

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1914

### WHY WE DO IT

Some journalists are astonished at our protest against Nathan's appointment as Italy's delegate to the Panama Pacific Exposition. They seem to regard it as an exhibition of puerility, and out of the gathered ignorance of years read us a lesson. Religion may be trifling importance to these journalists, and perchance, from much hearing of sermons and addresses on up to date creeds, are inclined to consign it to the regions of fog and doubt. But with us the matter is altogether different. We value our faith more than anything in the world. It is not our's but God's and we have but to live and profess it. To the Church that cradles us and follows us through all the vicissitudes of life and beyond the grave we yield loyalty in thought and deed. She is our mother whose compassionate heart broods over us always. They without the household may not understand the strength and tenderness of our love for the Church, but they should be able to see why we resent any insult to her. They who would guard the fair fame of their own mothers should evince no surprise at our protest against anyone who would defame the Church, our Mother. And such a man is Nathan, ex-mayor of Rome, and reviler of the Holy Father and the Church. Is it any wonder that Catholics refuse to accord him a welcome? Can any reasonable citizen who believes in loyalty and love to her own blame us for protesting against this individual who has ridiculed all that we have enshrined in our heart of hearts as objects of reverence. We hope that our brethren over the border will give no support to the Exposition. Nathan is now in the United States, which house 16,000,000 Catholics, and he should be taught by them that they do not forget that he went out of his way to insult Pius X. and to vilify the Church.

### LET US HAVE IT

We wonder why the Federation of Catholic Societies of Canada is not an actuality. Prominent clerics are in favor of it and laymen, many of them, would give it enthusiastic support. It would neither interfere with the constitutions of societies already established nor would it be tinged with any political hue. The benefits it could confer upon the Catholic body will amply compensate those who undertake to draw the scheme out of the regions of theory and make it a fact. It would help us by the interchange of thought and aspiration and enable us to do business "with a punch" through our concentration and unity. It could be made an effective barrier to evils, social and otherwise, and would undoubtedly be a potent factor in the formation of public opinion. Energy now frittered away on trifles could be directed into helpful channels to the furtherance of beneficial activity. A Federation would harness our forces and set them turning the dynamos of noble endeavor.

### A PLEA FOR VISION

To content ourselves with saying that all is well, to plod along in the old rut, may be a sop to indolence but it will never serve the cause of citizenship. Secluding ourselves within our own precincts, uncaring of the world without, will not prove that we do acknowledge that each one is his brother's keeper. We are of the opinion that commingling with those without the fold will dissipate many a prejudice and the application of our principles to present-day problems may convince them that the Church is neither a wornout organism, nor an enemy of social well-being. We should remember that many non-Catholics are the victims of education and environment. The dippings of prejudice fell upon them in their most impressionable years and became hardened in the course of time. The phantomsevoked during the bitter past haunted them and though these disappeared before the dawn of enlightenment they still exert an influence. Clerical fire-brands stir up the turbid waters of dissension; and the claims of that

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society which yearns but little after the things of the spirit are acknowledged in some measure. Then, also illogically we know, the Church is judged by its unworthy members and they point to them as conclusive arguments that it does not exercise the sway of which it boasts. This is not true of discriminating Protestants, but they are few, while those who are affected by this method of argumentation are many. Now we are of the opinion that a Federation playing a part in the world, dealing with the issues that concern the common weal, found wherever possible on the same platform with our separated brethren would be a magnificent sermon. It would mean Catholicism on the firing line—an antidote to false principles and a generator of enthusiasm.

### SOURCE OF LEADERSHIP

A Federation would, we think, breed leaders. The interchange of aspiration and thought would tend to make those who depend on others for mental food independent thinkers. This has been and is true of the German Federation. Fused into unity and tempered with high resolve and indomitable resolution, they, when their great leaders passed over the borderland, had others to replace them and continue their work. We surely have among us material for leadership. There are college graduates and men of wide experience and acknowledged ability, who have won their spurs in the "University of Hard Knocks," who are capable of being our standard-bearers. There is work for the layman who has his role to play in the salvation of the world, and to give an object lesson of truthful, honest, courageous, in a word, of sanctified citizenship. Such men can show the world that "a State is what the lives of the people make it." An attempt, said Leo XIII., must be made to bring them to think and act like Christians—not less in public than in private. And he also declared that of those whose principles are sound, there are many who, through a misplaced timidity, are frightened, and have not the courage to speak out their opinions boldly far less to translate them into deeds.

### VERY OLD THEORY

The theory that one religion is as good as another is advocated by some novelists and indifferentists who on this matter are carried away by mushy sentimentalism. It will not stand the test of common sense. They who uphold the theory would not hold in equal reverence what they believe to be true with what they know to be false. They do not have the same respect for the views of a social agitator as for those of a sagacious statesman. Nor would a scientist show the same courtesy to a mere speculation as to a fact of science. Sensible people do not believe that two contradictions can be at the same time true. And to say that God is indifferent as to whether we believe in the necessity of Baptism or deny it; as to whether we extol Christ as Divine or give Him but the title of the world's best benefactor; as to whether we bow down before the supremacy of Peter or treat it with scorn—to say this is to proclaim that God is indifferent to truth.

Our Lord's commission to His Apostles was so definite as to permit no calling it into question. He bade them teach not anything culled from philosophers—not conceits that might flatter the popular taste, but all things "whatsoever I have commanded you." They were not to pick and to choose doctrines that might seem more important than others, but they were commissioned to preach every truth, "all things;" and that disbelief carried with it the penalty of condemnation. Hence we hear the Apostles denouncing those who disputed their teachings as "wandering stars to whom the storm of darkness is reserved forever, as lying teachers . . . bringing upon themselves swift destruction." St. Paul struck with flaming intensity the men who were perverting the faith in Galatia. He did not view them complacently, thinking the while that their opinions were as pleasing to God as the doctrines he defended, but he called them perverses of the gospel of Christ and warned the faithful that

though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you let him be anathema. The early fathers of the Church had no sympathy with the theory that all forms of Christianity are equally good before God. Let one testimony suffice. St. Cyprian says: "If it were possible for anyone to escape that was not in the ark of Noah, it shall likewise be possible for him to escape who is not in the true Church."

### ARE CATHOLICS

#### STUPID?

For a publicist who is not (as yet) a member of the Church, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton is doing about as effective work in Catholic apologetics as any writer whom we can at present recall. The disgruntled Mr. Dell, having stated that "a man becoming a Catholic leaves his responsibility on the threshold and is converted to be saved the trouble of thinking," Mr. Chesterton declares that the assertion constitutes "a very thoughtless and threadbare argument." Continuing in his characteristically Chestertonian style, he says:

Mr. Dell must know better. He must know whether men like Newman and Brunetiere left off thinking when they joined the Roman Church. Moreover, because he is a man of lucid and active mind, he must know that the whole phrase about being saved the trouble of thinking is a boyish fallacy. Euclid does not save geometers the trouble of thinking when he insists on absolute definitions and unalterable axioms. On the contrary, he gives them the great trouble of thinking logically. The dogma of the Church limit thought about as much as the dogma of the solar system limits physical science. It is not an arrest of thought, but a fertile basis and constant provocation of thought. But, of course, Mr. Dell really knows this as well as I do. He has merely fallen back (in that mixture of fatigue and hurry in which all fads are made) upon some journalistic phrases. He can not really think that men joined the most fighting army upon earth merely to find rest. It is on a par with the old Protestant fiction that monks decided to be ascetic because they wanted to be luxurians. I should keep out of a monastery for exactly the same motives that prevent me from going into the mountains to shoot bears. I am not active enough for a monastery.

It will be seen from the foregoing that as usual, the paradoxical non-Catholic apologist of the Church quite covers the case. If Mr. Dell has not lost the capacity for blushing he should blush for the assertions which Mr. Chesterton has shown to be so ridiculous.—*Ave Maria.*

### PRAYS BESIDE INJURED AUTO DRIVER

While eyes were glued to the track at the Indianapolis speedway, quite recently; while eager ears were listening for word from the opposite side of the course, where lay the unconscious form of Joe Dawson, one of the most striking scenes of devotion among "pals" was witnessed by the few persons congregated about the form of the race driver. Damon and Pythias could not have shown more devotion for each other than was shown by the "pal" of Joe. The story is being told to-day by one of the spectators.

The car had just stopped rolling when an excited young man with black hair rushed into the small crowd, passed the guards and jumped to the side of the injured driver. At that moment it seemed Joe had only a few moments to live, and every one seemed dazed by the crisis which had arisen. The face of the visitor blanched for a moment, his voice started and then broke, and then, falling upon his knees, he pulled a rosary from his pocket and began uttering prayers in a voice which could be heard above the rattle and roar of the drivers. The friend of Joe seemed wholly unconscious of his actions; it was a prayer of natural instinct. Joe is not a Catholic, but the friend happened to be, and later he said he did not remember what he was doing, but he felt he just had

As his prayers seemed to gain more fervor, the silent crowd of men about the form of the driver knelt one by one and bowed their heads. Then the ambulance arrived and Dawson was carried to the hospital, followed by the boy who loved him, and several hours later, faithfully camping at the spot, stood the silent sentinel endeavoring to obtain a word of the faintest hope.

As he sat there, the word finally came. It was that there was not much hope, and again the hand of the young man sought the rosary. This time, he parted the cross and the chain of beads, and handing it to his informer, begged him to place it in Joe's hand.

"It has a special blessing for a happy death and I have unboun-

ded confidence in it," he said. The messenger again returned to the hospital and later returned with the surgeon. "We can not grant the request, for we do not want him to know there is danger of his death when he recovers consciousness and the cross might give him this impression," said the surgeon, as he patted the back of the boy. "But just keep on praying," he added, "for you have been raised in our estimation a thousand times by your courage in kneeling down before that crowd and in that time: your faith must be whole," he said.

While the name of the friend of Dawson can not be told, it has been learned that twice during the conscious moments of the driver a request has been made by Joe for his faithful friend. And still camped within a safe distance is the boyhood "pal," praying for the recovery of his friend.—*The Indianapolis Sun.*

### POOR SUBSTITUTE FOR RELIGION

Some Protestant churches have devised a new method for winning Heaven. People are no longer to gain it by having their slumbering consciences awakened by sermons on the heinous character of sin and the punishment in store for sinners. That was the old way. But in these days, when faith is sick almost unto death and the chief aim of life is to get as much pleasure out of it as possible, entertainments must take the place of the preaching and of the prayer meetings that formerly were the chief reliance of Protestant ministers in their efforts to fill their churches. The new departure inaugurated by up-to-date ministers will be better understood by furnishing a concrete sample of it.

Here in New York City there is a Methodist Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Christian Reisner is pastor. As the preaching of Gospel truths failed to fill the Church in his charge, the Reverend Doctor hit upon a new plan for increasing his congregation. We find in one of the New York dailies a description of how he proceeded to carry it out. A band concert was given. This was followed by a military drill and a sham battle. A newspaper account of this unique Church "service" thus describes it:

"More than 5,000 persons heard the concert and partook of lemonade, peanuts and popcorn which were on sale. Company K, Seventy first Regiment drilled, after which they divided into two 'armies' and gave an imitation of war, blazing at one another with blank cartridges."

We are told that Rev. Dr. Reisner was delighted with the success of his plan, believing, "that by entertaining the people he can greatly extend the influence of his Church." He is one of those Protestant ministers who believe in making their churches attractive.

Converting a place for religious worship into a species of vaudeville show may succeed in temporarily filling a church with persons desirous of being entertained but eventually it will not promote the cause of religion. Undoubtedly it was the realization of this fact which led the trustees and congregation of Christ Church, South Norwalk, Conn., to make it so uncomfortable for the Rev. J. Hyacinth Brown that he has handed in his resignation. Like the Rev. Dr. Reisner, who got up that sham battle entertainment, the Pastor of the South Norwalk church was looking around for a "drawing card." A murder trial in New York which resulted in the conviction of a police lieutenant and four gamblers had been just concluded. Jack Rose, professional gambler who had testified against his fellow gamblers and who thereby had secured immunity from a murder charge, was a conspicuous figure before the public. The Rev. J. Hyacinth Brown thought he saw a chance for utilizing Rose. He, therefore, took up the New York gambler to the disgust of many of his congregation who could not be convinced that the method employed by their pastor to advertise their Church, was one which would advance the cause for which Christ Church of South Norwalk was founded.

The Rev. Reisner and Browns have become so numerous in the Protestant churches that they are attracting considerable attention. Serious minded Protestants stand aghast at indecorous methods adopted by ministerial Barnums to draw a crowd. The Biblical World, a Protestant organ published in Chicago, in its May number scores these clerical Barnums when it says: "a religion that overlooks men's sins, men's sufferings and men's death is only a diversion. It does not save men—it hardly keeps them out of mischief." The writer then goes on to state that the attempt on the part of Protestant churches to outrival the vaudeville theatre is doomed to failure. We are told that if entertainment be the chief function of a Protestant church then that church "is already outgrown for it cannot compete with commercialized amusements . . . and rightfully outgrown, for it will have ceased to do the thing which as a church it ought to do; bring men and God together."

There was a time when there was no need for warning Protestant

churches against making entertainment their chief function. It was when faith in the fundamentals of Protestantism had not been undermined to the extent it has been in recent times. Finding among the members of their congregation a lack of interest in the eternal truths, which once formed the staple of their sermons, Protestant ministers in recent years have been in search of attractive novelties which will enable them to hold their congregations together. Their doing so is, in itself an indirect acknowledgment on their part that they are not so sure of the doctrinal ground on which they stand as their predecessors in the ministry were. This uncertainty bodes ill for the future of the Protestant sects.—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

and religious well being of the worker should take precedence of everything else and that with the effort to ameliorate the condition of the worker should be conjoined a love for justice and the employment of legitimate means to establish harmony and peace between the different classes of society."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### FUTURE OF RELIGION IN FRANCE

Catholics the world over are being lighted up with the hope for the future of religion in France. This does not arise from any sign of relenting on the part of the persecuting government, but rather from plain evidence of revival in religious belief and practice among all classes of people. Fettered by no slavish union with an infidel state, the Church is now free to approach the people, and to address them directly upon their eternal welfare: to speak of the rights of Christ and of God, and to claim the training of the children in the way of salvation. In all cities an immense increase of religious fervor is manifested, and it may be said that in many places the people who go to Mass and frequent the sacraments are double the number that practiced their faith previous to the recent persecution.

We are assured by a Protestant observer resident in France, and writing to a journal of his own faith in America, that a fundamental change is coming over a large percentage of the best of the younger generation of France, and this change is in the direction of a sincere sympathy with the Church and its teachings. The very persecution and spoliation of the Church by the anti-clerical politicians of recent times, has gained adherents from those who had fallen away.

The younger generation of France continues this impartial witness, "have not failed to connect present conditions with their contributing causes, the negations of the science of the past generation, its denial of the supernatural, as the term is popularly understood, and its consequent disdain of the Church. The contradictions—they have come to believe—are not between the sophisms of free thought and the health of France. Consequently, as serious men, they are becoming more and more defenders of the national religion."

It is not hard to forecast what this awakening of the fervid religious temperament of the great French nation will mean for missions, in all meanings of the term. It will result in a new era of conversions in all parts of heathendom. —The Missionary.

### A CONVERT'S STORY

Dr. Albert Von Buville, professor of history in the University of Halle, has written the story of his conversion. He calls it "Back to Holy Church."

He traces the course of his religious convictions from his childhood when he was brought up as a Lutheran, to the days of his mature experiences when he was troubled with pantheistic and atheistic misgivings. Then materialistic science opened the way back to faith.

A study of the teachings of Harnack led to the conviction that Christ is not only the greatest of human prophets, but also that He is divine. Then he writes:

"Next I argued if Christ is divine, if He possessed divine wisdom, He must have founded a Church which teaches His truth with infallible certainty. In examining the various churches and different creeds of Christendom I found only one Church professing to teach with absolute certainty. And thus I was led, step by step, by a logical and reasoned method to the very door of Catholicism.

"But I shuddered at embracing the religion of Rome. All my ingrained Protestant prejudices rose up in rebellion against the Mass and the confession and the invocation of the saints and the Blessed Virgin Mary. This I believe is the supreme trial of converts—to overcome prejudice.

"I feel confident that many a non-Catholic is mentally convinced that the Catholic Church is the true Church established by Christ, but prejudice inherited and ingrained from childhood bars the way and prevents them from acting as their reason would direct. And these prejudices are based upon traditional lies and misrepresentations—they are based in the last analysis upon ignorance of the true meaning and significance of Catholic ceremonial and Catholic doctrines."

However after he had considered thoroughly the teachings and practices of the Church and found them, when understood, to form a logical union, he willingly asked to be received as a convert.

And now, content and at peace, he desires to draw others to the same certitude and happiness. His doubts have disappeared. His joy abounds. He cannot thank God enough for the grace of his conversion.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Lieutenant Ralph Fane Gladwin, Scotch Guards, has been received into the Church at the London Oratory by Rev. Sebastian Bowden.

In May, 1915, will be celebrated the centenary of the solemn entry into Rome of Pope Pius VII. after his captivity by Napoleon in 1805.

Another Anglican minister has been received into the Catholic Church—the Rev. H. A. Burrows, who had been attached to St. Albans, Upton Park, and subsequently to St. Hugh's, Southwark. The ceremony of reception took place at St. John the Baptist's, Brighton.

The little painting of the Infant Jesus and His Mother by Fra Angelico which has been presented to the Museum of Fine Arts by Mrs. Scott Fitz. is an art treasure of great value. This picture was painted nearly five hundred years ago by one of the saintliest of the monks of medieval times in Italy and one of the Italian painters.

Rev. Mr. Ludlow Methodist minister of Castlebar, at the close of an entertainment there gave an answer to those who attack Catholics in the South and West of Ireland on the ground of intolerance. Mr. Ludlow said the spirit of the West had proved to be an exceedingly generous spirit, and he had proved how absolutely fair-minded and innately tolerant the spirit of the South and West is. "Wherever I go," he said, "I shall sound abroad the praises of your Christian courtesy and tolerance."

For the first time in England (since the Reformation) a Lord Mayor took part in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament on a recent Sunday. This was Lord Mayor McCabe of Manchester, who attended in state at the evening service of St. Mary's, Mulberry street, and joined in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which was held in connection with the Forty Hours' devotion. St. Mary's Church is within two hundred yards of the Manchester Town Hall, so that the Lord Mayor, in his official capacity, may be said to be a parishioner of St. Mary's which is also the oldest Catholic church in Manchester.

Among thirty-seven theologians students who were raised to the rank of subdeacon and deacon by Most Rev. E. F. Prendergast, D. D., in the Chapel of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, was Rev. John C. P. Ewens, formerly a curate at St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church, Twentieth and Cherry streets, Philadelphia. For the last five years Rev. Mr. Ewens has been studying for the priesthood at St. Vincent's Seminary, Germantown. He embraced the Catholic faith in 1908, after serving eighteen years as a minister of the Episcopal Church. He is now fifty years old. Next year he will be elevated to the priesthood.

Five Redemptorist Fathers from Mexico, belonging to the Spanish Province of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, are temporarily stationed at a house of the Order in De Soto, Mo., awaiting orders from Spain to return to their mission in Monterey, Mexico, whence they were forced to flee by Villa and Carranza, who closed all the churches in Mexico, ordering the priests to pay heavy fines to help the rebels carry on the war. There are five Redemptorist houses in Mexico—the one at Monterrey, and the other four, from the members of which no word has been received yet, at Vera Cruz, Mexico City, Cuernavaca and Wachaoa.

Rev. Father

## AILEY MOORE

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

BY RICHARD D. O'BRIEN, D. D. DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST

## CHAPTER XX

LONDON: THE MEETING

It is hard to get used to London. We have travelled a good deal; we have smoked a pipe among the Germans, and discussed politics with the French; we have luxuriated in an Italian autumn, and looked or felt for our nose at the Labrador; we have loitered about Blarney, and jostled our way through New York; Hans towns, Scotch towns, Swiss towns, Belgian and Flemish towns we have poked ourselves into, and profited by, and after a time, sympathized with and homogenized in—but we have been now a long portion of our life laboring vainly to get used to London; it is out of the question, London and ourselves must continue strangers.

Everything,—the out-of-the-way number of houses, the gigantic, grotesque, and absurd monuments, the eternal rattle of every kind of machine and vehicle—the barrow, bus, buggy, brougham, cab, calash, carriage, car, cart, and all the other “B’s” and “C’s” innumerable—with the headlong drive and mad energy of man and beast, running and rushing along the streets in endless line and apparently inextricable confusion! Ah! save us from London!

Worse than the world like spread and countless numbers of London, however, is the look of the population therefrom. They seem all crazed. Every man’s soul seems screwed up and his resolution taken to do something quite decisive as to himself and all mankind. His eyes are fixed, and his shoulders stoop to the angle most favorable to locomotion, and he drives, and he looks at you—if you be endeavoring to drag yourself in a contrary direction—as though you were one who might be an enemy of his. His looks—so plain as looks can speak—say to you: “Take care you don’t run in my way.” Alas! for the men of London! And the women! do not speak of them! nor of the poor little children! Is it Mr. Thackeray says that we have now no childhood, nor the young womanhood so odorous of childhood’s sweet memories, and bright with its dear sunshine? If so, Mr. Thackeray is right; and what a sum of pure bliss has been sacrificed! What scenes of beauty have been blotted out of existence! and, oh! what an unparcable inheritance has been dissipated upon the poor. Good God! we have taught them to run—rush—and struggle for—money! and they are mad. The heaven enlightened reason rules no more—only the beastly appetite; and if ever they shall find themselves unable to get the money, they will pay us back! We, the teachers, by word and word; we have robbed the poor of what money cannot buy, and time may come when they will show us they have learned our bad lesson, at our own cost—if money can be found only in our coffers, they will have it.

What a gulf yawns between modern society in England and the society of progressing reason! But who knows?

There is a quiet street as you turn up from the “Bank,” at least, it is not quiet, it is less noisy than the way down to Cheapside, from which it is an escape; and along it, the day of which we write, two females were rather rapidly passing. The elder was aged, and might be called very aged, if her active gait did not contradict the wrinkles in her face; and the younger was about nineteen, fair, soft, innocent and gentle-looking. The old lady carried a band-box before her, and a light bundle in her right hand; the girl carried a light bundle also, but was not otherwise burdened. We should say that the young person was handsome; indeed very handsome, and evidently an object of care and solicitude to her more aged companion.

“Mag,” said the young lady, when they arrived in a quiet, very quiet street in the neighborhood of Moor-fields—“Mag, do not distress yourself; we have enough of time, this hour to come.”

“Oh, I am strong an’ hearty, Miss,” replied the elder, “an’ tis better be than sorry, as the sayin’ is.”

“Poor Mag, I am a sad weight upon you,” said the young lady, with a sigh.

“Your mother’s daughter is more to me than the light o’ the sky, *agra*,” answered Mag. “Little I can do for my darlin’, but the heart is there, God knows.”

“I am sorry I ever came here,” said the young girl; “everything is so queer and so strange, and I feel so uneasy.”

“A bad, black town,” said Mag, “is London, and on’y the devil is known there. Many a heart it broke, an’ many a soul it murdered. Och, Miss Lucy, you don’t know, thank God, you don’t know! but the poor little girls come here from Cork, an’ Galway, an’ ever so many places; an’ then they have no one, the poor *angashores*! an’ they go to a lodgin’, an’ they think ‘places’ an’ money will come for askin’. Ah! I’ll go bail they see an’ hear what they never heard afore, an’—oh, where’s the use in talkin’?”

“Well, Mag, you saved me from ‘lodging houses,’ and from danger.”

“Good right I had *agra gall* (fair love). I earned my first wages from your grandmother, an’ I looked at your angel-face in your cradle, an’ I

nursed you, *asthore*.”

“Oh, Miss Lucy, oh, *alanav* (child) isn’t there, ‘Our Father, Who art in Heaven,’ an’ ‘our darlin’ Lady,’ an’ ‘our Guardian Angel,’ an’ all the Saints. Oh, have spirit, *agra*! My young mistress—your mother, miss, and poor Mag’s voice was not quite clear as she spoke, “is an angel, an’ mamma will ask God to let her near you, an’ to watch you.”

Lucy shed a tear, turned her eyes upon old Mag, with an expression of deep affection.

“Oh, I’ll see my Miss Lucy a happy lady yet!” said Mag, gayly, and dryng up her tears. “Sure on’y I know that, she should never leave my little hole of a room.”

“Little I could do for you, Mag,” said the young woman.

“Do for me! Och, glad, an’ happy, an’ proud I’d be to rise in the dark o’ the mornin’, an’ to watch the long night for the love o’ you! Do for me, my *cushie*! (my pulse). I wouldn’t feel the years in my heart, an’ my hands would grow strong, whin I thought I was workin’ *fur* you; an’ good right I have, for my young miss-tress was an angel, an’ so were you.”

“Well, Mag, God is good!”

“God is good? To be sure he is, a *lanav*; but God keep our little girls from London! Och, murdher!” she cried in a whisper, and she drew Lucy up close to her; “take care, *agra*!” she said, as a well-dressed girl passed by.

“What is the matter?” cried Lucy, in alarm.

“Hush, that’s one o’ em’!”

“Oh, yeh! of our poor little girls! There now, Miss Lucy, they send ‘em over here, an’ they are very often not fit for service at home, although the service here is a thousand times harder to be done!”

Mag spoke indignantly.

“Well, Mag?”

“Well, they can’t get service, an’ one after another their little rags is pawned, for their bread; an’ then they’re goin’ to be turned out o’ the lodgin’, an’ they have no where to go, an’—”

“Oh, Mag! that young woman! —”

“Sorry word o’ lie in id, Miss Lucy. Hundreds go to ruin that-a-way.”

“And their religion?”

“They stay away from Mass for a Sunday or two, because they see no one gain; they give up their prayers, because they see no one prayin’; they begin to think on’ of themselves, an’atin’, an’ wearin’, because they see no one thinkin’ of anything else; an’ then they are hungry, may be, an’—”

“God protect us!”

“An’, darlin’—”

“Well, Mag?”

“Mind yourself; trust no one in London, trust no one.”

The companions here found themselves near a fashionable-looking office. Of course we don’t care to mention the street. Great quantities of polished brass shone outside, as protecting bars to the window—a large one—and two large plates were hanging on either post of the entrance.

“This is the place,” said Mag, taking a note. “Come in, in the Name o’ God.”

The young person called Lucy approached the young man who did business at the counter, and seemed to have been immediately recognized as having been there before. The companions were both introduced to a private apartment on the right hand side of the entrance.

“Please wait here a little,” the young man said, and retired.

She moved away to give him room, at which he hemmed a couple of times.

In short while the servant in livery appeared, bearing cloth and tray, magnificently furnished for lunch. Lucy observed that this man looked at her, too, in a most sinister way, and that he spoke to the fat lady with unbecoming familiarity. She grew more and more anxious, painfully, painfully so; and though she did not know why, she would give the universe to be in the garret of old Mag.

“Hail, Mary, full of grace!” she cried to herself. “Mary, protect me!” she cried in her soul.

“Come, you really must take some refreshment.”

“You will excuse me, if you please sir.”

“Why, girl, that is absurd,” said Lady Petral, in a most unladylike way. “You must eat and drink.”

The voice was so coarse, the manner was so rude, and the face of the fat lady was so beastly, that Lucy Neville trembled from head to foot. She asked herself, who was Lady Petral?

“Yes,” answered Lucy.

“You have been a *gouvernante* before?” asked the lady, looking at Lucy through a gold-mounted glass.

“Deed, then, she hasn’t,” answered Mag. “She’s a born lady, your ladyship,” said the old woman, ardently; “an’ no one that went before her was in service.”

“Oh, indeed!” remarked the strange lady, distantly.

“Yes madam.”

“And speak French?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, yes, my lady; and may the Lord watch your own, as you watch over the orphan! *Ochone, my darlin’,* are you goin’ from me?”

The gentleman smiled, and the lady turned away a little disgusted.

“We shall take care of her, my good woman,” said the gentleman; “and Lady Petral here will make her fortune.”

“The Lord bless your honor, sir,” said poor Mag.

Things so far went on satisfactorily, and, after some few additional questions and answers, the gentleman called a cab. The old woman grew more vociferous as the moment of parting approached, and the young ones began to feel alone and lonely. Her heart beat violently, and the whole world seemed to darken. London looked hideous—it was dirty November—the whole city

wore the aspect of a monster jail. How the poor young woman prayed!

Well for those that in hours like that of Lucy can turn into the heart, and stretching forth their hands, accept the chalice of God as a chalice of love!

A last embrace! a last blessing! Lucy dung her arms around the neck of her old servant, and fervently kissed her. At the same moment she felt poor Mag’s purse drop into her bosom.

“No, no, no, a *lanav*,” she whispered, seeing Lucy going to draw forth the purse; “you are Miss Lucy, an’ *my own mistress*, an’ you shan’t be askin’ money of any till ‘tis due, an’ *your own*.”

“Ah, Mag!”

“There now—that’s a *sthore* now; sure you’ll have enough to give every one, and the poor old servant, Mag, too, with the help o’ God!”

And Lucy was obliged to yield. She entered the cab with the lady; the gentleman sat outside.

“The rent is gone,” said Mag to herself; but the landlord is a good man, on he’s English—an’ any rate, poor Miss Lucy isn’t depending upon the fat lady.”

Lucy crept into a small dressing-room of the chamber, and she knelt down to pray.

And how she prayed then! The whole of her young life was in one thought, and God’s presence all along through it; and all her little frailties her supposed transgressions, and her father’s happy look, and her mother’s gentle face, and the “old house at home,” and its companions, and pleasures, and trials—they were all concentrated in an indissoluble instant; and Providence was among them, arranging and moulding, and directing and assuring, and the girl began to feel confidence. Then her mother seemed to stand near her, and her heart beat rapidly: and she thought of Mag’s saying that her mother would “ask God for leave to come and watch her,” and her tears began to flow, and she said, “Mother!” And then she was recalled, by this expression, to the light of her supernatural life, and she raised her eyes to heaven, while her soul seemed to warm and expand in the sight of the Eternal, and she cried, “Hail, holy Queen!”

A sigh—a sigh, not loud, but still a sigh of agony, just beside her, started and filled her with new terror. She suddenly rose.

Lucy was not deceived. A girl, not much older than herself, stood near, a little behind. She was pale—beautiful, and richly attired, and as Lucy, shaking with fear, was about to exclaim, the stranger placed her finger on her mouth, and pointing to the door, warned Lucy to be on her guard.

Lucy stood petrified.

“Do not fear me,” the strange girl said; “but look and listen—listen as if heaven and hell depended upon every word—hush!” she said suddenly, “there’s a ring. It is nothing, we have a moment. Listen!”

“My God!—”

“For Miss Nay-ville.”

“Oh! I thank you; I do not wish any.”

“Oh! but you must,” replied the gentleman. “By the bye,” he added, “your name is a charming name—and otherwise it would not suit you.”

Then he rang, and sat very near her, at which she was distressed.

She moved away to give him room, at which he hemmed a couple of times.

In short while the servant in livery appeared, bearing cloth and tray, magnificently furnished for lunch. Lucy observed that this man looked at her, too, in a most sinister way, and that he spoke to the fat lady with unbecoming familiarity. She grew more and more anxious, painfully, painfully so; and though she did not know why, she would give the universe to be in the garret of old Mag.

“Neither eat nor drink?”

“Listen! Everything you will get is drugged—deep drugged!”

“Drugged! — drugged! How? why?”

“Hush! again I say. Drugged to within the up life of your life; to blacken the sun light, and send you into corruption to rot; to make you curse the day you were born, and make God and man your enemy. Look at that bed! look at this furniture! look at my apparel! You are in a house of ill fame!”

Lucy heard no more—she fainted; but she must have soon recovered, for she found herself lying in the stranger’s arms, and the stranger’s tears fell hot and fast upon her neck.

“Oh! can I not leave this? Can I not—can I not? For God Al—”

“Hush! by your mother’s soul! Hush! or we are undone! You may as well think of flying from the earth and air.”

“But the law?”

“Poor bird!—the patrons of this house—but no matter.”

The sentence was broken by the sudden entrance of Lady Petral.

She looked for a moment angrily and suspiciously.

“How, Belinda!” she said; “What’s to do here?”

“Oh! only Miss is crying after her mamma,” said Belinda, laughing.

“And you were comforting her, I hope?”

“Yes, she’s pious, and I am engagin’ never to go to Church without her—eh, Miss Neville?” she added, touching Lucy under the chin.

Lucy was astounded at the transformation.

“But I believe Lucy belongs to the Pope, Bell,” said the fat lady. “It is surprising how people can be so absurd,” said Lady Petral.

“Oh, our religion cures them of all such nonsense,” answered Bell.

The fat lady laughed immoderately, and appeared quite reassured.

“We’ll give Lucy the first lesson to day at dinner,” said her fat lady.

“Miss Tyrrell!” exclaimed Gerald in astonishment.

And thus Cecily Tyrrell met Gerald Moore. The next chapter will show what a wonderful story Cecily had to tell.

But Lucy declared she could not eat.

Bellinda asked her to try a little wine, and the other ladies kindly filled her glass, all wished to take wine with Lucy.

But Lucy would not drink.

Every possible mode of persuasion was used, and railery, and some anger, and some threats.

hath given, the Lord hath taken away; those are his promises, then blessed be the name of the Lord; that's his conclusion. Now, that's what I call logic."

I knew that Bennett was in a mood for philosophizing, so refrained from interrupting him, for while in such a state his every word was fit to go between the covers of book. For a while he smoked in silence. The office was very quiet, with the quiet that precedes a storm. Suddenly the desk phone rang; then another; the telegraph instrument started its clatter. That means business. Everybody was deadly silent, all energy was suspended for an instant. The newspaper man's instinct told him that something was about to happen. Ed. picked up his receiver and, nudging it up close to his ear, leaned back in his chair in entire satisfaction. Here was a story at last.

His face as the facts were repeated to him was a study in expression. It seemed to unfold with the narrative he was receiving.

"Yes, yes," he continued repeating, "stick to the details, will you? How many lost? My God, man, that is impossible. Say, hold the wire, will you?"

"Here, Duden," he said, turning from his desk; "Flyer smash-up at Cromwell. Get up there. Take three of the boys with you. Hold the telegraph line and the station 'phone. We are the first in on this."

"Hello," he called again, turning to the 'phone, "hold the 'phone till a Mr. Duden gets up there, then turn it over to him. He'll pay the bill. Call me up if anything further develops, will you?"

"Duden," called the editor to the gentleman of that name, who was hustling around, his hat in one hand a bunch of copy-paper in the other, "look out for a little boy, six years old, light hair, blue eyes, wears a blue sailor suit; and his mother, a young woman, about 5 ft. 4; dark hair, brown eyes, wears a gold locket with the monogram E. B.; and, for God's sake, as soon as you find them call me up."

I thought Ed. was going to break down then and there but with a strong effort he pulled himself together.

Gradually we got the story, padded out for the first extra. Sheet after sheet was O. K'd by the editor. Everything was now bedlam and excitement. Everybody was on the run. The facts were few and uncertain, yet we must get the extra out. No one had a thought for anything out but the accident. Above the din and confusion could be heard the voice of the bald-headed, wizened faced copy-reader, "Copy, copy, hear, boy, copy."

Suddenly, the managing editor burst from his sanctum, flourishing a bunch of proofs.

"Bennett," he cried, slapping them down on the desk before Ed., "how is this? Can't you make it an even thousand killed? In less than a half hour the yellows will be out on the street with a thousand killed, and here we have only a paltry couple of hundred."

"A thousand," repeated Bennett, whistling. "Why, man, you could not get that many into the train. Four cars—eighty in a car that would make three hundred and twenty, supposing all were killed. We have made it five hundred for the extra. Don't you think that quite enough?"

The managing editor O. K'd the proofs. "All right, Bennett," he said; "you know best. I'll leave this extra entirely to you."

Ed. picked up the proofs and scrawling out a big caption for the story, handed them to a dirty looking urchin who stood waiting.

For a few minutes there was a lull. The work was well under way. For the first time since the story had come in we had an opportunity to collect our thoughts. I looked over at Bennett. There he sat, his legs crossed, his dead cigar hanging listlessly from his thin lips, waiting. I could not bear to see a man usually so full of life so spiritless.

"Bennett," I cried excitedly, catching him by the shoulder.

He turned around abstractedly, and as our eyes met he seemed to know what I was about to say to him. A flash of sympathy seemed to have been communicated through the look better than it could have been by words.

"It's no use now," he said. "I could be of no use up there, and I would only make a scene. Besides, Duden will look after them till we get out the first extra."

"But, Ed," I expostulated, "how can you sit there? Don't you realize, Go up to them; we will take care of this edition."

"Steady, steady, old chap," he said, "I appreciate it, but just wait till we get this first extra out."

He picked up the copy of the Bible, still open at the page at which he had turned it down.

"See that, Mac," he said, pointing to the passage we had been discussing. "The Lord gave, and—his voice faltered—"the Lord hath taken away. Ble—" he paused again and turned the book down. "I can't stand that now; I can't think of it."

"Tinkle, tinkle," went the 'phone "Duden? Did you find them?" There was a long pause. I knew it meant more for Ed. than either of us could realize. Suddenly his face blanched. "Don't tell me that!" he exclaimed almost angrily. "Look them over again, will you? They must be there. Let me know the worst."

Gradually the more definite news trickled in over the wire. It was a horrible tale of slaughter. The passengers, mostly women and children, were returning from a picnic.

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Many of them could not be identified. The two doctors from the nearest town were doing heroic work, and attention was called to the devotion of Father Justis, who had hastened from the Benediction service in his church to minister to the dying. Duden mentioned that he had seen him creep under a car to administer the last rites to several pinned there. Every new fact intensified the strain, under which Bennett was working; yet he and I alone knew of his misfortune. Finally, we heard the bark of "Extra, extra," from the streets below. The extra was out at last.

Gradually the firm look faded from the little editor's face. The strain was relieving. He rose, dazed, and looking about him as one awakening from a horrible dream. Now he was no longer the editor of the Courier, straining to get an extra out before any other papers got wind of the news. He was just a man, just Ed. Bennett.

He turned to me weakly. "Well, Mac," he said, "I am going up there now: I guess you can get along without me."

He passed weakly to the door, followed by the inquiring glances of the reporters and copy readers. He had scarcely reached the outer door when his desk 'phone rang vigorously. I picked up the receiver.

"Hello," cried a woman's voice, that struck me as being entirely out of place in the tragedy and grim through which we had been passing for the last hour. "Is that you, Ed?"

"No," I answered; "Mr. Bennett has just left the office. "Who is this? Please?" I asked.

"His wife," came the answer.

"His wife!" I exclaimed. "Hold the wire a moment; I'll get him."

"Ed," I called. He scarcely heard me. "Your wife, Ed! Your wife wants you."

He turned suddenly.

"What's—what's that you say? My wife wants me! My wife, my Ed! She wants me?"

His mind seemed to be wandering. The idea was too much for him.

"Quick!" I said, catching him by the arm and making a gesture towards the 'phone.

He walked slowly back into the room, and picked up the receiver incredulously.

"Hello," he called, as if afraid he might awaken himself from a dream and find only another disappointment staring him in the face.

"Edna, Edna, speak to me again! Is this you? And Buddie! Let me speak to him. The wreck, Edna, the wreck; were you not in it?"

"We were not in it," she answered.

"We didn't go," she answered. "We overslept, and had only three quarters of an hour to catch the train; so it was a question of missing either Mass or the picnic, and we would not think of missing Mass, so we missed the picnic."

"Thank God," he exclaimed, then burst into hysterical laughter.

"Buddie, Budgie, speak to daddy. I'm so glad, sonny, you missed the picnic."

"Say, Edna," he said, pulling himself together, "we are going out to supper to night, to celebrate, and tomorrow we are going to have a special Mass of thanksgiving."

He turned to me, laughing between what I took to be two big boyish tears.

"Mac," he said, "the Lord did not take away."—Francis C. McCarthy, in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

## THE ANGELUS

ORIGIN OF ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CUSTOMS OF THE CHURCH

In the year 1262, St. Bonaventure, at that time General of the Franciscans, commanded his friars, at the general chapter of his order in Pisa, to promulgate the following devotion among the people.

That at the sound of the evening bell, which in Rome and throughout Italy is rung half an hour after sunset, they should recite three "Ave Marias" in honor of the mystery of the Incarnation. The same was afterwards ordered also for morning noon.

This was the origin of the Angelus which now peals forth from every church and convent tower. From the great cathedral, over the din of the city streets, from the little village

gained by prayer; the frequentation of the sacraments and the general practice of Christian mortification. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." (Psalm cxvi, 1.) Let the light of the grace of Jesus Christ be poured on men's spirits and into their hearts, and the plague, with the accompanying procession of evils, will cease.

"With my personal good wishes and all sorts of congratulations on your great and holy undertaking, accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my sincere esteem.

R. CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL"

## SISTERS IN WAR TIMES

"When I was a young man, before the great struggle between the North and South," said General Gibson, many years ago, "I must say that I was somewhat prejudiced against the Catholic Church. I used to picture to myself heaven. I imagined that it was a grand place, grand beyond description, because it was the dwelling place of the King of kings, the Lord of lords, as well as of all good Protestants. Of course, I couldn't see any reserved seats for Catholics. They, in my opinion, had no business there."

"Well, the cry, 'To arms!' came. I had the honor of commanding a regiment, the Forty ninth Ohio volunteers. After a day's engagement with the enemy, in which my regiment took an active part, and after our forces had been badly beaten, I looked out from headquarters, which were located on an eminence upon the scene of conflict, and through my field glasses I could see black robed figures going around the wounded and dying soldiers. I immediately ordered my aide-de-camp to go down and see who those black-robed figures were, and report as soon as possible to me. He soon returned almost breathless and exclaimed, 'O General, it was a most heart-rending sight. The figures are those Sisters of Charity, who are going around ministering to the wounded and dying soldiers. The self-sacrifice of these noble bands of women would bring tears to a heart of stone.' I was amazed and concluded to make a personal investigation. I went down to the scene of the great conflict, accompanied by some of my staff officers. I didn't have to go far before coming across a black-robed figure that was cold in death. The heroine of heroines died at her post. She was not regularly mustered into the service, she received no pecuniary compensation; what reward may be hers?"

"This noble woman was called to her eternal reward. Her companions were still engaged in succoring the wounded and dying. When I saw this with my own eyes on that eventful day I returned thanks on my bended knees to the omnipotent God for opening my eyes to the sublime grandeur of the Catholic Church. Those grand women did not ask the suffering soldier to what church he belonged, or whether he belonged to any; neither did they stop to inquire the side to which he belonged. They were performing their God-given mission. They aided those who wore the blue and gray alike. The black and white were all treated alike by them. I had the great pleasure of witnessing some members of this order subsequently in our hospitals, nursing with their

tender hands the suffering soldiers. They braved all dangers and had no fear of contagious diseases. Oh, how often have I prayed since that God may forgive me for my first impression of the Catholic Church. I saw that Church in its true light that day on the battlefield."

This is the task appointed: To hold the vision of a final arrival at some fitting destination; to maintain undiminished a sense of personal worthiness; to be defeated in each foolish dream of the younger life, and so to be disciplined into a larger vision, made more sure by adversity; to be delayed for most of a lifetime, and yet to believe in the strength of the human spirit to surmount pain, outlive sin and defeat malice and envy; to believe in the

good will; to be saddened but not embittered; to be beaten but not conquered. That is the stern business set before us.—*Colliers' Weekly*.

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Editor, Rev. James T. Foley, B.A.  
Associate Editors, Thomas Coffey, D.A.Casey,  
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1914

## THE TREND OF THOUGHTFUL OPINION

From the advocates of a national system of secular education the Church has borne many a harsh criticism on her over-anxiety for the religious instruction of her children. A generation or two ago these were as frequent as they were harsh. Now, however, they have given place to many and striking testimonies direct or indirect to the wisdom of the Catholic Church in the matter of education.

This despatch startled London readers some days ago:

Toronto, June 11.—"The home is ceasing to teach religion," said Rev. Canon Tucker, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ont., speaking on the sixth annual report of the Sunday School Commission of the Anglican Church, "because the home itself is ceasing to be religious. As for the schools, only two of 150 entrance pupils in London knew the golden rule. Only 50 knew who condemned Jesus to death, and most of these spelt it 'Pilot.' That gives some idea of the effect of the religious teaching as far as our schools go. This leaves it all to the churches."

It is only fair to say that Canon Tucker explained that this report was misleading. He did not wish to convey the impression that the local schools were worse than others, but merely typical. Then all the entrance pupils were not asked the questions, but only that proportion of those who were asked answered correctly. The figures were taken from the recent survey of local conditions. The explanation does not weaken the point the reverend gentleman was making.

From another quarter comes an equally emphatic warning. The Rev. Dr. J. K. Curtis at the Methodist conference in Montreal is reported in the Star as using these impressive words:

"Defeat sure and inevitable for the Methodist church was forecasted if more success is not met in securing the faith of the children, by Rev. J. K. Curtis before the delegates of the Montreal District Methodist Convention. The future of the church depended on the boys and girls it could train now, he said. There were not enough teachers nor enough schools, and of the 12,300 attending Sunday school only 1,666 were in training for future teaching."

If the home and the Sunday school have already become thus alarmingly less effective in the matter of definite religious education what may we expect from the inevitable progressive deterioration in a few generations hence?

It is not alone by clergymen or those directly interested in religion that education, as conceived by the advocates and founders of a purely secular national school system, stands condemned. The dailypapers, reflecting general dissatisfaction, editorially point out that mere knowledge is not education; not the imparting and acquisition of knowledge but the up-building of character is the essential thing in any educational system. A recent paper asked the unthinking enthusiasts of "modern progress" this pregnant question: We have improved on the sling of David, but have we improved on David?

Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn, a Protestant American who has devoted his life to the study of social problems and whose book "Paris and the Social Revolution" is described as "the last word on the description of the social forces at work in the French Capital," passes this simple and direct judgment on the French attempt to teach morality without religion:

"The withdrawal of religious instruction from the public schools, and the closing of the schools of the religious orders, have been followed by an appalling increase in crime, particularly juvenile crime. The attempt to substitute the teaching of morals for the teaching of religion is a failure."

John Spargo, the American Socialist author, in his "Socialism" indicates that the development of the secular system on this continent will, if Socialist ideas prevail, follow French lines of development. After saying that a Socialist regime would not likely permit private schools he continues:

"It would probably not content itself with refusing to permit religious doctrines or ideas to be taught in its schools, but would go further, and as the natural protector of the child, guard its independence of thought in later life as far as possible by forbidding religious teaching of any kind in schools for children up to a certain age. Beyond that age, religious education in all other but public schools, would be permitted. This restriction of religious education to the years of judgment and discretion implies no hostility to religion on the part of the state, but neutrality. Not the least important of the rights of the child is the right to be protected from influences which bias the mind and destroy the possibilities of independent judgment in later life, or make it attainable only as a result of bitter, needless, tragic expression."

Shocking as this may appear, does the Socialist writer strain very much the generally accepted if imperfectly understood principle that underlies our state school system. If the State is the "natural protector of the child," why should it not "guard its independence of thought" and protect it from "influences which bias the mind?" Among these influences why may not the State consider religion as the most pernicious?

We shall have to get back to some fundamental truths if we wish to hold what we have won in the matter of personal liberty. The parents are the natural protectors of their children, and one of God's commandments is devoted to the upholding of the natural rights of parents. And if we are to conserve Christian civilization we shall have to devise some means of co-ordinating the three great factors in education—the Church, the school and the home. It looks as though a truer conception of liberty and justice will follow the recognition of the evil tendencies as well as the evil results of a system of education purely secular.

"And justice," writes Bird S. Coler, "when we have made America see what justice is—will allow religion to resume her inspiring function in the education of the child. Labor shall not drink this cup that Socialism holds to its lips and find the dregs bitter with blasted hope."

## THE MONROE DOCTRINE

The Mexican situation has brought to the forefront once more the consideration of that elusive and elastic principle which is in practice, at least, either openly or tacitly recognized as having the force of international law. Just two months ago the London Times said:

"The peculiar obligations towards the nationals and interests of foreign Powers that the Monroe doctrine entails upon the Government of the United States, not only condone American intervention but make it imperative."

Since that time many things have happened; but they have not tended to make clear just what are "the peculiar obligations" that the Monroe doctrine entails. It may help to understand the present situation and its possible development if we get a clear idea of the genesis and evolution of what is known under the very familiar term of the Monroe doctrine.

That the United States should avoid all entangling alliances was the policy enjoined by Washington. That European powers should be prevented from interfering in the political affairs of the American continent seems a legitimate and natural development of Washington's policy. The Louisiana Purchase and the acquisition of the Floridas were inevitable as the States grew in wealth and power. The Spanish and Portuguese colonies having declared their independence circumstances were very favourable for the Monroe doctrine.

Clothed with a little brief authority Nathan, pandering to the prejudices of the faction of which he was the head, attained the bad eminence of being the most gross and insolent of the villains of the Papacy. His appointment as representative of the Italian government at the Panama Exposition gave offence to American Catholics. There are always amongst Protestant sympathizers with anti-clericals for the sole reason that they are anti-clericals.

The withdrawal of religious instruction from the public schools, and the closing of the schools of the religious orders, have been followed by an appalling increase in crime, particularly juvenile crime. The attempt to substitute the teaching of morals for the teaching of religion is a failure."

The principal clauses contained in the declaration in President Monroe's message to Congress Dec. 2nd 1823, are these:

"We owe it therefore to candour and the amicable relations existing between the United States and these powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can anyone believe that our Southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adapt it to their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference."

The form of the message shows that apprehension of interference on the part of the Holy Alliance was present when framing it. The terms, however, do not restrict the warning to them alone. Indeed earlier in the same message occur these words:

"The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle, in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

It is clear enough that foreign intervention in the political affairs of any American state is here declared to be an act which the United States is bound to consider an unfriendly act. And that further attempts at European colonization in any part of the American continents can not be permitted.

The Monroe doctrine, however, has gradually developed a somewhat indefinite responsibility on the part of the United States for peace, good order, and protection of foreign subjects and interests in American countries. Recognizing this The Times as quoted above looked upon American intervention in Mexico as rendered "imperative" by the Monroe doctrine.

The intervention, though confined to diplomacy, of Argentina, Brazil and Chili in the Mexican trouble seems to mark a new departure in the development of the doctrine we are considering. The amazing growth of South American countries in wealth, population and in power must give them an influence in American affairs undreamt of in the past. Ex-president Roosevelt considers it probable that "the end of the twentieth century will see a reversal of the relative positions of the peoples speaking English and the peoples speaking a Latin-American tongue."

Whatever be the outcome of the present negotiations of the South American diplomats their intervention in the Mexican embroilie marks a new epoch in American history, and will doubtless modify very materially the responsibilities that the Monroe doctrine has tended to develop.

## ERNESTO NATHAN

Ernesto Nathan was mayor of Rome for some years. At the recent general elections his intimate allies were so badly defeated that he resigned. Now comes the news that at the municipal elections held on the 14th inst. Nathan and his anti-clerical coalition of masons, republicans, etc., were utterly routed. The entire Catholic and monarchist ticket was elected. And amongst the defeated candidates Nathan just failed to achieve the distinction of being lowest on the list; his rank is last but one.

Clothed with a little brief authority Nathan, pandering to the prejudices of the faction of which he was the head, attained the bad eminence of being the most gross and insolent of the villains of the Papacy. His appointment as representative of the Italian government at the Panama Exposition gave offence to American Catholics. There are always amongst Protestant sympathizers with anti-clericals for the sole reason that they are anti-clericals.

Government that appointed him to the position he holds at present. Politics makes strange bedfellows it is true. But one must know something of Roman and Italian politics to draw safely such inferences. As a matter of fact the Catholics of Rome had already given Mr. Nathan such a decided slap in the face after his shameless utterances, insulting to the Holy Father, that he and his "block" resigned.

Now if they have not given the coup de grace to Ernesto Nathan they have at all events given a very emphatic answer to those who called Nathan the choice of the Catholics of Rome. Nathan passes; the Pope remains, for instance, although "absolute liberty is allowed in the United States and while many Catholic Colleges there are empowered by the State to grant degrees, yet they must be supported by private subscription and are obliged to have costly scientific apparatus, though they derive

no support from the grants given by the government for educational purposes. Each is obliged to make his own name in spite of meager resources: whereas here, in Ontario at least, we have the combined advantage of a Catholic College supplemented by the prestige and indirectly by the financial assistance of a well-known university."

Space forbids more extended reference to this excellent issue of the Rainbow, although we would have liked to make many more quotations from its many interesting articles, especially from the delightful contribution of "Idris," "Waif Poetry; or Fugitive Verse." The reviewer's is not always the most congenial of tasks, but it was with unalloyed pleasure we introduced ourselves to the pages of the students number of the Niagara Rainbow.

COLUMBA

moment he begins to question the genuineness of the deposit of truth found in the New Testament." And yet there is no extravagance espoused by Tyrrell, no apostasy on his part from the fundamentals of Christianity which is not taught openly in the Church of England, even in high places. By the very fact of his departure from orthodoxy, Tyrrell excommunicated himself and, so far as his speculations were concerned, put himself outside the pale of Christian sympathy. The Church of England, on the other hand, as events time and again have proved to demonstrate, is powerless to deal with the vagaries of its theologians, and, in consequence, there is no extravagance from the most fantastic notion to the very limit of "free thought," that is not tolerated within her bosom.

THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN itself, in the same issue, vouches for this statement. The Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Gore) is foremost among those who have tried to stem the torrent, and has come in for much hostile criticism therefore. His latest critic is Dr. Sanday, for whose "eminence in the world of scholarship" the Churchman attests. Yet Dr. Sanday "takes a frankly modernist line," and while expressing his own belief in the Virgin Birth of Christ and in the Resurrection, argues for the toleration of contrary teachings. Or, in other words, disbelief in Christ's Divinity need be no bar to Anglican communion. And, as a matter of fact, it is not.

AS REGARDS Father Tyrrell, for whom, in his shipwreck of faith Catholics have had the profoundest pity, an extract from a late number of the *Athenaeum* will show how conservative thinkers outside the Catholic Church view his later speculations:

"We see, as we read these most intimate thoughts, how extraordinarily deficient so persistent a critic was in the true critical spirit; how he became more and more academic as he drew further away from the Catholic faith, and, as he began to regard sin as merely a stage in development, was less and less in touch with the facts of life. Modern destructive writers he seems to have accepted without a thought of analyzing their arguments—Schweitzer, for example—with an absence of acuteness at which one can only marvel. He had come to believe that Jesus Himself never dreamed of founding a new religion, or of seceding from Judaism, and that if He had a theology at all, it was that of His people, full of all the errors and limitations which belong to every effort to bring the Boundless within bounds; and when he found a text that did not suit him, he dismissed it as curiously clumsy and unsympathetic interpolation of early ecclesiasticism. It is with a feeling of sorrow that one recognizes how even Tyrrell's search for truth fell into arbitrary and narrow ways."

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is immeasurably more difficult—he lived a Catholic life.

RT. REV. MGR. MAHONY, D. C. L., VICAR GENERAL OF HAMILTON

In the death of Senator Thomas Coffey Canada has lost a model journalist and the Church a devoted son. A Catholic by birth, a Canadian by adoption, the interests of Church and country were the theme of his pen, and the columns of the RECORD for thirty-five years testify his unswerving devotion to both.

Always self-respecting, courteous, singularly free from resentment or petty jealousy, no wonder he was universally respected and esteemed, and that under his guidance the CATHOLIC RECORD became a household word in every Province of the Dominion.

THE HON. J. J. FOY

Senator Coffey's death is mourned not only in his own city of London but throughout the Province. He was an upright, conscientious man of dignity and distinguished character.

He did splendid service by his newspaper, and his work was highly appreciated.

THE ECHO, LONDON, ONT.

The late Thomas Coffey, whose death is so generally lamented, was a man of the best type. It has been truthfully said of him that as a Dominion Senator in his manner towards men he was the same Tom Coffey as when he worked at the printer's case many years ago. Whether it was a less fortunate former fellow worker or a parliamentary colleague Mr. Coffey was the same genial, kindly, lovable man. This is why he was so generally liked, why everyone speaks well of him. Coming to London with his parents when a child, he may be said to have grown up with the city, with the welfare and progress of which he always took a keen interest. As a journalist he ranked among the best in the country—a fact which is proven by the success of the weekly paper he for so many years controlled. Though his interest in London's progress never led him to seek municipal office, his good advice was always available. London has lost many good citizens of late, and not the least of them was Thomas Coffey.

JUDGE N. H. MEAGHER, HALIFAX, N. S.

I read this morning in our papers the death of our mutual friend, Senator Coffey. It occasioned me much regret. I had not even heard he was ill. I never met him personally, but since the commencement of this year we corresponded a good deal on several matters and through it I gained considerable insight into his character.

So far as my knowledge extends I can say with great confidence that no Catholic layman in Canada in modern days did so much for the cause of religion and truth and the promotion of morality and good faith as he. His paper was conducted with exceeding great fairness and vigour, and had a powerful influence for good over the area of its circulation which was quite extensive.

Will you please convey to his widow and the other members of his family my heartfelt sympathy in the irreparable loss they have sustained through his death, and that I join with them in earnest prayer for the repose of his soul.

The country too, which he served so faithfully and well, will greatly miss his valuable services in the Senate, which he gave with untiring devotion, zeal, and great ability.

I sincerely hope the RECORD will be continued to carry on its splendid work to which the Senator gave so much of his means, time and ability.

#### ANTIQUITY AND GENIUS OF THE GAEL

The Rev. Michael Collins, who has published some most valuable treatises on the "Scotch Irish" myth, has just completed a series of articles in The Church Progress, of St. Louis, on the antiquity of the Irish Race. In these he triumphantly refutes the slur cast upon the claims of the ancient and modern Irish as inferior in arts and literature by such writers as Dr. Mahaffy and the Trinity College clique, who while securing the plaudits granted by the Government for the publication of the ancient Irish MSS., sneered at the claims made for those writings by scholars who really know the nature and value of such venerable monuments of the literature and poetry of the Gael in the twilight period of European history. Giraldus Cambrensis began the dirty work of belittling the genius of the early Irish, and it was taken up later on by writers like Fynes Morrison, Edmund Spenser, Camden and a few more maligners in the Elizabethan era, who had a personal interest in blackening the characters of the people whom they were piratically depoiling of their lands, their flocks and herds, and all other possessions while they were helping to slay the miserable tillers of the soil by heartless famine. Father Collins is an historian and archaeologist of deep erudition and wide travel. He knows his subject thoroughly, and has a passionate love for the truth of history. The Museums of Trinity College, the Royal Irish Academy, the National Gallery in Dublin and the National Museum gave ample testimony of the exquisite taste of the Irish artists of ancient times in the wonderful arts of illuminated writing and

painting and working in the precious metals. The handiwork of angels, some enthusiastic critics have declared such works as the Book of Kells and other products of the monks of old who toiled in holy solitude in their cells, for the glory of God and the instruction of men, to be. These glorious masterpieces are to be seen still, in nearly pristine beauty in Irish museums and libraries, giving the lie to the tribe of Cambrensis, the hired slanderer of the Plantagenet murderer and robber, Henry II.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

#### DIABOLICAL METHODS OF PROTESTANTS IN THE PHILIPPINES

REV. W. FINNEMANN OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD EXPOSES DASTARDLY ASSAULTS OF BIGOTS

Rev. F. Markert, of the society of the Divine Word, Techyn, Ill., sends the following account of diabolical doings by certain Protestants in the Philippines to The Church Progress for publication. It reveals a new line of attack on the faith of the Filipino people, despicable beyond description and filthy beyond mention. That it calls for drastic expression and some kind of summary action on the part of Catholics in this country is too evident for comment.—Editor.

The vast majority of the Filipinos were Christianized and civilized by the Spanish monks. With the political change brought about by the Spanish American war, American Protestants in large numbers have come to these shores, and for what purpose? Not to convert the pagan tribes, who would be a most worthy object of their zeal, but the Catholics. By every means fair and foul they have tried to alienate them from their old faith. From the beginning slander and misrepresentation of the Catholic Church has been one of their chief weapons. Their emissaries have penetrated even into small villages, and where they could not go themselves they have sent their periodicals, pamphlets, Bibles, and calendars. One of these calendars composed by a certain Mr. Hanna, on many dates contained accusations of the priests, the Pope and the Church. The latest device they have resorted to is the film. They had visited San Juan, San Quintin and other places, but they seemed to have set their heart particularly on Tayum. Some time ago on a fine Sunday morning a great big automobile came tuff tuffing into town. An automobile is a rare bird in these places, and you can imagine that young and old stared at the thing in wonder and amazement. For hours it moved slowly through the streets, first in the morning, then again around noon time and once more toward evening, to announce a moving picture exhibition. That was something absolutely new. The men in charge knew this and willingly spent money and time to "make a hit." Of course money is no object with them, their means are simply unlimited, because they are superabundantly supplied from America.

The automobile was a great attraction and advertisement. But to make the advertising still more effective, stylishly dressed ladies and gentlemen from Bangkok paraded through the streets and went to the homes to invite the people personally. A further attraction was a Protestant doctor from Vigan, who gave free consultation, and admonished all that came to him to be sure and come to the show. The people were also told that among those that had come there were no Protestants, their only purpose being to inform and amuse the people. A tent had been erected and an entrance fee of five cents was asked. There were only a few that paid and went in, but those outside could see everything, although not quite so well.

The first series of pictures shown were indifferent, simply calculated to amuse the audience, such as horse races, boat races and all kinds of "funny" exhibitions. Mr. Hanna gave his explanations in humorous form and succeeded at last in getting a large crowd inside. Every visitor received a book, or Bible in Ilocano. When the tent was nearly filled the second series of pictures was shown. It was a "Life of Christ," and Mr. Hanna gave his "explanations." He told the people that it was sinful to confess their sins to a priest. He mentioned many other points of Catholic doctrine, but dwelt with particular bitterness on confession. His whole lecture was simply an attack on the Church and her ministers, bishops and priests. You might think that it would have sufficed him to maligned the immediate superiors and shepherds of the people, but his great coup was not the "Life of Christ," but the "Life of the Pope," which was portrayed in a third series of pictures.

It is incredible and unmentionable what was "shown" and told about the venerable head of the Church. I cannot bring myself to go into details; suffice it to say that a number of the Pope's "wives" were shown on the screen, and other things much worse were mentioned and "explained." For three hours Mr. Hanna entertained his hearers in this manner. I wonder if those Protestants who support these missions are aware of these diabolical methods of their emissaries.

Besides such extraordinary means of spreading filth and corruption,

which they call "enlightenment," there are the usual channels, papers, pamphlets and posters, which they give away by the thousands. We know full well that all these efforts will not make Protestants of our Catholic Filipinos. Protestantism is entirely too dry to appeal to them, but it is sad to see that they do succeed in making unbelievers, doubters and indifferentists of them. Our means are so limited that we are almost powerless. I cannot imagine that Catholic America is fully informed of our condition and of the gravity of the situation or we should receive more substantial support. We need schools, we need papers, we need books, we need churches. We need most of all grace, and in order to get that, prayer, so that we who are in the midst of the battle do not lose courage in the face of so much opposition. We tremble for the souls confided to our care; who will help us to save them?—Church Progress.

#### FUTURE OF CATHOLICISM

Monsignor Benson is hopeful of the Church in America. He says enthusiastically:

"I cannot conceive of any man being in doubt as to the future of Catholicism in this country. The congregations, the zeal, the activities, the business-like methods—in all these matters America is incomparably ahead of Europe. The clean smartness of the Churches; the departments of parish life; the variety of devotions; the numerous Masses; the very ornaments of the churches; the relations between priests and people; all these things inspire the visitor from Europe with an extraordinary sense of hope. The churches are not exquisite sanctuaries for dreaming; they are the business offices of the supernatural. The clergy are not picturesque advocates of a beautiful mediaevalism, they are keen men devoted to the service of God. The people are not pathetic survivals from the Ages of Faith; they are communities of immortal souls bent upon salvation. There is a ring of assurance about Catholic voices; an air of confidence about Catholic movements; a swift, punctual, conscientious and efficient atmosphere about Catholic activities; a swing and energy about Catholic life, that promise well indeed for the future of the Church in this land. Catholicism already has won its place in American life, and holds it in such a fashion as to augur magnificently for the increase of its influence in the future. Such an organization as that of the Knights of Columbus is security enough."—New World.

#### RELIGION IN EDUCATION

It is pleasing to note that, although the teaching of religion forms no part of the public educational system of this country, thinking men, irrespective of their church affiliations, are awakening to a realization of the dangers that follow the exclusion of moral training from the public schools.

At a meeting held in the Presbyterian Church, Washington, some time ago, Vice President Marshall declared:

"One of the things ailing America to day is that there is too much science in the so called educational system and too little God. There is this thing wrong in many of the churches—that because church and state are separate and the state makes the schools, the church feels itself absolved from any duty in the direction of education of youth. The state is permitted to mold children from the age of six up through the time when they are going through colleges, where many of the professors are agnostics and atheists. But now the church is awakening to the fact that children should be reared in the way of Christian faith from the nursery upward. I believe that there is in this country to-day a great spiritual awakening, and the church is beginning to see that it has turned over entirely too many of its functions to the state."

Even a more severe indictment of the unreligious character of public education in the United States was drawn by Rev. W. J. Robt before the St. Paul Conference of the Congregational Churches in this city on May 20, when he declared that "one of the most deplorable questions which the country is facing to day is that of moral illiteracy. To the youth of the country we must look in the endeavor to relieve this situation."

The question of what kind of Americans we are producing is one of importance. We must have educated officials and competent men seeking office to answer, "Are I fitted for this position?" We must hope for much from the educated young men who are devoting themselves to politics. There were more than 15,000 murders last year and most of them were committed by young men.

We are reaping the harvest of moral illiteracy. It is said that 18,000,000 children never go to any church. Some states forbid the teaching of morals in the public schools. Some of the companies supplying our schools with books try to eliminate all references to the Bible or to morals.

"We have schools of education, but not of conscience and we are bringing up a race of moral idiots."

These views are endorsed by all who are familiar with the trend of

public education in this country and its results upon the rising generation. Catholics and Lutherans long ago awoke to the necessity of taking practical measures to introduce moral training into the school. To that end they are, at great expense to themselves, maintaining parochial and other educational institutions in which religious and secular knowledge go hand in hand. With them it is a matter of conscience to afford their children every opportunity to develop their moral characters side by side with their intellectual faculties. They realize that the goal of education is not the mere acquisition of knowledge, but the formation of character. This country needs educated and intelligent men and women, it is true, but it needs good men and women more. In view of the exclusion of religion from the curriculum of the public school, there is no alternative left to those who know the full value of moral training in education, but to provide for it in institutions conducted under church auspices.—St. Paul Bulletin.

#### A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

In these days of steam and electricity the world is a very small place after all. Rather a trite saying, but nevertheless true, and here is the story. During the maneuvers of the Japanese army, three years ago, there came to Father Sauret, the missionary at Kurume, a captain of infantry whose residence is located at Omura. He told the missionary that he had been baptized at Tokio when a little boy, but had forgotten all he ever knew about Christianity and wished to be instructed and to become a practical Catholic. In the course of his visits he told Father Sauret that he had become acquainted with a French military attaché during the Russian war, and the example of the young military officer had made a deep impression upon him and had revived his interest in the religion of his baptism.

In the course of an engagement at Mukden the captain lost a leg and went to the hospital, losing sight of his attaché friend, who returned home after the war was over. "While he was telling me the story," says Father Sauret, "who should come to see me but the very man of whom the captain was speaking. What a strange coincidence! After the war one went to the East and the other to the West, and yet here they meet in my house. You can imagine how joyous was the meeting.

"The captain, whose name is Yamashita, invited me to establish a mission in Omura. He was an attractive student and soon I had the happiness of reconciling him to the Church. His wife and children, too, have received the grace of baptism and, through his assistance and prestige, the mission of Omura has been well established. During the past year I have baptized more than thirty persons there. In Kurume I am planning the erection of a larger church. Through the assistance of Captain Yamashita I have purchased the ground. I have in view for a cathedral a former mayor of the town, who was once wealthy but lost his money in trying to help some friends who betrayed his confidence. He is a fine type of man and a most earnest Catholic."—St. Paul Bulletin.

The main Altar and Our Lady's Altar are decorated with flowers and lighted candles; for after the blessing mothers and children are dedicated to Our Lady. The children's choir usually does the singing, for the good old fashioned hymns can be joined in by the mothers and the members of the junior choir rather enjoy the treble accompaniment by their screaming brothers and sisters in the church below. A short talk on the love of the Lord for children the glory of motherhood and the assurance of God's blessing on large families is followed by the reading in Latin of the Church's prayer for the blessing of children. The preacher gets out of the pulpit—trying to avoid the babies who may have climbed into it to be nearer the source of eloquence—and goes through the church sprinkling all with holy water, the choir sings, and is supposed to be heard, for the holy water has a sizzling effect on the "fomites peccati." If Caruso or Tetzrini heard the piercing note from some of those infantile throats they would grow green with envy. Many mothers look upon this asperges as "de essentia benedictionis." They hold the rebellious baby to get a general aspersion, and the young revolutionary breaks out into anarchistic roars.

Returning to the pulpit the blessing is read again, but in English; then follows the dedication of mothers and a hymn closes the service. One must make a strong act of the will not to be unnerved by the crowd of restless, crying and cooing babies. When the body of the church is packed, then the sanctuary is invaded. At one mission the place of honor was given to a mother and her triplets; that place was the Episcopal Chair. The Father remarked that a conflict between Hildebrand and the Emperor Henry IV, between Alexander III, and the Emperor Frederick I, between Archbishop A'Becket and Henry II, of England, between Innocent XI, and Louis XIV, of France, between Pius VII, and Napoleon, of which the exile in Avignon, and the sack of Rome by the troops of the Emperor Charles V, of which these events were but episodes for had the secular power succeeded in its persevering efforts to make of the papal see a mere fief, then would western civilization have fallen a speedy prey to disintegration and disruption. In the long centuries that separated the downfall of the Roman Empire, in 476, from the dawn of the Renaissance, at the close of the fourteenth century—during all this long period the Church constituted the only basis

of a civilization.

"It is a service for which humanity should be eternally grateful to the Catholic Church for having performed—the separation of the moral from the political power, and the consequent maintenance of the supreme dignity and independence of the moral power. For without such a separation western civilization would never have been able to develop. Assuredly was it no indifferent matter that the spirit of the temporal power should succeed in the long struggle, of which the conflict between Hildebrand and the Emperor Henry IV, between Alexander III, and the Emperor Frederick I, between Archbishop A'Becket and Henry II, of England, between Innocent XI, and Louis XIV, of France, between Pius VII, and Napoleon, of which the exile in Avignon, and the sack of Rome by the troops of the Emperor Charles V, of which these events were but episodes for had the secular power succeeded in its persevering efforts to make of the papal see a mere fief, then would western civilization have fallen a speedy prey to disintegration and disruption. In the long centuries that separated the downfall of the Roman Empire, in 476, from the dawn of the Renaissance, at the close of the fourteenth century—during all this long period the Church constituted the only basis

of a civilization.

"Pardon me, Father they're all girls."

The appearance of the speaker in the pulpit has a sedative on some audiences of babies. They look upon the Father in the pulpit as a large plaything, a Jack-in-the-box, and they are quieted, but only for a time. The ten thousand babies at a certain mission were seemingly hypnotized by the preacher in the pulpit, but when he finished, the jumble of "andantes, con spiritos, fortissimos, vivaces and maestosos" beat all the Wagnerian thunder.

Not satisfied with the general blessing many mothers bring their afflicted babies and children to the Altar rail for a special blessing. The scene is a repetition of the Gospel

whereon the fabric of the new civilization, that arose from the dust of the old one, could be reared; during these hundreds of years the Church alone stood between this growing civilization and a return to complete barbarism. Those who talk so glibly about "papal aggression" and "obscurantism" may be exceedingly deep in many things; assuredly are they not deep in history. Any one who is able to form even a remote conception of the tremendous labor required in order to build up a new civilization on the ruins of the old one—of the stupendous efforts necessary to impose order and discipline on a wild and barbarous agglomeration of peoples—will understand that, even at the summit of her power in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Church had but barely sufficient force for the carrying out of so Herculean a task. When we contemplate the anarchy prevailing in Europe in the fifth century; when we take into adequate consideration the wild, uncouth and undisciplined nature of the populations of Europe; when we see the economic, moral and intellectual conditions prevalent all over the western world after the abdication of the last Roman emperor, when we essay to penetrate the depths of economic, moral and intellectual misery to which such conditions had reduced western society—then must we marvel at the extraordinary power, at the incredible perseverance, thanks to which the Catholic Church caused a new civilization, a new culture, to arise of the chaos—thanks to which the Church was able to cause the darkness to vanish, after many centuries, and to give place to the pure light of Christianity."—St. Paul Bulletin.

#### BLESSING INDIAN BABIES

Father Hull, in the Bombay Examiner, thus describes an interesting function in Bombay.

The Blessing of the Babies is a great attraction at the Mission. It is a gala afternoon for mothers, babies and all the children who were too young to take part in the children's Mission. The interesting function may be called the charge of the infantry—for most of the babies are in arms, and defend the breastworks gallantly. The deep faith and Catholic solicitude of the mothers bring to the church every baby of the parish and of the neighboring parishes, also.

There are, then:

Babies strong and babies weak. Angry babies and babies meek, Wakeful babies and babies who sleep. Babies who climb and babies who creep, Babies that smile and babies that bawl. Yet, mothers' darlings, babies all.

They are all tender "Christi flores," and have a right by baptism to be in their Father's house, and the Church approves of this by giving a beautiful blessing in her ritual, "Benedictus Puerorum Qui in Ecclesiam inducuntur."

The main Altar and Our Lady's Altar are decorated with flowers and lighted candles; for after the blessing mothers and children are dedicated to Our Lady. The children's choir usually does the singing, for the good old fashioned hymns can be joined in by the mothers and the members of the junior choir rather enjoy the treble accompaniment by their screaming brothers and sisters in the church below. A short talk on the love of the Lord for children the glory of motherhood and the assurance of God's blessing on large families is followed by the reading in Latin of the Church's prayer for the blessing of children. The preacher gets out of the pulpit—the babies who may have climbed into it to be nearer the source of eloquence—and goes through the church sprinkling all with holy water, the choir sings, and is supposed to be heard, for the holy water has a sizzling effect on the "fomites peccati." If Caruso or Tetzrini heard the piercing note from some of those infantile throats they would grow green with envy. Many mothers look upon this asperges as "de essentia benedictionis." They hold the rebellious baby to get a general aspersion, and the young revolutionary breaks out into anarchistic roars.

Returning to the pulpit the blessing is read again, but in English; then follows the dedication of mothers and a hymn closes the service. One must make a strong act of the will not to be unnerved by the crowd of restless, crying and cooing babies. When the body of the church is packed, then the sanctuary is invaded.

At one mission the place of honor was given to a mother and her triplets; that place was the Episcopal Chair. The Father remarked that a conflict between Hildebrand and the Emperor Henry IV, between Alexander III, and the Emperor Frederick I, between Archbishop A'Becket and Henry II

**FIVE MINUTE SERMON**  
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

HOW TO SUFFER  
Brethren: I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the great ones, that shall be revealed in us.—Epistles of the Day.

I think, my brethren, that there are few good and faithful Christians who do not have, as they journey through life, a fair share of crosses, trials and sufferings. Sometimes these crosses are not noticed much by other people, but they are heavy enough for those who have to bear them. The priest hears more of the troubles of the world, as well as of its sins, than any one else; misery is a very old story to him; and he has his own trials, too, in plenty, though many think that in his state of life he has mostly avoided them. Yes, trouble and suffering seem to be, and indeed they really are, the rule of life for Christians, happiness rather the exception; unless we are willing to get what some call happiness by disregarding the law of God.

Now this is a very unpleasant fact; but it is a fact, and we have to accept it. But how shall we best do so? That is a point which it will be well to consider.

Shall we simply take our trouble because we cannot help it, and fret as little as we can, because fretting only makes it worse? Or shall we take comfort by thinking that others are in the same plight as ourselves; by believing, though perhaps we cannot see it, that our luck, though hard is not harder than that of most of those around us?

These would be two pretty good ways of getting along for one who had no better. But it would be a shame for us to fall back on them. One who has faith should be able to find a better way than either of these.

"Yes," you may say, "I know what you mean; a Christian ought to be resigned to God's holy will."

We are taught and we believe that all things come to us by the providence of God; that He is all-wise and infinitely good; so, when He sends us anything hard to bear, we must say, "Thy will be done," and know by faith that it is for the best."

Now I do not want to say anything against this way of bearing trouble; it is a good way, and it is a Christian way; none more so. And perhaps sometimes it is the only one that will seem possible. But after all it is not exactly what I mean; and it is not what the great apostle St. Paul, whose glorious and triumphant death after a life of suffering, we commemorate with that of St. Peter to-day, meant in those immortal words which I just read.

"I reckon," says he, "that the sufferings of this present times are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us."

That is his consolation. "We have," he says to us, "a little to suffer here, but what is it after all? A drop, bitter it is true, but still only a drop, against an eternal torrent of joy with which God is going to overwhelm our souls. Truly it is not worthy to be compared in its passing bitterness to the ocean of delight of which it is the earnest for the future. It is, in fact, the little price which we have to pay for that future; and it is not worth speaking of when we think what it will bring."

Indeed, my brethren, it must be a matter of astonishment to the angels, it ought to be so to us that we think so little of the heaven which God has prepared for us. We profess to believe in it; we do believe in it; but we seem to forget all about it. We can have it if we will; moreover these very crosses and trials, if we have them, are a sign that Our Lord means almost to force it on us. Let us, then, think more of heaven, meditate on it, look forward to it. The thought of heaven was the joy and strength of the martyrs; why should it not be the constant support of ordinary Christians, too?

**TEMPERANCE**

A HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION

The mortality records of all big companies show that in proportion to the number of men insured, more saloon-keepers die yearly than men in any other work save, perhaps, railroad brakemen and gun testers in the navy and army.

"What is the cause of this great mortality among men who keep saloons?" you will say, and you are right in a measure, but not wholly so. No doubt many saloon men do shorten their lives by use of alcohol but if they do not drink at all the rate of insurance we charge them would still be very high. The reason is what we call the moral hazard. Just what this is it is hard to say. Summed up, it is merely that they die easier and more often than men in other occupations.

"Detailed, it is, in a general way, they are open to greater temptations, break down their resistance, and many of them contract diseases where other men would not. How many saloon men have died of pneumonia during the winter? Scores of them, usually. And pneumonia is not the only disease. Their money is made easily (speaking of the saloon owner), and among that class easily won money means that it is spent easily. 'Easily spent' means free and easy manner of life, which cuts years relentlessly from the lives of men.

"Then there is the mortality through accident. The list of saloon

## PAIN NEARLY DROVE HIM MAD

Suffered Horribly Until He Turned To "Fruit-a-lives"



J. A. CORRIVEAU

DRYSDALE, ONT., June 15th, 1913

"I am a general storekeeper at the above address, and on account of the great good I have experienced from using 'Fruit-a-lives', I recommend them strongly to my customers. They were a great boon to me, I can tell you, for about two years ago, I was laid up in bed with vomiting and a terrific pain at the base of my skull. This pain nearly drove me mad. Doctors found it would turn to inflammation of the brain but I took 'Fruit-a-lives' steadily until I was cured. I have gained fifteen pounds since taking 'Fruit-a-lives' and I verily believe they saved me from a disastrous illness."

J. A. CORRIVEAU.

For Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and other diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood, "Fruit-a-lives" is invaluable and infallible.

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

men who have been shot or killed with a blow from a bottle, or in brawls and melees is long, especially among the poorer class saloons."

The man behind the bar does not look upon his job as dangerous, no matter what the insurance companies say. However, it is interesting to know how these big insurance companies look upon one who occupies such a position.—Montgomery Journal.

A CHINESE OPINION

Wu Ting-Fang, late Chinese Minister to the United States, contributes to the current Harper's Magazine his impressions of American dinners and manners. We commend his point of view relative to drinking at public banquets and dinners. He says:

"I do not suppose that many will agree with me, but in my opinion it would be more agreeable, and would improve the general conversation, if all drinks of an intoxicating nature were abolished from the dining table.

It is gratifying to know that there are some families (may the number increase every day), where intoxicating liquors are never seen on their tables. So long as the liquor traffic is extensively and profitably carried on in Europe and America, and so long as the consumption of alcohol is so enormous, so long will there be a difference of opinion as to its ill effects; but in this matter America, by means of its State prohibition laws, is setting an example to the world. In no other country are there such extensive tracts without alcohol as the 'dry States' of America."

IN "WINE TEMPERATE" FRANCE

Tuberculosis has a little more than doubled in France since 1877, according to figures supplied to the Temps by Henri Schmidt, deputy, who is one of the leading figures in the temperance movement in France.

Deputy Schmidt traces statistically the effects of drunkenness on births and upon the lives of children whose parents have been intemperate.

Infantile mortality in Normandy,

where women drink excessively, is just double what it is in the temperate department of the Gers. Infantile mortality is at its highest in those districts where absinthe drinking is prevalent.

The writer assembles figures showing that after the age of sixty, sober men have one-third greater expectation of life than intemperate men.

A WONDROUS CHURCH

No man can regard lightly any words of the late prime minister of England, William Ewart Gladstone, and we can never forget his tribute to Roman Catholicism:

"She has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of civilization and has harassed to her chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world. Her greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has to boast. Her children are more numerous than all the members of the sects combined: she is every day enlarging the boundaries of her vast

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empire. Her altars are raised in every clime, and her missionaries are to be found wherever there are men to be taught the gospel of immortality and there are souls to be saved. And this wondrous Church, which is as old as Christianity and as universal as mankind is to-day, after its twenty centuries of age as fresh and as vigorous and as fruitful as on the day when the pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth. Surely such an institution challenges the attention and demands and deserves the most serious examination of those outside of its pale."

### FATHER TIM'S MAY SERMON TO A DRUMMER

WHAT CAME OF A SNEERING REFERENCE TO JACK KILDUFF'S "MESS OF BLACK PILLS"

I never saw Father Casey really angry but once, and that was when some one insulted the Blessed Virgin. I will tell you how it happened. Jack Kilduff, who was travelling for a New York furniture house, had just finished a cigar and a chat with two liquor drummers, and the three came forward to the chair car. Jack took a seat by himself and sat with his hand in his pocket gazing unseeing out the window. Only the keenest observer would have detected that his lips were continually moving. After some fifteen minutes he quietly tucked away the rosary which he had been reciting (that was the reason he had kept his hand in his pocket), and which he never failed to recite, while traveling from one city to another. One of the liquor drummers happened to be looking that way at the time and caught sight of something in Kilduff's hand.

"Get on to the mess of black pills Jack Kilduff carries in his pocket. Say, Jack, what's the trouble? System out of order?"

"Those are not pills, you mutton head," said the other—one of those wisecracks whose reservoir of wisdom is constantly overflowing for the benefit of ordinary people's little founts. "When your doctor prescribes pills, does he make you take 'em strung on a chain like that? That's a charm Catholics use when they adore the Virgin. Hey, Jack, come out of the fog. A guy that can run in orders for \$25,000 worth of furniture in a week ought to have enough 'gray matter' to cut out twelfth century idolatry."

Now Father Casey always tells us that it is worse than useless to argue religion on the train; but on this occasion he had slapped his breviary shut, without marking the place, and was facing the liquor drummer before Kilduff had time to say a word.

"But though Catholics do not adore the Blessed Virgin, they honor her, which is quite another thing. Why do they honor her? Because they love Jesus, and she is the Mother of Jesus. If you profess to love me, and at the same time you turn your back upon my mother, I will count your declaration of love a lie. Do not say that Jesus, being God, is indifferent to the way we treat His mother. He is the God that gave the command. 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Will he act directly contrary to His own command—He who said, 'I have set you an example, that as I have done so you also may do?' You honor the mothers of great men why not honor the Mother of your God? You honor the stable where Jesus was born; why not honor the Virgin that gave Him birth? It is one of the insoluble mysteries of human history that there should be so many fair-minded people who are sane on every other point, yet have an insane fear of offending Jesus if they show the marks of common decency towards His Mother."

"But," cried the drummer, who had been thinking hard and believed he saw an opening, "Catholics do more than honor the Blessed Virgin: they pray to her; they ask her to work miracles, to cure deadly wounds, to mend broken bones, and to do other things that only a God can do. This is idolatry!"

"If they ask her to do these things by her own power, it is surely idolatry; if they ask her to ask God to do them, it is surely not. But why do they not ask God directly themselves instead of taking a roundabout way and asking the Blessed Virgin to ask Him? Because they are not extremists. All extremes are foolish. It is extreme and therefore foolish to speak always indirectly to God and never to dare to speak to Him directly as a child to its father. It is extreme and therefore foolish to speak directly to Him and to have a holy horror of even breathing a prayer to His Mother, as though it were high treason, like praying to the devil."

"Everybody knows it?" echoed the priest, and his lip curled sarcastically: "if that is what you liquor drummers call proving a statement, then I wouldn't care to buy any shares in the business you are traveling for, I don't think it will double its list of customers in a week."

The drummer felt that his theological lore was rather frayed at the ends. He cursed himself inwardly for not holding his tongue. But there was no retreating now; the hurried passengers had laid down their papers and were listening for his reply. He clenched his teeth and jumped in with a splash.

"Go into any Catholic church and you will see at a glance that they adore the Virgin; they always have her image on the altar!"

"I see you have the image of an elk on your coat lapel," said Father Casey; "does that mean that you adore the beast?"

"They burn lights and offer flowers to her!"

"When you come to die, even your wife's mother will put lights and flowers around your coffin. Happy man, your mother-in-law adores you!"

The drummer did not enjoy the laugh. He charged anew.

"When they get hold of a rag or a stick or a stone that they happened to touch they think they have a treasure."

"Remember the Maine!" Do you know what a rusty piece of iron from its hull will sell for?"

"But they pray to her!" cried the drummer. He was now striking blindly. "And we should pray to no one but God!"

"What do you mean by praying?" queried the priest.

"Why, I mean to—to say prayers—to—ask for things."

"And you claim that we must not ask for things from any one but God?"

"No, that isn't what I mean. I mean—"

"Your whole trouble, my dear sir, is that you don't know what you do mean, and unfortunately you have not enough sense to keep quiet until you find out. In the presence of these passengers you charged the Catholic Church with practicing idolatry towards the Blessed Virgin. The charge is false, and I defy you or any man to prove it. On the contrary, I can show you black on white that, according to the universal law of the Catholic Church, any man that would practice idolatry towards the



Every ten cent packet will kill more flies than \$8.00 worth of any sticky fly killer. Refuse substitutes, which are most unsatisfactory.

get him permission to go fishing rather than ask for it himself."

"All that," cried the drummer. "is silly sentiment or middle-age superstition. God is the Father of all and the human heart needs no intercessor between itself and Him."

How do you know what the human heart needs? Did you ever lift a poor wretch out of the mire of sin after he had broken his good resolutions for the hundredth time, put him on his feet and bring him safe at last into his Father's house? The Catholic priest is doing this every day of his life. Experience tells him that there are numberless sinners who after falling back again and again into the most shameful sins, finally give way to despair. All the arguments in the world will not induce them to call once more upon the God whose mercy they have so repeatedly abused. But the very name of 'Mother' is so expressive of tenderness and pity, of forgiveness and forgetfulness of the misdeeds of wayward children, that, at the sound of that sweet name, they raise their despairing heads, and whisper, 'Mother, pray to Jesus for us.' Here again experience tells the priest that no one that calls on Mary for help, with true sorrow for his sins and a firm purpose of amendment, is ever left unheard. You may explain it as you wish, but the fact is there, and it is a fact of extreme importance to the sinful sons of Adam. No more crafty trick was ever concocted by a crafty devil than that which shuts off this source of salvation from thousands of Christians by means of the insane fear that affection and respect towards God's Mother is an insult to her.

"But though Catholics do not adore the Blessed Virgin, they honor her, which is quite another thing. Why do they honor her? Because they love Jesus, and she is the Mother of Jesus. If you profess to love me, and at the same time you turn your back upon my mother, I will count your declaration of love a lie." Here again the priest lifts his scapular from the rack, he could not refrain from a parting shot. "Some enlightened people seem to think that every one has a right to a square deal except a Catholic. They will not charge another man with base crimes unless they have solid arguments to back their assertion; but, without even the ghost of a proof, they will call a Catholic a idolatrous, superstitious, treacherous, priest-ridden; and the Catholic is supposed to sit meek and silent and thank God that he is allowed to live. But sometimes he doesn't!" said Father Casey.—C. D. McEnnery, C. S. R., in the Ligurian.

### FULL TIME

Mr. George Creel, "young newspaper man and ex Police Commissioner of Denver," has an interesting solution for "the problem of dwindling congregations in churches, attributed by some to 'growing godlessness,' which is called the 'ecclesiastical explanation.'" Mr. Creel's remedy for the evil is "full time" in churches and he would work it in this way (as quoted in the Literary Digest):

"Let the church building be thrown open to the people of the neighborhood on their own terms, decided by the neighborhood group through the ballot or viva voce.

"What if they do decide that they want movable pews in order that there may be dancing, a dining room for dinners and suppers, a stage for lectures, debates, theatricals, moving pictures, folk-dancing, choral singing, and political discussion? What if they do vote to transfer every single one of these activities right out into the yard during the summer months? What if reading-rooms, writing rooms, rest rooms, and even reception-rooms are demanded?

"What if the title of 'preacher' is sent to the junk heap and that social secretary substituted? Will a minister cease to be a minister? Not if his heart is in his work. If it isn't, then the sooner he is unmuzzled as a mere egotist, the better."

All this might be made to suit the "reformed" churches, but it would not be acceptable to the great Church—never "reformed" as never needing "reform." In that Church the church buildings are thrown open only for one high and holy purpose—indicated and emphasized by the Divine Founder—"My house is the house of prayer"—the house of God and the Gate of Heaven.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS

A wild bird's song is a little thing—lost in the depths of a frowning sky.

And yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody, earth's green seems brighter and life is sweeter, all through an autumn day.

Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because God encourages us to do so. When he inspired the evangelists to write his life, though they did not write one one-thousandth part of all the things He did, yet He took care that they should not omit the fact that He worked the first of His public miracles at Cana of Galilee in answer to His prayer.

Catholics pray at times to the Virgin

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## THE GOOD PEOPLE

Two facts regulate the world's conduct towards a man; first, what he seeks, and second, what he is. There is a sort of second sight that regulates the appearance of mankind for the individual. If one is morose and inclined to believe his neighbor hostile, he will find them arrayed against him; but in case he takes every man for a potential friend he will be encompassed with well wishes.

The fairest morning that ever dawned wastes its beauty on one out of joint with the universe, but no lowering storm can chill the heart of him who hopes for the best.

It is strange that those who find the most fault with their neighbors so seldom ask themselves the question who am I that I demand special courtesies from the denizens of this busy world? He might add, too: Am I really holding the balance fair for acquaintances? So many of us follow the example of the butcher who weighed his ample hand with the beam.

Every day is a reconnaissance. The scene of the battle shifts hourly. The man whom you left last evening may have encountered the great sorrow of his life since then. Another may be going to work oppressed with pain. Nothing is fixed. Therefore caution is necessary, and with it guarded kindness. If we ourselves are so unaccountably lifted up and cast down by trivialities, so moody and changeable, surely we can afford to extend the same privilege to others.

If one has within him a fund of pity, if his soul is attuned to that fine Christian word, "misericordia," he need not lack those who need his bounty. But most miserable of all is he whose spirit is soured, who sees only the defects of others, to whom life motives are all selfish. Such a one wears the shirt of Nessus.

The old folk stories tell of people given to making charms. One of the most common of these spells was the manufacture of a small image in wax of the person to be injured. The foolish votaries of hate magic believed that as the image was melted in the fire or frozen in the cold or pricked with a knife, the object of their hate suffered.

As a matter of fact these malicious people were moulding images of their own souls: the fire was that of malice, and cold that of their own ruthlessness, the wounds the self-inflicted blows of their own base dispositions. The evil minded live in a small ghemina of their own making.

Every one you meet is a multiple personality, as the diamond has many facets and the sea many hues. Every man to me is what I find him, not what another considers him.

There are certain people whose presence brings to the surface the worst qualities of my character; there are others who draw me up to their own nobility. I am bound to believe that others are compacted somewhat after the same fashion. There is no accounting for tastes.

I have often been amazed at the attempts made by acquaintances to bring me to condemn and despise others without a hearing. On one hand many good people are malevolent; the matter of bigotry. Scores of times people have been accused to me of bigotry, latent bigotry for my faith. When I came to know them I failed to find the smallest particle of proof.

I fear much that some of my brethren of the fold look for bigots with microscopes. Certainly a fair minded man must make some allowance for the educational limitations and environment of those he encounters. He can add, too, for good measure the bad example and often scandal they have received from unworthy brethren. We must take folks as we find them, and not attempt to pull and pare them to our Procrustean measure. Go into any community with the fixed purpose of taking acquaintances at your own ascertained valuation, minding neither hearsay, the whispers of envy or enmity, and I am willing to guarantee that you will find nine men out of ten willing to meet you half way and render kindness for kindness. The trouble is, we are all prone to follow party lines, to mix ourselves with sectional jealousies and quarrels started before we were born. Such procedure is fatal to a fair judgment of neighbors and acquaintances.

It has been a matter of wonder to me all my life that so many who have been accused as mean, dishonest and

unreliable have proved themselves good and loyal friends that hundreds who have their own sorrows yet have time to take an interest in my concerns, that in fact men and women in general are so much kinder and better than they have been reported.

I am sure that most of us looking back over the past, revolving our defects, our smallness, our selfish seeking for our own interests, can honestly say that men have treated us better than we have deserved. We can echo the kindly words of Hilaire Belloc, after his pilgrimage on foot through Europe to Rome, when he thought of all the hospitality and good fellowship of many strangers to whom he was merely a wayfarer:

"The good people!"—Boston Pilot.

## DO NOT BE A CONSTANT GROWLER

Whenever you are tempted to growl against fate or complain of your lot, just look around and find out what others are bearing. You will find many with more brains and better education worse off than you are.

Then compare your lot with that of others and if you don't quit complaining and go in for rejoicing there's something radically wrong with your mental balance.

When an obstacle gets in your way don't waste time and energy in complaining about it.

If you can't push it out of your path, get over it, under it, or around it, any way you can—and leave the obstacle behind you. The second obstacle will not appear half as big if you get past the first.

## LOOKING TOO FAR AHEAD

Doing your best sounds hard when you look far ahead. But if you pin it down to the present moment, it is not so difficult. Can you do your best just now, whether you are studying your lesson or practicing scales, or playing a game of tennis? Of course, you can, and it is not hard, either. All the trouble comes from our trying to live too many minutes at once.—True voice.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## FLORENCE CAREY'S TALENTS

Dr. Ingels told my mother he thought I had very decided ability." I remarked Gladys, complacently. "I have been studying with him for three years now, and he says he thinks I have great talent. He is a perfectly wonderful teacher. Oh, I do love music!"

"Yes, music's nice," said Irene, with a rather superior smile, "but I would much rather be a reader. People enjoy a good recitation so much more than they do music. Didn't you notice at the concert Friday night how the reader was encored three times as much as any one else?"

"I can't play and I can't speak," said Thelma. "But I can draw and I'm going to be an artist some day. That isn't so showy as some things, but it is real art, and no mistake, and it suits me."

"Well, I think I have a talent for studying," said Madeline. "I'm going to be a professor and have a Ph. D. after my name. That's artistic enough for me."

Florence Carey slipped ahead of the girls with:

"Oh, you lucky girls, to be so talented. Isn't it lovely? What would you do if you were like me—couldn't do one little thing? Why, I haven't even a talent for washing dishes."

"You're a dear, sweet girl," said Madeline, "and I like you best of all, if you haven't any talent."

And Florence Carey never said "It is a very little thing." She had found her talent, and she knew full well that it was worth cultivating and that the world needed it.—The Youth's Magazine.

HOW TO RECEIVE HOLY COMMUNION

At the sanctuary rail hold the head erect. Keep it perfectly still during the moment the priest extends the Blessed Sacrament toward you. Do not move the face an inch forward to meet the priest's hand half way, as too many do. A moving face worries the priest terribly, lest he may drop the Host. The more you keep your head as still as a statue the more respectfully you receive. Open the mouth moderately. Extend the tongue so as to cover the lower lip completely. The priest does not wish to push the Sacred Host into the open mouth. He wishes to lay it flat on the tongue and press it down gently with his thumb, lest it may fall off when you draw it in.

After he has placed the Host on the tongue do not instantly bow the head and hit his hand with your hat, as many girls and women do. Give him time to pass to the next communicant before you do any bowing.

As bad as the moving faces are, hats with big brims or feathers are worse. Remember, the priest stands high above your head. In his position a wide brimmed hat completely hides your face. Wear a narrow hat or tilt it back while at the rail. After receiving, draw the tongue in slowly, allow the Host to moisten, and swallow it devoutly. If you have received two or more particles, it makes no difference. Do not stay at the altar rail too long. If others are waiting for the place you occupy retire with eyes cast down modestly and hands clasped or arms folded respectfully, or at least not swinging awkwardly. Our Lord may not care how the hands are if the heart is all right. He may not care if the clothes are soiled, once the soul is clean. And yet we owe Him all possible respect in neatness of soul, neatness of body and neatness of attire. In this regard both rich and poor stand on equal footing. Outward respect costs nothing. When done for God's sake it is an act of worship. Let us show to those who really believe in His Divine Presence.

—Intermountain Catholic.

It is a thousand times harder to be deaf to the beautiful songs of the birds, and the voices of our friends, and to the music of the great organ,

than to be deaf to that whisper within which says, "This is the right way."

Her mother laughed. "Goodness, Florence, such a big question! Any art is just as big as the artist makes it!"

"As big as what?" asked Florence, doubtfully.

"As big as the artist makes it. The artist is the measure—not the art."

"Then it all depends on the person, doesn't it?"

"Yes, all."

"Mother, don't you wish I had a talent—or something?"

"Why?"

"Oh, because. Nearly all the girls are geniuses but me. My, listen to those children! What is the matter with them?"

Some mooted point in the game has caused dissension, but when it was referred to Florence she settled it promptly. Then for nearly an hour she played in the yard with "the youngsters" going in at last, flushed and breathless.

"Florence, dear, will you rid out my work basket?" asked her aunt, as she stopped at the door to speak to her. "The silks are all tangled."

As Florence set to work she thought again of the subject of geniuses.

"You are a genius, aren't you, auntie?" she asked.

"A genius?"

"Yes, if I could embroider and make lace as beautiful as you do I would say I was a star among artists. As it is, I can only smooth out the tangles in your silks, so you can be a genius."

"Well, that isn't such a bad job, either. Florence, you really do seem to have the knack of smoothing out other things besides silks. Didn't I just hear you smoothing out the difficulties among the children?"

"Oh, that comes natural to me!" laughed Florence. "It's easy for me to settle scraps. The girls call me the 'Great Pacifier.'"

Then, Florence, dear, your forte is right. Be a 'Great Pacifier.' You could not find a more worth-while art. Cultivate it. Develop it. You say it comes natural for you to smooth things out: That's just what genius is—nature. If you are by nature a born pacifier—a smoother-out of troubles—you are a lucky, lucky girl. Music and art cannot compare with it."

Florence looked at her aunt.

"How can I cultivate it?" she asked very practically.

"Keep your eyes open for chances to use it, and make the most of every chance."

Florence closed her eyes. "It is a very little thing," she said to herself.

"It will never set the world on fire, that's sure. But, after all, I suppose it's better than nothing. It must be worth cultivating. Anyhow it's the best I've got." Then, after a long silence, she sat up and opened her eyes with an air of great surprise. "Why, auntie," she said aloud, in an astonished voice, "maybe that's why the girls like me better than the others."

"I can't play and I can't speak," said Thelma. "But I can draw and I'm going to be an artist some day. That isn't so showy as some things, but it is real art, and no mistake, and it suits me."

"Well, I think I have a talent for studying," said Madeline. "I'm going to be a professor and have a Ph. D. after my name. That's artistic enough for me."

Florence Carey slipped ahead of the girls with:

"Oh, you lucky girls, to be so talented. Isn't it lovely? What would you do if you were like me—couldn't do one little thing? Why, I haven't even a talent for washing dishes."

"You're a dear, sweet girl," said Madeline, "and I like you best of all, if you haven't any talent."

And Florence Carey never said "It is a very little thing." She had found her talent, and she knew full well that it was worth cultivating and that the world needed it.—The Youth's Magazine.

## IRONY AND SARCASM

WHEN THE MINISTERS ARRIVED

At the time the ministers returned, his plans were made. He told them the course he intended to follow. He intended that a body of "trusted" special police should be appointed to guard the lecturer. The Mayor at last believed that the situation was alarming. He assured the ministerial delegation that he would give the matter his personal attention, and requested them to return in one hour. The Mayor was a man of superb culture and liberality, one of the leading citizens of Memphis and deserving of the confidence which all classes reposed in him. He at once sought the Catholic pastors and some of the leading Catholic laymen.

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He would meet the "lecturer" at the railroad station with his own carriage and make him his personal guest. The press heralded abroad that the Catholics were snubbed; that the "Reverend" Slattery had to be saved from death by the personal interference of the mayor. The mayor, in his carriage, met Slattery at the depot. There were no policemen in evidence. The mayor briefly explained the situation, promised him complete protection and ordered his coachman to drive to different points of interest in the city, which he wished his guest to see. They first visited the educational institutions, public and parochial, then the churches, libraries and the magnificent hospital erected by the city for the Sisters. Though the Mayor treated his visitor with the utmost kindness, the latter seemed to be bored, and could not be led into conversation. Evidently the mayor was not just the kind of man he relished, and the absence of violence on the part of the Catholics was monotonous and mortifying. The mayor inquired of his guest if he was weary, and politely asked him if he wished to see any more of the city. Slattery bluntly told him that he had seen enough. The mayor told him that there was one more place of interest which he wished to show him. They were soon at the gate of cemetery. They entered and walked toward a marble shaft that towered as high as the beautiful southern trees that draped it with their luxuriant frontage.

"Mr. Slattery," said the Mayor. "I have a purpose in bringing you here."

"His voice was husky with emotion, and his eyes gleamed more in sorrow than in anger. "Let me read what is written there."

The Mayor read aloud the inscription which stated that the monument had been erected to give testimony to the everlasting esteem and love, and to commemorate the heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice of the Catholic priests and nuns who laid down their lives on the altar of Christian charity in the dark days of the terrible plague. The Mayor's eyes were filled with tears.

"Read the names upon that shaft," he continued. "The pastor heads the list. He was one of that race to which you are a disgrace. He was Nature's nobleman—benevolent, pure, faithful to every trust and a lover of liberty. The other men whose names are on there were like unto him. They had neither kin nor kin in our city. Read that long death roll of these devoted women whose earthly names even were given up for charity. Where can you find a parallel of heroism and Christian devotion? No earthly motive moved them. Until the dark days of our sorrow came, they were unknown to us. Then, when dread and

alarm overtook us, they gave up their lives for us.

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**HUMBLE BUT SINCERE**

We give space as requested to this "humble but sincere tribute" of an old man who feels that he himself is entering into the valley of the shadow through which his friend has passed. It serves to light up some of the little known byways of friendship and sympathy in the busy life of the late Senator who was singularly tenacious of old-time friendships and associations. That in the years when success was achieved he retained the affection of the humble friends of long ago is something that all those who reverence the gentle old man's memory will be glad to recall.—ED. C. R.

Will the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD please find space for this humble but sincere tribute to my old friend and oblige an old man who has for the past eight weeks been fighting, and still is, for his own life. It may seem like an intrusion for a poor man, a broken down old laborer, to ask this, but I have known the late Senator since the summer of 1878—a long time—and we have always been friends.

**TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE HON. THOMAS COFFEY, SENATOR OF CANADA AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CATHOLICS OF CANADA**

Come unto Me all ye that labor and I will give you rest. Come unto Me the Lord hath called And our friend hath heard His voice I come Lord, he answers back, Thy call hath made my soul rejoice, I was so tired and weary, Lord, With my burden of care and pain I come to Thee who canst give me rest. And count all I lose but gain. Miserere Domine.

He that believeth on Me the he be dead yet shall he live Our friend is not dead, he only sleeps on Jesus' loving breast He hath only gone before to that sweet rest Where those that love are blest. Parce nobis Domine.

I will blot out all thy iniquities And thy transgressions I will put behind me Remember not, oh Lord, his offence For we are by nature frail Only remember Thine own sweet love

And hear us when we call Jesu Refugium Peccatorum.

I know that my Redeemer liveth And that in the latter days He shall stand upon this earth And that I in flesh shall see my God.

Credo in Carnis Resurrectionem. Yes Lord we know that Thou hast come And Thou shalt come again We know that Thou didst bleed and die To save us from eternal pain. Gloria Tibi Domine.

Yet though we know our friend is free From earthly care and sorrow At night we'll often pray and sigh For him we shall not meet to-morrow.

But God is good, wise, true and just In all His holy way, and on His promise we rely To meet thee in eternal day.

They mourn thy loss with aching hearts And loath from thee were they to part Hard it was to see them go When God said come My chosen one Come My elected to thy true home Come rest forever in my love.

The blow was hard to bear, oh God, When Thou didst call from sin and sorrow

His whom we loved to call Leader, father, friend and brother. Requiescat in pace.

THOS. J. M. DOUGHERTY,  
An old Presbyter.  
London, Ont.

Whatever our station, there will be trials to bear and responsibilities to shoulder; and commensurate with our bearing of them will be our satisfaction, our happiness, and our peace.

Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law.

**YOU OUGHT TO KNOW**

That Martin Luther was born in 1483. That before the year 1500—when Luther attained the age of seventeen years, more than twelve editions of the Bible had been published. In 1455 the celebrated "Mazarin" (Latin) edition; in 1457, the Psalter was printed and published; in 1459; a second edition of the Psalter was published; in 1462, a second edition of the Bible was published in Latin; in 1483, the year of Luther's birth, Koburger's edition of the Bible, in German, was published with more than one hundred wood cuts by Michael Wolgemut; fifteen editions were subsequently published; in 1479, there were nine editions of the Bible published from the Amberbach Press at Basle, in German; that fourteen complete editions had been published in High German and five in Low German between 1483 and 1500; that eleven editions of the Psalms were published prior to 1518; that two editions of the Bible were printed and published in England prior to 1547; that the Catholic Church holds fast to the Bible and reverences it to-day as she ever did and ever will do while Protestantism is rejecting it because of chasing after the jack-o'-lantern of "Higher Criticism."—Bombay Examiner.

**THE STORY OF A CONVERSION**

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES RELATED BY SIR HENRY BELLINGHAM

Sir Henry Bellingham contributes an account of his conversion from Protestantism to the Church. It was, he says, the most momentous decision of his life, and the growth of his convictions having been so gradual, he finds it hard, he adds, to express himself in words. He says he got his earliest ideas about Catholicism in Ireland, where he was born and where he passed the first seven years of his life. His mother was a deeply religious woman of the Low Church type, and her convictions were those of the severest type, not far from Calvinism. She believed that "the Pope was the Man of Sin" and also that he was the anti-Christ of the Apocalypse. No Catholic was in her service, and all Catholic ideas were abhorrent to her. She always "inculcated internal piety rather than external reverence and distained ritual of all kinds." Young Bellingham was therefore brought up in an atmosphere of anti-Catholic hate, as abuse of "Papists" was the fashion in her home and social



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