

The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXV.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1913

1800

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A FEW WORDS

A few weeks ago we referred to a Rev. Mr. Amarón who declared with great unctuousness that the successful pursuit of worldly prosperity, wealth and influence was a proof of the truth of Protestantism. The statement, rather frayed at the edges, appears with a frequency that is bewildering to those who know anything about true prosperity or true religion. To Mr. Amarón a true believer is one who is clad in purple and fine linen, dines at fashionable restaurants and has a good bank account. And a multi-millionaire must shine as a major planet amidst the constellation of the holy ones. But the poor man, who fares simply and plods on unburdened with money, must be altogether without the pale so far as the blessing of God is concerned. This news must be rather startling to the Protestants who wear rusty coats and use the street-cars. It must be disconcerting to the thousands of poor non-Catholics who are deprived of the blessings that are a source of power and distinction. But they can take consolation in the fact that Mr. Amarón, who talks so glibly, is merely one of a generation that is disappearing—an individual who is either very credulous or very ignorant of the constituents of either true prosperity or true religion.

NOT WARRANTED

We all know that the statement that worldly prosperity is an unmistakable sign of God's approval is a baseless assumption. God has no where promised money or the things that represent money to true believers. The religion preached by Christ has nothing in it that savours of the preaching of Mr. Amarón. Our Divine Lord, who had not whereon to lay His head, denounced riches as an obstacle to the attainment of eternal life. He repressed the earthly ambitions of His disciples and sent them forth, not to live on the fat of the land but to walk hand in hand with direst poverty, to be regarded as outcasts and to die as criminals. If Mr. Amarón had met St. Peter toiling along the Appian way to found an indestructible, spiritual kingdom he would have been shocked at his tawdry clothing and his utter lack of the things that connoted wealth. But what would he have said to a Roman Senator reclining in litter and ministered to by his slaves. He would, perchance, have proclaimed to the multitude: Behold this senator: note his gems and display of affluence: watch well his portly frame and vinous face and regard these proofs of a well-lined purse as signs of God's approval. He would have scored the humble and poor and extolled the proud and the prosperous. He would have deemed St. Paul, declaring that "they who would become rich fall into temptation and the snare of the devil," as a visionary. According to this theory Dives should not have been consigned to hell. It is strange that some people who wax eloquent on the open Bible know so little about its teachings. They talk endlessly about their pure and spiritual worship and then hold up the Golden Calf as proof of their orthodoxy. But it is not a satisfying diet to the thousands who are poor and who have been sent into the arid wastes of either indifferentism or infidelity by the ministers who use the Bible as a pretext to exhibit their well-developed imaginations and over-worked critical faculties.

THE THEORY

The upholders of the prosperity theory are wont to point to England as an irrefutable argument. Look at its commerce and wealth and industries, its virility and vitality, its ever advancing cohorts of civilization, and be convinced of the truth of Protestantism. We look, but we are not convinced. Was Rome, for example, raised to unequalled power because its religion was true? Was Greece the queen of the intellectual world because of the purity of its religion? Is Japan, now sitting at the council-board of nations and trying to rival its neighbors with the smoke of factories, a great power

because of its religion? If England's wealth comes to-day from the Reformation how shall we account for that of Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? And if the decline of Spain has been brought about by the Catholic faith, to what cause shall we assign that of Holland, which, in the seventeenth century, ruled the seas and did the carrying trade of Europe? If the purely material prosperity be insisted on it can easily be shown that this is not owing to religion at all. The pagan who abides within the Empire can acquire cash as readily as the most orthodox. In a word, industry and energy, climatic and mineralogical conditions are the sources of the material prosperity which is England's.

SOME FACTS

Let it be remembered that the foundations of the Empire were well and solidly laid by Catholics. The charter of her liberties, her representative form of Government, have their roots in the days when England lived in unity and peace in the house of Peter and was known throughout the world as Merrie England.

In these times she was truly prosperous. Every man was his brother's keeper and the poor-house was unknown. Poverty existed, but not the destitution that affrights us to-day, for men who look under the surface see a seething mass of degradation, Godlessness, pauperism and almost an entire absence of all the virtues that are distinctively Christian. Though, writes Ruskin, we are deafened with the noise of spinning wheels and the rattle of the looms, our people have no clothes: though they are black with digging fuel they die of cold; and though millions of acres are covered with ripe golden grain our people die from want of bread.

ONE PRINCIPLE

In accounting for the prosperity of nations which have abjured the Church we should remember the principle laid down by Leo XIII. in his Encyclical, Dec. 30, 1888: "The impartial and unchangeable justice of God reserves due rewards for good deeds and fitting punishment for sin. But since the life of peoples and nations does outlast this world these necessarily receive their retribution on this earth. Indeed it is not a strange thing that prosperity should be the lot of a sinful nation: and this by the just designs of God Who rewards with benefits of this kind actions worthy of praise since there is no nation altogether destitute of worth. This St. Augustine considers to have been the case with the Roman people."

LOOK AT QUEBEC

We are invited to look at Quebec and see in its stagnation an overwhelming proof that Catholicism is not blessed by God. When the evangelical missionaries, however, labour a little more the French Canadians must wax rich and prosperous and have all the blessings that accrue to Protestantism. Mr. Amarón's genius is going to waste. With his financial ability and magic power of getting the good things of earth he should be a broker or a company director. But in a spirit of bewildering unselfishness he devotes his time to the French Canadians. We have no fault to find with this grandeur of soul, but what is he going to do when all the French Canadians are run through his evangelic mill and turned out as millionaires? No longer, then, can he descend upon their poverty and the soul-deadening and prosperity-destroying influence of the Church. No longer, then, can he weep over the pitiable stagnation of Quebec. But is he, in his description of Quebec's conditions, either that type of missionary who depends upon the credulous for a living and hesitates at nothing, however baseless, in his arraignment of the Church, or a man who, having some respect for truth, some consideration for others, refrains from making statements that he cannot substantiate? We leave our readers to judge. We are not afraid to look at Quebec. And taking as a test of civilization the man a country turns out, Quebec can without any hesitancy challenge comparison with any other province

of the Dominion. Its history is tall with thirty-six beds. Its work lies only off Newfoundland, and it is prepared to meet any emergency of disease or disaster. The vast amount of good done by the two hospital ships is best illustrated in the work of the last four years. They had 12,274 communications with fishing boats took care of 1,163 men on board, outside of the large number conveyed to the home at St. Pierre; recorded 17,732 days spent in the hospital on board by patients; rescued 349 men from shipwrecked vessels; held 5,250 consultations at sea; returned 523 sailors to their homes; made 2,310 gifts of medicines and received and delivered 363,560 letters. Father Hamon's first ship, the St. Pierre was lost in a fog. She went upon a rock and sank. Father Hamon and his crew escaped in the small boats and were picked up off the coast by fishermen. "Before the year 1894, when the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen was founded," said Father Hamon yesterday, "the French fishermen were left without any help during their long stay at sea in the cold latitudes of Newfoundland and Iceland, where cod fishing is carried on. At Reykjavik and Faskrudsfjord, in Iceland, and at Saint Pierre Miquelon, Newfoundland, there were already hospitals where the ill and wounded were eventually sent by the fishing craft when putting into harbor, which they did at very rare intervals. But when at sea, out of reach of land, our fishermen could expect only uncertain help of some war ship, which was very often too much taken up by its own duty to be able to spare much time to assist them. Many men died at sea whose lives might have been spared by proper medical attention. In addition to the hospital ships, the society maintains two homes, one at Saint Pierre Miquelon and the other at Faskrudsfjord, each of them superintended by a chaplain. There our sailors are really at home. The only drink allowed is harmless cocoa and, in case of cold, euclalyptus tea. In Newfoundland every year the home receives a greater number of American, English and Portuguese sailors. Besides his work in the North, Father Hamon went through the war in Madagascar in 1895 as chaplain and through the Boxer war in China in 1900.

THE CALDEY BENEDICTINES

These good people are receiving at the hands of the Church of England the usual treatment of converts, abuse and detraction. We read now how they have shown long signs of instability and vacillation on many other points than the Roman claims, how their secession was long expected, how they departed during the last year or two from their original austerity and their first zeal, so that one would take the position of those who once boasted of them to be that of the Church of England is well rid of them. On the other hand no praise is too extravagant for the few members of the Caldey and Milford Haven communities who have stayed behind. While some lament the treachery towards the Church of God that lurked in the two communities for so long a time, the more general sentiment is that of John Gilpin. The "loss of peace" is felt more acutely than the pretended loss of souls. "What are they going to do with the property?" is the practical question put on all sides. The English Church papers assert that this is the result of gifts of English churchmen to procure the restoration of Benedictine life in the Church of England, and that, therefore, the monks are bound in honor and conscience, and probably legally, too, to leave behind them. Aled Carlyle says, on the contrary, that it is in great part the fruit of their own industry and their own resources, and his lawyer writes that their largest contributor by far approves entirely of their present action, and others may have their money back. In the meantime it is comforting to see that there are some persons left among Episcopalians to lay down the obvious doctrine that there is no room in the Church of England for the sons of St. Benedict, and that any attempt to graft the Benedictine rule on Anglicanism can have but one result, to lead those that attempt it to Rome. But even these, judging from a letter by one of them in the Living Church, can not refrain from nasty insinuations about the property. History repeats itself. Something similar was seen in this country a few years ago, when the accusations of fraudulent conversion were shown to be absolutely groundless.—America.

DISCORDANT ELEMENTS

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MISSIONS TO THE GRAND BANKS

HEROIC WORK OF FATHER HAMON
New York Herald, March 25
Prepared to endure the hardest storms of the North and to risk the continual dangers of shipwreck and disaster in the fogs that abound in the vicinity of the Grand Banks, Father Yves Hamon, director of the French Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, left this city yesterday for Newfoundland to take up his missionary work for the coming summer. Father Hamon, who started this work among the codfishermen off Newfoundland eighteen years ago with one small ship and a handful of enthusiastic followers, has been in this city, a guest of the priests of the Spanish Church, in West Fourteenth street, for several months. From a small sailing vessel, the St. Pierre, which carried Father Hamon and a crew of six and which made only occasional voyages among the great fleet of fishermen, the venerable French priest has extended his field of operation gradually until today the society has two large steamships making numerous calls among 18,000 men.

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

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CATHOLIC NOTES

While not generally known, it is a fact that there are twelve Catholic Cathedrals in Africa.

According to The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament, no less than 6,406 Jews have been converted to Catholicity in Vienna during the last ten years, the number being verified by official statistics.

The Osservatore Romano denies the report circulated, it says, by Freemasons that there is not sufficient accommodations in Malta for the visitors who intend to proceed there in order to be present at the Eucharistic Congress.

The manager of the Italian paper that accused Cardinal Maffi, of Pisa, of having misappropriated 50,000 francs, has been found guilty of libel. He has been sentenced to prison for a term of fifteen months and to pay a fine of 1,860 francs.

Rev. M. A. Noel, S. J., Catholic chaplain to the Eastern penitentiary, Pennsylvania, received into the Church recently eleven converts. Among those baptized was an Indian chief who had given the United States troops much trouble on the border.

Chief Justice White was the first Catholic to administer the oath of office to a president since Chief Justice Taney's time in 1861. Taney administered the oath of office to nine presidents: Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln.

Under the will of Ferris S. Thompson, who died in Paris, Mercy Hospital, Chicago, will get \$100,000 outright, and \$200,000 after the widow's death. Mr. Thompson was grandson of the founder of the Chase National Bank, New York. The Sisters, who are naturally delighted over the gift could not remember that Mr. Thompson had ever been a patient in the Hospital.

The Costa ministry, Portugal, has issued a decree secularizing the Catholic cemeteries; that is, declaring them government property. The crosses, it seems, will be removed, and civil funerals will soon be witnessed in a land almost entirely Catholic. Another decree forbids the teaching of religion, not only in the national schools, but also in private institutions.

A letter from Denmark says that the German Jesuits established at Copenhagen, have won the admiration of all classes, their methods of education are so well liked that the Danish government has authorized them to receive in their schools young men of all religions. Furthermore, the certificates and diplomas given by the Jesuits have the same value as those given in the official academies.

There is a convent of deaf mute nuns in Montreal, Canada. No fewer than twenty of the Sisters are deaf mutes, graduates of the deaf mute school there, and the Sisters now carry on the work of teaching deaf mute children in that great Catholic city. The community was founded twenty-five years ago and has flourished remarkably, even though the number of those upon whom it can draw to recruit its rank is small. Their numbers are being constantly swelled by new additions, the latest one being a girl from St. Louis, Mo.

A movement to establish a Catholic Y. M. C. A. in Chicago was recently launched at the De Paul University alumni dinner. Judge Marcus Kavanagh was one of the indorsers of the plan. The plan set on foot is to secure contributions from Catholic young men, donations of church property by the Archbishop, and subscriptions from parishes, for the erection of a centrally located building where gymnasium apparatus, swimming tanks, baths, lecture and reading rooms and dormitories can be established.

Right Rev. John Joseph Hogan, D. D., Bishop of Kansas City, the member of the American hierarchy, and second only to Cardinal Gibbons in years of service, died February 21, of pneumonia. Bishop Hogan had almost completed his eighty-fourth year. His ordination to the priesthood dated back sixty-one years, and his episcopal consecration forty-four years and six months. Only twenty-eight days elapsed between the consecration of Cardinal Gibbons as Bishop of Adramyttium and first Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, on August 16, 1868, and that of Bishop Hogan, on September 13, 1868.

The French curials have rejected the claim of Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, to the National Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, in the French capital. The building, though not yet quite completed, has cost 45,000,000 francs—\$9,000,000—to date. The Cardinal contended that the Basilica and its dependencies is the property of the Works Committee of the National Vow, and it should be declared to be either the property of that committee or of the successive Archbishops of the See. The city of Paris claimed the sacred edifice under the confiscatory law of 1908; and the claim has been declared to be well founded. Cardinal Amette will appeal from the judgment.

The act we may perform does not sanctify us so much as the spirit in which we perform it.

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffin
THE ELEVENTH JURYMANS
TALE
THE PROPHETCY

It may be imagined that Morris's feelings must have been during this dialogue, in which he found he was reputed not only as the murderer of Sergeant Robinson, but the leader and prime mover of the principal outrages which had occurred in Clare since the commencement of the disturbances. The large escort of horse and foot sent to accompany him to Ennis at the dawn of day, gave him a still more vivid impression of the importance attached to his capture, and it may be supposed the sensation created on his arrival in that town did not contribute to lessen it. Even at that early hour, crowds thronged round the military to get a glimpse of him—fingers were pointed from the shop doors and windows, and he heard persons now and then whisper to one another as he passed along. "There's the man that killed Sergeant Robinson!" "What a determined looking scoundrel!" "What a ferocious dog!" This unlooked-for notoriety so paralysed every faculty, that he passed along in a kind of bewilderment, listening and gazing about as if all the stir and excitement related to some other person, nor did his ordinary consciousness return until he was lodged in a cold gloomy cell within the walls of the jail, where he was left sufficient time for undisturbed reflection.

The perilous condition of the country for some months had induced the government to send down a special commission for the immediate trial of such as were made prisoners, and their summary punishment if convicted. The court held its sittings daily, and it not infrequently happened, that a person was indicted, tried, convicted, and executed before sunset, for an offence committed on the previous night, or perhaps on the very same morning. There appeared to be some prospect of this decisive manner of proceeding in the case of the unfortunate Morris. The court was open at the time he arrived in Ennis, and as soon as it was known that one of the murderers of Sergeant Robinson was taken, indictments were directed to be laid before the grand jury, that if true bills were found, the trial might take place immediately.

Morris, in the meantime, was lying upon straw in his gloomy cell, endeavouring with what resignation he could to reconcile himself to the awful fate which, however innocent, he well knew in such apprehensive times was awaiting him, when heavy footsteps at the door startled him. The key grated in the rusty lock, and as the door opened, and the dull beams of light from the barred window fell upon the form of the person who was entering, he recognized his old and detested tormentor, Will Wiley. They gazed upon one another silently, but with very different feelings, for some moments, when the humpback at length said in a compassionate tone, and with an air of feigned concern:

"God save ye, Morris."

"If it's the same to you, Misther Wiley," returned Morris, "I'd as live have the prayers of any one else."

"May be so, aragal," observed Will, "may be so—why then, dear knows, whatever you think about it, I'm sorry for you thorough."

"Eyah, let me alone."

"'Tis a bad business, I'm afeard, Morris!"

"Was it to bring me that comfort you're come to see me, Misther Wiley?"

"Wish! hear this now, and you not havin' in the whole country, a greater friend than myself. Many's the night you'd ha' been dragged out o' your bed by the arnee, only for me, and you know that."

"Well, well, no matter; sure I'm not sayin' agin it; but if you're a friend of mine, as you're saying, you'll answer me one question."

"Gondhoutha! why wouldn't I?"

"Well, then, tell me, for what crime is it I'm med a prisoner of in this way?"

"'Al-lu-lu! is it that your axing me," exclaimed the cobbler, elevating his voice in utter astonishment.

"Sure 'twas for the murder of the sergeant and the sodgers at Clondegad, wasn't it?"

"And who is it swears agin me, about it," continued Morris quietly.

"The whole country that was looking at you, I hear."

"I had nothing to do with it, Will!"

"Nothing to do with it," iterated the humpback in renewed astonishment, "eyah, don't be afeard, I'm not going to turn king's evidence agin you."

"I'm saying nothin but the truth, as if I was at my death hour," returned the prisoner solemnly.

"Murder! hear to this, now! Sure the whole world was looking at you at the head of the Terry's light-brown horse, at Clondegad. I had a woman myself say, see she you cuttin off the head of the sergeant at the latter end, with one back-handed blow of your sword."

"'Tis no use my sayen a word one way or another, sure I know that," replied Morris, "but I wasn't there for all that."

"Well, well, no matter, I don't want to pump you, dear knows there's evidence enough agin you whether you were there or not, and 'tis hanging matter you know that of course?"

"'Tis pleasant to be reminded of it at any rate, Mr. Wiley."

"So I thought," said the humpback coolly, "I was afeard, perhaps, then rascally peelers might be consailing into you. Dear knows, 'twas when I was gettin up this mornin' it struck me. The poor boy, siz I to myself, the vagabones will take him by surprise, if there isn't some friend to tell him of his danger, and the rope that's prepared for him."

"I'm much beholden to you, no doubt, returned Morris, as a cold creeping came over him, "but you may spare yourself any more trouble about me."

"No trouble in life, Morris, not the laste," continued the imperturbable Will, "I couldn't have it on my conscience, when I seen the informations, and I knew your life was sworn away, to keep you in the dark about it. The dear lad, siz I to myself, sorrow a bit but he's as good as lung already—'tis a pity not to let him know it."

Morris clasped his hands together, compressed his lips firmly, and with much obvious efforts suppressed any stronger indications of the feelings excited by his reflections on the fate to which the humpback was so anxiously directing his attention.

"The villains," continued the cobbler, "the villains, siz I, they'll not give him time to get the clergy itself. 'God help me Will," exclaimed Morris, overcome at length, by the terrific anticipations against which he was endeavoring to contend, "I believe I'm done for."

"True for you, Morris," observed Will compassionately, "I would be a sin to desave you about it, there isn't a man brought to the bar in these times but is found guilty, and then they're taken away to Cork for transportation, or straight up to execution, as the case may be."

"Would there be any hope of my being transported, Will?" inquired the unfortunate prisoner catching at the alternative.

"Is it transportation for murder?" Al-lu-lu: what is it you're dramen of?"

The humpback uttered these words in a tone of astonishment which completely extinguished all hope in the heart of poor Morris. Pale and faint he had been sitting up on some straw in a corner of the cell ever since the entrance of his visitor, musing what fortitude he possessed to support him during the dialogue, but his timid nature was unequal to the effort and unable any longer to restrain his emotions, he fell back in a burst of tears.

"Shame on you, Morris—shame on a courageous body like you," said his unrelenting tormentor, "'tisn't such a hard death after all."

"Ove! ove! ove!" were the only expressions that escaped the miserable prisoner in reply, as he employed himself in clasping and unclasping his hands unconsciously.

"I had a cousin of my own," continued the humpback, "that received after the first time he was hanged by being bled, and faix he told me 'twan't so bad at all—and 'tis asier now I hear, since they're hung by the drop—you're standin this way on a floor like, the signal is given, slap your feet from under your feet—down you go with a jerk, and you're dead in a minit—Eyah! hanging's an asy death."

"Ove! ove!"

"If it's the disgrace you're menden, may be as there's army law in the country, if good interest was made with the judge or the government, they'd shoot you instead."

"Murder! murder!"

"Well, well, as you wish, Morris—'tis hard to please you about it. You never shooten, as the arnee say, suppose? There's a grave dug, as it may be near the windy there, and the prisoner has his eyes bandaged, and is med to kneel down by the edge of it, and there's a body of sodgers, standen as it may be here, fire what they calls a volley upon him. He tumbles into the grave—they turn the sods over him and there's an end of the business. In hanging to do be sure there's a great deal in having a good hand, but of the two, I'd myself prefer shooten, as the arnee say. If you wish Morris, I'll spake to the chief to know if anything can be done about it."

Morris started up on the straw, as if he had been struck by the galvanic battery, and seizing the humpback's hands in his own, with a desperate energy of manner, exclaimed, "hear to me, Will Wiley, this once, and the heavens bless you. If you want to me a favor, don't interfere in any way whatsoever between me and my end—let me live or die as God pleases—I don't want to have any more to say to you."

"Eyah! anything you wish—there's no harm done I hope," returned the humpback as he moved toward the door, "good-bye, a-gra; but that's true," he continued, turning back as if something now had occurred to him, "I was near forgotten; do you remember the pleasant November eve we spent together long ago, when we were boys, and the fortunes the old dummy told for us?"

Morris groaned deeply.

"I just thought of it dear knows—on account of the fortune she tould for you comen to pass this way—'tis so astonishing. I remember it as if 'twas only yesterday. She drew a gallows in the ashes for Peter Nocten and another for you, betokening, as I tould ye at the time, that ye'd both be hanged."

Morris gave another groan.

"Well, well, I'll bound my tongue sure—dear knows, one can hardly say a second word you take it to heart so, I'm blest if I'd come to see you at all, if it wasn't that I knew you had no other friend near you—'tis

so distressing. Howsomever, it'll never be said I deserted you in your misfortune, Morris. No—no—I'll come again, if I hear any news that I might be of use to you—such as the nature of the execution and things of that kind that you'd be wishen to know."

Morris raised his face from the straw in which it was buried, and looked suspiciously at the humpback, whose countenance at the moment presented an expression to which it would have been difficult to give an interpretation. The eyes were staring, and all the features struggling and convulsed, as if with an effort to subdue some almost irresistible emotion. Having succeeded in composing it to an appropriate expression of sympathy, he uttered faintly, (overcome apparently by his feelings, as he turned once more to the door.) "Good-bye, Morris—good-bye, a-gra," and withdrew.

"'Tis asy enough with you, you unhangen vagabond," exclaimed the prisoner, continuing to gaze in the direction of his departed visitor with an indignant expression, which had been gradually kindling within the last few minutes. "'Tis asy enough with you, earnen your blood money—you're a destruction informer—but your day will come yet."

There was but little time for further reflection on the subject, when he heard a growing bustle outside—the tramp of military—the grunting of arms—the loud voices of officers and police, and the locking and unlocking of doors. The sounds gradually approached his cell, the door was pushed in, and a crowd of policemen, with fresh prisoners, entered. The latter were handcuffed, and the face and hands of one were soiled with blood. He looked depressed and jaded as if some desperate struggle; but his eye, as it wandered round the dark vaulted dungeon to which he was about to be consigned, betrayed no expression of fear. Morris gazed on him with intense interest for a few moments, as if struck by some strange recognition; a deadly paleness began to overspread his countenance, his eyes grew fixed and staring, his jaw fell, his very breath seemed to be choked, as he remembered the last words of the humpback, for his early friend and companion, Peter Nocten, stood before him.

Peter beheld Morris with equal astonishment, but gave no further token of recognition than a look of mute surprise before the police, proceeding to open the handcuffs, stood between them. A gentleman in coloured clothes who accompanied the chief constable, and appeared to be a magistrate, immediately directed all the prisoners, including Morris, to be placed against the wall in a line, and the witnesses to be then brought in to identify those who were engaged in the murder of Sergeant Robinson at Clondegad. As soon as the former were arrayed, the witnesses, a soldier of the 5th Regiment, a policeman and his wife, were accordingly introduced, and proceeded to examine their countenances and dress with great circumspection. It was a moment of deep suspense, as the witness walked backward and forward slowly before the anxious prisoners, now pausing as if caught by some faint recognition, now passing to another and to another. It appeared for a time, as if they were wholly at a loss, and unable to identify any of them. At length the policeman's wife made an unusually long pause before Morris, looked at his face steadily, and observing that he was deadly pale and trembled visibly, she inquired if he was Peter Nocten, who she was a servant of mine, said my entertainer, and mistaking between me and my namesake, Captain O'Kelly of Ballinvoher, whose servant she really did see, she unhesitatingly exclaimed he was one of the murderers, and that she remembered him well, as he was the man who rode back from the fight to Ballinacally that morning, and hallooed the people to come out and join 'em. Although Morris had previously entertained little hope of escape, this unexpected declaration of the woman quite astonished him. He stood silent and motionless as a marble statue before his accuser, and listened to the dialogue between her and the magistrate which followed without evincing any sign of animation. He was at length aroused from his trance by a singular incident. While the female witness was making her deposition, the soldier of the 5th Regiment who accompanied her, was stating to the chief constable his inability to swear positively to any of the prisoners, but mentioned that he shot one of his assailants in the back of the leg, as he was making a retreat, and suggested the propriety of ascertaining whether any of them had a wound in that situation. An examination was immediately instituted, and as chance directed, Peter Nocten was the last who underwent the scrutiny. As soon as the leg was bared, the policeman gave a loud cry of exultation, exclaiming, "we have him, we have him—here it is—the mark of the bullet." And true enough, there appeared in the fleshy part of the leg, the marks of two wounds, one apparently where the ball entered, and the other where it had passed out. The soldier and the policeman's wife also, now that their attention was more particularly directed to Peter, thought unable to identify his features, began to recollect the colour and quality of his clothes, declaring that the most fierce and forward of the party wore precisely a similar description of dress. It was in vain that Peter declared his total innocence, or asserted that the marks were from wounds received by the bite of

a dog, when he was a boy. It was in vain that Morris corroborated his assertions. Both were listened to, with equal incredulity by the magistrate, who, to all they were urging in denial, replied with a disbelieving smile, "oh no doubt!" "very well!" "very ingenious!" "hope it may answer;" "must send you to trial for all that." Satisfied in fact that he had now got hold of the right man, he directed the removal of the other prisoners, and the handcuffs being replaced on Morris and Peter, consigned them to their present place of confinement. When the door of the cell was closed, the party paused outside, and the prisoners distinctly heard the chief constable cautioning the jailor, "to keep a sharp look out, and before he locked them up for the night, to search closely for any instrument of self-destruction which might be concealed about their persons. Let that little desperado Moran," he continued, "be especially looked after, as from the position he holds among the Terry's light-brown is most important he should be made an example of."

"The Lord protect us," ejaculated Morris, "did any one ever hear the like?"

"'Tis all up with us," observed Peter. "We have no more chance of escape, than if the grass was growing green over us this moment."

"Oh! vo! vo!"

"Eyah! What's the use of grieve? may be 'tis all for the better."

"God help us," responded Morris faintly.

"I thought once, Morris, the world wasn't so dark as it looks to me, now," said Peter, "I had my cabin, my garden of potates, and my acre of corn. I had the love of a little girl that hadn't her equals on this wide earth, and two little craythurs were playen like kittens about the floor with me. Oh! mavone, I was the happy man then Morris—and what am I now?"

"Maybe you wouldn't suffer after all, ero," replied his fellow prisoner. "Suffer, is it," ejaculated Peter, "do you think I matter anything they can do to me now. No, no; I suffered whatever any crathur on this airth could suffer in the loss of all that wor near and dear to me, and death cannot frighten me now."

"Was it to lose the wife you did, agr?" inquired Morris compassionately.

"The wife—the son—the daughter—all—all—the Morris, and here I stand alone in the world, and have it naked, as naked I consider it. I do not think I matter anything they can do to me now. No, no; I suffered whatever any crathur on this airth could suffer in the loss of all that wor near and dear to me, and death cannot frighten me now."

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slipping the handle of a spade behind me, I pretended I was comen to give myself up—he drew back to let me pass, when suddenly I darted out and was lost in the pitchy darkness of the night; some of 'em fired after me, and others followed by the sounds of my steps. But when I thought they were a little asunder I stopped on a sudden and stretched the first that come up with a blow of the spade-tree. Three more I saved in the same way, and the rest thought it better for 'em to give up the hunt. I got back again to my little darlin before long, and I'd give a hundred lives if I had 'em for the one look she gev me, when I come into her. Young as she was she understood all that happened to me, and put out her little mouth to kiss me, as I sat down by the bed. But her lips were cold, and the damp of death was on her forehead, and her eyes were glazed. I lifted her about her, and thanks be to God, she held in her arms. I was as happy as most at the mercy as if they were all again brought back to me. The sodgers were with me soon after, horse, foot, and police, but I had nothing now to fight for—I walked out of the shed quiet and asy—held my hands stretched for the handcuffs, and never med complaint more."

"Dear knows you wor to be pitied, Peter," observed Morris, as the former concluded his story.

"'Tis little to die after what I suffered any way," rejoined Peter. "I'm quite indifferant what they do to me."

"So would I be," said Morris, "if it wasn't for its being so sudden a death entirely. I always had a misgiving, somehow, about comin to a vovlent end, and the heavens be praised 'tis comen to pass when I little expected it."

"We must all die, sometime, Morris, and what does the difference of a few days or years signify?"

"'Tis more natural to die old for all, Peter, and specially to die in one's bed. Oh mavone! to think of to-morrow mornin!"

"Hush! you Muth-Dawn—let no one hear you."

The conversation of the two friends was interrupted by the return of the jailor, who, after closely examining their persons for concealed files or instruments of self-destruction, locked them up for the night. Peter, who was exhausted with his late continual watching and anxiety of mind, threw himself on a heap of straw which lay in a corner of the cell, and in a few minutes fell into a sound and quiet sleep. Poor Morris also lay down, but not to rest or slumber. The dread of a violent and sudden death, that horrid shadow which had haunted his existence from the cradle, now grew imminent and gigantic. But a few short hours, and the evil fate, which from his earliest apprehension of danger, it had been his study to escape, would fall upon him in its most awful form. The light of the morning light, which visits the awakening world with the joy and brightness, will send its dingy beams into his cell, to tell him the scaffolding is erected for his execution, and the officer of death awaiting his arrival. He listened to the easy breathing of his companion, as he slept, and wondered. Then he thought of his boyish days—the many happy years they had passed together—and how little they had been anticipated the disastrous end they were now coming to. Again he thought of the long gone November eve, the terrific sketch which the old dummy had drawn in the ashes.

"I might have known," he muttered to himself, "I might have known I had no chance after what she foretold for me. He turned, and turned upon the straw, and shut his eyes, and tried to sleep or to think on some other subject; but horrid sights came before him, and men with their faces covered, and carts slowly rolling along, and lines of horsemen, and of swords and bayonets, and heads densely crowded together, and all moving towards a distant tree, from an arm of which something was swinging in the wind; sometimes he fell into a momentary doze, and dreamed that he stood upon a high place saw the upturned faces of a gazing multitude, and felt the cold fingers of a hideous muffled figure, which stood beside him, putting about his neck, and springing up with a feeling of suffocation, startled his companion with his cry! The dawn which broke in the little window, though it was the last he might see, came almost like a reprieve to him, after the horrors of such a night. The police arrived at the prison at an early hour, and to his astonishment, it was announced to his companion, that he was to be next for trial that morning. Peter was accordingly led away to the court, and Morris was once more left to his own gloomy reflections.

He turned from the closed door, threw himself upon his miserable bed, and as he heard the last faint echo of Peter's retiring footsteps, burst into tears. He felt they had parted forever, that his friend would be soon out of trouble, and much as he dreaded the awful end which awaited him—almost wished to have his sufferer, which then anticipated when I axed him what it was I done to make a prisoner of me, sayen I'd know shortly to my cost; and when I pointed to my dying little girl, and begged of him to leave me until I'd got one of the neighbors to mind her in the morning, he presented a pistol, and swore he'd shoot me unless I came out without delay. I grew wild to think of leaving the little craythur to die alone, and

slipping the handle of a spade behind me, I pretended I was comen to give myself up—he drew back to let me pass, when suddenly I darted out and was lost in the pitchy darkness of the night; some of 'em fired after me, and others followed by the sounds of my steps. But when I thought they were a little asunder I stopped on a sudden and stretched the first that come up with a blow of the spade-tree. Three more I saved in the same way, and the rest thought it better for 'em to give up the hunt. I got back again to my little darlin before long, and I'd give a hundred lives if I had 'em for the one look she gev me, when I come into her. Young as she was she understood all that happened to me, and put out her little mouth to kiss me, as I sat down by the bed. But her lips were cold, and the damp of death was on her forehead, and her eyes were glazed. I lifted her about her, and thanks be to God, she held in her arms. I was as happy as most at the mercy as if they were all again brought back to me. The sodgers were with me soon after, horse, foot, and police, but I had nothing now to fight for—I walked out of the shed quiet and asy—held my hands stretched for the handcuffs, and never med complaint more."

"Dear knows you wor to be pitied, Peter," observed Morris, as the former concluded his story.

"'Tis little to die after what I suffered any way," rejoined Peter. "I'm quite indifferant what they do to me."

"So would I be," said Morris, "if it wasn't for its being so sudden a death entirely. I always had a misgiving, somehow, about comin to a vovlent end, and the heavens be praised 'tis comen to pass when I little expected it."

"We must all die, sometime, Morris, and what does the difference of a few days or years signify?"

"'Tis more natural to die old for all, Peter, and specially to die in one's bed. Oh mavone! to think of to-morrow mornin!"

"Hush! you Muth-Dawn—let no one hear you."

The conversation of the two friends was interrupted by the return of the jailor, who, after closely examining their persons for concealed files or instruments of self-destruction, locked them up for the night. Peter, who was exhausted with his late continual watching and anxiety of mind, threw himself on a heap of straw which lay in a corner of the cell, and in a few minutes fell into a sound and quiet sleep. Poor Morris also lay down, but not to rest or slumber. The dread of a violent and sudden death, that horrid shadow which had haunted his existence from the cradle, now grew imminent and gigantic. But a few short hours, and the evil fate, which from his earliest apprehension of danger, it had been his study to escape, would fall upon him in its most awful form. The light of the morning light, which visits the awakening world with the joy and brightness, will send its dingy beams into his cell, to tell him the scaffolding is erected for his execution, and the officer of death awaiting his arrival. He listened to the easy breathing of his companion, as he slept, and wondered. Then he thought of his boyish days—the many happy years they had passed together—and how little they had been anticipated the disastrous end they were now coming to. Again he thought of the long gone November eve, the terrific sketch which the old dummy had drawn in the ashes.

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Morris rubbed his eyes, and looked dubiously at him!

"That I may be blessed," said the humpback, "but 'tis wonderin' at you I am, to see you sleepen so sound."

"Eyah! sound!" repeated the prisoner, "you doesn't know the night I had."

"Faix, may be so," resumed the cobbler, "thinken nathearly enough uv the mornen! That I mightened, but I believe 'tis more distressin' to be in doubt and throuble about one's end, then to be certain sure of a violent death."

"May be so," was faintly uttered in reply.

"Well, well, don't be so down about it altogether, Morris. I did my en-dayvours any way to get every information for you, so as to make you asy in your mind. Your trial is to be called on in about an hour, the jury is determined to find you guilty, and you're to be hanged in the mornin, about 9:30 along with Pether."

Morris shuddered, but recovering at length, and turning to his informant, he ejaculated in an almost inaudible whisper. "And is Peter found guilty?"

"'Al-lu-lu! guilty, what else? the jury never left the box! I heard the sheriff afterwards giving others about both o' ye to the hangman, who is a partiklar friend, and would do anything to serve me. 'Jim, siz I to him, as soon as the sheriff was gone, 'I have a favour to ax of you—and that is—to put the two poor fellows you'll have in hands in the mornin, out o' pain quickly, especially the little man, siz I.'"

Mr. Wiley made a slight pause, perhaps to give Morris an opportunity of expressing his gratitude, but receiving no reply, continued:

"Never fear, Will," says the hangman, "I'd oblige you in more than that. If them boys, says he, cuts a second caper, after the knot I'll tie, say I'm—Lord preserve us—'tis dyen he is I believe."

"Pretty bad, but I've seen worse!" Then, a gust of wind-swept rain came round the corner. The priest pulled up his overcoat collar, and hastened his steps towards a tall, stately building in sight.

A watchman with a lantern and umbrella called out: "Take my umbrella, Father, you'll be drenched to the skin!"

But the cherry voice answered again: "No, indeed! I'm just at home—thank you!"

And with an effort against the piercing wind, he ran up the hedge-lined path, took a latch-key from his pocket, opened the door, and stood in the hallway, shaking the rain-drops from his hat and coat, and listening to the "Cathedral Chime" of the big clock upstairs. He counted—twelve!

"Pretty late," he said to himself. "I've had a hard day! The steam had gone down. Not a sound in the house, nor light."

He struck a match, went into the office and lighted the gas. He threw his damp overcoat on a chair, and forgetting wet feet and the chill of the room, opened his desk. It was piled up with mail and with wrapped-up matter. With a sigh he picked up one envelope, read the contents, dashed off a page, then another and another until a pile of stamped envelopes lay beside him. He did not heed the chilly room, nor the music of the chimes as they tolled the half hours, or the hours, until they had called out: one, two, three!

Then he started. But he wrote one more letter. Here it is: "Dear: I have finished answering some urgent business letters. (how they accumulate!) and the clock has struck three. My nerves are on a strain. I ought to feel this chilly room, but I don't. Perhaps another letter will relax the tension. Am home to-night worn, weary and wet. Been out all day laying the corner-stone of a new church, a distance away, in suburban section. How it rained! Just as I began preaching in the open, it poured. I got wet through and through—mud galore! Audience stayed, so did I. This is a strenuous life, and somehow or other it has been a hard year. The incessant grind, the piling work! The necessity of living up to concert-pitch day and night. But I can't afford to relax care and vigilance. And it is telling on me. The lines are deepening in my face—but soon 'the good old summer time' will come! . . . We work for a generous Master! Whether my time be long or short, may I meet it with my armour on! Pray for me."

The letter was sealed and sent. It is now a treasured relic. It is a glimpse of a life of sacrifice, of the hidden thoughts of one who lived only for the service of the Lord. It is a key to long years of toil and labor unceasing; "We work for a generous Master!" In this work, for him who wrote, there was no relaxation, no rest, no vacation.

And soon, oh! too soon after! a day came in "the good old summer time" when Father A. P. Doyle folded his tired hands, and with his armour of toil still on, closed his eyes in a long dreamless rest, and went to that "generous Master" for his exceeding great reward; "He gave to His beloved—sleep!"

A CATHOLIC ACT OF SUBLIME FAITH
DID YOU EVER SEE OPERATION BY WHICH LITTLE SEEDS DIE AND FRUCTIFY AND THEN SEND UP WAVING STALKS OF CORN?
Some one perhaps will here object: "But the truths of religion are so mysterious, and so difficult, so far beyond our understanding, so impossible to verify or prove that my intellect cannot accept them as easily as natural and scientific truths which are capable of being inquired into and demonstrated." I answer that the very same objection applies to many of these latter truths. Nature herself is full of mysteries. Can you explain, for example, how a crop of corn springs up? The farmer traverses the field in spring, casting handfuls of seed hither and thither; in a few months the field is covered with beautiful yellow grain. Can you explain the process that goes on under ground? Did you ever see the operation by which the little seeds die and fructify, and then send up the waving stalks of corn? Can you explain how the tiny acorn, half the size of your thumb, springs up in a generation into an immense oak tree? Can you unravel to me the origin of life itself? How an egg, for instance, which seems to contain only a yellow and white fluid, will, if placed under a hen in suitable conditions, send forth a live chicken in a short time? Better still, do you know, can you explain how life springs up within the unborn child? Can you explain how the earth and all its riches were evolved out of chaos? You cannot explain these things: no one can; they are mysteries of nature. Yet you believe them; you accept them; you cannot help it; you see them for yourself, and seeing is believing. Well, surely we are entitled to exercise a similar belief in regard to the truths of religion, even though we do not understand them. Again, if we consider the matter properly we shall see that divine faith is much more reasonable than human faith. And why? Because there is always an element of doubt in the credibility of man. But none in that of God.

You can never be absolutely certain about man's word; you are liable to be deceived by him; but with Almighty God that is impossible. He can neither deceive nor be deceived." As St. Paul says, "God is true, and every man a liar" (Romans iii. 4). And as Balaram said (Numbers xxiii, 19) "God is not as a man that He should lie, nor as the son of man that He should be changed."

For example, a man tells me he has visited New Guinea and declares the Papuan women wear their hair trailing on the ground. Or he says that the blue hens of Australia lay twice as many eggs as white ones; and that there are green snakes in Egypt which sleep for five years without food. Now, the man may be speaking the truth; but, on the other hand, he may not. I have never been either to Papua or Egypt or Australia and I have nothing but the man's word for these remarkable statements. The man may be in general trustworthy; still, on this occasion he may be joking. Perhaps he was never in these lands at all; perhaps he is telling lies; perhaps he may only have read about them; perhaps he has been misinformed, or imposed upon by some one else. In short, there are a dozen reasons that might make me hesitate before accepting his story; and if I do accept it, I may find in a short time that the story was very far from the truth.

You object that this is an extreme case, that this is reducing the whole thing to an absurdity. Well, put the matter at its best. Take statements made in sober earnest and seriousness; take statements vouched for by the cleverest and most learned men, by the most approved authorities; I still say there always lurks an element of uncertainty about them, a possibility at least of error. Are not the "conclusions" of the greatest men constantly being reversed, and their facts "overturned"? This is no discredit to them; it is a necessity of their limitations: after all, they are but human, and to be human is to be fallible.

But even supposing we have the most unimpeachable of human authority, surely it cannot be compared to that of Almighty God! One is human, the other divine. Here is the difference. Why, asks the Catechism (Question 10), "Why must we believe whatever God has revealed? We must believe whatever God has revealed because God is the very Truth, and can neither deceive nor be deceived." Notice the word "must." Not only may we, but we must believe what God teaches. That we safely may do so is plain enough to any of God's creatures. There is no possibility of God deceiving us. He cannot mislead or mock us in anything, least of all in matters concerning our eternal salvation. Nor can any one mislead God. He is the Truth, as well as the Way and the Life. So that, whatever God teaches must from the very attributes of the divine character, be true. Hence, we may, with a confidence born of absolute certainty, believe as true, and as necessarily true, whatever God is pleased to tell us.

And we not only may, but we must believe it—must, not of course through any physical compulsion or any external coercion whatsoever that takes away our freedom, but from a moral compulsion, in the sense that we must either believe or commit a sin. So soon as we know that God has spoken, we are bound at once to say "I believe." To act otherwise would be rank rebellion and blasphemy. He is our Creator and our Lord and our Master; to refuse to believe His word would mean that the creature deliberately set himself up against his God.

This, then, is the faith that Catholics have in matters of religion; divine faith. We believe the truths of our most holy religion, not because we can prove them or have experienced them; not because we think them reasonable or beautiful or consoling (though they are all that); these are all Protestant reasons for believing. We believe solely because Almighty God has taught us them. This is what theologians call the formal cause or motive of faith; the authority of God revealing. We have nothing whatsoever to do, in the first instance, with the intrinsic nature of the truths taught; nor does it matter whether they are hard or easy of belief, whether they seem probable or improbable; enough for us that Infinite Truth has revealed them. Doubtless, we know that God could never teach anything that was not beautiful and reasonable; for all His works are perfect. Yet it is not for this that we assent to them. It is not for us to question why He should have taught this or why He should have done that; God is not obliged to explain His words or to justify His acts. One man says, "Why should Jesus Christ have instituted the sacrament of penance? Could He not have arranged for the forgiveness of sins some other way?" I answer, Jesus Christ has not been pleased to tell us; that is all. But the fact that He has instituted confession remains all the same. Personally, I do not relish going to confession! nor, so far as I know, does any Catholic; and were it not necessary and obligatory, very few, I should think, would ever approach it. But we believe in it because God has revealed it, and we practice it because God has commanded it.

Another man objects: "I cannot grasp the Real Presence. I do not see the need of it. Our Lord is in Heaven and not upon earth. I cannot see how He can locate Himself in the small Host, or how He can be present in a thousand tabernacles at

one moment." I answer again—and it is the only answer possible—"Your incapacity to understand these mysteries is no argument against their existence, and what is more it should be no bar to your believing in them if your belief is grounded on the proper motive." We do not believe the truths of religion because we understand the why and the wherefore of them, or because they commend themselves to us by their reasonableness or suitability; but simply because God has taught us them. If He has made them known, there is no possibility of our calling them in question; whether we like them or not whether we understand them or not, we must bow down and accept them without a word. We do not understand them in order that we may believe, but rather, according to the beautiful saying of St. Anselm, "we believe in order that we may understand"—"credo ut intelligam." Perhaps the best illustration of what I mean by real Catholic faith, and of the difference between Catholic faith and Protestant want of faith, is to be found in an incident recorded by St. John in the sixth chapter of his Gospel. After feeding the multitude with five loaves and two fishes, our Lord fled into the mountain lest the people should take Him and make Him a king. Next day, however, they tracked Him out, and found Him at Capharnaum. They were thinking of the loaves they had got; Jesus wished to raise their thoughts up to the Bread of Life.

"You were hungry yesterday," He said in effect, "and you were fed; to-day you are hungry again. You want more bread. Now, I will give you bread of which if you eat, you will never hunger any more. And the Bread that I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world." This announcement was the cause of immediate and deep discussion among His hearers. The Jews were the first to murmur, and said, "How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?" But our divine Lord repeated His doctrine more emphatically: "Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you." The Jews did not understand, and therefore did not accept it. Many of their disciples, Jesus then followed, their example: "It is a hard saying," they said, "Who can hear it?" And when rebuked by their Master for their unbelief, they turned back and walked no more with Him (v. 62, 67). Here, then, we have two classes among His audience, who refused to believe what they could not understand, and what they considered to be impossible. Then it was that our blessed Lord turned to the twelve and put their faith to the supreme test: "Will you also go away?" Now notice: the twelve did not understand their Master's saying about eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood any more than the others; they were mystified, unenlightened, awe-struck; yet they did not pretend to understand; yet they immediately believed. With a beautiful act of faith—with that child-like willingness so characteristic of Catholics, to believe whatever Almighty God tells them, no matter whether they understand it or not—they accepted the word of Jesus; they embraced the doctrine. And why? Simply because Jesus, Whom they acknowledged as their Lord, declared it. That was what we call, and rightly call blind faith.

Simon Peter, answering for the twelve said: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Now, here surely is the touchstone of loyalty to Jesus Christ. On which side would Protestants have ranged themselves—with the Jews or with the twelve? It hardly admits of a doubt. They are on the side of the Jews and the faithless disciples to-day, in regard to the Real Presence. "It is a hard saying," they complain, "who can hear it?" And yet they know, they must know if they read their New Testament, that the doctrine came from the lips of the Son of God. If they have not faith, if they do not receive the dogma on His authority now, how would they have received it then?

Here, then, is the voice of the true Catholic: "O my God, I believe, not because I understand, but purely because Thou hast said it." And there are two or three remarks I wish to make about this attitude of mind before passing to the next point.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE CATHOLIC INTELLECT
1. In the first place, we see how truly humble is the attitude of the Catholic intellect. A man of real humility acknowledges the weakness, imperfection, ignorance and darkness of his understanding. He finds it easy and natural to submit his intellect to the teaching of Almighty God. He would consider himself a fool before measure if he, a poor, blind creature, were to limit the truths of religion to those only which his own judgment approved or comprehended. A Catholic soul, then, is a humble soul; he prostrates himself adoringly before His God and cries out: "O my God, I believe with all my heart whatever Thou teachest me."

In the eyes of the world, no doubt, it is absurd to believe what you cannot understand, but not so in the eyes of God. "Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." A Catholic possesses this childlike faith. A child does not criticize, or dispute, or call in question, or demand to know the reasons for everything that is taught; he accepts it without suspicion on the authority of his teachers or his parents, for to the

TIME TEMPER AND TROUBLE

SAVED ON SCRUBBING DAY WHEN YOU USE



Old Dutch Cleanser

young mind these are virtually infallible. To us Almighty God is absolutely infallible; Him, then we believe with the simplicity of little children. In so doing we not afraid of being thought infantile, weak, slavish, unmanly. People who apply these epithets to us, as they do neither know the nature of true faith, nor possessing it, and they are but pronouncing their own condemnation, according to the Scriptural standard. With our unhesitating, unquestioning, loving, adoring faith, like that of innocent children, we as Catholics are happy; and we know that it is immensely pleasing to God. (2) And how do we know this? Because it honors and glorifies Him so much; it is the noblest testimony our intellect can pay to Him; it is the proof of our limitless faith in His veracity. To give an instantaneous "Credo," that is, an announcement, the most stupendous and impenetrable mysteries, surely argue, sublime trust in Him. If some person, says Father Saint Jure, S. J., in his beautiful "Treatise on the Knowledge and Love of Our Lord Jesus Christ" (Vol. 11, chapter xx.) "If some person asked me to believe for his sake that the sun is luminous, I do not think he would be greatly indebted to me for believing it, since my eyes deprive me of the power of doubting it; but if he wished me to believe that it is not luminous, I should testify great affection for him, if on his word, I admitted as true what my reason and will prove to be false; and I should give him the most signal tokens of the entire reliance I placed on his opinion, his judgment; the perfection of his sight. We, therefore, testify great love for God by believing simply, like children all the mysteries of faith in which our reason is lost, and which our eyes not only see not, but often seem to see the contrary. Thus St. Paul says: "Charity believeth all things."

SIMPLE FAITH PLEASING TO GOD
We know, too, from our Lord Himself how pleasing to Him is this simple faith. You remember the touching incident on the apparition of the Risen Saviour to St. Thomas, one of the twelve. Thomas was not present when our Lord appeared to the apostles the first Easter night, and when told by them, "We have seen the Lord, he refused to believe it, and declared 'Unless I shall see and handle Him I will not believe.' Hence he is called the doubting Thomas." To satisfy him our Lord graciously condescended to appear before him the following Sunday, and invited him, saying, "Put in thy finger hither and see My hands, and bring hither thy hand and put it into My side; and be not faithless but believing." On this St. Thomas believed, saying, "My Lord and my God!" Jesus saith to him, "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and have believed." In this sentence our Lord pronounced a divine eulogy on an act of faith. To believe without seeing, without grasping, is what we call simple faith. For believing in his Lord's Resurrection after seeing Him risen, Thomas was deserving of no praise and no benediction, for he could not help believing them. To have credited it before proving it with his own eyes; to have assented to the word of his fellow Apostles—in short, to have taken it on faith—this would have won him praise and blessing. But he missed the blessing because before believing, he insisted on having proof and demonstration. "Because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed."

(3) And not only is there no blessing and praise, but there is no merit, no credit, no reward for believing a thing after you have proved and tested and tried it. There is no merit, e.g., in believing in the circulation of the blood or in the law of gravitation, or in the existence of flying machines, because we can prove the truth of these things any day for ourselves; we know they are facts from the evidence of our senses. In the same way the angels of Heaven are deserving of no reward and no merit for believing all the truths revealed by God, because they see God face to face, and all truth in Him, they are constrained to believe; there is no room for faith in Heaven; faith is changed to sight. But to believe the dogma of religion which are not susceptible of being tested by the senses, and whose mysteries we cannot fathom; to believe unhesitatingly in the reality of persons and places and things we never saw and cannot prove by natural reason or evidence—this is something altogether different—something wonderful and sublime.—Rev. Father Graham in Catholic Times.

PROTESTANT CALUMNIES

RESULT OF CATHOLIC BUREAU'S INVESTIGATION OF SEVEN HUNDRED CASES

One of the weapons employed by members of the Protestant sects against the Catholic Church, writes Elsie Flury in the London Catholic Times, is the circulation of reports of a scandalous nature about the clergy and convents and religious. For this purpose they use their press organs, books, pamphlets, the lecture room, and even the pulpit. It always strikes me that a religion which only lives on the defamations of another religion has a very poor basis indeed. Its ministers would be better employed if they preached the precepts of love as set forth in the Gospel of the Founder of Christianity than in sewing discord and widening the gulf which separates children of the same Father.

Some good Protestants are so impressed by these tales of horror that they look with pity, if not with feeling akin to fear or disgust, on all Catholics, whom they believe either benighted and priest-ridden or else regard as secret evil doers. All too long and all too often have Catholics disdained to take notice of evil reports spread about them. They have argued that no sensible person would believe them. But it is astonishing how many, even among the educated, do believe them and are imbued with prejudice, the fruit of the poison their memory has assimilated.

A stand has, however, been made by the Catholic press. The Zentralauskunftsstelle (Central Information Bureau) of the German Catholic press for example, in the year 1911, endeavored to investigate 715 cases alleged by anti-Catholics. In more than 100 cases it was impossible to make enquiries, because the accusations were couched in such vague terms as "A Spanish priest is said to have done so and so," or "There is a convent in Brazil, where," etc. But about 600 charges could be enquired into. Of these 347 were in every part absolute inventions; 40-50 cases were found to rest on facts the remaining 200 were disfigured beyond recognition by exaggerations and falsehoods. In the majority of instances the accusation was intolerable, but so varied is the nature of

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the charge that it would be difficult to classify them. Everything from the most ridiculous tale to the most learned thesis

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Ottawa I have been a reader of your paper.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1913

both for our own sakes and for the sake of the country to which we belong. . . . We may deride the irretrievably illogical intrusion of the Nonconformist conscience, with its passive resistance, into the education question, but our countrymen can ill afford to lose its stern influence on the side of Christianity in questions of public policy."

In casting out the demons that possess many of the tendencies of our times, surely those who are not against us are for us.

A new publication, The Constructive Quarterly, is devoted entirely to religion, but is a new departure from any religious periodical hitherto published.

Though it is probably the outcome of the movement for union, or at least of the desire which underlies that movement, "The Quarterly has no scheme for propagating a system for the unity of Christian churches. It will therefore have no editorial pronouncements. It offers itself rather as a Forum where the isolated churches of Christendom may reintroduce themselves to one another through the things they themselves positively hold to be vital to Christianity."

It is sought to present not phases of Christian thought as represented by certain individuals, but "preeminently the corporate convictions of the Communion to which men owe their allegiance." It is not proposed that differences shall be minimized but "that differences, like agreements, shall be fully set forth, explained and defended."

The scope of this new religious Quarterly is then to place side by side those specific beliefs which in the past were the efficient cause of division and disunion and in the present are the reason for existence of separate denominations, either because these denominations still regard such truths or beliefs as requiring special emphasis, or because of their historic place in the development of the denominations and their consequent importance as a factor in denominational esprit de corps.

In the sphere of politics there are parties which represent and advocate principles widely diverse, sometimes antagonistic, whose acceptance would profoundly affect the history of the nation. Partisan strife may at times be bitter; but let the common fatherland be threatened by danger from without, and party strife disappears; a united and determined people faces the common enemy.

The editor of the Quarterly in the introduction quotes Von Moltke's motto, "March apart, strike together," noting that the great Field Marshal used the initiative and individuality of men and armies in order to secure unity of impact, he asks:

"Must the forces of Christianity always strike separately against the enemies of humanity? Is it not possible to lay the foundations for a greater unity by combining against the foes that threaten the very citadels of home and society?"

Without surrendering a jot or tittle of what each holds dear or sacred, mutual understanding may beget mutual respect, toleration and sympathy; a condition that will permit co-operation in a measure impossible without sympathetic knowledge of each other's beliefs and principles.

Unflinchingly loyal to principle we shall march apart; recognizing the common "foes which threaten the very citadels of home and society," we shall strike together.

Such is the object and scope of the Constructive Quarterly; unlike the movement for organic union which necessarily leaves the Catholic Church out of consideration, Catholics are represented on the Board of Editors. The duty of this Board is to secure representative writers, and its duty ceases with the selection of writers and subjects, "the writers alone will be responsible for what appears over their names."

While other names are grouped under their respective countries, the outstanding fact of Catholic Unity is recognized by grouping together the Catholic editors from various nations. At present on the Board are:

Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. Mgr. Shahan, D. D. Professor E. A. Pace, Ph. D., D. D. Andrew J. Shipman, LL. D., and others in America.

Father Thurston. Father Sydney Smith. Wilfrid Ward and others in England.

M. Georges Goyan. Mgr. Batiifol. M. Leonce de Grandmaison. M. Thureau Daugin and others in France, Belgium and Italy.

It is stated, moreover, that other members of the Editorial Board will

be added from the Continent and the Orient.

On the writers two conditions are imposed: First, that the Faith and Work and Thought of each Communion shall be presented in its absolute integrity, including and not avoiding differences; and second, that no attack with polemical animus shall be made on others.

The Constructive Quarterly is edited by Silas McBeck and published by Geo. H. Doran, New York; Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press, London.

In this first number the Catholic articles are: Union Among Christians, by Wilfrid Ward, The Church of France To-day, by Georges Goyan, and Reforms of Pius X., by John J. Wynne, S. J.

If these give a new point of view to Catholics, other articles, a German view of the *Sola Fide* for instance, will be no less interesting to Catholics. If instead of denouncing Luther's presumption in amending St. Paul's text, by adding *alone* to "justified by faith," we seek to know its influence on Lutheran faith and practice to-day, we are not less Catholic but more practical.

"The immediate purpose of the Quarterly is to induce a better understanding and a truer sense of fellowship. Its final hope is the unity of the Family of God in the Body of Christ, where the liberty of the children of God will be attained."

In this purpose Catholics can cooperate; for the realization of this hope Catholics will work and pray.

THE MOVING PICTURE HABIT. Relaxation, amusement, recreation, are so much a necessity for health physical, mental and moral, that it is unnecessary to insist on the fact. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is the homely proverb that seals this truth with the wisdom of experience. We want it understood that we freely concede this point before proceeding to answer a query regarding the frequentation of moving picture shows by school children.

Moving pictures have come to stay; the films are censored; everybody goes to them. In spite of these and similar reasons why the cheap cinema should be accepted as a matter of course we have insuperable objections to the frequent or habitual attendance of children at such shows.

Medical Health Officer Hastings has just completed an inspection of them in Toronto, and finds the air generally foul; that the offensive odors of the vitiated air are often killed by perfumes; that no provision exists for supplying moisture to the air, and the actual humidity was "drawn from the pulmonary and cutaneous surfaces of the people frequenting them."

This is disgusting as well as dangerous, even if the successive crowds that fill these places were healthy. But all sorts of dirt and disease must be found in these promiscuous gatherings. When the Public Health department shall have done all that is possible, these shows will still be very objectionable on this score.

To young girls who are fortunate enough to belong to her Circle in the Saturday Globe a gentlewoman (it is a word that is going out of fashion, more's the pity) gives the benefit of her maturer literary taste, and sometimes her judgment on other matters.

This is how she speaks of moving picture shows:

"There seems to be a great deal more energy spent in trying to stamp out the liquor curse and very little towards organizing a campaign against the nickle shows, which are cropping up at every corner of our streets. It seems as if very little I mean, of course, the ordinary nickle shows which make little or no effort to provide an entertainment which will raise the ideals of those who attend them. Not very far from where we live is one of these shows. Often when it is necessary to pass it during the evening the vulgar laughter, filthy language of those going to or from this place of amusement and the pictures put out as a sample of the entertainment within makes me shudder. I don't think this person who frequents such places. Then to think of the company in which young girls of thirteen and fourteen are seen coming to and from the performance."

We have no hesitation in saying that we believe the nickle show is a greater curse than the bar-room; and that the moving picture habit for a child is worse than the liquor habit for an adult. And God knows we do not wish to make light of the evils of alcohol.

There is a marked similarity in the two habits. The child who frequents the moving picture show

soon develops a craving for this unwholesome form of excitement. Disregarding for the moment all other objectionable features, this one alone is utterly demoralizing. Suppose the films are free from all indecency, the places clean and well ventilated, instead of indiscriminate crowds a select audience, still the unwholesome excitement of the imagination, inducing an habitual desire for gratification, is quite as demoralizing as the analogous effects of the whiskey habit. Confining our consideration of these habits, in the one case to children and in the other to adults, we believe that the moving picture show is a greater danger than the bar-room.

In Berlin children under sixteen are forbidden to attend such places. The Germans are not fools.

We have spoken of the habit; occasional attendance in the company of their parents would not be open to the same criticism.

SISTERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. It has been announced in the press that we are to have a foundation of the Sisters of the Precious Blood in London.

This religious congregation was established by Bishop La Roche in 1861 at St. Hyacinth, Quebec, where the foundress, Mother Catharine, died in 1905. The object of the institution is two-fold: the glorification of the Precious Blood and the salvation of souls. "To adore, to repair, to suffer" is the watchword given to the Sisters by the foundress. The constitutions of the institute were approved by Leo XIII., October 20th, 1896.

The order is contemplative; that is instead of devoting themselves to teaching, charity, hospital or other such work, the Sisters devote their lives exclusively to contemplation and prayer within the cloister. One characteristic devotion of these nuns is that they maintain perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. That is to say, that all the time, night and day, some of the Sisters are kneeling in Adoration before the Tabernacle. Matins and Lauds are recited at midnight.

Houses are independent of one another, government, recruiting and training of members. The cloistered sisters make perpetual vows; but the out-sisters, whose duties lead them outside the cloister, make vows for one year only, renewing them yearly if they so desire.

The choir sisters dress in white with a red scapular and cincture, on which are painted in white the instruments of the Passion. The out-sisters dress all in black.

Since the object of the institute is contemplation, reparation and prayer, the sisters engage in no revenue-producing work incompatible with this object and the cloistered life. They, however, make everything necessary for the service of the Altar and other pious articles. On the proceeds of these and the portions candidates bring with them, supplemented by the pious offerings of the faithful, the institute subsists.

Their presence will be a constant object lesson of self abnegation and entire devotion to the spiritual life that cannot fail to bring down God's blessing on the diocese, and exercise a quickening influence on the souls of those who are absorbed by the cares and troubles and interests of this world.

A FRENCH ANTI-CLERICAL HYPOCRITE. One of the most rancorous anti-clerical members of the French Chamber of Deputies is Alfred Brard, in whose name stands a bill to suppress all liberty of teaching in communes of less than 3,000 inhabitants.

Our readers are aware that in France the State schools are as a general rule not only non-religious, but positively irreligious and atheistic. Catholics, in accordance with the law of 1886, have covered France with "Free schools," that is, schools supported and maintained without State aid. The attendance at these religious schools is increasing marvellously, leaving the anti-Christian State schools in many places almost abandoned.

The object of the Brard Bill is then obvious. Henri Bazire, in the Libre Parole, unmasking Brard in an article which caused quite a sensation in and out of the Chamber of Deputies. The gist of this article is contained in an extract from a Republican journal La Charrue (The Plough) which published before the election an account

of a joint meeting of Mr. Brard and his opponent Mr. Bossieu. La Charrue strongly supported Brard's candidature.

On the front page was a Breton stepple surmounted by a cross, lit up by the rays of the rising sun. It is the hour of the Angelus. Below is a Calvary. And under the Calvary a large portrait of Brard, underneath which his name, and a long list of the offices held by him. Among this lawyer's numerous titles is that of President of the Co-operative Agricultural Bank of Morbihan.

In the account of the meeting Brard was challenged to prove his Catholicity, of which he boasted in extravagant terms. To the amazement of the Curé, Brard handed him a document which he asked him to read.

"I have taken every precaution," said this ardent and prudent Catholic, "I am giving you a Certificate of Confession which I received in Paris on Good Friday. It is dated and signed by one of the priests, and bears the seal of one of the most important parishes in Paris. I challenge Mr. Bossieu to do as much."

"Born and reared in the Catholic religion, baptized and married in the Church, the old Breton faith is dear to my heart. "I call to witness my parish clergy whose holy offices I have called upon in requisition in many circumstances. "My good friends I believe in liberty of conscience and desire that everyone shall have the absolute right to practice his own religion, and I solemnly pledge my honor to defend in Parliament this cause so dear to you."

That is the way the rabid and rancorous Mr. Brard got elected. In these days of his pitiless exposure he can count on the sympathy of a certain type of Canadian Protestant—those who do not scruple to use bogus priests and bogus Masses in order to deceive and seduce simple Ruthenian Catholics.

A PROTESTANT ON PROTESTANT TEACHING. Pine Hill College at Halifax, N. S., is under the control of the Presbyterian body in the Maritime Provinces, and is the institution where young men intended for the Presbyterian ministry receive their training. On its staff are a number of able and well-known leaders of Presbyterian thought, who now and again lecture on questions of doctrine before the Y. M. C. A. and before other audiences. That some of the historic beliefs not merely of that religious denomination, but of Christianity itself, are being undermined, is apparent from the reports of these addresses as well as from the energetic protests made by some of their members. Recently Dr. Murdoch Chisholm felt constrained to write to the public press to complain of the vagaries of the new theologians, and he has a notable letter in the Halifax daily papers of the 3rd instant, in which he mercilessly scores the new things in theology which have been expounded by the apparently bewildered advocates of the "advanced" ideas.

Dr. Chisholm is a leading physician in Halifax. He is a man of wide reading and scholarly tastes, and being a stalwart Protestant himself his views deserve passing notice. In his letter of the 3rd instant he summarizes his objections to the line pursued by the new theologians.

Referring to the theological schools and to the lectures given before the Y. M. C. A., he says:

"Ist. Those who support these institutions and to which also they send their children, have a right to know if the historic faith of the church is being attacked or undermined. Judging from the lectures in the Y. M. C. A., and much more that I could adduce, there can be no doubt of it."

The Dr. claims that the principles advocated by the college men make away with the foundations of Christian belief, and he challenges the honor of the men who profess to speak for the Church and run counter to everything which the Church has believed for generations. On that point he says:

"It is quite certain that if the church as a whole had any say in the matter, no man, however able, would have been given a professorship in Pine Hill or Sackville who held that the higher critics, so called, are the best judges of the canon of Scripture, that the first chapters of Genesis are legends that the Prophets were before Moses, or that Daniel was not when he says he was, or who, in short, eliminate the supernatural, the miraculous, the prophetic, or what they are pleased to denominate the unthinkable from the Scriptures, in order to reduce them to the plane of human reason."

He claims that those gentlemen have become hypnotized by German

rationalists, "those dwellers in the tombs who have got out of all touch with the ever living Jehovah of Moses and the Prophets, those of depraved spiritual taste who feed on German carillon until they become a pest and a blight to their surroundings." He further claims that they take the spirit of God out of the sacred Scriptures.

"What," he says, "a deathly mixture of pious fraud and falsehood they make of Daniel, for instance, when they say with Turpinay, the pagan, that it was written after the events therein predicted! If unfortunately for themselves they imbibe views subversive of those to which they have subscribed, what line of conduct is honorably open to them? I know what the world demands. What about professors in Divinity Halls? Can they tear up with impunity, with no loss of respect, dignity and honour, that which the church in good faith entrusted to their safe keeping?"

They admit that what they preach is new. But the gospel is not new, and this new thing is not the gospel. It is not the faith once delivered to the saints. It is in Dr. Chisholm's opinion, "the deism of doubt, in cold, slimy evolutionary frog puddles within the Churches of our forefathers." The third point raised by Dr. Chisholm is as to the sincerity of those who profess allegiance to Christ and deny or mutilate His Word—allegiance and mutilation. The two are incongruous, impossible.

"If you deny the supernatural in Genesis you must logically deny it in the gospels. If you reject the friendly relations of Jehovah with Abraham in Genesis 18, as unthinkable, you must logically reject miracles. If you reject the lesser miracles of the old testament, you certainly must reject the greater of the new. The one is but as a drop in the bucket to the other. For the miracle of all miracles is the word made flesh—the incarnation, the resurrection and the ascension. Can those who reject the one, accept the other? A very pertinent question for the closing exercises, an awfully far reaching one for those entrusted with the cure of souls. But what is the answer? Logically and practically it is this. Those who reject Moses, reject Christ, and drift into unitarianism, agnosticism or infidelity."

The Dr. then proceeds to a discussion of the results of this new teaching, by which the supernatural is to be set aside. He apparently knows whereof he speaks.

"4th.—The results of eliminating the supernatural from the old testament, and bringing it all down to the plane of human reason, I know a little. There are many who know more—very much more. If they are faithful they will raise their voices. But I see a picture, I cannot hide it. It is a long tortuous channel strewn with wrecks. The wrecks of well brought up children, who entered college with faith in God, and His Word, and left it with that faith shattered. I see a gloomier picture still. It is that of a field, pleasant and green in the evening but forbidding and withered in the morning, a prey through the night to the cold blasts of the north wind. And this new thing is such a blast to our congregations."

And in a postscript to his letter he adds that the Rev. J. W. MacMillan, D. D., pastor of St. Mathew's Presbyterian Church, is out in support of the modern Dagon, and he asks the reverend doctor:

"Will he be so kind as to give us his reasons, intrinsically and extrinsically, for saying that the first chapter of Genesis is legendary? He may find it easier to assume than to prove."

The whole discussion is significant and instructive. It shows how the principle of private judgment has carried away so many of the leading Protestants from the fundamental doctrines of Christianity into doubt, disbelief and deism. The Bible, of which they so long claimed to be the special guardians, is no longer the rule of faith. To the Catholic Church alone it must look for its defence. When a stout Protestant like Dr. Murdoch Chisholm, born and brought up in the Presbyterian church, feels compelled to score the new theologians of his church, the minds of thoughtful men like him will surely be turned to the Church founded upon a rock, with which the Spirit of Truth ever abideth, and whose doctrines change not with every passing wave of unbelief.

The man who is "going to" do big things always has lots of time to tell about them, but the man who is doing them is too busy to talk. He will talk about them after they are done.

Moral courage is a hidden thing that grows in silence, and in silence, too, is broken. The soul may be withered, wounded, slain, and still keep an outward skin—strong enough to deceive at least the cruel and curious.

AN EPIC OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS

Those, and they are many, who think the English people gave up the Faith without a struggle at the bidding of an adulatory king, would do well to read Monsignor Benson's latest novel, "Come Rack? Come Rope?" Since nothing succeeds like success all the world knows of the sublime victory of the Irish people over the forces of persecution, but because the English people as a whole went down to defeat, many are inclined to think they made no struggle at all. The praises of Ireland's Catholic martyrs have re-echoed from pole to pole, and while we rejoice that through God's grace it was given them thus to testify to the Faith of St. Patrick, yet we cannot, nor would we, forget that there are pages in the records of the English Martyrs that are at least as inspiringly glorious as anything in the annals of the Church of Armagh. And be it remembered too, that when a whole people stood together as witnesses to the Faith it was easier for the individual to hold fast to it than was the case in England, where the vast majority conformed to the new religion. Union is strength, even though it be but the unity of despair. But when every eye that beheld you might possibly be a spy, when you knew not where to turn or whom to trust, when brother betrayed brother and son father, then indeed it required more than ordinary grace to withstand the test. Moreover, England was overawed by the extraordinary influence wielded by Henry and Elizabeth. In these days of constitutional monarchies, when if the king reigns he does not rule, it is hard to understand how a sovereign could dominate the nation as Henry and Elizabeth did. In Ireland, on the other hand, even though they could exercise the compelling force of arms, yet the influence of their personality was absent. When we remember all this the wonder is, not that so many apostatized, but that there were any who didn't. And there were many who didn't, not only amongst the nobility, but in the humbler walks of life, a fact which excites wonder sometimes in the minds of those who think present-day Catholicity in England is of the imported variety. They are not as numerous as one would wish, but the rarer the gem the more valuable it is, and for the sake of those grand old English Catholics one would like to forget that their nation is apostate.

If there is a mission in your parish and you are unable to make it, take Monsignor Benson's book home with you and read it. If for any reason or other your faith is in need of a tonic read "Come Rack? Come Rope?" If you are inclined to grumble somewhat at the exactions of present day Catholicity read this page from the history of the days of persecution. If you make light of missing Mass take "Come Rack? Come Rope?" and see how your brothers in the Faith valued it in the days when the rack and the gallows stood beyond the shadow of the sanctuary.

Father Benson is a man of many parts. He is a distinguished preacher, an able controversialist, a prolific writer. He has done all these things well, and some of them very well. Amongst his books "The King's Achievement," "By What Authority," "The Light Invisible," and "The Sentimentalist" have touched the highest mark of genius. But "Come Rack? Come Rope?" is his greatest achievement. Father Finn, S. J., himself a distinguished novelist, has this to say of it: "It is an extraordinary book, thrilling, dramatic, tear-compelling. It is a sort of epic of the English martyrs. It is an extraordinary historical novel for the one reason that its characters are presented to us with life-like verisimilitude. They are not shadows of the past, they are not dead men and dead women galvanized into apparent life, but living, breathing, flesh and blood persons." Another able critic says of it: "Like the old Greeks, he goes back to elemental things; he sets forth creatures caught in the vortex of mighty changes . . . with such a masterful handling of delicate themes that he forces the tribute from us: 'Here indeed is a great novel.'" When we have said all this, and have added that it is not the least bit "preachy," it is hardly necessary to recommend you to get the book for yourself, as you read it the blood will course more quickly through your veins, and ere you lay it down you will drop on your knees and thank God that you, too, are a Catholic. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ILLNESS of His Holiness the Pope, and the alarming Associated Press despatches in regard to it last week, sent a thrill of anxiety through every Catholic heart.

THE ANGLICAN claim to the title Catholic, and to the legitimate use of certain rites and ceremonies inherent to the Catholic Church, have received a rude shock by the conversion of the monks of Caldey.

"M. J. G.'s" REVIEW of the re-issue of Lord Acton's correspondence with Miss Gladstone, reproduced in the CATHOLIC RECORD of last week, deals only with his political judgments, and these, confessedly, were never intended for the public eye.

WE COULD have wished that Mr. Griffin had dealt also with Lord Acton's earlier ecclesiastical judgments, which required revision no less than his political.

IT HAS been said of Lord Acton in extenuation that because of his great learning the temptation to dogmatize was his beyond that of lesser men.

sumption that the ecclesiastical sentiments expressed in his letters to Miss Gladstone would, no less than the political, have received revision at his hands had he been consulted.

IT HAS been a subject of some remark in the English press, that if, by the death of Lord Ashburnham, the Catholic nobility suffered a diminution of their numbers (the new holder of the title not being a Catholic), they have received a new accession in the person of Lord Nelson, the fourth holder of the title in descent from the illustrious naval hero of Camperdown, the Baltic and Trafalgar.

THIS REFERENCE to the new Catholic peer recalls an incident in the life of the great Lord Nelson, which brought him into close association with the last Catholic claimant to the British Crown, Henry IX., or, as he is better known to us, His Eminence Henry Benedict Stuart, Cardinal Duke of York, and younger brother and survivor of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

WHILE NELSON was cruising off the coast of Italy in the Agamemnon, in the year 1774, word was brought to him that the Stuart Cardinal was in great distress on shore by reason of the troubled condition of the Papal States.

WHEN AN opportunity occurred the Cardinal was landed on Austrian territory, and to add to his other kindness, Nelson forced upon him 100 pounds to defray his expenses to Vienna.

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THIS INTERESTING incident is happily confirmed from other sources. As related by Miss Shield in her Life of Cardinal York, it is a continued, unquestioned tradition that, on Nelson's return from the great victory of the Nile, he received on board his flagship, while off Naples, no less illustrious a person than the Cardinal Duke of York.

SOCIETY OF JESUS

A NEW CANADIAN NOVIATIE

The Society of Jesus was founded in 1540 by St. Ignatius of Loyola, and it quickly spread throughout the entire world. In 1611 it reached Port Royal and in 1625 came to Quebec.

Everywhere honored by the Church's enemies as their chosen victim, the Jesuits were expelled in 1759 and the following years from Portugal, Spain and France.

WHY HE EMBRACED THE FAITH The well-known secretary of the Catholic Truth Society, James Britten, K. S. G., contributes to the ever-growing library of pamphlets one dealing with the reasons which induced him to come back to the faith of his fathers.

THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY It is to the Church, writes the Abbe Canet, in his work entitled "Liberty of Conscience" (based mainly on the Encyclicals of Leo XIII.) and to the Church alone that the modern world owes all its ideas of liberty.

FAITH AND REASON FAITH WHICH ENDURES AND PREVAILS ONLY GIVEN BY GRACE Not long ago, Father Bernard Vaughan, the well-known Jesuit of Farm street, London, lectured on the "reasonableness of believing in revelation."

THE TRUE IDEA OF LIBERTY The true idea of liberty is so evidently the fruit of the Gospel (says the Abbe) that wherever Christian beliefs begin to fade, there also do we see becoming obscured and withered every right conception of freedom.

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is the Church which the Apostles set up at Pentecost, which alone has the adoption of sons and the glory and the covenants and the revealed law and the service of God and the promises, and in which the Anglican Communion whatever its merits and demerits, whatever the great excellence of individuals in it, has, as such no part.

When he was thinking of becoming a Catholic, he pointed out to a friend the differences that existed between so-called doctrines and their expounding, in the Church of England.

She cannot claim her authority from the old Church of England, for by the acts of the Reformation, the old Catholic Episcopate was swept away.

According to the learned Dr. Dolinger, speaking of the Protestant Church, "there is no Church so completely and thoroughly the product and expression of the wants and wishes, the modes of thought and of character, not of a fragment of a nation, namely, the rich, fashionable, and cultivated classes.

THE ABSENCE OF AUTHORITY and of definite teaching—these were the reasons which forced Mr. Britten to leave the Protestant faith, and in counselling wanderers who are troubled with doubt and human respect, the distinguished convert recommends a perusal of the "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England," which were delivered by Cardinal Newman, "the noblest Roman of them all."

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What threatens liberty everywhere is the overwhelming preponderance of the State, the enslavement of the individual, of the family and of society, and this is rendered all the more practicable and dangerous by the advent of an impersonal sovereignty such as would be found in Socialism.

Individual right is an essential basis of all true liberty. The measure of the one (says the Abbe) is always and everywhere the measure of the other.

Experience, history and logic unite in justifying these words, namely, that of all philosophical, political and religious doctrines, one alone is in right and in fact compatible with liberty in general, and in particular with liberty of conscience, and that one is the teaching of the Catholic Church.

ALONE THE Catholic Church, says the Abbe, can resolve the redoubtable problem which has vexed modern society for the past century, namely, the alliance of authority with liberty.

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reached and never will reach, the point at which it can subvert of its reasoned conclusions the foundations of faith, or by its positive discoveries.

Does St. Paul base his teachings on processes of reasoning? On the contrary, he says: "To us God hath revealed them by His Spirit."

A GOOD WORK His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, with the warm co-operation of the pastors of the different Churches of the city and St. Peter's, Dartmouth, have entered upon active practical work to the end that Catholic immigrants arriving at that port will hereafter be attended to with the greatest care.

Just and noble minds rejoice in other men's success and help to augment their praise.

SALUTATION TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Every flower that every grew, Every bird that ever flew, Every wind that ever blew, Good God! Every thunder rolling, Every church bell tolling, Every leaf and sod, Laudamus Te!

FIVE MINUTE SERMON
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

EVIL CONVERSATION
And He said to them: What are these discourses that you hold one with another? And they said to him: Concerning Jesus of Nazareth. (Luke 24:17-19)

Brethren: Suppose our Lord should stand in our midst to-day and demand from each one of us, as He did from these two disciples. What are these discourses that you hold one with another? Do our conversations, like theirs, contain nothing reprehensible? Would our answer be as pleasing to God as theirs was? If so, brethren, we have reason to thank God and go on our way rejoicing. But of what do the majority of men most readily converse? It is sad that we have to confess it, but God and His works, the soul and its wants are topics anything but agreeable to most of the men of our day. And so every legitimate means must be resorted to in order to make the things of God and spiritual conversation at all palatable.

And you, fathers and mothers of families, what are these conversations which you hold one with the other? What are the topics most commonly treated in your Christian homes? Is it the virtues of your neighbors that are spoken of and recounted for your own edification and your children's imitation? Would to God it were always so! But there are homes supposed to be occupied by Christians where God's holy name is never mentioned, save to be blasphemed, where the neighbor is never spoken of except to recall his follies, his vices, or even his atrocious crimes. Christian parents, beware of the scandalous conversations which may give to your family, but especially to your innocent children. Remember that many a soul to-day steeped in vice received its first sinful impulse from some unguarded word, some improper topic of conversation heard in the home that should have been the nursery of every virtue.

And from you, young men and women, an answer might be profitably demanded to this important question. What are the conversations which you most readily indulge in one with the other? Are they in any way improper, or such that you would be ashamed to have them repeated in the presence of your parents? If so, then your discourses are not concerning Jesus of Nazareth, and you are not following the example of His disciples. But if in your conversations, following the Apostolic rule, the things that savor of uncleanness are not so much as mentioned amongst you, what is to be said about the precious time you squander in idle, frivolous talk? Remember that time is but the threshold of eternity, every moment of which is of the highest value to you now; and this is why on the last great day we shall be held to account for every idle word.

Young men and women, never admit into your company those whose conversations are unworthy of a Christian, and especially let your own language be always in harmony with your high calling.

Indeed, brethren, to all of us this question of our Lord brings home an important lesson. For if we would lead good Christian lives we must not only abstain from all that is unbecoming or scandalous, but we must also regulate with all diligence our ordinary commonplace conversations. Let them be always such that we would not hesitate to repeat them before God or his most virtuous servants. If we would have our conversation agreeable to God and men, we should make it a rule never to speak disparagingly of those absent, and never take advantage of their absence to say anything which we would not dare say in their presence. And the other rule we should follow is this: never to say in the presence of others anything which could give scandal or leave a bad impression.

Brethren, if we think often of this question of our Lord, if we are diligent in following these rules, our conversations will be always edifying to our neighbors and useful to ourselves. Then, if called upon at any moment by our Lord, we can answer with his disciples. Our conversations are "concerning Jesus of Nazareth."

DR. BROWNSON'S REASONS

For becoming a Catholic, if they could be put into formula, would read something like this: "I found that I could not solve the problems of human destiny in harmony with reason without the aid of Catholic teaching and discipline."

Father Hecker, who knew Dr. Brownson well, says of him: "What native trait of Dr. Brownson's marks him off from other men? I answer, 'Love of Truth, devotion to principle.' Oh, how many hours did he spend agonizing for the Truth! His predominant passion was love of truth. This was all his glory and all his trouble; his quarrels, friendships, aversions, perplexities, triumphs, labors—all to be traced to love of truth. His earnestness was rewarded by possession of it in a supreme degree, for he was received into the Church and baptized in October, 1844.

"God alone knows how much I am indebted to him. He was the master, I the disciple. To the channels of thought opened to me by Dr. Brownson, I owed more than anyone else my conversion to the Catholic faith."

There are many Hecker and Brownsons in America to-day; year-

PARALYSED AND COULD NOT WALK

"Fruit-a-tives" Completely Restored New Brunswick Merchant To Health.



BRISTOL, N. B., JULY 25th, 1911. "I am unable to say enough in favor of 'Fruit-a-tives' as it saved my life and restored me to health, when I had given up all hope and when the doctors had failed to do anything more for me. I had a stroke of Paralysis in March, 1910, and this left me unable to walk or help myself, and the Constipation and bowels were terrible. Nothing did me any good and I was wretched in every way. Finally, I took 'Fruit-a-tives' for the Constipation, and it not only cured me of that trouble but gradually this fruit medicine toned up the nerves and actually cured the paralysis. Under the use of 'Fruit-a-tives', I grew stronger and stronger until all the palsy and weakness left me. I am now well again and attend my store every day and all day."

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ing for the truth wandering like sheep without a shepherd. Who shall lead them to the true shepherd?

Catholic reader, do you feel no responsibility?—The Missionary.

CHESTERTON ON DIVORCE

The large number of divorces in America, says Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton in The Illustrated London News, is a matter of grave distress to the most public-spirited Americans, but not to Professor George Elliott Howard, as quoted in Munsey's Magazine. It is an "incident," according to Professor George Elliott Howard, "an incident in the mighty process of spiritual liberation, which is rapidly changing the relative positions of men and women in society and the family."

I do not suggest that the Professor would say in so many words that the less husbands and wives could put up with each other the better; or that the happiest society would be a perpetual succession of unhappy families. But there is an unconscious sentiment of that sort behind all this way of talking about the spiritual liberation of sex. All the talk about freedom in this connection is utterly out of place; because marriage itself is an act of freedom and responsibility; and the desertion of one is the desertion of one's self; and is always at least humiliating. Even if divorce is not a sin, it is most certainly a disgrace. It is not like the breaking of a chain, which has been forcibly imposed upon a slave. It is like the breaking of a sword, that has been deliberately taken up and deliberately dishonored by a traitor.

I think, therefore, we may appeal to the sane and self-respecting people even among those who would permit divorce, that they should tell their weaker brethren not at least to glorify it. It may be a piece of very silly sentimentalism to represent the world as full of happy marriages. But to represent the world as full of happy divorces seems to me much sillier and much more sentimental. Surely everyone who knows the world, however much he may approve of divorce in desperate cases, knows that divorce is not usually the gate of a good life for the bad partner or even of a specially happy life for the blameless partner. It would not be easy for a middle-aged man to move his house to the next town; but if it be hard to move his house, it is harder to move his home.

As a preliminary to all fair arguments, therefore, I propose that if we give up the romantic fashion of calling all marriage love, our opponents should give up the yet more ridiculous fashion of calling all divorce liberty. You might as well call cutting a man's leg off asserting his liberty. Certainly he is free

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by Sir W. R. Meredith, 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; Rev. J. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto; Hon. Thomas Coffey Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD London. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity loss of time from business and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

from the leg, and the leg is free from him; and certainly it is a matter of opinion which of the two is more to be congratulated. And it is so with divorce. But, when all is said and done, at the best the man is less useful without the leg; and the leg is quite useless without the man. And it is so with divorce.

So much I think we have a right to ask from all recent disputants in such a matter: we have a right to ask for the sober tone suitable to the alleged existence of a necessary evil. But I myself should go further than that, and say that divorce, as lately urged by many before the Royal Commission, is not only not a necessary evil, but is a brand new, gratuitous and highly artificial evil. I am sure that this is especially so regarding that curious passion shown by some authorities for preaching divorce among the poor—who, of all classes of the community, have kept most the religious idea of the reality of marriage. The fundamental truth about this particular crusade is very sinful and very ugly. It is not, as Mr. George Elliott Howard says, it is an incident in the gradual liberation of mankind; it is just the opposite. It is an incident in the gradual enslavement of mankind, which is proceeding so systematically in so many branches of legislation and commerce. It is really part of that general attempt of the wealthy to get the needy well under their control, whether for good purposes or bad, which is the universal mark of modern "social reforms," even the most well-meaning, and even the most well-planned.

Of course, I do not mean that most prosperous people are so abominably wicked as to know what they are doing. They put things to themselves in their own way; they think chiefly of particular cases; they have always had a hand-to-mouth philosophy that excused them from facing matters of principle; and it is not a little helpful to them that they generally talk of everything in a very vague sort of slang. Let me take an imaginary but characteristic case.

A rich spinster, a lady whose benevolence is genuine, though narrowed by her refinement, employs some charwoman and her husband as caretakers or lodge-keepers or anything of the kind. Now, if I said that the rich old lady plotted to poison the family life of the poor couple, and to seduce the wife from her husband, that way of putting it would be unfair and cruel; because that is certainly not how the spinster would put it to her own conscience. But though it would be unfair it would be literally true. And though it would be cruel, it might very well be salutary. The spinster would feel a sympathy with the wife if she were handy or economical or grateful or religious; she would feel no sympathy with the husband if he were coarse or heavy or horsey or fond of his glass. She would exaggerate the inevitable quarrels of all married life because of the more plebeian and pungent style of speech. And all the time she would have the subconscious but still selfish thought, "The woman is a use to me; the man is not." It is almost impossible that she should not at last come to think that the woman would be better off if the man were out of the way. And in our society, which has largely lost its religion, and therefore its spiritual sense of honor, there is no one to stand up and remind the rich spinster that there are vows more important than idle oaths and books more terrible than betting books; there is no one to say to her: "Those whom God hath joined."

And thus this dear old maiden lady,

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Now if you know of any family needing this remedy, tell them about it. If you have any friend or relative who has formed or is forming the drink habit, help him to release himself from its awful clutches. Samaria Prescription is used by physicians and hospital.

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PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

why there are so many empty churches; and the contrary why those in France are again so crowded as to excite the jealousy and wonder of men like Cosmo Hamilton—men who cannot see the sunlight though they gaze straight into the sun's face.—Standard and times.

The day that prayer dies in a man's soul he commits spiritual suicide.

What a blessing would come to us if we could but learn to live faithfully each day and cease the vain attempt to bear to-morrow's trials, which may prove to be only imaginary.

Great announcement, we are told, has been caused by the Eleventh Commandment, "Love me, love my dog." Charles Lamb, I think, pointed out how unfair it was that any lovable woman might drag after her an unlovable cur. But the case of the plutocrat is more pathetic than Lamb's. Lamb was ready to treat a woman as a woman to-day; there is a dog dragged behind him. The plutocrat is quite ready to treat a man as a dog; only there is a woman dragged behind him. He is willing to profess love for the whole Cause of Woman, but he is embarrassed with the ancient dogma "Love me, love my man." This is the root of the revolt against the popular belief in marriage, though I admit it is mostly an unconscious root; a root underground. The kindlier kind of rich generally feel that they would deal with the poor more easily as individuals than as families. Doubtless this breaking up of poor families would be rare, though recurrent. It was rare, but recurrent, in the Slave States of America.

MAN BEFORE GOD

France has no religion, but full churches. England has an established religion, but empty churches. Thus Mr. Cosmo Hamilton begins an article on "Empty Churches" in the Forum for this month. Some writers aim at striking effects in diction rather than at the truths that sink deep. Even so good a judge of truth as Hyron set it down as a fact that Gibbon had "destroyed an old religion with a solemn sneer." But Hyron is gone, like Gibbon, and the old religion still flourishes while they are food for worms. The reason why the churches are empty in England, while those in France are full, is understood when one reads a few sentences more from this remarkable sentence-fashions. "Religion," he says, "is not a dogma nor a devotion, but a service. Men do not stand in need of dogma, nor can they be fired by an emotion which finds no echoing words. No man can serve God who does not understand how to serve man." Here is the grand mistake—the reason why England has empty churches. If men do not stand in need of dogma, religion does—and very badly. Men cannot serve man unless they have been first taught what their duty to God is. In order to learn what that duty imposes they must be taught who and what God is—and this is dogma, nor can they be fired by an emotion which finds the Lord thy God" is the first command insisted on by the Divine Teacher. He places service to fellow-men in the second place. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton would have us understand that he knows better, and that service to man stands at the head of all virtues. And there are thousands of would-be teachers and repudiated preachers insisting on the same heresy to-day. That is the reason

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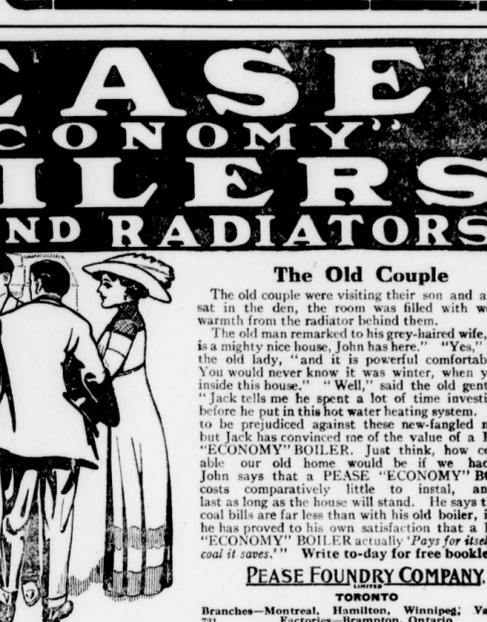
The Old Couple
The old couple were visiting their son and as they sat in the den, the room was filled with welcome warmth from the radiator behind them. The old man remarked to his grey-haired wife, "This is a mighty nice house, John has here." "Yes," replied the old lady, "and it is powerful comfortable too. You would never know it was winter, when you are inside this house." "Well," said the old gentleman, "Jack tells me he spent a lot of time investigating before he put in this hot water heating system. I used to be prejudiced against these new-fangled notions, but Jack has convinced me of the value of a PEASE 'ECONOMY' BOILER. Just think, how comfortable our old home would be if we had one. John says that a PEASE 'ECONOMY' BOILER costs comparatively little to install, and will last as long as the house will stand. He says that his coal bills are far less than with his old boiler, in fact, he has proved to his own satisfaction that a PEASE 'ECONOMY' BOILER actually 'pays for itself by the coal it saves.'" Write to-day for free booklet.



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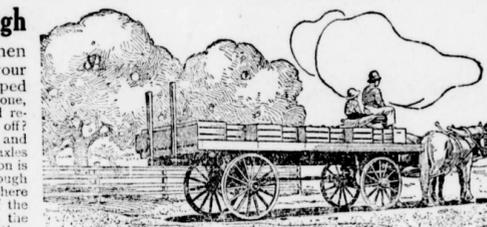
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DID you ever notice, when one of the wheels of your loaded wagon dropped into a rut or bumped over a stone, how the seat springs gave and rebounded, almost throwing you off? That is an indication of the shock and strain that the rigid spokes and axles have to stand whenever the wagon is traveling over a rough road or through a field. Even on a smooth road there is always the crushing strain of the load, affecting every part from the top box to the lowest point of the tire. IHC wagons



Petrolia Chatham

take these stresses and strains as a matter of course. They are made to stand just that sort of work. From neckyoke to tail board they are built of selected, air-dried lumber, strong and tough, bending to strains but coming back as straight and true as ever when the load is removed. Besides being tough, IHC wagons are light running. The wheels have just the right pitch and gather, and run true. All steels and skein boxes are paired. The running gear is assembled by skilled workmen whose wages depend as much on the quality as on the quantity of the work they turn out. Machine work, being more uniform and a great deal faster, takes the place of hand work wherever

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A NEW WAY TO SPELL LUCK

"Do you know," observed the young man, "I think all talk you find in newspapers and magazines about success being a man's own making is tommyrot, nothing more. It's luck."

"What do you mean by luck?" I asked him. "Why, what everybody else means of course. Just plain, simple every day luck," he responded.

"Yes, it was luck, but a luck any one may have. In the first applicant we see a desire for the position, a desire perhaps backed by a great need, which, in itself, held to and rightly directed, will bring success."

The idea of luck is one of the most seductive fables a man has. What is it? Try to reach it, to analyze it, and you will find yourself grasping thin air.

You take a walk into the country and are brought to a post which bears the announcement that the land is for sale. You notice how level it is, and your mind instantly beholds it laid out into squares, and studded with pretty homes.

"Just my luck," you complain, thinking of what you might have been. Should you not rather say: "Just what was not my luck!" remembering your impulse.

Have you not found it so, in small things? You want to write a letter, but your pen is broken or your ink is gone. Something says to wait for another time, but you decided the letter shall be written that day and

rush off and get the missing articles. You write something that it were better you had left unwritten, and more harm than you can ever catch up with has been started.

You meet a young woman, and something draws you to her; you feel that you would like to know her better; but you remember that she is too high above or too far below your station, or some such trifling consideration, and your affinity passes you by.

You must not jump at the conclusion that I want to direct your actions, great and small, by every sudden impulse, or the conjunction or want of conjunction, of things. Not at all. But it seems reasonable to suppose that the soul recognizes what is best for it, and that if we had our material senses sufficiently well attuned, we should be able to interpret the soul's suggestions, and act on them as if they were our own.

Try spelling Luck with these words and see what it will bring you: Listlessness, Urbanity, Carefulness, Knowledge.—Catholic Telegraph.

SHIPWRECK ON LIFE'S OCEAN

Life is often compared to a voyage upon an ocean, and human beings are the vessels that sail upon it. In the distance there is a shore which all should reach because upon it is the beautiful city of the heavenly Jerusalem, where there is rest and happiness.

Many make shipwreck at the commencements of the voyage, i. e., in childhood. The mariner who pursues his course carelessly when the waves are running high must beware lest he be swallowed up in the billows.

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evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness" (Is. v. 20). They are the men who "speak sweetly with their lips, but in their heart lie in wait to throw thee into the pit" (Ecclus. xii., 15). They are at times unprincipled servants, at other corrupt companions, or again even brothers and sisters.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SILVER MADONNA

Majestic yet serenely sweet in mien the Virgin held in her arms the Divine Child. It was a goldsmith's masterpiece. And this marvelous statue was the property of an atheist antiquarian, who valued it only for its artistic beauty.

Little Lucille, the antiquarian's niece, discovered the silver statue among the curios on one of her uncle's shelves. "Tell me, uncle," she said, "if you do not love our Blessed Mother, why do you have her statue?"

"Oh, no, I won't. Mamma says we must say our prayers every day as long as we live. Don't you ever say the Our Father and Hail Mary?"

"Never!" "Then I know what awful thing will happen to you," said the child, with big tears in her eyes.

"Be quiet, child. Only naughty boys on the street talk about hell."

"But you don't want to go there, do you? That would be awful, awful! Didn't you have a mamma who made you kneel down, and put your hands together, and talk to God, when you were small?"

"Go to bed, little one," he said, "and remember that I told you that saying prayers was all nonsense."

"Uncle, since you don't love our Blessed Mother, since you never talk to her, will you let me have her statue? May I have it now? You can't want it, since you don't love her and I want it much, for I love her dearly."

The antiquarian opened the glass case and placed the statue in the child's arms. "Now go," he said, "and sleep soundly until morning."

An hour later the uncle was still pondering on his niece's words. Her childish reasoning had quickened tender memories of the past. His heart grew tender. Suddenly he arose and went to the child's room. He opened the door gently, then paused astonished.

On the table spread with a clean cover stood the beautiful statue, and around it were vases of flowers and lighted candles. Before it, in her dainty white nightgown, knelt Lucille, her head bowed on her arms. She had fallen asleep in the midst of her prayer. The picture was a charming one.

The old man gently lifted his niece and placed her in her bed. The half-awakened child murmured the prayer she had been repeating when sleep overtook her: "Dear Blessed Mother obtain for Uncle Herman the grace of conversion. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

"Amen," said the antiquarian. And he gently covered his niece, then knelt in turn before the silver statue.—The Magnificat.

JAPANESE CHILDREN The one thing that Japanese children must learn in their homes is perfect obedience.

A little American girl was playing in the street with some Japanese children. "Mary," called her father from the house, "come in." As she paid no attention, the others thought she had not heard, and began to say to her, "Your august father is calling you."

"I don't care," said Mary. The children stopped playing, and looked at her in astonishment. Her father called again. This time she answered crossly: "What for? I don't want to come in."

At this the children picked up their playthings, and hurried home talking excitedly all the way. "Rude little foreigner! Bad little girl!" they said, and they would not play with her.

THOUGHT OF MOTHER A boy, who afterwards became governor of the state of Massachusetts, once came near being drowned.

The boat in which he was sailing was capsized, and he had to swim more than a mile; but he finally reached the shore in safety; and when he reached home and told his mother what a long distance he had to swim she asked him how he managed to hold out so long. "I thought of you, mother," replied the boy, "and kept on swimming." The thought of mother helped him in the moment of his greatest need, and thus saved his life, not only to himself and to his mother, but also to the state and the nation.

The thought of mother has saved many boys and girls, men and wo-

GILLETTS Gillett's Perfumed Lye. Conforms to the high standard of Gillett's goods. Useful for five hundred purposes. Made in Canada.

Catholic chooses as the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children a woman of his own faith, the wish-bone Catholic "would like to do so, were not" other considerations of higher importance now-a-days "while the vertebrate Catholic is careful about the character of the plays he sees and the nature of the dances he shares in, the wish-

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN A well known priest had preached a sermon on the joys of heaven. A wealthy member of his church met him the next day and said: "Father, you told us a great many grand and beautiful things about heaven yesterday, but you didn't tell us where it is."

"Ah," said the Father, "I am glad of the opportunity of doing so this morning. I have just come from the hilltop yonder. In that cottage there is a poor member of our church. She is sick in bed with fever. Her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not a bit of coal nor a stick of wood or flour or sugar nor any bread. Now, if you will go down town and buy \$10 worth of things—nice provisions, fuel, etc.—and send them to her and then go and say, 'My friend, I have brought you these provisions in the name of God; you will see a glimpse of heaven before you leave that little dwelling.'—Sunday Companion.

BE THANKFUL God gives us gifts that should evoke expressions of gratitude. When there is lacking in us a disposition to say "thank you" to God, there is no other authority over us to compel us to say the words. Being left to our own sense of obligation we suffer in character and happiness when there is missing the thankful spirit. It is true, the expression of thanksgiving may be perfunctory, the words merely conforming to the custom of politeness, but the genuine sense of gratitude is more likely to be developed by expression than by silence.

TWO TYPES OF CATHOLICS To divide the human race logically and adequately into two great classes is not difficult. All mankind, for example is composed of those who fiddle and those who do not. Quite as perfect would be the division made by separating those who ride in airships from those who do not, or by placing in one category all who are fond of caviar and in the other all who consistently abstain from that delicacy.

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The thought of mother has saved many boys and girls, men and wo-

bone Catholic "would like" indeed to be stricter in these matters, but then "everybody goes" and "they are all dancing them;" and while the vertebrate Catholic selects his reading well informed on the Church's attitude towards questions of the day, the wish-bone Catholic "would like to" do some serious reading, and "would like to understand his religion better, but he really cannot resist the allurements of the last "best seller" and the cheap magazine.

Wish-bone Catholics of the kind thus described have always been numerous, of course, in the Church, for her children, it must be remembered, are also children of Adam, but is there not reason to fear that in our day the type is growing altogether too abundant? However, they are an easily influenced race, these wish-bone Catholics, and perhaps even more fearless and aggressive than they are their example would stiffen the spine of many of our wish-bone Catholics. Who knows?—America.

Pain and despair and heartache cast you down for a while but afterward they help you to understand.

BOOST YOUR TOWN BY ORGANIZING A BRASS BAND Information on this subject with printed instructions for amateur bands and a printed form of Constitution and By-Laws for request. Address Dept. "D."

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For two years I was an invalid, incapable of work of any kind, sixteen months of this time I was unable to move without the assistance of a crutch and a cane. During this time I was treated by all our local doctors as well as taking treatment from a specialist in Chicago, but did not improve any, and had about given up hope of ever being of any use again, when a friend advised me to try GIN PILLS. This I did, and with a two months treatment was as well as ever I was. This was four years ago, and I have had no return of my trouble since.

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing wrong with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1000 Gravity" Washer. And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

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. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

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 up hand or by any other machine. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1000 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might. So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1000 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a "1000 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1000 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for the machine what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. If it saves you 75 cents a week, I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Drop me a line to day, and let me send you a book about the "1000 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Address me personally—N. J. Morris, Manager, 1800 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.

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CATHOLICS AND MASONRY

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

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

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

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

It is a known fact, says the writer, that Masonic signs are made use of in courts of justice in order to obtain, or to try to obtain, secret advantage. "It is within the writer's knowledge," says the Catholic Truth publicist, "that an English judge responded to the Masonic signs of a litigant in whose favor he gave his verdict, though it was fair to state that this was not contrary to the weight of very confused evidence." No daily newspaper in England dare publish the faintest criticism of the Craft, or still less expose a Masonic scandal, while in matters of place and patronage, in all countries, the first duty of the Masonic patron is clearly to secure the services of a Masonic brother, in which cases "Masonic Light" must be somewhat apt to blur the vision. In short, it is (says the writer) impossible to believe that all this enormous expenditure of time and money is undertaken merely to befriended the orphan and the widow, to practise an esoteric

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ritual and furnish a pretext for convivial meetings, and not to offer great facilities and temptations to brethren of the middle and lower social grades to favoritism, jobbery and protection for minor forms of rascality. There may be matter for praise in the moral teaching suggested by Masonic ritual; nevertheless, says the writer, members of the fraternity do not find themselves debased from their official honors by table excesses or by impurity of life. It is also certain that Masons, as a rule, rarely pretend that their motives in joining the Craft are other than those of personal gain or social advancement.

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

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

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A NEWMAN LETTER

IN WHICH THE GREAT CARDINAL ALLUDES TO HIS CONVERSION

Preaching in the new Oratory of Birmingham on the sixty-first anniversary of Cardinal Newman's reception into the Catholic Church, Cardinal Bourne recently spoke as follows:

"We have his own assurance often times repeated as to the peaceful certainty which was the outcome of his submission to the Catholic Church. May I read to you a further testimony which, perhaps, may help more than fifty years have passed since the words were written? It was addressed to my own father, who, then a young man and a very recent convert from Anglicanism to the Catholic Church, had been disquieted, like many others by the persistent rumors that Dr. Newman was dissatisfied as a Catholic, and was contemplating a return to the Established Church, and had written to ascertain the real truth from him whose writings he owed, under God his own reception into the Church."

The letter is dated from Maryvale, June 13, 1848. It is embodied in the book of Cardinal Bourne, recently published, and is as follows:

"Dear Sir—I return an immediate, though necessarily hasty answer to your enquiry, which made me more than smile. It is wonderful that people can satisfy themselves with rumors which the slightest examination, or even attention, would disprove; but I have had experience of it long before I was a Catholic. At present the persons who saw through and repudiated the evangelical misrepresentations concerning me, when I was in the Church of England, believe of me things quite as extravagant and as unfounded. Their experience of past years has taught them nothing. I can only say, if it is necessary to say it, that from the moment I became a Catholic, I never had, through God's grace, a single doubt or misgiving in my mind that I did wrong in becoming one. I have not had any feeling but one of joy and gratitude that God called me out of an insecure state into one which is sure and safe, out of the war of tongues into a realm of peace and assurance. I shrink to contemplate

the guilt I should have incurred, and the account which at the last day would have lain against me, had I not become a Catholic; and it pierces me to the heart to think that so many excellent persons should still be kept in bondage in the Church of England, and should, among the many good points they have, want the great grace of faith, to trust God and follow His leadings. This is my state of mind, and I wish it could be brought home to all and every one who, in default of real arguments for remaining Anglicans, amuse themselves with dreams and fancies."

Cardinal Bourne, on finishing the reading of the letter, remarked: "I think that we may safely say that he was raised up to convey the old, unchanging message in new words and in fresh setting acceptable to the Englishmen of his day. No voice has fallen on English ears so persuasively as his."

CORRECTION

The Rectory, Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, April 8th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London Ont.:

Dear Sir—Will you grant me space to correct a statement made in an editorial of the recent issue of your paper headed "Dangerous Teaching." Dean Walton is not an Anglican dignitary of Montreal, but a lay professor and head of one of the faculties of McGill College.

Permit me also to say that the Anglican Church in Canada gives no uncertain sound in her evidence concerning the indissolubility of the marriage tie. It is only sufficient to refer to her marriage service, but we can also quote a canon of her General Synod specifically forbidding the remarriage of divorced persons. Members of the Church have been excommunicated for the sin committed in marrying a person divorced.

I am sure that a sense of fair play will allow you to make public the above correction.

Yours truly, HENRY KITTSON.

Chapped Hands—Rough Skin—Sore Lips—cured by Campana's Italian Balm. Send two-cent stamp for postage on free trial size or 25c for a full-sized bottle postage paid—mentioning this paper—to the distributors, for Canada, E. G. West & Co., Toronto, Can.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB, MONTREAL

The Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Dear Sir,—May I interest your many readers in a great Catholic charity—the Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal. This, one of the pioneer institutions of its kind, has been specially blessed by His Holiness the Pope and commended highly for its good work.

It is now entering on its twenty-first season. So far we have endeavored to support it from Montreal subscriptions, but as we shall shortly be forced to build a large and more convenient club building worthy of the Catholics of Canada, there are doubtless many of your readers elsewhere who have some desire to express their gratitude to the Sailors for kindnesses received on their journey to Canada—the land where they have prospered.

The present year is a fitting one for them to accept an invitation to make a contribution for our further progress.

From those so desiring I shall be glad on behalf of the Executive Committee to receive and acknowledge their contribution at the address below.

WM. H. ATHERTON, PH. D., Catholic Sailors' Club, Montreal.

BRAVERY OF SOME YOUTHFUL CONVERTS

The bravery and determination of some of the young people attracted to the Faith in Africa is a source of constant admiration to the missionaries. The following example comes from the Belgian Congo, where Father Jules Van Houtte Scheut missionary is located:

"I was at a town called Ibali one day when a man came to me saying: 'Father, Ngeli furious because his third wife went again to the catechism class to-day; has punished her with the ataka, and the poor child is shrieking enough to break your heart.'"

"I hastened to the hut of Ngeli, and found him sitting before the door enjoying the spectacle of his tortured victim. His third wife, a child of twelve or thirteen years of age, had her neck bent beneath the limb of a tree arranged to hold her in a vice-like grip, and she was uttering the most piteous cries."

"My sudden apparition deprived the wicked creature of his fiendish pleasure. He freed the girl, knowing that upon my denunciation he could be punished by local justice. The child threw herself at my feet, imploring me to deliver her from the tyrant. "The condition of these unfortunate children, in the double slavery of polygamy and of the demon, is very distressing. They frequently persist in attaching themselves to the Catholic religion in spite of abuse and even torture. The only way we can give them the right to become Christians is by ransoming them. On the payment of a certain sum, sometimes not more than \$5 or \$12 they become free, and we can then

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instruct them and place them with Christian families. I know of a hundred cases of this kind at the present moment."

DIED

WALSH.—At Grafton, Ont., March 30, 1913, Mr. Thomas Walsh, aged ninety-one years. May his soul rest in peace!

WALSH.—At the General Hospital Pembroke, on March 18, 1913, Mrs. M. J. Walsh, of Osceola, aged twenty-six years. May her soul rest in peace!

THOMPSON.—On the 9th inst. at Toronto, Lady Annie E. Thompson, widow of the late Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada. May her soul rest in peace!

LAMBERTUS.—At his home on the Bayfield Road, near Goderich, on Thursday, March 27, 1913, Mr. Christopher Lambertus, in his seventy-fourth year. May his soul rest in peace!

O'DONNELL.—On Tuesday, April 15, Catharine, beloved wife of M. C. O'Donnell, 28 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Funeral Thursday, nine o'clock, to St. Basil's Church, thence to Mount Hope Cemetery. May her soul rest in peace!

Will Reader, Stratford, Ont., kindly give us her address so we may return money. We cannot publish what she requests.

RECEPTION TO BISHOP FALLON

On Wednesday evening, April 2nd, the spacious auditorium of St. Peter's Parish Hall was crowded to the doors, when the students of the commercial school, tendered a reception to His Lordship, Bishop Fallon, the occasion being the presentation of the first diplomas granted by the Institute.

In the address to His Lordship, Master G. Donohue expressed the unbounded delight of the students at having their beloved Bishop in their midst; and warmly thanked His Lordship, in behalf of the class, for having organized this school for their benefit. He also stated that the number of graduates would have been greater had not tempting offers lured some of our students to accept positions before they had completed their course in the school.

The recipients of diplomas are: Misses D. Dwyer, A. Johnston, A. Burke, M. O'Rourke, and Masters J. Coughlin, F. Graham. During the course of the evening Misses D. Dwyer and A. Johnston (who are but fifteen years of age) gave a demonstration in shorthand at the rate of one hundred and ten words per minute, and typewriting (strange matter) at fifty-five words per minute.

The girls of the class also presented a short drama, entitled: "The Shepherds of Lourdes." The artistic Grotto of Lourdes, brilliantly illuminated, was unique in design, and the Blessed Virgin, represented by Miss H. Dunlevy in the garb of Our Lady of Lourdes presented a most touching and inspiring vision. The young amateurs deserve credit for their effective interpretation of scenes at Lourdes, but the palm must be awarded to Marjorie Daly, whose rendering of

"The Shepherds" was charming, Magdalen Lee, as the blind princess, and Vera Taber in the role of the stern Princess Elena are worthy of special mention. The singing throughout was good; little Josephine McCarthy's sweet voice in the Memorial won all hearts, Miss Pearl Coles presided at the piano. The singing and dancing of the gypsy maiden and of the village children was particularly attractive, while the account of a day in school by the little boys, F. Pocock and G. Storey won prolonged applause.

In his address to the graduates, His Lordship congratulated the school on the work done in the short space of less than two years; and he urged students not to accept positions until they had completed the full course of studies in the school. He complimented the actresses on their pretty and entertaining exhibition, and expressed himself as much affected by "the earnest portrayal of scenes which carry me back to happy days spent around the Grotto of Lourdes."

The following afternoon the pupils of the Separate schools were entertained to a matinee. At the close of the performance the two little ball players of the previous evening, about whom His Lordship had remarked:—"It is many a day since I have seen 'acting' equal to that of the two little boys on the stage to-night; in fact so real was their game that some of the very clergy present were anxious to join in the sport"—these little fellows playfully presented His Lordship with a ball containing several gold pieces—\$100.00—to be used for the seminary.

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