LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1918

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer.

It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salva-tion to innumerable souls. Why not dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you : let it

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Mrs. J. C. McNeil, Grand Narrows,	2
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FTC Fort William	
Friend, Schomberg Miss Marie Devine, Kings Wharf	
Miss Marie Devine, Kings' Wharf	
Reader, Renfrew P. A. Devine, Downeyville	
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Mrs. P. Mangan, Douglas	
Mrs. M. McGrath, Douglas	
A Little Friend, Pakenham	
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The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1918

BE CHEERFUL

One thing to be dreaded is old age. And many people, before the grey creeps into their hair, are particularly old. The people who grumble at the hardness of the way; who have no ideals, or, for the sake of the things that pass, have cast away the things worth while, are old. Their inner strength is gone. They play indeed in the market place, but their lips know not the waters of youth. But they who are guided by principle and pay toll into life's treasury with smile and helpful word, are always young. They are of the opinion that charity is a truer guide than justice. They cherish the charity that, according to St. Francis de Sales, at the first alarm of evil closes her eyes and afterwards believes with an honest simplicity that it was not evil but only a semblance of it; and if she sometimes cannot avoid acknowledging it to be real evil, she quickly turns from it and endeavors to forget even its shadow.

A VETERAN CRITIC

Mr. William Winter, known here and abroad as a critic of the drama has put into his book, "The Wallet of Time," reminiscences that cover a period of sixty years. When we call him a critic we give him a title that is his by virtue of his insight, association with the stage and devotion to high ideals. And, despite modern tendencies, he has never wavered in his fidelity to those ideals. We do not wish at present to say anything about his portraits of the great exponents of dramatic art. Suffice it to say that they are penned with astonishing vitality, precision and incisiveness. But his depiction of the modern drama will not please grace of the playwright and actor. He does not see beauty in putrescence and he has no mercy on the plays that dally with subjects whose discussion concerns those who are competent to deal with them under the right conditions and in the right contempt which they deserve. "Delirious inebriates," he says, "scor- seen from his utterances refuted a tion.

butic cranks, male and female, some of them from France, some and sad to say, some from England, have swarmed over our stages till at but when he makes a specific charge last it has sometimes become difficult for the spectator to determine whether he is in a theatre or a hospital: and, strangely enough, the purveyors of this tainted trash proclaim that it is representative of ideas." He declares that "the drama is becoming a brazen and shameful portrayal of depraved persons, iniquitous conduct and vile social conditions." The drama, scored by Mr. Winter, tends to fill the mind with images of immoral character and pictures of licentious conduct : to depress the intellect and to sadden the heart with an almost despairing sense of human frailty and wickedness, without inspiring even one suggestion of practical palliative value. While, however, men and discussions is to be set down as a women are not loth to pay for the portrayal of these subjects, the theatrical manager may go his way with complacency. But when his boxoffice receipts grow less he, however critics rant about what they call un. conventionality, may purge the stage of indecency and consign it to the realm of the things that don't pay. They who have any respect for their souls can compel the manager to have a clean stage. They who regard

the commandments as fables or who

submit to being insulted in a theatre

will patronize the unclean, invent

some excuse to condone their mor-

bid curiosity, and increase the bank

account of the manager.

ACTION IS NEEDED Mere condemnation will be no adequate breakwater against the tide of dramatized immorality. The people desire the drama as an entertainment, and hence it should be the aim of the citizen to lend his aid to the promotion of plays that can please and instruct. When St. Gregory of Nazianzen found the stage vile and worthless he opposed it with the clean drama. Doubtless the critics of his day deemed him a prude, but history has it that his efforts met with great success. They weaned the public from the influences that degraded it, and put into their place amusement that charmed and instructed both mind and heart. These plays gave rise to the miracle play, whence came the English play. And not so long ago one of these miracle He can be a member of the Federaplays found a legion of admirers wherever it was presented. Even to the bored theatre-goer it was a reminder of the day when artists worked for love and sought inspira tion in prayer.

A SOURCE OF WONDER

theatre to behold the panorama of sin. It is betimes outlined in bold line, and at others it is arrayed in silk and fine linen and speaks through rakes and wantons as if it were but a matter of little moment. But it should not impel people to pay money to see its presentation. On the contrary, it should be abhorrent to all who value refinement of mind and their mortal souls. Some may see beauty in the sordid but they are not normal, and are twisted either mentally or morally.

PIN HIM DOWN The Catholic layman can render service to the Church by allowing no charge against her to pass unchallenged. Sometimes we permit a clerical firebrand to show his wares, confident that the intelligent non-Catholic can see their vileness and worthlessness. We know, also, that Dean Stanley was convinced that Protestantism in general treats Catholics "with shameful ignorance and unfairness." But when we en dure insult silently and with patience some without the fold may have a suspicion that we are unable to these scribes who are "critics" by give a satisfactory answer. Due to environment and education, to repetition of calumny, some non-Catholics may and do heed that type of preacher who recognizes neither truth nor justice when treating of things Catholic. His only aim seems to be to arouse animosity and to perpetuate way. He lashes them with vitriolic prejudices. And his confidence in the credulity of his auditors may be

thousand times, and now only in honor among the lowest grade of from Germany, some from Norway, Protestant polemics. Perhaps this kind of preacher craves notoriety, or assails unjustly and falsely our organizations he should be taught as effectively as possible, that, though patient, we are not idiots. The law has no compassion on the libeller, and we should, when necessary, bring it into play to stop the turbid eloquence that seeks to discredit and to bemire us for the delectation of some non-Catholics. "In the present day," says Dr. Johnson, "there is much vituperation of the Roman Catholic belief; indeed it stands forth too prominently. What good purposes have fierce denunciations ever subserved? And what evil?" We pity our non-Catholic brethren who are swayed and misled by preachers who believe that impartiality in religious

CATHOLIC FEDERATION

weakness, and courtesy as treason.

societies on the grounds that it would provoke antagonism to us. We confess our inability to see any justification for his contention. An association devoted to the best interests of the community should not cause disquiet in any mind. But if, unfortunately, it would have this effect, the reason should be attributed not to Federation but to ignorance of its aims. And we are not going to influence the community either by idleness or by solacing our conscience with the thought that all is well. To repudiate or to damn with faint praise a movement that cannot but redound to our own betterment, is not complimentary to our zeal or courage. But we beg to assure our correspondent that, however he may like to dwell under the sheltering palms of his own ease, there are thousands who are ready to get on the firing line to do battle for truth and country. For instance, a Catholic can contribute his quota towards exposing the fallacies of Socialism. He can find his weapons in the publications of the Catholic Truth Society. He can do his part in safeguarding the young from the perils of the streets-in protecting girls from the stigma of defilement. He can be a deterrent towards placing men, destitute of integrity, in official positions. tion that wishes to unite our forces, and to stimulate them by the interchange of thought and aspiration to greater and more successful efforts'

RECTOR'S WIFE A CONVERT

TO HAVE TAKEN HER PAULIST FATHERS

Freehold, N. J., Nov. 12.—It be-me known to day that Mrs. John F. Milbank, the wife of the rector of St. Peter's Epicopal Church here, went to New York yesterday, accompanied by the rector, and entered a Catholic institution with a view of ecoming a Catholic. Members of the Vestry were reticent to-day beyond confirming the fact that Mrs. Milbank was in a Catholic institu-

tion in New York City.

The rector was not here to day. and it was learned that he had gone to visit his wife again. The report is that Mrs. Milbank has taken refuge with the Paulist Fathers, in Fifty ninth Street, New York.

Mrs. Milbank is the mother of four girls and one boy, all of whom attend school here. The eldest daughter will be graduated from the local high school next June. The family moved here about two years ago from Danbury, Conn.

The Very Rev. Father John J. Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, when seen last night at 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, where the Society of St. Paul has its home. said he did not know whether Mrs. John F. Milbank had been received into the Catholic faith. He said that if she had been formally received the record of the baptistry would show it. However, the baptistry was closed and the records were unavail-

Fathers Hughes said Mrs. Milbank might have come to the institution to receive instruction, the same as other women who contemplate embracing the Catholic faith. He was unable to say whether the Episco-pal clergyman's wife had been admitted to any of the classes because many of the priests were absent on particular missions, and only from them could he get the informa-

FOREIGN MISSIONS

MISSIONARY IN CHINA MARTYRED. In northern Shen-si, on the upper course of the Koang-ho and beyond the Great Wall of China, brigandage has lately been rife and the latest letters from the Franciscan Vicar Apostolic, who resides in the frontier own of Siang-fu, tells of the martyrdom of one of his priests, Father Bernat, a veteran of the missions. Captured by the brigands, he wa put to death in a particularly cruel way-bound to a post and hacked to ieces. The fact that torture was thus employed shows that it was not a mere murder for the sake of robbery, but that Father Bernat was "in hatred of the faith" so that his death was a martyrdom.

THE CHURCH THRIVING IN ALGERIA. —The Diocese of Oran is one of the most thickly populated districts in Algeria. It counts nearly 275,000
Catholics, many of whom are
originally Spanish. Monsignor Capmartine, late Archpriest of La Reole, has occupied the see for three years and has just been making his pastor

al visitation. He finds the general condition of things very consoling, particularly since the Catholic population lives among some 700,000 Mohammedans A correspondent deprecates our and Jews. Everywhere the Catho-plea for the Federation of Catholic lics are faithful, and indeed in more than one town the churches have had to be enlarged. At the little town of Arzen, on the sea, the Bishop appealed for funds to enlarge the church. The children immediately formed themselves into a collecting league, and a sailor of the port spontaneously offered to collect 2,000 francs among his shipmates.

VERILY CATHOLIC.—We learn that the students of the dained to the priesthood was a young Zulu, the son of a prominent chief, who is still a pagan. He made a brilliant course in theology, and speaks fluently, besides his own language, French, Italian and English, the latter with a pronounced Southern drawl. He will work among his own people in South Africa. He is the fourth of his tribe to be ordained to the priesthood in the last eleven years. Ordained with him were three Chinamen, who also

speak English. A WEST AUSTRALIA MISSION .- A recent number of the West Australian Record furnishes striking details of the thriving Catholic missions at Beagle Bay, with their dependencies, founded in 1890, for Christianizing the aborigines of Kimberley. The Pallotine Fathers, who in 1900 took on the work from the Trappists, here built a fine community house have built a fine community house, and the flourishing convent is a centre for work among the native women and girls, whose worth can hardly be overestimated. Mother Antonia O'Brien brought ever nine nuns of the Order of St. John of God (Subiaco), and their devoted labors are already bearing fruit in what would otherwise be a spiritually destitute corner of the world.

FOR CATHOLICITY IN ORIENT.-The Bishops from Africa and Asia are en-deavoring to raise \$10,000,000 for the establishment of suitable schools, churches and hospitals in their dioceses. The Holy Father, approving of their plan, has authorized them to receive subscriptions and has him-It has always been a source of EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN SAID self headed the list with a large do-

UNIVERSITY IN INDIA.—The Jesuits at Beirut, India, have made there the beginning of a Catholic University.

An African missionary relates this anecdote, which speaks for itself, of the good that he has been able to accomplish in his work among pagan prisoners. "Of the prisoners whom I had instructed at this time, eight had been condemned to death. What was my surprise, when I entered the prison one morning, to near from one of them: "'Father, hear from one of them.

do you know the news?' "'No, I redo you know the news?' "'Alas,! four of us have lost our chance. We have een pardoned, and cannot go to

SHAME ON THE CENTURY

The anonymous author of "Home," erial running in the Century Magazine, introduces into the Nov instalment of the story, Father Matthias, a priest whose moral theology is certainly as "Jesuitical" as the most Protestant readers could desire. For we find the priest advising a non-Catholic who already has a wife in the United States, to marry a Brazilian girl.

"Why make a mountain out of a distant molehill!" asked Father Mat-"Need your two worlds ever clash? You lose nothing. You give peace to the girl, who is ready to denounce the rights and privileges of Mother Church than say a word that might frighten you away. . . The girl is all I am thinking of—the girl and the children. . . . all, it is a small thing for you to do. You and I will know the marriage is

illegal, but it is big odds that the law will never know it. . . . In the balance against peace of mind, lies are feathers. Besides, we all live a lie, anyway. Our ambition should be to live a big, kindly lie and not a mean, self-centered one.'

lovers and then went off to register the documents. Many of the Cen-tury's readers doubtless found highly entertaining this travesty on the marriage legislation of the one Church that has always upheld consistently the sacredness and unity of matrimony. But were the Catho-lic subscribers of that periodical equally pleased?—America

A PRIEST'S SACRIFICE

From the Montreal Daily Mail How Bishop Forbes, who was elevated to the See of Joliette, finally came to be ranked among the leading dignitaries of the Church, when he night have won his way to the front as early as twenty six years ago, had he not willingly chosen a life of selfsacrifice and humility, was related to Montreal Daily Mail representative yesterday by one of the members of the Archbishop's palace.

When a young man Abbe Forbes had two alternatives before him-to go to Rome with a brilliant future before him among scholars and theologians or to consign himself to a life of humble obscurity, hidden away among the Indians of Caughnawaga. He chose the latter course, and many of his companions of those days con sidered that he had buried himself forever.

Yet Abbe Forbes finally entered the hierarchy of Canada by the very means which it was thought twenty six years ago would keep him in ob-livion. Father Forbes never became a doctor of divinity, never followed a theological college outside of Montreal for the honors of a doctorate the privilege of studying four years in the Eternal City were abandoned by him in a moment of zeal and

acrifice.
One of Bishop Forbes' classmates at the time tells the story in the

following way: "As a young man in the Montreal Seminary we knew him as the brightest student of the day, leading his class on all occasions. The Montreal College was about to open in Rome, and young Abbe Forbes was the first student chosen to attend the course. One day Mgr. Fabre, then Archbishop of Montreal, attended the seminary and in one of his talks with the stud ents told them how the old Oblate Father in charge of the Indians at Caughnawaga was growing old and feeble, while the Archbishop had nobody to replace him. The opening called for a life of hardship and selfsacrifice, necessitating, moreover, the knowledge of the Indian dialect.

"Scarcely had the Archbishop re-turned to his room before a knock was heard at the door, and Abbe Forbes entered.

"'Your Grace,' he said, I have some aptitude for learning lan guages; send me to Caughnawaga, 'But,' said His Grace, 'you are the first on the list to enter the Canadian College at Rome.'

If I go to Rome, it will be for my own glorification,' replied the young man. 'My duty in life is to

save souls.' A week afterwards Abbe Forbes was ordained to the priesthood, several months ahead of his class. Thus did the Roman College lose brilliant student, while the Indians gained a devoted missionary. Today the See of Joliette acquired a zealous and humble Bishop.'

ITS DOORS ARE NEVER CLOSED

In the course of an address at the College of Agriculture in St. Paul re-cently Dr. J. E. Young, professor of political economy at the University of Minnesota, advised the Protestan churches to learn a lesson from the Catholic Church and keep their doors always open.

It is a matter of common knowl edge that Protestant churches are closed to worshippers on six days of the week unless some special service is scheduled to take place. Nor are the church doors thrown open at an early lour on Sunday morning. Protest antism has so little to offer to its votaries in the way of dogmas and levotions that there is no reason for a daily service. At the Reformation it cut itself off so completely from the great central doctrines of Chris tianity that a daily call to divine worship would be barren of results. Not so with the Catholic Church.

The Divine Tenant residing in the tabernacle makes every Catholic church in which the Blessed Sacra ment is reserved a house of God and a home of prayer. Within its sanc-tuary the Saviour Himself resides day and night, ever beckoning His faithful children to their Father's house and bidding them pause in their daily round of toil to greet Him in a visit prompted by love, if the early hours of the day do not find them prostrate before the altar. early morning to late at night there is a continual stream of vorshippers passing into the Catholic church and pouring forth their peti tions in presence of Him who wel-comes them with an ear a tentive to their prayers and a heart surcharged

with love for them.

Is there not something consoling in the knowledge that the doors of blood.

So Father Matthias "married" the the Catholic Church are never closed; that hour after hour, day after day year after year, and century after century devout worshippers throng her aisles, bend low before her altar or cast loving glances upon the Eucharistic God Who is the source of their spiritual strength? As the shades of night descend over the community and bid the people retire to rest, the doors of the local church are closed until the morning sun gilds the horizon and bids the early worshipper draw nigh to his God. But during that time in other lands the portals of God's house are open and the incense of love is ascending from grateful hearts, and in this way an unceasing tribute of prayer and praise to the Incarnate God is heard round the world following "the pro-

> Who can meditate upon this great fact without realizing how different the Catholic Church is from every sect society that professes to worship God " in spirit and in truth?" Should not the knowledge of this fact inspire the faithful to still greater fidelity in their daily devotions? Nothing can bring greater grace to the individual soul nor give greater edification to the non-Catholic world than devout attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and daily visits to the tabernacled God. Non-Catholics cannot fail to be impressed by these marks of devoted service, and if they conscientiously seek the source and in-spiration of these truly Catholic practices, they will infallibly be led to Him Who resides on the altar for welfare of humanity and makes the Catholic Church the vestibule of heaven.—Catholic Bulletin.

A KINDLY MESSAGE

In the midst of the slings and arrows of outrages bigotry with which Catholics are more or less familiar, it is leasant to dwell on the message sent by the Protestant Episcopal Conven-tion in New York to the Catholic Missionary Congress in Boston:

"The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopalian Church sends greetings and asks the guidance of God and the Holy Ghost in your efforts to spread the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

And Cardinal O'Connell's reply was phrased in the fine spirit of a Catho-lic leader longing for the day when those others not of the fold may re-turn and when " all may be one :"

"I am deeply touched by the cordial message of the General Convention and beg to express my heartfelt de-sire for the speedy union of all with God's Church under the universal rule of our Lord Jesus Christ.' -Sacred Heart Review.

FIRST OF A NOBLE BAND

FATHER MARTINEZ WAS SUPER-IOR OF THE FIRST AMERICAN JESUITS-PUT TO DEATH BY THE INDIANS IN 1566

Father Peter Martinez, Superior of the first band of Jesuits that trod the oil of America, was born in 1533 at Feruel, a little village in the north vow of perpetual chastity. He entered the Society of Jesus, for which at cussed all over the country. first he felt an aversion, and soon became noted for virtue and learning. When Menendez undertook the conquest of Florida, in 1565, he asked for and obtained some Jesuit missionaries. Father Martinez was appoint

Owing to an unexpected delay, however, the Father did not sail with the Admiral, but took passage several months later in another expedition. When the vessel in which the Fathers sailed approached the coast of Florida it separated from the rest of the squadron, taking anorthern direction. The captain, on nearing the shore, desired a few men to land in a yawl and explore the country. All refused to hazard their lives among the

fierce savages.

Finally, about a dozen Belgians and Spaniards offered to comply in case Father Martinez was allowed to ac-company them. He was informed of this. The fearless priest, moved by charity, was the first to leap into the boat. The exploring party landed, but had scarcely landed when a sudden storm arose, driving the ship which they had left far from the of this brave Jesuit and his sorely tried companions in their efforts to create a Spanish Settlement.

At one of the rivers which they crossed the kindness of Father Mar-tinez in waiting for two tardy Belgians caused his death. Rushing to the boat, a troop of hostle savages seized the heroic priest, forced him on shore, and began their murderous work. With hands uplifted to Heaven he received the repeated blows of a heavy club until life was extinct.

His death occurred on the 28th of September, 1566, within about three agues of the mouth of the St. John's River. And thus the good and fearless Father Peter Martinez, the first de la Cloche, has entered the Com-Jesuit who stepped on the soil of pany of Jesus. In the same letter the King asks Father Oliva to send America, baptized it with his martyr

CATHOLIC NOTES

1832

In Belgium there are 37,905 religions : in France 159,628 : in England, 6,428; in Germany, 64,174; in Ireland, 9,190, and Spain, 50,670.

There are 3,900 men in various religious orders in Holland against 3 200 twelve years ago. These repre sent no fewer than twelve orders or societies.

At least 50 converts are the outcome of a mission to non Catholics conducted recently in St. Mary's Church, Clapham Common, London, by the Rev. George Nicholson. C. SS. R.

Lieut. Gov. Martin H. Glynn, who has become Governor of New York on the impeachment of Mr. Sulzer, is the first Catholic to govern the State since the days of Thomas Dongan, illustrious in Colonial times.

Bishop Schwebach, of La Crosse, crosse, administered the Sacrament of confirmation to two classes, one of 350 at St. Patrick's church and another of 100 at the Sacred Heart, Eau Clairs, recently. Of the 350 candidates confirmed at St. Patrick's church in the morning 100 were con-

According to a report complied in the Assessor's office, Catholic Church and Catholic institutional property in the city of St. Louis is valued as more than \$10,000,000. Nine of the Protestant sects have a combined value of more than six and threequarter millions, or \$3,000,000 less than the Catholics.

Ascoli, Italy, has shown its grati-tude to the late J. Pierpont Morgan for having restored the cope of Pope Nicholas IV, the stealing of which created such excitement some ten years ago. The town is having executed in bronze a bust of the millionaire banker, which will be erected in the park of the city.

Reverend A. J. Brunno, S. J., former astor of the Sacred Heart Church of Denver, before his recent departure for Texas, turned over to the Jesuit Order \$150,000 which he recently inherited from a relative. Father Brunno did not use a cent of the legacy, but gave it to the order as it came into his hands. The fortune is to be used for educational purposes under the direction of the order

The holy Father, in an audience with the Bishop of Menevia who conducted the English pilgrimage to Rome, showed deep interest in the Caldey community of Anglican monks, ecently received into the Church. His Holiness also accepted an album of photographs of religious paintings executed by one of the nuns of St. Bride's—also an Anglican foundation formerly, but now in communion with the true Church.

Archbishop Walsh, on his recent return to Dublin, at once made efforts to reconcile the strikers with their employers, using his past experience in labor troubles to good advantage. In a letter to the press he strongly urged that when each party has stated its views before the Board of Trade representatives they should be left, masters and men, to settle the trouble in private. The Archbishop has always found that the influence of the press and the general public of Spain. While yet a mere boy he consecrated himself to Heaven by a suggests that the terms proposed by

> Some time ago a well known Eng. lish priest, Canon Cafferata, was the object of atrocious calumnies circulated in anonymous letters. It took more than a year to discover the author, a certain Annie Tugwell, who had the audacity to charge the canon's housekeeper with the crime and bring her twice before the courts. Mrs. Tugwell was convicted and went to prison for a year. Some extreme Protestants looked on her as a martyr. They have the satisfaction now seeing her convicted again of the same crime, her victim being a lawyer, not a Catholic priest.

The Irish Protestant laity are in many cases more enlightened than ministers, says the London lic Times. The Rev. C. L. Catholic Times. Keane, M. A., who recently made a flerce attack on the Catholic Church, has resigned the incumbency of Mostrim and accepted the curacy of the Union of Donoughmore and Donard, Diocese of Glendalough. In a signed repudiation his parishioners dissociated themselves from Mr. Keane's views as to the Catholic Church, and said they had always lived in peace shore. Would space permit, pages might be filled with the adventures and harmony with their Catholic brethren.

The Unita Cattolica publishes a lengthy article announcing the discovery of a number of documents which go to prove that King Charles II. of England had a Jesuit son. Three authentic documents in support of this statement have been found in the archives of the Jesuits at Rome. Another document, which is said to have been brought to light, is a third letter from King Charles (August 3, 1668) to Father Oliva, general of the Jesuits, in which the King expresses to him his wish to become a Catholic, and congratulates himself on the fact that his son, James the young Jesuit to him in London

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XXXV

MRS. ST. UBES BRINGS

Yet the first bringer of unwelco

news but a losing office; and his

tongue Sounds ever after as a sullen bell Remembered knolling a depar friend.—2 Henry IV.

One morning our party at chotah hazree was unexpectedly re enforced by Mrs. St. Ubes and Colonel Gore, who rode into the compound just as we were sitting down to table. Mrs. St. Ubes was in exuberant spirits; beamed on every one (Major Percival especially) as she drew off her gloves, and helped herself to a piece of buttered toast. I knew by her air of supreme satisfaction that she had something unpleasant to say, and her greatly proved perfectly. and my augury proved perfectly correct. For a time an afternoon correct. lance the previous day was the only topic discussed, and Mrs. St. Ubes ted between uncle and Major Percival, was, as usual, pitiless in her criticisms. Two unfortunately stout young ladies were cruelly dis-They were in themselves," she declared, "amply sufficient to make up a set of sixteen Lancers, there being sufficient substance each for at least four couples. If I were them I would starve myself sooner than attain such elaphantine proportions; and it is positively wicked to allow them to ride. Where is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? where are the police? It is really melancholy to see two young women of such monus dimensions.'

"I do not think they are so particularly stout," said auntie, apologeti-cally; " at any rate, their handsome faces go a long way toward redeem

ing their figures. An acute and ill-regulated loveaffair might have a happy effect. Love is a very thinning malady," re-

marked Colonel Gore, plaintively. Hardly worth while to break their hearts for the sake of their

figures," observed Mrs. Vane, in her usual off hand manner. Talking of broken hearts," exclaimed Mrs. St. Ubes, addressing herself pointedly to me, and accompanying her remark with a steady significant stare, "I had a letter from Florry Thompson yesterday

She is at Cheetapore, you know."
"Is she? I did not know." I re turned, indifferently.

"Captain Beresford is there too, she pursued, with an emphasis that

downright rude. I again answered; but this time my face was a beautiful

flame color. He has quite got over his un lucky love affair. Men are all the same—easily consoled!" still direct-ing her remarks remorselessly to

You will be glad to hear that he has made a miraculous recovery, and is engaged to the general's daughter, ss. But, of course, you have already heard the news.

little conversational bomb had quite the intended effect. It produced an awkard and embarrassed pause. Auntie upset the sugar-basin, uncle scowled at me, and I became of a still deeper and finer shade

of crimson. An A 1 polo-player, and a good looking fellow, Beresford," ejacu-lated Colonel Gore, reflectively.

'Is he not?" returned Mrs. St. Ubes; "but Florry Thompson says he is greatly altered and has become quite thin and haggard looking."

"Then I suppose I am to infer that he has had a love-affair, and been taking a trial of the prescription recommended for the Misses Parr?" observed Major Percival, with all the

innocence of ignorance.

"Oh, yes; he has had a very severe returned Mrs. St. Ubes; "he was desperately in love with a cer tain young lady"—looking sweetly at me— "and she threw him over at any rate, gave him his 'jawab most effectually. But Nora can tell you all about it far better than I can, can't you dear? You were in the

What had I ever done to Mrs. St. Uhes that she should put me to torture in this manner, and hold me up to public shame? For my tell-tale face was an ample explanation to any one. "Those who ran might any one.

Nora is a capital person for keeping a secret," observed Mrs. Vane coming to my rescue; "and if Captain Beresford has confided in her his secret is perfectly safe; she will never divulge it to mortal. By the way, Mrs. St. Ubes, is it true that you are going home this hot weather?"

"Yes, thank goodness! You can't imagine how glad I am; how charmed I shall be when I see the last of this hateful country!"

'Hateful country!" echoed auntie Why, I always thought you liked it

My dear Mrs. Neville! how could you imagine any such thing? I loathe the very name of India. It has nothing but disagreeable associ-

Really, I am surprised to hear yo say so," put in Mrs. Vane (between whom and Mrs. St. Ubes a kind of brilliant guerilla swarfare raged), with a simple smile. "I always understood that you were born, brought up, and married out here."

Plenty of people are born in India and hate, the country. You may be born in a pigsty, but it does not fol-low that you are a pig."

" No, not always," responded Mrs. Vane, as if somewhat dubious, only half convinced.

"Well, I must say that I like India,' said uncle, rubbing his hands cheer fully, " although I was not born out

Oh, you are a regular old Anglo Indian," returned Mrs. St. Ubes, con-temptuously. "You have been out temptuously. "You have been out here so long that you have forgottsn what Europe is like."

Pardon me, I do nothing of the kind. I have a soft corner for my native land, but, all the same, in my opinion, the gorgeous East is not half a bad billet. In the first place, I nd to your notice the rupeer

"What rupees can compensate for being broiled alive?" Well, in these days of punkah ice machines, thermantidotes, and hill stations, I do not think there is so much to complain of," said uncle firmly. "Can any European climate surpass the hills? and why should the natives of foggy England, frosty Scotland, and rainy Ireland be so ex cessively fastidious? Then look at our scenery," waving his hand to ward our sandy avenue; " what a field for painters and artists! and fo sportsmen, what a country!"—waxing enthusiastic—"large and small game, from an elephant to a snipe, from a bison to a quail, and no game laws to speak of !

Oh, if you are going to talk shikar, I have no chance; and I shall go," said Mrs. St. Ubes, making a feint of searching for her whip and gloves. Well, shikar has no charms for ladies, but it has veryegreateattractions for most men. However, you my fair friends, have every reas speak well of India also. You are social divinities out here--queens of society, with noth to do but dress and dance and

flirt, and receive universal atten-I don't agree with you at all. more thought of than we are in England," returned Mrs. St. Ubes, sharply And, at any rate, you must admit hat your beloved India is the hot bed of scandal and gossip," she con-

cluded, triumphantly.

"Not a bit worse than its neighbors," said Mrs. Vane, metaphorically seizing a weapon and striking into the conversation. "Take any small country town. Take an English colony abroad, you will find gossip and scandal just as rampant, nay, worse. I don't attempt to deny that there are wicked people in India as well as elsewhere. There are mischief makers and snakes-in the-grass in every country," she concluded,

looking fixedly at Mrs. St. Ubes, "Well, I must say that I think people get on together out here capitally. They are more drawn toward each other than at home. auntie good humoredly Look at the wonderful kindnes nd hospitality one meets with. Why, in this large station there is not on otel, none being required. Anglo-Indians have some good points, you

'I allow that India has very eloquent defenders, and very fine foliage plants, and that you have a superb collection, Mrs. Neville. Come, Major Percival," said Mrs. St. Ubes, rising, "come, and I will introduce you to Mrs. Neville's black caladiums. are nearly as great a fern maniac as

Always at Mrs. St. Ubes's service," he replied, bowing with an air of great gallantry, and escorting her oward the garden with deferential alacrity.

party thus broken up dispersed, leaving Mrs. Vane tete-à-tete

She scored off you this morning, said my companion, nodding toward me impressively as she stood up and shook some crumbs out of her pretty crewel apron. "She came here on purpose to fire that shot about Maurice Beresford, and it cer tainly went home. My poor child can you not learn to control your blushes?—they almost amount to s disease in your case. Mrs. Stubbs is now employing that wicked little tongue of hers in retailing all your miserable peccadilloes to Major P Ere this he is quite au fait with your dearest secrets, and has the history revised and enlarged, of your flirta tion with Maurice at his finger ends.'

The same day after tiffin Major Percival and I had the drawing room to ourselves, with the exception of Boysie Towers, who was lying flat on the floor, supporting his head on his hands, and deep in "Gulliver's hands, and deep in "Gulliver Travels." I was well accustomed t Boysie, and he was no more restraint on Major Percival's conversation than

if he had been a dog. My fiance was lazily turning over auntie's large photographic album, and making remarks on its contents en passant. "Nice little woman, Mrs. St. Ubes," he remarked, leaning back in his chair and half closing the book. "Very agreeable, and lots to say for herself," shutting his eyes and enjoying some delicious retrospect. After a pause he lifted his eyelids suddenly and said. "A great friend of yours too, Nora, she tells

"Oh, dear no," I answered brus quely.
"Well, she certainly said so, at any

'Then she told you a great fib," I returned, hotly.

"Well, never mind, my little Nora, you need not be so excited. I am sure Mrs. St. Ubes is the last person in the world to thrust her friendship upon any one. I see how it is, she is abit of a coquette, and you are in the same line yourself, eh?" pausing again and regarding me complacently; "she says—she tells me"—and he hesitated.

"Well, what am I, according to Mrs. St. Ubes ?'

The greatest flirt in Mulkapore, he returned, with provokingly dis inct utterance. Story number two," I replied,

cornfully. Well, at any rate, you are credited with a vast number of proposals. Come, make me your confidant; confession is good for the soul," hitching his arm-chair closer to mine.

'Not in this case," I answered th a laugh. "I shall not satisfy with a laugh. "I shall not satisfy your curiosity. Suppose you go on looking at the photographs; you have not seen half. You should not listen

But you had half a dozen propos als, Nora. I'm not at all jealous. I admire their discrimination, and am sorry for your rejected admirers."

I could see that he was rather

proud of my victims; he considered that they adorned his chariot-wheels, he having carried off the conquero of the slain.

It was no use begging or coaxing, l would not confess, so he resumed his occupation of acting the part of critic to all our friends and acquaint nces. Most of them fared but ill at his hands, till he came to Maurice-Maurice taken in half-length cabinet size, and in all the glory of his uniform. I would fain have skipped him : but Major Percival intern a firm white finger, and gazed at the

photograph critically.

"Now that's what I call a thor oughbred looking fellow," he observed impressively, as if the original had now received a kind of nonorable mention, a cachet that would distinguish him for the rest of Who is he? Don't know

"He is Captain Beresford - my cousin," I answered, with all the composure I could assume.

"Oh, indeed. He was rather epris, was he not? One of the victims? Come, come, my little Nora, your face tells the tale your tongue refuses to

What tale!" cried Boysie, aroused by the magic word, and walking on his knees to Major Percival's side. Oh, that's Captain Beresford, Nora's other sweetheart! Awfully spoony on her-he was!

Boysie, how dare you say so ?" ried, with cheeks like flame. "I heard mother say that he was in love with you, so there!" retorted the imp, folding his arms and glaring at me defiantly; and it's true, too I saw you myself that night at the picnic—shall I tell? Do you dare me?" continued this malignant ur chin, looking at me with his head on one side, an air of keen, malicious in

quiry. "Tell what you please; it is all the same to me," I answered, reck-"You have nothing to repea about me, or-or-Captain Beresford

that is of the smallest consequence. An impudent closing of his left eye was the only responsive Boysie vouchsafed, and, leaning heavily on Major Percival's knee, he raised him self to an upright position, yawned stretched, picked up "Gulliver," and

then found speech. Never mind. I was only taking rise out of you, old girl. Keep yourself cool! Your auntie is making some cocoanut rock. I wonder if it is nearly ready. I think I'll go and see. So saying, Master Boysie, having made a frightful face behind Major Percival's back, put his book under

his arm and lounged out of the room The purdah had scarcely swung him ere Major Percival con behind me, standing erect with thumbs in the armholes of his waist

'Now, Nora," he said impressively. some explanation," he added, with a solemnity that was absolutely tragic. "What he said was perfectly true,"
I faltered, gazing intently at a certain pattern in a Persian rug. "I treated my cousin very badly— I never told him that I was engaged to you until
—until too late," I stammered.

Too late! What do you mean

very sharply.
"I mean he proposed to me. "Ah, and you refused him. Yes, have heard all that," put in my auditor almost cheerfully. "You re-fused half a dozen, if all tales be true but you did not encourage him, did

you—eh, Nora?"

"I believe I did, Major Percival.
You shall hear the truth. I encouraged him, as you call it, but at first quite unconsciously. I always meant to tell him I was engaged to you, and somehow I put it off and put it off, and all the time he was thinking that I was free and that—and that I liked him. He will never, never forgive me, and I shall never forgive myself,'

I added in a whisper, conveying the idea of mental sackcloth and ashes. "It was certainly a great mistake pleased with my humility-" you ought to have let him know that the shall we say admiration? — was not mutual whenever you saw that his devotion was becoming too flagrant. I suppose his disenchantment is now quite complete?" Major Percival, suspiciously.

Quite, quite complete, most thoroughly complete!" I promptly an-

"Well, well, then, if I grant you for giveness and absolution for your little flirtation, I am sure he may. We will say no more about it," he added, reassuringly, "only be more guarded in future. Do not ensuare any more of these good-looking gunners," concluded my fiance, nodding his head impressively as he turned to a pier glass and began a most critical scrutiny of his left—his favorite—whisker.

Having satisfied himself that he

tie, collar, and tout ensemble were entirely to his satisfaction, he took up his hat and gloves, and with an easy farewell to me set off to join a whist party at the club. Hardly had he left the house when Boysie came stepping into the room on tiptoe, a large lump of cocoanut rock in either hand, and a general stickiness per-

vading his appearance. Well, has the old fellow gone? there he goes," he added, and good riddance of rubbish! I say Nora, wasn't I a brick, ch? What are you going to give me for not letting the cat out of the bag? and such a thundering big puss !"

"Cat! Puss!" I echoed, crossly; aat do you mean? "Has softening what do you mean? of the brain set in at last?"

"You remember the night of the picnic to the tombs?" I nodded. Had I not good reason to recollect it ?"

"Well," putting a huge morsel of rock into his mouth, and buttonholing me by his now free and most uninviting fingers, "I was strolling about before supper, and I came to the big pool, and I looked over the edge, and what do you think I saw?" accompanying the question with a diabolical wink.

I turned perfectly cold. Why, that fellow, Maurice Beres ford, with his arm round your waist Now!

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GREATEST THING

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Ralph read the words and smiled. Yes, that was the condition of the world at large, and the little world of the village of Morceau had no reason for thinking itself exempt from general rules. Ralph had never been outside his native village any further than down to the river, about ten miles away. He had gone to Sister's school, had completed the grammar grade and had started to work. For a long while he had earned his pittance at odd jobs in the office of a factory, and had finally won the lucrative position of bookkeeper in

that establishment. He has always shown more intelligence that the average boy in the village, so much that the Sisters urged his parents to send him to a Jesuit Boarding College to finish his education. But money was needed at nome, and Ralph's greater good was sacrificed to the absolute demands of his younger brothers and sisters.

His twenty-first summer was now at its height. The office was closed for the afternoon, and here he was, pondering over a little book of maxims and wise sayings. He had long been thinking—thinking seriously. He felt within him the craving and yearning of a noble heart to do and dare-to go out beyond the confines of his native village into the great world that was always beckonng him onward and upward, and to do the greatest thing man's powers could attempt. He felt within him the longing to be the center of a circle that would revolve about him to stand aloft, the cynosure of all eyes; to sit upon the throne of greatness to be adored by all whose intellects were keen enough to recognize and whose wills were strong enough to reverence his undoubted superior-

strange to say, mingled with all this desire for eminence was a dis-tracting, disheartening thought, Ralph was a good Catholic. And Sunday after Sunday as he knelt at "I must insist on knowing what he means. I allude to the little beast munion he had an unwelcome idea should despise myself and in time who has just left. I insist upon that God wanted him for the priesthood. Unwelcome, I say, because Ralph had all but given his heart to a pure young girl he had known almost all his life. That was why Ralph was so moody to-day. This old saying about greatness had always perplexed him. He knew it was the greatest thing to give his heart entirely to God. And Ralph was honest enough to wish to do the greatest

thing. The wind sighed softly through the leaves. The birds flitted by him in chattering gladness. The sun wheeled through an hour's space of heaven, and Ralph sat there, the book still open and unread, his mind far down the labyrinthine ways of thought from which he could not escape. With a look of stern determination he finally arose and went quietly toward the house. His eyes were fixed and staring; his lips tightly drawn. There was resolve written in every line of his refined counten-

He glanced at his watch-5 o'clock There was still time before the even ng meal. His walk lay down the village street some few blocks beow his own modest home. These blocks he covered without looking to right or left. He opened a low wicket gate and slackened his pace as he entered a well-kept yard and saluted a black-eyed, black-haired girl in terms of easy though respectful familiarity:

Busy, Mary?' 'No, Ralph. I was just reading that story about Eric you said you liked. Do you know, Ralph, I think what Eric needed was a real friend whose advice he could follow."

No doubt.' "But I see Balph, you're worried. What's the matter? "Mary, I've got something to say to you, and I don't know how to be

gin."
"Better begin right in the middle," she answered with a laugh.
"Well, I will. Now, don't stop me

been preparing a long while for it and if you stop me I may explode. "You'd better begin. You're ex hausting all your steam on the prep aration," she answered playfully.

"Mary, as far back as I can re

member I have lived in this little town, working and slaving to earn an honest penny for my younger brothers and sisters. They are old enough now to look around for them elves, and I intend to follow the longing of my inmost soul. I have never told you, Mary, that I loved you. I did not know it myself at We have been playmates to gether, we have sat in the same schoolroom together, and we have grown from childhood into the sun shine of existence, hardly knowing that we were growing more and more into each other's lives. If that were all, Mary, it would be easy enough. would take you out beyond this vil lage and set you on the throne of the world to be the queen of womanhood.

But at present—at present, I don' know what to do." He paused. She looked at his quivering lips, his tear-dimmed eyes. His left hand clasped the back of the rus tic bench, his right was hanging idly at his side. She did not dare to in terrupt; she saw as once that his mood was a passionate one. And besides, she was afraid of her own tongue betraying a secret she had never dared breathe to a single soul.

'I don't know what to do,' tinned. "There is God, calling me calling me, calling me, and my heart says, "Nay, I do not want to come. I know it is all strange to you Mary, and I suppose you would think me blasphemous if I said I am now at the parting of the ways, where stand two pedestals. On one is God, on the other-you. Don't start so, Mary; I don't mean to be irreverent. And now the time has come for me to choose True, if I take you, I shall not have to abandon God altogether. But I am not sure that I would be doing the greatest thing. When I kneel in the church and listen for the voice of God, I seem to hear within me the secret calling to abandon all, even you, Mary, and follow Him in the priesthood. Oh! If I could know, if could have the courage !"

She waited for him to continue out he did not. She looked at him, as his eyes wandered away over the lawn toward the house. If there was ever a look of heaven on a woman's face, it was on hers then. no hesitation, no doubt in her voice Down, down, deep down in her noble heart, so far down that it almost made her scream with anguish, she crushed her own bitter torture, and came, like an angel of light, to this wavering soul. Thank God for such women as these! They are man's quardian angels and his true protect ors. Mary touched Ralph's tightly hand and restored him to the reality around him.

"Ralph, you ought to be the's thankful person in the world." He did not answer. He stood there as though hewn out of marble. Intinctively her nobler nature maniested itself and proclaimed its

superiority in the childlike submission of the man before her. "You ought to be the most grateful man in creation, Ralph. Do you know, I think that is the grandest thing in the world. I have watched Father Livingston day after day, and have grown to reverence the priest-hood with the highest respect of my soul. God bless you, Ralph, if you have this vocation. What? would dare to put me up against God and make your choice? Ralph Ralph, for shame! How could I re-Ralph. spect you, knowing that you had degrow to distrust you, lest you should meet another who could draw your love from me, as I had drawn it from

Whence did she derive the courage and strength to say it? heart beat in discord to the strain her lips were uttering. Had she obeyed her natural impulse she would have thrown herself between her Creator and this His vacillating creature Where did she get the soul to help this man before her in his wavering

She did not know.
"Then you tell me, Mary—"
"I would tell you to give yourself and God a chance. 'And go away to school? Begin

should have toestudy for a long, long But the cause is worth it, Ralph.

And you would have time to ponder over it all, and pray.' With every word she was tearing his very heart-strings. "Does she really care anything for me, after all?" he wondered. "How can she seem so cold?" Once he was tempted to ask her, but the word failed nim. If he could have looked into

very thought. Then, Mary, we'll say good bye ? he asked. "Yes, good-by in the truest sense for my only prayer is, Ralph, that

her heart, he would have cursed the

God be with you. He stood, the picture of despair. Beside him, every nerve quivering and trembling with emotion,

stood a frail, pale girl.

"Mary, then you—". He paused
His lips pressed tightly together.
No, he could not ask the question. Then I what, Ralph?' "Oh, Mary, I'm a selfish, ungrate

ful brute. I have been thinking only of my personal feelings all the time. village has always been so narrow that it has even narrowed my own horizon until my world has grown to be myself. I did not think Having satisfied himself that he till I'm through, for I'm like a steam of you, so much as the angel you are had not seen a gray hair, and that his engine, all ready for a hard job. I've I thought of you only as the one per-

son, under God, that could satisfy my love. It was always I—I—I—I, and if there had been another who satisfied me better I should have cast you aside, totally disregarding your own unselfish love for me. I know it now; I am not fit to serve you.'

when she spoke her voice was husky. "Ralph, there are things in this world that are great, and I should like to share them with you, if God so willed. But I should rather see you vretched, outcast, with every nerve broken, every hope shattered, every ambition crushed; I should rather see you wear your life away alone, ralded, unknown, if only you were living a holy priest of God.'

"But you, Mary! What will become Even now the thought that some one else will come and claim you fills me with horror. There is no one fit to look at you, much less to have you as his bride.'

She gazed out over the roof of her modest home. Her eyes, almost like those that painters give to beings of the celestial world, were clouded

with a veil of moisture.

"I—" she answered, "I shall pray for you and your work. happy and contented in this quiet village. I shall live among these dear, good people, and—and—when my time comes—die. That's the sum of most lives, isn't it, Ralph? Listen, there's the Angelus." And the two knelt down on the closely cropped lawn to commemorate the mystery of the Incarnation.

Well, Mary, I shall say good-by. Mother's waiting for me at home. didn't know I had stayed so long."

"Good-by, Ralph." Try as she may, she could not say another word. He sauntered toward the gate and opened it. He looked down the street and up, hardly know ing what he was doing. At last he turned homeward, disconsolate, de-

That night the gathering shadows closed around a sobbing maiden, trying to gain some little courage to face a life she now detested. Not for a single moment would she think of recalling one word she had uttered Her sacrifice was made, her decision given. Mayhap it was her own bountless grief, undergone with the resignation of a martyr, that won the grace of final perseverance for the man she loved.

Years passed by, and Ralph became a well-known priest-orator. His name was on the lips of thousands. He was hurried from pulpit to platform, from platform to stage. All men seemed eager to listen to his words of wisdom. There was a look of peace and content in his eye, the peace and content of a man who had seen his duty and dared to do it. The dream of his youth had been realized. He had not been born great, he had not had greatness thrust upon him, but he had achieved it.

Every summer he journeys back to the little village and walks among the old familiar spots, talking to the men and women of to-day about the men and women of their yesterday and he pats and fondles the little men and women of the coming morrow. As the sun sinks slowly behind the rolling meadows he turns his steps down toward the village churchyard. He opens the iron gate and walks over and walks over to a sequestered corner, takes out his beads and begins the Rosary. His eyes wander up to the tombstone and read "Mary, but he quickly closes them to shut out all thoughts that distract him

from his prayers for her soul. He has studied and suffered in the school of real greatness, the school of sanctity, and he knows now that the greatest thing is not to do, but to be The world has never heard of her whose ashes lay covered in the grave before him, but he knew in his heart of hearts that her strength in his hour of weakness had made him what he was. And he knew that she not he, had done the greatest thing. -J. H. Stratford, in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE NEW-THOUGHT WOMEN

Written for the Catholic Standard and Times

A recent editorial in the Public

Ledger (a well-written, thoughtful editorial it was) on "The Real man, set us to thinking. That editorial, plus religion, ought to be read in every home. Perhaps it might set others to thinking, and perhaps the "real woman" who has been submerged by the has been submerged by the waves of vote-gathering public lecturing, club meetings and so forth would raise her graceful head and stamp that expression of editorial wisdom with an "imprimatur" that would impress her neighbors and friends. All women should have good sense in various quantities as one of their physical and mental conator; but some of them aspire to such wild heights of absurdity that a man gasps as he vainly tries to follow them. Talking with a valued friend the other day, a learned Jesuit, he gave an experience of his that is too good to keep. This gentleman is a brilliant, witty, never-to-be-floored talker, as wise as he is witty, whose head is full of all sorts of knowledge whose society is sunshine for the weary and comfort for the distressed, a man of unbounded zeal for souls and veteran worker in the Church and pulpit, enthusiastically loved by many and revered by all. He said to me as we sat together talking of the "New-Thought Woman?"

"I was on the Fall River boat this summer, on deck, and lo! she didn't know, but I supposed some one fluttered along. She looked at me, had been hurt. This was the beand noted my Roman collar, and ginning of our acquaintance. It was

ointing to a vacant chair, asked me

"The word struck me curiously, and I smiled. Then I raised my hat.
"'No, ma'am,' I said: 'not if I can

see well. May I offer it to you?" "She fluttered into it, and with a fetching smile volunteered the infor-mation that she had been to New York shopping. I bowed, glancing at the little reticule she carried (about three inches square), but, of course, I believed her! Then she volunteered another confidence, impelled no doubt, by my elderly presence and tell-tale garb:

Reverend sir, do you know that I was an inmate of a convent in Montreal for nine years? As a pupil of, of course!"

Indeed ma'am! In your green salad days, no doubt!" "She smiled and resumed, nothing

daunted: 'I hold the same views as you do in fact. I am a woman of advanced ideas, quite up to date. To tell the truth, sir, I run a church myself, and am on my way to Onset, Mass, to conduct a service the coming Sunday. am an apostle of the New Thought. Of course, you, too, are liberal and progressive; you are an educated gentleman."

For a certainty, ma'am," I re

plied.
"'If so, as our service consists
of new chiefly of the exchange of new thoughts, mayhap you could give me a new thought' she said beaming

"'Well, ma'am; I'll give you an old thought dressed up in a new way. Perhaps it may serve you!' She did not notice the sarcasm in

my tone, so I continued: "Yesterday I was preparing an old man for death. He was disquieted, troubled in spirit. He said he had three enemies-his relatives, the

devil and the worms!' She gave a little shudder as I

mentioned the last but I kept on. 'His relatives did not care for his body or soul; they wanted his money. The devil did not care for his money or his body; he wanted his soul. The worms did not care for his soul or his money; they wanted his body!'

"'How quaint!' she exclaimed.
'Why, that is a New Thought indeed!' "Well, ma'am you are perfectly free to exchange it with the members of your new Church! Sorry, being a priest, I can't give you my arm to

the dining-room. Good evening!" "She looked at me and fluttered off without a word. And that was the 'new woman.' Very advanced! Half-fraud and half fool! Making a penny by playing at progressive religion!"
"Can it be possible?" the reader
will exclaim. Yea, more than pos-

sible! such women live! Let the nobler of the sex assert themselves in the face of such ab surd creations. Let them proclaim their choice of the antithesis of such beings by being content with home and husband and children and befriending all that is worth while in this too progressive age.

—REV. BICHARD W. ALEXANDER.

THE STORY OF MY

CONVERSION BY ONE WHO WAS A PRESBYTERIAN If any one were to ask me when in all my life I felt most happy, I should answer that it was on the 28th day of April, 1912. Having been baptised and having made my first confession on the previous day, I was permitted to receive my dear Lord on the fol lowing morning out a cond delight came lowing morning. Oh! such a glori-I knelt at the altar before our Blessed Saviour. I thought my heart would burst, so filled was it with gratitude, pity and love for my dear Lord, Who suffered so much forme. At that mo ment I wished never to leave the altar. but to remain there on my knees for

the rest of my life, adoring and loving my Saviour.

Perhaps you would like to know how a Presbyterian came to experience such great joy. Well, the be-ginning of the story dates back two years before, when I went to live in apartments immediately opposite a apartments immediately of Convent. Catholic Church and Convent. Every morning I was awakened very early by the ceaseless footsteps of the men, women and children going to Church. I would jump up and look at them through the window. There they were swarming in as fast as they could. It puzzled me, and I wondered, "What is in that Church wondered, "What is in that Church to bring those people out so early?" could not understand how could lose their sleep, and leave their warm beds so early in the morning. When the weather was warmer and windows were opened, I could hear the singing, and even see the priest altar. And so I watched and listened day after day, and Sunday

A PROVIDENTIAL MEETING

That summer I taught in the vaca-tion schools. Having nothing to do one afternoon, and as it was quite warm, I thought I would try to get some air in Rittenhouse Square, which was very near. I walked around to find a bench by itself, in order that I might not be annoyed by intruders. Facing 18th street, I selected one, on which was sitting a very kindly looking old gentleman. I had not been seated beside him long when a crowd gathered im-mediately in front of us on 18th street. Turning to me he asked if I had any idea of the cause of the excitement. I answered that really I

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not until then that I noticed he was reading a religious magazine. A few minutes elapsed when the strange old gentleman turned to me again and handed me a small, three cornered leaflet, shaped like a clover leaf. On the outside was the picture of St. Anthony. On the inside was a plea for alms for St. Anthony's bread Having read it through, I handed it back. "You understand what it is?" Yes," I answered, al though I had not thoroughly grasped the situation. "Then I suppose you are a Catholic," said he. He seemed very much surprised when I told him I was not. "Well, have you ever I was not. "Well, have you ever been interested to know anything about the Catholic Religion?" he inquired. Now this was indeed the question for an answer to which I had been waiting a long time. I was not interested, no, I was anxious to know something about this wonderful religion, and now I am sure it was God Himself, Who sent this reverent gentleman to ask me this question, and to explain and tell me all about it. For this he did in full, giving me the entire history, not only of the Catholic Church, but also of all the other denominations. I explained to him that I had been a discussion has done, and is here to plained to him that I had been a Presbyterian, but was then going regularly to an Episcopalian Church, simply because it was of a higher form. I was getting nearer, but had not yet reached the dear Church of which I am now a member. It was at this point that our conversation came to a close. He took my name and address, and gave me his card. He also said he would send me some pamphlets, and other reading matter which would give me more informa-tion, if I would read them, which I

NOT PREPARED TO PAY THE COST α Affew days after this I received by mail a number of pamphlets and tracts, containing stories, and ex-planations and dialogues, all interesting and instructive, but now I began to think things over. What about my friends? My good old Presbyterian friends, my parents' friends, my sister's friends—what would they They would disown me. should lose every one of them if I ever became a Catholic. I must say with deep regret that I was here overtaken by Satan, and decided that I would not read any of those papers just then. I felt sure that if I did I'd become a Catholic, and lose all my friends. So I put all the pamphlets away carefully in my trunk, never even acknowledg. hem. Nevertheless, all that winter I was fighting a religious war within myself, feeling that all the time I was being drawn by the grace of God toward the Catholic Church, and yet afraid to take a step in that direction, lest I might offend my friends. But "What doth it profit a man if he should gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" God moves in a mysterious way, He works slowly but surely.

GRACE TRIUMPHS

It was not until the first Sunday in February of that winter that I changed my mind. I was ill both physically and spiritually : I wanted something to enlighten my mind, and to take away the thoughts of myillness. Going to my trunk, I took out all the papers and pamphlets that had been me, and I read them ; they were just what I had been longing for. They answered almost all the questions that had risen in my mind. I felt very much relieved, but not yet satisfied. I wanted some more reading matter.
To whom should I go? I felt too much ashamed to write to ask more from my good friend. A new idea oc-curred to me; I was not going to be put off. I thoug could get some help from the good Sisters across the way. So one afternoon I called at the convent. I asked to see one of the Sisters. As I waited, I was much impressed by the spirit of prayer which seemed to be all around me. In fact, the whole place was filled with an atmosphere of peacefulness—"that peace which passeth all understanding"—the peace of I had not long to wait. Sister Consolata was sent to me, for whose kind instruction and advice I thank God every day. After telling her all about myself and the reason for my she told me to read a book called "The Faith of Our Fathers," which I accordingly procured. I found this book very clear and instructive, and just the thing I needed. Once a week and sometimes twice a week, I returned to the convent for instruction. At first convent for instruction. At first, my great stumbling block was confession. It was only by the grace of God that I was given light to understand it. Every day made things clearer. I might compare it to one entering a very dark tunnel, and traveling through, very gradually seeing things brighter and brighter until one comes out into daylight which makes everything bright and cheerful. And so, on the 27th day of April, I was baptized by his reverence, Father Thompson. It gave me great joy and happiness to have as my godfather my dear old friend, who was the first to set my mind

thinking in the right direction. ? Now that I have told you my story. I shall conclude by saying that I cannot thank God enough for giving me such joy and happiness, and I pray for health and strength to do only His Holy Will.—The Lamp. E. M. G.

had loaded us with His favors. Man the missionaries Boniface, Willibald, was the aggressor. What insolence! But God forgives and forgets.

THY KINGDOM COME"

SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. JAMES H. COTTER, LL. D., AT THE MISSIONARY CONGRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

Thy Kingdom come."-From the

Lord's Prayer.

Blessed and beautiful Trinity of Divine words, encircling all the puroses of our missionary movementimpelling all its agencies-inspiring all its projects—consecrating all its conclusions. What we, brethren, daily pray for in the "Our Father" and wisdom to practically embody it greater knowledge of our faith the undoing of heresy that would narrow the boundaries of truth—the destruction of infidelity that would ain usurp God's dominion in a world fashioned by His beauty and dowered by His bounty—the bejeweling of the earth in its every part, distant and near, with temples that would be at the same time tabernacles of grace and schools, not stopping at the mind, more grandly do.

The missionary spirit is essentially Catholic in character—not trammeled by parish lines, but bounded by the horizon, tented by the heavens. When Christ said to His disciples, Go forth!" the same breath established the Church created the missionary. The world was His disciples home; the sky-wall alone the limitation of his zeal, human souls everywhere, the goal of his energies. missionary was sent, and territorial divisions were a sequence to the sending. Heavenly, then, is the motive that dominates — venerable the spirit that animates the second American Missionary Congress.

When the disciples passed in review before their great Captain, Christ, as they went to preach the gospel to every creature, we have a scene that thrills the affections, prompts our mind to high, our souls to holy thoughts; and yet for all, here in America we have a kindred scene, when the great Archbishop Quigley adopted the order of Christ and said: "Go forth" to this powerful missionary venture cognate to the record of the gospel, as its chief is a spiritual relative to the Divine Commander. Go forth, and safeguard the foreigner, as dear, in his hut and his ignorance to heaven as is the scion of royalty. Go forth and shield the poor emigrant from diabolical strategy. Go forth, from our hard highways, polished with cultivation, to the mud roads of grass-grown cor ners where weeds hide human habitations. Go forth to the lonely plain and the desolate coast where our church bell no orator ever gave the music of heavenly hope. Go forth to the neglected fields where men wearing the dear names of our martyrs and confessors have lost the faithwhere now

' Helpless feet stretch out To find in the depths of the darkness No footing more solid than doubt."

Go forth to the mountains where brass ignorance conceives the white hands of Christ's spouse dedaubed with murder; where villainous calumnies have so preyed upon creduilty that men are as barren of truth as is the burnt stump in the clearing of sap; where human beings live without a prayer, die without a hope -dig in the earth until their fellows dig them into it, deeming as the gruesome end all what is only a wretched beginning. Go forth, with the patience of the Christ, most majestic when insult enforced silence. Go forth, with the gentlenes of the Master who would rather dry a tear than cause one to be shed. Go forth, with the zeal of Him who more than once preached where "there was much grass in the place." Go forth, with that learning which made the wiseacres in the Temple pluck their beards in silence, roll their envious eyes in wonderment, and gaze in the anguish of wounded pride on the confusion which a Youth of twelve had introduced into the councils of the grey-haired fathers of Israel. Go forth, with the power of Christ who made the preacher his proxy with, "He who hears you, hears Me." Go forth, with the prudence of the Saviour which the prudence of the Saviour which caused Him to preach more eloquently through example than precept. Go forth, with His mercy, always sympathetic with excusable incorporate. ignorance. Go forth, with the div-inity of Christ to ever illume periods, losing their native light in the shin ing of His sublimity. Go forth to till our Sahara. And they went; like heroes everyone, they passed be-fore the face of authority, as in the olden time, and, although they have not well commenced, they have wrought wonderfully in the barren

patches of Christ's kingdom. What grand exemplars these men of sacrifice, the missionaries, have to emulate! All the nations have been schooled in faith and goodness by missionaries, heralds of Divine law, who were hailed as king of kings in the varied countries of their Behold my native land, truly a land of promise, holy ground where heroes sleep, and saints enrich the sacred turf, and sages lie, tucked in their togas of immortality. The missionary, St. Patrick, converted Erin, and in gratitude Erin herself, to the wonder of mankind, became a In the reconciliation of man with missionary. Her history is one God, it is not man who makes the grand act of faith; her character, an sacrifice. God was not the first to act of hope; her temples an act of break friendship; on the contrary He heroic love. The saintly labors of God. St. Augustine in England and

St. Gall in Switzerland illustrate types of the missionaries beneath whose outstretched hands tribes and peoples in Europe, Asia and Africa received great blessings, from whose lips they reverently took the faith, at whose knees they learned how to pray. Worthy were those brave ones to be crowned in Christ's kingdom, which their niety engaged and their which their piety enriched and their zeal enlarged. What the Church says of one is true of all: "The Lord made to him a covenant of peace, made him a prince that the dignity of the priesthood might shine

forth in him forever." The difficulties, brethren, mission aries have to surmount are equalled only by the difficulty in getting them for the work, a work which the Church alone can foster — that Church which is the sole contradiction to the world's greed, as she is another rame for sacrifice. The cross of sacrifice is her standard; the altar of sacrifice is her banquet table; the gospel of self-renunciation, her doctrine; vows of poverty her practice, in her most loyal and enlightened subjects, and martyrdom ofttime the unfeared conclusion of her missionaries' daring.

And what is the purpose of it all? The gaining of souls. God's is a kingdom of souls. The soul is God's; He made it. It is His, with the seal of His creative hand thereon; His, as it is roseate with the blood of Christ's redemption: His, as it is mighty in itself and deathless in its design. The missionary covets souls. To save them is the whole of his activities. Lighten. then, his work by making his heart strong with encouragement. Show your love for your faith by showing your desire for its extension. One is not a true Catholic who does not wish the whole earth to circumference the faith. We have many duties in a world that maligns Christ and shows its pernicious purposes in damning souls; one of the first of these is to help the missionary society to reach the benighted, so that they may come into the light of Christ's perfect day. To be true to ourselves, we must be true, with hand and heart, to this grand work of the Church, and thus show our thanks to God for making us heirs of His benefactions. The propagation of religion is the

great object of the Missionary Con-gress. And how charming, how comforting, how unlifting, is religion! The world says, and members of the Church unfortunately, if not traitorously, confirm the saying, that religion is a sorry thing; its mind a cheerless waste of frozen logic, cold in itself and icy in results; its manners sombre and re-pulsive as the laughing face of age shriveled by misfortune. False is all this! Christ's religion, like the Christ Himself, has in its heart as well as head; in its history there is the truest poetry as well as the most cheerful philosophy; in its dogma there is kindly sense beside certain knowledge; in its rites there are acts of love with acts of faith. The grand heart of Christ pulsates in the body of doctrine, and sends its healthful and beautiful blood all through religion's fair form. Thus does religion become as poetical as Christ Himself, the Divine poet, for poetry is the language of the gospel. There is nothing cold in all this: genial warmth is indeed here. Young men of America, be devoted to your religion, and extend its domain, by being devoted to the Sacred Heart of Christ-religion's Sacred Heart, for Christ and His truth are one as He and the Father are One. Young men, be devoted to the Sacred Heart, for nature and grace invite you, as the Heart of Christ Himself is wonderful to say, stocks" as a form of injustice, and I young man.

course; to the Heart of Christ I return to plead for the realization of pure food law which compels sellers

its purpose. O grand Heart, from the abundance of which Christ's mouth spoke such kindly gospel! O generous Heart, giving new zeal to the missionary who goes far off to darkest Africas to pray in action, "Thy Kingdom Come!" O constant Heart, loving us still, though here you found a chilly cradle and a plank death bed! O patient Heart, bearing with us whose hearts are as hard as the rocks of Golgotha crimsoned with deicide! O immense Heart, full of the love that thrills from pole o pole in eternity! O Heart of our God, which though drained of Thy blood, could never, never be emptied of Thy divinity! Let Thy grandeur, O Sacred Heart, bestow on the missionary sympathy; your generosity, zeal; your constancy, perseverance; your patience, calmness;



your immensity, big-heartedness; your Divinity, knowledge, eloquence, and grace. O Heart Divine, not far away; for while I am speaking and you are hearing, it is beating in the Sacrament of the Altar, make the American Catholic Missionary movement one blessed in itself and bless ing in its influence.

TWO GREAT VIRTUES

SERMON BY ARCHBISHOP GLEN. NON

The Church Progress herewith pre ents the full text of Most Rev. Arch. bishop Glennon's sermon, preached recently at the New Cathedral Chapel. Brethren owe no man anything, but to love one another." These words from St. Paul's epistles teach us the two great virtues of Justice

and Charity.

Justice is first—"owe no man any thing." It would be foolish to be charitable until we are first just, and justice is a very difficult virtue to ex-

ercise in its plenitude.

We are naturally selfish. People generally want everything they can

Some resort to trickery in trading; some to borrowing and forgetting, or

work of God. One of the dominant weaknessesif not vices-of the time, is to live beyond our means-to spend more than we earn—with the inevitable may be the grocery man, or the house-owner, or the too confiding But whoever it be, the spendthrift is quite indifferent to the injustice done; he seeks new victims.

Some there are, again, who have the money to meet their obligations, but are by nature so mean and miserly they put off payment till they can not help it—to delay paying a just debt is itself an injustice.

I could not recount for the various forms of injustice that obtain. They range all the way from the stealing by midnight of the ordinary thief, up to the blue sky fletation of watered stock. They are as varied as human ingenuity can devisesome brilliant and some brutal-but all of them quite new to the days and times in which we live. And over against them all stands in admoni tion, less, in severest threat, the august figure of a God, essentially just, proclaiming justice as a necessary virtue; declaring that the unjust shall never enter His Kingdomthat they shall "not go hence until

they pay the last farthing."

Let me elaborate on some of the modern popular forms of injustice— one I have already referred to Young people to day—many of them at least—are living beyond their means. It appears to matter little what salary they get. They invariably want to spend a little more They see others dress so and appear so grand that they think they have a right to do likewise. The other may be disporting, too, on borrowed money, but that far from being a deterrent only becomes an additional reason that they may go and do like-

And thus the merry race goes ona race of debtors going by the way of injustice to inevitable undoing, and I would advise—and I hope they will take it—I would advise young people and especially young married people, within their means; first, to live secondly, to save and put aside a small part, at least, of their revenues

forever and forever the Heart of a am convinced that such it is; at least it stands out as a unit in the social when such stocks are placed on the life of the community. It would be From the badge of the Sacred market for purchase by innocent and From the badge of the sacted invariably foolish purchasers. I heart I took the text of my distinvariably foolish purchasers. I think that clause of the Government

of foodstuffs to print on the outside of the package the amount of the adulteration, the existence of any foreign substance, and the real name of the article sold, should be made to apply to these "watered stocks," so that the public may know by the printed slip outside just how much water they are purchasing, and how much there is of real value. In other words, a Government auditorship should be exercised on all such goods which the public is asked to

invest in. A grave question before the public mind for some time is how far the evils resulting from the system of issuing such paper can be remedied by legislation, and how present day legislation can be made retroactive whether justice can be done without injustice. I do not care to discuss this rather intricate question. I am future, a safeguarding that an aroused public to-day very justly de-

The text I used tells us to owe world. It contains for them the whole law and the prophets, and its promotion is with them a passion. It is called "social justice."

I am not sure that I know the definition of it-although I have used sure I never read a very succinct definition of it; but I fancy when it is subjected to critical analysis it is

remark is, that while "social justice" is a most excellent and neces sary thing, yet it never will of itsel be able to cure all our social ills, or bring about a complete social reform. The world may abound with justice, yet some will be found starving and naked—outcasts from a just human-ity. For these and such as these your justice must be tempered with mercy; your social justice must be enough to include and be energized in charity.

You must be just; and then when your justice has reached its plenitude when justice abounds—let charity more abound, supplementing, quali fying and completing that justice God is just. The God man is merci ful; and if we would be Godlike, we must be just and merciful. In the must be just and merchul. In the words of to-day's epistle, "owe no man anything" — that is justice; "but love one another"—that is charity.—Church Progress.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF A PROTESTANT MINISTER

In the course of an address delivered before the delegates to the State Conference of Charities and some to borrowing and forgetting, or neglecting to pay. Some resort to false weights and measures; some try to beat the big corporations, thinking thereby they are doing the conference of Charlets and Corrections in Minneapolis recently, the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregational Church of that city, declared that a multiplicity of declared that a multiplicity of the conference of Charlets and Corrections in Minneapolis recently, the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregational Church of that city, declared that a multiplicity of the conference of Charlets and Corrections in Minneapolis recently, the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregational Church of that city, the conference of Charlets and Corrections in Minneapolis recently, the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregational Church of that city, the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregational Church of that city, the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregational Church of that city, the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregational Church of that city, the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregational Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregational Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregational Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregation Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Congregation Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lyndhurst Church of the Rev. J. W. Cool, of was detrimental to churches social welfare of rural communities He advocated the closing of all churches in these localities except a Catholic, a Lutheran and a Protestresult that someone else suffers. It ant Evangelical. "When we get may be the grocery man, or the down to fundamentals," he asked, what is the difference in our faiths?" He supplied his own answe to the question when he said: "It is time for us to get over the idea that we must teach our children in our faith. What difference does it make what faith we teach them? When we eliminate all except the three churches I mention then the others will socialize themselves.'

If the Rev. Mr. Cool really believes that it makes no difference what one's religious creed is, why does he hesitate to follow his line of rea ing to its logical conclusion? If one creed be as good as another, what is the need of three different churches? Why not eliminate two of them and make the other the "community" church which he postulates for "the socialization of rural communities?" And if a "community" church be necessary for the social welfare of the country why not for the city?

We cannot agree with the Rev. Mr. Cool that the rural districts are suffering from a multiplicity churches. The source of the evils of which he complains is far more fundamental. They are traceable to a caused of which the multiplicity of churches is only an effect, namely, a multiplicity of sects, or denomina tions, antagonistic to one another in their efforts to add to the number of their communicants, if not in positive doctrinal content. In most the villages and small towns through. out the country one can count number of Protestant churches all of which make their appeal to a comparatively small number of people and clamor for recognition by means other than those justified by the Gospel. This keeps the non-Catholics divided on the question of relig ion and militates against the "social ization of the rural communities' which the Rev. Mr. Cool declares so desirable. Each Protestant church becomes a social centre more or less segregated from the ordinary life of the community in its social activities. Its members usually form a clique, and the stronger the religious tie useless to try to eliminate this condi tion by closing all the non-Catholic churches but one, unless that one adopted a creed so emasculated as to make it little more than a parody on religion.
Not so with the Catholic Church

In every community it stands out as a distinct religious organization among the churches. It proposes to all a definite body of doctrinal truths and a uniform code of morality. Its social features are not emphasized so as to dominate its religious character. In fact, it has been accused of neglecting the social phase of church life. At any rate, Catholics church life. are not divided on the fundamental questions of religion and morality and where there is more than one Catholic Church in a community the faithful form but one body no matter which church they worship in. It is not divided into warring sects, but represents the true church which plays a most important part in the social life of the people speaking for safeguards for the and does far more for the betterment future, a safeguarding that an of the community than all the other and does far more for the betterment churches put together.
Surely, the Rev. Cool will not deny

that the creed of the Catholic Church nothing except our love to another.

This second clause reminds me of a other religious denomination. We other religious denomination. We phrase rather recently coined, which, are rather surprised that a minister in the minds of many, furnishes an of the Gospel should declare that it all sufficient gospel for the modern makes no difference what creed is taught the rising generation. Does he not teach his people some form of belief, however meagre and attenuated it may be in doctrinal content?

He does not claim to teach Catholic dogma. What, then does he preach? the phrase often times myself. I am Is his pulpit given over to a popular discussion of modern fads and novel ties which have no bearing on the question of religion? Is he an alien just what the old theologians called commutative justice," which is the virtue as exercised between man and be, of the real function of a religious man, inclining the mind to carefully teacher? If not, then he must from observe and maintain the rights and duties of each. But what I want to preach some, at least, of the truths

taught by the Saviour Himself. This demands some form of religious creed distinct from that held and taught by ministers of other denominations. This must be apparent to every right-thinking man and even the Rev. Mr. Cool ought to be able to see how inconsistent his assertion is when viewed in the light of his position as a minister in a definite religious denomination. We will not attempt to extricate him from his peculiar situation. His ingenuity will probably suggest some explana-tion of an attitude towards dogmatic teaching which is not uncommon among a certain class of Protestant ministers.—Catholic Bulletin.

NEWSPAPERS, GOOD AND BAD

the men behind them. But there is also a brood of filthy rags in the business, just as leprous, and no more so, that the men behind them, whose souls the lucre-lust has corroded and finally devoured. One of these pestiferous ink-smudged agencies enough to poison an entire nation. One unscrupulous quill-pusher in an editorial chair can smite as with the wing of a destroying devil. Commercial integrity, professional reputation, the sacredness of home, a woman's honor,—pouf! he can splash the lasting waters of bitter death on lasting waters of bitter death on every holy interest of society to suit the purpose of his own insidious will. Slander?—ten thousand reputations are crushed into hades, beneath the ink-rollers every year! Fomenting revolution?—what is a trench furrowed across the nations heart, filled with ashen faces compared to boom of circulation? False intelligences ?—a million men have been ruined by their lying financial remarket like an earthquake. Their advertisements!—foul droppings of concentrated nastiness. of Jesus till the vaults of the reprobate resound with the heckling guffaw of their derision. Well, what is that to me or thee? Why, this,no more. That you, kind sir and gentle madam, are not one whit better than the newspaper which you habitually read.—The Catholic

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better understanding of the laypeople present at the ceremony, wish to repeat certain of the prayers in the "Vernacular," an English version of certain ceremonies, is given, e. g. "Profession of Faith, etc."

The Rite for baptizing Adults is also included in the book, because in some dioceses, the privilege of using the short form for infants, instead of this long ferm, when hertiging adults is not perfectly the property of the standard of the long ferm, when hertiging adults is not perfectly the standard of the long ferm.

when baptizing adults, is not permitted.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey Ottaws, june 13th, 1905.

Mry Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have
been a reader of your paper. I have noted with actis
action that it is directed with intelligence and
ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with
attrong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defend Cath
ofte principles and rights, and stands firmly by th
seachings and authority of the Church, at the sam
times promoting the best interests of the country
rellewing these lines it has done a great deal;
will do more and more, as its wholesome influence
canches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earn
actly recommend it to Catholic families. With m
plessing on your work, and best wishes for its conlaund success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ,
DORATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegate
University of Ottawa.

tr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your timable paper the CATROLIC RECORD, and congradate you upon the manner in which it is published a matter and form are both good; and a truly atholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with leasure, I can recommend it to the faithful, Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to reure, I can recommend it to the faithful, Bles rou and wishing you success, believe me to r Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. † D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apos. Deleg.

LONDON. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1913

THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE

The defeat of the Liberal candidate in Reading was hailed in terms of the wildest jubilation as a fact of momentous significance. It brought the downfall of the Government and the defeat of Home Rule within measurable distance of accomplishment. That is the sort of stuff certain of our Canadian papers delight to serve up, at least in their news

What is the real significance of the English bye elections?

Jim Larkin is an Irish labor leader; unbalanced in judgment and recklessly intemperate in language, this fiery Irish Socialist undoubtedly is : he scorns "the paltry Government of Ireland Bill "; addressing audiences of English working men he "damns the Empire," asking "what has the Empire done for you;" claiming to be a Catholic he rages against the Archbishop and clergy of Dublin; he preaches violence and incites to riot. The arrest and imprisonment of such a character a few years ago would not cause a ripple of excitement outside of certain Socialist circles, and their vaporings would have been regarded with good-natured contempt by the average Englishman.

Now, after a couple of years of Carsonism, the Montreal Daily Telegraph thus comments editorial

"As a matter of political expediency, the British Government has, apparantly, acted not a moment in ordering the release of James Larkin, the Dublin strike leader. Larkin was convicted on a charge of sedition, and sentenced to seven imprisonment. ence aroused a great storm of in dignation in the ranks of the Labor party, who contrasted Larkin's conduct with that of Sir Edward Carson, and maintained that if anybody was thrown into jail it ought to be the Ulster leader, and not the leader

The Westminster Gazette, one of the most influential organs of British opinion with no labor leanings, contrasting the cases of Sir Edward Carson and Jim Larkin, pronounces this solemn warning :

" The working class will not admit the high political reasons for leaving the eminent lawyer alone while the working man goes to prison."

The sense of injustice was so keen and the indignation so deep in the mass of the English working population, that it swept the official organizers off their feet, and on his release Larkin could truthfully boast before a huge crowd assembled in Dublin :

"We have fought successfully the strongest government of modern times. It made a mistake in sending me to prison, and has made a greater mistake in releasing me."

What is the significance of it all? One lesson no one can escape. The hypothetical rebellion and the naked and unashamed sedition of Sir Edward Carson is a dangerous thing for the party of class and privilege to approve, or for the people's government even in appearance to condone The great working population of Eng. land, even with the limited franchise that deprives it of its due voice in the government of the country, have driven home that lesson. If Larkin goes to jail, Carson goes too. If Car-

and incite to riot.

Carsonism and Larkinism, what is there to choose between them?

Another significant lesson is emphatically taught by the present situation. More than a quarter of a century ago Justin McCarthy, lecturng in Canada, confidently predicted the time when the democracy of England would understand Ireland, and the spirit of racial and religious distrust would be exorcised. That time has come to pass. Then there were less than half-a-dozen labor representatives in Parliament; now there are ten times that number and they are Home Rulers to a man Now they are beginning to exercise their just influence, and, thanks to Irish aid, to taste the fruits of social amelioration.

Labor's increased and increasing Parliamentary representation and influence, and the good understanding and loyal co-operation of Laborites and Nationalists, are now an old story. But the outburst of indignant sympathy for their Irish fellowworkers, and unflinching determina tion to make their cause the cause of British Trades Unionism, are new evidences that the old hatreds and misunderstandings so long kept alive for political purposes have passed into oblivion.

In Linlithgowshire we read that emissaries from Ulster were in the constituency by the hundred trying to scare the Presbyterians over Home Rule." Nevertheless, the Liberal candidate, practically unknown in the constituency, was elected. The reduced majority may have been due in part to the lingering distrust of Catholics; but that is a small thing compared with the striking evidence of the general disappearance of old time animosities.

A generation ago distrust of the Irish people and fear of the Catholic religion would have made Carsonism irresistible; to-day, were it not for its authority - destroying influence, Carsonism is a harmless attempt to rekindle the ashes of burnt out prejudice.

Yes, the by-elections and the conditions which they reveal are of " momentous significance."

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Whatever may be the laws or bylaws governing the admission of books and papers into public libraries, the final court of appeal must in practice be the library board. This is usually representative of the good sense, the good taste, the education and sound judgment of the community. If, as occasionally happens, the

decisions of a library board are characterized by narrow and aggressive intolerance, it is still safe to assume that the board reflects the prevailing spirit and type of the education of

the municipality. A mild flutter caused the other day by the refusal of the Berlin Library Board to allow the Orange Sentinel to be placed on fyle in its reading room. By-law No. 17 reads as follows:

" No book or work of a controversial nature in religious matters, or of an infidel nature shall be placed on the shelves of the Library. Any church or religious denomination is permitted to donate to the Reading Room one and only one official church

organ or magazine The question before the Board was whether or not The Sentinel should be accepted under this by-law. Mr. Plewman, associate editor of the Sentinel, appeared to plead the cause of his paper. In coarsely controversial and offensive language he attempted to state his case, but was several times sternly called to order by Protestant members of the Board

The net result of his eloquence, ccording to the Telegraph, was thus ummed up by one of the members "I thought," said Mr. Brown, "that Mr. Plewman would have proved the paper was not controversial, but he has proven otherwise."

Under the second clause of the by aw quoted above there are now ten Protestant publications, and one Catholic-the CATHOLIC RECORD. As far as numbers are concerned one might think that Protestantism was not in such danger as to necessitate the calling up of the Orange reinforce-

Seeking admission for the Sentinel under this section of the by-law :

"Mr. Plewman said that the pape was not the organ of any particular church, but it was the chief organ of antism, and as such claimed a right to be represented in the lib

Mr. Breithaupt, a Protestant mem ber of the Board, warmly resented the uncomplimentary inference, and son, with aristocratic approval, may strongly objected to the heading of lie Lord Mayor of the great Protest-

preach sedition and sanctify rebellion, the paper, which said it was the or- ant city of Manchester did not reach then Larkin, with the approval of gan of Protestantism, whereas it was labor, must be free to defy authority the organ of a secret society, largely political.

The matter was finally disposed of by the passing of the following resolution, rendered inevitable alike by the by-laws and by good taste and good will:

"Since the Orange Sentinel is a publication of a controversial religious nature, and is also the organ of a recognized secret society, and is then a publication which our by-laws prohibit, that it be not received as

During the course of his incoherent remarks Mr. Plewman argued that "the Encyclopedia Brittannica spoke against the Roman Church.' Which is quite true, and this reminds us of another Library Board incident. Encyclopedias, histories and other works in English, largely compiled or written by Protestants, contain much that is unfair and even offensive to Catholics. It is true that modern scholarship is eliminating a great deal of traditional Protestant misrepresentation. There is. in consequence, a pretty general desire to hear the other side. The Catholic Encyclopedia is recognized as giving a scholarly and accurate presentation of the Catholic position on many questions hitherto not treated in any accessible form except by Protestants. And "the writings of even the best intentioned authors are at times disfigured by serious errors on Catholic subjects, which are for the most part due, not to ill-will, but to lack of knowledge."

The press, secular and religious, of Canada, United States and Great nomination have likewise expressed their appreciation and gratitude.

But the Library Board of St. Catharines, Ontario, has so little confidence in the broader views of modern scholarship, is so possessed by the spirit of timid bigotry, that it refuses the patrons of the Public Library the privilege of consulting the Catholic Encyclopedia!

Even the Orange Sentinel, at the time, expressed a mild disapproval of the action of the enlightened Library Board of St. Catharines.

MANCHESTER'S LORD MAYOR

Referring to the marvellous fidelity to the faith and the wide dispersion of the Irish race, Cardinal Manning closed his enumeration thus :- "And in the very life blood of the manufacturing cities of England." The appropriateness and truth of the figure of speech are illustrated by the recent choice of Alderman Mc Cabe as Lord Mayor of Manchester.

As a boy, the mayor-elect attended the Christian Brothers' School, which through various organizations kept in such close touch with those who had left its classes that "few schools active corporate life as St. Patrick's.' In 1880 the Brothers had to relin-

quish their work. But, says the Tablet, the tradi tions they had created and the fruite of their thirty-five years' labour were not to be lost. Their mantle fell upon a few young laymen, and foremost amongst them was Alderman McCabe. He laboured in the Sunday school, formed reading circles amongst the young men, be gan the Christian Doctrine Confra ternity, and owing to the dominant force of his own character and per sonal example, there was no inter regnum. The work went forward; and later Cardinal Vaughan, while still Bishop of Salford, spoke of St. Patrick's Boys' Sunday School and its men's classes as a model he would like to see copied by every parish in his diocese. At this time the Bishop was the parish priest of St. Patrick's, and he had the opportunity of closely scrutinizing and appreciating the work done. Alderman McCabe was a Catholic layman after his own heart. He was the type, able, eager, and enthusias the Bishop desired, and he did not fail to utilize his energy and his ability in the various diocesan schemes he initiated. The preliminaries to the formation of the Catholic Protection and Rescue Society in 1886 found Alderman McCabe on the committee of investigation. In this capacity he visited the prosely tizing homes and refuges, and man times he was glad to escape with nothing worse than an undignified exit when his purpose was discovered He was also associated with the establishment of the Catholic Truth Society, and in 1900-2 he was President of the Manchester branch. St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, another great work of Cardinal Vaughan, claims him as one of its first zelators, and at the present time he is a Catholic Poor Law Guardian, President of the Manchester Catenian Association, and President

It is quite evident that the Catho

of St. Patrick's Old Boys.

the position of Chief Magistrate by disguising or minimizing his Catholicity. In his own person and life he proved to his fellow-citizens that un compromising fidelity to the Catholic religion, and enthusiastic interest and participation in Catholic activity, may go hand in hand with a type of citizenship that compelled their adlearn that a councillor was found who circularized his fellow-members imploring them "in the name of their

miration. It is not surprising to God and their country to vote against Alderman McCabe." We may even thank this belated champion of dying prejudice for the occasion he gave the others to show that religion is no longer a bar to merited advancement. The Catholics of Ireland have made such broad-minded conception of citizenship a common-place political event. It is, then, peculiarly gratifying to find their example followed across the Irish sea.

His entrance to the City Council twenty five years ago was probably due to the votes of his co-religionists. St. Patrick's parish has a congregation of 10,000, crowded into a small area. Here, as a brother of St. Vincent de Paul, in addition to the num erous activities above mentioned, he acquired the intimate, first-hand knowledge of conditions in congested city districts that was recognized as invaluable by his colleagues in the work of sane and practical social reform.

We have referred elsewhere to the disappearance of anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudice in England. In the choice of its Lord Mayor the Britain, has borne testimony to the chief city of the North of England scholarly tone and spirit and the vast has given another evidence of the utility of the Catholic Encyclopedia, futility of Sir Edward Carson's The leading clergymen of every de- appeal to racial and religious antipathy.

THE SABBATH DAY

A correspondent desires information as to the substitution of Sunday for Saturday in the commandment, Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day."

To Catholics the change presents the Scriptures to show that Christ personally authorized the change; indeed there are many passages showing that in this as in other things Our Lord observed the Jewish law, which he came not to destroy but to fulfil.

But the Catholic Church is continuation of the personality and authority of Christ. "As my Father sent me, so I also send you." "He that heareth you heareth me."

The practice of meeting together on the first day of the week for "the breaking of bread," that is, for the Eucharistic Sacrifice and Communion, is indicated in the Scriptures. How ever, there is no specific change com manded or authorized.

St. Ignatius (who lived in the first century, born about 50 A. D.) speaks in the country could boast of such of Christians "no longer observing the Sabbath, but living in the observance of the Lord's Day, on which also Our Life rose again.'

Tertullian (202) is the first Christian writer to mention expressly rest from work on Sunday.

During the first three centuries we have such testimonies as above quoted for assisting at Mass and resting from work on Sunday. With the opening of the fourth century positive legislation, both ecclesiastical and civil, began to make these

duties more definite. The Protestant reformers, who abandoned tradition, denied the authority of the Church, and made the Bible their sole rule of faith, are neccesarily at a loss to reconcile the observance of Sunday instead of Saturday as the Sabbath Day. One sect, the Seventh Day Adventists, drive this inconsistency home to their felsatisfactory defence of the Protestant position.

The Catholic Church of to day is the witness to the tradition that Sunday was substituted for Saturday by the authority which Christ vested in his Church.

" ABOUT OURSELVES "

This is the heading of an article which appeared in the last number of the B. C. Western Catholic, published at Vancouver, B. C., an excellent Catholic family paper and well worthy entrance into every Catholic household in the province. It is a shame that some of our Catholic people show such apathy in regard to papers which are a bulwark of the Faith. Speaking of the friendly societies it says:

"Then there is another class to be found in our friendly societies. How "Uister" hangs out the white flag, everywhere, and it dies hard.

many members of these societies subscribe to the Archdiocesan paper? Some months ago we were shown a list of members of a well known fraternal society by one of our staff, and were informed that 50 per cent. influential Catholics did not subscribe to our paper. Is this true

Unfortunately we have amongst us a small percentage of Catholics who read little save the sensational yellow paper—a sort of penny dreadful which will give them all the murders, suicides, divorce proceedings, prize fights and social gossip, oftentimes slander. They have no room in their homes for the Catholic paper. But they will be sorry for their criminal indifference when too late, when their children grow up with a weakly faith, gross in talk, loud of voice and regardless of the admonitions of the Church. They have graduated from the yellow daily paper. But there is another class still more reprehensible. Those who take a Catholic paper for a number of years and through indifference or neglect fail to make remittance of what they owe. They never take thought that the publisher of a Catholic paper must have money to conduct his business from week to week. They think the small amount they owe matters but little. But when we consider that there are thousands who think likewise it will be seen how embarrassing it is to a publisher to have such a large amount of money outstand-

FATHER FRASER

The appeal which we made some time ago in the columns of the CATHO-LIC RECORD for funds to aid Father Fraser's missionary work in China has been received with a warmth and a liberality which is gratifying in the extreme. The Catholic people of Canada realize that this great Scotch missionary is spending his life with all the energy he can com mand to bring souls to Christ, and they have opened their hearts to him and his work in a manner deserving all praise. The contributions are growing in number each week, as will be noticed by the acknowledgments no difficulty. There is nothing in in our columns. People of means have been most generous, but we welcome the smaller contributions with the same degree of pleasure as the larger sums of the well-to-do. We hope the good work will be kept up. Every remittance we send the good missionary will strengthen his hands and enable him to extend his work more and more. On the 25th of April last we sent him \$780; on the 15th of May a special donation of \$5; on the 11th of July \$736.70 and on the 17th of the present month \$833.20, representing the total amount received up to the 15th instant.

THE ULSTER HUMORISTS

In about two months we will receive

an acknowledgment of the last

named amount from Father Fraser.

Whoever said it is the unexpected that always happens left Ulster out of his reckoning. A little acquaintance with the ways of Orangeism would have considerably modified his opinion. For the Orangeman never disappoints us. He always does what we expect him to do, and that is nothing.

When we heard of wars and rumors of wars in Ulster we were sceptical. When Sir Edward set up his "Provisional Government" we still thought he was merely play acting. When the special correspondents cabled blood curdling narratives of the "Army of Ulster," even then we refused to be convinced. And now our worst fears have been confirmed. There is going to be no war in Ulster, and the "Army of Ulster" can go home and boil the kettle with their wooden guns. "General" Carson has tired of his war drama, and low Protestants without eliciting any is now busily engaged staging a new comedy called "Passive Resistance." Speaking the other day in Belfast

Sir Edward Carson explicitly declared logical, sufficient and authoritative that he had no intention of making fered from its predecessors except in war on the forces of the Crown. " I have never had riots in my mind at all" he told his auditors. "From the very start I have told our people not to risk either their lives or their liberties in fruitless action. . . What we want is to make government under Home Rule impossible." Now the cat is out of the bag. The "Ulster Volunteers" and the martial Orangemen of Toronto and Winnipeg will have to make the best of their disappointment. Playing at revolution was good fun so long as there was no possibility of its becoming a illustrated the essence of Orangeism reality. But when the Prime Minister of England declared at Ladybank that force would be met by force it was a different story altogether. So Scotland. The spirit is the same

and solemnly declares it never had any intention of fighting at all. We or the son of a prophet, but we cannot help smiling and saying "I told you so." Verily it is the unexpected always happens—but not in "Ulster."

Now that "Ulster" is out for 'Passive Resistance" we have a few posers for Sir Edward. How does he propose to put his policy into effect? He advises his followers to refuse to pay taxes to a Home Rule Government, but as Sir Edward knows very well, most of the monies that find their way into the government exchequer are not levied directly. How, then, does he propose to resist the payment of indirect taxes? Are we to take it that the "Army of Ulster" has joined the temperance ranks? Are they going to forswear whiskey and porter north of the Boyne? Are they going to smoke the powder of the revolution that has been called off instead of tobacco And is "the cup that cheers" to be proscribed by the "Provisional Government?" Are the business men whom Sir Edward was addressing going to forego the collection of debts outside the borders of "Ulster?" To people of ordinary intelligence like ourselves " Passive " resistance would seem as impossible a policy as Armed" resistance. But astute lawyer that he is, we have no doubt Sir Edward shall find a way. Verily "Ulster" doth bar the way, and Asquith and Redmond might just as well quith and stock haul down their flag.
"COLUMBA."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WHILE SIR EDWARD CARSON and his Belfast lieutenants are stumping Scotland and sparing no pains to arouse there the slumbering embers of religious hatred and strife, it is satisfactory to know that they are being followed step by step through the land by true representatives of the Irish people, and that the Unionist efforts to becloud the real issue, by the basest of appeals, are being checkmated at every turn. On Wednesday Nov. 5th, for example, Sir Edward Carson, supported by the entire body of Ulster Unionist members of Parliament, addressed a meeting in Inverness, the capital of the Highlands Just a week later, another and greater demonstration was held in the ame place, addressed by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and other Irish representatives. And so at other centres of population throughout the country.

THE CARSONITES may succeed in intimidating a few weak-kneed individuals, and in fanning into temporary flame some of the bigotry latent in the Kirk, but that their campaign will have any appreciable effect upon the great body of Scottish public opinion we do not for a moment believe. On the contrary, the sentiment looking towards a similar measure of emancipation for Scotland is rapidly and steadily growing, and when Home Rule becomes, as it must a fact in Ireland, the sister kingdom is not likely to be content with less. Then it will be recognized in a far more extended circle than it is now that for the past hundred years Ireland has in reality been fighting the battle of the People in the three kingdoms. The issue is too great and too far reaching to go down before such a despicable display of hatred and intolerance as Carsonite Ulster is now presenting unblush. ingly to the world.

As an illustration of the petty tactics this same spirit of intoler ance is adopting in England, we may be permitted to refer to an instance that has just come under our own observation. There came to our editorial desk from one of the larger cities of England, a few days ago, a catalogue of old books, one of a series issued regularly from the same establishment. This latest in no wise difthe one particular, that whereas the others were in white wrappers this was clothed in a bright emerald green, and across the centre of the front page, as a heading to some insignificant work on the Huguenots were these words in very large type with a floriated border : "TORMENTS OF PROTESTANT SLAVES." There could be no mistaking the intent of this device or the spirit that prompted it. The text of the catalogue in other respects bore this out fully. And, to our mind, it very effectively whether under its acknowledged cognomen in Ireland, or its more insidious counterparts in England or

ONE OF the grievances voiced by Mr. Godfrey Langlois against the do not claim to be either a prophet Archbishop of Montreal, and one which has been made much of by the sectarian press of Ontario, is that that prelate is opposed to the admission of French speaking Protestants to membership in the Society of St. Jean Baptiste. This stand is denounced as an instance of intoler ance, and has been made the text of numerous homilies from Protestant pulpit and press on the benightedness of such a policy. Now, as the said St. Jean Baptiste is, and always has been, a Catholic society, and the celebration of its annual feast day is mainly of a religious character, the force or reasonableness of this objection is not apparent.

> PRESUMABLY A society, Catholic, Protestant or Hindoo, has a right to circumscribe its own limits. No Protestant, for instance, would, we presume, dream of seeking admis sion into the League of the Sacred Heart, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, or any other professedly Catholic organization, devoted to the propagation of its own principles. Or to mention other societies, not so primarily or directly religious in their aims, no one has objected or is likely to object, to the exclusion of any but professed and practising Catholics from the several fraternal organizations, under the auspices of the Church. Similarly, no Catholic in his senses could expect to be admitted to any one of the numerous religious societies affiliated to the various Protestant denominations, much less to such pugnaciously Protestant organizations as the L. O. L., the Sons of England, and others, without, at least, forswearing his faith and trampling its most sacred maxims under foot. The thing is too patent to need argument or explanation.

WHY THEN SHOULD it be objected that a professedly Catholic society like St. Jean Baptiste should hold by a fundamental principle of its constitution and resist any ill advised agitation to change? A common rallying ground for French speaking Catholics it has ever been, and that those who have the welfare of their people at heart should wish to keep it so is surely entirely reasonable. In this light the reflections of sectarian journals in this Province, upon the attitude of Archbishop Bruchesi, are seen to be ill considered, ill advised, officious and unreasonable. These, however, are no recently acquired characteristics.

CANON SHEEHAN: FIRST AND LAST A PRIEST

Speaking at the requiem Mass for the late Canon Sheehan, the novel ist, of Doneraile, Ireland, Bishop Browne of Cloyne, his ecclesiastical superior, said that he would leave to ers to tell of Father place in the literary world; but as for him, he would speak of him as a priest of God. Therefore, first of all, (said the

Bishop) let me say Canon Sheehan was first and last a priest, a great priest, who in his time pleased God. was found just, and made reconcilia tion for his people. His first great work was to carry out the duties entrusted by God to him. His priesthood was before and above everything else. From the days of his studentship he realized the merciful kindness of God in calling him to minister within the sanctuary. appreciated to a high degree the great dignity and the dread responsi-bility of his representing Christ to his people. The words of the commission were ever before him. The words addressed by St. Paul were ever before him, and they sank down deep into his heart. "We are ambassadors for God." And so it was that Canon Sheehan moved amongst his people as another Christ. In word and work he lived, he moved, and labored amongst his wherever he was placed by the Bishop. "Alter Christus"—another Bishop. "Alter Christus"—another Christ—the humble representative of Christ to the people. Brethren it was this true conception—high to be sure—but perfectly of the ministry and of his priesthood that form fashioned the life of Canon Sheehan and that resulted in such marvelous success wherever he was placed in the diocese, winning the winning the reverence of the people rich and poor, old and young, ignorant and educated, and winning reverence for him as a priest.

Brethren, he was first and last a

priest. How gentle and patient he was; you know it, how well you know it, how well Queenstown and Mallow know it! I believe there is not one living, who could say that he ever saw Canon Sheehan in a passion, or in a temper, no matter ho was on occasions. Patient, gentle, and so mild, not to one class, but to every class, and to all his people, young and old, rich and poor, towns-folk and country folk. They were all

his people, and to them he extended what was wanted, his priestly care and his priestly attention. He was a priest first and last. He was kind. Yes. And how he toiled for every class. It would be fancied that with the eminence to which he attained in the Church and in the world that there would be a certain amount of nd offishness with him. Ah, no he talked to those who were poores and most humble, and most ignorant. He talked to them without ever feeling a shadow or approach to condesion. No, he was too good, too humble in the truest sense. too humble and sincere a man to fee that feeling of condescension in speaking to anybody. He was never rough or brusque. He was the gentle-man, the gentle kindly Father

Ah, brethren, he was a great priest I have said about one of his charac teristics that he was a patient man I have said that no man ever saw him in a temper. There is another char acteristic of him, and it is that I believe no man ever heard Father Sheehan utter one uncharitable word of anybody. He was charitable in thought, he was charitable in deed. How he hated gossip! He never joined in it, and if chance threw him into the company of gossipers who would circulate bitter stories that would be some violation of charityif it did. Canon Sheehan surely dged round his ears with thorns so that no word of it never entered his heart. He was a great priest, and he was charitable not only in word but in act. No one who knew him but knew.this that he never cared anything for money. His little purse was even en to the poor and to the deserving Ah, they knew it wherever he served The nuns know is here; and when carrying out any work of charity in secret it was the hand of Canon Sheehan that filled their pockets to the work towards his children that needed it. It was the same every As has been said elsewhere he might have made a fortune through ooks. He might, and a great fortune. It never crossed his mind Even of these great works that would have been a mine of gold to him, made very little, and the little he made he did not wait for death to dis pose of it. But, as the priesthood of Cloyne know, he got rid of it. He would not be troubled with it. He ssed over to the diocese, for the benefit of the various charities, the income from those glorious books and respected.

He was a great priest. He gave an example: Why, brethren, with his genius, and with his accomplishments, nd with his learning, the great won der is that he was not attracted into worldly society. Ah, the world of society sought him, but he would not Most retiring of men the most self-effacing man was Canon Sheehan. He cared for no grand society. Self-indulgence of any kind was not in his way. The only society he cared for was the companion ship now and again of his own brothers of the priesthood. Amongst them was never morose, he was always kindly. But one would expect that Sheehan, in an assembly of his brother priests, at least would pour himself out and talk of all the people that had been writing to him about his wondrous literary achievements, that he would in these socia meetings regale his brother priests wonderful raconteur as he was. with those delightful incidents such as he has recorded in his charming books. Oh, no! He was there as the simplest of priests as if he was Primate of that Church and religion enough by an official person to be entering on the mission. His voice was hardly heard. He was wholly unassertive of himself. Truly it may be said of him, as the Apostle Paul said, he was the least of the brethren. But ah! his example told upon us all, and we went away feeling that there was a priest who had realized the perfection of his state.

A DRAMATIC CRITIC ON THE CHURCH

Willian Winter, the eminent dra matic critic, recently paid the Church this glowing tribute in the World Herald:

To think of the Roman Catholic Church is to think of the oldest, the most venerable, and the most power general campaign against the Cath-ful religious institution existing olic religion. Its adoption has been among men. I am not a churchman permitted by the authorities of the of any kind: that, possibly, is my misfortune; but I am conscious of a profound obligation of gratitude to that wise and august austere, yet tenderly human ecclesiastical power, which self centred amid vicissitudes of human affairs and provident of men of learning, imagination, and sensibility throughout the world has preserved the literature and art of all the centuries, has made architecture the living symbol of celestial aspiration, and in poetry and in music has heard and has transmit-

ted the authentic voice of God. I say that I am not a churchman; but I would also say that the best hours of my life have been hours of meditation passed in the glorious cathedrals, and among the sublime ecclesiastical ruins of England. I have worshipped in Canterbury and York, in Winchester and Salisbury, in Lincoln and Durham, in Ely and I have stood in Tintern, when the green grass and the white daisies were waving in the summer wind, and have looked upon the gray and russet waits and upon those lovely arched casements—among the most graceful ever devised by human art—round which the sheeted ivy drops and through which the winds we cannot be surprised that he acceptable and the surprised that the surprised that he acceptable and the surprised that the surpr

ing slowly gather and softly fall over the gaunt tower, the roofless nave, the giant pillars, and the shattered arcades of Fountains Abbey, in its sequested and melancholy solitude where ancient Ripon dreams in the spacious and verdant valleys of the Skell. I have mused upon Netley, and Kirkstall, and Newstead, and Bolton, and Melrose, and Dryburgh; and at a midnight hour I have stood in the grim and gloomy chancel of St. Columba's Cathedral, remote in the storm-swept Hebrides, and looked upward to the cold stars, and heard the voices of the birds of night mingled with the desolate moaning

With awe, with reverence, with many strange and wild thoughts I have lingered and pondered in those haunted, holy places, but one remembrance was always present—the re-membrance that it was the Roman embrance that it Catholic Church that created those orms of beauty, and breathed into them the breath of a divine life, and hallowed them forever; and thus thinking I have felt the unspeakable pathos of her long exile from the temples that her passionate devotion prompted and her loving labor

MORALS AND MISSALS

By Mrs. A. H. Nankivell

There is some danger in the pleasant excitement of the Caldey versions of our losing sight of the grave questions involved in the mere fact of its existence. It is not too much to say that it is only of late years that it became at all generally known that a real endeavor was be ing made to work an Anglican community on strict Benedictine lines. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the main body of the Anglican clergy and laity had any idea at all that a body of monks existed who used the Catholic Breviary and Missal with the sanction, or at least the connivance of the Protestant authorities When we remember the uncompro nising attitude taken up by Archbishop Temple on all matters of doc trine which he considered vital, certainly including Transubstantiation the Cultus of Our Lady and the saints, we must profess ourselves unto bring himself to sanction the devotional life which existed in the community apparently from the first And although it is possible that the present Primate thought it wiser for the time to ignore what he could not have approved of, it remains that eleven months passed, after the Abbot had drawn his attention to the matter, without any warning that these practices must cease.

And all this is the more strange when we remember what a close and stringent supervision the Archbishop of Canterbury has thought it neces sary to exercise over the thoroughly Anglican community at Mirfield.

We want to know what was the meaning of the silence maintained so long by the Anglican authorities in the first place, by the Anglican Press in the second, and by the Evangelical party in the third. How far was it connivance at a grave scandal,

We have spoken of it as a grave scandal, and without making any re-flection on the monks of Caldey, we can do no less. We are speaking of the authorities of the Protestant Church and of the use of the Catholic Missal. The Archbishop of Canter-bury is the successor of Parker, and Grindal, and Whitgift: he is the ligion was not taken seriously in whose name our martyred priests were delivered to a cruel death for the offence of saying Mass instead of conforming to the Elizabethan Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper. It was not being priests was the crime for which they died, for unfortunately there were many priests in Elizabeth's reign who conformed to the use prescribed by Her Grace. No, the offence of say ing Mass was the offence of using the Catholic rite. And this is the rite which was used by "priests" of the Protestant Church at Caldey.

It is nothing to the point that those

who so used it were not Catholic priests, unless it is an aggravation of the offence. Here is a Rite, the use of which was proscribed three hundred years ago as an act in a national church, not as a retractation of their former errors, but merely as a move in a game. permission was maintained at least tacitly, in cynical defiance of Angli can history, as long as something was to be gained by it. When the danger of a scandal became serious, the per-mission was withdrawn, with scanty consideration for those who had been permitted to regard it as their privi-

lege, if not as their right.

It is not indeed imaginable that the Bishop of Oxford would take any other course. He has never pre-tended to think that the license at present existing in the establishment s anything but an evil and a danger. He would desire, if we understand him rightly, to limit the Church of England to the comparatively moder ate of all parties. If that would not give it principle, it would at least is not quite at present. And he does perceive that the Reformation must be recognized, even though it may be a don Tablet. give it more cohesion, and make it gray and russet walls and upon those minimized. And so while we may neaven sing a perpetual requiem. knowledged a duty to the spirit of I have seen the shadows of even-

GOOD "WAY-MARKS"

are of Dr. Gore, he intended that the The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin use of the Missal and other practices Dr. Peacocke, is against Home Rule for Ireland. All the Protestant Archwhich have no place in the Protest-ant Church should be henceforth bishops and Bishops of Ireland, North made to cease. Why they were not made to cease six years ago, why they were ever allowed to be, are South, East and West, are against Home Rule. Yet they call their Church the "Church of Ireland." What claim has it to the title? No questions to which no satisfactory answer is forthcoming. One can only say that it appears to be part of claim whatever, that is, no just claim. It is not the Church of the people of Ireland. It is the church of only a that unfortunate policy, by which the Church of England is allowed to small minority of the people. It does not belong to the people in reappear to be quasi-Catholic for certain controversial purposes and for spect either to religion or politics; it is alien in respect both to faith and fatherland. In a speech recent the sake of retaining certain persons in her Communion, while for other persons and for other political and ly at the annual meeting of his controversial necessities her Protestesan Synod," Dr. Peacocke said this: "Our Synod meets this year at an antism is shown to be above sus-picion. To any careful observer it is soon evident which is the genuine

It is certain, then, that when the

Archbishop commended Caldey to the

gained than to be lost by it.

the national Church. They are told that the fact that they are "English

Catholics" is a sufficient reason for not becoming "Roman Catholics." They are challenged to say what

they would hope to gain by the ex

change. In order words, it is sug-

gested to them that the proper place for a Catholic in England is in com-

munion with the Anglican See of

Canterbury. And a great number unquestionably believe this misrep

resentation of history. They wou

not stay where they are if they did not. And the existence of such an

institution as Caldey has been tri

example of what the Church of Eng-

land can do. Then when the crisis

occurs, the reason for the catastrophe

is declared to be the self-will or dis

loyalty of the parties concerned, or their refusal to submit to "Catholic

authority," in fact, any reason but the true one, which is the fact that

We do not forget that there are

spects of the Established Church

which are very different from that

painful one on which we have been

dwelling, aspects to which Ward re

erred when he said that he had

earned nothing but good from the

Church of England. It has been, as

Newman said, a breakwater against

nourished many souls on the Psalter

and the Holy Scriptures, till they

were ready for the pastures of re-freshment which are only to be found

in the Catholic Church. And it is

certainly not to be blamed for pro-ducing schools of thought which

show in some respects a marvellous approximation to the Catholic doc-

trine. What is open to censure is the combination of recklessness and

cruelty which marks the official

treatment of those whom we may de-scribe as Catholics who have lost

their way. Again and again they

have been encouraged to stay and

hope that the Church of England will

prove itself to be what they have

thought it. Their aspirations have been treated with an amused toler-

ance by those who evidently did not

consider it their business to set them

ight. Sometimes they have been

snubbed, sometimes they have been

Never have

told the truth, that the claim to be

the old Church teaching the old re-

seriously repudiated. But when the

'Reformation" is too completely

disregarded, or when an outburst of

Protestant feeling takes place, these

unhappy persons find themselves the

have been allowed to entertain and

the devotions they have been per

mitted to practise become the object

of more or less drastic treatment,

while every endeavor is made to put

them in the wrong, whether they go

or stay. Their behaviour under these sudden and harassing attacks

is not always beyond the reach of

strange if it were. And then the

Anglican Press swoops down and

stirs up muddy personalities, and so befogs the issue that it seems to the

public that the whole matter has

turned on some unimportant point

rectness or procedure. Whereas in

fact that trouble has merely brought

that lies at the root of the whole

There is one excuse, and only one

in English," the claim of Elizabeth that "these Orders" were "con-

tinued." the claim of the Protestant

Bishops that it was not the intention

of the Church of England to depart

from other churches was all part of

policy by which the people of England were robbed of their Church and

religion. It was their attachment to the past and to the Catholic Faith

that made that policy so necessary then. It is a pathetic craving for

Who minds his own business will

The nearer you come into relation

have constant employment.

do tact and courtesy become.

And it is this, that from the very

of personal conduct or some

position.

unfavourable criticism; it would be

humored.

the imposture has broken down.

umphantly pointed

anxious crisis in the history of our country and our Church. This time nature of the institution, and which forty four years ago the Irish Church Act had just passed, and we of the Church of Ireland were face to face is the pose. But it does not make it any less discreditable that the pre tence of Catholicism should be main with a future of which we knew prac tained whenever there is more to be tically nothing, and in regard to As it is, persons calling themselves Anglo-Catholics" or even dropping which we had no way marks to guide apprehension to the future, and what the prefix, are encouraged to think that they have a legitimate home in might brings us. We were dis

mayed, but not cast down-we trustd in God-and our faith has been justified." go-the "Church of Ireland not altogether without something to "guide" it. It had some "way marks" which Dr. Peacocke omittee to mention or to refer to, namely \$40,000,000 or thereabouts, which the "Church of Ireland" got as compensation for being disestablished and disendowed under Mr. Glad-stone's "Irish Church Act." Before that time, for a couple of centuries the Catholics of Ireland were compelled to pay taxes for the support of that Protestant Church, and most of the \$40,000,000 compensation was the money of Catholics.

mainly on the income from that Catholic money the "Church of Ireland" Archbishops and Bishops and parsons have ever since been and are now, living in "full and

plenty" if not in luxury. They don't seem to have much gratitude. A TRADUCER-A CHALLENGE

Dr. Peacocke (mentioned above) said at his "synod" that he regarded the Home Rule Bill as "a menace to our (Protestant) religious and civil liberties." Mr. P. J. Brady of the Irish Party and respresentative in Parliament for one of the Divisions of Dublin, challenged the Archbishop

on this point in this way:
"Dr. Peacocke has been Protestant Archbishop of Dublin for many years. challened him to give a single in stance within his personal knowledge in which the civil and religious liber ties of Protestants have been menaced by their Catholic fellow countrymen If he cannot give such a case grounds had he for his dismal rophecies of future intolerance."

Of course, he could not give such case and he didn't. He didn't reply a word to Mr. Brady's challenge. He is what Mr. Brady brands him " traducer of the character of the ma jority of his fellow countrymen."-Freeman's Journal.

WILL OF THE LATE EUGENE O'KEEFE

The will of the late Eugene O'Keefe of Toronto, brewer, was filed for probate yesterday in the Surroreligious, charitable, and educational institutions. To Pope Pius X. a gift of \$10,000 is made. The balance of Helena C. French, and her son, Jos eph I. French, with certain conditions

Among the largest educational be Seminary, \$10,000 to Loretta ladies colleges and schools, \$10,000 to the Sisters of St. Joseph, and a similar amount to the House of Providence

The following bequests were made to relatives and friends: Catherine Brett, grandniece. New York, income Mason, Toronto, \$1,000; H. T. Kelly, Toronto, \$5,000; Rev. E. F. Rohleder, Toronto, \$1.000; Rev. J. P. Tracey, Toronto, \$1,000; Rev. M. D. Whalen, to light the fundamental felsehood Toronto, \$1,000; Isabel Besford, Toronto, \$1,000; Fanny Martin, Toronto, \$500; Marion C. Gallagher, Hamilton, \$1,000; Thomas Flynn, that can be usefully alleged in de-fence of the Anglican authorities. Toronto, \$1,000; Daniel Miller, Toronto, \$1,000; Robert Miller, Toronto ginning of the existence of the National Church the pretence of con-tinuity was there. The claim that the Book of Edward was the "Mass \$1,000; Isabel Anglin, Ottawa, \$1,000; Helen Heck, Toronto, \$1,000.

The will provides that the income from \$500 000 shall go to his daughter, Mrs. French, during her lifetime Of this amount \$250,000 reverts to her son surviving her, and in the event of his death, to St. Augustine's

\$50,000. An additional \$50,000 is public peace.
also bequeathed to Mrs. French, to "Finally, the worker in the last

Sacred Heart Orphanage, \$5,000; have failed. Sisters of St. Joseph for the Diocese "All this has its root in the law of of Toronto in Upper Canada for nature which dictates that a man House of Providence, \$10,000; Sisters has a natural right to a wage which

of St. Joseph for the Diocese of Toronto in Upper Canada for St. Michael's Hospital, \$5,776.38; Sisters of Precious Blood, \$5,000; House of Industry, \$3,000; Hospital for Sick Children, \$3,000; Toronto General Hospital, \$5,000; Hospital for Incur-ables, \$2,000; St. Vincent de Paul Society, Conference of Our Lady, \$3,000; St. Vincent de Paul Society. Children's Aid, of Toronto, \$2,000 Roman Catholic Industrial Schoo Society, for St. John's Industrial School, \$5,000; Brothers of Christian Schools, \$5,000; Loretto Ladies Colleges and Schools, \$10,000; St. Augus boro, out of residence, \$50,000; St. Michael's College, \$10,000; Most Rev Neil McNeil, \$1,000; the Roman Cath lic Episcopal Corporation of the Diocese of Toronto for St. Michael's Cathedral, \$5,000 : and \$5,000 each to the following Catholic churches; St Paul's, St. Mary's, St. Basil's, St. Patrick's, St. Helen's, St. Peter's, Lourdes, St. Joseph's, Sacred Heart, St. Francis, St. Cecilia's, St. John's, St. Anne's, St. Anthony's, Lady

The property of the late Mr. O'Keefe comprised the following: The house at 137 Bond street, valued at \$30,835; a mortgage for \$1,423.19; promisorynote from Sir H. M. Pelatt for \$50,730.14; insurance, \$5,402; insurance, \$4,866 66; cash in the Home Bank, \$14.636.98; in the Dominion Bank, \$17,305.16; dividend cheque from the Dominion Bank, \$1,230 Province of Ontario bonds, \$285,800, yielding 4.40 per cent.; O'Keefe Brewery bonds, \$301,500. Of the stocks there were 410 shares in the Dominion Bank, \$91,225; 340 shares Imperial bank, \$74,900; 300 shares. Bank of Toronto, \$61,050; 209 shares Home Bank, \$20,900. All were in came to \$4,000 : household furniture. consisting of books, pictures, prints etc. to \$2,000 · stable and fixtures to

Mount Carmel, Holy Rosary, and St.

To M. Justice H. T. Kelly, solicitor for the estate, is given \$5,000, which is not to be considered as payment of any services rendered in the administration of the estate.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON SOCIALISTS

His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell prints an article in the Gateway for October entitled Freedom-the Law of Christ," in which he rather bitterly attacks th motives of Socialists and says that the only means through which a fair adjustment of wages and social relationship may be brought about

is Christianity.

He concludes that the Socialist because of his rampant individualism, is unmindful of his true obligations to society and his duty to his countrymen.

This is what he says about Social-

This natural discontent is for mented and intensified by the noisy agitators of Socialism, the enemies of God and man, who would overturn the foundations upon which human society is built and exile God

This singular set of men who em to conceal the malice of their real principles, but who cannot, are

Their doctrines are an abominagate Court. The estate totals \$975, were graphically described by St. also his kitchen, dining room and remarkable Lenten course at Farm 000, and of thi; \$400,000 is given to Paul in his second epistle to the Thessalonians.

Cardinal O'Connell's article sets forth his ideas on the rights of workthe estate goes to his daughter, Mrs. ingmen to organize themselves into union and to strike. He says definitely that such right does belong to to employees and says that he be-lieves in the right of men to strike for living wages, but that he does College, \$50,000 to St. Augustine's not believe they have the right to commit violence. And this right, he says, arises out of the natural privilege of all men to provide for their families.

Cardinal O'Connell writes The maintenance of a home then

is the standard of the minimum on \$7,500 for life; Napier Layton, nephew, Winnipeg, \$5,000; David Layton, nephew, Toronto, \$5,000; Doily. It is the clear right of the Mary Heck, Toronto, \$1,000; Jas. right he may make use of all legitimate means. " He may combine with others to

enforce it and form a union with his fellow workers to exert the adequate moral power to maintain it or to better his condition within the limits of justice. To deny him this right is tyranny and an injustice.

"He has no other way to safe-guard his interests. The rich and the powerful have many ways to protect their investments: the workingman has only the support of peaceful combination.

Moreover, workingmen's associa tions may peacefully agitate and seek to mould public opinion in eminary.

The homestead at 137 Bond street of real grievances. A campaign of s also bequeathed to Mrs. French, and this kind must, however, be legitiwhen her son reaches the age of mately conducted, free from viola twenty-five years he is to receive tions of justice and of charity and of

be applied to religious and charitable resort has the right to refuse to work, that is to strike, and to in-Following are the bequests duce others to strike with him when made to the various institutions:
Sisters of Our Lady of Charity
and Refuge, \$5,000; Sisters of
St. Joseph for the Diocese
of Toronto in Upper Canada for for his labor after all other measures

will maintain his home in frugal and reasonable comfort. And the other thousands of Jews, "Not but what," conclusions which we have laid down are but corollaries flowing "they are highly respectable citizens, from this fundamental principle, or the ground that any one who possesses a natural right may make use of all legitimate means to protect it and to safeguard it from tion.'



FATHER FINN

We take great pleasure in present ing to our readers a new portrait of XIII, when His Holiness made a Father Finn, "the Discoverer of the witty mot. Several of the Cardinals American Catholic Boy." He needs having been heard to remark that no introduction to any English-speak-Father Vaughan preached "just like ing Catholic for his name is truly as an Italian," the Holy Father humor-familiar as household words. He has been so long silent—twelve years know that he is an Italian—he was -that we almost despaired of seeing him again in print, the more so as we know of his schools, sodalities, another occasion, after having and other calls on his time. But at preached at Cannes to a congregalast, yielding to the earnest pleadings public and his publishers, he has stolen some hours from his multifarious duties to give us a new book, THE FAIRY OF THE SNOWS, that is sure to prove a delight to the hearts and the homes of his host of readers. A glance at this "counterfeit presentment" of Father Finn, as it appears as above, reveals at once his kind, child-loving character as plainly as words could speak. The book can be had postpaid for 85 cents from THE CATHOLIC RECORD, Lon-

FATHER VAUGHAN

AT HOME AT FARM STREET London Letter in America

More correctly speaking, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., is "at home" when he is at 114 Mount street, Grosvenor Square-for, as is well known the London headquarters of the Society of Jesus in one of the most fashmable districts of the metropolis really consists of two houses, Mount street building being set apart for the residence of the "preaching staff and the Farm street house for the staff of writers. And yet I am by no neans certain that Father Bernard Vaughan does not find himself equally "at home" in the squalid East End back street where it was, not long ago, my privilege to accompany him on a tour of inspection and relief. With him, from the severe simplicity of the establishment in Mayfair o the squalor of a Thames side slum,

there is but a step to be made. Father Vaughan told me that he abored practically in secret for some thing like a twelvemonth in White-Commercial road. His farniture consisted of a deal table and two dea chairs, a camp bedstead, and ing pan. In the latter utensil I found him one day cooking his "dinner," consisting of some liver and bacon, in order that he might share it with an old woman, aged seventy, living in the same tenament-house—and who, by the way, walked two miles to her work every morning, earned 6 shillings a week, and paid 18 pence a week rent! Then, after "dinner," Father Bernard would sally forth bell in hand, garbed in cassock and biretta and with crucifix hanging at his breast, into the purlieus of Periwinkle Square—quite a Dickensian touch about that appellation, is there not?-off the Commercial road. By 4 o'clock p. m. a vast, if poor an ragged, congregation would pack Periwinkle Square, and Father Vaughan, mounting a table, with the children grouped around him, would comthe service. First, he cate chised the little ones, then preached an exhortation rather than a sermon, and atterwards heard confessions visited the sick, etc. Small wonder that he speedily began to be idolized by the rough population of a locality so "dangerous" that it is given a

was a noble and touching work. While it is safe to say that, under whatsoever auspices he lectures or preaches, Bernard Vaughan's potent are not under the thumb of the ersonality inevitably attracts huge and representative audiences, he is afraid their action will be construed really more in his element among into a recognition of the authority the poorest of the poor. He told the which, according to the Menace, writer that he found just the least Rome is striving to exercise over possible drawback to his mission American institutions. — Catholic work in the East End to be the resi Bulletin.

and it takes all sorts and conditions

of men and women to make a world. Father Vaughan has ever been, in Kipling's familiar phrase, "a first-class fighting man," and innumerable are the battles he has won for Christ. His long-ago libel action against the Rock, when he was awarded £300 damages and £300 costs, is a case in point. He was conspicuous for his own cross examination, whereof one present in court remarked that he had acquitted himself not merely like a good witness, but like counsel for both plaintiff and defendant and like a judge directing a jury! Another instance was when, some twenty years ago, Dr. Moorehouse rashly ventured to impeach the claims of Rome. Renting the Free Trade Hall at Manchester on ten consecutive Wednesdays, Father Vaughan addressed an audience of 5,000 on every one of those days, and very effectually disposed of his opponent's every argument.

One or two of the following typically characteristic stories may possi be unfamiliar to read America. Father Bernard had been Rome, for the charities of Pope Leo born on Vesuvius, and we merely sent him to England to cool!" On tion that included the late King Edward VII, and some 15 other royal personages, somebody asked him: "Didn't you feel nervous before such a lot of royalties?" "No," rejoined Father Vaughan; "you see, I am accustomed to preach in the presence of Our Blessed Lord." Once staying at Cambridge as the guest of Dr Butler, the famous Master of Trinity, he happened to be standing under Holbein's portrait of Henry VIII, when his host inquired: "What would you, as a Jesuit, do if His Majesty were to step from that can-vas?" "I should request the ladies to leave the room !"

The Vaughans of Courtfield, one of the oldest Catholic families in Great Britain, were descended from that Herbert, Count of Vermandois, who came to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and whose wife was Emma, daughter of the Count of Blois and of Adela, the Conqueror's daughter. King Henry V, who as a child was nursed at Courtfield by the Countess of Salisbury, knighted Roger Vaughan on the field of Agincourt in 1415: whilst another Countess of Salisbury, Margaret Pole, "the last of the Plantagenets," was also in the direct line.

Bernard Vaughan himself is one of the fourteen children of the late Col. Vaughan, of Crimean War fame. He was early destined for the army, but, as he laughingly says, "I put my money not on the rouge, but on the noir"-in other words, he preferred a black cassock to a scarlet coat. Educated at Stonyhurst College (of which his great grandfather was the founder), he passed through the sharp training of a novice of the Society of Jesus to become a profess or at that college and, after four chapel, sleeping two nights out of years of science and theology, to be family life and religion. Their spirit every seven in a room on the ground is not new. A similar class of men floor of a hovel—a room that was "stormed" London by preaching a

ENLIGHTENMENT AND BIGOTRY-A CONTRAST

The Catholic Chronicle, of Erie, Pa., notes with great satisfaction that the Tennessee Legislature appropriated \$5,000 for the support of the House of the Good Shepherd at Memphis. It adds this comment: 'If the amount was commensurate with the service that this institution is rendering the commonwealth in reclaiming and reforming lost and wayward girls the appropriation should run into several more figures.

What a contrast there is between this action and that of the enlightened city fathers of Pittsburgh who force the Little Sisters of the Poor to obtain a license in order to carry on their work of soliciting alms for the poor and needy and ask a strict accounting of all the moneys which they collect.

The action of the Legislature of Tennessee is a very effective answer to the bigots who make it a practise to slander the Sisters of the Good wide berth even by the police. It Shepherd who have consecrated their lives to this noble believe it safe to say that the legisla tors who voted for this appropriation

7º/ INVESTMENT PROFIT-SHARING SERIES \$100, \$500 and \$1000 Withdrawable after one year. Business at back of these Bonds, established 28 Years NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PEORIA. ILL. FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE GREAT PROBLEM "So you also, when you shall see these thing-come to pass know that the kingdom of God is at hand," (Luke xxi, 31)

My dear friends, the Gospel read Mass on the first Sunday of Ad vent is most instructive and impres It cannot but inspire serious thoughts and earnest reflections These thoughts are of God, of eternity, of the last day, of man's duty,

and of life's problem.

The Great Problem is to learn how to live that we may spend an eternity in the kingdom of God. For since the end of our creation is by serving God here to be happy with Him hereafter, our duty is to ad-vance towards this end. Nothing is so natural as the desire, and nothing so pleasing as the promise of eternal happiness. In pursuit of knowledge the philosopher may examine all creation; may become skilled in every art and science; may dive into the depths of the sea and shift the interior of the earth; may trace the shining orbs and planets in their revolution through the heavens and number the stars of the firmament; but something will still be wanting to dignify his knowledge and make it profitable to eternal life. The poor unlearned man who tries to know, love and serve God by a good intention in all he does is not only solving the great problem but is a better and a wiser man.

we look out into the world we find the majority of mankind engaged in everything else but serving God. Attached to the goods of the earth they seldom wish for anything but the gratification of their senses. Thus the greater part of Christians live. They do not regard the obligations they owe to God. Dress, amusement and the amassing of wealth are the great business of life to them. God, eternity, the future seem never to enter their minds. They seem to be incapable of a serious thought. Apparently, they never ask themselves the great ques-What is the end and aim of my existence? For if they thought of this question, they would soon begin to act seriously, to act, to live as though there is a God, the Creator of all things, Who made them for eter-

nal happiness. When we consider the wonderful creation of the world out of nothing, we magnify the power that created it; when we view the order and harmony of nature in all its works, we adore the providence that governs it. Yes, all nature proclaims a es, all nature proclaims a For if a watch suggests a watchmaker, a church an architect, how much more does this beautiful universe with its wonderful order and harmony pre-suppose a Maker?
This maker of all things perish-

able is an eternal, independent Being. Without a beginning and without end, no period of time can measure the duration of His exist-Angels and the souls of men are immortal; neither are eternal, as they had a beginning. None but God, the only one supreme and independent Being can be properly styled eternal: for His greatness knows no bounds, His perfections are infinite and His existence had no beginning and will have no end. Millions of years may roll away, they will not shorten its duration; millions of ages add nothing to its length.

the mountains were made," says the prophet David, " or the earth and the world was formed: from eternity and to eternity Thou art God," "In the beginning, O Lord, Thou foundest the earth, and the heavens are the works of Thy hands. . . . They shall perish, but Thou remainest. . . . Thou art the self-same and Thy years shall not fail." (lxxxix and ci psalms.)

These words of the inspired writer clearly tell us that God was before this world and that He will continue to be after all shall have passed away. That He always was and al-ways will be, unchanged and un-

All things created are subject to change and decay. The sun may continue to take his course through the azure sky for ages yet to come the rivers may flow on for centuries; the grand monuments of art erected to departed heroes may seem to defy the hand of time; the name and fame of great statesmen and conquerors may excite the envy and admiration of nations yet unborn, may pass down from age to age; from generation to generation to the latest posterity; yet all will pass away, all human greatness, all things created will be blot-ted out. But sitting on His throne of inaccessible glory, surrounded by millions of immortal spirits each shining with a brightness more glorious than the sun, God will live on without change for all eternity.
And man will live for all eternity happy or miserable, according to his

Whatever our station in life may be we are placed there to work our way toward the kingdom of God, our heavenly home. Whether we meet with comforts or afflictions, whether our path be one of roses or thorns whether we walk the pleasant fields of prosperity or the rough road of adversity, we should be neither mis-led by the one nor discouraged by the other. These comforts or afflictions can make us neither happy nor unhappy. We shall exist when they more. We are made for heaven and earthly things should not engage the affections of our If we were convinced of the truth that things of earth cannot make us happy, they would no longer have any charm.

MEDICINE"

Says Mrs. Corbett, Are "Fruit-a-tives" "They Keep Me In Perfect Health"



MRS. ANNIE A. CORBETT

"I have used "Fruit-a-tives" for Indigestion and Constipation with most excellent results, and they continue to be my only medicine. I am highly pleased with "Fruit-a-tives" and am not ashamed to have the facts published to the world. When I first started, the started was the most better them. I took about six years ago, to use them, I took four for a dose, but I cured myself of the above troubles and gradually reduced the dose to one tablet at night. Before taking "Pruit-a-tives" I took salts and other pills but the treatment was too harsh. I thought I might as well suffer from the disease as from

these treatments.
Finally, I saw "Fruit-a-tiyes" advertised with a letter in which someone recommended them very highly, so I tried them. The results were more than satisfactory and I have no hesitation in recommending them to any other person. satisfactory and I have no hesitation in recommending them to any other person. They have done me a world of good. I get satisfaction from them, and that is quite a lot". ANNIE A. CORBETT. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Nor would we shrink from misfor tune and suffering, did we reflect that we can make them meritorious for that eternity which we are soo to expect. Faith teaches us that the tribulations of the Just will be succeded by joys unending. An eternity of joy or an eternity of pain will These thoughts are suggested by

my text, "So you also when you shall see these things come to pass, know that the kingdom of God is at hand." When we compare our fleeting existence here with the eternity of God, how short, how next to noth ing, is the life of man. A few days or years and he is no more. One sudden stroke and he is cut off in the middle of his career. Even the longest life is but a fleeting shadow, passing cloud that disperses in air almost as soon as it is formed. fact life is a continual death that begins to destroy us when we begin to live. Though short, it is often badly spent. Let us begin to day to spend the remainder of our fleeting existence better; let us spend it in preparation for that eternal happi-ness which God has prepared for His elect. Otherwise, we shall be cast with the reprobate into eternal misery. Our days are numbered. We know not when our summons shall come. But when it does come we shall enter into everlasting joys or pains. Are we prepared now answer at the tribunal of a just God? If not, let us prepare at once. few years of life on earth are granted that we may prepare ourselves to these few years well. Let us them in learning to know, to love and to serve God here, that we may be happy with Him hereafter. This

is the solution of the great problem. Lifted on the wings of heavenly knowledge, we soar in thought above all created things and view the glorious perfections of God revealed that constitute the happiness of saints

and angels. To contemplate God, to meditate upon His perfections, to ponder upon His wonders, to praise and glorify Him, to do His holy will constitute the occupation of the Blessed in heaven; and while we employ our mind in the same exercise, we begin to do in time what we hope it will our happiness to do in the kingdom of God for all eternity.

CLUNY ABBEY

In the years 1122-1156 the great Benedictine Abbey at Cluny in France was considered only second to Rome as the centre of the whole Church and Christian world. The Abbey was a vast and magnificent structure, and was regarded as one of the wonders of the Middle Age.

Its Abbey church was the largest in Christendom, and was only later surpassed by the building of St. Peter's Rome. It was 555 feet in Peter's Rome. It was 555 feet in length with 5 naves, several towers

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:
Sir W. R. Mereduth, Chief Justice.
Sir Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario.
Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., Pres. Victoria College.
Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board
Moral Reform, Toronto.
Right Rev. J. F. Sweepen, D.D., Bishop of Toronto Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record London, Ontario.
Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity no loss of time from business, and a certain cure.
Consultation or correspondence paying

The library was the richest and most important in France, containing a vast number of priceless manuscripts, which perished when the Huguenots sacked it in 1562.

TEMPERANCE

THE GREATEST SAFEGUARDS

Dr. Evans, who is paid \$10,000 a year to write a daily health article for the Chicago Tribune, must be a man of considerable knowledge and experience. In that light, it is worth while reading twice the following paragraphs from one of his recent

When a young life starts out from the shelter of home to fight the battles that must be fought and brave the dangers that must be faced, one of the most priceless possessions, one of the greatest safeguards he or she can have, is that of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquor.

"This, I think, is one of the sad-

dest things that can be said about alcohol; that many a life that otherwise had kept its purity, but now in habits the underworld of our social system, entered the pathway leads to the gutter whilst under the influence of alcohol; and there, sooner or later infected, becomes a source of infection to other lives trooping that way, led on by the king of the carnival-alcohol.'

EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE "Intemperance interferes with the intellectual as well as the moral, aye, even the physical life of the individual," says a writer in the Father Mathew Record. "It injures his mind and will; it weaken his energy of action and his power of endurance it interferes with the faithful discharge of his duties; it often makes him a pauper and a burden to society, and usually leads to other vices and crimes. Who has not heard of the havoc and injury wrought in families, the misery endured by wife and children? Intemperance in high society exerts, moreover, a most disastrous and degrading influence on the moral sense of the community, and where common among the lower classes it retards their intellectual and spiritual progress no less than efficiency of their work. Who cannot see what would be the deplorable results for society, in religious, moral, intellectual, social, political and even purely economical fields, when intemperance has once been allowed to grow to such dimensions that it may be justly called a common vice of the people? Nor can we overlook another most important feature in

SQUANDERING OF MILLIONS Professor McCook estimated that the tramps of the United States alone cost the people over nine millions a year to support them: "a half more than the cost of the Indian Depart-ment, and one-half the cost of our

this connection, which has not al-

imperatively demands. I mean the

From a sociological standpoint, says Nammack, "we are compelled by incontrovertible evidence to acknowledge that it (alcohol) is of all causes the most frequent source of poverty, unhappiness, divorce, suicide, immorality, crime, insanity, disease and death." What greater reasons should prompt us to take an active part in organized total abstinence? Yet in their strange and sad ignorance of its destroying power, people take drink without any apprehension of its danger; yea, rather as if it were the cure for all the misfortunes and miseries " to which the flesh is heir." Whereas, as science is every day proving more and more and as experience is also daily teach-ing, it is, for the generality of man-kind, the most dangerous thing any-one could take and that for most persons it proves disastrous ruin.

THE SANE SYSTEM The man who early goes to bed, instead of painting landscapes red, assisted by a demijohn, until the roosters hail the dawn, will rise refreshed at break of day, and sing a joyous roundelay. His mouth is clean, his eyes are bright; he has a horses' appetite, and to his maw be gaily rakes a half a quire of buck wheat cakes, and ham and eggs and bread and cheese, and sundry things like these. Then to his daily toil he goes, all full of vim from crown to toes. He works so well his boss observes: "I'm surely mashed upon your curves, and so, beginning with to-day, I'll add a guilder to your pay." The man who paints the vil-lage red instead of going to his bed at seven minutes after ten, on waking thinks a setting hen has used his mouth three weeks or more; his eyes are red, his stomach sore; he cannot eat the wholesome steak, the eyes are red, his stomach sore; he cannot eat the wholesome steak, the scrambled egg or buckwheat cake, but sadly chews a pickled bean and takes a drink of kerosene. He does his task in lanquid way, and ere he's put in half a day the boss exclaims: "You make me tired! Put on your hat and go—you're fired!" If you would hold a good job down, be wise—let t'others paint the town.—Walt Mason.

CONSISTENCY'S GAIN

Dr. Kraeplin, a Heidelberg professor, is ready to furnish proof that the best method for fighting the drink evil is "the personal example of total abstinence." Some may find this warfare against alcohol a bit burdensome— in fact, much more troublesome than preaching total abstinence—but what is lost in hilarity is more than compensated for by what is gained in consistency. For twelve years the professor has

been preaching total abstinence by example, and he has never regretted the style of warfare which he has taken up. "I have to thank total abstinence," he says, "for its beneficial results in respect to my own health." The professor thinks that his usefulness would have already been much impaired had he permit. been much impaired had he permit-ted himself to indulge in alcoholic beverages.-St. Paul Bulletin.

RECENT CONVERTS

ST. PETERS' NET GRADUALLY CLOSES UPON THE MOST ENLIGHTENED STUDENTS OF HISTORY, THEOLOGY AND HOLY SCRIPTURE

The Missionary publishes the following partial list of recent converts to the Catholic Church. Their names are selected because of their prominence in the religious and mer cantile life of the country in which they reside and because many of them are well known to the reading public.

The Rev. E. F. Ekins, curate at St. Augustine's Church, Kilburn, London, graduate of Oxford and Ely Theolog ical College, son of the late General Ekins.

The Rev. Franz W. H. Schniewees, late curate at St. Mark's and St. Clement's Episcopal Churches, Philadelphia. The Rev. Alexander Thompson Grant, of the Scottish Episcopal

Church, and ex-chaplain to Wewyss Castle, Fife, Scotland. The Princess Lugi Colonna of Rome; born a daughter of Count Victor von Platen, of Hanover, Ger-many; sister of the late Duchess of Devonshire (England); Lutheran. She married Prince Colonna over

fifty years ago.

Mrs. Hugh Cleland Hoy of Bristol, England, wife of a prominent Ulster-

man and journalist.

The late Neil Kennedy, M. I. C. E.

of the Rio Tinto Company, Wimbledon, London; Presbyterian. The late Richard Wilson, president of the Ewbank Electric Transmission Company, vice president of the Title and Trust Company of Portland, Oregon, who left a large portion of his \$500,000 estate to the Church.

The late William Oscar McCurdy Beevile, Texas : a prominent editor. publisher and capitalist; received on his deathbed by the Bishop of San Antonio.

Among recent conversions to the Church in France are to be numbered Charles Louis Morice, poet and art critic, and Emile Rochard, formerly director of the Ambigu theatre, who has just published a "Vie de Jesus" ways received the consideration it so

dire consequences in hundreds of cases resulting to the yet unborn Clarence Preston Boyer, Memphis, Mrs. Schaefer and her two daugh-

ers of Blitheville, Ark. Miss Pauline Sanders, San Antonio,

At Pittsburg, Kansas, the following persons have lately been received: Mrs. M. C. Gallagher, Mrs. H. J. Denn, Miss Francis Montez Stowers, F. L. Costello, Miss Nellie McPheeters and

Mrs. Cummings.
Miss Elizabeth Young, pianist, Nazareth, Kentucky. Moreno Griffith, Paramount Chief of Basutoland, South America, and one hundred and six natives.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

So I told him I Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whis-tle for my money i

and tell me.
You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail.
have sold over half a million that way.
So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people
try my Washing Machines for a month, before they
pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.
Now, I know what our "1000 Gravity" Washer
will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the
time they can be washed by hand or by any other
machine.

President

Give a manly man A manly gift. He will appreciate a pair in a Christmas Box.

Suspenders

Miss Eva Chambers, Denver, Col. One hundred adult converts were confirmed on June 22 at the Paulist Church of Chicago.

the Church of St. Ignatius, Los Angeles, on June 13. Thirteen adult converts were confirmed on June 22, in St. Liborious Church, St. Louis.

Nine converts were confirmed at

Five converts were confirmed at St. Cara's Church, Oxnard, Cal., on

June 22. The Archbishop of Philadelphia, on June 1, confirmed fourteen adult converts at St. Luke's church, Glenside,

Bishop McCort confirmed five adult converts in St. Matthias' church, Bala, Pa., on June 4.

On May 28, the Bishop of Columbus confirmed fourteen adult converts at Moxohala and Crooksville, Ohio. Five converts were received on June 8 at St. Mary's church, Avon-

dale, N. J. Six converts were confirmed in SS. Joseph's and Mary's church, South St. Louis, on May 18.

The Bishop of Peoria, on June 1 confirmed twenty adult converts at St. Mary's church, Moline, Ill.

Eight converts were received during June at the Church of the Blessed acrament, Kansas City, Mo.

The Bishop-Auxiliary of Detroit, on June 16, confirmed thirty-one adult converts at St. Augustine's church,

Kalamazoo, Mich. The Archbishop of St. Louis, on May 26, confirmed thirteen converts at Potosi, Mo.
Bishop McCort confirmed eight

adult converts at St. Gabriel's church, Philadelphia, on May 16, and forty adults (mostly converts), at the Gesu church, Philadelphia, on May 17. Fifteen adult converts were received at St. Philip Neri's church. Write to-day for Illustrated Booklet and full particulars.

Philadelphia, during the May mission. Fourteen converts were confirmed in St. Malachy's church, Philadelphia. on May 15. At St. Thomas Aquinas church, Germantown, Pa., May 17, fourteen adult converts were con firmed.

Seventeen converts were confirmed on May 17, in the Convent of the Good Shepherd, San Antonio. Father Albert, S. S. J., lately re-

ceived the following number of colored converts: Eighty - two at Mobile; thirty at Pascagoula, Miss. and twenty-four at Pritchard, Ala. In every portion of India and Cey

lon the Church is now organized and conversions are being made at the rate of over sixteen thousand a year. This figure applies only to adult bap-

From the first of the year to June 12, the Bishop of Covington, administered the sacrament of confirmation to one hundred and forty-two con-

The Vicariate of Pekin, during the year 1912, registered thirty five thousand catechumens, being tenthousand more than those of 1911. Among the converts of the year was a Princess of the Imperial house, niece of the Empress Kia Tsing, and sister of Prince Kung, the last great minister of the Manchu dynasty. She was instru by the Sisters of Charity of St. Michael's hospital, and received baptism on her deathbed.

Since last November, nineteen missions, the expense of which were defrayed by the Apostolic Mission house were given in towns in Ala-bama, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Kansas and Tennessee, by Fathers Huffer Albert, Devery, and Swift, who re-ceived one hundred and eighty-five converts and left forty-four under in

SOMETHING UNUSUAL

Something that we see rarely ad verted to in Protestant journals is gracefully mentioned by the Churchman (Protestant Episcopalian) namely, the fact that the Gospel was not first brought to China by Protestant missionaries, but that Catholic missionaries, centuries before Protest-antism was born, had converted milions to Christianity in that land. "It is only fair to remember," the Churchman, "that China's earliest Christian missionary martyrs belonged to the Roman Catholic communion." Our Protestant contemporary continues : "The first Roman Catholic Mission

to China dates back to the time of Dante, Marco Polo and Kubla Kham. It was in 1292 that the Franciscan Monk, John of Monte Corvino reached Cambalu, (Peking). In 1299 he built a church there "with a campanile and three bells," as he proudly records, instructed his boys in Latin and Greek, converted six thousand adults, translated the New Testament and the Psalter into tarar, and was appointed Archbishop of Cambalu by Clement V. in 1307. The rise of the Ming dynasty rooted Christianity out of China for the time being, but in the sixteenth century Roman Catholic Missionary effort was heroically re-entered upon by the Jesuits and other religious orders. The memory of the great early Jesuit missionaries is still early Jesuit missionaries is still held in veneration, and an eye-wit-

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tells of a mandarin who came from the remote interior to do sacri fice at their graves. A great multi-tude of Roman Catholic martyrs, both missionary and natives, sealed their testimony with their blood long before any other Christian Church, except the Nestorian, was known within the empire.'

eThis, of course, is the merest skeleton of a sketch of the relation of the Catholic Church to China, but it is so unusual in a Protestant paper that we are pleased to see it.
For a fuller description of what Catholic missionaries have done and are still doing in China, we hope the editor of the Churchman will turn to the Catholic Encylopedia.—Sacred Heart Leview.

A conscience without God is a tribunal without a judge.



AND ALL ABOUT GAS ENGINES

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"Yes, and I came to a river, but could fin no way of getting my machine across."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I just sat down and thought it over There are many of our fellow-citizens who have got no farther with the

question of life insurance than "think-ing it over."

But it is necessary to make ap-plication and to be examined

by a competent physician and to remit the first premium be Every year during which one is "thinking it over" premiums increase and the possibility of rejection in-creases. The part of wisdom is to cure insurance to-day.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG

WHO DOES NOT?

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these bless ings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm. The exquisite poise of character, which we call serenity, is the last lesson of culture, it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold. How contemptible mere money wealth looks in comparison with a serene life, a life which dwells in the ocean, as it were, of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm! How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and truly beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by making bad blood. In fact, it is a question whether the great majority of the people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well-balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished char-

PROMOTION

Who is the young man who is promoted? He is the young man who dusts the desk in the best manner, and the young man who is selected for the next promotion further along is he who is doing his particular work in the most capable manner in which it may be performed. The first few places don't call for much brain work, perhaps, but they give you a chance to develop. When the time comes for you to do something else you must have a mind trained to comprehend what it told you, what you are doing, and why you on the job ahead of you. Your mind must advance ; it must be receptive so that you are competent to do the next thing ahead of you.

CONCENTRATION

Concentration lies back of all success. Genius is powerless without it, while with its assistance, a very modest little talent can do won

Concentration is acquired. It is no more a native endowment than knowing how to spell. It is true that some people spell more easily than others, but study and practice can make anyone a good spell-

Pin your thoughts to what you are doing. Every time you allow your attention to wander from the task in hand, every time you indulge your-self in mingling with the doing of the present duty recollections of some pleasure past, or anticipation of another to come, you are lessening your power of concentration, and so your likelihood of success. — True

ROUTINE AND DUTY

Think what we lose when we are faithless to some small duty imposed by the law of love. We lose character and life itself. For, after all, life cannot be satisfactorily measured by the excitement of striking occasions or by the thrill of great sensations, or by the joy of overpowering emotions. The greater part of life for most of us is made up of small, humdrum duties; of routine. And routine can be inspired (so Jesus teaches) by a high sense of duty, and unselfishness can be combined with loyalty to noble ideals of faith and love and transformed into the opportunity of spiritual growth.

We take it for granted that people know how we appreciate them. How often we speak the critical word How rarely the complimentary one We know very well how we fee when others tell us how our work and our talents are appreciated, but we are prone to forget that our neighbors, our friends, and our fellow workers are the same kind of people with the same kind of hearts. Most of us would rather have a little more "taffy" while we are living and a little less "epitaphy" when we are dead; a few flowers on the desk and less on the grave. Speak the good word, and speak it in good season.

OUR HUMAN HERITAGE

Man's human heritage is higher than the average man rates it. work, to suffer, to smile a little and play a little—this is the sum as commonly set down. Only once in a long while does one arise who seems to fully appreciate the greatness of the grant conferred by human existence. To help, to better, to brighten—these are the sublime possibilities within reach of each individual, no matter how poor or how lowly.—Intermoun tain Catholic.

A GENTLEMAN

Robert Louis Stevenson's definition of a gentleman is a classic, "The man who could meet a prince without being overpowered, and a coal heave without overpowering him." In other words, the gentleman has in the ideal of Christian brotherhood, fraternal love for every other man from prince to coal heaver.

Our centre is the will of God; God wishes that I should do this action now, God desires this matter of me; but also in suffering the afflictions

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

NOT WASTED

"Belle Converse, you'll never doit."
"Won't I. Just wait and see! O I know all your objections before-hand. 'I cannot afford it.' 'It's too extravagant.' 'A waste of money.' But while the rest of you may get what you please, good, sensible presents, and I'll not say you nay, my present to grandmother is to be roses—great, creamy beauties— which shall fill the room with fragrance and her heart with delight at the same time.'

But, Belle, they are so expensive! and they will last so short a time; it proud of it, too, and people drove does seem that a more substantial present—something that would be a benefit to her all winter—would be far more sensible, and I am sure grandmother would say so, if you asked her."

"Now, Grace, I know that I have no money to waste, and all the sensi-ble things you would say, but I shall not listen. For many years grand-mother's birthdays have brought presents of plain, comfortable cloth-ing that she must have had even if ere were no birthday to be taken into account, and though it may be unwise, I have decided to give her a sweet, lovely present, such as I might r teacher or friend whose necessities I did not need to consider If she is vexed I shall be sorry, per-haps, that I did not buy stockings instead, but I am going to take the

In the home of her daughter, Grandmother Girwood sat quietly knitting at a dark brown sock, think ing gratefully of the many blessings that were still here, though her own home had gone into the hands of strangers, and she had for many years been at the fireside of another. She knew the girls, as she delighted to call them, would be in soon with

some little gift for the day.

Presently they came—Belle, Kate,
Grace, Molly and Dorothy, and laid their offerings in her arms. They were useful, sensible gifts, made thrice welcome because she knew they were prompted by the love in hearts and tears filled her eyes,

but they were tears of joy.

Half-timidly Belle handed her the ong box from the florist, hardly knowing what reception it might receive; but their astonishment was great when Mrs. Girwood burst into

"For me, Belle! for myself—the roses! O, my dear, I longed for pretty things all my life, but there has never been enough of anything for luxuries. Belle, they are the first, the very first flowers I ever had bought for me. I—" she struggled with her sobs. She kissed the soft, creamy petals, and then held them at arm's length and brought them slowly back, inhaling their perfume, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and the smiles chasing them swiftly away.
"May the roses of life garland all
your path, dear. O, I am so glad you

thought of it!" These will fade, we will try to get

They will never fade from my then turning to the others, I tenderly: "Your gifts were she said tenderly: "Your gifts were lovely, my dear; they will make me comfortable in days to come, but those—those roses they have made

me so happy !" And Grace, turning to Belle, with a tearful smile, said: "You were keener of sight than we; something must have told you how true were the poet's words: 'A rose to the living is better than sumptuous wreaths to

the dead.' ST. GERTRUDE

The thirteenth century-that cenordinary fame-received towards its close as a crowning gift the great and beautiful Saint Gertrude.

The illustrious saint was born at Eisleben a small town in the county of Mansfield, on January 6th, 1263. Her father was the Count of Lichenborn, and, it is said, was related to the imperial house of Germany.

Following a custom which prevailed at that time—no doubt in imitation of the Presentation of our Blessed Mother in the Temple-Gertrude was placed in the famous Benedictine Monastery at Rosendorf when she was five years old. Her sister, Mechtilde, who was two years

younger, soon joined her. In this garden of sanctity the little countess grew in wisdom and grace. She was very fond of study, and her writings are regarded among the stars that pointed the way to the mariners of old, they have guided many a woman's soul to the beauti-

ful port of heaven. Her sister, in religion had such a high opinion of her prudence and virtue, that in 1294, when Gertrude was only thirty years old, they chose her as their Abbess. This office she held for forty years until her death. She was a kind, gentle mother; patient and humble, although filled with zeal for the honor and glory of

Those who knew Saint Gertrude and wrote the story of her life, say that her confidence in God was so great that she obtained immense favors. In fact, it seemed that God was so pleased with this virtue that little devils, the old fellow must be

He could not refuse her anything.
Like our dear Lord, Gertrude had to bear many trials and like Him, she bore them all with patience and sweetness. Before her death she had what more is necessary? While I do this I am not obliged to do anything else. O God, may Thy will be done, not only in the execution of Thy commandments, counsels and inspirations which we should obey, but also in suffering the afflictions. she would beg her Sisters to carry her into the chapel, and even though time, but the idea of worship did not

every movement caused her intense pain, she considered it as nothing in comparison with being allowed to adore our dear Lord in this Mystery of His Love.

At length the day came when this happy, and a thousand times blessed soul took its flight to the eternal realms of heaven. The Church, throughout the world celebrates her feast on the 19th, of November, the day of her happy death.

GIVING AWAY FLOWERS

In Connecticut, a few years ago lived a lady who had a beautiful flower-garden in which she took a great pride. The whole country was

miles to see it.
She fastened two large baskets or the outside of her fence next the road and every morning they were filled with cut flowers-the large, showy kinds in one basket, and the delicate fragile ones in the other. All the school children going by helped them selves, and studied the better for it. And the business men took a breath of fragrance into their dusty offices which helped the day along. Even the tramps were welcome to all the beauty they could get in their forlorn

lives.
"You cut such quantities," som one said to her, "aren't you afraid you will rob yourself?"

"The more I cut, the more I have," e answered. "Don't you know she answered. "Don't you know that if plants are allowed to go to seed they stop blooming? I love to give pleasure, and it is profit as well, for my liberal cutting is the secret of my beautiful garden. I'm like the man in Pilgrims:

"A man there was (though some did count him mad). The more he cast away, the more he

had.' "-Sunday Companion. ALWAYS REMEMBER To rise when an older person is

standing. To respect gray hairs.

To respect your parents.

To be kind to those physically de-To be kind to the sorrowing.

To be gentle to the weak. To be respectful to your teacher. To avoid slang and vulgar lan-

guage.

To not shuffle your feet. To always have clean hands. To be pure of heart.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SOME OTHERS

A minister in the Christian Register (Unitarian) writing under the pen name of the "Rev. Bromide Smith, D. D.," says that last summer while in the city he felt he ought to solve the mystery, why a certain number of people will insist on going to Church. He visited in the next few weeks a good many churches and took part in a good number of differing forms of services, and he submits the results of this investigation for what it is worth, to the readers of the Christian Register. The parts we quote as follows will, we are sure, in-

erest our readers : "The Church which has had the largest congregation and in the service of which the people seemed most heartily and sincerely engaged was the Roman Catholic Church, in the whole service of which there was not a single word I could understand. It seemed as if every member of that vast congregation had come there for the one purpose of praying; and pray they did, with all the earnestness and apparent zeal that could be desired. Nothing could exceed the knowledge The thirteenth century—that century—that century—rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of average human psychology upon tury rich in saints of more than of the saints of the which the service was based. coming and going of lights, the processions, the elevation of the Host, the continual voice of music or of prayer in the distance, the sense of prostration before an infinite mystery, all had their part in the wondrous result of a whole worshipping congregation."

" My next place of visitation was a large Evangelical hall used as a church. Here also there was a huge congregation, but no sign of worship It was an audience rather than a con gregation. Soon a man appeared in front and began to wave his arms and shout. We were to sing. The music of the big organ began tump ety-tump, and soon he had the whole audience swaying and jumping and singing like a country fair. It felt good to something that was in you, of which you were rather ashamed so to sway with the mass of simple folk and shout in unison rag-time Then another man appeared and said "Let us pray," and, closing his eyes, addressed a few remarks to the Deity and preached a short, in direct sermon. Then a lady stood up and sung a song, and at last the preacher arose to preach upon the devil. The part of his sermon that brought down the house and sticks in one's memory was his proof of the existence of the devil. He said that a friend of his had drunk too much and got delirium tremens : in this state he had seen many little red devils. Now it seemed to him (the reacher) that, if there were these around somewhere. Shortly after this he sunk his voice and told us



all. "The next church visited was the most famous and fashionable of the liturgical churches in the city. It was fairly well filled by well-dressed people. The service was well speeded up mechanically, though some-thing might be done to run a little faster through the rather meaning. less Psalms which were sung. singing by the boy choir gave one the impression as being the real thing for which the people had come and was listened to devoutly. At the close of the service a preacher, who, although disguised as a man of thirty years old, was, evidently from his remarks, a Sophomore in the High school, spoke for five minutes upon the life of Moses as portrayed in the morning lesson, and how it taught us that we should all be good. The feeling in this service was that of peace and comfort, and, apart from the long stands, left one feeling very rested.

"The last church visited was of the more liberal school in theological matters. The quartette was fine and the sermon was fine, but there was no atmosphere and no congregation. Why? The devil immediately whispered in my ear that the reason

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seem to enter into the situation at ing unction to our souls. I think we Protestant churches have been ob sessed by the vaudeville show, the symphony concert, and the lecture hall, and different denominations of us have tried to turn our churches respectively into one or other of these. The Roman Catholics with all their faults have kept their churches deliberately as places for prayer, and have studied profoundly the psychology of the prayer atmosphere. Are you inclined to pray your self, my reader, when a man on a platform in front of you gets up and says, "Let us pray," and shuts his eyes? Would you feel more in-clined to do so if, when you went into the church, you saw the minister to see them. They never eat that kneeling at the altar saying his own shows like the great evangelical service, with the devil and the room behave arranged concerts, as the newslecture hall where after the "preliminary services" the preacher lectures on Darwin or Browning.

on Darwin or Browning.

"So my net results are these:
People would rather have a show or

in; but the most popular place of all for them to go would be a place where they would find themselves mysteriously in a spiritual atmosphere, and out of which they could come ennobled and strengthened by contact through all their being with an infin ite power."-Sacred Heart Review.

FATHER FINN QUITS

Chicago Paulist choristers are to lose their founder and director, the Rev. William J. Finn, C. S. P., of St. Mary's church, who leaves Chicago in December to found a training school

of church music in St. Louis.
A fund of \$200,000 will be required to found the school and it will be raised by individual contributions. Father Finn has the approval of his superior to begin the work, which will be under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers and started in St. Louis by request of Archbishop Glen-

Father Finn's choir of Boy's ha made an international reputation for Chicago, being the first choir of American's to make a concert tour of Europe and the winners of the first prize at the international music fete in Paris, in which four hundred and ninety seven choirs from all over Europe competed in-cluding the famous Sheffield choir of England.

THE SAME EVERYWHERE

"In one Denver rectory," says the Catholic Register, "the priests rarely ever arise from a meal that there are not two or three persons waiting to see them. They never eat that prayers? But we Protestants have or twice. Yet it is infrequently that put the prayer to one side, and run parishioners wonder why fathers will not stop eating to listen to their business, Often the good priests do hind the platform as features, or we stop eating long enough to receive their untimely guests. But when papers on Easter Saturday show us they make the callers wait, every all to our shame, or we have run a now and then one of the latter can not understand why. Be patient with the priest. Men, women and children of all stations are calling for his services from morning until night. He has no time that was because good people are few, but a good chorus concert than a lecture he can really call his own. It is not cunning who has no gift of kindness

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prompt in filling his engagements He has no set hours for work, but labors always. eHis doorbell worked more than that on any other house along the block.'

A habit of prayer and a sense of humor forge invincible armor.-Beth Bradford Gilchrist.

His world is small who cannot see some soul in want. His vision poor who cannot see the sorrows of his neighbor. His hand has lost its

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FOR SOCIALISTS

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I took up a little book the other day, written by Father Bede Jarrett, O. P., M. A. It is called "Mediæval Socialism" and is sold for sixpence. It interested me extremely, for it showed what beautiful teaching some of our old and now almost forgotten saints delivered to the men of their generation. Few of us Eng-lish Catholics, I imagine, would gladly submit to an examination on the life and work of St. Antonio Archbishop of Florence, and a lead-ing mind in the world of the Medici. A great reader, an assiduous com-piler, a shrewd critic, and a kind hearted writer in defence of the poor this archbishop and saint seems to have been. And how modern some of his doctrines sound! Those pre-lates and thinkers of the despised Middle Ages were doughty warriors of progress, and may still teach us

much wisdom.
Saint Antonio, says Father Jarrett, has left four great volumes on the exposition of the moral law. "He begins by attacking the growing spirit of usury, and the resulting idleness. Men were finding out that under the new conditions which governed the money market it was possible to make a fortune without having done a day's work. The sons of the aristocracy of Florence, which was built up of merchant princes, and which had amassed its own for tunes in honest trading, had been tempted by the bankers to put their wealth out on interest, and to live on the surplus profit. The ease and security with which this could be done made it a popular investment, especially among the young men of fashion who came in, simply by in-heritance, for large sums of money.

As a consequence Florence found itself, for the first time in its history, beginning to possess a wealthy class of men who had never themselves engaged in any profession. The old reverence, therefore, which had always existed in the city for the man who labored in art or guild, began to slacken. No longer was there the same eagerness notic which used to boast openly that its rewards consisted in the consciousness of work well done. Instead idleness became the badge of gentil ity, and trade a slur upon a man's reputation. No city can long survive so listless and languid an ideal The archbishop therefore, denounced this new method of usurious traffic, and hinted further that to it was due the fierce rebellion which had for while plunged Florence into the horrors of the Jacquerie. he taught, should not of itself breed wealth, but only through the toil of honest labor, and that labor should be the labor of oneself, not of an-

For Florence read England. For Jacquerie read strikes. For usury, perhaps it may be permissible to read interest. I am not a theologian, and do not know whether the Church loves or merely tolerates the system of taking interest. But the point is not material to the consideration which affected me on reading the above passage in Father Jarrett's admirable little book. What did strike me was the noble Archbishop's firm and clear stand against the idea that idleness was the badge of gentility and trade a slur upon reputa-tion; his claim that wealth should be begotten by honest labor, and that labor the labor of the man who got the wealth, not of some other man. Has not the holy prelate, I thought, millions of money the Lord only knows; it is a mystery now one man can earn so much honestly that is if he pays just wages and charges in addition to the millionaires, there are men with a few thousands out at interest or in shares, and living without laboring. Whether they are justified in their investments is a matter for professed moralist; to decide. An ordinary man may be pardoned for presuming that to live a life without laboring at all is hardly a principle deserving of Christian commendation. For, the man who lives without laboring must be living on the labor of some one who does labor and labors for him. He gets what he has not earned, whoever

As in a city, so in a state; the more numerous this class of idle persons becomes, the heavier must be the burden upon the rest of the people that toil. The workers have to earn enough to keep themselves. who work, and those others who do not work. Interest and profit must arise out of less wages or greater prices ; rents are a charge upon business somehow. All this is common fact, so common that it has become customary and no one wonders at matters to which he was born; they pass current as first principles, not nly accepted, but never questioned. Yet a principle may be justified in intent, and become an abuse in extent. Loans at interest may be compatible with reason and ethics, while living on that interest, and never working but pursuing an idle life of pleasure, may be incompatible with both. And when the sainted Archbishop taught that wealth which, had it been remembered and accepted and obeyed, might have prevented much of the industrial all the people climbed and entered.

Gall Stones

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trouble and unrest of society in our

to cease. It is more likely to increase. For the rich are growing richer, while the poor grow poorer.
For the problem which his social
question is raising, I believe the
Catholic Church holds in her hands the true and only solution—the doctrine of justice between man and man. Her apostle, a tent-maker, her chief Founder was a carpenter, her great apostle a fisherman. Labor in her eyes has never been a stain on character. Nor does she ook on idleness as a badge of gentility, on trade as a slur upon repu Her theologians and moralists have treasures old and new. And I am tempted to hope that soon the day may dawn when men and statesmen, wearied with paltering over economics, will turn to the Church, as to the mother of unearthly wisdom, and ask her to embark upon the new crusade of teaching the rich and the poor the dignity of work and the degradation of idleness and the sacredness of the example of Jesus Christ and St. Paul.-Liverpool Catholic Times.

"REVERTING TO ROME"

At a Protestant Diocesan Conference recently in Manchester, England, the Bishop, Dr. Knox, observed signs that the Church (Protestant) is threatened with the forces of dis-

ruption. We see," said he, "the cardinal facts of the faith, the Incarnation and the Resurrection, explained away and on the other hand there is a repudiation of the 'Reformation' and a frankly expressed desire to revert to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Rome, its liturgies, and its

rites and ceremonies." .

Manifestly this is the situation— Protestantism is reverting on one side to infidelity; on the other, to the Church unchanged and changeable, where no "cardinal fact of faith" is "explained away."

As to remedy for the evil, as he regards it, Bishop Knox can only say: The Church of England, destitute for the time being of any government and dependent mainly on the loyalty of her clergy and laity to the Book of Common Prayer as a guide in devo-tion and a standard in the interpretation of Holy Writ, could not throw off these alien schools or phases of thought except by the resolute action of her own sons and daughters work ing together to maintain purity of ife and faith.'

How can they work together without some head or center of authority? They have tried it for three hundred years, and behold the result.-Freeman's Journal.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Has not the holy prelate, I thought, put his finger upon the running sore of modern society? The world never old Stone Church recently to find the cholera. There was also had so many wealthy men. Million-aires abound. How they made their | few days out on Euclid avenue when | good of the cholera-stricken—the late the Church of St. Agnes was being moved from its physical foundation of over twenty years he would have found thoughts to think we know.

This church was built at the formaand gives fair terms of tenure. But tion of a parish which has grown to be one of the largest and most important in the city. From its pulpits through all these years no other theory or subject has been sounded or expound save the kingdom of God. No social life or human respect missions have been advocated or exploited. The goal of this little frame church was

the kingdom of God.

The pastor of the little frame building nor any of his assistants have ever gone into the home of a parishioner to solicit or even to mention money or the material needs of the church. At the very beginning the pastor told his people of the early Christians who brought their offerings to the temple. And so whatever they might be, great or small, the people brought their offerings with joy in their hearts according to their eans. No one knew what the other gave, the richest or the poorest it nattered not; each was following the teachings of the pastor, each was piling up treasures in his own king-dom—the kingdom of God.

The other day the little church was moved from its moorings of over twenty happy struggling years. Nearly every family in the parish had had some tender, loving and often sad scene of life enacted there. To every member it meant-even though magnificent structure is to take its place—it meant regret for the happy struggling years and "the dear days

more." Through all the moving, and here comes the story, not one Mass was omitted, not for one moment did the should come by the toil of honest sacred lamp cease to burn. The labor and that labor should be the building was first one side up, then labor of oneself, not of another, he the other. It was catty-cornered. It taught a noble Christian truth was on wheels—on planks. Platforms

The pastor's teachings were all remembered. However, the little church stood, even upside down. What did that matter? It was still the gateway to the kingdom—the kingdom of God.

If Rev. Washington Gladden could have been there even through the week mornings, he wouldn't have had to wait to see crowd after crowd on Sunday—just any week morning, and see the altar rails filled with men and women, and best of all, boys and girls. And if he could have been there in that little topsy turvychurch he surely would have found thoughts to think about the kingdom of God.— T. B. O'H., in Catholic Universe, day.

The industrial unrest is not likely

MEN DON'T GATHER FIGS FROM THISTLES

SO THE CHURCH OF ROME MUST BE A TREE PLANTED BY GOD," WRITES A SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN

J. Murray, Engineer," is the signature appended to a striking com-munication published in the Oct. 23 issue of the Southern Reporter, of Selkirk, Scotland. Moved to indignation by a local manifestation of narrowness, Mr. Murray solicits "space in which to show a few of the acts of Catholics for the good of humanity."

The tree is known by its fruit," he quotes. In the summer of 1849 there were lectures on the Tower Knowe, at Hawick, on charterism, Protestant religion, atheism, pantheism, the efficacy of cure all disease medicine, etc. But when the chol-era broke out all those orators became filled with terror and took flight. Then 'the funeral bell' was the only sound which broke the solemn silence of the town. Then came forth Rev. Father Taggart, of the Catholic Church, and Rev. Mr Catholic,) of the Church of Eng. and. These two priests went to the aid of the cholera stricken and dis-tressed. The flight against disease was not a 'projectile' warfare, where they could attack the disease from a distance. Those two priests, actuated by the love of God and man down to the valley of the shadow of death' and fought against the cholera in its own trenches. They went into the poorest homes; they prayed for and soothed the cholera stricken; they pointed the dying to the Father's home of many mansions; they spoke encouragingly to the bereaved, and prayed for God's

grace for all. There were seven Presbyterian churches in Hawick at that time. All of the ministers were Scotsmen. There was one of the seven who came to the aid of the cholera-stricken, the Rev. Mr. Adam Thompson, and the Rev. Mr. Munro, of the Congregational Church. These two did their utmost, along with the two priests, to aid suffering humanity.
'Men don't gather figs from thistles,' so then the Church of Rome must be a tree planted by God. Perfect love casts out fear. The Church of Rome must have love, for those priests had no fear; for they acted as if they had a charmed life. Jesus Christ said: 'In so far as ye have love for each other, ye do show forth that ye are My disciples.' Thus the priests of the Romish Church are the disciples of our Saviour. Then it was remarkable that not one of the many lecturers on the Tower

If Rev. Washington Gladden, who Knowe put in an appearance to help the cholera stricken, which shows Walter Wilson of the Society of Hawick was in Friends a fearful state of grief at that time. Thus when Hawick's 'glory was set and its spirit was low' the Eternal sent His heavenly messengers divine—Father Tagart, Rev. Mr. Campbell and others—to its aid. Yes, we Scotch Presbyterians of Hawick owe the Catholic Church an eternal debt of

THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH

and fine sympathetic manners."

While the Episcopalian Convention was in session in New York one of the delegates, Bishop Weller of Fond du Lac, preached in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, which is so im that its ritual that simple people itative in its ritual that simple people St. Mary the Virgin, which is so imitative in its ritual that simple people often mistake it for a Catholic Church. According to the New York Sun of october 6, Bishop Weller announced that an entire congregation of Catholics in the part of the country in which he officiates has been received

into the Episcopal Church.
Naturally, the Catholics of New York and elsewhere were somewhat startled by this apparently whole-sale apostacy, and a letter was im-mediately despatched to the ecclesiastical authorities of Green Bay, Wis.,

to inquire about the facts. The Chancellor of the diocese, Rev. Joseph A. Marx, informs us that the "congregation" which Bishop Weller boasts of having received consists all told of seven families. They belong to a small mission of Bohemians. When the bishop of the diocese determined to unite that mission and two others, which were about a mile apart, into one central parish, these seven families, yielding to the persussion of a saloon keeper whose

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JAMES MASON, General Manager. Toronto, October 23rd, 1913.

jection. The move was made; a common site was selected and the three missions were united into one parish, under the pastorship of Rev. I. Rous.

The pastor of the three united churches, who also writes us, adds the further detail, that two of the seven families went over because they were convinced that Bishop Weller was a Catholic. They refused to believe the priest, but now that it has got into the papers they are about to rejoin their brethren.

Thus Bishop Weller's triumph con sists in the capture of five poor Bo hemian families under the spiritual guidance of a saloon-keeper. He plaining the real state of the case to the admiring congregation of St. Mary the Virgin.-America.

A CLEVER CANADIAN

The St. John Times says: The Canadian Club was fortunate in extending an invitation to Mr. Joseph A. Chisholm, K. C., of Halifax, to address the members on Joseph Howe. The address was heard with intense interest by the large audience of club members, and Mr. Chisholm nade it perfectly clear that it is not always necessary to go outside of the ers for club luncheons, who have something interesting to say, and who say it in a very interesting man-

DIED

Boivin.—At Bonfield, Ont., on Nov. 7, 1913, Mr. Denis Boivin, aged eighty-nine years. May his soul

BELL. - At Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, on Nov. 4, 1913, William, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Bell, of Blyth, Ontario, and brother of Joseph Beli, St. Peter's Seminary, London, aged twenty four years May his soul rest peace!

When the best things are not pos sible the best may be made of those that are possible.—Hooker.

The coward says that he is cautious: the miser that he is sparing .-Latin proverb.

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WANTED A FEMALE TEACHER AT LEAST Y second class certificate good for Alberta, board at the convent. State salary requested. Duties to commence on Jan. 2nd, 1914. The st. Martin's Cath-olic Separate school district, Vegreville, Alberta. Rev. Aug. Bernier, Sec. Treas 1831-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school S. S. No. 2. Nippissing. Duties to commence January, 1914. One holding second class certificate. Apply at once, stating experience and salary to Aug. Schmelefske, Sec. Treas. Alsace, P. O., Ontario. P. O., Ontario.

MANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR junior room C S. S. No. 5, and 8, Maidstone and Sandwich South. Salary \$450. Duties to commence Jan. 5th, 1944. School close to church, Post Office, steam and electric roads. Apply, stating certificate and experience, to John J. Costigan, Maidstone, Ont.

WANTED EXPERIENCED TEACHER HOLD S. S. S. No. 3. Admaston. Apply stating salary, and experience. Duties to begin Jan 5th. 1914. Address Ed. Windle, Renfrew, Ont. R. M. D. 2.

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR school section No. 2, Grattan. Apply stating qualification, experience, and salary expected. Duttes to begin on Jan. 5th. 1914. Jas. J. Gallagher, Sec Treas., Eganville, P. O., Ontario

TEACHER WANTED. FOR SEPARATE school section No. 6. in the village of Burrys Bay Township, Sherwood. The holder of a second class professional certificate. Apply stating salary and experience to William Kirwin, Sec. Treas, Separate School, section No. 6, Barrys Bay.

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