heart to be displaced by such silly rhodomontade. The Irish people are not likely to forget, at the bidding of Socialist demagogues, that the priest stood shoulder to shoulder with them in the dark hours of persecution, and if they cannot have him now for a labor leader, they will at least insist that he be their Labor Leader's guide and friend.

and hurt to think that the money

spent in the degradation and distress

of our people should find its way as

profits into the pockets of our

priests."

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS THE ARREST of a so-called Polish priest for drunkenness in Toronto a few weeks ago has, as a matter of course, occasioned comment in the sectarian weeklies. The Christian Guardian makes the sage remark that "a priest who could so far forget himself could give scant spiritual help to his parishioners." Truly But who can fathom the mind of an editor who can thus calmly ignore the fact, published in the interval in the daily papers, that the unfortunate man was not a priest at all, but an impudent imposter who had been plying his nefarious trade among the credulous? Perhaps the Guardian

intends this as a further exemplification of that spirit of "fairness" which is, as it has assured us, a pecuiarly Methodist quality!

SINGULAR, is it not, that the mere fact of an individual incurring ecclesiastical censure should be the passport to the Protestant Hall of Fame! The denominational journals of Ontario for the past few weeks have been ringing the praises of Mr. Godfroi Langlois, whose paper Le Pays has been interdicted in the Archdiocese of Montreal. This act of Mgr. Bruchesi is held up as a renewed intimation that Catholics, and especially French Canadian Catholics, are not permitted to think; that that august function is the exclusive province of the hierarchy, and that the laity may encroach upon it only at their spiritual and temporal peril.

IT WOULD be difficult to characterize such twaddle in fitting terms. Further, as experience has taught us, it would be effort thrown away to controvert it. But we venture to say that of all those who have been extolling Mr. Langlois, not one has any personal knowledge of the man, or any acquaintance with his jourlast few years, the present Dublin nal. He has fallen foul of his Archbishop, (so the event is described) therefore he is a hero and a martyr! Divested of all verbiage that is the gist of non-Catholic comment in Ontario, and it is in full keeping with the traditional Protestant attitude under circumstances of the kind.

Now, THE editor of Le Pays may be all that our friends on the denominational press say that he is. and his journal may have been conducted in a manner entirely exemplary so far as the ordinary functions of journalism extend. Indeed, what we know of him personally is entirely to his credit. But if he has cull at random from recent issues of chosen to go outside of his own pro-'The Irish Worker," will go far to vince, and to run counter to well-understood Catholic principles in the matter of education, he cannot have hoped to evade the issue of such a policy. The Catholic Church is the acknowledged and legitimate guardian of Christian education, and it is not for a publicist, be he never so able, to upset by contentious agitation maxims built upon centuries of experience. There are other and better ways of shedding new light flower of the sweaters' breed to do upon old problems, and Archbishop with the doctrine of the Cross? The Bruchesi certainly is not the man to life of the Saviour was one protest, stand in the way of their legitimate discussion. Those who know him the perfidy of the rul- know also that the evil was grave and that recourse was had to extreme measures in terminating what amounted to a public scandal, only after other and gentler means failed, The very terms of the mandement, as is, for Catholics, sufficient evidence of the spirit in which the Archbishop . . . The man of means can dealt with the problem. It is so easy for those upon whom responsiwith him.

> THE LIGHT in which the Church regards education has very recently been stated with great force and precision by the Archbishop of St. Paul. As to the general principles of a Christian training for the young he has this to say:

"The instruction of the child in the Catholic faith must be deep, thorough and continuous if it is to have a lasting effect, if it is to endure amid the torms of unbelief and error, with which it is sure to be assailed in the coming years of youth and mature age. Such instruction as is gathered up in the home and in the one houra week Sunday school-even when there it is at all imparted-is the merest veneering, which the passing storm quickly melts and effaces. We must know our times: we must know the dreadful trials lying in wait for the faith of our sons and daughters: and as we value their faith as the most precious gift within their reach, we must so surround its earlier growth with effective safeguards, that later no peril shall be fatal to it, no battle shall endanger its life and integrity. To this intent we should hold back from no sacrifice, we should hearken to no temptation leading us away from stern duty; we should resolutely adopt the one course that will save the faith of our children-giving to them a Catholic education.

We may be sure, that to turn the thin edge of the wedge which would eventually make way for a contrary system, was the one motive of the Archbishop of Montreal in forbidding his flock to read Le Pays

DURING THE past summer, as we learn from Irish exchanges, the number of pilgrims visiting Lough Derg and performing the traditional religious exercises at the shrine, has

shown a gratifying increase over previous years. Organized pilgrimages from every diocese in Ireland wended their way thither, and from Scotland, we are told, came many thousands. This famous shrine of St. Patrick bids fair to become, indeed, the common meeting-place of these two predominant branches of the Celtic race, and, having regard to their origin and ancient history, it is fitting that it should be so. It is the spot to which St. Patrick, their common father, was wont to retire when he wished to commune most closely with his Master, and, notwithstanding hostile visitations and the inroads of time, his spirit still hovers about it and the ancient ideas of penance hold sway there still.

THE ISLE OF Lough Derg differs in one respect from almost every other shrine in Christendom. Upon others, for the most part, time has laid his levelling hand, and what are known as "modern improvements" have found access to them to a greater or lesser degree. But St. Patrick's Purgatory retains its pristine simplicity. There is nothing there to attract the mere tourist, or even the tourist in pilgrims' garb. No palatial hotel with electric light, modern plumbing, elaborate cuisine, or those other "improvements" which have come to be regarded as essential to the average traveller, will be found there. St. Patrick intended it as a place of penance, and a place of penance it remains to this day. The pilgrim who would participate in its exercises must content himself with the plainest of fare, sleep upon the simplest of couches, and give himself up for the period of his stay to the performance of exercises that are really penitential. In no other way can he enter into its spirit or reap the spiritual benefits he is presumed to be in search of.

Non is the shrine any respecter of persons. There men and women of all classes of society meet on a common level to purge soul of its blemishes in an atmosphere of sublime piety. There they step back for the nonce into a simple and more truly democratic age; they imbibe the spirit of those early fathers in the Faith who, realizing as, alas! it is so difficult to realize in this prosaic century, that life itself is but a pilgrimage, centred their thoughts and aspirations in another life, and made the things of time altogether subservient to that higher vocation. Well it is for Ireland that, standing upon the threshold of far-reaching constitutional changes, the spirit which has thus far kept Lough Derg what St. Patrick intended it should be, has still voice and influence in her councils, and, as we believe, in the hearts of the great majority of her children.

THE INVOCATION OF THE SAINTS

A little late in the day, perhaps, the Church of England is beginning to grope its way back to "the Invoca-tion of the Saints." The Bishop of London has been led to consider novelty by a conversation he had with a member of the Greek Church during a recent visit to Russia. If push his inquiries a little further in the same quarter, he may learn something which will astonish him about that devotion to the Blessed Virgin for which the Greek Church has always been distinguished. The Bishop of London, preaching on the occasion of the Church Congress now being held in Southamption, is reported in the Morning Post as follows:

During my visit to Russia, when I had a loug conversation through an interpreter with the authorities of the Russian Church, nothing seeme to strike them more forcibly than the little connection which we seemed in our Church to have with the de. parted. After a two hours' conversation with a Bishop, an Abbot, and six of the leading priests of the oldest monastery in Russia, they ended by saying, "But surely, Bishop, yours is a very unloving doctrine; we love our dear ones in the other world; they are close to us; our boys speak to were in the same room; we are not Roman Catholics any more than you, and repudiate the claim of the Pope to jurisdiction over us as you do, but we should miss sorely our belief in the great cloud to witnesses." And then, as if to clinch their assertion in no way took their eyes away from Saints was a question which merely divided Rome and ourselves; it is a it.—Liverpool Times.

pray for him in a crisis on earth; no derogation is intended to the authority of the one Master of us all; but when I turn to the other side and ask myself on which side my voice will be found, if the question of In vocation of Saints is again formally brought before the Church, there are many things which must be weighed To my mind the greatest danger in the revival of the custom lies in the way in which one saint out of many, namely, the Blessed Virgin Mary, has been given a status out of all proportion to others. Blessed abov vomen must she ever be for the honour which was done her in choos ing her to be the means of the Incarnation, but in Holy Scripture, the saying "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" would seem to have been preserved on purpose to prevent the position which has been given her in Roman Catholic countries. Again. we have to recognize the unreality of invoking a string of saints, say, in a poor parish in East London, not one of whom is known to the people who invoke him, and concerning whom we have no reason to know that the saint himself can hear. And then how easy, so history shows, it is to slip from asking for prayer to asking for help, and such help as can come alone from God. May we never see in our Church papers such a notice as appeared elsewhere:-"Thanks to such and such a saint for curing my sore throat; publica-tion promised." Could superstition go much lower, to say nothing of the vulgarity of suggestion contained in the last two words? These difficulties, honestly felt by many others esides myself, only anxious to hold and practise the whole of revealed truth, must be faced and overcome if we are to assent to the revival of any form of direct Invocation of Saints in our public services; but what I do plead for in our Church is a greater prominence given to the truth which we profess to hold when we say:pelieve in the Communion of Saints. We recognize the fellow ship of the saints in our praise, for we say at every Eucharist: angels and archangels and all the company of heaven we praise and magnify God's glorious aame," why should not we have in the new supplement to the Prayer Book some form of comprecation which shall recognize more fully their fellowship in prayer? Often (no doubt in com mon with many others) I think of Bishop Wilkinson, Bishop King, and Canon Body, who took such a loving interest in my well being and works when they were on earth, and I have no doubt take the same interest still. We can hold communion with them, A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE through God can their influence of course, only through God, and only reach us; it is the mischief of Spirit. nalism to encourage the belief in direct communication with the departed, but what a lift for the tempted boy to look up and know that those that be with him are ten thousand times more than those that are against him! What a lift to the life of a diocese to feel that it is only part of a great Church that stretches into eternity!
What a cheer to us all, as we struggle

question which concerns what is deep-

est in human nature and which will have to be reckoned with perhaps as

much as anything, if the Committee of Faith and Order, which has now started

upon its world-wide work, and which

robe of Christ. In reaching such

which we can take, without endanger

PROTESTANTS AND CONFESSION

and fight on, to hear by faith th

cheers and encouragement, and rely

It is one of the inconsistencies of Protestantism that whilst some Protestants confess their sins to the clergy, other Protestants use the pulpit, the platform and the press to oppose the practice. Even those of them who advocate and defend it reveal inconsistency. The Protestant Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, for instance, addressing a recent diocesan synod, said: "What recent diocesan synod, said: l plead for is that none should be left in ignorance of what the church teaches on the subject of confession and absolution in the Book of Common prayer. We need have, and ought to have, no desire to go beyond the purely voluntary basis upon which such confession rests among us. To urge such a confession as a duty, or as: mark of fully instructed churchmanship, is the very way to hinder the the prayers and intercessions for which we are allowed to ask from need it, and for whom the prayer book not only permits but even advises it. To preach it as less than that such prayers and intercessions refuge for sinners who desire parin no way took their eyes away from don and peace is to rob it of its real the one central object of worship, value." If it is "a refuge for sinners they presented my with a beautiful value." the one central object of worship, they presented me with a beautiful eikon of our Lord, saying, "Take this, the Image of the one Master of us all." It is far from accurate to speak as if the subject of Invocation of of Inv

THE HOLY SEE AND CALDEY ABBEY

IMPORTANT DISPENSATIONS — INTERESTING LETTERS FROM

to leave no question which divides BROTHER AELRED CARLYLE Churches unexamined, really is to Catholics everywhere will rejoice bring about, as we all ought to pray, to learn that the Holy See has form-ally recognized Caldey Abbey as a canonically established Benedictine the re-union of Christendom and the repairing of the rents in the seamless great consummation, as in reaching a monastery and novitiate. The obgreat peace, there must be give and servance hitherto followed at Caldey being in accordance with the holy rule of St. Benedict, has been apthe question which we have to face as representing the great Anglo Catholic Church is whether proved by the supreme authority, and therefore in this regard it will there is anything we can give on this question, or it may well be, anything continue as before. The princi-pal difficulty which had to be submitted to Rome was whether the community might for the ing that one thing which we can never give, and on which our faith future include among the choir monks those who do not aspire to is absolutely founded, and that is our belief in Jesus Christ as the the priesthood, since it is the ordin one Mediator between God and man ary rule of the Church that only Nothing more is desired by asking for those who are admitted to professio the prayers of the saints than a man to the choir who are either priests when he asks his friends to or fitted for the sacerdotal dignity This concession has been granted, although it is an innovation on ex isting Benedictine custom by which those who do not study priesthood are accepted as Brothers only, and do not attend the

By the same rescript the Bishop of Menevia has been given jurisdiction over the community for a period of ten years, and, with the approval of the Holy See, His Lordship pointed Dom John Chapman, O. S. B as Superior, and Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., as novice-master. Brother Aelred Carlyle is permitted by the Holy See to make his novitiate at Maredsous Abbey, Belgium, under the direction of the abbot. When the year's novitiate is over he will be at liberty to make his solemn pro fession at once and to be ordained priest as soon afterwards as the Bishop is satisfied with regard to his theological studies. The Holy See has generously conceded that after his ordination Brother Aelred may be canonically blessed as Abbot of Caldey.

LETTERS FROM BROTHER AELRED Brother Aelred in a letter addressed to his brethren expresses

his appreciation of the need and value of his year's novitiate at Maredsous. He proceeds to parrate in detail his experiences as a guest and Brother in several Benedictine monasteries abroad. At the Abbey of Einsiedein, in Switzerland, he found that the community consisted of 105 priests and 40 lay Brothers, with about 250 students. The third abbot of this monastery was an English monk named Gregory, who lived at the Vatican. Glastonburg under St. Dunstan, and he brought with him many English observances which were in use at

Glastonbury in the tenth century. Arrived at Rome, he stayed Sant' Anselmo, and afterwards spent a week at Monte Cassino, the of St. Benedict and the cradle of the order. order. "The wonderful kindness and real brotherly feeling," says Brother Aelred, "shown to each other by all the Bishops and abbots is a revelation to me of the life of the Catholic Church. Men from all countries and speaking all languages meet as one family in the home of St. Benedict, their father

I wish I could convey som idea of the remarkable sense of the religious and spiritual vitality that this great meeting of abbots gives One never has to think of thi one. or that prelate's degree of orthodoxy, and the whole gathering gives one great impression of the unity of the Catholic Church."

FIRST VISIT TO ST. PETER'S ROME

Peter's and his interview with the Holy Father, Brother Aelred has many interesting things to say: Peter's has a life of its own, a deep hidden life, with slow, strong pulsa tions sending the lifeblood through out Christendom. You can feel this life in the quiet chapels, especially in that of the Most Holy. You can see it in the poor woman kneeling at her confession; you can read it in the confessionals themselves, for there all day long priests speaking every tongue are absolving in the upon the sympathy and prayers of those who have gone before.—Tablet. came of the Lord. It all comes with the calm and simple conviction of perfect assurance that the Cetholic Church is God's Church, founded by Christ Himself upon the rock of St Peter: and this conviction St. Peter's Basilica gives me in the highest de gree. It is an extension of the feel ing I had when the fathers, the abbots and the Bishop came to Cal dey at our conversion — that of surrender into the hands of a great and eneficent Power which one could trust absolutely and entirely as manifesting God's will. As I look back to that memorable February 18. when I made my own decision, I see how much more easy this thought has made everything for me. There were things I hated giving up, and there was a great deal that hurt unspeakably, and yet underneath all the changes there was this rather grim but joyful and resistless con viction of security and right doing which I have never questioned for a moment, and which is pulling me through.' BROTHER AELRED'S AUDIENCE WITH

THE HOLY FATHER

Of his audience with Pope Pius X. Brother Aelred writes: The chief event of my life has come to pass. I have seen for the first time him to whom my thoughts and devotion have turned for so long. I have spoken with the Father of Christendom: I have knelt at his feet; 1 have received the special blessing. * * * We waited half they make, on an hour in one of the reception present crisis."

rooms near the Papal apartments After a while a door opened and shut; a Bishop passed out, and a Monsignor hurried along to tell us our turn had come. We went in, and found ourselves in a long, large room furn ished as a library and study, and with apparently no one in it. As we advanced, however, we saw a corner almost behind the door we had en-tered, with shelves of books and many papers, and lying open upon a desk was the little book of Caldey photographs I had asked Cardinal Merry del Val to give to the Pope. At the desk, and just rising to greet us, was the Holy Father, Pio Decimo. The distance from the door to where he stood was so short that we had only time to genuflect once before we found ourselves at his feet. He refused to allow us to continue kneeling, and, kissing his hand, we sat— Abbot Columba in front of the Pope and I in the chair quite close to his left hand. He was dressed in his white cassock, but without cross or ring or cincture. He looked fairly well, and I thought did not sho much sign of recent illness or of his

The Pope speaks quietly and slowly, looking very keenly at one, and slightly moving his hands in emphasis. He began to talk to us in Latin of the great favor and grace received by the abbot and monks of Caldey in what he called our miraculous conversion. Abbot Columba told him I hoped to spend a year at Maredsous for my novitiate, and tha after my profession it was proposed that I should be ordained as was ready. The Holy Father then said, repeating the same words several times with emphasis and great kindness: We most ample faculties, and all, all dispensations in order that he may be ordained immediately after his novitiate; and not only for him, but also for those at Caldey, for they have no need to be very learned in order to praise God."

seventy-nine years.

Then we took our leave, and as Abbot Columba left the room the Holy Father, blessing me, pressed both his hands upon my head, and came away with a feeling of great peace and happiness. I had experienced no strong emotion, and had only felt that I was in the presence of a holy and venerable father whose heart over flowed with love for his children. The audience lasted for twenty minutes, and dir ectly we left the Pope we went into thebasilica and kissed the foot of the great bronze figure of St. Peter in the nave, and we went to pray at the tomb where the apostle lies buried whose successor we had just seen in

Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'

'Lo, I am with you always, even

unto the end of the world.'
"Thus the Holy Church goes on her way through the centuries, doing her Lord's will and carrying His message."-Catholic Universe, Lon-

IRELAND BETRAYED

. A. McNab, Esq., Editor Daily Mail Sir.-Your editorial in Saturday's dition of the Montreal Daily Mail "The Tension Breaking" headed eserves a passing comment.

Your article is a plea for Irish ationality to summender to Orange intolerance. You write: "If what as occurred in Ulster in recent times has given a faithful indication of the impracticability of uniting Ireland under a central government, Speaking of his first visit to St. British statesmanship will find worthy work in directing a way out. etc., etc." Surely, this is a hint which ill becomes you, Sir, wha, a year ago, wrote, while editor of the Star, one of the ablest editorials ever published in Canada, favoring Home Rule for Ireland. That editorial 1 mailed to a British Minister at the time, and in reply I was thanked by the latter, who instructed his secre tary to have it reproduced in the fanchester Guardian.

What a volte-face you perform your new paper, which, no doubt, is seeking the patronage of all lovers of

liberty and fair play in Canada. Et quantum mutatus at illo hectore! And what a metomorphosis has come about in your admirable attitude a year ago when you mar. shalled together a score of reasons why the giving of Home Rule to Ireland would build ap and consolidate the British Empire more than any other conceivable project. has happened since to cause such a retrograde movement on your part? You were absolutely correct then in arguing thus, but the Punic faith now manifested by yourself and se many English newspapers should make Irishmen pause, : and we are pausing, believe me, and weighing well who are our real friends and

Compare, for instance, the attitude of the French press in this province, on the all important Imperial ques tion of Home Rule, with that of the English press on the same question We find the former not only sympath etic out loyal and courageous defenders of Ireland's sacred cause. Winding up an able editorial a fedays ago, L'Evenement of Quebec makes this saddening commentary

well the justice of the Irish cause for struggled for forty years, it easy matter to understand the shame. ful partiality of the English Cana dian journals, both in the reports they give and the commentaries they make, on Irish affairs at the

This attitude we feel keenly and esent with the scorn and contempt it merits, and it has given us ample proof that the old Tory intolerant spirit is not dead in Canada, as it is also a clear manifestation that when it comes to a final analysis, the French press, and the French people of Canada stand out in bold for fidelity and loyalty to Ireland's

aspirations With honorable exception of the Halifax Chronicle, the Ottawa Free press, the Globe and Star of Toronto, believe what I have above stated is in absolute accord with the real facts and the simple truth. And this being the case, what are the seven thou-sand Irishmen who paraded in Mon-treal last St. Patrick's Day going to

Yours truly. M. Monaghan. Quebec, Oct. 13th, 1913.

FOLLOW THE GLEAM

PROMPTINGS OF THE LITTLE VOICE THAT BROUGHT FATHER STEELE PEACE

In the Irish Rosary Rev. Father J Steele, formerly Protestant chapain to the Earl of Erne, gives an account of the causes which induced him to leave the Protestant Church become a priest of the Catholic Church. In his article he says :

"But the great crisis of my life was approaching, a combination of circumstances, whelly unlooked for, eading up to it. Among those cir cumstances, the foundation of a religious house by the Passionists the County of Fermanagh, in the heart of the district in which my school days and early ministry as a clergyman were passed must be mentioned. The buildings were erected on lands which had formed a part of the inheritance of the abbots and monks of Devenish, and were situated within view of the sacred island

"The resurrection of religious life in a region of such holy memories stirred me greatly, though at the time the Holy Congregation was only known to me by its beautiful name and by the fact that J. H. Newman had been received into the Church by one of the Fathers.

"I read accordingly with great interest, the reports of proceedings connected with the new foundation named, 'The Blessed Gabriel's Retreat,' which appeared from time to time in the country newspapers, and in this way was introduced to that glorious young saint. Such imperfect sources of information stimulated a desire which they could

not satisfy; so I provided myself with a copy of his life by Father Ward, C. P., and a most charming volume it proved. "The Blessed Gabriel soon becam for me a 'stella rutilans,' shedding

the sweetest influence from its fixed center in the firmament of the Church. If there had been no other light to lead me but that afforded by this star, I should have been guided out of the 'encircling gloom' by its light alone, to find my feet planted in the way of peace. In addition to the holy memories, upon which I had all my life been feeding my soul. I now found myself brought within the reach of a Living Voice ever and amon sweetly whispering 'Follow the gream !

A PROTESTANT ON ULSTER PHARISAISM

A few days ago the Protestant Primate of the Anglican Church in Ireland, falsely calling itself "the Church of Ireland," wrote a letter to "It was about thirty-eight years the press severely criticizing Sir John Simon, the Solicitor General, because it had been announced (in mistake) that he would take part in a Home Rule demonstration in Newry on September 28. His Grace pointed out that the date named was one set apart for worship and rest, and therefore ought not to be used for political purposes. It would seem that the good Primate goes to sleep while others are beginning to rouse themselves from slumber to face the workaday world's labors, and lives up in the attic of his pala tial domicile, far away from the sights and sounds of the madding crowd below. Sir John Simon is an English Protestant, and the mantle of Sidney Smith seems to have de scended to him, judging from the reply he sent to the press immediately on learning how the Primate had been mislead into playing the Pharisee. The reply was one brist ling with politeness but slive wire charged with withering satire. He said, in part:

Concurring with the Primate's postulate that Sunday is, of all days the day on which Christians should avoid what is calculated to outrage or insult the feelings of their neighoors and fellow Christians, that it is a day set apart for rest and worship, and accordingly it should on no account be used for addressing gather. ings of Irishman on the subject of Home Rule. May I, therefore, most respectfully call your Grace's attention to the use to which it is announced that the Protestant churches in Ulster will be put on Sunday, September 28, the same day on which tes this saddening commentary: you imagined I was proposing to When one considers and weighs speak? If I am correctly informed, great numbers of Protestant clergy. which the Irish National Party have man intend on that day to preach sermons against Home Rule, and intend to allow their churches and services to be used as the place and occasion of demonstrations in support of Sir Edward Carson's political policy. What is this but addressing

the subject of Home Rule? argument chiefly used to rouse Irish Protestants to resist this political change is one which is grossly sive to the feelings of Irish Catho lics, for it is based on the imputa-tion that Irish Catholics desire and intend to persecute and oppress their fellow-subjects, and this argument is constantly advanced with a want of common charity which is as remark able as the self-control with which the imputation is endured by the Catholic population."

Irish Catholics were never in

position to persecute Irish Protest-ants, if it could be possible for them to persecute any kind of people because of difference in religious be lief. Having known the pangs of persecution themselves-drained the cup of it to the last drop-how could they consistently protest to the outside world against it if they had ever shown themselves to be as cruel as their tormentors? Ireland was the only country wherein the Jews were not persecuted or laws ever passed to crush them. But there was yet something more crushing in its force of retort to the unhappy protagonist of Ulster bigotry. The Solicitor said, lower down :

"After all, those who use Sunday to advocate Home Rule as arguing for reconciliation are endeavoring by peaceful means to promote a more kindly feeling between Irishmen those who celebrate "Ulster Day on Sunday and use Christian churches for the purpose of denying the possi bility of reconciliation are vowing by violent means to resist the aspirations of the mass of their fellow countrymen. Which of these two modes of spending Sunday does Your Grace consider to depart the more widely from the canon of conduct you

His Grace has not vouchsafed to return an answer to this pointed query. At least in this, silence is -Standard and Times.

A NOTED IRISHMAN

Mr. Charles Ruby, in the Agents' Bulletin, organ of the Mutual Life In surance Company of Canada, pays a deserved compliment to Mr. M. Mona ghan, B. A., of Quebec. That gentleman is one of the old guard amongst those splendid Catholic Irishmen of the early days. He came to Canada equipped with a liberal education and this enabled him to take part in the public questions of the day with the highest and best in the Mr. Ruby says of him : " A deline ator of character would probably say that his was a nature in which the milk of human kindness was not a foreign element, that in addition to indications of the national characteristics of geniality and keenness of wit there is unmistakable evidence of high intelligence, sincerity of purpose, and a fine sense of honorman who stands for the square deal in all business transactions." all of which the CATHOLIC RECORD agrees. May this grand old Irish gentleman be spared many years amongst the Catholics of Quebec. His life is an honorable and a useful one and an inspiration to his coreligionists.

IRISH FAITH REWARDED

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Shea, S. M. recently consecrated Coadjutor-Archbishop of Wellington, New Zealand, is only a little over forty years of age. At the banquet which followed the solemn cere-mony of the consecration of the Coadjutor - Archbishop, Archbishop ago, when, travelling in Taranaki district on my episcopal visit, I was sitting on the box seat of a coach on the principal road to Hawera, when a good lady came out with her chil dren, the eldest just five years old stopped the coach, and in the presence of the passengers, among whom were several Protestants and others, asked my blessing for herself and her children. I said to myself, there is something great about this person—such good about this person—such good faith deserves some remarkable reward. I gave them my heartiest blessing. I always considered that the blessing I gave to that good lady and her children was the heartiest ever gave, especially after such an example of such real good old Irish The faith of that family was faith rewarded, one of her girls becoming nun and her son becoming the Archbishop I consecrated to day .-Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC LAYMEN'S CULTURE ASSOCIATION

The Catholic Laymen's Culture Association of Toronto will hold their Fourteenth Inaugural on Tuesday, Oct 28th, at 8 p. m. in St. Mary's club house, Bathurst St., and cordially welcomes all the old members and the Catholic men of Tollow, Spirittend. Rev. Father O'Malley, Spirittend. "Ideals' and a musical programme will also be rendered. Admission is free The C. L. C. A. is opening the season of 1913-14 with renewed vigor and energy, and has many new features will appeal to all Catholic men. Debating, impromptu speak. ing, and general educational top ics are featured, and, in addition. many prominent Catholic business and professional men will address the Association throughout the season Two new offices have been created this year, the Social Director, gatherings of Irishmen on Sunday on Director of Publicity, and nothing

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will be left undone to make the C. L. C. A. the foremost Catholic society in the Dominion. Enthusiasm is the keynote of the officers' work, and the hand of fellowship is extended to all Catholic men wishing to engage in its efforts to better the condition of their co-workers in the fight for spiritual and material success. The L. C. A. has adopted for its motto "Wake up, Catholic men?" and it is to be hoped that this slogan will have its effect.

FATHER FABER

NOTED CONVERT TO CATHO-LICISM-WAS RECEIVED INTO THE CHUBCH IN 1845

Frederick William Faber, the great theologian and convert, was born on the 28th of June, 1814, at Caverly, Yorkshire. He received most of his education at University College, in consequence of which he gained the Newgate prize for his poem called The Knights of St. John." which elicited special praise. Meanwhile he had given up the Calvinistic views of his youth and had become an enthusiastic admirer of John Henry Newman, the great Catholic convert and afterward Cardinal.

In 1841 a travelling tutorship took Faber to the continent, and on his return a book appeared called "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples," which he dedicated to his dear friend, the poet Wordsworth. The journal of his travels is beautifully written, and reveals an intense love of nature and an almost Southern susceptibility to her charms. There is none of the interjectional piety which so often disfigures books of travel written by religious men.

Faber accepted the rectory of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, but soon afterwards proceeding again to the Continent with the intention of following the methods of the Catholic Church. Returning to Elton, he devoted himself with great earnestness to the work of his parish, although the two years he spent there were marked by severe mental struggles, which ended in his conversion to the Catholic faith in November, 1845. On leaving Elton his parishioners sobbed out: "God bless you, Mr. Faber, wherever you go."

CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE

That indulgences permit them to commit sin. That indulgences remit their sine

committed. That indulgences can be bought. That the mere confessing of their

sins to a priest merits forgiveness. That they can have their sins forgiven without resolving to commit them no more. That all sins are equally heinous

in the sight of God. That the slightest sin will damn soul. That they can pay for a Mass.

That they can buy the ransom of a soul from purgatory.

That sermons should be preached in Latin to English-speaking congre-

That Mary's Immaculate Conception means that she had no natural father.

That they are prohibited from praying directly to God. That they must pray only to the

saints. That God wishes to damn any

That merely the going to Mass on Sundays is sufficient to save their That they are obliged to obey the

Pope in matters purely temporal.
That a life of perpetual chastity is impossible.—Irish Standard.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PRORIA, ILL. TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE LAST DAY

'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass.' (st. Matt. xxiv, 35.)

These words, my dear friends, taken from the gospel just read, remind us of the last day. There will come a time, there will cortainly come a day which to this world will be final and fatal. That day is already known in the councils of heaven; but to us one of its most heaven; but to us one of its most awful circumstances is its total uncertainty. Like the day of the death of each one of us, it is certain to come, but uncertain when it will come. It will be preceded by signs and warnings; but notwithstanding the most pointed warnings, uncertainty will remain.

A little over eighteen hundred years ago Pompeii stood at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius, in all its splendor and glory. It was a magnificent city. In its suburbs many rich Romans had villas. On a certain day in the fall of the year 79, when the amphitheatre was filled with thousands of specta-tors to witness the games, they were suddenly startled by a great noise—
a rumbling and a roaring and a
quaking of the earth. Looking towards the mountain they saw the A great smoke was issuing from the crater accompanied by vast quantities of molten matter, which was increasing at a frightful rapidity. First it came rushing down the sides of the mountain; then, with terrible belches it sent the fiery liquid and ashes on the city, and for miles around and beyond. Try to imagine for words cannot describe, the terrible scene—the consternation and concrying for aid. But the city and its inhabitants were doomed to do -the howling and yelling and

This event is but a faint image of what will come to pass on the last day. This great day will be pre-ceded, too, by rumbling and quaking of the earth. There shall be wars and pestilence and famines and earthand pestilence and famines and earth-quakes. War, famine and pestilence are the scourges of the Almighty by which He at times punishes the sins of men. And if they are now so for-midable in the day of God's mercy, what will they be then in the day of His wrath? His wrath?

The earth, as if impatient of its iniquitous burden, will swell and oscillate on its circumference and open its jaws to swallow sinful men. The sea will add its horrors, and announcing God's vengeance strike

terror through a guilty world.
"There shall be distress of nations by reason of the roaring of the sea, and of the waves, men withering away through fear and expectation of what shall come upon the world."
The air will be charged with vengeance. It will be loaded with pestilence and death. There will be aw-ful lightning and thunder and whirl-

winds and tornadoes.

"The sun shall be darkened; the moon shall not give her light; and the stars shall fall from heaven and the powers of heaven shall be moved.' Then the earth and the works that are in it shall; as St. Peter says, "be burnt up." As the Lord formerly chastised the world by water, so He will then destroy it by fire. Houses, gardens, villages and cities shall be swept away in a moment by the devouring element and every trace of man's existence on the earth will disappear. Where then will be the great ones of the earth who figured so prominently on account of their riches, their eloquence or their in-satiable ambition? They thought they would live forever and had no ught of another life.

O. mockery of earthly ambition O, vanity of vanities! And all is vanity but to love God and serve Him

only.
All these terrors are but the forerunners of the great judgment day when the whole race of Adam will be gathered together to be judged. At the appointed time, ere the Judge upon the earth, the celestial trumpet shall sound forth the decree Arise ye dead and come to judg-In a moment, says the Apostle, "in the twinkling of an eye, the dead shall rise." They shall issue forth from the bowels of the earth, from the depths of the sea and from the abyss of hell. All shall be there—the rich and poor, the exalted and humble, the infant of a day and the patriarch of nine hundred years. But there will be no distinction then except between the good and bad.

When all are assembled, the Son of God shall appear to judge the living and the dead: "And every eye shall see Him." In front of the Judge shall appear the ensign of the cross, the comfort of the just and terror of the wicked. The whole court of heaven will be His attend-ants. Thus shall the Jews, to their great confusion, behold Him Whom they had crucified; thus, too, shall bad Christians see Him Whom they have again crucified by their sins. Immediately all men's consciences which are the books, shall be opened and their sins published to the world. The most secret sins of their hearts, the sins concealed through shame in confession—all shall be made manifest. Many would almost die of grief, if they thought their father or mother knew what in secret they had committed. Then all the world shall to their confusion know it. Those who have sinned but confessed and repented will render thanks and divines praise to the Lord Who has pardoned them. Virtue then shall appear admirable in all sealed package to anyone mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. The trial package alone has often cured. Write today. The Samaria Remedy Company, Dept. 11, 142 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada.

A MESSAGE FROM A **WOMAN TO WOMEN**

"Every Woman Should Take "Fruit-a-tives"

LARRLET, ONT., MAY 12th. 1911 LARRLET, ONT., MAY 12th, 1911
"Kindly publish this letter of mine if you think it will benefit other women who might be afflicted with the diseases I have had in the past, but am now, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives"; completely cured of. It is my firm belief that every woman should take "Fruit-a-tives" if she wants to keep herself in good health. Before taking "Fruit-a-tives", I was constantly troubled with what is commonly known as "Nerves" or severe Nervousness. This Nervousness brought on the most violent attacks of Sick Headache, for which I was constantly taking doctors' medicine without sick Headache, for which I was constantly taking doctors' medicine without any permanent relief. Constipation was also a source of great trouble to me and for which the Doctors said "I would have to take medicine all my life", but "Pruit-a-tives" banished all these troubles and now I am a well woman".

MRS. FRED. GADKE. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 - trial size, 25c.
At dealers or sent prepaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

her beauty and vice horrible in all

her deformity.

The just Judge will pronounce sentence in favor of the good in these words of love and mercy: "Come ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom which was prepared for you from the creation of the world." What joy will then fill the saints ! On the contrary, what envy, spite and sorrow will fill the hearts of sinners when they hear Him say: "Depart ye cursed into everlasting

This, my dear friends, is the end

which is to terminate all time, and this the catastrophe so fearful to the wicked which is to conclude all things temporal. Let us therefore, be careful how we use the things of this world, and that we may use them well, let us look to the last day, that day of terror and amazement, see how we will be able to stand before a severe judge who receives neither bribes nor excuses. The wise man says that to avoid sin we must remember our last end. Did we frequently and seriously reflect that we must one day give an exact account of our consciences, of the conduct of our whole lives, of all our sins, to a judge who knows and remember all things, would we not be terrified at the thought of the judgment, of the terrible account we are to give? And would we not endeavor to keep from falling into sin? Let us, then, be convinced that the sure way to avoid condemnation in the next life is to punish and condemn ourselves in this. If we do this we will avoid grievous sin and also avoid that terrible sentence, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire."

TEMPERANCE

Don't drink to drown your trouble, I tell you, if you do, You'll find your trouble double And the drink drowns you.

THE CHURCH'S HELP When a Catholic takes a tempernatural help to keep it. But he home greatly disappointed. should fortify his soul with the sacraments of penance and go often to Holy Communion. This is the him, wrote inquiring why the place only way in which the pledge-taker had been given to another man. The may hope to keep the promise he has

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED OLD FALLACY THAT DRUNKENNESS before calling on the president, the CANNOT BE CURED EXPLODED

Many men drink who desire to stop the habit. Whiskey, however, has undermined the constitution and creates a craving that is not to be denied, and the man must have whiskey or something that will re-move the craving and build up the system and restore the nerves.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, steadies the nerves, builds up the general health and makes drink actually distasteful and nause ous. It is tasteless, and odorless and can be given with or without the patient's knowledge, in tea, coffee, or food. It is used regularly by physicians and hospitals. It has cure thousands in Canada, and restored happiness to hundreds of homes.

Read what Mrs. G—— of Hull says

of it and what it did for her: "It is four months to-day since I started to use your remedy. I followed the directions and had the best of results. One week after I started using your remedy the patient stopped drinking and has not drunk a glass of liquor since. I hope you will accept my heartfelt thanks. Hoping God will bless your remedy wherever tried, I remain, "MRS. G— Hull, Quebec."

(Name withheld by request.)

Now, if there is anyone in your town who needs this Remedy tell them of it. Practical philanthropy can take no better form. If you have a husband, father, brother or friend who drinks, help them help them-

selves. Write to-day.
A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria with booklet giving full par-ticulars, directions, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent in a plain sealed package to anyone mentioning

made. The frequentation of the sacrament will keep his pledge before his mind, and the graces he will receive from them will strengthen him in the temptations that are sure

In one who has been an habitual drunkard, the craving for drink is so strong that constant help is necessary to withstand it; and where can such help be found save in the sacraments which Christ instituted to transform sinners?

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS AND DRINK

The number of automobile acci dents of late with consequent fatal effect has increased so noticeably that the authorities in more than one city are considering how they can stay this reckless waste of life and bring matters under something like normal conditions. It will never be known to what extent intemperance is responsible for many of these accidents, but it is generally conceded that drunkenness plays no small part. The automobile is a skylarking machine, and many of our rich and reckless young men take the automobile route to spend their time and money in reckless living. Long into the night and early morning their cars can be seen flying back from country roadhouses, with their occupants loudly venting their hilarousness in boisterous laughter. Beyond doubt many fatal accidents result from the unsteady driving of drunken chauffeurs who have yielded to the temptation to enter into the festivities of their friends. So apparent had this become in this State of Washington that we have it upon authority a state law has gone into force that when any evidences of liquor are discovered in the wreckage of an automobile no claims for damages or insurance can be placed. It has come to the point where pic-nickers who might be perfectly safe in their behavior are afraid to carry bottles of liquor in their machines in view of this law. Our informan states also that, as a result of the operation of this law, the State of Washington has by far fewer automobile accidents than any other State in the Union.

We believe that conditions will not be bettered until the following regulation is effected: That absolute temperance shall be enforced upon all drivers of automobiles; that any driver or chauffeur who visits saloon or drinks during the time he is driving his car shall be amenable to fine. This prohibition is placed upon the drivers of our railroad engines; it is also a restriction placed upon the motormen of our street cars. There is as much reason if not more, why the public should be likewise protected against the drivers of automobiles. Gasoline in the engine and alcohol in the driver make a very dangerous combination. -N. W. C. Advocate

THE ALCOHOLIC BREATH

A vacancy occurred in a great New York banking house. The salary was large and the position very important. A young man from an in-land city was suggested as the proper person to fill the place. A number of influential persons united in the warmest commenda-tions of his character and ability. Letters recommending him were sent to the bank, and he received a special request to call and see the, president.

He was received with affability and after a few minutes' conversa tion was told that other arrange ments had been made and the place had been filled, or was about to be ance pledge and takes it with the given to another man. He was proper intentions he receives super-shocked beyond measure, and went

> An intimate friend of the president's who had warmly commended had been given to another man. The answer came back: "We never employ men in our bank who come to us with alcoholic breath.' dawned on him that, feeling nervous young man had taken a glass of wine, supposing it would steady his nerves and make him more presentable.— T. C. Crothers, M. D.

> IRISH AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE This is what Cardinal Logue thinks of the importance of total

abstinence for Irishmen:
"If I were asked to select one society from the various sodalities in the parish, and were confined to one, the society which I would prefer to retain would be the Total Abstinence Association. With Catholic Irishmen total abstinence is no mere mechanical device to preserve them from temporal evils. In the Catholic Church total abstinence rises to the level of a supernatural virtue which, when practised from a right motive, wins us grace here and glory

TEMPERANCE NOTES

Better housing for the poor is related closely with temper-ance. A Dublin St. Vincent de Paul man declares that if one were to see some of the houses in which poor workingmen have to live, and for which they are compelled to pay rent — how cheerless and desolate such places are—it would be easy to understand why the bright and warm and cheery saloons are so much fre quented.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America recommends that children take the pledge. This is certainly a most humane, a most Christian, a most beneficial recommendation for body and soul; yes, thrifty, honorable and patriotic. Teach the young not only the absolute usefulness of drink but more so the dreadful consequences in the undermining of health and honor; and

emporary and eternal ruin. And now at the very beginning of school s the time to do this work. — Young Catholic Messenger.

METHODIST PASTOR PRESENTS TESTIMONIAL PURSE TO DE PARTING PRIEST

The love and esteem which Catholics have for their priests was forcibly illustrated recently, when two public meetings were held, one at Shawnee in Perry county, and the other at Newark, in Licking county, both in



up his priestly duties in that great archdiocese. During his eleven years in Shawnee he labored earnest-ly and zealously for his people, and left with the good-will of the entire Newark, in Licking county, both in the Columbus Diocese. Rev. T. J. Horan, who has been the pastor of St. Mary's Church in Shawnee, left for Philadelphia, his home, to take

1000

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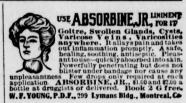


You would not ask your wife to invest your money when she has your counsel to direct her. Why, then, ask her to invest it to advantage when you are gone? Save her the responsibility and uncertainty of making a competent investment by doing that for her now.

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of the parish. The purse was pre-sented by Rev. C. E. Turley, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, who spoke in most eulogistic terms of Father Horan, who had won the respect and esteem of all citizens, non-Catholics as well as those of the faith.-Catholic Columbian, Colum-



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ATT. EATON COMITED

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GRIT DID IT

A well-known New York lawyer hen a poor boy from the country looking a job, saw a sign hanging outside a store, "Boy Wanted." He took the sign down and walked bold ly into the store. The proprietor meeting him, indignantly asked what he meant by taking down that sign You won't need it any more," said he lad, "I'm going to take the job." And he took it.

Tenacity of purpose is characteristic of all men who have accomplished great things. They may lack other lesirable traits, may have all sorts of peculiarities, weaknesses, but the quality of persistence, clear grit, is never absent from the man who does things. Drudgery can not disgust him, labor can not weary him, hardships can not discourage him; he will persist no matter what comes or , because persistence is part of his nature.

Have you ever seen a man who had no give up in him, who could never let go his grip whatever happened, who, every time he failed would come up smiling and with greater determination than ever to push ahead? Have you ever seen a man who did not know the meaning of the word failure, who, like Grant, never knew when he was beaten, who had cut the words "can't" and impossible" from his vocabulary man whom no obstacles could down, no difficulty phase, who was not disheartened by any misfortune, any calamity! If you have, you king among men.

Fearlessness, boldness, has ever been characteristic of great achievers. Men who have no "dare" in their natures, who are afraid to take chances, and shrink from hardships, who can not forego their ease, post pone their desires, must be content with small achievement.

Boldness and grit characterized the late E. H. Harriman, the greatest railroad builder in history, the man who actually controlled 65,000

Whatever criticisms may be made of the man's methols, there can be no doubt as to his great ability, his qualities of leadership. If Harriman had hesitated, had lacked the courage and grit to act at any great crisis in his career; if he had wavered, doubted his ability, he would never have become the colossal power that he was in the railroad world. But he never doubted himself; he had confidence in his judgment, he never wavered or hesitated when he had discouraged future of the railroads of this country. He had that courage which dares to take risks when others push on after others had given up.

Poor boys who complain that they have "no chance," that they have no friends to push them along, ought to ence. As for the romance she's read the story of Mr. Harriman's requite likely to go home again to find markable career. Supposing young it. Harriman had said to himself, as thousands of American boys are say-quaintance is fraught with ever-ing to day, "What chance have I, a serious danger, and railroad com relatives to push me along, no way to get an education, to do anything for me to rise in the world?"

But young Harriman was made of At this season there are thousands the stuff that wins. At fourteen, and thousands of sweet, pretty, inex-

-ook

Like

Home"

with very little education, he went to work with nothing to back him but a vigorous resolve to improve his condition, a desperate determination to get on, to be somebody in the world. These constituted his only capital. He began as an office-boy, and through sheer grit and bulldog tenacity of purpose, climbed, step by step, until he became a power to be reckoned within the

railroad world. Grit is the master key which unlocks all difficulties. What has it not accomplished? It has paid the mortgage on the farm in innumer able cases; it has enabled delicate women to save the home for the family; it has stood in the gap and saved thousands of men from destruction in disasters and great emergencies, in hard times and business panics; it has enabled poor boys to pay their way through college and to make places for themselves in the world; it has given cripples strength to support aged and invalid parents It is more than a match for any handicap; it has tunneled mountains, bridged rivers, joined contin-ents with cables and spanned them with railroads; it has discovered ontinents and won the greatest

battles in history.

No substitute has ever been discovered for tenacity of purpose Nothing can take the place of clear grit. An education can not, a rich father, influential "pulls," can not, nor can any advantage of birth or

After a friend of a New York mer chant had named a number of good qualities in recommending a boy for a position, the merchant said, "Does he keep at it? That is the principal ve seen a real man, a conqueror, a thing. Does he have staying qualities ?

> Yes, that is your life-interrogation. "Do you keep at it?" "Have you staying qualities?" "Can you stick persevere after failure?" "Can you you grit—grit. you grit—grit enough to hold on, to stick and hang, in spite of the most disheartening obstacles?"

> On every hand we see people who have turned back for want of grit, people who had pluck enough to be gin things with enthusiasm, but did not have grit enough to carry them

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE YOUNG GIRL TRAVELLING

Dear Eileen, there is just one absolutely safe rule for a young woman travelling alone and that is to make no acquaintances on the train what-ever. No doubt even the quietest once made his plans. Nor could and most modest of country hard times, panics, lack of capital, girls has a spice of love for advenraged associates, anything, ture and romance in her make up.
his confidence in the great That's half the reason she persuades herself and her family that she must go to the city to earn her living. Adventure and romance are the weaken, doubt, hesitate, the grit to spice of life, to be sure. And when you are twenty a rose light covers them both. The discovery that adventures are mostly unpleasant and one to help them, no influential dangerous, comes only with experi-friends to push them along, ought to ence. As for the romance she's

The adventure of the chance acquaintance is fraught with every a poor country boy, with no rich panies really ought to be required to put out red lanterns and flags about it. Probably there are few trains My father is only a poor which do not record a wreck or two country clergyman with \$200 a year on the chance acquaintance crossing. What opportunity is there Yes, truly, it's just as daugerous as orise in the world?"

Yes, truly, it's just as daugerous as that, dear E leen.

A pretty little home always seems more home than an ordinary house—and it need not cost more.

We can show you how to build a cosy, attractive home (not a sectional, portable house), designed by clever architects, without a cent of expense to you for designs. And at a price fully 30% less than building in the ordinary way.

The plan is so simple that it is no wonder hundreds of homes are now being erected the Sovereign way. We apply the modern sky-scraper construction idea to home-building.

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age homes to look for work in the ity. And there are packs of human wolves infesting trains and stations ready to spring on nice little Red Riding Hoods, if they get the least chance. and the way to do it is first to scrape acquaintance. They seem like nice, kind, polite people who wish to help long an unsophisticated girl. The gain her confidence and invite her o call on them; or they send her to boarding house which is not at all the place for a good girl.

Of course, Eileen, as you say, it's horrid" to be suspicious of every oody and to read a bad intent into every kind of courteous act. That sn't at all what your older friends want you to do. There are many more kind and good people in the world than people of the bad sort. Indeed, civilized life would go to smash in short order if that were not true. But this is also true; it often happens that the good and kind are restrained from being as kind as they should like because they fear they may be misunderstood. A gentleman across the aisle rom you might notice that you were tired of looking out of the window and he might wish very much to loan you one of his magazines or to talk with you about some object of interest the train had just passed. But the chances are he would do neither. He would restrain his courteous instinct because he would reflect that you would probably dis-trust his intentions and the other passengers would probably do the same. People of the sort you would like to know are not inclined make friends on railway trains. And people of the sort you must learn to avoid in a big city are apt to be the ones to make what seem to the unknowing to be friendly advances. You should meet with courtesy but regard with suspicion all overtures from fellow-travelers—not only from men but from women as well be cause more women than men are en gaged in trapping the "green" girl. The reason is quite obvious. Many girls who would not think of "taking up with strange men, do not better than to accept the invitations of strange women. Usually these stalkers of young girls are middle aged and gotten up to look either motherly or elegant. Some girls are quite overcome by the attentions of an obviously rich elderly woman while motherliness catches others.

The methods are apt to be some thing like this. You are car-sick or your head aches and the kind lady offers you smelling salts. Or the train is late. You have not brought any lunch and she offers some of Perhaps she hears you asking the conductor some question which shows you are ignorant of the city. After he is gone she says sweetly: "Let me help you." Moved by her kindness you are soon telling her all about yourself and your plans, your hopes and your fears. And then she says she is more than glad she met you. She knows just the thing for you. she is all alone, with a big house and no one to live in it, or she has a friend who is going to Europe and wants a companion. You are just the one, she is sure. It's a beautiful picture she paints of your future.

And she tells you just how to find her in the city. Very likely she takes care not to be seen in the station with you. The station de-tectives probably know her and might warn you. In some fashion like this the she-wolf on the train tries to trap Red Riding Hood. If some nice motherly old lady scrapes acquaintance and offers to help you, tell her at the first opportunity that the agent of the Travelers' Aid will be looking out for you, and that you can't decide anything until you have talked with her. She probably won't be so effusive after that, and it's true the Travelers' Aid agent will be in the women's waiting room and she will be looking out for you and all the other girls. You can consult her and she will tell you of safe and un-safe places.—Aunt Bride in the Sacred Heart Review.

THE LOYAL ORANGEMEN

A new complaint against the A new complaint against the Nationalists comes from Derry. It is alleged that the Nationalists have taken to singing "God save the King!" at their meetings. "Why do they do it?" was asked a constabulary man. "Oh, to enrage the Orangemen" he cried. This is certainly approximate the Complex of the Complex o tainly a great joke on the Orange-men. It is stealing their thunder. It is depriving them of a song that they have used as a party cry for years. They have posed before the British people as the defenders of

perienced young girls travelling on the King against a pack of rebels, trains coming from country and vil and now those rebels seize their chief weapon and turn it against them. We do not wonder they are provoked. How much more so if Irish Nationalists would follow the advice of the Leader and " collar the Union Jack" that is, carry the British flag (which the Orangemen have always monopolized) in Nationalist processions. Although the sugalist processions. Although the sug-gestion is logical, we do not expect to see it followed just yet; but there is no doubt it would take the wind of the Orange sails.-Sacred Heart Review.

A BELFAST CATECHISM

In Belfast they have a "catechism" for young persons applying for a start in apprenticeship at any of the great linen manufacturing establishments in that city. Most of those establishments are in the hands of Protestants, and Protestants of the Orange persuasion. A staff writer in the Dublin Leader, over the signature "Irish Ireland," tells that "they (the Protestants) are nearly exclusive in their monopoly of the linen trade, that they "take precious good care that the slave Catholics shall be kept in lowly positions," and that "no man or woman need hope for advancement unless they openly wear the Unionist button, and in the armies of linen employees engaged in Belfast the rank and file are graciously allowed to Catholics, whilst the favored, big-salaried posts are for the downtrodden Unionists."

About the "catechism" performance 'Irish|Ireland" tells that, "The Belfast non Catholic employers' catechism to a procpective apprentice from the Labor Exchange is notorious: "What school were you it? What church do you attend? Who is your clergy man? I'll send you a post card."

If the answers to these questions show the applicant to be a Catholic, that is the end of the business. There will be no post card, the promise of which is merely a put off. There will be no post card,-no admission for the "prospective appren-tice," being of the wrong religious color for Belfast, the boasted stronghold of 'civil and religious liberty in Ireland.

"And then," as "Irish Ireland" remarks, "their travellers (drummers) are 'swanking' it in rich Catholic lands for orders. South America and the (European) Continent send the majority of good orders to bigoted Belfast who, in return, will not give a decent chance to the Papist. Ireland, too, good orders are sent by the Catholics in the South and West to "bigoted Belfast." If those orders were stopped, as they might be, Belfast would soon have less "Protest connection Captain Craig, one of the Ulster Orange members, asked a question some time ago in the House of Commons, "whether the govern-ment were aware that, in anticipa-tion of the Government of Ireland Bill (the Home Rule Bill) passing, an extensive boycotting of Ulster had been started in the South and West of Ireland, circulars being distributed naming certain firms in Ulster: and what action the Government proposed to take."

To this question, Chief Secretary Birrell answered that "he understood

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from patients tell-ing of extraordi-nary cures, many after a lifetime of suffering and after medicines and baths and every-thing else they could try had failed.

FREDR'K DYER, Cor. Sec.

some shopkeepers in the South of Ireland has refused to deal with firms who, they thought, had coun-tenanced the expulsion of Catholic workmen from their employment in Belfast. The matter did not appear to call for any action on his part.'

Of course, the Chief Secretary was quite right. It was no part of his duty or business to "take action" in the matter. The shopkeepers of the South of Ireland may deal with whom they please, and if they refused or stopped dealing with such intolerant bigots as the "catechism" employers of Belfast, they would be highly jus-tified in such action, which most people would regard as punishment well deserved.

THE CRY FOR CATHOLICITY

"In the great days of Catholicism one of the minor, but by no means negligible advantages enjoyed by the ignorant many was constant access to a higher and broader point of view," writes Dr. Charles J. Whitby, a non-Catholic, in the London
"Academy." Continuing this line of
thought. he says:
"The point I wish to make and to
emphasize is that over and above its

purely religious function as a con oler and inspirer of the souls of individual men and women, Catholi-cism exercised an enormous influence upon life as a means of bringing to bear upon everyday problems the point of view of a profound and wonderfully consistent philosophy. In the Middle Ages poets, artists, scholars and thinkers were attracted to the Church by an inevitable affinity. The Church assimilated the work of such men, wrought it up into a coherent and more or less harmonious whole, and thus became the organ and the mouthpiece of every form of culture. * * *

"In place of the Church we have

the churches, with their innumer able conflicting aims and sympathies their mutual bickerings and recriminations, their half-empty pews and half - hearted ministers. * * *
Catholicity! Catholicity! that is what we need, but where shall we find it ?"

HOW YOU CAN HELP THE CHURCH

Every Catholic man may be a Catholic missionary if he wants to be Let him lead a good life, be cleanspoken, and straight forward in his dealings with his neighbors, and attentive to his religious duties, and he will be a living witness to the great moral force of the Catholic Church. His Protestant neighbors read him more attentively than they would read a Catholic book; and they are more influenced by his sayings and doings, particularly his doings, than they would be by carefully framed syllogisms proving the truth of the Church. Not that we would belittle the written and printed word. That too is efficacious. That too is necessary in an age when tentive to his religious duties, and too is necessary in an age when secure a posi every one reads and when the press has become to a large extent such a power for evil. But the Catholic man who shows the result of the Church's teaching by a clean, consistent Christian life—he is the most convincing proof to the nen-Catholic observer that we have the faith first delivered to the saints.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND

The "Church of Ireland" is the des ignation which the Protestant Epis copal sect in that country claims and holds as its own, and it seems that in the possession and use of the title ant prosperity" to boast of. In this they are supported by warrant of law A correspondent, writing to the Dublin Leader, which had made some re marks in reference to the subject, thus states facts of the case

"It is not, perhaps, within your knowledge that after the Disestab-lishment of the 'Church of Ireland' the Registrar-General styled this Church 'the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland' in the forms sent out to its clergy to be filled, in pur suance of the provisions of the Act of Parliament. The clergy refused to comply until their Church was properly described in the said forms and the Registrar General submitted the case for the 'opinion' of the Law Officers of the Crown, who advised that the legal title of the Church, not vithstanding Disestablishment, is still the 'Church of Ireland.' Accord ingly this public officer made the required change, and it so remains to

the present day."

The utter absurdity of such title for a body numbering less than oneeighth of the population of Ireland hardly needs comment. Ireland and Irish are everywhere suggestive of the Catholic Church. Ask "the man in the street" anywhere the civilized world around what is the Church of Ireland, and the word Catholic will come at once to his mind and lips.— Freeman's Journal.

ANOTHER OPENING FOR THE "JINER"

"'Camels of the World is the Real est animal admitted into the great zoo of our American lodge-system."

Catholic Tribune. "In Minneapolis there are already one thousand individuals, who have letters and seals, to prove that they are camels. The lodge zoo is prospering and the managers can soon put the Ringling Circus out of business.

He for himself weaves woe who weaves for others woe.—Hesiod.

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C. N. R., Winnipeg,

writes—
After careful perusal of your instruction papers and personal conversation with yourself in connection with the methods in which you employ your school, I am convinced that any student taking up the course and graduating, will receive a practical insight to the general station work. In the past, during certain seasons of the year, we have not been able to get sufficient competent operators or agents to fill the demand.

graduate of our School

tilying to the thorough and practical instruction and the kind attention given me on attending the Dominion School of Railroading. I commenced with a position in a ticket office at Winnipeg, at a salary of \$60.00 and commission, and in one week was advanced to cashier.

C. P. R., Winnipeg

Young man, learn Railroading.

Thousands of miles of Railway track are being laid this year. Next year two great transcontinental railways expect to complete their construction work.

The opportunity for advancement in Telegraphy and Railway Station Work is almost limitless. In no other field of industry is promotion based on so systematic a scale, depending solely on the merit of the indi vidual. No other industry can present such a wonderful story of advancement and achievement gained by those rising@from

Sir William VanHorne and James J. Hill started their careers as railway telegraphers. Amongst very many other cases may be mentioned J. W. Leonard, Vice-President of the C. P. R.; A. Price, Assistant Gen. Mgr. of the C. P. R. at Montreal; W. B. Lanigan, Assistant Freight Traffic Manager of the C. P. R. at Winnipeg, who were all formerly telegraph operators.

In fact, 65 per cent. of the general officials of the railways in Canada and the United States began their careers as telegraph

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It puts you under no obligation whatever to use this conpon; it merely brings you, free, full particulars in regard to how you can secure a good position paying full pay at the start, in the best field of opportunity that exists in Canada to-day. Surely this is worth while—Do it now. Remember 'Procrastination is the thief of opportunity." One of the greatest elements of success is initiative—"the power to do it now." So use the source of the procrasting the surface of the power to do it now." So use the source of the power to do it now." So use the source of the power to do it now." So use the source of the power to do it now." So use the source of the power to do it now." So use the source of the power to do it now." So use the source of the power to do it now." So use the source of the power to the po

do it now." So use the coupon

Dominion School of Railroading TORONTO, ONT.

Best-Hated of Farm Tasks

ON the spreaderless farm the thought of the great heaps of manure piling up constantly in barn yards, heaps of manure piling up constantly in barn yards, stables, and stalls, is a gloomy one. Those piles mean much disagreeable and hard work. Three times every bit must be handled. It must all be loaded onto high wagons. It must be raked off in piles in the fields. Then every forkful must be shaken apart and spread.

Compare that old-fashioned method with the spreader way. You pich the manure into the spreader box, only waist high, drive out and—the machine does all the rest.

And, far more important, if you buy an LHC spreader, one ton of manure will go as far as two tons spread by hand, with the same good effect on the soil, and it will all be spread evenly.

I H C Manure Spreaders

Deering and McCormick

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HISTORIC REVOLTS

Without touching upon the heresy known to us as "Modernism," Professor MacCaffrey of Maynooth, in what must be the most masterly primer ever written about the Catho-lic Church, deals with those historic revolts against the teachings of the Church, the insidious progress and continuance of which revolts is noticeable even to our own day per meating, as their withering principles do, all these movements which are known under the generic title of anti-clerical." These four heresies are Jansenism, Gallicanism, Ration

alism and Liberalism.

Jansenism began when the discus sions with the Calvinists in the Netherlands had brought the question of salvation by grace into prom-inence. One Michael Baius, a professor of Louvain, advanced certain propositions which were suspected of Calvinism in 1560, which Rome im-mediately condemned, Bais forthwith was, however, taken up by Jansenius who died in communion with the Church as Bishop of Cypres (1638), but who left behind him a work which was later published under the title "Augustinus," and which gave rise immediately to a sharp controversy. A friend of Jan-senius, Cyprian, helped to spread the doctrines of "Augustinus" in France, and to bring about a great reform movement advocating a return to the severity and strictness of the early

Calvin like, the justice of God was emphasized, even to the exclusion of His mercy, and according to its rigorous standards few were ever really worthy to receive Communion. Jan senism had a great vogue in France where its principal opponents were the Jesuits and St. Vincent de Paul many condemnations were issued, but the heresy gained ground owing to the patronage of persons who were socially high-placed and who hoped to forward their own political schemes by inducing the Church to give up a portion of its wealth. Pascal wrote his famous "Provincial Letters" against the Jesuits, and for years France was divided into factions for and against that many people abandoned religious practices alto gether. It was only in 1713-nearly two centuries after the origination of the heresy—when the famous Bull "Unigenitus" excommunicated all Jansenists that the heresy began to decline, though even to the days of Napoleon, its followers were strong

Gallicanism came into fashion in 1682, the middle of the reign of Louis when like Henry VIII. of England, this monarch wished to make himself absolute ruler of the Church in France. Many French Bishops assented to his policy. His claims were strongly resisted by the Popes. and, accordingly, in 1682, Louis called together his General Assembly in order to discuss the Gallican articles : (a) that the Pope could not interfere directly or indirectly with the temporal affairs of princes; (b) that in spiritual matters, a general council was superior to the Pope (c) that the rights and customs of the Gallican (Latin Gallus meaning French) Church were inviolable; (d) that the Pope was not infallible even in matters of faith, unless his decision was confirmed by the Church

in council. The great body of the French protested strongly against them, refusing to confirm the nomination of any of those who had taken part in the Assembly. It was not till 1693 that Louis, in fear for the integrity of his kingdom at a critical time.

It was not a mere interest, but there was a joy, a happiness and a hope. I realized then it is worth living no matter how much we suffer, for after all we live to die and die to live.

I have black to the ropes of the ropes and a hope. I realized them it is worth living so contagious as pure openness of heart. promised that the teaching of Galli-canism should not be inforced in French seminaries. Nevertheless (as French governments have often re-vived Gallican notions, in order to weaken the Holy See. A German form of Gallicanism was started with the object of limiting Papal author ity in 1765 by the Holy Roman Em peror, Joseph II., but found little support or sympathy among either and so made no progress.

Rationalism brings us down to the days of the present, since it forms the chief support of the so-called scientific school. As with the Modernists, the Rationalists, followeach person to form a judgment on all matters intellectual. In the eighteenth century—the intellectual age, as it preferred to call itself— Rationalism was the fashion. It is noteworthy that the spiritual revolt first carried its intellectual bias into England, where Hobbes and Locke became the high-priests of an application of its theories to a temporal principles, such as the rights of man.

In France, however, it won its most extensive vogue where immorality and irreligion made the sceptical notions of men like Vol-taire and Rousseau easy of access to the most fickle of people. The god-less Rationalism of Rousseau, it may be said, make the French Revolu-tionary horrors possible. "Had that man not existed," Napoleon once observed "humanity would have been spared its most tragic history and it would have been better for the

In Germany, particularly during the reign of Frederick the Great— the friend, disciple, patron of Voltaire-Rationalism made great pro-

gress.
The so-called "Liberal" movement in religious thought was the as the critic, not only of Catholicity, a captain but of all Theistic and Christian governor.

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teachings, France, Spain, Belgium have at one time or another fallen under its influence and it flourishes at the present day under the descrip tion of latitudinarianism, laicism and, in its extreme forms, anti-clericalism.—Freeman's Journal.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO

PLEASANT INCIDENT .- Rev. Father Cline, P. P. Oshawa, was recently made the subject of a very distinct honor by the non-Catholic citizens of the town on the occasion of his de-parture to assume the very important position of Superintendent of Charities. Held as he was in the very highest regard by his own people this mark of esteem on the part of those not of his own flock was a happy incident, and may such a feeling grow throughout the country. The function assumed the form of a public banquet on the

part of the citizens. Those taking prominent part being: Mayor Ed-mondson, Wm. Smith, M. P., W. E. N. St. Clair, M. P. P., Mr. T. B. Mitchell Col. J. F. Grierson and Mr. F. L. Fowke. Col. Grierson proposed the toast of the guest of the evening and presented Father Cline with a magnificent travelling bag containing all travelling accessories The speeches were complimentary. Father Cline's remarks were of a most touching and appropriate character. The CATHO-LIG RECORD sends him congratulations. Such men and their good works are a benediction in every

A JAPANESE

CONVERSION

I was born and raised in a Protestant family and while my father was a good God server, though a Protestant. I had a very little regard for any

of religious matters.

The reason, I believe, was that I was unable to grasp the truth of this world and world next to come.

As I grew up I changed from one Church to another in a search of a true light and true hope. The time flew away until a few years ago when I determined to give up my long search in an utter despair.

Then, there came a great change in my life. Through an influence of an American friend of mine, I took a fancy to study the Catholic doctrine. It is strange when I reflect upon my past, I can only marvel at the ways of God in which He had guided

me to my final destination. With the help hands of many goodnever in my life did I experience anything happier than those days; for I began to see a true light I sought so

to think of our Catholic faith more kindly, more seriously; not through the colored glasses of prejudice, for Napoleon's time) anti-Papal this is not the thing to be seen, heard or to be touched, but is a thing to be felt in our hearts with conscientious minds.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC COLONY

THE ISLAND OF GUAM, ALMOST ENTIRE-LY CATHOLIC, IS THE BEST BEHAVED COMMUNITY UNDER THE STARS AND

Guam, Uncle Sam's little outpost in the Western Pacific, has a population of about 12,500, over 12,000 of which ing Luther insisted on the right of is Catholic. Several years have each person to form a judgment on passed, writes J. J. Raby, in America, since I visited Tutuila, but at that time the Marist missionary, Father Belwald, had about 3,000 Samoans under his care. I hope the Catholic Directory for 1914 will mention these

While on the subject of Catholic Guam, you might be pleased to know that this little island is perhaps the best behaved community under the Stars and Stripes. Some of the people are so correct that, when they commit an offense against the laws they present themselves for the pay ment of the fine before they are ar rested for trial. The allowed comple ment of the police force is 10, but 5 s the number sufficient to preserve the peace. For all this the native Chamorro is indebted to the good Spanish padres, and to dear old Father Palomo, a native priest who has devoted his whole life of nearly four score years to looking after the spir itual wants of his people. Contume ly is one of the most serious crimes committed, and according to the old Spanish laws still in force, when ar offender is proved guilty he (usually she) is heavily fined and banished to some other part of the island for result of Rationalism. It has been about a year. Guam is under the manifested at all times in Germany control of the Navy Department, and as the critic, not only of Catholicity,

A KING'S REVERENCE

SPANISH MONARCH'S DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

In a recently published sketch of the Duke of Montpensier, son of Louis-Philippe, it is related that one day, in the year 1880, a carriage surround ed by officers and soldiers was trav-elling rapidly down a street in Mad-rid. Suddenly it stopped, and two gentlemen—one an old man, the Duke of Montpensier; the other, still young, Alphonsus XII., King of Spain,-alighted and fell on their knees They had overtaken a priest carry ing the Blessed Sacrament.

The royal carriage was given up to the bearer of the King of kings, and sovereign and duke followed it on

foot, bareheaded. Next day, the king, accompanied by the duke, visited one of the prisons. While the convicts were acclaiming their august visitors, a warden cried out: "On your knees, all!" The Blessed Sacrament was being carried to a prisoner on whom sentence of death had been passed, but as to whom sickness seemed likely to anticipate the executioner.

Both royal visitors entered the dy ing man's cell, and remained kneel ing while the chaplain administered the last sacraments. At the conclusion of the rite the duke arose, approached the bed and lightly kissing the convict's forehead, exclaimed

May God pardon you." In turn, Alphonsus drew near; he was pale, and deeply moved. "As God has pardoned you," said he in a low tone, "I also pardon you. If you recover your health, your life shall be spared."

Subsequent events were in accord with poetic justice: two months later the pardoned convict, once more vig orous, joyously left his cell to breathe the air of freedom.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

The contrast between the dear old Catholic days and our own has been well drawn recently by Canon Edward Rees, D. D., and we thank him for his friendly tribute. He

Says:
"What does a people gain by extending its knowledge, its empire over the world, by commanding the fatness of the earth, if it has lost the neart to be glad?

"People in the despised Middle Ages built cathedrals; . . . they made the folks songs and the carols It was they who in all European tongues gave Christian names to all the wild flowers, in gladness of heart. . . They were at home in the world in which they dwelt, and they were at home in it because they re-

garded it as the vestibule of another.

They were on friendly terms with its Maker and Owner; not on impious familiarity, but on friendly terms. They adorned the year with festivals we punctuate it with Bank Holidays They diversified the wayside pageant with chapels and shrines many of them of exquisite beauty we bedeck our fields with boarding

which commend pills for our aches, and crushed wheat for our impover ished health. The difference in the display, measures the difference between their temperament and ours.'

The Canon might give an interesting lecture on "What Protestantism has done for the people."-The Missionary.

argument but a true peace, happiness and life to come, come to any Catholic Church and you are sure to find it there, because our Lord Jesus will receive all those who come unto Him.—H. K. Shigeta in San Francisco Monitor.

THE STORY OF MY BEADS You ask the story of these little beads? Well, I will tell you;—that you weep with me.

I always loved my rosary, but oh, these beads, These litt e, wooden beads, my hands now hold Are full of such sweet memories, and sad, I would not part them, should you offer me Rich jewels strung on gold.

They bear a tale
Of sacred friendship for the holy dead.
They lay within his hands—my friend's
hands,—
All through a long, long journey. Over hills
With snow cappee summits; over vales—
Where roses and where violets grew so close

They made a fragrant carpet for the feet.
O'er prairies and o'er Spanish towns far west;
From ocean unto ocean, night and day;
By orange groves and wooded uplands;
Thro hamlets, and the city's stately pomp—
Where e'er the swift train thundered on its way!

Alone! alone! he lay! but these— These little beads entwined his marble hands, And bore him company across a continent. Ah! of they glided through his fingers warm, While heart and lip sang softly Mary's praise; But on this journey long, and oh! so lone, They lay unheeded on his pulseless breast,

And when at last he rested 'neath the dome Of the old church he loved in youthful days, And Requiems were chanted in the choir, And vested priests and those in purple came And sang their hymns above him—still they lay (Those bittle beads, within his priestly hands Embalmed in breath of incense and the touch Of holy prayer—blessed—yea, a thousand times.

Then, when the rites were o'er and aisles were los And ere they sealed his relics out of sight, They took these little beads from out his hands And laid them in mine own!

Oh tell me true t Are not these beads a treasure more than gold? A rosary of tears and memories? A rosary rich with holy thoughts? And thoughts; of him (my friend, that now is gon

Ah! do you blame to see me press these beads Close to my lips, and wet them with my tears, And deem them holy, like the blessed dust—Of him,—the priest—the saint—God's holy one, Who was, besides all this, my sacred friend?—Mercedes in The Missio

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