

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: "A NOVEL." CHAPTER XXX—CONTINUED

"I know probably as much about these people as you can tell me," she said. "I have been hearing of them ever since I came. They have not been good. They are fiercely proud, but still, as they have become old and helpless, I think their sins ought to be forgotten, and charity ought to consider their case."

"So it ought, and so it has done from time to time. But you do not understand them. They will starve, rot, die, but they will die the Adares of Shans's Hollow. Once rich, arrogant, unscrupulous, they exercised a power in the country, and for no good. Spendthrifts, they scattered their money; more dropped into their hands, and they spent that too. They acted so that the curses of the people followed them, and the sympathies of their own class dropped away from them. In their decadence they were too proud to accept any kind of work that was offered them to do. Little by little they have fallen. One by one their old neighbours and acquaintances—they never had any real friends, I believe—shrank away from them in disgust, and suffered them to wrap themselves up in their solitary pride. The people say a curse hangs over them; and, faith it looks like it, for no effort that has been made has ever been of service to them. And efforts have been made. Some time ago Lord Aughrim offered them a comfortable cottage rent free as an inducement to them to come out of the decaying house and live like human beings, but they declined. They preferred their own house even as it was. In the course of years all the lands were sold away, parted with bit by bit, and it is through the charity of Lord Aughrim that they are not driven out of the Hollow. He leaves them the ruin and this piece of land immediately surrounding it."

"Would it not have been greater charity to have driven them out?" "Perhaps so. But I suppose he is not strong-minded enough to apply his charity in such a manner. The fact is, no one has cared to take the bull by the horns and struggle with their maniacal pride. Men have put money together secretly and had it conveyed to them by subterfuge, pretending it had come to them as a mysterious unpaid debt. But that sort of thing cannot always go on. Doctors and clergymen have paid visits to the house, and come out declaring that they could not risk their lives by returning there again, and that something ought to be done to relieve them of such a necessity. And yet nobody could propose the thing to do. Unless one were to set fire to the building and smoke them out they would not come; and nobody likes to take the torch in his hands."

"For a few minutes the silence was unbroken, while Bawn recognized the ring of sincerity in his voice." "Have they always refused help openly given, rejected food, clothing, fire?" she asked presently, in her gentlest tones.

"Always, and with such scorn that one fears to insult them in such a way. I have heard that a relative in a distant part of the country (for the credit of the North I am glad to say these Adares do not belong to us, only settled here fifty years ago on an inherited property)—I believe that a relative helps them from time to time by irregular doles, just sufficient to keep them alive and no more. Two or three of them have died. One man who broke his leg was stolen out of the ruin and taken to the poorhouse hospital, where he received a little humane treatment before he expired. Another died a horrible death, in a damp hole in the underground story. They said he was eaten by rats. No efforts would induce him to leave his lair. And the end came on him suddenly. But I am making you sick."

her reverses meekly, I hold her blameworthy." Bawn turned away her eyes again. She knew deeper depths of weakness in Mave Adare than he was thinking of. "But the tragedy?" she said. "It is a story in which our family is entangled, and we never speak of it. Not that I have any particular feeling in the matter. I was born about the time of my uncle and aunt's death, but my grandmother still keeps a terribly vivid memory of the occurrence which was the greatest sorrow of her life. For her sake chiefly, and also because ghastly things are best forgotten, we do not refer to the murder of Roderick Fingall by Arthur Desmond, who at the time was engaged to this unfortunate Mave Adare."

"And part of her weakness, the weakness you have spoken of as characteristic of her, her crime of weakness as you say, was in her allowing herself to be persuaded that her lover had committed this deed." "Is that your conclusion?" he said, with a smile. "It is a woman's one and generous, but there was no doubt, I believe, that Desmond was guilty."

"I have taken up a different impression." "How? Why?" "From the moment when I first heard the tale I felt that Desmond had been the victim of a plot." "You heard it before?" "From different quarters. I wanted to hear it from you—from a Fingall." "Then I have had nothing new to tell you. Every peasant in the glens knows the whole history: the crime, its motive, and its consequences. The motive was part jealousy, part greed for money. My uncle stood between Desmond and a fortune—"

"Which actually fell to Luke Adare." "See you are really in possession of all the details," said Somerled, looking at her in surprise. "I have been putting them together and piecing them out. It occupies me when I am lonely in the evenings—when my butter is made. We have no such tales of old families in America, you see, Mr. Fingall, and so you must take my curiosity and earnestness over the matter as a product of the New World. Betty Macalister, who lives with me, is a firm believer in Arthur Desmond's innocence, and perhaps she has bitten me with her faith. Arthur Desmond has become a living hero to me, and I feel some ardour in clearing his good name."

Rory began to feel jealous of this shade of Arthur Desmond. If she would only occupy her evenings in thinking of him, a living man, with no interesting guilt upon his head! But he must be careful to keep such wishes to himself. "I am sorry for the sake of your romance," he said, "that Mave Adare's lover will not come out of any court, even that of your charitable considerations, with clean hands. Do not look so serious over it. I did not know you felt so strongly—an incompressible expression of pain contracted her brow." "Am I feeling strongly? It is my way."

"Is it? I wish it would come my way, then," thought Somerled. "Well," smiling, "I am going to talk as lightly of the story as you please. One thing you can tell me. Did any one see Desmond commit the crime?" "Certainly. There was no doubt about that." "Who saw it?" "I believe it was some of those wretched Adares. Of course they were respectable then."

"And good?" "I cannot swear to that." "Not after the account you have given of them to me just now?" "I think—I will make a bet of a yellow lily out of yonder pool—that it was Luke Adare who whispered away Desmond's good name."

THE LOVE-LADY

TO BE CONTINUED

February is a trying month for charity workers. Winter has exhausted the small resources of the poor, sickness is often rampant, and the fresh impulse and opportunity of spring are still afar. Philanthropy has a dead weight to carry. The raw, slushy day was darkening into nightfall when the county physician dismissed his last patient, closed his doors, and went down the courthouse corridor to the office of the Humane Society for consolation from its secretary, Ann Challoner. She was always ready to bind up the wounds of a fellow worker on the firing-line—the thought of her was good to Doctor Freer.

"Coming from her door he met the usual straggle of down-and-outers, her daily problem, and at their heels a member of the Humane Board, Mrs. Jacob Jordan, wrapped in a cozy, exhalant, expensive aloofness. Her lovely young face was set and cold, her eyes wide and unseeing as she passed him. He shut the door after her and went up the long, gloomy room toward Miss Challoner, who made him so tragic a little gesture that he instantly shelved his own troubles. When Ann let anything exasperate her, times were bad indeed.

"I do love to shake that woman!" came in her quick, rich tones. "Why don't you?" she asked with amused affection, and seated herself near her desk. He knew without asking that Ann Challoner would never marry him and so he cherished their solid workaday friendship. "Why not shake her? I'm thinking it would be a new sensation for her." His man's eyes approved her. The Humane Secretary was little and trim, chestnut-haired, with dark blue eyes, and dark blue clothes that were part of her, like a bird's plumage. She ignored his flippancy. "The destitute poor I can stand," she confided, her voice pulsing with feeling, "but the destitute rich drag the heart out of me. I cannot get at them. I got Mrs. Jordan on this board to make her forget her own griefs in the misery of others. All she gives is money, which helps my poor, but does nothing for her. Doctor, she'll die or go insane if this work will be the end of me."

"You'd better resign and get married," he offered imperturbably, intending to anger her out of her troubled mood—an old trick of his. He loved her anger, a bright, brief display, like burning paper, and he loved the childlike repentance that followed it. "Every February for nine years you have threatened to

resign, but you've never had the courage to do it. You are too sympathetic. This is no work for you—there's no end to charity. And it's a mistake anyway. It pauperizes both giver and taker. You're a natural home-woman. And you're thirty-two—you should marry if you are ever going to—"

"I love my work!" she blazed back at him, "but if I didn't I should not marry myself out of it! James Freer, you—then she suddenly perceived the trap laid for her, laughed, and was herself again. "I've got to do something with Mrs. Jordan," she pursued. "It's two full years since her husband and little boy were killed, and she keeps that great empty house exactly as it was when they were brought in dead. She lives in remembering them. And her dread of children is a sort of insanity. Because she has lost her own she won't look at a child. It's rank selfishness. She has starvation of the heart. I thought the Randas family might interest her, but she won't hear a word about them. She asks me to send for her when I need her, but when she comes she just writes a check."

"The Randas?" commented the doctor. "I know them—trunk-patch in the dump—two rooms, endless chickens, ten young ones, and old Tony sober part of the time, thanks to your ministrations, instead of drunk always, as before. Hardly Mrs. Jordan's style, are they? She can't see me, and I flatter myself I perch one rung higher than the Randas, at least."

"The Randas are happier than she is," Miss Challoner began rapidly putting her desk to rights as she talked. "The Randas are full of Italian song. They laugh like a chime of bells at the least excuse. And if trouble touches a neighbor they all weep and send over their own macaroni supper and go willingly hungry to bed. The Randas love, and so own the earth!" She laughed, remembering the tribe. "Get Mrs. Jordan to adopt a child," proposed the doctor with a mere man's fatuous belief that he can solve all problems with a word.

"Do you wish to bell the cat?" Her face seemed him. "I've read much in my time, but I'll not be the one to suggest such a thing. Why, she won't pass a schoolhouse; she will hardly walk down street, lest she should see children! And instead of normally occupying her mind with business she has sold everything but the big house and put the money into one bank. Of course a child would be her salvation; if she could be induced—"

"The door opened and a boy with an armful of papers trudged in. He was unbelievably little and shabby, with a beautiful dirty face and brilliant red-brown eyes. He pulled an old cap from his tangle of red-brown, curls and marched straight to Miss Challoner. He dropped his papers to clap both grimy hands to her tear-stained cheeks.

"Are you the Love-Lady?" he demanded stoutly. "The—what?" For all the surface dirt of the day's work, he was wholesomely clean. His features were clean, clear, and his eyes steady and intelligent. Miss Challoner put her arm around him. "The Love-Lady," he repeated patiently. "The kids said she was here. She loves you up when things is the limit. Fatty said so. I guess you're her." The doctor chuckled, but Miss Challoner promptly forgot that he was on earth. She always forgot him for her poor. He was used to it.

"You've struck the right shop, son," he informed the child. "I didn't cry when they took mother to the hospital and I didn't when dad was sent up. But tooth-ache's the limit," explained the boy. He opened his mouth and indicated the offending tooth with a black little finger. "It ain't loose enough yet to jerk out, Fatty tried with a string. It hurts." The doctor snapped on the lights and reached a long arm for his old medicine-case. Miss Challoner took the boy on her knee while she absently cottoned and gloved-overly mercifully administered—a matter of some moments. "Does it feel better?" At the doctor's question the boy slid to the floor and stood feeling his cheek. "Not 'xactly better. But I guess it'll stop pretty soon," he replied politely. "I gotta go. I'm much obliged. What do I owe you?" He dug a baby hand into his pocket and brought up pennies and a few nickels. "You don't owe me anything, my boy. You are welcome."



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Advertisement for New Cochran Hotel, located at 14th and K Sts., N.W., Washington, D.C. The ad lists hotel amenities, room rates, and contact information for Eugene S. Cochran, Manager.

Advertisement for H. L. O'Rourke, B.A., a Barrister, Solicitor, and Notary. The ad lists his office address at 231 Eighth Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta.

Advertisement for St. Jerome's College in Berlin, Ontario, founded in 1864. It lists the college's academic and business programs and contact information for Rev. A. L. Zinger, C.R., P. D., Prae.

Advertisement for John Ferguson & Sons, 180 King St., Toronto. The ad lists their services as leading undertakers and embalmers, operating night and day.

Advertisement for E. C. Killingsworth, a Funeral Director. The ad lists his office at 491 Richmond St. and provides contact information.

dropped into the first chair and began rocking him gently.

"Mrs. Dugan says I'd grow faster if I had more on my stomach and not so much on my mind," he confided.

"What's your name? Where do you live?" she asked.

"We live on High street. It's respectable. We rented two rooms from Mrs. Dugan, but now a lady has them and I sleep behind the stove."

"I must keep in school, but I can work nights and mornings for my board. I carried papers and gave Mrs. Dugan a nickel every night for sleeping there."

"Make your name good?" questioned Miss Challoner, while the doctor stood looking on.

"Lane is for mother's folks. They're all dead. They were terrible good, but nobody loved 'em."

"I'm not afraid," he asserted. A soldier didn't get scared. If he was scared he couldn't fight—could he?"

"The boy's glance left the love lady and fell entranced upon Mrs. Jordan, who came sweeping in."

"When I was real little, mother and me talked it over. Dad drinks. And his father drank, and his father's."

"You have no right to avoid children, Mrs. Jordan. Indeed, you can't avoid them, and live. The world is full of them."

"You presume!" she breathed. "And you are cruel! You know the sight of a child tears my heart."

"My teeth don't hurt now. Thank you for fixing it," he said to the doctor.

"When are you coming to see me, Lane?" she asked.

"Perhaps to-morrow, if I don't have to go to the hospital after school. Thank you for holding me. Good-bye."

"He started for the door, but the doctor sprang after him.

"My runabout's at the curb," he said over his shoulder to Miss Challoner.

A moment later from the window she saw in the dim dusk a big man leading by the hand a little boy who trotted delightedly towards the muddy old car on the street.

"The love lady! Bless his little heart!" she said, happily, to herself on her way to the door.

Three busy days passed before she heard again of Lane Curtis. A sudden fierce storm had brought a deluge of relief-work to the office, and the doctor also had been gone night and day.

"Where is the boy?" she asked. "Trust you to do the right thing, Jim Freer!"

"In my office, I'll get him. I thought about Mrs. Jordan. This is her chance, isn't it?"

"It would be her salvation," she answered slowly. "It's all my life is now to mention it, despite the fact that I seem to be the only person she cares anything about these days."

"Can I speak with Mrs. Jordan?" She waited and turned to smile at the doctor, who stood listening.

"Mrs. Jordan? It's Miss Challoner. Are you coming to town this morning? You are? I'm glad. Please come to the office. I need to see you. Thank you."

"I'll cry if you cuddle me," he warned her. "She said I'm not to cry. A soldier can't—he's gotta fight all the time. I got Persis to look after. She's going to be awful pretty."

"Would you mind my—thinking it over first?" When she nodded assent he sat down in a big chair with his little legs stretched out stiff before him.

"My dear," she whispered, "he's adorable. I've invited him to visit me, but he is not sure that I am worthy. Neither am I. At this moment he is making the matter the subject of prayer."

"I'll be for less than two weeks," she said. "He will not trouble you long. The Kinneys, some lovely farm people, have long wanted me to find just the right little boy. Most people want curly-headed girls but a boy like Lane will not be long homeless."

"A child like that to—farmer's—" began Mrs. Jordan, and then checked herself. "But of course it's better than the streets. Do not imagine that I shall—keep him."

"She called me a street-child," he said to Ann, "but she was sorry, so I forgave her. I think I am going to love her, but not as much as you. I am going to visit her. But now I gotta go back to Dugan's cause Patsy needs his clothes. He lent 'em to me 'cause they're black."

"I'll take you in my car," offered Mrs. Jordan. "But we'll get your some new clothes first. Brown corduroy for school, don't you think?"

"I shall love that! I s'pose you have a Ford, too? Doctor Jim has. You could take me 'round by the Home and I'll let you have a look at my sister Persis."

"The matter of the Curtis children came up fully three weeks later, on a March morning unseasonably warm, sunny, blue-skied, a very lamb of a March morning, despite snow melting into rivers everywhere."

"What on earth do you mean?" she asked rather crossly. "Of course Mrs. Jordan will keep him! She hasn't said so, but I feel in my bones that—"

"Then your bones are false prophets," he retorted. "But don't be savage with me—I didn't embezzle her money—"

"What has happened?" she demanded impatiently. "Just like a woman to begin the day without the morning papers!"

"I haven't told you all. The little soldier has a bad morning before him. He has still to learn that his father died yesterday of pneumonia."

"And he still thinks he and the baby can be together—they ought to be together." Her voice vibrated with feeling.

"This morning Mrs. Dugan and three other women of the neighborhood were inconspicuously grouped with Mrs. Curtis' hospital nurse, two doctors, the Kinneys, solid, kindly folk, and the Terry Home matron, a dark, handsome woman, who held Persis, a rose of a babe, in her arms."

The judge spoke to Miss Challoner, asking first her and then Dr. Freer a few questions, and waited for them to seat themselves. The evidence was all in, for he had questioned the others present, and indeed nearly every one concerned had been privately to see him within the week preceding.

"The Court," he said, "feels deeply the responsibility of disposing of two such unusual little ones. The parents are dead. They came from the east, and we can find no relatives. There is no money. The court can put them into institutions, or adopt them into private families."

"The Love-Lady," and his tone was carefully unsentimental, "is so busy loving so many folks that she hasn't time for a home of her own."

"Don't," she said, crossly, "don't you know better? Do you want to rub it in?" He saw that this was not his time.

"Oh, all right," he said, steadily, "all right!"—Jeanne Olive Loizeaux in McBride's Magazine.

The trials of life are a heavy cross for the Children of Adam. Sickness, misfortunes, sorrows, and woes, are the lot of the greater part of humanity. There is scarce a smiling face but hides some anguish. Why does it all come from the good God?

Am I so bad that God afflicts me thus? Not necessarily. Your sufferings and misfortunes may be for the glory of God and the sanctification of your soul. Christ rebuked the Jews who thought that the Galileans slain by Pilate's soldiers and the workmen killed by the falling of the tower of Siloe were sinners above all the rest.

The man born blind has his affliction that the glory of God be manifested, and not for his sin nor his parents. So these sorrows come to us not always as punishment for sin, but frequently that we may, by our humble submission, glorify our Father in Heaven, and detach ourselves from the vanities of this world.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1916

THE INSANE FOLLY OF THE SINN FEINERS

The criminal folly of the abortive Sinn Fein rising has caused profound sorrow to all sane Irishmen and all true friends of Ireland everywhere.

It is important to grasp fully the fact that the Sinn Feiners are not Home Rulers who have got out of hand, but the bitter, unscrupulous and vituperative enemies of Redmond's constitutional Home Rule movement and policy.

It is well to recall however, that so insignificant were they numerically that not only had they no representation in Parliament but neither were they represented on any of the elective bodies in Ireland; for throughout the length and breadth of Ireland every single elected body passed resolutions congratulating Redmond on his attitude in Parliament on the War, and approving of his strenuous campaign for Irish enlistment.

In a recent by-election in North Louth, which had been represented by an O'Brienite, the Nationalist won easily. The Dublin correspondent of Ireland says: "Mr. Hamill had at his back the old Healyite forces. Whatever little handful of Sinn Feiners there might be in the constituency were bound to be on his side against the Irish party. Their number, however, is very small, though in the case of a close contest they might be of value. Against all these influences Mr. Whitty won by a handsome majority of 489."

Before the miserable fiasco of rebellion by the discredited remnant of Sinn Fein Irishmen an intelligent Irish-American, Judge Riley, wrote as follows in answer to the anti-British Irish remnant in the United States:

"None of us are sufficiently informed to warrant us in attempting to dictate the policies and conduct of Irishmen actually on the ground in Ireland. Upon careful study I find there a leader who has the unanimous support of the Irish party in Parliament. Surely, if that leadership was wrong some considerable portion of the Irish party and some portion of the substantial and loyal press would condemn it."

"I find a leader who has not only the support, but the confidence and love of the womanhood and childhood of Ireland. It is inconceivable that leadership with such support could be wrong. I find a leader who has the splendid moral and intelligent support of all but one of the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland."

"I find a leader at whose clarion call more than a quarter of a million of the flower of Irish manhood has sprung forward to the blood-drenched trenches of Europe."

The opposition to this leadership is sporadic, inconsiderable, inconsiderate, or subsidized, and should not be allowed to weigh in the balance against the splendid standards to which this leadership has qualified and this is why I, the son of Irish immigrant parents, proud of the home of my ancestry, glorying in the rich, unswollen blood that has come down to me through the centuries, cry with all the fervor of my heart, "Thank God for John Redmond!"

It may be well to note in passing that if the Bishop of Limerick is anti-Nationalist he has no sympathy with Sinn Feinism.

While Sinn Feinism is the very antithesis of the constitutional Irish national movement, it is not less unscrupulously hostile to the religious sentiment of Catholic Ireland.

In his Lenten pastoral Dr. Healey, Archbishop of Tuam, successor to the great Archbishop McHale of undying memory, wrote thus:

"While I hope you will fill your fields, you will also be ready to fight for them against the Germans. We fill the land that bore us, and we mean to hold it at any cost; and Irishmen are able to fight. This has been proved at every battle-front in Europe and is now admitted by all. And we want more such genuine soldiers. It is not for England but for Ireland, we want them. We do not want our fertile acres seized by the brutal foe; and what is to save them and enable us to hold them but the strong arms and courageous hearts of you and your allies? I hope you will rally to the flag, not by compulsion or coercion, but from a sense of duty, as becomes free men. The man who strikes a blow against the Prussian strikes a blow for justice, freedom and right."

The Bishop of Cloyne writes to his people:

"We are not going to throw away the fruits of a long, arduous and successful constitutional struggle. The Irish people have made this clear. Ireland has shown by the voluntary presence in the armies of the allied nations of 150,000 dauntless soldiers from this sparsely populated little island, and by as many more of her scattered sons from abroad, that she is determined to protect herself against such a fate as has overtaken Belgium—that she is determined to defend her homes, her farms, her industries, her religious freedom, her educational institutions—in a word, her hard-won liberties. This is our citizen duty. We, who continue to live in peace at home, are indebted to our Irish heroes at the front. They offer their lives for our safety; we should not forget them, and least of all should we forget to remember in our prayers those who fall fighting bravely for our cause."

The Bishop of Derry is outspoken in his condemnation of German "Kultur."

"In this fierce war that day by day grows fiercer, the conduct of Germany, inspired, no doubt, by Prussian militarism, is the very antithesis of what the Catholic Church tells us is required by the law of God. To most people it is a difficulty; they cannot well understand how a nation, professing Christianity, and claiming to have reached such a standard of culture and civilization that her example should serve as a model for the rest of Europe, could be guilty of excesses without parallel even in the pages of pagan history. But the secret of it all is to be found in the fact that Germany recognizes no authority superior to her own. The German mind and spirit and view of things is a law to itself. There is no objective standard of morality outside itself to which it feels bound to conform. No doubt the German War Lord and his officers talk of morality and right and justice, but the standard by which these are to be tested is not what the Divine Law or the natural law or even international law prescribes, but what the German mind is pleased to regard as such."

In the teeth of these and similar pastorals of the Irish bishops, in spite of strenuous advocacy of John Redmond and his followers, against the same and sober sentiment of Ireland which these undoubtedly represent, the handful of anti-national, unpatriotic and un-Catholic Sinn Feiners have plunged their misguided dupes into sinful and insane rebellion which, silly, ridiculous, and easily suppressed though it be, may be fraught with tragic consequences for Ireland.

Sinn Feinism is the outgrowth of narrow, unreasoning, sentimental nationalism which in Canada as in Ireland is a menace and hindrance to peaceful national development. There is, however, this hope for Ireland. Irish nationalism is unreservedly opposed and condemned by the political and religious leadership of the whole nation. The sane, patriotic and generous comments of our own Canadian press on the situation merit grateful recognition. Even that great Irishman, so bitterly opposed to Irish Home Rule,

Sir Edward Carson, had the grace to express the hope that none would use the unfortunate affair for political purposes.

All things considered we may hope that John Redmond is not unreasonably optimistic when he says:

"As to the final result: I do not believe this wicked and insane movement will achieve its ends. The German plot has failed. A majority of the people of Ireland retain their calmness, fortitude and unity. They abhor this attack on their interests, their rights and their principles. Home Rule has not been destroyed. It remains indestructible."

JOHN T. RYAN, PREMIER OF QUEENSLAND

In another column we publish a Canadian press despatch concerning J. T. Ryan, Premier and Attorney General of Queensland, Australia. Our readers will be interested to know that he is a Catholic and of Irish birth. The fact that he is bringing Godspeed from his Australian compatriots to John Redmond is proof that the Sinn Fein lunacy has no foothold amongst the Irish in the antipodes.

John Tighe Ryan was born at Miltown, Clonoulty, Ireland, in 1870 and was educated by the Christian Brothers. Since 1897 he has been editor of The Catholic Press, Sydney, and for some years he was Australian representative of the Westminster Gazette. Leo XIII. conferred on him the Cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontifici.

CONSOLIDATED RURAL SCHOOLS

At the Ontario Educational Association the consolidation of several rural schools into one large graded school was advocated. Amongst the advantages of such consolidation it was contended that it would enable the school to teach subjects of especial interest and utility to children of rural communities and thus tend to arrest the drift to the cities.

This, of course, is not a new or untried idea. Such schools are in operation in the United States; with what success they realize the rosy anticipations of their advocates we are unable to say. But we should like to see our educators make a greater success of graded schools in urban communities before extending the system to country districts.

It is a notorious fact that the one-roomed, ungraded country school is, in many respects, doing better work than the graded urban school. One reason is given by thoughtful observers of our educational system and methods. In the country school the teacher must, perforce, divide her time and attention amongst very many classes. The pupils, therefore, are thrown much more on their own resources than their fellows in the graded schools. Initiative, self-reliance, resourcefulness are some of the qualities thus developed. In other words there is too much "teaching" in the graded school; "spoon-feeding" it has been called. The pupils are actually deprived of the opportunities of developing those qualities of initiative, self-reliance and resourcefulness which the ungraded school permits, or even compels, and which are essential to the upbuilding of character. It may be that this defect of the graded schools is exaggerated by the critics; but there is not a doubt of its existence.

There is another consideration that should be taken into account. It is now very generally conceded that manual training is an important factor in education. Mental training alone falls far short of educating in any full sense of the word. The country children get this important part of their education not in school but on the farm. Will the consolidated rural school, necessarily at a greater distance from home, curtail the opportunities and advantages of the country pupil in this important department of his education?

SHAKESPEARE'S THEOLOGY

The tercentenary celebration of the death of the Bard of Avon has called forth an abundance of appreciative articles in our newspapers and magazines. The personal note is lacking in many of them, due no doubt to the fact that the scribes are only making copy for the occasion and not personally enthusiastic on the subject. It is significant that the most scholarly essays are from the pens of Catholics. George O'Neil, of the National University, Dublin, has contributed an interesting paper to America on "The Age and Stage of Shakespeare" that explains the reason for the coarseness and extravagance in language that seem so odd of keeping with the Christian

morality and refined sentiments of so many of the poet's creations. Dr. Walsh, in the Columbiad, has proved from documentary evidence gathered by himself in and around Stratford and London that Shakespeare lived and died a Catholic. One of the arguments that he adduces to prove his thesis is that Shakespeare lived while in London with a Huguenot family, who, on account of the trade they followed, were exempted from attending the Anglican church, and he argues that the poet would be thus free from the charge of recusancy. Another writer cites the same incident to prove that he was a Protestant. So there you are. It looks as if the religion of Shakespeare, like the birthplace of St. Patrick, would remain a perennial source of controversy.

William may or may not have made his Easter duty, but one thing is certain, his writings, notwithstanding a deal of coarseness, that may be attributed to the customs of the time and perhaps to his own dissolute habits, are not only Christian in tone but distinctively Catholic. He not only makes "goodness bold and virtue never fearful" but gives clear expression to his belief in the eternal truths that sanction virtue, and to the exclusively Catholic means of grace. To illustrate this point we will cite some quotations that we have gleaned from time to time, while engaged in a desultory reading of some of the author's principal works.

A distinguished litterateur once excused himself for the frequent use of the word "devil," on the plea that he wished to emphasize his belief in the existence of an individual that the world is prone to consider a myth. Shakespeare would seem to be equally insistent upon this point, judging from his frequent references to him who "can cite scripture for his purpose" and to those truths that are associated with the fall of Lucifer, viz., Original Sin, Judgment, Hell and Purgatory. In the following passage from "Measure for Measure" the poet makes clear profession of his belief in Original Sin:

All the souls that were, were forfeit once, And He that might the vantage best have taken, Found out the remedy.

Again in Hamlet the strictness of God's judgments is emphasized.

In the corrupted currents of this world Offence's golden hand may shove by Justice Not so above; there there's no shuffling.

In Macbeth we are warned of "the primrose path that leads to the everlasting bonfire." It is this belief in Hell, this "air drawn dagger of the mind" that makes the murderer of Duncan "infam of purpose" and loath to jump the life to come. And when the bloody deed is done he says:

"I've put rancours in the vessel of my peace My eternal Jewel (this immortal soul) given to the common enemy of man."

How well these words express the consequences of sin!

To die—to sleep— To sleep! perchance to dream; aye there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come When we have shuffled off this mortal coil.

Thus mused Hamlet. It was this "dread of something after death" that made him "rather bear those ills he had than fly to others that he knew not of" by giving himself the quietus with "the bare bodkin."

Whatever may be the case as regards belief in Hell, no one will deny that the existence of Purgatory is, or at least has been, a distinctively Catholic doctrine. The ghost in Hamlet unmistakably refers to Purgatory in these well known lines:

I am thy father's spirit, Doomed for a certain time to walk the night, And for the day, confined to fast in fires 'Till the foul crimes done in the days of nature Are burnt and purged away.

Those who deny this doctrine may use the same argument here that they have used in the case of the Scripture, viz., that the name Purgatory is not mentioned. But in "Romeo and Juliet" we find the name itself and a clear distinction drawn between Hell and Purgatory. Romeo says to Friar Lawrence:

There is no world without Verona's walls But Purgatory, torture, Hell itself.

We now pass to the means of grace. To cite the passages in which

the poet refers to the Mass would require a column of space. Confession, too, is frequently mentioned and the plot, in at least one of his plays, hinges on the confessional. The qualities of simplicity, humility and integrity required for a good confession are set forth in Friar Lawrence's rebuke to Romeo, who like other men in love is very eloquent and beautifully vague:

Be plain, my son, and homely in thy drift; Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Every Catholic knows, that when a priest attends a dying person, he usually administers three sacraments, viz., Penance, Holy Viaticum, and Extreme Unction. Such we see was the rule in Shakespeare's day, for the ghost in Hamlet laments that he was

Cut off even in the blossom of my sins, Unhousel'd, unappointed, unarm'd No reckoning made, but sent to my account, With all my imperfections on my head.

A note on this passage, in the Windsor edition of the poet's works, offers the illuminating information that those "last offices," referred to here, were thought to mitigate the pains of Purgatory. As a matter of fact, these three words mean in modern English "without confession, without Holy Viaticum—that is without provision or appointment for the journey—and without Extreme Unction."

When we come to that sacrament in which, in the words of Friar Lawrence, "Holy Church incorporates two in one" we find the poet not only orthodox but almost prophetic in his condemnation of the lax notions and irreverent practices that were beginning to be associated with the celebration of marriage. In the third act of "As You Like It" we are told that Touchstone and Audrey wished to get married. The former went to the village vicar, Sir Oliver Martext, who promised to couple them at a meeting place in the forest. Touchstone is eager that the ceremony proceed when Jaques, the philosopher, says to him, "Will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunken panel, and like green timber warp, warp." On hearing this Touchstone soliloquizes: "I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife."

On the advice of Jaques, however, they leave to find a priest, and the vicar goes off in high dudgeon declaring "that ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling." This incident needs little comment. Touchstone's soliloquy and the marriage under a bush are very suggestive of what is in vogue in our day. The very name the poet gives the vicar indicates his disgust with the new religion and recalls a sentiment he elsewhere expresses: "In religion what damned error but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text."

In conclusion we will cite a few passages in which Shakespeare shows a knowledge of the spiritual life that few laymen of our day possess: Words without thoughts never to heaven go. —Hamlet. When devils will the blackest sins put on They do suggest at first with heavenly shows. —Othello. He is no man on whom perfections wait Who knowing sin within will touch the gate. —Pericles. The gods are just and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague us. —King Lear. There is no vice so simple but assumes Some mark of virtue on its outward parts. —Merchant of Venice. He who the sword of Heaven will bear Should be as holy as severe. —Measure for Measure. He that of greatest works is finisher Oft does them by the weakest minister. —All's Well that Ends Well. O cunning enemy of men that do catch a saint With saints doth bait the hook. —Measure for Measure. But enough. Many more similar passages could be cited, but the reader will agree that sufficient evidence has been adduced to prove, if proof were necessary, that, since Shakespeare mirrored the life of the

common people of his day, the religion of that people was the same in all respects as is professed and practiced by the Catholic people of the Empire of to-day.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE STEADY progress of the Russian Armies in Mesopotamia, their attitude of calm watchfulness on the Poland border, and the advent of Russian troops in France have all tended to focus the world's attention upon the great Muscovite Empire to a degree not overshadowed even by the stupendous events taking place before Verdun. Russia, as a consequence, is rapidly casting aside the spirit of exclusiveness which hitherto she has at least seemed to bear to the rest of Europe, and is becoming a familiar study to the world at large. The Russian has ceased to be a "barbarian," and has become a highly-prized and venerated brother-in-arms.

THE PART that Russia is destined to play in subjugating the "Huns" and bringing the War to a close, would be difficult to over-estimate. It used to be said that she was lethargic, and could not awake from her stupor until the enemy had achieved all that he had set out to achieve. How in her initial movements she was bound to be, as huge bulk must always be, but that when fully under way she would startle the world by her celerity, was a prediction made by the knowing ones, which has already been amply demonstrated by events of the past two months in the Caucasus. And that we are as yet only in the beginning of the developments which are working themselves out in that great nation, the arrival of a Russian army on the Western front may be taken as sufficient evidence.

THE PROCESS of "falling back" may now be considered to have terminated so far as Russia is concerned. She has got her back to the wall, as the Teutonic hordes have already found to their cost. But even suppose the retreat of last Autumn had continued, what significance would it hold for the invader? Without question there was a point somewhere where the force of the German advance would be stayed, just as the German advance was stayed before Paris, or that of Charles XII. of Sweden, when he made his mad rush to Poltava, or that of Napoleon by the destruction of Moscow. And it was perhaps fortunate for the invader in the present War, that the Russian armies did not give way further before him. For to have done so would simply have meant a situation of very grave peril to the entire German armies.

THERE WAS NOT the slightest fear of the Russian armies being destroyed and swept out of existence, leaving an indefinite section of their territories to be overrun and occupied. Continued retreat would have meant merely that the self-styled conqueror would plod on after the Russians, and get more and more deeply involved in their country, or whether they would sit down and wait until the Bear had gathered her strength and come back at him. And this, as matter of fact, is just what has happened. Meanwhile, the world stands in an attitude of expectancy awaiting the inevitable outcome. The invader with his greatly depleted forces—for it must not be forgotten that, as before Verdun, he has paid the price for every inch of ground occupied—has the uncanny prospect before him of a thousand miles of frontier with an ever-increasing and heroic host behind it, ready at any moment to strike with the full force of a nation of close upon two hundred millions of people, hardy and determined, and able to wait.

THE IMPREGNABILITY of the Russian Empire has been likened to an enormous cloak, the fringe of which may become very ragged, and the cloak itself have huge pieces cut out of it, before and behind, but from its vast dimensions will still remain for all purposes of warmth and security a perfectly serviceable garment. Pieces cut from it are hardly noticeable—pieces which if cut from a smaller garment would leave nothing but a collar and a pair of sleeves. That is why, as a writer of authority has stated, the duration of the War, which is so dangerous to smaller States, affects Russia so little. Short wars are her danger; long wars only prove her strength.

AT THIS moment, after nineteen months of war, Russia has just begun to show her strength, and to be mistress of her resources in men and munitions. The hardy soldiers of her Far Eastern provinces, are only now, after long months of training and preparation, getting into the fray. Her hundred and seventy millions of population have not yet begun to make their presence felt in Poland, but every account agrees that they are there, on the border line, ready to swarm over the invaded territory and to exact retribution from the quondam invader. The giant limbs have stirred and gotten into motion, and Germany, despite her attitude of proud boastfulness, stands awe-stricken in presence of the awful menace.

THERE IS NO need, therefore, to worry about Russian prospects; the "other fellow" may be permitted to do all the worrying. There is a big task yet before the Allies, but leaving out of reckoning for the time being, British Naval Power, French heroism and fortitude as so amply vindicated before Verdun, or the combined strength and devotion of the Western Allies, the awful Russian menace remains, and we may expect ere many months have flown to see it in full action. No power that the Teutons can now assemble will be capable of resisting it. It has been confidently stated that throughout the Russian Empire there are at the present time close on thirty millions of men under arms or in process of training. The thought may well cause anxious nights and days to the Kaiser at Potsdam, or to the inner circle of his War Lords. That fact alone spells the doom of Prussian militarism and world-domination, and is at the same time the harbinger of lasting peace to the World.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE ARRIVAL of a third Russian contingent at Marseilles so soon after the two former bodies makes it reasonably certain that the men are not being brought from the Far East. The Canadian ice-breakers sent to Archangel must have done excellent work if the Russians have come from the White Sea. And if from Archangel why are they landed at Marseilles? To confuse the Germans, no doubt, even as the landing there confuses and perplexes all the rest of the world. The German Admiralty has probably despatched submarines en masse to intercept the troopships sailing the Russians at the mouth of the Suez Canal or the northern coast of Norway before they swing out into the Atlantic. Perhaps the Straits of Gibraltar also are under observation, although that is a very dangerous bit of water for the enemy's undersea boats. The Russian reinforcements for the French front are manifestly not sent merely as a matter of sentiment. The Allies mean business in the west.

The big guns are still doing most of the fighting at Verdun. The Germans violently bombarded the French lines yesterday between Pepper Hill and Donauumont, on the east side of the Meuse. The French continued their aerial night operations behind the German lines. On the remainder of the front there were no important developments. The Verdun operations are gradually returning to normal trench warfare, and the chief energies of the Germans are probably already being directed elsewhere.

The sinking of the battleship Russell by coming in contact with a mine somewhere in the Mediterranean is believed to have caused the death of 124 officers and men. The Russell was a comparatively modern pre-Dreadnought, commissioned in 1903. Her main battery consisted of four 12-inch guns, and she mounted as a secondary battery 12 6-inch quickfiring. While every ship counts, the 124 men who went down with the Russell were a more serious loss than that of the vessel. The Allies are so overwhelmingly strong in naval resources that there is no danger of supremacy being wrested from them. Britain has lost ten battleships since the war began. One of them, the Audacious, the sinking of which was never officially acknowledged, was a dreadnought. The others in the order of their age were the Majestic, Ocean, Goliath, Formidable, Irresistible, Bulwark, Russell, Triumph and King Edward VII. Despite these losses the strength of the battle fleet is very much greater than it was when the war began.

The Kut-el-Amara Garrison is evidently in a desperate situation. There is evidence that the British public are being prepared for the possible capitulation of General Townshend's army. It was officially announced in London last night that a relief ship sent up the Tigris with supplies for the beleaguered garrison grounded four miles from Kut-el-Amara, and was presumably captured by the Turks. This news is distinctly ominous. The ship would not have been sent on so hazardous a mission had the need not been great. The attempt will make the Turks more vigilant in guarding the river, and as the floods that prevent a general attack on their positions will last for several weeks

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

"I am the good shepherd." (John 10:11)

By His Resurrection our Lord proved Himself to be our Redeemer, and we are reminded of this fact in today's gospel, where He stated it plainly: for, by calling Himself the Good Shepherd, He referred to the fulfillment of His own person of many prophecies, because Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel had all announced the Redeemer as a good shepherd. Our Lord implied by His words that He was the Messiah foretold by the prophets, and that He proved it by being in very truth a good shepherd. If He is the Good Shepherd, it must be our duty to acknowledge Him as such, and to follow His voice; in fact He meant us to understand this from the words: "I know Mine (i. e., my sheep), and Mine know Me."

We recognize Him as the Good Shepherd by His zeal in teaching, feeding us, as it were, with His words of Divine truth. Throughout His whole life He strove incessantly to make known to us the eternal truths that we should never have learnt without Him, and that are necessary to enable us to find the right way of salvation.

When as a boy, twelve years of age, He allowed the light of His wisdom to shine forth in the Temple at Jerusalem, He showed His intense eagerness to announce the Divine revelation to men, and the same zeal was displayed in all its fulness when, at the age of thirty, He entered upon His public ministry. It never diminished, from the time when He first began to teach, to the hour of His death, and it gave Him no rest. He did not weary of travelling up and down throughout the whole of Judea, preaching everywhere the newly revealed word of God. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, and the difficulties of the way had no power to deter Him. He taught all day long, and even by night there came to Him some Who, like Nicodemus, were seeking salvation, but feared openly to confess their faith in Him.

In spite of the weakness of their faith, our Lord devoted to them the hours of sleep, that He might arouse them from the sleep of sin, and bring them out of the darkness of ignorance to the light of a true knowledge of God. Neither amidst the merry-making at the marriage at Cana, nor in His agony on the Cross did He ever cease teaching. He showed Himself to be the Good Shepherd, by the ardent zeal with which He expounded to us men our holy faith, and we show our recognition of Him as the Good Shepherd when we do our best to learn of Him and to impress His holy doctrines, not only upon memory, but upon our hearts. We show our recognition of Him if the knowledge of salvation that He proclaimed is more precious to us than any other form of knowledge, and if, like St. Paul, we can say: "We desire above all things to know Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Let us, therefore, beg the Good Shepherd to give us the gift of faith, to make us delight in His holy word, to help us to live in accordance with it, and to be unwearied in carrying out His teaching, as he was unwearied in instructing us.

Jesus was the Good Shepherd, and proved it by the compassion that He felt for all mankind. He grieved at seeing how many had gone astray and were lost by their own fault, and He left His heavenly home because men had turned aside from it, for in His compassion He longed to lead them back thither.

TEMPERANCE

SACRAMENTO'S "NO THANK YOU" LEAGUE

At all the Masses in the Cathedral last Sunday, says the Sacramento (Cal.) Catholic Herald of March 25, the hearty endorsement of the "No Thank You" League, by the Right Rev. Bishop and the clergy of the parish was announced from the pulpit. The object and purposes of the movement which seeks to eliminate the pernicious American habit of "treating," which prevails here and in other towns and cities of the country, were strongly commended and Catholic men were asked to co-operate in making the league effective. One of the chief factors in spreading the evil of drunkenness is the custom of "treating." In no other line of traffic is this custom observed among patrons, at least to anything like the extent that is found in connection with the saloon business. It is in every way a foolish and dangerous practice, and one that has done more to bring odium upon the liquor trade than anything else, because it is the fertile source of many if not most of the evils that have grown up around the traffic in intoxicants. Divested of this abuse, the saloon business would be purged of one of the chief causes of bitter criticism which has brought it into disrepute with a very large and important element of the community not aligned with the forces of legislative prohibition. The "No Thank You" League aims at inculcating and promoting the spread of temperance among all who drink, as well as protecting those who need protection from the evil effects of the ridiculous and extravagant treating habit.

A WORD TO THE EXTREMISTS

With respect to prohibition, the True Voice of Omaha says: "It is a question that Catholics are free to hold opinions for or against without incurring censure; for the Church has not approved or condemned this particular method of

solving the problem of intemperance. It is well to remember that prohibition is only one of the methods proposed. The evil which it is intended to reach and to abolish is intemperance. On intemperance the Church has spoken in no uncertain terms. The method of combating it is another thing. Of course, those who regard prohibition as an end in itself are impatient the Church should pronounce in its favor. Those who look upon all intoxicating drink as an evil in itself can not understand why Catholics are not all prohibitionists. But this is an extreme view that Catholics cannot follow, no matter how anxious they may be to aid in doing away with the liquor traffic and the saloon evil. One may vote and work to abolish the saloon without going to the erroneous extreme of holding that to touch intoxicating drink is the only deadly sin."

It is well to remember also that prohibition is a political question. That is one reason why the Catholic Church keeps clear of it. She does not tell her children how to vote on political questions. She has Democrats and Republicans in the ranks of her followers, and she has prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists. And she does not condemn the views of either. All she asks is that they do not strive to make each other out as heretics on account of their political views. Be tolerant of the opinions of your neighbor; and do not condemn as against Catholic teaching what the Church herself has not condemned."

THE APOCRYPHA

As far as the contents of the Old Testament Scriptures are concerned, the Bible of professed Christians, as published to-day, appears under two principal forms. On the one hand, the Bible of Catholics contains the seven books of Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, Machabees I and II, and certain parts of the books of Esther and Daniel, and presents them all as of equal authority with the other sacred writings composed before Our Lord's coming. On the other hand, the Bible of Protestants denies the right of these same books and parts of books to be reckoned as an integral part of the Christian Old Testament, for it either omits them altogether, or distinctly presents them as of inferior authority to the Old Testament Scriptures by setting them apart under the disparaging title of "Apocrypha."

Hence the question naturally arises: Which of the two Bibles, the Catholic or the Protestant, presents the view which Christians should take of the so-called Apocrypha? To this question, the following is our brief answer: Centuries before the rise of Protestantism, there existed a Bible in current use among the Professed Disciples of Christ, and it was a Bible of a well-defined Christian type. The genuine copies of it were held in deep reverence by men who accepted their own Scriptures as the written Word of God. All such copies, to be reputed complete, had to contain both the Old and the New Testaments and to present them in the very same order in spite of Luther's well-known efforts to do away with this. Again, like the same ancient Christian Bible, they both present those books of the Old Testament which they have in common, in exactly the same order, although this order is materially different from the one found in the Hebrew Text which the Protestant Bible professes to translate directly. Finally, the actual contents of these two Bibles are manifestly viewed by their respective Christian advocates, from the same standpoint as the actual contents of the one Bible of old were viewed by all Christians; each of these two Bibles distinctly claims to contain the exact Scriptures to be admitted by all Christians, and the contents of each are evidently transmitted without regard to what private individuals, within or without the Christian fold, may think of the rightfulness of this claim. Apparently then, the difference above stated between the two present Bibles with regard to the contents of the Old Testament is to be accounted for by a deviation of either Bible from the rightful contents of the single Bible of the ancient Christians. And in point of fact, Protestants now charge Catholics with having made undue additions to the Sacred Scriptures composed before Our Lord's time, while Catholics assert that Protestants are the ones who mutilated these same Scriptures.

That the Catholic Bible offers no deviation from the prototype Christian Bible with regard to the so-called Apocrypha of the Old Testament, is a

fact which can be easily ascertained by the student of history. In this respect, the present Catholic Bible is exactly the same as was proclaimed to be "Scripture" by the Council of Trent, April 1, 1546. It is also in distinct agreement with the Christian Bible as it was copied and circulated under the name of the Vulgate during the Middle Ages, and with the Old Latin Version made as far back as the second century of our era. It contains the so-called Apocrypha exactly as these were transmitted both East and West in the Greek copies of the Christian Scriptures back to the very age of the New Testament writers, may more, as these were found in the Old Testament which was allowed in the earliest days of Christianity for the use of neophytes both Jewish and Gentile, and from which the inspired authors of the New Testament usually drew their quotations of Holy Writ. And let it be born in mind that the present Catholic Bible not only contains the so-called Apocrypha in agreement with the primitive Christian Old Testament, but that it presents them in the light in which they were presented by the one Christian Bible of olden days. In both the Catholic Bible of today and the primitive Christian Bible there is nothing to distinguish such books from the other Scriptures of the Old Testament, and it is well known that the most decided opponents of the same books in Christian antiquity knew full well that these books also were considered as Scripture by Christians at large, and these opponents quoted them themselves as "Holy Scripture."

That, on the contrary, the Protestant Bible presents a positive deviation from the prototype Christian Bible with regard to the contents of the Old Testament, Scriptures readily follows from the fact just established, viz., that the so-called Apocrypha are no undue addition on the part of Catholics to the ancient Christian Bible. This readily follows also from certain significant facts which are directly connected with the early circulation of the Protestant Bible. History supplies the date of 1534 as the one when the title of Apocrypha, in its Protestant sense, was first prefixed to a distinct group of writings in a Bible which proposed to offer to Christians the exact contents of the Scriptures composed before the coming of Christ. History proves that this Protestant sense of the word "Apocrypha" was indeed a deviation from the ancient faith of Christians concerning the books thus designated in the early (German, Swiss, French, English) Protestant Bibles; for, as is distinctly acknowledged by the learned Protestant scholar, E. Schurer: "In the ancient Church and in the Middle Ages, the designation 'Apocrypha' was almost never applied to those books which Protestants commonly describe as the Apocrypha. Jerome and a few isolated writers are the only ones who do so. The use of the word in this sense is Protestant." (Schaff-Herzog Encyc., vol. 1, p. 99, N. Y. 1877). History bears witness to the fact that after English Protestants had been supplied with copies presenting the so-called Apocrypha set apart from the other books of the Old Testament, the Bibles of Rome were officially published (1547, 1563) for the church use of English parsons wherein passages from Tobias and Wisdom were quoted as Scripture, and Baruch was called a prophet; a manifest trace of the distinct belief which once pervaded all Christendom, in the equal Divine authority of the Old Testament writings, the so-called Apocrypha included. Finally, history shows that the early Reformers deliberately made the only Scriptures acknowledged by the Jews after their rejection as God's chosen people the standard of the contents of their Old Testament for professed Christians, and that consequently the same Reformers deliberately preferred in this regard the view of outsiders to the Christian faith, to that Christian faith itself.

The foregoing brief remarks concerning the so-called Apocrypha should lead any one who claims to be a Christian to the two following conclusions: (1) Of the two Bibles published for the use of professed disciples of Christ, the Catholic is the one which presents all the books of a Christian Old Testament in the exact light in which they all should be viewed, viz., as Scripture; (2) In proclaiming all the books of the Old Testament in the Catholic Bible to be equally Scripture, the Fathers of the Council of Trent simply asserted the distinct belief of Christian antiquity in this regard, and thereby proved themselves the worthy successors of those to whom Christ gave the solemn mission and assurance: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations. . . Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 19 20).—Francis E. Gigot, in America.

HINT TO THE TOO-BUSY TO SUBSCRIBE

Some people say they do not subscribe for Catholic publications because they have no time to read them. A poor excuse is better than none, declares the Catholic Bulletin, of St. Paul, Minn. If they refused to subscribe because they were too poor to pay the price, one could sympathize with them. For the one who is too busy to read Catholic papers there are hundreds and thousands hungry for the truths they contain. If some of these too-busy people would subscribe for papers to be sent to their less favored brethren, their charity would

not go unrewarded, even in this life. None of these people would miss the paltry amount of the subscription and the recipient of their bounty would be forever grateful.

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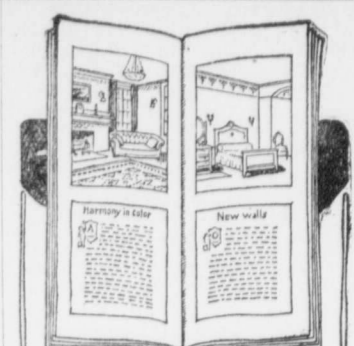
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A copy of "Homes Healthful and beautiful" costs but 15c. (coin or stamp), but if it saves you from making even one mistake—and there is nothing easier to make than mistakes in color—will it not pay for itself a hundred times over? Then send for it now and study it before you start housecleaning.

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Absorbine, Jr., brings quick relief. Keep it always at hand for instant use. Athletes use Absorbine, Jr., for the muscle that has been strained, for the cut or laceration that runs a chance of infection; for the abrasion that pains and the limbs that are stiff and lame from over-exertion.

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Production and Thrift

GAIN or no gain the cause before the farmers of Canada is as clear as it was last year—they must produce abundantly in order to meet the demands that may be made, and I believe this to be especially true in regard to live stock, the world's supply of which must be particularly affected in this vast struggle.—HON. MARTIN BURRELL, Minister of Agriculture.

THE FOLLOWING STATEMENTS ARE BASED ON REPORTS CONTAINED IN "THE AGRICULTURAL WAR BOOK, 1916," PUBLISHED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA, ONT.

LIVE STOCK—The herds and flocks of Europe have been greatly reduced. When the war is over there will be a great demand for breeding stock. Canadian farmers should keep this in mind.

MEATS—In 1915 Great Britain imported 664,508 tons of beef, mutton and lamb, of which 364,245 tons came from without the Empire. Out of 430,420 tons of beef only 104,967 tons came from within the Empire.

The demands of the Allies for frozen beef, canned beef, bacon and hams will increase rather than diminish. Orders are coming to Canada. The decreasing tonnage space available will give Canada an advantage if we have the supplies.

DAIRYING—Home consumption of milk, butter and cheese has increased of late years. The war demands for cheese have been unlimited. The Canadian cheese exports from Montreal in 1915 were nearly \$6,500,000 over 1914. Prices at Montreal—Cheese: January 1915, 15 3/4 to 17 cents; January 1916, 18 3/4 to 18 1/2 cents; Butter: January 1915, 24 to 28 3/4 cents; January 1916, 32 to 33 cents.

EGGS—Canada produced \$30,000,000 worth of eggs in 1915 and helped out Great Britain in the shortage. Shippers as well as producers have a duty and an opportunity in holding a place in that market.

WRITE TO THE DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND TO YOUR PROVINCIAL DEPARTMENT FOR BULLETINS ON THESE SUBJECTS

Tens of thousands of Canada's food producers have enlisted and gone to the front. It is only fair to them that their home work shall be kept up as far as possible. The Empire needs all the food that we can produce in 1916.

PRODUCE MORE AND SAVE MORE SAVE MATERIALS FROM WASTE
MAKE LABOUR EFFICIENT SPEND MONEY WISELY

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HE WAS READY

The limited express rolled into the lonely country station and stopped to take on water. The stranger, waiting for the accommodation train, watched the keen-eyed engineer as he leaned out of the cab window and talked with the station agent. It seemed as though the East had stopped for a moment to talk with the West. The engineer seemed to be in close touch with the busy world, while the station agent was a lonely exile.

With his hands on the throttle, the engineer presently glanced back at the fireman, who pushed the big waterspout back from the tender, and the train started.

"There goes the best engineer on the road," remarked the agent, turning to the stranger as the last car passed. "He is always to be depended upon, always punctual. Did you notice his hand on the throttle while he was talking with me?" queried the agent. "He was ready to start on the instant. That's Johnson all over. I knew him thirty years ago when he was a boy."

"Johnson was quite a runner in those days. There wasn't but one boy in the school who could outstrip him. One Fourth of July the two competed in a hundred-yard dash. At the crack of the starter's pistol Johnson was off, a fraction of a second ahead of the other. It wasn't much of a start, but it was enough to enable him to cross the tape six inches or so ahead of the other."

"Five years later Johnson entered the employ of this road. He was a wiper, and looked after the engines at one of the roadhouses. It is usually a long road from wiper to engineer. Johnson made a record run for it. While he was a wiper he was busy studying engines, and within two years, what he didn't know about engines was hardly worth knowing. For three years he was fireman on the train which just pulled out. While he was fireman, he kept his eyes open and learned."

"One day his engine was killed and Johnson, taking on a spare fireman, brought the train through from New York. The management was so well pleased with the way he did it that he was at once appointed engineer of the limited. Some of the old engineers grumbled; they said it was an outrage to boost a mere boy of twenty-four over their heads. When I heard about it I couldn't help thinking of that foot-race and the boy he raced with. I saw through it all in a second. Johnson hadn't been boosted; he had just boosted himself—he was ready."

"What became of the boy who raced with him that Fourth of July?" "That—that boy?" stammered the agent, passing his hand across his forehead. "He—he's a freight at a country station."—Frederick E. Burnham.

ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm is a great business asset. Singlehanded, the enthusiast convinces and dominates where a dozen workers, without that essential, would have any success. Enthusiasm overcomes opposition; spurs inaction; carries conviction; storms the citadel of its object; and like a magnet, draws things to itself. It is a force for victory. Put enthusiasm into your work. Do it cheerfully, to the best of your ability, with your heart in it, certain of success. Make the most of your opportunity. Make the best of yourself. Enthusiasm will put new energy into the business. It will win friends, bring power, give influence, and result in profits. It is like sunshine to crops or steam to machinery. Enthusiasm keeps the human dynamo in motion. In the dictionary you will find that word under the letter "E," alongside such excellent associates as "Earnestness," and "Energy," "Eagerness," "Endeavor," "Effort," "Enterprise," "Enlightenment," "Example," "Expeditiousness," "Experience," "Efficiency," and "Effectiveness."

Enthusiasm is a spiritual force that makes success easy.

HURRY

The first great lesson in the Bible story of creation is the need of rest. The Creator set aside one day in seven for rest. Nature herself takes long periods of rest. Man alone spoils his life by hurry. Some Americans have the hurry habit so ingrained in their nature that nearly everything they do is spoiled. They cannot even take their pleasures leisurely. It is always a rush to do something or to get somewhere.

A noted admiral in the Japanese navy was being entertained by a New Yorker a few years ago. One day the admiral was about to board a local train on the subway when his friend said: "Don't take that train, admiral, it is a local. We can save four minutes by taking an express."

"But," said the admiral, "what will you do with the four minutes which you shall save?" "Time is the most precious thing in life, and there is no excuse for wasting it, but the mad American rush to save a minute destroys more nervous energy than can be regained in many minutes. It keeps body and mind in a state of nervous tension that is destructive to health and work. Some of us do not seem to know how to relax."

I often watch people going into the city on morning trains and cars whose facial expression shows that their muscles and brain are on a

strain. Long before they get to their destination, they begin to move uneasily in their seat, all ready to jump, lest they lose a second, or they will get up and stand in the aisle several minutes before the train stops.

Now, a chronic sense of hurry not only interferes with the due performance of work, but it reacts on the person who has it and injures the nervous system. The wisdom of ages has been concentrated in the proverb: "The more hurry the less speed."—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE STORY OF ROSE

Rose went into the church every day during Lent and made the Stations of the Cross. She always offered this pious practice for the relief of the suffering souls in Purgatory.

"I just wonder if I help any of the poor souls, and if they get to heaven quicker because I pray for them," Rose would often sigh to herself. "I wish I could see." One day when she went into the church, as usual, she noticed a well-dressed woman seated in one of the pews.

The stranger intently watched the little girl as she passed from station to station. As Rose crossed from one side of the church to the other she saw that the woman was still seated there.

"I wonder if she's a Catholic," was the child's thoughts. She had finished the beautiful devotion and was kneeling at the altar railing when she felt a slight touch on her shoulder. Rose glanced around to see the face of the stranger close to her own. There were tears in the large dark eyes.

"Please say a little prayer for me, dear," the woman whispered, and when Rose said that she would, the stranger, without genuflecting, passed down the aisle and out of the church.

"I wonder why she didn't kneel and say a prayer for herself," Rose wondered on her way home. Every day after that, the woman was in the church whenever Rose entered, and she would sit and watch the little girl with evident interest.

"Once, when Rose, after finishing her devotions, passed down the aisle, the woman reached out her hand and drew her to her side. "You didn't forget me to-day, dear, did you?" she questioned. Rose answered her reassuredly, for she was beginning to feel a deep interest in this strange person who was always dressed so richly, and seemed to have tears in her eyes.

"Perhaps she is a Catholic who has been so unhappy as to give up her religion," said Mrs. Lewis, when Rose told her mother about her new acquaintance. "She's real rich, I think," added Rose, "for she wears gloves all the time and a silk dress, too." The little girl thought these sufficient evidences of wealth, for she knew that her mother never wore gloves. They were a luxury not to be dreamed of. And a silk dress—why, poor Mrs. Lewis could hardly recall the time that she last wore a silk dress.

Mrs. Lewis was dead, and Mrs. Lewis took in washing and ironing to support herself and three little ones, Rose Johnny and Bob. "But I'd rather have Our Lord in the tabernacle and you, mother, than all the money and pretty dresses in the world," Rose added, as she embraced her mother effusively.

"I hope you will always feel that way, little girl," said Mrs. Lewis, and she smiled at her daughter's fervent protestations of loyalty.

Sometimes it was very trying to have to work so hard, for the poor woman was far from strong, and it took a great effort to keep the children always dressed properly. But she did the best she could, and bore her crosses with patience and resignation. And the story of the strange woman whom Rose had met, caused the good mother to reflect that money and worldly goods do not always bring happiness, and she felt grateful to God that she possessed the greatest gift of all, that of the true faith.

One day "Rose's lady," as the other children began to call her, followed the child out of the church and inquired her name and where she lived.

"If I send for you some time, will you come and see me?" the woman then asked. Rose said that she certainly would.

For about a week after that day the little girl missed her friend in the church. Then, one afternoon a young woman who said she was Mrs. Raymond's maid came to the Lewis home and asked if Rose could come to see Mrs. Raymond, who had been quite ill. Mrs. Lewis gave her daughter permission to go, and Rose was simply awestruck at sight of the beautiful home to which she was conducted.

Mrs. Raymond, propped up among her pillows, gave her visitor a cordial welcome, and her pale face brightened at sight of the little girl to whom she had become warmly attached.

Rose's rapturous remarks over the elegant pictures and other furnishings of the room, as well as the questions she asked, led Mrs. Raymond to conclude that the child's family had not much of this world's goods. "I suppose you would like to have a beautiful house like this," she asked, smiling at the bright-faced little girl who was still gazing about her in undisguised admiration.

Rose clasped her hands in her lap. "Well," she said, "it isn't the house that I'd want most. I'd rather have nice things for mother to wear—gloves and pretty dresses, like you have. But when I'm big I'll go to work, and then she'll have everything she needs. I just wish I could grow up quick in a night." And Rose laughed a merry little laugh.

Mrs. Raymond became sad and thoughtful. "Little girl," she said slowly, "I would willingly give every-thing—my fine house and clothes and wealth—if I could just have your trusting faith and goodness."

"The child looked up at her with smiling eyes. "O, how I do wish you were a Catholic. It's much better than money and clothes, or—anything. And indeed, I wouldn't exchange my religion for anything else in the world."

Mrs. Raymond's eyes were full of tears. "Child," she said earnestly, "may you always feel as you do now, and may you never, never abandon your religion for worldly gain. But I'm sure you never will. Now, dear I feel as though I could sleep. I'm very sick, Rose, and you must not forget to pray for me. Come in again to-morrow after school, won't you?"

Rose promised that she would come on the following day and then went home. The woman felt ashamed to tell the child that she was a Catholic who had renounced her faith for wealth and pleasure. But now she was afflicted with a fatal malady, and not having the strength and consolation that religion alone could afford her she was very sad and unhappy indeed.

She had stepped into the church one day when she was out for a walk. It was not to pray, for a prayer had not passed her lips in many a year. But she was weary and wanted to rest awhile. Then, as she sat in the cool, pretty church, Rose came in, and the woman was struck with her air of faith and devotion. Ever after Mrs. Raymond came each afternoon to watch the little girl, and to think over the happy days of her own childhood. Somehow it seemed peaceful and comforting—the sight of this innocent soul intent upon her prayers. Finally the lady became too ill to go out and it was then that she sent for Rose.

The child's quick eye saw that her new friend was becoming paler and weaker each day. What if she should die! Rose longed to be able to assist this poor soul that was drifting rapidly toward eternity, bereft of all help and consolation.

During her visit one day, the child approached the bed to adjust the sick woman's pillows, when to her surprise, she noticed a small gold medal of the Immaculate Conception suspended from a fine chain from her neck. Rose gave a low exclamation of surprise. "Why, Mrs. Raymond! Oh, I am so glad. Why you are a Catholic, after all, aren't you? You are wearing the Blessed Virgin's medal." Mrs. Raymond burst into tears. "It won't do me any good," she sobbed. "I've neglected God too long now. But I can't die this way, no, I can't."

Rose was deeply affected. "O, dear Mrs. Raymond, the Blessed Mother will help you if you ask her. Won't you say a 'Hail Mary' with me?" "The little girl knelt at the bedside and between sobs the woman responded to the prayers that Rose repeated. Then, to the child's great joy, Mrs. Raymond said as Rose stood up, "Little one, could you call a priest for me?"

Rose threw her arms impulsively about the dying woman's neck. "Mrs. Raymond," she exclaimed, "see how the Blessed Mother is helping you! I'll run and tell the priest to come right away." And she did as she promised, and then conducted the good priest to the home of her sick friend. Then she hurried to her own home in great spirits to relate everything to her mother.

The next day when Rose went to visit Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Lewis accompanied her to see if she could be of any service to the invalid. "I've brought mother to see you," was the little girl's announcement as they entered the room. The two women gazed at each other for a few minutes. "Clara!" "Grace!" they exclaimed simultaneously, and Mrs. Lewis rushed forward and embraced Mrs. Raymond, whose face glowed through her tears.

Then Rose learned that her mother and Mrs. Raymond had been schoolmates when they were girls, and were as fond of each other as though they were sisters, sharing every little secret and joy. In fact they were almost inseparable, always together, even at Mass and the Sacraments.

When grown to young womanhood, Clara had married a wealthy non-Catholic, to the deep regret of her family and friends and her childhood friend, Grace, felt broken-hearted indeed over what she knew was a serious mistake in the life of her dearly loved Clara.

As time passed, the girls lost trace of each other, until now they met again just as Clara was about to pass from life; but happy, indeed, were these two former schoolmates to meet one more after so many years.

Mrs. Raymond told her friend of how she had for years abandoned her Faith, but now, through the pity of Mrs. Lewis' little Rose she had become reconciled to God and was once more at peace. And how happy Rose felt to think that she had been able to help the poor woman in her little way still, she

knew that God and the Blessed Mother had really done it all.

So Mrs. Lewis and her little daughter daily visited the rapidly failing woman and when death finally came a few months later, they knelt at her bedside with the priest of God, and had the happiness of knowing that the poor, tempest-tossed soul passed peacefully into eternity with the holy Name on her lips.

And just before breathing her last, her gaze wandered from the crucifix she was clasping and rested on the sweet, innocent face of Rose close at her side.

"God bless—you little one—don't forget me!" she whispered, with a happy smile.

To-day the Lewis family occupy the beautiful, palatial home once owned by the wealthy Mrs. Raymond who also left her entire fortune to the friend of her early days.

And Rose is very happy, for mother and Johnny and Bob don't have to wear shabby clothing any longer. Neither does she, but for her own interests she cares but little, for Rose is a most unselfish little girl whose one thought is for the happiness of those around her.

But the deepest joy that fills her heart is the knowledge that dear Mrs. Raymond died a peaceful, happy death. Rose may still be seen making the Stations as was her pious practice of old. And there is one dearly-loved soul in particular that always has a special remembrance in her prayers.—From The Tidings.

WORLD TODAY HAS FALSE GOSPEL

There is staring the Catholic in the face a multiplicity of modern problems. These do not originate with himself nor with his Church. They are the outcome of a quasi-materialistic age, of a century when a new gospel is supplanting that of Christ. The spirituality of the Galilean in some eyes does not fit this eminently progressive age; the morals he inculcated and imposed upon men to obey are no longer fitted "for the good of the people."

A new code must be evolved from the spirit of the times, suited to these days as they are, and destined to better them as they advance. The cry of society is the voice to be listened to now—not that of the Church re-echoing the words of Christ. The latter was good when times were in accordance with them, but discordancy is floating abroad today, and something must be done to restore harmony. As this discordancy results from the impossibility of reconciling the mighty and great society of to-day with the Society of Christ's Christians, a new method for Christians must be planned and adopted. Never must society be changed from a fine chain from her neck.

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these our times. Man must be served—laws, even those of God, must be bent for his temporal good. Where it would be better to obey for his spiritual good, but less beneficial for his temporal welfare, he will disobey to advance the latter.

Catholics are not taught such a doctrine, for it is a false one. They are given the right and the means to obtain their material welfare, but only to serve them for their spiritual good. Never should they neglect the morally necessary spiritual for the physical, and where a sacrifice is to be made, they must manfully make it for a high motive. Otherwise, they could never be followers of Christ; never would they take up their cross and follow Him. Had He given in to the demands of His enemies, He could not have done His Father's work. If Christians give in to the fads and fancies and distorted modernism of society today, they lose the benefits of Christ's Passion and do not save their souls.

Some of the anti-Christian theories and practices of the day that Catholics must often live amidst, but do not become adherents to, are Divorce, Sex Hygiene, Eugenics, Sociology, in its exaggerated form, and Birth Control. It seems that the times are sanctioning these unpractical and unwarranted theories to the extent, if possible, of having laws passed in the future to force them to some degree upon the people. They are much talked about—the yellow sheets especially are displaying doctrines about them, and the blatant blattering arch-reformer of the day is airing them, especially when addressing congresses of ignorant, gullible people. But their publicity, their advertising, their frequent practices, can never justify Catholics to take part in them. They are absolutely at variance with God's commandments and Christ's teachings, and Catholics need not be told that their duty ever, even unto death, is to God and to their Church.

We do not say that it is easy for Catholics to withstand these new theories and practices even today, and we realize that it will be more difficult in the future as they become more widely disseminated among the luxurious, materialistic element of the human race, but this affords them no excuse. Christ died on Calvary to strengthen, defend, and testify to the truths of which these modern-day reformations are the opposite. Surely His followers will not fail to make some sacrifice to become those in the world who uphold and practice what He taught and died for.—Denver Register.

MY GOD AND ALL

I cannot soar and sing, my Lord and Love,
No eagle's wing have I,
No power to rise and greet my King above,
No heart to fly.
Creative Lord Incarnate, let me be changed!
My heavy self on Thee;
Nor let my utter weakness come between
Thy strength and me.

—ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

What modern nations need at this time is not a new Gospel, but the practise of the old one.

Nature has given us two ears but only one mouth.—Disraeli.

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DISCOURAGED IN SEARCH

A CONVERT TELLS HOW SOME OF US MAKE IT HARD TO LEARN OF FAITH

Some time ago I met with a very interesting person who told me the story of his life, and, indeed, it was interesting in the extreme.

He related how he went to a concert in a certain city at which he knew many Catholics and many priests would be present. He went, he said, because he wished to ask some one a question—a question to which he had been desiring an answer for months.

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If the lay Catholics of this country would realize this, and respond to the appeal, the next ten years would see a very remarkable development, for there are a great many people in this country who only need a little inducement, a little encouragement, to take the first step towards the Church.

The story of the struggle of this man's conversion, and the reflections added thereto, are written not solely for the sake of the Church. They are written also for the sake of those who are as they are—astray in the wilderness, who are hungry and thirsty and have no city to dwell in.

THE MASTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

There is but one—the Christ who walked the sea and spoke the magic word that conquered Death. He witnesseth unto the Father's awful majesty. He who hath seen and known Him perfectly.

THE ONE THING LACKING

No doubt excellent motives inspired the holding of the Religious Educational Convention in Chicago recently; and, merely as a sign of awareness that there exists a need which the educational system does not supply, it is a hopeful sign.

One of the earliest and assuredly one of the strongest forces for the development of character, the uprooting of vice, the inculcation and preservation of virtue in Catholic children, is the sacrament of penance, ordinarily known under the term "Confession."

These are sound words and appeal to the individual Catholic man or woman. Here we are, in a country where the majority do not hold the faith. It is for us to regard the non-Catholics of our acquaintance as being, all of them, possible converts, and to act accordingly.

and intimate relation, I can testify to the marvelous power thus given in the majority of cases to the development of the right conscience, a virtuous life, and a reliable character.

Pondering these things, we are reminded of the saying of an old Irish daughter of the Faith, whenever the subject of "Protestants" came up, "Aren't they to be pitied, then, aren't they to be pitied!"—Ave Maria.

POPE GIVES AUDIENCE TO A DEAD BISHOP

SPECIMENS OF CANARDS AGAINST WHICH VATICAN HAS WARNED THE WORLD Since the beginning of the war, the Pope has repeatedly warned the world against alleged "Vatican" news, most of which is fabricated by imaginative scribes, generally to discredit the Papacy.

A splendid example of this unscrupulous method of fabrication appeared recently in the "Resto del Carino," a "Vatican correspondent," telling of an audience granted by the Pope to Msgr. Celestine Douais, Bishop of Beauvais. The audience (according to this newspaper) was really moving.

But as Bret Hart says, "things are not what they seem," for alas, Msgr. Celestine Douais was not at the audience described by the Bolognese paper for the unanswerable reason that he has been dead for the past twelve months.

THE FRUITFUL CAUSE OF RATIONALISM

Last week we reminded our readers of something of which very few Catholic or Protestant Christians were aware—the vigorous propaganda now being waged in behalf of Rationalism.

In a big hospital in a big middle west city lies a little, white-haired woman in what the doctors say will be her last illness. She is old and very frail. There seems to be no relatives. Friends are very few.

HIS OLD TEACHER

In a big hospital in a big middle west city lies a little, white-haired woman in what the doctors say will be her last illness. She is old and very frail. There seems to be no relatives.

The other clipping quotes Rev. B. M. Gemmill (Presbyterian), speaking at the Presbyterian Ministers' Association in Philadelphia as follows: "I have known ministers to get up before a congregation, and instead of speaking on some scriptural text, have spent their eloquence in airing their own personal doubts regarding the very fundamental truths of religion."

The speaker denounced in the strongest terms the effort made by ministers to use the pulpit to further personal or political schemes. The pulpit, he contended, was for the preaching of the Gospel, the pure and entire Gospel, and any other use of it was a desecration and an indignity to the ministry.

POPE WAS INVITED TO HAGUE CONFERENCE

In view of the many rumors current of late that the Pope is to be excluded from the Peace Conference at the end of the war, it is interesting to recall the now historical letter sent by the Queen of Holland seventeen years ago to Leo XIII, inviting him to the Hague Conference.

"As Your Holiness," ran the Queen's letter, "whose eloquent voice has ever been raised so authoritatively in favor of peace, quite recently, in your Allocution of the 11th April last, expressed generous sentiments in regard to the mutual relations of nations, I considered it

my duty to communicate to you that, at the request and on the initiative of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, I have convoked a conference at the Hague, which will be charged to seek means likely to diminish the crushing military burdens now prevailing, and to prevent, if possible, wars, or at least to alleviate consequences.

DEAR GOD FORGIVE US

Dear God forgive us for our erring ways Our foolish blunders and our wasted days We are so weak. We do not mean to disobey Thy will But oh, it seems we are but children still

Dear God forgive us 'tis not that our hearts Prefer the empty joy that sin imparts To Thy dear love. But 'tis that sin is strong, and we are weak And trusting in ourselves, forget to seek Strength from above.

NUN STRICKEN WITH LEPROSY

Monsignor Leray, Vicar Apostolic of the Gilbert Islands, sends sad news regarding one of his faithful nuns. He says: "Recently the Government doctor officially declared one of our sisters to be affected with leprosy. This nun has been twenty years in the islands and has fallen a victim to her devotion in caring for the spiritual and physical needs of the Gilbertites."

A PRAISEWORTHY DISTINCTION

A splendid example for other places in Rhode Island has been set by the city of Woonsocket, in its observance of Good Friday. A movement inaugurated in 1912 has now assumed city-wide proportions and practically all the stores, saloons, theatres and business houses close from 12 noon till 3 p. m., out of respect for the three hours' agony of our Lord.

A REMARKABLE RECORD

Father Hull, S. J., quotes in the Bombay Examiner from a French paper the remarkable record of the Jesuits in the great European war. The record shows the character of the men which the infidel government of France banished from the soil of their beloved country.

DIED

POPE.—In Parkhill, Ont., on Thursday, April 20th, Mr. Frank Pope, in his sixty-fourth year. May his soul rest in peace.

NEW BOOK

"Meditations on the Mysteries of our Holy Faith" by C. W. Barrand, S. J. Two volumes. Price 33 net.

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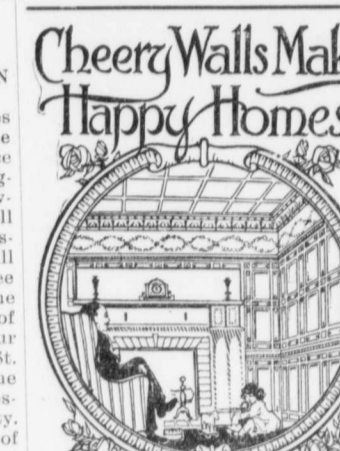
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