

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXV.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1913

1827

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 salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged...\$1,936 30
For Mother, Lucknow..... 1 00
Miss C. Wells, Chatham..... 1 00
Friend, Alexandria..... 1 00
Patrick Daly, Ottawa..... 2 00
L. T., St. Catharines..... 5 00
In Memory of Mother, Linwood..... 5 00
A Friend, Sault Ste Marie, Mich..... 1 00
A Friend, Sault Ste Marie, Mich..... 1 00
M. J. C., Toronto..... 1 00
A Friend, Toronto..... 1 00

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TO BE REMEDIED

We wonder sometimes why Catholics—a great many of us at least—do not attend meetings for the discussion of civic matters. The Protestant 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 moment may provoke thought, and that thought may be as a kindly light to lead some into the fold. We 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 their optic nerves in good condition they might see things at home which could bring into play their most varied adjectives and power of invective. We may be that "enlightened generation" of which orators speak, but we are not as yet qualified to be universal censors. And facts, desecrated upon byspace 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 deal.

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 phenomena and their laws. He ponders over matter and the sequences of material phenomena, and therefore is not

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 vex 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 knowledge."

This is not the language of frenetic claptrap fathered by one discredited 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 distinguished, such for example as Sir James Stephen, calls this Humanity "a stupid, ignorant half-beast of a creature." Putting humanity 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 the Catholic Church is a spiritual 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 emerging from the darkness of barbarism. The Church has ever been the patron of every manner of intellectual 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 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 intentions of your heart, you will always have a few acquaintances in your individual world to make sneering remarks concerning you. That is a cross all human beings must carry, even those who do the sneering, for they are sneered at in turn by others. It is a sort of endless chain whose first link was forged by Satan.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

NOTABLE DISCOURSE ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

In a sermon last Sunday in Baltimore Cathedral on the Holy Scriptures Cardinal Gibbons spoke as follows:

"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 confront 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 fiery 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 familiar 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 glory.' 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?' When 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 Patriarch 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 Job: 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the Name of 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 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: 'Beware, Satan, for it is written: The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve.'

COMPANION IN TIME OF PEACE

"The Holy Scripture is not only your weapon in time of war, but also your companion in time of peace. 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 inadvertently 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 annoyed you. You part from your friend with a clouded brow and a troubled conscience. Hence a great pagan philosopher, Seneca, has said in one of his epistles that he 'never left the company of men without feeling less a man.' On the contrary, you never quit the company of God without feeling more a man.

"After listening to His still small voice, without noise of words, in the Holy Scripture you feel more humble, 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 Jehovah giving His law to Moses. It will enable you to follow the children of Israel in their devout wanderings through the desert until the promised land is reached. It will accompany you to the mountains of Judaea, 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 preaching His Sermon on the Mount. You 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 disciples.

COMPARED TO MIRROR

"This companion will transport you to Athens, where you can hear Paul, condemning the idolatry

of that refined but superstitious people. You can behold in imagination those sacred personages recorded 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 deprived 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 a moment's 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.

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 perfection, falling at last into the depths of sin—when we read of a Samson, a David, a Solomon, those towering oaks of the forest who had resisted many a violent storm, afterward overthrowing a mighty blast of temptation—we are warned by their example to be always vigilant and prudent and never to confide in our past 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 reprove, to entreat and rebuke authority, are cautious not to lay bare the diseases of the soul in their naked 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 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. He 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, remain wallowing in the mire of sin.'

TAKE UP AND READ

"Retiring afterward into the garden, 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 struggling for the supremacy Augustin 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 no provision for the flesh in its concupiscences.' He reads no more. From that moment 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 breviary, which consists largely of selections from the Sacred Scripture. Now, what is good for the

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 Babylon to the law when it was read to them by the Prophet Baruch. While the citizens of Jerusalem were in captivity in Babylon Baruch was 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 and wept when we remembered Zion.'

MESSAGE TO EXILED ONES

"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 the Sacred Scripture a message from heaven?

"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 dew of heavenly grace, that you may hear the word in patience and bring forth fruit a hundred fold."

THE PAPAL DELEGATE

PAYS A VISIT TO THE PRESENTATION BROTHERS

His Excellency, Mgr. P. F. Stagni, visited the Presentation Brothers Academy, Sherbrooke, Que., Wednesday forenoon.

His Excellency was accompanied by the Bishop of Sherbrooke, Mgr. Paul Latroque, the Bishop of Nicolet, Mgr. Bruneau, Mgr. Tanguay, Mgr. H. O. Chaffoin, V. G., the Rev. A. O. Gagnon, Superior of the Seminary, Rev. H. A. Simard, Rev. H. Desève, 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 of the Pope," "The Harp That Once," etc. their perfect rendering evoking the warmest admiration.

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 education, 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 that, thanks to the untiring energy and perseverance of the Irish Catholic 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 Wolfe:

"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 auspicious 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.

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

"We are aware that when religious and secular education are indissolubly united, the best possible provision 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 belief.

"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 pleasure to the beautiful sentiments expressed in the address in which loyalty to their holy faith, and devotedness 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 accomplished by the Irish Catholic School Commissioners, in so short a time, and concluded with a beautiful exhortation to the students to be faithful to the high principles inculcated by their zealous teachers.

REV. JOHN COBURN

A MILITANT ORANGEMAN'S IMPERATE UTERANCES 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 concerned, 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 Emmet, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, Thomas Davis, and Charles Stuart Parnell. You will find in almost every Irish Catholic home in Ireland or outside it the picture of that noble Protestant patriot, Robert Emmet, 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 in Ireland are represented in the Imperial 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, John Mitchell, Thomas Davis, and Charles Stuart Parnell. You will find in almost every Irish Catholic home in Ireland or outside it the picture of that noble Protestant patriot, Robert Emmet, hanging often side by side with the picture of the Madonna.

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"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 yet before us, and it is certainly an encouragement to us, amid the difficulties we encounter in our studies,

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 divided 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 mission 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 of Kilkenny limestone, and is a credit to Irish skill and workmanship.

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

The coming of the learned Benedictine Abbot Gasquet to this country is not ignored by our esteemed contemporary, the Churchman (Protestant Episcopalian) which, commenting on the Abbot and his work as head of the Papal Commission on the revision of the Vulgate, states 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 in to the Catholic Church shortly before 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 Sacrament was borne by Rev. Father Raphael, O. F. M.

Another quiet victory for the sisters of Charity of the Santa Maria Institute, Cincinnati, is to be recorded in the closing of the Presbyterian church and school for Italians on Barr Street. This work of proselytizing was started two years ago, but the Sisters of the institute went quietly to work, and succeeded not only in safeguarding the faith 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. Six years ago, on becoming a convert to the Catholic Church, he gave up practice in Lancashire and came as a novice to Erdington Abbey, where, in medical 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, according 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 independence, typifying a developing sense of national unity. Among such are the University of Buenos Ayres (1821), the University of Trujillo, 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 incurable 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 without her crutches. The facts of the case have been sifted by the clergy and reporters representing Liverpool and outside newspapers. All came 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 of the David Lewis Northern Hospital, whence, after an operation, she was discharged as incurable. Neighbors as well as relatives attest that she has been unable to walk without crutches during the past nine years.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKERS

CHAPTER XXIX—CONTINUED

"Nora, this is your doing." That was a day I shall never forget! A day of agonized suspense and self-reproach; and the next was another of long drawn, leaden uncertainty; but evening brought us great news—intelligence that went round Mulkapore like wildfire—"Captain Beresford had killed the man-eater."

He had assumed the Banghy postman'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 en masse, and were with difficulty restrained from doing poncee—worshipping Maurice. A day later the hero of the hour galloped in with the skin of the tiger wrapped before him 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 Maurice, having dismounted and returned our greetings, unrolled the trophy, and laid it triumphantly at 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 seventy people!"

"Come, come, Nora, don't be ungracious," said auntie; "you should be very proud of the honor."

"So I am, and of course I'll take it; but it seems to have cost—cost so much," I stammered, struggling to repress my tears.

"It's not much of a skin," said Maurice, turning it over with his foot, "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 retainers 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 while 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 finished," 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 away."

"Spare us these details, please," said auntie, looking rather white, and shuddering visibly.

"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 end."

"Well, go on, what did you do, man?" said uncle, imperatively.

"We went some way into the jungle, and found the postman's 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 besought me with prayers and tears to 'tie up and beat.' I slung the Banghy bells to my rifle, and made for the dreaded spot; the villagers looking upon me with gloomy commiseration, as a would-be and determined suicide. 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 in vain. 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 left, and an enormous tiger slowly stalked out into the road—about twenty yards ahead of me—uttering low growls."

"I should have shrieked 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 with 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 between the eyes. He made one wild, convulsive bound, a kind of gurgling snarl, and rolled over and over, literally biting the dust. Another minute, 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 lunatics."

"When the first mad moments were over they turned to the tiger, who lay stretched out like a huge striped cat, and spat at him, cursed him, and denounced him with howls of Oriental vituperation; to which, as you know, Billingsgate is but delicate pleasantries. He was then tied to a bamboo, and borne off by twelve stout coolies; the crowd accompanying him with tom-toms, and yells of defiance and derision. The remainder of the night was given up to incessant tom-tomming, 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 Hindoostanee, with a slight touch of Tamil and Telugu. Early this morning I was wreathed in flowers; ditto Deserborn, 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 be 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 I were alone in the garden, I made a kind of excuse for my speech at the dinner table. He received my apology very readily, saying, with a laugh: "I suppose you think that because we don't go about playing on guitars, and breaking each other's bones, we are a miserably degenerate 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 I was now sitting on the low wall that divided our compound from Colonel Fox's, and under the shade of an enormous fan-palm 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 you are going to give me. By rights you ought to offer to tie—it'll become me to remind you, but my delicate innuendoes have all been of no avail."

"A wreath of laurel, of course," I cried, in 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 neck. I was half choked. No, no, think of something else!" beseechingly.

"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," he remarked, ungratefully.

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

"No," I replied, with innocent thoughtfulness, "but I will give you this," laying down my bat, and 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 much, Nora," said Maurice, slowly. "Anything else?"

"I declare you are the most grasping person I ever met! I endow you with a very pretty little gift—one of 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," tossing him a lovely, half-opened, crimson bud, taken from the front of my dress. "Now I hope you are satisfied?" 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 firma.

"I can see that you are not satisfied 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?" looking at me with expectant eyes.

"No, I can't; that is to say"—instantly outrivalling the reddest of red roses. "If you mean what I think you mean, I mean to say—"

"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," having taken us both in tow, "now I insist on hearing the whole of your recent conversation. One of my ears is burning like a coal, and I am convinced that you have been discussing me."

CHAPTER XXX

PECCAVI

"Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—"

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

I am afraid that when people come 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, brotherly and sisterly regard is an admirable thing; but such friendship possible between a handsome young artillery officer and (though I speak of myself) a pretty girl, who have many tastes and ideas in common, and who are thrown into each other's intimate society day after day and week after week?

Maurice was my partner for three waltzes at every dance we went to. At tennis we generally played together, and somehow I never was so successful as when he was on my side. He was my constant escort when I rode on 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 "Cavalier"—and Mrs. Vane had entirely appropriated "Methuselah" for her own exclusive use. She, uncle, and I were frequently joined by Maurice and Dicky Campbell, and the latter usually rode at my bridle-rein, for Cavalier was headstrong, and as temper and impulsiveness 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 far-stretching plains.

Passing through early rising villages, we beheld groups of picturesque women, surrounding that center of attraction, the well, clad in bright yellow garments, confined round the waist with broad, massive silver belts, their hair ornamented or padded out with fragrant white blossoms from the neighboring cork trees. Inside little brown houses the sound of grinding corn for the family use might be heard, accompanied by cheerful chanting. Droves of pack-animals would be passed, driven by their sturdy, long-legged owners, singing as they went, in 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 unavailing chase.

Maurice's one extravagance was his horseflesh. He owned, to my knowledge, three capital charges; a dog cart horse, and a couple of polo ponies. Mounted on his black Arab, Deserborn—a non-contemptible hand— as he cantered beside me on his hard-mouthed but light-footed steed, he looked the very beau ideal of a graceful, finished horseman. A Terai hat—a kind of gray-felt sombrero 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 flights of imagination failed to realize Major Percival on horseback at all, much less bestriding Maurice's fery black Arab; and I smiled to myself a wicked smile as I pictured his face, his gestures, and his ultimate destination, during some of those mad, wild plunges that Maurice appeared to enjoy. He often said that he preferred to keep a horse no one could ride but himself, and he would not give a groat for any dog that would look at—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 he demanded such absolute devotion from his dumb animals, what would he not ask from—

However, it was no concern of mine. Maurice could not doubt be jealous, very jealous, but his jealousy would never affect me. During these *tele-a-tele* 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 without 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 mortgaged, too, and in no way an unalloyed blessing.

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

"Sell it? Never! What are you thinking of, Nora? Sell Gallow, which has been in our family since the flood? Sell the bangles that gambol on the roof? The whole contents of the burying-ground would rise at the mere thought. No, no! I am not quite such a Goth as you 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 cannot 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 they?"

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

"Yes; my first visit was made memorable 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 deliberate intention; it was the first time Maurice had even distantly hinted at the old bond between us.

Your visit to Gallow was all 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," I gave no time for an answer purposely, 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 reminiscences on the part of my companions.

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, we beheld groups of picturesque women, surrounding that center of attraction, the well, clad in bright yellow garments, confined round the waist with broad, massive silver belts, their hair ornamented or padded out with fragrant white blossoms from the neighboring cork trees. Inside little brown houses the sound of grinding corn for the family use might be heard, accompanied by cheerful chanting. Droves of pack-animals would be passed, driven by their sturdy, long-legged owners, singing as they went, in 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 unavailing chase.

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(Now George was her husband, who had fallen madly in love with her, if report was to be believed, when he had attained the ripe age of fifty.) Shooting, fighting, playing polo— which with him amounted to a passion—were the events that Maurice chiefly dwelt on when he summed up his past career. Poor fellow! he firmly believed that he was as intimate 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 season, and, as we rolled homeward in the open carriage, those white moonlight nights, from balls and dinner parties, I, sitting with my back to the horses, feigned abstraction 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 my mind had Maurice for its tenant. I was mentally reviewing every word weighing every glance of the Mulkapore season, and, as we rolled homeward in the open carriage, those white moonlight nights, from balls and dinner parties, I, sitting with my back to the horses, feigned abstraction 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 my mind had Maurice for its tenant. 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A red flame of anger flared across the powerful old face, the strong, nervous hand was raised in a passionate gesture.

"I paint, Monsieur, because if I did not the energy that is in me would burst forth of me and kill me."

His angry eyes roamed round the table when, suddenly catching sight of Nathaniel for the first time, his anger changed to delighted surprise.

He made a quaint fiery gesture of 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 a great artist among you. And he bowed delightedly towards Nathaniel.

Every eye was riveted on the embarrassed 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 present 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.

They were limited, 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 specimens of her work.

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 began to take an importance in his eyes. When the mood seized him he admired her greatly, and he had always had moments when remembering her success in Revelle's studio, he admitted to himself that she might have painted extremely well, but that her life was taken up with household drudgery.

This kind of mood was generally followed by one in which he 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 badly in the marriage relation—that the artist nature got a year or two of ecstasy and no more.

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lying very pale on the white pillows, a woman in nurse's uniform handing over her, and rubbing her hands and arms vigorously. The doctor was standing by. None of them took any notice of Nathaniel. He ran over and knelt down beside the bed.

His wife turned her eyes toward him slowly, and a look of terror came into them as she saw him. The nurse, in a low voice, requested him to leave the room. The doctor followed him outside the door.

Her vitality was very low—her strength 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.

Towards 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 quarrelled 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 night the light went on. Towards early morning, he found to his hand the letter that had come from the Art School—the letter they had quarrelled over yesterday morning.

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might possibly be hoped for, and lawfully retained, in the way of endowments."

MAGNIFICENT 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 Bishop that what he deplored as "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). Continuing, the English woman declares: "To me that loyalty is all the more truly magnificent, 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 the State."

NO COMPETITION OF "CHURCHES" IN FRANCE Having shown the need of a Pope to command the situation, Bishop Gore then points out to Broughton Gore that in France there is no competition of churches. "Protestantism represents an insignificant stationary minority. The competition is simply between Christ and anti-Christ. The Church in France receives all the blows because it alone is the organized, living medium of the Incarnation in France. The only influence it has lost by the Separation is 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 France—for which Bishop Gore expressed 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 has had as one result the concentrating of energy in practical work. . . . The connection with Rome has 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 up. "The parish is the 'foyer' of the whole Church to each group, and keeps the sacred fire alight throughout France. . . . In the last diocesan 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 hears in England.

This practical writer then discusses the question of support—a support so meagre in many places that the Cure would starve if his scant stipend was not helped out by contributions "in kind" from his parishioners. She reminds Bishop Gore: "That the Church of England has no Pope, not only to lead and command, but sure of obedience; and that the parochial system of the Church of England is mainly worked by a married clergy.—Sacred Heart Review."

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 debate will be conducted through the columns of "Everybody's Magazine," beginning with the October number and will constitute one of the most important and distinguished series of articles ever published in that magazine, as well as most notable contributions to the pros and cons of Socialism. The champions chosen for 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 of "History of Socialism in the United States," and "Socialism in Theory and Practice." He has been a delegate to the national conventions of the Socialist party since 1899 and to the International congresses and conferences at Amsterdam, Stuttgart, Copenhagen and Brussels.

THE OPPONENT OF SOCIALISM As is befitting, the opponent of the Socialist champion will be a Catholic 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 "Everybody's" says: "The comment often heard will be familiar to many readers that by the Catholic Church is the chief bulwark against Socialism. Many people outside the Catholic church have spoken thus, and many Socialists have recognized that the Catholic church represents the most definite organized expression against their cause. Unquestionably arguments based on the teachings of revealed 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 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 opposition 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 issued 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 contradictory and mutually exclusive. . . . Appreciating the importance of setting before so great a body as Everybody's readers a clear, succinct yet adequate statement of the attitude of certain definite social institutions 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 arrangements for the manner of presentation of both sides of the debate and concludes as follows: "The selection of Dr. Ryan to conduct the Catholic side of this discussion will commend itself to all. He is a recognized authority on social, 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 church is in his hands. . . . 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. Stephen Coleridge's Memories, recently published, the Guardian (Anglican) quotes some of Mr. Coleridge's reminiscences of Cardinal Newman. Here is one: "He was often very humorous in a 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 kneeling women. 'He had been churched,' said the Cardinal. . . . And here is the Cardinal in yet 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 sat as usual on my wife's knee, who was just opposite the Cardinal at table. I do not think the old man saw any little children very often in an intimate way. . . . After gazing at them silently for a little while he became visibly moved, and rising from

the table he murmured in a low voice, half introspectively, as it were, 'I think I must bless him.' He came round the table, and laid his hand on the little child's head, and said 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 I sat alone with my conscience, In a place where time had ceased And we talked of my former living In the land where the years increased; 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 things Were alive with a terrible might; And the vision of all my past life Was an awful thing to face, Alone with my conscience sitting 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 a future To this land beyond the grave; But no one gave me an answer, And no one came to save. Then I felt that the future was present, And the present would never go by: For it was but the thought of my past life Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming, 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. So I sit alone with my conscience In the place where the years increased. And I try to remember the future, In the land where time will cease; And I know of the future judgment, How dreadful soe'er it be, That to sit alone with my conscience, Will be judgment enough for me.

PROTESTANT MINISTER DEFENDS PURGATORY IDEA Defense of the theory that provides between heaven and hell an intermediate 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 spirit of the pure and godly formed the basis of Mr. Dyer's argument. "Almost everybody believes there is 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 time 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 Protestant 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. Few 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 to hell. This vast body of immortal beings will at death go neither to heaven nor to hell, but to an intermediate 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 gathers around the hearth and the head 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. So "tell your beads" and be assured that the great Mother of God

will not forget you, in your last extremity, 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 God, 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 women." You cannot repeat the divine prayer too often, and remember when you are saying it to pray for the conversion of the negro race. 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 city. He will instruct you how to gain the best results. In the meantime "tell your beads."—Shiela Mahon in Catholic Standard and Times.

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 of 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 reckoned 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 suggested that the proposed supplement to the prayer book should contain some form of commemoration recognizing fellowship in prayer between the living and the faithful dead. Nevertheless 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 communion of saints."

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

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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 RULE

Hugh T. Barrie, M. P., N. London-derry.

"I am going to write, and send King George in person at Buckingham Palace, and I will tell him, 'If you sign the Home Rule Bill you will lose your crown and Empire.'"

Can King George sign the Home Rule Bill? Let him do so, and his Empire 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 Citizen, Oct. 11, 1918.

Hugh T. Barrie, M. P., is not a disloyal Nationalist; he is the loyal 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 a 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 going to sign this blanked Papist Bill or not? Don't answer till you 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 have been King anyway if we had had our loyal Orange way with your grand-mother; but we have forgiven all that and if you side with us now, you may keep the crown during good behaviour."

What His Most Gracious Majesty may 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.

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The abstract generalizations of the advocates of sex hygiene in the schools is one thing; the concrete instruction of the children is another.

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 marriages as perfect as possible before embodying it definitely in the new Code of Canon Law."

Rome then continues: "The Ne Temere Decree was, in some respects, largely experimental, and sufficient time has now elapsed to test its working."

Has it resulted in an increase or diminution of totally invalid marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics? Has its working produced 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 the same."

In so far as the Ne Temere invalidated 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.

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 age.

At the Church of England congress at Southampton 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 the 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 self-respect.

Certain Socialists and 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.

Neither does the movement, inaugurated by His Eminence Cardinal Farley, contemplate the denunciation of particular plays as anti-Christian in principle or shamelessly 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 self-respecting 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 touchstone of success. But there are plays that are decent and clean and wholesome.

There are plays that are elevating in their influence and refining in their character.

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The movement, we are told in a preliminary letter, aims at unifying the sentiment and action of Catholics on positive lines, urging them to patronize such plays only as are consistent 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 for 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 cooperate in a civic demand on the authorities.

By the Catholic theatre movement it is hoped to enlist the laity 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 Catholics 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.

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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, 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.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. J. J. Burke, Peoria, Ill. TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE LAST DAY

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass. These words, my dear friends, taken from the gospel just read, remind us of the last day. There will come a time, there will come a day which to this world will be final and fatal.

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 spectators to witness the games, they were suddenly startled by a great noise—a rumbling and a roaring and a quaking of the earth.

This event is but a faint image of what will come to pass on the last day. This great day will be preceded, too, by rumbling and quaking of the earth. There shall be wars and pestilence and famines and earthquakes. War, famine and pestilence are the scourges of the Almighty by which He at times punishes the sins of men.

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 awful lightning and thunder and whirlwinds 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.

A MESSAGE FROM A WOMAN TO WOMEN

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

LAKELT, ONT., MAY 12th, 1911 "Kindly publish this letter of mine if you think it will benefit other women who might be afflicted with the disease 'Fruit-a-tives' in the past, but am now, thanks to 'Fruit-a-tives', completely cured of it. 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 any permanent relief.

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.'

On the contrary, what envy, spite and sorrow will fill the hearts of sinners when they hear Him say: 'Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire.' 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, and 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.

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 temperance pledge and takes it with the proper intentions he receives supernatural help to keep it. But he should fortify his soul with the sacraments of penance and go often to Holy Communion. This is the only way in which the pledge-taker may hope to keep the promise he has

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

OLD FALLACY THAT DRUNKENNESS 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 remove 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 nauseous. 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 cured 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.'

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 themselves. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria with booklet giving full particulars, directions, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent in a plain sealed package to anyone mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. The trial package alone has often cured. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Company, Dept. 11, 142 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada.

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 to come.

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 accidents 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 sky-larking 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 hilarity 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 has 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 picnickers who might be perfectly safe in their behavior are afraid to carry bottles of liquor in their machines in view of this law.

Our informant states also that, as a result of the operation of this law, the State of Washington has 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 a 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.

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 inland city was suggested as the proper person to fill the place. A number of influential persons united in the warmest commendations 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' conversation was told that other arrangements had been made and the place had been filled, or was about to be given to another man. He was shocked beyond measure, and went home greatly disappointed.

An intimate friend of the president's who had warmly commended him, wrote inquiring why the place had been given to another man. The answer came back: 'We never employ men in our bank who come to us with alcoholic breath.' Then it dawned on him that, feeling nervous before calling on the president, the young man had taken a glass of wine, supposing it would steady his nerves and make him more presentable.

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 hereafter.'

TEMPERANCE NOTES

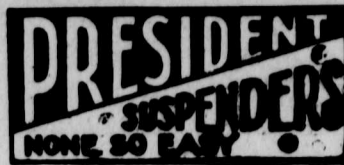
Better housing for the poor is related closely with temperance. A Dublin St. Vincent de Paul man declares that if one were to see some of the houses in which poor workmen have to live, and for which they are compelled to pay rent—how cheerless and desolate such places are—it would be easy to understand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

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

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

METHODIST PASTOR PRESENTS TESTIMONIAL PURSE TO DEPARTING 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 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



up his priestly duties in that great archdiocese. During his eleven years in Shawnee he labored earnestly and zealously for his people, and left with the good-will of the entire community. A most unusual tribute was paid him at a public meeting recently in the Indian Theatre, when a handsome purse of over \$800 was given to him by the people

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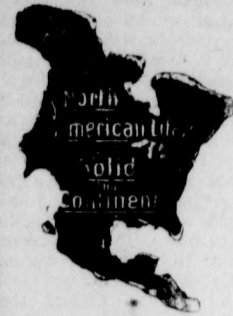
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You would not ask your wife to invest your money when she has your counsel to direct her. Why, then, ask her to invest it to advantage when you are gone? Save her the responsibility and uncertainty of making a competent investment by doing that for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

A North American Life Continuous Instalment Policy will relieve her of this financial burden and provide an income which cannot be lost or impaired.

North American Life Assurance Company "SOLID AS THE CONTINENT" HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA

of the parish. The purse was presented 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, Columbus, Ohio.

Advertisement for ABSORBINE, J.L. LINIMENT, listing ailments like Gout, Swollen Glands, etc.

Eddy's "Safeguard" Safety Matches

- in special convertible box. -good matches always ready at the bottom. -burnt sticks are dropped in the top. -noiseless; heads do not glow. -and absolutely non-poisonous.

For Safety's Sake—Eddy's "Safeguard" Matches— ONLY—should be in every home.

EDDY'S Matches are the only NON-POISONOUS matches manufactured in Canada.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GRIT DID IT
A well-known New York lawyer, when a poor boy from the country, looking a job, saw a sign hanging outside a store, "Boy Wanted."

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?

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, postpone 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 miles of road.

Whatever criticisms may be made of the man's methods, 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.

Poor boys who complain that they have "no chance," that they have no one to help them, no influential friends to push them along, ought to read the story of Mr. Harriman's remarkable career. Supposing young Harriman had said to himself, as thousands of American boys are saying to-day, "What chance have I, a poor country boy, with no rich relatives to push me along, no way to get an education, to do anything great? My father is only a poor country clergyman with \$200 a year salary. What opportunity is there for me to rise in the world?"

But young Harriman was made of the stuff that wins. At fourteen,

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 not been accomplished? It has paid the mortgage on the farm in innumerable 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.

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 fortune.

After a friend of a New York merchant 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 thing. Does he have staying qualities?"

"Yes, that is your life-interrogation. Do you keep at it?" "Have you staying qualities?" "Can you stick by your proposition?" "Can you persevere after failure?" "Have you 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 to a finish.—O. S. M. in Success.

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 whatever. No doubt even the quietest and most modest of country girls has a spice of love for adventure and romance in her make-up. 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 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 dangerous, comes only with experience. As for the romance she's quite likely to go home again to find it.

The adventure of the chance acquaintance is fraught with every serious danger, and railroad companies really ought to be required to put out red lanterns and flags about it. Probably there are few trains which do not record a wreck or two on the chance acquaintance crossing. Yes, truly, it's just as dangerous as that, dear Eileen.

At this season there are thousands and thousands of sweet, pretty, inex-

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.

perienced young girls travelling on trains coming from country and village homes to look for work in the city. And there are packs of human wolves infesting trains and stations ready to spring on 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 along an un sophisticated girl. They gain her confidence and invite her to call on them; or they send her to a 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 everybody and to read a bad intent into every kind of courteous act. That isn'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 from 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 distrust his intentions and the other passengers would probably do the same. People of the sort you would like to know are not inclined to 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 un-knowing 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 because more women than men are engaged in trapping the "green" girl. The reason is quite obvious. Many girls who would not think of "taking up with strange men, do not know 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.

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 prospective apprentice from the Labor Exchange is notorious: 'What school were you in? What church do you attend? Who is your clergyman?' 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 apprentice," 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 Belfast who, in return, will not give a decent chance to the Papist." In 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 "Protestant prosperity" to boast of. In this connection Captain Craig, one of the Ulster Orange members, asked a question some time ago in the House of Commons, "whether the government were aware that, in participation 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."

THE LOYAL ORANGEMEN

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 a great joke on the Orangemen. 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

the King against a pack of rebels, 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 suggestion is logical, we do not expect to see it followed just yet; but there is no doubt it would take the wind out of the Orange sails.—Sacred Heart Review.

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 clean-spoken, 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 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 non-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 designation which the Protestant Episcopal sect in that country claims and holds as its own, and it seems that in the possession and use of the title they are supported by warrant of law. A correspondent, writing to the Dublin Leader, which had made some remarks in reference to the subject, thus states facts of the case: "It is not, perhaps, within your knowledge that after the Disestablishment 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 pursuance 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, notwithstanding Disestablishment, is still the 'Church of Ireland.' Accordingly 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 one-eighth 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 newest animal admitted into the great zoo of our American lodge system," says the 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 OTHERS WEAVES WOOL WHO WEAVES FOR HIMSELF WOOL.—Hesiod.

some shopkeepers in the South of Ireland has refused to deal with firms who, they thought, had countenanced 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 justified 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. Whitty, 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 consoler and inspirer of the souls of individual men and women, Catholicism 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 innumerable 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

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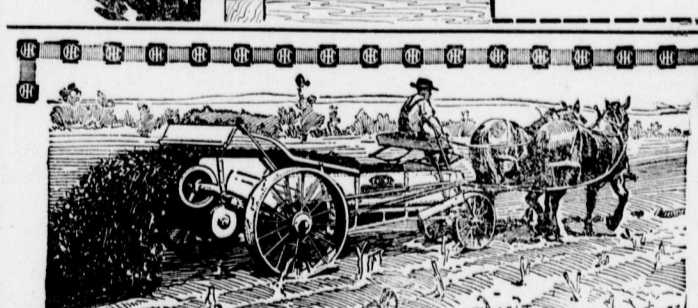
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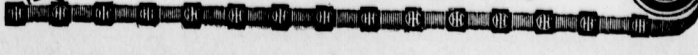


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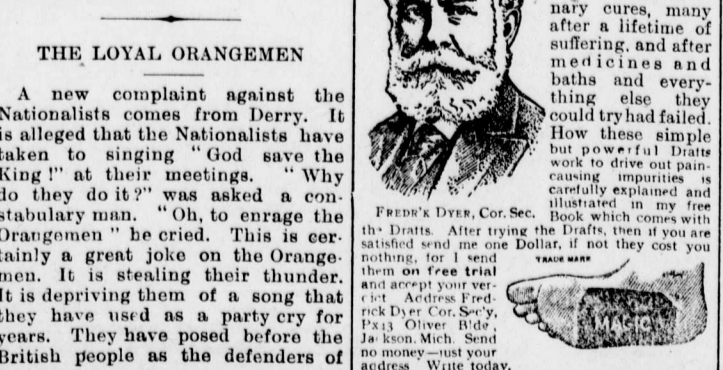


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HISTORIC REVOLTS

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 Catholic 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 permeating, as their withering principles do, all these movements which are known under the generic title of "anti-clerical." These four heresies are Jansenism, Gallicanism, Rationalism and Liberalism.

Jansenism began when the discussions with the Calvinists in the Netherlands had brought the question of salvation by grace into prominence. One Michael Baisus, a professor of Louvain, advanced certain propositions which were suspected of Calvinism in 1560, which Rome immediately condemned, Baisus 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 Jansenius, 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 Church.

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. Jansenism 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 altogether. 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 in France.

Gallicanism came into fashion in 1682, the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., 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 Pope, 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 clergy and teachers had no sympathy with these articles; the Popes 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, promised that the teaching of Gallicanism should not be enforced in French seminaries. Nevertheless (as in Napoleon's time) anti-Papal French governments have often revived Gallican notions, in order to weaken the Holy See. A German form of Gallicanism was started with the object of limiting Papal authority in 1765 by the Holy Roman Emperor, Joseph II., but found little support or sympathy among either the people or the German hierarchy, 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, following Luther insisted on the right of each 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 Voltaire and Rousseau easy of access to the most fickle of people. The godless Rationalism of Rousseau, it may be said, made the French Revolutionary horrors possible. "Had that man not existed," Napoleon once observed "humanity would have departed its most tragic history and it would have been better for the world."

In Germany, particularly during the reign of Frederick the Great—the friend, disciple, patron of Voltaire—Rationalism made great progress. The so-called "Liberal" movement in religious thought was the result of Rationalism. It has been manifested at all times in Germany as the critic, not only of Catholicity, but of all Theistic and Christian

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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 description 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 departure to assume the very important position of Superintendent of Charities. Held as he was in the eyes of the 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 prominent part being: Mayor Edmondson, Wm. Smith, M. P., W. E. N. St. Clair, M. P., Mr. T. B. Mitchell, Col. J. P. Grierson and Mr. E. 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 CATHOLIC RECORD sends him congratulations. Such men and their good works are a benediction in every community.

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 good priests I studied the doctrine and never in my life did I experience anything happier than those days; for I began to see a true light I sought so long.

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. Humbly ask my Protestant friends to think of our Catholic faith more kindly, more seriously; not through the colored glasses of prejudice, for 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 ENTIRELY CATHOLIC, IS THE BEST BEHAVED COMMUNITY UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Guam, Uncle Sam's little outpost in the Western Pacific, has a population of about 12,500, over 12,000 of which is Catholic. Several years have passed, writes J. J. Raby, in America, since I visited Tutuila, but at that time the Mariet missionary, Father Belward, had about 3,000 Samoans under his care. I hope the Catholic Directory for 1914 will mention these facts. 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 payment of the fine before they are arrested for trial. The allowed complement of the police force is 10, but 5 is 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 spiritual wants of his people. Contumelious is one of the most serious crimes committed, and according to the old Spanish laws still in force, when an offender is proved guilty he (usually she) is heavily fined and banished to some other part of the island for about a year. Guam is under the control of the Navy Department, and a captain in the navy is detailed as governor.

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 surrounded by officers and soldiers was travelling rapidly down a street in Madrid. Suddenly it stopped, and two gentlemen—one an old man, the Duke of Montpensier; the other, still young, Alphonse XII., King of Spain,—alighted and fell on their knees. They had overtaken a priest carrying 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 dying man's cell, and remained kneeling 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, Alphonse 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 vigorous, 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 heart to be glad?"

"People in the despoiled Middle Ages built cathedrals; . . . they made the folks songs and the carols. It was they who in all European countries gave Christianity 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 regarded 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 boardings which command pills for our aches, and crushed wheat for our impoverished 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.

Among men who have any sound and sterling qualities there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart.

My dear friends, if you seek not an 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? I will, I tell you,—that you weep with me. I always loved my beads, but, oh, these beads, these little wooden beads, my hands now held, are full of such sweet memories, and, oh, I would not part them, should you offer me Rich jewels strung on gold.

Of sacred friendship for the holy dead? They lay within his hands—my friend's cold hands. All through long, long journey. Over hills with snow capped summits; over valleys where roses and violets grew so close.

They made a fragrant carpet for the feet. Of prayers and of Spanish towns far west; From ocean unto ocean, night and day; By orange groves and wooded valleys; Through hamlets, and the city's stately pomp—Where ever the swift train thundered on its way!

Alone! alone! alone! I lay! I lay! but these—These little beads entwined his marble hands, And bore him company across a continent. Ah! oft 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 pulsedless breast.

And when at last he rested 'neath the dome Of the old church he loved in youthful days, And Requiem was chanted in the choir, And vested priests and those in purple came and sang their hymns of doxology—then they lay (These little beads, within his prestly hands) Embalmed in breath of incense and the touch Of holy prayer—blessed—yes, a thousand times!

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

Oh tell me true! A rosary of beads and memories? Of him—the priest—the saint—God's holy one, And thoughts of him my friend, that now is gone?

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?

—MERCED in The Missionary.

NEW BOOK "Saints and Festivals." A cycle of the year for young people. By Mother Mary Salome, author of "The Life of Our Lord for Little Ones," "Wide-Awake Stories," etc. With a preface by the Lord Bishop of Northampton. Illustrated by Gabriel Puppel. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York City. Price \$1.25.

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HER JOURNEY'S END. By Francis Cooke. A story of mystery, of strife and struggle, of petty jealousy, and of sin.

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