

The Catholic Record

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

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FEDERATION

We hear rumors of the Federation of our societies. It may be that the gentlemen who went into seclusion to elaborate plans for this object are emerging therefrom with the fruits of their labors, and it may be that others are awakened to consciousness of the utility of Federation. Whatever the cause, we hope to see it at no distant date. We need it, and for many reasons. It will tend to unification, to an interchange of thought and aspiration, to solidarity. It may help us to save the time that is squandered in the unimportant and trivial, and foster and increase the enthusiasm without which no cause can achieve success. It may impel the sluggards to divest themselves of indifference and apathy and to get out in the firing line. It will quicken the zeal of those who are already in the field and inspire them to redoubled exertions. It may be the magnet to attract those who, by reason of their education and influence, should be in the forefront of the army of workers. And no one can deny that unity with a business end to it can be a deterrent to injustice, a factor in the formation of public opinion, a safeguard against evils that menace the State, and an ally of the Church. Every citizen, irrespective of creed, would give it his benison. For it will neither interfere with established rights nor woo politics or parties, but will enlist the forces that can redound to the common good.

AN OBJECT LESSON

And we may be pardoned if we refer again to the victories won by united Catholic action in Germany. When the man of blood and iron was in the saddle, what a temptation it was for those who were proscribed and designated as pariahs to forego activity and to walk through life with bated breath and whispered humbleness. Their enemies were in the seats of the mighty, and they had no seats save those that were for the poor and abject. But they wasted no time either in talking about their grievance or begging a place, even the lowest, at the table of national prosperity. They did what men do: they got their rights. They were fused into a Federation tempered with a common principle and aim animated with enthusiasm that was daunted by no obstacle. They went into the halls of jurisprudence, into every department of human activity, and exhibited their faith in a setting of the splendor and beauty of Catholic living. And today they stand on ground conquered by action, persistent in effort, always sure of itself and determined to succeed. In the United States Federation is feared only by publishers of prurient novels, insensate bigots and revilers of race and creed.

WONDERFUL

It is wonderful with what ease the general run of incompetents can manage other people's affairs. Of a dozen employees, at least eleven see flaws in the employer's methods, and feel that they could put it all "over him" in the matter of bringing success. If the Bishop of the diocese sees fit to make a change or a transfer, the inevitable committee of know-it-alls put on their white gloves a week in advance of their regular changing time and call on him to point out the errors in his judgments. And so it is in every station. Generally speaking we have too much common-sense to mind these merry meddlers, and their advice brings no evil. It would be utter folly to appeal to such persons to keep their hands off. As Mr. Dooley said of this class, in reference to their criticism of a late-lamented leader: "It shows they're in good trim and does him no harm."

MORE DISCIPLINE

It is constantly pointed out that our young people take a year or two longer than those of European countries to be prepared for higher studies and that when they do take up these studies their preparation is found to be less thorough. Now, whatever

causes may contribute to this, we feel sure that there is almost complete unanimity among competent authorities that the predominant cause is the lack of rigid discipline. The severity of an exacting discipline at school, a discipline based on the idea that the claims of scholarship are paramount and that the business of the teacher is to assert them as an undeviating rule, is not congenial to the present-day type of parent. If teachers were to attempt to enforce it, they would not have the support but the opposition of the parent. Would it be treason to wonder whether, along with more important things, we have inherited the tendency to have parents who think too little, and who talk too much? The discouraging thing is that the method we are told to follow with reference to other ills is inapplicable to this one. What can't be cured, we are admonished, must be endured. But endurance is the very thing that this type of parent craves, and alas! usually gets.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING

In some communities congregational singing in our Catholic churches has not been much cultivated, but in an occasional church one will find the inspiring and devotional custom well established. And in such a church one is struck with the joy with which the people unite in the singing. There are no longer listeners; they are worshippers whose devotion breaks forth in song. And where there is congregational singing one will always find a deeper interest in church services.

THE HONEST MAN

Alas for the honest man,—how rare a type is he! He does not wish to hurt feelings or himself. He knows of old that undiluted truth-telling creates havoc. One of the most prominent characteristics of human character as we meet it in the concrete is conscious or unconscious misrepresentation: a trait to be guarded against in ourselves and others. Personally and collectively, we do not so much need kindness or gentleness or even forbearance as justice, the spirit of fairness that accords to each his due. All consideration and tolerance can be, and is duly shown to the man of wealth, the man of good standing in society, the man with powerful or respectable friends, to once that it is shown to the poor and friendless violators of the law. The feeling that has grown up, not without basis, that there is one law for the rich, and another for the poor, is no mere accident. Too often we have the spectacle of the humble and nonetheless cruelly condemned to suffer the full penalty of the law, while those who in one way or another stand up above the crowd have a chance for some form of mitigation in their punishment. Justice should be really and rightfully no respecter of persons.

ENFORCING MONOGAMY

The United States Government considers bigamy a crime. The laws have it so, and when it is proved against a man he is put in jail. When it is proved against a territory or state, deprivation of civic rights or other drastic punishment is administered. Utah is an object lesson in the fixed determination of our government that monogamy shall be the law of the land. The grant and continuance of statehood was made conditional on its acceptance and enforcement of that law, and a United States Senator of leading influence had to prove that his marital relations conformed with it in order to escape disqualification for his senatorial seat.

And yet it would appear that our government and laws do not consider bigamy, or even polygamy, a crime. They afford innumerable opportunities to men and women to have duplicate, triplicate, quadruplicate wives and husbands, providing only that the plural partnerships be not simultaneous. As far as most of our state laws are concerned, a man may have any conceivable number of living wives, and remain a perfectly qualified citizen; and so frequent is such "mating" that it has become stale as a newspaper joke. It is true that the breaking of one contract must precede the making of another; but for the state's purpose, the difference between this and Mormonism is little more than a verbal distinction. In fact, the disruption and discord such marriages involve, the lack or rarity of positive prevention of children, and when children come, the absence of parental care and

affection and the filial reverence essential to their proper upbringing and the substitution thereof of hate and rancor and mutual contempt—not to speak of the resultant instability or chaos in business and legal relations—give weight to the Utah contention that the Mormon system would be less dangerous to the State than the legislation of this graded polygamy throughout the nation. It was the realization of this danger that prompted Senator Ransdell to introduce an amendment to the Constitution that would avert it. His proposal reads:

1. Absolute divorce with a right to remarry shall not be permitted in the United States or in any place within their jurisdiction. Uniform laws in regard to marriage and to separation from bed and board without permission to remarry shall be enacted for the United States and all places subject to them. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

The portentous array of figures he had at hand made it impossible for Senators to deem his action quixotic or erratic. The number of divorces have more than tripled in a few decades, and at the present rate of increase there will soon be one divorce for every five marriages. More than twice as many divorces are granted yearly in the United States than in all the rest of Christendom combined, and among all the nations we are second to Japan alone in this bad eminence. Easy divorce and race suicide were coincident in the decadence of pagan Rome. They are coincident in France to-day, and are so here, and unless they are stopped national decadence is inevitable. Senator Ransdell's proposal, if adopted and executed, would postpone or prevent this. In making marriage a binding contract and not a plaything, it would tend to bring the performance of its moral duties in consonance with its legal obligations, to fill our empty and emptying homes, and to increase respect for authority in so far as the intent of our government would not be contradicted by its practice. But however desirable, the amendment is not likely to be enacted, nor would its enactment be enforced, until the moral force of the individual conscience is behind it. We know that there is no such force outside of the Catholic Church.

Catholicity abolished paganism and divorce together; Luther in permitting bigamy to the Prince of Hesse, and Henry VIII. in starting a church to secure a bigamy and polygamy of his own, made divorce an appendage of Protestantism and a path backward to paganism. Some inheritors of Luther's and Henry's creations pass resolutions against divorce, and then make them nugatory by qualifying the prohibition of Christ, and permitting ministers and members to violate them with impunity. In accepting the indissolubility of marriage, like all the other teachings of Christ, unconditionally, Catholics are arresting the decadence which divorce is threatening to precipitate and creating the atmosphere that will bring home the necessity of the Ransdell amendment to the conscience of the nation. The example of their fidelity to the natural and supernatural obligations of marriage will be the chief contributory force to its acceptance.—America.

FOUNDERS OF MODERN SCIENCE

LEADERS IN SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS WERE CHRISTIAN, AND, IN MANY CASES, CATHOLIC

It is only men who are ignorant of religion and, in particular, who are ignorant of Christianity, and, in fact, who are not acquainted with even natural philosophy that make the rash and untrue statement that modern science, in its marvelous development, contradicts the dogmas and the data of religion, and especially of Christianity, writes Rev. D. Lynch, S. J., in the *Live Issue*. Such an assertion is no longer made by scientists worthy of the name; they know too much. It is only the retailers of science who keep harping on the old chord. Even their number is small, and daily diminishing. Eminent men of science unhesitatingly acknowledge that they have nothing to do with the realm of the spirit, except to admit its existence. Sometimes, indeed, men distinguished in some particular branch of science, overstepping their legitimate bounds and abusing their position as well as the confidence of the young intelligences who followed them, presumed to dogmatise in questions of which they were almost entirely ignorant. But the greater men have not failed to contradict them. Not only is there no opposition between true religion and real science, but it is admitted that there cannot be: their field and their method are absolutely distinct. In fact, the most obvious truth of all is occasionally forgotten or obscured—that the founders namely of modern science, the great intelligences to whom science owes its chief advances, not only saw no opposition between science and religions, but were themselves distinctly men of the past—Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Leibnitz, Euler, Boyle, Mariotte, Haller, Linnaeus, Lavoisier, etc.—these never dreamed of contradiction between religion and scientific truth, nor felt themselves restrained in their investigations by religious convictions or teachings. The truth was that they were greatly kept from absurdity and error by the religious teaching in which they believed. They knew, with the eminent scientist, Lord Rayleigh, that a naturalist had no more right than any other educated person to play the role of a prophet; that in the depths of their own theories lurked profoundest mysteries if not contradictions; and that to explain the higher nature and destiny of man they needed more than calculation and experiment.

Some of the most startling scientific discoveries, and still more the greatest and more far-reaching applications of science, were made in the nineteenth century. The scientists of an earlier day believed in God and in the immortality of the soul. The religious beliefs and the scientific modesty or reserve of those of our own day are sufficiently known. It is worth recalling that the eminent men of science of the nineteenth century were not less distinguished than these for their religious convictions. Volta and Ampere were pious Catholics, delighting in their deeds of re-

ligious zeal more than in their great discoveries in electricity. Faraday, whom Tyndall called one of the world's greatest experimenters, was a Protestant of deep religious feeling, who expresses frequently in his writings his reverence for God and his acknowledgment that religious truth cannot be opposed by scientific investigation. James Clerk Maxwell, perhaps as eminent in the mathematics of electricity as Faraday was in experiment, presided every evening over the prayer of his children, and was as remarkable for his charity as for his religious spirit. Charles Frederick Gauss was one of the greatest of mathematicians; Frederick William Bessel one of the most eminent astronomers; Augustine Cauchy was the prince of French mathematicians, with whom is associated in merit his disciple, Vic or Alexander Puiseux. Leverrier was the first of French astronomers in his age. But the list of scientific geniuses is unending—Poinset, Charles Hermite, Weierstrass, Cuvier, de Beaumont, Sainte-Claire Deville, Daubree, Dana, Berzilius, Liebig, G. B. A. Dumas, Wurtz, Chevreul, Bernard, Pasteur, Rumford, Davy, Mayer, Joule, Hirn, Rankine, Kelvin, Galvani, Coulomb, Ohm, De la Rivli, Oersted, Siemens, Fresnel, Fitzcan, Foucault, Biot, Becquerel, Secchi, Haüy, Agassiz, etc., etc. Their names is legion. These were the makers of science, all men of religious conviction, who never saw any contradiction between their faith and their discoveries, or found themselves trammelled by the former in their marvellous scientific research.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE MASS ROCK

REMINDER OF THE DAYS WHEN PRIESTS WERE HUNTED IN IRELAND

The eighteenth century was the age which gave to Irish topography the "Corrie-an-Affric" or "Mass Rock," to be found on every barony map of Ireland. What memories cling around each hallowed moss-clad stone or rocky ledge on the mountain side, or in the deep recess of some desolate glen, whereon for years and years the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in stealth and secrecy, the death penalty hanging over priest and worshipper.

Not infrequently Mass was interrupted by the approach of the bands of the law, for, quickened by the rewards to be earned, there sprang up in those days the infamous trade of priest hunting, £5 (£25) being the price paid by the government for the head of a priest or the head of a wolf.

The utmost care was necessary in divulging to the faithful the place fixed on for the Holy Sacrifice. The poor, half-starved people flocked in ones and twos to the spot to avoid arousing suspicion, and before Mass began sentries were posted all around so as to obtain an early view of the arrival of troops or priest hunters.

Yet, despite all vigilance, not infrequently the blood of the priest dyed the altar stone. It might be inferred that one hundred years of this persecution would have extinguished Catholicity, but, on the contrary, God as if by a miracle, preserved the faith, vitality and power of the Irish race. Ireland, after one hundred and fifty years of bloody persecution, rose from its sepulchre and walked forth full of life. No mere human faith could have accomplished this transformation.

MONSIGNOR BENSON

ON "SOME MODERN DANGERS TO RELIGION"

Philadelphia Catholics, and not a few of their brethren of other faiths, paid a notable tribute to Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, the eminent English writer and preacher, in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel on the occasion of his first lecture under the auspices of the Ladies of Charity of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in aid of the Summer Home for Poor Children at Port Kennedy.

The Most Reverend Archbishop, the Right Rev. Bishop McCort and a number of the Monsignori were seated near the rostrum, and in the audience were many members of the diocesan clergy and of the religious orders and several non-Catholic clergymen.

Mgr. Benson set out to discuss some "Modern Dangers to Religion," but he did more, much more than that—he not only pointed out certain dangers and dissected and refuted the fallacies from which they arise, but he also developed simultaneously, though almost imperceptibly, until the feat was accomplished, a wonderful word-picture of the truth, beauty and healing power of Catholicity—and in the end left it stamped upon the mental vision of his hearers. Though he spoke extemporaneously, as perhaps double the speed of an ordinary speaker, Mgr. Benson's discourse was remarkable for the strength of its logic, in which there was a marvelous blending of compulsion and persuasion. Anything of its kind more stimulating than Mgr. Benson's lecture was to his Catholic auditors, or more enlightening to his non-Catholic ones, could not be conceived.

At the outset Mgr. Benson dismissed with a few words what had been considered by many the chief dangers to belief in Christianity as divine revelation, namely, physical science and the study of comparative religion.

The former of these was in reality no danger at all; science and religion move in widely separated spheres, and lately the scientist and the theologian have adopted the course of pursuing their respective paths without controversy. As for the study of comparative religion, in its highest development it is one of Christianity's most powerful allies.

One-half the real modern dangers to religion arise from the treatment of man as an individual, as a unit, and not as part of an organic whole. The effect of this is seen in the decline of family prayer, of public worship; in the development of an individualism that flouts the claims of organized worship and is productive of the type of mind so broad that no one religion is big enough to contain it, and in which, in spite of its sophistication and justification, there is a practical denial of the fact of revelation. Men of this stamp say that they prefer to worship in the open, under the blue sky, breathing God's pure air and listening to the music of birds. "We know what that means," said the speaker. "It means—golf!"

There has been a reaction, and this finds its expression in Socialism, which while it has in its ideal much that which every Christian must sympathize with, nevertheless one of the most modern dangers to religion and to civilization. Socialism is founded on the truth of the sociality of man, as opposed to the spirit of individualism. Socialism's one aim is humanity—love God and love thy neighbor—and reverses them, tells man to do first the work at hand, to fulfill his duty to his fellow-man, and then, if there be any time left, to give God

His due. Any such reversal leads to disaster. The supernatural law of the love of God must come first, and the natural law, love of the brother, must be secondary.

An enormous number of people had been affected by the theories of the evolutionists, which had the effect of pushing God a long way off in point of time; to another enormous number God became infinitely remote through discoveries in astronomy, which, demonstrating that the earth was in point of size a comparatively insignificant part of the physical universe, pushed the Creator a long way off in point of space. People developed a sense of the unreality of God, and with that they lost the feeling of personal responsibility. A further reaction had given us the "New Theology," which emphasizes the imminence of God, but forgets His transcendence.

In rushing passages of marvelous force and brevity Mgr. Benson dissected the errors underlying the dangerous tendencies discussed, and in his peroration demonstrated that nowhere save in the Catholic Church is to be found, in its fullness and un-mixed with error, the saving truth essential to man's well-being in this life and in the life to come.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

REMARKABLE VIGOR AND GROWTH OF CATHOLIC CHURCH

The Roman Year Book, that is to say, the *Annuario Pontificio*, for 1914 gives figures of Catholic vigor and growth which are simply majestic.

Altogether there are now living 1,437 Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops. Only 30 of them date their consecration to the days of Pius IX, and these include, in the English-speaking world, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Bagshawe, Spalding, Ireland, Redwood, Pace (Malta), and Mgr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport; 661 were appointed Bishops by Leo XIII, but 146 entered into possession of their present Sees under Pius X; and 746, (i. e. more than half the living hierarchy) were elected by Pius X. The oldest bishop in the world is Mgr. Monnier, titular Bishop of Lydda, who was born on January 5th, 1820, and who is therefore in his ninety-fifth year. But the dean of the Catholic episcopate is Mgr. Laspro who, though seven years younger, dates his election back to March 23rd, 1860. He still governs his diocese of Salerno without Coadjutor or Auxiliary, and only a few weeks ago paid his *ad limina* visit to Rome.

Among the other branches of the living Church must be counted the *Sees Nullius* Dioceses of which there are 22; the Apostolic Delegations of which there are 12; five depending on the Consistorial Congregation and 7 on Propaganda; the Vicariates Apostolic (ruled by bishops) of which there are 164 and the Prefectures Apostolic of which there are 65. As the formation of new Dioceses, Vicariates, and Prefectures constitute one of the surest signs of the ever-increasing spread of the Kingdom of Christ, what more eloquent testimony to the vitality of the Catholic Church in our times could be given than that contained in these few lines: "In the glorious Pontificate of His Holiness Pope Pius X, the Catholic Hierarchy has had the following increase: New Archiepiscopal Sees, 18; new Episcopal Sees, 53; new Abbacies and Prelacies Nullius, 4; new Vicariates Apostolic, 37; new Prefectures Apostolic, 34.

In ten short years, the old Tree that grew out of a mustard-seed, while preserving in full growth all its old branches, has put forth 146 new branches. This is a good thing to remember when one reads of the efforts (and how puny they seem after all!) made by impious governments to thwart the divine work of the Church.

Never for hundreds of years have so many converts been given annually as at present. This Church of the living God, energized by His light and love, is advancing with quick and steady tread to the conversion of the world.—The Missionary.

TABLET TO MARK BRIDGE OF JOAN OF ARC

The city of Rouen plans to pay a new tribute to the city's great heroine, Jeanne d'Arc. On one of the arches of the Bolieldieu Bridge, which occupies the place of the Three Arch Bridge, from which the ashes of the heroine were thrown into the Seine, it is proposed to place a tablet commemorating the death of the martyr. This fact is attested by Thomas Basin, Bishop of Lisieux, who wrote:

"All the ashes that the fire had left, those of wood as well as of Jeanne d'Arc's body, were gathered together and thrown from the bridge into the Seine so that the crowd, prompted by superstitious sentiment, could not gather up or preserve any of the remains."

Thus is disproved the legend that the ashes of the martyr were thrown to the four winds.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A recent convert to the Catholic Church in England is the Rev. F. J. McL. Day, curate of the Church of St. Andrew, (Anglican) Tauton.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Meek and their four children, ranging in age from one to ten years, and one of the most prominent families of Beeville, Tex., were received into the Church recently.

Hon. William Dillon, formerly editor of the *New World*, the official organ of the diocese of Chicago, has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Laws by the National University of Ireland.

There are 109,182 Catholics in the Denver diocese, which includes all Colorado. Of this number 33,464 live in Denver. There is a gain of 4,000 Catholics in the State over last year. None but practical Catholics are counted.

A monument to cost \$3,000 is to be erected in May to mark the grave of Rev. Louis A. Lambert at Scottsville, N. Y. The design for the monument has been accepted by a committee which has been at work on the proposition for two years. Father Lambert during the last years of his life was pastor of the Church at Scottsville where his grave is still unmarked.

Mrs. Maria Robinson Wright, author and historian who travelled 2,000 miles on muleback in Mexico and Bolivia and three times across the South American continent, making the recent trip across the Andes, died on Feb. 1, in Liberty, Sullivan County, N. Y. On August 15, 1913, Mrs. Wright was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. James T. Hughes, of the Blessed Sacrament church, New Rochelle, N. Y.

There is at present before the English High Court of Justice, a suit to upset a will bequeathing \$90,000 to the Franciscans of Clevedon, Somersetshire, on the ground that the order, the members of which are bound by monastic vows, is illegal under an old law that renders them liable to be expelled from the country. It is also contended that since the Franciscans are vowed to poverty, they are unable to receive the bequest.

Hon. Hannis Taylor, diplomat and prominent counsel, has become a convert to the Catholic faith. He was baptized by Monsignor Russell on New Year's Eve, in St. Patrick's church, Washington, D. C., and made his first Holy Communion on New Year's Day in the same church. Mr. Taylor has been special counsel for the United States Government before the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, and also before the Alaska Boundary Commission in behalf of the United States.

The Vicar Apostolic of Norway and Spitzbergen says that the great majority of the people there are Lutherans, but they may be said to belong to the soul of the Church by their strong Christian faith, their search after truth. In Norway, he says, the Church has no enemies. Catholicism in its Bishop, its priests, its people, enjoys the highest degree of liberty and respect, so much so indeed that it might be called the object of envy on the part of other countries in Europe. Of Sweden the same may be said.

Two pictures by Raphael, hitherto attributed "to Perugino's pupil," have been found in the National Museum at Naples by the director, V. Spinazzola. They represent the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. They were taken by the French during the Napoleonic epoch, but were left in the French Church of St. Louis in Rome, whence the King of Naples rescued them after the restoration. Professor Spinazzola says the pictures are youthful productions of Raphael, who was a pupil of Pietro Vannucci, Perugino.

A few days ago Bishop Conaty dedicated the St. Francis Xavier club house for the Japanese Catholics of Los Angeles and their non-Catholic compatriots. Rev. Albert Breton, in many years a missionary in Japan, is in charge of the work. For some time Father Breton has been teaching a class of Japanese men, and with the assistance of a few friends, he hopes to open classes for the Japanese women and children, and thus prepare the way for religious instruction later on. There are some 25,000 Japanese in Southern California, mostly pagan, but many well disposed toward the Catholic Church.

The graveyard at the Durrow, Kings County, Ireland, which by order of the Local Government Board, is to be closed from March 1, is over fifteen hundred years in existence, and contains among other monuments a splendidly preserved Celtic Cross, which St. Columba is said to have brought, either from Clonmacnoise or Derry. When the movement for the closing of the overcrowded graveyard was started the people of Durrow became alarmed lest they might lose the ancient privilege of visiting the cross and holy well on the "pattern" day of Durrow on June 9, every year, and of also visiting the graves of their friends. It is satisfactory to know that no interference with this right is contemplated.

AILEY MOORE

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

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED HOW MR. SNAPPER WENT A WOOLING, AND WHAT CAME THEREFROM

The servant knocked. Reginald started as from a dream. He opened the door. He was calm, self-possessed as usual.

"Mr. Snapper, sir, the agent," said John.

"Have you asked him to walk into the drawing-room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is my father at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you announced Mr. Snapper?"

"Yes."

"I will be down in a few moments." And Reginald turned again into his sanctum.

He calculated with great truth his relations with Snapper. They were anything but satisfactory: the whole family were more or less in Snapper's power; supposing him to be a rascal—and charity demanded little beyond such a supposition: hence the course of proceeding was sufficiently clear—to listen to the agent, and expect what his interest would determine.

Reginald found Snapper and old Mr. Moore in the drawing room.

Everything around spoke of Ailey's home: the firecreens, from Reginald's designs, the ottomans, the hangings, the sofa and chair-covers, the ornaments,—they were all in the luxury of taste, without the gorgeousness of fashion.

Snapper rose at Reginald's entrance. He approached with great warmth, which was a little abated by the young man's habitual reserve.

Old Mr. Moore was as gentle as a child. He had never been much of a man of business, but Providence always surrounded him with honest and competent servants, until his son was able to exercise a surveillance over affairs.

"Miss Moore is, I hope, quite well?" said Snapper.

"Quite so," answered Reginald.

"A frightful business this death of Skerin. Murdered, too in the Queen's highway—and in close proximity to a magisterial residence."

"Oh, very awful!" said Old Mr. Moore; "very awful, indeed. Mr. Snapper—very awful. And has there been no discovery—no discovery—none whatever?"

"None of any importance to the ends of justice: but I augur we shall be able to net the assassin, as the saying is; we know how to pursue a malefactor," Mr. Moore, and he looked knowing; he also made his nearest approach to a smile—in fact, he might have even succeeded only for the eyes—the eyes were "the rub."

"We there have lost the last life in our lease," said Reginald; "but, of course, you remember we have a written promise and engagement of renewal."

"Oh, my dear sir," answered the agent, "I need not say that anything involving or concerning the domestic or other interests of your most respectable family have always been dear to me, Mr. Moore." Snapper spoke very sentimentally—unless with his eyes fixed like a parson Salmer's were very unsteady. "I am an agent, as the saying is; I have the honor to possess the confidence, regard and intentions of my Lord of Kinnacarra. Make yourself quite, quite easy; and if there be anything that his lordship can be advised to do, as the saying is, I have the honor, you know—you understand, Mr. Moore"—and the eyes were like anything on the earth that means mischief—these eyes of Snapper.

"We are really obliged, Mr. Snapper, but I hope we shall not find it necessary to trouble his lordship."

"But," said Snapper, "and he coughed—"but," said Snapper, "and he looked around the drawing-room, thinking to himself how happy he would be there—"but, Mr. Moore and Mr. Reginald Moore, I suppose—as the saying is—you guess my most happy business here to-day. I am here; you both know the reason why I have given up important trusts, engagements, and so forth, to come over to Moorefield."

"There was no reply."

"The fact is, Mr. Moore, that I have large means—as the saying is—some thousands of pounds which I have saved and economized like the bee, determined to settle in life at the proper time. I am naturally—as the saying is—affectionate and all that; and I think the time is come to settle myself in life."

And again Mr. Snapper looked around the drawing room.

"And," concluded Mr. Snapper, "as I have made up my mind—and so on—to settle in life, I have come to—ahem!—to ask your daughter, Miss Moore, to be my wedded wife, Mr. Moore, and to give her my hand and my means, and so forth."

"My daughter!" said the old man.

"Ailey," cried Reginald. "My good friend, you are not serious?"

"Serious, gentlemen; serious as a man deeply in love—and so on—can be. My happiness—"

"Ah, well, Mr. Snapper," said Reginald, "my father, I am sure, will settle the matter briefly."

"Oh, it can't be; it can't be, Mr. Snapper; oh, it can't be."

"And why not, Mr. Moore? I have means, you know, and power, and—"

"But, Mr. Snapper," remarked Reginald, who was determined to develop his visitor, "you must remember you are double my sister's age, of a different religion, and I hardly think your tastes are very similar."

"Oh, as for age, so much the better as you know; no imprudence—and all that—no hunting and drinking—and so forth—and as for taste, I like all her ways very well—as the saying is. I'll not interfere with her religion—only going among the common people, and so on—just a little prudence."

"She would never consent," said Reginald.

"Oh, you can manage that," said Snapper, laughing. He imagined he was gaining ground. "She'll obey you, now, and"—he laughed again—"she'll obey me—as the saying is—by-and-by. Many a lady would be glad, you know, to take her place," continued the little land agent.

"Well, Mr. Snapper," said Reginald slowly and solemnly, "it can never be."

"Never!" said the father.

"Eh! never!" echoed Snapper; "never, ah!—as the saying is—ah! well. And you remember my means?"

"Yes."

"And my power?"

"Certainly."

"And you think you can afford to refuse me your daughter—and so on."

"Afford!" said Reginald.

"Ah! well, don't mind—as the saying is, and the ruffian leered most frightfully.

"There was a very long pause.

"By the by, Mr. Moore, senior, and Mr. Reginald Moore, I believe the last life of this property fell two nights ago."

"Well?" answered father and son together.

"I was just thinking—as the saying is—that his lordship might need this mansion," said the villain, with a bitter smile.

"My house?" cried the old man.

Reginald said not a word.

"Oh, you will pardon me—as the saying is," slowly croaked the land agent, "the lease is out, and the land takes the estate—as the saying is—the tail follows the hide, you know, Mr. Moore, senior."

Bitterly—bitterly he spoke; and very slowly, too, to make every syllable tell.

"I have the signed and sealed promise of a renewal, you know, Snapper; on the faith of that instrument I built this house."

"Ah, if the old gentleman—a very good old gentleman, as the saying is,—if the old gentleman had the power; but he hadn't—and so on—Mr. Moore, senior; and, besides there is no witness to the document."

"The old man's wrath was rising.

"I say there is, sir."

"He's dead, and no man knows his handwriting," said Snapper, with a chuckle; "and you know, in all fairness, you know, his lordship cannot—not be bound. I am very sorry, I assure you, you, but—"

"I think you had better spare that language, friend," quietly remarked Reginald. "You may wrong us,—for that it is not necessary to mock us. I think this conversation may as well end."

"You will be good enough, Mr. Reginald Moore, just in kindness, to allow me to settle a little business on the part of my noble patron, the Lord of Kinnacarra, and so on. I would not, as the saying is, vex you, or put you in a passion, and so on; indeed, it would not be safe, some say."

Reginald returned to the hair roots, but remained silent.

"However," the fellow continued, "I am on business."

"Well then?" said the old man.

"There are ten years, during which you have been £200, a year back in arrears of the farms."

"Yes, the abatement!" cried old Mr. Moore.

"A, sir, Mr. Moore, as to that, the receipt shows that the money remains due—the old gentleman, you see, Mr. Moore, so provident, and so on; and the heir, as the saying is, wants the money."

Reginald looked the demon full in the face, but said not a syllable.

"Heaven, man!" exclaimed the old man, "does not all the world know that he held under an abatement, and that leaving the surplus on the face of the receipt is only matter of form?"

"Wisely so settled as the saying is," answered Snapper, "in order to punish delinquents when one likes and spare the deserving."

"Come we see now!" cried Reginald.

"Just only one word more, as the saying is; and the vagabond spoke in tones of great humility. "I did not come over in my gig to offend you, and so on—not I, indeed. But allow me to and, that, as you know, Mr. Moore, senior, holds under joint lease in the small farm of Gort-na-Coppul, there is a year's rent due."

"I have my receipt from your own hand. You're—"

"Stay, father," interrupted Reginald.

"Oh, indeed, you paid your rent honestly, no doubt, as the saying is, but he did not, and so on, sir. So you see, sir, we shall be obliged to call upon you; and—"

"Now, Snapper, have you done?" asked Reginald. "You have shown us the last thread of the web," he added. "Have you done?"

"I end as I began, that I have much power, and, as the saying is, some means."

"That all?" again asked Reginald.

"All," said the devil, smiling. "Then leave this house forthwith," said Reginald, with frightful calmness.

"Have I got your last word, and so on?" rejoined Snapper.

"Leave this house at once!" more emphatically said Reginald.

"But—"

"Leave this house this moment!" said the young man, laying his hand on the wretch's arm; "from this moment I shall consider you as a trespasser—leave this house!"

Pale as death, Snapper rose from his chair—took his white kid gloves out of his hat—shook a little—and walked precipitately to the door. A servant held his horse by the head while he entered the gig, and as he took the reins, the fellow ground his teeth, muttering—

"I'll bring down the pride of Moorefield and the Moores—my blow shan't merely stagger them, and so on. The devil will have them, or I'll have their doll, and the green acres, too. Very good, and so forth—to take all from them is good—they're Papists. And get all myself would be better—I'm a sound Protestant when I—"

And in this benevolent frame of mind, Mr. Snapper, the land agent, went towards home.

At a turn in the road, not far from the holy well, a poor man was sitting on the hedge. His hair was long and lank, and dark; his brows were gray. He leaned his chin upon a long staff, and looked into the middle of the way.

"Dherk!" he said, "Dherk in anim a Veidin Vuire!—Alms, in the name of the Virgin Mary."

"Oh, you, Shaun, eh?"

"Yes, yer oner. Poor Shaun is growin'ould, sir."

Snapper looked into Shaun's face, and Shaun looked as innocent as a child.

"Shaun," he said, "did you hear of the murder?"

"Oh, the Lord betune us an' all harm, sure I did! These devils 'ill ruin the country—no gentleman will stay in it."

Snapper again examined those full, strong eyes, but they never changed expression.

"Shaun said Snapper, "walk on the gig for a start."

"Shaun rose up slowly—as one of his age and infirmities should rise—very slowly, and coughing a great deal. He stood by the gig."

"Shaun," said the agent, "did you hear anything about the murderer?"

"Och, yer oner, what 'ud I care? Sure, people is always talkin' you know, sir."

"Well, now, what did you hear, Shaun—come?"

"Faith, strange things, Mr. Snapper. Shaun got a bright half crown."

"Well, now, Shaun?"

"Oh, gorry, sir; I wouldn't like to say it."

"Don't be in your own light, Shaun, and so on; who do they say?"

Shaun put his finger on his lips, and looked towards Moorefield.

"Oh, oh!" cried Snapper.

"Yes, faith!" answered the beggar. "I had a quarrel about a girl Skerin wringed; and then there was an owl grudge an' they owed Sherin money."

"Fshaw! Skerin's life was in their lease, and so on."

"So much the better cover," said the beggarman, winking; "an' they had promise of renewal."

"Right!" said Snapper; and, after a pause, "Was he out that night?"

"He was," answered Shaun; "an' his arm in a sling—his left arm."

"Who saw him?"

"Mr. James Boran; a decent young man."

"Daddy Boran's scape-grace son, is it?"

"His son, Mr. James," said the cautious mendicant.

"Capital, here's another half-crown."

Snapper drove off, while the beggarman's eye followed him.

"God's curse will fall on you," said Shaun a Dherk, "as it fell upon Skerin!"

Snapper arrived in due time at the place from which he had set out. Everything was wrong—Jude was a "trollope." The man of all-work was a "robber," and a boy who came to take the horse and gig to the stable was knocked down—a feat which obtained for Mr. Snapper the benefit of some special, but not very desirable, prayers and wishes.

But all things have an end; and the bad temper of Mr. Snapper evaporated after he had flung his boots at a male servant, torn his kid gloves, and upset a bottle of Cologne water, in pure contempt of such frippery.

In fact, Mr. Snapper said, "D-n Cologne water, and all such stuff," which proved that Mr. Snapper was sometimes a man above the littleness of employing it, as many others are above employing what will not serve them.

Mr. Snapper rang his bell—he did not ring in a passion, and therefore he was sooner answered. John—John is always the name of a servant—man—John appeared. He looked very straight and very mild.

"John," said Snapper, just as mildly.

"Sir," said John.

"Send up Forde, and I'll thank you."

"Yes, sir," said John.

two inches—one inch of which was given to his forehead. His ears were very long, and his nose very short. He had a very thick head behind the ears, and thick lips before them. Forde was not considered prepossessing.

"Forde," said the land-agent.

"Yes."

"You know, as the saying is justice must be done."

"Sartinly," said Mr. Forde, "sartinly."

"You have a stranger below at your cabin, and so on, you know."

"Well!" said Forde.

"And he will not, as the saying is, have peace or quietness till he has seen a particular gentleman in this neighborhood, you know."

"And Mr. Forde did not seem to know this time."

"Young Mr. Moore," continued the devil in man shape, "is very good, and as the saying is, he's very well known, and this poor man wants to speak to him particularly to speak to him."

"And you know, Forde, as you come down, and so on, you pass by where the murder was committed the other night."

Forde shook a little—an excess of feeling, it may have been—but he made no remark.

"And you and Mr. Moore stop there, just at dark—"

"An' God Almighty—"

"Forde, here are four half crowns—"

"But, sir—"

"A, Forde, listen. Don't touch the hair of Mr. Moore's head. You'll lose something there—'twill be the dusk of the evening—and you know, as this amiable young gentleman is suspected of this murder, it is very natural he should go to see the place, and be very much agitated, and all that, and—"

"And then?"

"And then, Forde, we must do justice, you know."

Forde's eyes began to fill with light; his features relaxed, and in a full state of illumination, he said, "Young Mr. Moore is to be put in jail."

"Justice must be done, you know, as the saying is, Forde."

"There 'ill be witnesses to see him comin' back, would 'is heart full, to the spot?"

"Witnesses, and so on, are always necessary for the ends of justice, you know."

"Yes," said Forde, "I understand, and his brow darkened. "Is that all?" he added.

"You may go now," said Snapper.

And Mr. Forde was preparing to depart. He had rolled up the four half-crowns in a "rag," and taken his hat, or what remained of that useful article of costume, in his hands.

"Forde," said the land agent.

"Yes, sir," said Forde.

"When you are at that nice gentleman's house, and so forth, you might find a glove going astray, or an old pocket-handkerchief, or even a pistol."

"Murder an' agers, sir."

"Don't go fast, Forde. You might find some little article or another; any trifle at all, as the saying is, which, being found on the spot, would serve the ends of justice," you know."

"I understand. Anythin' else?"

"You may go now, Forde, my good fellow."

Mr. Forde went leisurely enough down the stairs, and philosophized as he passed through the hall, "Gan dhooth air dhoun she an' diall fein e, ach bolun she an' diall fein," which means that he was convinced Mr. Snapper was the devil himself, only that Mr. Snapper "beat the devil."

And Mr. Forde went forth to forward the "ends of justice."

TO BE CONTINUED

GOD'S WAY SURPASSES OUR UNDERSTANDING

A TRUE STORY By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary

In the little boarding-house parlor sat the man and the maid. She was a girl of nineteen; a beautiful, dark-eyed, slender, vivacious creature with soft waving brown hair, and a smile full of sweetness. Just now, a tingling rose-red was on her cheek, and her downcast eyes told that she was listening to the "old, old story." He was but a boy of twenty-one, with eager, earnest, strong face, and an expression of happy possession on the clean-cut lips, and in the lines of his fine features. They were a betrothed pair, and were happy in their mutual affection. The boy had lately graduated with high honors from one of the noted Colleges. He had entered a law-office, and was progressing in his studies. He was not a Catholic, and although his parents were dead, and he had no brothers or sisters, he had the affection and the open purse of a maternal uncle who had seen to his college career, and now made easy his entrance into the Law. The girl was an orphan, a Southerner, reduced in circumstances, obliged to earn her living as a copyist, and with but a slender purse besides, to aid her progress. She had chosen this quiet boarding-house because the landlady herself was a Southerner. She knew the family of this girl in its best days, and having learned of her position, had offered her a pleasant room on reasonable terms. Cornelia was a Catholic—a convert, which the landlady found out to her surprise, when she and her daughter, Maude, who were faithful attendants at the Episcopal church in the neighborhood, invited Cornelia to go with them to "worship."

"Forde" presented himself. He was a man in height about five feet

body belonging to you that I know ever was a Roman Catholic."

Cornelia said nothing, but she faithfully attended Mass at St. James' Church. She edified many by her sweet, modest countenance, and by her regular appearance at the Holy Table. Nearly every evening she found time to make a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament, on her way home from the office, and the wonderful peace, and rare spiritual beauty that prayer left on her features attracted Herbert X., who met her several times on his way home after his law-work. He found means by which to be introduced to her, and having obtained permission to call, by degrees won her from her shyness. At last he gained her promise to be his wife. Herbert was not a Catholic, but when Cornelia brought him to an understanding of the rules of the Church, and the promises he must make when a dispensation was to be obtained, he declared he saw the wisdom of it all, and was willing to do all things squarely and honestly to obtain his bride.

Months had passed while all these matters were happening, but it must not be supposed all things had run smoothly. From time to time Mrs. Lestrangle, assuming a sort of motherhood over Cornelia, had invited Herbert to dine with them, and, sad to say, her daughter, Maude, had become infatuated with the handsome suitor of Cornelia. It was not long before her mother noticed Maude's state of mind, and at first tried to reason with her, pointing out the folly of it. Being a good-hearted, though narrow minded woman, she was glad Cornelia would be settled with a good husband, although she said once rather mysteriously that she hoped they would go elsewhere when they were married.

At last Maude's unhappiness preyed upon her mother's mind. She saw her daughter grow pale and pensive, and although she continued to make efforts to break this unworthy infatuation, she began to feel resentful towards Cornelia, who was the innocent cause of it. Neither Herbert nor Cornelia ever noticed how Maude was affected, but once when Cornelia made a sympathetic remark about her pale, suffering face, Maude flew into a passion, and made some unkind, bitter remarks, which deeply hurt the kindly heart of Cornelia. And from that day on, there was a concealed hostility on the part of Maude. Though concealed, her hostility was not less painful to Cornelia. It was evidenced in a hundred small ways on the poor girl, who tried in vain to find a cause for it. Before Herbert, Maude assumed a gentle pensiveness that quite puzzled the matter-of-fact, straightforward young man; but always being courteous to ladies, he was more kindly and gentlemanly towards the deluded Maude, who began to imagine that he might fall in love with her if Cornelia were out of the way. She said this to her mother, and it made an impression on the shallow-minded woman. It led to a sequel of events which no one could foresee.

The time for Cornelia's marriage drew near, and Maude became bitter. Her mother was miserable, also; torn with love for her daughter, and with an intense desire to make her happy at all costs. She was sorely tempted to reveal a piece of family history that she happened to possess, but for a long time resisted the unworthy desire. At last she reasoned with herself that it was not only the proper thing to do, but it would be absolutely criminal if she refused to do it. Herbert should be protected.

So Cornelia was disposed of Maude would be happy; for she had been led to believe her daughter's delusion that Herbert had become doubtful for whom he cared the most. This was absolutely without foundation. Herbert's affections were absorbed in Cornelia, and all else was courtesy—simple politeness.

One evening Mrs. Lestrangle found Maude weeping hysterically. She had flung herself across her bed, and her whole frame was trembling with her passionate feelings. Mrs. Lestrangle soothed her foolish daughter, but said with a bitter emphasis:

"Herbert shall never marry her, dear, so be consoled!" Maude begged to know why, but Mrs. Lestrangle said no more. She had yielded to the tempter.

The night when Cornelia retired to her room, Mrs. Lestrangle knocked at the door. Cornelia opened it, and when she saw her visitor, smiling led her to the most comfortable chair in the room. Mrs. Lestrangle's face was set in hard lines, and she began without any preface:

"Cornelia, there has been something on my mind for a good while. You know I was acquainted with your family in its best days in the South, and am aware of many things you know nothing about. You are about to get married to a very good young man, and in justice to him I mean to tell you something, unpleasant though it be."

Cornelia paled, but tried to say bravely:

"I know you are my friend, Mrs. Lestrangle, and you are aware of my deep affection for Herbert, who is, as you say, everything that is good. What in this world can you know that would be unpleasant, and that you should say, 'in justice to him.'"

Mrs. Lestrangle, with the same hard look on her face, said abruptly:

"Why this, Cornelia, you should not marry him. You have colored blood in your veins; your grandmother was a mulatto!"

Cornelia sprang to her feet.

"What authority have you to say such a thing? How can you expect me to believe it?"

The girl flushed, and, then grew white as death, as she sank back on her chair. She had heard of such things in the South, but never had she dreamed it in her own case.

Mrs. Lestrangle proceeded to unfold a chapter of family history that sounded only too plausible; and bits of broken stories Cornelia heard in childhood came back, and corroborated the woman's tale. White and cold as death, the girl listened; and when the woman referred her to an old attorney whom she knew had been her mother's friend, she could only point to the door, and cover her face with her hands.

"Of course," said Mrs. Lestrangle, rising, "no harm might come in the marriage of the third generation, but it has happened that a colored child has been born in such a case, and in justice to Herbert I thought I would tell you."

She left, and closed the door; Cornelia was alone. Only the great God Who watched through the silent night knew the agony of grief and love and duty that wrestled in the girl's heart. She could not undress. She lay, sobbing, with her face in the pillows, until they were wet with her tears. When the rose of dawn came softly in her window, she lifted her head. Her resolution was taken. She bathed her swollen face and eyes, and made ready for early Mass. There, before God's altar, she made her resolve. She would leave no stone unturned to

that her one prayer would be his conversion to the Faith. She did not expect to see him again on earth, but it was due to him to know what her life would be henceforth. She did not give her address, but it was in the city he had so vainly explored when she left him. There was no time to try again; his vessel was to sail, and he embarked. Over and over again he read the letter. The thought that she must belong to a colored community struck him with a pang. He shuddered when he thought of her beauty, her grace, her education; and yet, he felt that her sacrifice would not have been complete otherwise.

As time went on, and he made the contents of the book his own, grace and the prayers of that hidden Nun did their work. On the other side of the ocean he met a priest who won his confidence. The story of his life was soon told. He placed himself under instruction, was baptized in the Catholic Church, and made his First Communion with deepest devotion. After weeks of thought and prayer he entered a Seminary, and began his study for the priesthood. Pray for him, reader, and we may persevere, for this is a true story in every particular. It tells how wonderful are the ways of God, which indeed surpass our understanding. An heroic sacrifice, a noble example, fervent prayer, won these pure young souls, and laid them as an acceptable sacrifice at the Feet of the Master.

COBBLING THE CATHOLIC RELIGION

This seems to be an age for religious fads and new religions. Thanks to the elastic principle of Protestantism that everybody may choose his own religion out of the Bible not only have the Protestant sects been divided and multiplied, but the trend seems to be to substitute something else for the Christ of the ages that would satisfy the increasing demands and growing unrest of the present generation. Charles W. Eliot champions the cause of a moral code, the basis of which is the Golden Rule. As though Christ's teachings did not embody this rule and everything else that is worth having or teaching or practicing. Because theology is complex it is to be discarded, and yet theology is but the explanation of Christ's teachings and their application to the different situations and conditions in our lives. Eliot's new religion is to dispense with the idea of a God Head in Christ—save only as He reflects more admirably than any other human being a divine mission and image.

And now comes another cult builder—no less than the novelist Winston Churchill, who, after having gained some literary fame is spreading his sails to the tempests of religious unrest and uncertainty. He ventilates himself thus in the December number of the Century:

"Most of us are like boys with cold hands looking on at a game. We are sick of eating candy but we don't understand the game. Perhaps it appears ridiculous to some of us. Yet we have the feeling of being at cross-purposes with life of being at the mercy of any misfortune which may strike us and bowl us over; of having no anchorage of love in anything permanent and abiding. We want a religion. Perhaps we are waiting for a new one. We'd plunge into life, into usefulness, if only we knew what life were; but we don't know. It may be, as is often the case to day, that the conception of Christianity given us in our youth has failed to satisfy us, to give us an effective sanction. We are unable to say, with the conviction of our fathers, 'This is the absolute truth.' For one thing, it may seem to us that the science and the agnostic critics of the age just past have riddled that religion."

It is no wonder that the conception of Christianity given to youthful minds outside the pale of the Catholic Church has failed to satisfy them. And it fails to satisfy any reasonable human being, young or old. As long as we cannot assure ourselves that we hold the truth—and that this truth cannot be successfully assailed by science or agnostic critics—we shall be on the waves of doubt and dissatisfaction with ourselves. With the contradictions of Protestant sects creeds before us, we may well plan for some new religion as a substitute for Christianity. If all the Protestant sects are right, then, indeed, was Christ's mission on earth a failure. He was neither the God-man nor even an ordinary teacher of the truth.

Mr. Churchill, in a covert manner, makes the following fling at the Catholic Church—by which he betrays either his ignorance or his rank prejudice:

It is a curious fact that there are some who look with longing eyes at the Church which still stands for external, or what may be called supernatural, authority. 'What a comfort,' such weary souls exclaim, 'to be able to have life solved for one in this simple fashion, to accept the teachings of a Church which still claims in a special sense to be the guardian of the keys of heaven itself, to stop this buzzing in our heads, this attempting to think for our selves! But we find we can't enter such a Church. Perhaps we do not grasp at once the significance of this fact. It is only after a little that the reason becomes plain. We look around us, and we perceive at length that every institution in our modern government, every discovery in our modern science from the telegraph

which encircles the globe to the cure and prevention of disease, has been accomplished against the principle for which that Church still stands, the principle of having our thinking done for us."

A falsehood it is to say that the Catholic Church does the thinking for her members. On the contrary it is by correct thinking that anyone may reach the conclusion of the Catholic Church being the Church established by Jesus Christ. The Catholic Church does not do the thinking for the many thousands of converts who annually join her communion. They are convinced before they enter her portals. "Nor does she do the thinking for them afterwards nor for the many millions who were born and reared in her faith. They accept a few articles of faith—fundamental doctrines (you can count them on your fingers)—after they are convinced that the Church has authority to teach them on the testimony of the Scriptures and tradition—and outside of this one act of obedience to the faith they have as large a liberty in the interpretation of God's word as any Protestant believer, provided such interpretation does not contradict her fundamental teachings. She does not fetter the human mind. Her eminent commentators have different interpretations of the same Scriptural text, and so they always will have without let or hindrance on the part of the Church. To say that the eternal truths must be changed to accommodate them to the altered conditions of the present age is as ridiculous as to say that twice two, which was four in the days of Aristotle and Christ, should now be six. If there was but one Church established by Christ, authoritative and infallible, a living, continuous embodiment of Himself on earth till the end of time, then in the twentieth century we know where to find it. It is not hidden under a bushel, but its light is high on the mountain top. There need not be religious unrest if those who are still seeking after truth will use their reasoning faculties properly. There is no Church that encourages Christian liberty more, within the limitations of common sense, than does the Roman Catholic Church—which, from the days of the apostles, was always Catholic, and always Roman in the succession of her Supreme Pontiffs in the See of Peter."

Churchill's fad which he calls "the new religion of Patriotism" would be a sorry substitute for the Christian religion. The social service, which is to be its keynote has been the foundation stone of Christianity from the beginning. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Does Mr. Churchill presume to improve upon the fabric of the divine Founder? As a novelist he ought to be mindful of the saw: "Cobbler stick to thy last."—Intermountain Catholic.

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND

The attitude of the Church and her influence in the question of slavery are often misrepresented in modern literature. Historic materialism, the fundamental theory of Socialism, even necessitates such preconceived views. It will be interesting therefore to study the actual historic position of the Church, as we find it illustrated in the Anglo-Saxon documents of England which have survived more than a thousand years.

Slavery was still the universal custom of the land, and Catholicity achieved its triumphs. The condition of the serf, attached to the soil, differed but little from that of the slave, since both were completely at the mercy of their masters. To abolish this system by the mere stroke of a pen was evidently impossible. Like Christ Himself and His apostles, the Church exerted her great mission of charity and liberation by preaching in all its purity the divine doctrine committed to her.

To the master she applied her teaching of the essential equality of man before God; of the common creation, the common judgment, the common destiny of mankind; and lastly of the common membership in Christ of bond and free. As in apostolic days she insisted upon the precept of charity towards all, and in particular upon the reward of mercy to be accorded to his bonds. How quickly her lessons bore fruit is evident from the constant emancipation of slaves and serfs, often in great numbers, which instantly followed.

"That such actions were prompted by the faith which she had preached is clear from the purely spiritual reasons assigned in the ancient documents of manumission. Gifted freed for God's sake and for her soul's need," reads a characteristic record of the times, "Eccard the smith and Aelfstan and his wife, and all their offspring born and unborn; and Arcil and Cole, and Egceford Eadlun's daughter, etc., etc." (Codex Diplomaticus, No. 925.)

In like manner Aelfred manumitted all his unfree dependents "in the Name of God and of His Saints," and prayed that they might not be oppressed by any of his heirs or kinsmen. "But for God's love and my own soul's need will I that they shall enjoy the freedom and their choice; and I command in the name of the living God that no one disquiet them, either by demand of money or in any other way." (Cod. Dipl. Thorpe, Kemble, I, 504.)

Often dreadful curses are pronounced upon any one who would dare to set aside such dispositions, especially when made in a last will:

"Christ blind him that setteth this aside." And again: "Whoso undoth this may he have the wrath of Almighty God and St. Cuthbert." Such testators had often during life been very kind to their serfs, so that doubtless in many cases it had been preferable to remain under their care and protection. It is sufficiently common to find that such masters at their death not only freed their serfs but provided for them as a father would for his children. So Durocylt for his soul's benefit bequeathed a great part of his landed possessions to the church of St. Edmund, and part likewise to the Bishop, "and let all my serfs be free, and let each have his toft, and his meadow and his meatorn." (Cod. Dipl. No. 959.)

The spiritual benefits asked were both for this life and for the next, and often for the soul of relative or friend: "This book witnesseth that Aelfwold freed Hwatu at St. Peter's for his soul both during and after life." (Register, St. Peter's Church.) "And I (Loogfy) will that all my serfs be free, both in manor and farm, for my sake and the sake of them that begot me (the souls of his parents)." (Cod. Dipl. No. 981.)

It was moreover in the church and in the presence of the priest that manumission took place. "Here witnesseth on this book of the Gospel," we read in the record of the monastery of Bath, "that Aelfric the Scot and Aethelric the Abbot Aelfsig, that they may be free forever. This is done by witness of all the monastery." (Cod. Dipl. No. 1851.) So we read of Bishop Wulfseig freeing a number of serfs, "for Eadgar the King and for his own soul, at St. Peter's altar." (Cod. Dipl. No. 981.) The register of this church is preserved for us, and similar books of manumission were evidently kept in every church, like the registers of baptisms and marriages.

Throughout the Scriptures and in the apostolic days, slavery established by the law was never accounted a crime in itself, but the entire spirit of the Gospel, and therefore of the Church, was to prompt men to do all in their power towards its abolition. It is not the slightest exaggeration to say that if the Catholic Church had not existed, slavery would be as common and as dreadful an institution to-day as it was in the days of Egypt, Greece and Rome. Mere civilization, as the world's history abundantly shows, could never even have annihilated the lot of the slave. Labor would hold a position no better than that which it was doomed to occupy under the Pharaohs and the Caesars. Had a second Spartacus arisen, more successful than the first, he would have followed the law of all barbarian conquerors. Slavery would have continued as before with only a change of masters and of subjects. Such was the whole history of the barbarian conquests. The savage invaders did not come to give freedom to the slaves but to give them new masters, and to enslave the populations that had been free.

It was the doctrine of the Church alone which could make an impression upon the Roman masters of the world, and which in course of time was to accomplish in the progeny of those wild hordes that later overran Europe and England, what it had been able to achieve only partially under the preceding civilization.

Everywhere restrictions were at once set by the Church upon the system of slavery. Certain abuses were necessarily tolerated for a time; but they give only the merest suggestions of the abominations which had existed at earlier periods. There is no need of recalling the details of this time of transition. To the great glory of the Church the serf in England was soon freed from the arbitrary power of his master and placed under the protection of the Bishop to whom he could appeal if excessive burdens were placed upon him.

The first duty of the Church, it must be borne in mind, was not to free the slave or serf, but to save his soul. Her chief effort, which was to be carried out in the face of all resistance, was to procure for him conditions under which ample leisure and opportunity might be afforded him to serve God becomingly and even perfectly. Equally with lord and king, he, too, was her spiritual child, sanctified in holy baptism and by the reception of her sacraments, partaker of the same Body and Blood of Christ, destined to be a fellow citizen with the angels and saints, already emancipated by the grace of God from the one slavery which alone is terrible, the bondage of sin and Satan.

We are not, therefore, surprised to find the statement made by one of the most thorough students of this period, the Protestant historian Kemble (I, 213, 214), that the lot of the serf "was not necessarily or generally one of great hardship. It seems doubtful whether the labor exacted was practically more severe, or his remuneration much less than that of an agricultural laborer in this country (England) at this day (A. D. 1876)." The Rev. J. Malet Lambert expresses a similar opinion of conditions of servitude at a later date. The spiritual and even the temporal provisions made for the serf, attached, according to the custom of the day, to the land of some conscientious Catholic master, might well be envied by countless laborers in our paginated civilization.

Faith, indeed, was living and active in Anglo-Saxon days. We behold the spectacle of kings at the

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height of their glory renouncing all their temporal possessions and laying aside their crowns to devote themselves entirely to lives of self-renunciation; of noble ladies and princesses retiring from the world to live for God alone in the seclusion of the cloister; of men of influence and power with all the temptations of the world before them, thirsting only to suffer and die for Christ. Such a spirit of necessity reflected upon the economic conditions of the age. Though the time had not yet come for the universal emancipation of the serf, he was not unfrequently freed from bondage, as have seen, and always treated with far greater consideration than could have been shown him otherwise. An undeniable hardness which still remained in certain customs of the day must be explained by the life of constant war and danger to which the country was exposed.

"It was especially the honor and glory of Christianity," writes Kemble, "that while it broke the spiritual bonds of sin, it ever actively labored to relieve the heavy burden of social servitude. We are distinctly told that Bishop Wilfrid, on receiving the grant of Selsety from Caedwealh, of Wessex, immediately manumitted two hundred and fifty unfortunates whom he found there attached to the soil, that those whom by baptism he had rescued from servitude to devils might by the grant of liberty be rescued from servitude to man. In this spirit of charity the clergy obtained respite from labor for the serf on the Sabbath, on certain high festivals and on the days which preceded or followed them. The lord who compelled his serf to labor between the sunset on Saturday and the sunset on Sunday forfeited him altogether; probably first to the king or the gentry; but in the time of Cnut, the serf thus forfeited was to become folkfree. To their merciful intervention it must also be ascribed that the will of a Saxon proprietor, laid as well as clerical, so constantly directed the manumission of a number of serfs for the soul's health of the testator." (The Saxons in England, II, pp. 211, 212.)

We see, therefore, how completely the Historic Materialism of Socialism has misread history. Not economic conditions have dictated the doctrines of faith and morality taught by the Church, nor changed them ever so little; but at all times and everywhere the Church has instead changed and perfected the economic conditions of the nations which accepted her teaching. The measure of her success has always been the measure of influence she was permitted to exert over the passions of individuals or the customs and laws of the time.—Joseph Huselein, S. J., in America.

NEARING THE CATHOLIC IDEALS

While at the last general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church there was nothing definitely done which would lead one to hope for a realization of church unity in the sense that all the Protestant sects should become one in the Catholic Church, in one fold and under one Shepherd, there was not altogether an absence of moving closer to the ideals which make a unification of Christianity the more possible and desirable.

Perhaps the summary of all that was accomplished, or rather what was desired to be accomplished, is best learned from the message in a pastoral letter, which was issued at the close of the convention by the so-called House of Bishops. A writer in the January number of the Catholic World presents a digest of this document:

"It is a beautiful, and in some respects, a strong document. In these days, when the most earnest prayer of Christians is for reunion, it is good for us to hear from the official leaders of another church an utterance with almost every word of which we can heartily agree. Its aim is the aim of Our Holy Father, Pius X. to restore all things in Christ. Catholicism will note with more than sympathy its unequivocal assertion of Our Lord's divinity; its vivid realization of His unceasing work in the world, enlightening, purifying and strengthening mankind; the personal devotion to Our Saviour which the latter breathes the longing for a united Church; the condemnation of godless education, the insistence on the necessity of religious education for the preservation of the nation; the recognition of eternal truth, dogma, as the foundation of religion; and finally, the high doctrine of the Church as the custodian of truth, the representative of Christ on earth,

and His protagonist in the unending conflict with the wickedness and ignorance of the world."

There is nothing in this message that would not be endorsed by the bishops and priests of the Catholic Church so far as its face value is concerned, and we have no reason to doubt its sincerity. There should be joy in every Christian heart that the cardinal principles of our holy religion are so clearly and courageously set forth even by a body of churchmen who, although they may be drifting back to the bark of St. Peter, are still on the highways of shipwreck, which they suffered several centuries ago.

In the proceedings of the Episcopal convention its mainly stand for the necessity of Christian education is particularly prominent and commendable.

It was agreed that the American system of education is fixed and pronounced, and that the religious instruction by way of creed would neither be possible nor desirable in connection with it, and yet without debate the resolution was passed:

"To take up the whole question of moral and ethical education in the Public schools, and to effect, if possible, through co-operation with other religious bodies, a system of instruction commensurate with the needs of our youth, together with such forms and exercises as will conduce to the freest and most intelligent sense of personal integrity and purity of life, and that is one means of furthering this object, the general board of religious education be instructed to take prompt action to promote the daily reading of a portion of the Holy Scriptures in the Public schools."

The Catholic Church would certainly approve every honest effort towards giving our children moral and religious training, but this cannot be accomplished by the mere daily reading of a Protestant translation of the bible. That is sectarianism beyond a doubt, and is against the spirit of our free institutions. Even though the King James version, for instance, were used in daily readings for its literary value only, these could not fail to tilt the young Catholic mind adversely to the cardinal teachings of Holy Mother Churches. The Protestant doctrine of the right of private interpretation on essentials as well as non-essentials would percolate through and threaten danger to the faith of an impressionable child.

Mr. George Wharton Pepper, one of the lay delegates at the convention, put forth this cardinal idea in connection with the subject:

"Education without religion is no education at all. There cannot possibly be a religious education and a secular education. There is only one education, and these two elements must enter into it. This being so, if you neglect the religious part of education you make a mess of the whole matter. Education consists in drawing out of a man all that is noblest and best in him, and the very noblest and best thing is for a man to find God and know that he has found Him."

Nothing could be more Catholic than such a statement.

Bishop Brent, who proved himself a champion in the cause of religious training for the child in the schools, emphasized:

"The noblest faculty of the human soul is the capacity of knowing and realizing the presence of God; and a system for the training of youth which should make no provision at all for the development of this faculty would be a travesty of education and a menace to civilization."

He earnestly pleaded for the establishment of parochial schools for Episcopal churches, where their children might be given a religious training as an essential part of their general education.

In regard to Socialism and the becoming sociological and economic questions of the day the general convention created a permanent joint commission and sent it forth with this courageous resolution:

"Resolved, the House of Bishops concurring. That we, the members of the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, do hereby affirm that the church stands for the ideal of social justice, and that it demands the achievement of a social order in which there shall be a more equitable distribution of wealth; in which the social cause of poverty and the gross human waste of the present order shall be eliminated; and in which every worker shall have a just return for that which he produces, a fair opportunity for self-development, and a fair share in all the gains of progress. And since such a social order can only be achieved progressively by the effort of men and women, who, in the spirit of Christ, put the common welfare above private gain, the Church calls upon every communicant, clerical and lay, seriously to take part, and to study the complex conditions under which we are called upon to live, and so to act that the present prejudice, hate and injustice may be supplanted by mutual understanding, sympathy and just dealings, and the ideal of thorough-going democracy may be finally realized in our land."

Something was also done in the convention by way of encouraging the anointing of the dangerously sick and giving them the Communion. The enlargement of the calendar was approved—at least there was no objection raised against the veneration which is being paid latterly by the extreme High Church party to great apostles of the nations, such as St. Patrick, St. Boniface, St. Willi-

brod, and such noble representatives of the faith as St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Jeanne d'Arc and St. Catharine of Sierra.

In going over the proceedings of this Convention one is almost forced to exclaim: "What a pity that the Episcopal Church is not one and the same with the Catholic Church—in one fold, and under the shepherd—and that it is still necessary to say, 'Oh, so near, and yet so far.'"—Intermountain Catholic.

MOST EXCELLENT FANCY

The London correspondent of a Scotch paper, the Dundee Advertiser gives information of extraordinary character and interest as follows:

"A startling rumor reaches me from a source in touch with the inner circles of the Roman Catholic Church. The statement is to the effect that the removal of the Vatican from Rome to Montreal is in serious contemplation. There is, I am told, a rapidly growing feeling in the Catholic world against the seclusion of the Pope in Rome. It is urged that the conditions of the modern world demand his appearance among the people, in the same way as the head of the Anglican Church takes part in public in secular as well as



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in sacred affairs. This being impossible in Italy, the Catholic authorities are said to have turned their eyes upon the great Canadian city as the future head quarters of the Vatican.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

Mr. Thomas Coffey, Ottawa, March 7th, 1909. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper The Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1914

DR. JAMES J. WALSH

The palmy days of the lecture may be over but it would be safe to prophesy for it a second spring if Dr. James J. Walsh could infuse his spirit, his erudition and his originality into the available source of supply for the lecture platform.

Before the Canadian Club his subject was "How old the New." As is usual on such occasions there were perhaps more varied types of Canadian intelligence than are usually found in audiences of ten times the number.

It is only an act of simple justice and perhaps, also, of salutary humility, to add that London owes to the Ursuline Sisters of St. Angela's College the opportunity it has had of listening to the distinguished lecturer who will need no introduction the next time he appears before a London audience; and that will be just as soon as his engagements will permit of his returning.

science mentioned during the course of his address on which he has not delivered lectures or written books. His goods are emphatically not all displayed in the front window.

In the afternoon at St. Angela's College Dr. Walsh spoke on "The Women of the Renaissance." We have no intention of attempting to summarize this illuminating lecture. In some respects it might justify the title "How old the New Woman is."

"Scientists and Faith" was the subject treated before a large audience in St. Peter's Hall in the evening. If any came to the lecture with the notion that science and faith are incompatible they must have asked themselves before they went away on what that absurd modern notion is based.

In one of his books Dr. Walsh quotes from the Preface of Cambridge Modern History: "Great additions have of late been made to our knowledge of the past; the long conspiracy against the revelation of the truth has gradually given way, and competing historians all over the civilized world have been zealous to take advantage of the change."

Dr. James J. Walsh has done herculean pioneer work against the "conventional history" that is the basis of the traditional Protestant misconception of the Catholic Church. Bishop Fallon introduced the lecturer to the audience in St. Peter's Hall as the greatest Catholic apologist at least on this side of the Atlantic.

Whether or not the clever and distinguished Englishman is carried away by his artistic sense as a writer to make the contrast more vividly striking we are not prepared to say. He knows his England; but we are inclined to think, despite Kikuyu and the light it sheds on religious England, that there is a saving remnant

AN EVANGELICAL IMPRIMATUR

If "Patrick" Morgan can supply "the need of an evangelical Protestant paper in Canada" to the satisfaction of the learned and Christian gentlemen who speak in the name of the Ministerial Association of Ottawa it would be a pity to deprive "the Protestants of Canada" of an evangelical Protestant paper.

It is only fair to add that there are Protestants and Protestants. The Free Press says editorially: "There are some of us Protestants who find it impossible to approve or even to contemplate without getting hot the action of the Ottawa Ministerial Association yesterday in regard to Patrick Morgan." Naturally; decent people feel most keenly the disgrace of their own side.

There ought to be at least one good evangelical Protestant paper in Canada, and now that "Patrick" has the Ottawa Ministerial Imprimatur he will likely fill the long felt want. It is only fair to add that under the heading "All ministers not backing Morgan Idea" the Free Press has quite a list of ministers who more or less cautiously repudiate any connection with the ministerial endorsement of the ex-priest "Patrick" Morgan.

EXPRESSED DISGUST—"Rev. J. M. Snowden, Rector of St. George's parish, after expressing his disgust at the nature of the publication sold by Patrick Morgan, said that the resolution of the Ministerial Association was no affair of his. The view expressed is that of the Ministerial Association alone, and commits nobody else to its opinion of Mr. Morgan."

A REBUFF AND A REBUKE

So intimately has Mr. J. H. Burnham, M. P. for West Peterborough, identified himself with the absurd, not to say grotesque, ultra-Protestant attitude on many things that it comes with something of a shock to find him taking a sane, sensible view of anything. Still more so since his sane and sensible view requires some moral courage.

It is in Russia things are taken seriously. The Russian's soul, just as much as his churches and his pictures and his children's toys, is done in stronger, simpler, more emphatic colors. His religion is real, his monarchy is real, his life is a business of passionate self-examination because he has faith. Russia is full of faith, overflowing with faith, the ointment runs down upon the beard; and I, who am an Englishman and have thought much of England all my life, do not know whether England has any faith at all or if only it is very subtly and deeply hidden.

exercised no control of themselves in following the freak and daring decrees of the modistes, to seek legislation demanding self control and reform in men, declared Mr. Burnham, amid considerable sensation. Let them set an example in self control and reform in adding themselves before inspiring legislation of the kind sought. Mr. Burnham persisted that a panacea for excess was not to be found in universal repression, and he assured the fair visitors in the gallery that "the moral ground is not so sterile that it is no longer capable of bearing seed."

We have not too many members of Parliament who are entirely sane on any single subject. Let J. H. Burnham stay right there if only to show how sane the silliest of us can be at times. One thing suggests another. Let that be our excuse for putting the name of John McNeill into the same article as that which contains the name of J. H. Burnham—even with the signs of the latter's returning sanity.

The Rev. John McNeill, Presbyterian minister, Toronto, is not a crank, and not a sensationalist; indeed he is a very old-fashioned preacher of God's Word who believes in the sane, sweet, wholesome message which he delivers with a homely, spiritual earnestness which is in refreshing contrast with the tawdry sensationalism and pretentious shallowness of some of his more up-to-date brethren.

HAS NO RIGHT—Rev. Herman Ruhland, St. Paul's Lutheran Church—Attacking Catholics does the Protestant religion no good at all. I'm not a member of the Ministerial Association and I certainly don't think that association has a right to speak in the name of all Protestants. I am a Protestant minister but I think that the personal charges which Morgan is directing against Catholics could be answered by the Catholic Church by charges against individual Protestants.

Some of the most dignified women in the city, are wearing shameful dresses. In some of the new fangled dresses you look disgraceful, and to every modest-minded man you look indecent. In wearing such clothes you put yourselves nearly on the same level with a strumpet. We must not confound this plain speech of a plain man with the sensational insincerity with which we are too familiar. There is not a word of exaggeration; but there is no shirking of a painful manifestation of the morals of a self-complacent and self-laudatory generation.

THE CONTRAST

Mr. H. G. Wells is an English novelist who is greatly interested in sociological questions. Indeed, so long ago as 1902, not content with making his novels the medium of advancing his views on politics and sociology, he published Anticipations in which he discussed the probable sociological developments of the twentieth century "with remarkable acuteness and constructive ability."

"The English seem to have no real beliefs, their Church is a phantom, their monarchy a constitutional influence, their lives ruled by appearances and uncontrolled by conscience and heart searchings. No man talks of his religion or discusses his aims in life; it may be that Englishmen have no religion and no aims in life. In default there is respectability."

Whether or not the clever and distinguished Englishman is carried away by his artistic sense as a writer to make the contrast more vividly striking we are not prepared to say. He knows his England; but we are inclined to think, despite Kikuyu and the light it sheds on religious England, that there is a saving remnant

to whom religion, Church and conscience, are something real and vital. However cynically, as passing events show, the eminently "respectable" Englishman may juggle with his erstwhile dogmatic belief in civil and religious liberty and equality, the real men of England, the workers, have still a good grip on these wholesome truths. This is an evidence of conscience, and we are inclined to think, of religion also. Perhaps it is because "the Church is a phantom" that England's real men are apparently so indifferent to religion. England is sloughing off the post-Reformation growth of hereditary privilege, and the red blood of the people is beginning to flow through all parts of the social organism. The phantom church which embraces in its "comprehensive" fold rationalism, Arianism, modernism, agnosticism, Protestantism and "frank Catholicism" will disappear; and religion, freed from the fetters of legal establishment, ceasing to be a department national government, will be free to resume its proper spiritual function.

Despite the pessimistic conclusions of a very observant Englishman we may hold to the belief that his observations were too exclusively confined to average type of English "respectability," and that England will be regenerated through democracy and the saving remnant of Christian believers.

THAT ULSTER REBELLION

"It is rumored that the Royal Irish Constabulary, recently asked for an increase of pay to meet the increased cost of living, and was refused, and that in consequence there is much discontent in the force. According to the Cork correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, a movement is being organized with the object of refusing to take part in quelling the expected Ulster rebellion. The men's contention is that the possibility of having to face a well-organized and well-drilled citizen army, was never contemplated when they joined the Force, and there is a growing disposition among them to refuse to line up against the Ulster Conventurers."

If the threatened Ulster rebellion does not furnish good ground for the demand of the Royal Irish Constabulary for increased pay it must get small by degrees and beautifully less the closer it is viewed. If it is not brought on before the "growing disposition" among the R. I. C. impels them to keep out of the trouble there may be no fun at all. Especially if the counties where Orangeism is strong and militant show a growing disposition to withdraw also and leave the minorities in the other counties to fight the battles of "civil and religious liberty" all by themselves.

However, the acceptance of the olive branch by the strongly Orange counties would not be so cowardly as it might seem to those who were really impressed by the Ulster bluff. The fomentors of discord for political purposes may save their faces without the slightest misgiving as to the fate of the abandoned brethren in the Home Rule counties.

CLERICAL AGGRESSION

The Ottawa Citizen would contend with George Bernard Shaw as a maker of paradoxes. Ireland, it informs us, "is a land where the impossible is always taking place, and the inevitable never comes to pass. It is a paradox." One of the paradoxes of Irish life in the opinion of the Citizen, is that "some of the greatest leaders of Catholic Ireland have been Protestants," from which "most significant fact" it concludes that clerical influence has been unduly exercised in Irish politics.

"The English seem to have no real beliefs, their Church is a phantom, their monarchy a constitutional influence, their lives ruled by appearances and uncontrolled by conscience and heart searchings. No man talks of his religion or discusses his aims in life; it may be that Englishmen have no religion and no aims in life. In default there is respectability."

All the great Irish leaders, except O'Connell, belonged to the faith of the minority. Dean Swift, Molyneux,

Burke, Grattan, Tone, Emmett, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Davis, Mitchell, Butt, Parnell, all were Protestants, yet they were loved and obeyed by the Irish people as if they were so many occupants of the Papal chair. Emmett and Fitzgerald are the canonized saints of Irish history. O'Connell is not more loved than Grattan or Parnell. Not only did the Church not attempt to thwart the political ambitions of the latter, but priests and bishops were his most ardent supporters in his great struggle for Home Rule. The illustrious Archbishop Croke and the present Archbishop of Dublin stood by the Protestant Parnell, even in the face of opposition from the Vatican engineered in England. Nor were they solitary exceptions, as is proved by the fact that the Parnell Tribute, denounced by the Vatican in 1883, jumped in one month from \$35,000 to \$200,000. As this fund was in nearly every instance collected at the church doors it is plainly evident that the Church loyally supported Parnell. When after the unfortunate divorce scandal it took sides against him the issue then was not political but moral. Sir Charles Dilke was hounded out of public life in England for a similar offence.

"Certain powerful influences in Ireland to-day," asserts the Citizen, "owe their direction and inspiration to men who have come into almost direct opposition to the Church." Not feeling quite competent to perpetrate another brilliant paradox the Citizen does not pause to draw the obvious conclusion from above. It would have been wise to have exercised a like prudence in selecting examples of these "powerful influences." Dr. Douglas Hyde, it informs us, has had to fight to keep the Gaelic League independent of priestly influence. Sir Horace Plunkett has had to defend the great co-operative movement from clerical interference. The Citizen has been sadly misinformed. The Gaelic League, of which Dr. Hyde is the well-beloved president, was founded by a priest, and a Mayoist professor at that, the Rev. Eugene O'Growney. Its greatest champions have been clerics like the veteran Irish author, Father Peter O'Leary, Father Dineen, the Bishop of Raphoe, and Cardinal Logue. Alone amongst the Irish Universities the Catholic National University has made Irish essential for matriculation. As for Sir Horace Plunkett we will let him be his own witness. In his book, "Ireland in the New Century," he tells us how the Church has opposed his great co-operative movement. "If my optimism ever wavers, I have but to think of the noble work that many priests are to my own knowledge doing, often in remote and obscure parishes, in the teeth of innumerable obstacles. . . . I may mention that of the co-operative societies organized by the Irish Agricultural Organization Society there are no fewer than 331 societies of which the local priests are the chairmen, while, to my own knowledge, during the summer and autumn of 1902, as many as 50,000 persons from all parts of Ireland were personally conducted over the exhibit of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction at the Cork Exhibition by their local clergy. . . . Again, in a great number of cases, the village libraries, which have been recently started in Ireland with the assistance of the Department (the books consisting largely of industrial, economic, and technical works on agriculture) have been organized and assisted by the Roman Catholic clergy." (pages 117-118-119).

We make no apology for the fact that in the past the priesthood of Ireland prominently identified itself with the people in their struggle for political rights. The priest was the only person to whom the people could look for guidance. England did not put a price on the head of the schoolmaster for nothing. The bigoted Protestant minority had everything in their own hands until priest and people threw down the gauge of battle, and after a protracted struggle and almost incredible sacrifice succeeded in wringing from the Ascendancy some of the ordinary rights of freemen. Did the priests of Ireland abuse the power which circumstances placed in their hands? Let us again quote the "persecuted" Sir Horace Plunkett. "The evil, commonly described as 'The Priest in Politics' is, in my opinion, greatly misrepresented. I have come to the conclusion that the immense power of the Roman Catholic clergy has been singularly little abused. . . . I believe that the over-active part hitherto taken in politics by the priests is

largely the outcome of the way Roman Catholics were treated in the past, and that this undesirable feature of Irish life will yield, and is already yielding, to the removal of the evils to which it owed its origin, and in some measure its justification." The aftermath of the Penal Laws was a great void in the ranks of the educated laity from whom political leaders are generally drawn. The priest had to choose between leaving his people leaderless or going in and leading them himself. The day that made it necessary for him to be a politician has all but passed, and with it the power of the priests, so far as it is abnormal or unnecessary, will also pass away.

But, dear good Citizen, why travel so far afield in search of instances of clerical aggression? If you will but comprehend Ontario in your eagle glance we are not quite sure that you might not find a preacher or two taking a rather prominent part in purely secular affairs. Or if you must go to Ireland for "copy" why not give us a column or two about the "Parson in Politics" we can assure you it would make spicy reading. You might tell us how the parsons opposed the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland; how they enlisted the whole forces of the Crown to wring tithes from a people to whom their religion was anathema; how they purposed kicking the king's crown into the Boyne if the offensive coronation oath was amended; how they have consistently opposed Home Rule for Ireland; how their synods and assemblies have constantly meddled in purely political matters. All this and more you might write up for your readers. They should find it very interesting, and who knows it might teach them to remove the beam from their own eye before they set about extracting the mote from the poor benighted Papist's. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WHAT THE DAILY papers have dubbed the "Roosevelt touch," threatens to become historic. The people of the United States were permitted a peep at the predominant characteristic of the ex-President by his escapade in Rome a year or two ago. His latest "touch" in Brazil, if not authoritatively contradicted as seems improbable, will drive home the lesson. We can imagine the amazement of the courtly and hospitable South American at such a revelation of northern "enterprise." And we can more than imagine the chagrin and mortification of the American colony in Brazil upon whom the reproach will weigh heaviest. The lesson will not be lost, however, if it but focus public attention upon the kindred arts of the so-called "missionary" from the United States, Baptist and the like, with whom the South American Republics have in recent years become familiarized.

IN CONCLUDING our comments of last week upon the situation in Ireland and the despicably unfair tactics adopted by the Unionists in their efforts to strangle the Nationalist cause, we remarked that of all people in the world the clergy of the Church of England should be the very last to have anything to say on the subject of tyranny and extortion. This was occasioned by certain aspersions of that character cast by a Toronto Anglican minister against the Irish priesthood. In this regard it may be instructive to cast a glance back in the history of Ireland, and to cite one instance as typical of the three centuries of Anglican domination which ended with the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1868.

GREAT PAINS are being taken at the present time to create the impression that the attitude of the Protestants of North-east Ulster has been always consistently anti-Nationalist, and that as supporters of Tory and class ascendancy in England they have upheld in Ireland all that that Toryism stood for. The further impression is sought to be conveyed that Presbyterians and Anglicans in Ulster have throughout been the most harmonious of bed-fellows, looking upon the Catholic Church as the mutual enemy of both, pledged, in season and out of season, to their utter ruin and extermination. To what extent this is reliable may be seen by recalling an incident in Ulster history well-known to students but sedulously kept out of sight in these days as inimical to the truculent Unionist campaign. AS HAS BEEN well-said, nothing is more remarkable in the later history

of Ireland than the many episodes in which Presbyterian Ulster joined hands with the Catholic Provinces in standing up against the common enemy of the country—the flockless and rapacious Anglican episcopate. If, indeed, pre-eminence may be accorded to either section in the matter of vigorous resistance, especially during the trying seventeenth century, it is to Ulster, for the simple reason that the life-blood had well-nigh been crushed out of the Catholics by that masterpiece of Satan, the code of Penal Laws. The Presbyterians had much to endure certainly, but they knew nothing of that awful visitation which made simple fidelity to their ancestral Faith a felony, and the hearing of Mass or the harboring of a priest crimes of the first magnitude.

NEVERTHELESS the condition of Presbyterians in Ulster during the century named was anything but agreeable, and in face of the numerous exactions of the Anglican episcopate, recourse was had to Parliament in 1641 for a remedy. A petition was drawn up in the name of the "Protestant inhabitants of the counties of Antrim, Downe, Tyrone, etc.," which, being numerously signed in much the same manner as the notorious Carson Covenant of our time, was in due course presented to the House of Commons. It is not necessary to follow it through its various stages or to dwell upon its results. Our purpose will be served in laying before our readers a few extracts from this historic document which rises up as a confutation of the senseless falsehoods by which it is sought now to rob the Irish people of the inheritance for which they have struggled so long and so manfully. Further comment on our part would not add to the force or point of these extracts.

"YOUR PETITIONERS" begins this lengthy document, "humbly representeth unto your grave wisdoms, and judicious considerations, that your petitioners having translated themselves out of several parts of His Majesty's kingdoms of England and Scotland, to promote the infant Plantation of Ireland, wherein your petitioners by their great labor and industry, so much contribute to the settlement of that kingdom. As they were in a most hopeful way of a comfortable abode, and when they expected to reap the fruit of their great and long labor, partly by the cruel severity and arbitrary proceedings of the civil magistrate, but principally through the unblest way of the Prelacy with their faction, our souls are starved, our estates undone, our families impoverished, and many lives among us cut off and destroyed."

"THE PRELATES (whose pretended authority, though by some published to be by divine right, as wee humbly conceive is directly against the same) have by their Canons of late, their fines, fees, and imprisonment at their pleasure; their silencing, suspending, banishing, and excommunicating of our learned and conscientious ministers, their obtruding upon us ignorant, unlearned and profane persons to be our teachers, their censuring of many hundreds even to excommunication for matters acknowledged by all to be indifferent . . . divers of them being notorious incendiaries of the quietness and unsettled estate between these kingdoms, with many thelike, too tedious to relate, as more fully in our ensuing grievances doth appear. These our cruel task-masters have made of us, who were once a people, to become (as it were) no people, an astonishment to ourselves, the object of pitty and amazement to others, and hopeless of remedie, unless hee with whom are bowells of compassion work in you an heart to interpose for your petitioners relieve."

"THEY THEREFORE most humbly pray that this unlawful hierarchical government with all their appendices may be utterly extirpate, such course laid downe, as to your great wisdoms shall seeme meete, for reparation in some measure of our unutterable damages sustained by the parties thus injuriously grieved; your petitioners settled in a way, whereby their persecuted ministers may have leave to returne from exile, and bee freed from the unjust censure imposed on them, and an open doore continued unto us for provision of a powerful and able ministry, the onely best way to promote Plantation, and settle the kingdoms in the profession and practise of true religion; which as it is the earnest expectation, so it shall be the daily prayer of many thousands your petitioners, who will ever intreat the Lord for your direction herein, and in all other your weighty and important affaires, as becometh your poore petitioners, etc."

Then follow specific instances, 39 in all, of the grievances complained of, consisting for the most part of protestations against ceremonies which, in their blind ignorance, the petitioners likened to the august cere-

monies of the Catholic Church. "Popery," incipient or otherwise, was ever a capital crime in Covenanting eyes. We subjoin only the first three as characteristic of them all.

"A particular of manifold evils, and heavy pressures caused, and occasioned by the Prelacie and their dependents.

1. Before they had so much as a pretended canon, for their warrant, the prelates urged their ceremonies with such vehemency, that divers of our most learned and painful ministers for not obeying them were silenced, and many of us for the like oppressed in their courts.
2. In the year 1634 they made such canons and constitutions ecclesiasticall, as enjoyned many corruptions in the worship of God and government of the Church, which exceedingly retarded the worke of reformation, the true Protestant religion, animated Papists, and made way for divers Popish superstitions.
3. Our most painful, godly, and learned ministers were by the Bishops and their commissaries silenced and deprived for not subscribing and conforming to the said unlawful canons; yea, through the hotness of their persecution forced to flee the land, and afterwards excommunicated to the danger of all, and losse of some of their lives."

FROM THE ABOVE it will be seen who were the real oppressors and extortors in Ireland during the long period preceding the Disestablishment of the so-called "National Church." Yet in spite of the great array of witnesses rising up against them in the history of the past, certain of the Anglican clergy have the temerity to impute intolerance to Catholics and to sermonize upon the evils that are likely to follow upon the restoration of the Irish Parliament. And in their inbred hatred of the Catholic name, Ulster Presbyterians, forgetful as to who were their real friends and who their sworn foes in other days, enter upon an unholy compact for the purpose of trampling under foot the first principles of liberty.

"CATHOLIC DECAY" is a favorite theme in Protestant conventions, and millions of dollars are wasted annually in the effort to hasten dissolution. Now and again, however, an individual punctures the fallacy and looks facts in the face. Such a one unobscures himself in a late number of the Presbyterianist to the confusion doubtless of his more sanguine brethren. This Bowmanville correspondent, quoting reliable statistics which show that while in the last thirty years the world's Catholic population has increased 23 per cent, and adherents of the Greek Church about the same, Protestantism has done little better than keep pace with the natural increase of the world's population. In other words, Protestantism shows an increase of only 11 per cent. Even the Mohammedans make a better showing than that, and the Jews far exceed it. In view of these facts, the Presbyterianist's correspondent asks: "What is the matter with Protestantism?" But introspection never was a Protestant faculty. If it were, they might have diagnosed the evil long ago. It lies at the very heart of the great apostasy.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN OTTAWA

AN INTERESTING EVENT IN NOVA SCOTIA'S HISTORY

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY G. W. KYTE, M. P. FOR RICHMOND COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, BEFORE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY IN THE RUSSELL THEATRE, OTTAWA, MARCH 17, 1914

Ladies and Gentlemen: When I accepted the very cordial invitation to speak at this entertainment which was extended to me by the Committee, I did so with very serious misgivings. To address a meeting of the citizens of the City of Ottawa under any circumstances is an obligation that no person—no matter what his experience or his talents, should lightly assume. And, when one takes into account the occasion, the audience and the festival which brings us together to-night, it might, with the utmost sincerity, ask that indulgence which Members addressing the House of Commons for the first time plead for, and which I may tell you in confidence, is never granted—at least by the gentlemen sitting on the opposite side of the House.

Here, in the city of Ottawa, you have had the seat of Government for fifty years. All the great political events which have been woven into the history of this country for half a century have been enacted, reflected or reproduced on Parliament Hill within your hearing and under your very eyes. All the great Canadians whose statesmanship constructed and developed this Dominion, and whose eloquence has moved our people and enriched our literature, you have actually heard in either of the Houses of Parliament, while many of them, no doubt, you have had address

you on occasions similar to this when the Irishmen of the City of Ottawa, with their friends and sympathizers met together for the purpose of celebrating the festival of Ireland's patron Saint. To one like myself who can make no great claim either in respect of talents, experience or position, except in so far as an indulgent constituency has sent me to represent it in Parliament, the very thought of how others acquitted themselves in the position in which I am at this moment so unflinchingly placed, causes me the most intense embarrassment.

But the acceptance of the invitation, I knew, would bring with it its compensations and its rewards. You have by it, for one whole evening, lifted me out of the dull and stagnant atmosphere of the House of Commons. You have brought me where the cold formalities of Parliamentary procedure give place to intimate social relationships. From the programme so far rendered, I have enjoyed music that means far more to me than the productions of the world's greatest operatic stars—the music that brings back memories of the first awakening of a child's love for a fond parent. I heard songs sung so exquisitely that I could wish there never would be an end of them. The part of the programme that we are still to enjoy has treasures equal to those that have already been disclosed to us and I know many of you at this moment are asking yourselves why I have been thus unwarrantably thrown into the performance.

Irishmen throughout the world are to-night celebrating the festival of St. Patrick. In every hamlet, village, town and city where Irishmen are to be found, celebrations more or less elaborate, according to circumstances, are being held in honor of the day. In the city of Halifax in my own Province of Nova Scotia, the Charitable Irish Society are holding their annual banquet. Members of the society with their guests to the number of 300, are at this moment gathered in the spacious banquet hall of the Halifax Hotel, and the greatest social and intellectual event of the year is taking place. The Governor of the Province, the head of the Provincial Government and Church dignitaries of all denominations are there, either as members or guests. Judges of all the courts, professional men and leaders in business and finance show by their presence how universal are the sympathies and the friendships of the Irishmen of the Garrison City. I desire to speak to you to-night briefly of how, nearly a century ago, this society helped along a great political reform, not only in Nova Scotia, but in the British Isles and throughout the Empire, by which Catholics after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years were restored to their full rights of citizenship—I refer to Catholic Emancipation.

It will be remembered that from about the year 1565 down to the first quarter of the last century, Roman Catholics, owing to the existence of penal laws, were not permitted to sit in Parliament, to act as magistrates or judges, or fill any public office. To be perfectly accurate, Daniel O'Connell, the great Liberator, only succeeded in breaking down the barriers that excluded him from the Parliament of Great Britain in 1829 after a vigorous agitation extending over some twenty years. Down in the Province of Nova Scotia the question was settled in a much shorter time. In the year 1786 the leading Irishman of the then town of Halifax—that was one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and Halifax was founded in 1749—met together and founded the Charitable Irish Society. It was organized primarily for the purpose of aiding immigrants and others who were in need, and to lighten the burdens of all who were in distress. Though membership in the Society was limited to Irishmen or descendants of Irishmen its benefactions were as wide as the globe itself. Every application for relief was generously dealt with irrespective of religion or nationality.

Every year from 1786 the Society held a banquet on the 17th March to which were invited the leading men of the City. To these banquets as well, were invited the members of the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, which invariably met at that season of every year, and in which no Roman Catholic was eligible to sit. At these banquets speeches were of course made and the members of the Legislature from the several districts of the Province, learned at first hand something of what the Irish Catholics of Halifax were doing in the cause of charity and for the uplift of humanity. They learned that their benefactions were generously given to God's poor, the distressed immigrant and the afflicted stranger of every religion and every nationality. In the intimate atmosphere of the banquet hall these legislators came to know the real genius of their Irish Catholic fellow citizens; their loyalty to civil authority as well as their devotion to Christian charity. I stated a moment ago that for two hundred and fifty years, exclusion of Roman Catholics from Parliament had been a settled principle of the British Constitution. Catholics did not offer themselves as candidates.

In the year 1821, however, one of the political parties in the country, which now represent in Parliament, though larger than in area than at the present time, nominated as their candidate an influential and highly respected resident of the town in which I live, Laurence Kavanagh, an Irish Roman Catholic. Mr. Kavanagh was elected and when at the opening

of the next session of the Legislature, he presented himself to take the oath, he as a Roman Catholic, of course, refused to take the oath against Popery and transubstantiation, which was the foundation of the Catholic Exclusion Act. Probably for the first time in their lives the members of the Legislature realized that under the law Roman Catholics did not enjoy with themselves the full rights of citizenship. The test oath had never before been called into use, and they had long since forgotten that it was in force in Nova Scotia. They were actually astonished. They had associated with Catholics all their lives, some of them had had intimate business relations with them, they knew them to be enterprising and law abiding citizens. All of the members of the Legislature had from time to time attended the meetings of the Charitable Irish Society of the City of Halifax, and had been guests at its annual banquets. They remembered that the speeches of Catholics at these banquets were the speeches of citizens loyal to the Crown and tolerant in matters of religion. They knew the good work the Society had done and was still doing, to improve the conditions of their less fortunate fellow citizens. They determined to lose no time to remove the disabilities existing against Roman Catholics.

On February 25th, 1822, Mr. S. G. W. Archibald, Member for Halifax, afterwards a distinguished Judge, moved the following Resolution in the House of Assembly: "Whereas His Majesty has been graciously pleased to re-annex the Island of Cape Breton to the Province of Nova Scotia, and to allow the inhabitants of that Island to elect two members to represent them in the General Assembly of this Province. "And whereas the inhabitants of the said Island, being principally of the Roman Catholic religion, have returned two members to represent them in this Assembly, one of whom, namely, Laurence Kavanagh, Esq., is of that religion, and although he is willing to take and subscribe all the State oaths, he cannot conscientiously subscribe the declaration against Transubstantiation: "And whereas it will be highly injurious to the inhabitants of that island if the said Laurence Kavanagh shall be refused a seat in this Assembly; thereupon,

"It is resolved, that the House will permit the said Laurence Kavanagh, upon taking and subscribing to the State oaths, to take his seat in this Assembly without subscribing to the said Declaration, and to retain the same until His Majesty's pleasure shall be known therein, providing that His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor shall approve hereof and not otherwise."

The debate on this resolution showed that the members of the Assembly were unanimous in their desire to remove the disabilities against Catholics, but the majority were of opinion that the whole subject should be dealt with in a general way rather than pass Legislation applying to the case then before them. The resolution was defeated, but on February 28th a bill was unanimously passed by the Assembly, entitled "An Act to remove certain disabilities which His Majesty's subjects professing the Catholic religion now labor under in this Province." This bill came up for concurrence in the Legislative Council on March 1st, and the majority in that body appeared to adhere to the view of the minority in the Assembly, that is to say, they favored legislation specifically dealing with the seating of Mr. Kavanagh rather than declare for the general principle.

The Council's resolution in the subject is as follows: "His Majesty's Council concur in the opinion entertained by the House of Assembly, that the admission of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion into the Legislature of the Province, would not be attended with any evil consequences but would on the contrary tend to preserve that harmony which now so happily prevails among His Majesty's subjects, of all religious denominations in this Province, but His Majesty's Council are apprehensive that His Majesty might not think it decorous in the Legislature of this Province to pass a General Act in direct violation of His Majesty's instructions, which His Majesty's Government, on so important a subject, and they are fearful that the Liberal view of the friends of the Roman Catholics might be frustrated by attempting too much for them in the first instance. His Majesty's Council will, however, most willingly concur in any bill which may have for its object the admission of the Roman Catholic Representative now elected for the County of Cape Breton; as that will meet the only case which at present exists, and will give that county during the present session, the advantage of having that share in the representative body which His Majesty graciously intended they should have, and will more certainly advance the interests of that class of His Majesty's subjects in this Province, than a general bill, from which His Majesty might think it necessary to withhold his assent until the Legislature of the Mother Country have come to a determination upon this important question."

The Assembly desired a conference with the Council on the subject and came to the following resolution: "The House of Assembly agree with His Majesty's Council that no evil consequences will attend the admission of persons professing the

Roman Catholic Religion into the Legislature of the Province, and the House, sensible of the harmony which now so happily prevails among His Majesty's subjects of every religious denomination, are unwilling to disturb that peace, by partial or individual legislation:

"That the House are fully aware that any bill which has for its object the admission of Roman Catholics to seats in the Legislature, on terms other than His Majesty's instructions direct, without a clause suspending the operation of such bill until His Majesty's pleasure should be known, would be indecorous in the Legislature, and in violation of these instructions.

"That a bill which had for its object the admission of the Roman Catholic representative of the County of Cape Breton has been duly considered by the House and dismissed; that the House cannot entertain any bill of a private or individual nature or be directed to legislate on terms less general than are comprehended in the bill now before His Majesty's Council."

On March 6th the Legislative Council passed the following: "Resolved that an address be presented to His Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor, requesting him to take steps prior to the meeting of the next session of the Legislature to ascertain whether His Majesty's ministers would advise His Majesty to modify or alter His Majesty's instructions to the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief in Nova Scotia, in such manner as to admit persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, who are willing to take the State oaths but will not subscribe the declaration against popery and transubstantiation, to sit and vote in the Legislature, to act as magistrates and to be admitted to the Bar and hold other offices in this province, and to express the opinion of this board to His Excellency, that the interests of this colony would be advanced thereby and that the House of Assembly be requested to join in such address."

This resolution was concurred in by the House of Assembly. On April 2nd, 1823, this message was transmitted by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, to both Houses of the Legislature: "His Excellency, having deemed it his duty at the close of the last session of the General Assembly, to state for His Majesty's information the circumstances which occurred in the case of the Catholic member returned for the County of Cape Breton, in consequence of the oaths required to be taken by the royal instructions, he has received a despatch from His Majesty's principal secretary of state for the colonies, signifying His Majesty's approbation of the moderation with which the question had been discussed and conveyed to His Excellency, His Majesty's authority to admit Mr. Kavanagh to take his seat in the House of Assembly, and to dispense with his making the declaration against Popery and transubstantiation."

Mr. Uniacke thereupon moved the following resolution which was adopted by the House: "His Majesty having been graciously pleased to give his consent that Laurence Kavanagh, Esquire, elected to represent the County of Cape Breton, being a gentleman professing the Roman Catholic religion, should be permitted to take his seat in this House without making the declaration against Popery and transubstantiation:

"Resolved, that this House, grateful to His Majesty for relieving His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects from the disability they were heretofore under, from sitting in this House, to admit the said Laurence Kavanagh to take his seat and will in future permit Roman Catholics who may be duly elected and shall be qualified to hold a seat in the House, to take such seat without making the declaration against Popery and transubstantiation, and that a Committee be appointed to wait upon His Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor and communicate to him this resolution of the House."

I quote from the language of the journals of the Legislative Assembly on the same date: "Laurence Kavanagh, Esquire, returned duly elected as a member for the County of Cape Breton, took his seat, having previously taken the State oaths at the table of the House in the presence of the Honorable James Stewart, one of the Commissioners appointed by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, then the House adjourned until to-morrow, the third, at 1 o'clock."

In this manner was equal rights won in the Province of Nova Scotia. The seating of Laurence Kavanagh in the Assembly at Halifax was the first step which led the way to universal emancipation throughout the British dominions. It may be truly said that out of the womb of the charitable Irish society of the City of Halifax was born the spirit of Catholic emancipation; and there is no brighter page in the history of Nova Scotia than that which records the action of the members of the Legislature in wiping off the statute book the last remnant of penal legislation in British North America. This generous action on the part of leaders of Protestant opinion in our Province, laid a solid foundation upon which has been built up a spirit of tolerance and mutual respect amongst all creeds, races and nationalities that has survived up to the present hour. I have given a brief resume of an important chapter in the history of Nova Scotia and I

hope that I have made it sufficiently interesting to justify my intrusion into the evening's programme.

ST. PATRICK'S CHANCEL CHOIR, MONTREAL

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

The various religious services in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, are noted for their beauty and impressiveness, which are due to a certain degree to the scrupulous attention paid by the pastor to the external aids to religion. Not the least important is the singing by the Boys' Chancel Choir. The singing of children, as a rule, is an excellent incentive to devotion, but the singing of a well trained boys' choir has a noble and captivating influence over those who are fortunate enough to hear them.

The Boys' Chancel Choir of St. Patrick's Church, is one that impresses the visitor in many ways. The little fellows, about thirty in number, and ranging in age from nine to fourteen, are dressed in black ebon suits, which give them a very neat and dignified appearance. As they enter the nave of the church from the sacristy, the organ, presided over by Mr. Shea, the director of the choir, plays a favorite processional hymn, and the sweet voices of the boys respond. Their clear throats rising in splendid volume fill the church with beautiful strains that send a thrill of ecstasy over the congregation. As they enter the sanctuary and take their seats, all the while chanting the praises of God, one is impressed by the dignity, the grace and the unaffected piety of the boys. As some author has said, looking into their upturned faces as they sing, one would forget that there is such a thing as sin in the world. To the severe critic of music there may be defects here and there. But the verdict of the average man will be one of admiration for the boys and praise for the pastor, the director and the Christian Brothers, who are responsible for their training.

As we leave the church, which we do very reluctantly, we wonder why we cannot have more Boys' Chancel Choirs. Why has not every city church a Chancel Choir? These choirs were common in the pre-Reformation days. It is strange that many of our city pastors are content ed year after year to listen to and inflict upon the weary congregation the husky voices of men and in some cases the shrill voices of women while in every school yard there is plenty of splendid talent going to waste. The merry voices of those little fellows singing in the campus with some training might be transformed into splendid choruses that Sunday after Sunday would help to replenish in the hearts of the people the grace of God, or to convert hardened sinners.

The difficulty to the formation of a Boys' Chancel Choir is a myth. Granted a school, with a couple of hundred boys to choose from, an energetic pastor and a teacher of singing, and the problem is solved. The expense of such a choir is only an excuse for a want of a keen appreciation of the beautiful. Some of the money which sometimes is spent needlessly in vestments and ornaments might easily be diverted to the training of a boys' choir. Moreover, the churches, according to Father Wm. Finn, C. S. P., that have chancel choirs have found that the people are glad to pay for them either directly or indirectly by increased collections.

There seems to be no reasonable excuse why every effort should not be made to have such a choir in all our city churches! Since the church has given music such a prominent part in the liturgy it ought to be the endeavor of the pastors to make use of the purest interpreter of sacred music, the trained voice of the boy. The pastors of Canada who have taken the lead in this direction are to be congratulated and are certainly deserving of imitation.

LAURENTIUS.

POPE BLESSES WORKERS

Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly, daughter of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, after an audience with the Pope the other day, writes to the syndicated papers: "The Holy Father stood alone, motionless, as his visitors made their second obeisance. In another moment, looking quietly into my eyes, he offered his ringed hand."

"What can I do for you, my child?" The voice was soft and clear. "Beatissimo Padre, implora Della Santita una benedizione per i poveri degli stati Uniti occidentali."

Which, translated, is: "Holy Father, I would beg from Your Holiness a special Blessing for the low-wage workers of the United States. The Pontiff's face grew grave. "Ah, my child, the poor are everywhere—always. With all my heart I beg God to bless them. More especially at this moment do I beg God to bless those workmen and working-women of the United States who are

LAURENTIUS.

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going through a period of great distress and suffering as a result of the industrial struggle."—Chicago New World.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Catholic Mission, Taichowfu, China, Jan. 24, 1914.

Dear Mr. Coffey,—Last Sunday I had the happiness of presenting to the Bishop 123 converts for Confirmation. The faith is making great strides in China. Thousands are coming over to us—at least 100,000 a year, and new places are being opened up to the faith every day. Our great need now is priests. I sent 3 aspirants to the seminary the other day which makes 6 since I returned to China but before they are ordained ten years or more will pass. In the meantime I must employ laymen to propagate the faith. Such a person is called a catechist. He is a makeshift for a priest and does everything except administer the Sacraments. He preaches, teaches and makes converts and superintends the service on Sunday and when the priest comes around on his yearly visit presents his flock for Baptism or the other sacraments. There are 1,000 towns in my parish and not yet a dozen of them are provided with catechists. They will wallow in idolatry until I can send them a man of God.

Ten cents a week from each of a club of ten persons would support a catechist. Now, I beg and entreat the friends who read this to club together in bands of ten and elect one of the number as president who will collect the weekly offering and send it to me once a year. I am training a number of young men for the work. It is of paramount importance that when they are ready funds will be forthcoming for their support. The club who supports a catechist will be the means of opening up a new town to the faith. God's choicest blessing on all the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD!

Yours sincerely in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged	\$3775.00
A. Stullies, Pary Sound	2.00
Is. Morrison, Traversford	1.00
Lynch Toronto	10.00
Mr and Mrs. T. M. St. Columban	2.00
F. T. Kony, Southville	5.00
Seed, Newfoundland	5.00
R. Mc Stratford	35.00
Friend, Swift Ste. Marie	1.00
A Friend Niagara	2.00
Donald Dwyer, Mt. Brydges	1.00
A Friend London	1.00
A Friend Parkhill	1.00
In memory of Rev. Ledwith, Sudbury	1.00
A Friend St. Georges, Nfld.	2.00
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THE ANNUNCIATION

How pure, and frail, and white,
The snowdrops shine!
Gather a garland bright
For Mary's shrine.

For, born of winter snows,
These fragile flowers
Are gifts to our fair Queen
From Spring's first hours.

For on this blessed day
She knelt at prayer;
When, lo! before her shone
An Angel fair.

"Hail Mary!" thus he cried,
With reverent fear:
She, with sweet wondering eyes,
Marvelled to hear.

Be still, ye clouds of Heaven!
Be silent Earth!
And hear an Angel tell
Of Jesus birth,

While she, whom Gabriel hails
As full of grace,
Listen with humble faith
In her sweet face.

Be still, Pride, War, and Pomp,
Vain Hopes, vain Fears,
For now an Angel speaks,
And Mary hears.

"Hail, Mary!" lo, it rings
Through ages on;
"Hail, Mary!" it shall sound
Till time is done.

"Hail Mary!" infant lips
Lisp it to-day;
"Hail, Mary!" with faint smile
The dying say.

"Hail, Mary!" many a heart
Broken with grief
In that angelic prayer
Has found relief.

And many a half lost soul,
When turned at bay,
With those triumphant words
Has won the day.

"Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven!"
Let us repeat,
And place our snowdrop wreath
Here at her feet.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

Rev. J. J. BURKE, PHOENIX, ILL.

MIRACLES "A great multitude followed Him because they saw the miracles He did on them that were diseased."

In the Gospel of today we have recorded one of the many miracles performed by our Divine Lord while upon earth. His whole life was a mission of mercy.

After having performed many good works, Jesus went into a ship and sailed across the sea of Galilee or Tiberias. "A great multitude followed Him because they saw the miracles which He did on them that were diseased."

Jesus, going out of the ship, saw the large number of people who were following Him and had compassion on them because they were as sheep without a shepherd. He received them, went up to the mountain and taught them many things.

The people were so intent upon seeking the kingdom of God and His justice that they neglected to provide food for their nourishment. They found the kingdom of God, and this nourishment did not fail them.

Although there were about five thousand men besides women and children in the multitude and although there were only five loaves of bread and two fishes with which to feed them, Jesus by His almighty power so increased the bread and fishes that all this vast multitude not only had sufficient to eat but that twelve baskets were gathered up of the fragments that were left after all had eaten.

For "Jesus took the five loaves and two fishes and looking up to heaven He blessed them; He then broke the loaves and gave them to His disciples to set before them that were set down. In like manner also He divided the two fishes among them all as much as they could eat."

Such is the simple language in which the Evangelist John narrates the history of this great miracle of the Godman. Of course, as Catholics and Christians, we accept this Book as inspired, and we also accept as true everything contained in it.

But even if it were not inspired it is at least a history. And, using the same tests of its truth and authenticity as we would of any other history, we arrive at the conclusion that the facts narrated in it are true.

But there are some in our days who do not believe in miracles. They are repugnant to reason, they say. There were some, too, in the time of Our Lord who did not believe in them, as they thought them contrary to reason. But when they became witnesses of such manifest miracles as the multiplication of the five loaves by which the five thousand hungry people were fed, then the thought dawned upon their darkened intellects that to be above reason was not the same thing as to be against it and that there is a supernatural, as well as a natural, order.

Those who reject miracles, deny God. They admit only the natural. They say truly there are no miracles in nature. But if we admit a God—and certainly any one of reason could soon convince himself of this fact by viewing the order in nature—we must also admit a supernatural order and the possibility of miracles.

A miracle is a derogation from, or a suspension of, a natural law, wrought by a superior power and involving no intrinsic contradiction. God made the laws of nature. Who doubts His power to suspend one of those laws if it were pleasing to Him?

For example, He made a law that fire burns. Could He not on occasions suspend that law as He did when He preserved from burning the three children who were cast into the fiery furnace? According to another natural law, a body heavier than water will sink to the bottom when placed in it. Could not that law be suspended as it was when Our Divine Lord walked on the water?

Again, these five loaves of bread could feed but a few persons. But could not He who every year multiplies for you a hundred and a thousand-fold the grain of wheat or corn that is put into the ground also multiply a thousand fold those five loaves of bread?

That He really did so we have the testimony of reliable eyewitnesses. We do not require a miracle to prove a miracle as some foolishly and sophistically assert. For a miracle, as soon as it is performed, is a fact. It is perceptible to the senses; it is seen to be above the laws of nature and is testified to, just as is any other fact, by the word or writing of reliable witnesses.

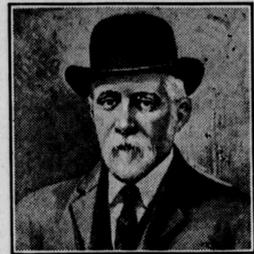
Those who deny miracles do not deny the truth of other facts in the Gospel that are not miraculous. And yet the authenticity and truth of all parts are equally certain. Even the Pagans and Jews of those days admitted the truth of miracles.

Josephus, a Jew of the time of Christ and one who always remained a Jew, speaks in his history of the death of and resurrection of Christ and other

COULD NOT EAT—FAILING FAST

Captain On Great Lakes Restored To Health By "Fruit-a-lives"

For thirty years, Captain Swan followed the Great Lakes. He has now retired and lives at Port Burwell, where he is well-known and highly esteemed.



H. SWAN, Esq.

PORT BURWELL, ONT., May 8th, 1913. "A man has a poor chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken "Fruit-a-lives" and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that "Fruit-a-lives" have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking "Fruit-a-lives" according to directions, any person with dyspepsia will get benefit!"

H. SWAN "Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

miracles. Christian writers of all ages have testified to the existence of miracles. To deny the testimony of these eyewitnesses is to deny all history. It cannot be done without sapping the foundations not only of history but of Christianity.

The facts that Christ lived upon earth over eighteen hundred years ago, that He taught, that He chose disciples, that He cured the sick, raised dead to life, died, arose again from the dead and performed other miracles are as true and based upon as solid a foundation as are facts that Napoleon Bonaparte lived one hundred years ago, and that after a series of successes he met his defeat at Waterloo.

The principal lessons to be learned from today's Gospel are to have a more lively faith in God, in His power and in His miracles; and not to be too solicitous after things of this world but to seek rather "the kingdom of God and His justice and all other things will be added unto you."

TEMPERANCE

FOLLOWING FATHER MATHEW

Though the development and spread of the temperance movement is one of the most gratifying signs of the times the drink evil is still one of magnitude. When it is remembered that \$13,500,000 are spent in drink in this country—one-third of the national earnings of the people—one can easily estimate the extent of the evil, and the urgency for sternly combating it. It is one of our most serious problems, for it eats into and corrodes our social system, and by its wasteful and debasing influence endangers industry and thrift, and lowers the moral tone of all subject to the terrible vice. Ireland spends far more than it can afford on drink, and what does it buy for its \$13,500,000? The Very Rev. Dr. Coffey, in a recent lecture, answers: "We buy the degradation represented by nine-tenths of all the public crime of Ireland. We buy the national demoralization of our slums and jails and work houses and asylums; and a debt of \$1,500,000 a year to these institutions."

These institutions do not expect to see no one expect to see the people's senseless immensity.

Why do we laugh at drunkenness? Surely the tragedy of the drunkard is not a fit subject for mirth or merry making. And if this is true when the drunken spectacle takes the form of a man bent for the time being of his senses, how much less mirth provoking is the drunken woman? "A drunken man is sad enough to look upon," says a contemporary, "but a drunken woman, one who might have been a wife, a mother, who once was a cunning, rosy-lipped, pink-and-cream baby, into whose dimpled smile a mother looked with soulful tenderness—saints above, but it is pathetic! A sanctuary profaned, innocence bespattered, beauty and purity trodden into the mire of the gutter, the finest possibility of life turned into the most disheartening!"

Ah, there should be no laughter at such a sight as this. Rather should there be tears in our eyes and prayers on our lips. It is a common sight, all too common. But to the sensitive heart its sadness is always apparent, and only the wicked or the very thoughtless will laugh at the sorry spectacle.

THE PROBLEM OF SOCIALISM

(By Right Rev. Francis Gasquet, O. S. B., D. D.)

In England as in all other parts of the world to-day the word Socialism is on the lips of almost everyone. The pressing social question broods like a spectre over every country and produces in the minds of statesmen and citizens a well-founded dread for the future of our civilization. This fear is the more terrifying because like all spectres Socialism is still without definite shape and remains vague and indeterminate. For, although so much has been written and said in regard to the Socialistic program, it is yet impossible to define what exactly the upholders of modern Socialism really mean by the term. The declarations of an extremist to day are repudiated or modified by a speaker or writer of the same school to-morrow, and here lies the difficulty of effectively considering the position of those who claim to be Socialists. It is in fact impossible to read the literature of the subject without becoming convinced that hardly two of the apostles of modern Socialism agree with each other on fundamental principles. Argument would appear to be hardly probable when the declaration as to the rights of property put forth by one teacher is repudiated by another.

There are, however, certain broad facts in regard to Socialism which it is useful to keep before the mind in these days. The origin of the present peril to society must be sought in the religious revolution, which swept over Europe in the sixteenth century. A study of the later Middle Ages, and in particular an examination of the books of popular instruction given at this period, shows that the relation between the upper and lower classes was forcibly changed by the introduction of the principles of the Protestant Reformation. Previously the Church had been able to protect the interests of the poorer children by exhortation and example. It insisted that there was a real brotherhood between man and man, and that through Christ, our Lord, all were "members one of another." As one vigorous preacher in London in the fourteenth century put it: "God did not create a gold and silver man from which the rich were descended and a clay Adam from whom comes the poorer brethren" but all, rich and poor alike, were descendants of the same stock, and were so closely allied that no Christian could ask the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Then, too, in the Christian centuries when all held the same faith, the Church's denunciation of usury—or the lending of money at exorbitant rates of interest, however, foolish and impracticable we may consider such laws in these days, most certainly protected the needy against oppression.

On the other hand the voice of the Church was equally raised against all who would seek to deprive those who possessed private property of their rights. When the followers of Wycliff at the close of the fifteenth century preached their Socialistic doctrines in England, they were opposed by

A SISTER'S DEVOTION

SAVES BROTHER FROM DRINK

Science has shown that drink is a disease, not a crime. A disease too that ruins not alone the life of the sufferer but that of his wife and children who are robbed by it of their rightful inheritance of health both in body and mind.

Some drinkers wish to save themselves, others wish to be saved whether they wish it or not. Whiskey has inflamed the delicate membranes and nerves of the stomach into a terrible torturing craving for drink, and their wills have lost the power to resist.

Read how Miss K— of Belledune River, N. B., saved her brother from this curse.

Belledune River, N. B., April 9th. "I began using Samaria Prescription in March and it is helping the patient wonderfully. I am treating my brother secretly, dissolving it in his tea and he never detects it. I take great pleasure in testifying to the merits of your wonderful Remedy and hope you will do for thousands of others what you have done for me."

Miss K— Samaria prescription stops that awful craving for drink, restores the shaking nerves, builds up the health and appetite, rendering all alcoholic liquors distasteful, even nauseous. It is tasteless and odorless and can be given either with or without the patient's knowledge in tea, coffee or food. If you know of any family needing Samaria Prescription, tell them about it. If you have a husband, father or friend who is threatened with this awful curse, help him save himself. Used regularly by hospitals and physicians. Has restored happiness to hundreds of homes.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE with booklet, giving full particulars, directions, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent in a plain sealed package to anyone mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to day, The Samaria Remedy Company, Dept. 11, 142 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada.

Oh my God and Father, to show my love for Thee, to repay Thy injured honor and to obtain the salvation of souls, I firmly resolve not to take wine, alcoholic liquor or any intoxicating drink this day. And I offer Thee this act of self-denial in union with the sacrifice of Thy Son Jesus Christ, Who daily immolates Himself for Thy glory on the altar. Amen.

TEETOTALLERS PROMOTED

With the statement that "the efficiency of a workman is greatly accelerated by total abstinence from intoxicating liquors," a quartz company of Chester, Pa., has offered its 300 employees a 10 per cent. increase in wages if they will agree to abstain from all forms of intoxicants.

William H. Stanton, general manager of the company, and originator of the plan, says he is greatly pleased with the response to the offer, and declares that nearly all the men employed at the plant have signed the agreement.

"We do not intend to draw any distinction between the men who do not sign the agreement and those who do," said Mr. Stanton, "but we will not in the future employ a man who is known to be of habitually intemperate habits, and any one who drinks after signing the paper automatically severs his connection with the company."

Although not every company pays such a striking tribute to the value of total abstinence among its employees, yet there is no business concern that would not like to see a spread of pledge-taking and pledge-keeping among its workers. Other things being equal, the teetotaler is more reliable and efficient than the man who "takes a drink."

THE TRAGEDY OF DRUNKENNESS

Why do we laugh at drunkenness? Surely the tragedy of the drunkard is not a fit subject for mirth or merry making. And if this is true when the drunken spectacle takes the form of a man bent for the time being of his senses, how much less mirth provoking is the drunken woman? "A drunken man is sad enough to look upon," says a contemporary, "but a drunken woman, one who might have been a wife, a mother, who once was a cunning, rosy-lipped, pink-and-cream baby, into whose dimpled smile a mother looked with soulful tenderness—saints above, but it is pathetic! A sanctuary profaned, innocence bespattered, beauty and purity trodden into the mire of the gutter, the finest possibility of life turned into the most disheartening!"

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Years have passed since the Pope published this great Encyclical, and the more this utterance is studied, the more it is found that the principles enunciated therein cover the whole ground of the Socialistic position. To a Catholic the principles are clear. The difficulty lies in their application. How practically can the difference between labor and capital be equitably adjusted? This is the question awaiting solution. Some of us in England and elsewhere in the old countries are looking with interest at the various experiments now being made in the way of co-operation, and many are thinking that in this lies the path to a solution of some at least of the difficulties which are now ever present in the world of labor. When capital is content with a full and even overflowing return, and labor has a fair remuneration; and when what is over and above is divided in some due proportion between the capitalist and the laborer, there would appear to be little ground for dispute and every reason that both sides should work for success. At any rate, where the experiment has been tried, as for example in the great London gas works and elsewhere, labor troubles have been unknown for many years.

The one thing, that to all thinking minds stands out quite clearly, is that all means dealing effectually with the social unrest existing to day in the world must be regulated by the principles of religion. Many, even among non-Catholics, are now being forced to look to the Church for guidance and help in the serious perils which are threatening society.—Southern Guardian.

FRENCH UNBELIEVER BECOMES A CATHOLIC

The recent conversion of Madame Juliette Adam, the French writer and editor of La Revue Bleue, has created a sensation in Paris.

She was the friend of certain statesmen, who are looked upon as the founders of the third republic: men such as Thiers, Jules Simon, Gambetta, Challemeil Lacour, etc. She used to receive these at her house, and it is an accepted truth that the republic originated in her drawing-room, and that she was, as it were, its god-mother.

Born of a father both anti-Catholic and a heathen in his ideas (so she avowed), Madame Juliette Adam, although she had received baptism, was herself a true pagan, even in the very middle of the nineteenth century.

"One day," said she to her political friends, "you will see that my sympathy for the persecuted will end by bringing me to the Catholic faith."

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 155 King St. E., Toronto, Canada

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

COULD NOT EAT—FAILING FAST

ly, and the people themselves have the remedy in their own hands. They are beginning to see the evil in all its ugliness, and a healthy, progressive public opinion is abroad, which, rightly fostered, will repeat in our time the good work done generations ago, by that great Tipperary temperance reformer, Father Mathew. Temperance societies are springing up all over the country, old ones are being strengthened, and kindred organizations are lending their powerful aid in the movement to weed out the drink plague from our midst. The Capuchin Fathers are leading the van, and have carried out successful Temperance Missions all over Tipperary and in various other Irish counties. The Pioneer Total Abstinence Association is doing splendid work also, and is steadily increasing its membership in Clonmel and elsewhere. This wave of temperance is brimful of good for the country and the people, its beneficent influences are plainly observable everywhere, and should stimulate and encourage all interested to redoubled effort in a holy cause.—Nationalist (Clonmel, Ireland).

AN INDULGENCED PLEDGE

The Catholic religion teaches self-denial and self-control. Self-abnegation is often necessary for the health of body and soul. Our Lord and His saints practised it. Abstinence from intoxicating drinks is a form of self-denial which is especially useful. Strong drink with many persons creates an unnatural craving that leads to ruin. Now one who abstains may make his abstinence an act of meritorious penance and at the same time guard himself against acquiring a dangerous appetite and habit. To encourage temperance and abstinence, Pope Pius X. has granted by a Pontifical letter dated at Rome, April 6, 1904, a special indulgence of 300 days, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, daily to all who in a spirit of faith and penance, recite the following offering:

"Oh my God and Father, to show my love for Thee, to repay Thy injured honor and to obtain the salvation of souls, I firmly resolve not to take wine, alcoholic liquor or any intoxicating drink this day. And I offer Thee this act of self-denial in union with the sacrifice of Thy Son Jesus Christ, Who daily immolates Himself for Thy glory on the altar. Amen."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAKING OF A GENTLEMAN

One of the first principles conducive to a happy life is, in fact, to be ready to take every man with a discount—to count up the points that please us and set them against the points that displease us; and if, the good points predominate to be satisfied. If you get 60 or 75 per cent. of what you would like to have in a man, it is time to thank God for it. And justice requires that you should credit him with all that you find creditable, and that you should put up with the rest without repining—still more without encroaching on his liberty and trying to make him miserable just because he is not in all respects what you would like him to be.

And so it comes to this. One of the elemental parts of a gentleman under the heading of justice is to have a good humored tolerance of others; a kindly concession to them of the liberty which you claim for yourself, a spirit of give and take, and of fellowship in infirmity which prevents you from imposing yourself upon others, just as you would not like others to impose themselves upon you.

ENCROACHMENTS ON REPUTATION

Such is one of the points of elemental justice to which a gentleman must aspire—namely, to respect the personal rights of others in points where they differ from yourself. Another elemental point is to respect other people's reputation. Those who abstain from external interference with the ways of others, without being actuated by the spirit of tolerance, are very liable to compensate for their self-restraint in one way by giving way to license, in another by the more indirect way of injuring their neighbor's reputation.

Actuated by dislike, we get our metaphorical knife into a man, and stab him with the dagger of the tongue. We slander him, and we belittle him with insinuations of evil actions, or evil motives; we embitter his friends and relations against him, and deprive him of his good name. What is the difference? Murder and burglary and embezzlement are vulgar, and slander is not! Morally the one is just as criminal as the other; only our social code, our public conscience is too coarse to recognize the parity.

"Good name in man and woman Is the immediate jewel of the soul. Who steals my purse steals trash—'tis something, nothing. 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he who filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor, indeed."

Slander, calumny, detraction, backbiting, are essentially criminal because they are as essentially unjust; therefore, they are no less ungentlemanly than burglary and murder. Any man who wishes to attain the first and most radical degree of gentlemanliness will think seriously of this.

PLAYING THE FAIR GAME

Thus under justice as the quality of a civilized being, we include everything which concerns due respect for the personal rights and liberties of others, consideration for their feelings and interests, tolerance for their defects, and a general spirit of good will and of fair play for all, giving to every man his due chance in life—entering into fair competition where

need requires, but playing the game fairly, and not trying to bluff or bully or domineer over him—yielding graciously to his superiority where this manifests itself, prepared to suffer defeat with equanimity and without malicious resistance, and without trying to take advantage some other way in the spirit of revenge.

A good illustration of this point is found in the department of sports. The chief educational value of games is precisely to give exercise to this spirit of justice and fair play. The rules of the game are laid down, and it is a point of honor for every player to observe them; while foul play of any kind is considered a disgrace before the whole field.

The game is a contest of sterling merit, not of cunning or trickery or violence; and the spirit of a good sportsman is to take victory without offensive exultation, and to take defeat without gloom or resentment—to take discredit to himself and to give credit to another with even-minded impartiality; to play a winning game with sobriety and moderation, and above all to play a losing game in good humor and perseverance—content to take second place with honor rather than first place with dishonor.

The football field is in this way a complete epitome of life, and is a remarkable test of a man's character as to whether he plays the game of life fairly or unfairly—whether he is actuated by impulse and passion and selfish interests without consideration for others, or whether he is actuated by principle and reason and justice with full consideration for others—in short, whether he is a civilized gentleman or a savage.—The Bombay Examiner.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE STAR THAT BECAME A BEAUTIFUL LILY

Once a beautiful star came down to earth. For a long time it had watched the children at play in the green fields, and the star said: "I love those little Red children; I would love to go down and live with them."

So one night the star shot down, down, till at last it stood out upon a big plain. The people in the wig-wam village saw it, and ran to look at it.

"I have come, O good people," said the star, "to dwell with you on the earth. I love to watch you in your wig-wams. I love to see you make your birch canoes, I love to watch your children at their play. Tell me, then, where I may dwell. It must be where I can see you all, and where at night I can look up at my home in the skies."

Then one chief said: "Dwell here upon the mountain top, where you can overlook the plain. The clouds will come down and rest upon the high peaks, and each morning you will greet the sun."

"Dwell here upon the hillside," said another chief, "for there the flowers grow brightest and the sun is warmest."

"Dwell in the forest," said a third chief, "for there the sweet violets grow, and the air is cool and the smell of spruce is in the air."

But the star thought the mountain was too far away, as it could not see the children from such a height, and it was they it wanted to be near. The hillside, too, the star thought, was far away, and the forest, it was sure, was too dark and dreary.

But one day the star saw a beautiful lake. The water was very clear—one could see the sky and the clouds in it. At night the stars shone down into its waters.

The water was soft and warm, and the star was pleased to see it ripple and dance. It liked to see the sunlight glimmer on the waters. The children loved the lake, too; they played all day on its banks, and

often paddled out upon it with their little canoes. "I will dwell right here," the star said, "for then I can be near the children."

And so when the sun had set the star floated down upon the waters. It sent its rays away down beneath the waters; and the Red children thought these rays took root, for the very next morning there was a beautiful lily upon the waters. Its roots reached away down into the rich earth, its petals were pure white, and it had a heart of rich yellow gold.

"No flower has a perfume so sweet," the children cried. Then they rowed out to look at it. "It is the star," the children said; "it will dwell with us forever, and we will call it the Lily Star."

Then the children rowed back to the shore. They did not pluck the lily, but each morning they went to see it.

"Dear beautiful lily!" they would say. By and by it opened wide its petals, and the air was filled with sweetness.

Then other lilies grew up around it, and after a time these Water Lilies, or Lily Stars, as the children called them, were floating on the waters of the lakes everywhere.—Selected.

GOLDEN DEEDS

One day not long ago a young woman was reading a book in which there were set forth long and stirring accounts of the golden deeds of brave men and women of the past. Some of them had given up their lives for others, and some had preferred death rather than to be untrue to their own sense of duty. The young woman had been reading about "The Shepherd Girl of Nanterre," and when she laid down the book she said: "It must have been fine to have done all that Genevieve, the Shepherd Girl of Nanterre, did. Nowadays girls have no chance to do such things."

"I don't know about that," I said. "It seems to me that there are plenty of opportunities of doing golden deeds in our day."

"Oh, of course there are lots of nice little things one can do, but one can't do the great things that were done by Joan of Arc and such Genevieve of whom I have been reading. They did such really great things, such wonderful things."

"My dear," I said, "one does not need to do great and wonderful things in order to do truly golden deeds. The simplest act of kindness is, I believe, as truly a golden deed in the eyes of the Master as anything that your Shepherd Girl of Nanterre did. The golden deeds of which you have been reading have been associated with war and bloodshed and fearful cruelties and fierce contentions and strife such as I am glad that we do not have in our day. The common, everyday life of the world affords plenty of opportunity for heroism just as great as that which prompted the famous martyrs of history to do all that they did. Hundreds of the little things of life are just as golden in their value as the deeds of the great men and women of old. Don't you think so?"

She said that it had never seemed just that way to her, and I suppose that it does not seem just that way to most young people, for they are apt to associate great and golden deeds with the notoriety that such deeds sometimes evoke. This is a mistake, and it is taking away from the true value of a golden deed.—True Voice.

GREATEST BLUNDER IN MY LIFE!

The boys and girls will be interested in a few of the "Blunders" written down by five hundred men, and to be found in the Crerar Library.

"Reading worthless books." "Did not stick to any trade." "Did not stick to anything." "Did not take care of money." "Careless about my religious duties."

"When I left my church and mother." "Not saving money when I was young." "Refused a steady position with a good firm."

"The greatest blunder of my life was gambling." "Was to fool away my time when I was at school."

"Thinking that my boss could not do without me." "Would not hearken to the advice of older people."

"Not keeping my position but grew slack in my work." "When I left school before I was past the fourth grade."

"My greatest blunder was when I first learned to smoke."

VATICAN DENIES RIDICULOUS STORY

The story which has been put in circulation to the effect that the Pope during an audience that he recently accorded to two members of a royal family, requested them to give an exhibition of the tango dance, and that he expressed surprise at the popularity of such a vulgar dance while numerous excellent national dances exist, such as, for instance, the "Turlana," is utterly without foundation. It originated with a correspondent of the Paris "Temps." As a rule, little notice is taken in the Vatican of such ridiculous reports, but this one has deeply annoyed the people in the big palace and has grieved the Holy Father himself, who is surprised that so many newspapers should print such frivolous items concerning him.

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"CATHOLIC UMBRELLAS"

A PROCESSION OF THEM ON A RAINY SUNDAY GIVES A PROTESTANT MINISTER FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The Rev. William P. Cantwell, LL. D., in the Monitor, Newark.

Not long since, on a rainy Sunday, a census was taken up in a prosperous little New Jersey town of all those who attended divine service throughout the community. The result was startling, and drew from a Methodist clergyman a sermon on "What is the matter with Protestantism in Red Bank?" It was found that in one Protestant church there were only 18 worshippers that Sunday, whilst in another there were but 45.

"There are at least 10 Protestant churches," said the Methodist minister, "within the arena of St. James' parish (not including Colored,) and a conservative estimate would give their combined attendance on that morning at close to 400. That looks a little better."

On the Sunday specified the Catholic church of the town had an attendance of 700.

We quote the sermon: "From the parsonage window I saw the procession of umbrellas moving towards Broad street. It was an impressive sight. Old men, young men, matrons and maidens, boys and girls, under those umbrellas. And they were not Protestant umbrellas. Then I could see the cars stop at the corner, where dozens alighted to join the umbrella regiment."

"They must have a good many umbrella racks around the corner there. They certainly need them. A Sunday or two ago a brother complained that we were lacking here in that respect. I was glad to hear that kind of complaint. All our Protestant churches ought to need more. Wrought to be doing a bigger rainy day business. Something is the matter with the Protestants of Red Bank. He has done us a service in directing attention to it. We do need, for one thing, a better showing of umbrellas on rainy Sundays and fewer empty pews when skies are clear."

Naturally enough, after giving these statistics so damaging in their comparison and so disquieting, the Methodist clergyman sought to give some reasons for the difference, a soothing apology for what could not be denied or concealed.

And the reasons came with a vengeance. The frank clergyman, of course, did not appreciate the force of his own reasoning. He established beyond question that no Protestant is ever bound to attend service, rain or shine. We have read his reasons, and we confess our surprise that any Protestant church should have the attendance it does. If the reasons were not an invitation for logical men to remain at home Sunday, we are unable to fathom their meaning. They proved not only why it did happen, but why it should happen every Sunday. Let us listen to the sermon:

"Why do not more Protestants go to church? "In the first place, they are not compelled to. That suggests one difference between our Church and the Catholic. We cannot coerce our members into church attendance. And if we ministers had the power to compel every one of our members to attend service next Sunday we would not use it. Why? That would be a repudiation of one of the cardinal principles for which Protestantism stands. Ours is a voluntary service. We may exhort, admonish and even drop from our membership roll those who willfully neglect the means of grace, yet, after all, church attendance with us is a purely voluntary act."

How sad the confession! Protestantism is without a divine commission. It has no credentials and no authority. It cannot command its own communicants, and it would not command them if it could. It has no right to order any one to listen to its doctrines, no right to order them to come that they may hear. It is founded on a rejection of authority; it is merely, as its name indicates, a protest. Rejecting authority, it dares not exercise it. It has reduced religion to a mere individualism, to a matter of opinion. Its fundamental tenet is the private interpretation of Scripture. And if each is to seek and to find for himself, what need of a guide? What need of a minister? What need of a church!

Surely this Methodist clergyman has proved his case. He has given a reason why so many were absent on that rainy Sunday, and unwittingly he has given a reason why they should be absent the next fine Sunday; why they should be absent indefinitely. He could not do otherwise, unless he would be guilty of a "repudiation of one of the cardinal principles for which Protestantism stands!"

His logic, his necessary logic, has eaten its way into the souls of his flock long since. He states what they have long since realized. They will reason for their absence from divine service is their reason—only they are living up or down, if you will, to it.

The frank Methodist clergyman continues his reasons, and let us follow him:

It should be remembered in this matter of comparative church attendance, especially on rainy Sundays, that we have no saving ordinances in our worship. No forgiveness of sins by the ministers; no Holy Communion in which the communicant eats the literal body of Christ. We have no altars, or shrines, or relics invested with divine efficacy. We claim no authority to anathematize anybody, or exclude from the kingdom of grace and glory those who refuse to keep their Church vows. So that the mere physical act of going to church cannot possibly mean as much to a Protestant as to a Catholic. To the Protestant it is a duty and a privilege. To the Catholic it is virtually a sacrament involving most solemn and vital ceremonial which can be neglected only at the peril of the soul. So not having these ceremonial, sacramental reasons for being at church; in other words, not being really required to attend, it must be that Protestants do not go because they do not wish to."

Alas, it is all true! There is nothing in the Protestant service adequate to draw men to the worship of God. Just a hymn or two; just a string of opinions on matters more or less religious. Nothing else.

Alone, among all the religions which have appeared on earth, Protestantism is without a sacrifice. It has no distinctive rite by which to worship God. It has no altar, because it has no sacrifice. And where was God ever worshipped without an altar? Even our Protestant friends have told us how empty, how unsatisfactory a Protestant church edifice is. Empty and cold and bewildering. As meaningless in the chance as in the choir loft.

How vastly different the feeling when one enters a Catholic Church? The silence, the reverence, the altar and its tabernacle, the almost consciousness of an abiding Presence even to those who are not of the household of the faith. There is a mysterious something which awes the visitor; he feels himself touching the hem of His garment.

The priest, clad in his vestments, enters the sanctuary; he ascends the altar steps; he proceeds with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; he raises aloft the Eucharistic God, and as the tiny bell tinkles in silvery accents the worshippers bow low their heads in adoration.

A peace comes into the heart of the stranger. He is a stranger no longer. He is in his Father's house. It is a church, not a mere meeting house.

Who has not felt these emotions? Yes, there is something in the Catholic Church worth coming out on a rainy Sunday morning for. We can hardly explain such frankness in a minister from whose eyes the scales have not dropped.

"To the Protestant it is a duty and a privilege" to attend his Sunday service. A duty? But have you not declared already that it is not a duty? There is no obligation, and you would have none even if you could.

A privilege? Pray, where is the privilege? What have you in your church services that you might by any stretch call a privilege? The privilege of a hymn or two. The privilege of a more or less sensational sermon. Men seek privileges, but even you admit that they avoid your Sunday services. It is no privilege to receive a stone instead of bread.

The simple truth is that earnest Protestants have lost faith in their church. Therefore they have ceased to attend its services. They yearn for the word of God. They hear from their pulpit worldly subjects or frothy denunciations or sensational discourses. They are just as likely to find a vaudeville performance as not when they go bent to worship their Maker. Some still go to services, brought there by varying motives, but the great bulk of Protestants are now churchless. They

have grown weary clinging to a foothold on shifting sands, and they have flung themselves into the tide of religious indifference which is sweeping by them, and to which siren voices call them.

Protestantism has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. There is nothing in it to satisfy the human intellect or the human heart. It is a babel of confused voices. It is a signboard pointing in different directions. It has now reached the logic of its destiny. It expresses itself in an individualism whose shibboleth is, "One religion is as good as another," and whose conclusion must be, in the world at large as in the prosperous town of Red Bank: "And no religion is worth bothering about."

The hardest and best-borne trials are those which are never chronicled in any earthly record and are suffered every day.—Charles Dickens.

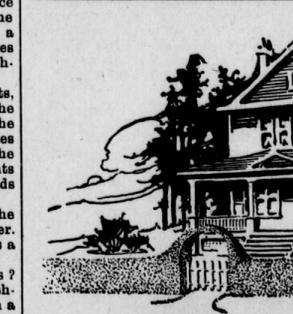
The Church has been a perpetual witness for the elevation of man. She has worked for his freedom, even when she knew it not. She has been something very human as well as very divided.

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