

The Catholic Record.

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

1810

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1913

VOLUME XXXV.

The Catholic Record

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BOOK REVIEW

"Quebec, the Laurentian Province," by Beckles Willson, is well written and may in some sections of the Dominion be a factor in eliminating prejudice with regard to the French-Canadian. He knows the country, its characteristics and its people. Some writers, either because of their environment or education or racial dislike, have roamed Quebec but to vilify, malign and condemn. They have made him a dreamer, unprogressive and ill-equipped to meet his English brethren on equal terms. Placing him in a back-water they vent scorn upon him and hold him up to the derision of the ignorant and thoughtless. This is the method of some "missionaries" who regale audiences with fairy tales and incidentally manifest their willingness to bear false testimony against their neighbors. But Mr. Willson tries to see things as they are. He garnishes statistics with humor, and his pictures of Quebec are full of action and color. Here and there we hear a false note in his sympathetic impressions, but it is neither loud nor insistent. But for what the French-Canadian is to-day in the Province of Quebec let us, he says, as Canadians be grateful. No one who has travelled through the province and observed the manners and customs of the people generally but must have sighed for an approximation of their virtues in his own race. And he goes on to say that the superiority of Jean Baptiste consists in sincerity and simplicity, in courtesy and devoutness. What the French have now in Quebec they have won in the course of centuries. There is a rare historic quality in their achievement which makes it precious and worth at any price the keeping. Or, to quote Cardinal Bourne, who, while insisting on the undoubted position of English as the dominant language of Canada, said that the country would be poorer "were that tongue, so long the one exponent of religion and culture in this land, ever to lose any portion of the consideration and cultivation which it now enjoys in Canada."

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

Mr. Willson does not shed tears over the English-speaking depopulation of the Eastern Townships. Unlike others who have written on the subject he says that the cause of this rural depopulation is that the west and the great cities have drawn away the erstwhile tillers of the soil with a magnet's force. The English have departed and the French have come to replace them—paying a good price for these newly acquired farms. It is quite true that the Eastern Townships were originally colonized by the English, but the French cannot be blamed for not allowing their lands, which they vacated, from lying fallow. And might it not be held that French Catholic expansion ought reasonably to obtain within the limits of Quebec which was discovered by the French, founded by the French, and is to-day chiefly governed and peopled by the French?

For my part, Mr. Willson says, I deplore these racial and sectarian destructions; the men of Quebec should join hands, link their interests, and, like the people of other bi-racial, bilingual and bi-religious countries, strive to achieve a common destiny. There is ample room in the fertile eastern townships for thousands of British settlers and hundreds of thousands of pounds of British capital, whose coming alone will restore the balance disturbed by the westward migration of the original settlers from this "Garden of Quebec."

THE ORANGEMEN

Mr. Willson refers to the editor of the militant "Gleaner" as an individual who has as keen a scent for Popish plots as Titus Oates himself ever enjoyed. Commenting on his remark that the diffusion of French-Canadians in Quebec is a pure tragedy, Mr. Willson says "that he would be more convincing if he could prove that man for man those French-speaking Britons of another religious sect (sic) were less law-

abiding, less industrious, less honest than the mass of his fellow-Orangemen, and I might add less amiable. I might venture to suggest to him that a little toleration, and perhaps a little humour, might conduce to a racial unity and alternately even to a moral unity and alternately even to a racial unity which would be greatly to the advantage of the Province." We think, however, that this kindly suggestion will be unheeded. The politician pulls the wires and their puppets either do a no Popery dance or jump to the ballot boxes to give proof of immunity to good-will and enlightenment. And as for humour it is a lost art with them. Their ancestors may have had the saving gift, but the dyed in the wool Orangemen of the present day take themselves seriously even to the baring of teeth and rage-convulsed features when the Church is mentioned. Perhaps they are not altogether to be condemned. As reasonable men they should investigate and endeavor to have opinions of their own, instead of accepting charges as first principles and doing their thinking by proxy; but a protracted sojourn in the wilderness of bigotry and ignorance has made them look upon the phantoms that afflict their vision as realities. Some day they may find a path into the broad, open spaces aglow with the sunshine of toleration and truth and see with unshackled eyes the worthlessness of their previous imaginings. There are signs that their awakening is near. In some quarters men look askance at the Pontiffs of Orangeism who fulminate and enact laws, solemnly and bombastically, after the best manner of Right Worshipful and Great Mogul of some organizations.

LOYALTY TO THE FLAG

The French-Canadian, says Mr. Willson, acquiesces cordially in British institutions. He obeys British laws, and has long been continuously faithful to the British Crown. To expect him to renounce his character, this language and his ancestral religion is to expect too much from a proud people. Rather than ask him to exchange his courtesy, simplicity and prudence for Anglo-Saxon vulgarity and materialism, would it not be better to seek to emulate his virtues. And it may be remarked here that the French Canadians have given examples of toleration which Ontario would do well to imitate. We content ourselves with reference to one fact—the election of the late Mr. Justice Wurtell and Sir Henry Joly in overwhelmingly Catholic constituencies. Indeed the author tells us that the English declare that French-speaking compatriots are the most cheerful, the most honest, the most obliging and least quarrelsome race in the world. Although their form of religion is different they never quarrel nor exhibit the least intolerance over it, in which respect they offer a striking contrast to the dwellers in Ulster, South Africa, New England and elsewhere.

THE CHURCH IN QUEBEC

In his chapter on The Church Mr. Willson shows that either his vision was blurred or he was misled by others. He somehow or other mislaid his mantle of dispassionateness and forgot for the moment that accuracy is the badge of scholarship. He may not seek to leave the impression upon his readers that the French-Canadian is priest ridden, but from this chapter that inference is legitimate. We have seen our French compatriots at close range, without ever witnessing the spectacle of clerical dominance. The priests are respected and loved, but they are not regarded as despots. They are, and for many reasons, entrenched in the hearts of the people; but their influence is never exercised save "for the good of the individual and community. To-day they are as they were in the time of Lord Durham, who, in his Despatches, Canada, paid them the following tribute:

"I know of no parochial clergy in the world whose practice of all the Christian virtues has been more universally admitted, and has been productive of more beneficial consequences than the Catholic priesthood of this province."

—Mr. Willson gets into deep waters when he says that not merely the Church in Quebec but Rome itself

"claims the right of restricting freedom of every kind—of worship, of speech, of the press, of education and even of conscience." Where did the author learn this? Who uttered the words enclosed within the quotation marks? Coming from some quarters they would not elicit surprise, but they are not worthy of the lips of a man who is disposed to be fair in his presentation of facts and has not been inculcated with the germ of bigotry. Perhaps the author fell into a snare laid by some Evangelical with the open Bible whose inspiration he cannot prove. But whatsoever the cause of this outburst he should in all fairness recognize that the burden of the proof of this assertion is upon him. Had he consulted some French-Canadians he would have written more sanely, more accurately on this matter.

Further on in the chapter he quotes M. Siegfried, who, while admitting the beneficial influence of the Church, says: "Are not the intellectual bondage in which the Church would keep them, the narrow authority she exercises, the antiquated doctrines she persists in inculcating, all calculated to hinder the evolution of the race, etc."

This is very odd stuff, Mr. Willson. Why ask another to fashion and throw the barb of insult and misrepresentation? Why not have the courage to allow the burden of vilification to rest entirely upon your own shoulders? These "antiquated doctrines" are the source of much that Mr. Willson admires. They are the principles—the roots which send forth the flowers and fruitage that fill homes with the odor of sweet content even as they guard them against desecration and produce these virtues that alone can make for permanent national stability. We must say that this chapter is written in a rambling, inconsequential fashion. He quotes words about "antiquated doctrines" and then lapses into a dream about the "economical dangers." Prescinding from any discussion of these "economical dangers" are they the result of a belief in antiquated doctrines? The author does not vouchsafe the information because we think, charitably of course, that in writing the chapter he got upon strange ground and lost his bearings. Mr. Willson should continue to go up and down with his note book and inscribe therein his impressions of things and men, but he should flee the company of those who seek to have him sponsor charges which are moss-backed and decrepit. Again, as proof of his thesis, he says, in his chapter on "The Church," that according to Mgr. Langevin "Those who do not obey the hierarchy are no longer Catholics," etc. Mr. Willson cannot fail to see the unscholarly nature of such an argument as this. He does not tell his readers where they may be found; he scissions them out of either address or pastoral to fashion an argument. He gives not the faintest intimation of what that pastoral was about. To take an excerpt, without any allusion to the context, is akin to the methods of a special pleader. Mr. Willson should rewrite this chapter in the interests of accuracy and truth, and remove the suspicion that he approached this subject with preconceived ideas. We agree with him that a language is a precious instrument, and each of us naturally cherishes his own. But it is an instrument only for mutual understanding, and the Canadian of the English race who uses the French language to unlock the hearts of his compatriots of Quebec, is inviting a rapprochement which posterity will with interest repay.

WHY IT WAS CALLED "DARK"

According to the Christian Year: "The Middle age was called 'dark' for the same reason that Africa was called 'dark' and on account of the ignorance not of the age, but of the scientists who did the naming."

A PRIEST'S MOTHER

"We always regret," says the Western Catholic, "when we have to publish the account of the death of a priest's mother—for the reason that this old world of ours is made poorer and sadder by the loss of such a noble and Christ-like character as the mother of any of God's priests must be."

AN UNAPPRECIATED FAVOR

FORMER BAPTIST MINISTER TELLS WHY THE PUTRIDITY OFFERED BY THE MENACE IS NOT A WELCOME DIET

One of the most forceful and illuminating expressions of condemnation of the diabolical conspiracy to bring about in this country a persecution of the Catholic Church, such as she has experienced in France and Portugal, through a campaign of slander, incessant and wide-spread, comes from the pen of Mr. W. H. Sloan, who was for twenty-four years, the head of Baptist missions in Mexico and India, and who is the author of a concordance of the Bible. Mr. Sloan became a Catholic five years ago, and is now the editor of the Catholic Banner of Las Cruces, New Mexico. In the May 29 issue of his paper Mr. Sloan says:

"Some unknown friend who probably desires our 'conversion' back to one of the two hundred and eighty forms of the Protestant religion, sends us once in a while a copy of The Menace, a vile and unprincipled sheet published somewhere in Missouri, whose aim is to calumniate and vilify the Catholic Church. We would like to say to the unknown person who favors (?) us with the publication in question that it contains nothing new to us. We were ourselves engaged in writing and preaching such stuff probably before the editor of The Menace was born—for his articles show that he is yet in the puppy stage as well as of the puppy character—and we know all about the origin and source of the lies and calumnies that he gives to the public every week. We have ourselves waded through all the disgusting mire of slanderous attacks on the priests and the nuns; we have anathematized the Bishops who wanted to take public funds from the treasury for the support of Catholic institutions; we have cried to heaven to defend our Public schools against the insidious attacks of Rome; we have accused the Pope of lying awake at night to devise some way by which he might surreptitiously win over the United States to the 'Romanist' cause; we have painted the ignorance of Mexico and South America in most lurid colors, and have reason to believe that much of the bigoted drivel now going the rounds of the 'Guardians of Liberty' press and heard in bigoted Protestant pulpits had its origin in our sophomore declamations years ago, when we traveled through the States and inveighed in most bitter terms against the 'superstitions, immorality, ignorance and vice' as found among the Catholic people where we labored.

We were not entirely to blame; we were paid for doing it (as is the editor of The Menace), and we were easily persuaded it was all the truth. We learned the truth after a while. A compassionate God took violent hold upon us, lifted our feet out of the mire and placed them upon the Rock. We have since sought to know the truth before reviling the religion of any man. We hope, then that the unknown sender of The Menace will save his postage stamps and our patience. We want no more of his mendacious twaddle. We finished with that stuff years ago, and now seek to live in purer and healthier atmosphere. If he can live and thrive on the putridity offered by The Menace, he is welcome to it; we do not care for such a diet.

AN ENGLISH BISHOP AND SUFFRAGETTES

TELLS THEM THE CHURCH CONDEMNS THEIR PRESENT METHODS AS SIN-FUL AND WHOLLY INDEFENSIBLE

In a communication published by the Catholic Times, of London, the Right Rev. J. S. Vaughan, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Salford, says:

"I base my letter in your last issue with Miss Blanche Smyth-Pigott's letter in your last issue with the general reader under the impression that my brother, Cardinal Vaughan, as well as Cardinal Moran, approved of the iniquitous tactics of the suffragettes. So let me take this opportunity to deny that implication as absolutely false. 'These Two Princes of the Church,' like many other excellent men may have approved of women seeking, in a legitimate way, to secure a vote, or possibly even a seat in Parliament, but no Catholic, without breaking the law of God, can approve of incendiaryism or the wanton destruction of property and so forth."

"It is a universally recognized principle taught by every theologian that it is never lawful to do evil that good may come. Not only Cardinals and Bishops, but every priest who has studied theology knows, and every properly instructed Catholic ought to know, that it is never and can never be right to seek even the most lawful end by unlawful means. 'The suffragettes act on the principle that "the end justifies the means." Let me assure Miss Smyth-Pigott and all concerned, firstly, that such a principle is utterly false; secondly, that it is condemned by the Church, and, thirdly, that neither

Cardinal Vaughan nor Cardinal Moran (nor indeed any Catholic who knows and practices his religion) would or could tolerate it for a single instant. "It is quite beside the mark to point to New Zealand and Australia. The Church is quite satisfied that women should enjoy such privileges as they have been given at the antipodes, and that they should enjoy the same here, too, if they can secure them without breaking the law of God, but she absolutely condemns their present methods as sinful and wicked and wholly indefensible."

CHURCH HANDICAPPED

LACK OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING PRIESTS IN CHINA KEENLY FELT

"China's choice of the English language as second only to the national tongue and its use as a medium of education has given an overwhelming advantage to the Anglo-American Protestant missionaries, denied in a great measure to the Catholic priests of the Latin races. "Their schools, colleges and universities overflow with students; the output of their press inundates the country; their Young Men's Christian Association is patronized by the highest in the land; their hospitals, served by the ablest physicians, bring them into sympathetic touch with all classes of society."

"Not that the light of the Catholic Church is hidden under a bushel. It is the only religion that overcomes by a mysterious power, which is its divine light. In the eyes of the multitude of the nation's leaders, it is China's sole hope; its self-denial, the only cure for the universal selfishness which opposes the existence of a prosperous state. But the dearth of English-speaking Catholic missionaries handicaps the Church in its strenuous endeavor to keep abreast with Protestant missionaries in the vanguard of progress of China's awakened millions." —Rev. Hugh Scallan, Shensi, China.

VISITS GOTO ISLANDS

BISHOP COMBAZ TELLS OF HIS TOUR AMONG CHRISTIAN JAPANESE

Bishop Combaz, of Nagasaki, Japan, writes: "Since April 13, I have been visiting the Christian villages of the Goto Islands, the nearest of which is some 60 miles west of Nagasaki. The name 'Goto' means '5 islands,' but besides the chief ones, to which the name refers, there is a multitude of others scattered here and there for about 120 miles."

"Whenever you go you find a few straw stacks huddled together—the homes of Christian fishermen or farmers. To the vigorous faith of these sturdy Christians and the untiring zeal of my comrades in the ministry I cannot begin to do justice. When I see so many of these Christians remaining miles to Mass and then returning for hours at a time in the Church, I am honestly ashamed of myself.

"In all the islands together we have 14,178 Catholics. There are 8 European and Japanese priests directed by a former missionary, a man as rich in zeal as in experience; still young in spite of his sixty-five years. Thus far on my tour I have confirmed 1,050 persons and blessed a few cemeteries and small churches. With favorable weather I shall soon complete the journey."

THE KNIGHTS

In the address made by Archbishop Ireland at the opening of the Knights of Columbus club house in St. Paul, recently, he reminded his hearers that it was in St. Paul the solemn approval of the Church was given to the order. "There was a time," said the Archbishop, speaking of the order, "when its purposes were not properly understood and valued, when writers censured the organization and even the clergymen dreaded lest its ideals be not always in harmony with those of the Church. On what occasion and where was solemn approval given? In St. Paul, when the Knights of Columbus were among the staunchest Catholics who derived greatest encouragement from Holy Church.—Sacred Heart Review."

GRATITUDE OF A LOURDES CONVERT

The Brooklyn Tablet relates that a prominent and wealthy Protestant lady of New York City sails this week to visit Lourdes in France. The trip is being made for a special purpose. The reason is a striking one. Two years ago this Protestant woman visited Lourdes, and whilst studying the interesting phases of its devotional life and admiring the intense faith of its pilgrims and attendants, was instantaneously cured of a malignant affection in her arm. She is grateful indeed for the favor received through the intercession of the Queen of Heaven, and ever since has been pondering over the best way to show appreciation. Her resolve is now taken. She has gone under the instructions in the Catholic faith in New York and sails to France on the good ship Madonna—a happy title—and will be baptized immediately upon reaching Lourdes. Already she has volunteered and

CATHOLIC NOTES

Among the most ancient monasteries in Bavaria, is the Benedictine one of Beuern. It was founded in 740, in the episcopate of St. Boniface by three noblemen—brothers, Lanfrid, Wulftram and Eiland, who became successively its abbots.

The ancient Order of Hibernians are more numerous in Donegal than in any other county of Ulster, yet a Protestant, Mr. Swift MacNeill has for more than twenty years been the Parliamentary representative for one of the electoral divisions of the county, and was elected every time without opposition.

This summer, London will have Catholic open-air processions of societies, guilds, sodalities and the like. The Guild of Ransom is organizing pilgrimages to sacred places of pre-Reformation days, such as Canterbury, St. Albans and sites of martyrdoms, abbeys, etc.

The Rev. Franz Maximilian Wilhelm Schneweiss, formerly an assistant at St. Mark and St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Churches, Philadelphia, was received into the Catholic Church on Wednesday, 11 inst., at the Dominican monastery in Washington.

A new association of Catholics, called the Catenians, is spreading rapidly in England. It has united Catholics of varying political beliefs with a greater warmth and sense of brotherhood than any existing organization. Among its projects is that of a Catholic hotel and clubhouse for London. Its aims are said to be somewhat like those of the Knights of Columbus in this country.

The Rev. Reginald F. Ekins, M. A., for the last five years vicar of St. Augustine's, Kilburn, England, was received into the Catholic Church at Mansra House, Rochester, early last month. Mr. Ekins is a son of the late General Ekins, and was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford and Ely Theological College. It is understood that Mr. Ekins is leaving for Rome in the autumn to study for the priesthood.

W. J. Burns, head of the American detective agency, which bears his name, accompanied by his wife, had an audience with the Pope recently. Mr. Burns said afterwards that the Pope's face was the finest he ever saw and he was deeply impressed by his appearance. The health of Pius X. Mr. Burns says is good and he shows no trace of his recent illness. He walks firmly and his voice is strong and clear.

The first military memorial Solemn Mass ever solemnized out of doors in New England was offered up on Sunday, May 25, at Fort Independence, Castle Island, Boston Harbor. The beautiful and impressive ceremony was attended by a large number of veterans of the Civil and Spanish wars, state militia, retired members of the National Guard, soldiers of the United States army and sailors of the Navy, besides a congregation of men, women and children numbering about 20,000.

A remarkable death-bed conversion was that of M. Besant, the Radical Senator of Youne. His life had been that of many parliamentarians. Ambition had led him to sign and vote for all the laws of spoliation against the religious congregations presented by the Radical and sectarian majority. On the point of death he called for witnesses and in the presence of several persons retracted and disavowed his votes. He then begged for a priest and received the last sacraments with admirable sentiments of faith, recalling with emotion the pious days of his childhood and the good Catholic education he had received from his mother.

The Italian Minister of War, General Spingardi, acting not only for his own department but also for the Naval Minister and representing the Government, has taken a bold, a startling step. He has declared war against Freemasonry in the army and navy. Answering questions put to him in the Senate, he said it was desirable and necessary that no one in the army or navy should be a member of a secret society. Both in the army and the navy the atmosphere ought to be one of brightness, freedom and loyalty, so that the work in hand might be performed with the requisite liberty and that duty might be discharged without any other motive, open or hidden, than because it was duty.

The Congregation of Rites has decided in favor of the three miracles alleged to have been wrought through the intercession of the Blessed Joan of Arc and proposed for her canonization. The documents on which the decision is based form a quarto volume of one thousand, two hundred pages. This evidence was collected by a tribunal under Bishop Truchet of Orleans during the summer and autumn of 1911. Since that time the evidence has been examined in Rome by doctors, advocates, consultants and others and their decision has been favorable. This is the first of three examinations, all of which must be favorable. On each occasion documents for and against, will be engaged to assist the theologians with their lights. All this the Church in her prudent demands.

WHERE THE GERMAN-AMERICAN EXCELS

Dr. Andrew Carnegie declares that we have no more patriotic Americans than the German people. "For once the good doctor is correct," remarks the Southern Guardian. "The German-American is not only industrious and frugal, but he attends strictly to his own business. This is a lost art in some sections and among some of the people."

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China.

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest. Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow-Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....\$1,366 70

John Sullivan, St. John's Nfld..... 5 00

(Inspector General of Constabulary.)

Friend, Pine Valley..... 1 00

Mrs. Thos. P. Gorman, Cobden..... 1 00

S. J. Schelly, Brantford..... 1 00

Laurence Moss, Plate Cove, Nfld..... 1 00

A Friend, Eganville..... 2 00

Subscriber, Beaverton..... 1 00

Rev. T. F. Fleming, Kearney A Lady Friend, Chesterville 100 00

Subscriber, Orillia..... 1 00

A Friend, Ottawa..... 5 00

Subscriber, Alexandria..... 1 00

A Friend, Toronto diocese..... 2 00

John Fry, Niagara Falls.....

Bessie McMahon, Merrickville..... 1 00

ONE HUNDRED CONVERTS

The Paulist Fathers were congratulated to-day following the ceremony Sunday at St. Mary's Catholic church, 901 South Wabash avenue, when 100 adults were confirmed by Bishop McGavick.

This is said to be the largest number of conversions ever made by any Catholic Church and confirmed in a single body in Chicago. It included many well-known persons.

Dr. Charles P. Caldwell acted as sponsor for the men while Mrs. John Cudahy was sponsor for the women. Rev. Edward T. Mallon had charge of the converts, while Rev. Owen A. McGrath and Rev. John J. Burke assisted the Bishop at the service.

Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, pastor of the Church was unable to be present. He is in the east on community business. While in the east he will attend the celebration of the class of '88 of Harvard of which he is a member.—Chicago Daily Journal, June 17.

WONDERFUL CONVERSIONS

FOLLOW EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS HELD AT MALTA

London June 1.—Some interesting details of the Malta Congress have reached this country. Firstly, we have had a deputation of the islanders in London to approach Premier Asquith on the subject of Home Rule for Malta. Then Catholics have been delighted to hear some of the fruits of the congress. Amongst them several conversions. One of these was a whole Protestant family, who placed themselves under instruction on the day following the final blessing. Then a Protestant clergyman in a small church at Slemna, who got into trouble with a section of his congregation because he had the bells of a church rung during the great procession, has made his obedience to Rome and hopes to enter the priesthood. Still more wonderful is the conversion of a Jew, the local director of the tramways of the island. This gentleman had the tram decorated with the Papal colors during the congress, and a few days after it had closed made his abjuration in the church at Floriana.

Dr. Andrew Carnegie declares that we have no more patriotic Americans than the German people. "For once the good doctor is correct," remarks the Southern Guardian. "The German-American is not only industrious and frugal, but he attends strictly to his own business. This is a lost art in some sections and among some of the people."

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PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED

When I had gained the retirement of my own apartment I slammed and locked the door, and, throwing myself on my bed, gave way to a torrent of tears—tears of anger and mortification, tears of wounded pride and passion—but very, very bitter tears all the same. How blind I had been not to have recognized my position from the first—not to have seen that Maurice was an unwilling instrument in grandfather's hands. I had taken everything for granted, lived on at Gallow as if it were as much my home as ever! I loved the old place dearly. My stunted, shriveled family affections had been repressed or put aside by grandfather, and I had invested them largely in stones and mortar, trees and grass. I regarded Gallow and its surroundings with a firm, faithful, and foolish regard. But it belonged to Maurice, every stone, every acre—nay, the very dress I wore, the meal I had fled from, were provided and paid for by him, and I had accepted all benefits without the smallest misgivings, and as my undoubted right. Oh, miserable, shameless girl!—a girl of seventeen, with the common sense, and worldly wisdom, and happy-go-lucky confidence in her surroundings of a child of twelve—I had never realized that I was one day to become Mrs. Beresford of Gallow. I put the idea of being engaged to Maurice in an out-of-the-way corner of my brain, and rarely brought it forth—it would never come to anything, I felt certain; it was preposterous, impracticable, and incredible. At last the veil had been torn from my eyes; now I beheld my true position with the most appalling distinctness; now I could easily understand grandfather's anxiety to save, to hoard money—it was for me. Now I readily interpreted the cause of Maurice's pale, averted face, that dim autumn evening just three years ago—I was the cause of that also. My mind was in a perfect chaos as after a while I roused myself, and sat on the edge of my bed with my head buried in my hands; but even so, and in the dark, hot flashes raced up to the very roots of my hair, as I thought of grandfather's bargain. "Hates you! detests you! I forced to marry his pauper cousin, to save his mother from starvation"—these sentences kept ringing in my ears till my brain felt downright giddy. There was no sleep for me that night—actually none for me, who might have gained a medal when I so fast, and in such a wearisome little pat, pat, pat that it gave me no rest; and my mind, generally so empty and so bare, was thronged with visions of the past and future. I watched the night darken in, the hours struck by the cracked old clock in the hall. I longed feverishly for daybreak and with the first streaks of dawn was alert and afoot. I dressed myself and stole down the stairs, rousing Snap from his noose on the mat at grandfather's door; and, noiselessly leaving the house, I paced the garden, the avenue, the wet paths through the fields for three mortal hours, till it was time to set off to Kilcoo. I knew that Mr. French was an early riser, and that I was sure of a *à la carte* breakfast. I found Honor on her knees washing out the rectory hall as I entered, and told her that I wished to see her master at once. Though well accustomed to my vagaries, this early visit was something quite new. Moreover, Honor was a little, weedy bit cross, like many people when the day is young. "Oh, of course it's at wance! This always immediately, or at wance with you. Whatever has come to you now? You must just wait. Miss Nora, and let the master see his breakfast in peace," she said, querulously. "I can't and won't!" was my polite announcement. "I have something most particular that I must speak about this very minute." "Well, here then, I suppose you will just have to go in," said Honor peevishly, wiping down her wet arms as she rose from her knees. "I wish you were married!"—her favorite anathema—"that I do!" she added, as, flinging open the dining-room door, she ushered me into the presence of my guardian. He was seated at the breakfast table in a roomy arm-chair, an open treatise of some kind, propped up against the milking, was dividing his attention with his frugal meal. He paused in the act of decapitating his second egg as I walked into the room, thus announced: "Miss Nora says she will see ye. There's no withstanding her!" He was unfeignedly surprised at my visit, and more surprised still when he learned that I had rehearsed what I wished to say over and over again, as I paced the avenue and walked down to Kilcoo; so that I was at no loss for words when I drew a chair to the table, and leaning both my elbows on it to steady myself, asked him to tell me, as he would Deb in a like case, "if it was true that I was a pauper, entirely dependent on Maurice Beresford, and that he had been forced to promise me a home and to marry me, in order to save his mother from want?" These questions mightily confounded my good guardian.

"Who told you all this?" he asked reddening visibly, and evidently much confused. "Miss Fluker, last night, in the presence of the Misses Curry!" "Dear, dear, dear!" he exclaimed fretfully, pushing his egg away as if it were an importunate petitioner. "Then it is true, Mr. French?" I asked, brusquely, looking him straight in the face. "You are a clergyman, and of course you would not deceive me." "Yes, it's true in a way," he replied, reluctantly. "Your grandfather managed it, in fact, arranged the whole business. But Maurice Beresford if not averse to the match now. He is quite reconciled to the idea; he sees that it is all for the best; I can show you his letters. He speaks of you most kindly," returned Mr. French quite volubly. "Make your mind perfectly easy, Nora," he went on soothingly, "you are much too young to think of marriage or Maurice Beresford. All in good time! All in good time!" "And do you suppose for an instant that I mean to marry him?" I asked, jumping to my feet, my face aflame with passion. "You treat me too much as a foolish child, Mr. French! I have lived far too long in ignorance of my true position. I am a pauper, as Miss Fluker very truly said—a beggar; but now that I know all a beggar too proud to marry Maurice Beresford!" "Nora, you are talking like a play-actress. Have you taken leave of your senses?" demanded Mr. French angrily. "I have not!" I exclaimed forcibly; "and I tell you distinctly, Mr. French, that I would rather die—yes die—than marry my cousin Maurice—now" (as much as to say, "make a note of that"), "and you may tell him so," I added recklessly. "God bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. French, leaning back in his chair and looking at me helplessly. After a moment's silent survey of his intractable ward he plucked up a little courage, and his blank amazement found words. "You need not be so violent, Nora," he expostulated mildly. "If you had been bargained away as I have been you would be violent yourself," I rejoined warmly. "Sit down, sit down and calm yourself, and we will talk it all over quietly," he said, waving me toward a chair. "I descended to be seated once more; and with my hat in my lap and eyes fixed on his face, awaited his pleasure in silence. "It was very ill advised and indiscreet to have mentioned the subject to you at all," he began, in the same monotonous tone with which he commenced his sermons. "Not at all," I interrupted; "I am glad I know—it was a kindness to tell me, though not intended as such." "Did you really think that Maurice Beresford wished to marry you of his own free will?" he pursued slowly, and gazing into my face with searching scrutiny. "Of course I did!" I answered promptly, "and I often wondered at his choice." "These family arrangements are of common occurrence," he went on, "and if there is a little reluctance to them at first it soon passes off, and all turns out happily in the end." "There will be no end to our arrangement, as you call it, for the very good reason that there will be no beginning. I shall write and tell Maurice of my discovery, and that I would sooner be torn in pieces than marry him!" "I forbid you to do anything of the sort," exclaimed Mr. French, half rising in his chair. "I shall do it all the same," I answered firmly. "I am seventeen, and I know my own mind; why, my grandmother was married at my age. I am no longer a child—I am grown up," I added, impressively. "Dear, dear, dear! I don't know what I am to do with you, Nora. You really must obey me; what will Miss Fluker say when she hears all this?" regarding me with visible uneasiness. "I don't care two straws what Miss Fluker says," I observed defiantly. "She shook me, and called me all kinds of names last evening, and she shall certainly apologise to me for her rudeness before I ever speak to her again." "Well, well, well! the world seems to be turned upside down this morning," said Mr. French, leaning back in his chair and surveying me blankly. "You want to break off your engagement, you demand an apology from your governess—what next?" he asked, with mild irony. "I am going to leave Gallow," I answered promptly; "that will be the next thing." "Where are you going to, if I may presume to inquire?" "Out into the world to seek my fortune." "She is mad!" he muttered, "stark staring mad! But there has never been insanity in the family," he added, reflectively, and gazing at me with a most critical eye. "I am not a bit mad now, but I would go out of my senses if I stayed at Gallow. I shall go and live with some of my father's people." "Eh?" I repeated what I had said. "After you are one-and-twenty you may go to Jericho if you like," said my guardian, angrily; "but until then you are my ward, and you will stay under my roof. I have given my promise to your grandfather and your cousin, and I mean to keep it," he concluded, with more firmness than I believed he possessed. It was a good thing to exercise it, for his

wife would test his powers in that line shortly. "Do you mean to keep me with you against my will?" I asked with blazing eyes. "Certainly I do! A girl in her teens has no business to have a will. I will keep you under my own eye till Maurice Beresford comes to relieve me of my charge. I distinctly forbid you to think of breaking off your engagement. Understand me, Nora; I am only acting for your good." "And will you not allow me to go to my father's relations?" I shall be far happier with them, and you will be relieved from a load of responsibility," opening, as I imagined, a tempting vista. "I will not hear of it!" he answered irritably. "Your father's relations have nothing to say to you, if any exist. You have surprised me very much, Nora—painfully surprised me. Your independence must be curbed. I can now understand what Miss Fluker means by your ungovernable temper. When I had finished here under my own roof I hope you will learn how to retain yourself, and endeavor to become as amiable, as Christian, and as sweet-tempered as your kind, good governess."

CHAPTER XII
GOOD-BY, GALLOW!

"A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate Of mighty monarchs,"—Thomson

I gained nothing by my visit to Kilcoo, save that I felt "full fathom five" in the opinion of Mr. French, who had hitherto looked on me as a harmless, wild, impetuous child. Now, I seemed to him an audacious, violent, ill-tempered young woman. Miss Fluker stigmatized my visit as "an abominable act of forwardness," and just what she would have expected from a girl so completely lost to all sense of truth, propriety and good feeling.

I cull these flowers of speech from many others, all of the same hue, and all showered on me with a liberal hand by my extremely irate governess. She pursued me with more than Corsican vengeance, and my life was becoming unbearable. She worried me, and bullied me from morning till night. I worked myself, or rather she worked me into such a nervous state that her very step overhead or on the stairs made me tremble; while her sudden entrance into a room caused me to start violently.

Supported by Mr. French, as by a strong buttress, she was more completely my mistress than ever. She had *carte blanche* from my guardian to keep me in order, and to curb my spirit—a task she undertook with extraordinary zeal. Here was a case in which duty and inclination, for once, walked hand in hand.

I endured in silence, submitting myself to my pastors and masters with—had they but known how to read the signs of the times—omniscient obedience. I knew that the longest lane has a turning, and that my lane was approaching the public highway.

The morning of my interview with Mr. French I had returned home with weary, exhausted footsteps, not having tasted a morsel for nearly twenty hours; but a large bunch of brown bread, and a cup of milk, surreptitiously procured from big Mary, had renewed my flagging energies. I met Miss Fluker face to face in the hall; a sudden elevation of her nose, and a general stiffening of her demeanor, had been the only notice she vouchsafed me, although both she and I knew that I richly deserved a first-rate scolding for my non-appearance at the breakfast-table. She nevertheless stayed her tongue, for she felt that she had said quite enough, if not too much, the previous evening.

I passed up to the now deserted, battered, ink-stained school-room, and, dragging out my old mahogany desk (that might almost claim to be a piece of furniture) I sat down to write three letters.

"Strike while the iron is hot," "Delays are dangerous," and "Who hesitates is lost" were all mottoes very much to my taste; so, selecting a sheet of pea-green foreign paper, without a moment's hesitation I commenced to write a fiery, not to say furious, letter to my Cousin Maurice. It mattered not that I took the most audacious liberties with Lindley Murray as I warmed to my work—if I conveyed my meaning quite plainly and thoroughly I did not care a fig. I told him that "I had discovered the bargain my grandfather had made on my behalf, and that I declined my share in it, with many thanks"—here was endeavoring to be sarcastic. Thinking that this was hardly sufficiently forcible, I added "that I would rather drown myself in the pond in the garden, rather die twice over, than marry him under any circumstances; that I had hitherto been living on his charity, but that I now begged to relieve him of his incumbrance, as I was about to leave Gallow forever; and that as long as he lived he might be very certain that he would never again see or hear of Nora O'Neill."

The last peroration struck me as being superb, and particularly fine and high-sounding; and I now remembered that I read it over more than once, and dwelt on it with no small complacency. Take the letter all in all, it was rather a startling communication for a young man to receive. I should like to have been an intelligent fly on the wall when Maurice was deep in its perusal.

My next letter was to my aunt, from whom I had heard some time previously, repeating her invitation, and telling me that their home was

always mine, and that a line of any time to their agents in Liverpool would be sufficient to procure me a passage and an outfit. This arrangement fitted in admirably with my present dilemma. I wrote to her, accepting her invitation, and telling her that I was now determined to leave Gallow, and leave it without delay, for reasons I would explain when we met. I sent her a most incoherent, rambling communication, lucid on one point only, viz., that I was going to make my home with her, to take her name, and to be her adopted daughter, and that I was venturing this step entirely on my own responsibility.

The third effusion was a short note to the shipping agents, inclosing my aunt's last letter, informing them that I purposed proceeding to India about the last week in September. I fixed on this date as I knew that Mr. French and Miss Fluker intended going about that time to a large auction at the other end of the county. They were to be the guests of a brother clergyman, and would be absent, oh, joy for at least two days. When I had finished my correspondence a great load seemed to be lifted from my mind. I closed my desk, washed my inky fingers, and putting on my hat—for I was a young woman who did nothing by halves—I carried the letters down to the village, and posted them with my own hands. Then I sat down, so to speak, to await events.

Morning after morning I emptied the letter-bag with an eager hand; but at last it came, the looked-for missive from Liverpool. I knew its blue envelope the instant I saw it, and putting it in my pocket, I sallied forth to read it alone. It was short, concise, and very much to the point, and it simply notified me that my passage had been secured in the *Coruna* sailing from Liverpool to Bombay on the 29th. of September—in three weeks' time. My heart beat very fast at the thought, as I read over my news that lovely autumn morning, perched on my favorite stile. I began to make small preparations for departure. I drew all the remainder of my "sheep money" (eleven pounds ten shillings) out of the Post-office Savings Bank. Grandfather gave me a lamb every year, which I kept and sold when it was fat; hence my savings. I gradually and carefully took leave of all my haunts, as the time for leaving came round. The day before the auction was a busy one with me. Latterly I had been so silent and discreet that I was left very much to myself, and I made good use of my leisure; I packed my meager wardrobe—a goodly supply of underlinen made by my own fingers, my mother's miniature, a few favorite books, my old habit and whip. My worldly belongings were not difficult of transportation. Then I took a solemn farewell of Patsy and Sweetlips. I went to their cottages after tea and told them I was going away, but I could not tell them *where*; and that I would write to them, and send them presents. Sweetlips was both amazed and displeased. He vowed "he would go straight and tell on me unless I gave up the name of the people to whom I was going, and told him all about it." On this point he was inexorable.

Having sworn him to Masonic secrecy, I related my prospects, showed him my aunt's letter, and apprised him of my departure. "The last of the old family, and going away! Well, 'tis no place for the likes of you now. But, Miss Nora darlin', it's a terrible thing for a young slip of a girl like you to be going out in the world in this way—across the says too! It's drowned you'll be, and getting your throat cut among all them black nagurs besides," he observed impressively. "No fear, Sweetlips; lots of people go to India and come home safe and sound." "Ay," suddenly brightening up, "True for ye! Sure, now I think of it, Mr. Maurice is out there. You're going out to the same country," with a knowing look for which I could have beaten him, "and you'll make the match from your uncle's house, where, no doubt, he'll be calling" (as if India was a village), "and you'll come home, the two of you together, and keep up Gallow in the old style."

"Never!" I almost shrieked. "Mr. Maurice may keep up what style he likes, but not with me." "See now, don't be talkin' nonsense who else would it be with? Sure, aren't ye going *after* him?" returned Sweetlips, resolutely. There was not the smallest use in arguing with him, I knew from years of experience, so I at once bid him farewell. He went so far as to kiss my hand and bless me. Poor Sweetlips, I always knew his bark was worse than his bite. But who would have believed that we would have parted in tears?

"Never fear, Miss Nora, but that I'll keep all straight, and have everything in a grand order again you and Mr. Maurice come home," were his last words, cheerfully shouted after me, as I ran down the little pathway from his door.

At daybreak next morning Miss Fluker left Gallow on the rectory jaunting-car. I was down in time to see her start, warmly wrapped up by Mr. French's own attentive hands, and with the hood of her water-proof over her head. She little knew what a long farewell it was to be, as she never dreamed that my clothes were being in sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall

save the sick man; and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him."

This is sufficient proof that Extreme Unction is a sacrament instituted by Christ, because it is an outward sign of the interior spiritual grace which is promised. This general precept also proves that the apostles were accustomed to administer this sacred rite; and all Christians previous to the sixteenth century, whether in communion with the Catholic Church or not, have constantly and everywhere held Extreme Unction to be a sacrament instituted by Our Lord.

Even the learned Protestant Leibnitz candidly admits "there is not room for much discussion regarding the union of the sick. It is supported by the words of Scripture, the interpretation of the Church, in which pious and Catholic men safely confide. Nor do I see what any one can find reprehensible in that practice which the Church accepts."

THE RETURN

The lilacs bloomed in the doorway when Stanley Davis went to say good-by to Mary Lewes. It had rained that morning, and the soft spring air, now warm and soft and sunny, seemed bathed in the clean, sweet perfume of the flowers. One especially fine bush leaned over the porch rail as in welcome, and when Mary answered the door a spray of lilac, tucked in her bright hair to please the baby, nodded down to the little head cradled in the "divine hollow" of her neck.

Stanley who thought Mary like a flower herself, felt his heart leap at sight of her blue eyes, her pink cheeks, her rosy lips, and the frame of wavy gold that set off her white throat and forehead. And for smiles such as that which crowned her beauty, kingdoms have been lost and won.

Mary, charmed by the beckoning sunshine, would have sat on the porch; but Stanley mutely waved her into the dim, cool parlor.

"Put down the youngster, Mary," he said, when they were seated, "and talk to me a little. I've something to say, and I can't stop long. Grew's sent for me, and I'm going West to-night."

The pink cheeks paled a little; but the red lips smiled on bravely. "I can't put the baby down," the girl answered softly. He's teething and fretful; the only way I can keep him quiet is to hold him. But I can talk just as well with him in my arms, Stanley, and I want to hear all about your trip."

"It isn't going to be a trip, Mary," the boy's voice was low and a trifle unsteady. "Grew says that the chance he offers will be permanent if I want to work hard, and I—I'll have to stay out there for some years at least. That's why I want to talk to you, Mary. You know how I love you, Mary, and go with me, or anyway, tell me when I can come back to get you as my wife."

The blue eyes reflected Paradise briefly; but the little head was shaken in denial. "I can't, Stanley," and her tone, in turn, trembled, "How can I leave home now? Sheila's only five, and Billy eleven, and then there's the baby. You know how they and father need me. What would they do if I went away just now?"

"Someone else could take care of them," the lad demurred, even while his heart recognized the truth of her plea. Why should our happiness be sacrificed for your brothers and sisters? Why—"

"There isn't anyone else," Mary interrupted. "You know how few relatives we have, scarcely a woman among them. You know how helpless a man is with little children, especially when he's got to work all day and can't even be home every evening. And mother—she's dying. I do love you, Stanley—perhaps you'll know how much—but it wouldn't mean happiness to run away from my clear duty to marry you. And—and I love you too much to ask you to wait until I am free."

"Oh, look here, Mary," the speaker's eager youth strong in every word, "that's talking nonsense. If you love me, of course, you'll let me go away engaged to you. We may not be able to marry now; but later—You father," with hopeful recollection certain whispered rumors, "will marry again, pretty sure, and then the children won't be in your charge any more. Let me—"

"That's looking rather far ahead, Stanley," her smile a little sad, "and even if father did marry again, it by no means follows that my responsibilities would be ended. Some women," the smile growing sadder, might not care to take charge of the children, and, anyway, I'd have to love and trust anyone pretty much before I'd be willing to turn over Sheila and Billy and the baby to her, even if she wished it. No, Stanley, as he showed signs of argumentative rebellion, "we mustn't think of getting married or engaged at present. We'll—we'll just be good friends."

The boy talked on; but the quiet firmness that underlay Mary's tenderness of nature won in the end—as both knew that it must. At last they rose, still talking, and walked to the front door. The lilac scented breeze was wafted in like a wave of purest affection, and Stanley's eyes grew longingly dim as it stirred the little ringlets about Mary's ears and temples. Just inside the door he detained her to utter a last beseeching word.

"Well, Mary, if you won't give me your promise, I'm going to give you

mine, anyway. You may not consider yourself engaged to me; but I shall be engaged to you, always. I'm your promised husband, sweetheart, no matter where I am nor how long we have to wait."

Again the wide eyes reflected Paradise over the firm lips that for duty's sake refused it. "No, dear," and Mary's voice was hardly more than a whisper. "I can't have it so. It wouldn't be fair to you. I can't think of marriage until the children no longer need me," with a brave if tremendous smile, "and you may have met any number of more charming ladies before that time. No, Stanley, just because I love you so, I'm going to insist that you're free."

A moment of tense silence, the warm air playing sweetly about them; then the boy leaned to the girl with a look that could not be denied.

"Kiss me just once, Mary!" he whispered, and with sudden passion she pressed a fervent caress on the lips that met hers so hungrily. The baby's head interfered somewhat; but the lad's arms inclosed the girl-child figure, baby and all, in an embrace that almost came to life. Then Mary drew herself away quietly, hushed the stirring, fretting infant, and slipped her cold little right hand, roughened by household cares, into his own.

"Good-by, Stanley!" she murmured. "Good-by, good luck, and God bless you! Write me as often as you like."

"You'll be faithful, Mary? You'll wait for me until you're ready to marry me?" he swiftly responded. "You won't marry any other fellow because he can come and live here with the children and your father? You won't stop loving me because I'm not here?"

He was halfway down the steps now, and the girl's smile followed him like a benediction. "I shan't forget, and I shall be always faithful, Stanley," she assured him. "It's for your own sake that I leave you free."

"But you don't leave me free?" was his impulsive protestation. "I'm not free, Mary, and you know it! My heart's all yours, and always shall be! Haven't I told you that I'm engaged to you whether you're engaged to me or not? I'm your promised husband, even if you're not my promised wife!"

Her smile was still more like a benediction; but she made no reply other than to wave her hand as he passed down the walk between the wonderful lilacs. Tears stood in her eyes as she watched him; but the smile never wavered. When the lavender glories guarding the gate had swept into place behind him she turned, suddenly sobbing, and went within.

The boy turned too on the instant, and dashed noiselessly back for a final glimpse of his vanishing sweetheart. The door stood open, and he carried away a final memory of her slender figure mounting the shadowy staircase, swaying a little with the weight of the sleeping baby. Some slight sound caused her to look back as she reached the top, and over her shoulder she gave him a last smile, half glad, half wistful, wholly sweet and tender. Then she disappeared, still smiling, into the darkness of the upper hall.

So he often recalled her in the days that followed; but never, somehow could he complete the picture with the desired vision of her swift return.

The Western chance proved good and so absorbing that Davis, working almost night and day, speedily was transformed from a lighthearted boy to a prematurely serious seeker after the success that is reckoned in dollars. He toiled at first to justify Grew's kindness by "making good;" then in the hope of acquiring enough money to send for Mary, children, shiftless father, and all to share the home he dreamed of building; then because the passion for work claimed him, body and soul.

He never forgot Mary, but the thought of her, at first unceasing, ever present, gradually asserted itself only on Sundays or the rare evenings "off" that he was too tired to spend otherwise than in dreaming. His weekly letters became fortnightly, monthly, occasional, sporadic, lost tone and color, though never fervor nor warm reiteration of his love and allegiance. The girl, busier, more home devoted than ever, yet, womanlike, easily able to serve two masters, noticed the change, and smiled sadly, sorrowful prescience having warned her of this all but certain danger. Womanlike, again, however, she loved, but did not judge him even when the severing silence fell.

For Davis, his starved nature suddenly rebelling against the deadly grind and monotony unrewarded save by growing reputation as a gold gatherer, one night accepted the kindly invitation of an associate's wife, and in her house met a glowing flame of a woman who almost literally consumed him with the fierce passion that both mistook for something higher. Within a month he found himself her husband—and the victim of a mistake pitiful and far-reaching, in its consequences.

The feminine flame, self cheated in the quiet temperament her ardent imagination had endowed with far different qualities, speedily found the situation untenable, and Davis was glad enough to secure a separation. But where the woman's wild zest for living carried her safely through the trying experience, the man was left permanently disabled. He could eat and sleep and work and even think on matters of business; but the sentimental, the spiritual, side of his nature lay stunned and stricken. Some unsuspected but mighty nerve

THE LAST SACRAMENT

Extreme Unction is the sacrament for the sick when in danger of death. It is called Extreme Unction. Last Anointing, because it is ordinarily the last sacred rite administered in which holy oil is used.

The gospels do not tell us when Christ instituted this holy sacrament but St. Mark says that when the twelve were sent out, two and two, they "anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them." St. James directs, by general precept that this sacrament be administered to the sick; he mentions "the minister and the manner of administering it, and he indicates the graces it was instituted to convey. He says: "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall

TO BE CONTINUED

had been first tortured, then cut. So he devoted himself to the money game with the fanatical absorption of one who had no other interest, and so the years slipped by until they numbered seventeen—twenty since he had dared the Western chance. In all that time, though his increasing reputation as a wealthy eccentric furnished much food for gossip among his old neighbors, he had no direct word from the old village. An orphan boy, shy and sensitive, his only youthful comrade had been Mary, and after the marital spasm she seemed to belong to a former existence. Married, he could not write to her; and even when, not long after their meteoric contract and separation, the ferid flame that had been his wife burned itself out and left an honest widower, he still shrank from acquainting the girl's pure soul with his pitiful story. In the back of his mind and heart her image was still enshrined, and he hated country houses because it was in such a house that matrimonial fate had overtaken him, and babies because of an undefined feeling that but for Mary's infant sister they might have been happy; but Mary, as a concrete personage, had no reality for him during this time.

Then, one day business chance took him to a small Western town and marooned him there overnight in one of the ill-managed "hotels" he so specially hated. But the pouring rain on the roof brought him sound slumber, and he awoke next morning with a strange thrill. The weather had changed, and the patch of blue sky visible through the open window was clear and sunny. A fleecy rose tinted cloud drifted across its azure. In the distance robins called and a passing breeze brought in its train an odor of blossoming lilac, moist and entrancing. And suddenly the far sky had given place to the shadowy staircase on which he had last seen Mary—and she was coming down!

She was in simple white, just as he had last seen her, and in her arms she cradled a small white bundle. Her glance held all the sweetness of womanhood in it; but the wide eyes above were mistful. And what was this they bore behind her?

The vision faded, and almost before the white cloud had dispersed the man was out of bed dressing, ordering a hack to take him to the station. He had no idea what the vision meant; but a long hushed something was stirring within him, and he felt that he had received a psychic summons. "Out of the past long silent voices called him, and in obedience he was hastening 'home.'"

The train drew into the shabby, well-remembered station, and he swung off and made his way into Main street, which showed but few changes. Nobody recognized him of course; but he saw one or two faces familiar despite Time's relentless markings, and he heard a couple of drug store loafers speak of "the Lewes funeral." After that he dared not voice the intended question. He could only push on straight to Mary's old dwelling. His heart leaped to find it apparently just as when he went away.

The lilacs, old but still thrifty, were alabon in the dooryard. It had rained that morning, and the soft air seemed bathed in their glorious perfume. The same huge bush still leaned over the porch rail as in welcome, and when, trembling a little, he rang the bell, Mary herself answered the door a moment later. At sight of her Davis felt a thrill that told him how thorough was this strange resurrection of his long atrophied soul. He could have worshipped her as she stood there, amazed but smiling, with her simple white gown falling softly about her, and a little downy head cuddled into the "divine hollow" of her slender throat.

"Mary!" he cried, and found his voice no more than a whisper. "I thought—"

"No," she told him, seeing that he could not finish, "that was Sheila. We buried her yesterday."

This time it was he who would have lingered in the sunshine; but she led the way, just as she had done in the dim parlor, unannouncedly haunted by lingers of old yesterday's flowers. Again as of old she sank into the low rocker and deftly mothered the stirring baby. While she crooned it back to sleep David studied her eagerly. She was paler than he remembered, and the red lips curved to unwelcome paths; but otherwise the years that had left him gray and lined seemed to have made slight impression upon her. Her face was still like a delicate flower, her eyes blue, her hair bright as ever. But that the baby in her arms was smaller than had been that earlier infant, the whole scene might have been the same.

She looked up presently, calm and sweet as ever, and he began to ask questions.

"Your father, Mary?"

"Oh, father is well," smiling brightly "He is an old man now—you remember he was always the kind of man to grow old early—but he has good health and is happy. He married again the year after you went West."

"The children?"

"The children!" The smile was infinitely sad now, and the wide eyes darkened. "They haven't been children for sometime, Stanley, though they seemed a long while growing up. Mrs.—my father's wife, didn't care to have them in the same house with her; so father went to her home and we stayed on here together. Billy's practising law in New York now; married and doing fine. The first re-reak came when he went to college. The baby died in its second summer. And Sheila," her voice breaking

"was married early last year. Her husband died suddenly, two weeks ago, and the shock killed her. This is her baby. History repeats itself, Stanley," a tear fell on the baby's head suddenly; "Sheila, dying, gave her baby to me."

A long moment of silence; then, on the man's part, a burst of passionate self-reproach.

And to think that we might have had twenty years together! I could have made a home for you and the children almost from the beginning. But I was money mad at first, and then I got entangled. And when freedom came I paid the price in having my soul die by inches. I thought of nothing but business success for years, until the day before yesterday. And now—"

Her eyes, deep and still with the wisdom of long and loving patience, bade him continue; but instead of finishing the broken sentence, she leaned forward to grasp her unoccupied hand.

"Mary," and the starvation of a cheated lifetime gave tensely to face and tone, "God knows I've little enough to offer you now—nothing but uncertain health and the money for which I've bartered everything worth while—but I've always loved you! And you're too sweet and good to judge harshly. Forgive me all my sins, dear, and be my wife, now, even though I don't deserve it. We've lost so much happiness already, and only my stupid self to blame for everything! But I can't let you begin again—alone—with this child, Mary, and I feel that I can't live longer without you. "I'll do anything you like, live where you please, obey your slightest wish, sweetheart. Only—don't say that you don't love me, that I've forfeited all joy in the future by the stupid wrong of the past!"

She was silent so long, her eyes closed, her mouth quivering, that his soul shivered with fear of what might have happened during his twenty years of absence. She wore no wedding ring; but this might mean nothing. Perhaps she was no longer free to love him; perhaps some more decent fellow had won her these many moons back. Perhaps—

His heart failed him, and a keen sword of pain smote through it. Of course it was just, this punishment; he would have deemed it light in the case of another such sinner. And yet—Mary! Somehow it had seemed that she must always be faithful, even if he were faithless. And never, God help him! had she loved her as now.

"Mary!" he cried again, and at sound of his breaking voice the aura of remote and impersonal sweetness that held him aloof was flushed to wonder by the message of her lifted eyelids. Without conscious movement he found himself on his knees by her chair, his eager arms enfolding both herself and the sleeping baby, her head on his shoulder.

His joyous exclamation of "Mary!" snatched last shreds of ice from between them. Her long, curling eyelashes modestly veiled a bliss too ineffable for common daylight.

"—I suppose they'll say I have no spirit," she whispered. "But—I've always loved you, Stanley, always remembered you, even when you seemed to have forgotten me utterly. And if you'll let me bring Sheila's baby—I'll marry you whenever you like, my dearest dear!"—Ethel Colson in the Sunday Magazine.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. KENNEDY, PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY AND ENGLISH LITERATURE AT CLOSING OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S HIGH SCHOOL, ANTIGONISH, N. S., JUNE 18, 1913

Mr. Kennedy spoke, in part, as follows: "It is in connection with learning that I intend to speak to you this evening. In England we look on Canada as the most progressive of all the dominions of the Empire. But your present position has cost you much sacrifice, much struggle, much patient endurance. You have been compelled, as is the case with every young nation, to judge from the point of view of utility and necessity. In the past, your studies have been to a large extent pursued under such a direction. But the time has now come when you must face, as individual students and as a people, the problem of the relation of study to life—not life as a mere existence, not life as a struggle which in a greater or lesser degree every one has to meet, but cultured life, life which is the true product of the High School and the university, what we mean when we say 'real education.'" Now this culture is something indefinable; it is something which you cannot analyze by any chemical process—but it is something very real, and something the want of which is at once noticeable. It is the product of intercourse with men who are themselves cultured, it is the outcome of a well-disciplined contact with learning—not the mere learning that can translate the classics or solve problems in mathematics, not the learning that is measured by percentages in examinations, however good in themselves, but the intellectual condition that is produced by the assimilation of real thought unconfined by examinations. In education you also stand in this institution for the old ideal of educating the whole man. You know nothing here of a divorce between intellect and heart. Behind all the culture which human learning affords, you recognize that there is a deep self-

discipline which every individual owes to God. To me it seems impossible for a man to be in the highest sense cultured, who shuts out from his life a personal contact with his Creator. Intellect and heart—the whole man—must be developed both, and without this double development, I am bold to say, there can be no permanent culture. It would be impossible for me this evening even to attempt to mention the many studies by which culture is produced. I intend, therefore to speak in some detail of two branches of learning which are in my opinion absolutely essential to culture—the study of Literature and the study of History. Why they are essential I cannot explain, but the sum of human experience goes to prove that without them it is impossible to produce the cultured man. Samuel Taylor Coleridge found in literature its own exceeding great reward. Not long ago, one of our greatest European historians said that without the study of history no one can be called really educated; and some of you may remember one of the most beautiful passages in pagan Cicero where in the "Pro Archia" he sums up in all the pregnant preeminence of his style, the advantages of a literary education.

First then, I wish to address specially the students of the High School and those who to-day have entered the University. You will forgive me saying that you stand foremost as children before the great temple of English Literature; and all those who would walk with sure feet in that hallowed shrine must be prepared to approach Literature with method, with discipline, with direction. Literature is something like a huge field surrounded by a close thorny hedge. You desire to enter that field, you must be prepared to suffer before you get there—to suffer the hardest of all sufferings for youth—that is mental training. I believe however, that you are generally ready to undergo this discipline. When you have passed through it, you will have reached the universal field of human thought, and you will hear beat the great palpating heart of humanity. The study of English Literature is just the same as the study of Classical Literature. You cannot appreciate Homer in his Greek or Virgil in his Latin until you have gone through a somewhat dreary discipline of Greek and Latin Grammar and Composition. Now the fact that you speak English does not in my opinion make the real study of English Literature anything different in kind from that of the other languages which I have spoken from this study, you must be prepared during these early years to learn the grammar and the history of your language—these form the hedge through which you are to pass. Now is the discipline much relaxed when you pass to the university. There you will find that the path to your goal is marked out for you clear and undeviating. You will find that you are expected to attend lectures and to take them down; that you will be rudely pulled up in some magnificent passage of prose or verse in order that an explanation or illustration may be given. Hardest of all for the student who has a natural taste for Literature, we shall demand of you, for some years at least, that you confine your reading almost exclusively to a prescribed course. This latter condition of entering the great field of Literature is in my opinion emphatic. The young student of Literature, who ranges about in his early years over the works of countless authors, is destined to grow up without acquiring the real culture afforded by the subject, and is creating for himself a mental condition which I think is both deplorable and unchangeable. All real thought, and all true appreciation of the thoughts of other men must be arrived at by a gradual process. You have only to glance into the pages of the greatest thinker the world has produced in the Christian era, St. Thomas Aquinas. With what patience he defines his terms; with what microscopic look does he examine every detail of his thesis; how carefully does he weigh every argument for and against—and only when this process is complete, does he give us the magnificent statement of his position. Thus then I appeal to you to be prepared in your school and university life to accept intellectual discipline in a sphere of knowledge which is so fascinating. If you do, I can with assurance promise you that in the future English literature will be to you a life factor, an energizing force of which you yourself—in your thought, in your writing, in your cultured taste—will be a part. You will become real blood relations of the great writers who adorn our history. For you Chaucer will have led his pilgrims along the Canterbury Way; for you the mighty intellectual giants of Elizabethan times will have toiled and worked; for you the blind Milton will have produced his epic; for you Wordsworth and his school will have communed with nature and caught their inner voice; for you Arnold and Tennyson and Browning will have striven to give poetical expression to the strange medley of modern life and thought.

Finally, I wish to say a word about the study of history which is the twin sister of literature—the one brings us in contact with men's thoughts, the other with their lives. History is no dead record of dates and facts. It is as literature, a living thing of which you to-day are the product and the heir. But before I say anything further about it, I want to warn you that you must approach it in a similar manner to that in

which I have asked you to approach literature. You must be prepared to spend time on the outer shell of history, so to speak; you cannot dispense with dates; you cannot dispense with lists of battles and kings; you must know the relationship between dynasties and peoples—then and only then can you arrive at the great pulsating life of modern history. What a vista then lies before you! You see in history a real process of continuity and development. You will find, in the present, points of contact with every age that has passed. You will take up the atlas of modern Europe, and every country will speak to you of movements, of struggles of events which have gone to form it and which it cannot lay aside. As you learn to appreciate more and more constitutional freedom you will see its origin in the glorious freedom which came to man in Bethlehem and runs down through history as a unifying principle in the Church's life and work. What you are, history will explain—what you hope to be, history will provide the clue, until at least you realize that for you personally William the Conqueror changed the social face of England; for you personally the medieval barons struggled for liberty; for you personally England went through the tremendous upheavals of the sixteenth century; for you personally Cromwell set his foot on the neck of his king—in a word, that you are the product of all that has gone before, that you are the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time. In addition, the study of modern history will develop your judgment. You will learn that facts have more than one side; that however good generalizations may be in other branches of learning, they are no good here. You cannot pass any sweeping judgments where the line of demarcation is so thin between the right and the wrong. The development of your judgment will almost more than anything else help you to take your part as a cultured citizen. To form a correct opinion will be of more value to you than all the facts of all the sciences. Our history school here is not the appendage of any party system. One of its great objects is to send out men into Canadian life who can judge honestly, speak strongly; but above all, who have learned in the lecture room to appreciate the opinions and tenets of other men. This view of history may seem utilitarian. It may seem like going back to those studies which I early spoke of as necessary. But I am convinced that it has a higher purpose. The study which I have placed before you is one which will teach you to set a real value on truth as it is in itself; and above all, as you wander through the complicated mazes of historical work you will learn to see that nothing happens by mere chance; that behind every cataclysm, every complication, every calamity, there lies, sometimes obscured but never less present, the hand of God. I make no excuse for placing this clearly and emphatically before you at the beginning of my work here in history. It is the solution of the whole matter. You cannot grasp the historical ideal or be a real student of history until you have learned to say at the beginning of your study, and say it more emphatically at the end of it, with Brown-John's Pippa:

"God's in His Heaven
All's right with the world."

A POET OF OUR TIMES

The announcement that the collected works of Francis Thompson are about to be published is the best news heard of late in the literary world, and it comes with special and intimate interest to Catholics. He was of their kin and of their upbringing. Mr. Cecil Chesterton, in the New Witness, couples him with Mr. Coveney Patmore as a convert to the Church. But that was not so. Francis Thompson's father, together with two of his uncles—of whom the Rev. Edward Healey Thompson was one—was the convert, and Francis went to Ushaw when he was only a very little boy, and spent a long series of formative years within the walls of that northern fortress of the faith.

Similarly, when he began his literary career, it was in the pages of a Catholic magazine. Other periodicals he has bombarded with his paper pellets, but never had they struck the "sentient target" of a heart. Coming to his own, he was received by them. It was that good friend of his, the late Bishop Carroll, his family's intimate acquaintance, who wrote to the young man aloof in London to tell him that his magazine, The Tablet, existed, and that it had a way with it, something out of the common, which suggested possibilities for the Lancashire lad who was so far out of the common himself that he had refused to follow his father's profession of medicine, and after a long course at Owen's College, Manchester, had tramped to London to seek independence, if not fortune, on its pavements.

Bishop Carroll's letter reached him, it would seem, in the very nick of time. He was at the end of his tether. A few months previously he had been accosted in Wardour Street by a strong man who saw and pitied his plight. "Are you saved?" asked the strong man. The poor youth bridled up: "What right have you to ask me that—question?" The questioner was taken aback by this sudden assertion of spiritual

dignity on the part of one so tattered and torn in body; but, undaunted in his good intentions, added quickly, "Well, let alone your soul, your body is in a bad way. If you want work, come to me to-morrow morning at 10" and he added his address hand by hand. And that was how the poet became for the nonce a handy-boy in a bootshop. Alas! from his master's point of view, he was a failure, for reasons we need not enter upon here. The curious will find them fully set forth in the biography of the poet, which will follow the collected works in quick succession from the press.

All that concerns us here is the bare fact that the poet had to quit the friendly shelter of the boot-shop, and knew not in what direction to turn his steps. He had composed verses, and prose, too, and had written the pieces out on clean pages borrowed from the exercise books of the children of the kind boot-maker. All his after life he loved such common exercise books, and entrusted to them his finest compositions. His MSS.—having no Queen's heads at his command—he had dropped by his own tremulous hand into the letter-boxes of various magazines, without results, until, as a last venture, the letter-box of Merry England in Essex Street, Strand, was so assailed, with complete capitulation as a result.

Catholic readers, outside the charmed Mersey-England circle, naturally a small one—were the first to bear of the new name in our literature. The first notices of his work appeared, as was fitting, in the Catholic Weekly Press; and the proprietor of our own paper, who was also the proprietor of the Dublin Review, had a part to play in the commissioning of the famous "Shelley" essay, though fortune had her strange tricks in the date of its production. Cardinal Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, knew the Thompson family in their Lancashire home, and remembered Francis at Ushaw—even had an envious eye on him as a possible future priest for his diocese. Meeting him in London, soon after his resurrection from the London streets and from maladies that cost him little less than his life, he favored an article for the Dublin, and the Shelley paper was the result. No one acquainted with that composition which Mr. Wyndham has named the most important contribution to English literature during a quarter of a century, will need to be told that its author put into it a portion of his very being. You get nothing for nothing in this world, says a common phrase—and very little for sixpence! Francis Thompson gave his all as a prose-writer to that paper, and what it received from him it gave back to the public. It was an almost exhausting effort, and he may well have had it in mind when he declares in a poem that will rank among his finest when it appears among many other new and great ones in this collected edition:

So much as I have lost, O world, thou hast,
And for thy plenty I am waste,
Ah, count, O world, my cost,
Ah, count, O world, thy gain—
For thou hast nothing gained but I
hast lost!
And ah, my loss is such,
If thou have gained as much,
Thou hast even harvest of Egyptian
years;
And that great overflow which gives
the grain,
The bitter Nilus of my risen
tears!

In the case of "Shelley" the little reward of knowing what the world indeed had gained was denied him. It did not appeal to the den editor of the Dublin, and the fact that it was especially addressed to Catholics, in their own domestic terms, deterred him from trying his luck with it elsewhere. Its appearances in the Dublin after his death secured its instant triumph, and no body stopped to say "Sectarian"—no secretary of them all was so foolish. This is the difference which one man of genius makes in the dull world.

The volume of Thompson's prose which will accompany the two volumes of his verse in the Collected Edition will have this Shelley essay on its fore-front. With it will appear hitherto unpublished papers of an original and creative cast, and, added to these, a selection of the critical papers he contributed to various periodicals—a selection made in accordance with his own written directions and avowed preferences.

"The Hound of Heaven" has been said by a foremost critic to denote "the return of the nineteenth century to Thomas A. Kempis," and a famous Catholic missionary has declared, in unconscious confirmation of that outer saying, that he has found in it the most valuable of his auxiliaries in the work of evangelization. Undoubtedly, it has confirmed and preached in highways and byways of the outer world, as of the human heart, the gospel of the love of Christ which constraineth us. It has been read in pulpits by an Anglican bishop, and presented to great dissenting congregations. Recent converts, both here and in the United States, have dated their drawing to the Church from the day when these feet of Poetry, and the mystical Feet which move beside them, first made music, sweet, terrible, and compelling, on their track. For it is to Catholics first and last that this great English poet makes his appeal; he speaks their speech, makes his image from their religious mysteries, and is, as he

says, the "poor thief of Song" from their offices. As such he commends himself to the Lady of his heavenly love in the Kingdom of her Son.—The Tablet.

FANNING BIGOTRY'S FLAME

AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC TELLS HOW THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND HAVE BEEN TAUGHT TO REGARD IRISHMEN AS SAVAGES

The following remarkable apology from the pen of an "English Catholic" appeared recently in the Catholic Times. It was occasioned by the person reading Mrs. Green's latest work, "The Old Irish World."

I can remember well when the English school-boy's idea of the Irish people was that they were wild and wretched, that they were not to be trusted, and that history showed they had never liked England, and, indeed, had always been ready to make the English occupation of Ireland as difficult as they could. It never occurred to me to ask why my countrymen could not leave Ireland alone, what we were doing there at all, and whether our histories told truly what we had done while we have been there.

WRITING "HISTORY" FOR ENGLISH YOUTHS

I supposed the historian's statements contained the truth, as doubtless thousands of simple boys continue to suppose to this day; that is how lads learn their history. How can a growing youth suspect that a historian would take the trouble to write solemn pages from a purely National or partisan standpoint; that a serious English or Scots writer would say things about Ireland which either he did not know how to be true, or knew to be false? How could he suspect that what Englishmen wrote of Ireland and Irishmen was, on all the probabilities, likely to be favorable to England, owing to the fact that we Englishmen, having taken the trouble to read the land of Ireland, never took the trouble to understand the people who lived on it?

Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, in the opening chapter of her most instructive volume, entitled "The Old Irish World," gives us some of the reasons why the Englishman's history of Ireland is so far from the truth. She says: "When the English arrived, they, according to their constant insular tradition, refused to learn a strange language, so that the only history of Ireland they could discover was that part of it which was written in English—that is, the history of the English colonists told by themselves. On this contracted record they have worked with industry and self-congratulation. They have laid down the lines of a story in which the historian's view is constantly English on England."

ENGLISH IGNORANCE OF EVERYTHING IRISH

"All that the Irish had to tell of themselves remained obscured in an unknown tongue. The story of the whole Irish population thus came to be looked on as merely a murky prelude to the civilizing work of England—a preface savage, transitory, and of no permanent interest, to be rapidly passed over till we come to the English pages of the book. Thus two separate stories went on side by side. The Irish did not know the language which held the legend of English virtue and consequent wealth. The English could not translate the subterranean legend of Irish poetry, passion and fidelity. Religion added new distinctions. Virtues were Protestant, the sins of the prodigal were Catholic. Finally, class feeling had its word. The upper class went to their university, and their manners and caste instincts entitled them as of course to the entire credence of their own social world; the lower class were alleged to be men whose prejudices vulgarized their way; they grew up in an orthodox history based on sources in the English tongue alone."

I would very respectfully and affectionately submit to every reader the advantage of keeping the truth of the above statement in his mind, whenever he stops to lament the unfriendliness of some English Catholic or other of his noble country's cause, and is tempted, perhaps, to judge harshly the anti-Home Rule attitude which a few English Catholicists adopt. Let him bear in mind, please, that we were brought up on anti-Irish ideas; we heard and read of no others. Our histories were written by anti-Irish, English or Scotch Protestants, and people of our own kith and kin had as deep a detestation of Ireland and the Irish as any Protestant ever had. We English Catholics have been, for generations, most rankly deceived. History, social environment, political chicanery, everything we were told bore hardly against Ireland.

HOW IRELAND WAS PICTURED FOR BRITISH MINDS

It was not merely prejudice; it was first principle. And as so often happens, we never submitted our first principles to any searching scrutiny. Irishmen were wild and wicked; and all the more wicked that they were so conspicuously wretched. That is how we did look on them. Whether we can be excused for continuing so to look on them, is another matter; evidence in favor of Ireland and her holy claim for justice and liberty is so full and common to-day that ignorance

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may be considered execrable. I know not, being no appointed judge for my brother.

But I gladly and gratefully bear witness to the fact that, be God thanked for it, many English Catholics are now quite willing and anxious even to do all they can to atone for the bad past, and that when Home Rule is carried and Ireland's chains are dashed from her arms, among those who will rejoice over a great deliverance from a mighty, wicked, age-long crime, will be numbered many an English Catholic who, if ever he erred, went wrong because he did not know? How could he know that there was in Ireland another story of which his histories told him never a word? What did he know of that Irish life and story that was handed down among the people, and told over and over again in the dark cabins while the turf smoldered down towards the hour for bed?

IRISH LOVE FOR LEARNING

"History," says Mrs. Green, "was the early study of the Irish, the inspiration of their poets and writers. Every tribesman of old knew not only the great deeds and the famous places of his own land, but the whole of Ireland. In the lowliest cabin the songs of Irish poets lived on for hundreds of years, and dying fathers left to sons as their chief inheritance the story of their race. When war, poverty, the oppression of the stranger, hindered the printing of Irish records, there was not a territory in all Ireland that did not give men to make copies of them, hundreds of thousands of pages, over and over again, finely written after the manner of their fathers."

"Through centuries of suffering down to within living memory the long procession of scribes was never broken, men tilling small farms, laboring in the fields, working at a blacksmith's forge. And this among a people of whom Burke records that in two hundred thousand houses for their exceeding poverty a candle, on which a tax lay, was never lighted. As we follow the lines and count the pages of such manuscripts, we see the miracle of the passion in these men's hearts. No relics in Ireland are more touching than these volumes, and none should be more reverently collected and preserved. They form a singular treasure, such as no country in all Europe possesses."

IRELAND HAS A PROUD RECORD

To how many of us English will not that tale of devotion to the remembered past come as a weird evidence of our little knowledge of the Irish people? Few of us, at any rate, will fail to read the final words of Mrs. Green's admirable chapter introducing a treasure of historical lore, with feelings of deep sympathy and respectful admiration. "Let us," she cries out to her countrymen, "let us in Ireland remember that we have an ancestry on which there is no need for us to cry shame. Chivalry, learning, patriotism, poetry, have been found there, even in bits to which an Englishman would have hesitated to give the name of 'house.' No people have ever surpassed them in exaltation or intensity of spiritual life. The sun has risen and set in that land on lives of courage, honor and beauty."

"The seasons have watched the undying effort to make Ireland the honored home of a united people. Not a field that has not drunk in the blood of men and women poured out for the homes of their fathers. Why should not we, the sons and daughters of Ireland, take our inheritance? Let us enjoy, whenever we have an opportunity, the delight of admiration, and perform the duties of reverence." So long as the Spirit of life is over us, I do not know, and I hope you do not know, why we in this country should not be worthy of our dead."

THE FUTURE WILL SOON BE HERE

There is a sentiment, at the words of which every Englishman uncovers in respectful sympathy. His own dead he honors. He respects those who honor theirs. And Ireland has lived on the honors due and duly paid to her dead. Her eyes have lain in the past, while her heart was looking to the future. The future will soon be here. And then, in the glad, warm days of hope and freedom, the storied past will come forth, and Ireland will tell her own proud tale of glory and sorrow, and many an Englishman, as he reads, will wonder how his fathers could have been unkind and cruel to a people whom but to know is to love. The old lie of an Ireland wild and wicked will be exposed, and its exposure will put to shame the selfishness of the men whose interests led them to injustice, based on force, and backed up by legends which helped them to ruin Ireland while they plundered England. The lie was a lie, a thief's lie.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It takes more courage to endure than to act.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is imbued with a Catholic spirit and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

MARRYING A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER

Enclosing a clipping from a local paper, a somewhat shocked convert writes us about "a wedding that caused a great deal of comment, as the young woman is the sister of the man's deceased wife; the bride is twenty-one years of age and the groom is fifty-two."

METHODIST SENSE OF HUMOR

At the Methodist Conference in Toronto thirteen graduates of Victoria University were received into full connection in the Methodist Church. Which, being interpreted, means that they were ordained ministers of the Gospel.

A MARRIAGE CASE

Eighteen years ago Count Boni de Castellane, a French Catholic, married Miss Anna Gould, an American Protestant. There was a dispensation granted for the mixed marriage and no impediment existed to invalidate the marriage.

SOME CHURCH STATISTICS

A few weeks ago His Lordship Bishop Fallon, speaking on the Unity of the Church of God and referring to the Church Union Movement amongst our separated brethren, made some remarks which are reported in the newspaper.

THE CATHOLIC IMMIGRATION SOCIETY

Abbe P. H. D. Casgrain of Quebec, sends us some interesting particulars of his work amongst the Catholic immigrants who come through the port of Quebec.

Now the Church of England declared that marriage with a deceased wife's sister is "contrary to the law of God." From the law of God no human authority can dispense: not the Pope, nor the King, nor even Parliament.

Perhaps, however, we are laboring under an exaggerated sense of reverence for those passages of Holy Writ that have a direct and inalienable reference to the person of Jesus, or it may be, a defective sense of humor.

Thunder away, never mind the Scriptures! That ought to be a sufficiently broad basis for Union.

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which has not yet, so far as we know pronounced judgment. In view of the fact that the press seldom or never states such cases fairly, or indeed intelligently, it may be well to consider on what grounds a judgment declaring Castellane free to marry would be based.

There is no marriage in the eyes of the Catholic Church unless the contracting parties consent to marriage until death do them part. Death alone dissolves a valid marriage. It is always assumed that when anyone, even an American Protestant, consents to marriage, such consent is to a valid, life-long marital union.

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ually supports political parties that are sternly condemned by or openly hostile to the Church." Mr. McCabe would separate the sheep from the goats at once; he will not think of waiting for the harvest, but insists on pulling up the cockle right away, even if he pulls up most of the wheat with it.

How would it work out as applied to our Protestant friends; in comparative statistics it will hardly do to have entirely different standards of computation. Political parties must be taken into account.

It will be seen that the case rests entirely on a question of fact; and in such cases the decisions of the ecclesiastical courts, like those of civil courts, must be based solely on the evidence adduced. The rank of the Count will not help him; his life, which has reflected little credit on the religion he professes, will not prevent his obtaining strict justice in the courts of the Church any more than it would be a bar to his securing judicial sentence in a case before the civil tribunals.

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tion and obedience, is not worthy of being called a true evangelical Protestant church or institution.

On second reading there is something very much to the point, namely, that Catholics "are giving increasing devotion and obedience" to the Church.

A. O. tells us that our increase in Canada and the United States is due to immigration; and what about Protestant immigration? "Los Von Rom" in Austria! Why you must have been reading the back numbers of some religious paper such as would receive the imprimatur of L. W. Shipman, Almonte.

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Bishop holds a special Confirmation service for them. Thus a few months ago he confirmed twenty-one adult converts in Sarnia, where just one-fifth the Catholic congregation is made up of converts from Protestantism.

The occasion of his reference to Church Unity was while he was present in St. Mary's to confirm a class of twenty-three adult converts; sixteen were actually confirmed, the others will receive this sacrament later.

We have you beaten at the game of numbers no matter under what rule you play it; but we do not set such store by numbers as you seem to think. If the quality of the thirty or forty thousands of converts we are making on this continent yearly, does not impress you, it is not worth while to argue about it.

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THE NEW BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH

The late Bishop of this diocese, Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, was a man of apostolic zeal. By the Holy See he was assigned the task of administering to the spiritual welfare of the faithful in a section of our country much of which was a trackless forest, and God alone has accounted of the hardships he endured in bringing the light of the gospel to his scattered flock in those remote regions.

Through the courtesy of some of his Catholic friends in England he had introductions to religious circles not usually open to travellers, which gave him opportunities of measuring the depths of religious feeling that the ordinary visitor to the Latin country would not have.

Knowing the language of the people and having opportunities of measuring the depths of religious feeling, are not usually amongst the qualifications of the horrified critics of Latin countries; but they should not be counted against Dr. Campbell.

From England Mr. Campbell proceeded straight to San Sebastian, and thence to Madrid. The habit of mind of the ordinary Spanish people, Mr. Campbell said, is something very real thing to these people. They have the habit of worship, a sort of habitual religious temper, which makes them extraordinarily indifferent to the facts of everyday life.

Another correspondent to the Globe, L. W. Shipman, of Almonte, contributes something to the new science of statistics: It was also said at the Congress that half of the Protestant people of Canada do not attend our Protestant churches, and it can be added that a large percentage who do attend our churches are losing interest and confidence.

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SCOTS WHA HAE

The mention of Home Rule conjures up a picture of a Dublin Parliament, but for all that Home Rule and Irish self-government are not synonymous terms.

Scotland and England were united legislatively in 1707. As in the case of Ireland, ninety-four years later, the union was effected by wholesale bribery and corruption.

As the present bill is not a Government measure there is very little prospect that any more will be heard of it this session.

The Bill, the second reading of which was carried by a majority of forty-five, is modelled mainly upon the Irish measure, but the Scottish Parliament is not to have control of the Post Office, nor will it have power to vary Customs and Excise.

COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AN IRISH judge of eminence, the Lord Chief Baron Palles paid a notable tribute to the Jesuits as educators at the recent annual reunion of graduates of the School at Clongowes Wood, near Dublin.

LORD PALLES owes his title of Chief Baron to his headship of the Exchequer in Ireland, to which office he was appointed in 1872, and to that of England in 1892.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN thinks our reference to the finances of Protestant missions "unfounded and slanderous."

for foreign missions, a very large proportion is swallowed up in salaries and administrative expenses, so that comparatively little reaches its intended destination.

THE QUESTION nevertheless arises, was our characterization a mere random shot, or a deliberate judgment based on assured facts.

WE SHOULD be sorry to arraign anyone, however, or any system, on mere press reports. These, as Catholics especially have only too great reason to know, are not conspicuous for either accuracy or a sense of proportion.

LET US say at once that testimony all points to the married missionary as the most fruitful source of the great cost of Protestant missions.

THE GUARDIAN GIVES THE RECORD credit for "usually aiming to be fair." Substitute the word 'always' for 'usually' and our standard is correctly described.

MANY are they who openly boast of illustrious ancestors in order that they may shine by reflected light, ignoring the fact that, by so doing, they are acknowledging their own inferiority.

up to age of sixteen, final grant. 15. Renewal of outfit, furniture and conveyance on return to field. 16. Retiring allowance, closing grants, pensions to widows."

SIMILAR TABULATIONS may be found in "The Middle Kingdom" (1883) by S. Wells Williams, LL. D. (who reverts to the indiscriminate circulation of the Bible); and on Lord Curzon's "Problems of the Far East" (1894); and in the "Life of Isabella Bird" (a voluminous writer on China and Japan) by Anna M. Stoddard, published in 1906.

THE GUARDIAN finds fault with us for intimating that a large part of the money raised for Protestant missions never reaches its intended destination, but is swallowed up in administrative expenses.

FINALLY, FOR the present, let us refer to Canon Taylor's arraignment of Protestant missions, in the two articles entitled, "The Great Missionary Failure," and "Missionary Finance" in the Fortnightly Review for October and November, 1888.

IF IT is true the Italian government would gladly see the Pope depart from Rome to-morrow, it is also true that Italian Masonry would desire to see both Quirinal and Vatican disappear from Italy.

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FALLON HALL THE NEW RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS IN LONDON

The establishment in London of a residential school for boys, to be known as "Fallon Hall" was among the interesting announcements made at the beginning of the year by His Lordship Bishop Fallon.

HOLY FATHER GREETED TEN THOUSAND CHILDREN Rome, June 17.—The most solemn spectacle that has been seen in the Vatican for many months was witnessed there on Sunday last.

FOREIGN MISSIONS From The Field Atar for June CHINA Four Virgins of Purgatory recently came to the convent which Father Fraser has built in Taichowfu, China.

FREEMASONRY UNDER THE WHIP

IF IT is true the Italian government would gladly see the Pope depart from Rome to-morrow, it is also true that Italian Masonry would desire to see both Quirinal and Vatican disappear from Italy.

Seeing, then that Masonry is being now regarded in Italy as an enemy of Church and State, nobody feels surprised the dark society is meeting with its deserts.

a quarter acres and has a frontage of two hundred and fifty yards on the Thames River.

FALLON HALL is the gift of a Catholic lady who was prompted to establish it by a desire to provide facilities for the education of Catholic boys who for one reason or another would otherwise be denied the advantages of a thorough elementary training under Catholic influences.

There are already many aspirants for the Toronto position. For the appointment the name of M. J. O'Connor, K. C., of Ottawa, is mentioned.

ENGLISH CHURCH RESTORED

Of all the famous churches in London that of St. Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield is the most interesting and the most stimulating to the imagination.

SOUND LOGIC

Why should one Church relinquish its rights in any one field to another? A non-denominational religious director is an impossibility.

educating the boys in the principle and practices of the Catholic faith becomes a matter of the keenest anxiety both to priest and parent.

On Sunday afternoon we have Catechism class here in Archbishop's House, which, as you know, serves at the same time as parish church.

TO SUCCEED JUDGE MORGAN WHO IS RETIRING JULY 1st, 1913

There are already many aspirants for the Toronto position. For the appointment the name of M. J. O'Connor, K. C., of Ottawa, is mentioned.

HASTE IS THE NEGATION OF DIGNITY.

THE EUCHARIST

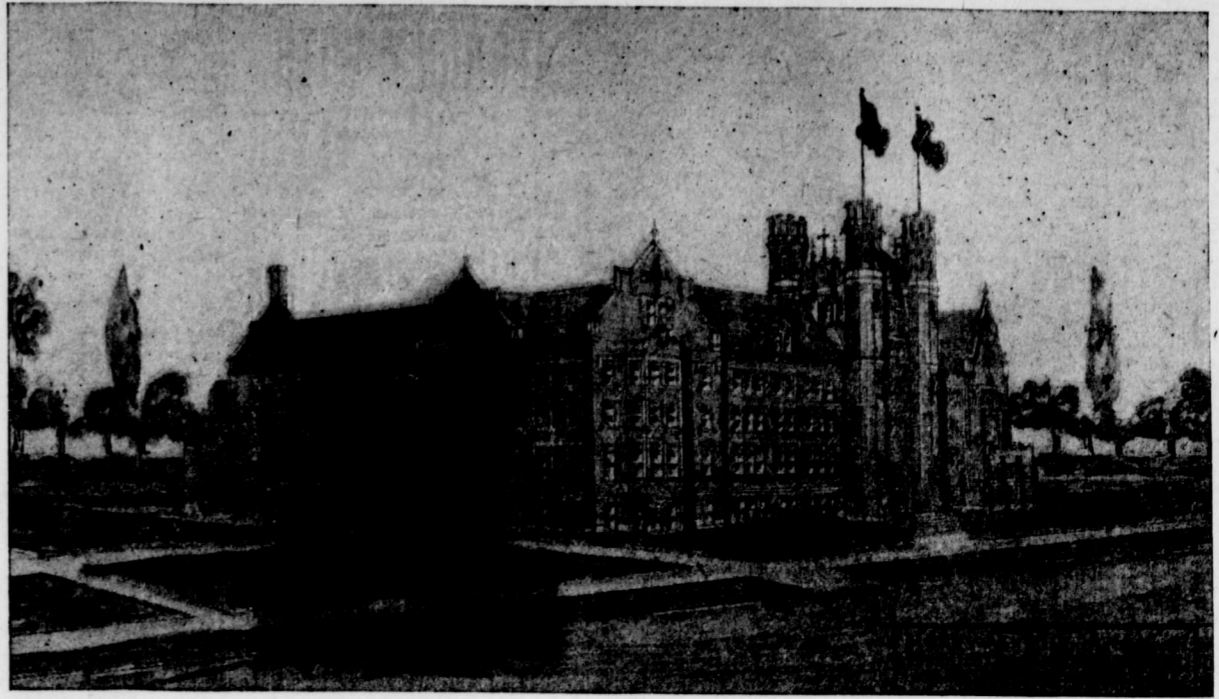
The sound of a low, sweet whisper floats o'er a little bread, And trembles around the chalice.

6% to 7%

High Grade First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds of long established Canadian industries.

7% BONDS PROFIT-SHARING

Series \$100, \$500 and \$1000 TERMS 5 YEARS Withdrawable after one year. Send for special folder.



FALLON HALL THE NEW RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS IN LONDON

SCHOOLS OF THIS CLASS doing excellent work.

IN COMPLIANCE with the wishes of the donor, the new school will be entrusted to the direction of the Ursuline nuns who at present conduct "The Pines" at Chatham, and whose work in the educational sphere entitles them to a foremost rank among the teaching bodies of America.

THE WHOLE idea of Church co-operation by leaving one field to the exclusive right of one denomination and another is an absurdity.

THE SIGHT of a host uplifted! The silver sound of the bell! The gleam of a golden chalice. Be glad, sad heart, 'tis well, He made and He keeps love's promise With thee all days to dwell.

As red as the red of roses, As white as the white of snows! Beneath which a God's blood flows, And the white is a white of the sunlight, Within which a God's flesh glows, The sight of a host uplifted!

6% to 7% High Grade First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds of long established Canadian industries.

7% BONDS PROFIT-SHARING Series \$100, \$500 and \$1000 TERMS 5 YEARS Withdrawable after one year. Send for special folder.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY

Not every one that saith to Me, Lord shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of My Father Who is in heaven...

These words of our divine Lord teaches us what we must do to be saved. We must do the will of God. We must keep God's commandments.

The Christian is destined for the happiness of heaven. His is a house not made by hands; His crown one of glory that will never fade.

ures; will cause us to keep our hearts and hands from things not belonging to us and will prevent us from violating the truth, from bearing false witness.

In a word the Christian, the disciple of Christ, should imitate his Master—should resemble Christ in his sentiments, in his conversation and in his actions.

TEMPERANCE

THE WORDS OF A PONTIFF

Lest we forget—here is what Pope Leo XIII. said to the members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America:

"The nature of your Union and the zeal with which you strive to provide for the lasting utility and well-being of your fellow-citizens, by earnest prayer, by good works and the practice of Christian piety, have made you a model for the more grateful to us. Especially pleasing to us is that noble determination of yours to oppose and uproot the baneful vice of drunkenness and to keep far from yourselves and those united with you all incentive to it, for, in the words of the wise man, 'It goeth abroad like a snake, and it will spread abroad poison like a basilisk.'"

THE CURE OF INTEMPERANCE

"Intemperance is not a disease in the sense of being a disorder which works predictable changes in the body or can be cured by medicinal means. There is no cure for alcoholism except a change of character in the drinker.

"I believe in the prohibition of the liquor business where there is public opinion strong enough to enforce it. I should like to see liquor abolished from the whole of this country. I am especially to say that the practice of medicine would not suffer in the least if alcoholic stimulants were unobtainable. There are plenty of substitutes just as efficacious. But I don't believe in the farce of trying to enforce a prohibition law against the sentiment of the public is against it.

"Don't trust to the will of the man alone; the human will unsupported is the weakest thing I know. Religion is at the heart of this problem. Religion is not something old-fashioned and out-worn; it has just as much power to-day as it ever had.

Nothing could be more just than these commandments. Since we are destined to live eternally with God, we should spend the present life in serving and loving Him. And since all the children of men are destined for the same happiness, they should have here on earth but one heart and one soul.

On these two commandments hang the whole law and the prophets. If we keep these two commandments, if we love God and our neighbor, we observe all the commandments of God and the Church.

The love of God and our neighbor will restrain us from unlawful pleasures; will cause us to keep our hearts and hands from things not belonging to us and will prevent us from violating the truth, from bearing false witness.

SUFFERED TERRIBLY WITH HAY FEVER

Until "Fruit-a-tives" Completely Cured Her



MRS. HENRY KEMP, CORNWALL CENTRE, ONT., NOVEMBER 27th, 1911.

"I was a martyr to Hay Fever for probably fifteen years and I suffered terribly at times. I consulted many physicians and took their treatment—and I tried every remedy I heard of as good for Hay Fever. But nothing did me any good. Then I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and this remedy cured me completely. I am now well, and I wish to say to every sufferer from Hay Fever—'Try Fruit-a-tives'.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

join those societies which are everywhere organized with a view to combat the scourge of alcoholism. That scourge, as you are well aware, destroys the physical energy of the individual, dims his intellectual capacities, ruins his moral strength and incapacitates him for the task which devolves upon him.

GERMAN TEMPERANCE

The Germans are giving some thought to the temperance question. The great Congress was held in their country a few weeks ago. The evils of alcoholism were pointed out. The Emperor is credited with these strong words: 'Would to God, I could drive the alcohol devil from my people.' A Heidelberg professor declared that when alcohol is used by the young it 'undermines reverence for preacher, teacher and parents. It lowers morality by stimulating the passions and numbing discretion.' These words from distinguished Germans are worthy of note. Hitherto the cause of total abstinence was not regarded by the people of Northern Europe as anything conceived in high wisdom.

The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

Put a good action beside your heart's heaviness and weariness, and often they will be destroyed or pass away. Do you not know where some poor invalid lies on his bed of pain? Go thither, keep him company for a few moments, soothe his soul with words of consolation and hope. Such a visit will often elevate your soul, restore the serenity of your mind, soothe your own troubled heart.

TOBACCO HABIT

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally.

LIQUOR HABIT

Marvelous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no pain, no loss of time from business, and a cure guaranteed.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST

BELIEF IN THE DIVINITY AS OLD AS CHRISTIANITY

Christianity, as a divine institution, rests all its claims on the resurrection of Christ from the grave. On this fact St. Paul based his faith. 'If Christ be not risen, then is our faith vain.' But arguments derived from external authority, be they the Scriptures or prescription, are not effective with minds that lack simplicity of faith, which is 'a gift of God.'

We have no disposition to misrepresent the Unitarian creed; which is not all false. Like all systems, however erroneous, it has its good and true side; otherwise the human mind, which can be satisfied only with truth, could not and would not embrace it. When they reject certain portions of the Scriptures, they do so on the ground that they contradict reason. Supposing their preconceived views of the Christian Trinity to be what they suppose it is—that one is three and three are one—they would be perfectly reasonable in rejecting it, also in maintaining that God has not revealed that mystery which in their interpretation, would be a contradiction of reason.

The claim that Jesus was the Son of God was first put forth by Himself—'no man that He was a god, but God. 'I and the Father are one. He that seeth Me seeth the Father.' The claim was no sooner made than it was denied. During His entire public life, Christ was met at every step by these denials. Sometimes asked to give proofs of His extraordinary claims: 'If Thou be the Son of God, etc., do so and so.'

The doctrine of the divinity, which He proclaimed, sanctioned and exacted, was the faith of His apostles and immediate followers. The apostles represented Him as the Messiah, the true and only begotten Son of God. The names given Him by the angel, bespeak His divinity. He would be called 'The Most High, the Son of God, Emmanuel,' which, being interpreted, is God with us.

Some not this fact of the denial of Christ's divinity—it being the great debated question for twenty centuries, defended and denied alike by the most learned and profound thinkers and scholars in every age—furnish one of the strongest proofs in favor of the divinity, especially when we see the intimate relationship existing between claim so high and the ignominy of the cross, and at the same time the wonderful growth of that belief in spite of all opposition?

Some take refuge in the fact that He is represented in the gospel as Man. No one denies this. But was He only man? Considering man's limited knowledge and his ability to grasp the supernatural, or extend his vision beyond this world, it may be difficult to satisfactorily prove man to be God, especially when arguments from external authority, namely, the Scriptures are rejected. But it ought to be very easy to prove that man is man and only man.

Read nowhere that enlightened people ever tried to disprove that Apollo Bacchus or Mercury were true gods. Their claim was so far beneath enlightened people that it went by default. Alexander called himself the son of Jupiter, but all Greece smiled at the impostor. No learned dissertation was ever written to prove or disprove his preposterous claim.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

Erasmus, Aristo, Sir Thomas Moore, Copernicus, Taso, Tycho Brahe, Shakespeare, Bacon, Galileo, Kepler, Milton, Pascal, Locke, Newton, Leibnitz, Swift, Johnson, Burke, Napoleon, Cuvier and Pasteur in the last decade of the past century. In this list are included only the names of laymen, who compare in science and literary attainments with the list of infidels, agnostics and atheists enumerated. Side by side with the former the Unitarians stand. Their profession of certain Christian truths and praise of the Founder of Christianity do not exclude them from the company they have chosen by their denial of the Incarnation, the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ.

Renan made no profession of Christianity, but openly assailed it with all the bitter hostility which he had cherished in his soul. Yet in his 'Life of Jesus' he describes the moral beauty and grandeur of His character as being 'incomparable and absolute.' He represents Him as one 'who surpasses the conditions of human nature, possessing qualities and qualifications which belong to God alone.'

To deny His divinity it is necessary to deny His supernatural acts by which He manifests His Godhead. Hence the historical records of the evangelists are questioned, and their plain, simple and artless narratives are styled, 'legends or poetic imaginations.'

The denial of the Divinity of Christ is an implicit denial of God's existence. 'The Father is in Me and I am in the Father; the Father

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope.

Large Doors--Easy Firing Look at these roomy Double Feed Doors. You can use a big shovel—there is no danger of hitting the sides and spilling coal all over the floor. These doors will admit a big chunk of wood too. The Sunshine Furnace is easy to operate.

The Savings of a Lifetime would be little enough for your family. But you have no assurance that you will live another year. The North American Life puts it within the power of every man, however slight his means, to Create an Estate right now sufficient to support his wife and family in comfort. A North American Life Policy insures prompt aid. North American Life Assurance Company HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA

and I are one.' Both Jesus and God have been so inseparably united in the human mind and in truth that error cannot attack One to the exclusion of the Other. 'The Father and I are One.' A denial of Jesus as God is a denial of God. Learned writers, though in error, but professing to be consistent, admit this. The testimony of Proudhon, who was both a scholar and a philosopher, will verify this assertion. As an avowed atheist he wrote: 'If you acknowledge a Supreme Being, then kneel before the Crucified.' In the same work he also wrote: 'Do you believe in God? If you do, then you are a Christian and a Catholic; if you do not, dare to avow it, for then it will not only be to the Church that you declare war, but to the faith of the whole human race.'

Between these two alternatives there is room for nothing except ignorance and insincerity. I here solemnly vow that if the Church succeeds in overthrowing the system of argument—anti-atheistical—which I oppose to her, I will abjure my philosophy and die in her bosom. Acknowledge God and you concede the Divinity of Jesus Christ as proclaimed by Himself, taught by His apostles, the foundation of St. Paul's faith and the whole subject of St. John's gospel.

Thou must learn to renounce thine own will in many things, if thou wilt keep peace and concord with others. THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with ABSORBINE also any Bunch or Swelling. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2 per bottle delivered. Book 3 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for man, kind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Knotted Varicose Veins, Ulcers, \$1 and \$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book 'Evidence' free. W. F. YOUNG, P.O. 299 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

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O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract OF Malt with Iron is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY. It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the elementary fluid than any other preparation of iron. It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility. For Sale at Drug Stores W. LLOYD WOOD General Agent Toronto :: Canada

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE ART OF ALL ARTS FOR THE LEADER

After Alexander the Great had conquered the Persian he became suddenly very ill. One of his generals sent him a letter saying that his attending physician had resolved to poison him. He read the letter without the slightest sign of emotion, and put it under his pillow. When the physician came and prepared medicine, Alexander said he would not take it just then, but told him to put it where he could reach it, and at the same time gave him the letter from his general. Alexander raised himself on his elbow, and watched the physician's face with the most searching scrutiny, looking into his very soul, but he did not see in it the slightest evidence of fear or guilt. He immediately reached for the medicine bottle, and, without a word, drank its contents. The amazed physician asked him how he could do that after receiving such a letter. Alexander replied, "Because you are an honest man."

Alexander was a remarkable student of human nature. He knew men, and the motives which actuated them. He could read the human heart as an open book. The art of all arts for the leader is this ability to measure men, to weigh them, to "size them up," to estimate their possibilities, to place them so as to call out their strength and eliminate their weakness.

This is the epitaph which Andrew Carnegie has chosen for himself: "Here lies a man who knew how to get around him men much cleverer than himself."

People wonder how a Morgan, a Harriman, a Ryan, a Wanamaker, can carry on such prodigious enterprises. The secret lies in their ability to project themselves through a mighty system, by being able to choose men who will fit the places they are put in, men who can carry out their employer's programme to the letter.

FIRST STEP

The very first step a young man takes for himself is the most important one of all. If he would be right all the time he must start right. The first thing a builder does when preparing to erect a good, substantial building is to lay a good foundation, deep, broad and on a solid footing. If he fails to do this he will repent for his folly when it is too late. A few years ago a granite block was built in Boston some eight or nine stories high, and when it was completed, it was covered with a mighty system, by being able to choose men who will fit the places they are put in, men who can carry out their employer's programme to the letter.

O. S. M. in Success.

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FRIEND'S INFLUENCE IS WORTH MORE THAN GOLD

It would be interesting to trace the influence of friendship in the careers of the successful men of this country. Many of them owed their success almost entirely to strong friendships. "Men are bound together by a great credit system," says a writer, "the foundation of which is mutual respect and esteem. No man can fight the battle for commercial success single-handed against the world; he must have friends, helpers, supporters, or he will fail."

Aside from the importance of friends as developers of character, they are continually aiding us in worldly affairs. They introduce us to men and women who are in positions to advance our interests. They help us in society by opening to us cultured circles which, without their influence, would remain closed to us. They unconsciously advertise our business or profession by telling people what they know about our latest book, our skill in surgery or medicine, our success in recent law cases, our "clever" invention, or the rapid growth of our business. In other words, real friends are constantly giving us a "boost," and are helping us to get on in the world.

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Barrett Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He answered: "I had a friend."

TRUE HUMILITY

Humility is not laziness, or timidity, or pusillanimity; though these are often mistaken for it, especially by the lazy, the timid and the pusillanimous. The definitions of humility that St. Thomas gives must not be understood in any such sense. In one place he defines it as a virtue which restrains and curbs the soul lest it should aim immoderately at lofty things; and in the next article it is defined as a virtue by which a man repress himself, restrains himself so as not to let himself be carried away toward things above him."

By these definitions, or by what they imply, we are not forbidden to aim at

lofty things, but we are forbidden to do so in an immoderate manner; for St. Thomas does not run counter to Father Baltasar Alvarez's exhortation: "Let us not degenerate from the high thoughts of the sons of God." No, humility is not sloth of cowardice—neglecting to use to the utmost any gifts that God has given to us, and doing so under the pretense, forsooth, of escaping the glory that would pursue us if we exercised them to the full. We need not be afraid; we may boldly do our best without any danger of disturbing the world's equanimity.—Intermountain Catholic.

HAND OF PROVIDENCE

Sometimes in the course of life a heavy sorrow enters in that stays us in our waywardness; that checks us and holds us in control. By the event we see existence in this world with a new view. It is not all pleasure, high, grand freedom, not all "think as you wish and do as you will." This teaches us restraint and brings back forcibly to us that the ruler is the Eternal King, and not our own self-centered will.

Perhaps we will pine under the severity of our lesson; wonder why it is that we must suffer; even complain that our punishment is unjust; yet when the burden rises, and through our sorrow we have changed from the way of evil to that which is good, we see the hand of Providence. Perhaps the cost was great, but perhaps, too, had it been lighter we would have remained unmoved, and the expense of the sacrifice have been in vain.—Intermountain Catholic.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE STRONG

Admit a fault candidly. Do not excuse yourself. Accept and forget a slight. Do not worry about what people think or say of you.

Never boast; speak as little of self as possible.

Obeys cheerfully and promptly.

Rise calmly and quickly after a fall. Avoid pitying yourself.

Take the lowest place. Be kind to one who has humbled you.

Avoid showing off. Do not indulge in extravagance in dress.

Do not be jealous.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LOVE AND COURAGE

It was a beautiful spring day. The sunlight shining on the fresh green grass, kissed the modest violets that grew in profusion. The fruit trees were covered with pink and white blossoms, which filled the air with a heavy sweet scent, while the birds caroled joyously, lending beauty of sound to the scene.

On a quiet, shady street in the town of Melville stood a large high school. It was an imposing edifice of gray stone and was four stories high. In one small room at the extreme end of the second year girls under the instruction of Miss Delors, a native of France, she was listening to the recitations with a tired, bored look for the lessons were going on very slowly. She could not understand how the girls who usually did so well were failing to-day.

At last she turned and as her eyes fell on one of the girls, who sat quietly in the corner, she said: "page de, Le Constrict De 1818, s'il vous plait."

At her request Marie Datharaces rose from her seat. She was a thin, delicately built girl of about fourteen years. Her wavy brown hair fell in two long braids down her back and its color seemed to accentuate the sweetness of the small, pale face and the large, timid blue eyes.

Marie recited in a clear, sweet voice, "Nous nous remissions a l'ouvrage et les—"

Suddenly the door was thrown open by Madeline St. Clare, a third year girl, who rushed into the room and cried, "Fire, fire! The school is burning. Run to the street!"

In a moment the room was in an uproar. The books were flung to the floor and trodden on by the girls as they rushed to the door.

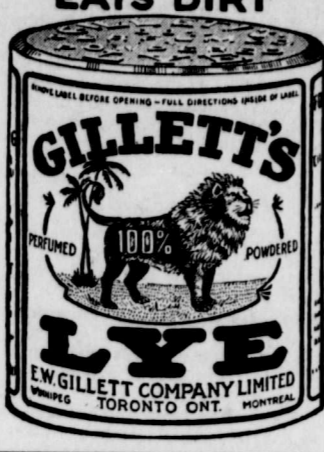
Marie was drawn along with the other girls into the street, which was now crowded with people, for they were the last ones out. She looked about her for her friend, Bernedette Manning, but could not find her and at last, becoming anxious, she asked the girls if they had seen her. All said they had not.

Soon she saw Madeline St. Claire, and running up to her, asked her if she had seen Bernedette. Madeline looked at her in dismay and said: "Wasn't she with you? I thought she was. O yes, I saw her, for she was in the chemistry class when the fire started and I took her by the hand, but we were both knocked down by the crowd. I got up and was drawn out with the crowd until I came to your class, but surely she must have got out. She can't possibly be in there."

At these words Marie became deathly pale and she said weakly, "She must be up there. Oh, what shall I do?" As she said these words she turned over in her mind the questions, "Shall I go up there?" There was nothing else to do.

If she should fail in the attempt it wouldn't make much difference for she had no one who would lament over her death. She was an orphan and lived with an old aunt; while Bernedette was the only child of rich parents. As Marie thought of these things the love for Bernedette surged in her breast, for although Bernedette was older, being fifteen, yet she had always loved Marie and the love was returned tenfold by the lonely orphan.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



With the swift resolve Marie ran to the back gate and into the back door. When she came to the third floor the smoke was so dense that she could scarcely breathe and stopped a minute before she could scarcely pick up courage to go up to the next flight. When she did get up to the fourth floor it was a seething mass of flames.

For a moment she stood in fear and then, nerves steeled, darted through the flames to the chemistry room. There was no sign of Bernedette! With a cry of dismay she turned and ran into the next room. Here the flames were just beginning to creep along the walls and ceiling, but this Marie did not notice, for she saw some one lying in the corner. With a bound she was beside Bernedette, who lay there white and still and with an ugly gash across her forehead.

"Bernedette," she cried, "oh, Bernedette, wake up, the school is on fire."

At her frantic call the girl's eyes fluttered open, and she smiled weakly at Marie.

"Why did you come, Marie?" she said. "Don't you know that we cannot be saved? I called and called, but no one came. Now it is too late, too late."

Her voice trailed into silence as she again fell into unconsciousness. At this new calamity Marie gave a sigh of despair and sitting on the floor she sobbed hysterically. What was she to do? Had she come through all that smoke and fire in vain?

Suddenly she glanced up and her eyes fell on a book, which somehow made her think of a means of escape. She went down the deserted staircase which ran off the book room. Surely that was not on fire yet.

At this thought she rushed out of the room into the burning corridor and opening the door looked down the passage way. Save for the dense smoke it was safe.

With a cry of joy she ran back into the corridor and to the room where Bernedette was lying. She tried to bring her to consciousness by throwing water on her face, but was unsuccessful. At last she decided that the only thing to do was to carry her. This she endeavored to do, but she was so weak that her arms refused to hold the heavy burden.

Twice she tried but failed, and then the third time she succeeded in getting Bernedette into her arms. With a fervent prayer for strength, she struggled out of the room into the corridor, which was now a raging furnace. The timbers were falling all about her and the floor under her feet shot forth flames; but with undaunted courage the brave girl ran quickly with her heavy burden.

Down the stairs she plunged, gasping for breath. She felt as if she would never reach the open air, but at last, just as she was beginning to despair, she felt the fresh air and then she stepped out into the sunlight.

For a moment she looked about her in bewilderment and then everything became dark as she fell to the ground with her burden on top of her. Meanwhile the fire rages and arrived at the scene of the fire and the men did all in their power to save the building, but it was too late. All saw that the beautiful school was doomed.

Suddenly as they stood looking up at the flames, they saw a girl pass the window where the flames were thickest. They gave a cry of horror at the idea of a girl being up there. The fireman rushed into the building, but came back defeated for the flames were too thick and they could not fight them.

When Madeline St. Clare saw the girl she cried out, "Why, that must be Bernedette. She was up there when the fire started."

At these words all the people turned and looked at a tall, straight man, standing nearby. He grew deathly pale for Bernedette was his only child.

He tried to rush into the building, but the people held him. After a long time a boy said, "Look there is a girl coming out of the old door!"

All eyes were turned quickly in that direction and a cry of joy was uttered by the people, when they saw Marie emerge into the sunlight with her burden, but their cry was turned to one of pity when they saw her fall with her burden.

Bernedette's father ran quickly to them and picking up his daughter he bore her to his automobile. Kind hands picked up Marie and she was rushed to the hospital. All thought her dead she lay so inertly and her burns were so severe. The doctors and nurses eagerly offered their

UNDERTAKERS TOLD OF EARLY BURIALS

MONSIGNOR M. M. HASSET IN ADDRESS TELLS OF CUSTOMS OF ANCIENTS AFTER DEATH

During the session of the Funeral Directors' Association yesterday, one of the most interesting features was the address of the Right Rev. Mgr. M. M. Hassett, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in which he told of the early customs employed in burying the dead.

The address proved so valuable that it is here printed in full: "You are aware, I presume, that about the beginning of the second century a special law was enacted for the Roman Empire prohibiting the existence of Christians; in the terse phraseology of Roman law it read: 'non licet esse Christianos,' which means 'Christians are not allowed to exist.' Under this terrible enactment, which meant death to any Christian denounced as such before a magistrate, the Christians of the First Age lived for two centuries. Yet, curiously enough, the moment after one of the brethren suffered death for the faith the severity of the law in his regard ceased, and his body was given to his friends for any mode of interment they preferred."

The reason for this leniency toward one whom the law judged guilty of a capital offense was that the ancients had the utmost respect for the mortal remains of a human being, and in consequence, the Roman authorities permitted without hesitation the reverential consignment of the dead to their last resting place.

Before coming to the special subject on which I propose to speak a few introductory remarks on pagan burial practices may be of interest. Among the Romans the moment the spirit left the body the surviving relations of the deceased cried aloud a last farewell. Then followed preparations for burial. The bodies of the poor were enclosed in a coffin and carried at night by porters to the common cemetery. The expenses were paid by the funeral college of which the deceased was a member.

"The death of an important personage was customarily announced at the temple of Venus Libitina, where was registered by an official known as the Libitinarius, who also performed the duties of undertaker. After these preliminaries slaves were dispatched by the Libitinarius to the residence of the deceased, where they prepared the remains for interment. This process consisting in the usual ablutions, anointing the body with oil of balsam and finally clothing it in splendid apparel. The corpse was then removed to the open courtyard or atrium of the mansion where it lay in state. A vase filled with perfumes was placed beside it. The door of the house was then decorated with cypress branches, the conventional symbol of mourning."

HEADED BY MINSTRELS "When the day of interment arrived, the funeral procession set out headed by minstrels and mimes, proclaimed the virtues of the deceased, after whom came servants carrying the images of ancestors, and finally the body surrounded by relations and friends. Their first halting place was the Forum, where the funeral oration was pronounced from the rostrum, before which the body had previously been placed. This ceremony concluded the procession resumed its way to the cemetery, if the body was to be buried intact, or to the funeral pyre if it was to be cremated. In the latter case the pyre was lighted by the nearest relations, their heads being averted while so doing; the ashes were afterwards collected, enclosed in a special urn and placed in the family vault. In the former the body was put in a sarcophagus, sprinkled with lustral water, the ceremony ending with the last salute.

"It was quite in the natural order of things that Christians should continue to bury their dead in the manner of their ancestors, omitting, however, from the ceremonies everything

that was distinctively pagan in character. For example, cremation was forbidden to Christians. The body during life was the temple of the Holy Ghost, hence it seemed to the followers of the Redeemer a desecration to reduce it to ashes. The funeral procession on the other hand, was retained, but with important modifications. In place of the minstrels, the mimes and the like, of the pagan funeral, the Christians bore the bodies of their dead by torch-light to the tomb, chanting psalms on the way. Religious services were held at the grave, and in at least some instances, a funeral oration was delivered."

"From a very early date the Christians made provision for their own special cemeteries. Indeed the term cemetery in the sense in which we employ it, is specifically Christian, Koimeterion, in Latin dormitorium means a sleeping place. That is to say, the Christians regarded death as in a certain sense, a sleep from which on the day of judgment, the body shall awake when it shall be reunited to the soul."

BURIED IN GALLERIES "The most remarkable Christian cemeteries that still exist are those of Rome. From the first century, in the eternal city, the Christians adopted the practice of burying the dead in the walls of subterranean galleries, situated from one to three miles from the city gates. It is conjectured by modern archaeologists that in choosing this mode of interment they were influenced by the Jewish custom of burying in tombs hollowed out of rock, and especially by the fact that Our Lord's Body lay, before the Resurrection, in a grave of this order."

However this may be for over three centuries the Christians of Rome were thus buried, and the modern re-discovery and exploration of their last resting places has been one of the most important archaeological events of the last half century. "The geological formation of the Roman campagna rendered the excavation of these tombs quite easy. The fossors, or grave diggers, had but to dig down a few feet to find a thick vein of comparatively soft, yet consistent rock formation, known as tufa. Then began the operation of opening a gallery for which only a pick and shovel were necessary. The removal of the earth and stone excavated was, however, a serious matter; how serious will be understood better when the great extent of these subterranean galleries is known: in a continuous line they would extend over a distance of more than five hundred miles."

"When you first hear these figures you are naturally inclined to be sceptical; for how, you may ask, could excavations so extensive be made in territory necessarily restricted. The explanation is easy. For instance, what is known as the crypt of Lucina, the oldest portion of one of these cemeteries, consists of a piece of ground 180 by 100 feet. Yet the galleries excavated beneath this small portion of land contained by actual count 5,736 graves. Of course it would be impossible in a single row of galleries running back and forth in this space to excavate so many graves, but in the catacombs, as these cemeteries are familiarly called, 2, 3 or more superposed galleries were the rule, so that the lowest series is often 30 or 40 feet from the surface of the soil. In this way a small parcel of land became a great city of the dead."

GRAVES OF TWO TYPES "The graves themselves were of a rule of two types. A grave of the more common type consisted of a space sufficiently large for the purpose, hollowed out lengthwise in the sides of the galleries, in which the body was placed, then enclosed with a slab and hermetically sealed. Intra-terred in this way the friends of the deceased could at any time, such as on the anniversary of the death, easily visit the tomb. "The other type of grave, much less common, is known as the arcosolium tomb. This also was excavated in the side of the gallery, but occupied more space, was enclosed by the top instead of lengthwise in an arch. From this arch, which was usually decorated, this style of tomb derives its name. "But perhaps the most interesting feature of these subterranean cemeteries is the fact that, in spite of all the adverse conditions, which you may easily surmise, it was here that began the great traditions of Christian art. The people of antiquity had very often a fancy for decorating their tombs, and this trait was not relinquished when they became Christians. But in retaining this custom of their fathers they made one momentous modification: everything suggesting idolatry was rigidly excluded. Thus we find, for example, in the tomb of the Flavian family, decorations of the end of the first century consisting of such harmless subjects as birds, landscapes, ornamental heads and the like. This was the first step toward the establishment of a characteristically Christian art; the elimination of such offensive subjects as may be seen, for example in some of the contemporary paintings of Pompeii."

INTRODUCING SUBJECTS

"The next step was the introduction of subjects specifically Christian which were inspired by the Bible and the funeral liturgy. Thus in this same tomb of the Flavian, side by side with the ornamental motifs mentioned, are such subjects as Noah in the Ark, Daniel in the den of lions and the Good Shepherd. In the second century the cycles of subjects continued to grow.

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The subterranean chapel known as the Capella Greca, which dates from about the year 180, for instance, contains frescoes of The Sacrifice of Abraham, Susanna, The Adoration of the Magi, the Resurrection of Lazarus and two symbolic scenes referring to Baptism and the Eucharist. And so year by year the number of subjects increased to such an extent that when, in the reign of Constantine the Great, the empire became officially Christian, it was discovered that the broad principles of Christian art, which thus came into being in the gloom of the catacombs, were finally and forever established."

Such were the principal modifications made by Christianity in the matter of interment. They may in conclusion be summed up briefly. Following the broad principle that some customs are in themselves indifferent, while other customs are essentially wrong, the Church permitted the former to continue and quietly eliminated the latter. Thus from the mournful duty of laying away the dead she eliminated all that savored of idolatry, and at the same time discontinued the numerous practices more or less traceable to vanity which detracted from the impressiveness of the occasion. In a word interment at the same time became more simple, and more solemn."

"Another striking change that came in with Christianity was that death came to be regarded from a new point of view. The hopeless outlook, so frequently noted in the epitaphs on pagan tombs, is wholly absent from inscriptions on Christian tombs. A few examples of each kind will illustrate this difference. The sentiments expressed by pagans are of this order: 'Once I was not, now I am not. I know nothing about it, it does not concern me.' The bones of Nicen are buried here. You who live in the upper air, live on, farewell: ye shadows below, hail, receive the epitaphs on Christian tombs, on the other hand, show absolute confidence in the future. One is said to be 'received by God'; of frequent occurrence is the expression 'in peace'; while the general sentiment of the faithful is summed up in the following: 'Chresime, my sweetest and most affectionate daughter, mayest thou live in God.'"

ATOUCHING SPECTACLE "In its recent 'Irish Number' the London Times gives much and high credit to the Catholics of Ireland for their work in education as soon as, by the partial relaxation of the Penal Laws, it became possible for them to take any practical concern in educational matters. What the condition as to education facilities was at the time for Catholic and Protestant in Ireland the Times states briefly and fairly."

"At the beginning of the last century," it says, "the Protestants of Ireland were well provided for educationally. They had Trinity College, Dublin; they had the Royal Schools, the Erasmus Smith schools, diocesan schools, 'the Charter' schools, the schools under the Kildare Place Society, all well endowed, and all conducted on strictly Protestant principles."

"That is how the Protestant minority were taken care of in education in Ireland a hundred years ago. How was it with the Catholics? The Times goes on to tell: 'The Catholics, on the other hand, had no endowments and were receiving no financial aid from public sources except the then small grant to Maynooth College. Whatever do it were the Catholic majority in Ireland excluded from the advantages of education.' But law could not extinguish the love of learning in the Catholic Irish people or the educational missionary spirit of the Catholic Church. The Times recognizes the situation and gives full credit to the Catholic agencies through which a good beginning was made in the work of popular education."

"Long before any public funds were forthcoming," says the Times, "the teaching orders of the Catholic Church) whether of men or women had been at work building and equipping schools, and providing education, both primary and intermediate, not only in the large centres of population, but also in many country

districts. It can safely be said that the educational work of these orders would compare not unfavorably with similar work done at that time in England or in Protestant schools in Ireland. When tested later on by the inspectors of the (government) national board, it was found that the schools of the teaching orders more than held their own as compared with the other schools throughout the country."

The Times mentions some of those Catholic religious orders "thus brought into the educational life of Ireland," as soon as law relented its veto on education of any kind for the Catholic Irish: "They are the Christian Brothers founded by Edmond Rice of Waterford, on the model of de la Salle's great institution, and the Presentation Nuns, the Irish Sisters of Charity, the Loretto Nuns, and the Sisters of Mercy for girls."

And the Times' "Irish Number" goes on to point and emphasize the meaning of this Irish Catholic educational development: "These six orders were Irish in their founders, in their training and in their spirit. They were all instituted between 1790 and 1827, and would seem to have come into existence to meet the educational wants of the time. There is something very striking in this springing up of these six teaching orders within so short a period in a country so small as Ireland. The simple facts were that at that time had come when Irish Catholics were at liberty to open schools, and these six orders, simultaneously as it were, came into being to help in doing so. To an Irish Catholic it might seem as if some of the seed sown by the old Monastic and Church schools had suddenly sprouted up and bore fruit."

These are noteworthy words appearing in the Times, which for generations—from its first number in fact—has been distinguished by bitter and rancorous hostility to everything Irish and Catholic.

RUDENESS OF SOME AMERICANS IN ROME

While we were waiting for the Pope to come in I had an amusing conversation with a German Lutheran woman who sat at my side, writes Laura B. Starr in the New York Sun. Without preamble, or in any way preparing me for her onslaught, she said abruptly: "Are you a Romanist?" "No, madam," I managed to stammer. "Are you going to kneel when the Pope comes in?" "Certainly, madam, if everybody else does," I said with more courage. "Well, I am not going to kneel to mortal man."

"Why did you come here, if you were determined not to kneel? It will make a scene if you do not, and that would be disgraceful. Upon occasions like this one must follow the accepted rule; you should have remained at home if you were not prepared to conform to the usages of the Vatican."

"Oh, dear," she said, "I thought you were an American, and that you would feel as I do about it." "I am an American, but I don't feel as you do, and I don't want a scene, so you must kneel," and later when the Pope came to us I quietly pulled her arm until she assumed a lower position at least, so that she was not noticeable."

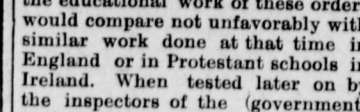
I suppose she had heard the many stories afloat in Rome about Americans who will go to see the Pope, but will neither kneel nor kiss his hand, thus showing the ignorance of the world and their ill-breeding. To invite themselves into another person's house and then refuse to conform to the social usages thereof, the height of ill manners and absolutely inexcusable.

The stories one hears in Rome about the rudeness of certain Americans, who seemed to think that they were showing independence of character by refusing to kneel in the presence of the Pope, after they had asked permission to visit him, make the worldly wise blush with shame.

Neither the Pope nor any of his attendants appears to notice the rudeness of such visitors, but the culprits themselves delight to tell the story, little dreaming that they are covering themselves with a double crown of shame by so doing.

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