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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of the people. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1913

"A RESTRICTED VIEW OF HISTORY"

II

In our day it is a mark of culture, and an essential condition of breadth of view to regard creeds as outgrown, and dogmatic definitions as the crude attempts of an unenlightened age to set impossible limits to human search for truth.

"Modern Thought" (Hilaire Belloc considers the epithet equally inevitable and contemptuous) will not be cabined, cribbed, confined within such narrow limits.

At the same time there is throughout the whole English-speaking world, infinitely various in its manifestations, the deep and real longing for Christian unity.

It is then a natural and necessary consequence that serious minds should turn to the break with Catholic unity, to the beginnings of the present deplorable divisions.

Both of the preceding considerations incline even serious and open-minded Protestants to cling tenaciously to what we last week called the great dogmatic fact of English religious history as viewed by Protestants.

To attain the desired unity by going back to Rome, the centre of Christian Unity, is to impose on Modern Thought the intellectual fetters of the Middle Ages.

Therefore the break with Rome must be justified, and good easy men must be left free to deplore a divided Christianity without any uneasy feeling of responsibility therefor.

More comforting still is the conviction which they foster that the responsibility rests on Rome. In the words of the Mail reviewer, which suggested our comments, we shall restate the Protestant Historical Dogma:

"But he (Abbot Gasquet) ignores the fundamental fact that to non-Romans the whole development of the Papacy had been following for centuries false lines, and that the blame (if any) for the upheaval lay at the door of the Vatican itself."

To speak of Henry VIII's divorce or of his quarrel with the Pope as the cause of the English Reformation reveals a peculiarly restricted method of interpreting history."

In the contention that Henry VIII's divorce and consequent quarrel with the Pope was the cause, the sole cause, of England's break with Catholic Unity, and hence the indirect cause of the change of faith and subsequent endless sectarian divisions, Dom Gasquet is fully sustained by the most competent Protestant authority, living or dead, on this period of English history.

Dr. Gairdner, with the quiet assurance of the scholar who knows the facts and all the facts, the Master of the Rolls who spent a life time editing the letters and papers which are the source of all authentic knowledge of the period, states simply yet modestly that he has found no evidence in support of the traditional Protestant belief with regard to the Reformation in England.

Therefore the popular Catholic view is borne out by the historic documents of the period. This he states in his introduction as quoted by us last week; this he proves throughout the three volumes of his great work. The most copious quotations are quite inadequate to give more than a faint indication of how completely he shatters the accepted Protestant position on the history of this period.

In the heat of a controversy, with a particularly insolent English his-

torian, a famous Irishman defending his countrymen flung out the stinging charge that the English people abandoned their religion "at the bidding of a lustful king."

The contrast with the long drawn-out martyrdom of the faithful Irish made a telling point with a sympathetic audience. But there is more truth in the Catholic Englishman's defence of his forefathers:

"The English people did apostatize; the faith was stolen from them."

The author of Lollardy and the Reformation says practically the same thing in his introductory chapter:

"Who was 'the holy blissful martyr' whom Chaucer's pilgrims went to seek at Canterbury? One who had resisted his sovereign in his attempts to interfere with the claims of the papal church, and who died, for that cause, and no other, pilgrims who went to visit his tomb regarded him as a saint. It was only after an able and despotic King had proved himself stronger than the spiritual power of Rome, that the people of England were divorced from their Roman allegiance; and there is abundant evidence that they were divorced from it at first against their will."

What then was the true nature of the struggle between papal authority and secular authority which Bishop Creighton would have us regard as a struggle for national independence? We shall see some other instances as we go on. But we may say simply, in a general way, that it was essentially the same as it was in the days of Becket. It was a contest, not of the English people, but of the King and his government, with Rome.

To those of our readers unaccustomed to realize the totally different conditions that obtained in ages past, who may quite naturally think of England's separation from the unity of faith in the light of subsequent developments, we would say that there was at first no outward change of religion at all. That the power of the King in Henry VIII's time was unparalleled before or since. The House of Commons had no real power whatever; and the Lords, weakened by the Wars of the Roses, and terrorized by executions of the highest and noblest amongst them, were equally powerless.

Priests said Mass as usual; indeed the statute of the six articles asserted: (1) Transubstantiation and for its denial the penalty was burning at the stake, (2) the sufficiency of communion under one kind (3) clerical celibacy, (4) the validity of the vows of chastity, (5) the excellency of private Masses, and (6) the necessity of the Sacrament of Penance.

If those unlearned in history will keep these things in mind, and make the further allowance that it was the belief of the majority that things must right themselves in time, they will better appreciate the quotations which follow:

"Such was the feeling for the first martyrs of the new Act, even before the further butcheries of More and Fisher. Yet in England men could say nothing. The King's power was irresistible; and if he insisted on vindicating his ecclesiastical supremacy by such savage methods what was to be done?"

"It was a perplexing question. A whole nation could not be expected to imitate the example of Reynolds, and Hale, and the three Carthusian priors, and Bishop Fisher, and Sir Thomas More. How many could calmly face the prospect of strangulation, the ripping knife, the block, to yield their testimony to the fact that there was a law above the laws of Parliament and the will of a despotic king. The great majority could still retain that belief, yet give a qualified oath with which the authorities were content. Even More's noble-hearted daughter, Margaret Roper, did that, and would have persuaded her father to do it too. What was compulsory surely could not be wrong, especially with the reservation 'as far as lawful.'"

"Besides, royal authority, as well as papal, had always been regarded as sacred, and it was hard to leave it to the individual to draw the line between them."

"So when the King's authority came in conflict with the Pope's, very serious and perplexing questions were raised, even in regard to ethics. Prior Houghton himself sought the best advice and Father Fawceter, the head and confessor of the great monastery of St. Albans, was entirely against his yielding to royal supremacy. But when he saw the result of the counsel he had given him, Father Fawceter deeply reproached himself."

"I beseech you to forgive me, most gentle brethren," he said on his death-bed, "I am guilty of the death of your reverend Father, of which I was the cause; for I encouraged him in his resolution to die in the cause for which he suffered, and for which you are brought hither. Now, however, I am of another mind, and I perceive the cause is not one for which we are bound to suffer death."

Again, after describing the execution of the Marquis of Exeter, a grandson of Edward IV, and Lord Montague, representative of the House of York, and others, for having in private conversation expressed dis-

like of the King's proceedings, and hoped to see a change, our author says:

"There was no independence anywhere. The nobility had been cowed ever since the execution of Buckingham; the Commons were as yet no power in the state, though the king could use them and even advance their pretensions to suit his own purposes. While in England Bishops and clergy were sworn to the supremacy, and monasteries were dissolved and saints unsainted by a new authority in such matters, and bulls from Rome forbidden, and any acknowledgment of the old spiritual jurisdiction declared treason, the hearts of men, and especially of good men, longed for nothing so much as a reassertion of that spiritual jurisdiction which was acknowledged by all neighboring countries, and which alone could emancipate them from a demoralizing and insufferable thralldom. If England had been so emancipated with foreign aid, even at the cost of civil war, she would, it may be safely said, have been more grateful for foreign interference than she was even when the father of her present tyrant, with French assistance, put down Richard III."

(Vol. ii, Bk. iii, Ch. iii.) It is difficult to refrain from further quotations bearing directly on the point at issue; but we have chosen some passages which may help Catholics to understand the methods by which England was robbed of the Faith; and which show, at the same time the utter fallacy of the Protestant contention that the Henry VIII's divorce merely provided the occasion of the break with Rome, an occasion welcomed by the English nation.

LOCAL OPTION We are in favor of Local Option, and we are in favor of the Local Option law just as it stands with the three-fifths clause and the three years interval.

Just now the results of the recent voting are reviewed and commented upon with one eye on the temperance vote and the other on party politics. Just as a cross-eyed man, in spite of appearance, may see straight, these cross-eyed comments may sometimes be honest; sometimes they are not.

We are prepared to give some non-political reasons for the hope that is in us. Though the three years' interval between Local Option votes has not yet been attacked, it no doubt would be if the clamorous demands of unthinking temperance advocates and interested politicians were granted in the matter of the three-fifths clause.

There is just the same reason. It restricts the liberty of temperance people in their efforts to change the existing order of things. Municipalities have other business, and councils are selected and elected for other purposes, besides that of the regulation, control or suppression of the sale of intoxicating drinks. The three years interval prevents the obtention of this question into every municipal election, and, therefore, secures for important and essential business matters adequate and undivided consideration. The regular municipal business would not receive proper attention if Local Option were thrust into every election.

To those who confound the cause of temperance with temperance legislation the three-fifths clause may appear unjust. Legislation, however, has but a small though important part to play in the temperance cause. Its part is to hold the ground already won.

Unless such a law is strongly supported by public sentiment, a public sentiment that recognizes its justice as well as its desirability, a sentiment that will impel the ordinary citizen to exert himself in its enforcement at least to the same extent as he would in cases of the violation of other laws, unless such a sentiment is behind Local Option (or any other temperance legislation) it becomes much worse than useless. It does not do away with the abuses of liquor-selling; it often aggravates them. It adds to the old abuses, hypocrisy, law-breaking, and contempt for law in general. Experience proves all this.

The three-fifths clause ensures this necessary public sentiment in favor of the law. Perhaps the greatest benefit derived from the Local Option movement is the temperance education that it necessitates, an education that blesses those who give and those who receive. The result is the promotion of the virtue of temperance, which is far and away more important than temperance legislation. Where 60 per cent. of the people will not vote for Local Option they still need that temperance education. The abolition of the three-fifths clause would deprive them of this education in just that measure that the Local Option movement provides it.

The principal object of temperance legislation, of any kind, is, we believe, to hold the ground already won by moral suasion; legislation should never be a substitute for moral suasion. When Local Option is won under the three-fifths clause the victory is complete, at any rate decisive. The

results are nearly always permanent. Those interested in the liquor traffic recognize this; the war is over; there is peace.

If a narrow majority could turn the scales either way, there would be no peace, at best an occasional truce in a state of intermittent war. It is our conviction that Local Option would never have made the solid and permanent progress that it has made in Ontario, were it not for the wise, sane and prudent provisions known as the three-fifths clause and the three years interval.

ST. CATHARINES AND THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA "St. Catharines, Jan. 9.—The St. Catharines separate school board last evening resented the Library Board's action in refusing to permit a Roman Catholic encyclopedia to be placed in use at the library."

"On motion of M. Brennan, county crown attorney, and M. J. McCaron, barrister, it was agreed that it would be useless to appoint separate school representatives to the library board. The board will therefore decline to be represented."

"Sheriff Dawson and M. Shea represented the separate school in this last year and fought vigorously but in vain to have the encyclopedia placed in the library. The library board voted the proposition down at its last meeting."

There is not a secular paper of any standing in North America that has not paid the tribute of well-deserved praise to the great work of The Catholic Encyclopedia. Few if any of the denominational papers have withheld expression of their appreciation. Ministers of various denominations have borne generous testimony to its fairness and impartiality.

As is said in the Preface to the Encyclopedia: "Even the writings of the best-intentioned authors are at times disfigured by serious errors on Catholic subjects, which are for the most part due, not to ill-will, but to lack of knowledge. It would be fatuous to hope to call into immediate existence a Catholic English literature adequate to supply this knowledge and correct errors."

The Encyclopedia, therefore, is the most convenient means of doing both, enabling as it does, the foremost Catholic scholars in every part of the world to contribute articles in the condensed form that appeals to the man of action, and with the accuracy that satisfies the scholar."

The work, if carried out along these lines, must be of such great utility as to be indispensable to all who desire to be accurately informed on Catholic subjects. That it has been done in a fair, scholarly, impartial, and eminently useful manner is evident from the testimony of innumerable non-Catholic scholars, Protestant ministers, secular and denominational publications.

The only conclusion is that the enlightened majority on the St. Catharines Library Board do not wish the patrons of the Library to know the truth on Catholic subjects. To commemorate the great fire of 1666, the Corporation of London erected a monument. It bore an inscription in which Catholics were accused of being the authors of the calamity, a monstrous assertion for which no shred of evidence, even of the Titus Oates' variety, was ever adduced.

Pope thus refers to it: "Where London's column pointing to the skies Like a tall bully lifts his head and lies."

For nearly two hundred years the tall bully lied to successive generations in the metropolis of the British Empire. Late in the nineteenth century the calumny was erased.

"The bearing of this observation lies in the application on it." We are patiently, if not hopefully, waiting for those leading papers which highly commended the Catholic Encyclopedia to express their views of the action of the St. Catharines Library Board.

We are also waiting, but more hopefully, for a public expression of opinion from the ministers in this province who have already had the courage to express their appreciation of this scholarly work.

WE ARE pleased to notice this week the Catholic Bulletin, of St. Paul, Minn., in an enlarged form. The Bulletin is one of the brightest and best of Catholic papers that comes to our sanctum. This sign of prosperity is pleasing to us, and we hope the subscription list of this excellent Catholic family weekly will continue to grow.

It needs more courage to fight the bothers and the worries and the humdrum of life than to meet its great emergencies.

IT DOES NOT WORK OUT "In a country which is rapidly filling up with foreigners who can neither speak nor read our language and who may vote after a residence of three years, democracy without education could only mean in the end the boss and the rule of the mob."

Why, bless you, dear contemporary, you are but dreaming. Had you put religion along with education there would be a good rock foundation for your theory. The city of Toronto is once in a while paraded before us as the one place where education has attained a high degree of perfection, yet in that very same city the boss and the mob rule supreme. And the Toronto boss and the Toronto mob are educated people. Surely it must be within the knowledge of the editor of our contemporary that from the day upon which Sir Hugh Allan paid \$300,000 to debauch the Canadian electorate up to the present hour said Canadian electorate, or, to be strictly just, a goodly percentage of it, farmers on the concession line and the workers in the city, await with pockets unbuttoned for the reception of a bit of money before casting their ballots. We believe in education of the right sort, but education without religion will in the long run give us something akin to a pagan community. Please bear in mind the fact that there are thousands upon thousands of native Canadians whose conduct at election times brings wonderment to the minds of the simple foreigners who have not passed through the schools.

CATHOLICITY AND SCIENCE To those apostles of Materialism who are forever proclaiming that revealed religion and science are utterly incompatible, the Catholic Truth Society of England has issued a challenge by the publication of its recent volume, "Twelve Catholic Men of Science." The object of these biographies, writes Sir Bertram Windle, President of University College, Cork, in his preface to this opportune volume, "is to demonstrate the fact, unknown apparently to many critics of the Church, that there are numerous stars of science who were also devout Catholics, and found no difficulty in maintaining both positions simultaneously. It ought to be superfluous to maintain such a thesis, and it would be so if persons who propagate such accusations as are made against the Catholic Church, would, first of all, investigate the facts of the case." But as a rule this is the very last thing such people think of doing. They will not admit the possibility of error in their conclusions. The charge has been made so often. It has been denied, it is true, but only to be renewed and, they mistake its very vitality as proof of its veracity.

Since God is the Author of all Truth there can be no contradiction between Science and Faith. But as the statement has been made, it is well to have some definite examples of the co-existence in the same individual of scientific enthusiasm and reputation, with a steadfast attachment to the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The volume before us serves this purpose admirably, and issued as it is at a merely nominal price, it will prove a valuable offset to some of the rubbish which is inflicted on the reading public to-day. It does not purport to be anything like a complete biography of Catholic scientists. The editors set themselves a much more modest task, namely, to select from the bright galaxy of Catholic scientific stars twelve of the more famous as witnesses to the unity of Truth. The twelve biographies are those of Pasteur, Mendel, Galvani, Dwight, Lenacre, Vesalius, Stenson, Laennec, Muller, Corrigan, Secchi, and Lapparent. After penning such a list further comment is superfluous. It only remains to add that the writers of the various lives have succeeded in combining the scientific discernment with the purest literary style. The amount of information contained in the little volume is, indeed, remarkable. Not only is the man himself considered, and his life and work vividly portrayed, but for the better understanding of these things, his time and his contemporaries are also placed under tribute. We bespeak for this little volume a hearty welcome. It is but one of the many valuable achievements of the English Catholic Truth Society for which Catholicity the world over is its debtor.

COLUMBA. There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Canada's Minister of Militia, the one and only Colonel Sam, has invited the women to take part in forthcoming deliberations on the military outlook of the Dominion. Why not at once put himself at the head of a regiment of amazons and demonstrate to the Mother Country the channel through which suffragette astuteness and suffragist valor may find a fitting outlet? As proof of his own fitness for command, the Colonel once cited the fact that he had captured a lacrosse team. How better could he clinch the matter than by heading a petticoated brigade?

THE ANTI-CLERICAL press of Italy, we are told, is agitating for the establishment of a permanent and independent State in Palestine with the Pope as Sovereign. The occasion of this outcry is the message of Pius X. to the ambassadorial congress assembled in London to adjudicate upon territorial questions arising out of the war in the Balkans. This message was a prayer to the Powers to forever wrest the Holy Land from Turkish domination, or to guarantee permanent sanctity to the Holy Places and protection to Christian pilgrims—an aspiration in full keeping with the history of the past and with Christian sentiment the world over. This, however, is not the consideration, we may be sure, that weighs with the elements represented by the anti-Christian journals of United Italy. Nor is the aspiration of these journals in the present crisis in the least in unison with the representations of His Holiness to the ambassadors.

THAT PIUS X. has any ambition to reign as temporal sovereign over the Holy Land is about as probable as that he has such ambitions in regard to Great Britain or Germany. Nevertheless, such a consummation as regards the land sanctified by the footsteps of the Prince of Peace, would be the longed-for answer to the prayers of countless generations of pious believers, and would seem to be the ushering in of the reign of Justice upon the earth. But we are not sanguine that it would commend itself to the jarring sects of Christendom, or be looked upon with favor by the Powers, for the most part destitute of sympathy with Catholic ideals, and ready to fly at one another's throats at the least intimation of the extension of the territorial boundaries of any of them. Least of all, interested suggestions to the contrary notwithstanding, would it find favour with the forces represented by the anti-Christian press of Italy, whose one ambition is to humiliate the Vicar of Christ, and to destroy the civilization which has grown upon the Christian revelation.

THE atheistic and anarchistic forces in Italy would rejoice to witness the expatriation of the Holy Father goes without saying, just as does the hypocrisy of their zeal for his establishment as a temporal sovereign in Palestine. The same spirit it was that inspired the Garibaldian revolution and brought about the fall of the Pope's temporal power in Italy. And that it still lives and intrigues for the destruction of the Church, contemporary evidence is forthcoming day by day. Forty years ago it was Mazzini; to-day it is Nathan that voices its ambition. And were it not for the great worldwide strength of Catholic loyalty which awes even the atheism of the lodges, the Pope's position in Rome would be precarious indeed, and the permanency of the Eternal City as the capital of Christendom be anything but assured. That, at least, is the human aspect of the question.

TRUE CATHOLICS, however, will never lose sight of the truth that a higher than the human element is to be reckoned with, and that the Pope's position in Rome rests upon foundations that no mere earthly conspiracy can destroy. Stripped he may be in the future for a time of every prerogative of earthly sovereignty, just as, since 1870, such sovereignty has been restricted to the four walls of his palace and its garden, and even there been subject to every petty annoyance which malice could suggest. But just as Saint Peter settled him down in Rome as his predestined home, so, in the Providence of God, it must ever so remain to his successors in the Apostolic Chair, even though events may necessitate their bodily absence from it. That, at least, is our understanding of history, tradition, and

writings of approved theologians, is fifty years ago since Cardinal Perrotti, kinsman of Pius IX., uttered these memorable words: "All the evils which now threaten the Church will be for the furtherance of the Faith, and for the greater glory of the Holy See. By these very tumults and persecutions of the Vicar of Christ, the Christian world will become more Catholic, and Rome more than ever united to its Pontiffs."

THE EXPECTED has happened—the far named "Jesuit Oath" has turned up in Belfast, and been doing yeoman service as a bogey to frighten Protestant Nationalists with it. It is less than a year since Toronto had the spasm, and what affected the Belfast of Canada must of necessity have broken out also in the Belfast of Ireland. The Tyrone Constitution, described by an English exchange as "an old-established Tory organ, enjoying the countenance and friendship of every Tory magnate in Tyrone," has been working the "Oath" overtime, and the trembling Non-conformist vote of England is being assured through such channels that there is no hope of peace or safety to the Protestantism of the British Isles save in the rejection at once and forever of the "infamous measure being forced through the House of Commons by Premier Asquith at the instigation and under the threats of Redmond and his menials."

IN THE GREAT modern city of Buenos Aires, which because of its almost unexampled progress in recent years, has, in conservative quarters, been thought to be in danger of becoming too material in its civilization, it is gratifying to learn of the steady progress also of religious and charitable organizations. A society of young women, for example, under the patronage of that angel of charity, Saint Vincent de Paul, has now forty-four workshops in the capital city, and fifteen in the province of the same name. These correspond to our aid or sewing societies. In these workshops are 150 sewing machines, upon which, in one year, have been made 41,732 pieces of clothing which have been distributed to the sick and indigent. This well organized work is governed by a particular council of the young people themselves, and is in affiliation with the great Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Last year 898 new associates were enrolled, making a total of 1,396. Continued progress along this line will tend to the moral well-being of what, in the past decade, has become one of the finest cities in the world.

THE TORONTO Star a week or two ago published a review of what has come to be called the "down-town church problem." The upshot of which was that as strangers move in, the churches move out, their former congregations giving place to the "poor, the foreigner, the lower class." It was shown that within recent years almost a score of Protestant churches in Toronto had been sold or dismantled, and their congregations removed to the never-fading more fashionable neighborhoods. Of the churches thus disposed of, three at least have passed into Catholic hands, others have been transformed into synagogues, and, in at least two instances, into theatres. Some of these Protestant congregations still conduct "missions" in their old surroundings, but these are relegated to the zealous few, and the objects of their ministrations have no more kinship with the parent congregations than have the natives of Timbuctoo.

THERE ARE not wanting among Protestants those who feel this to be a great reproach, but the reproach is not to individuals but to the system that enslaves them. Protestantism, as such, has no kinship with the poor and the downtrodden. It is, and ever has been, a religion of respecta-

bility, the best passport to which is a good coat and a reputable name. Consequently, as has been proven time and time again, and as all the larger American cities bear witness, Protestant churches are not able to subsist in congested quarters, and can offer no genuine spiritual attraction to the submerged element in their populations. This lack their "missions" strive heroically to supply by an infusion of the club element, but this of itself is as far removed from the Christianity of the Bible as pole is from pole. The lamented tendency therefore to keep clear of the "common herd" gives no prospect of being modified as the years roll by. Protestantism never was and never can be either the permanent home or the genuine resting place of the poor.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST HELL

A PLAUSIBLE AND SEDUCTIVE MOVEMENT CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF COMMON SENSE

Rev. R. H. Hall, S. J., in the Examiner, Bombay. The American papers have been strong on this subject of late. Recently it was the case of a group of college students formally subscribing to the doctrine that hell does not exist, and now comes a headline about hell and claims to have won many converts to his Church in consequence. The conspiracy apparently does not come from people who are bent on wicked indulgence, and wish to get rid of hell because it presents itself as an uncomfortable impediment to their licentiousness. It comes from people who quite probably have no intention of taking advantage of the abolition of hell in order to run morally amuck, but who regard the idea of hell as something unworthy of God and of man—unworthy of God because he is all love, and unworthy of man because he ought to be all love—because a man ought to practice virtue for higher motives than those of reward and punishment, and ought not to need coercing into righteousness in this life by threats of anything so gross and degrading as eternal fire in the next. On this account the conspiracy is all the more plausible and seductive.

Perhaps the best antidote to this kind of movement is an appeal to ordinary common sense. Let us work out the question by the aid of an analogy.

The police service is something essentially coercive and penal, and yet it forms part of the equipment of every properly organized State. But for whom does the police service exist? It exists for all the citizens, but in different ways. The population of the country may first be divided into two extreme classes: (1) Those who observe the law out of principle or disposition, and would observe it even if no police service existed, and (2) those who by principle or disposition would not observe the law, and stand in need of the police in order to force them thereto or to punish them in default. In relation to the first class the police service is a service of protection merely, for it defends the observer of the law from the injuries which would follow from the breaking of it by others. In relation to the second class the police service is a real deterrent, and from their own point of view a nuisance. Between these two classes of citizens may be placed an indefinite middle section, whose moral attitude is versatile. On the whole, their disposition is good, but, being weak mortals and prone to temptation, they are liable on occasion to fall off from the right ideal and to pass from the ranks of the law-abiding to the ranks of the law-breaking population—at least incidentally and from time to time. To these the police service is a decided help, for it provides them with a tangible motive of fear at moments when the motive of love or duty proves weak and unavailing. These in their better moments will feel grateful that the police service exists, for they will recognize it as a stepping stone to the better life and a wholesome check on their archaic passions.

Thus we have in every Commonwealth three classes of men: (1) Those to whom the police are a nuisance; (2) those to whom the police are a help, and (3) those to whom the police are superfluous. But even the best citizens will be glad of the existence of the police for the sake of those who need it, or are helped by it, if not for themselves; and not one of them will feel that the presence of the policeman round the corner is a reflection on his own honesty or in any way a degradation to him.

There is not much difficulty in the application of this analogy. Turning to the department of religious morality, we have a similar division of mankind into two marked classes—the good by habit and the wicked by habit, and between them the third or versatile class, who want on the whole to be good, but are liable to incidental failure. To the habitually good man the doctrine of hell, though true, is superfluous—a fact with which he has no personal concern. To the wickedly disposed hell is positively necessary, for it comes first as a means of deterring him from crime; but if this fails, it stands to outrage the divine laws of right and duty with impunity. To the middle class—who form the general run of mankind, and from which no human being,

unless confirmed in grace, can safely venture to exclude himself—hell is an undoubted help in times of weakness. This idea is embodied in the "Exercises" of St. Ignatius in an admirable way. St. Ignatius, taking for granted that the exercitant is a man of general good dispositions, explains the object of the meditation on hell as follows: "That should the love of God ever fail to keep me in the path of virtue, at least the fear of hell may come to my aid and prevent me from falling into sin—a sort of last desperate resort when other incentives fail."

Now, it cannot sanely be said that there is anything degrading in this. It is merely a recognition of the weakness of human nature and its proneness, in spite of the highest ideals, to fail sometimes dismally in the realization of them. A man who cannot contemplate this possibility in his own case must be singularly blessed in temperament and character. But his very complacency on this account is likely to prepare the way for a painful surprise—the very cocksureness of his virtue constituting the danger. Or else he must be a man under a singular delusion as to his own probity, and needing in amount of serious introspection in order to realize his unconscious weaknesses and faults. Therefore it seems to me that any man, however idealistic in his conceptions and in his conduct, has reason to feel grateful that there lies before him, as a last resort the fact of a future retribution for sin, to impress his mind in moments of weakness when the stress of temptation obscures or obliterates or takes the cogency out of his higher motives.

With regard to the wickedly disposed, there is no use mincing matters. Their whole attitude in life is a wrong one, and hell is the only remedy for it. We say nothing here of the really puzzling difficulty as to how far and in what way hell is a remedy. But as it is clear that a man who breaks the laws of his country must be taken in hand and punished by imprisonment, fine or death, so the man who breaks the laws of his God must be handed over to retributive justice in some way or other—and the actual way instituted by God is the punishment of hell. If the crime were committed first and the punishment invented for it afterwards, the criminal might have cause to complain. But as the charter of punishment is proclaimed side by side with the charter of duty, there is no grievance, and even the wicked man himself must acknowledge that his treatment is such as he deserves.

But the point on which we particularly wish to insist is this—that the doctrine of hell is not a thing to be resented as if it were something unworthy, or degrading, or insulting to the dignity and moral worth of man. So far as a man is all that he ought to be, hell lies outside his horizon. The doctrine was never meant for him at all, and has nothing to do with him. Hell begins to loom on the horizon only as a concomitant of sin and as a corollary of it; and if there be any degradation connected with the case, this degradation is not to be sought in the doctrine, but in the man himself. He has put himself in that category for whom hell was invented and for whom it becomes a practical question; and the remedy does not lie in getting rid of the doctrine, but in getting rid of the sin. As soon as sin is gone all connection with hell is gone.

As to the question whether hell is a doctrine worthy of God, the general answer is contained in what we have already said. If it is worthy of God to create man at all; if it is worthy of Him to make that probation consist in the choice between virtue and sin, between service and rebellion; if it is worthy of Him to make eternal happiness the reward of service, then it is part of the harmony of the programme to make hell the punishment of rebellion. The eternal duration of hell remains a mystery which the human mind cannot adequately fathom, and this we confess is the root difficulty of the subject. But then, as Newman says, "a thousand difficulties do not make a doubt"—or ought not to. There is quite enough evidence to prove that an eternal hell is part of the Christian revelation, just as the Trinity, and the Incarnation, and the atonement; and what is revealed must be believed. It is suicidal to take revelation piecemeal, and to accept only those parts which one can understand and see the full reason for. By doing this we accept what we accept not because it is revealed, but because it agrees with our own views on the subject, which is not believing in revelation at all.

Among Catholics this is perfectly well understood. But vast numbers of Protestants have so completely lost sight of the real meaning of revelation, and of faith in revelation, that belief becomes for them an eclectic and optional affair. Hence the doctrines of Christianity are whittled down under the pressure of criticism or got rid of altogether; and the principal of "believing only what I can understand and give demonstration for, and only what recommends itself to my own taste and judgment," has taken the place of the "obsequium fidei." "O my God, I truly believe whatsoever Thou hast revealed through Thy Church, because Thou art the very truth, and can neither deceive nor be deceived."

They who die rich in character leave a great deal that was not here when they came; they have something to take away with them as well.

SAINT FRANCIS' CRIB

A writer in the New York Times gives a touching picture of the manner in which an Italian family living in a New York tenement celebrated the Eve of Christmas. In their own Sunny Italy dear St. Francis of Assisi inaugurated the custom that these denizens of a crowded tenement faithfully observed hundreds of years after St. Francis went to his eternal reward. It is seven hundred years since he erected in Assisi the first Christmas Crib. He located it in an old, deserted stable to which he brought a live ox and live ass to impart an air of reality to the scene. What a theatrical manager would call his "properties" consisted of carved figures representing the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus. The latter was placed in the manger. Then the stable doors were thrown open and all the inhabitants of Assisi were invited to come and see the representation of the Holy Family, recalling the scene enacted in Bethlehem on the first Christmas.

From that day to this, Saint Francis method of commemorating the birth of Our Lord has been observed in the Catholic Churches and Catholic families in many European countries. It has stamped upon it the sweet simplicity of him who first devised it. St. Francis of Assisi had an instinctive knowledge of the human heart which enabled him to appeal to his fellow-men as none other could. He realized how a visual representation of what Our Lord did out of His infinite love for us would move the hearts of men and women. He was right. The Christmas Crib is ever an eloquent, worthless sermon that never fails of the effect it is intended to produce. It appeals to the natured person as well as to the child.

How it helps keep alive the faith of his fathers in the poor Italian immigrant is brought out in the story told by the New York Times writer. Felipe is a poor Italian workman who has to labor long hours to keep a roof above himself and his family. But scanty as is his income, he does not begrudge that part of it which he devotes to preparing a Crib for the Bambino Gesù. Christmas eve is here. Felipe has invited his neighbors to visit his Christmas Crib. His little eight by ten room is crowded. At twelve o'clock prayers are said and then the Benjamin of the family lifts the Bambino Gesù from the miniature manger and carries him about to be kissed by every one present. It is all a very touching scene, and must leave an indelible impression upon those who take part in it. When the first rays of Christmas morn dispel the gloom of the tenement house, the youngsters of the family find on the Christmas tree the good things the Bambino Gesù brought them over night.

The countrymen of St. Francis of Assisi who keep up the beautiful custom inaugurated by him are loyal to the faith that made him what he was. This loyalty is constantly assailed by sectarian proselytizers who would have the Italian immigrant forsake the religion of his fathers for one in which he will find none of the spiritual consolations that sweeten the bitterness of his hard struggle for a bare existence in the land of his adoption.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

ANOTHER CONVERSION

I have been a reader of THE CATHOLIC RECORD for the past two years, and have often read the story of conversions. I thought of space in my valuable paper. My parents, brothers and sisters, are all Baptists. My relatives are all Protestants. At the age of thirteen I was baptized and became a member of the Baptist Church. I tried hard to live a Christian life and succeeded fairly well for a few years. Gradually at first, then rapidly, I drifted away. Soon after, at the age of eighteen, I became a member of the Orange Lodge. In my 21st year I joined a sailing ship and went to South America, then to Scotland. I sailed around the coast of the British Isles for twenty-two months and visited France and Germany. During all this time my mind was undergoing a change. I came in contact with Catholics and always found them good fellows. When I came back to Canada again I thought less hardly of the Catholic Church, so much so that I decided the Orange Lodge was a humbug, and I never renewed my acquaintance with it since. In the spring of 1907 I came to Cobalt, and as there was no Baptist Church there then I attended the Salvation Army. I tried to become converted and tried to lead a better life, but I soon knew I had not tried the right way. I went back home in the fall, and after a time attended a series of Baptist revivals. Again I tried to reform. "I spoke in meeting," requested the prayers of the people, read the Bible and otherwise tried to follow the rules as I knew them. Then I began to criticize the minister. He did not explain certain passages of the Scripture to suit me. So again I drifted away. In the spring of 1908, I again returned to Cobalt and boarded with a family, the husband being a Protestant and the wife a devout Catholic. I entered into argument with her many times and tried to show her that the use of candles, holy water, palm, and scapulars were not only foolish but also a relic of barbarism. But her exemplary life, the sacrifices

she made in order to attend Mass, won my admiration, and I said her religion must be better than mine. When she went to Church I often said to her in a joking way, "Say a prayer for me." She said to me once, "I always pray for you at the elevation." I accompanied her to midnight Mass on Xmas eve. I thought it beautiful but unnecessary. Sometimes on my way to work in the morning I would feel a strange feeling stealing over me. I would stop, look back at the house, and say, "She is praying for me." In the fall of 1909 I contracted typhoid fever. She and her husband and little son accompanied me to my home in Nova Scotia. After I became convalescent I thought perhaps I could become a Catholic. I tried then to put the thought away from me as I thought I would never believe in the Catholic Church. I came back to Cobalt in time to attend Midnight Mass again at Christmas, and occasionally I went to Vespers and to Mass. I became interested; my ideas changed; and in April I went to the priest (the late Rev. Father Forget.) He asked me a few questions as to my motive in wishing to become a Catholic and told me to return the next evening. The next evening he banded me over to the Rev. Father Alberic Meyers, of Ottawa, for instructions. I visited him two and three times a week. He soon answered all my questions, foolish and otherwise, and showed me that the Catholic Church was founded on the teachings of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the Bible. All my doubts, prejudices and hatred of the Catholic Church vanished. All that I had read in such books as "Maria Monk," "Why Priests should Wed," "Six months in a Convent," and some of King's books (who claimed to be a reformed priest and to have been twenty-five years a priest in the Church of Rome) appeared to me to be a hideous parcel of untruths. In May Father Alberic baptized me and in June I was confirmed. Since then many things I did not fully understand were made plain in sermons heard at Mass and in reading the CATHOLIC RECORD (which I subscribed for two years ago on the advice of Father Alberic.) I love my conversion and what I know of the Catholic Church to the example of a noble the example? To-day I estimate the good that may result from a good example? To-day I have that which satisfies the longings of my soul, and I wonder how I could have been in darkness so long. Oh! that I had known sooner. I trust that this may be read by someone who may be struggling toward the light. I wish also to say that I owe much of my enlightenment to the CATHOLIC RECORD, which I would not be without for ten times the amount it costs.

LYMAN RAMEY
Cobalt, Jan. 6th, 1913.

MARE'S NESTS AND MUCH BOASTING

DO CATHOLICS MAKE UNDU PARADE OF ACCESSIONS TO THEIR RELIGION?

John Aysough in the Catholic Universe and Weekly, London.

Something in a paper never read by the present writer was quoted to him the other day, and as it was only a quotation it would be worse than temerarious to attempt a quotation. But the point urged appears to have been that Catholics, if not the Catholic Church, make undue parade of accessions to our religion from the Church of England—and that those who join us make some sort of boast of it, and so do we on their account; whereas recessions occur from our Church to other bodies, as to the Church of England, and the receders make no boast of it, nor is any made on their behalf by the religion which satisfies, better than ours, their ideals of unity, sanctity, Catholicity and apostolicity. It is not meant that the above phrasing represents that of the paragraphs in the newspaper; it is merely what I understood to represent the subject matter of the complaint or twit. Probably there was no allusion to the unity, sanctity, Catholicity or apostolicity of the religion, or religious, whither lapsed Catholics may betake themselves.

Is there any truth in the assertion conveyed? Are we concerned to deny it altogether? I do not see that we are.

If those who become Catholics boast of what they have done self-righteously, they are in fault, as all self-righteousness is faulty. If they held themselves as though their conversion were so great a thing for the Church that the Church ought to feel herself slightly overpowered by the honor done to her, they would show themselves singularly lacking in sense of proportion. But they may glory in finding themselves where they are without any personal boast in the matter. The woman in the Scriptures who found the great she had been seeking called her friends and neighbors together to rejoice with her, and He who tells us of it does not blame her; and the true faith is a greater find than a great. The rejoicing is a sign of appreciation of the thing found, and need not imply vanity or self-consequence. I think it is true that our converts do so rejoice, and their joy does not quickly evaporate. It does not wear away when the novelty of their position, as co-heirs of all the Church's treasures, has been worn away, but deepens through life, and is deepest when life itself is ending.

It may be true that those who leave the Catholic Church for some other make no boast, personal or otherwise. It is very likely. They may betray no pride and no elation. And one does not wonder. It is a humble moment, and, if they are aware of it, it may mean some remnant of grace. At all events, their silence cannot surprise us. If they abstain from calling friends and neighbors to rejoice with them, they doubtless have their own reasons, and one who is no wizard may divine them. To rejoice, even rather loudly, over treasure trove is as natural as it is human and harmless; to make much cry over the acquisition of a mare's nest only proclaims an imbecility it were better to hide. To find your mare's nest and hold your tongue about it is a natural result of your suspicion as to the importance of your discovery. It would not appear that we are much concerned to deny that converts from Catholicity arrive with a sense of elation and delight they are unable to repress, and that receders from Catholicity withdraw with all reasonable meekness, in perfect silence, and without the least tendency to betray elation or even relief.

But does the Catholic Church, or do Catholics, make a great deal over the arrival of converts? These are two separate questions, though one in principle. The Catholic Church at large is not commonly aware of the accession of converts unless they arrive in masses, so to speak, or their importance is peculiarly significant in some special way. If it could be aware of each individual conversion, it would rejoice over each, as the Good Shepherd in the parable rejoiced over the finding of the one sheep that had been wandering in the wilderness. When converts are made in striking numbers the Church and her head on earth are aware of it, and there is great rejoicing; so there has been in Rome over the conversion of whole nations brought to the faith by the apostolic men Rome has sent forth to carry God's truth to them.

On ordinary occasions it is different. If the writer of the globe, or complaint, we speak of were to be converted to Catholicity, the Pope would perhaps not be informed, nor would the Catholics in America, Australia or even Austria; and Rome, New York, Melbourne and Vienna would go on just as if nothing particular had happened. If, however, the fact were known in all those places, it would cause rejoicing; not that the Universal Church had escaped a great menace or plumed her cap with a remarkable feather, but because another soul had been brought to what is meant for the safety and sanctification of all souls. In the meantime those who did know would be glad; not all Rome (such is the defective supply of information even in these days of telegrams and postcards), nor all the Catholic Church in England or Bayswater, but all Catholics who should know that another spiritual brother had been born to them.

Converts themselves should know as much about it as those who have not the least intention of becoming converts. What is their experience? Did we find when we became Catholics that the Catholic Church had her head turned? Did the Pope suffer from an accession of blood to the head? It was a great day for us; was it made a festival for Christendom? Was the priest who received us promoted, or has he since confided to his just disappointment at the delay in his promotion? Was all Catholic Batterssea agog, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, even anonymously, warned that he had better look out—Mr. Smith had turned Catholic and the Established religion was on its last legs?

Nay, but Mr. Smith is given a friendly welcome—and a friendly warning. He has made a beginning; let him see to it that he walks worthily of the great grace God has given him. He is a child of the Church now, but he babe, let him learn, and let him, above all, learn obedience. Of babes not much else is required. Much talking is not seemly in babies; they are but stammerers, and precocious speech is seldom instructive. He is not greatly flattered, but he is sincerely congratulated. He has done as good a day's work in becoming a Catholic as he could do under the circumstances. Certainly he is congratulated—on his own account, not because the Church stood in special need of him, but because he and all men stand in great need of her. Is there no such congratulation for the neophyte who flings himself into the arms of the Church of England? Has she no such embrace for him? Why not? Is there no warm congratulation? Does such congratulation seem out of place? It may be. I, for one, can believe it. Perhaps those to whom he goes wonder why he comes. What brings him? What has he to gain spiritually, what is he willing, spiritually, to lose? Dr. Johnson was a devout Anglican, a hundred times more devoted an Anglican than any thousand Anglicans you shall commonly meet. "I shall never," said he, "be a Papist unless on the near approach of death, of which I have a very great terror." What says he of converts from Protestantism to Popery, and vice versa? "A man," declared the doctor, "who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere; he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held sacred as anything that he retains; there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion that it can hardly be sincere and lasting."

Laceration of mind hardly begets elation in those who have to endure it; and if they who welcome them to do so with a calm that is much like coldness, who can wonder? Many receders from Catholicity even abstain from making their names public, we are told, and upon my word, I can readily believe it.

MARTYR TO DUTY

In circumstances which entitle him to the name of a hero, the Abbe Marie Pujos du Courday, military chaplain, died on Sunday in Paris. He was summoned a few days before to the bedside of an artilleryman who was dying of an infectious fever at the Versailles military hospital.

Although aware of the danger, for the doctors had warned him, he remained with the artilleryman until the latter died. The same evening he was taken ill with symptoms of infectious fever, and within forty hours he also expired, a martyr to duty. His funeral will take place at Fontainebleau.—Lloyd's News.

Rev. Father du Courday referred to above was a member of the French nobility; holding the title of Count. He was the first secretary to Archbishop McCarthy of Halifax; and was chaplain to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Halifax for two years. (R. I. P.)

WHEN TO MARRY

Several magazines, among them Extension, have been discussing the advantages of marrying early, and inquiring why so many men nowadays either shun matrimony altogether or defer it till well on toward middle life. The salary question of course figures prominently in the arguments. One "expert" is of the opinion that at present a man should not think of marrying on less than \$1,200 a year, and on the other hand he is urged to wed at twenty-three or twenty-five. To require from a prospective bridegroom this annual income is discouraging to many a young man who ought to marry. A thrifty couple it would seem could live in comfort upon less. But thrift is not considered now the favorite virtue of young wives, for they have enjoyed before marriage so many superfluous luxuries that they desire a quiet house, must see that these luxuries are still provided.

But is it true that poverty always clips the wings of love? Does the happiness of marriage depend chiefly on the husband's salary? To keep a corner snug and warm for one's wife, even in these days of high prices, should not be a task too difficult for a man who is young and industrious. In these discussions it is to be feared that economic considerations are emphasized to the exclusion of those that are at least of quite as much importance.

Let Catholic young men who are meditating marriage remember that the contract is a holy sacrament, conferring on those who receive it worthily the grace to bear with patience the burdens of their state. This light and grace from on high, moreover, when once given, can always be revived or renewed by earnest prayer. Matrimony after all is the vocation in which God intends that most men should save and hallow their souls. Hence another argument for marrying early. For how many young men through a selfish love of independence and a craven fear of the responsibilities of the wedded life have ended by neglecting completely the practice of their religion. The money they squander in sinful dissipation, if saved, would make a joyful home for wedded holiness. Finally, who are the men in our churches that are most conspicuous both in number and in prominence for assisting at Mass, for frequenting the sacraments, and for promoting with enthusiasm every Catholic enterprise? Are they not the married men of the congregation?—America.

SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS

Almost every Catholic university, college and academy has its "official publication." Some of them are mediocre, some good, others excellent. In the latter class is The Rainbow, (The Organ of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin in America), published by the Ladies of Loretto.

The January number of this valuable periodical begins the twentieth volume and the anniversary is celebrated with a remarkably fine issue. Beautiful illustrations are intermingled with reading matter which is unusually attractive. "The New Shepherd" of Toronto naturally has the place of honor, his busy life being sketched by one who is an adept in that line. Descriptive of his article is his glorious surroundings, Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer has written an article which for striking diction, beautiful phrasing word painting unparalleled is one of the beauties of the entertaining number. With this chapter is a series of photo-engravings which have never been surpassed. Other articles are well written and prove very conclusively that good English is not among the lost arts, at least so far as Loretto is concerned.

On this anniversary the Union and Times extends to its academic contemporary good wishes, with hope that it may long continue its useful and uplifting career.

Happiness may fly away, or pleasure, fail or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind, but the power to serve God never fails and the love of Him is never rejected.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY HOME LIFE

"And he went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them." Gospel of the day (St. Luke, 9).

The Gospel of to-day brings before us the home life of the Holy Family at Nazareth. The home of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph was a very poor but a very peaceful home. And from it we may learn how to regulate our homes, and make them the abodes of virtue and peace.

The only real comfort to be had in this world is to be sought in that sanctuary of domestic life which we call home, and the happiness of every true home, be it a palace or a hovel, is essentially the same. The most sacred memories of the heart are entwined around the old home. All the joys of childhood, all the deep affections of mature years, all the quiet peace of old age, are associated with it. There is no life so bleak as that which has no home recollections to rest upon.

Now, the home life at Nazareth answered to all the conditions that constitute the true home. There was perfect peace and trust, and, although the roof was lowly, and the labor incessant, and the means pinched, there was sweet contentment and repose. Poor as it was, the little vine-clad cottage at Nazareth was the only spot on earth in which Jesus and Mary could take comfort. Every other place and prospect had the shadow of a great sorrow hanging over it. No doubt Nazareth had its shadow too, but it was distant, and peace reigned there for years unbroken.

And if our Blessed Saviour Himself, who came into the world to suffer, found some comfort in His earthly home, surely we may look for it also. Love is the first condition of domestic happiness; there must be mutual love and trust between the inmates of every home worthy of the name. And this love must manifest itself in kindly, cheerful and unselfish devotion to the common interests and comforts. When love is lost, and ill-temper and ill-will take the place of cheerfulness and the will to serve, when there is bickering and barking and quarreling, there is no longer a Christian home, but only a den of snarling animals, without the common instinct of mutual harmony. And where there is drunkenness, and blows, and blasphemy, there is a den of demons who pollute the domestic sanctuary with the breath of hell itself, and make a hideous mockery of its happiness and peace.

It is amazing how some people will poison the sweetest waters of life by continually giving way to their mean, nasty tempers, and sacrifice the purest joys of existence rather than practise a little self-control. And nothing short of the direct influence of the evil one can account for the fact that so many infatuated creatures will unthinkingly light their homes and make their lives accursed for the pitiful consolations of the beer-jug and the demijohn.

Ill-temper and dissipation are the great enemies of domestic happiness, but they are not the only ones. Slovenly house-keeping, want of order and cleanliness rob the home of some of its best comforts. The poorest home may be made to assume an air of cheerfulness and comfort by keeping it neat and clean. And I have no hesitation in saying that a large part of the misery we meet with in the homes of the poor comes from dirt. You will often find in the same tenement-houses, and even on the same floors, apartments that present an immeasurably different appearance. Some will be bright, clean, and cosy; others squalid and filthy, the very picture of misery and despair. It may be some exaggeration to say that "Cleanliness is next to godliness," but certainly it is not far removed from it. For where you find order and neatness in a home you are sure to find some elevation of mind; but when you see homes that are kept like pig-pens you look for nothing except ignorance or vice. Women who keep their houses in a perpetual state of disorder and dirt are enough to drive their husbands to the saloons to become drunkards, and their children to the streets to become prodigals. What comfort can a man take in his home when it is always in filth and confusion? What inducement can children find to remain in doors when their home is squalid and cheerless?

When will the people come to understand that the poorest home may be made bright and cheerful, and the abode of love and peace? When will the men and women of this generation awaken to the fact that the real comfort and happiness of life must be sought at home and must be their own creation?

ONLY VENEER OF CHRISTIANITY

"Our present lax code of morals would make the ancient pagan draw himself up with scorn if he were to see them as they are to-day," said Prof. Ignatius W. Cox, S. J., of Boston college, in a lecture before the Holy Name Society in the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Bechmont.

"We must understand our age," he said, "and realize that the world is no longer Christian—it is pagan. Outside the Catholic Church you will find only the thinnest veneer of Christianity. Modern biblical criticism has sapped the very foundation of Protestantism and the new theology has completed the wreck. The old truths have crumbled away in the hands of Protestants, and they are left with no foundation for their religion. They have builded on the

shifting sands, and the next great storm will sweep them completely away.

"When was there a time when there was so many incentives to vice, coming as they do from the cheap 5 cent theaters, the immoral stage and a dissolute method of conveying so-called daily news? What, too, is a planer demonstration of our paganism than the present condition of divorce?"

"It is the professors of our great universities who are defending, disseminating and popularizing these new doctrines on marriage," Prof. Giddings of Columbia University said. "It is not right to set up a technical legal relationship as morally superior to the spontaneous preference of man and woman." This, translated, is a plea for free love.

"Prof. Charles Zueblin has said: 'There can be and there are holier alliances without the marriage bond than with it.' And recently, before the woman students of Vassar, he made a plea for free love that would bring the blush of shame to the faces of the most pagan in the community."

TEMPERANCE

CATHOLIC COLLEGE MEN AND TEMPERANCE

When the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Pittsburgh held recently its regular monthly meeting at Duquesne University, the relation of the college to the temperance question was touched by the Very Rev. Father Hehir, C. S. Sp., when in an address of welcome to the delegates he said:

"Your work in uplifting mankind is grand and noble, but difficult, and although our faculty have not been taken as prominent a part in this work as we wish, still we are in sympathy with you and have done some total abstinence work at our university. Our faculty try to impress on our students the importance of total abstinence to be successful business men and good Catholics. The president of the university delivers sermons on total abstinence to our students, and when they graduate they are asked to take the total abstinence pledge for a number of years. We also encourage them to join your societies and remain members of this grand union after they leave here. This work has created a healthy spirit among the students. They are allowed the liberty of the city, and yet the president of this university has not had one case of drunkenness to deal with in the last ten or twelve years. We train our young men to use and not abuse their lives and to do this they must keep away from drink."

Father Beane, President of the Union, in behalf of the Union, thanked Father Hehir for his kind welcome and his address, stating that the words of the President of the University showing the stand taken by it on total abstinence should and would make an impression on the future work of the Union.

LEGISLATIVE WORK AGAINST THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Opponents of the liquor traffic won their fight in the Massachusetts legislature, to separate the sale of liquor over the bar and the sale of liquor in the bottle, when the so-called "bar and bottle" law was put upon the statute books. Last year an attempt to repeal this law was successfully defeated. Now the anti-liquor interests believe the time has arrived to take the next steps in their general campaign to reduce the consumption of liquor; they want the hour at which the sale of liquor may begin in the morning changed from the present hour 6 o'clock to 8 o'clock.

The matter will be brought before the State Legislature when it convenes in January. The advocates of the later opening hour are of the opinion that this more workingmen will start the day without a drink; doing thereby not merely a better day's work, but reducing materially the liability to accident. Statistical Bulletin No. 1, issued by the Industrial Accident Board of Massachusetts, states: "The 'peak' of accidents is at or about 10 o'clock in the morning, and 3 o'clock in the afternoon." In the opinion of physicians who have made special study of this matter, the effect of alcohol is most apparent between three or four hours after the liquor is taken into the system. This matter of industrial accidents assumes particular importance now, because the Workingman's Compensation Act went into effect on July 1.

The "Bar and Bottle" law went into effect a year and a half ago, and advocates of the legislation claim, among other results of the law, the following:

Over 250 fewer saloons in Massachusetts than there would have been except for the law; over 1,200 fewer wholesale licenses, a decrease of 70 per cent, a decrease of 87 saloons in the City of Boston alone; and a general and decided decrease of arrests for drunkenness.

ILLINOIS SUPREME COURT ON THE SALOON BUSINESS

Here are the exact words of the judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois in their decision regarding the Harkin Saloon ordinance of Chicago which put 3,000 saloons out of business in that city: "The business of selling intoxicating liquor is attended with danger to the community by the police power of the State. There is no inherent right to carry it on and it may be strictly prohibited."

"The manner and extent of its regulation, if permitted to be carried on at all, is to be determined by the

DYSPEPSIA MADE HIM MISERABLE

Suffered Agony Until "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Him

Hundreds of people gladly testify to the wonderful curative powers of the famous fruit medicine, "Fruit-a-lives". To those now suffering with Indigestion, Dyspepsia or other stomach troubles, this letter of Mr. Stirling, the well known real estate operator of Western Ontario, shows the way to a speedy and certain cure.

CLAESBOR, ONT., AUG. 15th, 1912 "Fruit-a-lives were so beneficial to me when I suffered with distressing Dyspepsia, that I wish to inform you of their satisfactory results. Although I have, in past, suffered agony with Dyspepsia, I am now in perfect health. "Fruit-a-lives" accomplished the desired result!"

N. C. STIRLING. "Fruit-a-lives" will cure every trace of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Bloating, Pain After Eating, Biliousness and Constipation. "Fruit-a-lives" is the only remedy in the world made of fruit juices and valuable tonics. See a box, 6 for \$4.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

State so as to limit as far as possible the evils arising from it.

"The power conferred upon the city is co-extensive with that of the State and includes authority to adopt any means to reduce the evils arising from the sale of intoxicating liquor, reasonably adopted to that end, which do not violate constitutional rights. The Legislature can not itself possess and can not authorize a discrimination between individuals not founded upon a reasonable difference for it could not itself make such discrimination."—Sacred Heart Review.

Power vs. Bulk

A pound of dynamite will "raise" more than ten pounds of gunpowder. A White Swan Yeast cake will "raise" more bread than any other yeast cake. It is strength, not size, that counts. Send for free sample. White Swan Spices & Cereal Co., Ltd., Toronto.

AN INCIDENT AND ITS LESSONS

We ran across a beautiful little incident the other day which illustrates how early the power of suggestion enters the life of a child.

The incident serves to show at the same time the importance of having religious pictures in the Catholic home.

The child was one year and a half old. In the room where he slept there was a large oil painting of the Madonna and Child. The painting was over against the child's crib, and his eyes naturally and frequently rested on it.

The mother noticed the interest her little boy took in the picture, and with delight she watched the child gaze at the Divine Infant.

One day, she saw the tiny hands of her own infant extend his nursing bottle to the Infant in the picture as though inviting Him to share his food.

The incident happened again and again; the mother evidenced her pleasure to the child and the tiny boy grasped the notion that he was doing something pleasing to his mother.

Since then, every thing is first offered to the Infant Jesus. The cake he munches, the toy that pleases, each has in its turn in that sweet oblivion offered up in that Catholic home.

As the years go by, may we not hope that the Infant Jesus will grow more deeply into the life of the child? May we not expect that everything he values will be placed in the keeping of the Divine Infant, to whom he lovingly offered up his childish treasures in the unconscious faith and generosity of infancy?

Or, perhaps, may we not go further and say that the consciousness of the supernatural has already dawned in the soul of that child, and that every hour of his life will deepen and intensify that consciousness?

But let us insist on two evident lessons for other mothers.

The education of the child begins in the crib—in infancy; and that education lies in the hands and the heart of the mother. As the veil lifts before the mind of the child, it becomes the duty of the mother to impress the lessons of religion and duty.

This is the most important obligation and privilege of the mother. All else fades away in the face of it.

Hooping-Cough CROUP ROCHE'S Herbal Embrocation will also be found very efficacious in cases of BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM. In constant use for over 20 years. At all Chemists. London—EDWARDS, 137, Queen Victoria Street. Montreal—LYMANS, LIMITED, St. Paul Street.

And, secondly, religious paintings and pictures should adorn the walls of the Catholic home. The first suggestion often comes from the familiar pictures in the home of the childhood; and the impressions thus created are the most lasting of a lifetime.

We recall ourselves two old steel engravings which made a deep impression on the eyes of our childhood and linger still in the memory. They were the deathbed scenes of the good Christian and the hardened sinner. We have never yet seen or heard anything to equal them in intensity—not because they were masterpieces of suggestion, but because they cut deep into our childish imagination.

It is possible now to obtain acceptable and even artistic pictures and engravings at a reasonable price. The advance in the art of printing has given us this advantage. There can be no longer any excuse for Catholics to have their homes undecorated with pictures, at once artistic and religious.

One of the sad features of the ordinary non-Catholic home is the absence of anything that might suggest God or the supreme duty we owe Him as His creatures depending in everything upon His bounty.

In these homes we find only profane subjects—earthly heroes, anything from George Washington up to a "Jacky" Johnson, for our ordinary American is as wide and indifferent in his choice as are the sensational journals which furnish his intellectual pabulum daily.

There is about as much of the supernatural suggested by the furnishings or circumstances of the home of the ordinary American as we find in the old pagan houses that they are digging up in Pompeii.

And we regret to add that there are Catholic homes just as bare of religious suggestion as those we have described. There are Catholic homes which do not possess a crucifix or a picture of the Blessed Virgin. The family bible is an "Encyclopedia of Facts"—the Lives of the Saints, an evening paper with a full sensational story of the "gunmen" and the latest murder.

We feel that we are not picturing the homes of the Monitor readers, for the Catholic that subscribes for a Catholic paper and reads it is sure to be an earnest and intelligent Catholic. But we insist again on the great educational value, in suggestion and impression, of the pictures which hang around the walls of the home.

A Catholic home should have Catholic pictures, so that the eyes of the children especially should often fall upon them and drink in the spiritual lessons which they contain.—The Monitor.

PROGRESS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S DURING 1912

Written for the New Year's issue of the Halifax Chronicle by the Rev. President, Dr. H. P. MacPherson.

The year now closing has been a prosperous one for St. Francis Xavier's. The changes to be noted are not numerous, but all of them indicate activity and progress.

The University Staff has been strengthened by the advent of three new professors. Mr. P. J. Nicholson comes to us from Johns Hopkins University, Rev. D. J. MacDonald from the Catholic University of America, and Rev. M. N. Tompkins from the University of Toronto. They are all specialists in their respective subjects—Physics, English Literature and Agricultural Science.

During the year the new University Chapel was opened, and has since been in daily use. It literally fills a long-felt want, and is proving a great convenience and a great comfort. It is a splendid memorial to the loyalty and generosity of an old alumnus.

In November we had the pleasure and advantage of having with us for a few days, Warren H. Manning, Esq., landscape designer of Boston, Mass. Mr. Manning is an acknowledged expert in the business of laying out to the best advantage the grounds of towns and educational institutions. He made a complete survey of our grounds, and selected the sites of future buildings, walks, athletic grounds, etc., and is now preparing the necessary plans for future extensions.

Further accommodation for professors and students is one of our pressing requirements. Among our present urgent needs also are a library building and an up-to-date gymnasium. Steps have already been taken to meet the requirements in other departments.

Our scientific outfit has recently been very much enlarged. To the generosity of our Alumni Association we owe the installation of a first-class gas plant for the supplying of gas to the Scientific Laboratories. To a generous friend we owe a complete equipment for the Mechanical Laboratory, including lathes, planer, hand-saw, etc., etc.

During the past year considerable attention has been given to the management and development of the college farm at Mount Cameron, Antigonish. Since the college took over this property a few years ago, it has greatly increased in value. Under the continued application of scientific methods, it ought soon to become a valuable object lesson to the farmers of these eastern counties.

A few months ago the vacant chancellorship of our university was very acceptably filled. The new incumbent is the Right Rev. Dr. Morrison, recently appointed Bishop of the diocese of Antigonish. Under Mgr. Morrison's wise and sympathetic guidance, the friends of St. Francis

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

Xavier's confidently feel that its continued progress is fully assured.

CHURCH CONDITIONS BAFFLING

The story of an Indiana village of 262 inhabitants, with 68 professed Christians and only 20 church members attempting to support 3 churches was related at the Federal Church Council in Chicago on December 4. Of the 68 Christians in the village, the 40 that were not members of the 3 local churches were distributed among 9 denominations. It was said that no young man under 21 was a member of any of the 3 churches. The case was selected as being typical of church conditions in many of the small towns in the country.

Philosophers tell us there is no effect without a sufficient cause, and nothing exists without an adequate explanation of its existence. No country in the world affords a better opportunity to study the results of the blessed Reformation than the United States, which has been appropriately called the battle ground of the sects. In Europe, notably in England and in Germany, a State Church and State patronage have enabled an overwhelming number of one denomination to throw into the shade the rivalries and discordances of many others. Stripped of official patronage and left to fight its battles alone in this country Protestantism is seen clearly in its results. The heaven of private judgment in religious matters which makes the individual the high court of decision in what is to be believed and what is not, has been at work for over a century among the masses of the population outside the Catholic Church, with the inevitable consequence that the multiplication of creeds and churches has become one of the great phenomena of the times. Recognizing as widespread, conditions such as this Indiana village presents, well meaning representatives of State Federations of Churches would stem the evil or at least devise some common ground on which all Christians might get together and work for the common good. The prospect

is not encouraging. They cannot unite as Christians without first determining what each and all will accept as fundamental. As well try to supply the base for the fabric of a dream. So long as private judgment holds the citadel of the city of confusion peace will never be a portion of its inhabitants. Doubtless it will be easier to unite on a broad humanitarianism, which is merely an enlightened paganism and which is fast becoming the sole residue of a discredited and rejected Christianity.—America.

"Thanks be to God" is a prayer that should be ever on our lips and in our hearts. The thankful heart and not the fretful, peevish heart is dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

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Saves Clothes Connor Ball-Bearing Washer The Connor Ball-Bearing Washer saves clothes. It washes them without any rubbing on the wash board. And unlike other washers, there is no post or electric line in the Connor around which clothes might wind or tear. Connor Ball-Bearing Washer is the SAFE washer. Nothing about it that can injure the most delicate fabric or loosen a button. Has new improvements and conveniences found on no other washer. No risk in getting one, because fully guaranteed by one of Canada's largest washing machine corporations. Look for the "money back guarantee" on the washer. Ask for Send for booklet giving complete description. It will open your eyes. Such a convenient, easy-running, time-saving washer was never thought possible three years ago. J. H. Connor & Son Limited Ottawa, Ont.

\$5,000,000.00 FOR PEERLESS WAY POULTRYMEN Into the pockets of the users of the Peerless Way last year went five million dollars made from the poultry these people raised. Yet chickens are scarce in Canada and eggs are the scarcest of all food commodities. That is positively the fact. To-day there are not enough Canadian CHICKENS or EGGS to go around. Thousands of chickens and hundreds of thousands of dozens of eggs are being shipped into Canada from the United States and other countries to help meet the demand. Yet there is a shortage! Eggs are commanding a tremendous price—chickens are worth dollars. Now is the time to take advantage of this situation and make money out of it yourself. You can raise and sell 600 chickens this year, and you will find a quick and sure market for every one of them. You can get the top notch price for all the hundreds of dozens of eggs that your poultry lay. Let us tell you how! Poultry raising is the best business for any farmer, any farmer's wife or farmer's child. The poultry crop is the one crop that never fails. It pays better for the time and money invested; the profit is sure; it isn't overworked and never will be. Our book "When Poultry Pays," will show you. Let us send it to you. It is interesting; it is instructive, and it contains the proof. You need this book. It will be mailed free. A post card will bring it. LEE MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED Head Office: 14 PEMBROKE ST. PEMBROKE ONT. CAN.

START IT RIGHT The New Year brings with it a return of all the old responsibilities and the addition of new ones. Shoulder them manfully. The most vital of all is the protection of your business and your family. The Policy you have often intended to place on your life would be a big help in getting away to a good start for 1913. North American Life Assurance Company "Solid as the Continent" HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA

Send your Raw FURS to John Hallam Sixty Thousand trappers now send to their Raw Furs. Why not you? We pay highest prices and express charges. We charge no commission and good money every day goods are received. Millions of dollars are paid trappers each year. Don't miss this profitable trade. We are the largest in our line in Canada. FREE Our "Tip to the minute" Fur quotations and the last Edition of HALLAM'S TRAPPERS GUIDE, a book of 96 pages, mailed FREE. Write to-day to John Hallam, Mail Dept. 32 TORONTO, 111 Front St. E.

The Time of Good Resolutions It is meet that at the advent of a new year—the beginning of a new cycle—we should "take stock" of what has been accomplished, and resolve anew not to leave undone those things which promote our own betterment and the good of others. Among the good resolutions of every thoughtful man will be the decision to take immediate steps to adequately provide for his loved ones by a reliable life insurance policy, such as is offered by

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CONSOLATING THOUGHTS

Dearest Lord! make me remember, when the world is cold and dreary and I know not where to turn for comfort, that there is always one spot bright and cheerful—The Sanctuary. When I am in desolation of spirit, when all who are dear to me have passed away like summer flowers and none are left to love me and care for me, whisper to my troubled soul that there is one Friend Who dies not—One Whose love never changes—Jesus on the altar. When sorrows thicken and crush me with their burden, when I look in vain for comfort, let Thy dear words come from the tabernacle: "Come to Me all you who labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you." Thy friendship, dearest Lord, henceforth, shall be the dearest treasure I possess. It shall compensate for the treachery and ingratitude of men. It shall be my consolation when the wildflowers are growing over the best loved ones, and when all who hold a dear place in my heart are withered and gone! With Thy friendship the world shall never be dreary, and life never without charm. Would that I could feel—when the hope I have lived for has withered, when sorrows and trials that I dare not reveal to any make my soul sink well nigh unto death, when I look in vain for some one to understand me, one who will enter into my miseries, make me then remember that there is One on the Altar Who knows every fire of my heart, every sorrow, every pain special to my peculiar nature, and who deeply sympathizes with me. Compassionate Jesus! my heart craves for sympathy, and to suffer seems nothing to the bitterness of suffering alone.

LETTER-WRITING

There is no art so important in the conduct of our modern life, after the art of conversation, as the art of letter-writing. A young man who shows a good education and careful training in his letters will stand on the first row of the ladder of success. If, in addition to this, he can acquire early in life the power of expressing himself easily and gracefully, he can get what he wants in eight cases out of ten. Very few people indeed can resist a cleverly written letter.

In the old times when there was no civil service and congress made their appointments to West Point at their own sweet will, an applicant's fate was often decided by his letters. There is a story told of Thaddeus Stevens, a famous statesman of thirty years ago, that he once rejected an applicant for admission to the military school. This applicant met him one day in a corridor of the capitol and remonstrated violently. "Your favoritism is marked," Mr. Stevens, he said; "you have blasted my career from mere party prejudice."

The legislator retorted, "I would not give an appointment to any ignoramus who spells 'until with two 'lls' and 'kill with one.' And the disappointed aspirant went home to look into his dictionary. Such trifles as this make the sum of life. A man's letter is to most educated people an index of the man himself. His card is looked on in the same light in polite society. But a man's letter is more important than his visiting-card, though the character of the latter can not be altogether neglected.

It is better to be too exquisite in your carelessness about your letters than in the slightest degree careless. The art of letter-writing comes from knowledge and constant practice.

Your letters, now, ought to be careful works of art. Intelligent members I say intelligent—care is the basis of all perfection; and perfection in small things means success in great. In our world the specialist, the man who does at least one thing as well as he can, is sure to succeed; and so overworked and overburdened as we are, it is a man's success as a specialist and how well he does at least one thing better than his fellow-men.—Catholic Citizen.

BUSINESS PHILOSOPHY

Do the routine things just as carefully each day as if you were trying a new and wonderful experiment. The only way to do a thing well is to do all the things before it well, so you will have a good foundation. Don't wait for January 1 to turn over a new leaf. Any other day, as far as resolutions are concerned, will do just as well. When the boss is away is the time to convince yourself that you are really worthy of the salary you are getting.

Be true to yourself, no matter what your job is. If you aren't worthy of your job, develop up to it. If your job isn't worthy of you, quit. You were responsible for getting it in the first place. The easier the job the higher the pay doesn't mean that you'll get a raise for shirking as much of your work as possible. When you buy a pound of butter you are angry if you get only thirteen ounces. Do you only earn \$18 of your \$20 salary?

Don't try to give suggestions for the improvement of business until you have made improvements in your own work. A neat appearance, which is always necessary, doesn't mean that you have to lead the fashions.

If you can't get the position you want don't stop doing something else which may lead up to it. The job that is easy to get is generally not worth having.

If you don't like your job and have to keep it, be a good enough bluffer not to let on about it until you have something else. It's a pretty poor specimen who will admit that he has to hold a job he doesn't like.

DISSIPATED ENERGY

Scientists estimate that there is energy enough in less than fifty acres of sunshine to run all the machinery in the world, if it could be concentrated upon the earth forever without setting anything on fire; although these rays focused by a burning-glass would melt solid granite, or even change a diamond into vapor. There are plenty of men who have ability enough; the rays of the faculties, taken separately, are all right, but they are powerless to collect them, to bring them all to bear upon a single spot. Versatile men, universal geniuses, are usually weak, because they have no power to concentrate their talents upon one point, and this makes all the difference between success and failure.

Chiselled upon the tomb of a disappointed, heart-broken king, Joseph II. of Austria, in the Royal Cemetery at Vienna, a traveller tells us, is this epitaph: "Here lies a monarch who, with the best of intentions, never carried out a single plan."

Sir James Mackintosh was a man of remarkable ability. He excelled in every one who knew him the greatest expectations. Many watched his career with much interest expecting that he would dazzle the world. But there was no purpose in his life. He had intermittent attacks of enthusiasm for doing great things, but his zeal all evaporated before he could decide what to do. This fatal defect in his character kept him balancing between conflicting motives; and his whole life was almost thrown away. He lacked power to choose one object and persevere with a single aim, sacrificing every interfering inclination. He vacillated for weeks trying to determine whether to use "usefulness" or "utility" in a composition.

THE TROUBLE SEEKER

There is always a cloud on his face, because he is constantly expecting that something unfavorable is going to happen. There is going to be a slump in business, or he is going to have a loss, or somebody is stealing from him or trying to undermine him; or he is worried about his health, or fears his children will be sick or go wrong or be killed.

In other words, although he has achieved quite a remarkable success, yet he has never really had a happy day in his life. All his life this man has been chasing rainbows—thinking if he could only get a little further on, a little higher up, if he could only achieve this or that, he would be happy; but he is just as far from it as when a boy.

I believe this condition has all come from the habit of unhappiness which he formed during his hard boyhood, and which he has never been able to overcome. He has learned to look for trouble, to expect it, and he gets it.

I have been his guest many a time. He has a beautiful home, a very charming wife, a most delightful family; but there is always the same expression of anxiety, of unhappiness, of foreboding. He always looks as though he expected trouble right away.

A little properly directed training in his boyhood would have changed his whole career, and he would have been a happy, joyous, harmonious man, instead of being discordant and unhappy.

There is everything in starting right. What is put in the first of life is put into the whole of life.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CONRAD'S CAPTIVITY

Norway has a village in which there is a figure of a stork carved on the church and over many of the houses. This is the beautiful story they tell of the place:

In that village there once lived a little lad named Conrad, and his widowed mother. Every summer a stork came and built its nest near the house. Little Conrad and his mother were very kind to the stork. They fed it and petted it, so that it got to know them, and would come whenever Conrad whistled to feed out of his hand. Every spring they watched for it, and when it came it seemed as glad to see them as they were to welcome it.

Spring and summer followed each other till Conrad had grown to be a young man. Then he said he would go to sea, and make money enough to come back and keep his mother in her old age. So he went to be a sailor, and set out for a distant land. All went well for many weeks, but one day, when they were near the coast of Africa, a number of cruel pirates swarmed around and took possession of the ship, and put the sailors in chains, and afterwards sold them as slaves.

Weeks went by. The widow began to be afraid about her boy, it was so long since they had heard of him. Ships had come and gone, and brought no tidings of him. At last they gave up all hope of seeing him again, and mourned him as drowned, and all the village pitied the lonely mother in her grief. As for her, the only thing that seemed to interest her at all was the stork as it came each year. For Conrad's sake she wel-

comed it, and fed it until the autumn came and it flew away to the sunny south.

Now it happened that one day, as poor Conrad toiled away at his dreary work in a lonely place, a stork came flying close to him, wheeling about him in great delight. In a moment the scene flashed upon him of his home, and his mother, and their yearly visitor. Scarcely knowing what he did, he whistled as he used to do to call the bird long ago. To his delight the stork came close to him, as if to be fed. Conrad lifted up his heart to God, and with tears gave thanks that so dear an old friend should have found him there. Day after day he saved what he could from his wretched meal, for the joy of calling the bird to feed at his hand.

But Conrad's heart grew sad again as the time came for the bird to fly away to the north. Was it going to his mother's cottage? Was the nest that he remembered so well there still? Was there any to welcome the bird now, and any to feed it? Then it occurred to him—

"Why, this bird may help me to get away from this wretched place!" He managed to write on a scrap of paper a line or two, telling where he was, and tied it firmly around the bird's leg.

The spring came again to Norway, and with it the stork. The old widow's eyes lit upon it as it came, reminding her of her lost boy, and tenderly she welcomed it and fed it. It took the food from her hand she caught sight of this strange letter tied to its leg. As she curiously read it, she thought of her boy when she found that it was from her son!

Forth with the tidings she ran to the pastor of the little parish to tell him of the news. It quickly spread through the village. They must send and redeem Conrad, was what everybody said. The next Sunday morning the people brought their money to the church, and each gave what he could for the king to lay the case before him, and to get a ship sent from him that the pirates dare not touch.

It took a long time in those days to send to Africa, and there to recover Conrad from his slavery. But before the stork had flown, the bells of the village church had rung, and all the people rejoiced with great joy, for the widow's son was redeemed, and was safe home again in his mother's cottage.

THE MADONNA OF THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEPS

I had been praying in the Church of Notre Dame du Piliere. Just as I was about to leave, I observed a little sweep advancing timidly. My first impulse was to think that he had entered the sacred edifice in a spirit of curiosity; but as I watched him kneel slowly to the altar, and begin to pray with great devotion, my wonder changed to admiration.

He was surely in earnest, the poor boy! Motionless, his large eyes shining clear and beautiful from the grime of his face, his red lips moving incessantly, showing at times a glimpse of the strong white teeth between them, made a picture of sincerity and devotion which greatly impressed me.

I waited till he had finished; and then, timing my egress with his, I contrived that we should meet in the vestibule—which we did. "You seem to love the Blessed Virgin, my little fellow?" I remarked. "Oh, yes!" he said, quite naturally, "especially that Blessed Virgin."

"And why that one in particular?" "Why, don't you know, Monsieur? Because she is the patroness of all the chimney sweeps."

"Indeed?" I said. "Yes, I might have known that the black statue would appeal to you little fellows." I smiled as I spoke; and there was something so attractive about him, that I did not like to part with him. At once, and without the least embarrassment, he accepted my invitation to dine; and we repaired to a quiet restaurant in the neighborhood.

The boy ate and drank with both relish and good manners, talking all the while—partly in response to my questions—of his native country; and though his voice was cheerful, and could see that homesickness had not yet released its hold on his heart.

"In my country also," he said, "everybody goes to Mass." This was in reply to my inquiry as to whether he always went to Mass on Sundays. "Everybody?" I echoed, perhaps a little incredulously. "Oh, yes, Monsieur! If they do not their names are published in the Journal."

This utilization of the modern press was new to me, and could take place, I decided, only in a country where the people were truly Catholic, and the declaration implied. But what I wanted most was to hear the story of the Madonna and the little chimney sweeps. He told it to me naively and cheerfully, the poor little exile.

"In my country also," he continued, "we have a black Virgin." But she was not born so, Monsieur. Listen how it happened. My grandfather often told me about it when I was little. Long ago, Monsieur, there was another little chimney sweep. The poor thing had no mother—she was dead—and he was very lonely. That is always the way when the mother is dead—you know that, Monsieur."

I nodded. Yes, I had long known it. "Well, one day when he had seen some children kissing and embracing their mothers, it made him feel sadder than ever before, and he thought: 'Why have I no mamma like the

ROYAL YEAST. MOST PERFECT MADE. MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. Includes image of yeast cake and logo.

others? And as he was thinking thus he went toward the church. That is the way people always do, Monsieur, when they are sad, you know."

Again I nodded. Would to God, I reflected, that it were true! "He walked slowly up the altar of the Blessed Virgin, where she stood so white and mother-like that I could only breathe a mother like that! he thought; and then knelt before the statue. While he prayed, with his eyes on the face of the Holy Mother, she seemed to smile upon him, and to look upon him with such compassion that he felt like putting his arms around her. After a few moments this desire grew upon him so strongly that he drew a chair to the front of the altar, and climbing up on it, he embraced the Madonna three or four times.

"He was sure that no one had seen him, the poor little fellow! But the sacristan had been at the other end of the church, and hastened forward to scold him for what he had done. And when the little fellow looked at the statue again, after taking away the chair, which the sacristan said ought to be broken over his head for his impudence—he must have been a cross old man, Monsieur, though my grandmother never said so—the Holy Virgin was all covered with black soot—the dear Blessed Virgin, who had been as white as snow until the little chimney sweep embraced her!

"The sacristan brought water—first cold and then hot—and together they tried to wash off the black from the beautiful white marble; but it would not get clean. Do what they could, the black still remained; and what was stranger of all the spots, which had been only here and there, spread, with the rubbing, all over the statue, till it looked like black marble instead of white.

"It was a miracle, of course. The Blessed Virgin, finding herself emulsified like that by the poor child who had no mother, and knowing that, white and beautiful as she was, she would not seem to him so natural as if she were more like himself, she resolved to remain black, and nothing could restore her to her original color.

"The sacristan was furious; but the Cure, a very good, kind man, bade him stop his rubbing, and said that if the Blessed Virgin did not wish to be made white again, nothing in the world would make her so.

"The next Sunday the Cure explained to the people how it had happened, telling them at the same time how one could be black and yet beautiful. It seems it is even written in the Scriptures, and ever since she has been called the Madonna of the Little Chimney Sweeps."

"Poor little Savoyard! I wonder what has become of him? I never saw him again.—Our Parish Record.

ABOUT THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT

In the famous Oxford Movement of the early 'sixties, which had as one of its most momentous results, the giving of Newman, G. W. Ward and Hope-Scott to the Catholic Church, there were, writes the Truth publication, really two parties among the Oxford men who composed the so-called Tractarians. One of these parties did not, however, come to the surface till after the publication of Tract 90, the most famous of all the "Tracts for the Times."

These two parties were in their tendency anti-Roman and pro-Roman respectively. Both agreed that the Church of England was organically the same body as the pre-Reformation Church; but they differed—as to mention one point—as to the amount of harm done by the Reformation. The anti-Roman men regarded that event as having been, on the whole, a blessing, though they deplored the unnecessary vigor with which the Church of England had "washed her face."

The Caroline period (of Charles I. and II.) was regarded as the golden age of real and reformed English Catholicism, and as a sufficiently exact following of the pure Catholicism of the earlier Councils and the Fathers. The Church had fallen a sleep (says the publicist) during the Hanoverian regime, and was now being attacked by "Liberalism," on the one side and by Romanism on the other. The Caroline theology was to be revived.

In the first volume of the "Tracts for the Times," we find it proclaimed "that nothing but those neglected doctrines, faithfully preached, would express the extension of Popery, for which the ever-multiplying divisions of the religious world are too clearly preparing the way." In fact, there

could be no greater error than to imagine that the first Tractarians looked upon Rome as the objective of the movement. Many of them, including Newman (see Apologia pp. 124-5), sincerely believed the Papacy to be anti-Christ; the Roman Church might be a sister, but she was certainly a fallen one.

It was not (they held) the Papacy, but the re-Catholicized, re-invigorated Canterbury that would one day prove the rallying-point of the divided Church. Not only (says Father Valentini) were most of the early Tractarians non-Papal; but they were also by no means ritualistic. They paid far more attention to the revival of doctrine and of certain ascetic practices—such as fasting—reversed by many later High Churchmen.

Carlyle, whose pronouncements in such matters may safely be disregarded, did the Tractarians scant justice when he described the early struggles of the movement as a "squabble about clothes." Most Broad Churchmen make the same egregious mistake; but I do not suppose any of these (Tractarian) pioneers ever wore anything more "Papish" than a cassock, surplice and furbur went, would be regarded to-day as most decidedly "Low."

Very soon, continues Father Valentini, the pro-Roman Tractarians, led by W. G. Ward (the father of Wilfrid Ward, editor of the Dublin Review) came to the front and the split of the Tractarians into two irreconcilable parties became manifest. The chorus of condemnation that followed soon after the publication of Tract 90, in 1841, marked the breaking up of the original party.

Four years later, Ward's Oxford degrees were taken away and his book, The Ideal of a Christian Church, was censured by the University of Oxford, because of his pro-Roman attitude. A few months later, he was received into the Catholic Church, 1851 Manning and Wilberforce also became Catholics.

The other sect of the two bodies of Tractarians (known for a long time to the public as Puseyites) made some headway. Yet the "High" Churchmen were not always a very united body, and at any given period at this time, it would have been hard to define them, since among their fraternity there were "extreme" men, "safe" men, "moderate" men, "ritualists," and several other varieties. In any case, they affected to take Rome as their model just as the anti-Roman body abhorred Rome.

The High Church party (i. e. the Puseyites) claimed that they represented the real Church of England. We readily recognize the Primacy of the Bishop of Rome," Dr. Pusey wrote in the Weekly Register on November 25, 1865. They thought, however, that they now represented

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a purified Catholic Church, and that in time all the other "branches" of Catholicity, namely, the Roman and the Eastern, would recognize their purification and imitate them. The Pope would become the honorary Primate of this reunited Church, but not by divine right. He would have no jurisdiction outside his province. As time passed, High Churchism developed and popular Protestantism (i. e. Low Church) became more and more alarmed and angry at the spread of their doctrines and practices, instigating persecution wherever it could. Kentsism being the modern phase of Low Church (or Protestant Evangelical, to use another term) hatred of ritualistic ideas. Several clergy were prosecuted for "illegal practices and teaching" and in some cases went to prison for their convictions. In short, Anglo-Catholicism came into being; daily services were revived in many places; Confession and the Real Presence were preached from the pulpits, though not as Catholics would have preached them.

The modern High Church will admit that "Newman was a great man, but without the depth of a Pusey," and incapable of understanding the real glory of the Oxford (Puseyite) Movement, like Pusey and Keble. "He passed through us without being one of us," they will tell you. Yet (says Father Valentini) Newman it was who understood the real character of the Movement, while Pusey and Keble did not. His genius penetrated beneath all the glitter and optimism.

He saw the rottenness of the foundations, and full sixty years ago foretold the inevitable end. In his Difficulties of Anglicanism (I. 10) he wrote: "The movement has formed but a party after all, and the Church of the nation has pursued the nation's objects and executed the nation's will, in spite of it." Again, addressing the High Churchmen of that day, Newman said: "In the beginning of the movement you disowned private judgment, but now, if you would remain a party, you must, with whatever inconsistency, profess it."

"Then you were a party only externally, that is, not in your wishes and feelings, but merely because you were in matters of fact, when the world looked at you, whether you would or not; but now you will be a party knowingly and to-day (says Father Valentini) the High Church is only a party and will never be anything more, and it is admitting that such is the case. The bankruptcy of High Churchism in its various forms has yet to be realized by many who have invested their all in it. Indeed, it is not difficult to show the Tractarian movement moves no longer.

THE LOURDES CURES. MEETING IN PARIS OF LIVING EXAMPLES OF THE MARVELOUS POWER OF FAITH AND PRAYER. The French national pilgrimage to Lourdes has, as usual, been followed by a meeting here in Paris at which doctors who had previously attended persons miraculously cured at the shrine of Mary Immaculate presented their former clients, and though in many cases freethinkers, nevertheless testified that no human science could have restored their patients to health. It took place Sunday, Nov. 24, in the Theatre Chretien, Quai de Passy, under the presidency of Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, and it is interesting to refer to some of the living examples of the marvelous power of faith and prayer to the Immaculate Virgin of Lourdes.

Among them was Alice Verte; formerly a nurse at the Lille Hospital, who, having been attacked by tuberculosis of the peritoneum, went to Lourdes in a condition pronounced by the doctors to be absolutely hopeless. Nevertheless she returned from the pilgrimage perfectly cured. She was presented to the meeting by Dr. David, who declared: "God alone can furnish us with a satisfactory explanation of that instantaneous cure." Another miraculous cure calculated to convince the most skeptical was wrought this year by the Immaculate Virgin of Lourdes on a man named Lebacq. He was formerly known as the "blind man" of Roubaix. On account of his infirmity he had obtained of the municipality permission to beg, and was at the same time granted an allowance of 12 shillings a week out of the municipal funds. There was consequently no sort of doubt of his being blind, yet he recovered his sight at Lourdes. Dr. Pley, who make a declaration of fervent faith. Dr. Bonnet presented M. Luciana, one of his former patients, who was cured at Lourdes of ulcers in the stomach. He testified to the miraculous healing. Then Dr. Pillet, after pointing to the miraculous cure of Georgine Devaux, obtained the applause of the meeting by calling on the people to continue "to proclaim from the housetops" the blessings of God lavished at Lourdes by the intercession of Mary Immaculate of Lourdes.

There is something finer than to do right against inclination, and that is to have an inclination to do right. There is something nobler than reluctant obedience, and that is joyful obedience. The rank of virtue is not measured by its disagreeableness, but by its sweetness to the heart that loves it. The real test of character is joy. For what you rejoice in, that you love. And what you love that you are like.—Henry Van Dyke,

Simple duty lath no place for fear. Great talkers are never great doers.

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DICKENS AND THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR

(Charles Dickens, unable to escape the anti-Catholic atmosphere of the first half of the nineteenth century, often spoke and wrote things that were calumnious of the old faith of England. The centenary of his birth has been celebrated this year, and Catholics will think more kindly of the great English writer as they read the following tribute from his pen to the Little Sisters of the Poor. It was published in his paper, Household Words, on February 14, 1852.)

Almsgiving takes the place of our workhouse system in the economy of a large part of Europe. The giving of alms to the helpless is, moreover, in Catholic countries, a religious office. The voluntary surrender of gifts, each according to his ability as a means of grace, is more prominently insisted on than among Protestants, consequently systematic taxation for the poor is not resorted to. Nor is there so great a necessity for it as in this country, for few nations have so many paupers to provide for as we English, who are accustomed to regard them as a natural element in our society. And thus it happens that when, about ten years ago, there was in France no asylum but the hospital for the aged and ailing poor, the want of institutions for the infirm but healthy was not so severe as to attract the public eye.

But there was at that time a poor servant woman, a native of the village of La Croix, in Brittany—Jeanne Jugan was her name—who was moved by her gentleness of heart, and the fervor of her religion, to pity a certain infirm and destitute neighbor, to take her to her side as a companion, and to devote herself to her support. Other infirm people earned by their helplessness a claim upon her attention. She went about begging when she could not work, that she might preserve life as long as Nature would grant it to her infirm charges.

Her example spread a desire for the performance of similar good offices. Two pious women, her neighbors, united with Jeanne in her pious office. These women cherished, as they were able, aged and infirm paupers, nursed them in a little house and begged for them in the vicinity. The three women, who had so devoted themselves, attracted notice, and were presently received into the Order of Sisters of Charity, in which they took for themselves the name of Little Sisters of the Poor (Petites Soeurs des Pauvres).

The first house of the Little Sisters of the Poor was opened at Saint-Servan in Brittany. A healthy flower scattered seed around. We saw that forcibly illustrated in the progress from an origin equally humble of the Rauhé Hanf near Hamburg; we see it now again in the efforts of the Little Sisters which flourished and fructified with prompt usefulness. On the tenth anniversary of the establishment of Saint-Servan, ten similar houses had been founded in ten different French towns.

The Petites Soeurs live with their charges in the most frugal way upon the scraps and waste meat which they can collect from the surrounding houses. The voluntary contributions by which they support their institutions are truly the crumbs falling from the rich man's table. The nurse fares no better than the objects of her care. She lives upon equal terms with Lazarus, and acts towards him in the spirit of a younger sister.

The establishment at Dinan, over which Jeanne Jugan herself presided being under repair, and not quite fitted for the reception of visitors, we will go over to the Sisters' house at Paris, which is conducted on exactly the same plan.

We are ushered into a small parlor scantily furnished, with some Scripture prints on the walls. The Sister enters to us with a bright look of cheerfulness, such as faces wear when hearts beneath them feel that they are beating to some purpose in the world. She accedes gladly to our desire and at once leads us into another room of larger size in which twenty or thirty old women are at this moment finishing their dinner. It being Friday rice stands on the table in place of meat. The Sister moves and speaks with the gentleness of a mother among creatures who are in, or near the state of second childhood. You see an old dame fumbling eagerly over her snuff-box lid. The poor creatures are not denied luxuries, for whatever they can earn by their spinning is their own money, and they buy with it any indulgence they please, among which nothing is so highly prized or eagerly coveted as a pinch of snuff.

In the dormitories on the first floor some lie bedridden. Gentler still, if possible, is now the Sister's voice. The rooms throughout the house are airy, with large windows, and those inhabited by the Sisters are distinguished from the rest by no mark of indulgence or superiority.

We descend now into the old men's department, and enter a warm room with a stove in the center. One old fellow has his feet upon a little foot-warmer, and his thin pipes out that he is very comfortable now, for he is always warm. The chills of age and the chills of the cold pavement remain together in his memory; but he is very comfortable now—very comfortable now. Another decrepit man with white hair and bowed back—who may have been proud in his youth of a rich voice for love songs—talks of music to the Sister, and on being asked to sing blazes out with joyous gestures and strikes up a song

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of Beranger's in a cracked, shaky voice, which sometimes—like a river given to flow underground—is lost entirely, and then bubbles up again quite thick with mud.

We go into a little oratory, where all pray together nightly before they retire to rest. Thence we descend, into a garden for the men, and pass thence by a door into the women's court. The chapel bell invites us to witness the assembly of the Sisters for the repetition of their Psalms and Litanies. From the chapel we return into the court and enter a large room where the women are all busy with their spinning-wheels. One old soul immediately totters to the Sister (not the same Sister with whom we set out) and insists on welcoming her daughter with a kiss. We are informed that it is a delusion of her old age to recognize in this Sister really her own child, who is certainly far away, and may possibly be dead. The Sister embraces her affectionately and does not disturb the pleasant thought.

And now we go to the kitchen. Preparation for coffee is in progress. The dregs of coffee that have been collected from the houses of the affluent in the neighborhood are stewed for a long time with great care. The Sisters say they produce a very tolerable result, and at any rate every inmate is thus enabled to have a cup of coffee every morning of which love is able to administer the finest Mocha flavor. A Sister enters from her rounds out of doors with two cans full of broken victuals. She is a healthy and, I think, a handsome woman. Her daily work is to go out with the cans directly after she has had her morning coffee and collect food for the ninety old people that are in the house. As fast as she fills her cans she brings them to the kitchen and goes out again, continuing in this work daily till 4 o'clock.

You do not like this begging? What are the advertisements on behalf of our hospitals? What are the collections? What are the dinners, the speeches, the charity sermons? A few weak women, strong in heart, without advertisement or dinner or charity sermons, without urgent appeals to a sympathizing public, who have no occasion to exercise charity by enticing it to balls and to theatrical benefits, patiently collect waste in food from house to house, and feed the poor with it humbly and tenderly.

The cans are now to be emptied, the contents according to their nature—broken meat, vegetables, slices of puddings, fish, etc. Each is afterwards submitted to the best cookery that can be contrived. The choicest things are set aside. "These," said a Sister, "will be for our poor dear sick."

The number of Sisters altogether in this house engaged in attendance on the ninety infirm paupers is four.

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THE "WEEDING OUT" OF CATHOLICS FROM PUBLIC OFFICE

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Sir,—The CATHOLIC RECORD is an influential and independent newspaper, and always ready and fearless in upholding Catholic rights. I therefore want to point out a few undisputed facts for your readers to ponder over. Never at any time have the Catholics of Halifax had anything like fair representation in the principal government offices. For some years past, some influences have been successful in depriving them of the few positions they held. For example, some twenty years ago, the position of agent of the Department of Marine and Fisheries was filled by a Catholic, the only position of the kind held in Nova Scotia by a Catholic. Upon his resignation, the post was promptly filled by the government of the day by the appointment of a man who had no particular qualifications for it except possibly that he was not a Catholic. That was the beginning.

A couple of years ago, the harbor-master of Halifax—a Catholic—died, and his place was soon filled by a Protestant. Within the past year, Mr. Keating, the chief clerk in the Austin house, a Catholic, died and his place was soon filled by a Protestant. Within a year, Captain O'Neill of the government steamer "Argus," a Catholic, died, and a Protestant was appointed to fill his place. Less than a month ago, Captain Doyle, in charge of the port physicians tug, a Catholic, was dismissed, and a Protestant appointed in his place about a year ago, Dr. J. J. Doyle, assistant port physician, a Catholic, died, and a Protestant got his place.

These are a few notorious cases. If the same piece is kept up for another year or two there will not be a "Roman" left in the public service. The Catholic public official will be extinct.

Perhaps some other reader of your paper can tell why it should be so.

CITIZEN

THE C. L. C. A.

The Catholic Laymen's Culture Association of Toronto, held their annual election of officers for 1913 in their meeting Hall, De La Salle Institute, on January 7th, resulting as follows: President, Herman Mulvogue; Ist. Vice President, Thos. Gow; Rec. Sec., Ray Conologue; Cor. Sec., W. Strath; Librarian, H. J. Foley; Orator, Jos. W. Cherrier; Treas., Jos. Dolan. The retiring President, Eddie Foley, was read an address in appreciation of his faithful and energetic work in the interests of the Association during the year 1912.

The C. L. C. A., as it is more popularly known, was organized in Toronto in Dec. 1908, by a zealous and devoted band of Catholic laymen, mostly from the parish of Old St. Paul's, Queen and Power streets, for the sole purpose of getting the Catholic young man, and assisting him in leading a good, clean, moral life, not on Sunday only, but seven days a week. And it has succeeded admirably amongst its very fine young men on its membership list. The C. L. C. A. also successfully counteracts the evil influences of the world, and altogether the association is naturally proud of the good it has accomplished among the young men in its short span of life.

The new officers are a progressive lot who are planning a broad and extensive campaign for the upbuilding and extension of the C. L. C. A. There is a magnificent field for an association of this kind.

WAKE UP, GIRLS!

We are concerned about our Girls in these days of hobble skirts and false hair. We don't like their appearance despite their very creditable counterfeits of the modes of fashion. We don't deem it modest. But, of course, we are old-fashioned and prudish; and even if we were to say anything about the unseemliness and unmodesty of it all, we are quite sure the girls would laugh at us and discard our observations as pen-picks.

But we do protest that the girls are very much in the public eye; that it hurts them where they are most vulnerable, and that is in the estimation of the genus *man*—we mean the male kind. All they get for their pains of showing themselves off are averse, not attractive, comments. To be blunt and brutal, the men are making fun of them. They regard them in the streets as they would their weaker sisters on the stage. They are not looked upon by the male kind as the women who are to be sought after as desirable help-mates. They serve as partners for a passing fancy, and that is all.

The men will give you all sorts of reasons for not marrying nowadays; but the real reason is that they have not met the right woman. When she appears the white flag of surrender

is flung out. The right woman is irresistible. She cannot be withstood. And who is she? Why, the right woman; not the freak of fashion; not the show-off girl; not the best dresser.

It's strange, but true; the girl with the plumage attracts the male for the nonce; but she is not the girl he marries. She serves very well to show off occasionally; but in the end he marries a home girl, maybe a homely girl, a girl at least who can keep a home, not a butterfly or a spender.

Wake up, you girls, if you want a sensible man, and stop your nonsense. Put aside the frills of fashion and be decent and reserved! Style? Why, we love it. But what is style? Why, just being old-fashioned and reserved; just keeping your charms and graces for the inner circle of your friends and admirers; in a word, just maintaining modesty, the attractiveness of your girlhood, the charm of your womanhood.—The Monitor.

BEWARE OF THE "DOPE" DOCTOR

The Catholic Sentinel of Portland, Ore., says that a pastor of that city on the occasion of a recent sick call was in time to hear the penitent's confession only because the attending physician had forgotten the "dope" which he had intended to administer, and had to return to his office for it. The patient was in great pain, and the physician purposed rendering him unconscious until death should relieve his sufferings. He did not, however, tell his patient of his intention. "We fear," comments the True Voice, "that instances of 'dopping' by physicians are by no means infrequent. Catholics should insist that the physicians of the soul should be given a chance to do what he can for the spiritual welfare of the patient in the last hours. The man who is dying has nothing of more importance to attend to than his eternal welfare and he should not be deprived of the opportunity to make his peace with God. The 'dope' doctors should be rigidly excluded from every Catholic family. Under the pretense of easing the patient's last hours they are inflicting the worst cruelty possible."

DIED

MCCARRON.—In Guelph, Ont., on Sept. 19, 1912, Mrs. McCarron, aged sixty-five years. May her soul rest in peace!

PURCELL.—In Guelph, Ont., January 4th, 1913, Michael Purcell, aged seventy-five years. May his soul rest in peace!

WEBSTER.—At her residence, 581 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, on Saturday morning, January 4, 1913, Georgina Ross McIntosh, beloved wife of Dr. T. Shaw Webster.

DONOVAN.—In this city, on January 8, 1913, Mrs. John Donovan, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Regan, 294 Central Avenue. May her soul rest in peace!

MARRIAGE

PARSONS-POCOCK.—At St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont., on Tuesday, January 7, 1913, by Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, Frederick G. Parsons, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. I. Parsons, of Sarnia, to Miss Edna Anna, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pocock, London.

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