

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, JULY 4, 1914

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THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Time was when mailed knight kept his heart in purity and gave the service of his hands to the poor and oppressed. To guard his honor from stain and to die mayhap in the field of battle, in harness and unafraid, dominated his life. To-day we have their descendants—the Catholic laymen—who do battle for State and the Church in the lists of life. They are recruited from almost all ranks of society. Business and professional men, they who stand above their fellows as well as they who sit in the seats of the lowly, are fused into a great organization which is ever increasing the sphere of its usefulness and winning daily-merited commendation and respect. We refer to the Knights of Columbus who are unwearied in manifestations of devotion to the Church. To their honor be it said that they recognize the importance and necessity of the higher education of our people. They lose no time in waxing eloquent about the educational glories of the past. They warm themselves at the fire of their own making and are adding to our achievements in the cause of education. Their splendid benefactions to the Catholic University indicate not only their generosity but also their sagacity. For one great hall of learning, guided by our best and brightest, speaking the language of our times and taking from the world all that can minister to truth, generates influence, enthusiasm and endeavor. Hence the Knights by their support of the Catholic University have placed us all under an obligation whose magnitude we can see but dimly. They have capable laymen lecturing here and there on Socialism and the doctrines of the Church. Deeds, not words, is their watchword. In Canada this great Catholic order is growing apace and yielding an abundant harvest of zeal and self-sacrifice. Here also it is devoting its attention to education. Scholarship in colleges for the children of the poor, a determined and persistent crusade against indolence and apathy and encouragement to show us that we should contribute our quota to the formation of public opinion are on their programme. Some preachers who have no respect for either scholarship or veracity express in their own peculiar way their disapproval of the Knights, but happily the average citizen knows how to appraise these individuals.

THE GRADUATE

This is the glad month of the graduates. Diplomas will be given and their recipients will step into the world that will give them a joyous welcome. The fanmakers of the public prints weave many a chaplet of weird humour for the graduates, thinking, we presume, that self-conceit is their inalienable heritage. Some of the graduates may be self-opinionated and consequently in for a drubbing by experience; but we should prefer to back them for a place in life's race rather than those who bend before every breeze of opinion and who are but of the crowd.

HARD WORK

The average graduate, however, is a believer in the gospel of hard work. Its necessity has been impressed upon him. Whatsoever his dreams and hopes he knows that going up the heights means toil unremitting and taking toll of every energy. To get out of the ruck, where the easily tired, the incompetent and dawdlers fight for a livelihood, entails keeping up acquaintance with his books and stern refusal to have aught to do with the things which conduce to physical and moral degeneration. He must pay the price for success in any department of human activity. He may not amass money, and the prizes of life may elude his grasp. But if work and love and purity accompany him he cannot be a failure.

OUR WISHES

We wish his dreams to be transmuted into actualities. We rejoice with him because he goes forth so gallantly to do battle. His is the courage of the adventure—the vision that

sees every bush afire with God—the trust that wraps him around and makes him front the world with never a suspicion of disillusionment. And may he be always so. Stress and storm may shake him; his sky may be lowering at times; they, perchance, in whom he rested may crumple and disappear, but he may keep his soul in peace and be mellowed as years pass by a wise and comprehensive charity. And then as the shadows lengthen he may have a sheet of holy remembrances—a canticle of gratitude for mercies and favours, a kindly heart, waiting unafraid for his ship to come in.

FOR THE PARENTS

We presume that parents look upon the commencements as red-letter days. The mothers will crowd the halls of graduation and be aglow with excitement at seeing their darlings under the fire of recitation or piano-playing. Every word of praise for the entertainment will fall like a blessing upon the maternal soul. Their daughters may be world-captivating song birds or exponents of the drama—who knows what the future holds for these fair young things who sing so sweetly and speak so wisely? It sometimes happens that during the gray years after graduation they never touch a piano save to extract ragtime from it. The skillful fingers that put wondrous things on the canvas have lost their cunning and are strangely idle. Some of them, it must be confessed, sit down at home waiting for their prince to come and meanwhile are devoting attention to the vagaries of fashion and the excitements of bridge-whist. A good dose of work might keep their accomplishments in good condition and be a deterrent to encroachments in the family check-book. But some people are attracted by even the idle ones who, we presume, are entitled by some right beyond our ken to a place in the world.

A SUGGESTION

May we say, however, that if a part of the money spent in the acquisition of piano-playing, etc., were given to the boy's education we might have more representatives in the professions and fewer in unskilled labor circles. All work is good and can, we know, be lifted up to the heights. But this principle can govern all kinds of work—statesmanship as well as that which depends on thews and muscles. We say this because we have been reproached with inciting the young to have ambition. These good reproachers would have us in the rearguard of progress or mere onlookers at the prosperity of other citizens. Ambition is the tonic which many of us need. We are surfeited with odds and ends of advice which may seem sacrosanct to some, but which in our opinion are blood-thinning. We need the impulse of effort, the joy of striving and the satisfaction of knowing that we are wearing and not rusting out. Old talk, but always timely, and consequently we don't understand why so much attention is devoted to the sweet girl graduate. It seems to us that her brother is entitled to some education that will enable him to get a grip on life. He should have a square deal. The money invested in him may often do good yield rich dividends. But to send him into the world with mind unformed, with heart undisciplined, as a rule, to doom him to the lowest ranks and to rob him of rights which are truly his.

VACATION TIME

Vacation time is a period of relaxation, but there is no vacation from the service of God. There is the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays and holy days, there are the same duties to ourselves and to our neighbors. Yet some of us forget these things and are only too ready to ignore the strict observance of the law of God. Parents especially should see that opportunities for hearing Mass on Sunday are included among the other requisites of the summer trip. Early impressions are stamped upon the soul of the child by just such examples of fidelity to religious duty. Children accustomed to see the neighborhood of the Church included in the summer outing will grow up with the true sense of its necessity. The leisure of the summer

resort is indeed very refreshing, but there is a corner in true devotion more restful. The short time of the Sunday Mass gives rest to one's soul and soothes the mind with the reflection of duty performed in the spirit of loyalty to God. And yet we have heard pastors pray to be delivered from the trippers who put themselves in the first and God in the second place. During the week they toil at amusing themselves with the result that Sunday finds them too wearied to obey the law. The children who scamper around in all kinds of weather during the week are kept at the hotel on Sunday because a rain or fog might blight the darling's health. To the parishioners these people are object lessons of what Catholics should not be. They give scandal, provoke the derision of the outsider and are regarded as spineless individuals who have either no conception of their duty or no desire to be faithful to it. Their departure is hailed with delight and with the prayer that they may reserve their godless manners for other regions.

A VERY SERIOUS MENACE

At the Commencement exercises of the Manhattan College held recently Mr. T. W. Churchill, President of the New York City Board of Education delivered an address in which he used plain language in dealing with a very important subject. He denounced vigorously what he described as an attempt to bribe the educational institutions of the land into abandoning religion in return for the payment of so much cash. Mr. Churchill voiced the sentiments of thousands when he declared that "it makes one's blood boil with shame to think that in this generation and in this Republic any body of men would so brazenly employ the tremendous power of great wealth as to permit it to buy the abandonment of religion."

He was dealing with the practical effects of the Carnegie Foundation for the pensioning of college professors. He pointed out that millions of dollars, ostensibly appropriated for a provision for the old age of college professors, were really intended to buy out colleges, which, for the sake of lucre, are willing to bolt their doors against Christian teachings in any shape or form.

The head of the New York Board of Education thus describes how Carnegie's money is employed to de-Christianize American colleges: "It soon became apparent that what had been hailed as a provision for the old age of professors was in reality a corporation to buy the control of such colleges as were willing to sell their birthright and carry on college teaching and management according to the pattern prescribed by it."

"The Foundation has deliberately and conspicuously made a mark of the religious colleges—particularly of the small institutions which in their own field carried on a great Samaritan work with limited equipment but a splendid spirit, and one after another many religious colleges have been seduced by great wealth to give up the independence that should be found in a college if nowhere else, and to forsake the faith of their founders."

It was a curious coincidence that a press dispatch, which appeared in the daily paper after Mr. Churchill made this exposure of the Carnegie Foundation, confirmed what the head of the Board of Education had said the night before. Under the heading "Bar out the Methodist Episcopal Church," the press dispatch dealt with how the Methodist Church had lost control over the Vanderbilt University of Nashville, Tenn. It reads: "Nashville, Tenn., June 16.—By resolution passed to-day the board of trustees of Vanderbilt University declared that that body has complete control of that institution and that the Methodist Church South has none. The board of trustees of the University will elect trustees without having them confirmed by the Church."

Then follows this very significant statement: "The board also formally accepted the gift of \$1,000,000 made to the University by Andrew Carnegie for the benefit of the Medical department."

We have here a clear case of barter and sale. The Vanderbilt University was offered \$1,000,000 if it severed all connections with the Methodist Church. The prescribed conditions were complied with and the bribe was handed over promptly. The *Freeman's Journal*, on two or three occasions, adverted to the case of the Vanderbilt University as illustrating the methods employed by the Carnegie Foundation to effect a cleavage between religion and education.

And who is the person who assumes the right to dictate what shall be, and what shall not be, taught in our institutions of higher learning? Whence does he derive his authority

to do so? Mr. Churchill makes this answer:

"By reason of the imperfection of our labor laws a lucky iron master skims the cream of their wages until he amasses through them a fortune that makes that of Croesus look like a little pile. And to these men who work before the furnaces the heap of wealth stands in the way, blocking the entrance of their own sons into institutions which the public had expected to throw the light of education into wider and wider strata of society. For the Carnegie Foundation by its requirements excludes from the colleges which it aids with money such youths as do not meet the requirements which the foundation sees fit to establish."

It is well that attention is called to a very threatening and insidious danger. The millions set apart by Carnegie for indirectly assailing Christianity, under the guidance of helping on the cause of education, are a positive menace that cannot be ignored with safety. It is time that the country should be aroused to the character of the attempt to eliminate every trace of Christian teaching from the collegiate curriculum.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

ABOUT NEW RELIGIONS

We are living in an age of "new religions." Dr. Eliot, President emeritus of Harvard, evolved one some time ago and modestly labeled it "The Religion of the Future." And now another member of a New England University comes forward with his contribution to the stock of new religions, Dean Charles R. Brown of the Yale School of Religion has scant regard for the religious sanctions which in the past played so important a part in the upbuilding of character. The higher criticism doubtless has taught him to place little value on teachings his Protestant forbears held to be of vital importance. Fifty years ago he would not have been a member in good standing in most Protestant churches if he publicly gave expression to the views which make up the interview with him published in last Sunday's *New York Times*. He has ill conceived contempt for orthodoxy of any sort. He would sweep all dogma away and make the "new religion of service not of ceremony." In other words he would have Dives be solicitous about the poor man at his gate, even though the spiritual motives for the dispensing of charity, which in the past were strong incentives to make men and women extend a helping hand to those less favored than themselves in the struggle for existence, should be non-existent.

Dean Brown is of the opinion that the falling off in the matter of Church attendance is of comparative little importance, provided men manifest a disposition to relieve the material needs of their fellow men. In this belief one can detect the placing of the physical above spiritual well being. This is the natural result of the fast diminishing influence of religious denominations that are drifting away from their former moorings. Referring to this drifting, the head of the Yale School of Religion says: "Modern thought has had its definite effect upon all creeds. From each creed, except the Catholic, much has been taken; and to each creed, except the Catholic, something has been added by modern life."

After enumerating the changes in the doctrinal teachings of the various Protestant sects, the Dean thus adverts to the transformation wrought in the Presbyterian Church: "Presbyterians do not require assent to the Westminster Confession from all ruling elders and ministers, and they are showing also a more tolerant attitude toward the Unitarian Theological Seminary (A hotbed of Protestant Modernism or higher criticism.—Ed. F. J.) The General Assembly now would not enter into such a controversy as threw out Dr. Briggs and Henry Preserved Smith."

Such is the change brought about in what was once considered the strictest of Protestant sects. It is indicative of the doctrinal disintegration taking place in all the Protestant sects. This is the real explanation of the decreasing attendance at Protestant Churches. Dean Brown, in trying to explain this unquestionable fact, assigns it to many causes. He tells us that "in these days there are more social virtues open. Church service once was almost the only occasion when the better people gathered together." In other words, social clubs have supplanted churches. But why have they?

Surely it was not for social intercourse alone that Protestants of another generation filled to overflowing churches in which to-day are very many empty pews. Dean Brown indirectly explains this state of things when he states that the former deep sense of responsibility for sins committed virtually has disappeared. He scoffs at rewards and punishments meted out after death for deeds done in the flesh. He says: "The idea of an arbitrary judgment of a fixed supernatural punishment for sin, was a human device." Heaven fares no better at the hands of the Dean. Here is what he has

to say about it: "And as to heaven, I should say that the rewards of righteousness also are found on earth in peace and in the sense of a more complete self-realization. The highly developed righteous man of modern days does not think much about the bliss of transportation into a celestial paradise where he will forever abide after the toil and turmoil of his earthly life. That seems to have been held out by the ancients as sort of pay for being good. In these days of advancing thought no bribe is necessary for sensible men."

It would be useless to quote the Bible in refuting these views. The higher criticism, of which Dean Brown is an exponent, has reduced the Protestant rule of faith to the status of a mere historical record of an Eastern people. According to this view the Bible is no more the inspired word of God than are the annals of the numerous nations with which history deals. Is it any wonder that Protestants holding that view prefer remaining at home on Sundays and leaving ministers to preach to empty pews?

The head of the Yale School of Religion is not disposed to criticize adversely these church-absentees. We quote his own words: "It may not be a bad sign even if it be true that fewer go to worship in the pews. The essentials of religious life are more fully met by worship expressed in terms of service through the working days. Decreasing church attendance may be regarded without terror if an increasing Christian spirit marks the conduct of our routine existence."

We have given the views of Dean Brown because they are typical of those entertained by many leaders in the Protestant sects, who are busily engaged in removing the ancient landmarks of Protestantism. When they shall have finished their work of destruction, there will remain very little of the Christian belief Protestantism took over from the Catholic Church when Christian Unitism was broken by the Lutheran revolt.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

MODERNISM AND KANT

In his work "Modernism and Modern Thought" (Herder) the learned Jesuit, Father I. M. Bampton, points out that the initial error of Modernism is the error of Kant, namely, that God and the supernatural are unattainable by our intellectual knowledge. This theory of Kant (and also of Spence) whose agnosticism was in sharp contrast to the deism of Kant) appears at every step in Modernist teachings, and is fatal to the Catholic doctrine of faith which teaches that faith is intellectual assent to supernatural revealed truth. Thus Modernism differs from all other heresies inasmuch as it strikes at the very roots of faith and is not confined to religion alone, but also attacks other processes of contemporary thought and action. Modernism bears the same relation to what is modern that liberalism bears to liberal, or capitalism to capital, or militarism to military, and appropriately enough describes the spirit which exalts the modern at the expense of the ancient, which extols the new because it is new and depreciates the old because it is old, and which so far is a revolt of the present against the past. As the *Freeman's Journal* has already pointed out, nearly every creed in the world, including Judaism, is at present subject to Modernistic attacks by members within their folds.

The object of Modernism, says the Jesuit, is not ostensibly to set up a brand new form of Catholicity, but to reconstruct the old on new lines. As Modernists put it, they want to "re-adjust Catholicity to the mind of the spirit of the age; to reinter-pret Catholicity in terms of modern thought." This sounds right enough, says the Jesuit; but the question is—what kind of modern thought? There is sound thought and unsound thought and it is of capital importance to know which form of thought is to be our basis. In seeking to provide an answer to this question, Father Bampton takes us back to the thinker who lived and wrote over one hundred years ago, to wit Kant. He is the man whose impress as a thinker has largely affected the modern world of thinkers, his influence (says the Jesuit) being clearly discernible in modern thought. Kant is a nationalist and modern thought is mainly nationalistic; though he does not deny the supernatural, he puts it outside the field of things knowable, and modern thought, so far as the supernatural is concerned, is distinctly agnostic or know-nothing.

Like the Modernist, Kant makes a matter of inward personal experience, independent of any external authority, and modern thought is distinctly impatient of authority. Indeed, says the Jesuit in effect, even those who have never studied philosophy or even heard the name of Kant are influenced by his way of thinking. And the Catholic Church, with a vigilant eye has seized upon the inspirations of modern thought (i. e. of Modernism) and found that they lie in the whole corpus of teachings created by Kant in his "Critique." The question then for solution is: Can Catholicity be reconciled with that form

of modern thought which is imbued with the teaching of Kant, and which is consequently tainted with rationalism?

Modernism (replies the Jesuit) is not only an attempt to accommodate Catholicity to modern ideas as infected with Kant's spirit; but more important, it is an attempt to accommodate Catholicity to Kant's very system. Kant lays it down in his "Critique of Pure Reason" that the human mind cannot have true knowledge of anything outside the facts of sense experience, that is, of what has been seen, heard, or felt. Without the senses the mind, (says Kant) would be a blank, without judgment memory or other inferential faculty. We can only know phenomena, says the philosopher. Underneath the appearances, there may be reality—what he calls noumena (noumena), or things in themselves. The human mind may hold the existence of a thing in itself, a noumenon, and give it the name of God and act for all practical purposes as if this noumenon actually did exist. Man would do this in order to hold his possibly existing noumenon as a regulation of his principles of conduct. But (says Kant) the mind cannot know this noumenon for the reason that the noumenon operates outside the scope or purview of our senses. We cannot feel, or see, or hear it; we can only surmise its existence and be guided by what is good in its promptings. Those who have studied their theory of "vital immanence" "Lat. in. and maneo, to inhale in" will have no difficulty in realizing the proximity of the Kantian idea to that of "natural inherency."

Catholic philosophy agrees with Kant up to the point in which he postulates knowledge through the senses. But whereas Kant says that human knowledge ends with the powers of the senses, the Catholic Church teaches that human knowledge does not necessarily end here. Catholic philosophy holds that the mind recognizes that the objects presented to the senses are real things and that its knowledge regarding them is true knowledge. Kant would say: We know the phenomenon only but as to its inmost nature (the thing in itself) we can only surmise its existence as occasioning the phenomenon. The Catholic teacher would say: We know the phenomenon and through the phenomenon we know the thing; for the phenomenon is but the creation of our senses, but the thing itself is manifest to us.

Kant, to do him justice, says the Jesuit, was not minded to be an agnostic in the strict sense. A German would call him a pietist; we Catholics should term him a kind of Methodist. Yet (says Fr. Bampton) his premises show the way to agnosticism. Our pure reason cannot attain to God, and we can only postulate (i. e. ask to be allowed to assume) a God through our practical reason and for the purposes of basing a constructive morality on that postulate. Our pure reason says: We cannot indicate or demonstrate a God. It may be of interest to those who take an interest in what is called the psychology of thought to reflect upon the fact that Kant was of Scottish grandparentage and that his method of reasoning bears a close enough analogy to that of the Presbyterians, the almost entire doctrine of whose religion is contained in the words of Christ: "The Kingdom of God is within you."—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

CHEATING THE TRUTH

The numberless converts that every day literally break into the Church, despite their prejudices, have received a splendid exemplification in the case of a recent distinguished convert. In the Chicago Examiner, he tells us, "I began my inquiry as an enemy," but, like many others, he ended it as a devoted friend. There are men who are really afraid that the truth will force them into the Church and to the sacrificial road leading heavenward. They would deem the discovery of Christ's truth a misfortune. They humbug themselves with their own shallow sophistry. They go through life in a state of religious coma induced by nervous indifference. They lull their consciences into a sickly quietude and think they are all right since they do not know and believe they have not time to find out the truth. Such men are living in a state of mortal sin, for they are daring to trifle with God Himself in playing hopscotch with eternal verities.

He who reasonably doubts of his Protestantism and does not investigate his doubts can no longer be said to be in good faith; his mental condition is essentially the outcome of bad faith. A baptized man who does not doubt of his false faith is in error, but not in sin. Quite different it is with the coward who fears to learn the truth lest he might lose the comforts of the world and the prestige to which thoughtless friends exalt him. He lives in a "fool's paradise" and runs to hide himself when Wisdom shines in a stray ray. He is a coward, a liar and a cheat—deceiving himself and daring to believe that his silly trickery deceives his God. Such men are the worst of fools inasmuch as they fear to be wise.—*Buffalo Union and Times*.

CATHOLIC NOTES

At Namosi, in the mountains of Fiji, four thousand feet above sea level, Father Guinard, S. M., is building a mission residence.

Word has been received in New York City that Mgr. Patrick J. Hayes, president of the Cathedral college, had been appointed Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

Mother Janet Stuart, mother-general of the Society of the Sacred Heart, is now in this country, to make a visitation of the houses of her order. Mother Stuart is a granddaughter of the late Earl of Castle Stuart, a lineal descendant of the royal Stuarts.

A Spanish paper, cited by our esteemed contemporary, *La Revista Catolica de Las Vegas, N. M.*, chronicles the conversion and reception into the Church by the Archbishop of Granada, Spain, of the British vice-consul of that city.

The preparations for the Eucharistic Congress, which will open in Lourdes on the 22nd of July, are now practically complete. It will be a stupendous demonstration of the faith. Since the war on the Church began, no Eucharistic Congress has been held in France, though that country has contributed more than any other to these great assemblies.

Prince Max of Saxony is the only royal priest in the world. He is a brother of Frederick August, King of Saxony, and is a scion of a house among the oldest in Europe, which gave an Emperor to Germany in the beginning of the tenth century. Prince Max is now preaching in Paris and was formerly a missionary in the slums of London.

Shortly after the death of Cardinal Vaughan a committee of prominent ecclesiastics and laymen was formed under the presidency of the Archbishop of Westminster to discuss the question of raising a suitable memorial, and it was unanimously decided to found in his honor a secondary school for boys, to be known as the "Cardinal Vaughan Memorial School." In accordance with this decision an appeal was made, and so prompt was the response that within less than a year the sum of £20,000 was raised for this purpose.

The Rev. J. K. McDowell, B. A., until recently Vicar of Barrington, England, was recently received into the Catholic Church at the Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs, Cambridge, by the Very Rev. Monsignor Barnes. Mr. McDowell was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and at Ely Theological College. He was ordained in 1894 by the Protestant Bishop of Liverpool, and has served in the following curacies: St. John Baptist, Tuebrook, Liverpool; St. Matthew, Sheffield; St. Andrew, Holborn. Since 1910 Mr. McDowell has been Vicar of Barrington.

In the heart of the Campagna, fifteen miles to the north of Rome and not far from the interesting remains of the great Etruscan city of Veii, which was taken by Camillus in 396 B. C., traces of human life much more ancient still are now being unearthed. These relics, said to date back to the pre Etruscan civilization of nine centuries before Christ, consist of a number of tombs in which bodies were evidently buried extended at full length, although in consequence of their extreme antiquity all traces of the skeletons even had disappeared. Beside each grave a smaller receptacle was dug out to hold the vases which were always buried with the dead.

Fifteen hundred Catholic men and women marched down one of London's busiest thoroughfares Sunday, May 3, telling the Rosary publicly, to commemorate the days when their ancestors passed over that painful road to their death for celebrating Mass, attending the sublime Sacrifice, or even harboring a priest in their houses. No banners or lights were carried; only the crucifix went before; for this was the Ransomers' procession in honor of the English martyrs, hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn after being dragged over two miles of road on hurdles between lines of jeering populace. What a change to-day, when the spiritual descendants of these martyrs were watched with interest and respect by the passers by!

A late issue of the *Osservatore Romano* contains an account of recent discoveries in the Tuscania Cathedral in Rome, which seem to establish the fact that it was founded at an earlier period than was at first imagined—the third century instead of the fourth. Most interesting inscriptions have been found in it, one of them recording the name of a certain Faustice, who is described as an "Exorcist"—one of the minor orders. Another bears the name of Januarus who is mentioned as "Deacon." A fragment of a marble inscription bears only one word: "Presbyter"—Priest. These are valuable documents which show that the various grades of the sacerdotal order were in existence in this little country village, whose dead were placed to rest in this simple Catacomb, between the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era.

AILEY MOORE

SALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW VICTIMS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PARTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD D. O'BRIEN, D. D. DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER XXI THE DREADFUL STORY CECILY HAD TO TELL

Grosvenor Square keeps its own—that is, in the vicissitudes of fortune and taste, Grosvenor Square has felt very little the changes of the last ten years. Hence Grosvenor Square is now what it was then, out of the patronized localities of gentle blood and perennial purses, of music-grinders, monkeys, and dancing poolers, an Italian, with a trained tortoise, attempted some time ago to introduce that species among the foreign animals that vegetated in Grosvenor Square; but an old gentleman was persuaded that the tame tortoise was a satire upon his third wife, who had grown blind from fatness, and with becoming spirit he drove the Italian boy away with his stick, and with threats of the police.

"Deh! ma datemi qualche cosa, signore!"

"No cause at all—be off!"

"Ma—ma signore!"

"What do I care for your mamma!"

asked the insolent Grosvenorian;

"be off, I say!" And by way of assisting him in the operation, he poked him in the middle of the back with his stick, so that the stranger was fain to take his poor pet in his little arms, and turning his large, dark, melancholy eyes on the Englishman, he began to move on. But the Italian boy talked about the "rich" people of England not being "Christian" and said Piedmont without wealth was much happier, and in this way was muttering hard, when the surly Englishman again addressed him.

"You sir!"

"Signore!"

"Here, I say, you talked of your mamma."

"Ah, signore, non capio niente."

"Ay, yes, to be sure—but your mamma. Here," said the big tyrant, "here!" and the Italian boy's eyes brightened like his own skies, for he found a golden sovereign in his hand.

"Confound the rascal and his mamma," the big Anglican muttered to himself; "Huh!" he continued.

"But I certainly understood that Italian though," he went on. And this idea evidently pleased him greatly, for he kicked several things smartly before him on a pedestal in the drawing-room window, and he looked from one side of the flags to the other, to show any one who came in the way that he "was not the man they took him for."

There are many beautiful houses in Grosvenor Square, but on the left hand as you come from the park, if you have an eye to taste, and therefore can value even external arrangement, there is one which will strike you as peculiarly noble looking. The majestic spread of the steps, the proud elevation of the entrance, the rich silk hangings, which in half-veiled luxury look down upon you, the freshness, order, symmetry of everything, even to the parrot-cage, which you behold on a pedestal in the side of the drawing-room window, everything bespeaks wealth and intellect at No. —, Grosvenor Square, in November, 1844.

This is Frank Tyrrell's house, and with him lives the rich and beautiful Cecily, his sister.

Frank and Cecily had lost their parents some two years and a half before; but their independence only made them love one another more dearly. For the vindication of Lord Kinmacarra's lady sister, we must say that many a one besides her ladyship remarked that their attachment was "truly absurd."

Cecily is at home to-day. She is sitting at a mosaic table, a handsome round mosaic, with golden frame, and very charming view of the Roman capital. She is a few yards behind the parrot's cage, of which we have appraised the reader; for though apparently in the drawing-room, Poll is really in a beautiful boudoir, conveniently opening upon the more august apartments. Cecily is surrounded by everything rich and recherche, and beautiful and suggestive; but to-day (every day, but to-day particularly) Cecily far outshines them all. She is dressed in dark, rich, Irish tabinet, with the daintiest little collar of Limerick lace; through her raven hair there look out a few, very few shining pearls; and the transparent fairness of her cheek, is relieved by a rose tint, so soft, so faint, that it looks like the reflection of the damask couch beside her. Cecily has attempted to improve a pencil-sketch, and she has spoiled it; she has opened a volume of Macaulay, and thought it "insipid;" a volume of Thackeray, and pronounced it "nonsense;" she read a few lines of Hugo, and a page or two of Baudrand's ascetic writings; but it was no use, nothing fixed Cecily Tyrrell's attention to-day. Yes, we should say one thing astonished her; that is to say, the length of the interval between breakfast and noon. She first thought her watch had stopped, and then she thought the house-clock had conspired with her watch, and finally, when beaten out of her chronometer theory, she had sense enough to laugh at herself, and courage enough to ask herself the meaning of her impatience.

That plague of all sentiment, a barrel-organ, put a momentary end

to her disquisition. One of them came under the window playing "Strike the light guitar;" and the parrot, who seemed to have been roused to a sense of its own rights by the call thus made for music, commenced to sing out most lustily. A parrot's screech is not a melodious thing.

"Poll! Poll! oh Poll!" said Miss Tyrrell.

"Play for Poll!" replied the parrot.

"Silence, Poll! silence!"

"Play for Poll!" repeated the impatient bird.

There was silence for a minute, and the gorgon of musicians moved off. Then Poll commenced grumbling, and chattering, and crying, "Play for Poll!" so that she effectually drowned every minor noise. A door opened on the left of Cecily, and a servant—white coat, silver heraldry buttons, white stockings, red vest, black velvet shorts, and powdered hair—all made a low bow.

"The gentleman is in the drawing-room, Miss."

"Mr. Moore!" half exclaimed Cecily.

"The handsome gentleman as was here yesterday, and brought the handsome lady with 'em," answered the servant.

Cecily was on fire—and the servant at once saw the affair to the end. He went down, and informed all in the kitchen, in strict confidence, that Miss Tyrrell was to be married in a week or two, and that the "handsome gentleman" was the same who nearly lost his life in saving her from falling over a precipice, and had shot two men, and wounded another, for saying she was not as handsome as Cleopatra; a most wonderful young gentleman of £16,000 a year.

Before he went down, however, he told the "handsome gentleman" that Miss Tyrrell would be forthcoming in a moment; and according to the law in that case made and provided, he told "a knock at the door" that his "missus" would not be home "for the day."

Cecily, on opening the entrance to the drawing room, found Gerald Moore gazing earnestly on a picture over the mantelpiece. It was a noble water-color drawing of a lady in full ball costume. At her feet was a young girl who had just stooped to pick up a bouquet of flowers which seemingly had fallen from the hand of the lady. Beside the lady, on a pedestal, was a parrot's cage, and a parrot which one easily recognized as "Poll," and on the left-hand side of the apartment in which she stood, there was a light terrace glass door, that opened out on a landscape such as only a southern clime could furnish.

"Welcome!" cried Cecily, rapidly walking over, and presenting her hand. "Welcome! a thousand times!"

"Gerald for a moment—just for a moment—was off his guard; but do not blame him. The idea of a "vision" really crossed his mind—a vision of beauty—peerless beauty and irresistible power. Gerald had been sketching "a Judith," and partly coloring it, a creature from whom beamed forth the spiritual charm which the hand of heaven had flung around the heroine of Israel; he had thought upon it until the "ideal" used to make his heart throb and his eye moisten; every one that shadowed forth any of its perfections had an inexplicable interest for him; he had an artist's ethereal though impassioned love for the creation of his fancy; she stood before him embodied!

Cecily saw in a moment that she had made an impression; but she felt convinced that much of the effect she had produced was owing to association.

"Come now, Mr. Moore! Mamma's picture, poor mamma! Mamma's picture has brought some one to your mind—is it not so?"

"Quite true. Mamma was very, very beautiful."

"And the little girl?"

"Is the growing bud of a fair flower too."

"Who is it?"

Gerald only looked at Cecily, and smiled ever so gently.

"Yes, but you thought of some one else since you came into the room?"

Gerald looked a little surprised, but he frankly answered, "Yes."

"Do not compliment my sagacity," she said, blushing a little more deeply, "for surprise was eminently depicted on your countenance."

Cecily did not add "admiration," but as she spoke of his "countenance," she looked into the face ingenuous as spring, and indexing a spirit like her own.

There was a minute's silence. In fact, Gerald began to think he might make a little coquetish complication; a man coquette is hideous; Gerald Moore contended such a character supremely.

"In fact," he said, "I was reminded of an ideal—more, however, than a dream, and I was tracing the features of my thought in that splendid picture when you entered."

"And spoiled the illusion?"

"No; gave the picture its last light!" And Gerald looked down, not embarrassed, but thoughtful; he had gone a little in another extreme, and his soul was rigidly true.

"Judith," he continued, without any affectation of the carelessness, or of deep feeling, "Judith is a favorite character of mine, and I have seen a picture of her that singularly resembles your mother, and would almost make a portrait for you."

The labyrinth of feeling! We find ourselves descending, and the ordinary world disappearing; and bonds entwining us and our power of returning every moment growing

less, and less and less, and yet we have not the courage to retract our steps. A species of curiosity deepens our interest, and opposes the resolution of reason, and we proceed on, on, on, from twilight to darkness! Light shines at length! We are in a world far from our own, and the flowers are blooming in the sunshine, while the fountain of immortality flows in through gardens that are never to wither? Poor dreamer! you will wake in the region from which you descended, and memory will mock you with the creations which experience will not permit you to revisit! Pause! proceed not further.

The parrot in the boudoir began to admire herself in a very subdued tone—the base voice of that singularly mimic—and said "Pretty Poll! pretty Poll!"

"You have got a parrot?"

"Yes, come and see; we shall be free from intrusion, and I want to have some serious conversation with you; in truth I want to unfold a tale. I wearied you about Ailey last evening?"

"Certainly not."

"Pretty Poll!" cried out the parrot, as they entered the boudoir. And then immediately, "Play for Poll," she grated out hoarsely, "Play for Poll!"

"What shall I play?" asked Cecily, going over to the cage.

"Hurra!" cried the parrot.

"What shall I play?" again demanded Cecily; "what shall I play, Poll?"

Poll got on her perch, and looked very wise; flapped her wings two or three times, and then, to utter amazement sang out, "Did you not hear of our own Ailey Moore?"

"Is that the tune?" said Cecily.

"That's the tune, answered Poll; "that's the tune, the tune!"

Poll murmured, "Hurra! Ailey Moore!" cried the bird; and then it laughed and clapped its wings, and swung round on its perch.

"You see Frank has not been idle," said Cecily. "Only I would not tell Frank's secrets," said Cecily, "I could guess something. And Mr. Moore," she continued after a pause—very gravely she spoke—"I would lay down my life to see Frank—happy."

Gerald made no observation, but sat down upon the sofa, to which Cecily pointed, while she sat in her former seat, near the mosaic table, and bent her dark eyes upon the capitol.

"Your friend, the poor soldier?"

"In joy and gratitude he leaves to night for Ireland, and bears you presents to the banks of the Shannon—to Ailey."

"You found no difficulty in purchasing him out?"

"Only with myself, for he feared 'any one should say he went over to the trait' as he said, 'to do justice for the'."

"Your meeting with him saved the life of Lucy."

"It is incredible with what courage and coolness he performed his part. But the whole succession of events had been quite providential. His meeting that monster of a man and woman in an omnibus; his overhearing their intentions to victimize a young girl; his accidental encounter with the woman in St. Giles's; his run to the hotel to pray the attendance of the police; and his meeting me, as I passed into the very same hotel, and recognizing me as I ordered the cabman to draw up—all is most wonderful! And indeed, I may add, meeting you and Baron St. John, at a moment when you were so much needed, both to me and the poor girl."

"She is nearly quite restored, and you must see her," said Cecily, looking fixedly at Gerald.

"Assuredly, if she wish it," answered Gerald, quite composed.

"She is very handsome," remarked Cecily.

"I dare say, poor thing. Better for her to have been born a cripple than to have ever run through such a danger."

Cecily acquired no information by her "probing"—that is, she knew perfectly well what Gerald Moore was, and was likely to answer, yet she appeared to have had a secret satisfaction in hearing him speak unimpassionedly of a handsome woman.

"Lucy shall take Emma's place. I am quite satisfied Lucy is respectable, and she shall be my companion, more than my maid."

"God will bless you!"

"And now of poor Emma. I am afraid to speak of her. She is not mad, I cannot, and I will not," she added, with energy, "I will not believe Emma an impostor; and yet what am I to believe?"

"How, Miss Tyrrell?"

"Well, really, I cannot proceed, unless 'Miss Tyrrell' and 'Mr. Moore' be given up. I am 'forward,' I suppose; but there is a pleasure in being 'true' as well as in appearing 'proper.' I want, Gerald," she said, and her voice softened as she pronounced the word, "I want a—with you 'call me Cecily'?"

"Assuredly."

"Well, I want you to be my friend—like Frank, in some way—yet I do not know what way. Could you think of me in any such way as you think of Ailey? I love her, dear Ailey, and I would like to please you just as she does."

Gerald Moore was touched. He felt he was in danger, and that she, without knowing it, was floating on "the course" which "never doth run smooth." But the rational soul rose up and seized the growing feeling; and there was a struggle—strong but decisive; Gerald shook for a minute—it was only for a minute—the sensitive was crushed.

The merely vain man would pursue this conversation to its last word, and this state to its ultimate development! but the merely vain man Cecily would have known only to pity. The merely selfish man would work the growing regard into profit, and only weigh what it was worth. The man of honor would fix his eye upon the far issue, and ask himself was he prepared; he would examine every step of the way, and demand of himself whether he was a legitimate traveller. The "ultimate honorable issue" Gerald looked upon as "impossible;" the road, even the spot of it he stood upon, forbidden ground for such a journey; he therefore answered—

"Certainly, I shall call you 'Cecily,' and place you with my sister before my mind."

It was all Cecily Tyrrell asked. Yet Cecily Tyrrell was not satisfied. Gerald said too little for her—she was reserved. He ought to feel more, and he was a man of deep feeling. But perhaps he did feel. Ay, perhaps, he asked himself what Frank Tyrrell would expect from Ailey's brother. She has done him justice. He is in her brother's house, paying a visit of the extremest confidence on both sides; and he is—poor.

Cecily rose, and, walking over to where Gerald Moore sat, she gave him her hand. He rose, looking quite perplexed, Cecily saw his heart with a glance.

"Gerald," she said, "do not be alarmed," and she smiled angelically. "I want to pledge and seal the sisterhood with Ailey. Heaven has sent her and you in my path—and now of Emma. Do you believe in spirits?"

"Spirits?"

"Oh, well, Gerald, I mean in spirits—bad spirits assuming bodily shape and form!" Cecily was pale and grave.

"I have never seen an example, but I have no reason for disbelief."

"No?"

"By no means. In the time of our divine Lord, such manifestations were frequently permitted, and in the un baptized countries they are by no means un frequent. But whence or how are you interested?"

"Poor Emma Crane, my maid, seems—nay, I believe, she is a victim."

"How?"

"She came to me only on Monday, and her melancholy look interested me in her behalf. Her testimonials were admirable; and one day—just in one day, she convinced me that she had had a fine education, and possessed the kind of soul I love. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, yesterday passed, and I was quite in raptures with my little Irish maid. Last night she was discovered lying on the floor, torn and bleeding, head, face, neck, and shoulders, and, for a long while after the discovery, scarcely able to explain her sad fate."

"But—"

"I was about to say, she believes she is attacked—obsessed," she calls it—by a devil."

"Oh, a vain fear. She is epileptic, and, having fallen, has injured her person on the floor."

"No, no, no—by no means—no, no," said Cecily, with her usual ardor. "No fall, and no scraping could inflict the kind of wounds which she carries."

"How did it happen, does she say?"

"You can see her—but, listen. On a calm summer evening, just the 20th of last May, she sat in an arbor which belonged to the garden of a dwelling in which she had been employed. Poor Emma had a mind to see the delicate beauties of the fresh young leaves, and her eyes wandered from her work, and traversed the garden, enjoying the munificence of God, in blossom, and velvet green—tree, flower, and fountain,—when her heart began to beat, and she became alarmed. She called back her thoughts, and, forcing her looks on the path before her, she saw crouched with bared teeth and blazing eye, a huge grayish rat. She screamed, called upon God, and she adds, the Virgin Mary, and fainted. The poor girl heard and felt no more till she found herself in bed, with various applications to her head and neck, and weltering in her blood. Oh, my God!

"Freddo dalle vene— Fuge il mio sangue al cor!"

"(Cold from my veins, The icy blood rushes to my heart!)"

What think you?"

"Well, I am really interested."

"I thought you would. Poor Emma had only her two hands, as she says, to earn a living, and even her own story was sufficient to turn her out. She was mad or 'haunted,' the good folk remarked, and neither quality of servant would answer their purpose. But she says they were kind to her, and relieved her wants, and never spoke to her of going to the 'poor-house,' as she calls the 'workhouse.'"

"The Irish have a horror of the workhouse. Our girls cannot endure the thought of mixing with those whom they find there. But, continued Gerald, "in six months, she should exhibit much more numerous traces of those assaults than would have been a recommendation to your confidence."

"Well, I made the same remark, and I did feel a little dissatisfied with the explanation; but she cannot—she cannot be an impostor."

"What account does she give, then, of these six months?"

"She will only say, that I could not understand her."

"Yes."

Gerald began to think. After a few seconds he said—

"Can I see her, Cecily?"

"Oh! poor Emma will be so glad!" answered the warm-hearted girl. Cecily rang—and the white coat, buttons, and powdered hair, appeared.

"Is Miss Crane in her room?"

"I think so, ma'am."

"Well, beg of her to come to the boudoir."

In a quarter of an hour or less Emma Crane presented herself in the boudoir. She was an interesting young woman of one and twenty, she was above the middle height, with large blue eyes and sharply defined mouth and well-formed aquiline nose. Emma was deadly pale, and her neck was all swathed with linens. She stopped short on seeing a gentleman before her in the boudoir, but Cecily prayed her to enter. Having had a seat beside her mistress, she was informed by her that Mr. Moore had a deep interest in her case and condition, and was a gentleman who did not disbelieve her, and wished to do her a service.

Poor Emma wept. It was like saying, "Who can do me a service?"

"But," continued Cecily, "he is just as desirous as I am to know how the six months, from May until this time, have been spent; you will surely gratify him."

Emma looked doubtfully at Gerald, and shook her head.

The young man slipped his watch-guard from his neck, and approaching poor Emma, he showed her a silver medal of the Immaculate Conception, which, in presenting to her, he kissed; he wore it just over his heart.

The young woman burst into a torrent of tears, and falling suddenly on her knees, thanked the good God a hundred times over.

"Dolcissima Madre!" ejaculated Cecily, "How they love Our Lady!" thought she.

"My dear Emma," said Cecily, "I have a medal of Our Lady—look! She continued nodding the cameo which she always wore. "See here, Emma," said the young lady.

This time Emma presented her lips to the Madonnas; and Cecily felt the hot tears falling on her hands.

Cecily wept for company, with the unfortunate; and she thought again, this is religion, at all events.

"Ah! Miss Tyrrell, what an angel you would be, if you were a daughter of Mary."

"And how shall I become one, Emma—how?" asked Cecily, in her earnest way.

"Ah!" sighed Emma—and she shook her head.

"Perhaps you would speak to Mr. Moore with more freedom, were I away, Emma?"

"I'll tell everything to me before you, Miss Tyrrell—he'll understand—and he can explain."

"Poor Emma," murmured Cecily. Emma detailed the first appearance of the rat as Cecily had narrated it, and then continued—

"All the world was flying from me, sir," she said, addressing Gerald. "I could get no employment, and scarcely a lodging—while every day for a week my terrible curse appeared to me, and attacked me. I had only one friend, and he always trusted me, sharing with me the little he could obtain from his calling."

"A young man," interrupted Cecily.

"My confessor, Miss Tyrrell," answered the unhappy girl. "He has been to me the angel of God—long since, I fear, I should have died by my own hand but for him."

"His name?" asked Gerald.

"Rev. William Clones."

"I know him; he is at present at—"

"Oh!" cried Emma, falling again upon her knees, "wherever he is, send the light of Heaven be in his heart, and on his head. He has been father, mother, brother, friend, and all to me! What would have become of me for him?"

Cecily was affected, and deeply interested; every "Catholic child," thought she, "has one friend."

"Well, sir," continued Emma, "I presented myself to him time after time, all bloody and nearly mad. Oh! the agony that came with the night time! and the doom that came in the shadows! Every gust of wind—every noise above or below me—sometimes the beating of my own heart—and my breathing, my very breathing, frightened me, and I looked into space until my eyes got dim. I could not dare nodle down! And then my blood would freeze—my feet would rock—and while I yet looked oh! God!—oh! Virgin Mother—she stood before me on the floor, and lay down just as I saw him the first terrible day, before he flew at my throat, and tore me."

Emma shuddered.

"One kind, brave young girl stayed with me for a month; she tied me down, each night, in my wretched bed—and thus I did not roll out on the floor in the hysterics which always followed the attack."

"You went to your confessor, regularly?" demanded Gerald.

"Yes, oh yes! I should have died but for that. He reminded me of Christ's sufferings from the Evil One; he pointed out the life of Job, and of our dear Lady; and he made me live on, 'under the hand of God.'"

"Well?"

"Well, sir, he, my confessor, gave me his small means, and endeavored to obtain work for me, and obtained for me many prayers from the charitable—but I lived in continued excitement; and my brain used to burn, and in fits of desperation—crazed from the memory of the night past, and maddened by the fear of the night to come, I have gone to drown myself."

"Poor Emma!" cried Cecily, while a tear rolled down her face.

"It was then, sir—" and she paused and looked at Cecily; "it was then, Miss Tyrrell, came my first relief."

"Relief?"

"Yes, miss; the poor people were beginning to be frightened at my approach, and the little children that used to play with me, and love me, flew shrieking away when I came near. The shopkeepers prayed I wouldn't come to their places, and the tradespeople were 'not home' for me; everything and every one became my enemy, and my heart was blackening against the world."

"Alas!"

"Yes, Miss Tyrrell. The world was an enemy—only him: and I saw the tears in his eyes when he relieved me, and the warm love of God came to my cold heart when he spoke."

"He relieved you from the monster?"

"He believed in me. Oh, may God bless him, he—he did; only for that I should now be in hell; he believed in me, and it struck him to obtain leave for me to lie on the boards in the sacristy, looking at the light that hung before Jesus."

Cecily started.

Emma smiled faintly, but sweetly. "Miss Cecily," she continued; "God is near us, and my good father brought me into his protection. How happy I was there! For over four months I have lain on the sacristy-floor at night, and worked there during the day, and for four months my soul was heaven. To live and die there before my God would have been Paradise!"

"You were not allowed to stay?"

"The parish clergyman, merciful and good as he was, was cautious. He said, 'However true she is, she cannot remain always here; and whatever is to be done last, may as well be done first.'"

"And then—"

"Then, sir, the same kind priest borrowed the money to send me to London, as I have had a good education, and can earn my bread."

"An excellent education," said Cecily, "and it grieves me to part with you—grieves me deeply."

"Alas! for three days I made up my mind that I had left the demon beyond the sea—but—oh God! oh God! Thy will—last night I knelt to pray, and I prayed for you—miss—indeed I did; and I prayed for the pale, sad-looking face that passed me by up stairs, and you with her, miss, and my heart was light and joyful. Mother of God! having risen from my knees, I sat on a chair by my handsome bedside, and I said, 'How fortunate I am at last!' The creature stood there before me! the same malignant eye was on me, and the bloody teeth were bare—oh God!"

Poor Emma was obliged to yield to the master-hand of excitement. She fell down, and was carried to her room in a state of insensibility. Cecily accompanied her with a beating heart, and many a novel feeling. She felt herself move in the world supernatural than ever she had felt before, and the impression was anything but disagreeable. Gerald had a full half-hour to his own reflections before she returned. At length she came, so pale and majestic, and melancholy; but she looked "in light."

Gerald, she said, sitting down quite beside him; "Gerald, I must get close to the God—the God who made this world of mystery!—oh, Ailey!" She continued; "Gerald," she said, looking at him earnestly, "if I were that girl—poor Emma, I would rejoice! oh, to be in practical contact with the unseen!"

"Cecily! surely, surely, it would not add anything to your knowledge or convictions."

"Knowledge! I have an abundance; conviction! why, yes; I know all things

the stars and the sea, and the city; and why even the best of our lives seem waiting to make it a fact.

"I would advise you, Cecily," he said, "to send home Emma forthwith."

Cecily almost laughed outright at the quiet suspension of her own topic; yet she honored the calm soul of Moore.

"You believe that?" "As firmly as my existence. Of course all clergymen have power over evil spirits, they will cast out devils in my name."

"I shall go to see it!" said Cecily vehemently. "Introduce her to Alley, and I will write her confessor. Let Alley be your correspondent."

"Always wise!" she said, looking into his face, as a woman looks who views the controller of her destiny; "always wise!" she repeated.

"I must depart, Cecily," he now continued. "I have much to do, and the events of the day have engaged us long."

"Go!" cried the young woman. "Yes, Cecily, I must go."

"But, Gerald, you must see my uncle, and I have not had any conversation, really!"

Gerald smiled, as she sometimes remarked him smile when a thing was vainly said or vainly done.

"You will leave me!—leave me here with all those burning thoughts and undirected wishes; leave me to this dark, insipid—"

"Cecily, what am I to understand? What do you wish? What do you need? Is there on earth an exertion or a sacrifice which you would command? Speak!"

For a moment the brow flushed and the eye lit; Cecily got deadly pale.

"Gerald!" she cried, "I am rich, but what is wealth? I am pursued by selfish idiots and heartless knaves; I wish—"

"Really, Cecily," said Baron St. John, entering the room, "you hear nothing and nobody since Mr. Moore came to town. Mr. Moore, he said, addressing himself to Gerald, 'if my niece were much less of a philosopher, I should not fear the company of a man like you; I have given up all hope, however, of bringing my nephew to common sense on the subject of 'Our Own Alley Moore.'"

"Hush!" said the parrot, "Ai-!-ley! Moo-o-o-r-a!"

"There! listen there!" said the baron.

TO BE CONTINUED

ETERNAL LIGHT

Father Charles used to say that only once did he meet any man, excepting some very holy religious, who expressed himself as perfectly contented, and it is worth while to see what sort of earthly blessedness that man enjoyed.

A feeling of awe came upon Father Charles, who was then Catholic chaplain of the City Home, the first time he stood before that strangest saddest of human figures.

"You haven't forgotten the novena, David?" he asked, when happening by the next day.

"No, Father," but then David stopped, as if embarrassed.

"You haven't any difficulty in making it?"

"Not exactly, your reverence, but there is something which I should like to ask you before I continue the novena. It was a thought that came to me of a sudden last night, as I was lying there awake praying to St. Francis Xavier. It is a thought that gives me the greatest happiness you could think of; yet I don't like to trust to it until I have asked your reverence's advice."

"Go ahead; what was your thought?"

"I thought that it might please God if I were to ask St. Francis in this novena to take away my own eyesight and give it to the young Father who has been struck blind."

"You see, your reverence," he went on to-day with more than his usual animation, "what is my eyesight compared to his? I am only a poor laborer, good for nothing in the world; and his eyesight will help him to save thousands and thousands of souls. If I am blind, nobody suffers but myself; but if he is blind, thousands suffer besides."

For a few moments Father Charles was too much moved to reply. His heart spoke only compassion for poor David's miseries, and yet something whispered to him that here was the triumphant humility of the saints, which glories in infirmity. Still hesitating to answer, he asked further:

"Can you think of any other reason, David, why you should wish God to transfer your eyesight to Father H? Beside the good to souls, do you look for any spiritual benefit to yourself?"

"I surely do look for it, Father," David replied. "You see my eyes. They are the only comfort I have left. They are strong and fine as ever. I can read all day without fatigue, and I can watch a fly crawling up the wall over on the other side of the ward. I should have been

his instant prayer to his beloved St. Rita, he was rewarded with a slight motion of his finger tips, so that at least he could again recite his rosary, next after Holy Communion the greatest solace of his life.

But the helplessness was not the only trial; there was a deeper vale of suffering, for it had been eight years of torment—often of agony. His strange affliction, while withering him away, had swollen his feet to such incredible proportions that the slightest touch or change of temperature brought unutterable suffering, for which all that medical skill could suggest brought scant relief.

As Father Charles saw him there in the noisy, draughty corner of that great ward, surrounded by rough and unsmooth companions, and lying with knees drawn high upon his wooden rack, kept alive by the merest ghost of a diet, he seemed to see a life on which all the sunshine of human happiness had set forever. To visit such a place was depressing, to live there was a trial, but to be paralyzed and in daily and nightly agony there for eight years! Yet the sun had not quite set on that life.

The soft light of prayer beamed from that pain-worn countenance. Every hour in the day was apportioned with its holy duty. The Sacred Heart, our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Rita, the Holy Angels, each had their own time of praise and thanksgiving and petition. The beads moved ceaselessly through the stiffened fingers. Not only prayer, but labor, too, found place in that strange day. From the frame of gas-pipe that surrounded his wooden rack hung a French grammar that David studied faithfully two good hours daily; and it was with a scholastic delight that he sprang his self-taught French on the unsuspecting visitor. Nordin he stop with bringing happiness into his own life. A warm heart for his fellow-sufferers, for the wayward and the afflicted. If you told him of some poor fellow in need of advice or warning, "Look in the little drawer under my head," he would say, and you found there David's spiritual dispensary—his pictures and leaflets and booklets, sedulously gathered from friends and visitors, to be distributed in an unceasing apostolate.

All was a matter of concern to him; his visitor's health, the improvement in the hospital, the poor lad in the next ward who wouldn't make his Easter duty, the Protestant inquirer after religious truth, the Sisters asking for prayers. He had a remedy, a suggestion for all.

So when the fourth of March, 1910 came around, the time for the Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier, Father Charles's first thought was to enlist good David's prayers. A special intention that was recommended by the Jesuit Fathers all over the world, the cure of a young Religious who had been struck blind by a painful accident.

How ready were those hundreds of poor, devout souls in the City Home to join in the great world-wide plea for clemency! There simple faith shames our all too frequent skepticism. There was of course no trouble in enlisting David. He was eager at the very scent of the spiritual chase. The famous little drawer had to be stocked with extra novena leaflets, and before night had set in, old Tommy, David's secretary and companion, as faithful as he was maimed and halt himself, had sent them speeding to everyone whom David's active mind could designate.

But Father Charles valued David's prayers too much to run even the chance of his relaxing in fervor.

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"No, Father," but then David stopped, as if embarrassed.

"You haven't any difficulty in making it?"

"Not exactly, your reverence, but there is something which I should like to ask you before I continue the novena. It was a thought that came to me of a sudden last night, as I was lying there awake praying to St. Francis Xavier. It is a thought that gives me the greatest happiness you could think of; yet I don't like to trust to it until I have asked your reverence's advice."

"Go ahead; what was your thought?"

"I thought that it might please God if I were to ask St. Francis in this novena to take away my own eyesight and give it to the young Father who has been struck blind."

"You see, your reverence," he went on to-day with more than his usual animation, "what is my eyesight compared to his? I am only a poor laborer, good for nothing in the world; and his eyesight will help him to save thousands and thousands of souls. If I am blind, nobody suffers but myself; but if he is blind, thousands suffer besides."

For a few moments Father Charles was too much moved to reply. His heart spoke only compassion for poor David's miseries, and yet something whispered to him that here was the triumphant humility of the saints, which glories in infirmity. Still hesitating to answer, he asked further:

"Can you think of any other reason, David, why you should wish God to transfer your eyesight to Father H? Beside the good to souls, do you look for any spiritual benefit to yourself?"

"I surely do look for it, Father," David replied. "You see my eyes. They are the only comfort I have left. They are strong and fine as ever. I can read all day without fatigue, and I can watch a fly crawling up the wall over on the other side of the ward. I should have been

crazy long ago if it hadn't been for my eyesight."

"Well, then, why do you want to lose it?"

"To be more like Our Blessed Lord on the cross. You see, Father," he continued with the air of a boy explaining some cherished plan, "there is nothing whatsoever for me to look for except a big share in Christ's cross. He had no comfort at all. He had nothing but suffering. Now, if God takes my eyesight from me, I shall lose all comfort, as Our Blessed Lord did; and, Father, that thought makes me happier than anything else in the world. But, of course, Father, I shouldn't care to make that offering without your permission. Will you grant it to me?"

"Granted!" said the chaplain, feeling himself about as humbled as a man can be. "If God does not accept your offering, you have all the merit, and no harm is done. If He does accept it, that will be a sign of His good pleasure."

All that day David was jubilant. He lived and planned only for that novena, trying by every device of pious ingenuity to wrest this unique favor from God. The rest of the week Father Charles was called away to a neighboring institution; but when he could pay a flying visit to David's ward, he was greeted by jubilant satisfaction.

"Eight years ago, said David, 'I should have gone mad at the thought of such sufferings as mine have been. Without the grace of God I should have lost my senses long ago. And yet, Father, now I would never pray to get well. Sure,' he added with an air of unearthly conviction. 'I am ready to lie here for thirty years more, too, if it would be pleasing to Our Blessed Lord.'"

The novena was concluded and David received Communion that morning. God had apparently not granted David's prayer. His eyes were as bright as ever, and gazed in peace upon His Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, whom he was trying so closely to follow. "But there is still time," he replied. "I'll keep on knocking, and God may give my eyes away yet."

His prayer, however, was being heard in a different way. Father Charles did not hear, in his absence, that David had suddenly sickened and weakened near to death, and had been anointed on Wednesday by another visiting chaplain, Sunday night Father Charles happened by and heard the news.

"But don't worry," David said, "I can't tell you what peace I have. I am perfectly happy. Never in my life have I had such peace. Oh, God, be praised!" And he repeated: "I am perfectly happy. I wish only for the cross of Our Lord."

"Thank God for the graces He has given you, David," said Father Charles. "I'll be back to-morrow early."

And early the next morning Father Charles kept his promise. He hurried to the familiar corner, but was bewildered when he saw there no sign of David.

"Where has he been moved to?" Father Charles asked in astonishment.

The old men around the ward were still, as if they, too, were bewildered. Then the nurse explained.

"Mr. Dwyer is gone," she said. "He died at 2 in the morning; a most peaceful and effortless death."

David's prayer was answered in God's own way. His eyes were at last closed to the light of the earth; but they were already opened—so was Father Charles' conviction as he knelt that morning in prayer for David's soul—to the unutterable glory of the Eternal Light.—John La Farge, S. J., in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE PRIEST AND THE CRIMINAL

Twenty years ago the work of Catholic priests in State and municipal institutions was viewed in general with hostility by Protestant officials. Time has brought a change. Prejudice and narrow-minded intolerance are giving way to appreciation and friendliness.

Closer association with the priest has taught the power of the Catholic Sacraments as an aid in charitable and correctional work. The words of the late Dr. Langdon, Superintendent of the Hudson River State Hospital, express the increasing conviction among non-Catholic doctors that Catholic religious influence is a helpful factor in the treatment of Catholic patients in public hospitals.

Speaking of his services to the insane, Dr. Langdon said: "For thirty years I have been engaged in such work and have found that nothing has exercised so beneficial an influence on these patients as the ministrations of Catholic priests."

Prison wardens, especially, have learned to appreciate the work of Catholic chaplains. The priest is a power in calming discontent, and a prudent go-between, trusted by officials and viewed with respect by both Catholic and non-Catholic prisoners. Public report of our large penal institutions now generally acknowledge the efficient services of their Catholic chaplains. Where such work is only of the Sunday type non-Catholic wardens regret the neglect of a field of labor where much could be done in reclaiming those not yet classed as hardened criminals, for religious influence is now looked upon as indispensable in successful penal work. This necessity was stated clearly in the National Conference of Charities and Correction, held in Seattle, July 5-12, 1913:



There are many imitations of this best of all fly killers. Ask for Wilson's, be sure you get them, and avoid disappointment.

Mr. Joseph P. Byers, Commissioner of Charities and Corrections of the State of New Jersey, describing a meeting of prison wardens, said:

As the evening drew near the discussion turned more and more on what real reformation is. And then those men, who so often in the public mind are only calloused and hardened by the nature of their work talked of the influence of religion in the reformation of convicts. With one accord they bore testimony to their belief that until the consciences and souls of men are touched and awakened by the regenerating influence of religion reformation is not complete.

To secure the reformation of Catholic prisoners is, of course, the Catholic chaplain's duty. This work, while fairly fruitful in permanent results, is beset with a great difficulty. Catholic prisoners, as a class, are woefully ignorant of their religion. Attendance at neutral schools and parental neglect are mainly responsible for this state of affairs. Thus are anointed on Wednesday by another visiting chaplain, Sunday night Father Charles happened by and heard the news.

"But don't worry," David said, "I can't tell you what peace I have. I am perfectly happy. Never in my life have I had such peace. Oh, God, be praised!" And he repeated: "I am perfectly happy. I wish only for the cross of Our Lord."

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they could easily be placed in safe positions and guarded against danger. Of 6,962 major and minor female offenders confined in 1904 in penal institutions, 76.6 per cent. were servant girls. Of these 6,962 women only 12.6 per cent. were committed for offences against chastity. In general, Catholic women offenders leave our penal institutions well disposed. All they need is encouragement and a new environment. Even Lombroso, while defending in La Donna Delinquente his doctrine of criminal atavism and the criminal type, repeats Guillo's assertion, that a woman "is more easily moved to repentance than men, recovers lost ground more quickly, and relapses into crime less frequently." This is the lesson of experience, and in view of this truth, it seems too bad that many unfortunate women are left to shift for themselves as best they may after leaving penal institutions. Perhaps these few words will inspire some of their more fortunate sisters to inaugurate a really efficient system for saving them from old temptations and sin.—Charles J. Mullaly, S. J., in America.

It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miseries" that make the heart heavy and the temper sour.

No man is so evil as to be utterly barren of good. Most men are far better than we believe them to be. The worst has a way of showing, and

the best is often hid so completely by a veneer of evil as to make us doubt its existence. But it is there. All it needs is a real opportunity to come out and make itself known.

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more extreme Reformers would not tolerate, and in the second Prayer Book, together with such language in the canon as might imply the doctrine of transformation and of sacrifice, the word Mass also disappears. That this abolition was deliberate is clear from the language of those who were chiefly responsible for the change. Bishops Ridley and Latimer, the two most conspicuous champions of the new religion, denounced the Mass with unmeasured violence; Latimer said of 'Mistress Mass' that 'the devil hath brought her in again'; Ridley said: 'I do not take the Mass as it is at this day for the communion of the Church, but for a popish device,' etc., and again: 'In the stead of the Lord's holy table they give the people, with much solemn disguising, a thing which they call their mass; but in deed and in truth it is a very making and mockery of the true Supper of the Lord, or rather I may call it a crafty juggling, whereby these false thieves and jugglers have bewitched the minds of simple people . . . unto pernicious idolatry.' (Works Ed. Parker Society, pp. 120, 121, 409.) This language is reflected in the 31st of the Articles of Religion of the Church of England: 'wherefore the sacrifices of Masses, in which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain and guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.'

CATHOLICS AS SEEN BY SOME PROTESTANTS

Toronto, June 19. — "That the Roman Catholics are away ahead of the Protestants in teaching the Bible, was the declaration of Rev. Judson McIntosh, at the Baptist Association in Toronto yesterday morning. Mr. McIntosh added that they had seen their opportunity and grasped it, and, as a result, their schools were everywhere. "Surely you don't prefer Separate schools?" asked Moderator Thomas McGillivuddy. "No," answered Rev. Mr. McIntosh. He referred, he said, to the greater power of the Catholic schools in teaching the Bible. Well this is refreshing after the buncombe we are accustomed to hear about Catholics being forbidden to read the Scriptures. And it is true, every answer in the Catechism has a scriptural reference if it does not quote the passage verbatim. And every Catholic child is taught the Catechism. "Milk for babes" someone may object. Yes, but is there not good scriptural authority for that same? Again in Montreal Rev. J. V. Smith addressing newly ordained Methodist ministers said: "Would to God we had something of the same earnestness and devotion in our work as Protestants, as the Roman Catholics have. I do not say I would endorse everything that is said and done, but there is a lesson for us. We ought to be able to copy it and get something of the spirit which is manifested on the part of these people." A little more of this sort of criticism might well replace the traditional misrepresentation of Catholics and Catholicism. It would promote the amenities of civilized life in Canada; but the old time vituperation of everything Catholic, if it intensified the anti Catholic sentiment of those who revel in that sort of thing, has at the same time led many to examine for themselves that formidable thing, the Catholic Church. The result in many cases was to lead the honest inquirer into the fulness of truth; in others to sit no longer at the feet of ranting Gamaliels. However no harm can come from truth and Christian charity.

"A few days ago I happened in a shop where a small boy was shrieking, kicking and acting like a young maniac generally in the presence of his father and mother, because his mother had told him not to do a certain thing. The parents believed in moral suasion and did not thrash the little rebel, who seemed by his persevering vigor to thoroughly appreciate the situation. I could not help thinking that if the 'little darling' had been turned over the knee and treated to a smart spanking he would have been taught a good lesson in wholesome discipline and prompt obedience. Just the medicine I used to receive at his age. It is a fine old-fashioned tonic for an unruly and disobedient youth, and it is as good for use to-day as it was long years ago." The philosophy of corporal punishment is not understood by the sentimentalist. All law has its sanction. Violate the laws of heaven and you suffer physically. Infractions of the civil laws always entail some penalty; otherwise civil laws would be wholly ineffective. The law of God has the sanction of eternal punishment. The child must learn obedience to law. In its early years the will of father and mother embodies for the child the whole idea of law. Before coming to the use of reason the child must learn that to break the law brings pain. Thus it learns to obey. There is no suggestion here of brute child-beating; no implication that there is no other discipline other than that which inflicts physical pain; but physical pain is generally necessary to teach the all-important lessons in early childhood. "He that loveth him correcteth him betimes." The sentimentalist, who allows the little one to grow up self-willed, disobedient, indulging every whim and caprice of temper or desire, truly "hateth his son." Byron though he made a great name in literature made a bad mess of his life. Broken down mentally and physically this self-indulgent weakling ended his wretched life at the age of thirty-seven. What a terrible significance there is in his lines: "Untaught in youth my heart to tame My springs of life are prisoned." In the school where some at least come undisciplined from the home, and where the infectious crowd spirit must be taken into account, sentimentalism has fostered indiscipline. Why should school boys be prevented from learning the greatest of lessons—that violation of law brings punishment? The Ferrer Modern School is the logical development of sentimentalism. There is now one in New York and some of those who canonized the anarchist may view it at closer range. The first monthly bulletin thus describes its aims and principles: "It is pleasant to think that the education we are giving the children at our school is anti-authoritarian in the real sense of the term; and for that reason, we hope, better than that at any school in America. . . . We wish men and women to be free, and to that end we are opposed to religion, war, property and all things that divide men into camps and nationalities. . . . If parents wish their children to retain some of their prejudices on these subjects, our school is a bad place to which to send them."

THE RT. REV. LOUIS J. O'LEARY

Unique, perhaps, in the annals of Canadian ecclesiastical history was the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Louis J. O'Leary, Bishop of Hierarchy and Auxiliary to the venerable Bishop Barry of Chatham, N. B. His Excellency Mgr. Stagni the Apostolic Delegate was the consecrating bishop, and one of the assisting bishops was the new prelate's younger brother, the Right Rev. Henry J. O'Leary, Bishop of Charlottetown; the other assistant was the Right Rev. M. J. O'Brien, Bishop of Peterborough. The two Bishops O'Leary made the same course of studies at Memramcook, at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and at the Canadian College in Rome. Both have been raised to the Episcopal dignity within the same year. This fact inspired the eulogy of the Rev. Father Le Cavalier, C. S. C., Superior of Memramcook College, who preached in French from the text: "These are two olive trees and the two candlesticks, that stand before the Lord of the earth." (Apoc. xi, 4.) The Rev. Father Ethelbert, O. S. F., preached the English sermon from the text: "Let a man so account of us as ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." (1 Cor. 13.) In Canada at the present time what St. Paul adds is in an especial sense true: "Here now it is required among the dispensers that a man be found faithful." That the same family should have given two priests to the service of God's altar is an evidence of holy and spiritual influences deeply rooted in the early years of home life. That both these priests should be placed as bishops to rule the Church of God is in itself an assurance that the dispensing of God's mysteries has been entrusted to men who will be found faithful.

man himself has proved Newman wrong, for is he not himself a classic.' And when we consider the achievements of such writers as Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell, Lionel Johnson, Hilaire Belloc, Wilfrid Ward, John Ayscough, Monsignor Benson, and Canon Sheehan, "may we not hope with a hope that Newman did not possess and yet which Newman has justified, that in the future there may come still other additions of a Catholic character to Classical English Literature." Another noteworthy contribution is that entitled "Poetry—a Handmaid of Religion," by the Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, whose non-de plumes, "The Gleaner," is well known to our readers. RECORD readers will be interested in a very interesting article on the Canadian Chinese missionary, Rev. Father Frazer, in which generous acknowledgment is made to the late Senator Coffey and the readers of this paper for the noteworthy manner in which they have assisted the work of the zealous priest. Space forbids a more extended review of this delightful magazine. To the Sisters of St. Joseph we extend our cordial congratulations on the success which attends their ventures in the field of feminism. St. Joseph Lilies reflects high credit on the great teaching institution that cradled it, and promises to help materially towards developing Catholic literature in Canada.

and the sailing under false colors—exploits which in other walks of life are indulged in only at the risk of loss of personal liberty. A FLAGRANT EXAMPLE of this dishonest practice lies before us. W. E. H. Lecky, the historian of "Rationalism" and of "European Morals" while not himself a Christian believer, has paid the noblest tribute to the beneficent influence of the Catholic Church upon civilization, upon the development of learning and the preservation of the moral law. "The Catholic Church," he says, "was the very heart of Christendom, and the spirit that radiated from her penetrated into all the relations of life, and colored institutions it did not create. . . . By consolidating the heterogeneous and anarchical elements that succeeded the downfall of the Roman Empire, by infusing into Christendom a bond of unity that is superior to the divisions of nationhood, and a moral tie that is superior to force, by softening slavery into serfdom and preparing the way for the ultimate emancipation of labor, Catholicism laid the foundations of modern civilization." All this and more is creditably appreciated by "The Presbyterian and applied to that tedious hodge-podge of jarring facts which it terms "the Church." And they cannot see that this is a shameful subversion of the first principle of morals!

ANGLICAN ORDERS

"Then came the Reformation, and from the sixteenth to the twentieth century the English church—not a new church, for in the name of historical accuracy and fair play we must protest against any such assumption, but the old church purified from accretions that had gradually obscured some of her doctrines and dimmed the pristine purity of her faith, still holding to apostolic order and to the ministering of God's holy word and sacraments. The Church is linked with primitive Christianity and apostolic days by a well established succession of pastors."

Thus Archdeacon Raymond at an Anglican ordination service in Fredericton asserted the claim made by a section of the Anglican communion that it has preserved unbroken the apostolic succession of the episcopate and priesthood. At the time of the Reformation the episcopate and priesthood might have been preserved and perpetuated in England even after they had cut themselves off from the unity of the Church by substituting Royal Supremacy for the headship of St. Peter's successor. In that case the Catholic Church would be no more disposed to deny the validity of Anglican Orders than the orders in the Orthodox churches which she has always recognized as valid. But as a matter of historical fact the Reformers in the time of Edward VI. carefully eliminated the Sacrifice of the Mass and substituted in the Book of Common Prayer a new composition based on the Lutheran liturgies of Germany. The very words of Consecration anciently used were made to give place to a new composition taken from the Order for church service drawn up by Nuremberg, of which church the uncle of Cranmer's wife was pastor. In the English Communion service, every care was taken by Cranmer and the other compilers to make it absolutely clear that the sacrificial character of the Mass had been changed into a memorial of prayer and praise. The Second Book of Common Prayer in 1552 was frankly Calvinistic.

It is consequently reasonable, and indeed necessary, to regard the Anglican Ordinal as giving a form of ordination to the ministry corresponding with the doctrinal teaching in regard to the Eucharist held by those who were its authors. And in point of fact the Ordinal was so drawn up. Hence Leo XIII. after the most careful inquiry into this question says: "All know that sacraments of the New Law, as sensible and efficient signs of invisible grace, ought both to signify the grace which they effect and effect the grace they signify. . . . In vain has strength been recently sought, for the plea of validity for the Orders, from other prayers of the same Ordinal. For, to put aside other reasons which show them to be insufficient for the purpose in the Anglican rite, this one argument will apply to all: from them has been deliberately removed whatever in the Catholic rite expresses the dignity and office of the priesthood. And consequently a form which omits what it ought essentially to signify cannot be considered as apt and sufficient."

The history of the time leaves no possible doubt that all idea of sacrifice was "deliberately removed." The following from the Encyclopaedia Britannica may suffice as a concise summary for those whose reading of history is limited: "In England, so late as the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. (the Mass) remained one of the official designations of the Eucharist, which is there described as 'The Supper of the Lord and Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass.' This, however, like the service itself, represented a compromise which the

There can be no question that in so far as Anglican Orders are concerned the Reformers instituted a new rite from which every word and idea suggestive of sacrifice and oblation was carefully excluded. This exactly corresponds to the doctrinal standpoint of the compilers with regard to the Eucharist. The Elizabethan clergy would have rejected with scorn the notion that they had orders in the same sense as Catholic priests. Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, writing about 1563, speaks of the Catholic orders as "stinking orders." He had no thought of belonging to the old Catholic church of England and had nothing but sneers and ribald language for men like Wilfrid and Lanfranc, Anselm and St. Thomas, the glories of that Church. Leo XIII. says very sensibly that "there is nothing more pertinent than to consider carefully the circumstances under which it (the Anglican Ordinal) was composed and publicly authorized."

These early English Reformers rejected the Sacrifice of the Mass and all that the notion implied—altars, vestments and priesthood. They drew up a rite of ordaining ministers, in which, by exclusion, this idea was strongly emphasized, and which was wholly different from the ancient Catholic rite. Hence Pope Leo concludes: "With this inherent defect of the form is joined the defect of intention which is equally essential to the Sacrament. The Church does not judge about the mind or intention in so far as it is something by its nature internal; but in so far as it is manifested externally, she is bound to judge concerning it. When any one has rightly and seriously made use of the due form and matter requisite for effecting or conferring the Sacrament, he is considered by the very fact to do what the Church does. . . . On the other hand, if the rite be changed, with the manifest intention of introducing another rite not approved by the Church, and of rejecting what the Church does, and what by the institution of Christ belongs to the nature of the sacrament, then it is clear that not only is the necessary intention wanting to the sacrament, but that the intention is adverse to, and destructive of, the sacrament."

Professor Maitland, though a Protestant, is not afraid to look facts in the face. Speaking of the Elizabethan settlement he writes: "A radical change in doctrine, worship and discipline has been made by the Queen and Parliament, against the will of prelates and ecclesiastical councils. . . . The service book is not such as will satisfy all ardent Reformers; but their foreign fathers in the faith think it not intolerable and the glad news goes out, that the Mass is abolished. . . . One point was clear. The Henrician Anglo-Catholicism was dead and buried. It died with Henry and was interred by Stephen Gardiner. In distant days its spirit might arise, but not yet."

The spirit of Anglo-Catholicism which has arisen in certain quarters of Anglicanism cannot bridge the complete break with the past three hundred years ago. And it is difficult to see how the most ardent yearning after Catholicism can lead Anglicans to believe that through that unhappy time Apostolic succession was preserved. If the old priesthood was not destroyed then they must believe that it survived in spite of the Reformers' avowed intention and earnest effort to destroy it.

INDISCIPLINE

Dean Inge of St. Paul's cathedral, London, England, speaking at the "Duty and Discipline" dinner at the Lyceum Club declared that "all over England there is an increasing orgy of sentimentalism and indiscipline." It will readily be conceded by the thoughtful and observant that sentimentalism and indiscipline are not confined to England. The Dean goes to the root of the trouble when he points out that sentimentalism is making discipline for the young impossible. If he is correctly summarized in the press despatches his outspoken words will not please the sentimental disciplinarians of school and home on this side of the water. "In the board school the schoolmaster hardly dared cane a refractory pupil, but he trusted that long after that salutary instrument had been abolished in the schools attended by the masses, the wholesome birch would still be wielded by the headmaster of Eton."

"He was convinced the disappearance of the upper classes in this country would be a tremendous misfortune, and if that class was to survive it could only be by taking to heart the advice which St. Paul gave to Timothy: 'Then, therefore, take thy share of hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'"

Evidently the English sentimentalist is closely akin to the Canadian species. We boast of being readers of the Bible, and the texts of the wisest of men are familiar. "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him correcteth him betimes." "Withhold not correction from a child for if thou strike him with a rod, he shall not die." "Thou shalt beat him with a rod and deliver his soul from hell." "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but the child that is left to his own will bringeth his mother to shame." Our professedly Bible-reading sentimentalist will airily tell us that we live in a different age and in different circumstances. We do. But human nature is ever the same. Or the sentimentalist will take an extreme case where punishment is inflicted in anger, or out of due measure, and dealing with this exceptional case as typical condemn all discipline that includes corporal punishment as brutal and barbarous. The device is as old as it is dishonest. Flaneur, writing some time ago in the Toronto Mail, gave this experience which will doubtless make every reader a bit reminiscent:

Dean Inge confidently hopes that sentimentalism will not encroach on the virile discipline of the English Public schools. It may be worth while to note that what we would call public schools are known in England as board schools; and that Public schools in England are boarding schools. Convinced that the disappearance of the English upper classes would be a great misfortune he places himself squarely against sentimentalism and on the side of the time-tried discipline of the schools frequented chiefly by the sons of these classes.

The following extract from Dean Stanley's Life of Arnold gives the views of the greatest of English Public school masters on this phase of school discipline: "Flogging, therefore, for the younger part, be retained. . . . But in answer to the argument used for these offences (i. e., lying, drink, and bad habits) and for their characteristic emphasis: 'I know of what feeling this is the expression, it originates in that proud notion of personal independence, which is neither reasonable nor Christian—but essentially barbarian. . . . At an age when it is almost impossible to find a truly manly sense of the degradation of guilt or faults, where is the wisdom of encouraging a fantastic sense of the degradation of personal correction? What to the simplicity, sobriety and humbleness of mind which are the best ornament of youth, and the best promise of a noble manhood.'"

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

Seventy students of St. Michael's wrote on the University examinations this year. Seven in the 4th year, sixteen in the 3rd year, sixteen in the 2nd year, and thirty-one in the first year. Of the B. A. graduates one obtained First Class honors, and six Second Class honors. In addition to these thirty-nine girls students from St. Joseph's and The Abbey, who were registered as University students in St. Michael's, took the University examinations of their respective years. One of these, a sister, received her B. A. degree with honors in modern languages.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN THE MAKING

We have little sympathy with those who are forever chanting lamentations over that sad fate of a Catholic writer. We know of no walk in life, save that of the cure of souls, that holds within itself a sweeter recompense. The consciousness of something done for God and the old Church is surely reward enough for even the most irksome labor. Nor is the Catholic reading public as indifferent as some would have us believe. The note of appreciation is not altogether absent from the pile of missives that reach the editorial sanctum. And, anyway, we do not work for praise, although if our work is worthy of it the praise will be ours. "St. Joseph Lilies" finds no place for pessimism within the confines of its blue and gold covers. We have regarded it with a deep personal interest from its very first number, and we have noted with pleasure how the spirit of optimism kept pace with its development and expansion. It sought no meaningless bouquets. It set out to win recognition by the excellence of its contents. It had abundant faith in itself, and that faith has been abundantly rewarded. The Lilies has won for itself an enduring place in the world of true literature, and Canadian Catholics take laudable pride in its success.

There is so much that is excellent in the latest issue of this quarterly that we find it hard to select anything for special commendation. Perhaps the most notable contribution is that delightful essay, "A Literary Second Spring," by the Rev. T. F. Burke, C.S.P., Rector of Newman Hall. It is long since we read anything with such genuine appreciation and enjoyment. And here again, as in the editorial columns of the Lilies, we are glad to notice the optimistic note. Most people, we think, hold with the London Tablet that "English literature is predominantly Protestant." Even Cardinal Newman maintained that Catholics could never create a Catholic English literature. But in the words of Father Burke, "New-

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE EDITOR of an Orange paper in Toronto has resigned for a principle. Even Schopenhauer, had it happened in his time, might have drawn some consolation from this. The gentleman should transfer his activities to Belfast.

THE INCREASING attendance year by year of Catholic young men and women at the Provincial Universities is gratifying evidence of the improvement of the educational status of our people and of their determination to take their due share in the intellectual life of Canada. This is as it should be. It is gratifying too to know that this is largely due to the soundness and thoroughness of the preparatory training acquired in our Separate schools, and of the full compliance of the latter with the qualifications laid down by the Education Department.

WE HAD occasion a short time ago to remark upon the attempts of the sects in recent years to appropriate to themselves the title "Catholic," and to the apparent countenance given to this usurpation by ill-instructed Catholics in the misuse sometimes by them of the prefix "Roman." This week we may, we think, not inappropriately, offer a reflection upon the misuse by Protestants of the word "Church." Take up any paper containing a report of proceedings at sectarian assemblies or conferences, or an account of any great Protestant function, and invariably you will find the term "church" applied not necessarily to this or that sectarian body, but to non-Catholic Christians, en masse. The Globe, which under its present management, and by right of tradition, is nothing if not a Presbyterian organ, in an article a week or two ago, on "The Church and Canada," plays battledore and shuttlecock with it. In one line the term is used as embracing all who call themselves Christians, however fantastical in their constitution or demeanor, and in another, this nondescript gives place to the Presbyterian organization, which, under such patronage, becomes the heir of all the ages. In no way is reference made to the One Church, Catholic and Apostolic, which to all men was the "city set upon a hill," and whose title to such designation none dreamed of questioning until the unhappy upheaval of the sixteenth century. None external to her regarded themselves as other than sectarians.

THIS MISAPPLICATION of the word "Church," illogical and absurd as it is, is, however, comparatively innocuous beside other uses to which it is put. It is, for instance, a not uncommon practice for sectarian preachers and journalists to appropriate to the nondescripts alluded to the tributes of historians or philosophers to the beneficent influence of the Catholic Church in the early or middle ages. This, while no less absurd than the other, takes on also the quality of dishonesty. It is simply the appropriation of what does not belong to them, the use of forged credentials

SOME APPRECIATIONS

OF THE LATE SENATOR COFFEY AND HIS WORK MR. JUSTICE FRANK A. ANGLIN, SUPREME COURT, OTTAWA

The good which has been accomplished by the many years that it has been controlled and published by the late Senator Coffey is incalculable. Its columns have always contained a marvellously large proportion of solid reading matter of the greatest value to Catholics resident in a mixed community. While Catholic truths have been fearlessly stated, clearly explained and ably defended, this has been done rather in instructive than in controversial form, and nothing has ever appeared which was written in a tone calculated to give offence to non-Catholics. Senator Coffey's death will be a distinct loss to Catholic journalism in Canada. His place will be difficult to fill. Yet it is the hope of the many readers to whom his paper has brought comfort and edification week by week, that its career of usefulness may be continued and that other hands may be found willing and competent to take up the great work which only death compelled Senator Coffey to lay down.

THE HON. C. J. DOHERTY, OTTAWA

There can be no doubt that in the death of our esteemed friend, the late Senator Coffey, not only the Catholic community of Canada, but the Canadian community generally has suffered a great loss. Both in his public career as a member of the Senate and a journalist and in his private life, Senator Coffey enjoyed as he well deserved, the respect and esteem of all who came in contact with him. Firm in his faith and in his own convictions, he nevertheless respected those who differed from him, and while a strong defender of what he believed to be right, was nevertheless free from any tinge of enmity or unfairness towards those who did not share his views. He was in every sense a worthy re-

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

"Give an account of thy stewardship." (St. Luke 12: 23)

We are all stewards of Almighty God. He has entrusted to each of us the most excellent treasure on this earth, an immortal soul. To show its worth Our Divine Lord came upon earth and suffered and died.

Some day God will call upon us to give an account of our stewardship. Happy shall we be, if we have not wasted and squandered the gifts and graces Our Lord purchased for us by shedding His Precious Blood.

In the Precious Blood we honor and venerate the price of our freedom and our life. It is "the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth us from every sin." Whatever is good whatever is holy, whatever is perfect upon earth has come to us by virtue of the Precious Blood of Our Redeemer. With what devotion, then, should we not commemorate the shedding of this most Precious Blood to which we owe so much.

When we think that God took upon Himself the flesh and blood of man in order to die and shed His blood for man's salvation; when we contemplate by what afflictions, stripes, wounds, lashes and gashes this shedding of His Precious Blood was caused; when we meditate on the great truth that God, the Father, who loved His Son with an infinite love was pleased with this atonement—then we cannot but be lost in astonishment and exclaim "How unsearchable are Thy ways, O Lord, how inscrutable Thy decrees."

Yet, can we not see in this the greatness of the love of Jesus? "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (St. John xv, 13.) Jesus shed His Blood, laid down His life, for every one of us. Every drop of His Precious Blood, from the first drop shed at the circumcision to the last drop poured out on Golgotha, was shed for each individual soul. The entire price was paid for each. If the human nature of Jesus Christ is to be adored on account of its intimate union with the Divine Substance, the Precious Blood is particularly adorable because it is also the price of our redemption.

What more powerful motives for our gratitude and love could there be? If a man were in prison, bound by chains from which he could not free himself, and some kindhearted person, moved by compassion and love for his neighbor, should ransom him, free him from the chains, would he not feel grateful to him? Would he not do all he could for him and to please him? Would he not try in every possible way to show his gratitude and love to his kind and generous benefactor?

Such was our condition before the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ were applied to our souls. We were in the prison of death, the slavery, the bonds, the chains of sin. We could not liberate ourselves. No one but God could free us. God, the Redeemer, came. He freed us from the captivity of the devil. He ransomed us from the chains of Sin. He gave the price, His own Precious Blood, and we were liberated from the prison of death.

And how do we show our gratitude and love? Do we show that we are grateful to Him and try to please Him by obeying His holy law? Do we keep the commandments of God and of His Church? Or do our actions rather tend to displease our generous, Divine benefactor? Do we trample upon the Precious Blood which He shed for us, by breaking some of His commandments or by receiving the Sacraments, the channels of grace, sacrilegiously?

Do we displease Him, insult Him, show our ingratitude to Him, by swearing, taking His holy name in vain, lying, cheating, slandering our neighbors, getting drunk or committing other sins? Do we trample upon His Precious Blood by unworthily receiving the sacraments which have their origin and efficacy in this Precious Blood? Do we receive them without the necessary preparation and dispositions? If so, let us be sorry for the past and resolve for the future to do all in our power to please Him and show our gratitude to Him.

Remember that everything good that is in you, everything holy that is in the world is owing to the merits of the Precious Blood of Christ. From it the Church received its origin and the Sacraments their power of producing and increasing grace.

By it we are freed from our sin. But in order to partake of its merits here and hereafter, faith alone without good works is not sufficient.

We must not only believe what God teaches; but we must also obey—do what He commands.

For St. Paul lays down these two conditions when he says: "In Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but faith that worketh by charity." (Gal. v, 6.)

Let, then, your faith work by charity. In other words, show by your works the faith that is in you. Show by your actions, show by your good Christian lives that Christ's blood has not been shed in vain for you. And ask Him through the merits of His Most Precious Blood to grant you all the graces necessary for your state of life and especially the grace of a happy death, that, having faithfully served Him here on earth, you may gloriously reign with Him in heaven when your time

comes to give an account of your stewardship.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

EUCCHARISTIC WORKS

The fire which our divine Lord came to bring into this world, and which He so greatly desired to see spread around Him, was His own deep love for mankind. He had already kindled this fire in the hearts of His apostles and disciples by the countless kind words and consoling deeds of His three years' ministry. And in order to hold their hearts even after His return to heaven, He succeeded, by a specially touching mark of His affection, in solving in a divine way a problem which seemed humanly insoluble, that of returning to His Father in heaven whole and entire and of still remaining with us on earth whole and entire. Not wishing to leave as orphans the flock He had redeemed by His Precious Blood, He found a means of perpetuating in the Holy Eucharist His charity upon the earth, giving us thereby the greatest pledge of His infinite love for men.

Our faith teaches us that Christ in the Eucharist is present uninterruptedly in this world, that He continues to dwell with us, that He multiplies Himself in all places where there is an altar raised and a priest to consecrate, that He gives Himself as food for our souls, and exercises a loving and personal influence on the Church and the faithful. In every Catholic church and chapel throughout the world where a lamp glows in the sanctuary, there Christ our Lord has made a home for Himself. The flickering rays invite us to throw our selves at His feet, not merely to pour out our prayers and our supplications and bless and praise His holy Name, but also to surround His altars with the external pomp and glory due to royalty.

Faithful Catholics have in all ages responded to this amiable invitation. In past centuries they built castles for their earthly kings, but they also raised magnificent cathedrals and churches to be fitting homes for Him Who is the King of kings. And after those temples had flung their cross-topped steeples to the skies, Catholic art continued to spend itself in beautifying wall and ceiling and window and sanctuary, so that even after hundreds of years those temples remain monuments to the enthusiasm which a living faith in the Real Presence inspired.

This holy enthusiasm has never waned among God's faithful children for while the manifestation of it may possibly be not so grand or so noble as in the past—witness the cathedrals of the Middle Ages—the evidences nowadays of intense devotion to the Real Presence are not less striking, nor are the motives underlying the practice of it less sincere.

The august sacrament of the altar is still for Catholics throughout the world what St. Augustine calls the signs of union and the bond of charity, and all that human efforts can do is being done to honor and glorify sanctuaries and altars are being adorned; and wealth and time and labor are vying with the heart of former ages in providing for the beauty of God's temples. This is a form of eucharistic work which appeals to all who love our Lord. Giving one's alms and one's personal effort to make the holy sacrifice in its external manifestations worthy of the Victim Who is offered, and to surround with splendor the tabernacle wherein He rests, is surely a work that is pleasing to Him.

In countries where the faith is still strong and the free exercise of religion guaranteed, other forms of religion worship of the Holy Eucharist bring consolation to the souls of Catholics. In those lands the king, for instance, is borne by reverent hands and followed by devout multitudes in procession through the streets of towns and cities. A more modern phase of his work are those Diocesan Congresses which are held to discuss ways and means for the development of the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament among the faithful. But these local functions pale before the splendor of the International Eucharistic Congress held each year in some country or other, whither people go from the ends of the earth to show their love for the God of the tabernacle. Those of us who have the privilege of witnessing it will never forget the demonstration in Montreal in 1910, notably the wonderful procession made up of Catholics hailing from various quarters of the globe and moving like a solid army to the foot of Mount Royal to receive the blessing of their Eucharistic King. The marvellous scene will stay with those who beheld it as a precious memory; it will always be recalled as a proof of the intensity of Catholic faith and the universality of Catholic practice.

Evidently solemn public tributes like these to the royalty of God in the Holy Eucharist would be empty symbolism if our belief did not tally with our external practice. Happily our worship of the Eucharistic God is also interior; we know whom we possess though He is hidden under the sacramental veil. This is enough to explain the faith of Catholics, and their enthusiasm in manifesting it before the world.

First and foremost there is the Mass itself, that sublime act which renews before our eyes the very

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HAGERSVILLE, ONT., Aug. 26th, 1913. "About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My kidneys and liver were not doing their work, and I became all run-down. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised, I decided to try them.

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tragedy of Calvary, and which brings us near again to the God Who shed His blood for us. The Church commands us to assist at this solemn function on Sundays and holidays as the eucharistic work par excellence; and while she prescribes this only as an essential duty, she urges us as a noble form of eucharistic devotion to assist at Mass every day, or at least as often as we can.

And yet eucharistic devotion should not mean merely being present at Mass and contemplating the Blessed Eucharist on the altar. This devotion supposes also that we nourish our souls with our Lord's Body and Blood not merely once a month, but as often as we are present at Mass. With pious Catholics Holy Communion should be the accompaniment of the Mass. The soul needs food just as the body does, and it seems a strange paradox to see people nourishing their bodies three times a day and then starving their souls on one Communion a month. Our First Fridays and our monthly General Communions should not represent the limit of our eucharistic craving. Undoubtedly Holy Communion is a very solemn act and presupposes an adequate preparation of our souls, and we can understand the hesitancy shown by the many who are invited to this banquet; but the Holy Father laid down the privileges and the obligations in this respect in the decree on frequent and daily Communion, a document which should be read and studied by all Catholics so that they may have no further scruples in this matter.

There are other forms of eucharistic work which should appeal to the members of our League. In many large centers of population there are Societies of Night Adorers, pious men who watch with our Lord in the hours of the night when He is alone in the tabernacle and when the world outside is asleep or giving itself up to pleasure. There is the well known devotion of the Forty Hours, when our King remains seated on His throne for that length of time to receive the homage of His children. There is the Holy Hour, now becoming popular in many centers, when our Lord asks us, as He asked the apostles at Gethsemane, to watch and pray an hour with Him.

The various confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament recognized by the Church, whether they be called Sodalties of Perpetual Adoration, Eucharistic Leagues, Altar Societies, Servers' Sodalties, Eucharistic Propaganda, and so on, are all forms of eucharistic work whose ultimate aims are to make us live nearer to God in the tabernacle, to go oftener to Communion, and in other ways to atone for the contempt and the sacrileges which are offered to Him in the great Sacrament of His love. It is to be regretted that there are so many Catholics who do not appreciate the awful Presence of our Lord amongst them, or who ignore how to honor Him. This may be the result of the lack of religious education or the lack of opportunities. But may it also not be the result of their own lukewarmness? The great truths of our religion fade rapidly from lukewarm souls. Religious ignorance comes oftener from a lack of piety and religion practice than from a lack of teaching.

Such a charge can hardly be made against members of our League. Devotion to the Sacred Heart draws them to the tabernacle, and it is consoiling to know that where the League is prospering there frequent Communion and other manifestations of love for our Lord in the Holy Eucharist also prosper; the League of the Sacred Heart has increased a hundredfold the number of communicants in Canada. But our Promoters and Associates should not remain satisfied with what they have done; they should keep up their zeal in eucharistic work, especially in urging people to go to Holy Communion. By doing this they will carry out the wishes of the Holy Father who, in a recent discourse to a number of Bishops, urged them to develop in their flocks by frequent Communion devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, the noblest of all devotions because God is adored directly; because it unites us to the Author of all grace and all love.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

UNDERMINING CHRISTIANITY

Recently the question of admitting to the ministry candidates who reject Presbyterian interpretation of the Bible came up at the meeting of the New York Presbytery. The applicants for admission were graduates of the Union Theological Seminary which has become noted for its heterodox teachings. The two candidates who presented themselves were charged with heresy. One of them, when asked did he believe in the virgin birth of Our Lord, returned this evasive answer: "No body these days preaches sermons on such subjects. I will have no occasion to preach it."

The young man who thus brushed aside as unimportant a cardinal doctrine of Christianity was but repeating what he had learned from his professors in the Union Theological Seminary. The denial of the virgin birth of Christ is entirely in keeping with the view that the Saviour of mankind was not, in very truth, the Son of God, but merely the highest type of manhood. That means that Christianity rests on a foundation of false teachings. We can see then what is the tendency of the opposition to the doctrine of the virgin birth. A denial of that doctrine paves the way for the rejection of the divinity of Christ. Keeping this in mind, what are we to think of Professors of Theology in Protestant seminaries inculcating students with such views as those that recently elicited a strong protest from members of the New York Presbytery.

The need for such protests is emphasized by an article which appeared in a recent number of the Exposition and Review from the pen of Professor Carver of the Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Ky. The Professor says that the doctrine of the virgin birth "is an explanation and a proof of the divinity of Christ, is both in itself and in teaching." "That is a sample of the teaching in Protestant seminaries that are turning out graduates who reject what are regarded as the essentials of Christianity by all who have not fallen under the influence of the higher criticism. The protests of the New York Presbytery against such graduates occupying Presbyterian pulpits so far have been of no avail.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THINGS IN WHICH WE CAN CO-OPERATE

THINGS IN WHICH WE CAN CO-OPERATE

Says the Catholic Columbian: "Catholics should take part with their Protestant fellow-citizens in all movements to improve the condition of the poor, to put down commercialized vice, to purify politics, to beautify their home towns, to regulate dangerous traffics, and to promote in other ways the common welfare. We are all citizens of the one country, and on the ground of our citizenship we have a level where we can meet and co-operate with people of all denominations. When we come into close relations with our neighbors in patriotic enterprises we shall know them better personally and esteem them more highly and they will understand us better and think more of us. They will be more willing and ready to co-operate with us in preventing the dissemination of lies and calumnies against our Church and in checking the onslaughts of vicious anti-Catholic literature. Let us get together in all that makes for a kindlier feeling between man and man for a better and happier country."

THE LIFE OF A PRIEST

"There is much in the priest's life to wear out the nervous system," says the Monitor of Newark, N. J., "the public speaking, the long hours in the confessional, the care of souls, the contact with suffering and sorrow and sin, the annoyances of administration, the strain of raising money and properly dispensing it, the criticisms that come to all, the fierce light that beats upon the priesthood. On the other hand, there are many consolations, and the affection of Catholics for their priest is proverbial. It is a fact that priests are prone to take less care of their health than men of families. They are often blind to the beginning of an illness and there is often no one to warn them. They take risks, until they are taught better by some painful experience. They bid others be careful and take little care

in their own case. So true is this, that there is always more danger of a priest dying without the Sacraments than there is of a layman's."

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JULY 4, 1914

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SELF-ENCOURAGEMENT

The encouragement of others is one of the most useful, the noblest, the holiest occupations a man could take up.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BIRD STORY

Some years ago, my father had a pair of common white pigeons. They were very tame, and became very much attached to him.

Arrayed in his disguise, our skeptical friend, imitating my father's whistle as nearly as possible, whistled to the pigeons.

Have you ever gone into the heart of this subject? Do you know what is the source of nine-tenths of the world's supply of discouragement?

The first thing, then, that the self-encourager must do is to forget the other man's sneer or laugh.

Control your imagination as well as your memory. Take your difficulties on the installment plan.

Easiest Way to Clean Cutlery

Just use a little Panshine sprinkled on a damp cloth, and let your cutlery be as dirty, greasy, grimy as it may.



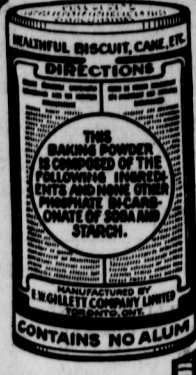
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to get all you can, and then go forward, encased in the armor of scholarship, to do battle and you will succeed.

WHO CARES

"Who cares?" exclaimed one who seemed to be leader in a group of girls on the way home from school.

But if only you stop to listen you may discover a false ring in that question. A fault is not "all over" and ended if no effort is made to correct it.

And our true self cares, for all that lips may deny. A voice within us urges that life was meant to be the very best we can make it, and:

Each life that falls of the true intent, Mars the perfect plans that the Master meant."

FORGOT HIS MANNERS

A school inspector was testing a class's powers of observation. He made sure that the class saw that he had a gold mounted fountain pen in his waistcoat pocket.

There was a long pause, and then a small voice piped up: "Please, sir, you forgot to say 'Excuse me' when you walked in front of the teacher."

TEMPERANCE

"A JOOLY GOOD FELLOW"

Some years ago one of the popular illustrators drew for a magazine a picture entitled "For he's a jolly good fellow." It showed a clubroom; good looking young men, whose faces were flushed with wine.

But there was another side to the picture. It showed the home of the "good fellow," where his young wife sat waiting for him.

It was not simply the disappointment, the loneliness that made the young wife lay her head on the table, sobbing. She wept because she knew that she had married a weakling.

IRELAND'S GREAT TEMPERANCE CONGRESS

The chief aim of this month's great National Total Abstinence Congress in Dublin, Ireland, is to inaugurate a permanent Catholic Total Abstinence Federation and a permanent Priests' Total Abstinence Union.

TEMPERANCE IN THE BRITISH NAVY

A press despatch from London, May 30, says:

"While it has not been suggested that the British Admiralty follow the example of Secretary Daniels and prohibit the use of wines and liquors in the navy, a movement is afoot to induce the men to give up drink."

In the Indian army the progress of temperance is remarkable. According to officers back from India, about 50 per cent. of the British soldiers there are total abstainers.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

June, month of the Sacred Heart, and July, month of the Precious Blood, are two months specially dedicated to and intimately associated with the divine personality of Our Blessed Lord.

VOCATIONS

The subject of vocation to a religious calling, be it as priest, Brother or Sister, is unnecessarily puzzling to many to young people because of incorrect notions which they have formed or received from incompetent advisers.

RELIGION IS NOT FADDISM

Is it wise to identify the Church too closely with this or that ephemeral movement or individualistic hobby? We do not think so, despite the vociferous demands for Church recognition and support for somewhat questionable enterprises.

ECONOMICAL—Heats the house well without burning all the coal you can buy.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace Gives steady, even heat on least fuel. See the McClary dealer or write for booklet.

far as it goes; but it is not religion. Religion concerns itself with our relations to the Supreme Being.

This is one of the mistakes that many Protestants are making to day. Religion is displaced for the latest fad.

We have noticed that some writers, who seem to know more about the fads of Protestantism than they know about their own religion.

ICED COCOA!



JUST try it, ICED. You can imagine it will be delicious—cooling—refreshing.

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One of the advantages— and there are very many of them—of the



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—Ask your dealer to show it to you.

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HILAIRE BELLOC ON SOCIALISM

Socialism, says Hilaire Belloc, writing in the Catholic Truth Press, differs only from other political theories in this point alone, namely, that if the means of production were owned and controlled by the Government or State, the State would be a Socialist State.

It is certain, he says, that whatever may have been the conditions among other races, the White Race has never yet had anything like this. There was plenty of co-operative production in the Middle Ages and plenty of common land side by side with land which was privately owned. But the proposal of the Socialists to convert all private property in the means of production—that is, in the factories, machines, land, houses and so on—into government property, is a novel proposal.

This proposal has been made, says Belloc, because the present state of society is in itself a novel one, suffering from evils that are new to us, and the arguments in favor of it and which seek to show that the nations would be happier under Socialism are many and not without strength.

It is held that the wage-earning classes, by far the greatest class of any country and destined to be wage-earners all their lives, except in individual instances, would benefit under universal state-ownership (or Socialism) by the fact that the highly competitive system brought about by the perpetual conflict between grasping employers and hungry employed would virtually be reduced to a minimum. Since the Socialist says the big fish show a tendency to swallow up the little fish, the present state of society must so develop in such a way that a few very big men will eventually control the destinies of the rest of their fellows.

However, says Belloc, no man in a Socialist State could be called what we now call "free." He could not really exercise his will as to where he should go, what he should consume, what he should do with his time, or to what activities he should direct his energies.

The Socialist admits that if the Socialist State were despotically inclined, there would be no real freedom for a man; but he declares the ideal Socialism could never be despotic; it would not be tolerated for a day.

The Socialist denies that in all the circumstances of his life, a man would be necessarily in the hands of officials who should direct him what to do and how to act, according to the "system."

Mr. Belloc does not say that even if such were the case, the citizen would be worse off than is the case under present political administrations. He does say, however, that it would be an inevitable result of Socialism and a result that could not be avoided save by a process of confusion of thought; by trying to persuade oneself that a thing can both be and not be at the same time, and Socialists have hitherto failed to show (he says in effect) that the citizen would not really be an automaton under the iron heel of the Socialist system.

And as Socialism would destroy what we call freedom, so it would also destroy what we call the satisfaction of the desire for property, says the old Balliol man.

The Socialist contends that under the present conditions, only a very few can become owners of property, and this at a fearful strain of mind and body. Under Socialism on the other hand, if it were democratic in its management, the average citizen would enjoy far more of the desired permanent possessions of life than he can possibly hope to enjoy to-day. Belloc replies to this in effect by saying that if you limit a man in his power of acquiring personal possession of anything, you also limit his desire for personal expression (personal honor, he terms it generally) and by doing so, you limit the citizen's power for advancing himself to a maximum standard of personal excellence. You (practically he says) eliminate from each man the sentiment of highly improving himself socially, materially, and educationally, and so forth.

The serious opponents of Socialism have the following words of advice to tender to their adversaries, says Belloc: If you could make a citizen in which the greater part of society owned capital and land in small quantities, that society would be happy and secure. This sub-

division is not only possible with regard to land; it is also possible with regard to shares in industrial concerns. No drift backward to the unequal conditions of the present world of necessity take place, if the body of the citizens decided of their own free will and by the help of mutual societies, guilds and conscientious working together for the good of the State, to secure the proper and equal division of property.

This (the ex Liberal politician says) is the only alternative to Socialist collectivism; land would be divided up into a complex partitioning on the lines of what are now known as "small-holdings" and industrial shares would also be subjected to a proper division among the earning and working persons, while certain limits of competition would be legally fixed and sanctioned by the State.

Between this ideal and that of Socialism (says Belloc), there is no alternative; the nations must go one way or the other.

The whole contention of the future lies between these two theories, says the old Oxford man, who has been described as one of the three cleverest men in Great Britain, the others being Mr. Gilbert Chesterton and Mr. Macaulay, the authority on National Insurance.

On the one hand, says Belloc, you have the Socialist theory, the one remedy and the only remedy seriously discussed in the industrial societies which have ultimately grown out of the religious schism (i. e. Individualism, arising out of the theory of private judgment—Protestant theory—as against the Utilitarian ideas born of the organized altruism of Catholicity), of the sixteenth or Reformation century, namely, the industrial societies of North Germany, of the United States and especially of England and the Lowlands of Scotland.

On the other hand (says Belloc) you have the Catholic societies whose ultimate appetite is for a state of highly divided property, working in a complex and probably at last in a co-operative (organized altruism) manner.

That is certainly the way the Irish nation is going, says Belloc. "The Irish people," (to quote him) "unlike the aliens of the North, have steadily refused to turn themselves into a proletariat whether in the modern industrial phase or in preparation for the final Socialist phase. The Irish are determined to own."

The same solution appeals to the great mass of the French people with the exception of the mining and spinning districts of northern France. The interest of all our debates in the near future in western civilization will lie, I think, in the victory of one or the other of these two ideals—the Socialist ideal in which the disorganized industrial world will attempt to heal itself upon lines consonant with its existing nature; or the ideal of widely diffused ownership, in which the healthier and older world, which has survived outside the modern industrial system, proposes to build up its new life, until it can see its way to basing an intensive production upon highly divided individual property.

The Socialists of course do the most prophesying; but then they have grown out of that Biblical enthusiasm in religion and philosophy, to which prophecy is native. Prophecy has always been worthless in human affairs save where it regarded transcendental things.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A GOSPEL OF EMPTY HUSKS

Reading the "Letters" of the late Charles Eliot Norton impresses on one the profound conviction that the man without faith is a dangerous guide for youth, no matter how high may be his standing as a citizen or how great his reputation for learning. Mr. Norton was for twenty three years Professor of the History of Art in Harvard University, and his letters have frequent references to his realization that to make his students realize that poetry, sculpture, architecture, and painting can not be good "unless men have something to express which is the result of long training of soul and sense in the ways of high living and true thought." How inadequate his own share in the training of souls must have been we learn from his letter to Goldwin Smith written "near the end of life" in which he says:

I am a more complete agnostic than I, and I have less fear than you of the result on conduct of the weakening of belief in the divine origin and authority of Christianity. The motives for good conduct and for refraining from ill presented by Christianity seem to me of an essentially selfish order, and, although their appeal to selfishness has been urged by priests and ecclesiastics generally, it does not appear to have been of much avail except with the ignorant masses of men. With them it is not likely, whatever changes take place in the creed of the comparatively small number of enlightened men, to lose its force. I believe that the motives which impel an intelligent man (who leaves God and immortality out of his reckoning because inconceivable) to virtuous conduct, are the strongest which can be addressed to a human being, because they appeal directly to the highest qualities of his nature.

Your conception of "Conscience" as a "faculty" (?) that bears testimony, that is to be trusted, to things of the spirit, in regard to which the reason is silent, has too much of the

intuitional to be acceptable to a disciple of Locke and Hume.

Parents, in particular, will find food for thought in the practical expression of Mr. Norton's views, as set forth in an earlier letter, announcing his mother's death to John Simon, an old friend:

Cambridge, Sept. 25, 1879. I do not want you to hear by mere common report of my mother's death. She died tranquilly at midnight last night.

Euthanasia would have been a blessing at any time for a year and more past; and, of late, to abridge her life would have been a duty in any society more civilized than ours. (P. 92, vol. 11.)

Again (P. 341) he voiced his terrible conviction:

There is no ground in reason to hold every human life as inviolably sacred, and to be preserved, no matter with what results to the individual or to others. On the contrary there are lives to which every reasonable consideration urges that the end should be put.

It is not to be hoped that a superstition so deeply rooted in tradition as that of the duty of prolonging life at any cost will readily yield to the arguments of reason, or the pleadings of compassion, but the discussion of the subject in its various aspects may lead gradually to a more enlightened public opinion, and to the consequent relief of much misery.

It makes sad reading to follow the chapters of a life imbued with such ideas, and having no nobler outlook for the end than "a painless death and a happy memory in the hearts of a few friends."

There are a few among the "ignorant masses of men"—as Mr. Norton ranked Christians—who would change with this scholar and teacher at the approach of death unsupported by believe in a merciful God and the hope of a happy eternity.—Sacred Heart Review.

SECTS IN THE MISSIONARY FIELD

A prominent bishop of one of the evangelical churches, who is very much interested in foreign missions, has recently been surprised to find from literal translations of Chinese names for the various Protestant denominations, what curiously expressive and suggestive titles the Protestant sects are labeled with among the Orientals. The Baptist church, for instance, requiring as it does complete immersion for baptism, is called in the Chinese language "The Big Wash" Church. This is, after all, not so surprising, since even in this country the Congregationalist, accepting practically all the doctrines of the Baptist church except baptism by immersion, are sometimes called "unwashed Baptists."

The name of the Presbyterian church, that is of the religious body which is ruled over by presbyters or elders, becomes in Chinese "The Church of the Ruling Old Men." For the Protestant Episcopal Church however, is reserved, perhaps, the most interesting characterization by the literal translation of their name. Episcopos in Greek means, etymologically an overseer. A well-known bishop said its real significance was an overlooker, one who would not see little things. The Chinese translation of this word is overseer. Protestantism because it represents only a protest or objection, is translated by a strong figure into Chinese as kicking or objecting. The Protestant Episcopal Church, then, becomes "The Church of the Kicking Overseers."

The acute genius of the Chinese has reached the very heart of the mystery of Protestantism. Over and over again the Protestant Episcopal Church has in recent years been pleaded with by many of its followers at times of convocation to leave out the word protestant, because a religion cannot be founded on a protest—testimony—an objection to something else. It must have a positive basis. A kick against some other position is not enough to justify a new religion. Perhaps the translation into Chinese may emphasize this.

The curious designations which must be so mysterious and undignified to the eminently dignified Orientals are almost enough in themselves to secure failure of respect from the better educated classes. The whole question of all sects entering the missionary field becomes an absurdity under these circumstances, but an absurdity that reflects very strongly on the divided position of Protestantism at home. Non-Catholics can swallow more absurdities in their refusal to accept authority than they would have to accept of authoritative declarations if they were Catholics.

The position of the Oriental mind with regard to the rival denominations may very well recall that of the man who having had no religion, began to seek for one and found a list of the history of religions written by a Protestant, which told him that Mormonism had been founded about the middle of the eighteenth century, Quakerism had been founded toward the end of the seventeenth century, Calvinism had been founded about the middle of the sixteenth century, Lutheranism in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the Protestant Episcopal Church somewhere about 1640, and the Catholic by Christ at the beginning of the Christian era. He said he thought that was sufficient to solve the difficult problem as to what church he should belong. One Church was founded by Christ and the others were founded by the men after whom they were named long

afterwards. All of them believed that Christ was God, and if that were true His Church could not have failed or else he was not God, and the only reason for the foundation of subsequent churches by men must be that the whole scheme of Christianity was wrong or Catholicism was the only right Church. Oriental logic also may reach that position.—Buffalo Union and Times.

MARRIAGE

SULLIVAN-BLONDE.—In St. Joseph's Church, Chatham, Ont., on June 16, 1914, by the Rev. Father James, O. F. M., Thomas Cleary Sullivan, son of Mrs. Daniel Sullivan, of Picton, to Miss Regina Blonde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Blonde of Chatham.

TWEED CATHOLIC CHURCH

This fine stone Church is considered one of the many monuments left by Mr. Joseph Connolly Architect. The Reverend Father Quinn, expects the decorating, which is being done by The Thornton-Smith Co., 11 King St. W. Toronto, completed in two months.

DIED

WILTON.—In Brussels, on June 12, S. John, second son of S. and Mrs. Wilton in his twenty-first year. May his soul rest in peace!

WHITE.—In Kinkora, Ont., May 20th, 1914, Katherine, daughter of Henry White, aged twenty-six years. May her soul rest in peace!

BROWN.—In Kinkora, Ont., June 6th, 1914, Thomas Brown, aged eighty-two years. May his soul rest in peace!

The first beginning of culture is humility. Give an opinion about the things you know, but refuse to give an opinion about the things of which you know nothing.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

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TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED QUALIFIED CATHOLIC TEACHER for S. S. No. 3, Carleton Place, Ont. Duties to commence September 1st, 1914. Apply stating salary and qualifications to J. H. Schweyer, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 3, Midway, Ont. 1863-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 6, Arthur. Duties to begin Sept. 1, 1914. Please state salary and qualifications to E. J. Brennan, Sec. Treas., Kenilworth, Ont. 1863-3

WANTED QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR separate school No. 4, Burgess N. Apply stating salary and qualification to R. T. Noonan, Sec. Treas., Daryville, Ont. 1863-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school Section No. 10, East and West Williams. Holding second class certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1914. Apply to J. D. McRae, R. R. No. 3, Parkhill, Ont. 1863-5

TEACHERS WANTED HOLDING FIRST OR second class certificates, for Catholic schools, Fort William, Ont. Salary \$600 per year. Duties to commence September. Apply G. P. Smith, Secretary, 114 Simpson St., Fort William, Ont. 1863-6

WANTED A PROFESSIONAL TEACHER for Union School No. 1, Logan and Ellice. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply stating experience and salary expected, to John Dwyer, Sec. R. R. No. 3, Mitchell, Ont. 1863-7

WANTED FOR THE SEPARATE SCHOOL Union Section No. 3, Greenock and Brant, one male or female teacher as Principal. Male preferred. Average attendance 40. Holding second class professional Normal certificate. State experience references if any and salary expected. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1914. Applications will be received up to July 20th, 1914. Address to M. M. Schurter, Sec. Treas., Chesham, Ont. 1863-8

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school section at South Gloucester, Ont. Holding 1st or 2nd class Normal certificate. Salary \$520 per year. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Apply to Rev. Geo. D. Prudhomme, P. C. Sec., South Gloucester, Ont. 1863-9

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE KEWATON Separate school, holding third or second class certificate and to be able to teach both French and English. Salary \$550 per year. Apply to Sec. Treas., Joseph Gagnon, Kewatow, Ont. 1863-10

TEACHER WANTED FOR PLANTAGENET Separate school to teach science and mathematics. Salary \$800. Apply to J. W. Desjardins, Sec. Plantagenet, Ont. 1863-11

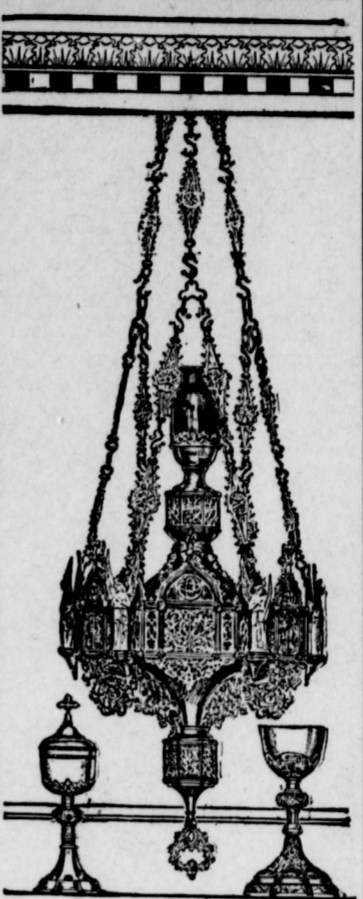
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TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. S. No. 9, Kearney. Duly qualified to begin Sept. 1st, 1914. Apply by letter, stating certificate held, experience and salary expected, to J. W. Brown, Sec. Treas., Kearney, Ont. 1863-13

TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL Section No. 3, Greenock township, Bruce county (southern) Average attendance 40. Rural mail. Duties to begin Sept. 1st, 1914. Applications will be received up to July 22nd. State experience, qualifications and salary expected to Daniel Madden Chesham, Ont. 1863-14

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