

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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OFFICIOUS MEDDLERS

Much harm is done by officious meddlers of both sexes who pose as moral leaders. Subjects demanding deft and expert handling are treated so as to counteract any good effects that may be accomplished. Recently, however, a woman more or less "advanced" was prevented by the Chicago Board of Education from giving a course of lectures on sex-hygiene. This lady is one of the products of the times. For to day educators and faddists assume that parental responsibility is a lost art, and that children exist but to be made the experiment of their theories. That neglect of duty in regard to the moral and hygienic training of children is one of the disheartening phenomena of our civilization requires more proof than the mere word of a publicist. The average mother can be depended upon to start her children on life's journey properly equipped to meet its perils.

INDIFFERENCE

One of the greatest menaces to spiritual growth is the indifference to God and the soul. It emanates from books and periodicals; it is visible in lives about us, in the pre-occupation with business, in absorption in the satisfaction offered by the senses. It blunts the edge of our spiritual side and makes us blind to the things that are out of sight. It strives to give permanent value to the transient, and saturates its victims with the poison of worldliness. It wears seemly garments and may speak in cultured accents. It may go its way decorously, respecting always every social convention, and so wrap itself around a man as to make him unconscious of its contact. And one smitten with worldliness may busy himself with divers things, may be a substantial citizen in his community, may be lauded and be praised and yet have to his credit years that when winnowed by eternity may have little fruit. Without wishing to preach one wonders at the senseless manner of living of people destined for the life beyond the spheres. It is so—too they in other matters—so unbusiness-like. It is such a poor investment this devotion of time and talents and energy to the acquisition of baubles that are valueless at the end—the feverish pursuit of place that dissolves when death calls. And it is so difficult to convince them of this real and pressing danger. They strive and they play in the market place, but they have forgotten their destiny. It is an old story, but with vision restored, with the tide of enthusiasm flooding their veins, with a quickened sense of their personal and social responsibilities, what an impress they could make upon the community and what potent factors they could be in the moulding of a healthy public opinion. With the soul no longer an outcast, no longer submerged in business, in clubs, in ambitions, no longer preyed upon by fashion and society and amusements, what a fount of happiness would be theirs for the healing and sustaining of their lives.

GUARD THE CHILDREN

Indifference is a seed sown in the hearts and minds of children. When they are not educated in their religion, and when, by example at least, they are taught that the world should enlist their energies they grow up hardly believing in the world to come. The objects of their faith become vague and dim and the blessed word of leisurely living is forgotten, ignored, despised. We fail to remember that the home is a workshop in which character is fashioned, bent in this or that, directed, tempered and tried. The parent is the worker by divine appointment. His is the mission to bring out the divine on his own flesh and blood, he has the model always before him. Day by day he can, by his watchfulness, his guidance, his severity, perhaps, his words and examples, see growing under his hands a purity and beauty which even the greatest artists can never portray. But he must be careful in the selection of his tools. His

faith will show him what should be the aim of his endeavors, and the sense of his dread responsibility should shield him from either apathy or negligence. There are homes indeed which, owing to truly Catholic parents, are the ante-chambers of heaven. There peace and innocent merriment have their abode. There the soul is made strong for the stress and strain of the after years. There is inculcated the principle that the great source of happiness, the surest anodyne for disappointment is that to be and not to have, is the thing that counts. Hence the children who enter life's lists from such homes are accustomed to measure values by the standard of eternity. They may never achieve what the world terms success, and may in obscurity and poverty pass all their days, but the religion taught them in their youth is a barrier to discontent and is ever directing their minds to their dwelling beyond the grave.

THE COST OF NEGLIGENCE

Some homes, however, turn out very indifferent specimens of workmanship. There is no harmony in their proportions. They are objects of ignorance and of neglect. They are marred by dirt and slovenliness. They can hear but the clamour of the world, and see but its treasures. And because their vision is distorted (the men and women who hear the whisperings of divine truths, walk circumspectly and are not worshippers of the "God of Getting On," are but strange phenomena, old-fashioned and out of joint with modern progress. These children have not been fashioned according to the Divine Model, and must, if they ever reach the end for which they were created be made over by the Church. Experience will cleanse them of some of their conceit, but the Church alone can adjust their vision and give them sightliness. What we should understand is that as the stream can be nowhere purer than at its source so neither human society nor the Church of Christ itself can rise higher than the morality of the homes which constitute one and the other.

GRUMBLERS

Few people would care to confess to actual thought or intention of rebellion against the Divine plan or order of things, yet people the world over grumble at the weather, the climate, the seasons. The sun and the rain, the heat of summer and the cold of winter, the general scheme of things beyond their control, all come in for an ample share of the blame so generously distributed. Such grumbling seems to the thoughtful, dangerously near to irreverence. Tho' it is not so meant. Yet it might not be amiss for every grumbler to stop and consider just where the habit leads:

HOLY IRELAND

"In Home Life in Ireland," written by Robt. Lynd, a Presbyterian, we find this passage:

"If you are in a little town in any part of Ireland—except the north-west—about noon, when the chapel bells ring for the Angelus, you will see all the men suddenly taking off their hats and crossing themselves as they say their mid-day prayers. The world loses its air of work, or of common-place idleness, and the streets take on an intense beauty for the moment as the old people and the young people half hide their eyes and murmur a prayer to the Mother of God. The boy walking with a loaded cart stands still with bowed head, or stumbles forward, praying as he walks. In the doors of the houses, in the entries on the bridge over the river, the town assumes a multitudinous reverence as the tide of prayer sweeps through it to the dining music of the bells. Even the policeman, ludicrously stiff in his military uniform, lowers his head with a kind salute, and offers homage to heaven. I confess I like this daily forgetfulness of the world in the middle of the day. It brings wonder into almost every country town in Ireland at least once every day."

DO OUR PART

Humanity hates a traitor. From the very first ages the sons of this earth have despised the renegade and the apostate. The man who deserts his convictions deserves his deserts, but to cling to a name rather than

to hold fast to an issue is folly and asinine. Party labels have meaning only so long as the party lives up to the label and these labels are mere phrases to designate schools of political thought. When they cease to fulfill their pledges, the voter who stands for this conviction looms forth in sanity, courage and good citizenship. Growth necessarily alters original outlines. Time changes conditions and wise men change with the times. It is not the label that counts, but the man and measure represented on the label. Men make the laws, they preside over the courts which interpret them and then they defend and break them. The time is near at hand when this state of affairs must change, and until that hour arrives we shall have more or less of chaos. But first there must come an awakening to responsibility on the part of those who are now lifting their voices in protest against things as they are. Catholic men, as a body, lack responsibility. They complain of the incapability of the law-makers but refuse to devote any of their own precious time to remedying the situation or improving the outlook. They count their salaries before the opportunity and honor of serving their fellowmen. They do not present themselves as possible candidates, they figure the cost of citizenship in only ones—dollars and cents. When men, efficient enough to work for themselves, wise enough to work for their children and broad enough to devote talents to the upbuilding of affairs—are ready to apply their brains and to utilize their experience and to spend their salary for the greatest good of the greatest number, the saloon potentate will no longer hold sway. The administration of civic affairs will be characterized by dignity and sanity and honor. The square deal is not only ethically sound, but it is a sound, safe and profitable financial proposition. Nowadays the only way to get a square deal is to ask for it—very loudly. We all smile and sympathize when we hear politicians, of vast humanitarian tendencies, telling us that we must "bear one another's burdens." Into much of our recent politics has come, by the way, a gentle moral flavor. In the dreadful days of long ago politicians were accustomed to justify their schemes by showing them to be useful and by claiming that they would pay. Only one, if we remember correctly, was able, at all seasons, to sound the moral note. His disciples have multiplied, however, and a sound of "my brethren, let us be good," pervades speeches from many a modern platform.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

JAPANESE CONVERTED BY GOOD DEEDS.—Father Michael Sauret, P. F. M., writing from Kurume, says: "The Japanese people, whom St. Francis Xavier called the 'delight of my heart,' have for some years excited the admiration of the entire world by the facility with which they have assimilated our material civilization. Unhappily the progress of this people along religious lines has not been so rapid, and the missionary finds much to disappoint his apostolic heart. The numerous Protestant sects are as great an obstacle to the conversion of the Japanese, as Buddhism and Shintoism.

"Under such conditions the continual sermon of good work, who are considered best, and a hospital at Kurume, where I have resided twenty-four years, has been found very practical. It is in charge of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, and the dispensary is frequented by the poor, who derive much benefit. Hundreds of dying infants have also been baptized by the Sisters whose devotion is making a good impression upon the pagans. Money, however, is needed to enlarge and perfect the hospital so that it may be able to accommodate the wealthy Japanese, who are somewhat critical of outward appointments, and who would never mingle with the poor. This class appeals also to our missionary zeal, and we would like to see our conversions extend to them by the ministrations of the Sisters in times of illness and distress."

WHY WE AID HEATHENS.—"I can conceive that someone may say: 'We need everything at home. We have thousands and tens of thousands without education. Half the population of London never go to be baptized, or if they have, they live as if they never have been. Here is our heathen world. Here is our missionary work. Why then send missionaries into other lands?'"

"The answer is: 'If you wish to put out a fire you have to stifle it. Keep down the flame of the love of God and of your neighbor, and it will soon die out.'"

"This answer would be sufficient, but we have an ampler reply: Our Divine Lord has promised, 'Give, and it shall be given to you.' Therefore, if I did not know how to find the means even to build a school, I would refuse alms to send the Gospel to the heathen. Be assured that the same Lord who is Almighty is also generous. He is able and willing to give us all we want. It is an axiom of faith, that the Church was never yet made poor by giving its last farthing for the salvation of souls."—Cardinal Manning.—(Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects.)

Hankow, China, is a city thickly populated with foreigners of every nationality, but nearly all speaking English. The majority of these are Protestants.

"We can live a day on one third of a dollar," writes Father Hood, of India. "The remaining two-thirds is devoted to mission needs. I am glad to say that all the missionaries whom I have met think first of their mission, and are satisfied with what is left for themselves."

Usually, Chinese native Christians who go about baptizing children in danger of death, ask no salary. They are satisfied with the least little gift from the missionary—a small cross, a picture, a medal, a devotional book. He can make their happiness complete by presenting their village chapel, in recognition of their zeal, a pair of candlesticks, a crucifix, or a set of Stations of the Cross. In the case of travelling baptizers, the small sum of \$2 per month is given. Out of this they are expected to pay all their expenses.

It is said by some of our missionaries that the Catholic African native has an altogether different expression from that of his Protestant or Mohammedan brother. The Protestant native, as a rule, looks rather impudent though intelligent; the Mohammedan is very clean in his appearance and wears an expression of indifference, except when he is addressed, when he smiles very pleasantly; the heathen are generally very dense looking; while the Catholic native can usually be distinguished from the others by a certain expression of gentleness.

THE OPPOSITION TO HOME RULE

TRUE STATE OF THE CASE

His Eminence Cardinal Logue recently visited Bradford, Eng., and during the course of an address made the following reference to the condition of affairs in Ireland. We wish every member of the rank and file of Orangemen in Canada would read it as it is the best evidence that can be given that the anti-Home Rule leaders are actuated solely by selfish motives.

Passing on to refer to what he described as a misconception, the Cardinal said it was alleged at the present day that if the people of Ireland obtained control of their own affairs they would be likely to persecute some of their neighbours. He defied any person who read the history of Ireland to find a single instance where Irish Catholics had persecuted their neighbours because of their religion. He had lived among people of different denominations for the greater part of his life, and he could conscientiously say that he never intentionally or knowingly used a word to give offence to anyone, and he certainly would not be a party to persecution. If Ireland gained control of her own affairs there would be a distribution of public offices. Every man would have such right to these offices as his capabilities and knowledge entitled him to. They had a saying in Ireland if there was a contest for a public office, "Let the best horse take the jump." He would be sorry to exclude anyone from a public office, and if a Protestant or dissenter or anyone else was better qualified for office than one of his (the Cardinal's) co-religionists he would support him. And in his attitude he believed he was not alone; he thought it was the general feeling of the Catholics of Ireland.

"Even if Sir Edward Carson raised his army and used the cast-off Italian rifles and commenced to shoot, they would not shoot back. He did not think there would be much need of shooting back, because from the quality of the rifles, and the skill of the riflemen, he did not think there would be much danger to anyone. He did not interfere much in politics, but he was certainly a determined Home Ruler. He desired Home Rule not for the benefit of Catholics but for the welfare of the country generally. When the day came, as he believed the day would come, when this enactment was passed—and the sooner the better—he thought it would be found that, notwithstanding all the talk about persecution, injustice and everything else, the people of Ireland would see their own interests, and would work shoulder to shoulder to endeavor to improve the condition of the country. The quarrels

were kept up by politicians for their own objects, and as soon as politicians dropped them the people of the country would work harmoniously together. There would be no civil war in Ireland. It would take two parties to make a fight, and even if one side desired to make a fight there would be no other side to fight against, because the people of the country did not want to fight."—Tablet.

NOT CATHOLICS

Over in England a number of editors seem to think that G. K. Chesterton is a Catholic. His writings would lead one to believe so, because of their Catholic tone. But he is a member of the Church of England. Here in America some Catholic editors constantly refer to Miss Caroline D. Swan as a Catholic. We know for a fact, and have known it for years, that our colleagues are mistaken. It would be right to call Miss Swan a Catholic-minded poet, if one wished to compliment her on her verse, much of which is excellent; but she is not a Catholic in the true sense of the term. She is an Anglican or Protestant Episcopalian of the High Church wing. Some day, she may, by God's help, become a Catholic, and certainly her poetic aspiration after the whole unbroken gift of faith would seem to deserve such a boon; but meanwhile we do not think she helps matters by accepting from Catholic editors the title "Catholic" which she must know is given to her by them under a misapprehension. There is nothing like keeping the record clear and straight.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE FORCE OF CATHOLICITY

The marvelous fact of the ancient world, at least that part of it that was Greco-Roman in civilization, was the acceptance of a Jew as the Saviour of the human race. The mountains of prejudice that had to be overcome (in subscribing to the cardinal belief that Jesus of Nazareth was true God), can only be conjectured in the light of the extant documents that show the unmeasured hatred and contempt against the Jew. It was at variance with the deepest convictions. It ran counter to established respectability. It outraged time-honored tradition. It was a complete surrender of everything that was sacred and patriotic. No wonder that these Roman converts were accused of atheism and treason. The ferocity of the law proscribing Christianity, makes clear the utter impossibility of any toleration of the new Religion. "Non licet esse," "it is not allowed to exist." It is characteristic of the true faith in all ages of persecution that its complete extermination was always aimed at. It was not only to be harassed, belabored, belied; it was to be wiped out. There have never been any half-way measures against Catholicity. Like its Founder death was always to be its portion. Whether through rack or rope, through schism or heresy, men would rid themselves of it. This is the constant miracle of the ages that against such onslaughts the Church has survived. Men batter in vain. They try new tactics with the same results. They succumb when weary of persecution. Meanwhile they have been renewing the Church. They have weeded out the weak and the vicious, and they have fertilized the ground in the blood and sweat of the martyr and the confessor. Phenix or hydra, as men may look on it, the Church survives all vicissitudes.—New World.

A TRIBUTE AND A REBUKE

Of the late Sir Richard W. Scot of Canada, a Canadian Bishop, once his pastor, said:

"He was a parishioner of mine for several years when I was at St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa. I esteemed him as the highest type of a Christian gentleman. While he was known to the people of Canada in his political relations largely, he was particularly esteemed by myself for his religious faithfulness and charitable work. He was an active worker in the St. Vincent de Paul society of St. Joseph's Church, and even when he was a Cabinet Minister, with all the duties of that office, he attended regularly to his personal calls on the poor.

"There is in this tribute a rebuke to the indifference toward the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society which characterizes so many of us. We think we are too busy, too preoccupied, to be bothered with looking after our poor and unfortunate brethren. Let the old, simple-hearted men attend to that. They have had fewer educational advantages than we, and hence have fewer calls upon their time. They feel more at home than we visiting poor tenements and humble homes. This is what we excuse and not a reason. The real cause of our apathy is a lack of charity. We may be better educated than some others, but we have not the heart-learning which leads to the love of God and our neighbor.—Sacred Heart Review.

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

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

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest.

Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

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

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

REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....\$1,708 75
P. E. Woodford, Harbor, Main 1 00
Francis Melady, St. Columban 2 00
A Friend, Barrie..... 50
James Jack, Calgary..... 1 00
A Friend, Regina..... 1 00
J. O. A., Charlottetown..... 1 00
Miss M. Delay, Lethbridge..... 1 00
F., South March..... 1 00
Hugh S. Quinn, Ottawa..... 2 00

REMITTANCES TO FATHER FRASER

By cheque April 25, 1913..... \$780 00
May 15, 1913..... 5 00
(Special)..... 5 00
" " July 11, 1913..... 736 70

GOD'S CINEMATOGRAPH

FATHER VAUGHAN USES BEAUTIFUL SUNSET TO TEACH A GODLESS MILLIONAIRE

Someone, perhaps, now listening to me may be saying in his heart: "Religion does not appeal to me. I have cut it out of my life long ago."

Another will be thinking: "It is all very well for you to preach about religion; it is your business, whereas mine is money-making in the city."

"My religion," the philanthropist will tell me, "is not to be found between the covers of the New Testament, but in the pages of the Social Year Book. We have done with dogma and the formalism of religion altogether."

I stood not many weeks ago, on the deck of a Pacific liner, ploughing her way from Honolulu to Yokohama. The sun sinking to the west divided the smooth expanse of waters on stern and port side into seas of gold and silver; while the western heavens from horizon to zenith were a rainbow of color pierced through and through by strong rays of glory shot forth by the sun in his setting. It was an inspiring motion picture painted by the Master's hand.

As I stood on the upper deck enraptured by this sight, a multi-millionaire, travelling to distract his unhinged mind, sidled up to me, and in tones of voice harmonizing with his misery, asked me why I appeared so ravished by a mere ball of fire dropping behind the water's edge, and he added: "I see nothing in it, and I've no use for it."

From the mere fact that he had thus expressed himself, I felt sure that my solitary friend, who had spoken to hardly a soul on the voyage, felt there was some lesson in the sunset, and that he was to blame for not learning something from it.

Taking him by the arm, I said: "Friend, nearly ten millions of your fellow countrymen in the State pay their dimes every day of the year to watch a cinematograph incomparably inferior to that one unfolding itself yonder. Our motion pictures change once a week; God's sunsets have been changing every day for millions of years; no two sunsets being alike and every sunset changing every second.

"What you really want, my friend," I continued, "is a little more poetry and a great deal more religion. If only you could open wide the gates of your soul to the presence and influence of Jesus Christ, I feel quite sure that in a very short space of time His friendship would mean so much to you that not a wild dower at your feet, nor a throbbing star over your head, but would speak to you in bursts of eloquence about Him Who made them all for your delight and benefit.

"Religion is nothing to you because it is not everything. 'Religion,' says the poet, 'is all or nothing.' You are soiled, sad, and a cynical man, because your soul, being without religion, without the Interpreter of Life and Nature, it is like a ship without a pilot, like an army without its leader; or, may I say, like a heart without love."

It usually costs a man something to listen to flattery.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Passion Play will be performed this year at five different places in the German-speaking countries, at Eri, Brixlegg, Stilldorf, Selzach and Radigund; also another in Slovak-tongue in Tynau, Hungary.

America tells us that the indications are, that in 1925, the schools of Germany will contain more Catholic than Protestant children. The Church is making splendid progress in Germany, and would make much more were it not for mixed marriages.

The Bible, known as the Vulgate was compiled by St. Jerome in 380, who carefully collated and translated all texts, in the Chaldean, Greek, Hebrew and other languages, belonging to the first, second and third centuries.

According to the provisions of the Apostolic Constitution reorganizing the seminaries of Rome, the Collegio Leoniano is hereafter to be reserved solely for ordained priests who come to Rome, each with the permission of his Bishop, to study and to seek more advanced learning.

Belgium has a brilliant young Jesuit in Father Henusse. At the Palais de Justice he received an ovation after his address on the Psychology of Sacred Eloquence, delivered before a large assemblage of lawyers, magistrates and politicians.

A community of exiled French Sisters of La Sagesse (Daughters of Wisdom) were recently established in Liverpool. At a fête in their aid, Sir William Bowring declared that France might be the poorer for their loss, but they in England were the better for their presence.

Pope Pius, on Saturday, July 26, wrote Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, thanking him for the \$80,000 contribution made by the Archdiocese of Boston for the Constantine anniversary monument. The \$80,000 contribution was the largest made. The second largest contribution was \$25,000, sent by the Duke of Norfolk.

Right Rev. Bishop Byrne, of Nashville, Tennessee, has put the ban of his official censure on "animal" dances. His edict was read from every Catholic pulpit in the diocese a few Sundays ago. It is the most drastic yet recorded in the fight against rag dancing. It bars all offenders from participating in the sacraments.

The Society of Jesus will be three hundred and seventy-nine years old Aug. 15. On the feast of the Assumption, in the year 1584, Ignatius Loyola and six associates took their first vows in the chapel of Montmartre, Paris. This was the foundation of the Jesuit Order, which has grown until to day, when the Fathers are to be found working for souls in all parts of the world.

The following notice has been posted over the offertory box in the Church of the English Martyrs, Urmoston, Lancashire, England: "To the burglar: No money in box. Cleared this morning. Please don't break the padlock. Put a penny in for new church. Kneel down and say a prayer. Yours truly, the rector. P. S.—Don't take this card."

The well-known English expert on works of art, Mr. Purves Carter, while in Rome recently presented to the Holy Father a beautiful, specially-designed engraving in aqua fortis from the original painting of the Blessed Thomas More, by Albert Durer. This valuable portrait was only recently discovered in Canada.

A teaching Sister of Antigonish, N. S., will receive in September from the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., a doctor's degree. She is Sister St. Leonard, Congregation of Notre Dame, and is already an M. A. of St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish. She is a sister of the Rev. Dr. Thompson, parish priest of Glace Bay, and also of Sister St. John the Baptist who has recently been appointed Provincial of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

The late Anthony N. Brady, the traction magnate of Albany, N. Y., left \$25,000 to St. Peter's hospital in that city by his will and \$75,000 to various other charities. His estate was valued at \$700,000. Mr. Brady had begun life in Albany as a poor boy. His first position was that of cashier in a barber shop. He had a genius for business and soon embarked in the tea trade from which he went into the gas and traction business where he amassed a fortune.

Catholic activities in English public life during the past few weeks are thus summarized by an American writer there: A Catholic priest blessed the colors of the Irish Guards in presence of a bare-headed king. A Roman Cardinal encouraged the International Congress for the suppression of the White Slave Traffic with the news that their efforts were watched sympathetically by the Vatican, which was devising ways and means of assistance. A Catholic from Beaumont College, rowed at Henley's famous regatta; while Catholic philanthropic work was represented by Father Bernard Vaughan's treat to one thousand East End children, whom he took to Epping Forest.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CHOKER

CHAPTER XX

CAPTAIN BERESFORD'S PHOTOGRAPH

Look here upon this picture!—Hamlet

It must not be thought that I had forgotten old friends all this time. I constantly wrote to Deb and Mrs. West, and through them sent suitable presents to Patey, Dan, Sweetlips, and big and little Mary. These gifts were made anonymously, of course; but I think their recipients were at no loss to guess where they came from. There had been a tremendous hue-and-cry raised on my behalf, and without the smallest success. Dan admitted having driven me to the station, and there the trail failed; in spite of the united exertions of Miss Fluker, Mr. French, and the police, I had completely and mysteriously disappeared.

One morning, coming in from the garden, I found auntie and uncle in close and solemn conclave over a letter; it had evidently been under discussion for some time, and the court was preparing to rise as I entered.

"I suppose there is no help for it," muttered uncle, grumpily; "you had better write and say that the sooner she comes the better. Vane is an old friend of mine, and I could not refuse hospitality to his wife, although she is a giddy young girl by all accounts, and he made a regular fool of himself. We have an empty spare room and she is welcome to it."

"Who is coming?" I asked, eagerly, tossing off my topee, and drawing up a chair.

"A young married lady—the wife of Colonel Vane, a great friend of ours; we have never seen her, but I believe she is young and pretty," replied auntie.

"And why is she coming here?" I asked, getting to the point, as usual.

"Because Colonel Vane is obliged to go to England on business, and he does not like to leave her at Lucknow all alone; and he dreads taking her home in winter, as she has a delicate chest."

There was very little information to be had about our visitor. Aunt and uncle knew nothing about her, excepting that she was many years younger than her husband; and that, every one was amazed when Colonel Vane (a confirmed old bachelor) had taken to himself for a wife a pretty girl twenty-five years his junior.

I was on the tiptoe of expectation till the appointed day came and our guest arrived. Uncle met her at the station, and auntie and I in the porch. She stepped out of the carriage, a very elegant, neat figure—very far from the grimy object I was, when I made my first appearance at Mulkapore. How she contrived to keep herself so clean amazed me; but I afterward learned that she was much indebted to a thick veil and dust cloak. Mrs. Vane was very small and slight and dark, and had the prettiest and most impertinent little nose (not *retroverse*) I ever saw; she had quantities of beautiful brown hair, and wore a thick curly fringe.

She looked quite young, not more than four-and-twenty, and rumor had not misled me—she was remarkably pretty. She was dressed in a dark navy blue cambric, thickly trimmed with many quiltings, edged with the fashionable coffee-colored lace. Yards of the same encircled her throat, coquettishly fastened at one side by a silver crocodile brooch, and on her slender wrists were dozens and dozens of bangles. She, I think, took us all in with one rapid glance of her roving dark eyes; and she afterward imparted to me confidentially that her first impressions were decidedly in our favor.

She soon made herself quite at home, and was no restraint or trouble in the house; but, on the contrary, a great acquisition. Joking with uncle, helping auntie in her garden and assisting me in rearranging the drawing-room, and contriving striking new "effects" in the disposal of flowers, pictures, and furniture, occupied the first few days. She readily learned all our family jokes, the names of most of the servants, and established herself on a footing of friendly intimacy with the dogs, birds, and fowls, and her lively, attractive manners, and her facility were a first-class passport to universal popularity. She was certainly an oddity in some ways. The very pink of propriety in society, and under auntie's eyes—when alone with me she "broke out," as she called it, and indulged in slang, and all sorts of expressions hitherto foreign to my ears; and, in short, she was extremely fast, and gloriol in "shocking me," as she called it. My dressing-room, of an afternoon, was her favorite lounge, and she favored me with a great deal of her society; and, thanks to auntie's fort winks, every day after tiffin we enjoyed a long and uninterrupted *tête-à-tête*. Extended at full length on my sofa, she gave me her opinion gratis of men and manners. She was not the least reticent about herself or her affairs, and exacted equal frankness from me.

"I like the name of Nora Neville," she remarked one day; "it goes with quite a swing. Where did you pick up the name of Nora?—feminine, or Noah, of course. I think I'll call you Nora—shall I?"

I vainly begged that she would do nothing of the kind.

"Oh, yes, I really must. You might have come out of the ark, you were so preposterously antediluvian in some ways, and behind the present

age four thousand years at the very least.

"Noah Neville is your name, and Ireland is your nation, Mulkapore your dwelling-place, and I'm your admiration."

Is not that the case?" she asked, looking at me complacently. Without pausing for an answer she said: "Now tell me about your Irish home," evidently preparing herself for a long session.

"There's nothing to tell," I replied briefly, not raising my eyes from my crewel-work. "I came out to India when I was seventeen."

"And were wrecked en route. How funny!"

"Anything but funny, I think you would have found it," I replied, gravely.

"Well, and tell me, have you any particular friend in Mulkapore—any *cher ami*?" she asked, insinuatingly.

"No, not one," I answered, with perfect truth.

"What, not one? Oh, come now—think again!"

"If I thought till doomsday I could not conjure up the sort of friend you mean. I hate Platonic friendships," I remarked with great emphasis, and giving my wool a jerk that broke the thread.

"Of course I know that you are strictly a mason. But even so, why not amuse yourself, *pro tem*?"

"My! what a picture of virtuous indignation! Only I am quite too comfortable, I would fetch you a looking-glass. Look at me, I have half a dozen dear little bow-wows—*moi qui vous parle*," patting herself complacently.

"Then more shame for you," I retorted, with more than ordinary warmth.

"Ha, ha, ha! You amuse me immensely, if one day you were the death of me," she went on, still cackling to herself. Then clasping her hands behind her head, and surveying me lazily, she said: "Why should I not have my little pack? Don't you know that flirting (harmless flirting) is the privilege of the married woman? My dear old hub has his amusements, his little game, his big shooting, and I have mine—my little game, my big shooting. I bring down a brigadier just as he does a bison, only my spoil is not mortally wounded. It never does any one any vital harm to admire me."

"I don't understand you," I said, stiffly.

"Quite shocked, I declare. Well, then, she she's not shocked; such a good, prim little girl, shall look at nice, pretty, proper pictures, she shall."

"I really wish you would leave me alone, Mrs. Vane," I exclaimed, half laughing, half crying.

"No, indeed. I have a rich treat in store for you, your ridiculous pre-Adamite. I am going to show you my album, and to introduce you to all my friends," she said, unlocking, as she spoke, a very handsome bound album. "Put away your work and your book, and come a little closer to me and enlarge your ideas."

"Why do you never read yourself, Mrs. Vane? I never see you open a book," I remarked, reluctantly putting away a magazine into which I had intended to dip during the afternoon.

"Oh, I hate reading; my only book is the great book of nature, and tragedies and comedies in real life my only study. Now, attention! I am conferring an enormous favor on you, if you only know it. It is not every one that has the privilege of seeing my photographs."

"This is Horace Fuller, of the Navy Blue Dragons; such a flirt, my dear!—throwing up her eyes—'but, nevertheless, a sincere admirer of yours truly. This is Sir Fortescue Brown, such an old duck; here, opposite, is Aylmer Byng—he is dead, poor fellow! This woman with the muff is a Mrs. Burton, who sets up for a professional beauty; she has a good deal of nerve, has she not? She has a face exactly like a cat's head done in coarse worsted; and so on, and so on, we passed in review the contents of the album. There was a remark to be made about every page. At length we came to the last page. Taking up an envelope that lay inside the cover, Mrs. Vane said: 'Oh, here it is! I could not make out where I had put it. Now, my sweet, unsophisticated little friend, prepare yourself for the *bonne bouche*. I am now," she continued oratorically, "about to introduce you to the show man of the Horse Artillery; such a handsome fellow, quite too good-looking; a splendid rider, a perfect dancer, in fact, good at everything all round—rackets, crickets, and shooting. Not much of a ladies' man as yet, it is true, but, with a little training, he will fetch and carry nicely."

"And what is the name of this remarkable, too good-looking gunner?" I asked carelessly; "Crichton the second?"

"No," she replied, taking the photo out of its envelope, gazing at it for a second, and then solemnly putting it into my hand. "His name is Captain Maurice Beresford."

"What on earth are you blushing about?" she asked, suddenly catching a view of my brilliant cheeks. "Surely you are not affected to blush by his mere photo? I know you have never seen him, as he has been in Bengal for the last five years. What are you getting so red for, eh?"

"I—I—I'm not red," I stammered.

"How can you be so absurd?"

"Well, you certainly had a sudden effusion of blood to the head, whatever the cause. Is he not handsome? Can you wonder now that he has broken half the girls' hearts in Lucknow?"

"I thought you said he was not a ladies' man?" I interposed quickly.

"Neither is he—at any rate, not a marrying man. Oh, dear me! I wish his battery was here. There was some talk of a move. I wish you could see him, Nora—I know you would like him."

"Oh there is not likely to be an if to that question," resumed Mrs. Vane with an air of tranquil superiority.

"The little idiot never knew what she was running away from. He is not merely awfully good-looking, but so nice, and so gentlemanly, every one likes him—men and women alike—"

"And is certain to be a conceited ape," I added, rudely completing her encomiums. "I suppose he never found a trace of this wild Irish cousin?"

"I continued boldly, and now playing the part of interested auditor to admiration.

"My opinion was expressed in a sudden and utterly uncontrollable fit of laughter; laughter I could not possibly restrain. I laughed from sheer nervousness, and nothing else. The more Mrs. Vane ejaculated and exclaimed at my unaccountable fit of mirth, the more I gave way to it. At length, completely exhausted, I dried my eyes and picked up my work. Mrs. Vane gazing at me in open-mouthed amazement."

"My good old Noah!" she cried. "You are crazy; you must have a slate off! Whatever possessed you to laugh so immoderately at nothing? Are you often taken like this?" gazing at me in blank amazement, and dropping her crewels.

"I cannot tell," I answered, reddening in spite of myself. "Very little amuses me, as you know. Tell me, Mrs. Vane, what would you have done in that girl's case? Would you have stayed?"

"Certainly I would," she returned promptly. "Especially if I had had the smallest suspicion of the entire desirability of my future husband. Never quarrel with your bread and butter; it never answers. Be sure that that young person has long ago repented her foolish proceeding in sackcloth and ashes. And now tell me what you would have done, my unromantic, prudent Noah? Let us have your ideas on the subject."

"I would have done exactly what she did," I answered firmly.

"Not you!" responded my friend emphatically. "You are much too prosaic a young lady."

"Not so prosaic as you imagine," I retorted, with unusual decision. "The best thing that girl can do is to marry some one else, and so release her cousin most effectually—if he still thinks himself bound by that preposterous engagement." I added, without raising my eyes from the enormous sunflower on which my fingers were occupied.

"Undoubtedly," rejoined Mrs. Vane. "But all the same, she ought to have a glimpse of the old love before she is on with the new. If I were a girl engaged to Maurice Beresford, I would certainly think twice before giving him up. But, of course, you and I look on the matter from a different point of view. I have seen him, and you have not."

"Yes, I suppose so; I don't know," I answered mechanically. "And the truth was, he was in great affliction when he found that his affianced bride had taken French leave."

"That I cannot tell. I fancy she was a wild, headstrong sort of girl, with nothing to boast of either in the way of beauty or manners. Nevertheless, he still considers himself bound to marry her, if he can find her."

"And if she will have him," I put in rashly.

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TO BE CONTINUED

THE SON OF ALPHEUS

On a certain sultry summer afternoon a number of men and boys were gathered at the eastern end of Nazareth's one crooked little street. They were talking loudly and some were gestulating violently. Something unusual was disturbing the stolid serenity of the village.

In the center of the crowd stood Jacob, his kindly face troubled and ashamed. He held a leather strap in his hand and beside covered his son, Samuel, a boy of eleven, his face hidden in his grimy little hands, his body shaken with sobs. He had that morning been given charge of a shop during a neighbor's absence, and on the owner's return five shekels were missing. The child protested that he had not taken them, but the circumstantial evidence against him was strong, and he was to be whipped for the double sin of theft and falsehood.

Such scenes were not unusual in Judea, for Jews believed that the parent who spares the rod spoils the child. The public flogging never failed to attract a crowd, some curious, others, perhaps—remembering their own childhood—sympathetic. The boy onlookers were interested since it was not their turn.

Jacob raised the strap, but before the first blow had fallen a newcomer interfered.

"What is this?" he asked. "Our little Samuel in trouble? What hath he done, Jacob?"

"He was given charge over my neighbor's shop during the morning, and now five shekels are missing from his money box. No one else was near except Joseph, the carpenter. Thou knowest that Joseph never touched the money."

"No, no! But what doth Samuel say?"

"That he did not steal the shekels," said one.

"But he must have taken them! They could not run away of themselves!" cried another.

"Hath he had every chance to explain, Jacob?" the old man answered.

Samuel denies the theft—and thou knowest that he has ever been truthful," Jacob answered, puzzled, and torn between his desire to think his son innocent and the conclusiveness of the evidence against him.

"What canst thou say for thyself, little one?" the old man said coaxingly to Samuel. The child had ever been a favorite with him. "Try to remember. Wert thou alone all through the morning?"

But Samuel, completely unnerved, sobbed the louder by way of answer.

He stole money once before. That is the reason that we are so certain that he had done so this time," a big boy explained patiently, human-like, holding the child's past delinquencies against him; and, human-like, the men and boys listened to him, faltered, and the tide turned against Samuel. "No doubt he had stolen again," they thought. "It is evident that his honesty is not above suspicion."

Again Jacob raised his strap, but again he was interrupted.

"Oh, see, Jesus is coming!" one of the boys exclaimed delightedly.

Jacob's hand fell and he turned in the direction in which the boy pointed. Samuel ceased weeping and peeped hopefully between his fingers.

"Who is Jesus?" asked Levi, the young son of Alpheus, a merchant in a nearby Galilean town. He was spending only one day in Nazareth and knew nothing of the Son of the carpenter.

"He is—" began a boy, then stopped, at a loss to explain. "See, He is coming toward us!" he advanced, pointing to a youth who was advancing. It was as if he had said, "I have no words beautiful enough to describe Him. Look, and judge for yourself!"

Glancing curiously at Him, Levi saw that the boy whose approach was arousing so much interest, was little older than himself—perhaps fifteen years of age—tall, slender and graceful. When He drew nearer and Levi could see His face, he riveted his eyes upon it as if spellbound, so marvelously sweet and loving was it.

Samuel broke through the crowd, ran towards Jesus, and grasped His arm confidently. "Oh, tell my father that I did not do it!" he begged. He doth wish to believe me, but he cannot," and again he began to sob convulsively.

Jesus took the boy's dirty little hand into His. Together they went back to Jacob, the red crowding very near, eager to see the end. "Poor Jacob!" Jesus exclaimed, seeing the father's distress. "But why doth thou accuse Samuel of having stolen the missing shekels? Several months ago he promised thee never again to take what is not his, and he hath ever been a boy of his word."

Gratefully Samuel smiled up into his father's face and clasped his hand more tightly. Jacob was relieved to find that Jesus believed in his son's innocence.

"But he did steal once before—from Aaron. It was last autumn. Hast Thou forgotten?" said the boy who had before insisted on this point.

While this conversation was being carried on Levi had not for an instant taken his eyes from Jesus' face; and, unobserved by the others, Jesus now turned and looked straight into those bright black eyes. Levi blushed and looked miserable. He started forward, checked himself, and then, after a moment's hesitation, stopped up toward Jacob and said distinctly and loudly enough to be heard by all: "Jacob, it was I who stole thy neighbor's money! Here it is. Take it, and return it unto him. I crept into the shop whilst Samuel was laughing and talking with an old man—Joseph. If thou wilt, give the stripes to me instead of thy son."

Intense silence followed this confession. For a full minute no one spoke or moved. Jacob broke into the spell by taking Samuel's hand into his and saying tenderly, "Come, my son. He led him homeward. It would be hard to tell which of those two were the happier; the father, any parent would say—the son, any boy."

One by one the men dispersed after having cast contemptuous glances at Levi. The children shrank away, they knew not why, and perhaps a little disappointed that no one had been beaten. Unflinching, Levi watched them, his head raised high, his eyes blazing.

As the last boy scampered down the street, Levi turned to find Jesus standing near him. Instantly the haughty look faded from his sun-browned face. After having proudly defied the crowd, he stood ashamed before a boy of his own age. He hung his head and nervously dug the soft sandy soil with the toe of his sandal, watching the process intently, pretending to be much interested in the hole he was making. Before he had found courage to speak, or even to glance up, Jesus laid a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Thou didst tell the truth bravely," He said. "It is easy to do wrong. It is hard to make atonement."

With a surprised and grateful smile, Levi looked into the face bent close to his. A moment later Jesus was gone. Levi watched Him as He walked slowly down the street and disappeared at length into one of the smallest of the square, flat-roofed houses of the village.

Fifteen years glided by, and Levi neither saw nor heard more of Jesus. He never again went to Nazareth; he his old friends there visited him no more. Many and many a time he had wished that they had given him a number of stripes on that never-forgotten day; that they had whipped him, and then been willing to forget.

As it was he had gone unpunished only to be punished during long years. But never since that day had Levi forgotten Jesus. He had cherished the remembrance of His beautiful, peaceful face, and of His kindness. He had kept before his mind the lesson, too deep and sweet for words, which the Boy of Nazareth had taught him by one look, a lesson which had given him courage to tell the shameful truth at the moment, and to so live afterward that he had become known in Capernaum as "honest Levi" and "good Levi."

On reaching maturity he had secured a position under Herod Antipas as collector of customs at the Sea of Tiberias. In consequence he was hated by the Jews who despised all publicans. His life was very lonely. His father was dead; he was not married; friends he had few, almost none. The brightest spot in his life was the recollection of his greatest shame, for to have seen and spoken with Jesus of Nazareth, to have even been commended by Him, was lasting joy.

And so the years had passed, and though he wondered daily as to the fate of Jesus, Levi heard of Him no more, began to despair of ever hearing Him. One day, when he was busy over his accounts in the custom house, he overheard some words of a conversation between two men who had just paid their tax, so wondrous strange that he stopped in his work to listen. And as he listened his interest grew, his lips smiled, his heart sang.

"And thou sayest that the leper was cured? But, Seth, it is not possible!" were the first words that reached Levi's ears.

"I saw the cure with my own eyes, James! I stood not more than 10 feet from the man. He was hideous to look upon, covered with livid blotches, and his nose and several of his fingers had already fallen away. Made curious by the conflicting reports I had heard relative to this newly arisen Prophet, I mixed with the crowd to see and hear for myself. I found Him—oh, it is impossible to explain what He is! He is somehow very wonderful, very awe-inspiring, and with it all most—most lovable!"

"As I said, I joined the people who were following Him that day. As we drew near one of the wells which are set aside for the use of lepers, we came upon this poor man waiting by the wayside for the Prophet to pass. When the leper begged the Nazarene to cure him He answered as simply as if He had been asked the most commonplace favor, 'I will. Be thou made clean.' That was all; and instantly James, the man 'became as sound as thou art!'"

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" James explained thoughtfully. "What thinkest thou, Seth? Can this man be the Messiah?"

"Nay, I know not. Some say that He is a poor people's Moses. He is very good to them. Others think Him a great prophet like Elias or Isaiah. As for the scribes and pharisees, they have already ranged themselves against Him."

For a moment James was lost in thought. He aroused himself to say feverishly, "I must see this Man. Knowest thou where He is to be found?"

"To-day He is here in Capernaum." "In Capernaum to-day? And His name? Thou hast not mentioned His name?"

"Ah, Levi! I had already guessed it! He is called Jesus of Nazareth, replied Seth. "But come, let us go." Arm in arm they passed out of the custom house, leaving behind them Levi sitting with his head bowed in his hands. His heart was full of conflicting feelings, awe and long and fear and love, and above all, joy. His first impulse was to go in search of Jesus and he sprang from his seat only to sink back in it, shamed by his more deliberate thought. True, Jesus had been all ten days in Nazareth that day in Nazareth fifteen years before, but as a man He might be less forgiving of such meanness—so Levi feared. One moment he felt that the Prophet who was working wonders throughout Palestine would receive him as kindly as the unknown Son of the carpenter had done; the next, in dread of a rebuke he resolved to avoid Him. "And besides," he thought, "who am I, weak and sinful as I am, to see and speak with the Messiah?" For that Jesus was the Promised One he did not doubt.

At the sixth hour as he was going home to partake of his lunch which served as his midday meal, Levi was astonished to find one of the streets through which he was accustomed to pass, blocked by an eager, excited throng of people. A man, hurrying to join the crowd, called to him as he ran past him: "The Prophet of Nazareth is here! Come! Only yesterday He worked great wonders! Come and see!"

But Levi, fearful, timid and ashamed, turned the other way, and fled back to his desk in the little custom house. That afternoon he accomplished little though he had never tried harder to concentrate his mind upon his work. With each hour, each minute, his longing to see Jesus of Nazareth became more intense; and still he dared not go to Him. The day grew old, and he struggled on, only making innumerable blunders. At last his stylus fell from his hand and he sat gazing absently across the tranquil waters of the Sea of Tiberias.

How long he had dreamed thus he did not know, ere he was startled by a light sound at his door, and, looking up, he saw Jesus standing on the threshold! No need to tell Levi who He was! It was the face of which he had dreamed so long, grown if possi-

ble, more sweet, more strong, more loving.

Jesus looked long at Levi; but Levi said no word of welcome, could say none, for his heart was bursting with love.

It was Jesus who spoke first, breaking a silence more sweet than angel's song. "Follow me," He commanded. Behind his master he passed down the street until Jesus called him to His side and talked with him; and Levi, emboldened by His kindness begged Him to dine at his home that night. When Jesus readily accepted his timidly proffered invitation, Levi's happiness was intense. At the earliest opportunity he slipped away to make the preparations necessary for the entertainment of so honored a guest.

Soon an unforeseen difficulty presented itself; whom could he invite to dine with the Master? His disciples, and the poor, wayward and despised ones who followed Him? Levi knew but too well how cordially the better class of Jews hated him and his fellow publicans. It was only tax collectors like himself and a few sinners, notorious in Capernaum and all the country round about, who would accept an invitation to his table. Greatly troubled he invited whom he could; but even after Jesus had come and had greeted the other guests with all His own tender grace, Levi felt ill at ease.

Whilst they were at tables some scribes and pharisees, attracted by curiosity, came by and scoffingly, tauntingly, they called to Levi and those of Jesus' followers who sat near Him, saying, "Why doth your Master eat and drink with publicans and sinners?"

The question embarrassed the disciples, and Levi, in particular, it cut to the quick. He himself was a publican and many of those of his class and of the sinners present he had invited. He feared that he was drawing contempt on Him Whom he loved and who deigned to accept him as a friend.

But before he or any of the other disciples could devise an excuse Jesus answered for them: "They that are well have no need of a physician, but only they that are sick. For I came not to call the just, but sinners."

A look of joy overspread the sin-hardened faces of many who listened and Levi, whom Jesus renamed Matthew, heard, and his heart was set at rest forever.—Florence D. Gilmore, in The Magnificat.

THE PRIESTHOOD

Sermon delivered by the Rev. J. P. Fallon, O. M. I., Dean of the Faculty of Arts, University of Ottawa, and brother of the Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, on the occasion of the ordination of the Rev. J. E. McNeill, St. Patrick's Church, Napanee, Ont., Saturday, July 26, 1913.

With all thy soul fear the Lord and reverence His priests. (Book of Ecclesiasticus 7:31)

My dear Brethren,—It is well that, on an occasion such as the present, when one from your midst is raised to the high dignity of God's priesthood, it is well that your attention be arrested for a few minutes upon the sublimity of the office to which he has been called, and that you contemplate with the eyes of faith the grandeur of the noblest of all vocations. Between a true concept of the nature of Christ's priesthood and a firm adherence to the Church that he has established, between the reverence for the sacred ministers of religion and respect for religion itself, there exists so intimate a relationship that love and veneration for the one necessarily imply love and veneration for the other, and that we may form a just estimate of the genuineness of a people's faith and of the depth of their virtue by the degree of honor in which they hold their priests. One of the most glorious tributes that can be paid to the faith of that people from whom many of us are sprung is that, in the midst of the direst poverty and the lack of all education, during those centuries of heartless persecution and immeasurable suffering through which they passed, whilst every other form of preeminence underwent destruction, whilst kings were cast down and subjects were reduced to slavery, whilst everything was done to crush even the natural pride of personal dignity, there ever remained among that people, in all its original nobility, that profound reverence for God's anointed which caused them to overlook human frailties, and to clothe the priestly character with a splendor in comparison to which that of the greatest earthly monarchs faded into insignificance.

Such conduct on the part of the devoted children of the Church is nothing more or less than a natural consequence of the faith which they profess. It is with good reason that the Inspired Writer whom I have quoted—speaking even of the priests of the Old Law—linked so closely together as two great marks of a holy life, fear of the Lord and reverence for His priests. But the dignity of the priests of the Christian dispensation as far exceeds that of the Jewish priests as does the Sacrifice of Calvary surpass in sublimity and efficacy the sacrifices that were offered up to the Almighty in the Old Law.

The priest of the Catholic Church, in the language in which the saints and ecclesiastical writers repeatedly style him, is another Christ. It is by him that, down through the centuries, the Redeemer of mankind has continued the work of salvation, and it is by Him that that same work will

be continued to the end of time. The history of the Catholic Church is simply the history of the priest fulfilling the mission for which Christ Himself assumed human nature. In a sense the priest preaching is Christ announcing His saving doctrine to the world, the priest offering up the adorable sacrifice of the Mass is Christ again renewing, in an unbloody manner, the sacrifice consummated on Calvary for the redemption of the human race, the priest seated in the confessional and imparting absolution to the repentant sinner is Christ exercising His omnipotent power and displaying His boundless mercy, welcoming back with all the excesses of paternal affection the prodigal son into the bosom of the family, the priest, administering the rest of the sacraments and performing his other sacerdotal functions, is Christ distributing with the extravagance of infinite love an abundance of grace to every state in life and to every condition in which we may be found, bringing strength to the weak, encouragement to the suffering, consolation to the sorrowful. Verily, the priest is another Christ, and that great saint who spoke the language of Catholic faith, who declared that, if he encountered a priest and an angel together, he would first do homage to the priest because of the Christ-like character stamped upon him by the sacrament of ordination. It is necessary, my dear brethren, to call to mind only a few of the texts of Holy Scripture, that bear relation to the priest, to be convinced of his exalted station, and of the deep reverence that that station merits, and to make those of us who have been raised to it supremely grateful for its honor, but fearful also, lest we prove unworthy of it or fail to discharge with becoming zeal the grave duties that it imposes upon us.

It was to the priests of the Church as the successors of the Apostles and disciples that our Divine Master addressed the words "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me. (Luke x. 16.) "Teach ye all nations . . . to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 19-20.) That is the same message brought with me from heaven as I have delivered to all future generations. Teach all nations, not the truths of human science, not the means of acquiring temporal happiness or prosperity, not the method to adopt in order to procure positions of prominence; teach them that heavenly wisdom which I have come to impart to men; teach them the science of eternal truth; teach them the vanity of all things created and instruct them in that method of life through which they will come to the enjoyment of that abode of everlasting and infinite bliss whose wealth is the Author of all creation, and whose loss cannot be compensated for even by the possession of the entire world.

What other teacher of men has for the object of his instruction anything even remotely approaching in excellence that state of unbounded happiness and wealth to which the teaching of the priest would conduct them? To all those who would benefit human society by secular instruction, who would add to human science or increase human happiness by education we must be extremely grateful. They are to be numbered among the first of the world's benefactors. Yet in comparison to the teaching of the priest, their is in the language of the Apostle but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. But the priest has not been constituted by Christ simply as a teacher of truth. He is to do more than preach the unspeakable gorgeousness of heaven, the means to be employed in its acquisition, and the absolute necessity of one day securing its possession. He is to accompany man in the journey through life, constantly aiding him in his pilgrimage towards that celestial kingdom. He is to meet him at the very threshold of his existence with the purifying waters of the sacrament of baptism, to free him from the original guilt in which he was conceived; to change him from a child of wrath, unworthy of eternal life, to clothe him in the spotless garb of innocence and make him an object of delight to the angels and an heir to the kingdom of heaven.

And when man by his own perversity, falls from the grace of his Creator, when, through the commission of grievous sin, he brings upon himself the greatest of all calamities, it is to the priest that he has recourse to heal him of his mortal wound. And the priest, acting in the person of Christ making use of the marvelous power conferred on him by the words of our divine Saviour, "As the Father has sent Me, I also send you; receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John xv. 21-23) making use of this marvellous power, the priest pronounces the form of absolution, and immediately an effect is produced more wonderful than that of the creative act of God Himself, when the magnificent universe into being. In an instant, a sinner is transformed into a saint. He who had rendered his condition one of complete desolation, who had deprived himself of God's grace, who was in constant peril of eternal perdition, is enriched with the incomparable wealth of sanctifying grace, is restored to God's blessed friendship, and, instead of meriting to have passed upon him by

his Supreme Judge the awful sentence of final reprobation, is found worthy to have addressed to him those words of unending recompense that on the last day will bring untold delight to multitudes of the just. What all that means we understand, but very imperfectly understand. It will be revealed to us in its all important significance when, in the life to come, we shall behold God's Infinite goodness incessantly praised and adored, praised by the Heavenly Chorus because of the mercy dispensed by Him with unmeasured prodigality in the absolution of His priests.

And yet, my dear brethren, in the creation of the priesthood our Blessed Redeemer endowed it with a power more stupendous still than that of forgiving sins. As, on the first Holy Thursday night, He sat in the midst of His chosen ones, He performed the greatest and most affectionate work that has proceeded from the Hand of God, in the institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar and in the power with which He invested His Apostles over His own Precious Body and Blood. Seated with Him on that memorable occasion were all the priests of the Church in the person of those beloved Apostles. And, in virtue of the commission contained in the discourse that Christ then pronounced, throughout the universe to-day, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, as though the world were converted into one vast altar, there is constantly being celebrated by an army of priests that most excellent sacrifice through which the homage of the human race is offered up to the Most High, expiation is rendered His Infinite Majesty for the outrages committed against It, "superabundant thanksgiving is paid Him for His countless and priceless favors, and every grace procured for the leading of a saintly life and the assuring of a glorious eternity hereafter. More than that. The faithful of every clime and of every race and of every condition are daily sanctified a thousand fold by the reception of the same Sacred Body and Blood as the Apostles partook at the Last Supper and as the angels and saints now adore in Heaven. If a long and rigorous season of fasting and mortification and prayer were required, if a journey to the extremities of the earth had to be undertaken, if all the riches of the world had to be expended to secure assistance at but one Mass or to receive but one Holy Communion the blessing would be cheaply purchased. How then can we ever repay God's limitless love as evidenced in the multiplicity of His priests and in the daily frequency with which they officiate at the Altar and distribute the Bread of Life? How can we ever sufficiently honor them because of the God-like office they discharge in the Sacrifice of the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist.

There are many other functions of the priest that should arouse the reverence and the love of those for whose spiritual welfare he labors. He stands at the altar as the youthful couple kneel before him to vow to each other undying fidelity, he stands there as God's representative, to receive their mutual consent, to place upon their union the Church's approbation, to pour down upon it Heaven's benediction, and to give to them every assurance that, in the fulfillment of the duties of the state into which they are entering and in the encountering of the trials they will have to endure, they may rely with entire confidence upon the help of Divine Assistance.

And when crosses visit the family to whom does the afflicted mother or wife look for consolation and aid? To whom do the desolate children instinctively turn for guidance and protection? To whom does the grief-stricken husband or father betake himself for strength in the hour of anguish? To the priest of the Church who has been long and well schooled in the charity of Christ, who has renounced all to follow in the footsteps of Him Who was compassion itself and Who always displayed affection for the sorrowing and the lowly.

And when the last solemn moment approaches, when human science is of no further avail, and the affection of friends finds itself helpless, it is again to the priest that appeal is made for the last sad anointing, and with prayers, with words of solace and encouragement he prepares the soul for its passage into eternity. When it has gone forth to meet its Judge, he sends up to heaven the public prayers of the Church in its behalf. And as the lifeless body is being lowered into the tomb it is the voice of the priest that beseeches forgiveness for the trespasses of the past, and implores admission for the immortal soul into the Paradise of joy. And ever afterwards, each time that he ascends the steps of the altar to offer up the August Sacrifice, he prays for that soul and for all others that have gone before in the sleep of Christ, supplicating for them the blessing of light and peace eternal.

Such, my dear brethren, is the priest, and such are the reasons why he should be enshrined in the affection and loyalty and veneration of every Catholic community, of every Catholic home, and of every Catholic heart.

May he who has this morning received the sacerdotal unction live long in the faithful exercise of its manifold powers. May he ever remain without stain and without reproach in his holy vocation, an ornament to the priesthood by the saintliness of his life, an edification and an inspiration to the flocks over

whom he may be appointed, an honor and a pride to the place of his birth and to the parish in which he has been ordained, a tower of strength to the Church that to-day admits him into the number of her sacred ministers, a joy and a gladness to the remaining members of that Christian family wherein he received his Catholic formation and wherein were fostered with the tenderest care every indication of priestly calling.

May he never fail to remember at the altar, in priestly gratitude, all who have in any wise aided him in attaining to the hour of triumph and rejoicing. There are that loving father and mother who have long since gone to their reward, to the influence of whose exemplary lives, to whose anxious solicitude and noble self sacrifice, he owes a debt beyond computation. But in their departure they have been well replaced by that kind relative and benefactor to whose long continued and generous sympathy and assistance is to be attributed, in a large degree, the advent of this happy day. In his generous sense of Catholicity he feels amply recompensed in the fact that he has played a part in consecrating a life to the service of the altar. But, as long as that life endures, it will in grateful recognition, each day beseech for him from the Divine Victim every grace and blessing. And may all of us, my dear brethren, receive a token of this ceremony in an occasional prayer addressed to the throne of Heaven by him at whose ordination we have assisted, asking that, by fear of the Lord and reverence to his priests, by the faithful accomplishment of every obligation, we may ultimately be united in endless veneration and adoration to the Great High Priest in the Kingdom of His Glory.

CONVERTS AND MEN OF GOOD-WILL

The hour is one for reverence and peace; when we read of quiet converts, through the voice of a Benedictine who knows how to respect, also, loving friends and kind hearts from whose eyes scales have not fallen, or who but see men as trees walking, the mist blowing round them from many an ill-wind, and the confusion of many discords in their ears. We read of former co-religionists to the Caldey monks are "heartrending." A convert can well believe it—those whose grave and scholarly but simply earnest clericalism of younger days wrote only this wisdom, in answer to announcements of his intention: "Do not let your words run before your actions, nor your actions fall short of your words;" whose non-Christian guide in college learning but said, "Well, I hope you'll be a good Catholic;" and whose surviving parent, though Protestant, had the "wish to live to see you a priest."

This is not so very long ago, and yet near twenty years since; when some may say there was less of to-day's treating of all religions with equal neglect.

Old Catholics, half thoughtlessly but quite sincerely, cannot understand why good people of Catholic belief should go on tormenting themselves with the mixed traditions of a body which is patient of such sacred beliefs, but also of their contradictions; and which is so nervous and self-conscious when dressed in Catholic attire, which has no whole-heartedness about it, which, if it can be known, should be loved and adored. It all seems so sad, so perverse, so self-torturing, so unworthy; so foolish even and useless. But such old Catholics do sometimes pause, reflect, and answer themselves to their understanding, if not to their sympathy: look at Newman's long years after he first saw the ghost; listen to Manning's tribute that he had never received an Anglican clergyman who had not been in good faith. It takes long to see, and some never see. A Dr. Pusey was never near the Catholic Church at all, in Newman's judgment. And did this reverence of Keble say, when someone suggested that Keble had not been honest of purpose in staying behind within the city of confusion, "I spit the suggestion out?"

And so Catholics have to submit to see these men so strangely wandering howl in what the Guardian once called, "our warm theological fog." Now again we hear them saying: "Something must be done to heal our unhappy divisions; our bishops must defend the faith; the Church of England must say what it believes. As if, to any logical mind, it mattered in the least whether that present body decided for the whole faith of Trent and of the Vatican; when its past is there, with lines of Calvinist bishops, with its centuries-long patronage of haters of the old religion and despisers of its rites, with its not less infamous indifference to such things, if indeed they were revealed truth and the expression thereof. For if the Church of England really holds Catholic truths, she is the wisest institution that ever appeared on earth, thought St. George Miravet, who reflected that in his youth none of its ministers had let such things be heard fall from their lips. And even to-day, a clergyman holding many Catholic truths can say to me, "I keep back many of these truths I believe from my pulpit; if I preached them all, no one would come to church." This is a successful, parochially popular "Ritualist."

grave. And yet we say to those whose positions are so absurd to a cynic, and doubtless so terrible to a saint, that the general attitude of the Catholic people is not contempt, not censoriousness, not anger, but a kindly or even humble wondering pity. Why would they not be Catholics; would not it be the happy day for them, when they found, without effort, in all about them, their faith, their pity, the recognition at least of the one truth; no advancing, no retreating, no ceremonial attractions, merely, no waste talk about the set of opinions irrational creed repeating mortals happen to have?

Yet Catholics can never recall St. Augustine too often or too much, warning or reproaching those who dare judge their neighbour passing through difficulties which easy-judging and happy-go lucky minds have never known. What, however, the present writer would recall to-day, in the interests of mutual respect if not love, of patience, and of the wisdom that comes through peace, is the kindness and Christian charity experienced by one who has returned to the one Church of his baptism from those who would judge die a needless act, or even an impious one. But, they, too, can separate the sinner from the sin. It is to remind us once more how far are material heretics from being the children of heresy which by our thoughts (and, indeed, by their own sometimes wretched heretical words of suspicions, negations, and irritable captiousness) they ought to be. But they cannot help being so much more kindly than is that ungenerous thing—a reforming creed.

The good Abbot at Caldey, we are told, took care to have a priest for a poor Catholic boy who had left him. I was looking to-day at Cardinal Logue's letter witnessing to the efforts made to keep young Catholics to their duties by that free lance Robert Dolling, whom I am honored by saying I knew. Nearer to myself I knew a clergyman who tried (but I think failed) to get a Scottish Catholic doctor to return to religion at his death and have a priest. Certainly some of us brought up in a Protestant Irish house heard the priest spoken of as a most salutary guide, whom the servants were helped in every way to follow; and never heard, concerning him and his office, anything but words of respect, and became a Catholic man, and her sister-nuns tell me, saint. She corresponded till her death with some of her Anglican sisters; her respect for them, her reverence for their piety, was as unbounded as was her feeling of submission to the Holy See. What her pain was in leaving such people, and such a home, she could not dare to describe; only the prayer was found after her death: "Dear Lord, you won't forget the number of loved ones I left for you, and the dear little children I cared for for your sake." In our justest controversy in our rightly hardest-ever let us keep hearts on which could our opponents look, they would see them to be of brother's temper and pitiful; and minds ever conscious that we are dealing with what expresses often such loyalty, such enthusiasm, such nobility, such earnestness, such strictness with self, even such humility.

The present writer was received into the Church with one who for long years had been an Anglican clergyman of such a spirit as that. And, one parishioner, a young man of the world, cried from his heart that when he came to die he would have no other man at his bed than this friend of the dying. Grown men, colonial farmers, dour enough when they came to say good-bye, embraced him, and in tears. He has gone to his reward now, buried after twenty years of Catholic life, in the habit of a Franciscan tertiary. No one knew better than he—though a passionate lover of his England—that the root of Catholic piety is not in any settings of religion with national or racial pride. He thought such things the chief obstacles to conversions. Yet the point now is that as an Anglican he had had no anti-Catholic principles, and had given no anti-Catholic pulpiter utterances that a Catholic can recall. It is unwise and unjust and ignorant to state the contrary about many; nor would they recognize the travesty made of their spirit and teaching by those who think they know of them and do not.

That clergyman after becoming a Catholic had to go back to his parish. The Bishop's wife received him as she saw he had been in her house and her husband; and in her house he stayed, opposite his old cathedral, which he passed on his way to daily Mass. There was no show about this; there was no sort of indifference to Anglican ways; and nothing of the new theorizing about Anglicanism being a *quantite negligible*, unless it coincides with some phantasm of a Church Catholic, which ought to be but is not. It was

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unequalled purity dwelling within her soul. And so, throughout the Christian ages she has shone forth as the one perfect example of purity; and it is a simple historical fact, as Lecky admits, and not mere poetry or sentiment, that the larger influence of the Blessed Virgin has done more to purify the hearts and lives of women than all other influences combined. Very wisely therefore does the Church turn the minds of her children to contemplate the most pure heart of Mary; and she asks them, during this month of August,

to make it the special object of their prayers and their devotion, knowing well that no child of Mary can honor and love her most pure heart without drawing from it treasures of purity and holiness.—New World.

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On such shifting sands does newspaper "science" build.

With regard to the age there is the same lack of all certainty.

Most of the scientists agree that the skull represents the man of 500,000 years ago, although some contend that the skull dates back only 150,000 years ago.

A little matter of 350,000 years should not disturb one's faith in a "scientific fact."

The following day (Aug. 11th) was devoted to discussion of this famous "scientific fact."

Dr. Arthur Keith, curator of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, where the discussion was held, declared that the skull as modelled was an impossible skull, in fact, it was the dream of a diseased imagination.

Bluntly stated surely; and this Mr. Hull's thesis in a Baptist church! We shall consider just one other point in this remarkable lecture, remarkable because of the circumstances of its delivery; in itself but a rebash of stale "scientific" objections to Christian truth.

What then are we to say of the story of Jesus the Christ? Simply that like the Bible stories of creation, the fall, the deluge, the tower of Babel, Samson and Jonah and others, it is a story common to nearly all religious systems, the origin of which is lost in the mists of antiquity.

This remarkable reasoning is not new; on the contrary it is very old and pretty well abandoned. Because there are traces of a universal tradition regarding creation, the fall, the deluge, etc., therefore the Bible record of these facts must be untrue! Why the fact that there is such a universal tradition is the strongest possible human corroboration of the truth of Bible history.

If these things happened as recorded in Scripture would one not expect to find just this universal tradition even amongst tribes and peoples who never heard of the Bible? How account for the "variant of a universal myth" otherwise?

Mr. Hull is no doubt quite honest intellectually, and has come to his conclusions in all sincerity. He is an honest pagan. But that he should be invited to give such a lecture in a "Christian" church is a sign of the times. The B. Y. P. U. may be good Protestants, but they give evidence of a peculiar sort of Christianity.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

When Kipling gave to Canada the poetic title of The Lady of the Snows, Canadians were disposed to resent the appellation as a calumny on our climate.

To a Canadian journalist voicing this feeling, in an interview with Kipling, the author disclaimed any such intention, and said, Ask a Roman Catholic friend about it; and queried further, Have you read D'Arcy McGee's use of the term?

Which goes to show that Kipling got the title for his famous poem (which by the way is the most poetic thing about it) from "Our Lady of the Snows."

It is interesting to note that the Church celebrates during this month the feast of Our Lady of the Snows, The Breviary Lessons tell us the story:

During the reign of Pope Liberius, John, a Roman patrician, and his wife, likewise of noble birth, having no children to inherit their property, made a vow to dedicate their wealth to the Virgin Mother of God; and he sought her earnestly to make known to them to what pious work she would be most pleased to have their money devoted. The answer to their prayers was thus miraculously given: The nones of August, when Rome was at the hottest period of the year, a part of the Esquiline hill was covered with snow. During the night the Virgin Mother revealed in a dream separately to John and his wife, that she desired that a Church in her honor should be built where the snow covered the hill. The Church was in time duly constructed, and to distinguish it from others dedicated to Mary, it was finally called St. Mary Major, or the Church of Our Lady of the Snows.

D'Arcy McGee's use of the title "Our Lady of the Snow" is based on the legend of an old French seigneur who lost his way in a snowstorm and believed himself at the point of death. After fervent prayer Our Lady appeared to him and conducted him safely to a forge on the side of the mountain, on the site of which he afterward built a church in honor of Our Lady of the Snow.

The stanza which opens and closes McGee's poem that enshrines the story is as follows:

If, Pilgrim, chance thy steps should lead Where, emblem of our holy creed, Canadian crosses glow There you may hear what here you read, And seek in witness of the deed, Our Lady of the Snow!

It is a happy coincidence that the modern poet should address Canada, whose early history is so exclusively Catholic, by a poetic title drawn from Catholic sources.

PREDESTINATION

The Rev. J. J. Ross of this city preached a sermon recently in which he adhered very strictly to the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination. In an age when almost every preacher feels called upon to say something new or sensational, it strikes the average man as somewhat startling in itself to find a preacher adhering to the old Protestant standards of faith. "Justification is purely an act of grace that God bestows on men for Jesus Christ's sake." Thus far Catholics will agree. But Catholics hold the common sense doctrine that God does not justify a man against his will. And further, that he may of his own free will fall from the state of grace. Not so Mr. Ross, who says, (Predestination) is an irreversible act once done, done forever.

Luther held that no sin, no matter how gross, could forfeit justification, or as Catholics usually call it, the state of grace. "Sin bravely, but believe more firmly" was his famous dictum.

It is most interesting to note that the average Protestant of to-day has gone to the other extreme. He holds that it matters not what one believes so long as he lives right. Catholics alone keep the golden mean, holding fast to the truth that justification is by the grace of God through the merits of Christ; but holding likewise, what all human experience attests, that he may lose the grace of God by the abuse of his own free will.

ADORATION OF THE VIRGIN

The Rev. W. P. Garrett told the brethren on the anniversary of the relief of Derry some of the reasons why they were opposed to Catholics. One of these reasons is, according to the learned preacher, that the Roman Church claims that the "adoration of the Virgin Mary" is necessary for the salvation of the soul.

Some of these old calumnies die hard; but they are dying. It is not often, nowadays, that we hear of the "adoration" of the Virgin Mary. Every Catholic child learns in the Catechism that the first commandment commands us "to adore one God and to adore but Him alone."

Therefore to say that Catholics "adore" the Virgin Mary is a calumny pure and simple. It may be that the Rev. Mr. Garrett believes otherwise. But if he be so grossly ignorant of Catholic doctrine and practice, can such ignorance be excused? Surely when a Christian minister assumes the task of teaching his brethren what Catholics believe, he should prepare himself for the task assumed. Otherwise he pays but a poor compliment to the intelligence of his hearers. Only those as ignorant as himself will be influenced by his misrepresentations.

Protestants in general have become a bit ashamed of the attitude of their forefathers towards the "Virgin Mother of Our Redeemer, and have quietly abandoned it. Indeed, many of them now stand side by side with Catholics in honoring her whom God so much honored. "Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid, for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

THE A. O. H.

In the development of Catholic spirit and zeal for the interests of the Church the Ancient Order of Hibernians is no inconsequential factor. In Canada its membership is increasing and its fidelity to its best traditions is an argument that is listened to by many of our people. It has a compactness and unity. It believes more in deeds than in words. Its ever prompt obedience to orders and loyalty to Church and reverence for the priesthood, which are written in letters of fire on the pages of Irish history, is their boast and heritage. No force can part asunder the chain that rivets them to the priest. Forged by faith, tempered by love, tried and tested in the furnace of trial, that chain is golden and indestructible. The years have spent their strength upon it; the

cowardly and recreant have striven to weaken it, but its every link, fashioned out of love and faith, defies time and men. Therein is its source of usefulness. And we venture to say that every member of the A. O. H. is proud of the Order, not only because of its contributions to good citizenship, to worthy causes, but also because it has been loyal, in great things and small, to the Church which stimulates its activity and keeps it faithful to principle. Without wishing to chronicle facts known to our readers, we may be permitted to call attention to one fact, viz., its interest in higher education. Instead of endless talk about the glories of the past, it strives to emulate them. And instead of wasting time about grievances, for which we ourselves may be accountable, it endeavors to equip Catholics for leadership. In the Maritime Provinces each diocese has the privilege to have one scholarship for every two hundred members in good standing. This scholarship consists of the sum of \$120 per year for three consecutive years. The candidates entitled to a scholarship are obliged to attend a Catholic college in the dioceses of the Provinces. This fact is proof that the A. O. H. is wise in the knowledge of our needs and is, even in the eyes of those who would fain pose as critics, justifying its existence. This is work that merits enthusiastic commendation. It not only quickens ambition but it adds to the solidity of an organization, and is an answer to those who ask for its record of achievement. It can show, and with pride, the boys who have by its generosity been educated in our colleges. This work, so practical and useful, entails self-sacrifice, but this we look for from members of the A. O. H. and we know that the story of the A. O. H. shall go on ever revealing new facts of loyalty and of unswerving devotion to all things that redound to our best interests. We heartily commend its interest in higher education not only because it is practical, useful and worthy of our best traditions, but also because it shows that the organization is establishing a strong claim to support and is directing energy that might be frittered away on trifles into right channels. This policy of the A. O. H. is to the point. It is work and not talk. The members may be obliged to dispense with some outings and amusement, but their consolation is in recognizing that they are doing something that cannot but be productive of results. This work may have a tonic-like effect on other societies. It may inspire them to look beyond the precincts of their halls and perchance inspire them to co-operate with the A. O. H. in this praiseworthy work of education.

FAREWELL

Words are often inexpressive of what we feel. They are cold and lifeless and poor messengers to convey to others what is in our hearts. They may sparkle and be woven into diction that is aglow with gratitude, but to us they seem pitifully inadequate on some occasions. We should wish to tell the Religious of the Sacred Heart how deeply we deplore their departure from London. To say that we have always appreciated their labors is but a commonplace. To note how well they have striven to develop and fashion character, that has been the glory and strength of many of our homes, is but to repeat an oft-told tale. To portray the lives of these gifted women who for Christ's sake have parted with the world, more than content with time and talents spent ungrudgingly for others, is to re-echo what is in the hearts of many of our readers. But poor as our words may be we wish them to be messengers of our regret. We have known these Religious for years and always as ladies of winsome courtesy, exquisite culture and of whole-hearted devotion to the cause of education. Their methods have stood the test of time. Fads may come and go, but the daughters of the saintly Mother Barat move on unperturbed, unafraid of the future and intent always not on the transient and showy in education but upon what is permanent and durable. They have turned out of their school rooms women who are the very salt of the earth. They have guided and sent into the world women who measure things by the standard of eternity, and whose lives flow on in peace and purity to the benefit of the community and the intimate happiness of many. They have moulded women who dignify all that they touch and whose lives, far above the

commonplace, untouched by what is sordid, are object lessons of the worth and beauty of Catholic education. The ladies who have been graduated from their schools can substantiate our statements.

We are grateful to them for their splendid record in London. They have been so long and worthily associated with much that we hold in reverence that we are loth to say farewell. We should wish to have them with us, but we know that the call of duty to Religious must not be disregarded. They can be sure, however, that not only their pupils but all those who have been privileged to witness their work shall ever hold their memory in benediction. They have sown and we have reaped. They have transmuted their years into achievement of which we are proud.

The Catholics of Vancouver need not be told to open their hearts to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. They rejoice in their coming we know, and are anxious to accord a gracious welcome to educators who have always been the dispensers of treasures that ennoble and equip our girls for the world.

HOW COMES IT?

We have often wondered why it is that some of our separated brethren and especially a section of their spiritual guides, don the purple countenance at the mere thought of any of their flock going over to Rome. One of their parishioners might join the circle of Methodism, Presbyterianism, Christian Science, Mormonism, Dowiesm or any other of the thousand and one vagaries of the human mind, but the thought of going over to Rome makes the blood vessels tingle. Why is this? Is it not a pitiable display of ungodly narrowness and bigotry? All Catholics can do for them is to pray fervently, when kneeling before the Holy of Holies, that their eyes may be opened, that their hearts may be guided to study their condition and that they may be led into that one true fold—that priceless heirloom of which they had been despoiled in the long ago by men whose characters give history a blot.

OBEEDIENCE TO AUTHORITY

From Pittsburg, Penn., comes a letter from one of our subscribers asking advice in some difficulty he has had with his pastor. Having been a reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD we are surprised he is not better informed as to his duty. Little differences will here and there arise between a parishioner and his pastor, but as a general rule some common sense and good temper on both sides will smooth out matters. If it is anything serious the layman has his Bishop to appeal to, and he may be sure he will be justly dealt with. A like course should be adopted in cases where there are differences between a pastor and his Bishop. The member of a flock who is not loyal to his priest and the priest who is not loyal to his Bishop are travelling along the wrong road—a bad road—and if they pursue it to the end they will be mired beyond recovery unless the grace of God comes to their relief.

THE RACE FOR OFFICES

Presently Orange gatherings are becoming numerous and furious. This is Canada's growing time. Customs receipts are piling up; expenditures on public works and all else connected with the carrying on of the government are becoming more bulky. As to whether they are necessary or unnecessary we leave the politicians to argue. As the country grows there will be need of more men in the public service. This accounts for the wondrous activity of the Grand Masters. They dream by night and by day of fat offices drawing semi-monthly cheques of good proportions. All the more reason therefore why they should be on the alert to preserve our civil and religious liberties by filling up the lodges and putting in the show windows those free and independent voters whose franchises they are prepared to deliver for a consideration. This may be taken as the chief reason of the gathering in St. Catharines on August 12th of the Royal Black Knights. How long will it be before the average citizen realizes the arant humbug of this Orange business. Truly what a debt of gratitude these Black Knights and Yellow Knights owe the Pope. Were it not for His Holiness and the Hierarchy many a one of them would now be drawing fat salaries from the Government. We will have with us

these Worshipful, Right Worshipful and Most Worshipful Barnums as long as there are people to be humbugged.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

J. J. M., PORT HAWKESBURY.—That paper, The Menace, to which you have reference is characterized by the American press as so disreputable that the authorities at Washington have been called upon to deprive it the use of the mails. A similar paper entitled Appeal to Reason was discontinued some time ago. The editor shot himself. Printing these ridiculous stories about Catholics and the Catholic Church is found to be so profitable that some people without character will always be found to engage in it. We have heard that there was a degraded priest on the staff of The Menace. He was excommunicated for good cause, repented, was reinstated, and broke out again. There was a false one amongst the twelve in the long ago.

AN IRRITANT CLERGYMAN

Rural Dean Sanders, speaking to the Orangemen in Montreal on the 10th, told his auditors that the Irish people should not be given Home Rule because a number of Protestants in a small corner of Ulster are opposed to it. He would also have one school system, and that a pagan one, rather than permit Catholics to have their own schools paid for by themselves, in which the Catholic religion is taught, and he would likewise have only a civil marriage law where couples could be joined at the shortest possible notice without any bother in regard to impediments. The recent case in Cobourg, where a young adventurer, now in gaol, was married to a Toronto society girl by a Methodist minister, evidently made no impression upon the Rural Dean. Truly the utterances of some of these people are very reprehensible. Their one and only object in pulpit as well as in private life seems to be a desire to deal a blow at Rome. The spirit of revenge we doubt not actuates many of the Establishment clergymen, especially in England, where they see many of their flock coming home to Rome again, and they are beside themselves in consequence.

MONUMENTS AND CHURCHES

There is a growing tendency to erect in our Catholic graveyards large and costly tombstones. These stones do not commemorate any great event, nor do they symbolize any remarkable achievement of the deceased in whose memory they are erected. The souls of the departed ones do not reap any benefit from them. In fact these monuments serve very little purpose save perhaps to gratify a family pride. In some places there is a keen rivalry among persons of very ordinary means to see who can place in their family plots the better tombstone. It often happens that side by side with a poor and meagrely furnished Church, which is in reality the House of God, we find a graveyard in which thousands of dollars are lavished in granite. And what is more, the graves themselves are neglected and the whole cemetery presents a slovenly appearance.

We believe a more worthy use of the money spent in this very worldly display could be made. A modest sum might be spent for a stone slab bearing the names of deceased relatives. This will endure long enough to recall to the memory of the living ones those who went before. If they desire to spend a large sum of money in honor of the departed friends there is an excellent way by which not only the dead but also the living will profit. Churches are erected in the outlying parts of this country. Hundreds of small mission churches could be built in one year from the money that goes into cold, lifeless stone. Every parish in time might establish such a church. When the fund had reached a certain sum, say \$1,000, this could be forwarded to the Bishops of the far-off regions. Two brass tablets, one in the remote mission and one in the church of the donors, could have inscribed on them the names of the departed friends in whose memory this most excellent of Christian monuments, a church, had been erected. In this way many churches in the settled parts of the country would become the parent church to one in the remote regions.

It is quite true that many improvements are needed at home. A new altar, a painting or a stained

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, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain your faithful friend in Jesus Christ. Y. D. FALCONE, Arch. of Larissa, Apoc. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1918

THE "CERTAINTIES" OF SCIENCE

About the beginning of the present year, newspapers and periodicals assured the world that remains of one of man's remote ancestors had been discovered in Sussex, England. Parts of the skull of ape or man had been found in a gravel pit beside the river Ouse. Since the deposit of gravel the Ouse itself had cut down its channel to a depth of 80 feet, one proof of the great antiquity of the deposit; hence the great antiquity of man. That these fragments were pieces of a human skull was asserted without the shadow of a doubt troubling the assertion; "Scientists," said so. Childlike faith in "science" and "scientists" is al-ways assumed; and generally the assumption is justified. This is an age in which we are deluged with reading matter, yet reading in the sense that Bacon said "maketh a full man" is rare. Everybody reads. Even the children who can not yet read have the pictorial supplement by which they are sometimes seriously influenced. But a reading public is not necessarily a thinking public. Adults reading the scientific articles think as little as the children poring over the colored supplement. But both are very considerably influenced. Newspapers treat everything. Scientific guesses and theories long since discarded as worthless by scientists are gravely, almost reverently, stated as incontrovertible truths. If they clash with religious truths so much the worse for religion.

It was then to be expected that the "Pitdown skull" should be paraded before the world as absolute proof that man is descended through long ages from the ape. The Ape-like man, Akin to the Ape, were some of the headings. The time which this being lived in England was perhaps a million years ago, certainly half a million. Finally it was announced:

"With the aid of Mr. Frank O. Barlow, the preparator of the department of geology in the Natural History Museum, a restored model of the skull was prepared, and it was now possible to study its features accurately and in detail."

The International Medical Congress has just closed its session in London, England; and the anatomical section "made a pilgrimage" to the Pitdown skull.

Did these expert scientists agree that the fragments of bone over which so much has been dogmatically asserted in the newspapers, prove the existence five hundred thousand years ago of an ape-like man? (Why, by the way, not a man-like ape?)

Why no. In spite of the absolute certainty that characterized all pronouncements on the subject hitherto, the press despatches tell us:

"Some of the scientists assert that the skull was wrongly reconstructed, and a model has been made and arranged according to their ideas, giving a brain capacity larger than that of the ordinary man of the present century, instead of the ape-like form originally attributed to it."

So the scientific reconstruction may vary from that of an ape-like man closely akin to the ape, to that of a man with greater brain capacity than the ordinary man of the present day possesses!

THE PITDOWN SKULL IN SASKATOON

Some time ago a correspondent in Saskatoon sent us a copy of the Phoenix containing an address to the Baptist Young Peoples' Union of the First Baptist Church of that city.

Mr. Hull, in this address, attacked directly the foundations of Christian belief. He quotes Dr. Lightfoot, a divine of three hundred years ago, to the effect that he had proved satisfactorily to himself that "heaven and earth, centre and circumference, were created altogether at the same instant"—and that "this work took place and man was created on October 23rd 4004 B. C. at 9 o'clock in the morning."

He characterizes Dr. Lightfoot as "one of the most eminent scholars of his day"; and Dr. Lightfoot's startlingly precise conclusion as the result of a profound study of the Scriptures.

"Think of that triumph of theological erudition and then think of that discovery in the gravel pit in Sussex, that silently eloquent testimony to the existence of man on the earth a million years before the date at which Dr. Lightfoot placed the creation of the universe and of man."

Mr. Hull is evidently not without dramatic instincts and ability. Why single out the childish calculation of this forgotten divine. If he wished to find ridiculous conclusions from "a profound study of the Scriptures," he could find them without number here and now. They affect neither Christianity nor the Bible.

The Bible nowhere states the date of creation. The ordinarily accepted time is based on human calculation of Biblical chronology, which may or may not be complete. The fact of creation is all-important; the time of so little moment that the Bible nowhere records it.

But fantastic as Dr. Lightfoot's precision is, what about "the silently eloquent testimony of the existence of man on the earth a million years" ago? This is the Pitdown skull which we have just considered in the preceding article, and which the free-thinking lecturer accepted with unsuspecting faith and child-like confidence. A mere reference to "the

Sussex gravel-pit" was, apparently, "proof" stronger than Holy Writ for the Baptist Young Peoples' Union. Mr. Hull then passes on:

"But you will say, if the Bible story of creation is disproved by modern science, and if the fall is merely a variant of a universal myth, what becomes of the whole scheme of Christianity. If there were no Adam and Eve, no temptation, and no fall, then there was no need for an atonement, no need of a vicarious sacrifice, no need of a Messiah and a Savior of the human race. I think I have stated this question fairly, perhaps bluntly."

Bluntly stated surely; and this Mr. Hull's thesis in a Baptist church! We shall consider just one other point in this remarkable lecture, remarkable because of the circumstances of its delivery; in itself but a rebash of stale "scientific" objections to Christian truth.

What then are we to say of the story of Jesus the Christ? Simply that like the Bible stories of creation, the fall, the deluge, the tower of Babel, Samson and Jonah and others, it is a story common to nearly all religious systems, the origin of which is lost in the mists of antiquity.

This remarkable reasoning is not new; on the contrary it is very old and pretty well abandoned. Because there are traces of a universal tradition regarding creation, the fall, the deluge, etc., therefore the Bible record of these facts must be untrue! Why the fact that there is such a universal tradition is the strongest possible human corroboration of the truth of Bible history. If these things happened as recorded in Scripture would one not expect to find just this universal tradition even amongst tribes and peoples who never heard of the Bible? How account for the "variant of a universal myth" otherwise?

Mr. Hull is no doubt quite honest intellectually, and has come to his conclusions in all sincerity. He is an honest pagan. But that he should be invited to give such a lecture in a "Christian" church is a sign of the times. The B. Y. P. U. may be good Protestants, but they give evidence of a peculiar sort of Christianity.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

When Kipling gave to Canada the poetic title of The Lady of the Snows, Canadians were disposed to resent the appellation as a calumny on our climate. The tide of emigration had not yet turned Canada-wards, and we were somewhat sensitive in the matter, thinking such title might confirm the false impression that appeared to prevail abroad with regard to the Canadian climate.

To a Canadian journalist voicing this feeling, in an interview with Kipling, the author disclaimed any such intention, and said, Ask a Roman Catholic friend about it; and queried further, Have you read D'Arcy McGee's use of the term?

Which goes to show that Kipling got the title for his famous poem (which by the way is the most poetic thing about it) from "Our Lady of the Snows."

It is interesting to note that the Church celebrates during this month the feast of Our Lady of the Snows, The Breviary Lessons tell us the story:

During the reign of Pope Liberius, John, a Roman patrician, and his wife, likewise of noble birth, having no children to inherit their property, made a vow to dedicate their wealth to the Virgin Mother of God; and he sought her earnestly to make known to them to what pious work she would be most pleased to have their money devoted. The answer to their prayers was thus miraculously given: The nones of August, when Rome was at the hottest period of the year, a part of the Esquiline hill was covered with snow. During the night the Virgin Mother revealed in a dream separately to John and his wife, that she desired that a Church in her honor should be built where the snow covered the hill. The Church was in time duly constructed, and to distinguish it from others dedicated to Mary, it was finally called St. Mary Major, or the Church of Our Lady of the Snows.

D'Arcy McGee's use of the title "Our Lady of the Snow" is based on the legend of an old French seigneur who lost his way in a snowstorm and believed himself at the point of death. After fervent prayer Our Lady appeared to him and conducted him safely to a forge on the side of the mountain, on the site of which he afterward built a church in honor of Our Lady of the Snow.

The stanza which opens and closes McGee's poem that enshrines the story is as follows:

glass window is always a welcome addition to any Church. But it is a good thing to throw off parochial selfishness and enter into the general active propagation of the faith.

G. W. O'T.

INDIFFERENT—NOT TOLERANT

This is supposed to be an age of tolerance. People are becoming more broad-minded, we are told, and the old hatreds and prejudices of the past will soon be but a memory.

The older generation of Catholics are for ever making comparisons in this matter of tolerance between their generation and ours. They will tell you of the time when to be a Catholic was to be a social leper, who might be suffered to exist, but whom it was altogether out of the question to encourage in any way.

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne is of opinion that it is due mainly to the latter. Speaking at Plymouth to this year's English Catholic Congress he said that religious indifference is the most efficacious cause of the change of feeling towards Catholics.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SINCE the cession of the island of Iona to the Kirk of Scotland—the Presbyterian Establishment—the adherents of that chameleon creed, forgetful of the inhibitions of the Confession of Faith, have taken to "pilgrimages" and the veneration of "holy places."

WE READ further that the restoration of the Cathedral has so far progressed, that the choir, nave and transepts have been roofed and a number of fittings been supplied.

THE CATHOLIC Herald of India of July 9th contains some interesting reminiscences of Father Vincent Naish, S. J., whose recent death in Montreal deprived the Canadian Church of a gracious personality, and a missionary of quite unusual vigor and capacity.

WE FIRST saw Father Naish in the pulpit of the Brompton Oratory, London, where he was preaching in behalf of the Zenana Mission in India. He was at that time attached to the Manchester Mission, and a foremost preacher at the Cathedral of the Holy Name, the pulpit in which Father Bernard Vaughan first earned for himself the international reputation which he now enjoys.

THE EXTRAORDINARY developments in the Ritualistic wing of the Anglican Church in England, as manifested in the dedicatory service of the so-called "Catholic League," described in these columns last week, have not been allowed to pass unchallenged by the "authorities."

the holding of the service as described. It has since transpired that all the services announced in connection with the new "League" have been cancelled, and that the Bishop of St. Albans has forbidden the service announced to be held in a Walthamstow church.

THAT THE CHURCH of England is more than ever the church of contradictions, is brought out very clearly by an episode which transpired in the Diocese of Oxford at almost the same time as the event described in the Diocese of St. Albans.

While, then, one Bishop is pronouncing inhibition upon public devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and declaring this and other practices as foreign to the history and character of the Church of England, another gives them his sanction and declares them perfectly in keeping with the genius of the Establishment.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

A CATHOLIC AND A PROTESTANT COMMENDATION

One of the most prominent Catholics of Quebec, the ancient capital, writes us some very encouraging words in regard to the character of the RECORD:

Dear Sir,—I herewith enclose my subscription for your valuable paper which I have been reading for a few years past with increasing interest and benefit.

As for myself, I have had only one regret after I laid aside the RECORD on several occasions. It was this: that more of my friends and acquaintances were not its subscribers.

The Catholic layman who is head of a family should see that his children should have a sound Catholic paper read in his home where many periodicals enter and those very often of questionable beliefs and unbeliefs.

From a highly respected Protestant gentleman of this city we have received the following:

To-day I called to see a friend. He was out. I sat down to wait. I took a newspaper from his table, and the first that caught my eye were these words:

Then I wondered in my mind and asked, "What paper is this?" I turned it over and saw it was THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

"Every follower of Christ is a debtor to his fellow Christians to do his utmost to lead a blameless life in all things."

I was a whole hour with THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and divesting myself of all bigotry, I was entertained during that hour so highly and so spiritually that I shall ever be thankful even to my dying day.

Now I am aware that you cannot give me space for all I'd like to say, but I must say that on page five I found a wealth of Christian literature and a world of song in that "A Night Prayer."

Dark! Dark! Dark! And all day long, where altars stand, Or poor or grand, A countless throng from every land, With lifted hand, Winged hymns to thee from sorrow's vale

I am more than pleased. I am blessed.

Geo. B. McIntosh

London, Ont.

THE NEW PAGANISM

The new paganism is a depraved naturalism that has fallen away from the supernatural which the old paganism did not know. It is twice reprobate. Its type is the spiritual soul which, being made only "a little less than the angels" and being once regenerate, might have chosen to become even "as the angels of God in heaven."

The old paganism, as mere fallen nature unredeemed, though knowing neither Christ nor grace, could sometimes rise to an exhibition of natural virtue. The new, hating all that is of Christ, and aiming at something that is beneath humanity, rejects the condition for natural as well as for supernatural virtue.

It may be well clad, well housed, well groomed magnificent in the splendor of its receptions, parliamentary in its proceedings. It can be powerful in its press and over-awing in assembly, courtly in its functions and formidable in its military. But it is always only the animal dressed up. It is through and through society deeper-seated, perhaps, amid those who can mould public estimate and who have more leisure for greater depravity.

It takes possession of legislatures to declare that marriage is monotonous because it is not modeled on the animal habits. It applies science to reduce population so that men may be more animal. One of its medical achievements is to murder the unborn, a refinement in which the animal cannot rival it.

The new paganism knows no moral law. The one law of its being is carnalism. Still it knows that there is abroad a certain popular reverence for what goes by the name of law. Hence it aims at being legislator, to play upon this popular regard for parliamentary proceedings by making "laws."

There are indeed evils in ignorance but the evils of premature knowledge are more numerous and more disastrous. This is especially true in the matter of purity which is now at stake in the school training of what is called sex hygiene.

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quiet—and to keep them poor. "Blessed are the poor in spirit" is not in its Evangel. And so it is divided into those who have and those who have not. There is no civic virtue, no social solidarity in it.

For a time there is a truce, a device of those who can make the mob to turn the tide of the mob from their own knavery. They say to the threatening crowd, "Let us attack the common enemy. Let us crush the Church, and you can have the spoils."

In a word, the Church stands for the principle of order and it is attacked by the oppressor; it condemns the abuse of power and it is attacked by the oppressor.

And when the Church is driven out, what is there left? Nothing but the mutual antagonism. And what can happen? Only the inevitable. When they can make no more spoil of the Church, when they cannot compromise on the subterfuge of a common enemy, they must contend with one another until they have made lands desolate; and then they will be calling upon the Church to come back and build up the ruins.

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ON THE WRONG TRACK

More publicity will never succeed in checking or correcting crime, the press to the contrary notwithstanding. What everyone knows is not what everyone wills, much less what every one does.

Three hundred years count for little in the life history of the Catholic Church. These are but yesterday to our Spiritual Mother who entered upon her God-appointed mission nine hundred years ago.

Three hundred years, however, bulk large in the history of our beloved country. Within that period of time America grew from a child in swaddling clothes to a giant that bestrides a continent.

The noble heroism and the unselfish sacrifices of that band of Jesuits who landed on Mount Desert, Maine, in the summer of 1613, furnish a theme worthy the pen of a Catholic writer capable of appreciating the nobility of soul that prompted these Catholic missionaries, men of the highest culture, to abandon their European homes to go in search of souls in the wilds of Maine.

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may develop more the law of the members than the law of the mind.

There is, however, a course of sex hygiene which all can safely follow and safely recommend. Instead of being worried about increasing the knowledge, be energetic and persistent in decreasing the desire.

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THE CONVERSION OF REV. MR. DALL

The Palace, St. John's, Nfld. August 6th, 1913.

Thomas Coffey, Esq., Proprietor, CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of a communication from you asking for particulars concerning the conversion of Rev. Mr. Dall.

Mr. Dall was received into the Church by His Grace Archbishop Howley, about two or three weeks ago. He had been laboring as a Church of England clergyman in this colony for some time previously.

He expressed himself as being most anxious to study for the priesthood, and immediately after his reception he left for the other side of the Atlantic with that purpose in view.

I remain, dear sir, Sincerely yours, E. P. ROCHE.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER

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the Jesuits were not to carry out their mission projects. English vessels under Argall from Virginia attacked the settlement at St. Sauveur (Mount Desert), a Jesuit brother was killed, the rest of the settlers were sent to France or carried prisoners to Virginia.

And now three hundred years after the commission of that brutal and ferocious act, the representative of the Holy Father and six New England Catholic Bishops assemble on the very spot where it was committed.

It is announced, says a special to the Catholic Herald (England), that the French President Poincare has signed a decree authorizing the nomination of Catholic priests as chaplains in the army.

It is also announced that there is a widespread demand for the recall of the nuns to the hospitals, as to which the Herald observes that: "The cowardice of the secular nurses has disgusted many of the anti-clericals, even men like M. Combes and M. Clemenceau, who during their own illness have asked for Sisters of Charity to nurse them."

Upon which the correspondent remarked that: "In France it is being discovered that there is no substitute for the heroism of Catholicity."

Truly all this presents a significant commentary on the French crusade against religion and its belongings. France is not lost. She will soon again be fully entitled to her honorable distinction as "Elder daughter of the Church."

DEVOTED ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES

Presbyterian Witness: Beyond all praise is the courage, self-sacrifice, and devotion of three Sisters of the Immaculate Conception Convent, Montreal, who bade a last farewell to friends and left recently for the leper colony in Sketlung Island, China.

In going forth to minister to the sufferers from a horrible disease, they will look for the last time upon their native land and upon the faces of their loved ones, for once they enter this leper colony they will never come out. Such consecration to God and to the service of suffering humanity is of the very spirit of Christ, and we gladly recognize it in the Catholic Church; many of whose missionaries to the Indian tribes of Canada in the early history of our country, suffered torture and death in their zeal to win the pagan Indians to Christianity and to minister to their spiritual needs.

However much we may differ from them in some important points of doctrine there have never been more devoted missionaries than these Jesuit priests.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PHOENIX, ILL.
FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

THE MALICE OF SIN

"Young man, I say to thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak." (St. Luke vii, 14, 15)

The young man whom Our Lord restored to life is a figure of one spiritually dead. By one spiritually dead is meant a person in mortal sin. Mortal sin kills the soul by depriving it of its life, which is sanctifying grace.

It is well for us frequently to consider the nature of sin and contrast the condition of him who has yielded in time of temptation with that of one who resists and gains a victory over Satan and his own wicked passions.

Our catechism tells us that sin is any willful thought, word, deed or omission contrary to the law of God. We can never understand its real malice; for it is an offense against an infinite being, and we know that the higher the dignity of the person offended, the greater the offense.

Hence, when the person offended is infinite, the offense is infinite, and the finite can never comprehend the infinite.

Though we can never fully understand the malice and nature of sin, we can have a good idea of it by considering some of the punishments God has inflicted upon sinners.

Lucifer committed only one sin of thought, and he was banished to hell for all eternity with all the rebel angels. The only difference between St. Michael in the highest court of heaven, and Lucifer, in the lowest pit of hell, is one mortal sin. Just think of it: one mortal sin unforgiven would deprive us of the sight of God for all eternity. And how many have we not committed? Oh, let us tremble and seek forgiveness with a humble and contrite heart!

Our first parents, by a single mortal sin, were the cause of all the evils, all the wars, all the pestilence with which their posterity has been afflicted.

Even for a venial sin, for lack of faith, Moses was not allowed to enter the promised land, and Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt. Again we know that our sins were the cause of the passion and death of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

From these considerations we arrive at some idea of the nature and malice of sin; and, while thinking of its malice, let us examine the condition of him who has yielded to its allurements. Pleasure is the bait held out when we are tempted to sin. But the apostle says these "wages" this bait is death. He means that these pleasures, this deceitful happiness, this apparent good, ceases the moment it is enjoyed.

Other pleasures may follow, but they, too, are doomed to a speedy death. What, then, have we gained by yielding to temptation? Where are our wages? They are gone forever. For they were the pleasures, the wages of sin and the "wages of sin is death."

Happy would we be, did death overtake our sinful pleasures only in this life. But such is not the case. Each sin is treason against our legitimate Master, who will be our Judge. A being, a Judge, of infinite justice can not but punish treason; thus the wages of sin both here and hereafter is death. But can we not repent? Certainly, we can, if we will. Still when we remember what is implied by the word repentance; when we consider that it means sincere sorrow for the past, a sincere feeling that could the past be recalled the sinner would rather die than yield to forbidden pleasures; when we recall to mind the fact, that the habitual sinner puts off this repentance to some future time; then, we fear his repentance will be too late. For God has not promised him the future. How does he know he will be alive to-morrow? Can not God say to him as He did to the rich man as recorded in the Gospel: "Thou fool, this night shall they require thy soul of thee, and whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" What have you now for your ill-gotten riches, your sinful pleasures? An eternity of woe with not a single oasis of joy to brighten the monotony of the desert of affliction.

Turn we now to consider the condition of one who victoriously resists temptation. He refuses sinful pleasures—pleasures forbidden by God and His Church. He stands aloof from the crowd and, comparing the transitory pleasures of time with the everlasting joys of eternity, says: "No! I will not yield. I will not purchase repentance at so dear a rate. I will not exchange real for apparent happiness, the joys of eternity for the pleasures of a moment. I will not do that which some time I shall wish not to have done." But is not such a one more miserable than the sinner in this life? No, assuredly not; both in this life and the next his generous Master will reward him for his fidelity. For if there is any real happiness in this world, it surely belongs to him whose pure conscience tells him he has overcome his passions and kept the laws of his God. If such a one is happy in life, he is far happier in death. His conflicts with his enemies, the world, the flesh and the devil, are then over, and how consoling is their remembrance. He has fought the good fight, he has conquered, and he has the assured hope of an eternal crown. He awaits hope of an eternal crown. He is death without a murmur. He is perfectly resigned to the will of God.

He has done his duty, avoided sin with its fleeting joys, and is now ready to enter into the joys of his Lord.

Let us frequently recall to mind the nature and malice of sin. Let us not forget that it is an infinite offense, since it is against God an infinite being; that mortal sin kills the soul; and, although it may afford us a moment's happiness, it will cause us to be unhappy for all eternity. These thoughts together with the thought of the enviable condition of the dying Christian who has resisted his passions will serve to keep us from sin. With them ever before our minds we will be encouraged to resist the devil and our evil inclinations. By thus conquering our spiritual enemies we shall one day hear the sweet invitation of Jesus Christ to eternal felicity; saying "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will place thee over many things, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

TEMPERANCE

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

Writing of the change that has come about in the public mind with regard to the use of liquor, the "Counselor," says in the Catholic Transcript:

If we could imagine some Rip Van Winkle to wake up out of a hundred years' sleep, and the changes which he would notice among the people would be wonderful. He would find that many of the old Mother Shipton prophecies had already come to pass during his long slumber.

But it would not be the telegraph, nor the telephone, nor the automobile, nor the aeroplane which would arouse his greatest astonishment.

The change which he would be apt first to notice, I fancy, would be the change from a bibulous to a temperate nation.

We can scarcely imagine the possibility to-day of such a thing as the whiskey insurrection, which defied the laws in Pennsylvania less than a century and a quarter ago, in which men were ready to risk their lives and property, rather than have a tax placed upon their grog.

Cheap whiskey seemed far more important to those early and ardent Americans, than the lives, liberties and sacred honor of the people.

No side-board in the early years of the nineteenth century was without even in the homes of ministers of the Gospel, that was not loaded down with ardent spirits of various kinds.

A man who was not given to the use of strong drink was looked upon as an uncanny and unmanly person. George Washington was one of the few men capable of appreciating the right of a man to remain temperate, if he desired.

The story is told of a young officer who called upon him at Philadelphia soon after the close of the American Revolution. He was invited to dine with the general.

Just before the meal was ended, Washington politely requested him by name to drink a glass of wine with him.

"You will have the goodness to excuse me, General," was the young man's reply, "but I have made it a rule never to touch wine."

All eyes were turned in amazement and contempt upon the young officer. He was looked upon as un-social and uncivil.

Washington noticed the feelings of his guests and graciously took the young man's part. "Gentlemen," he said, "my friend is right. I do not wish any of my guests to partake of anything against their inclination; and I certainly would not have them violate an established principle in their intercourse with me. I honor my friend for his frankness and for adhering to his rule, for which I have no doubt he has good reasons."

If it had not been for this kindly remark of General Washington's, the young soldier would have been insulted by the other guests.

How different are our present day customs!

What brought about this great change?

No doubt, there is a higher average of culture and refinement among the people than could be found in the earlier days.

But even among the cultured and refined in the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century, the social cup was looked upon as the correct thing. Cowper was laughed at for his "cup that cheers but not inebriates."

Burns and Moore took the glass and the lass as their chief sources of lyrical inspiration.

The poet who would attempt to please an audience with a drinking song to-day would find but little applause.

I suspect that the temperance agitators and the societies organized to promote the virtue of temperance are to be credited as the leading cause of the change.

"IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART"

How many a young man, yes, and old one too, there is, who is deterred from committing evil by this thought "It would break her heart." It may be the memory of a mother whose tender love and constant prayers for her boy have brought him solace and comfort in many a dark hour; it may be the jealous, and ever watchful guardianship of a sister who would laugh at death rather than that a brother should suffer disgrace; it

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may be the meek patience of a wife always ready to shoulder the biggest share of the load; it may be the pleading eyes of the one dear girl in all the world, whom he has chosen to accompany him "down the vale;" but of one thing we may be certain more men have been converted from evil to the path of virtue, more hardened hearts have been softened, more dead souls have been brought back to life by the sweet compelling influence of good women "than this world dreams of."

How many men there are who would shrink from taking a glass of whiskey if they realized that at that moment the one they loved most on earth was crying hot bitter tears of sorrow and disappointment. But women as a rule are prone to hide their sufferings. They fold their wings over the arrow that is in their hearts and no one knows that they are bleeding till the worn out corpse is laid to rest. Will you try to think of this some times, men? Don't persuade yourselves, "O she don't care." Perhaps you never found her weeping when you came home with a half emptied flask or bottle. Perhaps she never denied you the smile, the kind word, the tender caress you looked for. But her heart was bleeding all the while; and when the lustre began to fade from her eyes, when the bloom disappeared from her cheek, when you saw in a day a few "silver threads among the gold;" you began to wonder what brought about the change. And you never thought for a moment it was all your own fault. You were drinking. That made you forget her. It gradually drew you away from her. And the distance widened with every glass you took.

Do try and think of this the next time you are tempted; "It would break her heart." - Rev. Robert MacEwen.

HOW TO UNITE

Meanwhile there are thousands of Anglicans—clergy and laity—who are living lives of truly Catholic devotion, with all the aids to a devout life which the Church supplies, but who, in spite of their affinity with modern Roman Catholicism, would be the last to desert the Church of England in her hour of need.

Individual conversions to Rome can only hinder the general conversion, and one Anglican Catholic, who means so much to us, can make very little difference to the Roman Catholic millions throughout the world. The present disunion of Christendom is impossible as a permanent state; we must believe that Protestant Christianity is but a temporary measure designed by the God of all Christians, which has served and continues to serve to stimulate Catholicism.

One more point. Is it not probable that the whole of the Anglican Church will be more easily won for Catholicism by the life-long exertions of her own members than by the exertions of those who stand outside her and feel no sympathy for her in her struggle?

I appeal to those of your readers who are really interested in the moral and spiritual welfare of England, who see in the Anglican Church a real agency of religion, though to them a misguided one, to regard her as a sister-Church who, having temporarily fallen into error, is striving, with the help of God's grace, to recover, and has during the last fifty years succeeded beyond all expectation in this revival to count for nothing in their eyes? Are we still to be regarded on a par with Lutherans and Presbyterians? Is it not probable that the great revival of which possibly your readers know only too little, is but the beginning of a movement which will not stop until it has achieved its object—Reunion.

It is a glorious vision—the future when your Bishops shall work hand in hand with ours, when the two great armies join forces for the conversion of England, when England is one more Catholic country, when "mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other"—and the Kingdom of God is come.

ANGELICAN

In the course of a lengthy and able comment on this letter the editor of the Times and Opinion writes:

We are sure our correspondent, whose letter is so frank and friendly, will on consideration see why it is impossible for the Catholic Church to treat the Church of England as a sister Church and why in fulfilling her mission she cannot repress the desire to make individual converts from Anglicanism. As we have said, Catholics cannot but feel sympathy with those Anglicans who are anxious for more light, but as long as the Anglican body are outside the true fold, how could the Catholic Church look upon the Church of England as a sister Church? Unity, as our correspondent knows, is a mark of the true Church. How would unity exist if people who are in doctrinal error, though on the way to the Catholic Church, were recognized as members of a sister Church? Oneness of doctrine is essential to unity, and a Church in doctrinal error cannot be considered a sister Church, a branch Church or a part of the Catholic Church. Again, our correspondent will not deny that the Church was invested with authority. Is she to renounce this authority by recognizing as a sister Church a Church which does not accept her authority? The idea is outside the pale of possibility, and therefore Catholics feel

AN ANGLICAN LETTER

"ROME HAS THE FULL FAITH"—MANY LONG TO BE RECONCILED

The following remarkable letter giving the Anglican point of view is published in the Liverpool Catholic Times and Opinion in the issue of July 4:

Sir.—Though I am not a member of your communion, I shall feel very grateful if you can find room in your paper for this letter. It is not polemical in any sense, but an attempt to present to your co-religionists the view of the Anglican Church as an important agent in the work of the Re-Catholicising of England. It is a great grief to us that we should be considered by all those of the Roman obedience as merely a Protestant sect, with no aspirations after the Catholic ideal, and no love for Historic Christianity. Is it right that such a misconception should be endorsed and fostered by those whose learning should make them better judges of true religion? I think that a great many Roman Catholics in England would be willing to confess that amongst the English Protestant sects the Anglican Church stands alone. If they do not grant this I cannot but think that they must be ignorant of the great progress which we have made during the last half-century.

PROGRESS IN ANGLICAN CHURCH

The condition of the Anglican Church during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, with its utter lack of spirituality, its indifferent clergy, and its irreligious adherents, was deplorable, but it no longer obtains.

Ever since the Oxford Movement of 1840 there has been a steady trend in the direction of Catholicism, or, as our enemies term it, "Romeward."

In hundreds of churches the Holy Eucharist with Catholic ceremonial has become the principal Sunday service. This custom has obtained in over 240 churches in London alone. Fasting Communion is taught and facilitated by early celebration for those wishing to make their Communion. All this is accompanied by sound teaching on the Real Objective Presence, and the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Such books as

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Dr. Gore's "Body of Christ," and Dr. Stone's "History of the Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist," which have by their own intrinsic merits won their way into Roman Catholic circles, are no exaggeration of the views held and expressed by many devout Anglicans on the Blessed Eucharist.

One more point: The Practice of Confession is spreading rapidly, and there are few districts indeed where there is not an Anglican priest willing and anxious to hear the confession of the penitent. This is not generally known because of all Catholic practices the one most hateful to the average Protestant is Confession, so that even Anglo-Catholics do not speak of it much except to one another. This steady trend is obvious to friends and foes alike, and the latter have formed societies for the express purpose of molesting Anglican Catholics.

VIEW OF MANY ANGLICANS

May I be allowed to express my view of the present situation? I would not dare to do so were I not sure that I am voicing the opinion of many of my co-religionists who, like myself, are longing for a reconciliation with Rome. I believe that the full Catholic Faith is that taught by the Roman Church, but after a careful study of the history of my own Church I cannot believe that she in any way forfeited her privileges at the Reformation to the extent represented by her opponents.

She took great care to maintain the hierarchy intact, and preserved at least the two Sacraments of the Gospel, though, under the influence of foreign Protestants, she did for the time being give a definitely un-Catholic interpretation to them. Still these ordinances remained, and the unworthiness of their ministers did not detract from the grace which is conveyed "ex opere operato." Thus the forms remained. It only needed a sufficient body of opinion to re-introduce the Catholic interpretation of them. That opinion is now prevalent, and the Old Faith is returning to England.

From my reading of Church history I have long felt that I would be rather on the side of such men as the Blessed John Fisher, Sir Thomas Moore, Richard Whiting, and their successors to-day than on the side of the so-called reformers, such as Henry VIII. and his tools, Thomas Cromwell and Cranmer.

It was not the music or the ritual of the Catholic Church or the influence of any Catholic friend, priest or layman, but my own deliberate choice that has led to the change of my religion. I, of course, realized the pain it would cause my relatives and many old friends, but, while feeling sorry that it should do so, I felt that I had to follow my own conscience, and that it was no use pretending any longer to believe what I did not believe.—William J. Gerr. A. M., Former Anglican Clergyman.

SOCIALISM AND RACE SUICIDE

In the editorial column of this week's issue of the local Socialist, The Workers World organ, there appears an article which, carefully read will go far toward disclosing the real measure of "friendship" enshrined in propaganda of thorough-going Socialism. After a long exordium on the merits of a recently enacted Wisconsin Statute of a revolutionary and inhuman character the Socialist organ asks: "Has the human race a right to wholesale unlimited multiplication? If so why? If not why not? Has not the legislature the right to say to a miner who has seven children with only three days work a week 'there are too many miners already and not enough jobs?'"

Would not a close labor union, like the potters for example, which strictly limits the number of apprentices have the right to say to its members: "You must not increase your numbers faster than our trade grows."

The sinister meaning of these questions is evident on the face of them.

The implied answer to all of them is plain although not given in express terms. It is that Socialism bases its underlying principles on the old Malthusian theory applied to the natural laws of production. It means open defiance of the laws of God, and of the Creator's command to mankind "Increase and multiply." It is a deliberate cold blooded inculcation of that modern curse of humanity race suicide. It gauges the value of human life and human souls by the same measure that is applied by the stock raiser or that agriculturist to the raising of pigs or turkeys.

Carried into effect this dreadful propaganda would mean an effort to defeat the purpose of the Almighty in the creation of the world and be a more frightful blight to humanity than all the wars and pestilences of all history.

In view of this open declaration of the real meaning of Socialism how can any human being laying claim to the name of Catholic subscribe in any way to the theory of this modern bane of religion morality and the human race.—New World.

Life is not all night and conflict; morning breaks at last.

There is a big difference between a wish and dogged resolution.

Do you think that God, Who made everything in the heavens, and Who made all the earth, does not know where to place you and what is the best for you?

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

bound to urge individual Anglicans to make their calling and election secure by accepting the authority of the Church of which Peter's successor is the head.

Catholics not only sympathize with the efforts of Anglicans in combating Protestant prejudices and attempting to undo the evil effects of the Reformation, but earnestly hope that in time to come they will be crowned with success by the conversion of England to the old faith. We welcome the change and freely acknowledge that it is extensive.

FOLLOWING HIS CONSCIENCE

For several years I have had the idea that I would eventually become a Catholic. I distinctly remember being present at a Catholic mission in a country town in Victoria when I was a small boy. Even then I was impressed by the reverence of the congregation, and I made up my mind there and then, that I would when I grew up, read the best works on the Catholic side. Well, I did so. I have read nearly all the works of Cardinal Newman, and of that great Catholic controversialist of to-day, Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson, as well as many of the publications of the Catholic Truth Society. One pamphlet that impressed me very much was Mgr. Benson's "City Set on a Hill," and among the works that gave me great assistance in arriving at my final determination were Father Ryder's reply to "Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome," also, Dom Chapman's reply to Bishop Gore's "Roman Catholic Claims." So you see, I practically read myself out of Anglicanism into Catholicism.

From my reading of Church history I have long felt that I would be rather on the side of such men as the Blessed John Fisher, Sir Thomas Moore, Richard Whiting, and their successors to-day than on the side of the so-called reformers, such as Henry VIII. and his tools, Thomas Cromwell and Cranmer.

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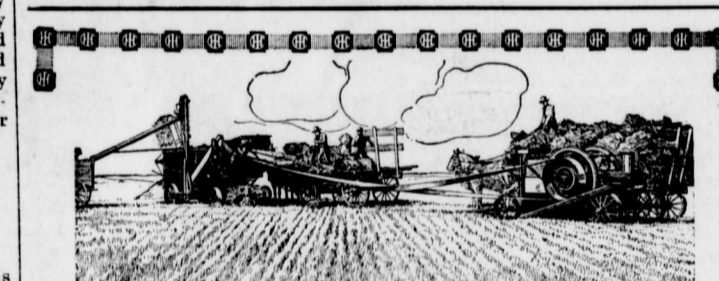
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE RIGHT KIND
The man who gets results is the man who is wanted. He must know his work like a specialist and do it with skill, ease, promptness, regularity and persistency.

HOW LOST MINUTES COUNT
The place of the time clock in an industry employing 10,000 men was illustrated in a striking manner by the superintendent when a party of five men who had been late in punching their time walked into his office to object to being docked for half an hour.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
BEGIN NOW
Every young man, and woman, boy or girl should begin to prepare for the time when they will be old and unable to earn a living.

LETTER OF COUNT JOSEPH DE MAISTRE
The Count de Maistre was consulted one day by a Protestant lady who wished to know whether a change of religion was not contrary to honor.

THE SERVICE OF THE WORLD
Many persons live for the world alone. They admire the maxims of the world. What the maxims of the world are, are told by the Apostle: "All that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life."

ANIMAL AFFECTION FOR MAN AND MATE
Do animals pine and die of grief when they are separated from their human or animal favorites? The keeper of the Bronx Zoo, New York, says that they do.

A Good Used Piano
often better than a cheap new one. We have all makes in those slight used instruments taken in part payment on Player Pianos.

IS A LIVE WIRE
FATHER VAUGHAN'S OPINION OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
In a recent address, made in England, Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., who has just concluded a tour of America, had this to say of the Knights of Columbus:

ABSORBINE
will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunches, Heals Boils, Potholes, Etc., Quicker, Finer, of any unhealthy sore quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide.

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We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM

You have long wanted your way. You have become tired of hearing mother say, "Come right home after school." "Don't be late." "Be sure to tell the teacher." It is "Do this," and "Don't do that," all the time.

THE HIGHER-COST LIVING WHICH COMES OF GREED, for the cheapening of the creature comforts, the grossly appreciable advantages, material, mental, and moral.

ies are all gained over the palpable, material world and contribute in various ways to physical comfort. But the more pampered the body is, the more famished as a rule is the soul.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY
For the benefit of non-Catholics we sometimes cite Protestant writers, even when they do not correctly state Catholic doctrine or practice, in cases where they refute misrepresentations or set straight matters that have been misunderstood.

For these modern "heroes," of course, "get results." Their victo-

GURNEY-OXFORD
The Aristocrat of The Kitchen
After a glimpse into the kitchens of thousands of well managed homes throughout Canada, the Gurney-Oxford Range may be truly spoken of as the "Aristocrat of the Kitchen."

PROTESTANT CONFESSIONAL

Time was when even among the Protestants who were avowedly anti-Catholics the very mention of "Confession" was received with an expression of horror and scorn as one of the worst corruptions of Rome. For some years past certain of the Anglican churches have had a modified confession, the similarity to that of the Catholic Church being more in name than in the substance of the Sacrament of Penance. Perhaps the growth of the custom in those churches has worn away the extreme opposition to the very thought of it among the members of the evangelical sects.

For surely the opposition has disappeared to a great extent if we may judge from the proposal offered to the general convention of the Christian Endeavor Society recently held in Los Angeles, by Rev. Charles Sheldon, a Congregational minister. He declared that in his belief one of the secrets of the power of the Catholic Church was the Confessional, the other great power being its union under one head. He himself, he said, had used the Confessional in his church, and had found it a means of accomplishing much good.

"By the Protestant Confessional," he explained—for his plea in behalf of it had occasioned no little consideration among his hearers—"I mean the opportunity given by the pastor to his congregation of counseling with him on any subject where they need help or advice. The time for this Confessional may be Sunday afternoon, when the people generally would be at liberty to come. In general this Confessional would give opportunity for much helpfulness between pastor and the people."

That explanation explains much. It does not explain, however, why there should be any consternation among those who were urged to establish such a Confessional. Perhaps it was the word "Confessional" which made the traditional Protestant's blood run cold.

For the thing which Rev. Mr. Sheldon advised is very far removed from the Catholic Sacrament of Penance. He does not believe that he can forgive sins; and just as well he does not. In his advisory Confessional there is to be no detailed confession of sins, looking to the pronouncement of absolution. He and his hearers could never accept such a doctrine without submitting to the Church of Rome, for Sacramental Confession is one of the great staples to union with the Catholic Church.

With him, the Confessional is simply to be a bit of good advice, of "counseling with him on any subject where they need help or advice." That is all very good as far as it goes; but it does not go far. Not nearly as far as we were led to believe when the first newspaper announcements of the reverend gentleman's speech came out. It is merely the plea for what we had supposed already existed in all churches, the parishioners seeking the advice of their pastors in time of trouble or uncertainty.

Even that is desirable. And familiarity with that thought may lead those who make use of that modified "Confessional" to go further and come back to the old Church where God has so provided for the needs of the human soul in the Sacrament instituted not merely for advice but for the remission of sins.—Pilot.

A STIRRING CALL TO DUTY

BISHOP ANDERSON'S INSPIRING ADDRESS TO THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS AT BOSTON

At the supreme council of the Knights of Columbus, which opened in Boston on a recent Sunday, Bishop Joseph G. Anderson of Worcester, Mass., delivered a notable address on the issues of the day and the duty of Catholic laymen in relation thereto.

Bishop Anderson pointed out the evils of the day, the mistakes made by the dispensers of so-called modern nostrums for the ailments of the body politic, and sounded a keynote of action for the Knights of Columbus in the days that are to come.

recently, the Holy Father, seeing such activity on the part of the enemy, complained of the apathy and indifference of the Catholics in response to His appeals to them to rouse themselves to action.

There is one great question and problem that perplexes the world today and in which the Church is deeply interested because it affects not only the welfare of her own members, but the general welfare of society. It is the social question. This is the great question that has so fixed the attention of the world and so stirred the souls of men as to cause the social unrest so universally felt throughout the world. The desire and effort of men to better and improve their social conditions, so long ignored and abused by the powerful and rich in every land, have so fired men with frenzied passion that they have been captivated with the programme and principles of reform presented to them by Socialism and by the methods of physical force offered by anarchy. The material benefits to be derived from these efforts of reform have caused them not only to ignore religion as an element in the solution of their problems, but to consider it as a barrier and a hindrance to the success of their plans.

In these disturbances the Church has been made a special object of attack by the Socialistic press, the destruction of Church property and the insults and assaults offered against the religious men and women, through the misguided mobs deluded and stirred on by social demagogues and leaders. Echoes of these uprisings have been heard here and the cry through our city streets of 'No God and No Master' have made us realize also that the danger is already at hand and the enemy is in our midst.

"Fortunately, there is an awakening in this country to this danger that threatens the welfare and security of society, and there is an earnest desire on the part of all right-minded and public spirited men to seek the solution of these social problems. In the public addresses of leading thinkers in this country, in the recent inaugurations of many of the governors of the different states, but especially in the inaugural of President Wilson, there is found this sincere effort to stir the public conscience for a readjustment of law and government to human needs, so that the laws may be based upon a higher conception of social obligation, and the civilization resulting may mean a higher social life in safeguarding the health of the nation, the health of its men and its women and its children, as well as their rights in the struggle for existence."

"If this call to knighthood in the social question affects first of all the employer and the laborer in your ranks, it appeals most strongly also to the professional men of your order, to the lawyers, the doctors, the educators and the public officials, of which so many are numbered in your society. So wide is the field of social action that every phase of the question calls for special treatment from the various professions and each has its own particular and important work already assigned to it. Unfortunately, the leadership in these great social questions has been taken by those whose views are not directed by Christian teachings, but by the materialistic views of the age. What, then, is needed is that the Catholic educated men should study these problems so as to set forth clearly the Christian view and the Christian principles before the public mind, to safeguard the laborer from the evil views and teachings that are being disseminated by the street orator, the demagogue, and the Socialist press, whose only interest is to create disorder, to rouse class hatred and eventually destroy society.

"Pope Leo says, 'No one lives only for his personal advantage in a community; he lives for the common good as well, so that when others cannot contribute their share for the general object, those who can do so are obliged to make up the deficiency. The very extent of the benefits they have received increases the burden of their responsibility, and a stricter account will have to be rendered to God. Who bestowed those blessings upon them.'"

"What should also urge all to the fulfillment of their duty in this regard, is the widespread disaster which will eventually fall upon all classes of society if this assistance does not arrive in time, and, therefore he who neglects the cause of the distressed is not doing his duty to himself or to the State."

"I appeal to you, therefore, as Catholics conscious that there is a great crisis threatening the welfare of the country and religion, the echoes of a storm that is already passing over the countries of Europe. I appeal to your Knighthood, knowing that you are prepared to do your full duty for God, for your Church and your country."

VENERABLE PRELATE'S LAST LETTER

The following beautiful letter to his people written by Bishop Janssen when he realized the end was near, was made public after his death:

"Reverend and Dear Fathers and Beloved Faithful of the Diocese of Belleville: "When God shall take my soul it is my desire to be buried honorably according to the rites of the Holy Catholic Church and in accordance with the ceremonies prescribed for the burial of Bishops.

GRATITUDE PROMPTED THIS LETTER

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TIMOTHY McGRATH.
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of the diocese of Belleville. When the Cathedral was destroyed by fire on January 4, 1913, an occasion presented itself to have this burial crypt constructed under the sanctuary of the Cathedral. Following my own desire and the advice of the diocesan consultors, a burial crypt has been constructed under the Cathedral.

"Tobias of old instructed his son to bury him honorably. The Cathedral is the place of the Cathedral, or chair of the Bishop. It is the Bishop's church, and as such acquires a certain dignity supplementary to that which marks the parish church. It is, therefore, fitting and also in accordance with Christian practice that the Bishop be buried in this Cathedral."

"It seems that my earthly pilgrimage will soon come to a close. My remaining days are few. During the twenty-five years of my episcopate I have always endeavored to act justly and in accordance with the dictates of my conscience. If I have offended anyone I ask God's pardon."

"My parting words to you, beloved priests and faithful of the Diocese of Belleville, are the words of Tobias to his son: "Hearken, therefore, my children, to your father; serve the Lord in truth and seek to do things that please him, and command your children that they do justice and alms-deeds and that they be mindful of God and bless him at all times in truth and with all their power."

"When they have laid my body to rest, remember me at the altar of the Lord. Imparting to you the episcopal blessing, I ask your prayers."

WHAT DID MR. FOY SAY?

Editor Ottawa Citizen.—In the account of the Chelsea picnic which appeared in your paper of Tuesday evening Mr. C. J. Foy is quoted for the following:

"After all, said Mr. Foy, we are all striving for the same goal, and what does it matter if Smith or Jones in going to Montreal take the Grand Trunk or the C. P. R.? Are they not going to the same place? Then, in the name of God let us sink these petty differences, which, after all are accidents of birth, and stick together, work together, and build up the grandest country in the world to-day."

"I presume that the word 'goal' here means Heaven. Although I did not hear Mr. Foy I may safely state that he has been entirely misquoted. The error contained in this paragraph which comes under the title of 'Indifferentism and Latitudinarianism' is this: 'Men can find the way to eternal salvation itself by the practice of any religion whatsoever.' This error has been condemned by Pius IX. in his syllabus of 1864.

Mr. Foy's words, no doubt, have been wrenched from their strong Catholic moorings and twisted into the sophistry contained in the above quotation. Mr. Foy may have said what every Catholic child knows, that we are obliged to love our neighbors though they differ from us in religion, and he may have said that we should work together for the temporal and moral welfare of our country. At any rate we know that Mr. Foy is too well instructed in the doctrines of the Church to make the statements attributed to him. He knows full well, as every Catholic layman

knows, that the differences between creeds are not petty but exceedingly great and that the possession of the true faith is not a mere accident of birth, but a free gift of God.

I submit this as an interim correction. Mr. Foy is a well known lawyer and a prominent leader of the Irish Catholics of Ontario. His words therefore ought to appear in print as words becoming a Catholic leader. We trust that Mr. Foy's personal correction will soon follow.

G. W. O'TOOLE, Cantley, Que.

NO ONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF

Our Lord once said to St. Catherine of Sienna: "It would indeed have been easy to give each man all that is necessary for his body and his soul. But I willed that men should need one another, and that they should become ministers and dispensers of My gifts. Whether a man will or not, I force him to exercise charity toward his neighbor. See, therefore, it is to increase charity that I have made men My ministers and placed them in different states. There are many ways of living in My mansion, but loving is the only way I demand. For who loves his neighbor loves Me and fulfills the law. And whose possessions love renders to his neighbor all possible service."

"In this life, while ye pass as strangers and pilgrims, I have bound you together by insoluble ties of charity; each man is forcibly united to his kind. Should he wish to separate himself, he is yet held by necessity. For I have bound you by your works as well as by love. I have not given to each what is necessary for his existence, so that should man lose the love of his brother, yet shall his actual needs enforce him. You are each bound to the other by the decrees of charity. For the tradesman needs the farmer, and the farmer needs the manufacturer. The religious needs the secular man and the secular the religious. The one cannot act without the other. And so it is with all men."

DIED

KEENAN.—In Chatham, Ont., on July 14, 1913, Mr. Patrick Keenan. May his soul rest in peace!

Goodness and greatness come not by wishes, but by self-sacrifice and persistent effort.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published weekly, at London, Ontario, Canada, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NOTE.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, two copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Ottawa, and the other to the Editor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D., London, Canada. Business Manager, Robert M. Burns, London, Canada. Publisher, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D., London, Canada. Owner, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D., London, Canada. Signed, Robert M. Burns, Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of July, 1913.

M. P. McDonough, A Notary Public for Ontario.

DOUGLAS SEPARATE SCHOOL

Renfrew Mercury, Aug. 5.

During the past few years people who attended the Douglas separate school, have taken notice of the large Separate school with its fine grounds, etc., wondered what work there was for such an institution in a rural district of the kind.

After three years of work the school now justifies its existence in a remarkable manner. This year it sent up for the Entrance Examination, nine pupils and all these nine passed; it sent up for Lower School Entrance, thirty-two pupils and forty-nine passed; it sent up eight pupils for Final Middle School Entrance to Normal and all these eight passed, one with honours; bearing these facts in mind, it is not surprising that the school is a source of satisfaction to all those within or without the church who are interested in the welfare of the district. The energetic parish priest, to provide such education for the youth of that section of the country.

The Mercury gave great praise to St. Michael's school and its appointments on the occasion of the Feast Day of its opening, three years ago, and is certainly glad now to add further tribute to the excellent work this school is doing by means of its success. Following are the names of the successful entrance to Normal pupils:—Lower School, Loretto Dillon, Hannah Sammon, Viola Bulger, Mary Walsh, Middle School—Anna Lynch, Mary C. Foran, Elizabeth Lynch, Clara Green, Mary Agnes Kilgour, George F. Meehan, Timothy Dowling, (honors) Wm. J. Neville.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be about Separate schools, there surely can be no difference in this, that whatever the schools may be there should be thorough training furnished in them. From the fact that the Separate schools in the last year or two the Separate schools have been making records in examinations it is evident that the instructors are determined that the young people under them shall not be handicapped by inefficient education.

NEW BOOK

The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures.—Part I. Volume III. Its purpose is to present this work continuously in separate fasciculi of the same format, which of course will vary in number of pages and price but which will be so arranged as to be capable of being (in regard to the New Testament) immediately bound in four volumes, thus:

- Vol. I. St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke.
- Vol. II. St. John, The Acts of the Apostles.
- Vol. III. The Epistles of St. Paul.
- Vol. IV. The other Canonical Epistles: the Apocryphes.

The Old Testament will be taken in hand later.

The object of this new translation is twofold. First to reproduce in English exactly what the Sacred Authors wrote with due regard to idiomatic differences of language; secondly, to produce the Sacred Writings, as far as external appearance goes, in a manner more worthy of their character. Accordingly these objects demand, not only the use of the best attainable original texts, but such apparatus of notes and explanations as will enable the reader to enter into the whole atmosphere and occasion of the several Scriptures. And, moreover, such care in editing that all doubts as to the accuracy of the text shall be typographically expressed, and all obscurities due to arbitrary divisions and faulty arrangement removed.

It should be clearly understood that this new Translation is not a claim to be a substitute for the old and familiar "Douay" version which has been based upon the Vulgate, must still be used where the English and Gaelic are read in churches until the final revision of the Vulgate makes a new version imperative. But it responds to a widespread feeling, itself due to increased interest in Bible studies, that the great advances made in textual criticism of the last century have not been reflected in the Egyptian papyrus, and the existence of many needless obscurities and faults in the current version, all demand a more accurate translation, if not a new movement in the same direction in the Church abroad, is evidenced by the number and excellence of the recent French and German versions of the original

MITCHELL SLIDE-EASY NECKWEAR QUALITY STYLE VARIETY

Scripture texts. No disrespect is shown to the memory of those confessors like the Douay and Rheims translators and the great Bishop Challoner, by the suggestion that the result of their labors in its modern condition does not satisfy either students or those who wish to read the Scriptures purely for edification. This new version, it is hoped, will be welcome to both classes, (but chiefly to the clergy and educated laity, to trace and the upper forms of schools) as giving more sure and ready access to the infinite treasures of revelation.

A beginning of the enterprise has been made with the Epistles of St. Paul, because by universal admission they stand most in need of being translated afresh. Most of the other Epistles are already in hand, but the future progress of the version will depend to some extent upon the reception of this, the first instalment.

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- TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. S. No. 7. Rochester, Ont. holding second class professional certificate. Apply stating experience and salary expected to Jno. Byrne Sr., Byrnedale, Ont. 1813-2.
- WANTED FOR S. S. No. 6. HUNTLEY. A second class professional teacher. Duties to commence September 3rd, 1913. Apply stating experience and salary expected to W. J. Egan, West Huntley, Ont. 1813-2.
- WANTED QUALIFIED SECOND CLASS S. S. No. 9. Lancaster Township, Lancaster, P. O. Apply to C. McKee, Sec., North Lancaster, P. O. 1813-2.
- WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR ST. AGNES Separate School, Moose Jaw, first or second class certificate required, services to commence Sept. 1st. Initial salary \$750 per year. Apply stating qualifications and forward reference. E. J. Baker, Sec. Treas., St. Agnes C. S. S., District No. 22, Moose Jaw, Sask. Box 414. 1813-2.
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By Order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

Toronto, July 16th, 1913.

- TEACHER WANTED FOR P. S. No. 4. Adamston, Ont. Second class. Normal trained. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply stating salary wanted, also giving references and experience in Ontario, to Matthew Kane, Sec. P. S. No. 4, Mt. St. Patrick, Ont. 1813-4.
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- WANTED—A QUALIFIED TEACHER for a Separate School at Baird, near Fort William. Salary \$500. English and French required. Give references and salary required. Apply to J. P. Lamarche, Sec. Treas., St. Patrick's Rectory, Fort William, Ont. 1814-7f.
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- WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR Northumberland Co. Salary \$420 per year. State experience. Services to commence Sept. 1st, 1913. James V. Carey, Sec. Treas., Vernonville P. O., Ont. 1813-6.
- WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, SECTION No. 2, Glencoe, an experienced teacher. Normal trained, Salary \$315. Applications enclosing testimonials and references should be made to James Murphy, Sec. Treas., Taverton, P. O. Co. Grey, Ont. 1813-7.

- TEACHER WANTED. WANTED A QUALIFIED teacher holding a Second Class Professional Certificate for S. S. No. 3, Paulton, Wellington County, 5 miles from the city of Guelph. Salary \$500. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1913. Apply to Sec. Treas., Mr. Thomas Doyle, Guelph, Ont. R. No. 6. 1813-3.
- WANTED LADY TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school district No. 9, holding certified certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply, stating experience and salary required, also particulars to Will C. O'Neil, Sec. Treas., Kearney P. O., Ont. 1813-4f.
- TEACHER WANTED QUALIFIED TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 11, Lancaster. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1913. Salary \$425. Apply to J. A. McLachlan, Sec. Treas., Green Valley P. O., Ont. 1813-1f.
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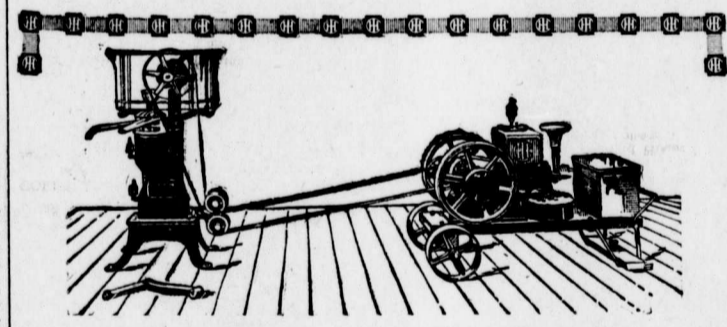
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