

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1916

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WANDERING

We are told that men caught in the solitude of the desert, weary and thirsty, are the victims of strange hallucinations. They seem to see at a short distance from them flowing waters and shady trees; but as they advance these things vanish and their eyes are again on the stretches of sand. It seems to us that the non-Catholic seekers after unity are like the desert-imprisoned travellers. Their plans and compromises beckon them on to the land of concord and peace, but their statements and efforts leave them as before in the domain of uncertainty and doubt. Their plans, endorsed by scholarly divines, cannot satisfy the man who wants to know definitely and authoritatively what he is to believe for salvation. He wishes to be assured that unity of faith is not a kind of religious curiosity and that St. Paul's impassioned advocacy of unity was not a symptom of a disordered mind. In a word, he seeks to place his feet on something more solid than a creed hammered out in the forge of compromise. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, proposed that all sects should be united by Act of Parliament with the Church of England, on the principle of retaining all their distinctive errors and absurdities. We suppose, however, that our friends are not ready to adopt this suggestion. But they should remember "that God is not the God of dissension, but of peace; as also I teach in all the Churches of the saints."

STILL AT IT

Dr. Speer is at it again. This individual takes a stroll now and then through South America and discovers new proofs of its degradation and degeneracy. Just why he takes these arduous trips is beyond our comprehension. He could save money and wear of muscle by giving vent to his overheated imagination and fanatic bigotry at his own fireside. He may be a very amiable individual with some regard for the canons of civilization at home, but when he goes far afield he is a swashbuckling divine bent on gaining the applause of the ignorant. This time "America" caught him at his old tricks—asserting that the Bishop of Panama made \$5,000 a week from a lottery. "America" wrote a friend in Panama for information and was told that the Bishop of Panama, writing under his own signature, declared "that the lottery belongs to a company in which the Bishop does not participate and with which he has absolutely nothing to do."

Some years ago our readers will remember the same Dr. Speer parted company with honour and truth when he invented a bogus "papal encyclical" condemning the morals of the clergy of Chile.

THE OLD FRANCE

It has been said that when God erases He is about to write again. It may be that in France, smitten with fire and desolation, He is about to trace anew the annals of a future civilization untainted by the officialdom of infidelity. Just as the barbarians, "the concepts of God," destroyed the Roman Empire and began the wondrous deeds performed through the French arms, so sorrow and death may banish indifference and lead France as a nation back to its pristine splendor. And that splendor reveals to us what France has done as an instrument of God for civilization and Catholicism.

The famous Lacordaire summed it up when he said:

"Luther came into the world and at his call Germany and England separated themselves from the Church. Had France accepted their invitation, what would have been the result for Christianity? Her national enthusiasm—saved France. Confederated in a holy league, Frenchmen placed their faith above everything else—even above their allegiance to their monarch—and they refused to recognize as legitimate heir to the Crown any prince who would not swear fidelity to the God of Cloris, of Charlemagne and of St. Louis. For the defence of the Church the Frenchmen have fought combats of blood and of mind; Arianism crushed, Islamism vanquished, the

temporal dominion of the Pope consolidated. Protestantism repelled— beheld the four crowns of France which will not fade for all eternity."

TO BE REMEMBERED

It is true that in later years the world has judged France by its bitter-minded rulers, who had a quarrel with God. But these men have had their little day. They play their roles to the applause of writers whose ink-well is the receptacle of corruption and of others who look upon the broad-way of license as the latest word in ethics and ignore the directing power of God in affairs of nations. But it is well to remember that from the baptism of Rheims issued France and all her destinies; the age of Charlemagne, the freedom of the Communes, the days of St. Louis, the heroism of Joan of Arc, the eloquence of Bossuet, the genius of scholasticism. "The Bishops of France," said de Maistre, "made France as bees construct a hive." The Church was the grand agent of social salvation and Bishops are there still, and the Church is enshrined in the fidelity and love of thousands of French hearts.

OUR HOPE

We may say, then, with Mgr. Freppel, that France has not yet fulfilled its divine mission. "If some days of forgetfulness have called down punishment upon thee, many centuries of devotion to Christ and His Church demand pardon for thee. Thou wilt resume thy glorious destiny; remaining in the world the soldier of Providence, the armed apostle of faith and of Christian civilization."

THE GREAT GAME

We saw once a masterly painting which is called "The Game of Life." In a mortuary chapel the great game is being played by the living among the dead. On the chess-board the pieces are figures of the virtues and vices, the colors being white and red respectively. The players are absorbed in the game. On the right is a splendid specimen of manhood, on the left is Satan in the guise of a Mephistopheles, whose fleshless features are afire with the light of victory. The moves are against the man who sits all unconscious of the appalling transformation of his adversary. Beside him is his angel waiting for the fatal move before he shall turn away to weep for a lost soul.

The game is played daily between man and the devil—the virtues are virtues for prizes and the stake his immortal soul. And some of us forget.

THE COMING TRIUMPH

Writers are speculating on the position of the Church after the War. Some of them, taking no account of the past, depict her as an enfeebled organism unable to grapple with vital problems; others, noting her children in secular walks of life who manifest their faith by their good works, her ever increasing number of earnest and intelligent champions, her converts and religious orders, aver that in the 20th century the triumph of the Church will at least be inaugurated and carried far forward to its complete fulfillment. In this approaching triumph Pius IX. gave expression to his confidential belief in a letter addressed to Mgr. Lachat, dated April 27, 1876: "God is now taking the dross out of the crucible so as to render his people free from all alloy, and once more to clothe the Church, for which Our Lord delivered Himself up, with beauty resplendent with glory, and when God shall have accomplished this He will remove the rod of His justice from the Church and that His divine Name may no longer be blasphemed. He will give her victory, a victory far more brilliant than her sufferings have been terrible."

The greatest obstacle to this triumph is the wickedness of the bad and the apathy of careless Catholics. Frivolous, indifferent and infested with sin they are a scandal to their profession and objects of derision to those without the gates.

Don't forget that when you are talking about opportunity, the best chance is to do the thing at hand as well as you can.

PRESS PAYS TRIBUTE TO DEAD SOLDIER AND SCHOLAR

EDWARD KYLIE
Toronto News

Why Edward Kylie should be taken away is a question that none of us can answer. He was on the threshold of a useful and influential career. Those who knew him well and saw him develop from year to year were deeply impressed by his serenity of temper, solidity of judgment, and quiet efficiency in the causes to which he was devoted. No one could counsel more wisely. No one kept more of the cheeriness of youth. No one grew more quickly into the wisdom of age. In order to accomplish his object he could conciliate and compromise, but all the time he yielded advanced the work he had in hand. If he had few asperities and few prejudices he nevertheless had very clear convictions, and adhered to these convictions with courage and tenacity.

He was a Catholic devoted to his church, but wholly without denominational narrowness. He was a Liberal, but with little interest in the common quarrels of the party. He was a staunch Canadian and a patriot as truly as if he had died in the trenches, where he wished to be. He had devoted much thought to the destiny of Canada and to its relations with the Empire, and there is a certain pathetic fitness in the manner of his death.

Not the least tragic feature of war in which there is so much of tragedy is the taking off of the brightest, the most promising, the flower of the rising generation. If only the older men could go and leave the brainy and progressive juniors to carry on the work of the great world! In the death of Professor Kylie, who has succumbed to typhoid fever as captain and adjutant of the 147th Battalion, Canada has lost one of a type which it can ill afford to spare. We may feel sure in the divine economy of nature such spiritual forces are not lost. They belong to humanity and reappear in the season.

Captain Kylie was a man of very considerable attainments. He carried away notable honors at his universities here and in England. But his greatest gift was his selflessness. He could relinquish all his prospects and abandon the comparative ease of the student life for the great cause in which liberty and faith counted for more than all else. He has set a noble example and leaves the honored memory of a true soldier. It is a challenge to every man who has not yet realized what manhood owes to humanity.

EDWARD JOSEPH KYLIE
Toronto Globe

The flag of the University of Toronto floated at half-mast yesterday. Every man who knew the significance of that signal, graduate and undergraduate, or read its story in the newspaper despatches a thousand miles away, made answer to the flag with heart subdued, and went softer all the day. One of the gentlest, choicest, noblest spirits that ever haunted the hallowed college grounds had passed in behind the veil. University men spoke of it one to another down town in a few words, but with a strange and meaningful shining in their eyes, for they loved the man whose death they were called so suddenly to mourn.

Edward Joseph Kylie was indeed a high-minded, rarely cultured, and truly noble soul, the product of academic Toronto improved by modern elements of personality and breeding and discipline which give an air of distinction without aloofness, of personal charm dignified with sincerity of purpose, the soberness of the "Balliol mind" touched with the unexhausted human emotion. He combined something of the religious faith of Newman, whose disciple he might have been, with the practical activities of a man of affairs in the big and busy American world. His cultivated mind gave him that fine poise, that just balance of judgment, which, as his public addresses on the war and its causes illustrated, brought conviction to his hearers' intellects without damaging their sense of fairness or splitting their ears. As a student of history he embodied and justified Collier's dictum: "History makes a young man to be old without wrinkles or gray hairs, giving him the experience of age without its infirmities."

Of late years Kylie's mind turned strongly to the problems of the British Empire which the war presses so urgently for consideration. He was an ardent Imperialist, but, judging from his free and frequent talks in The Globe office, he was not hampered by the narrower Imperial notions of Lord Milner or of some of his Round Table associates. He did not cut adrift from those fundamental ideas of political Liberalism which conceive of empire, not as a law-made mechanism governed by a centralized autocracy, but as a commonwealth of free peoples in which each nation governs itself in its national realm and shares with the others in the common weal and common work of all.

Take care that the worldling does not pursue with greater zeal and anxiety the perishable goods of this world than you do the eternal.—St. Ignatius.

It is for service in this new, wide field of history and politics and world statesmanship that men of the Kylie type and training are needed today, and will be needed even more sorely to-morrow. In the universities and colleges of Canada, in Parliament and on the Press, the adventure must be made after the war, if not indeed while yet the cannons roar, into that field of thought and discussion which, for want of a better name, men call Imperialism. Trails and cross-trails have already blazed in that direction, and beyond the skyline the strange roads go down. But with far bra-er hearts than in the past, and truer to the beacon light of liberty, democracy and international amity, the nations first of British family, then of the English speech, and then of the wider democratic faith, must catch the new vision, take up the old burden, and make the bounds of freedom wider yet. To-morrow's world leaders must have the prophet's eye, the statesman's mind, and the unexhausting faith of the man who believes. And of their number Edward Joseph Kylie might have been one.

Toronto Star

There will be sorrow over the death of Captain Kylie, a brilliant scholar, and a man of fine public spirit. He sacrificed his life to his country as truly as if he had died in the trenches, where he wished to be. He had devoted much thought to the destiny of Canada and to its relations with the Empire, and there is a certain pathetic fitness in the manner of his death.

SOLDIER, SCHOLAR, GENTLEMAN

Not the least tragic feature of war in which there is so much of tragedy is the taking off of the brightest, the most promising, the flower of the rising generation. If only the older men could go and leave the brainy and progressive juniors to carry on the work of the great world! In the death of Professor Kylie, who has succumbed to typhoid fever as captain and adjutant of the 147th Battalion, Canada has lost one of a type which it can ill afford to spare. We may feel sure in the divine economy of nature such spiritual forces are not lost. They belong to humanity and reappear in the season.

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THE LATE CAPT. KYLIE
The Lindsay Daily Warden

Lindsay has been in a state of mourning for three days past in respect for one of her most renowned and illustrious sons. . . . We refer to the late Captain Ed. J. Kylie, who was buried with full military honors this morning. . . . Much has been said of the late Captain Kylie, and much remains to be said, but the half of his goodness will never be told.

Those who held Capt. Kylie in highest respect during life shed tears as mourners to-day when they viewed for the last time the noble countenance of the departed one. Their emotion was deep, their grief sincere.

Sins and shams had no hospitality in him, and he worked in his own quiet, unpretentious way for the betterment of his fellow man. He followed his religion with unbounded faith and confidence, and his chosen work with diligence and sincerity. His was a pure and wholesome life and an example for good.

Little wonder that flowers, magnificent tributes of respect, were literally banked about the parlor in profusion, with numerous spiritual offerings from his co-religionists!

A TRIUMPHANT LIFE
The Toronto Telegram

A triumphant life was that whose outgoing was solemnized by the great assembly of mourners gathered at the funeral of E. J. Kylie in Lindsay yesterday.

War has encompassed the University of Toronto with a glory of light that shines from her sacrifices of her soldier sons—the graduates and undergraduates who have joined the colors to fight for liberty. The scholarship, the culture of the late E. J. Kylie brought glory to the University that honored him with the place of leadership in its life, and to the nation mourning to the grave. The special qualities of the scholar of the university professor were merged in the greater qualities of the man and the patriot who in common with other men and other patriots was ready to lay down his life in defence of British freedom.

Take care that the worldling does not pursue with greater zeal and anxiety the perishable goods of this world than you do the eternal.—St. Ignatius.

ITALY CATHOLIC

WHERE ARE ITS PROTESTANTS?

According to a journal published in Rome, the results of the Italian Census for 1911 have only lately been made known. The population was then 35,597,781. Of these only 79,756 were foreigners. A certain number wrote themselves down atheists; others refused to make any statement as to their beliefs; and these two classes are found chiefly in the region where Socialism is most prevalent—which has its lesson for some nearer home, who think they can be Catholics and Socialists at the same time. But the great point to notice is that Italy declares itself almost unanimously Catholic. Thus, 32,898,664 registered themselves as belonging to the Holy Catholic and Roman Church, of which the Supreme Head is His Holiness the Pope; and this is something for gentlemen like Dr. Robertson "of Venice" (why not "of Italy"?) to put in their pipe and smoke if he does anything so wicked, who are always prating about the wonderful progress of Evangelicalism in Italy and the blessing of lay and non-priestly education; and also for unbelievers like ex-Friar McCabe, who rejoice in what they prefer to call the "decay of the Church of Rome." Frankly, we can discover no trace of it here. The Italians are Catholic and will remain Catholic, and will go on serenely in their old faith, despite books and articles to the contrary; and they would only laugh at the stupid scribbles who try to prove that they are becoming Protestants or Infidels—if they ever heard of them, which certainly they have not. Fine-spun theories and elaborate argumentation in favour of "the decay of the Church of Rome" are swept away like spider-webs by the plain, unvarnished figures of the Census, wherein people say exactly what they are and what they are not in the matter of religion. Our authority referred to, quoting the official returns, tells us that "the Protestants resident in Italy, including the foreigners, were 123,253, most of them living in Piedmont, Sicily and Lombardy (Liguria had only 6,558). The Jews numbered 32,324; of whom 7,013 in Latium, 4,486 in Tuscany, 4,895 in Piedmont, 4,497 in Lombardy, 1,506 in Liguria; Greek Schismatics were only 2,200, of whom 406 were in Liguria. The figures for the Protestants do not indicate that they are making any real progress in spite of the immense amount of money they spend every year on their propaganda, and the golden promises they are constantly making to the Americans who supply the funds. The great majority of strangers resident in Italy are Protestants; the Waldensians, who are a very old sect in Italy, account for most of the rest, and the Methodists and Baptists, about whom one hears most, have only some precarious thousands in their ranks."—Alfonso, in Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

MGR. KENNEDY'S COADJUTOR

VICE-RECTOR AMERICAN COLLEGE IN ROME WITH RIGHT OF SUCCESSION

By Catholic Press Association Cable

Rome, May 11.—Pope Benedict has, through Cardinal Bissetti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, appointed Mgr. O'Hern vice-rector of the American College here, coadjutor to Archbishop Kennedy, the rector, with right of succession. This has been done for the purpose of relieving the rector of some of his heavy duties and responsibilities, thus giving him an opportunity to recuperate his health, which is not yet in a satisfactory condition.

On the morning of April 28, 1916, Dr. J. N. McCormick, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western Michigan, M. W. Jopling, W. H. Loutit, Mayor of Grand Haven, and Stewart Hanley, formerly Judge of the Probate Court of Detroit, appeared "without previous notice" at the gate of the Detroit House of the Good Shepherd. These gentlemen, of whom but one, Mr. Hanley, is a Catholic, constitute the Michigan State Board of Correction and Charities. Their purpose was to make, by request of the Rt. Rev. John Foley, D. D., Bishop of Detroit, "a thorough examination of the institution," which for some years has been the object of a vicious persecution, engineered by certain ignorant or malicious inhabitants of the Michigan metropolis. "Full and complete opportunity was given," reads the official report of this visitation, "to inspect the records, examine the inmates, and visit all the buildings and departments. A score or more of the inmates, chosen at random, were examined privately, and apart from anyone officially connected with the institution."

The results were distinctly disappointing to the misguided individuals who, with rare and unsuspected bravery, had openly preferred charges against the institution before the State Board. Two recommendations of a minor character were made

by the investigators: one regarding a single room which was not well ventilated, the other, directing that fire drills be held more frequently. Other results are thus recorded in the official report:

"Every room in the institution was carefully inspected and found to be almost immaculately clean."

This comment would not please certain New York "investigators." It would merely prove that the rooms were never used.

"The discipline was excellent, while the attitude of the girls was most cheerful. There is no corporal punishment of any kind. The girls all appeared healthy and well-fed. None, upon inquiry, had any complaint to make about either quantity or quality of food. The store-rooms and kitchens verify this. . . . The banal charge that Houses of the Good Shepherd are "nothing but jails" is thus disposed of by the State Board:

"The spirit of the place is remarkable. There is nothing that would indicate to a stranger a reformatory. During the recreation periods the girls enjoyed themselves in much the same manner as girls outside. Upon inquiry the only complaints made by the inmates were from some there under commitment who expressed a desire to return home. In the laundry many were singing while at work. During the recreation periods, we found groups around several pianos, one of the number playing, the rest singing. The younger children were engaged in the usual childish games. There appears to be the greatest affection between the girls and the Sisters."

In conclusion the investigators write their unanimous opinion: "The Board is unanimously of the opinion, after a searching examination, that the charges and complaints are unfounded, that the institution is doing a most commendable work and is conducted in a praiseworthy manner. The Board does, therefore, express its approval of the purpose of the institution and its methods of operation."

The document is merely another proof that Catholic institutions have nothing to fear except from pagan sociologists, the evil-minded, and "investigators" with an axe to grind. Further comment is superfluous, except to remark that there is an essential distinction between a persecutor and an investigator. In New York, for instance, the difference is not universally understood.—America.

LAST DISABILITY AGAINST CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND TO BE REMOVED

C. P. A. Service

These are hard times for bigots, writes the London correspondent of the Catholic Press Association. Last week a bill called the "Religious Orders Bill" was introduced by the minister to remove the last disability against Catholic monks and those dreadful Jesuits. This week the Protestant Queen of England has for the first time entered the doors of a Catholic institution, aye, and expressed herself as delighted with all that she saw there.

Mr. Birrell's bill is a one-clause measure intended to do away with the last vestiges of persecution retained under the Emancipation Act. It deals only with the male religious Orders as nuns do not seem to come under any ban. It will permit monks and brothers to vote and to use the courts like all other citizens, confirming to them all their rights as British citizens, hitherto denied. There is no reason why this bill should be controversial, but the government having said that in the present disturbed state of affairs they cannot give time for the measure if it is opposed, Captain Craig, an Orange bigot, at the head of a choice selection of fanatics, proposes to combat the bill at every stage. Mr. Birrell is the only minister who supports the bill, which, however, on a division would receive the warm support of the Irish party.

CASTELLANE LOSES ANNULLMENT SUIT

COMMISSION OF CARDINALS UPHOLDS THE VALIDITY OF HIS MARRIAGE TO ANNA GOULD

A press dispatch from Rome under date of May 4, says: "The validity of the marriage of Count Boni de Castellane to Anna Gould, now Duchess Talleyrand, was confirmed to-day in a decision by the commission of Cardinals appointed to consider the claim of the Count for annulment of the marriage."

Count de Castellane has appealed several times to the Vatican for a ruling that his marriage was invalid. His last appeal, which has now been decided against him, was filed in January of this year.

His fight to annul the marriage has been before the Vatican almost continually since 1910. His case was heard three times by the Rota Tribunal, but although wealth and influence were arrayed on his side, the tribunal decided against him each time.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Guild House of St. John the Baptist at Henley-in-Arden, England, has been restored. The interesting relic of mediæval times was until a few months ago used as shops and tenements.

Rev. F. J. McL. Day, for some years curate of St. Andrew's Anglican Church, Taunton, was recently ordained deacon at St. John's Seminary, Womersley, Guildford, England. Mr. Day left the Anglican Church two years ago.

Miss Jessie Gilleander, who died at Los Angeles, Cal., February 25, bequeathed virtually all of her estate, valued at \$750,000, to religious, educational and charitable institutions. The largest bequest was \$300,000 to the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, known as the Paulist Fathers.

For the first time in its history, a priest of the Catholic Church will preside at the forty-third annual National Conference of Charities and Corrections in Indianapolis, Ind. Rev. Francis H. Gavisik is president of the conference this year. A mission conducted by the Pastoralist Fathers at St. William's Church, 1230 West Oak street, Louisville, Ky., is creating such interest that the twelve saloons in the parish are closed during the services, which are held in the evening, though the owners are not all Catholics.

The ancient cathedral at Andria, Italy, near Bari, has been destroyed by fire. The fire began in the residence of the Bishop, from which Msgr. Seidi was rescued with difficulty. Andria in the thirteenth century was a favorite residence of Emperor Frederick II.

Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, have each sent \$100 to the fund for the Irish nuns of Ypres. "It is," writes Cardinal O'Connell, "with hearts overflowing with gratitude for what they have done and with sympathy for what they have suffered that we accord our slight recognition of their inestimable services for God and religion."

Rome, May 11.—Deep regret is expressed at the death of Cardinal Sevin, Archbishop of Lyons, France, who passed away on Thursday last. He was sixty-four years old, having been born in Simorre, in the Diocese of Belley, on March 22, 1852. He was created Cardinal on May 25, 1914. He had a great reputation for holiness and for earnestness in his episcopal capacity.

Berlin, April 27.—The intervention of Pope Benedict has been instrumental in securing the release from Heidelberg fortress, where he was interned since the outbreak of war, of Prince Ramon Monon, son of the Rajah of Cochon, Siam, Siam. He is not a Catholic, but his parents approached the Bishop of Meliapor, who put the case before His Holiness.

Rome, April 27.—Among those who were recently received in special audience by Pope Benedict with all the customary ceremonies was the Duchesse de Vandome, sister of King Albert of Belgium, to whom His Holiness gave the beautifully worked palm that is annually presented to him by the people of Rome on Palm Sunday.

Switzerland has three Catholics occupying the most important positions in her national affairs at the present time. The President of the Senate or Premier, M. Python, is a veteran Catholic of the Fribourg Canton. The vice-president of the Council of State, M. le Landemann of Buetler, is also a Catholic, and the actual President of Switzerland, M. Motta, who comes from the Italian Canton of Ticino, is also a Catholic.

Recently there took place at the pro-Cathedral (Lourdes Church), Fircbur, India, under the auspices of the Association of Perpetual Adoration a Eucharistic exhibition that bears ample testimony to the living faith of Syro-Malabar Christians who trace their conversion back to the days of the Apostle St. Thomas. No small part of the success of the association is to be ascribed to the disinterested and gratuitous work of the native Sisters.

Alexander Hamilton Tarbet, founder of the Internountain Catholic, and one of Salt Lake City's most prominent citizens, died recently of pneumonia after an illness of a week's duration. Twenty years ago Mr. Tarbet bought the Colorado Catholic and brought it to Salt Lake City, where it has since been published under the name of the Internountain Catholic. Mr. Tarbet was a mining man and spent considerable money in establishing the paper.

It is a most remarkable fact that for many months the average attendance of non-Catholics at the evening service in St. Joseph's, Brighouse, Yorkshire, England, has been at least three hundred. On many occasions scores have had to be refused admission, owing to want of accommodation. They join in the prayers and sing the hymns of the Catholic ritual with their Catholic fellow worshippers in a devout way. The priest conducts classes, for those desiring to understand the faith, on Sunday afternoons and also on one evening during the week. Both classes are well attended.

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: "A NOVEL"
CHAPTER XXXV—CONTINUED

"Well, Betty, I may tell you that I think she believes now that your Mr. Arthur was innocent."

"Thank her for nothing," said Betty, scornfully. "It's time she found it out. But never fear, ma'am: I am't such a haythen monster as not to be as good to her as I can."

The little household settled to rest; the strange guest had relapsed into her swoon of peace; only Bawn was awake and up, feeling still too much excitement after the events of the day to be ready for sleep. Her fire was expiring, her lamp burning low; she had opened the blind to see the horn of the late-risen moon appear above the curve of the black-purple mountain opposite, and was walking up and down the floor, her hands locked behind her back, her head upraised, thinking over her success with regard to Mave, her conversation with Somerled, his persistence in meeting her. Did he wait and watch for her, or was it always chance that brought him through the hollow just as she appeared in it? Say what she might to her own heart, it would feel glad at the sight of his face and the sound of his voice. By the pain that passing gladness left behind it let her expiate the sin of her weakness in loving one of the family of her father's enemies. As for him, he had been warned, and why could he not keep out of her way? Why could he not stay at Tor and learn to love Manon de St. Claire? And then Bawn paused in her walk, and her heart winced. Of course that would naturally be the end of it all. After she had gone back over the sea she had so confidently crossed; in the ruin in the hollow had been levelled with the ground, burying under it the ashes of the Adares; after the hollow had bloomed again, as Rory himself had predicted it would bloom, in that time Rory would dwell among these hills a contented man, husband of a suitable wife.

Bawn, choking a little over the sadness of her own fate acknowledged that she had one cause for self-congratulation, in that she could not be called on to witness that admirable state of things; that there was still a merciful ocean within reach, ever ready to carry her back to the unknown.

The moon had risen above the mountain-ridge, a clear crescent, and clouds were drifting towards it. Bawn stood in the middle of the floor looking at it, her meditations broken by the fancies it suggested. It was the diadem of the queen of night, more like half of the golden ring than romantic lovers break between them; but here a long, streaming cloud, dark and filmy, with a weird outline, reminding one of a banshee with outstretched arm and threatening finger, came hurrying towards it, pounced on the jewel, and hid it in her mysterious draperies. At the same moment a loud sob escaped the wind, which had been whispering complacently around the corners of the house, and among the old thorn and alder trees, and a sense of uncanny loneliness just touched Bawn, who was accustomed to sleep early and soundly, and had no timorous associations with the dead of night.

She had just shaken off the feeling, and was approaching the window to draw down the blind before taking refuge in her pillows when something she saw struck her intelligence like a blow and froze up the blood in her veins. A figure was distinctly visible at the window, strange and uncouth; a ghastly and malignant face was pressed against the pane, the hollow eyes straining out of their sockets, trying to see into the room. A pair of long, claw-like hands grasped the upper sash, and the figure seemed to hang by them, as if weak and awaiting support. Dusty looking hair, in shaggy masses; long gray jaws and a hungry mouth—these details of the countenance imprinted themselves on her imagination as the creature, whatever it was, crushed itself against the window-frame, like a beast struggling behind the bars of a cage.

"Good God!" muttered Bawn, and waited to see if the thing would try the fastenings of the window or make an attempt to get in. If so she would quickly shut the shutters and put up the bar. But if this should be only some poor tramp, hungering for a sight of fire on the hearth, or out of mere curiosity peering with all the fascination of the homeless for a look into a home, why need she be afraid of him?

He might be a lunatic escaped from control; and if he were to prove too quick for her? She thought of the horror of a midnight alarm, the possible effect on the sufferer within, the excitement of her woman, and decided to fasten the shutter without further delay. As she stepped to the window the gathering clouds, fell on her and revealed her dimly to the creature outside the pane, and its gaze, fastening on her at once, seemed straining to distinguish her features, as if the sight of the hollow eyes was imperfect as well as the light. Bawn's vision being strong, she was able to see more clearly than before as loathsome a human face as imagination ever pictured. A ravaging desire for something unattainable, a malignant cunning, a wicked despair, were the passions suggested by the expression of the visage. Shudder-

ing she put forth her hand and drew the blind, and then stood waiting for the look or word that might possibly follow her action. Some minutes passed before she ventured to lift a corner of the blind and look out, and when she did so the strange visitor had disappeared.

She closed the shutters quickly, saw to all the fastenings of the house, and hurried to bed, where she lay long awake, unable to blot the image of that ghastly countenance from her mind. Something inexpressibly evil in the eyes that had strained in at her had stifled the ready pity in her breast. Whoever her strange visitor might have been, she felt certain that he was nothing good.

**CHAPTER XXXVI
SLANDER**

Autumn was beautiful at Tor, even though the melancholy sea of Moyle muttered its never-ending dirge with white lips, waiting for the children of Lir, and round the knees of the great Tor breakers climbed and were repulsed with a noise like recurrent peals of thunder. Bright-eyed, bare-kneed children hanging into the ravines almost, as it seemed, by the hair of their heads, snatched the last of the luscious blackberries growing in those long, slanting hollows, yawning greenly from cliff to wave; and if sunset overtook earlier than heretofore the footsteps of a chilled noon, its own magnificent pageantry gave sufficient splendour to the day. As Shana sat up in the little turret-room, that had always been hers at Tor, looking through the long, narrow slits of her windows, the twilight felt so fast that Scotland's cliffs had taken their forbidding, war-like aspect, and the beacon-light on Mull of Cantire had sprung up red as Mars before she had finished the letter she was writing to Bawn. The letter was to tell her friend that her happiness was secured, that Gran had proved herself a darling, that Alister and Willie had come to a satisfactory understanding, and that, consequently, New Zealand was soon to be the writer's home.

Having befriended her so far, Shana's twilight failed utterly, and as she would not go down stairs till the moment of dinner, because Flora was in the drawing-room, punishing Gran (so Shana put it to herself), the girl lit her candles to finish the epistle.

"I cannot go to see you now," she wrote, "because they will not let me, and I must be obedient after all I have gained; but I shall never forget your goodness in taking me in, and standing up for me, will never believe anything against you, no matter what they say."

For much was being said by Lady Flora to Gran in the drawing-room, where Flora had seized the leisure hour of the day to pour out her tale of long-cherished distrust and dislike of the tenant at Shangangah. Gran was listening to her with bent brows and compressed lips that showed her vexation of spirit. Seeing that Flora was intent on saying much that she was not willing to hear, the old lady tried to speak her own mind beforehand.

"I saw nothing about her conduct that was not nice. You have been too much displeased with Shana to allow the child to tell you the part Miss Ingram played in the matter. She knew nothing about the affair till Shana ran to her, and then she received her as a matter of course. When all this annoyance has subsided you will be in a better position to do justice to that girl—"

"Justice!" echoed Flora, contemptuously. "My dear Gran, you are running away with the question. I am not going to make vague accusations against Miss Ingram. If you will kindly listen to me with patience, I will tell you my various reasons for wishing that this young woman should be kept at a distance by the family, if not warned to return to where she came from. You are not, perhaps, aware that she is passing under an assumed name—"

"No; I am not aware of it."

"But I can tell you it is true. Manon is my authority, and I hope you will admit that she, at least, is an unprejudiced observer."

"Humph!" said Gran.

"If you doubt that, your mind is indeed becoming warped. I never saw any one behave so nicely, seeing that her lover is being actually enticed away from under her very eyes."

"Who is her lover?"

"Why, Rory, of course."

"That fact, if fact it be, is as new to me as the falseness of Miss Ingram's name."

"You do not see everything, and Manon has given me her confidence. You do not appreciate the compliment she pays him. That a girl, with such a fortune as hers, so well born, so handsome, should be willing to content herself with Rory at Tor—"

Gran bristled. "In my young day a girl did not make any such contentment known until she was invited from the right quarter to do so. I do not think the more of her for displaying it. I repeat that I have never seen Rory take the attitude of her lover."

Flora made an impatient gesture, as if to say that Gran, choosing to be blind, could not be expected to see.

"You were always prejudiced against her."

"Perhaps I was, a little, till I saw her; but I can truly say that since then I have been ready to believe her everything delightful. Of late the idea has grown upon me that she can be sly."

"Nonsense!" said Flora.

"I do not like her hints about Miss Ingram. This fancy about the name—"

"The story is simple enough. On the day you went for Shana to Shangangah, Manon and Rosheen were left to walk about the farm with Miss Ingram while you talked to— to the future Mrs. Callender," said Flora, with an ill-natured little laugh.

"I believe they were. What then?"

"At the foot of a tree Manon picked up a small book, apparently dropped and overlooked there, and saw on the title-page Miss Ingram's Christian name—if so outlandish a name can be so described. With it was joined a surname which was not Ingram. Manon would have kept the book, but the young woman espied it in her hand, and demanded to have it on the spot."

"What was the name in the book?"

"Oh! it began with a D, and was of a different shape from Ingram. Manon, being a foreigner, could not seize it at a glance. But she knows it was not Ingram."

"The book may have belonged to her mother, or to her mother's sister for whom she was named. Names go in families, especially out-of-the-way names like Bawn."

"I guessed you would see a way out of the difficulty," sneered Lady Flora; "but from her anxiety to regain possession of the book Manon felt assured there was something wrong. And so do I. My idea is that she is married."

"You think she has escaped from an unhappy marriage to bury herself here. Poor young creature! I sincerely hope you may be wrong."

"I do not say what I think, but I know that a married woman ought to make it known that she is married, and that if she does not there is something amiss. For a long time I have felt that for something wrong about this so-called Miss Ingram, and her behaviour from beginning to end has gone to prove it. She arrives here in the most unprotected manner, pretending to be a common farmer's daughter, when it is evident she belongs to quite another class. She passes under an assumed name, and before many weeks has all the gentlemen in the neighborhood flying after her."

"Certainly. In the first place, she scraped up some kind of acquaintance with Major Batt on her way here, and ever since she arrived he has not been the same person. Before that he was desperately in love with Shana, and I had it from her own lips that she was willing to accept him. In the course of a few months he forgets her very existence, and Shana, in despair, is going off to New Zealand, assisted in such madness by the so-called Miss Ingram's cooperation and advice. Lord Aughrim, I know on good authority, has been to visit her; and as for Rory—I must say, Gran, on that subject your obtuseness is very remarkable. He meets her frequently. Did I not tell you before that Manon and I met them in the fields near Shane's hollow, in the most out-of-the-way spot, perfectly suitable for a romantic walk—"

"Stop, Flora, stop! You bewilder me."

"I want to enlighten, not to bewilder you. I have put the matter bluntly before you."

"Very bluntly."

"Only that you may speak to Rory and warn him before he is hopelessly entangled. A person whose conduct is so open to criticism is not a suitable wife for him."

"But I thought you said she was married," said Gran.

"Oh! I dare say she is divorced. In America that is very easy."

"But—Lord Aughrim! Major Batt! Which does she intend to marry?"

"The lord, no doubt, if she can. If not, the wealthy Major Batt; failing all else, the not very wealthy but otherwise desirable master of Tor. Now, I have put it all before you, Gran, and I leave it to you to work the question out. My own suggestion would be that Miss Ingram should get notice to quit before Manon returns to Paris, believing herself rejected for the sake of a creature—"

Here Flora rose, and dropping her energetic manner, sauntered to the window, finally quitting the room without another word, leaving Gran leaning back in her chair, her brow on her hand, thinking deeply of all she had just been forced to listen to.

Unwillingly she was obliged to admit that there might be something in all that Flora had been saying, and that to save Rory from great unhappiness later he ought to speak to him about the matter. Of all her grandchildren Rory was the dearest. More like a son than a grandson, he had lived with her always since the death of his parents, except during his years at college. He was named for that favourite son who had met his death so cruelly on Auro long ago, and there was, besides, something in his nature that was akin to her own. An unfortunate marriage for him would be an unspeakable misfortune to her. A penniless, friendless girl, working for her own independence, however praiseworthy, was not exactly a mate for the representative of the elder branch of the Fingalls. She could not bear the idea of his marrying for money; the mere sound of Flora's voice was enough to remind her that even an income drawn from the three per cents might be secured at too great a sacrifice of domestic joys. And yet his noble ambitions were dear to her heart. She had hoped to see him in Parliament, feeling sure that where-

ever there was a good cause to be worked for, all over the world, and especially at home, his vote and his energies would be at its service. Yet how on this barren rock of Tor, was money to be found to enable him to gratify all his honourable desires?

He was too kind and conscientious a landlord to exact from his serfs that heavy toll on the land they tilled, which they must hunger that he might spend. She had often feared that he would never marry—that, following his philanthropic instincts, with such small means as Providence has placed in his hands, he would be satisfied to fill his good years with unselfish activity, and find himself, when too late to remedy the mischief, with a lonely hearth and heart.

Now Bawn's noble candid face rose before her, and the old woman was ready to avow that the girl was as good as she was fair. But are faces always to be trusted? The world is deceitful, and American women are known, thought Gran in her old-fashioned way, to be strange. And there was Manon. Of the two countenances before her mind's eye she infinitely preferred Bawn's; and then the old woman sighed with a sense of baffled intelligence. Was she indeed prejudiced against Flora's protégée, and was any fair-faced stranger preferable in her esteem to the granddaughter of the friend of her youth? Manon would be suitable in birth and position, and her large fortune would put power into Rory's hands. Was not Flora right, after all, and might not Rory have been satisfied with Manon if the tenant of Shangangah had never appeared on the scene? However that might be, the question now was of wrong and misfortune that might come upon the old house of Tor through Miss Ingram's possible dishonesty. It was clearly her duty to speak to Rory, and speak to him she would, even at the cost of exceeding pain to herself.

The evening passed slowly for her. Rory was behaving admirably, said Flora, who flitted to and from the billiard-room, where the young people were amusing themselves. He was having great pains to improve Manon's style of playing, and Manon was looking so pretty. Of Shana and Callender Flora had less gracious words to say; and as her husband was also in disgrace with her for permitting their engagement, her remarks on his want of skill in the game were of a cutting character.

That night, when Rory had gone to his own particular den to smoke and read in solitude after the household had gone to rest, Gran gathered up her long skirts and her courage, and climbed slowly and with an anxious heart to her grandson's retreat.

"Gran! why, this is an unexpected pleasure," cried Rory, springing from his arm-chair and placing it at her disposal. "Why did you not send for me? It is too late for you to mount up here."

"No, no. I wanted to ask you quietly about this affair of Miss Ingram and the Adares. Is it true she has taken Miss Adare to Shangangah?"

"Perfectly true. She has done at once what some of us ought to have done long ago."

"What was impossible to us may have been made easy to her, being a stranger. But it is a good deed, though it may bring trouble on her."

"She is very good."

Gran felt puzzled how to proceed further. She was ashamed of what she had got to say, and peered wistfully through her spectacles at the manly face turned towards her with an expectant look in the eyes.

"Come, Gran, out with it! You have something more to say to me."

"I have something more to say, and I would rather not say it, only it appears to me now to be my duty. This Miss Ingram, Rory, of whom you think so highly—is it wise to see her so often, to concern yourself so much with her affairs?"

"I am hoping to make Miss Ingram my wife," said Rory gently, after a moment's pause.

"That is what I have thought," said Gran, quelling her agitation and trying to speak as calmly as she did; "and therefore I feel bound to warn you."

"Warn me of what?"

"Are you aware that she is living here under an assumed name?"

"No."

"I have heard that it is so. You will, of course, be able to ascertain whether or not the report is true. The evidence is hardly conclusive, I am bound to admit, merely that a different name coupled with her Christian name has been found in a book—"

"A clever suggestion!—coming, I should say, from Flora or Miss Manon de St. Claire. And even granted that Miss Ingram should for some good reason of her own have changed her name, had she not a right to do so if she pleased?"

"It has been suggested that she is married."

Rory started, and grew a little pale under his bronzed complexion. Then he laughed and said good-humouredly:

"What an ingenious romance!"

"It has been observed that she is absolutely silent, even with the girls, as to her antecedents. Shana herself admits that she pretends to be of a different class from that to which she evidently belongs; that she has money for every purpose, though supposed to be working for her bread; finally, that she is seen to be somewhat light in her conduct—"

Rory walked up and down the room with a flushed and troubled countenance.

"I am not blushing for you, Gran," he said, suddenly stopping before her, "only for some of your sex. I do not feel that I need defend Miss Ingram to you. All this is said by you against the grain, is it not? I need only say, for your comfort, that I have had better opportunity of observing Miss Ingram's character than either Flora or her friend, and that I believe in her. As to the lightness of conduct, it is a lie. If it be light-behaved to work hard, to improve every one and everything she comes in contact with, to make the wilderness bloom, and two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, to feel for the poor and sick, to risk her life out of charity to a wretched dying fellow-creature, giving up her own comforts to nurse so unpleasant an invalid—well, don't you see, dear Gran, how atrociously ridiculous the entire charge must be? And as for your anxiety about me," he added, more quietly, "it ought to take the form of concern that the woman I love should completely deny and ignore my suit—"

There was that in his voice, as he broke off abruptly, which kept Gran silent for some minutes. In spite of her prudence her heart was cheered by his faith. Might it not be true that he had had better means of judging than those others; and, besides, being of a nobler nature, might he not possess a truer instinct? But yet ought she to venture to encourage him? Poverty is a stern fact. She must think of his honorable ambition.

"My lad," she said, "my heart goes with you. But think a little of your future. You had plans of your own. You hoped to be of use in your generation. Will marriage compensate you for all you will give up?"

Rory passed his hand across his brow, and thought a moment before he replied:

"When I formed those plans I did not expect to meet in this way the one woman I could make with; and though you affectionately call me your lad, I have met her at a ripe age. I love her more, after all, than Parliament and the emigrants, though I do not mean to say that I lose sight of a career of usefulness among the possibilities of the future. According to my theory a noble wife will help a man more greatly than gold. And now, dear Gran, you must go to your rest. Trouble your head no more about Flora's inventions."

After she had left him Rory sat gazing at the wall with the eyes of a man considering a hateful contingency. He had spoken bravely, for he would share his uneasiness with no one; nevertheless it was not true that he knew absolutely nothing of this woman who had gained such a hold upon his life? His memory went back to her conversation on board the steamer, and revived the strong impression he had then received that some painful circumstance which she would not allow to be discovered influenced her movements and obliged her to reject his friendship. She had certainly stated that she was not married. He remembered with what evident surprise she had answered his question on the subject. Could she, after all, have deceived him? Could some strong and terrible dread have driven her to a falsehood under which she might have thought herself justified in taking shelter? Never for one moment, he admitted, had she given him to suppose that she might alter from the mood of mind in which she had rejected him as a husband. Lately he had comfortably made up his mind to forget those strong first impressions which had seized him on board ship, which had seemed to surround her with mystery, and place her in imminent danger. And now he asked himself. What if that had been true, if behind her frank, smiling aspect, there lay the consciousness of some erring or tragic past which practically deprived him of a future? After all, what had brought her here with her beauty and her breeding, to bury herself, if not some necessity for escape, to hide herself from something?

He sat half lost in troubled thought and towards morning left the house and walked the cliffs, unable to shake off the fears that had laid hold of his imagination. If Bawn was not good and true, then good-bye to goodness and truth. His love for her was no boy's fancy to be replaced later by a more genuine feeling. He had passed the age for caprices, and, as he had said, in his ripe years he had met with the ideal of his manhood. His heart, his mind, his soul all approved of her, and everything in nature seemed to declare her worth. Her flowers bloomed, her beasts thrived, her industries were productive, all that she touched prospered. The first time he had met her eyes they had revealed to him a spirit more noble than that of ordinary women. And here he paused, asking himself, was this not the very madness of love which poets rave of and wise men distrust? Had infatuation blinded him, and in looking on her did he see something which had no actual existence? In this state of mind he felt he could not breathe till he had seen her again, spoken with her, questioned her closely, and sat in judgment on her replies.

He forgot that as a man who had been rejected, who had never been encouraged, he had no kind of right to question her. He only felt now as if his very life depended on her answer. To-morrow he would go to her; yet where? Over and above the fact that she had forbidden him to come to see her, he could not, after all that Gran had said, insist on paying a visit at the farm. And now that she had Mave Adare under her roof, she had no longer a reason for

haunting among the trees, and lingering about the fields that skirted the mysterious regions of Shane's hollow.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BISHOP'S WHITE FLOWER

A TRUE STORY
Rev. Richard W. Alexander in The Missionary

It was in the springtime, a crisp, bright, Canadian spring. Father Macdonald was walking briskly down the streets of the town which formed his parish, smiling and nodding to every man, woman, and child whom he met. For every one knew Father Macdonald, and every one, Catholic and non-Catholic, loved him; he realized it and his great Scotch heart opened broadly to them and he loved them too. Full of zeal for his priestly work, ever patient with the troublesome, kind to the sorrowful, gentle with the sinner, his life flowed on among his people, peacefully and usefully, and the world around him grew better, because he lived.

The children were his special care and they worshipped him. The merry gleam of his keen blue eyes, the hearty greeting of his big voice, the outstretched arm and hand, which could enclose half a dozen of them, were something to talk about, and it was nothing new to see the big man striding down the street, with a crowd of delighted youngsters, boys and girls alike, surrounding him, like humming bees on a honeysuckle. Those pockets of his seemed never empty, and nuts, or apples, or sweets, were seen in every little fist.

This was one of those rare brilliant spring days that sometimes come (though not to stay), right after the ice-bound winter of Canada. The snow was still sparkling on the tall pines and in the fence corners and on the pointed roofs, but a warm wave had come with the sunshine, which entered like wine into the hearts of the frozen people, and made the young children and animals alike frisk and play in one kinship of delight.

Father Macdonald was greeted with a whoop of joy by his small parishioners, and soon a troop of them was at his heels. Among them was a little Jewess, daughter of one of the prosperous merchants of the town. She had fallen under the spell of his personality, and was tolerated, by his legitimate flock, only because Father Macdonald would have it so, and smiled kindly on the black-eyed, curly-haired descendant of Israel. Indeed, little Rachel was not one to be scorned. She was a queenly little miss of ten, still unaware of her dark beauty—of her animated rosy face, with its scarlet lips revealing teeth like pearls which flashed when she smiled. Her tasteful mother had her always garbed in those rich colors, that made her like a glowing blossom among the snow.

Father Macdonald always took her hand, and treated her like one of his own. And there was no use in showing any resentment, none at least ever appeared in his presence, although when he had gone, many little jealous tongues voiced their dissatisfaction in no uncertain manner. Rachel never heeded them; she loved the kind gentle priest, and flew to meet him as promptly as his noisy young flock; something within her seemed to answer his call which she could not explain. She did not dare, however, to tell it to her parents—strict orthodox Hebrews—and if they heard it, they made nothing of it, for they too admired the devoted priest who never tired of doing good to old and young of every creed.

Several years passed by. The Catholic children grew, and so did Rachel. She was now thirteen. Her admiration for Father Macdonald was the same, but she did not follow him with the crowds of children. A smile, a greeting as he passed him, showed she was still his friend, and she continued to meet him now and then on his daily rounds, and have a little chat. She loved to hear him say, "God bless you, Rachel!"

And now the ecclesiastical authorities had found out the worth of Father Macdonald. He was called to the city, and there in spite of his protests, he was informed that he was to be made a Bishop. His consecration took place in due time and another priest was sent to his little Church at A—

Rachel missed him sorely, but she hid her sorrow in her heart, not daring to mention it to any one. But she could not forget his goodness and kindness—his gentle exhortations to be a good girl. And it may be believed, the Lord looking down on her innocent affection, blessed it, and caused it to bring her to the portals of salvation, while it saved her from many a temptation.

In this old Canadian town there was a fountain, famous for its clear crystal water which came from the snow-clad hills, and was conducted into a series of marble basins, that dripped with limpid coolness the whole season round. Broad walks and trees surrounded it, and there were nooks for resting, and a drinking place visible where the passers could slake their thirst. Rachel was walking around the fountain one day, when suddenly she saw her friend Bishop Macdonald in the distance. She had not seen him since he was made Bishop, nor had she heard of his visit to his old parish; and while her first impulse was to rush to meet him, she felt a sort of awe, and an unwanted timidity. The new priest of the parish was with him, whom she did not know, and Bishop Macdonald was arrayed in shining broad-

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cloth, his collar had a rim of purple, a ring sparkled on his hand, while a heavy gold chain was around his neck and across his breast.

"I dare not speak to him," she thought, "he is too grand, and he is a Bishop!" so the little Jewess drew back.

But Bishop Macdonald had seen her. He stopped, raised his jeweled hand, and beckoned: Rachel came towards him blushing, and glowing with pleasure. In a moment, she was at her ease, chatting as freely as she did when he took sweets out of his pocket long ago and gave them to her.

"I was afraid of you, Father Macdonald, you looked so grand," she said laughing, and then she caught herself. "But you are a great Bishop now. What must I call you? My Lord? Your Grace? don't they say that?" she added seriously.

How Bishop Macdonald laughed. "Yes, dear child, they do say that. But I am not My Lord or Your Grace, to you. Just say, Father Macdonald, like you did when you were small. You have grown to be such a big girl I would hardly know you."

"And you have been to Rome," she said in an awed tone; "and in the big cities, where there are grand cathedrals. And you wear that splendid gold chain and ring. I could never call you just Father Macdonald now! You must be very near to God!" she added, in a low, reverent voice.

The Bishop looked at her silently. Rachel's cheeks were glowing. Her beautiful dark eyes were sparkling with innocent joy, the pure soul shone through them. An expression of worship rested on her face; it was a beautiful face and good to look at.

"Near to God!" mused the Bishop. "I hope so, Rachel, and I trust you are near to Him also, that you are a good girl, obedient and docile to your father and mother."

"They are so dear and kind they let me have everything I wish," she said smiling. "I don't think they would refuse me anything—except—and she suddenly dropped her eyes.

"Except what?" said the Bishop. "Oh, nothing," said the girl; "but my dear Father Macdonald, will you stay here long?"

"Not this time, but I will be back soon again. God bless you Rachel until we meet again." And he took her hand, pressed it kindly, and went his way.

Rachel stood a moment, looking after him, her heart fluttering, her face full of longing. He stood for something that she longed for. Oh! what was it?

And Bishop Macdonald said to his companion: "Why don't you look after that little girl, Father? It seems to me she is strongly drawn to the faith."

"Why I never heard her speak before," was the reply. "Would you have the whole Hebrew population about my ears? The parish would not hold me if I attempted Rachel's conversion. Her father and mother are strong Orthodox Jews, and all her connection likewise."

"Well, that may be, but something draws me to that child," said the Bishop musingly; "perhaps it is her innocent soul." And then changing the subject, he talked of other things, but in his heart he sent to Heaven, a prayer for the little Jewess that she might some day see the light.

The weeks and months passed on. Rachel spoke often at home of her "dear friend" Macdonald, of the day she met him by the fountain, how princely he seemed in his purple and jewels, and how kind he was. Just the same "dear Father Macdonald." How he stopped and spoke to her and called her "dear child" and said, "God bless you!" She seemed to thrill over the words. Her parents were pleased that the newly made Bishop noticed so publicly their beloved daughter, they had great esteem for Father Macdonald since he was made a Bishop, a High Priest of his Church, and they were quite satisfied that Rachel should know him, and speak of him constantly.

In her little heart this guileless child was saying, "I wish I was as near to God! I must be good like he told me, and maybe I'll see him again."

One day Rachel complained of a severe headache. Her eyes were glittering, her cheeks burning, her hands hot and restless. She was put to bed and the physician summoned. He shook his head gravely, and said little to the terrified parents, who saw at once there was something serious the matter.

In a few days Rachel was in the throes of typhoid fever of the worst form. Her mother could not leave her side, her father was in and out of the room, restless, anxious, fearing and hoping alternately. Rachel grew steadily worse. She became delirious and would call out over and over again: "I want My Lord, I want His Grace!"

"What on earth does she mean?" cried her mother, while her father looked into her dark, unseeing eyes, and tried to win a ray of intelligence; but in vain.

"I want My Lord, I want His Grace!" cried Rachel—hour after hour. The doctor shook his head, he could not make it out.

"Is she religiously inclined?" he asked. "She must mean Jehovah!" But the mother said through her tears, "She has no stain to fret over, she is innocent itself, as pure as a white rose! Jehovah has girded her round, all her life, with His Angels! She has never given us a moment's pain."

Daughter! she wailed, "tell us, off tell us what you want!"

"I want My Lord, I want His Grace" moaned the child.

And so the days went on, and lengthened into weeks. Rachel was dying; but it seemed she could not die. Friends came, and their hearts ached seeing how dreadfully spent the little form became, how fragile were the little hands, how white and thin and pitiful the childish face.

Day after day they waited to see her die. Not once did she regain consciousness and yet she feebly whispered:

"I want My Lord, I want His Grace!" The physicians said they knew not what kept the spark of life in that little frame; there was nothing, naturally, to feed it. She lay on her pillow, motionless, noticing no one, and if her lips moved, and they bent to listen, they heard the weak voice barely audible:

"I want My Lord, I want His Grace!" What did it mean? The townspeople began to talk. Why did she not die? They were saddened and awed. Bishop Macdonald finally heard it one day when he visited his old parish. Without a moment's delay he repaired to Rachel's home.

Her father met him, and knowing how much the child loved him, bade him welcome, and immediately acceded to his request to see her.

"We have allowed no one but her mother and myself to enter the room," said the broken-hearted parent, "she is delirious and the doctors say they don't know what keeps her alive! she is muttering about 'My Lord and His Grace,' when we know Rachel was a good daughter, faithful to the God of our fathers, and overflowing with His grace. But come, Bishop, she always loved you as her best friend."

The Bishop started perceptibly, when the poor father said "My Lord, Your Grace!" The memory of that day by the fountain long ago, when Rachel said she must call him so, flashed into his memory. He made up his mind what to do. He entered the room. It was a sad sight.

Rachel's eyes were closed, and her poor little white face bore no shadow of resemblance to the beautiful child he last saw. The small head was sunk in the pillow, the little transparent hands lay limp on the white coverlet, the shadow outlines of her spent and emaciated form filled him with pity. Her mother turned and the slight movement roused Rachel.

The great dark eyes opened and looked steadily at the Bishop who stood at the bedside, holding one little thin hand. A flash of recognition lighted up her face with a great joy.

"My Lord! Your Grace! at last!" she whispered.

"She knows him!" exclaimed the mother.

"Rachel! said the Bishop, "shall I baptize you?"

"Yes! yes!" whispered Rachel—"I have waited for it, but you were so long coming! Baptize me, my Lord."

And the Bishop, seeing there must be no delay, took a glass of water that was on the table beside her, and placing a folded towel under her head, said the solemn words before any of that Jewish family had time to remonstrate.

"I baptize thee Mary—Rachel, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." And he gently wiped the trickling water from her brow.

One beautiful glance from those dark eyes, now soft and intelligent, and then Rachel closed them. A smile seemed to hover over the pale face, a restful sigh came from her lips. The room was so silent, it was loved. "Look!" cried her mother, "she is going!" and father and mother pressed closer to the pillow. The Bishop raised his hand for the last Plenary Indulgence, and with that smile still hovering on her lips, little Rachel in her baptismal robe went forth to meet the King.

She had only waited for baptism. Deeply shaken, the Bishop quietly left the house. The stricken parents were scarcely conscious of his going. Bishop Macdonald was strangely moved for this little soul, and from the depths of his heart welled up a cry of thanksgiving that he had been chosen out of all the world to lay this *White Flower*, this child soul, pure and spotless, at the Master's Feet! Surely there was new music in Heaven that hour.

Years passed by. The crypt of a stately cathedral opened one day, to receive the mortal remains of the saintly Bishop Macdonald. Full of years and crowned with noble deeds, he had passed to his reward. On the hillside in a little Jewish cemetery in a Canadian town, the grass was green on a small grave, the grave of Rachel. But can we help thinking that the soul of an angel-child welcomed to Paradise the great soul of the friend who opened to her the gates of the Holy City?

A CHANGE

The staid London Tablet goes fairly into hysterics over the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in London. "Nothing like it was ever seen before," says the Tablet, "and though it may and will recur again, such repetitions, however lively, will stand to Friday of last week in the relation of painting of a fair copy to the original masterpiece." And so on for more than a page, the Tablet bubbles over with enthusiasm over the "wearing of the green" in London on last St. Patrick's Day. The "blind hysterics of the Celt" are mild in comparison to the Tablet's utterance. Well, this war has wrought a change, surely.—Sacred Heart Review.

A PROTESTANT PROBLEM

A popular magazine has given us a series of articles entitled "The King's Business." These essays drop a search-light on certain present-day methods and problems of Protestantism. Such sub-titles as "The Minister's Job," "The Wife of the Minister," and "Should the Church Advertise?" are significant. But it is the third paper of the series which affords most interest and invites most comment.

A brief introductory editorial qualifies this particular article as "probably the most serious arraignment of the modern churches that is possible of conception to a practical mind." Truly a sweeping appraisal, not clearly exclusive of Catholicism! If the editors of the Ladies' Home Journal, however, really intended to include the Catholic Church in this "most serious arraignment," it can be readily and easily shown that such intention was unjust and unwarranted.

Mr. George Innes is the author of this criticism: "Suppose They Did" is the breezily informal title; the object is an answer to the question: If a "thousand men decided tomorrow to give up their lives to the churches to do active Christian work, what would the churches do with them?" This interrogation Mr. Innes gloomily answers, in part, by recounting his own unsatisfactory attempts to "break into the Church."

It appears that the gentleman had neither desire nor vocation to be a preacher; but, realizing, from the constant preaching of ministers, that God wanted men's lives, he desired to devote his to Him. Yet when he presented himself before a particular evangelist and, like Samuel, declared, "Here I am," the astonished dominie exclaimed: "But good gracious, man! Don't get excited. Put on your coat, keep quiet; you mustn't take us as literally as that!"

From this and kindred experiences, Mr. Innes was driven to conclude that the "church" has become an exclusively corporate body; not over-anxious to assume any care other than her established trade, and that at present there are enough employees on the church list. The church would let only a select number render service to it in person, but would have all men advance its work by financial proxy. In other words, the institution appears to want only a few men's selves, all men's silver. Such cold commercialism sends a chill through the soul.

True or exaggerated as this may be of some churches, it is strikingly false of the Catholic Church. What a pity that Mr. Innes did not bring himself into communication with the oldest of all churches, before he issued his scathing commentary! In so long, how neglectful of him not to mention it! The Catholic Church, like the Protestant, is constantly exhorted men to devote their lives to God; but when, led by the Spirit, some of them actually come to her lay self at her feet, she never dreams of crying: "You mustn't take us as literally as that!" She gladly receives as deeply respects, and immediately employs the precious gift. She realizes well that many of her children may have religious aspirations which are not priestly; consequently she has established Brotherhoods, "Third Orders," Confraternities, Sodalties, and so forth. In this way she manifests her esteem and providence for every grade of the spiritual life. If a thousand men were to offer themselves to her tomorrow, she would by no means be at a loss to assign labor to them. She has always had more objects to work for than subjects to undertake the work. She is ever seeking and stimulating vocations; yearly thousands of chaste young hearts, directed by Divine love, dedicate themselves to her service. Protestantism, on the other hand, in no very notable way provides for those of her noble children whose life desires are not exalted enough for the ministry but whose native virtue prompts them to consecrate self to God in a more especial manner than an ordinary life in the world allows.

Clearly it is a just complaint which Mr. Innes registers against the self-separated section of Christendom, for certainly Christian traditions are united in teaching that church work must not be confined exclusively to preachers. At the same time, however, his contention is a bit extreme when he almost stultifies ministers for calling men to service, when they then respond. Ministers constantly invoke men, not to be ministers, but to be virtuous; to carry the skin of life toward the skies and to place its end in God. A life in the world is not worldly, if it is lived with the thought and fear of God. Ministers, like priests, realize that most men must weave out their salvation on the humble loom of ordinary existence. The clergy are the overseers and directors. If we were all overseers, there would be nothing and no one to oversee, or rather there would be such confusion that all the overseers would simply have to be overseen. Obviously Mr. Innes' difficulty must deal with ecclesiastical gradation and the absence of it in Protestantism.

The Catholic Church is organized on the plan of a perfect scale, comprising a place for every degree of perfection and vocation; the Protestant is not. The step from pew to pulpit is a high one. All cannot take it, and, if they could, the pulpit would not be big enough for all. Protestantism gives small consideration to this commonplace truth; with the result that she lets much discontent seethe between nave and chancel, in the hearts of such of her children as are qualified to live nearer God than the folk in the nave, and, for some reason or other, cannot live so near God as those in the chancel. Protestantism must make this division between clergy and laity less severely pronounced, if she would produce more content in her ranks. Plainly the only way she can do so is to imitate Catholicism in this matter. The latter has been quite free from such a problem, because she solved it centuries and centuries ago, long before Luther was born.

Mr. Innes tears the mask from the church of today and reveals the prime agents of ill: ecclesiasticism and denominationalism. Among the first defect he finds that many leading men in the church seek self rather than God, using their positions as cloaks of personal dignity and credit. Thus the ministry, which should be too exalted above all professions to be classed with any, is tipping to a commercial plane. Mr. Innes' thoughts, translated, would frankly mean that many men who go into the ministry busy themselves to get what they can out of it. If this is so, our separated brethren must blame themselves in no small measure. It is a well-known fact that the eloquence of a man is, with them, often the gauge of his proficiency for a pastorate. Naturally the minister who is made to realize that his tongue is of chief consequence to his congregation, is forced to put an excess of time on the cultivation of oratory. Let us hope that the day will come when the Protestant minister, like the Catholic priest, will be esteemed eminently because he is an agent of good and God, more prominently because he is a tinker of ears and an antidote to drowsiness. In that day, Protestantism will have made one of her greatest steps back to Apostolic tradition. The ministry will have ceased to be a mere avocation, and will have attained to the dignity of a sublimely unselfish vocation.

As for Mr. Innes' second grievance, denominationalism, surely nothing can be prescribed as a real cure so long as Protestantism itself, the cause, reigns. Protestant Christendom simply has to be "a house divided against itself," for it possesses no center to keep it a unit. There is no greater calamity than religious disunity, which is a chain of calamities; falling from Rome, the religion of revolt broke into several sections which fell from one another. What can put the ecclesiastical humpty-dumpty together again except the truth? And how can the truth be found without the earnest search for the pure dispensation of Christ? Until the day when unity is restored by a return to the central pivot, which Catholics believe to be in Rome but which Protestants have been content to find in Bedlam, sects will continue to contradict one another, to falsify God who is really simple truth, and to pierce which doubt the human hearts, which Christianity was intended by Christ to soothe with confidence.—Edmund E. Sinclair, in America.

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A MISSAL FOR THE LAITY

Because the average churchgoer objects to carrying a bulky prayer-book the Missal printed in the vernacular has not come into general usage by the laity. Since the Missal contains the exact prayers said by the celebrant at the altar—the official prayer of the Church, unequalled in dignity and sublimity of thought and expression—it follows that the laity assisting at Mass can use no better prayer-book.

Quite the handiest and most compact arrangement of Missal prayers is found in a small volume just prepared by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., and dedicated to His Grace Archbishop Ireland, at whose suggestion, the compiler states, this work has been prepared. "The Mass, the Holy Sacrifice With the Prayers at the Altar" is a prayer-book that will burn no one. Its dimensions, 4 1/2 by 7 1/2 inches, 1/2 of an inch in thickness, make it anything but cumbersome. It contains 576 pages, printed in large type on thin, opaque paper.

Despite its modest size and large type it contains a translation of the prayers said at Mass on all Sundays of the year, on the principal feasts and holidays of obligation, in addition to those said at Requiem, during the Asperges, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and on other special occasions.

Just as the priests' Missal has a number of ribbon markers which the celebrant arranges before Mass for his own convenience, this little Mass-book has its set of markers which the user may place in proper position before Mass begins. The ordinary of the Mass is found in the first pages of the book, the proper, varying with every Sunday, in the order in which the Sundays and feasts occur.

Archbishop Ireland and Father Wynne have done a good work for the laity in giving them so useful a Mass-book. Those who use it regularly

A LITTLE LIGHT ON A LARGE SUBJECT

There is a complaint among sectarian clergy-men of all denominations of a falling off in church attendance and they declare they don't know how to account for it. Some assert that there is quite as much religion of the zealous, self-sacrificing sort as there was thirty years ago; a deep interest in religious questions, a general demand for Bibles and the literature that used to be classed as "divinity." But—the sad fact remains that people unless a revival is going on.

One prominent preacher has expressed a desire to have light on the subject from any source. He insists that appearances are deceitful; that people may talk a great deal about religion and yet have little or no personal interest in it; and he maintains that if the present generation of Americans were as religious as they are supposed to be, they would attend church better than they do.

Ministers of the Gospel are generally credited with goodness, but they do not, as a class, enjoy a reputation for good sense. It is astonishing how unwise those pious men sometimes prove themselves to be. They complain of empty pews, and yet they themselves are the cause of it. It is true that many persons have no real use for religion, and, seemingly, no belief in a hereafter. But it is also true that grace is superabundant—like water and air and sunshine. And preachers ought to remember that grace is oftentimes wondrously swift in its action. Like St. Paul's jailor—who was ready to commit suicide one minute and was on his knees the next, crying, "What must I do that I may be saved?"—countless persons who are entirely taken up with worldly affairs for six

days of the week are sometimes eager to hear the Gospel preached in all its sternness when the seventh comes. But, instead of taking advantage of these good dispositions, and reminding their flocks of the hereafter, and the judgment that awaits them, too many ministers discourse on secular subjects, thus emptying the pews which they complain are not full.

A non-Catholic gentleman of our acquaintance once sent us a clipping from one of the Chicago papers recently having this headline in bold type: "Five Leading Pastors on Foremost Topics of the Day." Dr. Jackson talked on strikes, the Rev. Mr. Salter discoursed on strikes, Brother Lazenby expounded his views on the war, etc. Not one of these pious men preached on the Gospel or gave out what the Scotch call a "comfortable Scripture." The audiences hungered for bread, and the speakers reached them a stone.

As a rule pulpits discourses that are entirely appropriate are entirely too long. The preacher who aims at exhausting his subject is sure to bore like a long-winded preacher. His auditors are at his mercy. To get away they can not, to sleep they are ashamed. Instead of exercising patience, as they should, they are apt to execrate the preacher, as they should not.

The wonder is not that so many Protestant persons seldom go to church, but that they go to church at all.—Ave Maria.

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cannot but grow in appreciation of the majesty, beauty and value of that supreme act of worship at which so many assist with an indifference and listlessness that indicates how little they realize their precious privilege. Last and not least there is the price to commend this Mass-book. The cheapest edition, bound in linen, costs 25 cents; a better cloth binding, 50 cents, and in the best French Morocco, \$1. The Home Press, New York, are the publishers.—New York News.

YOUR EXPERIENCE

MUST BEAR WITNESS TO THE TRUTH OF THIS

"Who are they, who reproach religion with being too wearisome? Those who do not practice it."

"Who are they who reproach the Church for exacting faith in her revealed doctrines? Those who believe in the worst fables and in the most absurd superstitions."

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

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

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

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

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

"Who are they who indulge with the most utmost audacity in violent tirades against the Church and her teachings? Those who know nothing whatever of religion or of what its precepts require."

Born under persecution, growing up amidst heresies, strengthened by controversies, if the Church had no longer adversaries, she would need to despair of the promises of her Founder. But as long as a struggle and opposition continue, she will live.—Brunetiere.

ONLY ONE IN THREE PROFESS RELIGION

The latest census of the United States tells us that out of our population of 100,000,000 only 32,000,000 profess any religion whatsoever. Of these 16,000,000 are Catholics. Sixty-eight millions of our people practise no religion whatsoever! When men have lost their knowledge of God and their hope of eternal life there is nothing for them to aim at except what earth can give. If there is no destiny for man in eternity, and if all his hopes are bounded by the little span of his present existence, why should he not strive to get by any means in his power whatever may help him to any real or fancied happiness? No wonder if many of the 68,000,000 of our people who have no religion should fall victims to the theories of anarchy and social unrest that are so widespread. No wonder that divorce grows more numerous, crime increases, and that the press gives so much detail of moral decadence. Serious men see the danger to the States and to the individual, and are seeking a remedy.—N. Y. News.



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London, Saturday, May 27, 1916

THE LATE EDWARD JOSEPH KYLIE

In the tragic death of Edward Joseph Kylie education is deprived of a distinguished and devoted servant, Canada suffers a national loss, and the Catholic Church mourns a singularly pure-minded, clean-hearted and loyal son who showed forth by his life whose disciple he was.

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At ten years of age his scholastic triumphs began when he won the prize open to his native town and county on the High School Entrance examination.

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Those who knew him best believe that he bore without stain before the judgment seat of our Lord the white robe of baptismal innocence.

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If there is one point more than another that puzzles an outsider in regard to the Catholic Church, it is the fact of her unity.

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THE DUBLIN INSURRECTION IS OVER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE SECTARIAN INSTITUTIONS WHICH ARE squandering their money in a vain attempt to seduce the people of South America from their hereditary spiritual allegiance, and in pursuit of the necessary funds spread all sorts of fairy tales abroad as to the success of their work.

young man just called away. It was the life and character and personality of the gentlest, purest, most single-minded and selfless of those to whom it is given even the best of men to know.

Since he left the Separate schools he was not, it is true, educated in Catholic institutions; but institutions are only one factor in education. Young Kylie was nurtured in the holy and wholesome atmosphere of a Catholic home.

The life of this Catholic gentleman and scholar was a constant object lesson to non-Catholics in circles where the traditional Protestant estimate of Catholics was hardly susceptible of any other correction.

To human understanding alone it seems an infinite pity that the promise of his early manhood should by an untimely death be denied fulfillment; only in the light of faith may we recognize that God who orders all things sweetly and reaches from end to end mightily may have seen a full life work accomplished.

Those who knew him best believe that he bore without stain before the judgment seat of our Lord the white robe of baptismal innocence.

THE DIVINE MESSAGE OF THE GREAT WAR

Not a year passes in a man's life without a message from God. In seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, night and day, He speaks to us of His power and loving thought for our needs.

THE REAL REASON OF CATHOLIC UNITY

If there is one point more than another that puzzles an outsider in regard to the Catholic Church, it is the fact of her unity.

THE SINN FEIN ENIGMA

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Communion, and the hearts of warriors who have suffered for their country become as light as air. He comes to them when they are wounded or dying, with the same gracious Presence to comfort and relieve them in their pain.

Where else but in the Catholic Church will doctrinal unity be found? What she means by baptism, and confirmation, and Holy Communion she can tell us plainly without any note of ambiguity.

All Christians aim today at unity of some kind. Every now and then non-Catholic bodies are heard discussing the possibilities and advantages of church union, which they often seem to think synonymous with unity.

Such are mere human projects. The unity of the Catholic Church is quite different from any such schemes. The unity of the Catholic Church has a supernatural origin.

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like Larkin and his followers, who are not possessed of the ideals of its leaders, commit acts that discredit the movement.

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Primate, 7 Metropolitan Archbishops, 84 Bishops with dioceses, and 4 Auxiliary Bishops. Evidently the healthy vitality of the Catholic Church in that as in the other South American countries does not depend upon the decaying sects of the Northern Continent.

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also. They must learn to live together in the world community as cooperators and not as rivals. They must find a way by which the strength and wisdom of all will be available for the defence and service of each.

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SETTLEMENT OF IRISH QUESTION INEVITABLE

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, May 20.—Exasperation regarding the executions still exists in Dublin, but with Mr. Asquith's visit is the feeling that the military government is reaching an end.

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The Cabinet, I believe also is practically unanimous on the subject. Of course the adhesion of Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson are sure. I feel certain the settlement ought to come and am hopeful it will.

For all the recent tragedy in Ireland, there is one cause that must not be lost sight of. It was to a certain extent the backwash of the Larkinite movement. That movement found its strength and to a certain extent even its justification in the unsound conditions of life in Dublin—especially among the working classes. Wages are low and housing conditions are shocking. As Henry George said in a celebrated passage in "Progress and Poverty," it is from the slums of cities that the future Huns and Vandals who will attack society will arise. Larkin might have done much to alleviate these conditions; but there were two obstacles: first that low wages were but one factor in the problem; the workmen were often poorly paid because their employers were poor. It was a condition not of individual or class, but of general poverty, and the remedy must of course be sought in the general levelling up of conditions in Ireland. That levelling up can come, of course, but gradually—considering the centuries of ignorant and stupid government through which Ireland has had to pass, and it is coming with the transfer of the land from the landlords. Everywhere in the rural parts and rural towns of Ireland that beneficent revolution has already produced the most marked results. The rags, the straw cabins with the dungheaps before the doors, the animals within the doors, have passed as completely away from a great part of Ireland as the shacks, with which the early settlers of the Western States started, have given way to the house and to the big city. The shopkeepers are all doing well, and every year add some new department to their premises, including a furniture department from which the emancipated peasants are able to substitute a well furnished house for their old empty and squalid cabins. The tide has begun to reach Dublin; of course it hasn't got there completely, but it will get there.

A further hope for the improvement of these conditions is, of course, the prospect of an early opening of the Irish Parliament, which will make Dublin once more a great centre. To it will come people from all parts of Ireland, with money in their pockets, and ready to spend it in the Dublin shops. And of course there will come at the same time in the newborn nation that energy, sympathy and feverish spirit of reform which has come to every liberated nation on the morning of its liberation. Indeed had as the housing conditions of Dublin are, they are far better than they used to be. The Dublin corporation has carried out vast improvements; it is engaged in carrying out more. The British exchequer has on the whole helped largely in these efforts.

This was the condition of things that existed when Larkin arose; and if he had in addition to his energy and rough eloquence and power over men, some judgment, some breadth of spirit, some toleration, he might have done a great work. But nobody now knows the faults which made all these things impossible. During his regime there came to be a reign of terror in Dublin; individuals were threatened, they were even denounced by name in a Larkinite paper; and impossible demands were made without the prudence, the precautions, the business-like considerations of all the facts which distinguish most of the operations of the great trades unions of Great Britain. In the end there came the revolt, the life and death struggle between Larkin, representing what had come to be the anarchistic spirit of his followers, and William Murphy, the great tramway owner, as representing the capitalists. Some of the Larkinites, left without employment, and perhaps restored to reason by the defeat and the flight of their leader, went into the army, and are fighting in the trenches today. Others remained sullen and brooding; and it was in this material that the German campaign was able to get its desperate recruits.

But the bad conditions in Dublin remain. This fact must not be lost sight of, and ought to be remembered even in this tragic hour when the desperate attempt to destroy Home Rule and all the hopes of Ireland has been defeated. It is an additional reason for hurrying on if possible the opening of the Irish Parliament, and the beginning of that era of reconstruction which Ireland and especially Dublin so badly needs. And here it is well to mention one of the extraordinary ironies and contradictions of the situation. The rising was intended to destroy Home Rule; I am not sure that it has not had the opposite effect. The tone of the British Press and of British politicians has been admirable throughout. Even strong Tory organs like the Daily Mail and the Daily Express have declared that they understand the situation, and understand that the Irish people and the Irish National movement must not be confounded with the insane anarchists.

And the rising has indicated to every sane man, every former enemy even of Home Rule, that there is an Irish problem, and that it must be solved not only in the interests of Ireland but those of the Empire.

It has come home again even to the dullest mind that the possibility of governing Ireland and keeping order and maintaining law in the country by a British executive is

gone. It is seen now, as the Irish Nationalists have known all along, that the only forces which can stand between Southern Ireland and anarchy are Mr. Redmond and the Irish National Party. A Nationalist executive in Ireland of course would have prevented all this tragedy, would never have allowed it to come to a head. This fact has got home to the minds of all moderate and broad-minded men. It may result in some plan for settling the Irish question even before the war is over. Out of all the swelter of evil there may come some good.

CAPTAIN KYLIE LAID TO REST

On Wednesday morning, the 17th instant, the last tribute of respect was paid to that brilliant scholar and soldier, Captain Edward Joseph Kylie, when his remains were conveyed to their last resting place in the Catholic cemetery. The funeral was most impressive. It was an occasion when all classes of the community united as one in their expression of sorrow and in the final tribute paid to one whose passing is deplored by the entire Dominion. Besides the 109th Battalion there were representatives from the 147th Batt., Owen Sound, to which deceased was attached, the C. O. T. C., Faculty of Toronto University, students and former classmates of the deceased, the town council and representative citizens from all parts of the province. Beautiful floral tributes in great numbers were terraced round the coffin expressive of the sympathy of the recipients, while many spiritual offerings were sent by those of his faith.

The procession as it traveled slowly down Kent st., was almost a mile long, and was in the following order:

- Hack Carrying Flowers. Firing squad in charge of Sergt. Major Allan. Capt. Lancaster. Brass Band of 1-9th playing the Dead March. Bugle band of the 109th Batt. The Hearse, with six Sergt.-Majors as pall-bearers. Honorary pall-bearers from C.O.T.C., Toronto, and 147th Batt. Mourners in cabs. Members of Toronto University Faculty and prominent local and visiting gentlemen.

Late Capt. Kylie's Orderly, Capt. D. Elliot at head of officers of C.O.T.C. and junior officers. Senior officers of the 147th Batt. Lindsay. Col. Lang, officer in charge of instruction, 2nd Div., Toronto. Lt.-Col. J. H. Fee, O.C., 109th Batt., Lindsay.

Junior officers of 109th Batt. Companies of 109th Batt. Paymaster's staff of 109th Batt. Town Council in hacks. Friends and mourners in rigs. The pall bearers were six sergts.-majors from the ranks of the 109th Battalion, while the honorary pall-bearers were: three officers from the late Capt. Kylie's Battalion, Owen Sound, namely, Capt. Dobie, Capt. Burk, Capt. Howes; and three from the C.O.T.C., namely Capt. Needler, Capt. Wallace and Capt. Cochrane.

Among the prominent gentlemen noticed among the mourners were: President Falconer, of Toronto University; Sir John Willison, editor-in-chief of the Toronto News; Lionel Curtis; Senator Geo. McHugh, of Lindsay; R. J. McLaughlin, K. C., Toronto; Dr. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education; Prof. Wright, Prof. Milner; Mr. Johnston, private secretary to Mr. N. W. Rowell, K. C.; Mr. Frank Matthews, of Peterboro; Messrs. A. J. Gough, J. D. Ward and J. J. Sietz, representing St. Basil's parish, Toronto; Mr. J. J. Gibson, of the Titles and Trust Co., Toronto; Mr. Frank Meighen of the MacLean Publishing Co., Toronto; Major H. D. LePan and Major Vincent Massey, of the staff of the C. O. T. C.; Major Henderson, 198th Canadian Buffs; Capt. N. W. Wallace, Capt. C. R. Young, Capt. Kenrick, Capt. Needler, Capt. Cockburn, Capt. J. N. Wood, Lieut. C. L. Wilson, Lieut. C. N. Cochrane, Lieut. W. J. T. Wright, (of 67 University Battery), Lieut. J. K. Latchford, Sir Donald Mann, Mr. S. A. Cudmore, Mr. J. J. Hynes, Mr. Frank Neadan, Mr. Main Johnston, Mr. Robt. Beatty.

At St. Mary's Church Solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop O'Brien, of Peterboro; Rev. Father Foley, editor of the Catholic Record, acted as high priest; Rev. Father McColl, of Peterboro, deacon; Rev. Father Carr, C. S. B., President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Frank O'Sullivan, of Port Hope, master of ceremonies.

Inside the sanctuary rail were also the following clergymen, Rev. Fathers McCarthy, Peterboro; McGuire, Ennisnore; Galvin, Downeyville; Guiry, Kinmount; Ferguson, Lindsay; Collins, Detroit. Rev. Fathers Phelan and McCauley, of Peterboro, assisted in the choir.

After the celebration of Mass Right Rev. Mgr. Casey preached an eloquent eulogy on the child of his parish whom he knew so intimately and whose career he had always followed with sympathetic and loving appreciation.

His Lordship Bishop O'Brien added a brief but heartfelt tribute. He emphasized a fact that impressed him profoundly—the unanimous, spontaneous and evidently sincere expres-

sion of esteem and appreciation by the metropolitan press and by the most outstanding and highest-minded amongst the intellectual leaders in Ontario.

This young man was so much praised by the press and public of the country that he must certainly have led an exemplary life. We come to pray for his soul and that God will have mercy upon him. From what he had learned of the deceased, His Lordship said he felt it was incumbent upon him to be present at the funeral. If his life was so good—if he loved Canada and the Empire, and his fellowman, if his life of singular devotion and fidelity to high ideals compelled the admiration of all who knew him—then His Lordship wished to show his appreciation, because he must have been a splendid young man. In his life the reason was apparent. He loved God, his neighbor and his country. He loved his God by devotion to his religion. He kept the light of faith burning in his soul. The love of God was a love that regards not only God. We must love our neighbors and every human soul. Professor Kylie showed his love for his fellowman by trying to become more useful—to become the ideal professor. Finally, the love for God found expression in his love for his country. When the divine love was active in his soul how could he resist the call to duty? "If Edward Kylie had to die now, I am glad that he died in the uniform of a soldier. He has given a noble and striking example to all of resolute devotion to duty; and he has given his life for his country just as truly as if he died on the battlefield."

His Lordship expressed the hope and belief that the life and death of Edward Kylie would be to all Canadians an example and an inspiration.

AT THE CEMETERY

At the cemetery the coffin was placed in a metal case and lowered into the grave. The religious ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Ferguson of St. Mary's Church, and Rev. Father Foley, after which a military salute was fired, the Last Post sounded and Capt. Edward J. Kylie was laid to rest until the final summons on the day of judgment.

PREPAREDNESS OF CATHOLICS

One does not need to climb to the dizzy height of the prophet to foretell that radical and broad social changes will follow upon the European war. The poverty of the belligerents, the heavy taxes on broken families, the race of maimed and crippled men, will go on preaching for many a day against the horrors of war. Men will look right and left for escape from the burdens which they will be called upon to bear after having gone through the fire and blood of actual battle.

Any one who preaches an amelioration of conditions, social and economic, any one who promises a lightening of the heavy burdens, will be heard eagerly and gladly by the masses. And we may take it for granted that the Socialists, who have all along been preaching a golden future without burdens to any one, because they are the burdens of every one, will find openings hitherto barred against them. It is certain that they will not fail to make the most of their opportunity. Amongst the many arguments which they will use, the chief, probably, will be these:

Men were sent to war, without having been consulted, at the word of a single man called a king. A collectivistic administration of the means of product by the State—which Socialism has all along been contending for—was shown to be the greatest bulwark of the German nation drawn up in battle array. The Socialistic contention has, therefore, been proved successful by the war regime of Germany. These and many other arguments will be made to do service for a movement which the Church has consistently opposed.

That the Church is right in her opposition to Socialism no Catholic will deny. She has not condemned Socialism without a hearing. She knows the inherent weaknesses of the system. She has set her face resolutely against a materialistic interpretation of history, which is the backbone of Socialism. She knows, and can prove abundantly from the writings of the Socialists, that it sets its face against the basic moral teachings of the Gospel. The Church is heart and soul for the social betterment of man. She was man's best friend long before Socialism was ever thought of. She helped man to surmount social and economic difficulties that would appall us today. She is man's best friend at the present hour when she warns him against accepting an hypothesis which has not worked out under normal conditions. The Catholic Church, if she is to be true to Him Who founded her, must oppose Socialism to its very face.

Now, after the war this great struggle between Catholicism and Socialism will undoubtedly begin in earnest. Scores of keen philosophers and sharp-eyed historians have repeated time and time again that future struggles on the battlefield of religion will be fought out between Socialism and the Church. Protestantism is moribund, and will not be able to enter the fray.

It is, then, the policy of a wise man to arm himself in time. Those

Catholics who wish to be able to give a reasonable account of their faith should begin forthwith to study the social question, so as to prepare themselves for the debates and objections which are being leveled at the Church in our own country today, and which will be urged with greater virulence after the war.

Probably not a dozen Catholics out of a hundred could name two Catholic books treating of the social question. Probably not six out of a hundred Catholics could refute satisfactorily even the simplest Socialistic arguments. And yet the enemy is at our doors. When the war is over, a whole horde of Socialists who wish to escape burdens at home, or who believe their arguments have been bolstered up by abnormal conditions in Europe, will assail Catholics on every side. It is the duty, then, of Catholics to study the question seriously and thoroughly. One of the wisest actions of a wise woman was the recent command of the Mother Superior of a religious congregation of nuns to add a Hail Mary after the Divine Office for the victory of the Church over Socialism.—The Rosary Magazine.

THE CHURCH THE ONLY REMEDY

The war is having one salutary effect—it is making men think. The Archbishop of Liverpool, in a letter prefixed to the report of the Ecclesiastical Education Fund, dwelt upon this salutary effect. Men are beginning to take to heart the more obvious lessons of the war. Already talk of social reconstruction after the war is heard, and plans are on foot to promote the future commercial prosperity of the British Empire.

"But what to us Catholics is of special interest," said the Archbishop, "is that a movement is gradually maturing to secure, over and above this material prosperity, a moral and religious reconstruction." Catholics, having given lavishly of their best in the war, may claim rightly a part in this movement. They have the advantage of knowing their minds placed to the lines such religious reconstruction should follow. They speak with one voice, echoing the teaching of the Sovereign Pontiff. For well-nigh half a century the Vicars of Christ, from the watchtowers of the Vatican, have seen the powers of evil menacing nations, and they have raised their voice in warning, but, outside the Catholic Church, their words have fallen on almost deaf ears.

But now at last (said the Archbishop) the world is beginning to recognize in the Sovereign Pontiff the one world-wide authority, standing out-side and above all nations, which is the chief exponent of that Christianity, professed, at least publicly, by practically all the combatant nations, which claims to have diagnosed the ills afflicting the world, and claims furthermore to know the remedies for these ills. The Catholic Church and its adherents may fairly ask a respectful hearing when in any part of the world moral and religious reconstruction is being considered.

After reviewing the evils of the times, the Archbishop pointed to the remedy for this sad state of affairs. Men must go back to Christ, back to His Church, where infallible teaching alone is found:

Men outside the Catholic Church (he said) are sick and tired of being left to their own devices to find out what the Christian revelation really is. They see that Providence has so constituted them that, by a very law of their nature, in practically all the affairs of life they must rely upon some one whom they have good reasons for accepting as a trustworthy authority. From childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age; from their rising in the morning until their retiring at night, for almost all the temporal affairs of life—their information as to worldly news, their business, their health—they rely upon the authoritative dictum of some one they know they can trust. They are beginning to see that the same Providence must have provided them with some trustworthy authority, from whose living voice, without investigation on their own part, for which they lack both time and capacity, they can learn and learn with certainty, what they have to know about the Christian revelation, with its deep mysterious truths, ignorance of which may jeopardize their life hereafter. Now the Catholic Church proclaims that she is such an authority. Her claim is that she is the Witness, the Guardian and the Interpreter of the Christian revelation. She has carried out what she regards as her commission for well-nigh two thousand years. In spite of "the wild living intellect" of man, she has so far stood the test that she has extorted the admiration even of our enemies.

As Pope Leo XIII. taught, the Catholic Church carries on the mission of our Saviour, spreads abroad His gospel, defends it with her blood. Faithful to her commission, she never compromises with error, but guards the deposit of faith in its integrity. She resists all attempts to tamper with the life of the family, and safeguards the stability of the marriage bond. She cements civil and political order; and whilst favoring wise reforms, she commands respect to rulers, though she does not hesitate to defend against them the inalienable rights of conscience.

Such, then, is the teaching of the Sovereign Pontiffs. And if we Catholics are asked what solution the Catholic Church can offer for the social reconstruction which is to come after the great European cataclysm, we can only repeat with the Vicars of Christ, "Return to Christ; return to the Catholic Church."

—Sacred Heart Review.

Church. The ablest man was chosen for the highest honors and responsibilities. And many a royal and imperial accident of birth throughout the centuries knew what it was to bow his head to the chosen ruler of the Church, chosen because of ability, knowledge, devotion, and chosen on the basis of true republican government.

MAY

This is indeed the Blessed Mary's month. Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer; All hearts are touched and softened at her name; The priest, the prince the scholar and the peasant, The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer, Pay homage to her as one ever present. And even as children who have much offended A too indulgent father in great shame. Penitent, and yet not daring unattended To go into his presence at the gate, Speak with his sister, and confiding wait,— 'Till she goes in before and intercedes: So men repenting of their evil deeds, And yet not venturing rashly to draw near With their requests an angry father's ear, Offer to her their prayers and their confessions, And she for them in heaven makes intercession. And if our faith had given us nothing more Than this example of all womanhood— So mild, so merciful, so strong so good, So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure, This were enough to prove it higher, truer, Than all the creeds the world had known before.

—LONGFELLOW

POPE BENEDICT TO ARCH-BISHOP GLENNON

In an autograph letter to Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis on the dedication of the new Kenrick Seminary in that diocese, the Holy Father Pope Benedict XV. said: "Nothing, truly, can be more desirable than to see multiplied seats of learning such as this, where piety and learning flourish and where brave soldiers are trained up for the army of Christ, who will go forth to realize those hopes for the welfare of the Church which their presence within such sacred precinct inspires. Wherefore, we congratulate you on an undertaking which will be enshrined in the memory of a devoted clergy and people, and we express a hope that a work so auspiciously begun will be crowned with glorious success, the while beseeching the Most High that His watchful care may be over this house both day and night." The Seminary was dedicated by His Excellency the Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE CHURCH A TRUE DEMOCRACY

To understand the long life, the power that has lasted through centuries, the purpose that continues unchanged as men come and go within the great Catholic Church, it is necessary to realize that that Church was the first great republic of our era, and that it is a great republic now.

In the day of s-venge kings and despotic rulers, in the latter days of refined monarchs and governments slightly less brutal, the Catholic Church organization of spiritual as well as temporal government had an immense advantage over every government on earth.

The kings and the emperors came, died, and each successor was a matter of accident. The child that happened to be born first inherited the crown. Because of the weakness due to accident of birth, dynasties and kingdoms and empires changed and melted.

But the Catholic Church went forward through the centuries steadily, gaining in power, because from the first the government of the Church was a republican form of government. No accident of birth determines any important facts in the government of the Church. The cardinals, a body of learned and powerful men, themselves selected because of special ability and regardless of birth or rank, elect in their turn the Pope to rule the Church—just as our Electoral College was established by the founders of this government to elect a President.

When some feeble king was succeeding to the throne and the power of France, when some weakling through the accident of birth was made ruler of Spain, or of England, the ablest man within the Church was to rule.

A boy that had been the humblest and poorest of children, tending the animals in the field, sleeping on a hard bed or no bed, while the boy emperor was in his palace, lived to see himself upon the throne of St. Peter and to see the emperor grown to manhood humbly submissive without the gate.

That was the result of republican government within the Catholic

Church. The ablest man was chosen for the highest honors and responsibilities. And many a royal and imperial accident of birth throughout the centuries knew what it was to bow his head to the chosen ruler of the Church, chosen because of ability, knowledge, devotion, and chosen on the basis of true republican government.

It were well for us in this country to know that the Church has been for many centuries a truly republican in government as the system that puts a President in the White House at Washington.

It is encouraging to all of those that believe in republican government and who want to believe that this nation, properly managed, can endure to realize that the greatest, oldest, most powerful organization in the world is the great Catholic Church, based spiritually upon the Rock, St. Peter, and materially upon a republican form of government, a true democracy, recognizing no birthright, no aristocracy, other than that of intellect, character and devotion.—Chicago Evening American.

ANSWERED

A correspondent sends us the following interesting item. Some time in March the Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia published a notice headed, "Where Catholics Worship under a Jewish Clothing Store in Bangor, Pa." A picture showed the Faithful climbing up a ladder, set against the outside of the building, to reach the second story. A few days later the Rev. J. P. McKey, pastor of the little congregation, was delighted with an offer of \$500 toward the building of a small but suitable church. In his grateful acknowledgment he wrote to the donor:

"Let me tell you, just the circumstances of your letter's arrival. I had asked at Mass a week from last Sunday for nine volunteers to go to Holy Communion for nine days, for the purpose that God might help us in the securing of a place and chapel. The five sanctuary boys volunteered immediately after Mass; then another boy; then six girls; afterwards, three women. The men could not go on account of their work in the quarries. Of the fifteen volunteers, three had fallen away from the practice of their faith before the opening of the chapel above the Jewish clothing store. They finished their novena of Communion at 7.30 yesterday morning. As I left the chapel at 7.50 I stopped at the post office and received your encouraging letter. The novena was made in honor of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. Does it not seem that the Mother of God is answering speedily the prayers of the communicants?"

The happy little incident is given not only as an example of the sweet efficacy of prayer and the power of Our Lady's help and intercession, when we have done our own manly part to make known our needs and to

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relieve them, but it likewise illustrates the condition of many a struggling congregation. It enables us to appreciate more fully the glorious work of Church extension. A small sum may often accomplish a great good.—America.

"He that subscribes for a Catholic magazine," says the Liguorian, "or causes others to subscribe, is helping to save souls. Therefore he is Christ-like. He is also promoting his own eternal interests. St. Augustine said that to save the soul of another is to predestine your own."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged. \$7,275 00

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Toronto, Miss N. Sinnott, Mrs. A. Power, Mrs. Siteman, etc.

THOMAS SIMPSON

applying to the British Parliament in 1760 for a charter for the Equitable Society, based his petition on the following grounds:

"The great numbers of His Majesty's subjects whose subsistence principally depends on the salaries, stipends and other incomes payable to them during their natural lives or on the profits arising from their several trades, occupations, labor and industry, are very desirous of entering into a society for assuring the lives of each other in order to extend, after their decease, the benefit of their present incomes to their families and relations, who may otherwise be reduced to extreme poverty and distress by the premature death of their several husbands, fathers and friends."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

PRAYER AS A MEANS OF CHRISTIAN WARFARE

By Rev. N. M. Redmond

"Amen, amen, I say to you, if you ask the Father anything in My name He will give it you." (John xvi. 23.)

Prayer is amongst the God-given arms to be used by the Soldiers of Christ, whilst they remain face to face in the world with the enemies of their salvation. Its importance cannot be doubted, since without it the others cannot be used with efficiency. Hence, as well might the soldier on the world's battlefield, face to face with the enemy, expect without arms to gain a victory, as a Christian without prayer. The victory must be ours, or we will be eternal castaways, and we have God's word for it, that ours it will not be without His aid. God's word we have, assuring us that His aid we will have by the proper use of prayer. The necessity of prayer, then, is as clear as our absolute dependence on God. Of the latter no Christian, at least, can have a doubt; but that we may be the more impressed with our necessity of prayer, it will not be out of place to dwell more at length on this point.

Our blessed Lord illustrates most pointedly and strikingly our absolute dependence on His grace by a simile. He compares Himself to a vine, and us to the branches. No simile could more fully represent our dependence on His grace than this, since, of all branches, the vine branch is the most useless when not supported by the vine. It is fit for nothing save the fire. His words are: "As a branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me." But lest those might not be wanting who would construe His words to mean, that for the most difficult acts of virtue only His grace is necessary. He chooses the parable with the words: "Without Me you can do nothing." So that, dear Christians, we have the word of our blessed Lord assuring us that absolutely nothing can we do conducive to our salvation without His grace. The same, of course, was the doctrine of the apostles, the words of St. Paul, one of whom we have telling us: "That we are not sufficient to think as of ourselves but our sufficiency is of God. The teaching of the Church of Christ and the Apostles could not be different. She addresses herself to the Holy Ghost in the Mass during the octave of Pentecost in the words: "Without Thy grace man has nothing but what is sinful." And, to be candid, must we not, as Christians, admit that this is our own individual dependence? Therefore, without God's grace, we can neither keep from sin nor practice virtue, and yet, as soldiers of Jesus Christ, we must do both to gain the all-important victory over the enemies of our salvation.

That prayer is the ordinary medium for procuring the grace of Jesus Christ is as clear as our total dependence on His grace. Our Lord wished to leave no room for doubt on this point when He said: "Ask and ye shall receive," and again: "Pray that ye enter not into temptation." From these and other references of our Lord regarding the necessity of prayer, St. Thomas, and all the fathers before him, teach that it has been decreed by God from all eternity, that no blessing shall be received save by prayer. St. Cyprian pronounces prayer the great source of all virtues, and the channel through which the grace of Jesus Christ and all the gifts from above, are conveyed to us. He calls it the nourishment of the soul; the light which dissipates the darkness of the mind; an excellent remedy against temptations; a pledge of God's love to a soul, and a mark of her predestination. St. Austin calls prayer the key of heaven which unlocks all its treasures and gives us access to all the blessings there laid up for us. The words of St. Liguori on this subject should never be forgotten. He says: "If you pray, your salvation is secured. If you neglect prayer, your perdition is inevitable." Hence it is clear that to be victorious in the spiritual battle of life, we must have aid from above, and to procure this aid we must pray. Prayer, then, is our sword and buckler, nay, more, prayer precedes, accompanies and follows all our spiritual armor in the day of battle, and the day of battle will be as long as our lives. It is evident, then, that the days of a Christian's life must be marked with the practice of prayer, embracing all the conditions requisite to make it acceptable to God. We can, as many do, deceive ourselves by accounting that prayer, which in reality is not, because, forsooth, it lacks the conditions. It is of this description that the Apostle St. James speaks, when He says: "You ask and receive not, because you ask amiss." We should first be sure that what we ask would be of spiritual benefit, and not injury to us, before we undertake to ask. After we have satisfied ourselves on this point, we should not be without advertence to the infinite dignity of God, whom we ask, and to our own abject spiritual poverty. Beggars asking alms from God, and nothing higher should we deem ourselves. Like the beggars of material alms, we should be oblivious to everything else, and fix our attention on the petitions we make to God. Voluntary distractions will rob us of the merit of our prayer, but we should never lose courage because of any number of distractions which are involun-

tary, since they affect not the efficacy of prayer. Devotion should mark every prayer that we offer. That is, our prayer should not be one of the lips only, it should earnestly proceed from our hearts. Otherwise we would deserve to be placed in the category with those of whom the Scripture says: "These people honor Me with their lips, but their hearts are far from Me." Not only must our prayers proceed from our hearts, but also our hearts must be filled with the most humble sentiments. We have often read and heard of the fate of the prayer of the proud-hearted Pharisee, and of the benedictions that were the result of the prayer of the humble publican. To want confidence in our prayers is to insult God, whilst we pretend to honor Him. Every good man holds his word sacred, and feels the insult keenly when it is doubted. When God gives His word and pledges Himself, must He not be offended by those who show the slightest diffidence? Has He not done so when He said: "Ask and you shall receive," etc.? But of all conditions the crowning one in this, as in everything else, is perseverance. "Seek and ye shall find," says our Blessed Lord, and this seeking must continue, says St. Austin, till we find ourselves on the threshold of eternity.

TEMPERANCE

MEMORIES OF FATHER MATHEW

A writer using the pen-name "Mononia" has contributed to the Freeman's Journal of Sydney, Australia, some very interesting recollections of Father Mathew. Of the personal appearance of the great Irish Apostle of Temperance, "Mononia" tells us:

"It was something singularly arresting in the countenance of Father Mathew. More than one authority whose words carried weight as those of shrewd observers of the human face, recognized in the priest's certain resemblance to that of the great Napoleon. A glance at any of the portraits of the two men will show that the comparison was not an extravagant one. Father Mathew's face had a decidedly Napoleonic cast, though with a sweet and benignant expression in place of that air of stern command which, even when depicted in his calmest seconds, was and is discernible in the pictures of the modern Caesar. Father Mathew was always a special favorite with children. Wherever he went they flocked round him. He himself was never more delighted than when there was a big muster of children among the audiences which he addressed when advocating that cause with which his name is now so inseparably associated."

Having thus limned for his readers the personal appearance of Father Mathew, the writer naturally goes on to speak of Father Mathew's power as an orator, saying:

"In his noble reformatory mission Father Mathew was aided by priests not less zealous than himself, and many of whom had much more remarkable gifts of eloquence. He had, indeed, no special faculty in that way. His discourses were not set off by any of those rhetorical graces of style which many other public speakers of his day—both lay and clerical—so carefully cultivated. His language was always simple and direct. But it went to the hearts of his hearers in a way that the most studied periods would have fallen short of when coming from other lips. He exercised a sort of personal magnetism which in itself was more potent than words, however burning. He was persuasive from the impression which he conveyed to all who listened to him as to the depth and sincerity of his own convictions."

AN EDIFYING SIGHT

It was edifying to see the number of men, young and old, who at the beginning of Lent gave up the use of drink, tobacco and amusements. It was an evidence of their good-will and love of God, and of their belief in the utility and necessity of penance; and of their Christian self-denial, the control they have over themselves and their readiness to exercise it for Christ's sake. Many of them will keep up the practice for weeks after the close of the holy season. It will be for many a check that will save them from going to excess at other times, and for all it was an occasion of great self-denial as they cut out entirely some of these useless and dangerous luxuries. It will teach not a few of them the money value of things, and start them on the way of economy and thrift. Some of them will make a further good use of Lent in this way—by giving to a good work—missions at home or abroad, to the widow and orphan, the needs of their own parish or the education of worthy boys for the priesthood, a part of what their self-denial enabled them to save. They will all come to see utility, as well as the need of self-denial, and of helping those good works along. The more useless a luxury or amusement is the more expensive and dangerous it usually is. Hence the effort of those engaged in Catholic temperance work to have as many as possible give up drink at the beginning of Lent and continue in abstinence after the end of it. It is a spiritual blessing to the Church as well as to themselves and families, and also a temporal blessing.—Very Rev. M. A. Lambing.

Be gentle and kind with every one, and severe with yourself.—St. Teresa.

THE REJECTION OF CHRISTIANITY

The generation of non-Catholics which is growing up to-day is finding it difficult to accept Christianity. Its members are witnesses of appalling injustice, capitalistic greed, dollar standards and smug respectability that might easily be mistaken by Diogenes for disguised criminality. They see self, wealth, and hypocrisy written large in the faces of people who are acclaimed as leaders of men. They see captains of industry, rather than artists or poets, thinkers or preachers, geniuses or heroes, lauded as the great and mighty men of the day. And they ask: "Where is the Christianity in all this? Is this the full bloom of the religion which you ask us to accept, to whose artificial prohibitions you demand that we submit ourselves? If it is, then Christianity is a tremendous delusion. If it is not, then Christianity has failed miserably. And in either case we will have none of it."

In truth, it is small wonder that many sincere seekers after better things think in some such way. They glance at conditions around them, and see might rather than right snugly ensconced in the seat of power; they behold talent or personal aggrandizement rather than productive talent or genius all too high up in the scale of esteem. But it would be well for them to perceive as well as to see. They should make sure that it is Christianity which repels them, ere they have the hardy hood to come out into the courts of cold, hard reason and solemnly reject Christianity as a failure.

Is it Christianity, then, which repels them? What do they know of Christianity as a corporate force in a Christian society, dominating human society as a whole? Have they ever had the good fortune to see it occupying such a position for many generations back? Have they ever read an unbiased account of the society of the Middle Ages, when some approach to such a consummation was reached? Is it not the fruit of Protestantism, especially Puritanism, and of the medley of peculiar private opinions into which the sects have dissolved, that repels them? Do they not see the effects of a movement which left it to each individual to say what Christianity should mean for him and should make of him, and has not each individual who cared to do so interpreted Christianity in the way best calculated to feather his own nest or foster his own aims? Under this system, who can say that "Christianity" does not legitimately nourish the individual greed and pride of a person skilful at rolling up a fortune for himself out of the talent and toil and tears of others? Cannot the rich and avaricious man declare that private interpretation of Christianity makes him certain that he and his kind alone are predestined to know how things should be managed, how money should be used? Is not the "malefactor of great wealth" logically as much of a Protestant saint now as was the pious and lowly-minded parson whose Bible is his central interest in life? Is not the greedy captain of industry, unscrupulous or cruel, an excellent embodiment of the private judgment ideal?

For who shall presume to dispute him if he insists that his own private interpretation of Scripture reveals to him that he is elected to reign over the hearts and souls of his human servants, and the public and his children rebelled. The bonds were too heavy, the stays too tight, Reaction set in. And moderation is none too likely to be the guiding principle of reaction. Hence arose much of the free thought of the day. Is it not so? Of men shoot from one extreme to another, and society must suffer the consequences.

This is a logical development of the early days of Protestantism. As soon as men began to deny the authority of the Church, strong-minded individuals flew to various violent extremes in faith, morals and thought. The mild shackles of the Church had been too much, hence they forged heavier ones for their own children or others' children, the latter especially. It is all very well to protest against corruption in seats of authority, but when protest is turned against authority itself, something entirely new is originated, and loss will follow. Here it was the loss by myriads of souls, of the Divinely guided truth and wisdom and sublime moderation of an authoritative institution, whose thought is not that of one passionate man or body of men, but of God.

And so the fruits of the Puritanic morality ripened. It was not enough to have the Christian precepts and the counsels of perfection. A superstructure had to be built upon them, "respectability" and a "holier-than-thouness." Even if a man were not exactly all that he should be, he must be looked up to by society as being such. Furthermore, there were certain things which, because capable of being turned into sins by being carried to excess, though innocent in moderation, a person

must not be known to do. He must not touch alcoholic liquor. At any rate he must be ashamed to admit it if he does. Certain things must not be mentioned in polite society merely because, though harmless in themselves, they are capable of being turned into occasions of sin. All this generates a repulsiveness which goes to the other extreme and becomes morbid in its desire for complete enjoyment of the forbidden things, irrespective of the effect. Moderation and sanity are not enough. There must be extremes and insanity.

To call certain things immoral or wicked simply and solely because they can be abused is an artificial exaggeration which, when exposed and disproved, may lead not only to a proper use of the condemned things, but to an improper use of them also, to the encouragement of practices immoral and wicked, such as free love, divorce and the like. If you condemn something as immoral, and it is shown not to be such, what is to prevent the unguided person from taking it for granted that real immorality is no longer immoral that all morality, all right and wrong, are mere outworn superstitions?

No, Christianity really pure and undefiled has never built artificial superstructures on top of Revelation. It is not Christianity which is to blame for the things which disgust visionaries to-day, but the abuse of Christianity and its consequent neglect. This abuse and neglect have been due, I take it, partly to the excessive restraints placed upon men by certain schools which claimed to teach the only pure doctrine, partly to the development, the logical development, of the individual private-judgment principle into a principle that can be stretched to almost any length in almost any direction, and thus may be used not only to excuse but to encourage self-aggrandizement at the expense of others or immorality of any kind.

Catholicism was one great, corporate system, uniform, but wisely moderate. Protestantism was not. And it is now individualism run wild to such lengths as to make Christianity ridiculous in the eyes of the unguided thinker of exaggerated and falsely-founded thoughts. Those long subject to the undue restraints and bareness of Puritanism, finding some of its restraints unwarranted and its bareness unintelligent, have been tempted to consider all the restraints and rigors of true Christianity unwarranted. And, sad to say, they are not aware of the value of the Catholic warmth and beauty which are the cure for Puritan bareness, and of the Catholic moderation which is the cure for Puritan excess in restraint.

On witnessing the crimes committed in the name of respectability, those who have long been wont to consider "respectability" the standard of conduct are tempted to hold Christianity responsible for a system of greed and exploitation which is wholly opposed to Christianity. Forsaking undue restraint, they do not stop at modesty, but "compensate" to luxury and immorality, and call slavery to these things freedom; they even have the audacity to pronounce Catholics ignorant because they will not applaud this judgment. Carrying private judgment to its logical conclusion, they are left with no authority which can vouch for their Christianity at all. Hence away goes Christianity, so far as they are concerned, without even having a fair chance to render a proper account of itself to them. The results to individual and society alike are such as to suggest that the vaunted horrors of the Inquisition were mild in comparison with theirs. What is needed before one condemns Christianity is a calm and intelligent study of Christianity itself, not a hasty and passionate glance at what falsely claims to be Christianity but is in reality a half-baked vision of an earthly Utopia.—Henry A. Doherty, Jr., in America.

BENEDICT XV. AND PEACE

Years ago Cardinal Newman called attention to the practical wisdom of the successors of St. Peter. He pointed out that they always have shown themselves capable of dealing with problems affecting the welfare of mankind as these problems presented themselves in successive ages. The Successor of St. Peter, as the great English Cardinal put it, "has set himself to one thing, now to another, but to all in season, and to nothing in vain." The truth of this assertion has been confirmed by the course Benedict XV. has adopted in regard to the present European War. When he succeeded Pius X. in the Chair of Peter the war that has involved fourteen nations was a month old. He lost no time in applying himself to the work of doing what in him lay to put a stop to the conflagration that was sweeping over Europe.

In doing this the Holy Father was but following in the footsteps of his predecessors in the Chair of Peter, who never failed to exercise in the affairs of the world their powerful influence for good. Cardinal Newman had this in mind when he wrote: "If ever there was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practical, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts, and whose commands

prophecies, such is he in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of His Church." Benedict XV., therefore, was but living up to the traditions of the Holy See when he made an appeal to the rulers of the belligerent nations in behalf of peace. That appeal did not have the effect of putting an immediate stop to the murderous work that has converted the fairest portions of Europe into a veritable charnel house. But the fact that the words of the Father of Christendom did not elicit a favorable response from those to whom they were addressed does not imply that they were spoken in vain.

Benedict XV. has sown seed which in time will bring forth a fruitful harvest. The impression he has made upon non-Catholics is reflected in an article in the Review of Reviews, which reads as follows: "Of all the powerful religious bodies in the world there is only one which has dared to try and bring about peace. The head of but one has had the courage to lift up his voice and urge the combatants to settle their differences by conference instead of by sword, to stop killing each other, and endeavor to save hundreds of thousands of lives by bringing the war to speedy close."

The writer of the Review of Reviews article then proceeds to dwell on the moral effects of the Holy Father's peace appeal. We quote: "Never has the Roman Catholic Church shown itself so great as when the Pope, as its official head, endeavored to induce the fighting powers to consider the possibility of making peace. When the spiritual ruler of a people far more numerous than those which owe allegiance to any of the kings and emperors and presidents at war urges them to end the strife, his voice is heard, his protest is considered. Even if no immediate action is taken, he has done his duty, has laid the foundation for that peace which must come in the end."

It is the hope of millions in warring Europe that on the foundations laid by Benedict XV. an enduring peace will be upreared in the near future.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"THE MAKING OF A LIFE"

IS THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION

(Dr. George A. Green, president of DePaul University)

In our schools the spiritual is also needed. The educational movement is one of great significance at the present time. What is your chief purpose in sending your children through school and to college? It very largely depends upon the spiritual purpose of the school, whether they are worth while or not. Are these schools spreading knowledge and kindling higher ideals in the minds of the students that they may become good citizens? Is the aim of the school of today, social or more deeply involved in the spiritual? Learning and religion should be taught, clamour to-day for practical teaching, but that is not the important thing. The important thing is not the making of a living, but the making of a life, and this is the great aim of the school.

In the world of industry, the spiritual is badly needed. We are impressed by the wealth that is being piled up by many at the present time and contemplate these conditions of prosperity with good feeling. But that feeling cannot exist for a long time, for we see all about us strikes, riot and the destruction of property and life as well. What is the remedy? Too many men are in business to succeed, regardless of principles. A man's education is of little benefit to him unless he has been uplifted by it. The man who has not been touched by the church, and by the spiritual note of which I speak, is the cause of these conditions, and we can only solve this industrial problem by seeking the spiritual more than the material side. The best investment a man can make is in the churches and like institutions which are sounding this spiritual note, which alone can save the community, and not business prosperity as is often believed.—Munice (Ind.) Star, Feb. 6, 1916.

THE INCARNATION

When Millet's "L'Angelus" was on exhibition once, two persons unheeding the crowd, stood before it in admiration. But what, asked one, would that picture be after all, without the Angelus? Just two peasants in a potato field. What would the world be without the Angelus? said the other, "Just a spinning globe with hopeless toilers crawling on it." Life without the Angelus? Let us stop and think what that means. It means life without that which the Angelus is a reminder: life without hope, without love, without understanding. It means men and women sullenly giving their lives like beasts of burden, for a bite of bread and a shelter from the storms. It means toil without recompense, fruitless tears, ceaseless sighs, pain impatiently borne; death dreaded because it is terrible, yet longed for because it is the end of a weary journey. Are any words too strong to set forth what life would be without the incarnation, and that and that alone is what the Angelus typifies.—Truth.

Advertisement for McClary's Florence Oil Cook Stoves. Includes an illustration of a woman in a kitchen and text describing the stoves as economical and reliable.

Advertisement for Stained Glass Memorial Windows and Leaded Lights by B. Leonard Quebec P. Q. Includes an illustration of a stained glass window.

Advertisement for ENO'S Fruit Salt. Includes an illustration of a bottle and text describing its benefits for health and digestion.

Advertisement for Maple Leaf Paint. Includes an illustration of a painter and text describing the quality and value of the paint.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HOW DO YOU TREAT YOUR MOTHER?

To remember that she is still a girl at heart so far as delicate little attentions are concerned.

To give her flowers during lifetime and not to wait to heap them on her casket.

To make her frequent, simple presents, and to be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful.

To write to her and visit her.

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance as well as in spirit, by helping her to take pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her toilet.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated or has lost any of her importance as the central factor in the family.

Not to forget to show your appreciation of all her years of self-sacrifice.

To give her credit for a large part of your success.

To be generous in keeping her supplied with money, so that she will not have to ask for it, or feel like a mendicant seeking your bounty.

—Pictorial Review.

"IF I REST, I RUST"

The pithy inscription found on an old key, "If I Rest, I Rust," contains a forcible truth when referred to human action.

Even the industrious might adopt it with advantage to serve as a reminder that, if one allows his faculties to rest like iron in the usual key, he will soon show signs of rust and, ultimately, will not do the work required of them.

—St. Paul Bulletin.

LOOKING BACKWARD

The constant looking backward to what might have been, instead of forward to what may be, is a great weakener of self-confidence.

This worry for the old past, this wasted energy, for that which no power on earth can restore, ever lessens a man's faith in himself, weakens his efforts to develop himself for the future to the perfection of his possibilities.

—Pittsburgh Observer.

THE OLD MAN

Ichabod, my boy, methought I heard you speak of your father this morning as "the old man."

That is the age when callow youth had its first attack of bighead. You imagine at this moment that you know it all.

I observed by the cut of your trousers, the angle of your hat, the tip of your head, the flavor of your breath, the style of your toothpick shoes and the swagger of your walk that you are badly gone on yourself.

This is an error of youth which your uncle can overlook; but it pains him sorely to hear you speak in terms of disrespect of one you should never mention save by the sacred name, "father."

He may not be up to your style in the modern art of making a fool of himself, but ten to one he forgets more in a week than you will ever know.

He may not enjoy smoking gutter-snipes chopped fine and enclosed in delicate tissue paper, but he has borne a good many hard knocks for your sake and is entitled to all the reverence your shallow brain can muster.

By and by, after you are through knowing it all, and begin to learn something, you will be ashamed to look in the glass and wonder where the fool-killer kept himself when you were ripe for the sacrifice.

And then, when the "old man" grows tired of the journey and stops to rest, and you fold his hands across his bosom and take a last look at a face that has grown so beautiful in death, you will feel a sting of regret that you ever spoke of him in so grossly disrespectful a manner; and when other sprouts of imbecility use the language that so delighted you in

the germinal period of mankind, you will feel like chasing them with a thick stick and crushing their skulls to see if there is any brain tissue on the inside.—Bob Burdette.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE FLOWERS AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN

To the Franciscans of the Middle Ages, says a writer in the Living Church (Protestant Episcopal) we owe some of the loveliest legends of the flowers that gather about our Lord and His Mother, for these followers of the Saint of Assisi were essentially nature lovers.

They thought with a pure love of the glad revealing of God's redemptive love through all things outdoors. With their love of Mary whom Dante calls "the terminus of Creation," they dedicated many of their flowers in her honor.

All that bear the name of Lady have in mind her as our Lady. Such common names as "lady's-slipper," "lady's smock," "lady's garter," are part of our common parlance used generally without thought of their origin.

—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE MEANS OF GRACE

Prayer and the devout reading of Holy Scriptures and the partaking of the Sacraments are means to true religion, as every practical Catholic learns from his catechism; and as they are means of Divine appointment, they are sure, if faithfully and devoutly used, to bring about the end.

But even this fact does not take them out of the category of means, and make them ends without the inner spirit. A scaffolding is the means of building a house; nay, more, it is an essential means; for how could the upper stories ever be raised without a scaffolding? But in material things of this kind, no one ever mistakes the means for the end.

—Pittsburgh Observer.

IS HE EXCEPTIONAL?

A Louisville daily offered a prize to the person having the best record for church attendance.

My record is as follows: "I am sixty-eight years old, and have gone to church every Sunday and Holy day of obligation since I was four years old. I missed one Sunday while at sea when I was on my way to Nova Scotia. I am a member of St. Louis Bertrand Catholic Church, Sixth street, and never miss Mass on Sunday. If I am late for one Mass I go to the next one."—The Tablet.

UNITY CONFERENCE

If the many Conferences for the "reunion of the Churches," which have sprung up during the last generation, bring men to their knees in humble supplication to God our Father, they will not have been held in vain.

These Conferences then, if ruled by the spirit of humble and sincere prayer, and directed toward a proper concept of the unity of Christ's Church, may bring the day of reunion appreciably nearer.

In the opening of that century, Pope Clement wrote to the disturbed and rebellious church at Corinth in a tone which fully showed (as non-Catholic historians admit) that he was in no uncertainty about the status of Rome as against the other Seats of the Church.

lay sleeping. The little plant, the star of Bethlehem, is part of that wonderful light which shone in the heavens and guided the shepherds and wise men to the manger, which, when they greeted the Child, burst, scattering the flowers about the fields. At daybreak Joseph gathered handfuls of these from the wintry earth and poured them into Mary's lap.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE MONTH OF MAY

With the exquisite sense of fitness which characterizes all that the Church does she has dedicated the fairest of months, the month of May, to the fairest of God's creatures, the ever blessed Mother of our Lord.

Anyone who has a proper appreciation of the exalted dignity conferred by Almighty God upon the Blessed Virgin will easily understand the reason why the Catholic Church attaches so much importance to devotion to Mary.

The white lily has in the symbolism of the Church been dedicated to the Virgin because of its purity. The lily was used by the Angel of the Annunciation. There is a legend that when the Blessed Virgin was walking in the garden of Zacharias, whither she used to go to meditate on the message of the angel, she touched a flower that hitherto had no fragrance.

—St. Paul Bulletin.

TAPESTRY WEAVERS

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can nobler be—From the ways of the tapestry weavers, on the other side of the sea.

THE EARLY CHURCH

Father Lattey, S. J., in a current historical publication deals with the history of the Early Church, taking the second century A. D. as his point of departure.

He tells us that in his early youth he had seen Polycarp, who had been appointed by Apostles a bishop in the church of Smyrna, and that there were then alive persons who heard Polycarp speak in detail of John, the disciple of Christ, relating how the Apostle and all who adhered to his teachings, abhorred and fled from all who taught a doctrine different from that which they—as Christ Himself—had taught.

THE MEANS OF GRACE

Prayer and the devout reading of Holy Scriptures and the partaking of the Sacraments are means to true religion, as every practical Catholic learns from his catechism; and as they are means of Divine appointment, they are sure, if faithfully and devoutly used, to bring about the end.

But even this fact does not take them out of the category of means, and make them ends without the inner spirit. A scaffolding is the means of building a house; nay, more, it is an essential means; for how could the upper stories ever be raised without a scaffolding? But in material things of this kind, no one ever mistakes the means for the end.

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In view of Modernistic ideas on the "symbolic" idea of Christ, it is well to know that in 190 A. D., Pope Victor at Rome excommunicated one Theodotus for declaring that Christ was a mere man—also the Arian heresy of the 4th century which held that Christ was the best of all men, but not divine.

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nations, promising that His Holy Spirit would abide with her all days even to the consummation of the world. This sole basis of reunion which she can allow, is the acceptance of the supreme authority conferred upon her by her Founder, Jesus Christ. We cannot build upon the hay and stubble of compromise, but only upon the Rock of Truth—America.

CHURCH BELLS

Church Bells are a specialty. Memorial Bells a specialty. Bells are made in Canada.

Evidence is also given by writers in those early days as to the rigor with which sacramental observance was insisted upon; thus, baptism, which is spoken of by many writers in detail, and in the "Didache" or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.

Pliny in the third century A. D. (Trajan's time) spoke with Christians in Bithynia who "were accustomed to sing by turns a hymn to Christ as God" (Epistles of Pliny, 10). A Christian page-boy in the imperial palace is also made fun of for worshipping a crucified God in 120 A. D.

Though Father Lattey does not mention it, we can always consult the story-books of Newman and Wiseman, "Callista" and "Fabiola," as giving perfect historical pictures and accounts of early Christian and Catacombian Rome by men who were among the most scholarly of their own, or indeed, any age.

The story of Nero again is told in "Quo Vadis," and here the history is, if somewhat floridly decorated, at least fundamentally correct, introducing us not only to the sinister last descendant of the Julian family, but also giving us life-portraits of some of the world-characters of that age—Petronius Arbiter, for example, and the Stoic, Seneca; to say nothing of St. Paul and St. Peter and other Apostles who sat at the feet of Christ.

It may not be out of place to say here that a literature of Early Christianity is likely to spring into existence as the result of this war of the nations. Religious revival has been always the sequel to great conflicts; with such revivals, two particular styles of literature—especially in the domain of the historical novel—have followed, namely, Christian or Religious literature and fiction of the Romantic School.

Those writers who are gifted with what has been termed the "double-even faculty," namely, of instructing and entertaining at one and the same time, might do worse just now than make a study of the growth of the Early Church in Rome.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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ABSORBINE advertisement with image of a woman and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Old Dutch cleanser advertisement with image of a woman cleaning a table and text describing its effectiveness.

Parker's Dye Works Limited advertisement for gloves cleaned free, with text and company name.

The School and Your Child advertisement for a chair desk, with image of a child at a desk and text describing its features.

Safford Boilers and Radiators advertisement with image of a man with a boiler and text describing the company's services.

