

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### RACE SUICIDE

Mr. E. P. Phelps, an insurance expert, said recently that excluding France the highest birth rates are to be found in Catholic countries, and, so far as the United States is concerned, among our Catholic fellow citizens.

Our college men and women are marrying later in life and are having fewer children. Aristocratic neighborhoods, as we know, are almost childless. Children are burdensome to women who like to eat at restaurants. It would be wearisome to quote medical authorities who denounce the crimes that annihilate the family. The increase of luxury, of self-indulgence, together with the doctrines taught by some so-called reformers, have done much to make all who have any regard for the laws of God ill at ease and pessimistic with regard to the future. The insurance man says that race suicide is being committed in the United States, but not among the poor and lowly. The present generation of rich and middle-class Americans is dying off. It will be built anew, however, with the children of the men and women who are reaching these shores with bundles on their heads and backs. It strikes us that the divines who rage against Rome could devote, and with profit, their energy to combat this evil. Instead of uttering watchwords which have no meaning for this generation, and of repeating oft-repeated charges to the perpetuation of prejudice, they should cry aloud against the debasement of the marriage relation. The people in the pews might resent it, but the approval of their conscience, the consciousness of duty done, would sustain and encourage them far more than popular plaudits.

### UP-TO-DATE CREEDS

The average citizen, who thinks even intermittently, must be amused at the efforts of clergymen to give him an up-to-date creed. These divines, who would not dream of deciding a simple case in law, have no hesitancy in deciding problems which are beyond the reach of reason. In human affairs they go slowly; in things which pertain to eternity they rush along with bewildering rapidity. We do not say that they agree with Ingersoll, who declared that he could beat the Ten Commandments, but, setting aside this and that part of revelation as of little moment, and fashioning a Christianity other than that given by Christ, is illogical and blasphemous. And to ask men to stake their hope of salvation on the acceptance of a creed drawn up by fallible men is either a tribute to human gullibility or to sublime self-conceit. We do not impugn their motives, but without authority they have an undue appreciation of their ability and persuasive power in undertaking to lead us aright.

### THE CARDINAL OF BALTIMORE

It is difficult to realize that Cardinal Gibbons will be seventy-nine years old next July. Years indeed burden his shoulders, but the tone of his writings, his utterances on current issues, his buoyant and optimistic outlook upon life, indicate that his heart is young. He is a part of the woof and warp of the Church in America and in its growth and development has been no inconsequential factor. He has put prejudice to flight, softened the edge of age-long animosities, and endeared himself to all creeds and classes, not so much by scholarship as by unfailing tact and by charm of manner. He studies men by the light of a kindly heart and sees good in all. In his knowledge of men, and wise conservatism that knows when to speak and to act, he is, in our opinion, to be classed with those who are rewarded with the title of great. His "Faith of our Fathers" may be forgotten in time, but the memory of Baltimore's Cardinal shall be for aye one of our greatest assets, and serve to show the best way to those who seek to extend God's Kingdom on earth.

### AN ANGLICAN BISHOP'S CHARGE

The Anglican Bishop Worrell, addressing his brethren assembled in Halifax, N. S., made a plea for unity. He deprecated division within his flock. What made us wonder were the following words: "No one can say that either the low churchman or the high churchman (if we must recognize these abominable names) has a monopoly of Godliness or piety, and if each finds its own interpretation best helps him to live the life of a true man for God's sake, let him alone and leave him to worship God as he feels right and helpful." As we read them we remembered that Jno. Ruskin declared, in his "Letters to the Clergy," that "the English liturgy was evidently drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible to a people desirous of saving their souls with no degree of personal inconvenience." If we understand the prelate aright, he advises his brethren not to offend the tender susceptibilities of one another. They may put various interpretations in the same formularies of the same church and should hear all this discord as unity's sweetest music. The high churchman should walk hand in hand with the low churchman, remembering always that no statement with even a suggestion of hostility should be uttered. One may believe in the necessity of baptismal regeneration and smile at a brother, churchman who does not. One may claim to be a sacrificing priest or repudiate it, range all the way from quasi Popery to rabid Puritanism and suffer no taint of heterodoxy and be "let alone and left to worship God as he feels right and helpful." Are we to infer from this teaching that any doctrine is good enough, as it was said of the doctrine of total depravity, "provided it is lived up to." Does the Bishop wish us to believe that doctrine is simply what sincerity of belief makes it?

### TRUTH A FACT

The most of us are of the opinion that truth is a fact—an objective reality. It does not depend upon what we think of it, but upon what it is itself. It is not at the mercy of whim, caprice and feeling. No belief, however sincere, can make what itself is false true. And we think that any prelate who can view complacently mutually irreconcilable opinions on the part of his brethren complacently must have either a vague notion of his duty or a shadowy conception of the nature of truth. One may be pardoned for thinking that an address to reverend gentlemen in solemn conclave should be incisive, clean cut and peremptory in tone as to doctrine. There should be no weak sentimentalism, and no futile appeal for unity born of expediency. It should be a challenge to the foes of Christ, and not a proclamation that it matters not what interpretations High and Low Churchmen put upon Anglican formularies provided they are sincere believers in them. But to approve all the varieties of religious doctrine within his communion is certainly astonishing to those who believe that the truths preached by the apostles are not only as subjectively but also as objectively true. We wonder how the Fathers, who labored and suffered for truth and unity, would have expressed their opinion of the address. There is no note of uncertainty in their utterances about the truths which they safeguarded. They defended them even as they recoiled from those who denied them, saying with the apostle: "If any man bring not this doctrine receive him not, nor say to him God speed you."

### A REMINDER

Bishop Worrell's charge to the Synod reminded us of the way Canon Courtley, in "Marshall's Comedy of Convocation," threw the Pastoral of the Archbishop of Canterbury on "Variety in Christian worship" into popular form. The Pastoral, without unfairness or exaggeration, might be rendered in such language as the following: The Church of England is an institution which was designed by Queen Elizabeth for the happy combination of all opposites—for the generous comprehension of all here-

sies—and it is my proud lot to encourage you in expanding a latitudinarianism which shall exclude no one who is called Christian from your communion. Therefore let those who believe in the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, and those who call that belief gross idolatry, be equally dear to you, equally treasured as true believers. If then the Archbishop sees no difference between doctrines it follows that the Church of England sees no difference between doctrines, though for appearance's sake she seeks to formulate certain opinions. Can we not—to carry out his views—exchange convictions, exchange services, exchange doctrines, exchange everything for which we have a personal predilection, and so exhibit to the world the sublime spectacle of sectarian harmony based on the extreme limits of Christian charity and graced by the highest breeding of good manners. Bishop Worrell's charge may be indicative of kindly amenity, but the policy of peace at any price is not the source of the unity which he advocates. Whatever his attainments, he will find it beyond his powers to even attempt an irenic fusion of the creeds which are housed within the precincts of Anglicanism.

### PRESBYTERIAN "CONVERTS"

As might have been expected, the conversion of Paul Patton, son of the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, recently President of the Princeton Theological Seminary and formerly President of Princeton University, has caused a flutter among Presbyterians and others. Protestant leaders have been looking up the records of their churches anew and giving out some data to show what they call the other side of the situation. The University Place Presbyterian Church discovers in its active membership 130 persons who came into that church "from the Roman Catholic Church." The pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church says he is constantly receiving Catholics and had done so in all pastorate held by him. The First Presbyterian Church of Newark has 150 former Catholics in its membership, the First of Seattle 25. "If the same proportion obtains throughout the Presbyterian Church," says the Boston Transcript, "former Roman Catholics now in its membership number 70,000. The churches named were selected at random and the figures are official." We may admit that all these figures are official without conceding they are absolutely reliable. Supposing, however, the total to be an honest estimate, Catholics will now have their eyes opened to the extent of the proselyting by Presbyterians. It is appalling to consider what losses must be attributed to the inroads of other denominations. For if it be true that a frigid Calvinism, in itself repellent, even though it be honey-combed with modern liberalism, can exercise a fascination on so many Catholics, who shall enumerate the defections from Rome through the activity of Baptists and Episcopalians and Lutherans and Methodists? Catholics might well be discouraged if a decennial government census did not reassure them that whatever their losses, they were numerically advancing at a stride which left all Protestant denominations far in the background.

In spite of the 70,000 recruits from Rome, what are the official statistics of their Church as published by the Presbyterians themselves? (Appendix to Minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. Philadelphia, 1912.) More than 1,000 churches that were reported by the Northern Presbyterian Church, following the union of the Cumberland Presbyterian body, have disappeared, been lost, or at least are not now claimed. In 1907, when the Cumberland union first entered the official lists, the number of churches was 11,082. The number reported for 1912 was 10,030, the decline being even more than 1,000. The membership for 1907 was 1,341,000; the very next year 41,000 of these were lost, and it has been only the nominal gain per year that has carried the membership figures up to those of 1912, which are 1,380,000. "When this country had only 2,000,000 population, 50,000 persons came into the Church every year on confession of faith," said the Rev. Dr. John R. Davies, who delivered the most noted speech at the opening of the Presbyterian Assembly at Atlanta, Ga., on May 19. And he added, "scarcely as many come in these years, when our splendid Presbyterian Church extends its influence from ocean to ocean." The Rev. Dr. Davies might have been more specific as to the actual increase among Presbyterians of the North since 1907, for that is a matter of printed record. The net gain for 1912 was 25,000; for 1911, 15,000; for 1910, 17,000; for 1909, 21,000, and a shrink-

age in 1908, as we have said, of 41,000. In view of this condition it is rather amusing to read that "the Atlanta Assembly was electrified by the announcement of the Stated Clerk that accessions to the Church on confession of faith for the year ending March 31, 1913, was the greatest in the history of the Church." Accessions on confession of faith may come from their own members or from converts. The net increase from accessions if given as 6,300, with the expectation that when 30 remaining Presbyteries are heard from the increase over last year will be 7,500. It has just been shown that the average for the preceding five years had been 20,000. If, then, the figure has for the last year shrunk to 7,500 where do the converts come in? The Assembly should have been shocked at the meagre returns, had no reason to be electrified. Unless, therefore, the Presbyterian Church is losing its own members faster than it is receiving recruits from Catholics, its present numerical progress scarcely bears out the statement that Catholic defections to that body are to be reckoned by tens of thousands.

There is still another indication that 70,000 Roman converts to Presbyterianism is a slight exaggeration. Out of 10,000 churches in the Presbyterian Church North, nearly 4,000 churches failed to report the addition of one new member during the past year. The report submitted to the Atlanta Assembly a few days ago cited one synod of 31,000 members which registered only 1,206 additions during the year, which means, "says the report, 'that it took 26 church members 365 days to lead one soul to Christ.' Nor is this state of things really surprising for less than a year ago the Secretary of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church announced that for years there were over 2,000 pastorless churches on the roll.

All this hardly squares with the claim of immense gains through the defection of Catholics. It seems nearer the truth that the present condition of the Presbyterian Church is ominous. Of this Presbyterians themselves are fully conscious. The Atlanta Assembly expressed deep concern for the great lack of family worship and the fact "that many members were worsted in the civil courts." In Hope Chapel, New York, another Ruthenian congregation was organized under the auspices of the Presbyterian Home Mission Board and again was made up of a disaffected element among Greek Catholics, the disaffection being not all on account of doctrine or matters of faith. In both of these churches Mass according to the Greek rite was duly and regularly celebrated, but the deluded Greeks considered themselves and were counted as good Presbyterians. Writing in the Presbyterian, the weekly organ of the Presbyterian Church, a member of that body arraigns the Church for allowing such services. "It has come to pass, in these last days, in the minds of many," he says, "that no matter what a Presbyterian minister believes or teaches, he has a perfect right to remain in the Presbyterian Church, and now shall it also come to pass that, no matter in what form, or with what munimery, a congregation conducts its worship, it should be considered—all the same—a good Presbyterian church."

An analysis of the reported trend of Catholics towards Presbyterianism discloses that it is not alarmingly great. There are always stragglers in an advancing army, and the greater the army the greater the number of those who fall behind. It is no great boast for a general if he should draw recruits for his own army from such as fall to keep up with the main body of the enemy. But even the loss of such as these is a matter of deep regret to the Church which implanted the faith in their hearts and would lead them to eternal life. Increase of numbers will never compensate for loss of faith. And whereas Protestantism in general is fast going to pieces on the shoals of liberalism, Presbyterianism, lacking even external unity, is through the endless dissension of its leaders on fundamental doctrines, in greater apparent distress than other Protestant denominations and more rapidly becoming de-Christianized. The accession of fallen away Catholics will not help to save them, for the Catholic who gives up his faith loses his grasp of the supernatural and merely adds another unit to the number of those who are adrift.—E. Spillane, S. J., in America.

Do not go against your own conscience, whatever the gain.

### FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

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

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest. Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

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

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

### REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,290 70
G. W. Smith, North Bay.....	5 00
J. L. Quinn, Quebec.....	2 00
(In memory of and for the benefit of my dead)	
M. A. T., Quebec.....	1 00
(Benefit of my dead)	
F. J. Harquail, Campbellton.....	1 00
Wm. Burns, Winnipeg.....	1 00
A. Friend, Edmonton.....	1 00
Subscriber, Lanigan.....	2 00
May Kelly, Watertown.....	1 00
Friend, Swastika.....	5 00
Mrs. K. F. T., Iroquois.....	2 00
H. J. Mathewson, Ampror.....	10 00
St. Stephen's Parish, Cayuga.....	24 00
(Collected by John Zovary)	
Reader, Rosendale.....	3 00
"L", Toronto.....	10 00
A Manitoba Reader.....	1 00
Mrs. J. Sampson, Causo.....	5 00
G. K., St. Joseph's Island.....	2 00

### THE WORKERS ARE FEW

WITH MORE PRIESTS WONDERS COULD BE WORKED IN PHILIPPINES

A recent communication from a Philippine missionary brings out a phase of life in those distant fields that we may well call to mind. While it is our own deep appreciation of the faith which prompts us to share it with others, yet we do not always realize the vast contrast between our surroundings and the conditions obtaining in the mission countries.

Our faith is indeed dear to us. But do we often reflect upon the influence it had upon our tender years. Do we meditate upon the training received from our parents? The following quotation comes from the letter of a Mill Hill priest (who, judging from his name, is an Irishman), and was occasioned by the reading of a book upon the missions forwarded him from this office.

He writes: "One does not recognize what a blessing it is to have good Catholic parents until he leaves them and betakes himself to regions still under the dominion of Satan. 'At home his knowledge of conditions in the mission is obtained from books, and this in itself is excellent. But one needs to live among the heathen before he thoroughly appreciates what God has done for him. When he sees the devotions and customs, that he has cherished since his earliest days unknown and unloved; when he sees the sacred mysteries which he holds dearer than life itself, ridiculed and scorned, he says from the bottom of his heart, 'My God, I thank Thee that I was born and reared in a knowledge and love of Thee.'"

Here in the Philippines it is a question of preserving as well as of spreading the faith. But the workers are few! Had we a sufficient number of zealous priests we could work wonders among these people. Here, we see Catholics who once knew and practised their faith, begging for a priest at the hour of death, calling for the sacraments which they have been without for years. Who will go to them? Our number is so small that we cannot possibly minister to them all.

Let me assure any young man who feels the life of a missionary would be too difficult for him, that the much talked of hardships and trials appear as naught when one sees our Holy Mother Church getting the worst of it, as it were, in the fight with heathenism and Satan.

"Does the true soldier stop to think of himself when he sees his country's flag trampled under foot by the enemy? No, he dashes ahead and counts his life's blood but a small ransom to rescue the colors from dishonor. And will the true soldier of Christ refuse to do even less for his Divine Master, the Master Who laid down His own life in ignominy and shame for him?"

"May the eloquent pleading of the Sacred Heart and of our Blessed Mother touch the hearts of many of our young Catholic men and women, and induce them to leave the com-

forts of home and country, and come out here to the mission field to win back these souls to Christ, and His Holy Church."—Rev. W. Cain.

### SICK CALL IN MALTA

CROWDS OF MEN AND WOMEN ACCOMPANY THE PRIEST CARRYING THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

As I write these lines, says a correspondent of the Freeman's Journal the Viaticum passes along this street. It is 9:30 p.m. I hear a tinkling bell, and the deep sound of men's voices chanting. I go to the balcony to look out, and as I do so all the inhabitants of every house in the street appear at their windows and balconies bearing lamps and candles. The street, a moment ago dark and silent, is brilliantly illuminated. First comes a man bearing a banner, attended by a boy ringing the bell. Then some thirty or forty men and boys carrying candles; then half a dozen of the clergy, in cassocks and cottas, attending the priest who carries the Host under a canopy. A crowd of men and women follow, quite a hundred in number already, and at every step more join in, reciting prayers as they go. And this is all spontaneous—a sudden sick call! but it will serve to show the love of the people for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. So great is their own faith that the Maltese cannot understand how anyone can entertain the slightest doubt of the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Eucharist; and to such as deny the Real Presence they refuse the title of Christian.

### THE TREND TOWARD ROME

Much ado is being made in a quiet way over the statement of the distinguished English Dominican, Rev. Vincent McNabb, now on a lecture tour in the United States, that a tide from Protestantism to Catholicism has set in. Denials have come forth from many quarters, notably from numerous more or less prominent New York ministers.

But thus far there has been no attempt at disproving the explicit statements with which the scholarly Leistershire Dominican supports his claims against the Romeward trend.

For instance, Father McNabb has said that in his own town of Leicester the movement is so remarkable as to be both startling and convincing. "Within five minutes' walk of my own church," says Father McNabb, "there is an Anglican church where High Mass is celebrated with as much apparent decorum as in mine. On Good Friday there was a procession of men parading through the streets from St. Paul's, carrying the crucifix, while all business was suspended in the streets." Father McNabb gives many similar incidents and instances, and asserts that there is to-day a school of leading minds in England who are ready for full communion with the Church, and prophesies that sooner or later there will be a decided Roman movement among all dissenting churches, based upon that passage of Macaulay to find "a living and visible authority to which all may refer in matters of doctrine and faith."

Another strong point made by the Dominican Father is the fact that, according to the last census, 55 per cent. of the almost 100,000,000 of population of the United States are without any religious affiliations.

Inasmuch as there can be no denial of the fact that these defections are from the non-Catholic churches, the inference is plain that there is much wandering in outer darkness here in our own land, that will inevitably end only when the light of truth shall guide the wandering footsteps to the true fold.

It is an impressive condition to contemplate, and an inspiring one.

As we have said, there are, of course, denials, but the denials are vague, and there are no answers. The denials are also accompanied by claims of mysterious conversions from the Catholic Church, but no fact or figures are given, and the names of the "converts" are never spoken.

Father McNabb is drawing attention to a marvelous movement toward the true Church and what he says cannot be shaken by vague denials and mysterious claims.—New World.

### CHRISTIANITY IN A NUTSHELL

Christianity in a nutshell is simply "Love thy God; love thy neighbor." We can only prove that we love God by loving our neighbor. While we are commanded to fear God, I maintain that love is the most important motive force in Christianity. The great difference in the religion is that while the pagan feared and worshipped his gods, he did not love them. They were too far away and too vague. Christ, on the other hand, not only loves and came to save the world, but He loves every man and every woman individually—He loves each of you just as if you were the only person in the world.—Cardinal Gibbons.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Former Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, proposes that a statue of Christ be erected on a mountain overlooking the Panama Canal.

The town of Hull, Massachusetts, has bought the John Boyle O'Reilly cottage, the last home of the Irish poet and patriot, for a public library.

Rev. A. Bellevue, rector of St. Boniface's cathedral, St. Boniface, Manitoba, Canada, has been appointed Auxiliary Bishop of St. Boniface, and Titular Bishop of Domestopolis.

Warsaw, the leading Polish city, has 600,000 Polish citizens, and Chicago is the second Polish city, with 300,000. Chicago's Italian population now numbers 100,000. All these people are, or should be, members of the Catholic Church.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century there were 30,000 trade guilds in England alone, most of them well endowed with lands and homes. There were 80 in the city of Cologne, Germany, 70 at Lubek and over a hundred at Hamburg.

Bishop Carroll, of Helena, Mont., announces that James J. Hill of St. Paul has pledged \$50,000 towards the \$200,000 fund for St. Charles' College at Helena. The remainder of the money will be raised in Montana, and will be used to create a sinking fund for necessary repairs and new buildings.

The Rev. Albert Reinhart, one of the most widely known Dominican priests in this country, died 15 Washington recently and his body was taken to Somerset, O., for interment. Father Reinhart was a native of Cincinnati, and was a lawyer before he became a priest. He was a man of scholarly attainments.

The Chinese revolution has brought to light strange contradictions of the pagan soul. Mandarins, hostile to Catholicism, sought refuge with Catholic missionaries in the hour of danger, and entrusted them with what they held dearest on earth. What a spontaneous homage to the loyalty, kindness and charity of the minister of the Gospel!

The first Chinese woman to become a nun died at the Italian convent at Hong Kong at the ripe old age of eighty-three. Sister Magdalen Tam entered the Italian convent in Hong Kong in 1860 as a novice and afterward took charge of the orphan girls, discharging this duty until lately, when the weight of years made it impossible for her to do so.

The first open air audience granted by the Holy Father since his recent illness was accorded on May 29 to 3,000 pilgrims who assembled in the courtyard of the Vatican and sang hymns while waiting for the Pontiff to appear. Pope Pius appeared on the balcony promptly at 5 o'clock. The pilgrims all fell on their knees and silver trumpets were sounded. After the Pontiff had bestowed the apostolic blessing the pilgrims cheered enthusiastically.

The original iron grill which surrounded the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, in Westminster Abbey, has been offered for sale in a London curio shop. The grill was stolen from the Abbey early last century. It is understood that the Abbey authorities are considering the question of purchasing the grill, which is held at \$8,000, but they have practically decided not to replace it, for it would obstruct the view of the tomb.

One of the reports issued by the U. F. Church in Scotland, in connection with the General Assembly, deals with the religious condition of the young, and deplores the decline in the number of baptisms. The Catholic Church, the report remarks, is the only one which shows an increase in this respect, the increase within the last fifteen years being 2,903 or 17 per cent. On the other hand, the U. F. Church shows a decline in the sixteen years ending 1912 of 7,012 or 30 per cent., this being the greatest decrease shown by any Church.

The Marquis Merry del Val, that is to say, the mother of the Cardinal Secretary of State and of the newly appointed Spanish ambassador to the Court of St. James, was born in England. Moreover, the old marquis himself had an Irish mother, while the Merry del Val family of Spain constitutes a branch of the Irish family of County Waterford, members of which emigrated to Spain after the battle of the Boyne on account of the persecution to which they were subjected in Erin by reason of their adherence to the Catholic Church.

The Oldenburgische Landsverein fur Innere Mission in an article headed "A National Danger" says that the birthrate figures are falling considerably, not only in the towns, but also in the villages. "What is particularly painful," says this Evangelical paper, "is the fact that the Evangelical strata of our people is more attacked than the Catholic population. If this continues the year 1925 will see the number of Catholic school children in Germany equal that of the Evangelicals. At present there are 3,500,000 Evangelical children against 2,000,000 Catholics. There is no doubt that the reason for the fall in the birthrate is the intentional restriction of families.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XI

GRANDFATHER'S BARGAIN

Oh, many a shaft at random sent, Finds mark the archer little meant.

To "shake off dull sloth and early rise" was no effort to me. I was always an early bird, and had the privilege of opening the post-bag in consequence. It rarely ever contained anything for Miss O'Neill. Deb was my only correspondent, and a very bad one too. In turning over the letters one morning, about two months after my return home, I found, to my great amazement, a thin foreign envelope, half covered with green and blue stamps, addressed to me in an old-fashioned Italian hand.

"Who in the world could it be from?" I thought, nervously tearing it open. It ran as follows: "Mulkapore, June 5th. "My Dear Niece—I have heard of the death of your grandfather, Mr. Beresford of Gallow, and am sorry to learn that he has made no provision for you, but has left you absolutely penniless, living on the bounty of his heir. I know all these particulars are facts. Your grandfather's solicitor is my informant. Perhaps you have never heard of me: I am your own aunt—your father's sister. I came out to India years before you were born. My husband, Colonel Neville, is the cantonment magistrate at Mulkapore, a very healthy station, so I have no hesitation in asking you to come out at once, and make your home with us. We have no children, and you shall be as our daughter, and take our name. Write to me by return mail, and say that you are coming, and your uncle will lodge the money for your outfit and passage at Grindlay's without delay. The sooner you can start the better we shall be pleased. "As long as your grandfather lived, we naturally held aloof from you, but now he has gone, and has left you unprotected for, it seems to me that your natural home is with us—your nearest kin, who will gladly welcome you as a daughter, and do all in their power to make you happy.

"I remain, your affectionate aunt, MARGARET NEVILLE."

I read this letter over two or three times before I quite took in its meaning—plain enough although it was. After sitting before the fire for nearly half an hour, buried in profound reflection, I made up my mind to keep the news of my new found relatives to myself (for the present at any rate); to say nothing to Miss Fluker, who would retail the information to the Misses Curry, as a choice morsel of news, but who would feel no real interest whatever in the matter. I kept my secret—I had, unfortunately, an undeveloped talent for a certain kind of silence—and wrote to my aunt the following mail, thanking her for her letter, and telling her that I was provided with a home, and had no wish to leave Gallow; but that I hoped to see her some day, and begged that she would not lose sight of me again, as I was only too glad to sign myself her affectionate niece, Nora O'Neill.

Since I had returned to Dublin I observed that Mr. French very frequently found his way up to Gallow. I remarked upon his constant calls, quite unsuspectingly, to Miss Fluker, declaring that he was becoming quite sociable, and fond of ladies' society. All the answer she vouchsafed me was a superior smile, and gradual drooping of the eyelids: from which I inferred that these parochial visits were not the extraordinary novelty that I imagined!

He professed to be anxious to know how I was getting on, and to be the bearer of various messages from Rody and Deb; but I did not flatter myself that the visits were wholly for me. I observed that whenever his thin, black-coated figure was seen coming up the avenue, Miss Fluker would rush to the swing-door, at the top of the kitchen stairs, and deliver orders for a liberal meal. Then she would fly up to her own room, and hastily don her black silk gown, and best collar, and cuffs. She was a rapid dresser; and Mr. French would hardly have relieved himself of his hat and stick, before she would come sailing into the room, all smiles and surprise, and deliver orders for a liberal meal.

"Dear Mr. French, so good of you to come! so kind of you to take pity on me, especially as your time is so valuable. Have you brought me up that pamphlet of yours you promised to let me see? I have been thinking of nothing else, ever since you told me about it!" she would say, moving her chair closer to him, and looking at him rapturously. Then from an obscure pocket, Mr. French—credulous Mr. French!—would produce a blue-backed treatise on the defunct Irish tongue, and hand it over to his fair friend, who would receive it with almost religious reverence, and commence to discuss this animating subject with well-feigned enthusiasm. Within half an hour after Mr. French's arrival tea generally made its appearance—quite a little impromptu meal! Hot cakes, fried ham, buttered toast, preserves, and honey. No wonder Mr. French was fond of coming up to Gallow! To do him justice, I do not think the prospect of a "high tea" was the chief attrac-

tion. His own home was empty and lonely; at Gallow he was received with enthusiasm—a perennial welcome awaited him: he was deferred to, courted, and made much of.

Men are but mortal, and I am sure it was sweet—even to elderly, hatchet-faced Mr. French—to know there was an eye that marked his coming and looked brighter when he came. To have Miss Fluker, looking smiling, solicitous, and sweet, hanging on his words, and consulting him about the smallest matter connected with the place or *me*, was not a little flattering to his *amour-propre*. I was discussed as if I were not present, and Miss Fluker always alluded to me as "her special treasure," and her "dear young friend and companion."

Mr. French's visits were of a bi-weekly occurrence all winter and spring. Rody was preparing for the army; and Deb was with her grandmother at Torquay, as Mrs. West had been ordered to the South of England on account of her health. Consequently, our rector fell back on Gallow as some relief to his loneliness. Each week he and Miss Fluker became more friendly and confidential. She consulted him about the servants, about her little investments, and, in short, on every possible subject.

Gallow, with the exception of the garden, was let up to the hall-door. We had no horses, no trap of any kind; two cows, and an ancient donkey for drawing turf, were all our livestock; and yet, out of these meager materials, Miss Fluker made enormous capital for "consultation."

"One of the cows was sick—would Mr. French come and look at her?" "The cattle on the land were breaking down the young plantations—she would like to show him the damage they had done. Thus, *etc.* *etc.* *etc.* strolls ensued, for I had not the hardihood to trust my society upon them. Young as I was, I had already heard the proverb, "Two is company," etc., and, young as I was I could see very plainly that Miss Eluker intended to marry Mr. French. She talked to him and flattered him in a manner that completely captivated my deluded guardian, while I looked on, an indignant and passive spectator, seeing only too clearly the destiny that awaited him. I had given Deb several hints of the state of affairs, and actually gone so far as to set before her what even my inexperienced eyes saw looming in the distance; but it was not of the slightest use, my intelligence was laughed to scorn, and replied to by sheets of amusing nonsense.

"Spring had given place to summer, and still my prophecy remained unfulfilled; but now the least intelligent rook on could see that affairs were rapidly approaching a crisis. "My dear, it will be a match," said Miss Fluker, looking over my shoulder out of the dining-room window, as I stood watching the pair walking down the avenue, *en route* to inspect the lodge chimney, accompanied by Snap, who was taking his evening run—on three legs, with the fourth occasionally tucked up. "He hasn't a chance with her, the scheming!" "Hush, Mary, don't!" I expostulated hastily.

"Well, Miss Nora, I *won't*," she answered, indignantly; "but oh, holy fly! what will Miss Deb say? She won't thank you for the step-mother she's getting."

I stood in the window in silence while Mary made a great clatter among the tea-things, and mentally resolved to write to Deb the very next day and to tell her that she *must* come home. But my good intentions came too late; my meditations, which lasted long, were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Fluker, with visible triumph in her gait and aspect.

Taking her hat off, she stood leaning against the table, looking at me with a malicious smile on her face. I knew what was coming perfectly. "Well!" she said at last. "Well?" I repeated, in a tone of defiance I found it impossible to suppress. "Mr. French proposed to me this evening, and I have accepted him."

"I was sitting with my back to the light, and she strove in vain to see my face—it was quite in the shadow, whatever the full glare of the setting sun illuminated her features, radiant with exultation. "Have you nothing to say?" she asked after a pause. "Nothing!" I answered pointedly. She was manifestly disappointed, I am certain. She expected expostulation, argument, anger—in short, "a scene." After a moment's silence she walked over to her favorite arm-chair, into which she cast herself with a long, contented sigh, as if of one whose labor is accomplished; and, indeed, it had been a tedious business. For nearly a year Mr. French had visited at Gallow before he succumbed: he had had a year's grace. Now he had spoken, it was all over with him, poor man! After a time, lights were brought in, and Miss Fluker set her desk on the table and commenced to scribble off a letter at railroad speed. I watched her intently; a smile, she did not attempt to restrain, decked her thin red lips, as she wrote rapidly.

She read over the first two pages, and then jumped up. "After all," she exclaimed, "I will go myself."

knees, and wondered at Mr. French, and at what Rody and Deb would say, and what was to become of me. As the evening became cool and chill I took my candle and went to bed, still wondering.

As far as Mrs. West and Deb were concerned, my mind was soon set at rest. Mrs. West's indignation was unbounded. She refused to allow Deb to return to Killool, a refusal that sat very lightly on Miss Fluker—if Mrs. West liked to take her step-daughter off her hands, so much the better—and wholly declined to have anything to say to her son-in-law's second choice, having imbibed a rooted aversion to her during a short visit she had paid to the Rectory two years previously.

It was settled that I was to step into Deb's shoes and take her place at home, and Gallow was to be completely shut up. Thus much was imparted to me by Mr. French himself. The engagement was publicly announced (the Misses Curry having preferred themselves better than any advertisement), and the fact was immediately known all over the country far and wide.

Mr. French, of course, now spent more time than ever at Gallow, and I had my mornings as well as my afternoons entirely to myself. I wandered aimlessly about the gardens, the fields and the bog. A seat on a stile leading to the latter was a favorite resort of mine, with a book in my lap, and a long vista of short grass, clumps of golden furze-bushes, and a wide sea of purple heather stretching far away to the very edge of the horizon. Here I would spend whole happy, solitary afternoons, undisturbed by aught save the grouse and the curlew. One evening I was interrupted by Sweetlips, who, with ass and car, was bringing up a load of bogstuffed for the garden.

"Is it there you are, Miss Nora?" he growled, "perched like a crow on a gate." "It is, Sweetlips," I answered cheerfully. "It's not much lessons you have to do now, by all accounts," he remarked sarcastically.

"I'm getting too old for lessons, am I not, Sweetlips?" I said, jumping lightly down and scolding the ass and car, for lack of something else to do. "Begorra, I'm not misdoubting 'tis but little you know for your years," returned Sweetlips rudely. "Twas your mother, Miss Beresford, that was the elegant scholar, the learned young lady!"

"How do you know that I'm not a learned young lady too?" I asked, smilingly. "Faith, and it would be hard for you; sure you were always gallivanting and tearing mad about the place till just the other day! 'Tis little schooling you know, I'm thinking," he concluded emphatically, spitting on the palms of his hands, and commencing to load the donkey car with immense energy.

After working away for some minutes he paused, and surveying me with a meditative frown, wheezed out: "See now, what's to be done with you, Miss Nora, bates me entirely!"

Whereupon, in a few terse sentences, I told him it had been settled that I was to live in Killool, and that Gallow was to be shut up. When he heard of this latter arrangement his rage was unbounded; his irritability developed from incredulous crossness into outspoken passion; he could hardly find words to express himself; he favored me with his opinion, gnats of "schamers," and as he denounced Mr. French and his folly, he became absolutely eloquent. He hated Miss Fluker with a cordial dislike; he held her in profound contempt. His sentiments were nobly based on monetary transactions, with regard to fruit and vegetables. Any way, for once he relieved his mind; he told me what he thought of her and her "goings on." Seeing that he was in an exceeding bad humor, and not caring to stay and hear him abusing my governess (little as I liked her), I made some kind of remonstrance, and strolled away; but, as I walked off with my book under my arm, I could still hear Sweetlips raging away to himself, and the raging words of his mother starve, and he agreed. But let me tell you that he *hates* you! detests you!" with venomous emphasis. "He did all in his power to get out of it. He even offered half of Gallow; but it was no use. He was forced to make a solemn promise to marry his beggar cousin; and you dare to hint to me that I have angled for Mr. French—Mr. French, who has been at my feet for the last five years!"

Here she paused, completely breathless. It was now my turn to speak. "I suppose Mr. French told you all this?" I asked, staidly myself by the back of a chair, and bringing out each word with difficulty. My question had the effect of an electric shock. In her passion she had evidently forgotten that Mr. French had confided a family secret to her keeping. Oh, weak Mr. French, who had confided in her! and now she told me of all people the last to whose ears it should have come! However, the deed was done; she had burned her boats! No glossing over, no explanation, could recall the words that, in a moment of unbridled passion, she had suffered to escape from her lips. I could see a certain amount of consternation depicted in her countenance as she answered with biting emphasis:

"I found Miss Fluker graciously dispensing hospitality to the two Misses Curry, presiding over a dainty little meal such as her soul loved. They had evidently been talking of me, I could see, for the conversation suddenly subsided from an animated buzz to a dead silence as I entered; and various highly intelligent glances were mutually interchanged. Politely greeting the two lady guests, I took my seat at the table, and looked expectantly for a cup of tea. "Nora," said Miss Fluker, authoritatively, "the next time you are so unpunctual I shall send you straight to bed."

To this pleasant remark I made no answer, but, reaching for the loaf, began to cut myself some bread and butter. I was too late for the hot cakes and ham. "Did you hear me, miss?" she exclaimed, raising her voice. "Yes, Miss Fluker, I heard you," I replied. "I felt all three were exchanging looks; I felt the hot Beresford blood mounting to my face; I felt that I was seventeen, and no longer a child, and no longer disposed to be treated as one.

"Keep your temper," she said, glaring at me angrily; "your face is at this moment scarlet with passion."

I raised my eyes and glanced at her incredulously. "Don't dare to look at me like that, you insolent girl!" she cried, with unusual animus in her aspect.

I knew that I was being baited for the amusement of the Misses Curry, and I was resolved to afford no sport; so with an extraordinary effort I restrained myself from retort. But I was not to escape. After a little desultory conversation about the price of black silks and sensin jackets, with the Misses Curry, Miss Fluker again addressed me: "I have been now engaged nearly two months," she began, in a high, acrid tone, "and it is a curious thing that of all my many friends and acquaintances the only one who has not wished me joy is you, Nora! The Misses Curry, with a comprehensive wave of her hand, tossed her head, and just saying how extraordinary it was—"and a great deal more besides—"when you came in. It does not meet with your approval, perhaps?" with bitter irony.

"I made no answer—silence is golden. "Why may I ask? How is it that we have unfortunately failed to secure your approbation? with another sneer. "I prefer not telling you, Miss Fluker; at any rate not at present," I replied, quietly; "my opinion is of no consequence."

"I insist on an answer to my question," she returned, drumming rapidly on the tray with her teaspoon. "Do you hear?" she proceeded; "either answer me this instant or leave the room. I will be obeyed, and not defied by you, you great, gawky, impertinent girl!"

This was the last straw on the camel's back. I could restrain myself no longer. "I shall certainly not leave the room," I boldly replied, "and I will answer your question, since that is the only other alternative, and you evidently think so much of my opinion."

"Do you hear her, Selina?" said Miss Fluker, appealing to her friend impressively. My heart was beating fast, and I held my trembling hands tightly clasped in my lap. I knew that I stood one against three, but I was determined to strike a blow for truth, if possible, for freedom.

"I think," I said, in a low but perfectly distinct tone, "that it is a wretched marriage for Mr. French." "Oh, really; dear me, you don't mean to say so!" retorted Miss Fluker, struggling to smile superior, but in reality almost hysterical with passion.

"Well, upon my word!" chorus of Currys in a key of consternation. "Yes," I proceeded, warming with subject; "and every one, far and near, thinks the same." "Hoarsely," I cried, Miss Fluker, hoarsely; "utterly false, you mean, spiteful, untruthful girl," glaring at me in a manner fearful to witness, as she piled these choice epithets on my unprotected head. "At any rate," she went on, "Mr. French proposed for me of his own accord, and of his own free will; and no one will deny the fact," with great emphasis, and standing up to make the assertion.

"It struck me that I might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and retort once for all. "I am not so sure of that," I retorted foolishly. "What?" she screamed, springing toward me and seizing me by the shoulder, and shaking me backward and forward like a rat, "say that again!"

"My courage had now risen to rashness. I said it again. "Impertinent minx!" still shaking me, and wholly beside herself with passion. "You to dare to say such a thing to me, when the world knows how Maurice Beresford poor boy was forced to promise to marry you!"

"Explain yourself! What do you mean?" I cried, suddenly wrenching myself from her grasp. "When you were left a beggar," she continued, excitedly, shaking a furious finger in my face, "your grandfather told Maurice that he must stop his mother's allowance, all she had in the world, in order to save something for you, unless Maurice agreed to marry you. He had no choice; he could not let his mother starve, and he agreed. But let me tell you that he *hates* you! detests you!" with venomous emphasis. "He did all in his power to get out of it. He even offered half of Gallow; but it was no use. He was forced to make a solemn promise to marry his beggar cousin; and you dare to hint to me that I have angled for Mr. French—Mr. French, who has been at my feet for the last five years!"

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"Never mind who told me, it is the truth."

"No, it is not much matter," I returned, in a low and trembling voice that I vainly endeavored to steady, as I almost unconsciously resumed my seat, and rested my head on my hand.

The blow to my pride and to my feelings had been so heavy and so sudden that for some moments I felt completely stunned. I sat motionless before my untasted tea and bread—and butter, morally over-whelmed. I dared not even raise my eyes, so shattered was my self-respect. At length Miss Selina Curry ventured to bridge over the awful silence with some bald, commonplace remark, made, in a lofty, company tone of voice, and the entrance of big Mary with a fresh consignment of hot cakes created what seemed to me a unexpected diversion. I made one grand, supreme effort, and pushing back my chair, rushed precipitately out of the room, leaving Miss Fluker completely mistress of the field—sitting behind the tea-urn, her face actually mottled with passion—and the two Misses Curry looking benevolently concerned and sympathetically indignant! I am quite certain that they enjoyed the whole scene with the gusto of professional gossips. A real fracas was an unexpected treat, and to see two combatants descend to the arena before their very eyes was a rarely prized mental refreshment.

TO BE CONTINUED

THROUGH THE SACRED HEART

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

She was an old lady of seventy, and a convert for many years. I had known her for a long time, and held her in high esteem for her virtue, piety and intellectual gifts. She was an unusual personality and had hosts of friends. She carried her years like a queen, and her stately figure, with its shapely head crowned with abundant snow-white hair, giving gracious evidence of her age, would attract attention anywhere.

One day I said to her rather unexpectedly: "Madame Thirza, you have never told me the circumstances of your conversion. You know I am always on the lookout for marvels of grace that might interest and edify others; I know the world is full of them if we only looked about us. God's hand is not shortened, nor is His heart less loving as time rolls on. Do tell me what made you a Catholic."

"You are right, Father Alexander. His heart never grows less loving. God was very good to me, and I will tell you all about it. "Fifty years ago I was a bride, a happy girl of twenty. My husband was a nominal Catholic, and I was a strict Baptist. I don't know how we ever grew to be so fond of each other, but we were a most devoted couple until his death. My husband never spoke of religion, and at that time took such matters very easy. I was distressed at this, and after a while I ventured to take him to task for it, as he never went to church; I even tried to bring him over to my way of worshiping God. I wanted him to become a Baptist, a church member. He did not seem to understand me for a while, but when it broke on him, he gave a hearty laugh in the most disconcerting manner, and taking both my hands in his, he looked me straight in the face and said:

"Why, little girl, don't you know it is as impossible for a Catholic to change his faith and be sincere as it is for him to change his color? There is only one true faith, little wife, and there is only one sun, and although I am a bad Catholic (God forgive me!), I never could be of any other religion."

"These words made a deep impression on me. If there were only one true faith, was I quite sure it was my faith? My husband, careless and easy as he was, had the most profound conviction that the Catholic religion was the only real religion. If he were right (and I never knew him to make a mistake in matters of thought or intelligence), why should I not try at least to find out something about that religion, and if there were flaws in it, which would be very apparent to my ignorance, I could argue a little about it. I was really in earnest, and being of a religious turn of mind, and very anxious to convert my husband, I determined to go into the enemy's camp and look around for myself. I was trembling at the thought of meeting the 'Scarlet Woman of Popery,' but I loved my husband dearly and hoped I was striving for his soul.

"My husband was a traveling agent, and often was absent for two or three months at a time. This was hard for us both, but we consoled ourselves with the hope of better times ere long, and as he wrote me every few days without fail, and told me where to address my letters, looking for the mail became my most engrossing occupation until one night I had a strange dream.

"My husband had been away two weeks, and I had received his letters regularly. In the last he wrote some closing phrase which told me that his faith, though crushed over by the distractions of the world, was

still there, undying and strong. All day I thought of his words. I forgot that they were exactly, but that night I had a strange dream.

"I seemed to be wandering alone in a dark cavern. I touched the rocks on either side; they were cold and rough. The passage was narrow and the path was uneven. I was continually stumbling. I walked on blindly, getting more and more weary at every step, wondering when I would reach the end. I had some vague idea it was my soul's destiny, and that I was going through earth's pilgrimage to God, but the cavern seemed interminable; my hands were sore and bleeding from the rough walls of rock I was obliged to feel on each side in the darkness, and my feet were aching and burning. Suddenly the thought flashed through my tired brain: 'Am I on the right road?' I seemed to have set out bravely fully convinced I would reach my destination, but now I was almost exhausted. In my dream I fell on my knees with my arms outstretched and prayed aloud: 'Oh Lord, give me light to know the right path!' Suddenly a great brilliancy suffused the far distance, I saw a cross in the midst of it, and beneath it, as it were, on some high mountain, a noble edifice. Standing in front of it was a glorious and beautiful figure, with eyes that pierced my very soul. One hand pointed to His breast, which seemed to be a quivering mass of living light; the other hand pointed to the cross-way crowned edifice. I tried to spring forward, but fell on my face and awoke.

"I need not tell you the impression that dream had on me. I was not in the least superstitious, nor, as a usual thing, bothered by the foolish pictures that were revealed to me as I knelt with outstretched arms in that dark cave and cried to the Saviour for light. I did not dare to tell what dream to gossip about. I would not tell my minister, and I could not write it to my husband. One day he was shopping, and passed the door of a Catholic church. It was in the heart of the busy city—the only Catholic church of prominence in the district. It is now torn down, but even when I pass the site I bow my head. I glanced at the open doorway, and with a guilty feeling I entered. It was a vast aisle of gloom. The Gothic arches lost themselves in vagueness, the altar looked far, far away, and the church seemed deserted, save for a few bowed forms that did not pay the slightest attention to anything around them. I advanced half-way up the aisle and stood doubting and trembling. I had never been in such a place before. I was drawn onward by an invisible force. I saw a crimson star flickering, trembling in space. I followed it, and stood beneath it. I found it was a richly decorated lamp suspended from the roof. I looked around, half frightened at my solemnity. I was standing before a long, low railing that extended across the church. Suddenly a figure robed in black, with a peculiar square cap, came from a door within the railed space. He raised his cap, as he knelt before what I now know is the altar. I stood terrified lest he should recognize me as an intruder and order me out of the place. I felt I deserved it. But he rose, and, coming to the railing, courteously asked me in a low voice if he could serve me in any way. I think my embarrassment told him I was an outsider, for when I answered hesitatingly, he asked me if I would not come to the house. I dared not refuse, but followed him bewildered, and only recovered breath when I was ushered into a neatly-furnished little parlor, where I was courteously handed a chair. The priest had asked no questions, and now looked at me benevolently, waiting for me to speak. I hardly know how it happened, but I raised my eyes and saw on the wall a picture of the Saviour with one hand on His breast, the other extended, and my dream rose up before me, and I cried out to the priest, pointing to the picture: 'Oh, sir, what does that mean?' In a few words he explained the meaning of the Sacred Heart, and I told him my dream, and then my heart was unlocked and I told him all my doubts, all about my desire to explain away my husband's faith, and, in fact, made an entire confession of everything that was on my heart and mind, ending with my unaccountable impulse to enter the church door as I passed that day. He listened patiently and gravely, and then smilingly said: 'I knew you were not a Catholic when first I saw you, my child, and I cannot but believe that God has special designs for you. We won't discuss that to-day; but, since you are so anxious to convert your husband, I will give you a book to read—a book that will tell you everything Catholics believe, and in fact, their whole religion. It won't take you long to read it, and if you desire any explanations I am nearly always at home in the afternoons, and I place myself at your service. Saying this, he rose and took a small paper-back book from a bookcase and handed it to me. It was a 'Little Catechism.' I thanked him as I rose to depart. I gave him my address and left his house with such a feeling of peace and serenity in my heart that I felt like singing aloud for joy. I had no wish to become a Catholic; I was only delighted to think I had actually spoken to a minister of my husband's religion and he did not denounce my desire to convert him.

"When I went home I took the first opportunity to read the little book. I was amazed at its simplicity and reasonableness, and then at its tone of conviction, at its clear decision, at its self-evident statements—facts that only needed thought and unprejudiced judgment to affirm their certainty. I finished the little book at one sitting. Again I read it, and it was not long before I had to yield to its truth. The days passed on; my husband's letters came regularly. Everything went on as usual, but within my soul it was as if a new world had burst upon my vision. When my husband returned for a two-week's rest, he noticed a change, an unaccountable something, but I was determined to hold my peace until I could tell him all.

"Six months passed away; my husband had gone again, and in the meantime I had visited my friend, the good priest, and was being instructed in the faith. I will not tire you, Father Alexander, by going into further details, but the next time my husband came home I asked him to take a walk one evening. We went to his amazement, to the rectory, where my good father and instructor was waiting, and while my husband stood dumb in surprise he announced that I was to be baptized conditionally next day; that I was to make my first Holy Communion the following Sunday, and then I said to my husband:

"Will you not come with me?" "He was overcome, but before we left the house he had promised. He kept his promise. We received Holy Communion together, and until his death he never failed in the practice of his religion. He died like a saint, after a long weary illness. A nun, the teacher of my children, knelt at his bedside saying the prayers for the departing soul, and when he passed away she closed his eyes and said to us as we wept there: "Do not sorrow; he is with God and the saints."

"That was many years ago, Father, but my faith has never faltered; my dream has been realized. I found the light through the love of the Sacred Heart."

It was a beautiful story, this conversion of your venerable friend, and it is worthy of note in this month of June, when the heart of Our Lord is specially honored all over the Catholic world.—The Missionary.

THE ADVOCATE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

Who is there to-day without knowledge of St. Rita, Advocate of the Impossible? The devotion to this saint has spread rapidly during the short time that has elapsed since her canonization, and to-day St. Rita is almost as favorite a saint as St. Anthony of Padua.

The miracles attributed to her are numerous and wonderful, and the cultus of St. Rita has found a place in the heart of nearly every devout Catholic. Her feast May 22nd is celebrated with a novena and now the big novena in her honor is being conducted at the Church of St. Rita, 63rd Street and Oakley avenue.

The Augustinian Manual of St. Rita published by the Augustinian Fathers, Chicago, gives a rather complete sketch of her life.

She was born in Rocca Porrena, a hamlet not more than a mile from the castle in the latter part of the fourteenth century. So she is not a modern saint notwithstanding the fact that she has been canonized but thirteen years. Her parents Antonio Mancini and Amata Ferri were poor in the goods of this world but rich in the graces of God. The mission of peace-makers among the inhabitants of Rocca Porrena seemed the special calling of this aged couple. Far and wide they were known as "The Lord's Peacemakers." The only blessing that God had not given this holy old couple was the gift of a child, and finally even this blessing came to them. It is related that it was made known to Amata that the little one was to be called Rita (signifying right) which name she was given.

At her baptism, her biographers say, a number of perfectly white bees clustered about the face of the child and between her parted lips, deposited their honey, as a symbol of that sweetness of spirit which would possess her.

Her childhood gave promise of great virtue. Obedience and reverence for her aged parents reflected themselves in all her actions, and it is no surprise to learn that at the age of twelve, Rita sought to ratify her mystic epousals with Jesus. Her desire was to consecrate herself to the Lord by the vows of religion, but here she was destined to experience bitter disappointment. For some unexplainable reason her parents withheld their consent to their daughter's fulfillment of her vocation. Instead, they were intent on seeing her settled in marriage and favored the suit of a young man of wealthy family. His name was Ferdinand and he was of morose disposition and sullen habits.

Some biographers of the Saint declare that in foregoing her original purpose of embracing the religious life to enter the bonds of wedlock, she was a victim sacrificed to the greed of her parents. But in justice to all concerned it would seem that Rita, as set comparatively a child under the influence of her parents, and in response to the ardent pleadings of a devoted suitor, was diverted from her original intent of embracing the religious state and yielded consent to enter marriage with Ferdinand.

The married life of Saint Rita did not come up to the expectations of her parents. The dissipated Ferdinand, was not easily converted. Of a fiery nature, he was forever in the bitter strifes and feuds which waxed strong in his day, and which were too often perpetuated with increasing virulence from generation to generation. Upon her and the home she graced by her virtues she looked with indifference while his heart was allured by the ill-fated delights that are found in debauchery and riot. For eighteen long years did the blessed Rita suffer and pray for the conversion of her husband. She never spoke bitterly nor ill of him. "Bear in mind," she would say, "that the wife who speaks ill of her husband is not less at fault than is he whose evil ways have given grounds for the accusation."

But at length the tears and prayers of the wife won the gift of repentance for Ferdinand. Divine grace flooded his soul and he determined to spend the remainder of his life in doing penance for the outrages he had committed against God and his family. But the debt of divine justice was to be paid. The dagger of an assassin, who had nourished resentment from strifes of former days cut short the career of the unfortunate Ferdinand in the first fervor of his repentance. And here a new sorrow was given to Rita. Her two sons, did not follow the noble example of their mother and forgive the assassin. They determined to avenge their father's murder. Her prayers and entreaties seemed to have no effect upon them. They would avenge the blood of their father. And Rita prayed the prayer of a saint for them:

"Oh God," she sobbed, "if these children, with which Thou hast blessed me in the days of my sorrow shall avenge a father's murder by defiling their own souls with blood, deign to take them to Thy own keeping, ere the crime be enacted."

And the prayer of the heart-broken widow was heard. The two sons were snatched away from this life: "Taken away lest wickedness should alter their understanding, or deceit beguile their souls."

And now again her soul turned towards the Augustinian convent. But her widowhood and the fact that she was thirty-five years of age stood a barrier in her way. She took herself to prayer, and then she proceeded to the Convent of the Augustinian Nuns at Cascia. Politely, but firmly she was refused admittance. Again she turned to prayer and penance in order that she might attain what, humanly speaking, seemed impossible. One night shortly after her disappointing visit to the good Sisters in Cascia she was interrupted in her prayers by the sound of a voice of inexpressible sweetness.

"Rita, Rita!" said the voice. "Thy prayers have been received with favor. God grants thee the fruition of thy desires."

Before her astonished eyes appeared St. John the Baptist, followed immediately by St. Augustine and St. Nicholas of Tolentino, the three special advocates of her devotion. They guided her to the Augustinian convent, and without loosening bolt or bar admitted her into the sacred cloister of Cascia.

This time the Nuns did not refuse her. Her life in the convent was one uninterupted prayer, and she was devoted to the passion of Our Lord, especially. The wearing of His crown of thorns, was the subject of her daily contemplation. She died in the cloister of Cascia in the seventy-sixth year of her age, on the 22nd day of May, the day that the Church has set aside as the feast of St. Rita of Cascia.

A distinguished ecclesiastic now residing in this country had the privilege recently of examining her body in an official capacity. He declares that the body, though cadaverous in appearance, is still in a perfect state of preservation, possessing all the outlines of youth. The Augustinian Manual gives a very complete sketch of her life, and will surely spread devotion to this newly canonized saint.—New World.

**A MOST WONDERFUL STORY**

No name in modern history is surrounded by so touching and mysterious a halo of the supernatural as is that of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. The most audacious scoffers at religion have stood in awe in contemplating the purity, devotion and intensity of religious zeal revealed in the character of this peasant's child, who was called by Divine Providence to undo the mischiefs caused by a foolish queen. Joan of Arc was remarkable from childhood for her physical energy and a peculiarly sensitive temperament, and was most exemplary in her conduct toward her humble, but pious parents.

As she grew to womanhood she became inclined to solace, and spent much of her time in solitude and prayer. At this time the English had extended their conquests by intrigue and invasion over a great part of France, and the young King Henry VI. of England had been declared king of France, while the young Maid of Orleans was yet only eleven years old. She became conscious, even at this tender age, of supernatural visitations, and in prayer and meditation for several years she became filled with the presence of her wonderful destiny. There was an old tradition current that the calamities which would be-

fall France through the follies of a woman would be removed through the instrumentality of a woman.

At last the Maid, when but seventeen years old, managed to secure an audience with the Governor of the Province and his promise to get for her, if possible, an audience with the Dauphin Charles. In the following February she set out on her perilous journey to the royal court. Charles at first refused to see her, but after three days he granted her an audience. The stories of her being inspired by Heaven to deliver France from her enemies were received with incredulity at the court, and in order to cover her with confusion when she was brought into the royal chamber, Charles, disguised, was in the crowd of attaches, and Joan was asked to point him out, which she promptly did.

Accordingly, she was permitted to set forth with an army of about ten thousand, designed for the relief of Orleans. At the head of the army Joan rode, clad in a coat of mail and carrying a white standard embroidered with lilies, and having on one side the image of God seated on the clouds and holding the world in His hand, and on the other a representation of the Annunciation. She succeeded in entering Orleans on the 29th April, 1429, and after an extraordinary display of valor and intrepidity, she forced the English to raise the siege and retire with precipitation. The French army pursued the English, and the latter were entirely defeated at Patay, with a loss of nearly five thousand men, while the French lost but few. From this event Joan was called the Maid of Orleans.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**NARRATIVE OF A RECENT CONVERSION**

**A NON-CATHOLIC PICKS UP A STRAY LEAF FROM A CATHOLIC PRIMER—HE READS AND IS IMPRESSED, AND PRESERVES FOR REFERENCE**

Catholics, as a rule, think very little of their greatest possession, the faith. And yet it is God's greatest gift, though frequently abused. As a rule, those who come into its possession, late in life, as in the case of converts, appreciate it at its full worth, and converts, too, have a better knowledge of our holy religion than the vast majority who receive this priceless legacy from their parents.

Were the history of the conversions that take place in this country, in a single year, to be written, the same would make a remarkable volume and it might be found, in many cases, that God made use of some very simple processes in bestowing the gift of faith. This observation is made on the strength of a case just reported by a subscriber, a priest in New Jersey. The pious reader, after perusing the article, will marvel at the simplicity of the instrument made use of by Almighty God in this particular instance.

In a city in President Wilson's State, resides a middle-aged man, Alexander Buchanan, a native of England, with no relatives in this country, so far as is known. Recently, while seeking employment, Mr. Buchanan was struck by a street car near Dayton, N. J., and hurled from a bridge, fifty feet high. When picked up he was very badly injured. He was unconscious and among other injuries, it was found, that one foot was frightfully mangled, one arm broken in three places. He was taken to St. Peter's hospital, New Brunswick, N. J., an institution in charge of Sisters of Charity, where he later regained consciousness.

Soon after regaining the use of his faculties, the injured man stated that while he was not a Catholic he did desire that a priest be brought to him, and the priest who gives the information on which the history is based, was sent for. He writes: "On reaching the injured man's bedside I found him well disposed to become a Catholic. I baptized him and at the request of the surgeon who was to amputate his foot, I prepared him for death, administering the last rights of the Church."

What was the mysterious power that brought about this conversion? What was the agency employed by Almighty God in giving the simple-minded, hard-working, middle-aged English gentleman, the priceless gift? A leaf from a primer or first lesson book, prepared for the use of children in Catholic schools. Written in lead pencil on the leaf is the probable name of the owner, Miss Kate Duffin.

The leaf is illustrated and shows a priest engaged in the celebration of the Mass. At the base of the illustration are the following statements:

1. This is a priest.
2. We need his aid.
3. All the day's we live.
4. And at the hour of death.

From this point we will allow the priest, who furnishes the information, to continue the narrative:

"On visiting the hospital the next day one of the Sisters handed me a leaf from a Catholic primer, which I enclose. The Sister had found this in the man's clothing when trying to secure some means of identification for the purpose of communicating with relatives. This gave me an insight into matters supernatural, justified by a subsequent statement from the injured Mr. Buchanan.

"He had regained considerable strength at this time, and when I called to see him that day I showed him the well-preserved primer leaf.

He recognized it at once and, by way of explanation of God's mercy to him, said: 'I picked that little piece of paper up on the street yesterday, and after reading the printed matter at the bottom of the page, folded it up neatly and placed it in my pocket. When the car struck me, the first thought that came to me was the result of the printed words on the page: This is a priest. We need his aid all the days we live, and at the hour of death. The interval between the instant of injury and that of unconsciousness was very brief, but I had remembered the words. This remembrance was the only thing in my mind before I became unconscious. It was the first thought that came into my mind when consciousness returned, and, believing it to be an indication of the will of God, I acted accordingly. The results have been truly wonderful. I am suffering pain, but I am calmly resigned. The doctors say that I will recover. Be this as it may, my mind is at peace. I feel that I have had given to me a treasure that is worth a life of suffering. If I survive these injuries I will do my best to prove that God's gift is appreciated by one of the least of His children.'

**ENGLISH CATHOLIC LITERATURE**

By Willard Ward

Half a century ago Cardinal Newman, as Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, delivered some lectures on English Catholic literature. They contained incidental suggestions full of insight. But I venture to characterize them as on the whole rather provoking. Dr. Newman's chief contentions were indeed most just ones—that English Catholic literature ought not to be polemical or in the disparaging sense of the term "sectarian," that to engage in it is not to undertake a clerical or directly missionary work; and, moreover, that no English Catholic literature can take the place of our existing classical English literature which is not Catholic. The literature of the country must reflect the character of its inhabitants, their vices as well as their virtues. It cannot be Bowdlerized or made simply religious without destroying this representative character. "Man's work," Newman wrote, "will savor of man, in his elements and powers, excellent and admirable, but prone to disorder and excess, to error and to sin. Such, too, will be his literature. It will have the beauty and the fierceness, the sweetness and the rankness of the natural man."

So much is indisputable. Equally indisputable is Dr. Newman's further contention that on the neutral terrain of pure science there can be no Catholic literature to create, "There is no crying demand, no imperative necessity," he writes, "for our acquisition of a Catholic Euclid or a Catholic Newton." Pure science is treated similarly by Catholics and non-Catholics.

When, however, the reader presses on to ask what Catholic literature may be, and not merely what it cannot and ought not to be, he gets practically no answer at all from Newman's pages. And this is why I venture to call these lectures somewhat provoking. So far as anything positive is suggested in them it is that Catholics have no particular field to cultivate in their literature, and have only to write on general subjects in a way in which it is natural to a Catholic to write.

With this view, I am not abjectly to concur, and perhaps Newman himself would have made it evident had he pursued the subject further that he did not mean it without reservation. I propose here to throw out some suggestions on which possibly a supplement to Newman's lectures of a more positive description might be based. There are certain alternatives which Newman does not appear clearly to contemplate. Granted that a sectarian or polemical character or tone would be destructive to the idea of an English Catholic literature, that such characteristics being rather to professed work of apologetic than to literature, does it follow that Catholic literature has no special field? Is specialism necessarily coincident with sectarianism? And may not a Catholic have the qualities of a specialist in matters connected with his religion? Is he not likely to know much more about such matters than others know? Again, granted that the classical literature of a country in its full length and breadth cannot be religious or even innocent, but must reflect the sinfulness as well as the virtues of human nature in that country, are there not many individual works of genuine literature which deal with aspects of that nature and not with the whole of it? And is there not a religious aspect? Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is a work of prose; Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality" a work of poetry; both of them are profoundly religious. Yet, who will deny to either of them a place among our classics? The writers of the romantic school in Germany and France, such men as La Motte Fouque, Tieck, Novalis, Chateaubriand, contributed to the classical literature of their countries, yet they were all engaged in depicting in one way or another the Christian and chivalric ideal of life which had so greatly lost its influence in the eighteenth century. They dealt with one aspect, one way of viewing of them, they were classical writers. Because the whole literature of a country cannot be made up of such work, is that any reason for denying

that it may include them? I claim, then, that the writings of Catholics may, like those works of Bunyan and Wordsworth, perfectly well occupy a special field of English classical literature, a field marked out for them by the subjects on which as Catholics they very naturally have unusual facilities for becoming specialists, and that it is perfectly possible for them to do this and yet to avoid the sectarianism which prevents books from taking their place in general literature for general readers. Particular aspects of life can be given most truly and without sectarian bias or polemical aim by those who are especially familiar with them.

A picture of Catholic life in fiction can very rarely be adequately given by one who has no belief in Catholic ideals. The same is true of biography, and in a less degree, perhaps, of certain chapters of history. There are no doubt partial exceptions. Some writers of the romantic school who were never actually Catholics had an imaginative sympathy with Catholic ideals which a believer in the Catholic Church could not surpass. And there are other instances where justice of mind and ethical sympathy have enabled non-Catholic writers to treat with striking success themes that are especially suitable to Catholic writers.

Mr. Cotter Morrison's admirable "Life of St. Bernard" is the work of a positivist. Ranke's "History of the Popes" could hardly have been more justly or truthfully written by a Catholic, granted the limitations of the work as to its scope. Mrs. Oliphant wrote an extraordinarily sympathetic "Life of Montalembert." In fiction, too, Sir Walter Scott was a classical writer who contributed much, in spite of some prejudice and some inadequacy of knowledge, to the revival of interest in Catholic ideals which the England of the eighteenth century had almost forgotten. And Carlyle's "Abbot Samson" left little to be desired in point of knowledge and sympathy. But these are, as I have said, exceptions. As a rule only a Catholic has the necessary knowledge and sympathy to treat such themes quite satisfactorily.

From these exceptions, however, one very important lesson may be learned which affects the theme of the present paper. Cotter Morrison, Ranke, Scott and Carlyle commanded general attention because, while their work had much of that specialist quality and that imaginative sympathy for which in such subjects one looks as a rule to Catholic writers and not to outsiders, they were naturally from their position and antecedents entirely free from the sectarian tone and sectarian judgments. It is this quality which is fatal to the claim of any work to take its place in classical literature. And doubtless it was a keen sense of the danger of Catholic literature developing in this direction which made Newman so inclined to discourage among his devotees writings which aimed at "providing the occasion" in a controversial sense, at combatively upholding religious or Catholic interests. To be sectarian means that you see things only from one standpoint and do not appreciate any other. At best such a view is very inadequate. And human nature being what it is, bias and ignorance generally help to make a sectarian view quite false as well as inadequate.

A Catholic literature can take its place in the general literature of the country only if, while its writers are specialists in knowledge, they have sufficient general education and knowledge of other points of view than the Catholic to enable them to present a picture of life which the general reader recognizes as plausible and conceivably true.

It is obvious truthfulness to fact which has in the past made certain Catholic books a power and in some instances even classical. When Macaulay shed many tears over Manzoni's great novel, the "Promessi Sposi," he bore testimony to its convincing power as a true picture of the Catholic religion. The writer gave the facts truthfully as he saw them. So, too, in the field of history Lingard has won his place as a classic from his scrupulous truthfulness. And both these writers had that familiarity with the temper of the general reading public and that sympathy with men belonging to schools of thought widely different from their own which enabled them to depict the Catholic point of view, in the one case in fiction, in the other in history, without irritating by unfairness those whose views were different, and in such a way as to command great attention and respect. Neither of them was polemical, neither sectarian. Yet both realized, vividly, as an outsider could not realize them, the aims and ideals which explain the action of a Catholic whether in actual history or in an imagined drama of the novelist.—Truth.

**A GOOD DEED**

It must be remembered that any one who procures the celebration of a Mass which would not otherwise be celebrated, does not benefit alone his own soul or the soul for whom the Mass is offered or that of the priest who offers it, but the whole Church of God in heaven, on earth, and under the earth. This is a good deed which rejoices God and the saints and the angels as well as the living and the dead, and it is no wonder if the prayers and interests of such a person are assisted by the intercessions of all heaven.—Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S. J.

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**THE BLACK-ROBE VOYAGEUR**

MRS. NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY, IN MIS- SIONARY RECORD

More like a book of stirring adventure than any record of pious missionary labors is the story of Father Lacombe's life amongst the Indian tribes of North America. His historian, Miss Katherine Hughes, brings to her work a loving interest and an untiring zeal which, together with her literary style and the book's many charming descriptive passages, render it of no ordinary attraction and merit. In fact, I venture to say that there is hardly a schoolboy (though of a class often least likely to care for "pious reading" who once he takes up the book, will be satisfied to lay it down without reading to the very end this alluring and fascinating recital of Father Lacombe's noble achievements and adventures in the missionary field.

Albert Lacombe, "the most remarkable priest Western America has ever seen," to quote Archbishop Ireland, was the eldest son of a simple French Canadian farmer, living near Quebec, and was born on February 28, 1827. Originally intended to follow in his father's footsteps as a farmer, he was taught to take up early the work of the farm and the fields, and went back in what we may suppose to have been other- wise the idle period of each spring, with his father into the cabin in the maple woods to make maple and sugar sufficient to last the household for an entire year. One gets a pleasant glimpse of the kindly old man, who "enjoyed his pipe, his jokes and tricks—for he was full of quaint humor—his old camarades, and his occasional coup of boisson blanc—the mint juice of the north. But he was not a hunter; he did not even keep a gun in the house, and during the Papineau Rising of 1837 he remained unexcited, placidly loyal.

Like the majority of the Quebec inhabitants, he drew an exceeding delight from his pipe and home-grown tobacco; yet each year before mid- night of Mardi Gras, the eve of Lent, he would place his pipe with all solemnity of a rite upon the mantel, "where it remained sleeping," says his son, "without tobacco, smoke or fire until the feast of Easter. The pipe, too, kept the fast."

Albert resembled his father more than his mother, who is described for us as being, like her husband, "of a cheerful domestic nature, pious, thrifty and industrious." She was a brunette of trim, strong physique, and very active. It is likely, however, that her son, who from his childhood got the nickname of "the little Indian," from his brown skin and flashing dark eyes, took after his mother at least as regarded his complexion. Here again the schoolboy's interest will be roused, for, over a hundred years before, a lovely French girl, an ancestress of Madame Lacombe, was carried into captivity and married by an Indian Chief, to whom she bore two sons. She was subsequently stolen away by a voyageur uncle who went in search of her, and restored with her boys to her own people, and one of these boys was the direct ancestor of Albert Lacombe.

Perhaps thus—who knows?—it may have been through some deep-rooted reason of heredity and kinship—"of deep calling to deep"—that Albert Lacombe had almost from his earliest years a longing to give up farming, to become a holy priest, and in time, with God's help, to preach the gospel of Christ to the pagan Indian tribes. It was the kindly old cure of his parish, Monsieur de Viat, who seeing the lad's trend of mind, at first helped him to this great end, by sending him to college and paying his way. The Bishop and priests liked him well, and would fain have kept him in their midst, doing good work in a quiet way, but as soon as he was ordained and ready he felt "No, that is not for me! I would not live quietly like that for all the world. I must go out and work. I must save my soul in my own way." Soon the longed-for and we must believe, predestined opportunity offered and Father Lacombe set out for the Indian Mission of Pembina on the Red River in the Pays d'en Haut. But it was not till some little time later that, feeling strongly within himself, the necessity of belonging to

a religious order, he became one of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate.

From the time of his setting out on the mission to the Indians, the story of his travels becomes one of increasing interest and adventure, the latter not always, to be sure, of the most pleasant or agreeable kind. But the Indians seemed to have taken to him from the very beginning and during that first apprenticeship years of his labors in the forest mission of Pembina, he devoted every moment of possible leisure to the mastering of the Indian language.

We find him setting off as chaplain to his picturesque Indian flock, numbering over one thousand men, women and children, as well as hundreds of fine ponies for buffalo runners, cart horses, oxen, and innumerable dogs, on one of the great annual Buffalo hunts in the Prairies, which supplied the Indians for the year with meat which, eaten fresh, or dried, or pounded in wooden bowls, mixed with hot grease and dried berries, formed the pemmican, or manna of the Canadian prairies. During these hunts, in addition to saying Mass, daily at dawn, and teaching the children catechism, and instructing the women and aged people left in camp while the men hunted, Father Lacombe had also to be the father of the party, physician, counsellor, and the unquestioned arbiter of all quarrels and disputes amongst the men.

It would take many more pages, I fear, than the Missionary Record could afford to give me, for the recounting of half the noble and wonderful things in this history, as Father Lacombe, having accomplished marvels in every mission to which he was sent, passes on ever zealously and untiringly to fresh fields and pastures new, building churches, founding stations, and in time bringing all the benefits of religion and civilization into every place wherein he set his foot.

His early training in matters of the farm proved of immense benefit also, for no sooner had he taken up his habitation in any spot, however wild and primeval, than gardens and well-tilled fields sprang up about it as if by magic, like oases in the desert; all this being not only the work of his own hands, but that of his Indian flock, whom he readily trained in the arts of agriculture. And when terrible plagues of illness and epidemics attacked the neighbouring wild tribes of Crees and other Indians, they sent for Father Lacombe as the one great medicine man, who had the power to cure them. To this tribe he was known in their own tongue by a name meaning "The man-of-the-Beautiful-Soul," while to the various Blackfeet tribes he was "The man-of-the-good Heart."

Schoolboys again would be delighted with the account of Fort Edmonton, the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in the far west, "like some baronial stronghold in the feudal ages of the old world, with the liege's hall and retainer's cottages all safely enclosed within high palisades surmounted by guns" for protection against attacks from the wild natives of that forest region. Very amusing, too, are some of the good priest's argumentative encounters with a few of the Indians whom he sought to convert from the heathenish errors of their ways. One convert, a man of middle age, strongly objected to marrying the mother of his children, not because he did not want to marry her, for he loved her dearly, and would not have parted with her, but because the thought of marrying for ever disturbed him sorely. "Stop, Father, that's all very fine for you to say those words, for you will not have the trouble with her . . . It she

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gives me so much trouble all these years when she knows I can put her away at any time—what will she do when she knows I cannot put her away?" So the poor man argued quaintly. But he married her submissively all the same.

One wishes again to tell much more of this interesting work. But perhaps I may return to it another time.

The publishers of The Blackrobe Voyageur are Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York.

**A CHAPEL IN A TREE**

There are famous shrines dedicated to the Mother of God, but few more ancient or curious than the Chapel of Our Lady of Peace, in Abouville, Normandy. An oak under which the Druids offered their heathen rites paying actually divine honors to it; a tree consecrated by the earliest apostles of Gaul to Jesus and Mary; a tree beneath whose shade William marshalled his Norman host before he led them to the conquest of England; a tree under which the returning warriors of the first Crusade, told to wondering crowds the story of their strange adventures in the Morning Land; a tree which time hallowed to form a crypt for a chapel in honor of Mary till it still stands, revered by all hearts as their dearest monument.

This venerable tree, the last of the chapel trees, is thirty-five feet round the trunk, and in spite of its centuries, each spring still robes it in green. The statue of Mary has dedicated to her, so when ages ago time hollowed it out, the people lined the hollowed trunk with white marble, and set up within this crypt an altar surmounted by a beautiful Madonna. In this tree-shrine Mass is performed. A flight of stairs leads up to it; and above, amidst its still brilliant foliage towers an iron cross.

The people cling to this chapel so devotedly that when, during the French Revolution, the envoys of the infidel government went to seize and destroy it the people flew to arms and presented so bold a defiance that the government was forced to withdraw. This was the only place where the old faith was openly practised during the reign of terror.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**DAILY MASS**

Says the Catholic Bulletin: "Have you ever enjoyed the luxury of going to Mass every day? If not, try it for a while. Do not say that it involves too much self-sacrifice. What do you possess that is worth having which has not been purchased at the cost of labor and self-denial? The number who present themselves in person before the Tabernacle each morning would be greatly increased if those who could go would only exert a little more will-power in opposition to the inertia of human nature which craves for ease and self-indulgence. The effort would repay them a thousand-fold in more abundant graces and blessings."

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their irenic dreams on the Presbyterian tree and pretending that they grow there. Two things, however, are clear: This Blessed Union may include prelacy, stripped of course of sacerdotalism, but Popery never—not at any rate while the short imagination and long memory of the Scribe of the Conclave are both in working order. And the Rev. Dr. Herridge had no right to speak for the Presbyterian Church, much less, we may conclude, for the Invisible Church.

Since writing the above we notice that there has been another lapse in the Assembly from the Presbyterian standards of Church Union as laid down by the unofficial but dogmatic Recorder of the Kirk in Conclave. It is most comforting to know just where to find authoritative pronouncements on the vagaries of delegates whom in our simplicity we might otherwise have thought to have equal voice with others on all matters before the Assembly. This time it is a lay delegate, Judge Foran of British Columbia, who is guilty of long imagination and short memory.

"(Judge Foran) then delivered an eulogy on the growth of Methodism which was as ardent as it was alien."

Alien! but alien? Is it not a question of organic union with Methodism?

But the Judge was guilty of something worse still:

"—A glowing panegyric on Roman Catholicism in general and Archbishop McNeil in particular."

And this after reading what the Scribe had written, yes, and printed about Dr. Herridge! Something crushing must be thought out for the audacious layman; here it is:

"The Judge is not convener of the Committee on French Evangelization."

No, the judge comes from British Columbia, and probably gave wholehearted support to the following resolution adopted by the Assembly:

Dr. Gordon moved the following resolution: "The board have read with astonishment and deepest concern of the shocking conditions as to social vice prevailing generally in British Columbia by which criminal vice is officially tolerated and defended by those sworn to enforce the law, from the ordinary police to the Attorney-General, making British Columbia the great market in Canada for the exploiting of the victims of the white slave traffic. The Assembly recognizes such conditions as a disgrace to those responsible, and indeed to all Canada, and calls upon the whole Canadian people to join in removing this stain upon the good name of the Dominion."

It might do the Committee on French Evangelization a lot of good to get Judge Foran on in some capacity whether as convener or otherwise.

"Through some oversight, the Assembly did not order a copy of the judge's rhapsody to be forwarded to His Grace—but he will doubtless see it in these columns and rejoice."

The sarcastic scribe of the Kirk in Conclave is a simple unsophisticated soul after all to think that "these columns" could find space for such silly stuff. Even the Rev. charitable and truthful Mr. Berlis' eulogy of his countrymen had to be cut down—a little.

To understand the full scope and import of this Blessed Union we give a few extracts from the Globe:

"The spirit of the Assembly, as shown in applause and other symptoms, indicates beyond a doubt that union is on the way. Even its opponents must see by this time that you might as well try to put a chicken back in its shell as to render this movement futile. To quench it, which seems to be their ambition, is like trying to cap Vesuvius. But the advocates of the measure must surely also see that the thing cannot be pressed without splitting the Church to the bottom."—R. E. Knowles, June 10th.

"Hostilities were resumed in the Assembly yesterday afternoon; and the cleavage that union makes was again in abundant evidence."—R. E. Knowles, June 11th.

"It seems to me to be a piece of midsummer madness for the leaders of our Church to cultivate the seeds of disruption. Your brilliant correspondent, R. E. Knowles, has spoken of the tidal wave of union. Tidal waves are often accompanied by devastation."—J. T. Ferguson, Globe, June 12th.

"It is told of one of our oldest ministers, long since promoted, that in his last twilight days he once mounted his horse, taking his position with his back to the horse's ears. His wife tried to remonstrate with him, whereupon he smiled and gravely said: 'My dear, you don't know which way I'm going.' I thought of this yesterday afternoon."—R. E. Knowles.

The Anglican Synod of Toronto considered the question of extending fraternal greetings to the Presbyterians. The mere shadow of

Union gave the question a significance which made the lines of cleavage abundantly evident:

"Then that old veteran of Anglicanism in Canada, Hon. S. H. Blake, K. C., rose and a hush fell over the gathering. He pointed out that the words 'union' and 'unity' did not appear in the resolution and that there was merely the suggestion of co-operation."

"We would almost be wanting in our duty," he said, "if we did not virtually say, 'We may not have union or unity but in God's name we hold out the hand in all the gracious work you are doing.'"

Heartily applause greeted his remarks.

Immediately Mr. Blake had taken his seat four or five of those opposing the resolution stood up almost simultaneously and commenced addressing the chair. Rev. A. J. Fidler of Eglinton was given the floor.

SAYS IT WOULD BE DISHONEST

"I don't know why we should pass such a resolution," said he. "I cannot forget how this Church was discussed in that Assembly only last week. I don't think we can afford to episcopate by passing this resolution which to the minds of many of us is dishonest. Further, I don't believe the Presbyterians will appreciate toadying to their Church."

"The Rev. Dr. Ross, London, Ont., emphasized the point that the Church had come to the parting of the ways and that those who work unwillingly to adopt the proposals of the majority had only one course open to them—to step out."

We hope the matter is now cleared up; our readers should be able to appreciate this Blessed Union.

Jesus Christ, who foresaw all divisions and heresies and schisms and dissensions, prayed for unity and in His divine wisdom provided the means by which that unity was to be achieved and maintained.

DYING IN HARNESS

"The Advance tenders sympathy to Rev. Father O'Brien, who has been obliged to give up work on the Providence Visitor. Father O'Brien succeeded Dr. Blessing as editor of the Visitor, but the task was too strenuous and he broke down. It takes more than talent and good will to bear the yearly 365-day yoke of Catholic newspaperdom. The initiated know this and sympathize."—Catholic Advance, Wichita, Kansas.

Whereupon the San Francisco Monitor remarks as follows:

"Rev. Father O'Brien, editor of the Providence Visitor, has had to resign his arduous position. His health broke under the strain of Catholic journalism. As the Wichita Catholic Advance remarks: 'It takes more than talent and good will to bear the yearly 365-day yoke of Catholic newspaperdom. The initiated know this and sympathize.' Lucky for some that they can resign! Many have to die in harness."

The Morning Star of New Orleans does not agree with the Monitor, and says: "Far better is it for the Catholic editor who can fight it out to remain at his post and die in harness. As long as he can wield the pen with energy and ability and power to do good, let him continue his work, as did the great Father Lambert, mindful of sickness or suffering. If the soul can rise above the ills of the body, let the work of the Catholic journalist go on. The famous Bishop Hedley, of Newport, England, recently said: 'It is a great thing to be a Catholic editor in this our day. The Catholic journalist has a work to do which no one else can perform. He has reason to be proud of his profession, and it has been said with equal truth that the public has reason to be proud of Catholic journalism. The work of the Catholic editor is verily the work of an apostle in these our times. Therefore, let him take heart, and not be discouraged; let not his heart quail before adverse criticisms, circumstances or the lack of sympathy from fellow Catholics, and even from the clergy. His is a God-given work, and let him pursue it fearlessly and faithfully to the end.' It is a great and glorious thing to die in harness and in such a cause."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Morning Star strikes the right note. If Catholic journalists dwell more on the responsibilities and privileges of their God-given work, and less on its burdens there might be less reason to complain of lack of appreciation. Many years ago we knew a zealous priest who was particularly severe on non-attendance at Mass. Neither inclement weather nor bad roads were accepted as sufficient reason for missing Mass on Sunday. But the visals of his righteous indignation against the absentees were invariably poured out on the heads of the unfortunate faithful who had undergone considerable inconvenience to be present! "Why did he scold us, sure we were there?" asked a surprised stranger one Sunday. "Oh, that's his way," was the calmly final explanation of a regular parishioner. There are unfortunately many Catholics who neither appreciate nor support Catholic journalism; but it is wise to weary the

faithful subscriber and patient reader with complaints about the delinquents? While some good souls may find as ready an excuse for the complaining tone of their favorite paper as those others did for the ill-timed zeal of their loved pastor, others again may feel an irritating sense of injustice not conducive to enthusiasm in support of Catholic journalism. The daily evidences of good will, self-sacrifice and devotion to their needs and interests make parishioners ready to condone much querulousness in the pulpit; we do not defend the bad habit but for the reason indicated it is not so bad in the pulpit as it is in the paper.

On this continent as in England Bishop Hedley's words are true and timely and inspiring. But of the ten thousand priests who do not bear the yoke of Catholic journalism, are there not thousands undergoing greater hardships, receiving less appreciation and less remuneration; spending themselves without complaint, without hope or desire of retiring; bearing yearly the 365-day yoke of the ministry and humbly thanking God for the privilege of bringing peace to sin-racked souls, of helping preserve the innocence of childhood and the virtue of youth, of encouraging the weary in the path of well-doing; yes, grateful for the privilege of doing the thousand and one duties of the active ministry and finding the yoke of Christ's priesthood sweet and its burden light. To sustain them, to uphold their weary hands, is not the least of the privileges of the Catholic journalist; to imitate them, to cultivate their spirit, is to qualify in no small measure for the apostolate of the Press.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

The Rev. D. MacOdrum emphatically advocated before the Presbyterian Congress "Evangelism" in the Public Schools.

Mr. MacOdrum went on to emphasize the necessity of personal and conversational evangelism, continued, not spasmodic; "Why should not the Public Schools be made an instrument of Evangelism?" he inquired. "Is it not possible that we have surrendered our opportunity in the Public School too easily? are we satisfied with an education that ignores character, or do we regard character as the highest point of education? If we do are we content to eliminate the truths of Christianity—the most potent force of all—in the making of moral character—from the curriculum? I am more and more firmly convinced that we cannot afford to ignore the Public School from any statesmanlike policy of Evangelism. At least one branch of the Christian church is awake to its importance and if I am not mistaken we have reached the point where strong and persistent action is demanded of us."

Thoughtful and observant men everywhere have condemned education divorced from religion, and borne testimony to the wisdom of the Catholic Church, which is guided by the experience of nineteen centuries. However, in England the Free Churches would impose their own idea of "Evangelism" on all schools and force Catholics and Anglicans to be content therewith. While we should rejoice to see any reform in our school system that would give religion a larger place we must firmly insist that the belated zeal for evangelism in the school room respect the conscience and the rights of others. The following item from Truth (London, Eng.) May 21st, 1913, illustrates the spirit in which any such legal provision might be administered:

"Judgment in an important case was given last week by Lord Humber in the Edinburgh Court of Session. The Dalziel School Board had dismissed a teacher in a Motherwell school because she had become a Roman Catholic. The teacher appealed to the Scotch Education Department, who intimated that the dismissal was unjustifiable and ordered the School Board to pay her three months' salary. The School Board thereupon applied to the Court to declare that the decisions were null and void on the ground that they were not the decisions of the Department itself, but only those of the officials. The effect of Lord Humber's lengthy judgment was that the responsibility of the Department was to Parliament and not to a court of law, and that were it not for the working of any government department would be impossible dismissal with costs against the Dalziel School Board, and will be a useful lesson to them and to other bigots who let their zeal outrun their discretion."

Deal gently with the old, for they have come a long way and be kind to the young, for they have a long journey before them.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT

St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S., is to be congratulated on securing the services of Mr. W. P. M. Kennedy, M. A., as professor of Modern History and English Literature. Mr. Kennedy is a distinguished student of Trinity College, Dublin. In the words of the late Professor Dowden, "He terminated a brilliant under-graduate course by gaining at his degree examination a gold medal and first-class honors. This is our highest test of scholarship." Mr. Kennedy gained first class honors in literature and history, and among other prizes open to the entire University he was awarded "The Shakespeare Prize" for an original contribution to Shakespearean research, and the Vice-Chancellor's prize in English prose. Since his graduation in 1900, Mr. Kennedy has devoted himself to literature, historical research and teaching. He is recognized in historical circles as an authority on sixteenth century history, being one of the brilliant band of young historians who have followed the guidance of Professor Bury (Dublin & Cambridge) and the late Professor Stubbs (Oxford). He is the author of "The Elizabethan Interpretations," "Mathew Parker," "An Introduction to Elizabethan Religious History," and co-editor of "The Visitation Documents of the Reformation Period," 1535-1603 (3 vols.). He has contributed to many English journals on historical and literary subjects, among them being The Guardian, The Tablet and The Dublin Review. Mr. Kennedy arrived in Antigonish a few days ago.

POLITICAL INTOLERANCE

In connection with the Home Rule controversy it has been assumed on the Unionist side that the only parties capable of resorting to persecution on political or religious grounds are the Nationalists. Sir Edward Carson's followers are preparing to resist "Home Rule" because, forsooth, the very suggestion of religious bias or intolerance is too much for their delicate constitutions. As a matter of fact Irish Nationalists are easily the most tolerant people in the world, so tolerant that, recently in Dublin a well-known Protestant felt called upon to advise them "stiffen their backs," that is, to insist upon their delicate constitutions. The northeast corner of Ireland is the only portion of the country where persecution on political and religious grounds is indulged in as a pastime. Orange clap-trap about "equal rights" and "liberty of conscience" deceives nobody, still the following illuminating example may be of interest. The Rev. John Patterson, Presbyterian Minister, Scotstown, Co. Monaghan, refused to sign the "Ulster Covenant" last September. On the following Sunday almost half the congregation left the church, by way of protest, when the Rev. Mr. Patterson conducted the service. Since then special services have been conducted each Sunday at the same time as the church services by one of the elders of the congregation at Wattlebridge Orange Hall, and these services have been attended by almost all of the Rev. Mr. Patterson's congregation. The matter was brought before the Monaghan Presbytery, and assessors were appointed to visit Scotstown to try and effect a settlement. A deputation representing the rebellious congregation came before the Presbytery and declared that it would be useless to try and effect a settlement "in view of what had taken place." Here, then, we have a congregation of free and enlightened Orangemen who proclaim that their clergyman must not exercise his own judgment in politics; he must not act as a free agent; he must, in fact, submit to be coerced. It is a classical example of the Orange conception of liberty and freedom of conscience. And these are the men who have made "the priest in politics" a rallying cry for generations as an excuse for their attempt to thwart the ambitions of the majority of their fellow-countrymen. O liberty! what petty tyranny is practiced in thy name? To quote Charles Dickens, "a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at naught the commonest principles of right and wrong. It is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate, and unmerciful, all history teaches us."

COLUMBA.

Christ's actions here on earth are picture lessons of the majestic movements of the Eternal in the history of the universe.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It is gratifying to know that the tendency of the Catholics of Ireland and Scotland to draw together becomes increasingly manifest. The latest evidence of this is the proposal that Scotland should have a part in the Irish pilgrimage to Lourdes in September. This pilgrimage, which is being organized by the Hierarchy of Ireland, (the Most Rev. Dr. McHugh, Bishop of Derry, being Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements), is intended to represent every diocese in the country, and it is expected that a very large number will take advantage of the low transportation rate that has been secured. The invitation extended to Scots Catholics to join with them is likely to be liberally accepted. No better way of drawing together the two greater branches of the Celtic race could be suggested than mutual participation in an event so in harmony with the history and traditions of both.

THE NEW MODERATOR of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, in his address of acceptance at the recent Assembly in Toronto, made himself responsible for the statement that "Christianity had been first introduced into China one hundred and six years ago." Possibly he meant "Protestantism," but as press reports credit him with the term "Christianity," we have to assume that they were correct. Dr. Mackenzie has been a missionary for some years in China, and being a man of intelligence should know something of the country and its history. That he should commit himself to a statement of this kind, therefore, would be surprising, if the mental peculiarities of his kind were not so much a matter of history.

IT WOULD OF course be profitless to reason with such intransigence. The fact that there are in China to-day native Catholics of the twentieth and thirtieth generations; that (not to go further back) Catholic missionaries accompanied Marco Polo in his journey across Asia seven hundred years ago; and that in the sixteenth century great headway had been made towards the Christianization of China—a promise that was destroyed by the interference and tyranny of European governments—would necessarily mean nothing to a man who shuts his eyes to the further fact that the only native Christians in China to-day worth speaking of, are Catholics. Neither would it avail him to be reminded that not only are there to-day, and have been for centuries, a native Catholic clergy in China, but as far back as 1685 a Chinese Dominican priest was raised to the episcopate by the Pope of the day, Clement X. These Presbyterians may be, as the papers assure us, very intellectual, but that does not save them from being the deluded victims of a hopeless and inveterate prejudice. This being kept in mind, one need not be surprised at anything they may say or not say regarding Catholics.

IT IS perhaps not generally known that Irish money was at one time legal tender in America, and that as far back as the seventeenth century a large quantity of the coins known as "St. Patrick's pennies," which were issued in Ireland under the confederation of Kilkenny, were brought over to New Jersey by one Mark Newby, and becoming current coin in that commonwealth were legalized in 1682. The Act reads that "for the more convenient payment of small sums, Mark Newby's coppers, called 'Patrick's half-pence,' shall pass as half-pence current coin." Thus a coin associated with the aspiration to self-government in Ireland over two hundred years ago, and proscribed by the English government, became legal tender in what was then an English colony. These coins bear on the obverse a bard seated with his harp, surmounted by a royal crown, and the inscription "Floreat Rex;" and on the reverse, a representation of St. Patrick, with the inscription "Quiescat Plebs."

THERE DIED in Paris ten years ago, says a French journal, an old preceptor whose fancy impelled him to write his memoirs. He must have performed his task in the minutest way and set down the most trivial details with great prolixity, for, it appears, the book when printed ran into fifteen volumes. A seach volume was completed it was richly bound and set on a shelf beside its fellows, and the author's old comrades were invited to read them. This, several of them essayed to do, but from the prolixness of the matter few got be-

yond twenty pages, which fact so deeply wounded the old fellow's vanity as to provoke him to a singular revenge. Being a man of comparative wealth, he made a will in which his natural heirs were ignored, and his fortune of 200,000 francs divided among his friends. This will he incorporated in his memoirs, at page 647 of the fifteenth volume, at the same time apprising his beneficiaries of the fact, but not disclosing its location. The intimation, it is said, was received with ironic smiles. Shortly afterwards the old man died, and no testament being forthcoming, his estate was apportioned among his relatives. That was in 1903. Some months ago, the printed will, duly signed and executed, was by the merest accident stumbled upon in the memoirs, and the real beneficiaries are contesting possession of the property in the French courts. Truth, as has been well said, is often stranger than fiction.

AN ALMOST forgotten Irish scholar is Daniel Shea, who, notwithstanding his expulsion from Trinity College at the instance of Lord Clare because of his refusal to give evidence against his intimates of the United Ireland Party, yet ranks as one of the glories of that famous institution. An English exchange, The Catholic News, has recently recalled his memory in an interesting sketch, from which it appears that he was born in Dublin about the year 1771, studied at Trinity, (where he was distinguished for his classical attainments and won a scholarship), and, after his expulsion, secured employment as a tutor in England. Later he became a clerk in a mercantile office in Malta, where he devoted his leisure hours to the study of Oriental languages, becoming especially proficient in Arabic and Persian.

ON SHEA'S return to England, he made practical application of his knowledge in the translation and editing of a History of Persia, which received the highest praise from eminent scholars. He was engaged on another work of the kind when death overtook him, 10th May, 1836. To his attainments as a scholar he added a character of great amiability, and it is said of him that, always a poor man, he nevertheless submitted to great personal deprivation to help others whose necessities he deemed greater than his own. With the dawn of self-government in Ireland, the memory of Daniel Shea, surely not the least of her worthies, should be revived, and find a place beside those of O'Curry, Meehan, and the many others who even under the stress of the Penal Laws, gave lustre to Irish scholarship.

HOW FEW of those who in this age are devoted to music and regard it as largely a modern accomplishment, ever give a thought to the fact that to a monk of the Benedictine Order they owe the system of notation which obtains to this day. Guido Aritino, a native of Arezzo, was born in the tenth century, and in early manhood entered a Benedictine monastery, where his remarkable genius for musical composition was cultivated and developed. The old system of learning music was extremely crude and tedious, and required years of patient study. Guido, we are told, undertook to simplify the problem, and evolved from his own brain the system which, after a lapse of nine hundred years, still holds sway. His piety is manifested in his selection of the first syllables of a Latin hymn to St. John as names for the notes, viz., do, re, me, etc. It should also be recalled that to the patronage of a Pope, John XVIII, the system owes it that Guido's system came into general use, and this during its author's lifetime. Guido was invited to Rome, and every facility and encouragement given him in perfecting it. "The gamut," says a modern writer, "was Guido's invention, and from the Vatican resounded the first chants of classic melody, reduced to a popular study by the genius of the humble Benedictine."

Liberal and brave men live best; they seldom cherish sorrow; but a base-minded man dreads everything; the niggardly are uneasy even under benefits. Givers, hail! a guest has come in. Where shall he sit? Fire is needful to him who has entered, he is cold. Food and raiment are required; he has wandered over the fell. Water he needs, who craves refreshment; a towel; hospitable invitation, a good reception. If he can obtain it, discourse and answer, and wit.—From Saemund's Edda: Norse.

ORTHODOX "HOUSE OF CONFUSION"

People talk loosely of the Eastern Orthodox church—sometimes mis-calling it the Greek Catholic church as it were one in the same sense that the Catholic Church is one. Nothing could be more mistaken, as is shown by the following resumé, given by Abbé L. Cristiani in the "Univers" and substantiated by the Catholic Encyclopedia.

At this moment "Eastern Orthodox" is the name which covers not one church but 17 Separate and independent communions. They all profess the same faith, and use the same Byzantine rite. They regard one another as united spiritually, but their visible headship is as diverse as their number. These is no real unity among them.

These 17 churches are: 1. The "Great Church," that of Constantinople, regarded as having a primacy of honor, but not of jurisdiction; 2. Alexandria; 3. Antioch; 4. Jerusalem; 5. Cyprus; 6. The Russian church; 7. Carlowitz; 8. The Montenegrin church; 9. The church of Sinai; 10. The Greek church; 11. Hermannstadt; 12. The Bulgarian church; 13. Czer-nowitz; 14. The Servian church; 15. The Rumanian church; 16. The church of Bosnia and Herzegovina; 17. The Exarchate of Georgia.

This list comprises groups of worshippers very unequal as to numbers. The church of Sinai, for instance, contains only a single convent and a handful of people. That of Russia (according to some figures, not however very reliable) counts 100,000,000 members. Furthermore, the Bulgarian church rejoices in a régime which has schismatized from the church of Constantinople. The Exarchate of Bulgaria was excommunicated in 1872 by the Patriarchate of Constantinople, and nothing can equal the animosity of "Patriarchists" against "Exarchists." That the Balkan Union could have been brought about despite these religious rivalries and despite the disdain professed by the Greeks for the Slav "barbarians" of Serbia, Bulgaria and Montenegro, is a miracle that only hatred of that common enemy the Turk has been able to realize.

The ancient Patriarchates of Alexandria, of Antioch and of Jerusalem, are now somewhat shorn of their former glory. Alexandria, long the rival of Constantinople, was subject to the latter during the Middle Ages, and even to our own times. It now begins to raise its head again, and with his four metropolitans, although these have no suffragans, no residence, and few followers, the Patriarch of Alexandria begins to look down on the "non apostolic" church of Constantinople. At the most, the Patriarch of Alexandria has under him no more than from 8,000 to 10,000 people whose relations are far from harmonious.

His colleague of Antioch resides at Damascus, as his predecessors have done for the past four centuries. This Orthodox Patriarch has under him 12 metropolitans and 250,000 Syrian Orthodoxes.

The Patriarchate of Jerusalem has 13 metropolitans and 50,000 people.

The Church of Cyprus is under the authority of the Archbishop of Nicosia who is obeyed by 3 suffragans and about 180,000 people.

The Russian church declared itself independent in 1589. At that time it regarded as its national centre the Patriarchate of Moscow. Peter the Great suppressed this Patriarchate in 1781 and confided the direction of the Russian church to the Holy Synod. The Czar is the veritable head of this one of the many Orthodox churches. The Holy Synod is a department of State, an instrument of Russian politics. For a century it has acted always and everywhere as a check on the authority and influence of the Phanar—the Patriarchate of Constantinople. It seeks everywhere to oust Greek candidates from parochial or episcopal sees, and it favors by every means in its power the independence of the national churches. It is in communion with the schismatic Exarchate of Bulgaria and protects the latter from the wrath of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

The church of Carlowitz dates from 1691. It proclaims itself the successor of the Exarchate of Ipek, and enjoys, in the midst of the Catholic Austro-Hungarian Empire, entire independence. It has 6 suffragan bishops, 27 monasteries and a 1,000,000 members.

Down to 1857, Montenegro was governed by Prince-Bishops, Danilo at that time refusing to be ordained, the principality was secularized. The Montenegrin church has been independent since 1765. It has only 1 bishop, at Cetinje, about a hundred priests 13 monasteries and 220,000 subjects.

The archbishop-abbot of Sinai, formally recognized since 1782, resides at Cairo and governs only a few monks and 14 parishes.

The Servian Church, (1879) has a metropolitan at Belgrade, 4 bishops and 2,300,000 souls.

The Greek church, very much ravaged by Free Thought imported from France, has still, on paper, 1 metropolitan, 32 bishops and 2,000,000 of followers.

The Rumanians of Sibiu separated themselves in 1864 from the church of Carlowitz, and founded the church of Hermannstadt with 2 bishops and 1,800,000 souls. Since 1873 the 500,000 Orthodoxes of Bulkovia have submitted them-

selves exclusively to the archbishop of Czeronowitz of whom the bishops of Zara and Cattara are suffragans.

The Rumanian church had in 1865, 3 metropolitans, 6 bishops and 4,000,000 of subjects.

The church of Bosnia and Herzegovina is the most recently formed of the independent Orthodox churches (1880). It has 680,000 followers.

This long and somewhat tedious enumeration, Abbé Cristiani thinks necessary in order to explain the actual condition of the church over which the Patriarch of Constantinople is supposed to preside. Weakened as was the prestige of Constantinople before the Balkan War has reduced it still more. The only vestige of its former authority which it now possesses is the privilege (not undisputed either) of blessing the Holy Christ used in all the other Orthodox churches.

What a different spectacle presents itself in the Catholic Church! There we behold no tendency to disintegration, no degrading of the Church into a department of the State, no dividing up into so-called national independent churches. There we see the growth of an ever more perfect unity! The Catholic Church, of all the churches that call themselves Christian, can show this first and most striking mark of the True Church—Unity.

Our Divine Lord desired that His Church should be one—one in the faith of its members; one in their communion with the same sources of life and salvation; and one in government. Neither Protestantism nor Oriental Orthodoxy possesses this unity. On the other hand, today, more than ever before, the august voice that issues from the Vatican speaks to a united Catholic Church. Nearly 300,000,000 Catholics of all nationalities and races rejoice in obeying that voice which is to them the organ not of a terrestrial power but of a spiritual dominion. Neither Czar, nor king, nor president, is the head of the Catholic Church. To no temporal ruler does she bow herself in spiritual matters. The Pope, the successor of Peter, in her legitimate ruler, and the pledge and bond of her unity and independence.

It has been the fate of every sect and schism to divide up into other sects and schisms. Protestantism with its hundreds of conflicting creeds and forms of government we know. Not so well-known perhaps are the foregoing facts concerning the Orthodox "house of confusion."

FIFTY MILLIONS WHO NEVER GO TO CHURCH

(BY THE RIGHT REV. JAMES A. MC-FARLAN, D.D., L.L.D., BISHOP OF TREN-TON, N.J.)

Most people, especially those engaged in the promotion of religion and morality, should be inclined to optimism, for who could have the courage and the strength to keep up a battle, year in and year out, against the evils of the individual and of society, if he did not perceive any indication of victory, when confronted with the flood of wickedness and wickedness which seems to approach and increase despite all efforts to diminish it? I am satisfied that the world (society and the individual) is improving along many lines, although it is evident that with the growth and the prosperity of nations unbelief and vice have not lessened in any marked degree.

IS THE WORLD IMPROVING?

Is the world then improving? It would be a difficult task to show just how much the world, by contrasting epochs, has improved or deteriorated. Statistics in matters of this kind are dry, meaningless things. They are very misleading when we have to deal with flesh and blood, free will, inherited traits, mental capacities, individual responsibility, and environment, all of which vary in each human personality, and therefore present, in nearly every instance, a more or less different problem for solution.

It will readily be seen that the subject proposed is a very wide one and difficult to elucidate properly. Hence not much can be accomplished in brief interview and in the space allotted by a newspaper. However, I shall endeavor to outline the broad, general features of the past and the present, so that a comparison may be made between them.

GREECE AND ROME

Let us refer to ancient times and limit ourselves to the religious and moral conditions of two of the great nations of antiquity: Greece and Rome. History testifies that these peoples professed Paganism, and that they became steeped in unutterable vice. It shows that immorality rather than the herdes of the North conquered Roman legions, devastated the fields of the Empire and erased its world-wide provinces. The Barbarians had many natural virtues which kept them virile, hardy, robust and, therefore, they crushed the effeminate descendants of a nation which heretofore had ruled over and gathered tribute from the then known world.

THE GREAT CIVILIZER

In turn, all these conquering thousands were captured by the Church of Christ; they were gradually civilized and Christianized by Catholic Bishops and priests. Then arose the days of faith, of respect for morality; then was established Christian chivalry and regard for womankind. We know, of course, that there were sin-

ners as well as saints in those days; the sinners are like the poor, we shall always have them with us. The mission of the Saviour was to redeem and save men, to comfort the wretched, to implant all the virtues, and we are assured that this mission will continue until the end of the world.

LAMENTABLE RESULTS OF PROTESTANTISM

Here I desire to emphasize the radical cause of the condition of faith and morality at the present day. It can be all traced back to the Protestant Rebellion of the sixteenth century. Far seeing men, even at that time, saw the lamentable results in the future. Protestantism began by denying the authority of God's Church and placed in its stead the authority of a single book, the Bible, which every one was allowed to interpret for himself. There soon sprang up countless warring sects, every one of which claimed Bible authority for doctrines professed, as well as for religious practices. Now, this same Bible has its authority impugned even by the preachers themselves.

Wherefore, we see, glowering on the horizon, the grim spectres of anarchy in religion, anarchy in morality, and anarchy in civil government. They threaten destruction to truth, menace justice, and defy Christianity and civilization. This downward movement has been gradual; sometimes it has gone at a rapid pace, at others it has descended slowly. It has required several centuries to bring about the entire work of ruin which has apparently fallen on our times. The causes of this deterioration are remote and hardly discernible before they have gathered size and momentum through the passage of time. The descent was, however, continuous in this instance. The first step was a denial of the authority of the Church, the next a repudiation of the authority of the Bible, and the last the negation of civil authority, by Socialism, and its numerous progeny.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Thinking men the world over, who can discern the signs of the times, are compelled to admit through force of argument and experience, that the most potent factor on the globe today, acting for the conservation of nations, the propagation of divine truth, whether of faith or morals, and the stability of civil and parental authority, is the Catholic Church.

Were it not for her constant and untiring efforts to fulfil her sacred mission, the world would have been long ago engulfed in chaos and darkness, equal to that of paganism. This danger our present Holy Father clearly foresaw when he proclaimed the watchword of his Pontificate: "To restore all things in Christ."

FIFTY MILLION CHURCHLESS

Our own country is leading the nations in many paths which are beneficial, useful and commendable. There are so many defects, however, which stand out so prominently that they cannot be overlooked. Those who are capable of obtaining correct information assert that fifty millions of people in these United States never go to Church. Since religion, as been maintained by the wisest of every age, including our own Washington, is the basis of morality, what is to become of these fifty millions and their descendants? They are growing up without religion; what will be their morals?

Among non Catholics religion is not generally taught in the home, not at all in the Public schools, and, if we are to credit the newspapers, the average Protestant preacher either presents to his hearers a diluted Christianity or the sensationalism of the hour with the hope of drawing the crowd. Nevertheless their churches are empty. In the Middle West, we are told, that hundreds of them have been abandoned. This is sad to contemplate, as it unmistakably demonstrates the fact that millions of Americans are departing from Christian truth and descending into the dark valley of infidelity and sin.

It is humiliating to learn that we are the laughing-stock of the rest of the world as regards the number of our divorces. Thousands of Americans have forgotten the Ten Commandments, if they have ever learned them, especially these: "Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not kill; Thou shalt not commit adultery."

BARNYARD MORALITY

Alas! we have fallen to barnyard morality. Dishonesty is rampant in private and public life; race suicide has also been lessening our population.

Let me be misunderstood let me add that I am glad to acknowledge that there are many good people, without as well as within the Church, precisely because God in His mercy will take care that the "wheat" is more abundant than the "tares." What, then, must be our final judgment? Society and the individual have advanced in intelligence, in education, in material progress and in natural science, while at the same time the general trend outside the Catholic Church has been towards belief and immorality. Hence our watchword should be: Away from paganism and back to Christ!—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Don't be a martyr. Bear the ills you cannot help with what fortitude you can muster. Fight the ills that may be vanquished; summon philosophy and religion to your aid. If ever you are assailed by the temptation to be melancholy, remember that "the darkest day lived till tomorrow will have passed away."

PILGRIMAGES TO MARTYRS' HILL

The name of "Martyrs' Hill" has been given to the high hill, near Waubaushe, on Georgian Bay, on which Fort St. Ignace II, was built in 1648. It was on that hill, the highest of the region, that Father John de Breboul and Gabriel Lalumière, S. J., were martyred by the Iroquois in March, 1649. A shrine was built on that holy spot and solemnly blessed, under the title of St. Ignatius of the Martyrs, in August, 1907, by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, in presence of a large concourse of pilgrims. It is commonly called Martyrs' Shrine. This shrine, owing to the affluence of pilgrims, had soon to be doubled in capacity. In spite of the lack of easy railway communication, pilgrims have come not only from the neighboring districts, but also from other remote places, Sudbury, Peterboro, Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Montreal, Chicago, etc. Extraordinary favors, such as cures, etc., have been obtained and attributed to the powerful intercession of Fathers de Breboul and Lalumière.

This summer, Martyrs' Hill can be easily reached by rail, as the new line of the Canadian Pacific between Peterboro and Port McNicoll passes on the very slope of the hill about a mile from the Shrine, and trains stop at Martyrs' Hill Road.

As there is as yet no station at Martyrs' Hill, Pilgrims will please take their tickets for Coldwater and ask the conductor to land them at Martyrs' Hill Road a few miles west of Coldwater, for which they will pay on the train.

The Shrine has been open on Thursdays in the summer months during the past years, but in order to give greater facility to people wishing to make pilgrimages to Martyrs' Hill, it will be open every day this summer during the months of July and August, and the Director, Rev. J. B. Nolin, S. J., will reside there during that time. Mass will be said every day, at 8 o'clock on weekdays and at 9 on Sundays, and special devotions before the Blessed Sacrament will be held every evening.

A large and commodious inn has been erected on Martyrs' Hill, close to the Shrine, where pilgrims can have boarding and sleeping accommodation at very moderate rates. They will be able to prolong their sojourn at the Shrine, either in order to make a few days' retreat or to spend their summer holidays at that lovely spot, unique for its blue sky, its elevated position, and the fresh breezes which are constantly coming from the great lakes. From the summit of the hill a magnificent panorama, extending for miles, unfolds itself before the spectator's eyes.

It should not be forgotten, however that Martyrs' Hill is above all a place of devotion and pilgrimage, and that visitors need not expect to find there all the comforts of city hotels or even of private homes. A stay at the Shrine will be more or less a camping out, which, however, will not be without its charm for city people during their holidays. Wholesome food, fresh sparkling water, a good camp bed in an alcove or under a tent, bracing air, plenty of shade in a beautiful grove of tall trees, interesting walks through hill and vale—all these advantages are to be had on Martyrs' Hill, coupled with an atmosphere of piety and devotion. Pilgrims will tread on a soil crimsoned with the blood of early Canadian martyrs. Their visit will be historic as well as devotional. It will recall the glorious and tragic events which occurred in that very district over two hundred and sixty years ago, during the epoch of the evangelization of the Indian tribes, the cruel wars which were waged, the bloody incursions of the ferocious Iroquois. No one can visit the spot without carrying away with him a deep impression of respect and veneration for the sacrifice, the devotedness, the heroic virtues of our pious missionaries and their fervent converts.

Interesting excursions may be made from Martyrs' Hill through a charming country, to the neighboring towns: Penetanguishene and its splendid bay; Midland close to the ruins of the old Fort Ste. Marie; Port McNicoll and its famous grain elevators; Waubaushe on its promontory nearly encircled by the waters of the Georgian Bay; Orillia and Barrie, prettily situated on Lake Simcoe; lastly, Bala, the port of entry into the marvellous Muskoka Lakes, with their incomparable scenery and their famous summer resorts such as Beumaris, Royal Muskoka, Rosseau, etc. Bala is on the line of the C. P. R., less than an hour's ride from Martyrs' Hill.

Martyrs' Hill is easily reached over the new Canadian Pacific Railway. This line, recently built, has two trains daily each way, and connects with the main systems of the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern, leading to all parts of Canada and the United States.

From Buffalo, Hamilton, Toronto, Guelph, Windsor, London, etc., pilgrims leave the Union Station, Toronto, via C. P. R. at 9.45 a. m., and reach Martyrs' Hill at 1.20 p. m. An evening train leaves Toronto at 6.05, reaching Martyrs' Hill at 9.30.

What has just been noted for individual pilgrimages applies equally well to larger pilgrimages arriving by special trains. Railway companies readily grant low rates of passage for such excursions, provided a minimum number of one hundred passengers be guaranteed.

In all cases, that is either for individuals or for large pilgrimages, it will be essential to write a few days beforehand to the Director, Rev. J. B. Nolin, S. J., Waubaushe, Ont., to state the exact date of arrival of trains and the probable number of pilgrims, so that preparations may be made for their reception.

For further details, letters should be directed to Rev. J. B. Nolin, S. J., Waubaushe, Ont., who will give all information.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION OF OUR MOST HOLY FATHER POPE PIUS X.

TO OUR BELOVED SON GABRIEL-MARIE, SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

PIUS X. POPE

Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction.—You have asked Us to grant the Apostolic Benediction to the houses of your Institute which, following the example of your Founder and Father, you are accustomed to call "Junior Novitiates" and which you have established and wish to see multiplied, with a view to preparing, for yourself and your religious, a large number of laborers for the harvest that is daily growing more abundant.

How pleasing this request is to Us, you, Beloved Son, may easily imagine, knowing Our care and solicitude for youth and how greatly We appreciate the religious who devote themselves entirely to teaching, along with letters, the precepts of Christian wisdom.

The sons of St. John Baptist De La Salle excel in this noble art, as is shown by the colleges, schools, and other institutions founded so advantageously for the good of youth, and which We know to flourish under their direction, not only in Europe; but also in far-off America, as well as in Australia, Asia, and Africa.

Therefore do we rejoice from the bottom of Our heart and exceedingly wishing that the fruits may become daily more abundant, We implore the Lord of the harvest to send laborers thereto, and We earnestly exhort Our Venerable Brothers the Archbishops and bishops and all the Clergy to heartily lend you their aid in your projects, knowing that they may hope for every thing from a religious family whose benefits are perpetuated and spread so fully among the people.

Nevertheless it is of great importance, Beloved Son, that you be solicitous not only in regard to the increase in numbers of subjects, but above all that the number be a true cause for rejoicing.

May the houses, therefore, of which We have spoken above be everywhere multiplied and, at the same time, may the spirit of St. John Baptist De La Salle so reign in them, that by the example of the Father's charity, the sons may learn to direct all their efforts and their energy to the end that tender and inexperienced youth may develop for the good of the family and of society, and in a manner worthy of the eternal reward to which they are called.

In order that all these wishes may be realized, We beg of God for you help and strength from on high, and as a pledge thereof and a testimony of Our benevolence, We grant most heartily in the Lord the Apostolic Benediction to you, Beloved Son, to your religious, and especially to the boys who, in the Junior Novitiates, are the hope of the Institute that you direct.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the thirteenth day of March, 1913, the tenth year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS X. POPE

At the General Chapter of the Brothers of the Christian Schools held at the Mother House of Lembeq, near Brussels, Belgium, from April 30th, to May 19th, Rev. Brother Imier of Jesus, formerly Provincial of the United States and recently Assistant Superior for England and Ireland, was elected Superior General, and Rev. Brother Allais Charles was appointed Assistant Superior for Canada. The newly elected Assistant Superior is visiting the houses of his Order in Canada at present.

HOMEWARD TREND AMONG ANGLICANS

Since Newman's days at Oxford, says The Lamp, the Anglican Church as a body has never ceased in doctrine and ceremonial practice to approximate more and more towards the standards of the Catholic Church but the same logic of Catholic development which brought Newman himself into Peter's fold has continued from year to year to bring other Anglican clergymen to the same Terminus ad Quem of the so-called Oxford movement. The year of 1913 was no exception to the rule as the following list of submissions to the Apostolic See on the part of Anglican clergymen and theological students abundantly shows:

The Rev. J. L. Wharton Hewison, B. A., Oxford, late curate at St. Andrew's Church, Haverstock Hill, London, England.

The Rev. A. H. Nankivell of Torquay, Devonshire, England; author, The Rev. William John Gear, M. A., curate at All Saints' Anglican Church Woolahra, Australia, son of the Very Rev. W. H. Gear, Vicar of Mildura; graduate of Trinity College, Melbourne.

The Rev. A. H. Murphy, acting rector of St. Barnabas Church, Bathurst, New Zealand.

The Rev. Haviland Montague Durand, curate of St. John the Divine Church, Kensington, London; graduate of Oxford.

The Rev. A. J. Wetherall, pastor of the Episcopal Church, Forfar, Scotland.

The Rev. A. E. Caldecott, M. A., Cambridge University, late rector of Drewsteignton, Devonshire, England.

The Rev. W. Scott Hill, M. A., curate of St. Matthew's Church, Burnley, London, England; graduate of Oxford.

In addition to the above the Episcopal Church in the United States added to the list as follows:

The Rev. William Henry Journey, curate of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn; graduate of Johns Hopkins University and the General Theological Seminary, New York; late of the Diocese of Fond du Lac.

The Rev. Edmund S. Middleton, B. D., General Theological Seminary, New York; late professor of Greek in Trinity School, New York City; graduate of Harvard, author.

The Rev. Bryant Gay Harmon, late rector of the Episcopal Church at Fair Haven, N. J., graduate of Lawrenceville School and of Princeton University.

The Rev. Henry S. Dawson of the Diocese of Quincy, a graduate of the General Theological Seminary, N. Y.

The Rev. Charles Edward Meyer, from the Diocese of Milwaukee and graduate of Nashotah Seminary, was received at Graymoor on Dec. 31, 1911, so close to 1912 that he may be included in the list.

The General Theological Seminary gave from its undergraduates to the list of theological student converts the following:

Mr. Malcolm Ayres, graduate of Hobart College.

Mr. Charles Danforth, graduate of Columbia College.

Mr. Raymond Lawrence, also of Columbia and Mr. Graham Reynolds of Yale.

The Seminary of Nashotah, Wisconsin, gave the following:

Mr. Nathan Morgan, Mr. George Whitley, and Mr. Allan Rutherford, the latter having left Nashotah for secular occupations sometime previous.

There may be others of whom we have not been informed.

HIGH AND LOW CHURCH

How far apart the various schools of Protestantism are with regard to matters of faith and practice may be seen in the contrast between the attacks, with which all Catholics are more or less familiar, made on the confessional by one class of Protestants, and the following opinion, which we find in the Living Church, the organ of the high church party:

If there is one Christian exercise which is universally necessary it is confession; not vague, indefinite self-reproachings, but specific acknowledgement of particular offenses. Even apart from absolution, it is wholesome; and yet how much bitterness of opposition is aroused against it, among many Christians, through blind and fanatical prejudice! Just as incense, pre-eminent by the most Biblical ceremonial adjunct, is hated and opposed more than any other; just as the real presence resting on the Lord's plain and unmistakable words, is a doctrinal stumbling-block to multitudes of His disciples, so, in the region of personal religious activities the very name "confession" inflames men.

Confession, our high church friends should know, is not held in horror by ultra-Protestants because it is intrinsically bad, but because it is "Romanish." So also with other religious doctrines and practices. The fact that they are "Romanish" shuts out all argument in their favor. This is the difficulty which stands in the way of the conversion of low church Protestants to high church Protestant ways of thinking and acting. No matter how clear and convincing may be the reasons advanced why incense should be used or candles lighted, or confession practised in a Protestant church, the fact that these things are done by the Catholic Church is enough to close all debate.

When conscientious, high church Protestants come to recognize this, they will not waste their time in trying to convince their fellow-Protestants that the Catholic practices they introduce are appropriate because they are primitive, but that they are right because they are Roman—conserved and fostered by the Church that has had Catholic faith and practise in its keeping from the beginning.

Although there are some high church Protestants who are as "anti-Roman" as any ignorant A. P. A. many Catholics feel that the Catholic Church has on the whole gained much by the spread of Catholic ideas among Protestant high church people. But the bulk of Protestant Episcopalians are still unaffected by the high church movement. They feel and know themselves to be Protestants, and have little sympathy with practices they consider mere imitations of Rome. The many converts that come to the Catholic Church through high church Episcopalianism would seem to show that there is a strong feeling of dissatisfaction even in the high church party itself with these imitations. Why be satisfied to remain where Catholic doctrines and practices are not natural but artificial, where they are mere spasmodic, unauthorized and often reprehended borrowings

from that great Mother Church which holds the same faith and teaches the same essential truths everywhere, and in which there is no high nor low branches, and no clamor or confusion over Catholic belief? This seems to be the thought which arises in the minds of those who, not afraid of that name, Rome, which has been such a bogy for centuries, leave all imitations behind them and enter into the Catholic Church, their Father's House.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR MILLIONS OF FRIENDS

Although we Catholics are only a small minority of 15,000,000 people surrounded by 80,000,000 non-Catholics, we are stronger than our number, for we have many Protestant relatives, neighbors, and other friends.

An evidence of this strength was given in Atlanta, Georgia, one day recently at a session of the Southern Sociological Congress. Dr. E. M. Potat, of Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina, got up to deliver an address on "National Stewardship" and launched into an attack on Catholicity. At once, the chairman, Dr. A. J. McKelway, of Washington, D. C., stopped him and rebuked him with the reminder that the Congress was non-denominational. "In the confusion which followed," says the report, "Dr. Potat retired from the building and the session came to an unexpected end." The next time that Dr. Potat makes an assault on Catholics, he will take a look around to see that there is no Dr. McKelway present to call him down.

The same opposition to arraignment of the Catholic Church shows itself in every public gathering, whether secular or sectarian, where some fanatic gets up to denounce our religion.

If a show-down were to come, we would have on our side a majority of the non-Catholic people of America.—Catholic Columbian.

WHEN DENNIS COMES HOME TO HIS TAX

By Mary Elizabeth Blake

They may talk of their horses and houses, The pictures that hang on the wall, The fine sparklin' rings on their fingers, The servants that come at their call: The swish of their silks and their satins, Roast beef an' plum puddin' each day—

But I envy no woman her riches When Dennis comes home to his tax! To be sure when he goes in the mornin'— With the children to clean and to comb, An' the three little rooms to make decent

In a bit of a place here at home, With mendin' an' washin' and makin'— An' dinner to get by the way— There isn't much time to be idle Until he comes home to his tax!

But then we're as nice an' as tidy As if we had money galore! The stove like a cat's eye is shinin', You could eat your three meals on the floor.

The bit of a plant in the window Is as fresh as a mornin' in May, An' the children go wild with their nonsense

When Dennis comes home to his tax! The kettle is singin' its welcome, There's a good bit of beef in the pot, The tablecloth's clean—for I washed it.

The dish of potatoes is hot; We're healthy, an' happy, an' hearty, So thank God for His blessin' I say! For 'tis we that have cause to be thankful

When Dennis comes home to his tax! For then comes his pipe in the corner, He can sit down as well as the best, With his bit of man's gossip to give me,

An' I have my minute to rest, An' to tell him the news of the neighbors.

While the children go on with their play, —Oh! I envy no woman her riches When Dennis comes home to his tax!

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON  
SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTE-  
COST

THE BLESSINGS OF THE CHURCH  
"And they had a few little fishes, and He blessed them and commanded them to be set before them."  
(St. Mark viii, 7.)

By the blessing of the Church we mean the authorized ceremonies and prayers of her qualified ministers by which persons and things are sanctified or dedicated to Divine service.

The Church blesses everything she uses. This blessing is not such an absurd thing as some who know about it imagine it to be. It is simply a prayer said by the priest asking God to send His blessings upon the person or thing indicated.

People of all denominations say grace before meals, asking God to bless the food they are about to use. This is precisely what the priest does when blessing anything. He uses different forms of prayers ordained by the Church to implore God's blessing upon the articles before using them.

The priest receives the power and authority to bless in the sacrament of Holy Orders.

This blessing of churches, schools, houses, candles and various other things has its foundation in Scripture. We learn from the Old Testament of the solemn blessing of the Temple of Solomon. St. Paul tells us in the fourth chapter of his first Epistle to Timothy that "every creature is sanctified by the word of God and prayer."

Churches, schools, houses, bells, books, candles, water, animals and persons are creatures. Therefore, according to St. Paul they may receive the blessing of the Church and be "sanctified by the word of God and prayer."

In the blessing of a church the building is sanctified by the sacred ceremonies and prayers of God's minister and dedicated to the service of the Almighty just as was Solomon's Temple of old. In the blessing of holy water on Sundays, in the blessing of candles on Candlemas and in the other blessings of the Church we are but following the practice of Our Divine Lord and of the Church of all ages as well as the teaching of St. Paul that "every creature is sanctified by the word of God and prayer."

We do not claim that those things that are blessed have any efficacy in themselves. We hope and believe, however, that God in His infinite mercy and goodness will protect and bless those who use them with right dispositions.

God is the source of every blessing. At all times certain persons have had authority to bless in His name, so that their blessing actually conveyed God's blessing to the persons or things blessed. In the Old Law the sons of Aaron were the instruments of God's blessings; while in the New Law the Pope, Bishops and priests of the Church are the persons who have the power and authority to bless in God's name and in the name of the Church.

Articles blessed by the Church excite pious dispositions in those who use them rightly, remind them of holy things and elevate their minds to God.

TEMPERANCE

THE TRAMP'S CONTRIBUTION

The Superior of St. Paul's Friary, Graymour, says that the reason why the Brothers Christopher who work all summer have no money to tide them over winter but pass penniless from place to place is because in ninety-five cases out of one hundred these travelers on foot are too fond of liquor and give the saloon all their earnings, laying nothing by for a rainy or winter's day. For this very reason, strange as it may seem, they should be provided public hospitality. Because for every gallon of whisky they drink the United States government collects a dollar out of their wages, besides what they are taxed for the beer and other liquors they consume. As the money these poor fellows spend swells the revenue of the government, the public should feel itself under obligations to share their misfortunes as it profits by their intemperance. Moreover, the localities in which they drink derive revenue from the saloons which they patronize so liberally as to beggar themselves in the process.

That is a rather novel view to take of the case, says Father Lambing in the Pittsburg Observer, but is there any fault that can be found with it? But you would not like to have the obligation of supporting the willing victims of the liquor traffic imposed upon you. Very well; then do away with the traffic. For you aver that as long as drink is made it will be drunk. And as long as it is drunk it will make its victims for the public to support.

CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE WORK IN SAN FRANCISCO

"The magnificent spectacle presented in San Francisco recently, when seventeen hundred young Catholic men and boys, marching under the banner of Christian temperance, renewed their pledges before the Blessed Sacrament, and in the presence of the Bishop, the clergy, and hundreds of people—that spectacle carried home a lesson to the public which should be carefully pondered," says the San Francisco Monitor.

The lesson is, the great value and the great need of promoting the virtue of temperance among the younger generations of Americans. As a people we need to become temperate

in all things in order to build up in ourselves those attributes of stability and solidarity which go to make nations enduring. That temperance in the use of alcoholic stimulants is the greatest source imaginable of bodily temperance, in all forms is demonstrated. Take temperance in drink away—and what follows? Intemperance, license, in every form; sin, ruin, and destruction of soul and body.

We are very proud to point to our record at home here in San Francisco along temperance lines. Our schools are not behind. They are fostering the great work of the League of the Cross by establishing auxiliary bodies throughout the city. As for the League itself—it is hard to find words to measure the good it does. No more effective organization has ever been known to preserve the purity of our young men, soul and body, than this. The League has the Archdiocesan authorities back of it, the personal interest of Archbishop Riordan and Bishop Hanna, the whole-souled services of a devoted chaplain, Father Collins, and the energy and enthusiasm of as fine a body of officers as can be found anywhere. It ought to flourish more and more, and it will, until the numbers that are seen marching annually to renew their pledge will be counted not by the hundreds—splendid as the seven hundred stalwart men and boys last Sunday looked—but by the thousands.

A good temperance sermon was preached the other day at Denver, Colorado. There was but one auditor and the preacher, though very clear and convincing, had never made a University course. The sermon was short and we will reproduce it in full. Here it is: "Rags and bottles; bottles and rags." "Why not call for old rags?" asked a thrifty old lady. The reply: "Rags and bottles keep me busy—where I find rags I find bottles; and where I find bottles I find rags."—Catholic Transcript.

TEMPERANCE

That was a remarkable demonstration which prosaic old Minneapolis made in Father J. M. Cleary's honor the other day, to accentuate the fortieth anniversary of his priestly service. Protestant, Jew, Atheist, and Catholic were there. The Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, and Protestant preacher, the Catholic representative—all declared that Minneapolis was a much better town for having Father Cleary in it. His exertions on behalf of temperance have had long headed the Catholic forces in this matter—were lauded, and they all declared that he was a splendid minister of God and citizen of America. This is all commonplace thought enough with regard to the Catholic priest but not every community is willing to go on record as speaking it. Father Cleary deserves every man's praise, however.—Canadian Register.

The Anti-Alcoholic League, of Montreal, which represents the French section engaged in the fight against strong drink, have arranged a meeting under the presidency of Mr. Justice Lafontaine, when the Board of Directors will recommend that the French societies combating the liquor trade combine with the Dominion Alliance and other bodies to stamp out the sale of strong drinks in this city.

ANECDOTES OF THE POPE  
INTIMATE SIDELIGHTS ON THE HOLY FATHER'S CHARACTER

Anecdotes from a man's life characterize him better than lengthy descriptions. They are spontaneous expressions of his innermost being and have the advantage of being interesting to everybody. Following are a number of anecdotes about Pius X., gathered in the last two or three years. Some of them may be known to many of our readers, but we hope that the whole collection will prove interesting to all.

When Pius X. was still assistant priest at Tombolo, his sister, who kept house for him, had only one complaint of him. Don Giuseppe studied so hard at night that he "used up so very many candles." When he was parish priest of Salzano it once happened that a corpse had to be brought to the church from the farthest limits of the parish. In stole and surplice the priest accompanied the sacristan to the house where the dead man lay. In this isolated neighborhood only one man could be found to help carry the bier. Don Sarto did not stop to think very long. He took hold of the one handle and with the sacristan and another helped carry the body three miles to the cemetery.

It sometimes happened that the old sacristan overslept. The good-hearted priest would open the door himself ring the bell and prepare everything for Mass. Once when one of his parishioners wanted to go and awaken the sacristan. Father Sarto answered smilingly: "Let the old man sleep. Do you think I am not able to open the door and ring the bell? Permit me to do something for the old man. I shall be old myself some day."

To reach his scattered flock, he had bought a little wagon and donkey. This humble vehicle soon became known all over the parish. It was a great help to him, but one day, when he had nothing to aid a poverty-stricken family he sold wagon and donkey.

After Father Sarto had become Bishop of Mantua, he was for some time on very friendly terms with the

director of the city college. He had, however, withdrawn himself from his association, because the man had become altogether atheistic. When the Bishop learned that the director was critically ill, he at once went to his home to ask whether he would not like to receive a visit from an old friend. The Bishop was admitted, and staying for about an hour and confided him. The Bishop, himself brought the viaticum to the dying man and the old friends parted, both profoundly moved. A few days later the director died.

When he was made Bishop, his sister wrote to him anxiously: "Bepo what shall I cook for you, now that you have become Bishop?" And he answered: "The same you have, just as much and no more." And the same was true when he became cardinal. When the Sisters went to market for supplies, they did not have to overload their basket.

Upon the recommendation of his physician the cardinal took a daily walk during the last years. He usually crossed over to the Lido in a little steam launch, "omnibus" as they are called in Venice, in which anyone can ride for two soldi. Then he walked up and down under the trees reciting his breviary and made a visit to the church of St. Elizabeth in conclusion.

The cardinal had only a nickel watch which he bought for the magnificent sum of 10 francs, or \$2 when he was a parish priest. One time when he had a conference with some man, he pulled out his nickel watch and one of the gentlemen smilingly asked if he knew what time it was. "Oh, yes," the patriarch answered cheerfully, "nickel watches keep very good time."

He never liked to shut himself in his palace. He liked to see people coming and going as well as to go and see them. His walks in Venice were famous. It was these walks in fact that made him so popular; he would go along the streets with one pocket full of pennies and the other filled with candies. To the poor children who came running toward him he would give them the pennies and the better-dressed ones the candies. This kindness to the children always won the parents and sometimes he would find himself surrounded by a great crowd of women and children. He was always sympathetic with the people who told him their little troubles, cobblers, fishermen, washerwomen and others. In a little while they looked upon him as a personal friend and the cardinal never suggested that he did not remember the particular person with whom he was speaking, but treated everyone as an old acquaintance and a friend. He visited the middle class people as frequently and with as much apparent pleasure as the nobility. The "poor" loved him as the "good cardinal."—Intermountain Catholic.

Give a calm, quiet attention to those things assigned to your care by Providence, and be sure that you can accomplish a great deal more by quiet, thoughtful work, done as in God's sight, than by all the busy eagerness and over activity of your restless nature.

PRACTICALLY GIVEN UP TO DIE

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I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-lives' for Constipation and Bladder and Kidney Troubles."

JAMES DINGWALL.  
'Fruit-a-lives' is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices—and is the greatest kidney, bladder and liver medicine ever put on the market.

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director of the city college. He had, however, withdrawn himself from his association, because the man had become altogether atheistic. When the Bishop learned that the director was critically ill, he at once went to his home to ask whether he would not like to receive a visit from an old friend. The Bishop was admitted, and staying for about an hour and confided him. The Bishop, himself brought the viaticum to the dying man and the old friends parted, both profoundly moved. A few days later the director died.

When he was made Bishop, his sister wrote to him anxiously: "Bepo what shall I cook for you, now that you have become Bishop?" And he answered: "The same you have, just as much and no more." And the same was true when he became cardinal. When the Sisters went to market for supplies, they did not have to overload their basket.

Upon the recommendation of his physician the cardinal took a daily walk during the last years. He usually crossed over to the Lido in a little steam launch, "omnibus" as they are called in Venice, in which anyone can ride for two soldi. Then he walked up and down under the trees reciting his breviary and made a visit to the church of St. Elizabeth in conclusion.

The cardinal had only a nickel watch which he bought for the magnificent sum of 10 francs, or \$2 when he was a parish priest. One time when he had a conference with some man, he pulled out his nickel watch and one of the gentlemen smilingly asked if he knew what time it was. "Oh, yes," the patriarch answered cheerfully, "nickel watches keep very good time."

He never liked to shut himself in his palace. He liked to see people coming and going as well as to go and see them. His walks in Venice were famous. It was these walks in fact that made him so popular; he would go along the streets with one pocket full of pennies and the other filled with candies. To the poor children who came running toward him he would give them the pennies and the better-dressed ones the candies. This kindness to the children always won the parents and sometimes he would find himself surrounded by a great crowd of women and children. He was always sympathetic with the people who told him their little troubles, cobblers, fishermen, washerwomen and others. In a little while they looked upon him as a personal friend and the cardinal never suggested that he did not remember the particular person with whom he was speaking, but treated everyone as an old acquaintance and a friend. He visited the middle class people as frequently and with as much apparent pleasure as the nobility. The "poor" loved him as the "good cardinal."—Intermountain Catholic.

Give a calm, quiet attention to those things assigned to your care by Providence, and be sure that you can accomplish a great deal more by quiet, thoughtful work, done as in God's sight, than by all the busy eagerness and over activity of your restless nature.

TRAPPED IN DIRT

QUICKLY AND EASILY REMOVED WITH

Old Dutch Cleanser

HAS NO EQUAL FOR CLEANING FLOORS

MANY USES FOR FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE BOTTLE—CAN 10¢

OUR DEBT TO THE IRISH

During the course of an address delivered recently in Central Falls, R. I., Representative Albert B. West of Providence, R. I., in a logical, scholarly and stirring address paid the following tribute to the sterling character of the Irish immigrants of earlier days. He said of them:

"The Irish came here under peculiar circumstances. They came not as adventurers, nor as the offspring of a decadent race, not as a conquered people, nor as a barbarous or pagan people. They came unwillingly, driven by the English, who, unable to subdue them or to affect their national character, determined to exterminate them, a people who brought civilization far older than the Anglo-Saxon and far richer—a wit, fancy, a reverence for religion, a deep love of liberty, a respect for property rights, a generous and simple human nature, all in full bloom, living and active, altogether the highest type of moral nature known to the Christian era."

"Such were the Irish immigrants who came to America—and they came not in hundreds, but in scores, thousands every one inspired with feelings of affection and admiration for our land."

"Of what inestimable benefit they have been to this country just setting out on her national career! They cleared forests, they laid railroads, they established cities and marked off new states, they erected churches and established schools; in every line of activity they were present, sometimes leading, sometimes following, but always active, doing what they could for the advancement of a splendid humanity, a new civilization that was enriched by the leaven of the older civilization they brought. They grew old in the service of their country, a service that in peace was brilliant and far reaching, in war has become a tradition of heroic valor. They saw America take its place among the nations of the earth, largely through their efforts, and thus have shown to the world what they would gladly have done for their own country, had it been permitted.—Intermountain Catholic.

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BELYING PRESIDENT ELIOT

Putting utterances in the mouths of prominent men, Catholic and Protestant, that they never gave expression to, is one of the ways in which certain sectarian papers score their best hits against the Catholic Church. Garbling quotations and wresting sentences or parts of sentences from their context is another of their tricks, so as to make it appear that some man whose opinion is worth while said something that he never thought of saying. The Baptist Advance of Little Rock, Ark., in its issue of April 10, had this editorial note:

Ex-President Eliot of Harvard is quoted as saying that there is not a Roman Catholic in the United States that can qualify a pupil to enter the freshman class at Harvard. And still some folks prate about Catholic scholarship and support Catholic schools, thus branded as being at best second-rate affairs.

The editor of the Southern Guardian, feeling that there was something wrong with this quotation, sent it to President Eliot and elicited this reply, which appears in the Guardian of May 10:

My Dear Sir:—The statement contained in the newspaper clipping which you have sent me under the date of Apr. 19th to the effect "that there is not a Roman Catholic college in the United States that can qualify a pupil to enter the freshman class at Harvard" was never made by me, and is untrue. The argument in the second sentence of the clipping—"And still some folks prate about Catholic scholarship and support Catholic schools, thus branded as being at best second-rate affairs"—is illogical and misleading.

I should be much obliged to you if you would reply to this clipping in the newspaper or magazine from which you took it.

Very truly yours,  
CHARLES W. ELIOT.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CHURCH?"

Catholics are often asked by men differing from them: "What's the matter with the Church in Portugal? What is the Church in Italy? What is happening to the Church in France? What, in fine, is becoming of the Church everywhere? She is hated cordially in every land." And then the cowardly or the base give in answer: "I don't know," and skulk out of the conversation like craven cowards, ashamed of their Church instead of being ashamed of themselves for their ignorance of the purposes of their faith and of the Christ who fashioned it for the needs of all time.

The Gospel of last Sunday answered all these questions of our critics. Our dear Lord Himself says: "The prince of this world is already judged"—judged because he has been cast out of heaven to the dark dungeons of the damned. The prince of this world, then, is Lucifer himself, and it is with the devil that there is much wrong and not with the Church that opposes him. "The world, the flesh and the devil" are the great enemies of man, but it might be written in

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER  
NONE SO EASY

the one word, devil, for the world is ruled by him and the flesh is inspired by him in its wanton assaults against the soul.

Truth will ever war against falsehood; right will always stand in opposition to wrong, just as sure as God opposes the demons, and His Church in no way accommodates itself to the changing trickeries of vice. The Church is against the spirit of the world, and is as different from it in its life and purpose as is heaven distant from hell. The Church truly rules men and with force tells them that they must keep their passions subject to reason and their reason subject to God. She does not mince matters, hence she is called a tyrant. She has no lesson for thrones differing from those she gives beggars, hence she is termed absolute. She does not change, and hence the fickle who delight in the novel hiss at her "Fossil." Like God Himself, Who found her, she has no principles that can be made elastic or can be broken, and as the world is unprincipled, she will ever be in conflict with its tenets. She is magnificently unpopular, and will forever be, for man wants the earth, but the Church is forcing him, despite himself, the beneficiary of her gifts, to the skies for which God destined him. These are the reasons why something "alls the Church."—Catholic Union and Times.

Refuting the calumny that enemies of the Church circulate, charging that she is indifferent to the needs of the poor, the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., asks: "What more glorious chapter is there in the history of the last 2,000 years than the record of Christian charity? Turn back to the earliest ages of the Church and you will find her Bishops and priests and laymen erecting institutions for widows and orphans, captives and debtors, slaves and poor. You will find the Church struggling to abolish slavery, giving dignity to labor, improving the condition of the workers, protecting the weak and feeble, taking the lead in religious and secular education and in all social reform."

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CARING FOR THE POOR

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE "SECRET" OF SUCCESS

Success, success, success, what is it and what is the way to it? These are questions that come to every young man after leaving boyhood behind him and venturing out into the great university of life.

"There's nothing in it except what I have had drummed into me ever since I was a child," complained a young man who had just been taking a course of instruction, which cost him a good many dollars, in the principles of business success.

"There," sighed a business man not long ago, "that makes four young fellows that I have had to let go in the last six months, just because they would not learn to do their work in accordance with the plain directions which I gave them. I can't quite make out whether it was on account of sheer carelessness or persistent determination to do as they pleased—different in different boys, perhaps; but the fact is, it is hard to get employees who can be depended upon to do work according to directions.

Ever so many business men have just that sort of trouble with those who are anxious to make a success of business life, that is, success from their point of view, which means big results without laying the solid foundations on which success is built.

The strange misapprehension of what real training means was well illustrated by another incident. A clerk in a general store was taking a course of business training. "One of his faults," said his employer, "was carelessness in regard to his personal appearance, linen apt to be soiled, shoes not blacked often enough, and a general shabby appearance. Now one of the books in the course he was taking was on just that point, the necessity of care in personal appearance as an element of success. It was a good book; I read it myself. Well, the boy studied it, and passed a good examination on it, but it did not make one particle of difference with him; he neglected himself just as much as ever; he seemed to think that studying the book and passing an examination on it would make him successful, without putting any of the principles into daily practice."

So it is plain to be seen that the key to success is in oneself. The principles are simple, free to all, not hard to be understood. The hard thing to do is to gear them into daily life and business. There is a long line of business leaders of every conceivable variety waiting for the boys and girls who will live up to the limit of their knowledge of business principles, and be willing to learn more.—J. Mervin Hull.

A GOOD MIXER

The way to learn to be a good mixer is to practice it. Join a club or a church, or both, and be in on everything.

In order to be a good mixer you must be:

- 1. A good listener and sympathizer with other people's point of view.

2. A radiator of good will and a moderate amount of interesting conversation.

3. With plenty of give and take. The reason we mix with others is because we need to get their point of view. We can do this only by being silent about our own point of view and drawing out the other person.

But if we did nothing but receive ideas from others there would be no reciprocity and no real mixing. The mixing would be all on one side. So we have to let the other fellow draw all sorts of good things out of us, good ideas, good will, the right sort of sympathy and suggestion.

To be a good mixer remember always that when a man would have you go with him a mile you are to go two miles, with all good will. Go his way. Except, of course, in the very rare instances when his way is distinctly wrong.

If you are generous in helping the other fellow to work out his desires, you may depend that when you have a bright idea about a particular mile which you would like to go and have others go, the other fellow will be very pleased to go two miles with you in all good will and helpfulness.

PEOPLE WE COULD HELP

The crumbs from the rich man's table for which the beggar longs are not always those from the bread loaf, and the beggar is not always loathing to see nor persistently waiting at the gate. We sit in our cozy homes with all the evening cheer about us, and forget the lonely acquaintance who goes nightly to a solitary room. We take long rides in our carriage with its empty seat, and do not remember the invalid neighbor to whom such an outing would be a delight. We are surrounded by love and sympathy, by tender interest in all our goings and doings, and we do not think of those to whom a crumb of friendship and genuine sympathy would be more than gold.

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM

A witty paragraph writer says that the difference between optimism and pessimism is that the optimists always sees the doughnut, while the pessimist sees nothing but the hole. They are both there, and one can enjoy the spicy sweetness of the cake or mourn over the fact that it is only a little ring around a hollow center, according to his mood. Whether we shall count comforts or discomforts, fix our gaze on the dark or the bright side of things, is a habit of the mind, but it is a habit that has much to do with our own success and our value to others.

CHRISTIAN SWEETNESS

"Have smiling faces," is a Christian rule for every home. Some young people take off their street smile when they enter the house, and never put it on till they leave home behind again. They scowl at breakfast, they grumble at dinner time, they are cross whenever they feel like it—and yet they call themselves followers of Christ. Can a Christian be a Christian without joy, kindness, cheer, love—the things that make and keep home and heart happy? That is a question which everyone must meet and answer.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE MONK

Pope Pius X. narrates a curious anecdote which followed his appointment as Bishop of Mantua. He felt so inadequate to the responsible post that he went, for inspiration and strength, as a pilgrim to the tomb of St. Anthony, at Padua, and called at the sepulchre of the saint. The sacristan monk demanded his "celebrant" (the permission to say Mass,) but Mgr. Sarto, who had often preached at Padua, had not thought it necessary to bring the document with him, and confessed as much to the monk, without, however, revealing his identity.

The latter began to question him. "From where do you come?" "From Treviso."

"What do you do there?"

"Nothing."

"How nothing? Are you not a curate, a vicar, a chaplain?" "No."

"Still you seem intelligent, and Treviso needs good priests!" "Well, for the moment, this is the truth."

By this time the monk had evidently begun to like the unknown priest, and said in a paternal tone: "Would you like me to recommend you to the Bishop of Treviso? I know him well, and lately he has had his Vicar General, Father Sarto, appointed Bishop of Mantua."

"Many thanks. It is very good of you," answered the other without departing from his calm. After this conversation the good monk took his protégé's word and allowed him to celebrate Mass, which he served himself, and afterwards begged his guest to write his name in the book kept for that purpose. When he saw "Giuseppe Sarto, Bishop of Mantua," he fell on his knees, crying, "Good Saint Anthony, what have you made me do!" and humbly kissed the Bishop's hand.

The Pope is still amused when recalling this incident, and remembers also that, in his turn, four years later, having come to Rome for the sacerdotal jubilee of Leo XIII, he seated Mass for a simple priest, Father Radini Tedeschi, who is now Bishop of Bergamo. The young priest was kneeling at a chapel waiting for some one to serve Mass for him, when Bishop Sarto approached and offered to do so.

"No! no, Monsignor, I will never allow a Bishop to serve Mass for a simple priest," he exclaimed, horrified; but the Bishop insisted, saying: "I want to serve the Mass and you must obey."

Then the bishop lighted the candles, prepared the sacred vessels, helped to vest the priest, and knelt beside him with a humility so simple and a simplicity so humble as to confuse the celebrant. After Mass Father Radini Tedeschi thanked the Bishop for his kindness and said: "If you are ever Pope I shall be able to say truthfully that the Pope has served my Mass," although he was then far from thinking that his words contained a prophecy.

Indeed, only fourteen years later Bishop Sarto became Pius X. and, strange circumstances, Father Radini Tedeschi assisted as an acolyte at the coronation. Being received afterwards by the new Pope, he said to him: "Holy Father, at last I have had the happiness of returning a service received from you over a dozen years ago."

WHAT TOBACCO DOES TO THE BOY

It is generally admitted that in the immature the moderate use of tobacco, says a writer in the Century, stunts the normal growth of the body and mind and causes various nervous disturbances, especially of the heart—disturbances which it causes in later life only when smoking has become excessive.

Tobacco in bringing about a depreciation of the nerve-cells, brings together with physical results like insomnia, lowered vitality and restlessness, their moral counterparts, like irritability, lack of concentration, desire to avoid all responsibility, and to travel the road of least resistance.

THE HONEST ERRAND BOY

That boy thinks that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," for he has found a gold piece that the gentleman dropped and he runs eagerly to give it back. At first the man says it is not his, but the boy says: "Yes, indeed it is. I saw it drop from your hand when you paid a cabman."

"Why, that was many streets back!" said the gentleman. "Yes, he knows; he ran all the way, as hard as he could; he had a job to catch him."

"Are you a very rich boy, that you can afford to give up a gold piece when you find one?" said the gentleman.

"Rich, sir? I have \$1 a week as errand boy. But the money was yours, sir, not mine. I like to earn money, not steal it."

The gentleman smiled, but only said, putting the gold piece in his pocket: "Well, thank you, my lad; good day. Say where do you live?" The boy told him and then they went their different ways.

A month or two afterwards, when the boy had forgotten the circumstance he found a gentleman seated in the room with his mother when he came home from work. He recognized him at once. The gentleman

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring an image of the product and text: "We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label."

HE DID NOT THINK

The boy who excuses wrongdoing by saying that he did not think it was any harm is as much to blame as the boy who wounds another with the gun he did not think was loaded. He has no right to take chances with guns or with evil.

THE SACRED HEART

Through Mary to Jesus! We pass from the sweet month of May to the glorious one of June, the loveliness of the first paling before the rich beauty of the other, as the lily before the rose. And so it is with the month of the Sacred Heart. It is the expression of the warmth and fullness of the greatest Heart which belongs to the love of man.

"I reign despite my enemies," He triumphantly declared to Blessed Marguerite-Marie as she gazed with indescribable ecstasy upon the Vision Beautiful. Among all the devotions of the Church it is paramount homage to the Sacred Heart. There is a grand surrender of power, wealth, genius and affection made when souls kneel in adoration before the Sacred Heart. It possesses all four to an immeasurable degree and there is no debasement in showing honor to the superior.

In the Sacred Heart there is only love. The majesty of His justice belongs to other phases of the God-man, and in the New Jerusalem, as the shrine of Paray-le-Monial is known. He spoke no condemning words, only sweet promises of reward for loving Him. We can picture the young French novice, innocent as her pretty name-flower, leaning upon the Sacred Heart, like another St. John, listening to its throbs of love for the children of men.

It is four hundred years or more since Marguerite-Marie saw the Vision whose face she never described, only that the five wounds shone brilliant as the sun. And its promises, old but forever new, are the hope and consolation of the Catholic world. The Sacred Heart did not forget any station or condition of life. He promised help to the cloister and the home; He would aid families to dwell in peace and the struggling to gain their daily bread.

While He would increase the love of the faithful, He would also open His divine heart to the prodigal afar off. Life's crosses and the terrors of death He would lessen by placing His wounded hand in that of the dying and leading him through the dark valley. Priests would be enabled to soften the hardest sinners and homes where His Sacred Heart was honored as publicly as are powerful sovereigns, would be blessed.

And last and greatest boon of all, the person who would speak a word for the Sacred Heart, tell strangers of its inexhaustible love and power, should have his name written upon a spot that the angels of heaven quiver with joy in beholding—the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart has always been a practice of the Church since the beloved disciple experienced its delights at the Cenacle, but it blossomed into full beauty in the sixteenth century when our blessed Lord deigned to visit Marguerite-Marie. Then followed the turbulent times of the reformation and years pass, several hundreds of years, before the devotion again broke forth in the wealth of its present deep devotion.

The hand of the Almighty is never shortened. The materialism of the latter part of the nineteenth century and beginning of the present one required the vivid, comprehensive

When through old age the bodily functions become sluggish, Na-Dru-Co Laxatives give gentle, timely and effective aid, without discomfort or distress. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 173 National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

BAPTISM RESTORES HEALTH

STORY OF A PAGAN WHO RENOUNCED IDOLATRY. This story of how a pagan in Jaffa, Ceylon, became convinced of the falsity of his gods comes from Brother E. Grossault, O. M. I.

"I am in charge of the 'Patronage of Saint Joseph,' established some years ago by Bishop Joulain, to care for young Christian men and boys.

"One day a certain youth of this number heard that a pagan of his acquaintance was seriously ill at the hospital. He paid the invalid a visit, and after a few words of sympathy spoke to him of the great happiness of dying a Catholic, and asked him to receive baptism.

"Oh, I know that our gods are good for nothing," replied the sick man. "See, during this my long illness I have made them all sorts of vows; I have even rolled around the temple of Nallora as many as thirty times asking for a cure, but now I am worse than before. No, I will remain a pagan no longer. But I cannot become a Christian, for, as you see, I am about to die, and there is no time to receive instruction before baptism. I ask you one favor, however, and that is, at least, to have me buried as a Christian."

"His charitable friend assured him that much preparation was not necessary when in danger of death, provided he had the desire to be converted, and forthwith went to call a priest, who explained to the sick man the principal truths of our holy religion, and gave him baptism. "God, no doubt, wished to recompense the faith of the new convert. For, shortly after receiving the sacrament, he began to feel better, and before long was completely restored to health. Full of joy, he then returned to his village, firmly resolved, as he said, to bring about the conversion of his pagan relatives."

NO WONDER

The New York Sun of Sunday prints on its editorial page a letter with the significant heading, "Should a Minister of the Gospel Believe It?" This query apparently had reference to the alleged facts in the statement by the correspondent that:

"A body of Protestant clergy of a great and highly respected denomination in this city some days ago accepted into ministerial relationship several young men who, it is reported, acknowledged that they are agnostics and could not or would not assent to belief in the virgin birth and resurrection of Jesus Christ, the great foundation truths taught by the said denomination."

The Sun writer further asks: "Is it any wonder that disbelieving Protestant ministers preach to empty benches and that thousands of Protestant Churches have been closed in this Christian land the last few years, as reported by the different Protestant denominations?"

Of course, the answer to these questions is easy and obvious. What wonder can it be that sincere Christians won't go to Church to hear disbelieving preachers—to get a stone where they seek for bread? They get nothing in the Church that they could not get at home. Therefore, the empty benches and the closed Churches throughout the land.

But the writer has another question: "Is it any wonder the Catholic Church has been increasing so rapidly in America since that great Church does not stand on a shifting and uncertain foundation?"

The Church on the Rock does not shift. It is the same yesterday, today and forever. What it enjoins, its ministers believe and teach and preach: "While yearly reports show many of the Protestant clergy groping about in the dark, feeling for some solid Biblical foundation stone upon which to build their religious belief, the old Church stands firm, it has done for ages; it has never repudiated the great foundation truths of the Christian religion, the virgin birth and resurrection of Jesus Christ."

The writer of these words is not a Catholic, yet he "admires this great religious body (the Catholic Church) for being able to withstand the fierce assaults of agnosticism, infidelity and

so called new thought, and to be today a lasting defence of the fundamental truths of the gospel of Christ." The lasting and soon to be the last and only defence and bulwark of Christianity against all the sects swallowed up in "disbelieving Protestantism."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE PROPER METHOD

Says the Catholic Citizen: "There are large classes of Protestants who, though of average intelligence on current topics, are dreadfully uninformed and provincial on all things relating to the Catholic Church. Catholicism, 'historic Christianity,' is a big subject. But it is the one subject they seem never to have thought of studying, as they would, for instance, a current topic like the Eastern question. Their inherited traditions, hazy and emotional and sometimes perverse, they deem sufficient. The Catholic makes a mistake in becoming impatient with this attitude of the Protestant. If you meet the man who knows not, teach him; but much more if you meet the man who thinks he knows and knows not, teach him, also. But do it with kindness, with patience, with good will, without ridicule, and especially without resentment.

I hate a thing done by halves: if it is right, do it boldly; if it is wrong, leave it alone.—Gilpin.

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER Makes Child Rearing a Pleasure!

From Mrs. Bullock, Norton Canes, Cannock, January 6th., 1913. "I have given my baby Woodward's Gripe Water since she was a fortnight old, when we quite thought we could lose her. Really, until she was five months no one could tell I had a baby in the house, so good and contented she was. If people ask why she is so happy, I tell them all that I owe it to Woodward's Gripe Water. My other children have had it, and they are fine. For Teething Troubles, for Wind and other Digestive Disorders it is unequalled."

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER has behind it a long record of medical approval. Any druggist in Canada can supply you. You must ask for WOODWARD'S.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES advertisement featuring an image of a child and a box of cereal. Text: "Thank You Mother! See that the name is Kellogg's CORN FLAKES."

Ask yourself this question:— Why should any piano be called "Canada's Biggest Piano Value"?

Now think! That claim must be either true or not true. Twelve hundred Canadian families proved its truth to their own satisfaction last year. They wrote direct to us for the proofs. They made a thorough investigation, and they satisfied themselves, beyond any reasonable doubt that the

Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano

was one of the world's few great instruments—by all odds the world's best piano at the price. So they endorsed our claim in a practical manner by buying 1,200 Sherlock-Manning pianos. If you are thinking about buying a piano why not investigate our claims for yourself? Just write asking us to prove two points to you: First, that the Sherlock-Manning Piano Value. Second, that the Sherlock-Manning is one of the world's best pianos.

Important: We'll prove these claims true and show how you may own this superb instrument and save \$100. Write to-day. SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO CO. London (No street address necessary) Canada

The Damper Does It advertisement for McClary's Sunshine Furnace. Text: "When surplus gas accumulates in the Sunshine Furnace the automatic damper releases it into the smoke pipe. When pressure is relieved the damper closes automatically. If you install a 'Sunshine' you will never be troubled with furnace gas in your house. McClary's Sunshine Furnace. London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Hamilton Calgary Saskatoon Edmonton 338"

CATHOLICS AND MASONRY

An anonymous contributor to the Catholic Truth publications disclaims any intention, in writing on the above-captioned subject of attacking the Craft of Freemasonry, among members of which he declares he possesses many excellent friends and esteemed acquaintances. His sole object is to state some of the reasons for which the Church forbids Catholics to belong to the society; and why they should forego temporal advantages which result from its membership.

Shortly expressed, the writer goes on, the objections to Freemasonry are as follows: (1) Christianity is unknown to Masonry, or, rather, is ignored by it. The neophyte is taught to see in the Master of the Lodge the "Sun of Justice," and humbly to beg of his new made brethren "Masonic Light." Yet (says the writer) if Masonry possessed anything superior to that possessed by the common herd in the way of "Light" its moral obligations alone should make it share it with all—a condition of affairs unknown under the Masonic system of secrecy. In fact, the Craft's secrecy is an implied admission that its morality is not in universal application. All belief in Revelation, other than the Masonic, has to be left by the neophyte at the door of the Lodge while he is being transported to the time of Solomon, the Calvary and its sacrifice being unheard of.

Masonry also ignores the Gospel's teaching that our prayers are to be offered in the name of the Redeemer. It even rejects the Christian chronology and its real religion is universalism. The prayers of the Lodge are addressed to the Grand Architect of the Universe, the meaning of which may be variously interpreted by Masons. Indeed, the Mason in lodge has to treat Jesus Christ as a nonentity, though privately, he may entertain other views and still be a good Mason. A Mason cannot, however, profess atheism. Yet all this is wholly absurd and stultifying, since it means that a Mason, as Mason, may say: "Lord, I know you not," while as a private person he will say: "Lord have mercy upon me." And in the case of clergymen who are Masons, the position is far more foolish.

(2) As regards the Oath, the neophyte swears with eyes blind folded to keep secret what he knows not what says the writer; he also swears fidelity to society as to the precepts of which he as yet knows nothing; he also invokes destruction on himself in case he should violate secrecy. He empowers his brethren to injure him in case of defection. No Catholic can regard the Masonic Oath, when considered seriously, otherwise than as blasphemous, contrary to right reason as blind and unknown and contrary to the good of the State. Yet how does murder, carry the Lodge threat? The carpet of the Lodge (says the writer) is not stained with blood, nor its walls contain an "aublette," but Masonry can, and on occasion does, cause the ruin or decay of men who for conscientious reasons have merely abandoned it, without attempting to do evil to their former associates. As for the Church, the e is no need to resort to extreme measures on her account since she never requires ex-Masons to divulge any of the society's secrets.

It is a known fact, says the writer, that Masonic signs are made use of in courts of justice in order to obtain, or to try to obtain, secret advantage. It is within the writer's knowledge, that a Catholic Truth publicist, that an English judge responded to the Masonic signs of a litigant in whose favor he gave his verdict, though it is fair to state that this was not contrary to the weight of very confused evidence.

No daily newspaper in England dare publish the faintest criticism of the Craft, or still less expose a Masonic scandal, while in matters of place and patronage, in all countries, the first duty of the Masonic patron is clearly to secure the services of a Masonic brother, in which cases "Masonic Light" must be somewhat apt to blur the vision. In short, it is (says the writer) impossible to believe that all this enormous expenditure of time and money is undertaken merely to befriended the orphan and the widow, to practice an esoteric ritual and furnish a pretext for convivial meetings, and not to offer great facilities and temptations to brethren of the middle and lower social grades to favoritism, jobbery and protection for minor forms of rascality. There may be matter for praise in the moral teaching suggested by the writer, members of the fraternity do not find themselves debarred from its official honors by table excesses or by impurity of life. It is also certain that Masons, as a rule, rarely pretend that their motives in joining the Craft are other than those of personal gain or social advancement.

(3) In regard to the charity exercised by Masonic bodies, Masons only consider the virtue in its sense of "philanthropy," which is a virtue of the natural order. And being only philanthropic, Masonry is far from being "charitable," since it deliberately excludes from its membership the poor and the needy, though it generously supports worthy brethren overtaken by adversity as well as their widows and orphans. Masonic benevolence is applied to its own members only, and thus is more like a trades union society in which material benefit is really pre-empted by contributions. Is Freemasonry private in its charities or almsgiving, as Christ counselled men to be?



On the contrary, Freemasonry decorates a generous brother with a "jewel," and "charity" that is not Masonic in its application, is not charity to the Mason. Indeed, the precepts of Christianity and those of Masonry are in many respects so antagonistic or contradictory that Masons themselves stultify themselves by practicing those of the Masonry and claiming to belong to the Christian body. These observations being (says the publicist) intended only for Catholics, the latter while thinking kindly of their Masonic friends, should respect and uphold the reiterated condemnations of Freemasonry by the Church.—Freeman's Journal.

DIOCESE OF EDMONTON

APPEAL FOR THE SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF CHARITY, EDMONTON, ALBERTA

A little band of Sisters of the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Refuge, (Good Shepherd) were sent in May, 1912, from their motherhouse in Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A., to establish the Order in the far North West, the City of Edmonton. These Sisters conduct institutions in which wayward girls, who have been committed to them, by parents, guardians or the civil courts, are reclaimed. And in which children who are exposed to evil are trained to lead virtuous and useful lives. In another separate branch of their work the Sisters receive fallen women, protect them for a time, and with patient training fit them to benefit by opportunity to lead good lives.

To extend their work, the Sisters must build, but have not the necessary funds. A donation, no matter how small, will be appreciated, and the donor will partake in the prayers of the Community. Any person giving the sum of \$500 will be put on the list of life benefactors, their name being registered in the convent book, which list is read twice a year, in perpetuity participating in the Masses, Communion and the good works of the Order.

Address, Mother Superior, 296 11th St., Edmonton, Alberta.

The Archbishop of Edmonton fully recommends this good work.

EMILE J. LEGAL, Archbishop of Edmonton.

BISHOP McNALLY'S CONSECRATION

A Catholic Press Association despatch to the New World has the following announcement of the consecration of the new Bishop of Calgary.

Cardinal Falconio on Sunday, June 1, consecrated Monsignor McNally, the newly appointed Bishop of Calgary, Canada, in the Chapel of the Canadian College here. Bishop Emard of Valleyfield, Canada; and Bishop Fraser, of Dunkeld, Scotland, were co-consecrators. Archbishop Dunderberg, who formerly filled the arch-episcopal see of Vancouver, B. C., Canada, and is now Superior-General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate; Bishop Schrembs of Toledo, O., and all the other English-speaking prelates in Rome were present. Bishop McNally was received in private audience by the Holy Father to-day. Next week he starts on his return journey to Canada.

A SLANDER RESENTED

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD.—A story is at present being printed in the Family Herald and Weekly Star which appears to be an attempt to defame a good, honest fishing population. It is an uninteresting production, but many young people will read it. The descriptions and insinuations are a close imitation of "The Iron House" and "The Iron Man" wherein a negro and an Irishman figure. These are English dime novels. Oftentimes the crews and passengers of ships wrecked on the south coast of Newfoundland, on arriving at St. John's go at once to newspaper offices and publish their gratitude to these people for their kindness to them. Instead of "killing them in the water like seals," as this writer of fiction says, the people have in many instances lost their lives trying to save them. NEWFOUNDLANDER. St. John's, Nfld., May 25, 1918.

GOING TO UTAH

Rev. E. L. Tierney, who has been connected with St. Peter's Cathedral, this city, since his ordination a few years ago, has for some time past been in ill health and following the advice of his physician has left for Ogden, State of Utah. As showing the esteem in which he is held a number of his friends have made him a parting gift of the sum of \$600. It is to be hoped that a change of climate will ere long restore him to perfect health. We need scarcely say that his return to London will be a gratification to his Bishop, his brother priests and the laity of this city. From the day of his ordination he has proven to be a most exemplary and zealous priest of Holy Church, one who spent himself in its service. May God be with him in our fervent prayer and may it be that ere long he will return to us with renewed health.

DEATH OF FATHER ARNOLD

On Wednesday of last week the beloved parish priest of Biddulph, Rev. Father Arnold, died at St. Joseph's hospital, this city, of appendicitis. The deceased was in his twenty-ninth year. He was ordained by Bishop McEvay in 1906. Father Arnold succeeded Father Hanlon as parish priest of Biddulph, the latter being transferred to London to undertake the formation of the new parish of St. Michael's. Father Arnold was educated in Berlin and made his theological studies in Montreal.

The sudden death of this good and zealous priest was a shock to the Bishop, priests and people of the diocese. In the seven years of his priesthood the deceased had labored unsparringly to promote the spiritual interests of those who had been placed in his charge.

On Thursday the body lay in state in St. Peter's Cathedral and on Friday morning at ten o'clock a solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated. His Lordship Bishop Fallon being celebrant, Rev. Father Forster, Mr. Carmel, deacon, and Rev. Father White, St. Columban, sub-deacon. The assistant priest was Very Rev. Dean McGee, Stratford and the deacons of honor Rev. Fathers Kennedy, Sarnia, and West, of St. Thomas. There were also present in the sanctuary: Rt. Rev. Mgr. Aylward, Rev. Father McKeon, Tobin, Foley, Valentin, Labelle, Laurendeau, Hanlon, O'Connor, Brennan, McCullough, McPhail, Corcoran, Quigley, Fallon and Matorano, London; Noyman, Dublin; Stanley, Woodstock; Stroeder, Zurich, Dantzer, Hesson; Gnam, Ingersoll; Nagle, Simcoe; Goetz, Tillsonburg; Egan, Stratford; Parent, Tilbury; Kelly, St. Mary's; Neville, Windsor; O'Neil, Parkhill; Goodwin, St. Thomas; Fuerth, West Lorne; Hussy, Kirkora; Ford, Bothwell; Quinlan, Stratford.

At the conclusion of the Mass His Lordship preached a touching sermon suitable to the occasion, making very kindly reference to the faithful priest who has now gone to his reward. A large number of relatives and friends of the deceased priest were present from Formosa, the place of his birth, and also from the parish of Biddulph. The remains were interred in Formosa.

WHAT THE MONASTERIES PRODUCED FOR THE WORLD

We hear so much nowadays of condemnation and abuse of Catholic institutions and the Church, especially in past ages, that testimony like the following coming from a Protestant divine, the Rev. Dr. N. M. Waters, is refreshing: "Out of the monasteries came the printing press; out of the monasteries came the universities; out of the monasteries came the libraries; out of the monasteries came the prayer book, the Litany, the Te Deum. It was in the monasteries the foundation of English literature was laid; it was in the monasteries that the first New Testament was written; it was in a monastery the Bible was first translated into English.

The monk, under God, was the great architect of civilization. These monks were scholars. Take all the manuscripts from which our modern Bible is derived, which have had such a strange story of preservation; not one of them would exist to-day had it not been for the fidelity and the scholarship of the monks of the Middle Ages.

MISSION FOR JAPANESE

Twenty years ago Banaba, an island in Oceania, with its 500 or 600 natives, was practically unknown. Since then, thanks to the fact that its soil was discovered to be rich in phosphate, the little island has been invaded by a rich company, which exports its treasures to all parts of the world. English, Australians and Norwegians, aided by the most modern machinery, work the mines, having under them a host of Japanese and Gilbertians. Among the former are about 200 Catholics, and for these a mission has been established. They were straying without fold or shepherd but now, with the word of God and the Sacraments to encourage them, they are becoming a consolation to the missionary's heart. Banaba has been re-christened Ocean Island. Its inhabitants bid fair to set a good example to all the surrounding unconverted natives.

"A Fresh Water Sea Voyage"

If a Catholic child, says "The Sacred Heart Review," is not taught in a Catholic school to know that there is such a thing as a living Catholic literature—a Catholic press—he is missing something essential to his real education. The Catholic school readers, it is true, contain many selections from Catholic writers, and these familiarize the pupil with the names at least of a few of the many who have done good work for Catholic literature. But he should not be deprived of the knowledge of the papers and the persons that are fighting the good fight to-day. Let him know that Catholic literature is still living and growing, and that it is the duty of all Catholics worthy of the name to support it.

WE OFFER

The following unframed 16 x 20 handsome colored pictures at 25c each: Sacred Hearts Jesus and Mary, Holy Family, Mater Dolorosa, Guardian Angel, St. Anne, St. Anthony, St. Peter, Immaculate Conception, etc. Any pair sent framed in gilt or oak for \$2.25, or three for \$3.00. Generous discounts to agents or others who want frames and pictures in larger lots. THE ROYAL ART CO., Box 831, HALIFAX, N.S.

Agonies of Gall Stones

Sanol is the Most Reliable and Rapid Cure for this Painful and Dangerous Disease

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There are many testimonials from people who have thus been cured. We are able to give names and addresses of numbers of these, and will gladly do so to all who may enquire.

The following from a letter of a well-known Toronto Gentleman: "Replying to your letter, I followed your instructions and purchased two bottles of SANOL. You were entirely right in your advice. I can, in any way, help the sale of SANOL, and by doing so help some other unfortunate. I will be only too pleased to do so, as I consider it the best remedy made."

SANOL is made only by the SANOL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LTD., Winnipeg, Man. For sale at the following Leading Druggists—Anderson & Helles, Dundas St., London. W. T. Strong, Buncs St., London. The Taylor Drug Co., Talbot St., London.

DIED

SUMMERS.—In Sarnia, Ont., June 1, 1918, Mr. James Summers, in his seventieth year. May his soul rest in peace!

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

The twenty-third annual Kingston Pilgrimage to Ste Anne de Beaupre, under the patronage of His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston, starts on Tuesday, July 22nd. The director is Rev. J. J. O'Reilly, Enterprise, Ont. 1807-3.

NEW BOOKS

"Behold the Lamb!" A book for little folks, about the Holy Mass. By Marie St. S. Elkerker, with pictures by Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. Published by Benziger Brothers New York City. Price 45cts.

"A Wreath of Feasts." For the little ones. By Marie St. Elkerker, Tertiary, O.S.D. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York City. Price 45cts.

"The Wedding Bells of Glenalough." By Rev. Michael East, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers New York City. Price \$1.30.

"Mystical Contemplation," or "The Principles of Mystical Theology." By Rev. Lamballe, Edinh. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M. A. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York City. Price \$1.25 net.

"A Shrine of the Holy Sacrament." Published by R. T. Washburne, Ltd., London, England. Price \$1.25 net.

"Pat" by Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York City. Price \$1.00.

"The Sunday School Teacher's Guide to Success," also "The Sunday School Director's Guide to Success," by Rev. Patrick J. Shoen. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 75cts.

"An Experiment in History Teaching." With colored charts by Edward Rekind, S. J. Published by the Renouf Publishing Co., 25 McGill College Ave., Montreal, Que. Price 75cts.

"Lega-Pendens." An essay book by John Ayscough. Published by the Renouf Publishing Co., 25 McGill College Ave., Montreal, Que. Price \$1.50.

"The Fundamentals of the Religion of Canada and the Colony of Newfoundland." Renouf Publishing Co., 25 McGill College Ave., Montreal, Que. Price 75cts.

"Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigour," a book for preachers and teachers. By William J. Lockington, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York City. Price 25cts.

"What Times! What Morals! Where on earth are we?" By Rev. Henry Churchill Semple, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York City. Price 25cts.

"The Relation of Experimental Psychology to Philosophy." By Mr. Pierre Merle. Translated from the French by Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph. D., D.D. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 75cts.

"Good Friday to Easter Sunday," by Robert Kane, S. J. Published by Longmans, Green, & Co., London, England. Agents for the Dominion of Canada and the Colony of Newfoundland, Renouf Publishing Co., 25 McGill College Ave., Montreal, Que. Price 75cts.

"The House and Table of God." A book for his children, young and old. By Rev. W. Roche, S. J. With 24 illustrations. Published by Longmans, Green, & Co., London, England. Agents for the Dominion of Canada and Colony of Newfoundland, Renouf Publishing Co., 25 McGill College Ave., Montreal, Que. Price 75cts.

"Our Lady in the Church" and other essays. By M. Nesbit, with a preface by the Right Rev. Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford. Published by Longmans, Green, & Co., Canadian agents, Renouf Publishing Co., Montreal, Que. Price \$1.35.

WE OFFER

The following unframed 16 x 20 handsome colored pictures at 25c each: Sacred Hearts Jesus and Mary, Holy Family, Mater Dolorosa, Guardian Angel, St. Anne, St. Anthony, St. Peter, Immaculate Conception, etc. Any pair sent framed in gilt or oak for \$2.25, or three for \$3.00. Generous discounts to agents or others who want frames and pictures in larger lots. THE ROYAL ART CO., Box 831, HALIFAX, N.S.

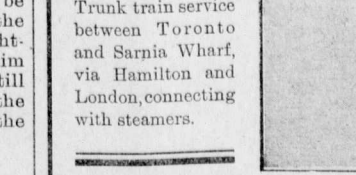
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TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. S. No. 1, Onondago Normal trained. Salary \$250. Apply to James O'Leary, Sec. Onondago Station, R. R. 0-3. 1809-2.

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TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 10, BORNISH. Must have second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1913. Apply stating qualifications and salary expected to Jas. D. McRae, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 2, Parkhill, Ont. 1809-2.

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