

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914

1840

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	\$3,473 00
Terrance Daly, Herberts Corners	2 00
Friend, Joseph	5 00
A. O'Donnell, Duluth	50
Read, Okotoks	1 00
M. G. Okotoks	50
W. J. M. Chatham, N. B.	1 00
Alma, Brewster Mills	1 00
Friend, Dufferin	1 00
Maggie Quinn, Albion	2 00
Offering, Albion	1 00
Rev. P. Whitney, Newmarket	1 00
Bernard Montague, Bellingham, Wash.	25 00
L. M. Peterboro	1 00
Mary Joyce, Gouda, Nid.	60
A. M. Salmon, Porterville	1 00
L. T. Buffalo	5 00
Friend, Stellarton	1 00
Readers, Malou	2 00
Fred R. Hughes, Hunter River	1 00
Jas A. O'Halloran, Bloomfield	2 00
Rev. Andrew Sears, Seaton	1 00
James Mullaly, Montreal	1 50

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914

THE NEWEST OLD BRAND

Dr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, is a very distinguished gentleman. He has lectured on education and kindred topics for many years. He is an institution, and a scholar of acknowledged repute. Now and then some of his theories have been subjected to drastic and righteous criticism, to the dismay of those who regarded him as invulnerable in his chosen field. Not content, however, with his role of educator, he becomes versatile in his old age even to the extent of outlining the characteristics of twentieth century Christianity. In these days of weird statements we are not astonished at any rhapsody of the charlatan. So many wise men are following new guides, constituting themselves as teachers, putting novel blends of what they call religion on the market, that assumptions which would have perturbed us some years ago leave us with never a quickened pulse. When, however, a venerable educator forgets his academic dignity and casts aside the scholarship whose badge is accuracy we confess to a feeling of bewilderment. He talks very magisterially about this twentieth century Christianity, but men who seek an authoritative solution of origin and destiny, who long, vaguely if you will, for the supreme beatitude for God, will not be satisfied with the bundle of words that Dr. Eliot gives them.

"The Church of the future will have more reverence for the personality of Jesus."

The why and how of this is not stated. But it is strange that Dr. Eliot does not see that if in this century we have to search after genuine Christianity, that it is plain that Christ is no Divine Teacher. For either He did not intend to exercise this office or He attempted a work which He was unable to perform. If we accept Christ we must accept His teachings; we must acknowledge that He is the Eternal God proclaiming in person the divine revelation. When Christ appeared upon earth He proved by signs and works that He was God. He proclaimed it explicitly and died and rose again in attestation of His claim. When God speaks there remains but obedience, founded on reason, which tells us that God is truth and cannot deceive. To accept a divine revelation only to discuss the merits or demerits of the truths it contains, to embrace one part of it and to reject another, is clearly irrational and blasphemous.

SOME TESTIMONIES

In answer to the objection that it is degrading to submit one's reason in the matter of divine revelation, a writer, formerly an ardent rationalist, but now a zealous Catholic, says: "If I believe the Catholic Church to be the messenger of God I have this advantage, that I have the knowledge of truths which you can never obtain by reason—now can that be detrimental to my intellect? Thousands of years ago men tried to build a tower which should reach to heaven, and the result was the confusion of tongues. Babel is the sym-

bol of confusion, which has attended similar efforts ever since."

Then again we know also that original thought and scientific thought are compatible with a devout Catholic life. Dr. Eliot's assertion that men of science have little sympathy with deposited truth may be described as "bottled moonshine." He claims a great deal more for science than science claims for itself. Brownson, a great philosopher, said in reference to this subject: "I never in a single instance found a single article, proposition, dogma or definition of faith which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed or modified or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have as a Catholic felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic."

Dr. Eliot's statement about scientists breaking away from deposited truth would evoke a smile of derision from true scientists who understood their business. For they study phenomena and their laws. And so long as they are content to deal with matter and sequences of material phenomena there is no danger of antagonism between them and theologians. Science maintains silence in regard to the questions which trouble the human mind. It affords no rational basis for morals, no sufficient motive or sanction to rightdoing.

As a rule Dr. Eliot says men of science have no faith in magic or miracle. This is verbal thimble-rigging worthy of an Ingersoll, and is flatly contradicted by men of all ages who understood the nature of true science as well as of true religion.

A miracle is a sensible occurrence having God for its author or cause. Being sensible occurrences they are subject to the ordinary rules of evidence. It is a question of fact. Are its witnesses trustworthy? If they are the fact must be admitted.

Our space will not allow us to dally longer with the religion according to Dr. Eliot. Suffice it to say that thinking men will regret that such a series of assumptions should come from a man who, by virtue of his office and experience, should be judicial and dispassionate in utterance.

POPULAR EDUCATION

In the January Atlantic Agnes Repplier, writing of "Popular Education," is humorous, and gives evidence of the vivacity and clarity of style that belong to one of the most renowned essayists of America. Perhaps some of the advanced moral and educational reformers may not like some of her remarks, but even they will admire the dexterity with which Miss Repplier punctures some of their extravagances. She holds, and to our mind rightly, that the theory that school work must be always pleasant and be subject to childish caprice, "does grievous wrong to the rising generation." Educators of repute see eye to eye with her on this matter. The necessity of effort as a condition of mental development is too generally ignored. If, however, the first books given to children were such as would require an effort on their part to understand them, and the same rule were followed all through, the mind would be more exercised and thereby strengthened to think and judge. But making the way pleasant and easy for childish feet, and to eliminate all that savours of labor on their part, is responsible for much of our mental anaemia. Miss Repplier is grateful that she was born when a "little girl" was just a "little girl" and not the future mother of the race, or the future savior of the Republic, and a little boy was just a little boy and not child material. And many of us are also pleased that we saw the day before educators wrote weirdly learned articles on the child mind and subjected it to the influences of their preconceived ideas. The eugenicists are in for some discouragement because the author remarks "compulsory birth is the original evil which scientists and philosophers are equally powerless to avert."

Many a man prides himself on his judgment when he is merely a good guesser.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

ITS GENERAL CONVENTION

A kindred question is the enrichment of the calendar, which, in the revised American form, contains no saint who lived after the Apostolic age. This remnant of pure, unmitigated Protestantism is naturally extremely distasteful to those who claim to be children of the Catholic Church, and kin with the saints of all times. They would, therefore, place upon their calendar certain of the fathers; great apostles of the nations, such as St. Patrick, St. Boniface, St. Willibrord, "the patron saint of the old Catholics," certain notable medieval and later Saints, such as St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Jeanne d'Arc, and St. Catharine of Siena. While thus satisfying their feeling of kinship with the saints of the Church, they would also vindicate for their own Churches of England and America the honor of raising up saints. The idea at the root of this is certainly true, and the sentiment right; for the Anglican and Episcopal Churches cannot be truly Catholic unless they are in communion with the Church of the saints, and unless they themselves can prove the indwelling of the Holy Spirit by the eminent sanctity of some, at least, of their children. Unfortunately for the strength of their position, there is no deep sentiment, either in the English or American Church, which would proclaim any son of theirs a true Catholic saint. Even those most deeply venerated have never received the veneration accorded to saints. And when the question arises as to the tribunal which will judge of sainthood, it will be a difficult matter, we fancy, to get the majority of Episcopalians to take seriously the competence of the General Convention.

The No Tamere decree of Pope Pius X., as this convention shows, is resented by many Episcopalians; in so far, at least, as it enacts that a marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic is valid only when witnessed by a duly authorized Catholic priest. We cannot compress an explanation and a defence of the No Tamere decree into our brief remaining space. Let us remark, however, that many seem to misunderstand the import of the law. One would imagine its main purpose was to insure Protestants. Some people, like many Orangemen and German Protestants, seem to crave to be insulted by the Pope: we expect better judgment from most Episcopalians. The law is made, of course, for Catholics, and its purpose is to safeguard the sacredness and inviolability of marriage.

Let us, for a moment, consider the tables reversed. Let the Episcopal Church decide not to recognize any marriage between an Episcopalian and a Catholic unless the ceremony be performed by an Episcopalian minister. I am very sure we Catholics should not mind it in the least; we should look upon the law as a matter of home discipline which concerned its own members; and as we do not believe in the infallibility of a General Convention, its decision would not cause a single ripple of uneasiness in our conscience, nor one twinge of resentment in our hearts.—John F. Fenlon, in the January Catholic World.

"EDUCATIONAL VAUDEVILLE"

In the sensible and witty paper on "Popular Education" with which Miss Agnes Repplier opens the Atlantic Monthly for January, the old-fashioned system of pedagogy on which her girlhood was trained is effectively contrasted with the "educational vaudeville" that so many American children of to-day are attending. The writer, who passed her early years, as is well known, at one of Philadelphia's famous convent schools, observes that in those times:

"There was precision in the simple belief that the child was strengthened mentally by mastering its lessons, and morally by mastering its inclinations. Therefore the old-time teacher sought to spur the pupil on to keen and combative effort, rather than to beguile him into knowledge with cunning games and lantern slides. Therefore the old-time parent set a high value on self-discipline and self-control. A happy childhood did not necessarily mean a childhood free from proudly accepted responsibility."

Now, however, all those antiquated ideas must be consigned to the pedagogical dust heap. For we are assured that:

"Nothing is too profound, nothing too subtle to be evolved from a game or a toy. We are gravely told that 'the doll with its immense educational power should be carefully introduced into the schools,' and that a ball, tossed to the accompaniment of a song insultingly banal, will enable a child to hold fast one high purpose amid all the vicissitudes of time and place." And when boys and girls outgrow these simple sports, other and more glorious pastimes will teach them all they need to know, without effort and without exaction."

The school-room of the future will be one "where moving pictures will take the place of books and blackboards, where no free child will be 'chained to a desk' (painful phrase!), and where 'progressive educators' will make merry with their pupils all the happy day."

Miss Repplier has also discovered that, according to the new pedagogy, indolent and mischievous children are only "patients," and must be treated as such, and that the "rights of children" now include "the doubtful privilege of freedom from restraint and from obligation." The essayist is right. However well meant, it is showing children a false kindness to let them grow up with the idea that life is only a game, that work differs but little from play, and that the things worth while are easily won. Those who have been reared on the principles of the "new pedagogy" cannot mix long with the old before disillusionment sets in. To their regret and chagrin they will then find that their early training has not prepared them to surmount difficulties, resist temptations, and however unpleasant it may be, to do their duty always with cheerfulness and courage, and thus win by sheer strength of character the true prizes of life. But this most necessary training can not be given the child by the modern "educational vaudeville" that Miss Repplier so justly condemns.—America.

ANXIETY NOT NECESSARY

EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER SAYS CATHOLIC ORGANIZATIONS ARE SOURCE OF GREAT GOOD

The Christian Register, a non-Catholic publication at Boston, Mass., in a recent issue has the following to say editorially of the well known organization of Catholics, the Knights of Columbus:

"Unnecessary anxiety has been caused by the organization of this Catholic society and the appearance of a host of well-clad, well-drilled, military-looking men, equipped with baldric and sword. As the writer sees it, this secret society is not a menace to the community, but an addition to the forces making for law and order. It is unusual for such an organization to be formed within the limits of one religious denomination, but there was a logical and practical reason for that. All Roman Catholics are debarred by their spiritual advisers and authorities from membership in any society of which the secrets cannot be divulged in the confessional, or of which the chaplains are not Catholic priests.

All young men, therefore, in Roman Catholic Churches were tantalized by festivities and parades that they could not share, tempted to forget their allegiance to their spiritual 'princes' and overlords, and to join with their friends and neighbors who are Masons, Odd Fellows, Crystal Shriners, and 'Knights' of several different denominations. There was, and is, on evident danger, as it looks from the point of view of the Catholic hierarchy, that the men in Catholic parishes may be swept into secret organizations, and away from the influence and authority of the priests. The majority of the ill-paid immigrants that come to us from the south and southwest of Europe are not Protestants, and have never had any intimate acquaintance with them until they are herded with them in mills, shops, and factories where they and the advocates of every theory of labor have free course.

"At the recent assembly of the Knights of Columbus in Boston, Bishop Anderson made what was in many respects an admirable address, entitled 'The Call to Knighthood.' Some of it, to a modernist, whether Catholic or Protestant, seems to be the outcry of a 'belated theologian,' as where he traces the origin of the social and intellectual tendencies that he deplores, to the scientific doctrines that he caricatures 'as the dream of man from the ape,' a theory held by no one of whom we have any knowledge. This, however, is a matter of small importance, and he has for it the authority of the ecclesiastical hierarchs at Rome, of whom the holy Father has made himself the mouthpiece in his fulmination against 'Modernism.'

The Bishop carelessly classes Socialism with the destructive forms of anarchy, syndicalism, and the like; but this also is not important. What is at heart of the call to knighthood is the appeal to all members of the order to stand together against all forms of lawlessness, and to be faithful to the highest ideals of citizenship, social organization, and industrial enterprise. The appeal is a noble one, and must have lifted the hearts and minds of all who heard it above all considerations of sectarian strife and advantage, and put the speaker and his hearers into sympathy with the foremost workers of all creeds and political parties who are seeking to reform and reinvigorate the institutions of freedom on American soil.

It is no small thing to send three or four thousand men of foreign descent and the Catholic religion into the governing bodies of our

cities, into the market, the exchange, and as employers, or employed, into the mills, factories and workshops of the country, pledged not only to resist all forms of social and industrial anarchy, but also determined to carry the mutual relations of the rich and poor a nobler ideal of brotherhood than has yet dominated the captains of industry and the multitudes who look to them for a livelihood. The speaker had a noble theme, and when he got away from the obvious limitations of his Creed, he made admirable use of it.

"If the Knights of Columbus avoid the evident temptation to assume a boastful attitude as co-religionists with the discoverer of America, and, passing the limits of parochial activity, give themselves with ardor to the magnificent task Bishop Anderson so eloquently described, they can do something for the land of their birth and adoption second to none, and indeed superior to that of any other secret order in the land; for no one of them has any great aim that finds its object outside the ranks of its own members. The Free Masons, for instance, do excellent work among themselves as fraternal and charitable societies, but they have no political or social work to do in the country. Unlike those who bear the name in Europe, they have no concern with the affairs of Church or State. The Knights of Columbus are in a quite different case. They are called upon not only to purge their own ranks of the leaven of anarchy, syndicalism, and class hatred, but also to see to it that the members of their own religious order, coming to us from abroad, shall be taught that the Church to which they profess allegiance is in this country, on the side of the government, opposed to all lawlessness and disorder, and pledged to work with all other good citizens, to the end that all may enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. So doing, they may furnish the antidote for the bane that comes with our foreign immigration, and the consequent low-paid struggle for existence.

"The Jews in this country might very properly organize for the same ends. So long as by religion and custom they stand apart from the mass of their fellow citizens it behooves them to do what lies in their power to abate the evils that are the products of their past history and present status in the United States. They control great movements of capital and industrial operations of vast extent. It should be their task to reduce or extirpate the evils that they have imported from lands where the treatment they received tended to moral and political degradation.

"The omens are good. Let all good citizens unite to regenerate and improve the country that is the father of us all!"

PROSELYTISM IN FRANCE

A Baptist writing on Baptist work in Belgium and France, in the Chicago Standard, a Baptist organ, says:

"There are three Baptist churches (in Belgium). The evidence is clear that in December, 1909, they had one hundred and thirty members and in September, 1913, one hundred and thirty three. In spite of twenty-four additions to one church in 1912 and 1913 the net gain was only three—a slight increase, but practically a standstill. Similarly the French churches of the north group made but slight gains, that is, practically stood still."

Evidently Rome has not much to fear from Baptist work in France. It can hardly be described as fruitful. A curious sidelight is thrown upon this work by the following admission from the same source:

"The Catholic converts make strong and loyal church members, but they must be educated continually after conversion to keep them informed as to the teaching and principles of the Baptist church, and arm them against Russellites, Adventists, Mormons, etc., who consider the Baptist converts their special prey."

Pity the sorrow of the poor missionaries who, having unsettled the faith of the unfortunate people whom they succeed in weaning away from their ancestral faith, must then behold them snatched away by other squads of the same body of proselytizers! Catholics unsettled in their Catholic faith not infrequently drift from one sect to another until they finally land in outright infidelity. The Protestant house of confusion with its Baptists, Russellites, Adventists, Mormons, etc., is too much for them; and to escape the clamor of creeds they cease to believe in any form of religion whatsoever. It is really amazing how people who believe sincerely in Christ can support proselytizing work among Catholics knowing how poor it ever is in results to Protestantism, and how often it destroys all faith in the souls of a people unsettled in their belief in the Catholic Church. But the motto of such fanatics seems to be: "We don't care what we make of our proselytes so long as they do not remain Catholics."—Sacred Heart Review.

LADY FULLERTON'S NEEDLESS FEAR

"Mrs. Meynell is an English Catholic, but not a Catholic born," says Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson, in the Catholic World. She grew up in Italy, and was received into the Church by an Irish priest.

Continuing her appreciation of the English poet, Mrs. Hinkson recalls: It was somewhere towards the close of the seventies that Father Matthew Russell, of holy and happy memory, received a letter from Lady Georgiana Fullerton, in which prayers were asked for two young Catholic girls in danger to their souls from the world and its praises. The two girls were Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler), whose picture, "The Roll Call," hung in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1877, had already met with a unique success, and Alice Thompson, who had published "Preludes." The two young sisters were lionized. When they attended the house on the rumor of the presence within of the painter of "The Roll Call," and the young celebrity had to be smuggled out by the back door.

Long afterwards Alice Meynell, smiling over the memory of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's concern—she was a dowdy little woman, a daughter of the proud Granvilles, who went ungloried on her Master's business up and down London in those years—said: "We were too level-headed for that danger."

Soon after her success with "Preludes," Alice Thompson married a young literary man, Wilfred Meynell, who had fallen in love with the author of "My Heart Shall be thy Garden." My Heart Shall be thy Garden" had been received out very happily on a career of letters. They lived in those early days close to the pro-Catholic at Kensington, where every morning they heard Mass before beginning the labors of the day. Mr. Meynell was at that time a recent convert.

A STRANGE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

The following is the opening of a New Year's message addressed, at the request of a great newspaper, to the people of a well known city:

"The shooting of Admiral Byng was a strong measure, but it opened the era of Hawke and Rodney and Howe, and Jervis and Nelson. It may be that our present distress will be the beginning of our glory. We close the year under no small sense of civic danger; and good wishes without genuine good purpose behind them are worth nothing."

Who is the author? One might suspect James Larkin, or Mrs. Pankhurst, or some other such advocate of violent measures against authority. None of these is responsible for it. The words were penned deliberately by a Protestant minister of Montreal; and, if they mean anything, they are a recommendation to use for the reformation of the municipal administration of that city, the means the Government of George II. employed for the encouragement of valor in the British navy. When will Protestant ministers learn that the sitting in judgment on civil authority is none of their business?

No doubt the minister in question will deny that he had any intention of stirring up the people of Montreal to believe him. He is only another example added to so many of clergymen, undisciplined in mind, using language of which they have not grasped the meaning. But this is an additional reason why he and they should leave alone great matters to which they are unequal.—America.

THE POPE PUTS BAN ON THE TANGO

Press Despatch

Rome, Jan. 15.—Cardinal Basilio Pompili, Vicar General of Rome, representing the Pontiff, has issued a pastoral letter denouncing the tango and also certain newspapers, theatrical performances and fashions, which he declares are perverting souls. The Cardinal says:

"The tango, which has already been condemned by illustrious Bishops, and is prohibited even in Protestant countries, must be immediately abolished in the seat of the Roman Catholic Pontiff, the centre of the Roman Catholic religion."

He urges the clergy courageously to raise their voice "in defending the sanctity of Christian usage against the dangers threatening and the overwhelming immorality of the new paganism."

He warns parents that if they do not protect their children from corruption they will be guilty before God of failure in their most sacred duties.

There are no perfectly honorable men; but every true man has one main point of honor and a few minor ones. You cannot believe in honor until you have achieved it. Better keep yourself clean and bright: you are the window through which you must see the world.—G. B. Shaw.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In Japan there are fourteen missionaries belonging to the Parish Foreign Missions, who have spent over forty years of their life in that country laboring for the Faith.

The recent Italian and Roman elections weakened, if not broke, the power of the enemies of the Church. Rome will yet be the Rome of the Holy See.

The emigration from Portugal this year will probably reach 100,000. In that torn and now unhappy land of magnificent Catholic monuments, the population is decreasing and the exodus increasing.

The Committee of the recent Irish National Pilgrimage to Lourdes headed the Archbishop of Dublin \$10,000 from the surplus Pilgrimage funds as an offering in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, for the children of the Dublin workmen.

The Roman correspondent of the London Tablet says that the late Cardinal Oreglia never denied the varied tales that the press made up about him—"nor would he have done so had they been ten times as numerous, as untrue as malicious. He was of an old school which attached very little importance to the vagaries of the daily press."

The Catholic Bulletin of St. Paul, Minn., chronicles the reception into the Catholic Church of Lieutenant Colonel William Gerlach of Minneapolis, by the Right Rev. Bishop Lawler. Colonel Gerlach, who was a German Lutheran, was born in the province of Upper Hesse, Germany, November 15, 1855.

The Rev. R. B. Furely, formerly curate at St. Aidan's Anglican Church, Roundhay road, Leeds, England, has been received into the Catholic Church. The vicar of St. Aidan's the Rev. W. V. Mason, writing in the parish magazine, says: "The news that Furely has decided 'not to St. Aidan's' came as a great shock and disappointment to many of us."

Three Christian Brothers recently received distinguished honors in Austria. Rev. Brother Gerhard, Provincial, has been named imperial Councillor by His Majesty, the Emperor Francis Joseph. Brother Eucherius, assistant Provincial, has received the cross of knighthood of the Order of Francis Joseph. In return for services rendered by the Brothers to destitute inhabitants of Scutari, Albania, during the seizure of that town by the Christian Brothers School there, has been decorated with the gold Cross and Crown given for distinguished service.

The work of the Panlist Press is but a small part of that great apostolate of the press in which so many earnest souls are engaged throughout the country. The increased interest in the work of that apostolate shows a gratifying growth among our Catholic people, and is very encouraging. For such interest means a more extended and a keener appreciation of Catholic truth, and a realization of how Catholic teaching affects every walk of life, every field of human endeavor.

The great teaching Order (the Brothers of the Christian Schools (Christian Brothers) is continuing to extend its influence throughout the world for the furtherance of the cause of Catholic Education. The "Bulletin of Christian Schools," the official organ of the Order, announces the recent opening of new establishments of the Brothers in the following places: Hal, Belgium; Namur, Belgium; Szatmar-Nemeti, Hungary; Rauth, Bohemia; Braila, Roumania; Bengasi, Lybia, Turin (Technical School), Italy; Loretoville and Hull, P. Q., Canada; Haidar-Pacha, Constantinople; Rochester, N. Y.; Cootamundra, Australia.

It is more than a year since the experts engaged to report on the condition of the Cathedral of Metz and its restoration issued a report and a demand for 800,000 marks. Now the German government has suddenly handed out the money. With it comes the briefest of instructions. The Plans are to be sent in at once. They will be examined during the month of December and the work of restoration must then go forward without further delay. The Alsacians are grateful that their beautiful cathedral is to be protected from the hand of time.

Two of the large Catholic Normal Schools of Europe, conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, that at Malonne in Belgium, and that at Feldkirch in Austria, lately celebrated the silver Jubilee of their foundation. The festivities were of an elaborate nature and were attended by the leading ecclesiastical and civil authorities. At Malonne, His Lordship Mgr. Haylen, Bishop of Namur, presided and read a message from His Holiness bearing the Apostolic Benediction to the Brothers and their pupils, while the Hon. Mr. Pouillet, Minister of Science and Art in the Belgian government, spoke words of praise on behalf of his government. All the speakers were loud in their praise of the magnificent work being done in the training of teachers by the sons of St. La Salle, the founder of Normal Schools.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY D. M. COOPER

CHAPTER XLII

THE PROPOSAL

"For I'll believe I have his heart, as much as he has mine."

"The wedding I got coming home from the picnic resulted in a severe cold, and I was confined to bed for more than a week. Very dull and feverish and stupid I felt, in spite of constant visits from Mrs. Vane, who, seated on the foot of my bed, daily unobscured herself of all the news she could gather for my edification. She had been down at the A. B. C. Ground, and had had three sets of tennis, played with a very so-so partner, and been beaten. Captain Beresford and Miss Ross were playing, too; and she was not much either. Or she had met Captain Beresford and Miss Ross riding. Or she had seen them sitting together in the library, or walking in the Government Garden. All the rest of her news fell on unheeding ears. The most startling current 'gossip' the most unlikely engagements, the most killing jokes were lost on me. But the above casual remarks, dropped in the course of conversation, were just so many sore stabs, and after she had left me to rest, in perfect innocence of heart, I would lie awake nearly all night, trying to staunch these all but mortal wounds with the lint of common-sense. No wonder that the doctor was surprised at my pale and languid appearance, and asked auntie very mysteriously if there was consumption in our family.

At last, after ten weary days in bed, I was promoted to the sofa in the drawing-room; every one made a great fuss about me, notably Colonel Vane, who half lived on the road to the library, changing my books, and who loaded me with all kinds of delicate attentions in the shape of fruit and flowers. I always got on with elderly people, and my friend's husband, a smart, dapper, spruce little man, and one of the most delightful companions I ever met, was no exception to the general rule.

"The way—the barefaced way—that you and George flirt is really scandalous," Mrs. Vane would say; "I really shall have to send him to the club—to board him out! I declare it will come to that. He has sent off to Bombay for all the new songs for you. I told you so!" (triumphantly) "you will like my old man, did I not?" You would never compare him to Major Percival."

"Don't name him," I interrupted, fretfully.

"Well, then, I won't vex you, my poor, sick Nora. By the way, do you know that your Cousin Maurice has been here nearly every day this week; he was closeted with Uncle Jim for nearly an hour yesterday. Shall I tell you the reason?" she said, coming over and kneeling beside me.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you like," I replied, wearily. "What did it matter to me now?"

"I had such a long talk with him the night before last, at the Morrisons' dance, and I told him the whole history about Major Percival. He had never heard the rights of it before."

"Well?" I asked, eagerly.

"Well, my dear child, he was simply furious. Those people with dark gray eyes, can look angry if you like. He was in kind of white, cool, polite passion, and asked me who had horsewhipped your fiance. I referred him to you."

"I referred him to you?" I asked, looking at her with a grand letting off of steam. "Any way, you are not quite so much in his black books as you were, for he did think that the blow-up was all your fault. Give a dog a bad name, you know," nodding her head.

"It is not much matter what he thinks now," I added to myself faintly, turning my face away from the light, and imitating Mrs. Roper's maneuver with my fan.

"Don't talk nonsense, Noah! I have a presentiment all that you will marry your cousin in spite of all your ill doings; you will be the handsomest couple in the Presidency, and I shall dance at your wedding," she added, with decision.

"You don't know what you are saying, Violet," I exclaimed, sitting up and pushing back my heavy hair.

"Never think of such a thing, Maurice is engaged."

"If you mean to Miss Ross, I do not believe it. They are far too easy, friendly terms. There is not an atom of love between them. He is as much engaged to her as I am," she concluded emphatically, "no more in love with her than the man in the moon," contemptuously.

"Perhaps you know best," I answered, ironically; "all I can say is, that I had my information from Maurice himself; he ought to know."

"From himself?" she repeated, with a very blank face, collapsing at once into a sitting posture on the floor, embracing her knees and looking at me with widely opened, incredulous eyes; "when did you hear this?"

"At the picnic," I answered shortly, once more sinking back among my pillows.

"Well," she said, jumping up, and beginning to walk up and down the room with great energy; "I am surprised! I am amazed! I am confounded! I don't know what to make of him."

"What to make of whom, madam?" inquired Colonel Vane, entering the room in dinner garb.

"What to make of Nora's cousin, Captain Beresford," she replied, walking up to her husband, and sticking a rose in his button-hole.

"The same as every man you know, myself included—make a fool of him, to be sure."

"Be quiet, George, this is no joking matter. For once in your sweet, clever, pretty little wife—laying her hands on his shoulders, and looking him full in the face—'did you hear me, sir?—your sweet, pretty, clever little wife is completely up a tree!'"

There were three days' racing at Ooty, or rather, at the Pykara road, three miles away. The first day it poured, and spoiled the sport, people's good dresses, and people's good tempers. It is not conducive to merry mood to be standing under an umbrella (and receiving the drippings of about four others) in sheets of rain, with your favorite boots in a puddle, and your smartest frock becoming every moment further advanced on the road to ruin. Even with a companion—a pleasant companion—under the same silken shelter (cotton or alpaca parapluies don't exist, even in my imagination), even with these extenuating circumstances, I deny that a wetday's racing is either pleasant or profitable. The last day of the races was fine; crowds ventured forth in their second best. Uncle and I rode, and auntie and Mrs. Vane went in a large, hired open carriage. Mrs. Vane and I shared the box on the course, and had a splendid view. The start was downhill; certainly it was a most uninviting piece of ground; but, considering everything, was wonderfully flat for the hills. Maurice was a hurdle race, and Rody was a good second for the "Planter's Cup." Altogether I had been extremely interested, and had lost a pair of spectacles to Uncle Jim and a pair of riding gloves from Mrs. Vane.

"They are getting up a race for 'ladies' horses—horses here on the course, to be ridden by gentlemen nominated by the owners," said Rody, swinging himself up on the fore-wheel beside me. "Beresford wants to know, Nora, if you'd like him to ride your horse? He won't have half a bad chance!"

"Are you going to enter Cavalier?" inquired Maurice, coming up at this moment, "because if you care about it, I'll ride him. There are five entries already, but only one of them has any turn of speed, and I think Cavalier could show him the way."

"Yes, and that conceited little beggar, Tommy Pim, is going to steer him, and he is swaggering all over the place, telling the ladies to put the gloves on and back his mount. If you beat him, Beresford, I shall skip like a young lamb," cried Rody, encouragingly.

"Well, Nora, have you made up your mind? The stewards are giving a very handsome bracelet. It is actually here on the ground. You may as well have a shot for it as any one else," said Maurice. "Am I to enter Miss Neville's Cavalier?"

"Yes, I should like it very much," I replied, hesitatingly; "but, you know, Rody can ride for me; you will have to ride for Miss Ross."

"Bosh! Why should he ride for Miss Ross?" interrupted Rody, rudely. "Anyway, her 'gee' is no good, and she is not going to run."

"Very well then, Maurice, if you will ride for me, I shall be very much obliged to you."

"All right," he returned; "there's no time to be lost. Come along, French!" and the two young men hurried off at once in quest of Cavalier, who, half asleep, nodding his head over his squinting eyes, little dreamed of the treat and honor that were in store for him.

There were six competitors altogether, and they went away to a capital start. I stood on the box, holding on by Mrs. Vane, and literally quivering with excitement as they tore down the hill close by Cavalier third. Round the sweep at the bottom he was pulling up fast; and it was evident that he and a very handsome gray Arab had the race between them. It was nearly a dead heat as they ran into the straight—almost locked together; but, thanks to Maurice's superior jockeyship, Cavalier won by a head!

"Hoorah! hoorah!" cried Rody, who had also shared the box-seat, and almost upset me twice. "Ireland forever!" he shouted exultantly, as he leaped down, and dashed into the crowd.

"That boy will certainly have to be assigned to a lunatic asylum yet," exclaimed Mrs. Vane, as she shut up her parasol. "Hoorah, hoorah, indeed! He has carried off half the lace frilling at the bottom of my dress, and nearly knocked me down!"

Many of our friends came up to the carriage and congratulated me on my success; and, after a little, Maurice, uncle, and Rody arrived—a triumphant trio.

"There's your bracelet, Nora," said Maurice, tossing up the case into my lap. It was certainly very handsome, and I was immediately beset by a considerable crowd, thirsting to see the prize. Auntie and Mrs. Vane were in ecstasies with it, and Rody actually tried to clasp it on his sun-burned wrist. When I turned to make my acknowledgments to Maurice, he was gone.

"The ladies' race" was the last event of the day, and soon heavily laden carriages commenced to leave the course. Uncle insisted on my driving home, and in a short time we were also under way, having previously conferred a seat to Rody, which he declined.

"Barney Magee is going to drive me home," and Beresford too; Barney has a dashing good horse, and I'm going to drive; you see if I don't pass everything on the road. I'll be in Ooty before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

As we drove out of the enclosure we were passed at a rapid pace by Rody, Maurice, and a hare-brained Irish boy, in a very high dog cart, with a very high stepping steed. "Good by," cried Rody, sportively saluting us with his whip. "I'll tell them know you are coming. I suppose you'll be in to breakfast to-morrow." This was a cruel gibe at our hired horses, who were certainly anything but free goers. It seemed to me that Rody was a most rash and reckless driver, judging by the way he flourished his whip about, and whirled round corners. It was all a gentle slope down hill now, and our horses' heads being set toward home, they trotted along at a good pace and held their own well. After we had gone about a mile we found the road blocked in front, and subsided to a slow jog. I was seated with my back to the horses, of course, as became my youth. As I sat nursing my bracelet about and indulging in a brown study, a shout and a loud crash on the road ahead of us caused me to start.

"Hallo!" cried a gentleman who was riding past: "I say, that's a bad accident!"

"What is it?" I inquired, jumping up and looking over the coach-box. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. I saw the horse and dog cart that Maurice and Rody were driving rolling down the steep "kud," or precipice, at the side of the road—a fall of more than one hundred feet. Over and over it went. I saw it turn over three times, and I could look no longer.

"The horse took fright and shied, and jumped over the bank!" explained the stranger, with a pallid face. "I'll go on and see if I can lend any assistance," he added, cantering ahead.

I looked at auntie and Mrs. Vane, and then made a movement to spring out of the carriage after him.

"Stay where you are, child," said auntie, seizing my arm; "it may not be so bad as it looks."

But, in spite of her reassuring speech, her face was as pale as death, and her lips were quivering.

"They were all thrown out on the road, I'm sure," said Mrs. Vane, taking both my hands in hers and squeezing them tightly. We were four carriages away from the scene, and the road was now quite jammed with horses, and people on foot running past excitedly.

"I must go, I will go!" I said, struggling; "anything is better than this awful suspense."

"You will only be in the way," exclaimed auntie; "have patience, the gentleman will bring us word immediately. You may be sure your uncle is there. Now Nora, I insist," holding me back.

"Patience! It was easy to say 'patience' when every second seemed a year of agony."

At last the stranger returned; his florid face was ashy white, and his lips were working nervously as he moved his horse close up to the carriage.

"Well?" we all said in a breath, "what has happened? Is any one hurt?"

"It is a bad business," he replied, gravely; "two of the fellows are not much the worse, but the third, a fellow called Beresford, who was caught in the reins—"

"Yes, what of him?" asked Mrs. Vane, in a voice that seemed far away.

"He has been killed stone dead."

I heard no more. There came a strange rushing and buzzing in my ears, and I fainted—for the first time in all my life.

How long I remained in this state I cannot say, but when I came to myself I was lying on a carriage-rug on the grass at the side of the road. Auntie, with anxious face, was chafing one hand and Mrs. Vane the other. The neck of my habit was open, and I felt very cold and wet about my face and hair.

"Where am I?" I said, coming to, with a long sigh. "What is the matter?" I cried endeavoring to start up.

"Oh!" I said, as recollection came, "oh!" I said, covering my face with my hands and shuddering with horror, "I remember all."

"Nora, my dear child," said auntie, "it was not as bad as you thought. He is not killed!"

"Not killed?" I gasped, removing my hands and looking at her with intense anxiety.

"I'm as good as two dead men yet," Nora said a voice beside me, and stood, unless my eyes deceived me, and stood Maurice, with concern and amazement plainly depicted in his face. He was bleeding from a cut in the temple; his arm was bound up in an impromptu sling; his face was pale, and his coat all torn and covered with earth, but, nevertheless, he was most palpably alive. Oh, the relief of that moment! Oh, the long, long breath I took! The revulsion of feeling was such that I very nearly fainted for a second time—with joy.

There was no doubt that I had disgraced myself. I had thought that Maurice was dead, and had fainted in the most open and notorious manner on the high road. And here he was alive, and looking at me with grave and anxious eyes!

"What would he think of me? What could he think of me? Well, at a right, merely as my cousin, I had a right to faint for him; he was a near relative and an old friend. I hoped he would consider that and not think—and not think—what? I did not choose to mention the other alternative, even to myself. I made a rapid recovery, and, assisted by auntie and uncle, resumed my hat and staggered to the carriage, feeling most fearfully ashamed of myself. Maurice was offered, and accepted, a seat home; and now the whole particulars of the accident were told. Noon was much

hurt, but the horse was killed, and the dog-cart lay 150 feet below the road, smashed to atoms. Rody had escaped with a few bruises. Beresford occupied the back seat, and got off scot free, having jumped out when he felt the horse rising to the bank. "Faith," he said naively, "when I saw that the beast was inclined to kill himself and us, says I to myself, 'I'll be no party to the transaction,' and I made myself scarce." Maurice had been entangled in the reins, and had come off worst; but by some miracle the second roll over freed him, and he was lucky enough to escape with a few cuts and bruises and a sprained wrist; he had been stunned at first, and seeing him lying so pale and motionless, and gathering a hint from the excited crowd—always prepared to make the worst of a similar catastrophe—our stranger acquaintance had brought us the bad news post-haste. As we passed the scene of the late disaster I could not restrain a shudder as I saw the broken bank, the torn up ground, and far-away down below the red wheels of the dog cart, and a brown inanimate mass.

"You thought I was killed did you, Nora?" said Maurice, with an odd kind of tremble in his usually steady voice.

"Of course I did," I answered, rather crossly.

"How did it happen? tell us all about it," said Mrs. Vane, impatiently. "I don't know when I got such a fright."

"Oh, it was partly Rody's fault; he drives like 'Jehu, the son of Nimshi,' and in a happy-go-lucky fashion. I only wonder we were not upset before. I never saw such a reckless whip. He thought he was driving the twig, I dare say, he added, looking at me. "Anyway, when we came to a block in the road, he tried to pull up sharp, and to settle the matter, gave the horse a cut of the whip. He made one bounce, broke the reins, and, feeling his head free, turned sharp round and jumped the ditch in a second. I shall not easily forget the sensation of going across the country on wheels."

"And where is Rody now?" asked auntie, very sternly.

"Looking after the remains of the dog cart and the carcass of the horse. Unfortunately, both were borrowed. Barney Magee had only 'the lend of the loan of them' himself."

"And Rody will have to pay for them?" I cried in dismay, "and he has not a rupee left. He told me he had drawn his month's pay in advance. Wretched boy, what will he do?"

"We will all pay," said Maurice carelessly.

"For having your necks nearly broken by that wild boy?" cried auntie, who was extremely wroth with Rody.

"It was altogether an accident, Mrs. Neville. Indeed, you must not be angry with Rody."

"Well, thank God that none of you were killed. It's not his fault that you were not."

"We had an extraordinary escape. When I look down the place we went over I can hardly understand how we live to tell the tale."

I was silent nearly all the way home. I felt tired and sick, and altogether upset. Mrs. Vane, Maurice, and auntie chatted away together, just like old times. His spirits were as high as ever this evening, and he seemed bent on restoring Rody to auntie's good graces. The time passed like five minutes instead of half an hour, and we found ourselves at home. Maurice declined to come in, and took leave of us at the gate. He shook hands with auntie, with Mrs. Vane, and lastly, with me. Holding my hand in his, he said: "Nora, I hope you will be all right to-morrow, and able to come to the club ball. Keep a brace for me," he whispered, in a low tone, as the carriage moved on, and he disappeared.

"Keep a brace for me; keep a brace for me," I kept lingering in my ears till I lost all sense and meaning. I tried to understand what it meant—what Maurice meant; Maurice, who treated me with the gravest, most frozen politeness on every occasion. And now he said, "Keep a brace for me." A good night's rest, a long, long sleep, restored me completely; and the next morning I was quite myself once more. Of course the races and the accident were abundantly discussed and talked about, and many were the visitors who came to see the bracelet and hear about the upset. As we dawdled over our five o'clock tea, Rody presented himself, and endeavored to carry off the accident with a high hand. But it was of no use. We scolded him well, and did our utmost to terrify him with prospect of an enormous bill for damages, and perhaps a law suit into the bargain.

"Oh, that's all right," he said with a knowing grin, totally unmoved by our apprehension on his behalf.

"Why, you know you haven't four annas, much less fourteen hundred rupees," I cried in indignant amazement.

"Never you mind, Miss Curiosity! it's not going to come out of your pocket. It's going to be all right; and the dog cart can be mended."

"The fact was, that Maurice was to pay, as I afterward discovered. Maurice had reasons of his own for being in an unusually generous humor.

"And so you fainted!" observed Rody, pointedly. "That was a pretty business, and all owing to alarm and anxiety of mind on my behalf!"

"No, indeed, it was not. 'Naught was never in danger,' I replied rashly.

"Then you must have been over- come on Beresford's account! Phew!" and he gave a long, shrill, ear-piercing whistle. "Sits the wind in that quarter? Well, there's nothing like beginning with a little aversion—or, indeed, a good deal. I leave him in your hands with the utmost confidence. You can avenge us of that lost business when you are married to him, Nora! I've never forgiven him to this day."

"Rody," I exclaimed, reddening, "you are unbearable. Your rudeness and vulgarity are intolerable."

"You would like to box my ears, just as you did in the good old times; now, wouldn't you? But hark! He comes! as they say in the play. Enter the hero of the piece—*exultant* (waving his hands) 'all minor characters—hero and heroine—love scene—tableau!'"

"Hush, hush. Do be quiet, you horrid boy!" said Mrs. Vane to the irrepressible youth, as at that moment uncle and Maurice walked into the veranda.

I only remained long enough to give them each a cup of tea, and then, with an excuse of the vague description, I effected my exit. Rody, with Maurice in the room, was a good deal more than I could stand; so I fled to my own snugery, and looked at my finery for the evening.

Drugs had already spread my ball-dress on the bed; it was a combination of black tulle and black satin, and large eye daisies, and was both beautiful and new; my long black gloves and satin shoes rested side by side with my fan and handkerchief, and my bouquet stood on the dressing-table in a tumbler of water. Nothing was left for me to do. I dared not return to the drawing-room; it opened on the same veranda as my room, and I could distinctly hear Rody's loud, hilarious laugh leading the van in all the mirth. They were evidently enjoying themselves very much, I thought regretfully; but to return to brave Rody, and to be quizzed about Maurice before his very face; was beyond the limits of my endurance.

It occurred to no one that moving in a big new steel safe for the manager's office on the third floor could possibly threaten the lives of all the people in the store and make an awful situation for four or five hundred customers and clerks below the level of the pavement. That was because no one guessed that the man who was to move the safe across the stair landing on the third floor would get drunk at noon, and consequently neglect to shore up the floor properly. Now under the basement landing lay the big gas main that supplied gas for all the uses of the store, from the gas stoves in the various departments, to the drop lights in the lamp department, and that had once supplied many store lights before electricity was used. So when the insufficiently supported landing on the third floor gave way, and the huge safe suddenly plunged down through it, and through the second floor and through the first floor, and through the basement landing, it struck the big gas pipe and broke it as a falling brick might break a glass tube.

By wonderful good fortune no one happened to be caught on the stairway landings, but the moment after the successive crashes many were, nevertheless, in terrible danger. From the broken main flowed a huge volume of choking, deadly gas, not only into the basement itself, but into the elevator shafts and stairways. And every spark of fire in the building became a possible source of fearful danger.

Dorry was in her high cupboard. The tremendous crash of the breaking stair landing frightened her terribly, as, indeed, it also frightened every one. The little girl heard the screams of women and children; she saw the lights in the Welshback counter close by sink and go almost out; she saw a great cloud of dust puff gustily up the stairway, and a man—the elevator starter—run out of it and shout to warn people back. Whether she heard the word or not, she never knew, but she quickly guessed the truth.

In an incredibly short time she detected the smell of gas, but at first she did not heed it. The scene on the floor below her was too dismaying. Without guessing in the least what horror threatened them, customers and clerks alike fled from it. They ran back and away from the puffing dust. Jamming into groups and knots at corners, they strove and struggled, all the more frightened for being hindered.

The time was between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon—a little early for the greatest press of shoppers; but it was afterward estimated that over four hundred persons were caught in the basement. The stairways leading to the street were jammed at once. In the aisle nearest the notion counter scores of women scurried past Dorry's outlook, from one exit to another, frightened and crying. Men, running in every direction, shouted unintelligibly. Children clung to scared mothers or were rudely knocked aside.

Dorry also felt the thrill of fear. She stood, gripping the edge of her high shelf, and staring in utter fright. People were being jammed against the counters. Down in front of her a woman, caught in the press, screamed in fear and pain. Dorry became quite as much afraid of the crowd as of any other danger.

Then the first sickening puff of gas blew into her face. Her eyes turned instinctively to the low burning lights at the next counter. No body had thought to turn them out; in the exhibition row of lamps little points of flame, flickering and fluttering, tipped each jet, or showed as a yellow spot within each mantle. Any one of them might fire this horrid gas the moment that it became thick enough to burn!

Slipping from her cupboard down through the tiny door, Dorry limped along behind the counter to the stairs. Turning each rock, she shut off the flickering sparks completely. A man near her was trying to use the telephone, but was getting no reply. She wondered at his anger as he dashed the instrument aside.

Then, hardly knowing why, she crept promptly back and climbed up to her place. This was not attempting escape, certainly. But she knew that a lame little girl would have small chance just now, and besides, she felt the necessity of seeing things.

As she stood looking down again on the wild disorder about her, her thoughts went swiftly to the store above. In the basement there were no more open lights, but there were many on the upper floors. No one up there could yet know accurately what had happened. The man at the telephone came to her mind, and with a start, she realized that the connection was broken. A few people were escaping at the street doors, but they would hardly notify at once any one who could control the situation. If the gas mounted as fast as it spread, it might very soon make an explosive mixture with the air in an upper floor.

No one was trying to escape by the main stairway or the elevators now; over there in the haze of dusty Dorry could see no figure moving. Doubtless the stairs were crushed; doubtless the gas was already too strong in the shaft to permit the use of the cars. All the central portion of the room was clear now; every one was trying for the outer doors. People were being hurt the cries were not all of fear.

If she could only make them turn back and wait, or go slow! How quickly they might all escape, if they would only give themselves the chance! If outside help could only

be summoned, the street stairway could be cleared; perhaps the gas could be shut off. But how could help be summoned or information given, when every exit was blocked by the panic-stricken people and the telephones were out of order?

Nobody thought of the escalator. It was habitually considered a means of descent only. A man was helping an old woman across from the front of the room to the rear, where a freight elevator was hopelessly overloaded and blocked. Another man was climbing up on the cases behind a counter, in an effort to reach a high ventilating window, but he could not reach it. Still another was running along on top of a counter beside one packed aisle, and shouting in the mob, who paid no attention to him.

Another puff of gas struck Dorry in the face. This time it was almost suffocating. It made her cough and choke; and she suddenly became conscious that she was trembling all over and crying helplessly. But she realized, too, that in the midst of all this panic she was standing idle. Was there not something that she could do? Across the nearest aisle, by the cases in the shoe department, was the lower end of the escalator. In the midst of all the riot, its machinery was grinding steadily on; stair after stair came over the edge of the floor above and, sliding down under the guard wall, disappearing in the floor below. Dorry had seen several people run toward it, look and turn away. A young girl, about her own age, who came rushing across the floor, stopped beside the moving stairway. When she saw that the steps were sliding downward, she turned from it in discouragement.

Instantly Dorry, remembering Joe's joke, screamed, "Oh, try it, try it! You can do it easily."

The girl heard her and looked up. Then turning she ran swiftly up the stairs. She gained on them, reached the top, and disappeared.

A woman, passing, saw her, and followed. She too, after a painful struggle, reached the top. Dorry cried out to a third, who came from somewhere at the rear of the store. This woman watched the climber and in a moment was leading three others to the place.

Absorbed, Dorry watched their effort. She cried aloud in dismay when, half way up, the woman who led the party stumbled, fell, and instantly dragged them all back to the floor.

No one of them was hurt, but their cries brought so many others flocking to the spot that soon the same panic that was spoiling other chances, of escape was spoiling this. Two women again tried the ascent, and fell, to be remorselessly pushed back to the floor by the sliding steps.

When Dorry watched, gas came sweeping into her face in heavy volume. It made her dizzy; but helplessly to escape herself, she thought of nothing but to stick to her post of observation and do what she could. She shouted to the struggling women to go slower. Then she wondered suddenly why the machinery in the store had not been stopped. If the stairway were only stationary, it would furnish escape for scores of people. Oh, why did it not stop? Where was the engineer, that he did not bring the escalators to a standstill!

Suddenly it occurred to Dorry that since the escalators were still running, probably all the other machinery of the store was running also—even the pneumatic tubes!

Putting out her hand quickly she opened the valve of the sending side in the pneumatic cash carrier. The hiss of sucking air responded. Here was her chance to send a message. If only the girls in the cashier's cage on the second floor were still at their post! They were not near to the elevator shafts; perhaps they might not have been driven away.

Dorry seized a small piece of wrapping paper and began to scribble: "Cashier—The gas main in the basement was broken by the falling safe. There's a panic down here. Tell them to shut off all lights in the store at once, or there'll be an explosion. Stop the escalator!—Dora Cayle."

She folded the sheet of paper, stuffed it into the spool shaped carrier, and slipped the carrier into the tube. Instantly it was gone.

Dorry wondered whether the cashier's cage would still be occupied and whether any one would heed an arriving cash carrier. She was choking and coughing in the gas now; it was nauseating her. She thought that some current must be carrying it heavenily in her direction. She remembered the man who had tried to climb up to the ventilators at the front of the store. If they could be opened from the outside it would help clear the air. Besides, they were above the pavement; ladders might even be let down through them.

In a moment she was writing another message; in another moment it was gone. And then she sank down, overcome with a weariness that was hard to combat. Breathing gas all the time now, she was very dizzy. Still she could see that the stairway had not stopped its slow, awful grind, and still she realized that the gas was growing denser and denser.

Once more she wrote: "Please, please stop the escalator! Break in the front basement ventilators and put in ladders. People will be dying here soon.—DORRY CAYLE."

Away went this message after the others. There was a sign that the others had been received, but the little girl was getting too sick to

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO STAYED

Gardner Hunting

In the bargain notion department in the basement of the Bon Ton store Dorry Cayle wrapped packages. She was lame. Her business hours were spent in an open-top, imitation mahogany cupboard, high up behind the bargain notion counter. She crawled into it and out of it by means of a hole about the size of a hat-box. Her duties were to receive from the salesgirls each small article that was sold, with the sale check and the purchaser's money; to wrap up the article; to send the check and the money through the pneumatic tube to the cashier, and to return to the proper clerk the package and the change.

From her cupboard Dorry could see all that was going on. She could also see that the place was a fire-trap. But then, everybody knew that.

The owners of the Bon Ton store permitted dangerous conditions that might be remedied, and spent money for things that were merely to attract custom. For example, it would have been easy to cut aisles across the long counters through the middle of the room, to separate the stairways from the elevator shaft, and to have many exits on three sides of the big room, instead of only one exit on each side. But instead of doing these things, the firm spent thousands of dollars on an escalator, or moving stairway.

"If fire ever starts between us and the main stairway down here," Dorry had once heard a notion clerk say, "some of us'll get scorched before we get out."

The stairs leading to the street were nearly always stacked half full of goods on display. Sometimes Dorry, looking about her, imagined what might happen if a hundred and fifty flame-driven clerks, to say nothing of customers, should try to escape from the place. There were eight elevators, which could carry possibly ten persons each at a trip. There was the main staircase, which fifty or sixty people might use at a time. There were the street entrances, each of which a dozen panic-stricken people might block; and there were two freight elevators, which, if they were working, might help a score of people out at a time. Yes, there were exits enough, perhaps, for the employes, if they moved out coolly. But what if one or two hundred customers should be there?

"Why, there's the escalator," said Joe Edmunds, the stock boy, to whom Dorry talked one day about it. "Some of us could run up that."

Joe intended that as a joke, and also as a slightly sarcastic comment on the firm's attitude toward the moving stairway. It was much advertised. It served all the floors of the building. Separate sections ran both upward and downward, except in the top story and in the basement, where, doubtless for the sake of economy, the stairs ran in one direction only. To be sure, it was quite possible to run up the downward-moving escalator if your legs were nimble and your wind good. There were twenty-four steps in the descending basement section, and they moved at a rate that sent three past any given point in every two seconds. So, even if you were young and strong, you could not make very fast time running up the escalator.

know now just what was going on. Things seemed whirling round her. It was time that she climbed down to the floor. Pushing open her cupboard door, she started to slide out. And then, suddenly the light seemed to be fading out, and the floor below grew dark, and she did not dare slide down. She sank down on the bottom of her cupboard and knew no more.

When she recovered consciousness she was lying on a couch in the rest room on the third floor. It took her some time to remember what had happened. Many people were round her; her head was aching terribly; and a big man who was fussing over her seemed to be torturing her.

But all at once he stopped, and she opened her eyes wide and looked at him and heard him speak. "Hello!" he said. "She's coming to. She's all right now."

And then a woman whose cheek was badly bruised and whose lips had been bleeding, bent over her. She told Dorry that she, the lame wrapper girl, had saved over so many people's lives. She said also that something would surely be done for Dorry by a lot of grateful people because Dorry was a heroine.

And that surprised the lame wrapper girl very much.—The Youth's Companion.

THE PEST OF BIGOTRY

Readers who have not access to the excellent "Life of Cardinal Newman" by Wilfrid Ward will be interested in reading the following description of the bigotry that obtained in England during the middle of the last century:

Newman hardly ever in the whole course of the lectures attacked the Established Church. But the parsons had had so large a share in starting and fanning the agitation that he did not entirely let them off, and he did refer to the Church of England in one passage—among the most unrestrained and amusing pieces of burlesque in the series; but he rapidly passed again from the Establishment to the people. Here is the passage in question:

"The Anglican Church agrees to differ with its own children on a thousand points," he writes; "one is sacred—that her Majesty the Queen is the Mother and Mistress of all Churches; on one dogma it is infallible, on one it may securely insist without fear of being unreasonable or excessive—that the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm." Here is sunshine amid the darkness, sense amid confusion, an intelligible strain, amid a Babel of sounds; whatever befalls, here is sure footing; it is "No peace with Rome," "Down with the Pope," and "The Church in danger." Never has the Establishment failed in the use of these important and effective watch-words; many are its shortcomings, but it is without reproach in the execution of this its special charge. Heresy and skepticism and infidelity and fanaticism may challenge it in vain, but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its conatural foe. Forthwith as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis of resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of collision, but by a sort of mechanical impulse, Bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intemperance, and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clanging and ringing the changes on their poor half dozen notes, all about the "Popish aggression," "insolent and insolent," "insidious and insidious," "pestilent and pestilent," "subtle and subtle," "audacious and audacious," "contemptible and contemptible," "malicious," "frightful," "mad," "meretricious"—bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs royal, and triple-bob-majors, and grandises—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal in honor of Queen Bess, and to the confusion of the Holy Father and the princes of the Church.

THE CATHOLICS WERE AT HAND

"So it is now, so it was twenty years ago, nay, so it has been in all the years as they came, even the least controversial. If there was no call for a contest, at least there was the opportunity of a triumph. Who could want matter for a sermon, if ever his thought would not flow, whether for convenient digression or effective peroration? Did a preacher wish for an illustration of heathen superstition or Jewish bigotry, or an instance of hypocrisy, ignorance, or spiritual pride, the Catholic were at hand. The deliverance from Egypt, the golden calf, the fall of the Dragon, the sin of Solomon, the cruelties of Jezebel, the worship of Baal, the destruction of the brazen serpent, the finding of the law, the captivity in Babylon, Nebuchodonosor's image, Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, and Zealots, mint, anise, and cummin, brazen pots and vessels, all in their respective places and ways, would give opportunity to a few grave words of allusion to the 'monstrous errors or the childish absurdities' of the 'Romish faith.'"

Does anyone wish an example of pride, there stands Wolsey; of barbarity, there is the Duke of Alva; of rebellion, there is Becket; of ambition, there is Hildebrand; of profligacy, there is Caesar Borgia; of superstition, there is Louis XI.; of fanaticism, there are Crusaders. Saints and sinners, monks and laymen, the devout and the worldly, provided they were Catholics, are heaped together in one indiscriminate mass, to be drawn forth for inspection and exposure according to the need.

"The consequence is natural—tell a person of ordinary intelligence, churchman or dissenter, that the vulgar allegations against us are but slanders—simple lies or exaggerations, or misrepresentations; or, as far as they are true, admitting of defence or justification, and not to the point, and he will laugh in your face at your simplicity, or lift up hands and eyes at your unparalleled effrontery. The utter conceit which will make us to allow the possibility of incidental and immaterial error in the accusations which are brought against us; but the substance of the traditional view he believes, as firmly as he does the Gospel, and if you reject it and protest against it, he will say it is just what is to be expected of a Catholic, to lie and to circumvent. To tell him at his time of life, that Catholics do not rate sin at a fixed price; they may not get absolution for a sin in prospect, that priests can live in purity, that nuns do not murder each other, that the laity do not make images their God, that Catholics would not burn Protestants if they could! Why, all this is as perfectly clear to him as the sun at noonday; he is ready to leave the matter to the first person he happens to meet; everyone will tell us just the same; only let us try; he never knew there was any doubt at all about it; he is surprised, for he thought we granted it. When he was young, he has heard it said again and again; to his certain knowledge it had uniformly been said the last forty, fifty, sixty years, and no one ever denied it; it is in all the books he ever looked into; what is the world coming to? What is true, if this is not? So Catholics are to be white-washed! What next?"

Faithful to his usual habit of refraining from all substantial exaggeration, the lecturer draws up after this sally. For there is a weighty Protestantism—as he goes on to recognize—that of the minority of thinking minds, which attacks Catholics with serious and genuine philosophical arguments. On these minds, whatever be their weight, would have no influence with the many. Crowds do not assemble in Exeter Hall, mobs do not burn the Pope, from reverence for Lord Bacon, Locke or Butler, or for anything those gifted men have recorded. I am treating of the unpopularity of Catholicism now and here, as it exists in the Edinburgh, or in Birmingham, or in Bristol, or in Manchester, or in Glasgow; among the gentlemen and yeoman of Yorkshire, Devonshire and Kent; in the lanes of Court, and in the schools and colleges of the land, and I say this tradition does not flow from the mouth of the half-dozen wise, or philosophic or learned men who can be summoned to its support, but is a tradition of nursery stories, school stories, public-house stories, club-house stories, drawing-room stories, platform stories, pulpit stories—a tradition of newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, romances, novels, poems and light literature of all kind, literature of the day—a tradition of selections from the English classics, bits of poetry, passages of history, sermons, chance essays, extracts from books of travel, anonymous anecdotes, lectures on prophecy, statements and arguments of polemical writers, make up into small octavos for class books, and into pretty miniatures for presents—a tradition floating in the air; which we found in being when we first came to years of reason; which has been borne in upon us by all we saw, heard or read, in high life, in parliament, in law courts, in general society; which our fathers told us had ever been in their day; a tradition, therefore, truly universal and immemorial, and good as far as a tradition can be good, but, after all, not more than a tradition is worth; I mean, requiring some ultimate authority to make it trustworthy. Trace up, then, the tradition to its first startings, its roots and its sources, if you are to form a judgment whether it is more than a tradition. It may be a good tradition, and yet after all, good for nothing. What profit, though ninety-nine links of a chain be sound, if the topmost is broken? Now do not hesitate to assert, that this Protestant tradition, on which English faith hangs, is wanting just in the first link."

BASELESS INSINUATION This baseless tradition is the real root of the English prejudice. Charges are made with all pretence of circumstantial evidence, and yet with a degree of unfairness which brings out the fact that they are based in reality simply on invincible

calumny. On this he insists, and traces with great psychological subtlety the process of baseless insinuation: "No evidence against us is too little; no inflection too great. Statement without proof, though inadmissible in every other case, is all fair when we are concerned. A Protestant is at liberty to bring a charge against us, and challenges us to refute; not any proof he brings, for he brings none, but his simple assumption or assertion. And perhaps we accept his challenge, and then we find we have to deal with matters so vague or so minute, so general or so particular that we are at our wits' end to know how to grapple with them. For instance, 'Every twentieth man you meet is a Jesuit in disguise,' or 'Nunneries are, for the most part, prisons. How is it possible to meet such sweeping charges? The utmost we can do, in the nature of things, is to show that this particular man or that is not a Jesuit; or that this or that particular nuntery is not a prison; but who said he was?—who said it was? What our Protestant accuser asserted was, that every 'twentieth' man was a Jesuit, and 'most' nunneries were prisons. How is this refuted by clearing this or that person or nuntery of the charge? Thus, if the accuser is not to be called on to give proofs of what he says, we are simply helpless, and must sit down meekly under the imputation.

"At another time, however, a definite fact is stated, and we are referred to the authority on which it is put forward. What is the authority? Albertus Magnus, perhaps, or Gerson, or Baronius, with a silence about volume and page; their works consisting of five, ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty folios, printed in double columns. How are we possibly to find the needle in this stack of hay? Or by a refinement of unfairness, perhaps a wrong volume or page is carelessly given; and when we cannot find there the statement which our opponent has made, we are left in an unpleasant doubt whether our ill success is to be ascribed to our eyes or to his pen.

HARD IN REMOTE COUNTRIES

"Sometimes, again, the crime charged on us is brought out with such startling vividness and circumstantial finish as to seem to carry its own evidence with it, and to dispense in the eyes of the public with the reference which in fairness should attend it. The scene is laid in some fortress of the savage Appalachians, or in secluded Languedoc, or in remote Poland, or the high tableland of Mexico; or it is a legend about some priest of a small village of Calabria, called Buonaville, in the fourteenth century; or about a monk of the monastery of St. Spirito, in St. Filippo d'Argiro, in the time of Charlemagne. Or the story runs that Don Felix Malatesta de Guadalupe, a Benedictine monk of Andalusia, and father confessor to the prince of the Asturias, who died in 1521, left behind him his confessions in manuscript, which were carried off by the French, with other valuable documents, from his convent, which they pillaged in their retreat from the field of Salamanca; and that in these confessions, he frankly avows that he had killed three of his monastic brothers, of whom he was jealous, had poisoned half a dozen women, and sent off in boxes and hampers to Cadix and Barcelona thirty-five infants; moreover, that he felt no misgivings about these abominable deeds, because, as he observes with great naivete, he had every day, for many years, burnt a candle to the Blessed Virgin; had cured periodically all heretics, especially the royal family of England; and burnt a stone of Coimbra for asserting the earth went round the sun; had worn about, day and night, a relic of St. Diego; and had provided that five hundred masses should be said for the repose of his soul within eight days after his decease.

ITS WORK IS DONE

"Tales such as these, the like of which it is very easy to point out in print, are suitably contrived to answer the purpose which brings them into being. A Catholic who, in default of testimony offered in their behalf, volunteers to refute them on their internal evidence, and sets about (so to say) cross-examining them, finds himself at once in an untold labyrinth of embarrassments. First he inquires is there a village of Calabria of the name of Buonaville? Is there a convent of St. Spirito in the Sicilian town specified? Did it exist in the time of Charlemagne? Who were the successive confessors of the prince of the Asturias during the first twenty years of this century? What was Andalusia to do with Salamanca. When was the last Autu da fe in Spain? Did the French pillage any convent whatever in the neighborhood of Salamanca about the year 1512?—questions sufficient for a school examination. He goes to his maps, gazetteers, guide books, travels, histories—soon a perplexity arises about the dates: Are his editions recent enough for his purpose? Do their historical notices go far enough back? Well, after a great deal of trouble, after writing about to friends, consulting libraries and comparing statements, let us suppose him to prove most conclusively the utter absurdity of the slanderous story, and to bring out a laudible and unanswerable reply, who cares for it by that time? Who cares for the story itself? It has done its work; time stops for no man; it has created or deepened the impression in the minds of its hearers that a monk commits murder or

British population lives on the verge of hunger, and this is to be noted that: "The majority of these unfortunate people do not consist of idlers, loafers, shirkers, tramps and professional beggars, for whom one need perhaps have not much sympathy, but of workers engaged in wealth-producing industries."

Such then is the industrial conditions of what can be termed, because of its political prestige, the most representative Protestant country in the world. After almost four hundred years of Protestantism it finds itself fearfully poor with 80 per cent. of its population living on the "verge of hunger."

Now, looking back into times when England was Catholic, we certainly find nothing like this. England throughout the Middle Ages was comparatively a wealthy nation. The Diocese of Lincoln was, in ecclesiastical circles, classed as one of the most prosperous in the whole world. "Merry England" became a popular saying to describe the spirit of physical joyousness consequent upon material prosperity. On the other hand Catholic France is not so poor. In spite of the enormous drain upon the popular wealth made by the indemnity for the Franco Prussian war, that country (though Catholic) is to day relatively richer.

So that, if this old argument has any value at all, it goes dead against those who so unwisely have tried it against Catholicism. If there be any logical connection between poverty and Catholicity in Ireland, then there is also connection between poverty and Protestantism in Great Britain, just as between prosperity and religious indifference in the United States.

But, as above stated in the beginning of this article, there is not any such logical connection. True there may be certain crises in the economic history of nations which would doubtless directly influenced by religious changes. Thus, for instance, the spoliation of the monasteries in Tudor England did actually work harm to the material well-being of the thousands of poor more or less dependent upon the same and to the betterment of the fortunes of the despoilers. The expatriation of the Jews from Spain and in a smaller measure of the Huguenots from France likewise for a time injured industry. We might go further and say that now and then as an exception there might be a direct connection between industrial conditions and the very nature of a certain religion. For instance, it is hard not to see such a connection between the industrial condition of China and the essentially unprogressive character of Confucianism. But he would be indeed a hopeless fanatic who could see in the nature of either Protestantism or Catholicity a direct connection with the material well-being of nations professing either. As a matter of fact there have been rich Catholics as well as rich Protestant nations, just as there are poor Protestant as well as poor Catholic peoples. Economically and politically and along lines of even literary culture, nations have their rise and decline, be it a Pagan Athens or a Catholic France or a Protestant England or a Mohammedan Bagdad and Granada or Torastranian Persia. Christianity anyhow is too big a thing to be tabulated in dollars and cents. Be you rich or poor, white or yellow, or brown or black—you are all called to its fold. Christ Himself performed poverty.

POVERTY IN PROTESTANT COUNTRIES

By Rev. L. J. Johnston

If there be one argument in the whole arsenal of religious controversy which ought never to have been allowed to rust from disuse, it is that utterly unconvincing one that there is always an immediate connection between a nation's material prosperity and its religion. Hence the application so often made to that effect that the material prosperity of countries like Germany and England is due to their profession of Protestantism, whilst the poverty of Ireland or Spain is due to their Catholicity. No one objects to a legitimate, serious criticism, but really it is hard to keep one's patience when hearing this silly childish argument so often used against the church.

To begin with our very Lord. Doubtless the Roman Patriarchs and the Jewish Pharisees scorned Him also and His followers for their insignificance and poverty. In which case Paganism with its wealth were more religious than Christianity with its poverty. So also, if we pursue the subject logically, medieval Mohammedanism was better religiously than Christianity at the zenith of Arab supremacy when the former's material prosperity was doubtless superior to that of Christian Europe. Then again, how is it that Italy and France and Spain became so wealthy later on in the middle Ages though being also so thoroughly Catholic? Or how are we to reconcile the Catholicity of Spain and France with their political and industrial supremacy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, long after the Reformation started? So also, how is it that in prosperous Germany itself almost one-half of it is Catholic, just as prosperous as the other half. Verily, when people get down to such way of arguing it's about time to close the whole discussion. And yet this old argument has been doing duty (like some ancient joke) in the English-speaking world ever since there was any religious controversy. In fact, English and American non-Catholics seem to have been, if not the only ones, at all events the foremost to use this style of argument. To this day in the United States one will often yet hear the stinking argument from some Episcopalian that their church has all "the wealth of the land" in its membership. Or, if not so expressly stated, the same is more or less implied by an air of aristocratic superiority which would be often quite offensive in its lack of good manners were it not so ridiculous as a mental position. Just about as sane an attitude as would be that of a little girl bragging the superiority of her Sunday school over that of another little girl because she, forsooth, wore a costlier dress.

However, silly or not, the argument goes a good way with our English speaking non-Catholics. Hence it is just as well now and then to show them that the argument can be used by others as well as themselves. Whilst we thoroughly despise it as an argument, for it proves nothing—nevertheless, we know of no better way of showing its futility than by using it against them as they use it against others.

Now, there is ample material for its use in a remarkable article in The Fortnightly Review, by J. Ellis Barker, entitled "Great Britain's Poverty and its Causes." The writer makes the surprising statement that Great Britain, far from being, as is commonly believed, one of the richest countries on the face of the globe, is relatively a poor nation, because the masses are very poor. According to him the average pay of some 4,656,915 grown up men was only 30 shillings a week. According to some statisticians one-third of the population of Great Britain lives in poverty. Figures collected by the Board of Trade show that in 1909 one person in every 20 had recourse to the poor law for assistance. Mr. Barker asserts that 80 per cent. of the

NAILS OF THE TRUE CROSS

The connection between old furniture and Catholic controversy is not on the face of it a close one; but a chance remark on the former subject, printed in a recent issue of the London Daily Chronicle, seems to call for attention from the latter point of view. A gentleman engaged in the old furniture trade offers the opinion that "there are more so-called 'genuine' Jacobean sideboards in existence to-day than there were nails of the True Cross in the Middle Ages."

In one sense the statement is perfectly true, and in that case the Jacobean sideboards might still be very far from being common objects of the countryside. But the obvious intention was to suggest that there was a plentiful supply of alleged nails of the True Cross in medieval times, possibly, though the gentleman does not say so, comparable in quantity to the autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, but all the same, that the nails have since lost their record to the sideboards. It is clear that in saying what he did the furniture man had no thought of deliberate libel against the Catholic Church. It was just one of those light and airy Protestant remarks so easily and as heedlessly made, and so pregnant of further misunderstanding, which we come across in books and newspapers almost every month in the year, like the observation in regard to the wood of the Cross itself, that Catholics honor enough of it to build a ship. In all likelihood, when our friend was making his mental and verbal comparison between the nails and sideboards, he knew nothing whatever as to the number of alleged nails of the True Cross venerated by the Catholic Church, either in the Middle Ages or at any other period.

How many nails were there, and so honored? The story of the finding of the Cross and other relics of the Passion by St. Helena, Constantine's mother, includes, according to St. Gregory of Tours, four nails in the inventory. It was a question with some writers whether the Crucifixion was effected with three or four nails; the latter view received wide acceptance, although the popular representations of the crucifix show but three nails.

Of the four nails discovered by St. Helena, it is said that one was put into Constantine's crown or diadem, and that this is the crown that came to be known as the "iron crown of Lombardy," preserved at Monza. A second nail is stated to have been fastened to the bridle of the Emperor's horse; the third went into the Adriatic as a protection for vessels during storms; the fourth nail was given to the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme in Rome, where it may be seen to this day.

MANY ALLEGED NAILS

We need not blink the fact that other alleged nails of the True Cross existed and were from time to time the objects of local devotion. In a number they may have amounted to a score or so, and the explanation of their origin is probably that they were facsimiles which had touched or contained filings of one of the original nails, and that in the course of time a sort of loose tradition began to confuse the original with the copy, and a local cult grew up this way. The Church by her legislation, especially in Sess. xvi. of the Council of Trent, has laid down safeguards and uttered warnings with a view to securing authentication of sacred relics, just as the faithful in the Middle Ages were told plainly to beware of impostors who prayed upon the natural desire of the people to secure relics for themselves. The descendants of those impostors are to-day working worm holes into "antique" furniture, or stuffing the bodies of cats with newspapers and sawdust as a preliminary to finding feline mummies in Egypt for the benefit of tourists. Nobody dreams about settling the blame of this imposture upon the English or Egyptian Governments; yet the Protestant mind, once it is made cognizant of a similar fraud connected with some appeal to popular piety, sees the Pope as a trafficker in chief, and is loudly indignant about "Rome's delusions."—Universe.

CATHOLICIZING AN ENGLISH CITY

Writing of Alderman McCabe a man with a splendid record as a Catholic layman, who has recently been elected Lord Mayor of Manchester, Eng., the London Tablet says: "His geniality, sincerity and tact have won him hosts of well-wishers, and Catholics have a quiet confidence in his ability to justify all the high hopes placed in him."

Of the change that has come about in the city which has just elected this Irish Catholic to its highest office, the Tablet writes: "In 1890 the Catholic population of Manchester consisted of two ladies—Miss Golden of Deansgate and her maid. Ten years later only thirteen Catholics were registered in the city."

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND

Subjects taught by expert instructors at the Western School, Y. M. C. A. BLDG., LONDON, ONT.

Students assisted to positions. College fee, 50c. Session from Sept. 22nd. Catalogue free. Enter any time. J. W. Westervelt, Principal, 17 St. Nicholas St., London, Ont.

PRICE LIST

Full black cloth, round corners, red edges, gilt title on front cover, silk ribbon markers Net \$1.25 Full flexible black Alaska Seal, leather lined, round corners, gilt edges, gilt title on front cover, silk ribbon markers Net \$2.00

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

Founded 1884 BERLIN, ONTARIO Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department. Address: REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., Pres.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY

Congregation de Notre Dame Newcastly, N. B. HIGH-CLASS BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES Ideal location, commanding a fine view of the Miramichi River and vicinity. Beautiful grounds for outdoor exercise. Curriculum guarantees a sound and refined education, leading to Normal School and University Matriculation. Music, Painting, Needlework, Stenography, Typewriting, etc. Apply for Prospectus to Rev. Mother Superior.

College and Academy of St. Joseph

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO Residential and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls Thorough Academic, Collegiate, Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Under the Direction of Teachers holding University Degrees. For Prospectus, apply to THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night. 479 to 483 Richmond St. 360 Wellington St. Phone 413

FINANCIAL

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO. Capital paid up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$14,000. Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made. John McCarty, Pres., A. M. Smar, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London.

lic families figured in the returns of the Bishop of Chester for the parish of Manchester with its area of sixty square miles. After the passing of the Relief Act in 1778 the congregation of St. Chad's was estimated at 500, and the beginning of the nineteenth century found a small increase in the number professing the Old Faith. Since then the increase has been more than a hundredfold, and from the gloom of Roman Entry with its little Popish Mass House it seems a miraculous emergence to the splendor of the present day when thirty-two Catholic churches barely suffice for the needs of more than 80,000 Catholics in the area of Manchester alone."

Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fibre of the human heart.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

JUST PUBLISHED

Handy Manual of Baptismal Rites De Sacramento Baptismi RITE ADMINISTRANDI EX RITUALI ROMANO

This new addition will be found most useful and practical. It contains the various Baptismal Ceremonies and some other ceremonies closely related to Baptism, where it is conveniently to hand when needed. In many churches the Baptistry is in the back of the church, or the Baptismal Font is in a location, not easily accessible to the rectory or Sacristy. It is therefore a decided advantage to have a convenient book uniting all the Baptismal Rites in one volume, so that the priest can, at a moment's notice, find the form he is called upon to use and leave the Ritual in the Baptismal Font, wherever it may be situated.

Some of its Features

The orderly arrangement of all the various ceremonies. The Polyglot Versions of the questions and answers, covering 12 Modern Languages practically arranged so as not to be confusing. In the ceremonies of Baptism for infants there is given both the singular forms and plural forms, each separately, which will be found a great convenience by the busy priest. The gender endings are also clearly indicated. For those who for the edification and better understanding of the laypeople present at the ceremony, wish to repeat certain of the prayers in the "Vernacular," an English version of certain ceremonies, is given, e.g. "Profession of Faith, etc." The Rite for baptizing Adults is also included in the book, because in some dioceses, the privilege of using the short form for infants, instead of this long form, when baptizing adults, is not permitted. It contains the Rev. Dr. Hueser's, Editor of the American Ecclesiastical Review and Professor at St. Charles Seminary, Philadelphia, Commentary and brief Summary of the Administration of the Sacrament of Baptism in English. A list of Baptismal Names, for boys and girls as well as a list of corruptions of Baptismal Names, compiled from various approved sources, will be found very handy. Mechanically, as far as quality of paper, style of binding and size of type is concerned, the book is gotten up in a manner becoming a volume of liturgy.

Loretto Ladies' Business College

385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

Founded 1884 BERLIN, ONTARIO Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department. Address: REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., Pres.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY

Congregation de Notre Dame Newcastly, N. B. HIGH-CLASS BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES Ideal location, commanding a fine view of the Miramichi River and vicinity. Beautiful grounds for outdoor exercise. Curriculum guarantees a sound and refined education, leading to Normal School and University Matriculation. Music, Painting, Needlework, Stenography, Typewriting, etc. Apply for Prospectus to Rev. Mother Superior.

College and Academy of St. Joseph

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO Residential and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls Thorough Academic, Collegiate, Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Under the Direction of Teachers holding University Degrees. For Prospectus, apply to THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

FOUR NAILS

How many nails were there, and so honored? The story of the finding of the Cross and other relics of the Passion by St. Helena, Constantine's mother, includes, according to St. Gregory of Tours, four nails in the inventory. It was a question with some writers whether the Crucifixion was effected with three or four nails; the latter view received wide acceptance, although the popular representations of the crucifix show but three nails.

Of the four nails discovered by St. Helena, it is said that one was put into Constantine's crown or diadem, and that this is the crown that came to be known as the "iron crown of Lombardy," preserved at Monza. A second nail is stated to have been fastened to the bridle of the Emperor's horse; the third went into the Adriatic as a protection for vessels during storms; the fourth nail was given to the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme in Rome, where it may be seen to this day.

MANY ALLEGED NAILS

We need not blink the fact that other alleged nails of the True Cross existed and were from time to time the objects of local devotion. In a number they may have amounted to a score or so, and the explanation of their origin is probably that they were facsimiles which had touched or contained filings of one of the original nails, and that in the course of time a sort of loose tradition began to confuse the original with the copy, and a local cult grew up this way. The Church by her legislation, especially in Sess. xvi. of the Council of Trent, has laid down safeguards and uttered warnings with a view to securing authentication of sacred relics, just as the faithful in the Middle Ages were told plainly to beware of impostors who prayed upon the natural desire of the people to secure relics for themselves. The descendants of those impostors are to-day working worm holes into "antique" furniture, or stuffing the bodies of cats with newspapers and sawdust as a preliminary to finding feline mummies in Egypt for the benefit of tourists. Nobody dreams about settling the blame of this imposture upon the English or Egyptian Governments; yet the Protestant mind, once it is made cognizant of a similar fraud connected with some appeal to popular piety, sees the Pope as a trafficker in chief, and is loudly indignant about "Rome's delusions."—Universe.

CATHOLICIZING AN ENGLISH CITY

Writing of Alderman McCabe a man with a splendid record as a Catholic layman, who has recently been elected Lord Mayor of Manchester, Eng., the London Tablet says: "His geniality, sincerity and tact have won him hosts of well-wishers, and Catholics have a quiet confidence in his ability to justify all the high hopes placed in him."

Of the change that has come about in the city which has just elected this Irish Catholic to its highest office, the Tablet writes: "In 1890 the Catholic population of Manchester consisted of two ladies—Miss Golden of Deansgate and her maid. Ten years later only thirteen Catholics were registered in the city."

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND

Subjects taught by expert instructors at the Western School, Y. M. C. A. BLDG., LONDON, ONT.

Students assisted to positions. College fee, 50c. Session from Sept. 22nd. Catalogue free. Enter any time. J. W. Westervelt, Principal, 17 St. Nicholas St., London, Ont.

PRICE LIST

Full black cloth, round corners, red edges, gilt title on front cover, silk ribbon markers Net \$1.25 Full flexible black Alaska Seal, leather lined, round corners, gilt edges, gilt title on front cover, silk ribbon markers Net \$2.00

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

Founded 1884 BERLIN, ONTARIO Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department. Address: REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., Pres.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY

Congregation de Notre Dame Newcastly, N. B. HIGH-CLASS BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES Ideal location, commanding a fine view of the Miramichi River and vicinity. Beautiful grounds for outdoor exercise. Curriculum guarantees a sound and refined education, leading to Normal School and University Matriculation. Music, Painting, Needlework, Stenography, Typewriting, etc. Apply for Prospectus to Rev. Mother Superior.

College and Academy of St. Joseph

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO Residential and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls Thorough Academic, Collegiate, Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Under the Direction of Teachers holding University Degrees. For Prospectus, apply to THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night. 479 to 483 Richmond St. 360 Wellington St. Phone 413

FINANCIAL

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO. Capital paid up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$14,000. Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made. John McCarty, Pres., A. M. Smar, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London.

lic families figured in the returns of the Bishop of Chester for the parish of Manchester with its area of sixty square miles. After the passing of the Relief Act in 1778 the congregation of St. Chad's was estimated at 500, and the beginning of the nineteenth century found a small increase in the number professing the Old Faith. Since then the increase has been more than a hundredfold, and from the gloom of Roman Entry with its little Popish Mass House it seems a miraculous emergence to the splendor of the present day when thirty-two Catholic churches barely suffice for the needs of more than 80,000 Catholics in the area of Manchester alone."

Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fibre of the human heart.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

JUST PUBLISHED

Handy Manual of Baptismal Rites De Sacramento Baptismi RITE ADMINISTRANDI EX RITUALI ROMANO

This new addition will be found most useful and practical. It contains the various Baptismal Ceremonies and some other ceremonies closely related to Baptism, where it is conveniently to hand when needed. In many churches the Baptistry is in the back of the church, or the Baptismal Font is in a location, not easily accessible to the rectory or Sacristy. It is therefore a decided advantage to have a convenient book uniting all the Baptismal Rites in one volume, so that the priest can, at a moment's notice, find the form he is called upon to use and leave the Ritual in the Baptismal Font, wherever it may be situated.

Some of its Features

The orderly arrangement of all the various ceremonies. The Polyglot Versions of the questions and answers, covering 12 Modern Languages practically arranged so as not to be confusing. In the ceremonies of Baptism for infants there is given both the singular forms and plural forms, each separately, which will be found a

a church and an altar of beauty around the tabernacle where the incarnate God presides under the sacramental species. The sort of house which a people build to God depends on the nature and depth of their faith, and on their form of worship. If Irish Catholic faith would build material monuments of its reality Gerald O'Donovan would have us believe it is not faith that digs the foundations. The people are too poor to spend so much money on church building. But we would remind Gerald that it is not the coin of the realm, but that of faith, that is the measure of generosity towards God. People make sacrifices for their principles, but the Gerald O'Donovans have no principles but their pockets. And surely Gerald is aware of the fact that in nearly every instance a great part of the expense of church building in Ireland comes not from the pockets of the people in Ireland but from their kith and kin across the seas. And if the maintenance of the Church is a drain upon the peoples' resources are we to suppose that the payment of tithes to a church they abhorred tended to make the Irish peasantry rich and prosperous?

A Church's worth must be measured, Gerald assures us, by its influence upon the moral character and spiritual fibre of its adherents. But it will take more than "Father Ralph" to prove to the world that the "moral character" of Irish Catholics is not on a par with that of the followers of the Reformation. We do not fear the comparison. Would Gerald have us believe that Irish Catholics would have more "moral fibre" did they still continue to worship God in the bogs and the mountains of the Penal era?

"The question," says Ruskin, "is not between God's house and His poor; it is not between God's house and His Gospel. It is between God's house and ours. Have we no tessellated colors on our floors? no frescoed fancies on our roofs? no niched statures in our corridors? no gilded furniture in our chambers? no costly stones in our cabinets?" When the parson that had a church but no congregation waxed fat on the tribute wrung from a people who had no church in which to worship after the manner their conscience dictated, did the Gerald O'Donovans denounce the needless extravagance of maintaining out of the poverty of the people a church that the people abhorred?

And when the landed aristocracy of Ireland wrung the last cent from the hapless tenantry in order to spend it in riotous living in the gilded drawing-rooms of London, did the Gerald O'Donovans cry out that this money should be given—or rather left—with the poor? No more than Ruskin can Irish Catholics understand "the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple."

To read "Father Ralph" is to think that every other building one sees in Ireland is a church or a convent. But what are the facts? Whilst the Protestants have a church for every 320 members of that persuasion the Catholics have an average of 1,368 to a church. These figures would be decidedly in our favor were it not for the fact that it was the Catholics who built the Protestant churches also. So if we accuse the Protestants of having too many churches they can retort that the blame is ours, not theirs.

When Gerald O'Donovan would expose the criminal extravagance of Catholic church building in Ireland he but echoes the cry of the traitor Judas, "Why this waste?" But what was the Evangelist's commentary on the complaint of Judas? "Now, he said this, not because he loved the poor; but because he was a thief." And so we say of the Gerald O'Donovans. They despoiled us of nearly all we had, and now they turn to advise us how to economise the little we have left. But it will take more than "Father Ralph" to convince Irish Catholics, whether in Ireland or out of it, that there is anything wrong in making the House of God rich and beautiful. For whilst they recognize with the clear vision of their Irish faith that it is God's house, yet at the same time they feel that it is their house also. And their pennies and their pounds will still go towards beautifying it long after "Father Ralph" is forgotten.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ILLNESS OF ONTARIO'S PREMIER has created general concern and called forth tributes on every hand to Sir James Whitney's ability as a statesman and his character as a man. As we go to press the intelligence from the sick chamber in New York indicates a slight turn for the better and it will be the hope and the prayer of his fellow countrymen that this improvement may continue and the illustrious patient be restored to his former health and strength.

A GOOD story is being told of a Belfast Unionist who, in addressing a Scottish audience during the recent by-elections, sought to ingratiate himself after this fashion: "Gentlemen, I am an Irishman; I am proud to be an Irishman, but I am not ashamed to admit that I have a drop of Scotch in me."

And it took him several minutes to understand what the succeeding uproar was all about.

IN ADDITION to Manchester, the following English cities and towns have elected Catholic mayors for the current year: Leeds, Worcester, Battersea, Bootle, Wallsend, Blackpool and Dewsbury—a notable instance of public spirit, divested of extraneous and less-admirable considerations which might be emulated with profit elsewhere. How many cities of Ontario, it is pertinent to ask, have in this or any other year entrusted their chief magistracy to Catholics, and in how many would it be possible to elect one?

IN THE matter of the Catholic mayors in England, just enumerated, it is to be hoped that they are all of the same calibre as Lord Mayor McCabe of Manchester, who upon assuming office strengthened himself in the good opinion of the best of his fellow citizens by declining to attend service in a Protestant church. In his official capacity, accompanied by several of his fellow councillors, he assisted at High Mass in his own parish church, thus invoking the blessing of God upon the office which he had just assumed. The Dean of the Anglican Cathedral, who, with singular want of judgment and good taste, made the Mayor's absence from the official service in that edifice the occasion for a wanton attack upon him from the pulpit, came n for all but universal condemnation. It was the generally expressed conviction that Manchester was fortunate in having elected a Lord Mayor who had clear convictions in regard to religion, and the courage to stand unequivocally by them. It goes without saying that if all Catholic public men so acted they would stand inestimably higher in the estimation of their fellows. Trimmers and time-servers never stand the wash.

A FRESH indication of the growing interest in Catholic Missions all over the world is to be seen in the response made for the cause in Germany on occasion of the jubilee of the Kaiser. The sum realized was 1,425,210 marks, and according to a list submitted to His Imperial Majesty, this is to be divided amongst the prefectures, vicariates, and new foundations in the German colonies. The Kaiser himself took a warm interest in the collection of the fund and added his personal contribution. Catholic Germany is already well represented in the foreign missions of the Church, and with the impetus given by this incident, it is not to be doubted that the same earnestness and determination which have characterized the Catholic Revival in the Fatherland will be imparted to the work of propagating the Faith abroad.

IN REFERRING to the new juvenile periodical, the Catholic Junior, a few weeks ago, a slip of the pen which has just been brought to our notice, attributed the editorship to Father Bernard Vaughan. This should have read Father Herbert Vaughan, a nephew of the well known Jesuit and of the late Cardinal. Father Vaughan's collaborator in this commendable enterprise is Mr. Ambrose Willis, to whose facile pen many of the choicest morsels in the Catholic Junior are due. Father Herbert Vaughan is identified with the Catholic Missionary Society, under whose auspices the now celebrated Motor Chapel is carrying the glad tidings of the True Faith to many remote parts of England where, strange as it may seem, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been a thing unknown since the "Reformation." To this urgent apostolate the Catholic Junior has allied

itself with all the zeal of a neophyte, and with the practical wisdom of a patriarch. Catholics all over the world wish continued success to both.

IT SPEAKS volumes for the zeal and concord of the Catholics of Holland that while their brethren in the Faith in England and the United States have for years been discussing the feasibility of a Catholic daily newspaper, the little handful (comparatively) of Dutch Catholics have not only solved the problem but have made it an integral part of their national life. It may seem incredible to some that the two million Catholics of the Netherlands, amidst surroundings preponderantly Protestant, should be able to maintain no less than eighteen daily papers. Most of these are necessarily local or provincial, but Rotterdam has two which rank among the leading papers of the country. One of these "De Maasbode," is equal to any secular paper in Holland and is subscribed to and read by Catholic business men generally, as well as in the homes and institutions of the land. It has both a morning and evening edition. Always to the fore with things Catholic, and supporting every movement for the general welfare, it also maintains an active and persistent fight against the Hebrew-Masonic and Socialist press. Its influence counts for much in every national affair.

IN ADDITION to these 18 dailies, the Catholics of Holland also maintain 29 bi-weeklies, 69 weeklies, and 54 monthly magazines. Think of that ye self-satisfied Catholics of Great Britain and America! The secret is that the Dutch Catholics, as has been well said, look upon the duty of supporting their press as a sort of Eleventh Commandment, while supporting the secular press, to the exclusion of their own, is regarded by them as a mark of religious torpidity akin to apostasy. Such a spirit being a non-dutiable commodity, might be imported to this continent in large consignments to general advantage.

THIS REFERENCE to a Catholic daily press recalls a paragraph in our issue of January 3rd wherein it was stated that, in the Evening Canadian, published for a short time about thirty years ago, Toronto could lay claim to the only Catholic daily paper, in English, yet published on this continent. A valued correspondent in Montreal, Mr. D. W. Cassian, demurs that this is not strictly accurate, and reminds us that twenty odd years ago the late Felix Callahan, father of Rev. Father Callahan, of St. Anthony's Church, published The Sun for some years in that city. Stephen J. Meany, the forty eight man, he further reminds us, was editor, and "fought a good fight during the years the paper existed. During the Orange troubles in Montreal The Sun did good work in upholding the Catholic cause."

NOR is this all. Our correspondent also recalls the fact that another Catholic daily, The Post, published by the Post Printing and Publishing Company, of which the late John P. Whelan was promoter and manager, and Captain Kirwan, and the present Senator H. J. Cloran, editors, was issued for some time. Neither project, he adds, had continued success, but, as with the Toronto venture, the courage and enterprise were there. He also informs us that another Catholic daily in the English tongue is being discussed in Montreal, with a strong probability of the launching of such an enterprise at an early date. There could be no better city than Montreal in which to make what, under the circumstances, we must call a re-beginning.

WE ARE very grateful to our correspondent for bringing these facts to our attention, and must regard our paragraph of the 3rd as of good effect since it has elicited so much valuable information. It is only by publicity and discussion that the truth can be arrived at. The only question that occurs to us is whether either one or both of the ventures referred to were avowedly Catholic, or just secular papers owned or edited by Catholics. Of the latter a long list could readily be drawn up, but they can scarcely be said to come within the category of Catholic journals. The late Francis Collins, an ardent Catholic, published The Freeman (a weekly) in Toronto (then York) away back in pre-rebellion days, but the paper was purely political, and made no Catholic pro-

visions whatever. Hence, we are not accustomed to regard it as anything other than it pretended to be. We have never seen a copy of the Sun or the Post, but what our correspondent says of them would indicate that they are entitled to share with the Toronto Evening Canadian the honor of being the only Catholic dailies in English, published in America up to the present time. The honors of the pioneer, however, remain with the Toronto publication.

FATHER VAUGHAN

ON PRESENT-DAY MORALS

Asked by a representative of the Bristol (England) News, what he thought of modern tendencies in England including the abuse of Sunday (in connection with which the Bristol competition against Sunday motors was mentioned), Father Vaughan said: "I think the modern Sunday in this country is what I always said it would come to. It is the swing of the pendulum, protesting against and breaking from the old English School, which used to be the most terrible and trying day in all the week for Protestants."

SUNDAY AS IT HAS BECOME

"Do I think people ought to be allowed to play games on that day? Of course as a Catholic I think people ought to go to church on Sunday and re-create their souls, and they ought to have opportunity on Sundays to recreate their bodies. My idea of a Sunday is of going to Mass together and going out for amusement together, whether you have a carriage, a motor, or what not.

"Of course, when I was a boy we were not allowed to play the piano or sing songs on a Sunday, else our neighbors—our Protestant neighbors—in the West End would have been shocked and scandalized. Now we are shocked and scandalized by them, for not 5 per cent. of them go to church on Sunday. Their pews are empty, but their cars are full, and for servants, Sunday has become the most busy day of the week. It is a succession of meals, followed by bridge and motors and tangos, and whatnot.

"The truth of the matter is: what is wrong with England is that it is wrong with God. I saw the other day over a Wesleyan Chapel the motto 'Get right with God.' Over mine I put 'Keep right with God.' I hope that the people of Bristol—a lovely people; kind, affable, industrious, and enterprising—may have abundant success in all their business undertakings, and in their domestic and social life. But let them be sure that as in their natural life they cannot get on without the sun, so neither can they in spiritual life get on without God."

MODERN MUSIC-HALL MORALS

Next asked what he thought about the present music-hall state of morality, Father Vaughan replied: "I think it every bit as good as we can reasonably expect in a country which, while it calls itself Christian, has turned Christ out of his school rooms and slammed the door in His face. When you give notice to a teacher it implies that you no longer require his teaching, and when you tell Christ you don't want Him in your schoolrooms you are making it clear to Him you don't want His Christian morality.

"If we are to improve the morality of the country it is no use beginning with the platform of the theatre; we must start with the nursery of the home. We must wipe out, as far as may be, divorce; we must cultivate children, and they must be taught their earliest lessons in Christianity at that wonderful, lovely schoolroom—the mother's arms. Until we can make up our minds what to think about Christ, I do not see the good of wasting our time about His morality.

"Lay morality is like a pretty starched frock on a child; but in bad weather it is worse than no frock at all. It shrinks, grows limp, and the colors run. Lay morality is fair-weather morality only, and in a wretched climate like this we are trying to live in and on it. It is a poor affair, contemptible beyond words."

THE BOY AND HIS FISTS

"What is your opinion upon modern sports and games?" was the third question put to Father Vaughan and he answered: "Why as an Englishman, I think both games and sport are part of our belongings. If we have any good in our composition we owe it in great measure to that English love of outdoor games and all kinds of sport. They are both great constituent elements in the building of character.

"If a boy is to defend his King and country in later life, he must start with defending himself and holding his own with gloves, or, if necessary, without them. He must realize himself; stand on his own feet and understand and heard and—if necessary—even felt as a living member of the great organism called England.

"I feel very unhappy about the way we are losing games in competition with other nations. Say what you will, it is most humiliating to be beaten by a Frenchman, and to be beaten at polo, golf, and tennis by Americans, not to mention nearly a score of other thrashings in different fields of sport and action.

IS ENGLAND TO FOLLOW IN GAMES? "We started games for all the world, and it used to be 'We lead,'

but now we have changed that cry, for we follow. Of course, it is very fine to learn how to take a beating; but it is finer still to know how to bear ourselves under victory and triumph.

"I am afraid one reason why we lose in all sorts of games is that instead of playing the game we are watchers of the game—lookers-on. The reason why we are so enthusiastic about football and the rest is not because we are lovers of sport, but because we are lovers of the money we have on it. It is a gambling transaction, and just as the proprietors of the ground are interested in the gate money so are we: men, women, boys, and girls absorbed wholly in the bet on the game.

"We get beaten by people who have made up their minds to win. We make the excuse that we play the game and are more interested in the sport than in the result. That may be all very fine, but so long as we are tethered to those views we have no business to compete with others who do not share them, because we are only going in to make a mess of our country.

"Personally, I think that from the international horse show down to a boxing match there ought to be some test to guarantee that England is not going to be made a show of when competing for the prizes of sport with other nations."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Before leaving, our representative asked Father Bernard Vaughan what he thought of the modern Christmas, remembering Mr. Bernard Shaw's charges of gluttony, etc., of what he described as the so-terrible season in England that he had fled from its horrors to Jamaica. Father Vaughan said: "I think of the modern Christmas as I do of the modern Sunday. We have forgotten the very meaning of Yuletide. Instead of going to Bethlehem, we go to Babylon, and our Christmas time means being clothed in purple and fine linen, and feasting sumptuously every day. If we cannot do this we try to, and then we are surprised that we do not enter into the New Year laden with blessings from the Holy Child on Mary's knee. My idea of Christmas is the overflow of our joy at the birth of our Divine Saviour. That is the only meaning of Christmas."

SEX HYGIENE TEACHING

PHILANTHROPY

SEX HYGIENE TEACHING EX-CORBIATED BY HON. BIRD S. COLER OF NEW YORK

Patriotism and philanthropy formed the subject of a brilliant lecture by Hon. Bird S. Coler of New York before the Industrial Club of Chicago during the past week. In the course of his address, Mr. Coler touched upon some of the vital questions of the day. He scored the secularization of education in the Public Schools, and incidentally paid a high tribute to the parochial system.

The speaker also laid bare some of the fallacies and dangers of Socialism and also strongly opposed the modern fad of teaching sex hygiene in the schools. Mr. Coler said in part: "There is a shallow optimism that identifies the most modern with the best. It firmly believes there is virtue in the mere procession of title and that men and institutions acquire merit simply by growing old. In this pleasant philosophy the best possible day would be New Year's eve, except that New Year's day would be a little better. This temporal measurement of moral values at which we are inclined to smile, is not as weak as it might seem at first blush. It can cite that it must sacrifice consistency and repair to a science that is not the most modern, but Darwin is still a name to conjure with and 'the survival of the fittest' obtains an acceptance from the hand-me-down science of newspapers and Public Schools which the scientific thought of the universities and laboratories scornfully denies to it. If the fittest survive, then indeed this is the greatest age of all time. But I don't believe it is true that we have accomplished marvels in a material way. We have made steam and electricity and even the chemical atoms to do a great deal of our business. We have learned how to climb up the winds with something approximating 55 per cent. chance of sliding down again safely. We have conquered some of the old ailments and discovered a few new ones. But there are other yard sticks by which the greatness of an age may be measured and by many of these we fall short.

"With all our advantages we are not better intellectually than our ancestors were.

"While we have been ransacking the past, and forecasting the future, a change is actually going on in the form of our own system of conial relations, the significance of which seems altogether to have escaped attention. The effect of divorce, which has now been legalized in the greater part of Europe and America, has been to transform, within the area of its actual operation, civilized marriage into a casual bond essentially indistinguishable from that which formed the basis of what Morgan has called the 'pairing' family—the family of the Iroquois and other North American Indians. The legal forms, the technical procedure, the solemn plausibilities of the court, unessential and subsidiary as they really are, serve to hide from us the essential virtues to which those are but convenient instruments. The virtue, soul and essence of the whole business is the existence among us of a family ethics admitting casual unions and separations of the sexes with the same facility and frequency, and with as little loss of respectability, as is wont to obtain among savages and barbarians.

"There is a chemical process called deoxidization. There are chemical atoms with so strong an affinity for the atoms of oxygen that in their presence the oxygen constituents of air and water and various substances fly to them, and air and water become poisons and organic structures break down. When we contemplate our age, its thought, its life, its moral content and industrial processes, we must be sensible that some change has taken place. I think one trouble is with education. We have deoxidized it. We have lost one of the elements of sweetness and health. We have been robbed of something for the lack of which our spiritual life becomes poisonous, our intellectual life weak and flighty, and our social organization breaks down. What have we lost? The most casual survey of the history of fifty years furnishes the ready answer. We have lost the religious inspiration. Preachers have told the world that without much effect. But I am telling it to you not as a preacher, but as a plain man of business. This isn't a theologian's complaint, but a statement of effects whose relationship to their cause is manifest. We are losing efficiency. We don't think clearly, and we don't work intelligently and we lose ground economically. We have reached a stage where the condition of things moral and intellectual is a business matter. It takes its place with market possibilities, and methods and machinery making for increased production. We have reached a stage where the business world stands face to face with a naked truth. The fact—not the theory, but the hard and definite fact—that religion is one of the stimuli of industry stares in the face. We may like it or not like it, but it holds its place with the uncompromising sternness of two plus two.

"In my connection with these affairs I have become firmly convinced of one fact, that in the care of dependent children and of the sick and unfortunate, the work of the religious is very much more effective than that of the state. The child upon the door step does not understand the eight hour law or the change of attendants or the various other regulations that go with civil service, and while there are caretakers in many cases who are conscientious men and women they do not impart the same sympathy to the unfortunate that goes with those who are devoted to the service of God. The state has never yet been able to develop a civil service examination that would take the place of mothers' sympathy, and the nearest we have yet come to it is the care given by the devoted religious men and women of all faiths who devote their lives to that purpose.

"We must get this vitalizing element back into the life blood of America. The American civilization, based upon justice and developed along to lines of eternal truth, is too valuable a heritage to be thrown away. We must stop spending our educational budget in the creation of a school of thought to which this civilization is abhorrent. When we find college professors writing apologies for vandalism and murder it is time for us to wake up. Of course they don't call them by such harsh names—Socialism has emphasized the Ten Commandments. Your university Socialists have a pretty name for every ugly, evil thing in social life. The destruction of property becomes sabotage or syndicalism, beastly indulgences become sexual freedom, and so on down the whole sickening category. Now let us not be deceived by this strange intellectual pose. There is no virtue in the old Roman sense of the word, in all this polysyllable tangle. What then is the emasculated Intellectualism afraid of? Of a thing that doesn't doubt; that is conscious of its strength. Of ignorance mar shall in millions and freed of moral restraints. Of this rising power which is called Socialism. The mind is afraid of the mob. Just the huge physical strength of it, the measureless capacity for violent expression, frightens and fascinates our anemic Intellectuals. These are their tremulous mock Mirabeaus are afraid that when the Terror comes again they may be among the suspect. So they write, feverishly, trying to placate the monster. They have degraded our literature to the position of press agent for a mobocracy.

"Thank God, they do not truly represent American life. Real men

still live who can look the danger in the face without fearing it. We are not ready now to haul down the Stars and Stripes and replace them with the red banner of hatred. The old American fighting spirit still beats true. We are going to face this thing and fight it and beat it right here on this soil which is dedicated to human liberty and shall never be the home of human slavery. Socialism promises industrial democracy. We know that its promise is a lie. We know that its program is workable only upon one hypothesis, and that that hypothesis involves the slavery of labor.

"There could be no clearer proof than this that the conception of education and morality as combined and interdependent factors were fundamental in this government and informed our constitution. With the help of this illuminating statute we may with certainty define the precise meaning of those subsequent constitutional provisions of the Federal government of the various States which have been wrenched from their original purpose. They were a simple prohibition framed in the interests of justice, and intended to preclude the possibility of the use of public funds for proselyting purposes by any one church. Not religion, but discriminating against religion, was what the Fathers of the Republic feared.

"Should we not in some form find time to carry out that ideal? Would it be wrong for us to pay religious schools for actual services rendered in secular education, in some such manner as we do in the city of New York for the care of our dependent children and unfortunate sick? Let us be fair to those who have faith or none. If it be a Catholic church school, or a Protestant church school, or a Jewish church school, why should we, who are Catholics, Protestants and Jews object? And if the Atheists desire to form a school for their children pay them also; let there be no discriminating either for or against. If this plan is not practicable at present, let us devise some other which under the old American purpose of education, indeed the main object of education in the thought of humanity from the earliest times, will be carried out, and religion will again inspire and vitalize our life. A higher hope, a clearer morality, a stronger impulse will give us the strength to shake off the false thought that materialism has produced, will vitalize the human sympathy and define and suffuse with compelling force the sense of justice out of which shall come a nobler civilization than the race of man has yet known. The American Republic shall live."

COLGATE'S SOAP TO BUILD ITALIAN PROTESTANT CHURCH

The Colgate family, noted as manufacturers of soap and toilet preparations, are building a Baptist Church for Italians at Orange, N. J. Father Rongetti, the Italian priest there, commenting on the move, says: "I do not question the sincerity or the intentions of Austin Colgate or Sidney M. Colgate, but I do think they can do a great more good by sending 10,000 cakes of soap to my people than by spending the money they are making gifts to win my parishioners from their faith.

"These people are poor and they need soap. My Church is able to guide their spiritual progress, but it would require 10,000 cakes of soap from Mr. Colgate's factories."

A QUEER CATHOLIC

The Sacred Heart Review takes the following from the obituary of a man who died recently in a city near Boston: "Mr. — was a member of— Council, K. of C. He was Exalted Ruler of the local organization of Elks. In the Eagles he had for years been prominent. He was also an active member of the A. O. H., the M. C. O. F., the Father Matthew society, the tribe of Red Men, the Arcanum and the A. O. U. W.

"Our confrere wonders how the poor man ever found time to attend to his home duties, and we may add, even to say his prayers.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

Whene'er across this sinful flesh of mine I draw the Holy Sign, All good thoughts stir within me, and renew Their slumbering strength divine; Till there springs up a courage high and true To suffer and to do.

And who shall say, but hateful spirits around, For their brief hour unbound, Shudder to see and wait their overthrow? While on far heathen ground Some lonely Saint hails the fresh odour, though Its source he cannot know.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN

7% INVESTMENT

High-Class 5-Year Bonds that are Profit-Sharing. SERIES \$100, \$500 and \$1000

INVESTMENT may be withdrawn any time after one year, on 60 days' notice. Business at bank of the Bonds established 28 years. Send for special folder and full particulars.

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, CANADA

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PASTOR, ILL.
THIRD SUNDAY AFTER
EPIPHANY

MIXED MARRIAGES

"Be not wise in your own conceits" (Rom. xii, 16)
Many young people have a very high opinion of themselves. They imagine they know more than their elders. They are wise in their own conceits. Especially is this true when they are about to choose a companion for life. They will not listen to the advice of parents or pastor, but thoughtlessly look outside the Church for the one to whom they wish to entrust their life's happiness. Having called your attention on another occasion to the evil of divorce, I wish to speak briefly to you to-day on another evil which causes woe and misery second only to that caused outside the Church by divorce. I refer to the evil of mixed marriages. The Church, to show her disapproval of mixed marriages, will not permit them to be solemnized in the house of God, nor with any religious ceremonies.

But why does the Church object? Why cannot a Catholic marry a non-Catholic without a dispensation? Is not the Church unreasonable in placing obstacles in the way? No, she is not unreasonable. Her objection is in perfect agreement with reason. She objects, because mixed marriages are opposed to the very ends for which God instituted marriage. God instituted marriage to help the man and wife mutually assist each other in knowing, loving and serving Him, that they might be companions on the road to heaven and that they might teach their children the way to heaven. In mixed marriages both these ends are frustrated. I speak of mixed marriages as a rule. There are some exceptions.

The parties constituting a mixed marriage cannot be companions on the road to heaven, since they are trying to go there by separate roads. They cannot assist each other in the knowledge and service of God, since what one says God teaches, the other says is a mockery or idolatry. They can have no family prayer with its elevating influence. In fact, everything pertaining to religion, even the name of God, must be prohibited, "for peace sake." In the household, everything has its time and place except the one thing necessary; every topic, whether of gain or enjoyment, has its interest and its value. When pleasure and profit, but if mention is made of religion or a coldness ensues that has no elevating effect. Even when both are of the same religion, difference of natural disposition may and often does cause much unhappiness and misery. How much more so when of different religions. They disagree upon that which above all they should agree upon. If man and wife are one, they should be one in religion, one in everything. A united family makes a desirable home. Unity and concord are the hallmarks of the life of the family. This is impossible when they differ in religion, when one is a Catholic. Before marriage all is sunshine; but a cloud appears to darken the sky; no fear is felt for the future. Promises are easily made and may be as easily broken. In nine cases out of ten they are broken. You know that when the Church grants a dispensation for a Catholic to marry a Protestant, both parties must promise, let that be practised the teachings of the Catholic religion; 2nd, that all the children shall be baptized by the Catholic priest and trained in the Catholic faith; 3rd, that the Catholic will endeavor to convert the non-Catholic. How long are these promises kept? How often are they kept for even one year? Seldom. Very, very seldom. Many think when they hear priests preaching on the evils of mixed marriages that much of what is said is exaggerated. But I can assure you that during the time I have been a priest I have seen such sacred promises broken, such woe, such misery, such heart aching and breakings resulting from mixed marriages that I am firmly convinced that half of their evils have not been told and that it would be infinitely better for any and every Catholic young woman never to marry than to marry a man who is not a Catholic. It is difficult for non-Catholics to understand this. But it will not be so difficult to understand when they remember that to the Catholic who has been well trained in his religion there is nothing dearer to his heart; that it is his aid in need, his consolation in affliction, his strength in temptations and persecutions and that he will work for it, he'll talk for it, he'll fight, and if need be, he'll die for it.

If his religion is so dear to him, if he will do so much for it, he will not expose himself to the danger of losing it. "He who loves mother or father more than Me," says Our Saviour, "is not worthy of Me." The good Catholic who really loves his religion as he ought, loves it better than any man or woman, than anything upon earth, and he will not run the risk of losing it for anybody or anything upon earth as the persons do who enter a mixed marriage. He or she is not the only one exposed. The second end for which God instituted marriage is to bring up children to know and love God. Thousands of children are lost to the faith in the United States as the result of mixed marriages. Of the eighty millions of our population, only twelve or fourteen millions are prac-

tical Catholics; whereas at least thirty or forty millions ought to be Catholics. This loss is caused largely by mixed marriages. Perhaps you doubt this. Every priest can tell you that the results of mixed marriages are disastrous.

But you flatter yourselves that it will not be the same in your case. So did every one of the countless thousands who, notwithstanding the warnings of friendly voices, struck the rock that shipwrecked themselves and numbers of others. Young men and young women, if you are associating with non-Catholics withdraw before it is too late, before you are sorry. Fathers and mothers, for God's sake, for your own sake, for the sake of your own children, for the sake of your own immortal souls and the souls of hundreds of others do not, do not, I repeat, allow your children to mingle with non-Catholics. Stop the evil in its source, before it goes too far. Better—far better for your happiness in this world as well as in the next—never to marry than to marry a non-Catholic and have unhappiness here and hereafter.

TEMPERANCE

THE SOCIAL GLASS

The greatest obstacle in the path of the temperance reformers in Ireland, says the Dublin leader (and the statement is true of this country as well) is the idea that we can not get happy—that we can not get the acme of enjoyment out of life—unless we indulge rather freely in alcoholic beverages.

The constructive temperance policy of the Gaelic League, which stands for an Ireland light-hearted and happy, and does much to convince young people that the gaiety of the Irish Temperance will not be impaired by excluding alcoholic drinks from social functions. The members of purely temperance associations are beginning to recognize that to achieve our permanent good in making our people temperate it will not suffice to dogmatize on the benefits to health and prosperity that are gained by avoiding excessive drinking—an antidote in the shape of healthy amusements must be supplied if the wiles of Mr. Bung are to be counteracted. There are some, of course, like the Pioneers—the elect of the temperance movement—who will be sober under any circumstances; but there are a very large majority of young persons who can not be classed as teetotalers, who take a little drink occasionally and are yet sober and self respecting and fit to take their place under the banners of temperance.

Although we have a splendid army of pioneers who are pledged to total abstinence, still it is better too much to expect that the bulk of our people will become teetotalers; and it is the duty therefore of the Temperance Associations to lessen as much as possible the temptation to over-indulgence to which the moderate drinkers are exposed.

The example of the Pioneers is very heartening to the less stolid individuals who have not renounced altogether the use of intoxicating drink, but this does not obviate the necessity for taking preventive measures—of adopting a fighting temperance policy—to combat the evil of excessive drinking. At this season of the year there is an evil which affects very much the young people of the community, viz., the use to excess of alcoholic drink at what is one of their chief entertainments—dancing. Speaking at a temperance lecture recently in Waterford, the Rev. T. F. Furlong, in referring to evils of excessive drinking at dances, said that at present there are inmates of inebriate homes in London and elsewhere, members of wealthy and aristocratic English families, whose present unfortunate position had commenced with a glass of champagne after an exhausting and fatiguing waltz. Many a lady had become a victim of such circumstances and owed her position in an inebriate home to-day to the first glass of wine she was induced to drink by her partner in the dance. And what was true of the wealthy classes in this matter was also true of the humbler classes, for with regret it should be said that many a girl at a dance is not only tempted but often forced to begin a career of intemperance by a first glass of beer or porter offered her by her partner.

GOD WAS WITH HIM

"When he unfurled the standard of total abstinence, in the city of Cork," says the Catholic Bulletin, writing of Father Mathew, "he knew full well that he was undertaking a project which might be failed to end in disaster, for he was running counter to the long-cherished traditions and customs, not only of the people of Ireland, but of the world at large. It was no easy, at the least, a rash undertaking—this attempt, heretofore undreamed of, to reform the drinking customs of a people who had long cherished, although they had not practised, moderation as the highest ideal towards which they dared aspire. Father Mathew was not daunted by the seeming impossibility of the task he had undertaken. He had prayed for light and guidance and when he saw the new avenue of escape from the slavery of intemperance opening up before him, he did what every pioneer in a righteous cause must do if he would succeed—he began to practise what he felt bound to preach. He had wisdom enough to know that if the proposed remedy for intemperance were good

for orders it ought to be good for himself. He set the example by taking the pledge to abstain entirely from intoxicating beverages of all kinds and could thus say to those whom he hoped to influence, 'I have given you an example that I have done, so you do also.' "He began his crusade in the name of God," and the marvelous success that attended his efforts justifies the conclusion that God was with him. In no other way can we account for the transformation which he wrought in the mode of thought and habits of the Irish people."

DUBLIN PROTESTANTS AND THE POOR

There never was a time around which a gloomier prospect has settled for our poor people of Dublin than the present. It is no use enlarging on the miserable state of the poor of the city, for nearly every feature of it has been made familiar to us in the daily papers. But there is one aspect of the question which can only be seen in its true light by those who have come into intimate touch with the poor. A great number of the rich in Dublin are separated from the great majority of the poor by the broad gulf of religious antipathy. These rich look on these poor with undisguised contempt as given over to grovelling superstition and idolatry; such poor regard these rich with distrust, as they generally receive nothing from them in charity except at the price of what their consciences hold most dear. I believe that this peculiar religious antipathy between the classes has augmented the bitterness of the conflict that has been raging for months. It is true that Mr. Murphy, a Catholic, has been assailed with more bitterness than anyone else, but he is an exception. The great bulk of the members of the Employers' Federation, and the religious differences are sure to be a factor in every conflict of the kind, for the religion of the Protestant minority is largely a form of politics and the mainpring of a financial and social ascendancy. Society in Dublin is Protestant to the core; in the great display of wealth, of equipages, motors, jewellery and dress, at public functions and in the theatres, mainly Protestant; in the beautiful houses and gardens surrounding Dublin are mostly in Protestant hands; the luxurious country villas and the choice places in the residential town of Monkstown, Kingstown, Dalkey, and Foxrock are largely theirs. That this wealth is due to the unjust working of a Protestant ascendancy in past years, by which they got all the positions of emolument, and to the cunning selfishness of the Freemason body, by which they have been able to keep a superiority in commerce, in the street, and is not unknown even to the Catholic poor who are in this numerically Catholic city naturally the great majority of the dwellers of the slums.

Now in a normal Christian country this enormous inequality between rich and poor would be bridged over by the spirit of charity. The works of mercy would be performed by the well-to-do for their less fortunate fellow-beings. But Dublin Protestantism is commonly lacking in charity, the first essential of Christianity. The Dublin Protestant argues that he is exempt from the duty of works of mercy because the poor profess the Catholic religion, which to his mind is idolatry. The command of Christ to feed the hungry and give drink to the thirsty is interpreted by him in a way that is very saving to his purse. The parable of the Good Samaritan who helped the poor Jew who had fallen among robbers makes no appeal to him. As a condition of the help given the Samaritan did not exact from the Jew a renunciation of the Jewish faith or make him join with him in prayers according to the Samaritan form of worship. But the Dublin Protestant has a different code of ethics to those taught by Christ, who commended the Samaritan for his charity. He does not believe in giving the poor Catholic food or clothing or shelter or medical assistance, unless the latter renounces his faith and disobeys its precepts by joining with him in his form of worship. And let the crisis of poverty be ever so acute and the misery ever so general, he closes his heart against all appeals. In the midst of ease and luxury and wanton display of wealth he keeps up a cynical disregard for the wants of the poor and afflicted. This inhuman callousness may be due to his religion, or rather want of it, or it may be due simply to heredity. The descendants of landed aristocracy, who evicted the poor peasants in thousands to die by the roadside at the time of the Great Famine, are not likely to improve much in one generation, and the clergy of a Church which, as long as they were able, exacted tithes from the poorest cottiers, to whom their ministry was a fraud, cannot be proper exponents of the Law of Charity as taught by Christ.

The Protestant employers gave little to the Catholic charities, to which their underpaid, if not sweated, employees must have recourse in affliction. I know of one firm in particular in which girls are paid 2s. 6d. a week; the names of members of this firm, which has grown rich on Catholic and even conventional custom, appear in Souper subscription lists,

"MY ONLY MEDICINE"

Says Mrs. Corbett, Are "Fruit-a-tives" "They Keep Me In Perfect Health"



Mrs. ANNIE A. CORBETT
AVON, ONT., May 14th, 1913
"I have used 'Fruit-a-tives' for indigestion and Constipation with most excellent results, and I continue to be my only medicine. I am highly pleased with 'Fruit-a-tives' and am not ashamed to have the facts published to the world. When I first started, about six years ago, to use them, I took four for a dose, but I cured myself of the above troubles and gradually reduced the dose to one tablet at night. Before taking 'Fruit-a-tives' I took salts and other pills, but the treatment was too harsh. I thought I might as well suffer from the disease as from these treatments. Finally, I saw 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised with a letter in which someone recommended them very highly, so I tried them. The results were more than satisfactory and I have no hesitation in recommending them to any other person. They have done me a world of good. I get satisfaction from them, and that is quite a lot." ANNIE A. CORBETT.
For a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or send on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

but never in those of Catholic or non-sectarian charities. Occasionally, to show their interest in the girls, ladies appeared in the workrooms, with nosegays of flowers as gifts, but the nosegays were accompanied with Protestant tracts, which the girls to their credit instantly threw on the floor.

Fortunately for the credit of human nature we can point to a small section of the Dublin Protestants who exert themselves in the cause of charity and philanthropy without any ulterior motive. Lord Iveagh, with his workman's hotel, his model tenements and houses, his model and his children's play centre, is a shining example which they might try to emulate, but do not. Lady Aberdeen, too, has set the example of unsectarian philanthropy, but has few followers among the crowd of wealthy Protestants who figure at the Viceregal Courts functions. There is a certain number of Protestants who promote and support non-sectarian charities and contribute to Catholic ones. There names are on the list of Souper institutions. And to give credit where credit is due, it has been noticed within the last few weeks that some Protestant ladies have gone about among the poor, giving orders for boots for them, and doing other works of charity without any interference with their religious convictions. But contrary to what is generally said, all these together are a small minority compared to the thousands of those who subscribe to the Souper institutions, and to no others, and the latter have continued to hold callously to their pernicious anti-Christian principles even during the worst period of the present crisis.

The Dublin Protestants gave practically nothing to what was known as the Lady Mayoress' Fund. As, however English Socialists contributed the bulk of that fund for the purpose of the help given the Samaritan did not exact from the Jew a renunciation of the Jewish faith or make him join with him in prayers according to the Samaritan form of worship. But the Dublin Protestant has a different code of ethics to those taught by Christ, who commended the Samaritan for his charity. He does not believe in giving the poor Catholic food or clothing or shelter or medical assistance, unless the latter renounces his faith and disobeys its precepts by joining with him in his form of worship. And let the crisis of poverty be ever so acute and the misery ever so general, he closes his heart against all appeals. In the midst of ease and luxury and wanton display of wealth he keeps up a cynical disregard for the wants of the poor and afflicted. This inhuman callousness may be due to his religion, or rather want of it, or it may be due simply to heredity. The descendants of landed aristocracy, who evicted the poor peasants in thousands to die by the roadside at the time of the Great Famine, are not likely to improve much in one generation, and the clergy of a Church which, as long as they were able, exacted tithes from the poorest cottiers, to whom their ministry was a fraud, cannot be proper exponents of the Law of Charity as taught by Christ.

A lady who had spent many years in Australia, and was engaged for weeks in helping to feed the poor

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,
155 King St. E., Toronto, Canada
References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:
Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice;
Hon. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario;
Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., Pres. Victoria College;
Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board Moral Reform, Toronto;
Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto;
Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record, London, Ontario.
Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, inexpensive, painless treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity loss of time from business, and a certain cure.

children, thought she could make an impression by calling on well-to-do Protestants personally and bringing the matter home to them. She went through two long streets in a fashionable part of the city inhabited almost exclusively by Protestants. Calling from door to door, she sometimes was able to see the mistress of the house and sometimes had to send her message in through the servant. Her work was in vain, she did not receive a penny of assistance. They all showed astonishment and indignation that they were even expected to contribute. There was a curtness and bitterness about the refusals which showed by what spirit they were animated. One "did not go in for helping that," another "had nothing to give to anything of that sort," another "did not want to have our own charities attend to," another, "No, I cannot afford it, the poor bring a lot on themselves." A loud "Boosh" announced in one house the futility of the message sent through the servant. In another the servant returned with word, that the master "always sent a cheque to the charities" (Souper, of course).

The usual appeals for the Souper charities, those of "Prayer and Food—No Prayer, no Food," are to be seen as usual in the papers. Amongst them was one for clothing Schools of the "Island and Coast Society" of the West of Ireland, all of whom are the children of comfortable farmers or coastguardsmen, and are very few in number besides.

An instance of the cynical and callous spirit dominating the Protestant mind was given lately at a meeting of the Guardians of the South Dublin Union. A Mr. Bennett, a Protestant Guardian, made the remark that he would be glad if Catholic people and clergy would support the Catholic families, which, is the same as saying that all the burden of charity should fall on them, as the Protestant poor are a negligible quantity. He also gave out that he had a Catholic family on his hands, and would be glad to shift the burden on the Catholics "as his money was going." Very little money such men spend except on themselves and their own pleasures. The ordinary Catholic shopkeepers who live in the city have to have their hands continually in their pockets in the cause of charity and in addition are handicapped by the heavy taxes which Protestants who are living in increasing numbers in the county and have been deserting the city, escape the city rates, give nothing in charity, and even the amounts they give to the Souper charities are a very slight burthen to them. Most of the visiting work is done by their paid Biblewomen. They themselves make a brave show at the annual meetings, coming to them in their carriages and motors. A Bible preacher gave out some time ago that what he wanted to do in Ireland was to make Christians. If the form of Christianity he preached was that practised by his Dublin coreligionists, the less any country has of it the better. It means a negation of our common humanity.

VIGILANS.
A CATHOLIC FISHER FOR SOULS
The pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Eau Claire, Wis., in which a class of 100 adult converts were confirmed by the bishop one day quite recently, is dubbed by The Catholic Citizen "the premier convert-maker of the West." During the past five years, says The Citizen, this priest, Father A. B. C. Dunne, has received into his Church 268 non-Catholics, "an average of a little more than one a week," and "the total number of converts received by him during his pastorate is 636." The Catholic weekly goes on to outline the methods which Father Dunne has used so successfully. Both Catholics and Protestants will find interesting the enumeration and explanation of the specific means and aids to conversion:

(1) By the co-operation of the laity in congregational prayers, novenas, communions, and general interest in the spiritual welfare of non-Catholic relatives and friends, through securing for them the grace of conversion.
(2) Cordial and frequent personal invitations extended to non-Catholics to attend Catholic services, particularly the Lenten course of lectures, which are adapted to mixed audiences, and at the conclusion of which the non-Catholic shares with his Catholic brethren the graces that flow from the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.
(3) Generous distribution of Catholic literature. Within the past ten years more than 1,800 copies of 'The Faith of Our Fathers' have been given to inquirers. Each Protestant minister, shortly after his arrival in the city, receives a copy with the compliments of Father Dunne.
(4) Judicious use of the space generously proffered by the local press, to propound Catholic doctrine.
(5) The easy and continuous opportunity of taking instructions. Father Dunne conducts 4 courses of instruction annually, each extending over ten weeks, of three hours per week. The opening of each course is announced from the pulpit three Sundays in advance, the faithful being exhorted to notify any non-Catholic acquaintances who may be disposed to attend. On each Sunday during the course the hours of instruction are announced, and candidates are permitted to enter the class at any time, being able to take up on

the next course the instructions they have missed.
"These classes are open to Catholics, as well as to non-Catholics, and in prospective marriage cases he urges the attendance of the Catholic party, which conduces greatly to the encouragement of the non-Catholic as well as to their mutual benefit.
"The following results of four years of prenuptial instruction will demonstrate its efficiency:
"During that time the priest has had 102 non-Catholic applicants for marriage. Of these, 96 took the instructions, 86 of whom were received into the Church before marriage, 9 postponing their entrance until later on account of the bitter antagonism of relatives, and only 1 declaring that he was not sufficiently convinced of the truth of the Church."

THE ORNAMENTAL AND THE USEFUL
"Pilgrimages are good and processions are good," says the Catholic Transcript. They are an open and formal profession of faith. They appeal to those within and without the Church. We can not undertake to measure their usefulness in the way of stimulating the sluggish and confirming the weak. To take part in them is to do a good work, but to go to Mass and so fulfill the first precept of the Church, is to do a better work. It is also a better work to go to confession and fulfill the Paschal Eucharistic obligation. It is better also to enter into the life of the parish and to try to share in the graces, ordinary and extraordinary, which are dispensed to those who strive to live up to their obligations, not for one day in three hundred and sixty-five, but for every hour of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year."

Do you think that God, who made everything in the heavens, and who made all the earth, does not know where to place you and what is best for you?
How beautiful is the soul which has learned to be serene amid all the superficial disturbances of this life. Such a soul is to be found in all walks of life. It may be the soul of the little girl working behind a counter as well as the soul of the Carmelite behind the walls of the convent. Wherever you find it, it is beautiful. God seems to have set His sign plainly upon it.

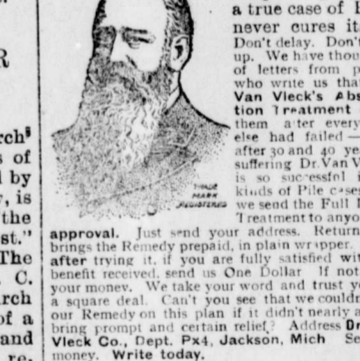
How beautiful is the soul which has learned to be serene amid all the superficial disturbances of this life. Such a soul is to be found in all walks of life. It may be the soul of the little girl working behind a counter as well as the soul of the Carmelite behind the walls of the convent. Wherever you find it, it is beautiful. God seems to have set His sign plainly upon it.

How beautiful is the soul which has learned to be serene amid all the superficial disturbances of this life. Such a soul is to be found in all walks of life. It may be the soul of the little girl working behind a counter as well as the soul of the Carmelite behind the walls of the convent. Wherever you find it, it is beautiful. God seems to have set His sign plainly upon it.

Cruel Piles

Genuine Relief Found Which is Healing Thousands
Postal Brings \$1.00 Trial Free

PILES FOR LIFE—No court would impose such a cruel sentence for any crime; yet thousands suffer this punishment for their own simple neglect, for a true case of Piles never cures itself. Don't delay. Don't give up. We have thousands of letters from people who write us that Dr. Van Vleck's Absorption Treatment cured them after everything else had failed—even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. Dr. Van Vleck's is so successful in all kinds of Pile cases that we send the Full Dollar Treatment to anyone on the remedy in plain wrapper. Then after trying it, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received and you do not need any more money, we take your word and trust you for a square deal. Can't you see that we couldn't sell our remedy on this plan if it didn't nearly always bring prompt and certain relief? Address: Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. P-4, Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Write today.



Whenever you feel a headache coming on take
NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers
They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Drugist's. For quantities, send ABSOLUTE LY FREE for the catalog. Write to-day—address JOHN HALLAM, Limited, Dept. 305, 115 Front St., East, TORONTO

Whenever you feel a headache coming on take
NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers
They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Drugist's. For quantities, send ABSOLUTE LY FREE for the catalog. Write to-day—address JOHN HALLAM, Limited, Dept. 305, 115 Front St., East, TORONTO

Pots, Pans and Dishes!

Panshine really has no equal in the kitchen. You should not trust to hot water and soap to remove grease and all traces of the last meal's cookery. It isn't safe. Use Panshine—it makes pots clean and sweet, tin like silver, paint like new.
PANSHINE
is a pure white powder with no disagreeable smell
Sold in Large Sifter Top Tins, 10c. At all Grocers



MOTTO FOR 1914

Don't Worry

Worry impairs efficiency and thus tends to bring about the very evils that we dread. It will greatly help if we carry a policy of life insurance, because most of our anxieties are on account of those dependent upon us. Don't worry, but insure in some absolutely reliable institution such as

Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada



Church Bells
Absorbine Stops Lameness
Absorbine, Jr., antiseptic liniment for mankind. Reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Gout, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Verruicities, Heals Old Sores, Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and \$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Only "Evidence" free. Manufactured by W. F. YOUNG, P.O. Box 123, Montreal, Can.

Send your Raw FURS to John Hallam
FREE HALLAM'S TRAPERS GUIDE
A book of 66 pages, fully illustrated. Game Laws revised to date—tells you how, when and where to trap, bait and traps to use, and many other valuable facts concerning the Raw Fur Industry, also our "Up-to-date" list of quotations and ABSOLUTE LY FREE for the catalog. Write to-day—address JOHN HALLAM, Limited, Dept. 305, 115 Front St., East, TORONTO

Send your Raw FURS to John Hallam
FREE HALLAM'S TRAPERS GUIDE
A book of 66 pages, fully illustrated. Game Laws revised to date—tells you how, when and where to trap, bait and traps to use, and many other valuable facts concerning the Raw Fur Industry, also our "Up-to-date" list of quotations and ABSOLUTE LY FREE for the catalog. Write to-day—address JOHN HALLAM, Limited, Dept. 305, 115 Front St., East, TORONTO

SEEDS

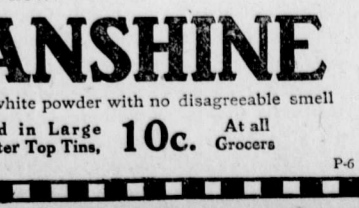
SURE GROWERS GOVERNMENT TESTED
Write for Catalogue
Wm. RENNIE Co., Limited
Cor. Adelaide and Jarvis Streets, TORONTO.

Send your Raw FURS to John Hallam
FREE HALLAM'S TRAPERS GUIDE
A book of 66 pages, fully illustrated. Game Laws revised to date—tells you how, when and where to trap, bait and traps to use, and many other valuable facts concerning the Raw Fur Industry, also our "Up-to-date" list of quotations and ABSOLUTE LY FREE for the catalog. Write to-day—address JOHN HALLAM, Limited, Dept. 305, 115 Front St., East, TORONTO

Whenever you feel a headache coming on take
NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers
They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Drugist's. For quantities, send ABSOLUTE LY FREE for the catalog. Write to-day—address JOHN HALLAM, Limited, Dept. 305, 115 Front St., East, TORONTO

Pots, Pans and Dishes!

Panshine really has no equal in the kitchen. You should not trust to hot water and soap to remove grease and all traces of the last meal's cookery. It isn't safe. Use Panshine—it makes pots clean and sweet, tin like silver, paint like new.
PANSHINE
is a pure white powder with no disagreeable smell
Sold in Large Sifter Top Tins, 10c. At all Grocers



HOW ELIZABETH DIED

Monsignor Benson contributes to the Catholic Truth Press a paper in which he compares the death-bed of Queen Mary, the Catholic, with that of her sister Queen Elizabeth, the Protestant.

A very superstitious woman, the Queen had particularly requested that this stone should be sent to her, so that she could wear it by night and day.

Her conscience began, as the darkness closed in, to smite her heavily, and she constantly recurred in her wanderings to the ill-fated Arabella Stuart, Mary Stuart and Lady Jane Grey.

For twenty-four hours, once she would not speak a single word, but lay with her finger in her mouth.

When her own appointed Archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates came to visit her and pray with her, in the true style of a daughter of King Henry, she rated them bidding them to be off and packing, saying she was no atheist but knew full well they were but hedge-priests.

These mumbled prayers were all that could be done for the dying heroine of the Reformed Church, and to the melancholy droning of these mock-ministers, the soul of Elizabeth passed at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Monsignor Benson, who is an indubitable Englishman by all his origins, admits that Elizabeth's half-sister Queen Mary (Bloody Mary) proved a harsh sovereign towards those who denied her own faith.

Gall Stones

Kidney and Bladder Trouble, Gravel, Rheumatic Pains are quickly and positively cured with the celebrated remedy

SANOL

In Kidney Diseases some of the symptoms which are pain in the back, or lumps, numbers of the thighs deposit in the urine, etc. the SANOL treatment works wonders.

Free literature from The Sanol Mfg. Co., Ltd. WINNIPEG, MAN.

The annual elections of the Catholic Laymen's Culture Association, were held in St. Mary's Clubhouse, on Tuesday evening, the 18th, inst.

The above organization meets every second Tuesday evening in St. Mary's Clubhouse, Bathurst and Adelaide Sts., and is for the purpose of assisting young men to improve themselves morally and mentally.

A PERMANENT ISSUE

When the late Hon. John Haggart was soliciting the renewed support of the electors of South Lanark during the campaign of 1911, it was suggested to him by the Conservative party organizers that speakers should be sent into his riding to support the anti-reciprocity cause.

DIED

McMANUS—At Windsor, Ont., on December 27, 1913, John McManus, aged sixty-one years. May his soul rest in peace!

IN A SPANISH CHURCH

An appreciative English woman, with a wide experience of Spain and its people, gives this glimpse into a Spanish church, in a book recently published.

SALMON

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING is agitating the public mind all over this Continent. The canned Salmon Packers of the Canadian Pacific Coast have materially reduced the cost of living, as their prices are lower than for years past.

TEACHERS WANTED

TWO TEACHERS WANTED, ONE ENGLISH speaking teacher wanted to teach in the Catholic Separate School, and also one French speaking.

WANTED QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR

junior room S. No. 5 and 6, Maidstone and Sandwith South. Duties to commence at once.

WANTED TEACHER HOLDING FIRST

or second class professional certificate for Catholic Separate school, Fort William, Ont. Salary \$400. Apply immediately. Salary \$600. Apply to W. K. O'Donnell, acting Sec. Treas., 1151 South Bay Street, Fort William, Ont. 1897.

An Income For the Farmer's Wife

The wife of every farmer should have her own income and her own bank account. And it does not matter how busy you are in the home, or how little time you have to devote to the raising of poultry.

NEW BOOK "The Vigil Hour." A manual of approved and indulgent prayers suitable for the growing devotion of the Public Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. By Rev. S. A. Ryan, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 25 cts.

Funeral Directors

Smith, Son & Clarke Undertakers and Embalmers 115 Dundas St. 629 Dundas St. Phone 586 Phone 678 Open Day and Night

John Ferguson & Sons 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—House 3/3 Factory—543

E. C. Killingsworth Funeral Director 491 Richmond St. Phone 8971

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL

Life Insurance

In every city and town in Western Ontario. Experience preferred, but not necessary. Attractive business proposition and large returns.

FRANK E. FALLON District Manager Capital Life Assurance Co. LONDON, ONTARIO

CHURCH ORGANS

TUNING REPAIRING WATER MOTORS ELECTRIC MOTORS ORGAN BLOWING MACHINE LEONARD DOWNEY LONDON, CANADA

St. John's, Newfoundland

324 WATER ST. John T. Kelly MONUMENTAL and HEADSTONE Dealer in Granite and Marble

Catholic Church Goods

Altar Plate, Statues, Stations of the Cross, Altars of Carrara Marble, Dapratice and Wood, etc. All orders given prompt attention. Mission Supplies a specialty.

J. J. M. Landy Catholic Church Goods 405 YONGE ST., - TORONTO



THE wife of every farmer should have her own income and her own bank account. And it does not matter how busy you are in the home, or how little time you have to devote to the raising of poultry.

THE PEERLESS POULTRY PAY If you know the way to raise poultry right you will find it requires very little outlay of money, and takes but very little of your time.

LEE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. 105 PEMBROKE ROAD LONDON, ONTARIO PEMBERO CANADA

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL CHARTER 1864

Let the arrangements of your household finances during 1914 include the maintenance of an account with the Home Bank. Full compound interest paid on savings accounts of one dollar and upwards.

HEAD OFFICE AND 9 BRANCHES IN TORONTO JAMES MASON GENERAL MANAGER

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA BRANCHES IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY: LONDON, DELAWARE, ILBERTON, KOMOKA THORNDALE, LAWRENCE STATION, MELBOURNE

Time is given us for preparation for eternity. How shall we use our time here is an all important question.

FITS CURED TRENCH'S REMEDY, LIMITED 415 St. James Chambers, Toronto, Can.

Agent Wanted Conveyancing Agent for Eastern Ontario for weekly family paper. Apply stating age and experience to BOX 4, CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

Record Standard

50c. Library for Everybody

NOVELS AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS BY THE BEST CATHOLIC AUTHORS Free by Mail. Fifty Cents Per Volume Liberal Discount to the Reverend Clergy and Religious Institutions

NOVELS A BIT OF OLD IVORY and Other Stories. This beautiful collection of tales is a veritable hoard of blossoms sweet and fragrant. They are truly legacies left to us by Heaven.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH. By Father Joseph Anthony Patriciani, S. J. Translated from the French. LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Adapted from Rev. Alban Butler.

THE PEERLESS POULTRY PAY If you know the way to raise poultry right you will find it requires very little outlay of money, and takes but very little of your time.

THE PEERLESS POULTRY PAY If you know the way to raise poultry right you will find it requires very little outlay of money, and takes but very little of your time.

THE PEERLESS POULTRY PAY If you know the way to raise poultry right you will find it requires very little outlay of money, and takes but very little of your time.

Any of the above Books can be supplied in the United States free of duty.

The Catholic Record LONDON CANADA