

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXV.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1913

1833

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,570 25
In honor of the Sacred Heart.....	15 00
Friend, Toronto.....	1 00
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R. F. Phalen, North Sydney.....	1 00
St. John's, Smith's Falls.....	1 00
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Friend, Toronto.....	1 00
Friend, Toronto.....	1 00
M. C. K. Delhi.....	4 25
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Thos. Buchanan, Old Bridgeport.....	1 00
John Buchanan & Family, Old Bridgeport.....	2 50
M. Copping, Chertow.....	1 00
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Jubilee, Ottawa.....	50 00
Jubilee Aims, Collingwood.....	1 00
Bried, Walkerton.....	1 00
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Jubilee Aims, Almonte.....	1 00
R. T. M., Hamilton.....	1 00

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1913

WHY?

It is the numberless small vices of social life that make life intolerable to thousands; the petty cruelties, annoyances, fault-finders, neglects, little meannesses—the whole flock of infinitesimal pests that drive individuals to distraction. And the point is that the guilty parties, men and women, are, to ordinary seeming, the salt of the earth—those particularly who call themselves religious people. It is possible and not so difficult to make religion so offensive to children and young people that they eschew it forever. It is a fact that many high-minded individuals have driven their neighbors to the other extreme. It is a pity, too, that a number of religious people invest their piety in such a cloak of unfeelingness, uncharitableness and often downright meanness and dishonesty in small matters, that they can be said to have, each of them, many souls on their consciences.

A COMMENT

In the good old days father, mother and children knelt together in the little sitting-room and devoutly prayed the rosary before going to bed. Nowadays father is at the club playing billiards or poker. Mother, too, has her club to attend; the girls are at the bridge-whist party, and the boys are out on the public highway learning to smoke "coffin nails."

FOR WORKERS

It is a fact readily admitted by all who have given any study to the question, that countless youths go astray each year, and finally, after a few years, are committed to public institutions or worse, simply because no one in the community is interested enough in them to warn them; to give them friendly advice or to check them in their downward path. Parishes, as a rule, have societies to provide fuel and food for the poor, also to prevent sickness and disease from spreading its disastrous effects, but they are lamentably wanting in any

society whose members are pledged to interest themselves in that unfortunately large class of boys and girls who are going astray, or who are being committed to public institutions as dependents or delinquents. It is time the community realized that there are stages between incipient wrongdoing and out and out crime where somebody or something less rigid than the inflexible law can come in and with Christian charity stay the course of the usually thoughtless juvenile offender. The traditional policy of never recognizing a wrongdoing until it becomes so pronounced that it has to be dealt with by the public authorities, has been productive of untold harm. There is no reason why crime and imprisonment may not be anticipated and thus prevented as to-day, by anticipation, men so successfully prevent, in a great measure, poverty and disease. Society, after all, is not harmed by the poor man nor very much by the sick man: it is the criminal whom we have to fear. This kind of work has been done in a more or less degree by social workers, non-Catholics most of them, and they have had ample opportunity for service among our Catholic boys and girls. We Catholics should be up and doing and allow no one to do for us what we can do for ourselves.

OUR CENTURY

We still hear occasionally in this wonderfully enlightened twentieth century, the phrase "ignorant Irish." Years ago this angered and irritated our forbears and we thought this age had outgrown such nonsense. However, we can afford to laugh at it. Among the earlier Irish immigrants, it is true, there were many who, if not ignorant, were indeed "unable to read and write. But who was to blame for that? Not the Catholic Church but the English government. Up to less than a hundred years ago, the Catholics in Ireland were not permitted to endow, conduct or teach schools, or even to send their children abroad to be educated. It was a criminal offence, punished with transportation, in any Catholic to act as schoolmaster, or even as tutor in a private family. If he dared return his offense was high treason. Not for many years after the dawn of Catholic Emancipation were the Irish allowed to use their taxes for schools. There is a different story to tell in Ireland now: no illiterates come from that country; at present the Irish are fonder of letters than most other peoples, and, given an equal opportunity, they will be passed by none. Many people talk glibly of ignorant and illiterate Catholics, and it is their own lack of knowledge that closes their eyes to the fact that not all the churches in Christendom combined have contributed in the past, or are contributing to-day, one half as much toward mental culture as the Catholic Church.

OUR HUMBLE BRETHREN

Happiness is seldom found among the over-rich. It is found among the lowly, among the most humble and obscure. Wealth can buy pleasure that affords satisfaction for the moment, but cannot buy happiness, which is the security of the morrow. The only possible happiness that wealth can procure is the good it can do in helping others to be happy. There is no happiness in eating and drinking; a certain amount of pleasure, perhaps, but not even that—always. There is happiness in love bestowed and love received, but wealth cannot buy it and has nothing to do with it. Happiness is not the result of events but the outcome of character.

THE KINDLINESS OF SILENCE

The kindness of silence is something we might all bestow much more frequently than we do. Granted that we do not indulge in scandal, that when we know of the distress and disgrace that have befallen a friend's household in the wrongdoing of one of its members, we tell the tale only privately and with every extenuating circumstance, yet why tell it at all? If it were one of our own who had stumbled into misery or sin, if one dear to us had yielded to sudden temptation, if our home had been rent with bitterness and dis-

sension, would not the first impulse—a right and natural impulse—be to hide the hurt and stain from every human eye? Would we not bless the friendship that, so far as possible, closed its eyes and sealed its lips, and that could be trusted not to repeat what it perceived had seen and heard? Surely this is a place where the Golden Rule might have much wider practise than it has—the shielding of others by silence, doing as we would be done by.

SECULAR INSTRUCTION

A contemporary arraignment, and bitterly, the Public school system that has no place for God. The thoughtful must agree with the editor, for the greatest menace both to society and the individual is the attainment of knowledge without the acquisition of firm moral principles to control the passions and senses. Drill the pupil as much as we can; feed him with bits and scraps of information: tell him, implicitly at least, that this world claims all his energies: turn him out resplendent in glory of diploma, a finished product, and he will be, as a rule, defenceless in his day of trial. Secular instruction, erstwhile championed enthusiastically as the remedy for evil, evokes little praise from the thoughtful of this generation.

The history of the past bears eloquent testimony to the fact that instruction without regard to the "one thing needful" has always been a source of corruption and disintegration. Voltaire and his descendants declaimed about instruction without God, and prepared the material for the orgy of fire and blood of the Revolution. And before him both Greeks and Romans sought and found by similar method the path to degeneracy. When the Goths and Vandals hammered their way into Rome they found a people highly instructed but effeminate, dominated by brutality and lust—mere shadows of a great name. In the new world, who dares to say, said a writer of some years, that crime diminishes as instruction is diffused: that religion prospers in sequence with such intellectual instruction. Trashy novels are the mental pabulum of readers: prurient pictures of police news usurp the place of—we will not say piety or moral, but of simply innocuous reading. Our young men swear, drink, gamble; our young women corrupt the tide of their lives, physical and moral, by gleaning in some theatres. Taught by experience, the advocates of instruction without God are beginning to see that religion and morality are inseparable, and that our relations to God should receive at least as much attention as is given to any secular branch.

GLAD

We are pleased to notice that our young men are beginning to take part in civic affairs. The modesty that has characterized them has been supplanted by action that abhors the bated breath policy and proves that we are not in this country on sufferance. The Catholic should welcome any opportunity to contribute his quota to the moulding of public opinion. His words may dissipate prejudice, or at least show that our principles, which have solved social problems in the past, have not lost their efficacy.

NUNS VINDICATED

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Hosmer, editor of the Silverton Journal, has been found guilty of libeling the Sisters of St. Benedict of Mount Angel, Ore., and has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$200. The case was tried at Salem, Ore., on Oct. 31, before a jury from which all Catholics and Catholic sympathizers were excluded. The jury was made up exclusively of Protestants, Jews, and undenominationalists. The Judge was a non-Catholic, as was also the prosecuting attorney. The jury deliberated only two minutes before bringing in a verdict. The libelous statements were made in a pamphlet published by Hosmer which purported to be an interview with a young woman who has escaped from a Benedictine convent. It reflected on the morals of the Sisters in charge of the institution. They promptly brought suit for \$50,000 against the Silverton Journal and this suit is still pending. During the trial it was shown that there was not a word of truth in the

statement that this girl had "escaped" from the convent. No effort was made to detain her. Mr. Hosmer an affidavit on which to base his slanderous statements.

WILFRID WARD

AN INTENSELY INTERESTING REVIEW OF THE LIVES AND LABORS OF THE FOUR CARDINALS OF THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC REVIVAL

The lecture by Sir Wilfrid Ward in the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the American Catholic Historical Society, was heard by a large and representative audience of Catholics and by a considerable number of non-Catholics well known in professional circles, who were attracted by the speaker's high rank among the intellectuals of the day. Occupying a proscenium box, and giving every evidence of keen interest in the evening's discourse, were His Grace Archbishop Prendergast and the Right Rev. Bishop McCort. Scores of priests, diocesan and regular, were in the body of the house.

Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, president of the American Catholic Historical Society, introduced the speaker alluding to his conspicuous position as a Catholic layman in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and to the exceptional opportunities he had to study the characters of the four great modern English Cardinals, Wiseman, Manning and Vaughan. The presiding officer referred to the work of the Historical Society in preserving the records of and the story of the revival of the faith in England is a matter of historical interest to the whole English-speaking world.

Mr. Ward said that as a boy, after reading sermons of Bossuet and letters of Fenelon, he had turned to their portraits and endeavored to picture through the veil of time the men as they appeared to their contemporaries. "Many in America," said he, "are in the same position as the four great English Cardinals of the nineteenth century. When the work of the century is chronicled Wiseman, Manning and Newman will be at least as memorable and as interesting as the two great French divines. Indeed, it would be hard to parallel so brilliant a constellation in the same part of the ecclesiastical firmament—three such remarkable men engaged in the same work in one century and country, which these men inaugurated and promoted, as well as the spread of Catholicism as well as the development of the Church. To these a fourth name, that of Cardinal Vaughan, a prelate of heroic character and great capacity, must be added."

After picturing the skepticism which pervaded society as a result of the French Revolution and of the doctrines propagated by its promoters, Mr. Ward gave a character sketch of each of the Cardinals, beginning with Wiseman, who, he said, was essentially the Englishman, the man of initiative and enterprise.

Mr. Ward told of Wiseman's entrance into the English College at Rome, and of the distinction he attained in the natural sciences, as well as in dogmatic and scholastic theology; of his large part in the religious revival associated with the names of Lacordaire and Montalembert; his introduction of apologetic methods suited to the times; his part in the founding of the Dublin Review; First Archbishop of Westminster was reviewed in a manner that held the closest attention of the audience, as did the lecture from beginning to end. Special stress was laid upon the Cardinal's literary labors and his lectures, the latter devoted largely to secular subjects. His high intellectual attainments won him the hearing of non-Catholics, and his English compatriots of all creeds were proud of his standing in ecclesiastical and literary circles. Reference was also made to the re-establishment of the English hierarchy, which was practically non-existent from the time of the "Reformation," episcopal functions being performed by vicars apostolic, and the storm raised by that event.

Mr. Ward then described the life-work of Cardinal Manning, "the man of discipline and defense, the champion of the Papacy, the friend of the people," calling attention to the differences in personality and policy between this prelate and his predecessor. He minutely described the peculiar personality of Cardinal Manning, his mental accomplishments and his zeal for the advancement of Christian learning and his spirituality. In Manning, he said, the Church had one of the most brilliant public men of his day to lead her. He succeeded Wiseman in 1865, a time when the attack on the throne events led Rome to look upon the trend of modern civilization as anti-Christian.

Cardinal Manning's defense of Papal prerogatives and his activity in all movements for the uplift of the working classes were adverted

to, and his great work as an arbitrator in the conflicts between capital and labor praised, especially in the settlement of the great dock strike of 1887.

Cardinal Vaughan, said the lecturer, stood out as the soldier-priest, the man of practical enterprise. His zeal for foreign mission work, the marvelous responses to his appeals for funds in America and elsewhere, were set forth. His great material monument is the magnificent Westminster Cathedral, which has served to attract the attention of Englishmen generally to the material growth of the Church.

One of the most interesting portions of the lecture dealt with Cardinal Newman, whose "Lead, Kindly Light," was softly played on the organ by Miss Mary Dolores McEntee before the lecture.

"The great man who from 1833 to 1890 watched over the revival—Cardinal Newman—was less a man of action than the other three," said the speaker. "Like Von Moltke, he planned with singular precision the campaigns which others carried into effect? The lecturer was particularly interesting here, since his father was closely associated with Newman in what is known as the Oxford movement.

In closing the speaker said that the four men have left us "with unforgettable examples and memorials of their work—Wiseman in the re-establishment of the English hierarchy, Manning in the immense development and organization of schools and in the change of the Catholics' social status, Vaughan in the great Cathedral of Westminster, and Newman in his imperishable writings."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

LITTLE CHURCH CLOSED TO ANGLICANS

Special Cable Dispatch to the Toronto Globe. London, Nov. 23.—Much interest has been aroused in and around Salisbury by the action of Lord Nelson, who succeeded to the Trafalgar estates in February, in closing the ancient Church of Standlynch. This little church has been used as a place of worship according to the usages of the Church of England, but the new Lord Nelson, who is a Roman Catholic, intimates in a letter to the Vicar that, acting upon the advice of his counsel, he has taken possession of the building and cannot allow Anglican services to be held there.

The late Earl, who died at the age of ninety years, was a well-known churchman. At a recent conference he was described by the Archbishop of Canterbury as "the grand old man of the Church of England." During his long occupancy of Trafalgar he took the keenest interest in the monthly services held in the little church now to be closed to the Anglicans.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

AN INDIAN'S LOVE FOR THE ROSARY.—Father Aelen writes from India that his Catholics are very faithful to the devotion of the Rosary. "After all," he says, "it seems to be in the nature of man to count his daily prayers by beads. Have not the Hindus and the Buddhists a kind of Rosary?"

"The Rosary is the most excellent prayer for our simple, illiterate natives who cannot read. The missionary's supply of beads is never large enough and if he wants to give them away, he will get rid of them almost sooner than he likes."

"When I was stationed in my first mission, there was an old man who came to the chapel every day at 2 o'clock to say his Rosary. The beads were as old as the man himself, with the result that I was asked repeatedly to repair them. At last I offered him a new pair, but he refused it most emphatically. 'Never,' he declared, 'will I take it. I got this from the priest Karthanda (a missionary who had been in the village some sixty years before) and I had to promise him to say it daily, and never to do away with it. So I won't have a new one.'"

"The old man had taken the missionary's words too literally, but the incident shows how our people love the Rosary."

It is with regret that we announce the death of Tannanaria, Madagascar, of the Rev. Father Victor Malzac, S. J., aged seventy-three years. Father Malzac, in spite of his strenuous labors as a missionary, found time to compile many valuable works relating to Madagascar history and language. He was the author of a Madagascar grammar and dictionary, both of inestimable use to the missionaries. He also translated the New Testament and the Imitation of Christ. Some of our Catholics who have the very unbecoming habit of criticizing the Sunday sermon, might do well to imitate their Chinese brethren in this respect. When the preacher enters the pulpit, all eyes are fixed upon him. Their earnest attention shows how much they desire to be instructed. "It is not a man," they say, "it is God Himself Who speaks to us." And because of this, they readily overlook any mistakes the missionary may make in the fine points

and shades of meaning of their native tongue. They try to understand, to grasp the idea, and then to profit by it.—Pilot.

NEW DIOCESE IN INDIA.—An indication of the growth of the Church in India is the establishment of the new Diocese of Ajmere, the capital of Rajpootana. Rajpootana was originally a portion of the Vicariate Apostolic of the Great Mogul, and later on the Thibet-Hindustan mission. It had no ecclesiastical history down to the year 1891, when it was separated from the Archdiocese of Agra and made into a Prefecture Apostolic.

A CATHOLIC CHINESE STATESMAN.—Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Chinese Republic, Li Tschen-Isiang is a fervent Catholic. He it was who suggested that the Federal Government appoint April 27 as a day of prayer and send all its officials to Christian churches, to acknowledge the God of Christians and pray for the welfare of China.

NON-RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS

Bird S. Coler, a non-Catholic, former president of the borough of Brooklyn, and author, among other works, of that very remarkable book, "Two and Two Make Four" was the orator at the Flag Day celebration in Lawrence, Mass., on the evening of Oct. 12th. The celebration commemorated the procession a year ago of 30,000 residents of that city in protest against the socialistic display of the flag with the motto, "No God, No Master," banned in Boston by Mayor Fitzgerald, and later banned through the state by a special legislative enactment.

Mr. Coler dwelt on the alarming progress of Socialism in the United States, and he declared that we Americans are aiding its growth by maintaining Public schools in which religion may not be taught. We shall let Mr. Coler develop his own thought for no paraphrase could do him justice. He said:

"We are turning out of these Public schools, for which we pay so much money graduates who believe that science has demolished religion, whose whole training has been given with the object of preparing them for material success."

"Their idea of life is false. Their idea of science is false. Even in the secular and practical things of life they lack the thoroughness and proficiency of the graduates of a generation ago."

"We must reintroduce a religion into our educational system, if we are to have a righteous nation and to stand up against this red tide."

"There has been opposition, on the ground that we are denominationally divided, but a plan has been proposed so just and so simple that I cannot understand the prejudice against it. Let every creed control its own schools, and it gives sufficient education to pass an examination by the state regents on secular subjects, then let the state pay per capita for the education of each child so educated. Let even the agnostics maintain their own educational institutions; let there be no injustice to any class or any creed."

"Then we shall have an American people increasing in righteousness and justice and reverence; the fair pledge that was set in the heavens when our glorious American flag was unfolded to the breeze."

Mr. Coler is a Methodist, but he asks no favor for his own denomination which he would not grant to all other religious bodies. He fears not to accuse us of being so short-sighted as to turn "our great educational fund into a war chest for the Socialistic party." Surely, the dog-in-the-manger policy which has made such an accusation possible is unpatriotic as well as un-Christian. Catholics build their own school, and pay taxes for the state schools. We believe that our children and our country are worth the sacrifice. Mr. Coler's words will doubtless make our friends the various non-Catholic denominations think whether or not our costly public education yields a satisfactory return on the investment.—Boston Republic.

CARSON'S CABINET

The Ulster Provisional Government is an index to the character of the movement led by Sir Edward Carson. It will be the most undemocratic Government in Europe, if it ever goes into operation. It is composed of one Duke, one Marquis, seven Barons, one Viscount, three Lords, one Baronet, one Knight, twenty Deputy Lieutenants of counties, two Privy Counsellors, and sixteen members of Parliament. The balance is made of the usual camp followers—lawyers, landlords, clergymen, manufacturers, and half pay army officers. There is not a single workingman included in the Provisional Government. Ulster Unionism is still the creed of a narrow class ascendancy.—Toronto Globe.

Do not desert your work, but pierce into its heart, exalt it to its loftiest conception, if you would be more holy.—Phillips Brooks.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Golden Jubilee of the coming to Edinburgh, Scotland, of the Little Sisters of the Poor, was celebrated in the Convent, Gilmore Place, on Wednesday, October 15.

Eight thousand women in France, belonging to noble families, have enrolled themselves as missionaries to help restore the Catholic Church to its former position of commanding authority there.

"We are informed," says The Lamp, "that a Protestant who accompanied the English pilgrimages to Lourdes simply as excursionist received there the gift of faith and returned a Catholic."

The Knights of Columbus of Amesbury, Mass., chose an excellent way in which to celebrate Columbus Day. They held a banquet in honor of the day, to which they invited the trustees of the Amesbury Public Library, and there made to these gentlemen a formal presentation of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Last month when Peter W. Collins lectured against Socialism in St. Mary's, O., he was challenged to a debate with a Socialist attorney of Canton, O., in which he opposed his antagonist so effectively that a Socialist drum corps, held in readiness to celebrate the expected victory of the party's champion, disbanded in dismal silence after the debate.

There is an extraordinary social phenomenon at Montreux-les-Mines where the birth rate has fallen lower in the last three years than in one hundred years in the remainder of France. The cause given is the Democratic Socialist trend of thought following two strikes. The town once had a birth rate of 37 per thousand. It has now 1 per thousand.

The Duke of Norfolk has issued an appeal for funds for providing a memorial to Father Faber at the Oratory. It is intended to erect in St. Wilfrid's chapel a bronze statue of St. Wilfrid, a saint to whom Father Faber had a special devotion, whose life he wrote before he became a Catholic, and whose name he took after his conversion.

It was a mighty host that marched in the Holy Name procession in Hartford Conn. The probably ten thousand men in line were reviewed by a still mightier host that looked in reverence as the stately columns marched on. The first demonstration of the Holy Name societies of Hartford county passes into history with a record fraught with joy and pride to the community of which it is written.

No further attempt has been made by the Syndicalist strikers to deport poor children from Dublin to England. Archbishop Walsh has had a special collection made for the poor children's fund, and a balance of \$10,000 in the treasury of the recent Irish national pilgrimage to Lourdes has been turned over to the Archbishop for the benefit of the children of the workmen affected by the strike.

A nun in the Sacred Heart Convent St. Louis, has inherited a life income of \$250 a month from \$50,000 of the estate of her father, J. W. M. Field. Under the regulations of the Sacred Heart Order Madame Field can never use any part of the income for herself, but must turn it over to the Superior General of the Order, whose headquarters are in Belgium, for distribution among the poor, or for the upbuilding of the order. Madame Field entered the religious life seven years ago at the age of twenty.

On a recent Sunday, Bishop Schwebach, of La Crosse, confirmed a class of 100 adult converts in the Church of St. Patrick, Eau Claire, Wis. The pastor of this church is Rev. A. B. C. Dunne, and is noted as a convert-maker. The total number of converts received by Father Dunne during the past five years was 268, an average of a little more than one a week. The total number of converts received by him during his pastorate is 636.

The men of the new parish of St. Ann in San Antonio, Texas, gathered at the site of their new church recently and when they wended their steps homeward in the evening there stood a building almost ready for divine worship—they had built it in a day. The ladies, too, did their share, in providing the meals for the busy workmen. The size of the structure is 20x40 feet and will for the present serve as a church. Later, as the parish grows, the present structure will be used for a schoolhouse or a parish hall.

Manchester, with a population of 750,000 is a close competitor of Liverpool as the second largest city of England. And Manchester has just elected an Irish Catholic as its Lord Mayor. Lord Mayor-elect McCabe is spoken of by his former pastor as "an exemplary Irishman." The combination is a good one, and the voters of this great English city recognize it. If the Manchester Martyrs could, for a brief span, "revisit the glimpses of the moon," this aspect of affairs would indeed surprise and hearten them, says the Catholic Citizen.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XXXVI

I DECLINE A DOWER

"Get money; still get money. No matter by what means."

Time passed very slowly. Major Percival had been nearly a month at Mulkapore, and it seemed to me as if it had been years.

"One evening, as I and my betrothed were sitting alone in the drawing-room, he suddenly drew his chair close up to mine and said, in a low, confidential tone, and with a certain infusion of sentiment in his manner, 'Nora, I have been having a most interesting conversation with your aunt.'"

"Have you?" I replied, absently; endeavoring to thread my needle, and struggling with a small eye.

"Yes; we have been talking about the wedding—our wedding, you know," with a smiling nod.

"What would you think of saying, 'This day two months I shall be Mrs. Percival?'"

"This day two months?" I almost shrieked, holding my crewel-work in one hand and needle in the other, and staring at him blankly.

"Two months; you mean two years?"

"Not at all, I mean two months," he replied, with impressive *legato* utterance.

"But you promised that it was to be a long engagement, and I mean to keep you to your word," I answered firmly.

"You like your liberty, and I like mine. Don't let us think of getting married for ages. We get on admirably as we are at present," I continued, with nervous volubility.

"This is sheer nonsense, Nora," he returned, impatiently; "we have already been engaged seven months—"

"And what of that?" I cried, eagerly; "I've often heard of people being engaged for seven years."

"Paupers," he observed, trenchantly, and with an air of lofty superiority; "people who can't afford to marry have to wait, but happily this is not our case. I am going to Simla next hot weather, and I mean to be pointed out as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Percival," he concluded, with a complacent smile.

"So you may, but I am not going to Simla next hot season," I answered, with disconcerting frankness.

"Well, well, *nous verrons*; I'll have another talk with your aunt. I suppose it is on the strength of being an heiress that you are giving yourself all these airs?" he asked, playfully.

"An heiress?" I exclaimed; "you know very well that I have not a penny in the world."

"Have you not?" he returned, with a most satisfied smile, drawing his whiskers through his fingers—a token of intense good-humor; "there are a good many pennies in five hundred a year."

"You must be joking; where in the world would I get five hundred a year?" I asked, with vast incredulity in face and voice.

"Your cousin, Captain Beresford, has come forward very generously and settled that amount on you and your heirs forever. I had a most satisfactory letter from his solicitors last week; you are actually in possession of that sum now," he concluded, looking at me with a glance that showed that my charms had been considerably enhanced in his opinion.

"But I shall not touch a penny of it; not a penny of it!" I cried excitedly, throwing down my work.

"Don't be a quixotic little goose, Nora," returned my companion, soothingly; "your nice unexpected dot comes in most appropos; for although I shall some day have a large fortune, at present £500 a year is a very appreciable addition to my money-bags; will you accept it for you?"

"I will both be one, so it is all the same."

"I shall never take it."

"There is no taking in the matter; it is already yours as much as you are mine," seizing my hand with a gush of affection, and kissing it effusively.

"Listen to me," I said, jumping up and snatching my hand away; "Maurice cannot spare the money; he wants all he possesses to keep up the old place. I will never, never touch a farthing of his income; I have no right to it," waving my hands violently about, and speaking with great excitement.

"But, my dear child, it is yours—yours absolutely; and your cousin, by all accounts, can spare it well."

"I shall return it at once; I will take steps in the matter to-morrow; uncle shall manage it."

"You are crazy to think of such a thing," returned Major Percival, angrily. "Have you no thought for my interests? Am I not to be considered?" he added, in a voice trembling with indignation.

"I am thinking of doing what is right, without regard to any one's interests. Knowing what I told you about my cousin, would you touch his money?" I asked, passionately, standing before my future lord, and speaking with all the firmness I could control.

"Very well, very well, that will do; we won't go into the matter at present. Don't excite yourself; sit down, pray sit down, and keep cool," said my intended with a shadow on his brow, and a great deal of annoyance reflected in his manner; "I am only sorry I mentioned the subject," and leaning far back in his chair, and

reaching for a neighboring magazine, he effectually gave me to understand that he considered the subject for the present dismissed and done with, and the entrance of Mrs. Vane put an end to any further argument.

After breakfast, next morning I had an interview with auntie, and told her, with all the vehemence I could assume—and that was a good deal—that I was not prepared to marry Major Percival in two months' time, and that, if he insisted on accepting a fortune from Maurice, I would not marry him at all.

On this point I was firm. My aunt endeavored to talk me over, and was disposed to make an equal show of reason with me. I declared that I would leave the matter in uncle's hands, and here I knew I had a staunch ally, and that he would certainly aid me to return Maurice's munificent gift. I was convinced that he would not care to see Maurice despoil himself in order to aid Major Percival's already well-lined purse. I had my own way in the end. After various rather stormy interviews with uncle, during which a certain amount of interchanged speeches were mutually interchanged, the money was paid over to uncle's account to be kept in trust of the Galloway estate. When the question was put to Major Percival point blank, "Whether he would take me without the Beresford money or not at all?" of course in common politeness he was obliged to declare that I was a treasure in myself, and a valuable gift even empty-handed.

So I carried my point in one way, but he was equally successful in another. As he had yielded, I was obliged to do likewise. Our wedding was fixed to take place after Easter. In vain I begged for "a long day." In vain I urged remonstrated, entreated. Auntie was immovable; the question was quite settled. In two months' time I would be Mrs. Percival.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MAID OF THE REVOLUTION

During the Revolutionary War there was a long, narrow strip of land known as the "Neutral Ground," in which the homes of the dwellers were supposed to be secure from the attack of both patriots and Tories.

Within the bounds of this neutral ground, in a cosy little cottage, lived Mrs. Moreland and her pretty dark-eyed daughter, Priscilla, a lass of fifteen years. Captain Moreland, the husband and father, a brave patriot soldier, had lost his life in one of the first battles for freedom, after the opening of hostilities between the colonists and England, and because she had not the means to seek a less exposed place for herself and daughter, the widowed mother remained in the little lonely country home, to which years before her bereavement she had been brought a happy bride.

Though loyal to the heart's core, Mrs. Moreland was a timid little woman, afraid of even the sound of a gun, and in every way possible tried to avoid controversies with her neighbors.

But Priscilla was her father's own daughter, brave, strong, self-reliant, and not afraid to speak her mind, or to take down her father's gun in defense of her home, if necessary.

"Do be careful, daughter," her mother often cautioned, when Priscilla was "too free" with her tongue.

"We're alone in the world, my dear, and since we can't carry a gun or come soldiers in behalf of our sentiments, it is wiser to keep them to ourselves."

But Priscilla would not be gagged by the best Tory alive and, despite her mother's warning, she often got the best in arguments with the Tory neighbors, thus earning their ill will.

It was on New Year's night, 1778, when the wind blew cold across the snow clad field and woodlands and a starless sky stretched wide overhead, that a loud knocking at the widow's front door blanched her face, and caused Priscilla to glance instinctively towards her father's trusty gun, which always lay on its high up pegs on the kitchen wall.

"Who's there?" the girl asked, venturing in the front room, at the door of which the knocking continued to grow louder and more determined.

"Friends," was the reply. "Soldiers, friends, half-famished, not having tasted food for four and twenty hours. Open, and for the love of heaven give us something to eat, something anything. Even bread and water would be gratefully received."

At this appeal Priscilla drew back the heavy bolt, admitting six stalwart men in the guise of patriot soldiers.

"Do we find our good friend, Colonel Robinson, here, lassie?" asked the leader.

"No, he is not here," replied Priscilla, demurely.

"Have you seen him lately, my little maid?" the interrogator continued, a hint of anxiety in his voice.

Priscilla was about to say that she had been there that morning, but at this moment she chanced to catch a glimpse of the man's scarlet uniform under the long coat he wore, and, her ready wit coming to her aid, she answered: "Indeed, sir, I cannot tell you when I last saw him; you know he is away in the army now."

Her mother, hearing what she said, was about to correct the statement, when a warning look from Priscilla's black eyes made her change the information trembling on her lips to: "What may we do for you, gentlemen?"

"Just give us a bite to eat, ma'am, the best in the house please, and we will pay you well for your trouble," returned the spokesman glibly.

"And be quick about it too, he added gruffly. 'We have a long journey before us, and the night is dark and wild.'"

Then while Priscilla assisted her mother to prepare the meal demanded, the men drew close together around the brightly burning wood fire and talked of the New Year's coming in by the storm that day, and told wild weird stories of uncanny happenings on holidays in the past, and hardships had made life too real to be frittered away with imaginary ghosts and delusions.

Presently, while surrounding the table loaded with the delicacies they had ordered, the men's voices dropped to low, almost inaudible words, but muffled as they were, Priscilla's sharp ears caught enough of their disconnected conversation to learn that the object of their raid was to capture Colonel Robinson, her father's old commander, and the trusted friend of the family in the dark and trying times since the dear one's death.

Colonel Robinson was an important man in the community, and because of his power in the colonies, the British Government had set a price on his head.

Priscilla knew this, and she also knew that the brave old soldier was at home on a brief visit, to spend the New Year's holidays with his family, and while she waited upon his would-be captors so patiently, she was trying to invent some means of communicating the news to him before the arrival of his enemies.

While she was puzzling her brain for a solution of the knotty problem, there came another pounding at the door, and half dozen more soldiers were admitted. While arranging places at the table for the newcomers, Priscilla learned that they had succeeded in obtaining fresh horses for the final dash, and that one of them, the fleetest of the lot, was hitched at the gate post, all saddled and bridled ready for the use of Colonel Fry, who was in charge of the troops.

A bright thought flashed into Priscilla's brain, but she said nothing, except a few whispered words in her mother's ears, but a little later she slipped out of the back door and, tip-toeing around to the gate post, mounted the flyer and had just walked him into the shadows when she heard foot-steps approaching. Drawing rein, she waited in breathless silence until two men passed. They were talking very low and in broken sentences, about one man—Captain Call—a suspected patriot, and three words, "powder, quarry, cave," that reached her ears, gave her a key to the situation, and when the name of "Colonel Robinson" and "prison" were added to the list, she guessed at the truth. Captain Call had proved himself a traitor to the patriots' cause by revealing the secret of the new hiding-place of the powder, guns, etc., and there was to be a raid on the cave that night, and after the removal of the powder to a wagon in the rear, the dear old colonel was to be left a prisoner in the dark cavern, there to perish, unless even a worse fate awaited him at the hands of inhuman troops.

"I must outwit them some way, and save the Colonel," Priscilla told herself, under her breath, as she walked her fleet-footed animal out into the open. But when the lane was reached, she gave him rein, and the next moment she was off like the wind on her errand of mercy.

Five minutes later, when the men rushed out to mount their fresh horses, the racer was gone and, thinking he had broken loose, they lost several minutes more scouring the wood-pasture in search of him. Then, as the far away sound of a horse's hoofs echoed back from the hill beyond, they began to suspect treachery, and springing into their saddles, galloped away at breakneck speed.

Though they rode furiously, Priscilla kept well in advance, and not until three miles—half the distance to the colonel's home—had been passed, did she catch a glimpse of the riders, the gallop of the horses had been sounding in her ears ever since they left her mother's gate. Then it was that from the opposite hill came shouts of "Halt! halt! or we'll shoot," repeated over and over from out the utter darkness beyond.

Priscilla glanced back just once, catching a glimpse of the horsemen in the bright light of the valley from their guns. She kept her nerves, however, though she did not risk another look behind, but she rode on and on, her long black hair streaming out in the wind, while the hills around and above her seemed to reverberate with cries of "halt," and the whistling of bullets.

When within a quarter of a mile of her destination, her horse tripped and fell, spraining her arm badly, but with her other arm around the horse's neck, she kept her seat until reaching the colonel's gate, she dismounted and, rushing into the house quickly related her story and urged the brave man to lose no time in making his escape.

"But the powder," exclaimed the colonel. "The powder must be saved at all hazards. If it is carried away or destroyed, the militia will have no means of defending themselves when attacked by the Tories."

"But what can you do alone and single-handed, father?" entreated his wife. "Fly, oh, do fly, while there is a chance to save your life!"

"True, Rachel, I am helpless," returned the old soldier sadly. "If I had only known sooner—but now it is too late, too late. The traitor has posted them and no doubt will be in readiness to lead them to the door of the cave, and, alone, I can do nothing."

"Couldn't we shut them in—you and I?" whispered Priscilla.

"Enough said!" the colonel exclaimed, under his breath. Then he whistled softly, after which he called Abner, the farm-hand, and said quietly: "Bring Bob and come to the old cabin near the cave at once."

Then on his swift pacer he started after them, with Priscilla riding lightly by his side. Arriving at the cabin, by the light of his lantern the colonel scribbled a note to General Dix, in charge of the patriot troops at Newfield post, and putting Bob on his own fleet-footed horse, hurried him off to deliver it.

The Tories, failing to find either the colonel or the missing horse at the Robinson home, left threatening vengeance both to him and Priscilla.

"We'll take up the trail of the fugitives after the powder is safe," said Colonel Fry, as they passed the cabin on the trot, ready to meet their "tool" prompt to the minute. The next moment the traitor led the way into the cave, followed by a score of red-coats, and then the big iron door, once a safe-guard against Indian foes, dropped with bang into place, its strong springlock snapped and the raiders were prisoners, occupying the identical place they had intended for Colonel Robinson.

Leaving Abner and big Jim on guard, the colonel took Priscilla back to the care of his good wife, where, after dressing the girl's badly swollen arm, the big hearted woman put her to bed, with instructions to shut her eyes and go right off to sleep, like a baby.

Several hours later, after General Dix, in charge of the captives, had started on the march to Newfield, the colonel came back home, chuckling over the success of the plot. "Priscilla's plot," he insisted. "For, if the child hadn't suggested the trick, this old head would never have figured out such a neat trap, nor how to spring it."

"In fact, you owe your life to the brave lassie," insisted the colonel's wife. "Just think of a child of fifteen riding six long miles in the face of such a storm as was raging last night for no other reason than to save your life."

"I think that was reason enough for a hundred such rides, had they been necessary," argued Priscilla. Just think what a friend he has been to both mother and me since father left us."

"Well, you have certainly given me back 'good measure pressed down and running over,' my Priscilla," returned the colonel softly, "and everybody, even Colonel Fry, is singing you praise to-day."

"For simply doing my duty!" exclaimed Priscilla. "That is all my real service to the patriot cause I am thankful for it, and count this the best and happiest New Year of my life."—Belle V. Chisholm in the *Youths' Magazine*.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

(Sermon delivered in St. Andrew's Church, New York, May 19th, 1871, by Very Rev. Thos. N. Burke.)

"Thou art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of our people."

These words, dearly beloved brethren, are found in the Book of Judith, and they commemorate a great and eventful period of Jewish history.

At that time the Assyrian king sent Holofernes, under his general, to subjugate all the nations of the earth, and to oblige them not only to forsake their own national existence, but also to conform to the religion and the rites of the Assyrians. This great army the Scripture describes to us as invincible. Their horses covered the plains; their soldiers filled the valleys; there was no power upon the earth that was able to resist them, until at length they came before a mountain called Bethulia. They summoned the fort to surrender. Now, in that town there was a woman by the name of Judith. The Scripture says of her that she was a holy woman; that she fasted every day of her life, and that, though young and fair and most beautiful to behold, she lived altogether a secluded life absorbed in prayer with God.

When she saw the outlying army of the Assyrians—when she heard the proud claim of their general, that the people of Bethulia, of her nation, should resign not only their national life, but also their religion, and forsake the God of Israel—she arose in the might of her holiness and in the power of her strength, and she went forth from the city of Bethulia; she sought the Assyrian camp: she was brought into the presence of Holofernes himself, and at the mid-hour of night, whilst he was sunk in his drunken slumbers, she entwined her hand in the hair of his head, she cut off his head, and brought it back in triumph to her people. The morning came; the army found themselves without their general; the Jewish soldiers and people rushed down upon them, and there was a mighty slaughter and a scattering of the enemies of God and of Israel; and then the people, returning met this wonderful woman, and the high priest saug to her in these words: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of our people."

Now, dearly beloved, this is not the only woman recorded in Scripture who did great things for the people and for the Church of God, and the word of Scripture, as applied to her, was meant in a higher and a greater sense—it was meant directly for Judith, but it was meant in a far

higher and nobler sense for her of whom I am come to speak to you this evening—the Virgin Mother, who brought forth our Lord Jesus Christ unto this earth. To Mary does the word apply especially, as every great, heroic woman who appears in Scripture typified her. The sister of Moses, who led the choirs of the daughters of Israel; the daughter of Jephtha, who laid down her virgin life for her people; Deborah, who led the hosts of Israel; the mother of the Maccabees, standing in the blood of her seven sons—these, and all such women of whom the Scripture makes mention, were all types of the higher, the greater, the real, yet the ideal woman, who was in the designs of God to be "the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, and the honor of our people," namely: the Blessed Immaculate Virgin Mary.

It is of the first of her graces that I am come to speak to you. The first of her graces was her Immaculate Conception. Let us consider this, and we shall see how she is the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, and the honor of our race and of our people. Dearly beloved, we know that before the eyes of God, there is no such thing as past and future as we behold it in the course of time. All that we consider in the past in this world's history is before Almighty God at this moment, as if it were at this moment taking place; all that we consider in the future, even to the uttermost limits of eternity, is before the mind of God now, as if it were actually taking place under his eyes—for the difference between time and eternity is this: that in time—that is to say, in the measure of our life and of the world's history—everything comes in succession, event follows event, and moment of time follows the moment that went before it; but in eternity, in time as viewed in relation to God, when time assumes the enormous, infinite dimensions of eternity, there is neither past nor future, but all is present under the eye of God, circumscribed by his infinite vision and his infinite wisdom; therefore, all that ever was to take place in time was seen and foreseen by the Almighty God. He foresaw the creation of man, although that creation did not come until after the eternal years that never had a beginning. And so he foresaw the fall of man; how the first of our race was polluted himself personally by sin and to pollute himself personally by sin and to pollute his whole nature, because our nature came from him; just as when the man poisons the fountain-head, the river, goes up into the mountains, finds the little spring from which the little river comes, that afterwards, passing into the valley, enlarges its bed, and swells in its dimensions, until it rolls a mighty torrent into the ocean. If you go up into the mountain, if you poison the fountain-head of the little stream that comes out from under the rock, all the waters that flow in the river-beds become infected and poisoned, because the spring and the source of the river is tainted; so, also, in Adam our nature sinned; he lay at the fountain-head of humanity, and the whole stream of our nature that flowed from him came down to you and to me with the taint and the poison of sin in our blood and in our veins.

Therefore does the Apostle say that there is no impeding of sin no distortion of inclination, nothing to hinder that union, He gives Himself to that soul in the most intimate and highest form of love, and He gathers that soul to Him by the most perfect union. Hence it is that perfect union with God and perfect sinlessness mean one and the same thing. The Blessed Virgin Mary, conceived without sin, was kept as held aside to let the stream of sin flow by without touching her. The only one in whom our nature was preserved in all its pristine beauty and perfection, the blessed Virgin Mary, in that sinlessness of her conception, attained at the moment of her conception the most perfect and intimate union with God. And this, for which all the saints and all holy souls strive on the earth, the very highest perfection of saintly perfection, was hers from the beginning of her sanctity. The saint who wears himself during the hermit in the desert, the martyr in the arena, all aim at this one thing—to purge their souls most perfectly from sin, from every mortal and venial sin, to rise above their passions and their lower and sinful nature; and in proportion as they attain to this do they climb the summit of perfection and attain to perfect union with God. That which all the saints tend to, that which all the virgins and saints in the Church sigh for, that which they consider as the very summit of their perfection—that is the grace that was given to Mary at the first moment of her being—namely, to be perfectly pure, perfectly sinless, perfectly immaculate, consequently perfectly united to God by supreme and most intimate love. And this is the meaning of the word of Scripture: "The foundations of her are laid upon the threshold of Zion more than all the tabernacles and tents of Judah;" more than all the accumulated perfection of all the angels and saints of God; where they end is the beginning of Mary's perfection in his sight.

Now, let me apply the text, "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of our people." Whenever the Scriptures speak figuratively or spiritually of Jerusalem, they always allude to the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of the just made perfect. The Church of God dearly beloved, consists of three great elements or portions. There is the church that purges in purgatory the elect of God by the slow action of divine justice, cleansing them from every stain, and paying the last farthing of their debt. That is the Church Suffering. There is the church on earth, conquering the devil, fighting a hard and weary battle, which you and I are obliged to fight all our lives. We are obliged to fight against our passions, and subdue them. We are obliged to fight against the powers

of darkness seeking our destruction, and subdue them. We are obliged to fight with the world, surrounding us with its evil maxims, with its lower principles, with its idle ideas of morality, with its base example, and despising all these, to conquer them. We are obliged to fight the battle of our faith; we are obliged to enter upon this, that, and the other questions, and upon these questions to take our stand as Catholics and to fight the good fight of faith. The question of sacraments, the question of education, the question of the Church, the question of the justice of the world in robbing him of his power and of his dignity, these, and a thousand others, are the burden of the Church's battle on this earth, and therefore she is called the Church Militant. The Suffering Church, or the Militant Church, it is still the same Church of God. Having passed through the battle-field of earth, having passed through the purgation of purgatory, and having attained to the vision of God, there she triumphs; there she rejoices in the undiminished glory and the uncreated brightness of God—and that is the Church Triumphant. Now, the Scriptures, speaking of that kingdom of heaven, or of the Church Triumphant, mentions it under the name of Jerusalem! For instance: "I saw," says the inspired evangelist, "the new Jerusalem descending from heaven as a bride arrayed for her bridegroom." St. Paul, speaking of the same kingdom says: "But you are come to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the spirits of the just made perfect." Jerusalem, therefore, as expressed in the words of my text, "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem," means the Church Triumphant. It means the glorious assemblage of all the angels of God; it means the glorious society of all the saints of God; it means all that heaven or earth ever held or had of noble, generous, self-sacrificing, and devoted, now crowned with the immortal, everlasting glory of the presence of God. And of that assemblage of the Church Triumphant, Mary is the glory. And why? Because, as the Scripture tells us expressly, the angels of God take interest in the affairs of this world. Our Lord, speaking of the children, says, "Woe to you who scandalize them, because their angels see the face of my Father." Elsewhere he says, "There is joy in heaven for one sinner doing penance, rather than for ninety nine just who need not penance." If, then, the angels in heaven rejoice at every new manifestation of the glory and omnipotence of God; if their glory is to contemplate the Almighty God in his works, it follows, that whenever they see these works done, they rejoice, whenever they see the purposes of the Almighty God frustrated, whenever they see the work and the mercy of God ruined, they must grieve, as far as they are capable of grieving, because they rejoice when that work is restored by repentance. They, therefore, looking down from their high place in heaven, beheld with great joy the new born race of men; they beheld the work of God most perfect in our first parents, Adam and Eve. They saw in the first woman that was created, the woman who was destined, in her progeny, to people heaven with saints, and to fill the thrones that were empty there by the desertion of the rebel angels. Their glory was, that their nine choirs before God might be filled, and that the chorus of heavenly music might be perfect in its harmony, by the filling of their places. They saw that our first parents, their angels, had fallen into hell and left the halls of heaven more or less empty by their fall. They waited—they waited for many years—we know not how long; we know not but that that time of waiting may have extended for thousands of years—until at length they beheld the Creator make the new creature, man. They knew that this woman who was made upon the earth, was to be the mother of the race that was to fill up the thrones that were empty, and to fulfill and make perfect their glory in heaven. O how sad was their disappointment! Oh, how terrible was their grief when they saw Eve fall into sin, and become the mother of a race of reprobates, and not of saints, and her destiny change; that she should people hell with reprobates rather than fulfill her high office and people heaven with saints. Mary arose. The earth beheld her face. Her coming, was as the rising of the morning star, which, trembling in its silvery beauty over the eastern hills, tells the silent and the darkened world that the bright sun is about to follow it and to dispel the darkness of the night by the splendor and the brightness of its shining. Mary arose, and when the angels of God beheld her their glory was fulfilled; for now they knew that the mother of the saints was come, and that the woman who was created, and that who had failed in Eve—to people heaven with the progeny of saints in everlasting glory. Therefore did they hail her coming with angelic joy. Oh, what joy was theirs when they looked down upon the earth and beheld the fallen race of man restored in all its first integrity in Mary! Oh, what joy was theirs who rejoiced when Magdalen arose in all the purity of her repentance; they who rejoice when the vaults of heaven ring with their joy when you or I make a good confession and do penance for our sins. Oh, what must their joy have been and the riot of their delight and of their glory when they beheld in Mary the mother of all those who are ever to be saved, the mother of all true penitents, the mother

of all the elect of God, for, becoming the mother of Jesus Christ, she has become the mother of all the rest. Therefore is she the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem. Therefore did these angels, on the day of her assumption, joyfully come to heaven's gate, and fill the mid-air with the sound of their triumph, when heaven's queen, the mother of heaven's God, was raised into the place of her glory. "The morning stars praised the Lord together, and all the sons of God made a joyful melody." The glory of Jerusalem, the angel's glory, is concentrated in the glory of God. What ever gives glory to God glorifies them. Now in all the works of God He is most glorified in Mary, as we shall see; and therefore Mary is the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem and the delight of God's blessed spirits and angels in his everlasting kingdom. But she is more, she is the joy of Israel. What is this Israel? Jerusalem was the summit of Israel's triumphs. Israel had to fight for many a weary year before the foundations of the Holy City were laid. Israel, that in the Jewish people, passed through the desert, crossing the Red Sea, fighting with their enemies, there to wait for many a long and weary year, until the holy city of Jerusalem was raised up in all its beauty, and until the temple of God was founded there. And just as that city, Jerusalem, that Gem of God, represents the Church Triumphant, so by the name of Israel the inspired one meant the Church Militant, the Church in the desert of this earth, the Church passing through the Red Sea of the world, fighting with every enemy of God and fighting and bearing the burden and the heat of the day. Of that Church Militant, of that Israel of God, Mary is the joy. Why? Dearly beloved, Christ our Lord founded His Church for one express purpose, and it was that where sin abounded sin might be destroyed and grace abound still more. "For this I am come," He says, "that where sin abounded grace might abound still more." Wherever, therefore, there is a victory over sin by divine grace there is the joy of the Church Militant, because there is her work accomplished. Wherever the sinner rises out of his sin and does penance and returns to God, there the Church triumphs, her mission is fulfilled, the purpose for which she was created is accomplished, and her joy is great in proportion. Now where has grace so triumphed over sin as in Mary? Sin abounded in this world; Christ came and shed His Blood that grace might take the place of sin, and superabound where sin had abounded before. Where has grace so triumphed over sin as in Mary? Great is the triumph of grace when it expels sin from the sinner's soul and makes that which was impure to be purified, and makes that which was unjust to be glorified by sanctity before God. Oh, still greater is the triumph when grace can so anticipate sin as never to allow sin to make its appearance. The most perfect triumph of grace is in the utter exclusion of sin. Therefore it is that Christ our Lord, in His sacred humanity, was grace itself personified in man, because in Him there was essential holiness and an utter impossibility of the approach of sin. If the joy of the Church then be in proportion to the triumph of grace over sin, surely she must be the joy of Israel and the first fruits of the Church, the only one that this mystical body of Christ can offer to God as perfectly acceptable, the only soul, the only creature that the Church can offer to God and say, "Lord, look down from heaven upon this child and daughter of mine; she is Thy beloved, in whom there is no spot nor stain." She is the joy of Israel. Oh, my dearly beloved, need I tell you, you who were born in the faith like myself, you who come from Catholic stock, from Catholic blood, you in whose veins, in whose Irish veins, hundreds of years of Catholic faith and Catholic sanctity are flowing, need I tell you of the woman whose name, preached by Patrick fourteen hundred years ago, has been from that hour to this Ireland's greatest consolation in the midst of her sorrows? Ireland's greatest consolation. In the loss of fortune, in the loss of property, in the loss of liberty, in the loss of national existence, every Irish Catholic has been consoled by the thought that the Mother of God loved him and that he had a claim upon Mary Mother. Well do I remember one whose expression embodied all of Irish faith and Irish love for Mary; an old woman whom I met, weeping over a grave, lying there with a broken heart, waiting only for the hand of death to put her into the dust where all she had loved had gone before her; forgotten by all, abandoned by all, the hand of misery and poverty upon her, and when I would console her and speak to her of heaven and of heaven's glory, when I endeavored to lighten the burden of her sorrow by consolation, she turned to me and said: "Oh, father, you need not speak to me. The cross may be heavy, but the Virgin Mary's cross was heavier than mine." She forgot her sorrows in her great love for Mary. Nay, that love, even in her sorrow, was a gleam of hope, one ray of joy let in upon the soul that otherwise might have despaired. And thus it is that Mary—the knowledge of her love for us, the knowledge of her claim upon her, the knowledge of the divine commission that her Son gave her upon the cross, to be the mother of all that were ever to love Him—is the one ray of joyful and divine consolation that Christ our Lord lets in upon

every wounded spirit and every broken heart. Finally, she is the honor of our people. Dear friends, the Almighty God, when He created us, invested His own divine honor in man. He gave to man a mighty intelligence, a high and pure love, and a freedom of will asserting the dominion of the soul over the body, and through that body the dominion of man over all creatures. Everything on this earth obeyed him. The eagle flying in the upper air closed his wings and came to earth to pay homage to the unfallen man. The lion and the tiger at the sound of his voice, came forth from their lairs to lick the feet of their imperial master, the unfallen man. As everything without him was obedient to him, so everything within him was obedient to the dictates of his clear reason and to the empire of his glorious will. In this was the honor of God reflected as it was invested in man. God gave him intelligence; God is wisdom; His wisdom was invested in man. God gave him love. God is love, and the purity of that love was reflected in the affections of unfallen man; God is power, empire and freedom, and the empire of God and the freedom of man were reflected in the free will of man, in the imperial sway in which he commanded all creatures. Thus was the honor of God invested in us. Now sin came and destroyed all this. The serpent came hissing his triumph in the ears of a vain and foolish woman, who, un mindful of all that she had, risked all and lost all for the gratification of her appetite and her womanly curiosity. The serpent came and told Eve to rebel against God. Eve rebelled; she induced Adam to rebel, and in this twofold rebellion man lost all that God had given him of grace and of supernatural goodness. All of divine honor that Almighty God reflected in man, all of divine glory that He had participated to man, all was lost; the intelligence was darkened; the affections were depraved; the freedom of the soul was enslaved, and man was no longer the high, and pure, and perfect image of his Creator. Now, as we have seen, in that sin of Adam, not only was that man himself destroyed and corrupted, but the whole race of mankind was corrupted in him. How is Mary the honor of our people? She is the honor of our people in this, that where all was ruined, she alone was preserved; that but for her and her Immaculate Conception, neither God in heaven, nor saint, nor angel in heaven, nor man upon the earth would ever again look upon the face of unfallen man. The work of God would have been completely destroyed; not a vestige would remain of what man was as he came from the Creator's hand, but that the Almighty our race to show to angels and His saints in heaven, and to show all men upon the earth what a glorious humanity was the untainted nature which God had invested in man. She is the solitary boast of our fallen nature. Take Mary away; deprive her of the grace of an Immaculate Conception, let the slightest taint of sin come in, she is spoiled like the rest of us, and the Almighty God has not retained in the destruction of our race one single specimen of unfallen nature. But not so, for God in all his works may allow His enemies to prevail against Him. He may allow the spirit of evil to come in and spoil and taint and destroy His works, but He never allows His works to be destroyed utterly—never. When mankind fell from God and from grace, so that the image of God and the spirit of God disappeared from amongst them, the Almighty found it necessary to destroy the whole race of man in the deluge. He preserved Noah and his sons and his daughters; eight souls were preserved whilst hundreds of millions were destroyed; but God in these eight souls preserved the race, and did not allow the spirit of evil to utterly destroy His work. When God drew back again the bolts of heaven, and allowed the living fire of His wrath to fall upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and destroyed the whole nation, yet even then He saved Lot and his family, and a few were saved where the rest were lost. When the Almighty God resolved to destroy for impurity the whole race of Benjamin, yet he preserved a few, lest the whole tribe might be utterly destroyed. And thus it is that we find the Almighty God always preserving one or two or three specimens of His work, lest the devil might glory overmuch, and riot in his joy for having utterly destroyed the work of God. Our nature was destroyed in Eve. One fair specimen of all that could be in us, of all that was in Adam before his sin, of all that God intended man to be, one fair specimen of all this was preserved in Mary, who, in her Immaculate Conception, preserved in the infinite holiness of God, was preserved untainted and unfallen, as if Adam had never sinned. It may be asked if, then, this woman was without sin, if she was conceived without sin, how is it that she calls Christ her Saviour, saying: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Oh, my friends, need I tell you that Christ our Lord is as much the Saviour of Mary as He is your Saviour or mine? Need I tell you but that for His incarnation, but for His suffering and passion and death, Mary could not have received the grace of the Immaculate Conception—no more than you or I could have received the grace of our baptism? Baptism has done for us, as far as regards the removal of original sin, all

mother and regards us with a mother's love, and we can look up to her with the unsuspecting and confiding love of a child. Oh, mother mine—oh, Mother of the Church of God—oh, mother of all the nations—oh, mother that kept the faith in Ireland, that through temptation and suffering never lost her love for thee—I hail thee! As thou art in heaven to night, clothed with the sun of divine justice, with the moon reflecting all earthly virtues beneath thy feet, upon thy head a crown of twelve stars, God's brightest gift, I hail thee, oh mother! And in the name of the Catholic Church, and in the name of my Catholic people, and in the name of the far-off and loved land that ever loved thee, I proclaim that thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, and thou art the honor of our people!

how deserving the poor may be. True charity consists in meeting at once the urgent necessities of the poor, and above all making it possible for them finally to help themselves. By tracing every form of misery to its source we shall come upon evils of many kinds. The removal of them will not merely afford the only true and lasting relief to those in distress, but will be likewise a real service to society at large. Questions of character, environment, social and domestic relations, and others of a similar nature, will be seriously taken into account before arriving at a final solution. If scientific philanthropy has worthy and feasible suggestions we do not hesitate to accept them; but what we shall stand most in need of is the one condition demanded by the apostles, the grace and wisdom of the Holy Ghost.

THE SCIENCE OF CHARITY

We hear much in our day of scientific philanthropy. It has become a branch of university instruction. It is taught in theoretical and practical courses. It is frankly acknowledged to be a modern profession offering attractive salaries to students desiring to make of it their life work. The loss of Christian charity consequent upon the suppression of Catholic activities and the confiscation of churches and monasteries, more than any other reason, has made necessary this new method of relief, as it has created the new pauperism. Aside from the public administration of State charity, the dole of the rich, who frequently give not of themselves but only of their wealth, is thus generously divided between an army of high salaried officials and a multitude of classified poor. Too often, if the name of Christ is remembered at all, it is only "a statistical Christ," and not the Jesus Christ of the Gospel. We have no fault to find with scientific philanthropy in itself, for it is the best the world has to offer, and we welcome whatever lifts, however slight, the heavy burden of the poor. But there is a danger lest Catholics may come in time to confound it with what it is not—the charity of Christ as taught in the Gospel.

It is well that we should learn whatever valuable lessons scientific philanthropy may have to teach us. We may even, for special reasons, employ its trained and salaried services. Still less is there fault to be found with those of our number who would devote themselves to it as a profession, provided they supernaturalize their motives. But they must be careful to learn like wise, from faithful exercise the economic authorities, the true Catholic Science of Christian Charity, as distinct from mere scientific philanthropy. Neither must we fail to point out the dangers of attendance at the materialistic schools of philanthropy, with their evolutionary or rationalistic theories.

That charity is a science is no modern discovery. In the first pages of the history of the Acts of the Apostles by Saint Luke, we read of it as a special vocation demanding for its proper and wisdom of the Holy Ghost. "The Twelve, calling together the multitude of the disciples, said: 'It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of good reputation, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. . . And they chose Stephen, a man full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost, and Philip and Prochorus, and Nicanor and Timon, and Parmenas, and Nicholas, a proselyte of Antioch. These they set before the apostles; and they praying, imposed hands upon them.'" (The Acts, vi, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Hence, likewise we can perceive why personal perfection and not the relief of poverty is the first object of the Society founded by Ozanam. It is through charity that personal perfection is sought. It is by prayer and frequent Communion that his disciples are to prepare themselves for their visits to the homes of the needy and afflicted. In the same manner it is the soul, rather than the body of the poor, which they seek to cure and to enrich. Temporal assistance, consolation and advice are an opening and preparation for spiritual instruction and counsel. Properly, therefore, to fulfil their sublime function they must daily seek to conform more perfectly to that ideal pointed out to them by the apostles, that they may be "men of good reputation, full of the Holy Ghost and Wisdom." Such is the

science of charity which can be learned only in the school of Christ. "Our main purpose," said Ozanam in brief, "was not to help the poor. This was only a means. Our object was by the practice of charity to strengthen ourselves in the Faith, and to win others for it. For this reason he avoided the publicity of modern philanthropy. The grass ever remains small and lowly, though it covers the entire earth, and so he wished the society, of which he considered himself only a promoter, to remain established in humility, no matter how largely in might gain in membership. To-day it has spread everywhere, flourishing after the model of the Divine Master, count- less self-sacrificing souls, devoted like Him, to the cause of humanity.

Such is the splendid answer Ozanam has given to the taunt of the Saint Simonians, the Fourierists and rationalists, on the University of Paris: "What are you doing, you who boast of your Catholicity. Where are your works that prove your faith, that can make us respect and accept it?" — Joseph Husslein, S. J., in America.

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ure from all previous Separate school legislation, received full consideration and assent from all parties interested, Catholics included. It is this act of 1868 which defines our constitutional rights guaranteed by the British North America Act. The Separate Schools are therefore unquestionably subject to governmental regulations and inspection. The right of the Ontario government in the premises is inalienable and inescapable. It has a corresponding duty and responsibility.

However, in 1865 the Inspector was refused permission to inspect the Register in Kingston; and late in 1871 Archbishop Lynch addressed the following letter to the Chief Superintendent:

"To our great amazement we find that our Separate schools are visited by the Inspectors of our Common Schools. We take this occasion to protest against this intrusion, as it is contrary to the spirit of the Law establishing Separate Schools; and we will be obliged to give notice to the trustees not to receive those visits; not that we are afraid of them, but we do not want their interference."

In his reply to the Archbishop, Dr. Ryerson said:

"I beg to observe that the protest you make, and the intention you avow, are in direct opposition to the Separate School Act, the twenty-sixth section of which expressly provides (for such inspection) [See section xxvi. R. C. S. Act as quoted above]."

"I have construed the Separate School Act to authorize Trustees of Separate Schools in Cities, Towns and Incorporated Villages, to appoint . . . the Local Superintendent of their Schools; but that does not preclude this Department from directing an inspection of the Register and condition of any Separate School."

Dr. Ryerson then referred to the General Regulations under which Grammar School Inspectors were directed to inspect Separate Schools in the neighborhood of Grammar Schools. He then said:

"I believe these visits were very acceptable to the Managers and Teachers of the Separate Schools, and the Inspector's report respecting them was most favorable. . . . But in one (Kingston) he was refused admittance . . . by the head teacher of the principal Separate school."

"A few days after I had written (to Kingston on the subject), I received a letter from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston, (Dr. Horan,) apologizing for the conduct of the head teacher of the Separate school, who had mistaken his duty, and assuring me that the Inspector would be courteously received at any time he might think proper to visit the school."

"I can adduce indubitable proof that I have sought to administer the Law, as much for the benefit of Separate Schools as of Public Schools, and have given the Separate Schools the advantage of every doubt, and of any discretionary power I might have to assist them."

"But while I have thus sought to aid Separate Schools to the utmost extent of my power, and to give the most liberal construction of the School Law in their behalf, I must say that I think Your Grace's protest and intimated course of proceedings are directly contrary to the express provisions of the Separate School Act—the inspection of which class of Schools, under the authority of this department, is not, as a matter of course, at the discretion of the trustees of Separate Schools, but a matter of right, provided for by law, and which every Government ought to possess, and exercise to inspect, at its discretion, the doings of every school, or institution, aided out of the public revenues of the country."

Dr. Hodgins, who was Deputy Minister of Education at the time and for years after the death of both Dr. Ryerson and Archbishop Lynch, closes this chapter with the sentence:

"No further difficulty was experienced in this matter."

It will be seen that though Separate Schools were being inspected by Protestant Inspectors during all these years, it was not, apparently, until late in 1871 that Archbishop Lynch, "to his great amazement," was informed of the fact, which, whatever else it may indicate, proves conclusively:

1. That such inspection was accepted both by priests and people without a complaint ever reaching the ears of Bishop Lynch. Moreover, the information on which he based his protest was inaccurate inasmuch as the Common School Inspectors did not inspect the Separate Schools. It was the Grammar School (later, High School) Inspectors who were charged with this duty.

2. It is only just to the late Archbishop to note that when the law governing the case at issue was pointed out to him, he acquiesced, and his intention to notify the trustees not to receive such visits was never carried out, though the government inspection went on under ex-

actly the same conditions for a dozen years after the date of his protest.

8. This protest, though based on inaccurate information as to facts and inadequate knowledge of the law, assumed, nevertheless, a form entirely consistent with the Archbishop's own dignity and respect for educational authority. To quote this dignified letter to the Chief Superintendent which gave Dr. Ryerson the opportunity, of which he availed himself, to discuss, in like manner with His Grace the grounds for his protest and the wisdom of his intimated course of procedure, to quote this letter as in any way approving or justifying the actual state of rebellion in some quarters, is, we submit, little short of a wanton insult to the memory of Archbishop Lynch, who, like Dr. Horan of Kingston, was a bishop and a Catholic gentleman. In the light of the foregoing facts, what he would have to say on the present situation, were he still alive, we leave our readers to judge.

We should like to believe that Dr. Freeland was put in possession of the Archbishop's protest, which was evidently taken from Dr. Hodgins' History of Separate Schools in Upper Canada, without having had the opportunity of reading the chapter from which it was taken. His use of the Archbishop's name and words might then be free from intentional suppression veri and suggestio falsi.

Occasionally we notice a survival of the old-time nagging of Catholics for not adequately supporting Catholic literature. Personally we have little patience and less sympathy with such a policy; it is futile if not harmful, even were conditions altogether unsatisfactory. It would be ungrateful, ungenerous and untrue for the CATHOLIC RECORD to deny the loyalty and generous support accorded it by both clergy and laity. When we consider that our constituency is limited to English-speaking Catholics of all origins, it is not so large as the census figures with regard to religion might, at first blush, suggest. Indeed, on looking over the circulation of the various papers as given in the Canadian Almanac we are struck with the fact that few papers, secular or religious, Catholic or Protestant, receive from their constituency more loyal, more generous or general support. And the circulation of the RECORD has increased by nearly six thousand since it stood at the figure therein given.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE

As with papers so is it with Catholic books. The taste for Catholic reading is not formed by Catholic nagging. It is formed by the books themselves, their excellence and their accessibility. The situation has marvelously improved in the last fifty, even in the last twenty, years. A list of over six hundred standard books by Catholic authors was, a few years ago, furnished to the public library boards of the continent. And these books are not going out of print.

The catalogue of Catholic topics and authors in the Public Library of the District of Columbia fills thirty good sized pages. The complete list of Catholic works in English fills a catalogue of 157 pages, averaging 40 to the page, or 6,680 volumes, which, we think, is some proof that Catholic literature meets with a generous measure of appreciation and support.

When we contrast conditions with what we are ourselves able to remember years ago, when the only Catholic books that reached many a Catholic home were worthless compilations, (often by Jews), with high-sounding Catholic titles, sold by subscription at incredibly exorbitant prices, we are not disposed to feel pessimistic. Rather do we feel inclined to cheer. Next followed the era of high-priced Catholic books and short-sighted Catholic publishers. Catholic books are now published by all the general publishing houses. But, while they have no longer a monopoly, there is a field and a great field for the Catholic publishing firms, of which we have a respectable number. And not alone in number are they respectable, but in keen business sense and enterprise and initiative.

The CATHOLIC RECORD is proud to lend its columns to the business management for the purpose of disseminating reputable Catholic literature. When we advertised the RECORD Standard Library for Everybody we did so not merely as a business proposition. It is exactly in line with the reason for existence of the RECORD. Those who have seen the books, their general

make-up, type, paper, binding and appearance will readily recognize that the profit, after paying duty and freight, and express or postage, is not large. But the indirect gain may be great. We are, at any rate, accomplishing a good work in increasing for the average Catholic of moderate means the accessibility of respectable and reputable Catholic literature. We are helping to form the taste for Catholic reading and the habit of Catholic reading in Catholic homes. If this influence reaches, as it must, the younger generation of our people, the progress, the great progress, which we have been making is sure to continue. There is always room for improvement; there is always need for encouragement. This is the privilege of every one, young and old.

The demand for the books we are advertising is so far and away beyond what was anticipated that we must conclude as we began. Let us stop nagging Catholics about Catholic literature. It is not only useless, it is ungrateful. There are of course numbers who need awakening to their duty to their families in the premises; but we cannot reach them through the columns of the Catholic press. Let each reader of the RECORD wake up one such neighbor and more will be accomplished in a week than by years of nagging.

The RECORD Standard Library is going to be an influence for untold good in thousands of Catholic homes. It is made up of books published by different publishing houses, and supplied by each of them at special prices. It is, therefore, different from any similar library offered by any single firm. For that reason we believe it affords a wider selection. It is a double pleasure to thank our readers for their generous appreciation, for it is another evidence of sound Catholic taste and judgment in Catholic literature.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION

We have from time to time had to explain to subscribers that we cannot give space to local news in which they are interested. Sometimes it is pointed out to us that other Catholic papers willingly publish what we feel obliged to refuse. And what they urge is true; but our policy still holds good. The reason is this. The CATHOLIC RECORD is the most widely read Catholic paper in Canada and its subscription list is constantly increasing. Some of our secular contemporaries are good enough to say that it holds first place for other reasons also. Be that as it may, it circulates in every province of the Dominion, and has some thousands of subscribers in Newfoundland and the United States. It will be readily seen, therefore, even by the disappointed ones, whose news contributions we have been obliged to reject, that news of purely local interest has properly no place in our columns. We think the reasons are obvious. Still we know by experience that there are those who find it hard to like our policy when they are personally very much interested in local happenings. Sometimes they feel somewhat hurt. Under the influence of such feeling, some one might ask is not the school trouble local?

We think not. Anything that affects the Catholic Church, interests all our readers. The claim (or charge as the case may be) so frequently made, that this is a Catholic question, if allowed to pass unchallenged could not fail to affect, and seriously affect, Catholics and the Catholic Church. Again, education is a provincial matter, controlled by a Minister responsible to the Legislature which represents the people. No agitation such as the present can be localized in its consequences. All Catholics and all Protestants are necessarily involved, at least so far as this province is concerned. The interest in such a question extends to all our readers; for there is probably none of them who has not seen reference to it in the columns of his own newspaper. In other provinces, as in the parts of Ontario remote from the scene of the trouble, our readers naturally look to the RECORD for the truth as to the facts. We would not have our friends elsewhere judge Ontario by the stage thunder of the Orangemen or by the misconceptions and charges of our co-religionists who, though dwelling in Ontario, have not yet learned the scope of our school system, nor the broad tolerance of the great majority of our population.

But is this question not of deeper and more vital interest still? We have only to recall the Manitoba

school difficulty, where, unknown or unheeded by the rest of Canada, local fires smouldered, which, neglected, kindled a general conflagration. It may well be that if the Manitoba school situation had, in time, been more generally understood, and more reasonably discussed, the Manitoba School Question with all its ugly consequences might never have been thrust into Canadian politics.

Some of those who are largely responsible for the present dangerous agitation arrogantly question our right to "interfere." Well, we do not need to justify our "interference" so far as the same people of Canada are concerned. The 150,000 readers of the RECORD are Catholics, mostly, and free-born Canadian citizens, every one.

We have not often referred to this school matter, far-reaching in importance though we believe it to be. A little over a year ago the RECORD stated its position and never receded from it. Three weeks ago, for the first time in a year, we deemed it advisable to reaffirm that position.

We may not have occasion to refer to it again. But our position will remain the same until we abandon it. Our views will remain unaltered until we see reason for modifying them. We have not expressed an opinion—though we hold very decided opinions, indeed, convictions—on the question of constitutional rights claimed by our friends with regard to the use of the French language in schools outside the Province of Quebec. We have ever held that such rights are not to be established by agitation, but by the courts. Or, there is an alternative course. If there be a case that can be stated in sober not declamatory terms, appeal to the Governor-General in Council is provided by Section 8, Article 93 of the British North America Act.

When we recede from the position taken, or modify the views expressed, it will be announced in our own columns. Silence will mean merely that we have nothing to add, or to retract, or to modify.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

For some years a solemn High Mass has been celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Washington, on Thanksgiving morning, in commemoration of the Pan-American Union. It was begun in President Roosevelt's time. Under President Taft's administration Secretary Knox asked the Right Rev. Monsignor Russell, Rector of St. Patrick's, to make the Mass an annual celebration. President Wilson recently promised to attend it. All this has aroused the ire of the Protestant Episcopal church. Its clergymen have resolutely and protested against the attempt to convert our national Thanksgiving Day into a Roman Catholic festival. Monsignor Russell says "that he is very sorry that exception is taken by anyone, especially by ministers of the Gospel, to a celebration which has for its object peace and good-will. The object of the Pan-American celebration is to bring together prominent men of the American republic for the purpose of fostering kindly sentiments among them. It is not a diplomatic celebration: neither is it official. I cannot understand why exception should be taken to the President attending services in a Catholic church any more than to his attending services in any denomination to which he does not belong. I cannot understand how men who profess to preach peace would go so far as to stir up strife and to dictate even to the President of the United States his mode of worship, and try to prevent him from enjoying the right of the poorest American citizen."

Cardinal Newman, however, gives an explanation which may throw light on the resolving Anglicans of Washington. He says, speaking of Anglicanism: "It agrees to differ with its children on a thousand points. . . . On one dogma it may surely rest without any mistake. . . . It is 'No peace with Rome,' 'Down with the Pope,' and the 'Church is in danger.' Heresy and scepticism and infidelity and fanaticism may challenge it in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its connatural foe." These divines who take umbrage at nothing should devote their energies to settling the dissensions and divisions among themselves and to eradicating the weak, compromising spirit that abides within the precincts of their communion. And they should be

mindful of the "good breeding" that has always distinguished them, to the extent of viewing complacently a hundred battling sects enrolled under their banners.

WANT OF DIGNITY

The people of Toronto have made selection of a City Council, the proceedings of which, as reported in the press of that city, make reading of a character which would give a shock to my Lord Chesterfield. It would appear that the government of the great city is, through the manipulation of oath-bound secret societies, in the hands of one huge Lodge, "Petty graft" and "piracy of plans" is the condition which the Globe depicts in the City Architects' Department, and a probe is going on. "The enquiry," the Globe says, "was ordered as a result of twelve charges made by Alderman Wanless accusing members of the department of 'petty graft and other irregularities,' using their 'official positions and knowledge for private gain,' 'piracy of plans,' 'lack of necessary technical and practical training of the acting city architect' and of the inspectors and other members of the staff, etc."

Following this is a report of a City Council meeting where, we are told, Alderman Sam McBride and Controller Foster "went at it hammer and tongs." Alderman McBride referred to the action of Controller Foster and Mr. Fleming as a steal. Controller Foster said that "Alderman McBride doesn't think; he explodes. He gets brain storms. He loses control of himself. He is not the kind of man we want in this council. He is an inferior member of this council." Alderman Wanless wanted the discussion ended, whereupon Alderman McBride interrogated "Surely you are going to give me a chance to reply to Controller Foster?" Before the proceedings concluded Alderman McBride gave this parting shot to Controller Foster: "Talk about a cheap squirt. You are the cheapest I ever seen." Not alone for its coarseness should the latter outburst be condemned, but it should also be referred to the Board of Education. But even there the Lodge seems to control everything, and nothing would come of it. It is humiliating to think that in a city like Toronto its affairs should be in the hands of such men. In the same number of the Globe which gives these proceedings, [there is also trouble reported in the Fire Department, which is charged with inefficiency. And so all along the line in the Queen City, which seems to be in the iron grasp of the Orange Association. But we suppose any shortcomings on the part of that body will be condoned on account of its claim to be the "guardian of our civil and religious liberties." It may be that the people of Toronto will sometime determine not to be "fooled all the time."

AN EXPOSE

Rev. John Coburn, of Toronto, a gentleman who occupies a large space in the daily press from time to time, especially on the occasion of Orange celebrations, in the effort to prove that Rome, Romanism and all its belongings are no better than he explored to stay out of East Middlesex because our good friend Mr. McFarlan is a brother Oddfellow and brother Orangeman. "If my own brother," he continued, "were in the same position as Mr. McFarlan in regard to temperance I would support Mr. Laidlaw." But has not Rev. Mr. Coburn violated his Orange oath? Is he not bound by the constitution of the Orange Association to obey orders? Does he not subject himself to a severe curtain lecture in the Lodge? In the government of this country the man who is truly free and independent—the man who has set opinions on matters of political economy—if he is unfortunate enough to be in the ranks of the Orange Association, is not free to make choice of a candidate for whom he may vote. The brother Orangeman gives the cry of distress and his neighbor, also a member of the Order, is expected to hearken to the call. Is this the type of citizenship we may look for in that politico-religious conspiracy, which has brought but heartburning, disorder and chicanery wherever it has taken root? Young men of our province who have been induced to join it, not having studied its wretched history, have

reason to regret their action, and good citizens should give warning to all and sundry that this organization is but a political machine and that once a man enters its ranks and is dubbed an Orangeman he has come into possession of a very undesirable asset. It has given Canada, and Ontario more particularly, a close corporation of political intriguers somewhat similar to the worst elements of Tammany Hall.

SIR THOMAS MORE

On another page will be found a lengthy extract from an address delivered at St. John, N. B., on Sir Thomas More by a leading Protestant citizen of St. John, Dr. Silas Alward, K. C. Dr. Alward's great learning and acknowledged position at the bar entitle anything he writes to the best consideration, but when he deals with Sir Thomas More, the great Catholic Lord Chancellor, who preferred to lay down his life rather than violate his conscience, his views become doubly interesting

English Protestant historian (1684-1690), complains that William "came to settle the Protestant religion and yet brought over 4,000 Papists in his army, which were near as many as the King (James II) had English of that religion in his." (Memoirs, p. 487; London, 1875.)

The flower of the Williamite force was the famous Dutch or Blue Guards, "2,000 of the finest infantry of Europe," as Macaulay calls them. This regiment was mainly recruited from North Holland, and "in North Holland there are more Papists than Protestants" ("Reports of Debates in Cobbet's Parliamentary History—5, p. 175; London, 1809.)

The Guards were not the only Catholics in William's army. The other regiments in the Dutch service had their proportion. In fact the large admixture of Catholics in the service of the "Deliverer" made many Protestant zealots uneasy.

Not only was William's army one-third Catholic, but it was the Catholic part that did the fighting. Story, the Williamite chaplain, in his "True and Impartial History" (p. 97; London, 1691), says: "As to our English forces there were few of them that had an opportunity at this place to show themselves."

Now we are going to ask the Orange Sentinel a question. If the ancestors of the Orangemen fought at the Boyne when did they turn their coats? For if they won "immortal honor" there they must have been amongst the "2,000 of the finest infantry in Europe," the Dutch Guards, who were Papists.

IN A RECENT address before the Lancashire Catholic Player's Society, Bishop Vaughan outlined the Church's attitude towards the stage. In the ages of faith, when the Church was all powerful, he said, plays were mostly of a religious or moral character, and when printing was yet among the undiscovered arts, rendered valuable service to religion by keeping the fundamental truths of the Faith before the people.

came rather one of amusement solely very often of a debasing and reprehensible character. At the time of the Restoration the pendulum had swung full distance, so that it may be said with truth that the popular plays of the day were not fit for any decent man to witness.

BISHOP VAUGHAN then proceeded to say that if in our day the Church has relaxed her opposition to the stage, so far at least as the laity are concerned, it is because the drama itself has altered. This, unquestionably, is true, but it may be asked nevertheless if the signs of the times do not point to a relapse to the old order?

A TORONTO MAN, a graduate of "The Bible College," has announced his intention of going to Brazil as a missionary, but, being somewhat doubtful as to the outlook, will emigrate in business for a year or two, learn the Portuguese language, and, incidentally, no doubt, lay by a few pesetas, and then, if the soil looks promising, will proceed to drive the Baptist plow.

It is NOT the truth, however, that is wanted by these "missionary boards." This came out very strongly in the International Purity Congress held recently in Minneapolis. They brought all the way from Benares a distinguished Hindu, Dr. Keshava Deva Shastri, to tell them all about the work being done for purity in India, and to deliver a series of lectures throughout the United States and Canada on the subjects debated by the Congress.

IN SO DELIVERING himself the good doctor failed grievously in sizing up his hosts, and little realized the penalty that awaited him. He found himself denounced even by the friends who had brought him to this country. He was repudiated, we are told, on all hands, much to his own astonishment.

THE RIGHT Rev. Dr. Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen, has earned the somewhat unusual distinction for a

Catholic prelate in Scotland, of being publicly thanked by the Municipal Council of his cathedral city. The Bishop has for years been an ardent collector of engravings and other pictures relating to Aberdeen, and these he has presented to the Art Gallery of the city.

A RECENT WRITER has summarized some facts about the Popes which will bear repetition. Of the first thirty, twenty-nine were martyrs, the exception being St. Dionysius, who was the twenty-fourth successor of St. Peter. The total number of martyred Popes is 33. Eighty-two have been canonized.

HOME RULE AND TOBACCO. Ulster, or at least the northeastern portion of it comprized by Antrim, Derry and Down, is the chief argument against Home Rule, partly because it is strong on one religion and against another, and partly on the claim that, though small territorially it is predominant financially and industrially and pays the major portion of Irish taxation.

The shipping figures, even if accurate, are of no value for the purpose. Similar calculations would prove Galveston, whose volume of exports and imports exceeds that of any port in the Union except New York, a more important city than Philadelphia, Boston or New Orleans, and yet it has but 50,000 people.

The manufacture of imported tobacco has made other cities famous. "Wild Woodbines" has brought the collected revenue of Bristol, a smaller city than Belfast, to £3,372,000, more than double that of the Ulster port, and just double the customs duties of all Scotland, and "Players' Navy Cut" has put Nottingham, a city of 260,000 almost on a level with Belfast; but these cities have not claimed thereby industrial or political predominance.

would be reduced to what it really is, a question of ascendancy, and Ireland would be free to resume a profitable industry.—America.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Fell the snow on the festival's vigil And supplanted the city in white; I wonder how the purest of skies? Ask the Virgin, or God, or the night.

I fitted the Feast: 'twas a symbol, And earth wore the surplice at noon, As pure as the walls' stuccoed walls, Fringed with the purple of white for the Feast.

I opened my window, half-dreaming; My soul went away from my eyes, And my heart began saying: "Hail Marys" Some where up the purple of white for the Feast.

Her statue stood there, and around it Shone the symbolic stars. Was their gleam The flowers that fragrant her altar? Were they only the dream of a dream?

Low-toned from the hearts of a thousand "Our Father's," "Hail Marys" swept on To the still love of the Mother. Did they wrong the great name of her Son?

Did I hear a voice? or was I dreaming? I saw the statue die with the Feast; My heart was for loving My Mother Is wronging my heart—do not fear.

Swept the beautiful O Salutaris! I saw the statue die with the Feast; My heart was for loving My Mother Is wronging my heart—do not fear.

Did she dream of the straw of the manger When she gazed on the altar's pure white? Did she hear the sound of a plow? Or the little Hoop-bell, that night?

Laudate, what thrilling of triumph! Our souls soared to God on each tone; And the Host went again to its prison, For our Christ tears to leave us alone.

THE ORANGE SOCIETY

A few weeks ago we undertook to give our readers some facts, not very well known in this province, concerning the Orange Society. We did not deal at any length with the origin of this society, because we have frequently dealt with that in these columns, and have quoted the words of Protestant writers of unquestionable authority on the nature and habits of the banditti known as the "Peep-o-Days Boys," which re-organized under the name of Orangemen.

1. The Orange Society is a continuation of the brigand bands known as "Peep-o-Day Boys," and never had any connection with William of Orange, historically or in any other way, and William was dead for eighty years before it was started.

2. This society has never ceased from religious hatred, social persecution and political plots, even to the borders, and past the borders, of treason. Treasonable declarations, open disobedience to Acts of Parliament, violation of the discipline and rules of the army (a most grave matter); riot, murder, mocking and insulting of Catholics; of their Sacraments and religious customs; and generally, the deliberate dividing of the State on religious lines and with every circumstance of irritation and persecution; and the corruption of justice.

No Catholic has ever said half so much against the Orange Society as is contained in the quotations we have made from those sources. No sane man who reads what all these Protestant authorities, covering the whole of the nineteenth century have said about this wretched Society, can have a doubt left as to what its record has been—a record of outlawry, corruption, murder and treason.

3. We showed that this Society was suppressed in Ireland in 1825, by Act of Parliament; and that so far from showing obedience to the law, it went right on under an assumed name—Brunswick Clubs—and never dissolved for one day. We have shown that ten years later, it had spread throughout the Army, and had a million members in the Empire, had a very powerful organization in England, and was plotting to set aside the succession of the little Princess Victoria to the Crown, and to put its own Grand Master, the Duke of Cumberland, on the throne.

4. We then proceeded through the record of the Society throughout the reign of Queen Victoria, and showed that every measure of justice and good government for the majority in Ireland was opposed by this Society, not only by ordinary constitutional, but with riots, bloodshed, threats against the Crown and the Government, and a show of armed force.

5. We also reviewed the record of the Orange Society in its "loyal" celebration; its deliberate, pre-arranged invasions of peaceful Catholic villages, remote from its own natural gathering places, for the set purpose of bringing on a breach of the peace, with songs and insults to our holy religion almost beyond endurance; with the usual result of securing an excuse of some sort for using the rifles they always carried in their processions.

had to sweat and toil to pay their "lithes," to the end that that Church, rejected of the people, and having no other claim to be the "Church of Ireland" than it has to-day, to be the Church of Canada, should keep its fictitious standing as directed by Acts of Parliament in the framing of which those same serfs had never a word to say.

Any man, to-day, who should attempt to defend the status of affairs would lose all influence and consideration amongst his fellow-citizens, as being the narrowest of narrow-minded bigots. But, in the middle of Victoria's reign, this same Orange Society behaved almost exactly as it is behaving to-day, when Gladstone announced that this enormous edifice of "graft" and rascality must come down.

6. We also reviewed the record of the Orange Society in its "loyal" celebration; its deliberate, pre-arranged invasions of peaceful Catholic villages, remote from its own natural gathering places, for the set purpose of bringing on a breach of the peace, with songs and insults to our holy religion almost beyond endurance; with the usual result of securing an excuse of some sort for using the rifles they always carried in their processions.

And since we wrote that article, we read a despatch from Belfast, speaking of the slaying of the doggerel version "Dolly's Brae," in which that day of horror is commemorated, and gravely informing us that it is almost "a national anthem" among them to-day.

We said at the outset, that we should make and prove all these assertions on Protestant authority, and we have done so. One final charge we make against this Society, and that is fraud. Disloyal, law-breaking, fiercely intolerant, ignorant, corrupt, and the tool and plaything of politicians for generations past, one thing has permeated and saturated it at all times, and that is, falsehood. If readers feel that any confirmation of this statement is required, let them consider the doings and sayings of the Orange Society during this year of Our Lord 1913.

7. Well, we have shown, on the highest and most unquestionable body and weight of Protestant authority that can be produced in this Empire, that so far from having any claims to be called "loyal" or law-abiding, this Society has at all times been an absolute outlaw, denounced by a King, by Acts of Parliament, Committees of Parliament, Members of Parliament, Premiers, Cabinet Ministers, historians, sworn witnesses, editors, judges, magistrates, clergymen and constables, all Protestants; and that the chief items in all these indictments against them is its lack of loyalty; its tumultuous and incessant disobedience to law; and its cynical corruption and denial of public justice in the courts.

The other of the great twin lies of the Orange Society is that Catholics are disloyal. But Catholics fought and died in the Crimean war, whilst recruiting agents went in vain through the Orange counties of Ulster. There is no record of Orangemen in any of Great Britain's wars in the 19th century. Orangemen have never had any taste for fighting anybody except Catholics; and they always wanted big advantages before they would undertake even that. Dolly's Brae may well be sung by them. It is their only boast, in the way of war, in the whole of the 19th century. On the other hand, there has never been a war of Great Britain's since Ireland has been a British dominion in which Catholics and Irishmen have not taken a leading part. Who can tell us of one battle in which Orange regiments distinguished themselves? As a political factor, the Orange

Society has been a vile tool of English political parties, and is now being so made use of for the last time. The chief usefulness of this Society to English politicians has been this, that, up to now it has been always possible, in fact, easy, to arouse the fear of the Pope in England by means of the Orange yell. There were always those millions of Irish "slaves of the Pope"; and there were always the "loyal" minority, the only prop and bulwark of British and Protestant power in that land of Popery and idolatry. Such was the pretence. But the time has come, at last, when the English electors can be no longer fooled on this subject. Therefore, behold Orangism in its last convulsions, so far as Great Britain is concerned.

LITTLE JESUS

Little Jesus, was Thy shy Once, and just so small as I? And what did it feel like to be Out of Heaven, and just like me? Didst Thou sometimes think of there, And ask where all the angels were? I should think that I would cry For my house all made of sky; I would look about the air, And wonder where my angels were, And at waking 'twould distress me— Not an angel there to dress me! Hadst Thou ever any toys, Like us little girls and boys? And didst Thou Play in Heaven with all

The angels that were not too tall With stars for marbles? Did the things Play Can you see me? through their wings? And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil Thy robes, with playing on our soil? How nice to have them always near In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray, And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way? And did they tire sometimes, being young, And make the prayer seem very long? And dost Thou like it best, that we Should join our hands to pray to Thee? I used to think, before I knew, The prayer not said unless we do. And did Thy Mother at the night Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right? And didst Thou feel quite good in bed, Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all That it feels like to be small, And Thou knowst I cannot pray To Thee in my father's way— When Thou wast so little, say, Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way? So, a little Child come down And her a child's tongue like Thy own; Take me by the hand and walk, And listen to my baby talk. To Thy Father show my prayer, (He will look 'Thou art so fair). And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son, Bring the prayer of a little one."

A GIFTED PREACHER

FATHER TOM BURKE, THE SILENCER OF FROUDE. The great Dominican, Father Tom Burke, as the Irish people loved to call him, was one of the most gifted preachers of the century. He was born in Galway in 1830, and was ordained priest at the age of twenty-six years. The fame of his eloquence was so familiar in Rome that it was the custom of the Vatican for years to call him to preach the Lenten discourses.

Father Burke's visit to the United States in 1871 treated widespread attention on account of his masterly replies to the British historian, Froude, who came to this country for the express purpose of defaming Irish character through contorted history. The great controversy is still familiar to the memories of the people. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Froude's mission was an utter failure.

He returned to Ireland in 1873, and resumed his routine duties in the Orders, keeping scrupulously clear of political agitation, but devoting his wonderful intellect to the cause of charity and the preaching of the gospel. He died in Dublin on July 2nd, 1888.—Catholic Bulletin.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PHOENIX, ILL. SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

"Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." (Luke 1, 28)

We celebrate to-day, my dear friends, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the feast of the Blessed Virgin. In the year 1854 the great and glorious Pius IX, surrounded by bishops from every part of the world, proclaimed to all Christians the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Since the Council of Ephesus, in the year 431, declared her Mother of God, probably no such rejoicings were known through the whole Christian world as filled the hearts of the true children of God on the 8th of December, 1854, when the last and brightest gem was added to the crown of Mary by our own beloved Pius IX.

TEMPERANCE

ONE MAN'S FAILURE

The Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Republican preaches a powerful temperance sermon and it ought to be read in every home in America. The Republican says: "Thomas Seabrooke died in Chicago the other day in miserable surroundings. A dozen years or so ago he was easily the foremost comedian on the stage. He was a born comedian. There was no horseplay effect in his acting. At that time he was able to make \$75,000 a year, for he could draw audiences that would warrant a manager in paying him such a salary. The announcement that Seabrooke was in the cast always filled a theater in those days.

But Seabrooke made one mistake. He thought he could get away with the devil and snakes of mind, when all he had done was to put himself in the hands of the devil. He had failed, and failed miserably, in the unequal contest, but he thought that he was to be the one exception, the man who could win the victory. But he didn't win. They never do win who start out on such a trial of strength. The end is always the same, dishonor, humiliation, shame and suffering of every kind. Seabrooke died in delirium tremens. He had an supreme agony of mind, when all he wanted was to get away from the torment of hell, and then he was dead, dead at a time when he ought to be in the beginnings of a mellow maturity, the kind of maturity in which Joe Jefferson was at his best and during which he gave his friends and admirers their greatest pleasure out of art.

But Joe Jefferson didn't drink the stuff, while Thomas Q. Seabrooke drank it and was fool enough to believe that he could get away with it. There have been exceptions to all universal laws. At the time of the universal deluge, Noah was saved; Lot was saved from the destruction of Sodom; and the Blessed Virgin is an exception to the universal law that all sinned in Adam. Jeremiah (Jer. 1, 5) was sanctified in his mother's womb. Was it any more difficult for God to sanctify Mary at the moment of her Conception, of the union of her soul with her body? God chose His Own Mother. If He had the power to choose her, did He not also have the power to preserve her from the stain of original sin? And does it not appear to you most fitting that God the Holy Ghost should preserve His spouse, and God the Son, His Mother from all sin?

It is not unreasonable, my dear friends, to honor, to love the saints of God and to believe that they love us. Especially is it not unreasonable to believe that the Blessed Mother of God had greater privileges and higher claims on our hearts than the other saints. It is but natural, then, that we arrive at belief in the spotlessness of the Blessed Virgin even from the beginning of her existence upon earth.

"Hail, full of Grace," the angel said to her. If she was full of grace, no vacancy was left for sin. Sin denotes the absence of grace. Hence, if Mary was full of grace she was never subject to sin, she was always pure, her conception Immaculate. What a beautiful model Mary is for Christians and especially for Christian women. Catholic mothers should not allow their daughters to form their idea of the type of their sex from the novel when they have before them Mary the true type of female excellence. In Mary you find all that is tender and yet all that is firm. In her humility she refused the highest honors, while in patience she endured more anguish and agony than any other woman on earth. I am sure that one who has Mary for the model and who proposes her as a model to her children, will have the rough places in life's path made smooth and the way to eternal happiness made plain by the intercession of the Immaculate Mother of God.

SOME OF WHAT HE SAW

Father Bernard Vaughan, lecturing in Glasgow (Scotland) on "What To See in America," remarked that "it spoke highly for the (United States) Constitution that laws originally framed for a few millions satisfied the inflow of peoples from all nations under the sun. As an illustration of the 'inflow' he found that in some mining districts money orders were sent off on pay days in thirty different languages, and in some districts there were Catholic sermons preached in twenty-five different languages."

The languages were different, but the faith was the same—the same in all tongues and races and regions and climes—one faith, one God, one Shepherd. Observing on the progress of Catholicity in the States, Father Vaughan explained that: "While divorce and racial suicide were weakening and paralyzing other forces,

TUMOR IN THE STOMACH

Completely Removed When She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

NEWBURY, ONT., April 4th, 1913. "Some years ago, I was sick in bed, and thought I was going to die. I had a growth in my stomach, which the doctors said was a tumor and they said that the only thing to do was to go to the hospital and have the tumor cut out. I dreaded an operation although both doctors said it was the only cure. I said I would die before being operated on. At this time, my mother in law, Mrs. A. McDONALD, sent me some 'Fruit-a-tives' and induced me to try them as she had heard of another woman who had been cured of a similar growth in the stomach by taking 'Fruit-a-tives'.

"To please my mother, I began to take 'Fruit-a-tives' with the happy result that they cured me. I have not been to see a doctor since and my health is first class. I recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' every time I get a chance and I will be glad to have you publish this letter as some other woman may now be a sufferer from the same trouble and 'Fruit-a-tives' will cure her." Mrs. A. McDONALD. See a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Sacraments and the use of frequent prayer. On Monday next we are to keep the great feast of the Immaculate Conception, that beautiful holiday of obligation which shows to us the value that God sets on personal holiness, on personal freedom from sin's blight. By a special privilege He preserved His mother free from even the slightest taint of original sin. That is what the Immaculate Conception means: no slightest mark of inherited, original sin ever marred her soul; and neither, afterwards, did any stain of slightest sin or imperfection sully the Immaculate Mother of God. In this Advent season let us often pray to God, through His Mother's intercession, to make us holy, and ready to meet Him at the last great day.—Sacred Heart Review.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

FREQUENT COMMUNION FOR CHILDREN

In this age when children are exposed to so many spiritual dangers, when the task of rearing them up through youth to manhood and womanhood, meets with so many obstacles, parents should seize every little one the double treasure of innocence and faith. This is a duty that for various reasons they cannot shirk. Temptations from within and from without attack children while they are still weak in body and in experience, in will and in reasoning powers; the awakening of instincts, hitherto undreamt of, with its insatiable cravings for less noble things, surprises them early in life, and unless the opportune antidote be provided, many a career will be irretrievably ruined, many a premature wreck will lie strewn along the byways of life.

Besides, parents know well that the training children receive in their early years molds their after careers; they know, too, that the children of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow, who must receive from them not merely the true faith but the sound moral training as well, which will influence and direct their lives and the lives of the generations who shall succeed them. How can we expect Catholic faith and Catholic principles to be handed down to others, if through the neglect of parents in this age, or the neglect of the State, whatever fosters religion and sound living in children, be stifled in its germ and never given a chance to develop into habits of virtue? "What we need," writes Father de Zuluetta, in his excellent work, "The Divine Educator"—"is to form generations of young people living in the grace of God not for a few days or at intervals, but without a break for months and years." What we need, in fact, are children who will develop into men and women who are filled with a lively faith, capable of self-denial, and serving as examples of purity and courage. Above all, in the pres-

LET US BE PREPARED

In the season of Advent, now opening before us, we are preparing for two great events, the first coming of our Blessed Lord from heaven to earth as a tiny infant, when "the word was made flesh and dwelt among us," and that second coming, whose day and whose hour no man knows, but when again Christ shall come to earth, but then in majestic glory, to be our Judge. We may think, also, of a third coming, His advent to our souls in Holy Communion, even daily to many among us; and again, of His coming in the Viaticum, at the time of our death, to prepare us for that so-called particular judgment, which awaits each individual soul at once when its work on earth, whether for good or ill, is done. The thought of the particular judgment, like the general judgment, is indeed one to arouse sentiments of religious awe and salutary fear. How unfit are we to appear before the searching gaze of the All-Holy God! How many have been our offenses against Him! How frequent is our forgetfulness of His goodness in our regard! Very mercifully then does the feast of Christmas come at the close of the Advent season, to remind us in how meek and how lowly a guise the Lord Christ first came to us, and gladly should we often repeat the beautiful ejaculatory prayer: "My sweetest Jesus, be not my Judge, but my Saviour!"

In order to prepare for that final coming, let us also receive Jesus into our souls often in the Holy Eucharist. Let us form the devout habit of receiving every day if we can; or let us desire so to do, were it practicable for us. Let us learn to make spiritual Communions; and these may be our happy lot every hour of the day by means of holy and earnest aspirations of love for Jesus Christ. Then, when he comes at last to judgment, He will come to us indeed as our Saviour, to take us home to Him forever in the eternal household of the saints. Oh, let us strive to be always ready; let us strive to be free from sin, aided by the Church's

President

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that their children who have made their First Communion shall approach the holy table very often, even daily if possible. Their negligence in this matter would cause children to forfeit the chief fruit of the papal decrees, which is to qualify them for an unbroken Eucharistic life, the best protection of their faith and innocence.

Members of the League of the Sacred Heart should do our share in this heavenly work among children. One of the chief objects of our organization is to draw Catholics to the holy table as often as possible. Our First Fridays, our Communions of Atonement, our General Communions Days, and those special dates named on the Monthly Leaflet are indications of the spirit that animates members, just as they point out the kind of work we are engaged in. The recent legislation of the Holy Father proves that our League possesses the true spirit, and that we have been all along working in the right direction in urging frequent and daily Communion among all classes of Catholics. While still keeping up this spiritual crusade, we may easily add another element to our work by turning our efforts in the direction of the little ones of Christ. Let each one, according to opportunity, carry out the wishes of the Holy Father regarding Communion among children, by fostering in them a love for Our Lord in the tabernacle, by speaking of the consolations and the profit derived from frequent Communion, and by exciting in them the desire for this heavenly Food. Nothing, we feel, could be more pleasing to the Sacred Heart of the loving Master, Who would have little children come to Him to be nourished as often as possible with His precious Body and Blood. It is their pledge of eternal life. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE REMEDY FOR POISONED MORALS

Commenting upon the grave menace to public morals that lies in the evil literature so widely read nowadays, the New York Times' "Review of Books" has these words of wisdom: "Public opinion averse to the circulation of books of bad tendencies and magazine literature of an obnoxious sort can be exerted most effectually if the books are left unsold on the booksellers' hands, and the magazine publishers are brought sharply to understand that filth does not pay. . . . The author of a book of immoral tendency is culpable, and the publisher shares his culpability. But blame also is the due of people who read the book, discuss it, and encourage others to read it. He who touches pitch is defiled, and the idea that some of us are immune from defilement is erroneous.

To the foregoing America utters a fervent Amen. We do not agree, however, with the writer's contention that the prosecution of those who publish and distribute filthy books and periodicals is unwise and inexpedient. The general public, we maintain, should not find it easy to buy such works. The young and innocent should not be exposed to the temptation of reading them. But while the salacious magazine and the unclean novel are advertised, exhibited and sold on every newsstand and in every book store, shall men do nothing but refrain from buying the poison? Shall the weak and curious, however, be invited to infect themselves with it as freely as they desire?

The chemist who sells dangerous drugs to irresponsible people is sent to jail. The publishers and distributors of literary poison should be dealt with similarly. With the least notoriety possible let the objectionable magazine or book be completely withdrawn from circulation and then let those who publish it be prosecuted for corrupting the public morals.

The Times' writer entertains the hope that there will soon be a "healthy reaction from the baneful influence of so-called realism," of which there is just now such a disgusting orgy, and for our comfort calls attention to the fact that the test of time is free from all indecency. Grateful for the reminder, we share his hope that present conditions will speedily improve. The most effective means for bringing about this change the Times' reviewer tells us when he writes with uncompromising courage: "What is needed more than anything else to restore the social equilibrium is a revival of the religious spirit."

Excellent! Nothing truer was ever said. If the American people could only be made to believe sincerely and practically that the publishing, selling and reading of filthy literature is a serious sin of scandal and impurity which a just God will surely punish, bad books and periodicals would largely cease to be

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the man who travels on a pass does the most kicking about the roughness of the road. Philosophy easily triumphs over the misfortunes which are past and to come; but those which are present triumph over her.

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that their children who have made their First Communion shall approach the holy table very often, even daily if possible. Their negligence in this matter would cause children to forfeit the chief fruit of the papal decrees, which is to qualify them for an unbroken Eucharistic life, the best protection of their faith and innocence.

Members of the League of the Sacred Heart should do our share in this heavenly work among children. One of the chief objects of our organization is to draw Catholics to the holy table as often as possible. Our First Fridays, our Communions of Atonement, our General Communions Days, and those special dates named on the Monthly Leaflet are indications of the spirit that animates members, just as they point out the kind of work we are engaged in. The recent legislation of the Holy Father proves that our League possesses the true spirit, and that we have been all along working in the right direction in urging frequent and daily Communion among all classes of Catholics. While still keeping up this spiritual crusade, we may easily add another element to our work by turning our efforts in the direction of the little ones of Christ. Let each one, according to opportunity, carry out the wishes of the Holy Father regarding Communion among children, by fostering in them a love for Our Lord in the tabernacle, by speaking of the consolations and the profit derived from frequent Communion, and by exciting in them the desire for this heavenly Food. Nothing, we feel, could be more pleasing to the Sacred Heart of the loving Master, Who would have little children come to Him to be nourished as often as possible with His precious Body and Blood. It is their pledge of eternal life. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE REMEDY FOR POISONED MORALS

Commenting upon the grave menace to public morals that lies in the evil literature so widely read nowadays, the New York Times' "Review of Books" has these words of wisdom: "Public opinion averse to the circulation of books of bad tendencies and magazine literature of an obnoxious sort can be exerted most effectually if the books are left unsold on the booksellers' hands, and the magazine publishers are brought sharply to understand that filth does not pay. . . . The author of a book of immoral tendency is culpable, and the publisher shares his culpability. But blame also is the due of people who read the book, discuss it, and encourage others to read it. He who touches pitch is defiled, and the idea that some of us are immune from defilement is erroneous.

To the foregoing America utters a fervent Amen. We do not agree, however, with the writer's contention that the prosecution of those who publish and distribute filthy books and periodicals is unwise and inexpedient. The general public, we maintain, should not find it easy to buy such works. The young and innocent should not be exposed to the temptation of reading them. But while the salacious magazine and the unclean novel are advertised, exhibited and sold on every newsstand and in every book store, shall men do nothing but refrain from buying the poison? Shall the weak and curious, however, be invited to infect themselves with it as freely as they desire?

The chemist who sells dangerous drugs to irresponsible people is sent to jail. The publishers and distributors of literary poison should be dealt with similarly. With the least notoriety possible let the objectionable magazine or book be completely withdrawn from circulation and then let those who publish it be prosecuted for corrupting the public morals.

The Times' writer entertains the hope that there will soon be a "healthy reaction from the baneful influence of so-called realism," of which there is just now such a disgusting orgy, and for our comfort calls attention to the fact that the test of time is free from all indecency. Grateful for the reminder, we share his hope that present conditions will speedily improve. The most effective means for bringing about this change the Times' reviewer tells us when he writes with uncompromising courage: "What is needed more than anything else to restore the social equilibrium is a revival of the religious spirit."

Excellent! Nothing truer was ever said. If the American people could only be made to believe sincerely and practically that the publishing, selling and reading of filthy literature is a serious sin of scandal and impurity which a just God will surely punish, bad books and periodicals would largely cease to be

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printed, circulated and read.—America. The man who travels on a pass does the most kicking about the roughness of the road.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

REFLECTIONS OF A RECLUSE

The morning was cuttingly cold; the windless, ice-fraught air, as a Damascus blade, swished straight to the marrow of the bone.

I'm sorry for it all, old cat; sorry for the negligence by which you were locked out from your warm home last night; sorry for the selfishness that heeded not your death cries; sorry for the bitter death on the snow.

The milkman drove up to the door that bitterly cold morning. He alighted briskly from the wagon; he was warmly clad, a heavy fur cap with ear flaps protected his head and most of his face from the cold; he snipped himself vigorously across the breast four or five times, and then proceeded to take in the cans of milk.

Some little time elapsed before he reappeared, evidently he was getting thoroughly warm at the kitchen fire; perhaps, too, the maid offered him a cup of hot coffee. Glad, indeed, if she did; but I couldn't help wishing he would hurry out and start the horse.

Unblanketed it stood, and motionless as a horse of bronze. If only it could have said, "Cover me before you go," if only it could have called, "For mercy's sake, don't stay so long, so very, very long, I'm freezing." But no! it waited in motionless silence.

Perhaps suffering is inseparable from life as we know it, whether of man or of beast. But it is certain that much of the suffering endured by dumb creatures comes from the thoughtlessness, selfishness, greed or cruelty of man.

Every structure is secure in proportion to the security of its foundation. And that security which towers aloft into the realm of the beautiful, the sentimental, the esthetic, and yet lacks the basal qualities of justice and kindness must, sooner or later, totter and tumble and fall.

Return to school as soon as it opens. Don't delay the progress of the class by remaining away a week or two after studies have been resumed.

Go to school until you are graduated, if you can. Education pays. An educated man often earns more in a day than an ignorant man earns in a week.

After you enter your teens, try to find out what work in life you would like to do and then direct your studies to fit you for that occupation.

DAILY CONFLICTS AND HOURLY TRIALS

Many people are so afraid to die that they have never begun to live. But courage emancipates us and gives us to ourselves, that we may give ourselves freely and without fear to God.

When Billie took the milk to Mrs. Seldon one morning, and she asked him if he would bring another quart that night; he said "Yes'm," promptly, and then never thought of it again until he was in bed.

DON'T MAKE EXCUSES

"I do not want explanations why you did not do it. I want the job done."

This sententious rebuke of a merchant to the new boy contained the very kernel of the boy's later success in life. This is the real substance of the much talked of efficiency.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE KIND WORD

We shall never regret the kind things that we may do for others if they really spring from kindly feelings and are not prompted by self-interest.

Of all forms of kindness the speaking of kind words is that which lies most easily within the power of all of us. Not that words can ever take the place of deeds. Where a deed is required, words sound but as a mockery.

THE BOY WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND

There is an old German saying that the boy with his hat in his hand may go anywhere. It sounds rather enigmatical at first, and you may puzzle your brains as to what it means.

But the meaning is not very hard to find, after all, if you stop to consider a moment, for it has to do with the lad who has been taught how to be courteous and polite, and who is always a gentleman.

Perhaps you never thought about it very much, or if you did, you may have scoffed at the idea of a boy being polite, considering that gentle manners are for grown men and for women and girls, writes a contributor to the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

You may have thought that it is a boy's privilege to be rude and boorish and careless of the little things that go to make up the real gentleman. And perhaps you have thought that to be a gentleman you must have fine clothes and plenty of money and a confidence in yourself that must always be asserted.

Let us look at this old saying in a moment. "The boy with his hat in his hand may go anywhere." If you were to go to the office of some business man, seeking a position there, and hoping to make an impression on him that would be a benefit to you, how would you go? Would you enter his office with your hat on your head, never thinking to remove it? Or would you, as a gentleman, remove your hat, not as a mark of humility and inferiority, but as a mark of courtesy from one gentleman to another, from an employee to an employer.

Possibly with all other things in your favor, this lack of courtesy in not removing your hat might not work against you, but it would very likely tell a truthful story to the man you are trying to impress favorably of carelessness of lack of good breeding, of indifference or a false sense of independence, and he would form his own opinion of you, in spite of all you might say for yourself.

Every day there are boys seeking positions, and every day there are men trying to find boys to help them to carry on their business. The boy who is in the employ of a business man represents, in a way, that man and his business. If he is office boy, if he carries bundles and messages and runs errands, or if he does something that calls for more tact and persuasiveness, he must remember that he represents "the firm," and that he should be a credit to that firm.

When you are to meet another business man, when you are to go into the presence of an older person, or are ushered into the parlor of a lady, remember that you are on trial, and that the boy who goes with his hat in his hand may go anywhere as a gentleman, not as a menial.

But right here is another point to keep in mind. The hands that hold the cap must be clean and neat, and the head to which the cap will soon return must have careful attention from brush and comb, or the cap will prove only an embarrassment. Then with shining hair and clean, well-manufactured nails, the boy with his cap in hand can go into the world and, all things being equal, win almost anything he may desire.

BILLIE'S PROMISE

When Billie took the milk to Mrs. Seldon one morning, and she asked him if he would bring another quart that night; he said "Yes'm," promptly, and then never thought of it again until he was in bed.

twisted until he was tired. At last he went to the head of the stairs and shouted, "Mother."

Mrs. Fairfield had just threaded her needle, and stretched a stocking with a big hole in it over her hand. She said:

"O, dear!" But she went to see what Billie wanted. "You'll have to go now," she said quietly, when he had told her. "O mother! I can't go away up there alone!"

Mrs. Fairfield knew that, for Billie was never out alone at night. His father had gone to bed down-stairs with the baby; and if they waked him the baby would wake, too. So Mrs. Fairfield thought a minute. Then she said:

"Well, see, I'll have the milk ready when you come down." When Billie got into the kitchen his mother stood at the door with her hat and shawl on. Billie began to feel ashamed. He wished he dared to go alone; but he did not, for it was a lonesome road. He took the milk, and they tramped over the snow up the long hill without a word. The wind blew in their faces, and Billie's ears were cold, but he held the milk can in one hand, and pulled his sled with the other, so there was no way to warm them. He was ashamed to ask his mother to take the milk. Mrs. Seldon exclaimed when she opened the door:

"Why, what made you come up here to-night? And you, too, Mrs. Fairfield? It's too bad. I could have got along somewhat without the milk!"

"Billie promised you," Mrs. Fairfield answered.

And Billie wished that nobody would look at him.

"It wasn't any matter, mother, she said," he urged when they had started for home again.

The wind was to their backs now, and Billie's ears were warm.

"That matter was your promise, Billie," said his mother. "Would you break a promise just to get rid of walking up to Mrs. Seldon's?"

Billie made no answer. He was ashamed again. Presently he asked his mother if she would slide down the hill. Mrs. Fairfield laughed. But she tucked herself up on the front of the sled, while Billie stuck on behind, and they slid down the long hill to their own yard, where Billie skillfully steered in. His mother praised the way he managed his sled; but Billie was still uncomfortable.

"Why don't you say something to me, mother?" he said, while they were warming themselves at the big coal stove.

His mother smiled at him.

"I'll tell you how you will be punished, Billie," she said. "Its too late now to finish mending these stockings to-night, so I shall mend them to-morrow, when I was going to make a cottage pudding, and there'll be no pudding for dinner."

He and his father would say "cottage pudding" to each other for a long time afterwards if anything was in danger of being neglected or forgotten. When Billie had grown to be a man and people said, "Just give me Billie Fairfield's word; that's all I want," Billie would smile and say, "Yes, my mother taught me to keep a promise."

DR. ALWARD, K. C., ON SIR THOMAS MORE

The opening address of the King's College Law School was delivered in St. John, N. B., early this month by the dean of the school, Dr. Silas Alward, K. C., who took for his subject, "The Evolution of Chancery and the judicial murder of Sir Thomas More."

It is said Cardinal Wolsey was the first Chancellor who regularly sat alone in a judicial capacity, in the Court of Chancery. He delivered judgements regardless of the maxims of the Common Law and without consulting the Master of the Rolls or the Common Law Judges. Notwithstanding his lack of training in the Common Law and his ignorance of the doctrines and practice of the Court of Chancery, yet from his consummate ability and grasp of equitable principles, his decrees were generally sustained on appeal and he won the reputation of having discharged his duties with fidelity and without the slightest intimation of bribery or corruption.

He was succeeded by Sir Thomas More an upright and thoroughly competent Judge. More was succeeded by Sir Thomas Audley, one of the most despicable Chancellors that ever held the Great Seal.

Lord Campbell in contrasting More and Audley, says: "There was a striking contrast, in almost all respects, between these two individuals—the successor of the man so distinguished for genius, learning, patriotism and integrity, having only commonplace abilities, sufficient with cunning and shrewdness, to raise their possessor in the world—having no acquired knowledge beyond that which was professional and official—having first recommended himself to promotion by defending the House of Commons, the abuses of prerogative—and for the sake of remaining in office, being ever willing to submit to any degradation, and to participate in the commission of any crime. He held the Great Seal for a period of above twelve years, during which, to please the humors of his capricious and tyrannical master, he sanctioned the divorce of three Queens—the execution of two of them on the scaffold—the judicial murder of Sir Thomas

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More, Bishop Fisher and many others who, animated by their example, preferred death to infamy."

What was gained under the chancellorship of Sir Thomas More, was lost under that of Audley.

On the 25th day of October, 1529, after the downfall of Wolsey, Henry VIII, impressed with the genius, integrity and learning of Sir Thomas More, and with a general chorus of approval on the part of the nation, delivered the Great Seal to him, and constituted the celebrated author of Utopia Lord High Chancellor of England.

In the long list of Lord Chancellors there is none, whose sad fate elicited more regret than that of Sir Thomas More, and none who won greater distinction by the despatch, marked ability and stern impartiality with which he discharged the duties of this great office. The son of Sir John More, an eminent Judge of the Court of the King's Bench; a page in the family of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII; an undergraduate of Oxford; a student of Lincoln's Inn, where were taught the more profound and obscure branches of legal science; a reader for three years at Furnival's Inn; and a leading advocate in Westminster Hall, More was in every respect, from his social advantages, training, education and legal acquirements, admirably fitted to discharge the important duties of the great office to which he was called as Lord Chancellor by Henry VIII.

From his profound knowledge of the leading principles of the Common Law, Sir Thomas was enabled to shape and mould the decrees of his Court into proper form and lay down fixed rules and certain forms of procedure for guidance upon well defined principles. When he accepted the Seal of office, he found 500 cases undisposed of, a legacy from the great Cardinal. He soon cleared off the arrears and forthwith proceeded to remedy several abuses, that from time to time had insidiously crept into the practice of the Court; notably extortionate fees on the probate of wills; excessive demands for mortgages, and preventing clerical persons from engaging in commerce. A lease system had, likewise, obtained in granting a writ of subpoena on payment of fees without any examination as to whether there was any reasonable or probable cause for setting the machinery of the Court in motion and involving parties in the expense of a Chancery suit. The new Chancellor made an order that:

"No subpoena should issue till a bill had been filed, signed by the Attorney; and he himself having perused it, had granted a fiat for the commencement of the suit. He carefully examined the petitions of all who came before him, giving redress according to law and good conscience. It was said of him: "The poorer and the meaner the suppliant was, the more assiduously he would speak unto him the more heartily he would hark unto his cause, and with speedy trial despatch him." As an instance of his unbending impartiality it is said, his son-in-law, a practitioner in the Court, merely chided him in the manner following: "When Cardinal Wolsey was Lord Chancellor, not only divers of his Privy Chamber, but such also as were his doorkeepers, got great gains by him; and sith I have married one of your daughters, I might of reason look for some commodity; but you are so ready to do for every poor man, and keep no doors shut, that I can find no gains at all, which is to me a great discouragement; whereas else, some for friendship, some for profit, and some for kindred would gladly use my furtherance to bring them to your presence; and now, if I should take anything of them, I should do them great wrong, because they may do as much for themselves; which thing, though it is in you sir, very commendable; yet to me I find it nothing profitable." To whom the incorruptible Judge replied: "But this one thing I assure thee, on my faith, that if the parties will at my hands call for justice and equity, then, although I were my father, whom I reverence dearly that stood on the one side, and the devil, whom I hate extremely, were on the other side, his cause being just the devil of me should have his right."

He advocated a course of procedure by which law and equity might be beneficially administered by the same tribunal, seeking to induce the common law Judges, to relax the rigour of their rules with the view to meet the justice of particular cases, thus anticipating the Judiciary Act of 1873 and Amending Acts.

Instead of referring everything to a Master, it is said of him, he used to examine all matters that came before him, like an arbitrator; and he patiently worked them out himself to a final decree, which he drew and signed.

More, as Lord Chancellor, had not only high judicial duties to discharge but owing to his position his political functions were no less onerous and important. Shortly after he was appointed Lord Chancellor the King consulted him on the question of the divorce. More frankly told him he was opposed to his design. The King, however, assured him he was quite free to hold his own opinion in this matter. When, after the lapse of some time, he found the King, owing to his intense and imperious will, was bound to break through every restraint and marry Anne Boleyn. More as the sworn keeper of his conscience, petitioned him to be allowed to resign the Great Seal. The King was most reluctant to part with such an able and efficient servant and strongly urged him to suppress his conscientious scruples. This, the Chancellor, as a matter of conscience and as his legal adviser, could not do and insisted upon resigning the Seal. On the 10th of May, 1532, his resignation was accepted, having held the position for only two and a half years. He left office a poor man with a large family to support. The clergy in convocation, owing to his necessitous condition, voted him a present of £5,000. This he absolutely refused to accept. His whole income after resigning office, amounted to entirely £100 per year.

More refused the invitation to attend the coronation of Anne Boleyn. From this hour his fate was sealed. Henceforth he became the object of the deadly hate of the queen. In November, 1534, the Act of Supremacy was passed. This was followed by another, declaring its denial to be an act of treason. More was sent for and ordered to take the oath. He offered to swear to uphold the succession of the Crown as settled by Parliament, but steadily refused to take the oath acknowledging "the king as the only supreme head in earth of the Church of England," and as being contrary to his conscientious convictions. He was then committed to the tower and after close confinement for more than a year brought before a special Commission with a packed jury. By means of an act of perjury, on the part of a high official, a verdict of "guilty" was found. On the 7th of July, 1535, he was executed on Tower Hill; his four quarters set over four gates of the city, his head stuck on a pole and placed on London Bridge. What little property he left was confiscated by the inhuman tyrant, who, in his career of shame, exhibited a catalogue of vices, enumerated by Horace as "violence, cruelty, profusion, obstinacy, rapacity, arrogance, bigotry, presumption and caprice"—a catalogue scarcely less damnable than such as are contained in the list of the seven deadly sins.

Lord High Chancellor Campbell thus vindicates the character of Sir Thomas More: "Considering the splendor of his talents; the greatness of his acquirements; and the innocence of his life, we must still regard his murder as the blackest crime that ever has been perpetrated in England under the forms of law. . . His character, both in public and in private life, comes as near to perfection as our nature will permit. . . Can we censure him for submitting to loss of office, imprisonment, and death, rather than make such a declaration? He implicitly yielded to the law regulating the succession to the Crown, and he offered no active opposition to any other law; only requiring that on matters of opinion, he might be permitted to remain silent. The English Reformation was a glorious event, for which we never can be sufficiently grateful to Divine Providence, but I own I feel little respect for those by whose instrumentality it was first brought about, men generally swayed by their own worldly interests, and willing to sanction the worst passions of the tyrant to whom they looked for advancement. With all my Protestant zeal, I must feel a higher reverence for Sir Thomas More than for Thomas Cromwell or for Cranmer."

The Hon. Sydney Lee writes to the like effect: "More's piteous fate startled the world. The Emperor, Charles V., declared he would have rather lost his best city than such a counsellor. In all countries poets likened him to the greatest heroes of antiquity, to Socrates, Seneca, Aristides and Cato. . . Surveying More from another side we find ourselves in the presence of one endowed with the finest enlightenment of the Re-

naisance, a man whose outlook on life was in advance of his generation; possessed too of such quickness of wit, such imaginative activity, such sureness of intellectual insight, that he could lay bare with pen all the defects, all the abuses, which worn-out conventions and lifeless traditions had imposed on the free and beneficent development of human endeavor and human society."

In the general opinion of Europe the foremost Englishman of the time was Sir Thomas More,—is the testimony of the historian, John Richard Green.

James Anthony Froude, who has been said to hold a brief for Henry, thus comments on the death of the great Lord Chancellor: "This was the execution of Sir Thomas More, an act which was sounded out into the far corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which in his eyes was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their color from the simplicity of his faith; and never was there a Christian's victory over death more grandly evidenced than in that last scene lighted with its lambent humour."

Thus passed one of the greatest and most upright Lord Chancellors that ever graced the marble chair; one whose heart was full of tender affection for all brought within the sphere of his activities; whose life was pure and whose hands were clean; one who counted life not dear when weighed against the conscientious discharge of duty as the sworn adviser and keeper of his Sovereign's conscience; and one who was so clear in his great office that his virtues pleaded like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking off.

It is reported that the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, now in session in this city, may adopt a canon establishing a legal status within the Episcopal Church for the different Episcopal religious orders of men and women which at present are merely tolerated by the Episcopal Church. There are six such orders for men and eighteen for women. The men devote themselves to preaching and teaching, and the women to teaching, nursing, and contemplative life. It is said that in nearly every Episcopalian diocese in the United States there is a house of one of these orders. It is expected when the question of legalizing them comes up before the Convention, the representatives of what is known as the Low Church will be found in opposition.

ROMANIZING TENDENCIES

The men and women who have chosen to consecrate themselves to the higher life, are looked upon with scant favor by Low Churchmen, who denounce them as "monks" and "nuns" with "Romanizing tendencies." The good work they are accomplishing counts for nothing. It is rendered nugatory, in the estimation of their Episcopalian critics, by their alleged leanings "toward Rome." Bishop Brent, head of the Episcopal Church in the Philippines, spoke in glowing terms of that work in the course of an address he delivered before the Episcopalian Convention. He pointed out the need of these men and women, as teachers in the Episcopalian parochial schools, to help counteract the atheistic tendencies which the lack of religious education in the Public schools is bound to bring about. He declared that they should be applauded for "standing in the breach against the onslaught of agnosticism

and indifference." He, therefore, believed that the religious orders of which they are members should be recognized and legalized as part of the machinery of the Episcopal Church. It remains to be seen what effect this plea will have upon the representatives of the Episcopal Church in Convention assembled. They cannot shut their eyes to the beneficial results of the labors of these men and women who are striving to imitate, in their own way, the examples set by Catholic religious orders. The attempt in itself is uplifting. But then it has a "Romanizing tendency," and that condemns it in the opinion of the Protestant element in the Episcopal Church.—Freeman's Journal.

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COLOGNE'S GREAT CATHEDRAL

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED IN THE SHADOWS OF GERMANY'S MOST MAGNIFICENT MINISTER

There is something positively uncanny about the so-called historical anomalies. Here in Cologne, for example...

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THE SAINTED FOUNDER The long-delayed completion of Cologne's great cathedral was truly emblematic of the slow stages through which German unity was brought about...

ALUMNAE BANQUET The alumnae banquet was held in the fine auditorium of the college on Broadbalk street on Saturday evening...

SACRED DUST The sacristan, who pointed out to me the jewelled casket containing the moral remains of Archbishop Englebert had apparently no idea that it was anything other than an interesting souvenir...

It was in the brain of Archbishop Englebert that the idea of this precious gem of architecture first had its origin. Born in the closing years of the twelfth century...

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DIocese of Hamilton

The dedication of the new Sacred Heart Church at Midway took place last Sunday. The ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Mgr. Mahony, Vicar General of Hamilton...

MEMORIES OF NAPOLEON'S DAY The Archbishop's successor, Conrad Von Hochstaden took up the task where he had left off, and with so much zeal and energy that the foundation-stone was laid on the 15th day of August, 1248.

A BRIGHTER DAY DAWNS A brighter day dawned for the cathedral and for Germany as a whole when King Frederic William IV. of Prussia, ascended the throne...

DRINK CURE A MARVEL NO. JUST SOUND SENSE Many drunkards are bent to jail when what they need is medicine, drink has undermined their constitutions...

IMMIGRATION We have received the annual Report of the Catholic Immigration Association of Canada. This splendid organization is under the patronage of the apostolic Delegate and the Archbishops and Bishops of Canada...

READER.—The address you require is 1057 Rachel St., Montreal, Que. The price of the magazine is 50 cents a year.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED WANTED HOUSEKEEPER FOR A PRIEST in Western Ontario. State salary expected, etc., etc. Address Rev. J. T. Brown, P. O., Osquemoie, Ont.

TEACHERS WANTED TWO TEACHERS WANTED. ONE ENGLISH speaking teacher wanted to teach in the Cobalt Separate School, and also one French speaking. Apply, stating experience and salary expected, to F. H. Bonneville, Cobalt, Ont.

MARRIAGE

KILLINGSWORTH-FINNEY.—At the Church of the Holy Angels, St. Thomas, by Rev. Father T. W. assisted by Rev. Father Corcoran on Wednesday, November 19, 1913, Mr. Edward C. Killingsworth of London, formerly merchant of St. Thomas, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Finney, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Finney.

TEACHERS WANTED TWO TEACHERS WANTED. ONE ENGLISH speaking teacher wanted to teach in the Cobalt Separate School, and also one French speaking. Apply, stating experience and salary expected, to F. H. Bonneville, Cobalt, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school S. S. No. 3, Nipissing. Duties to commence January, 1914. One holding second class certificate. Apply, stating experience and salary expected, to Mr. J. S. G. O'Connell, Nipissing, Ont.

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