

The Catholic Record.

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

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AN OLD STORY

A correspondent complains that the public library of his town is lacking in books by Catholic authors. While accepting his statement it may be well to examine as to the cause of the deficiency. Is it due to the hostility of the librarian to the Church, or to the apathy of Catholics? If the former our friend, who is not living on sufferance, can easily find means to suppress the manifestation of bigotry by a public official. Our own experience justifies us in saying that the average librarian is not only courteous but ready to supply according to the measure of the funds at his disposal, the needs of his patrons. When, however, he sees Catholics demanding fiction and more fiction, not necessarily from Catholic pens, he may deem it an unwarranted extravagance to procure books of a more permanent value.

A TYPE

Our predominant characteristic of a worldly Catholic is his contempt of authority, when it touches some question on which he has pronounced views. He may praise an episcopal letter which deals with things which, in his opinion, are alien to him, but any statement antagonistic to his ideas is dismissed as inopportune. Then indeed does this self-constituted watchman in the towers of Israel preen himself on his supreme wisdom with the result that he says a few unpleasant words, and dons the cap and bells to the satisfaction of his self-conceit. The expression of authority is opportune because it may, says our friend, endanger our pleasant relations with our separated brethren. It may, and then it may not, because some Protestants are not alarmed at an exercise of episcopal authority, and have their own opinion, not complimentary of this kind of an individual. When he talks of the endangering of pleasant relations, he is thinking all the time of the position on which his heart is set, or of the upward climb of his family to the sacred mount of society. And hence his watchword is what he calls prudence, that is to walk with bated breath and to accept with due gratitude any scrap that may be flung to him from the temple of prosperity. Worldliness has plucked out the salt of his manhood, and made him a poor, colorless individual who shambles through life, seeing danger where there is none, and content with his own garrulity. His trouble is pride. Any confessor will diagnose his case for him and recommend for his cure the scalpel of the confessional. If he knows anything he ought to know that the Gospel spirit is that of simplicity and obedience, and that anyone who in serious matters criticizes or condemns religious authority is of the world, a "kingdom of darkness ruled by the devil." The spirit of pride is the exact contradiction of the spirit of Christ.

HARD WORK

President Falconer, of Toronto, is, we are informed by the press, in favor of "Church Union." While we do not impugn the motives or question the sincerity of those who, dismayed at the clamor of wrangling sects, are casting about for concord and unity, we cannot see how this can be effected by their principles. In the first place they acknowledge no living, competent authority. The gentlemen who formulate the common creed are, however, scholarly, fallible men and as such cannot demand man's interior and entire belief. This is surely no solid basis on which to rest one's religion. They tell us that the Bible is their authority. But if they give up doctrines which they have learned from the Bible to join themselves with others, who have drawn from the same Bible different doctrines, they thereby surrender the authority of the Bible. Supposing, however, that they affect a union on the basis of a common creed how long would that union last? What bond would keep them together? The Bible? But how could the Bible, which has been made the source of different forms of belief, keep them united in the future. It

would have after union no increased authority to present or settle disputes. How could the Bible, which has sundered and split them into fragments, become under the spell of union a mighty factor for permanent peace. Some may, for sentimental and economic reasons, vote in favor of a compromise creed, but many we imagine will look askance at it, and wonder perchance at the temerity of those who ask them to stake their hope of salvation in a creed drawn up by men, who may very possibly be entirely mistaken.

UNWARRANTED

It is said sometimes that a common creed can be formulated on the basis of "fundamental doctrines." Admitting the distinction only for sake of argument, how are the divines to determine which doctrines are fundamental and which are not. Without touching upon the Scriptures, it must surely strike them that their mode of procedure is irrational and subversive of Christianity. If they accept a revelation at all, they must accept it in its entirety. And if they believe that God has made known to them certain truths which are above their natural comprehension, and established certain institutions to enable them to attain the end for which they are created, is it not irrational to canvas the merits and demerits of divine truth? Is it not a flouting of the Omnipotent to declare that some truths may be set aside as comparatively worthless?

Let us ask our separated brethren this question: Is Christ's law the most sublime of all, and the most essential of all—the only law on earth which men may interpret as it seems good to them, the only law that has no competent authority appointed to interpret and enforce it? Cannot they see that "of all the absurd notions which ever claimed large sway over the human mind, perhaps the most singular is that of a Supreme Being who for ages had spoken to men by direct communication, or by ministers and prophets having a special gift of His own Spirit, who at last sent His own Son with a message: should when He recalled that Son have simply put the record of all these transactions in a book and given to none any authoritative power of interpretation?"

ON THE EVE OF WAR

ROME STIRRED TO THE DEPTHS

In Rome we are used to demonstrations which leave things as they found them, and are forgotten the next day. Not so, the demonstration of last Sunday evening. The people were asked to meet in the Piazza del Popolo. It is an immense circular space, redolent of Roman tradition, with its obelisk and fountains and churches and its three symmetrical openings into the heart of the city. But it was itself the heart of the city last Sunday evening, filled with the very life blood of Rome, and when at a given moment the blood began to surge from it into the artery of the Via del Babuino, Italy was already at war. There were some banners, and one or two bands, and a little shouting now and then, and some cries of "Death to Giolitti!" and "Down with Austria!" yet none of these things formed the spirit or the character of the procession that flowed irresistibly along, through the Piazza di Spagna, the Due Macelli, the Tritone, ever onward until it reached that other immense piazza in front of the royal palace of the Quirinal, gathering strength and volume and impressiveness as it went, until 300,000 people were marching solemnly in its street-wide ranks. Three hundred thousand people! That meant half the actual population of Rome: in reality, barring the children, and women, and timid, and the socialists and anarchists, it meant all Rome. There was no longer any room for doubt—Rome wanted war. It would have wanted war last Sunday even had Austria granted the last of its demands. The people you met a few days before and that held up their hands in dismay at the prospect of war were marching resolutely in that war were marching resolutely in that

tensity, and the men that dared resist it would have been ground to powder.

Does this seem to contradict what we have been writing in Rome for months and years past? Anyway it is the truth. The immense majority of the people of the Eternal City have proved that they want war with an elemental, unreasoning, unanalyzable craving, with a passion deeper even than the passion of mere patriotism, with a sudden, unmovable force, maturing in them perhaps for a generation and now finding vent with the destructive power of an earthquake. Even Giolitti, though he is buried in effigy by the school-boys, is almost forgotten by the people. He has fled before the storm, his three hundred deputies, his following of senators, have forgotten him and their own opinions of a week ago. Yesterday afternoon the banners of war were flouting from all the windows, and many of the shops were closed "For National Joy!" because war has now become in very truth inevitable.

PRIEST WINS PRIZE

FATHER REUSS, C. S. R., RECEIVES GOLD MEDAL FOR LATIN POEM

The Hoofft prize, founded in the University of Amsterdam for the best poem in Latin, was won this year by the Very Rev. Father Francis Xavier Reuss, C. S. R., a native of Alsace. He went to Rome more than forty seven years ago, and has a fund of interesting anecdotes and remembrances of the past three Sovereign Pontiffs and the invasion of the Eternal City in 1870. He was honored with the friendship of Leo XIII. and Pius X. and composed verses for their festive anniversaries. The "Carmen" prize consists of a gold medal worth 400 florins; the subject is left to the choice of the competitors. Father Reuss chose for his theme an old prayer-book of his mother's and entitled his composition "Mnemosyne." Father Reuss is a born litterateur and poet and his various compositions in different modern languages besides Latin would fill a volume and are of the highest merit in talent and sentiment.—Sacred Heart Review.

"ANTI-CLERICALISM" DYING OUT

Up to a year or so ago it was impossible to have a demonstration of any sort in Rome without hostility to the Church being shown. One's thoughts go back to all the miserable history of the Giolitti Nathan times and the pain and sorrow caused to the saintly Pontiff again and again. Then, when the Nationalists had shown the Catholics that Giolitti and Nathan were not invincible and Catholics once more regained rule over Rome, all seemed to change. There was no "anti-clericalism" even in the "XX Settembre" demonstration last year, and now when passion is excited as it never has been before, and when, too, there is an impression abroad that the Church does not look with a favoring eye on Italy's carrying out her destinies as she wishes, all the recent great popular demonstrations have passed without any expression of "anti-clericalism" at all. One cry is reported on one occasion, as a procession was passing the closed German College of "Down with the Vatican," but even that was so insignificant as not to find its way into the newspapers and was more political than anti-Catholic. On the other side, at the recent assembly in the Piazza del Popolo, before the starting of the 120,000, 200,000, 300,000—the last figure is out of the question, though it has been printed, but it was really impossible to form an estimate of the interminable procession—a priest was among the patriotic speakers on the destinies of Italy and the people cheered him—it really seemed gratefully. Then the Catholic Corriere d'Italia, always up to now against the war, came out with the Italian flag over its officers, and that paper with its partners means the entire Catholic press of Italy—all except the Osservatore, and that for the moment is mute. The anti-Catholic mob we knew in the days of Giolitti-Nathan was not present on this occasion; it was as serious an expression of popular opinion as could be found, and it evinced no hostility to the Church. Priests, nuns and students passed freely about Rome all through the excited week.

Now it is evident that "the people" does not mean what Nathan has been saying in every one of his speeches that it does; there may be some of it that is really anti-Catholic, but "the people," the uncountable procession of it that one saw recently and the minor demonstrations that followed is a serious, sound, solid and respectable body which is, moreover, attending to its religious duties with remarkable fervor now that its emotions are stirred by the imminent possibilities. The Messenger and the Secolo, it is true, have had their little say against the attitude of the Vatican, but the people do not seem to have taken any notice. It is rather wonderful-looking back on

the past years, Porta Pia blasphemy and the rest.—Rome Correspondence in True Voice.

THE POPE AND THE WAR

ADDRESS BY CARDINAL BOURNE

The Cardinal Archbishop, on Sunday, assisting at the celebration of the Patronal Feast at Holy Trinity, Brook Green, Hammersmith, preached from the Gospel for the day choosing the words: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Going therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

His Eminence began by saying that our Divine Lord in these words sketched out the manner in which He intended that His mission to the world should be permanently accomplished. There were five signs that marked the Church. He set up to carry out His mission. She had a mission to teach; to teach with authority; a mission to all nations, without exception; membership in her must be obtained by baptism; and He Himself, God and Man, would be with her even to the end of the world. With these five characteristics before our mind, the Cardinal continued, we may look forth upon the world in which we live in England, we may ask ourselves where are we to find the society set up by our Lord marked clearly with these five signs. You may look forth to every one of the non-Catholic societies existing in this country, and you may consider them by the light of these marks which our Lord set before us, and you will find them all wanting, if not in all, in some of these characteristic signs. No one of them will claim, if the question be definitely put, that it teaches with authority. From the great Established Church of this country down to the smallest of the Nonconformist bodies, they all have to admit they have no authority that is absolutely bound in conscience to accept. Then, again, there is no one of them that has a claim to a mission to the whole world. They are all essentially national in their objects. And, if they go forth from time to time, they have to do so from some sort of human commission that they have received. As to their power to enforce obedience, to compel men to carry out in fact those commands that our Lord gave to His Apostles, the means of compulsion fall them, mostly by their very constitution, by the very fact that they have separated, because there is no Divine Providence guiding the Church on which they can rely; they have to admit that His mission "for all time" is wanting in their respect. Then we turn our eyes to the Holy Catholic Church, whether here in England or elsewhere else you like, and we find that in the claims she makes are verified all the characteristics of which I have spoken. If there is one claim it is that she teaches with authority. The one whose voice was often heard in the church, one who was taken down only a year ago, expressed from us only the Catholic Church, it is that she is the only Church that dares to say to a man "You must." She is the only Church that claims to speak with divine authority, giving compulsion to the conscience of man: that claims to go forth to all nations and has nothing to do with nationalities; that has gone forth from the beginning of her mission to this day prepared to teach all nations, making no difference among them. Then in virtue of that divine command, she lays down rules of obedience. She insists on that obedience, and is prepared to go to the extremity of excommunication in virtue of her divine commission. She rests the claim to her obedience on the fact that she possesses the commission of Almighty God. There have been times in the Church, rulers have risen up against her, but she never fails in virtue of the divine protection, and her power will remain unto the end. That is to the spectacle that presents itself to us as we compare the attitude of the Catholic Church with that of those who have refused her teaching.

Now, at the present moment, we have to face an extraordinary spectacle, the wonder of which is not sufficiently considered. We know what has been the ordinary attitude of the English mind towards the Catholic Church of which I am speaking. For the most part it has been of contempt. The claim that the Church makes to the faith and obedience of man has been ridiculed or rejected. The Englishman's claim is that he is free from the submission that is here asserted. He is not prepared to give up his mind and judgment into the hands (as he would say) of the priest. He misrepresents, as a rule, the infallibility of the Pope. He is glad to say he is an Englishman, and is free from such a burden, and thinks that he has something upon which he may congratulate himself in comparing his country with other nations that have not thrown off the authority of Rome,

and he is glad when he sees the authority of Rome circumscribed. Englishmen in 1870 were not sorry that the freedom of the Holy See was lessened. In a later period, when the Hague Convention was being set up, and political considerations prevented the Holy Father being represented in it, when he was not allowed free action, England did not protest, and Englishmen in their hearts rejoiced that the position of the Pope was not recognized. Is it not a wonderful spectacle that those who would have been the first to reject and resist any action of the Holy See, should now, in this time of the most solemnly, come to invoke the power of the Holy See on the side of England and that civilization for which England is fighting to day? And in their disapproval because they cannot bring it about that the Holy See should take such action as they are pleased to dictate, they go to the other extreme and accuse the Holy See of silence, when in many ways it has spoken, only in ways to which they give no heed and of which they do not care to know. I will give you two instances. The first comes from the utterance of a leading Nonconformist divine, a man whom I esteem and respect, because I believe he is a very earnest man, and trying to do his duty to guide other people in proportion to the light that God has bestowed upon him. I do not think for a single moment he would wish to misrepresent the facts. The other day he spoke of the "moral breakdown of the Nation"; that political reasons, pure and simple, had first to condemn what the Sovereign Pontiff. Another instance comes from a "Liberal Catholic," not a Liberal as a member of a political party, but "liberal" in his religious ideas. The other day, in one of the English periodicals, he set to work to criticize the Sovereign Pontiff. He, again, found fault with the Holy See for a want of definite action in the present war. And then, a third instance: lately there was exposed for sale upon the bookstalls, by one who says he is not a Catholic, a writing entitled "The War and the Holy See." The note of criticism was much the same—that here in a wonderful moral crisis in which the voice of the supreme authority in the religious world would be of inestimable value, the Holy Father is silent when speech would be so valuable and silence is so detrimental to the Catholic world. It is a strange phenomenon to find that men, representative of English thought, who once would have refused to hear any appeal from Rome, are now the very first to condemn what they regard as the silence of the Holy See.

The whole of this criticism is based on the fallacy that no protest is of any value unless it is shouted on the house-tops and published in the daily papers. Unless there is a protest given in that way, they count it as non-existent. Because the Holy Father, in accordance with the traditions of the Holy See, has followed the traditional methods, and made his protest in the way most likely to have its effect, but which has not given much matter for prominence in the leading newspapers, they think he has not spoken at all. Bear in mind that there are two entirely different functions of the Holy See. The first is the exercise of the doctrinal authority, whereby the Pope proclaims the principles governing human conduct. In fulfillment of this the Holy Father has spoken in his Encyclical of November 1, in which he set forth principles which must never be forsaken. Again, he spoke on January 22, in his Allocution to the Sacred College of Cardinals, and stigmatized certain operations in the war at present being carried on. Those two utterances give us a clear declaration as to the principles that are to guide us.

Then there is an entirely different function of the Holy See. It is the judicial function, in which the Holy See may be called upon to pronounce upon the actions of those who in any way offend against the Christian law. This judicial function may be exercised in judicial form, according to the forms of a court of law; or it may be exercised in extra-judicial form, that is to say, privately, by bringing to bear on those concerned such influence as is likely to have weight. It is perfectly clear that anything in the nature of the judicial process in the present case is entirely out of the question. Bear in mind one single fact. The principal person to be concerned in such an inquiry is a German Lutheran, who does not recognize the authority of the Holy See, who has often tried to use the power of the Holy See for his own political purpose, but who privately has not concealed his hatred of the Catholic Church. If you think of that one fact alone you will see how impossible at the very outset would be anything in the nature of a true judicial process.

Then, again, if a sentence of that kind had to be pronounced, it can only be done when all the facts have been duly considered and proved, and every sort of extenuation put forward, so that the question can be considered as a whole, and judgment pronounced as a whole, and not on one individual charge. The only

action, therefore, left to the Holy See in a matter of this kind is that extra-judicial procedure which, in the case of the Holy See, must be exercised by the accredited representatives of the Pope himself. There at once we get into a region about which no journalist, no minister of religion, no writer in magazines, has any competence at all to judge, because he can have no means whatever of knowing what has actually taken place.

Then you must bear in mind that the Holy Father is the Shepherd and teacher of the whole flock of every nation without exception. He has to consider every nation alike. While we know, and can have no doubt in this country, of the terrible things that have been wrought, especially in Belgium, we must never forget that similar accusations, hardly less in gravity, have been made—I do not pronounce on their truth, because I have no means of doing so—in the most circumstantial way against one of our allies, namely, Russia, about its treatment of the Galician Poles. If the Holy Father is to speak publicly in condemnation, all these questions must come before him if he is not to fail in that duty of special impartiality which is his special prerogative. No allusion has been made to these things in our English newspapers—whether because they do not know or are not allowed to speak I cannot tell—but there are statements which I know to have been brought in the strongest form to the notice of the Holy See, in which those who stand against us in this terrific conflict accuse one of our allies of conduct, as I say, not unlike what has happened in Belgium.

I do not pronounce on these matters, but I think it is necessary that Catholics above all should know how extraordinarily complex the question is, and how those who may accuse the Holy Father of silence when they have no means whatever of knowing the details of his action are certainly guilty of rash, if not of false, witness.

The fact remains that whereas not so very long ago English people would have scouted the intervention of the Holy See in such a conflict as this, now they would only too gladly welcome any word of the Holy Father, providing that word were uttered on their side. We are able by our knowledge of the real teaching of the Catholic Church to rise, I trust, above criticism such as this. But such criticisms are being scattered broadcast, and I have no doubt in certain quarters they are being used to lessen the influence of the Holy See, and to prevent that influence being exercised, as it has already and will be exercised later on, on behalf of justice, and of a lasting and durable and stable peace. When the whole truth can be revealed, and all the negotiations of the past months be made known, it will, I think, be seen that the action of the Holy See in favor of justice, humility, and the due conduct of warfare has been constant and unrelenting, and has had very far-reaching effects. No other power has had so great influence in these respects.

In conclusion, the Cardinal exhorted his hearers to thankfulness that they were the inheritors of the teaching handed down from St. Augustine of Canterbury. If Englishmen could take part in this world-wide struggle conscious that they were indeed trying to hold up the principles of Christian civilization, did not they owe that to St. Augustine?—The Tablet.

HONORS IRISH DELEGATES

Cardinal Amette gave a magnificent reception to the members of the Irish delegation of the Nationalist Party and the Ancient Order of Hibernians who went to Paris to offer France the sympathy of "Dark Rosaleen," who knows so well what suffering is.

The deputation, with Messrs. Dillon and O'Connor at its head, was received by the Cardinal who responded to the address by reviewing the ties which bind Frenchmen and Irishmen, past and present, the greatest of all being of course their common faith. His eminence then spoke in moving terms of the sorrows wrought by the war and accepted gratefully the handsome basket enclosing the address of the Irish nation. He then gave his blessing to all present and informed them that as the day was a Friday he had dispensed them from the fasting and abstinence.

The deputation was received with no less fervor by the secular authorities and President Poincaré, who spoke of France's love for "valiant and faithful Ireland." The delegates caused a deep impression by their piety. They attended in a body a special Mass said for them at the Madeleine, and also visited the Irish church of Paris before their departure.—Church Progress.

There are souls in the world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them wherever they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The first Bishopric in Mexico dates from 1526.

Six hundred seminarians are now serving in the Bavarian army.

The Church of the Franciscans at Nancy, France is the property of the Emperor of Austria.

There are about twenty-five metrical translations, including Dryden's of the great hymn of the Church, the Te Deum.

Cardinal Bourne has announced that the Admiralty has placed fourteen additional Catholic chaplains in the British navy.

The Catholics of New Zealand have won a victory in the courts by having a bill which meant to tax them for state schools dropped.

It is reported that nearly 300 priests and 100 religious have already died on the battlefields of Europe.

In South Africa, the Trappists have transformed a wilderness into a paradise—into mills, orchards, beehives and vineyards.

An interesting little magazine, the Catholic Convert, has been started in New York. It is edited by converts for converts.

Fourteen little Sisters of the Poor, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have sailed for England to proceed to Paris to do hospital work among the wounded soldiers.

His Holiness Pope Benedict has donated 5,000 francs (\$1,000) for the purchase of 25,000 camp canteens for use at the front. In all 99,000 francs (\$7,800) have been collected to meet the religious requirements of the Italian army in the field.

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne of England, after consultation with the Archbishop of Liverpool, has decided that the Sixth National Catholic Congress, which it was hoped to hold this year in the Liverpool archdiocese, will not take place owing to the war.

Denver University, which is conducted by the Methodist Episcopal church, paid a gracious compliment to a Catholic nun recently when it invited a Sister of Loretto Heights Academy, to be a judge at its annual elocution contest. Although she and her order highly appreciated the honor, the Sister declined.

The number of Catholic priests in China, including both European and natives, is 2,255. Protestants have 5,118 European missionaries besides a large number of native helpers. The comparison between the Catholic and the Protestant population is more consoling. Catholics number 1,628,254 and Protestants 235,903.

Mr. A. Ketcham, of Oklahoma City, father of the Rev. William H. Ketcham of Washington, D. C., was baptized and received into the Catholic Church by his son recently. A few days later Mr. Ketcham was confirmed by Bishop Meerschoert. He is the last of a family of four to enter the Church, his son, Father Ketcham being the first.

Thomas A. Edison has perfected the "telescribe," a combination of the telephone and phonograph, which will give to both parties to a telephone conversation, although thousands of miles apart, such a phonographic record of what both said. Mr. Edison is of the opinion that his invention will do away with the writing of millions of letters a year in the making of business agreements. He explains that he has been working on the idea for thirty-seven years.

Rev. John E. Copus, S. J., founder and director of the Marquette University School of Journalism, died in Milwaukee, on June 12. Born in Guildford, England, in 1854, he was educated at Archbishop Abbot's School, and was received into the Church in 1876. He came to America that same year, and engaged in journalistic work in Ontario, and afterward in Detroit, where for some years he was commercial editor of the Detroit News. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1887. Father Copus was a frequent contributor to the magazines, was the author of "The Son of Siro," "Andros of Ephesus," with other novels, and of a number of books for boys.

By the death of the Reverend Timothy J. Brosnahan, S. J., which occurred in Washington, on June 4, the cause of Catholic education has suffered a severe loss. Born in Alexandria, Va., in 1856, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1872, and after the usual course of studies was ordained priest in 1887. With the exception of six years, 1892-1898, spent as president of Boston College, his life was given to the classroom. Father Brosnahan was a frequent contributor to the Messenger, the American Catholic Quarterly and Donohoe's Magazine; he published a text book on ethics and at the time of his death was engaged in writing another volume on the same subject. Some years ago when Dr. Eliot saw fit to attack the Jesuit system of education, Father Brosnahan replied in a pamphlet, "President Eliot and Jesuit Colleges," which for brilliancy of style and cogency of argument deserves the highest rank among controversial literature.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER III

"This is probably our last meal alone," said Judge Todd, looking down the table to his wife and Virginia. "This afternoon brings Alice and Bessie, and to-morrow, the boys."

"Before there was time for a reply a door flew open with a bang, and a pair of feet, in whirlwind flight, carried a fair young girl into the room. As she threw her arms about the neck of the surprised Judge, he exclaimed:

"My Heavens! Who's this?" Then he drew his visitor's pretty face to the table to meet his wife and Virginia. "This afternoon brings Alice and Bessie, and to-morrow, the boys."

"Just this blessed minute!" she answered, resigning herself to the embraces of Mrs. Todd and Virginia. "But where is your mother?"

"I left her trying to extricate herself from the bundles and the carriage," said Bessie. "I told her to wait and I'd come back and help her, after I saw my old sweetheart; and she slipped her arm again around the Judge's neck and gave him another little hug."

"As the Judge and Mrs. Todd left the table to meet their other visitor, Bessie drew up a chair, and after a gay welcome to old Abe, she said to Virginia:

"When we got to Lexington and I found we had so long to wait, I teased mamma into getting a carriage and driving over. When she comes in she'll tell them it was all my doings; but I believe the little hypocrite was just as anxious to get to Cardome as I."

"Abe, who in common with the other slaves had a tender spot in his breast for this fair-like creature, who every summer danced into the old house from her far-away Southern home, and made sunshine wherever her happy voice fell, brought a plate and began to serve her. With the declaration that she was starving, she commenced her dinner, smiling up sweetly at her mother when the latter entered."

"It is a shame, Love," said Mrs. Dupont, "to come down on you in this fashion; but I could not get my madcap daughter to wait in Lexington for the afternoon train. One would think the destiny of the nation depended on our getting here by one o'clock."

"The destiny of our dinner did, mamma," said Bessie. "You know what Owen Meredith says: 'Man may live without love, what's passion but pining? But where is the man who can live without dining?—or woman, either? Of course we had the hotel, but—oh, Judge, she broke off, 'you've had the dining-room repapered, haven't you? It's just lovely. Our entire house needs to be repapered and painted, but mamma is becoming economical since all this dreadful talk of war has begun.'"

tive again this year. What became of that wild beast?" "No such terms as that, if you please!" exclaimed Virginia, with well assumed severity. "I took up Vindictive last fall after you left, and never sat a finer horse. You simply didn't know how to manage him."

"Miss Castleton, do you know I am one of the best horsewomen in Alabama?" said Bessie, not a smile on her face. "Vindictive was one of the wildest brutes that ever brought dishonor on the Cardome stables. And if he is meek and docile now, he is but another victim to the charms of the fair Virginia. But I tell you the leopard does not change his spots, nor Vindictive cast off entirely his inherited wickedness. Were I to mount him his heels would begin to fly with the force and velocity of a Mississippi mule, or he would try to do the cake-walk and outrival Mandy when she's most elaborate. Do you remember the day he wanted to turn somersault over the fence down into the Elkhorn? It was this way," she went on to the Judge, after a pause; "Tom thought Sambo hadn't made the girth secure enough, and he undertook to draw it tighter. I warned him to let the horse alone, as, for once, he seemed to be in something like a good temper. But that son of yours, Judge Todd, was about as headstrong as Vindictive. Now, Vindictive refused to be tampered with, and made Tom put a distance between him and those heels, which began to go like a buzz-saw. When he discovered that I had a whip and knew how to use it, he recovered his senses and began to walk as nature intended he should. Now," she concluded, with a smile rippling her face, "that's the sort of an animal Virginia wants me to believe she has won to the ways of righteousness."

"It was all the fault of the bit," said Virginia. "He quit acting ugly when I began to ride him with a different one. We shall take a ride this afternoon, and then you will be convinced. I have quite reformed Vindictive."

"At 4 o'clock the big horse, whose erratic temper had honestly won for him the name Vindictive, and the pretty young mare the Judge had bought for Bessie, were brought around. As the girls mounted and rode down the broad drive, Virginia said, answering her companion's surprise at her former steed's lamb like conduct:

"It is an outrage to put a stiff bit in the mouth of a high-spirited animal, a positive cruelty to put it in the mouth of any horse. It plainly says to the horse it is a curb, an expression of the rider's distrust and fear. The loose bit implies confidence: and you know brutes are like fine souled people, they respect confidence and strive to make themselves worthy of it."

"Who suggested that method of taming Vindictive?" asked Bessie. "Phil," replied Virginia. "How goes he?" asked Bessie, smoothing her horse's mane with the handle of her whip. "He sends me his paper regularly, and, Virginia, I believe I've discovered the identity of his poet."

"Indeed?" said Virginia. "It is Phil himself." Virginia made no comment and after a while Bessie added: "I am going to ask him about it when I see him."

"I shouldn't, Bess, if I were you," counseled Virginia. "If your surmise is correct, it is evident he has no wish to be discovered. My sweet, it may be that in those verses an overcharged heart finds surcease of sorrow. If you had no friend to whom you could pour out your woes, and you could express it in the writing of poems, and find relief in the expression, would you not think it cruel for one to attempt to deprive you of that comfort?"

"I hadn't looked at it in that way," said Bessie. "I should think the man who can write such pretty poems would like to be recognized as their author."

"But Phil McDowell is not like other men," said Virginia, in a lower voice. They rode on under the rows of great trees, and as they rode, chatted of the many little incidents that made up the whole of their happy, unclouded lives. The declining sun warned them it was time to retrace their way. As they turned they observed two horsemen approaching, and Virginia saw that one was riding the black charger that had stood before the Judge's office that morning. They were coming slowly and talking so earnestly that the girls were almost beside them before they were aware of their presence. Following a chivalrous custom that still exists in the South, where folk have time to be polite, the men bowed their heads and drew off their hats to the side of the road until the ladies had passed; after which the journey was resumed. In the one glance she allowed herself, Virginia's mind photographed, in tints that never fade, the face of the black steed's rider. A neck, rising up from the shoulders like a column, supported a proud and shapely head; the features stood out with that boldness the Romans gave their finest sculpture, without a trace of effeminacy, breathing the beauty of strength of mind and body; courage, moral and physical; a loftiness of purpose combined with a simplicity of manner that bespeaks the great. A woman, looking on that face, would know she need never expect from its possessor the love that looks after the comfort of her dog and fetches her footstool; nor to see him become the meek husband who obsequiously defers to his lady. Courteous, because he was a gentleman; deferential, because he

was valorous; holding his friend not less sacred than his love, and his honor more sacred than either, he was one of those who reach a height not known to all, and only those who stand on the same plane with such men receive from them more than a passing thought. Even when some valiant woman-son touches their level, still, with eyes fixed on the inaccessible, they often miss their companion spirit and feel themselves forever alone.

The world calls such men fools and dreamers, when the work to which they have given their lives falls in the promises of its fulfillment; but saints and heroes, when success nor Vindictive cast off entirely his inherited wickedness. Were I to mount him his heels would begin to fly with the force and velocity of a Mississippi mule, or he would try to do the cake-walk and outrival Mandy when she's most elaborate. Do you remember the day he wanted to turn somersault over the fence down into the Elkhorn? It was this way," she went on to the Judge, after a pause; "Tom thought Sambo hadn't made the girth secure enough, and he undertook to draw it tighter. I warned him to let the horse alone, as, for once, he seemed to be in something like a good temper. But that son of yours, Judge Todd, was about as headstrong as Vindictive. Now, Vindictive refused to be tampered with, and made Tom put a distance between him and those heels, which began to go like a buzz-saw. When he discovered that I had a whip and knew how to use it, he recovered his senses and began to walk as nature intended he should. Now," she concluded, with a smile rippling her face, "that's the sort of an animal Virginia wants me to believe she has won to the ways of righteousness."

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got to get at that dinner. I know that dem bressed chullun yain't had a fit meal sence las' Christmas."

It was with considerable difficulty that the field hands were got off that morning. Never before, the overseer thought, had their customary light duties taken so much time. Reluctantly, at length, the start was made, Pete bringing up the rear. He had a feeling in his heart that, after the family, "Marse Tom" would rather see him than any one else on the place, and he felt slightly aggrieved that the Judge had not remembered this, and sent word that Pete should be excused from work for that day; indeed, it was almost disrespectful to "the boys" that a holiday had been given in honor of their homecoming. But when he reached the clover field he swung into line with the other mowers, and with the cheery heart of his race was soon singing like his companions. Round after round they made of the great meadow, stopping at regular intervals to sharpen their narrow blades of steel. In another part of the field the rakers were also industriously working, and the swaths of clover, cut the day before, were, under their vigorously wielded forks, lifted into shocks. But toward ten o'clock Pete's restiveness returned, and with his eyes frequently on Cardome, his scythe more than once struck against the ground instead of running lightly along the thin stalks of grass. This happened again, when, meeting a rock, the blade broke with a snap. His neighbors interrupted their song to laugh at his discomfiture, then went on, with jeering pleasantness, while Pete stood disconsolate.

"What's the matter?" asked the overseer. "Look dah, Mistah Rice! Dah was only one rock in de fel' an' my blade hed to fin' it!"

"It was all your own carelessness," said the overseer, frowning. "That scythe was the best one I had, and I gave it to you because I thought you were careful. Now you'll have to use an old one. You'll have to go over to the warehouse for it yourself. I'm not going to take one of the better boys from his work to save you the trip. Step lively! and be back within twenty minutes," as he spoke he took out his big silver watch and marked the time.

"Yes sah!" said Pete, rejoicing at the prospect of getting to the house; his nimble feet soon carried him across the meadow and through the pasture land which led up to the orchard fence. As he was about to unfurl the gate he saw Mandy coming down the path, and at sight of him, she threw up her arms wildly and shouted: "Fiah! Fiah!"

"What yeh say?" shrieked Pete. "Wha's de fiah?" "In de kitchen! Run! Run!"

"If there is one word a negro fears more than ghosts it is fire. Peter felt every drop of blood in his veins run cold, but his duty to his master's house stood before him as sharp as if he had heard the command given. He turned and sped across the pasture and through the clover-field, making the workers pause in their occupation, until he reached the spot where the overseer stood.

"Oh, Mistah Rice!" he shrieked. "de house am on fiah!" "What?" cried the overseer. "I met Mandy at de o'chard, comin' ovah byar, seech'in' de house was on fiah, an' holleer'n fo me to run."

His hearer's face whitened. Glancing over the field and seeing that every slave was looking toward him, he waved his arm, and almost in an instant the entire force was near enough to hear as he shouted: "Cardome's on fire, boys! Run! Run!"

Still holding their scythes and pitchforks, that band of stalwart blacks sped down the clover-field and across the pasture land. Their wild ruck caused an instant stampede among the grazing steers. The thunder of the many feet, as the cattle plunged forward, was as the earthquake sound of an approaching storm. The orchard fence stopped them, and it appeared for a moment to the terrified overseer that they were about to dash back on the running negroes. Unheeding, the men continued their mad race for the gate.

The Judge was walking across the lawn from his office. As he saw the approaching band of mad looking blacks, armed with pitchforks and scythes, apparently bearing down upon him, for one moment his heart quailed. The paper he was then held in his hand, printed the day before in Cincinnati, closed one by one the flaming editorials with the warning that the day was rapidly approaching when the black slave population of the South, inspired as the Rebels of '76 had been, would rise as a man, and wreak swift, merciless, and just judgment on those who had deprived them of their God-given right. With the words still ringing in his brain, and that fierce-looking armed band before him, Judge Todd thought he was to witness the instant fulfillment of the prophecy. And that his heart trembled, for he was to them as a father. They were closing down on him, but he lifted his hand and said, authoritatively: "Boys, what do you mean by this?"

"De kitchen! De kitchen!" shouted Pete who had not seen his master. "Stop!" Each negro heard that command, and at it they trembled, for never to the knowledge of one, had their master's voice so sounded. The overseer pushed to the front.

"Where's the fire, Judge?" he cried. "Fire!" repeated the Judge, moving back a few paces. "No where."

The overseer swore under his mustache, and then called Pete, who repeated Mandy's message. Judge Todd's brow clouded, as he said, as if to himself: "Mandy again! This is more of her fun." Then remembering the grievous wrong he had done the faithful man by his thought, he said kindly: "Boys, you needn't go back to the field till after dinner. The children will be coming in a little while, and I know you want to see them."

"Dat we s'ntly does, Judge," said they in one voice; then withdrew, excepting Pete. Mandy, who had viewed the running negroes with infinite amusement, felt a little fear as she received her master's summons to his office, but her natural boldness did not entirely desert her.

"Why did you do this, Mandy?" asked the Judge sternly. "Judge, I jes' couldn't help it," she replied, laughing impudently. "When I seed Pate walkin' dah, like's ef he owned de place, I jes' cluded I'd give him a skeer out of hisself, so I holleer'd 'Fiah!' When he ext me wha' de fiah was, I said, 'In de kitchen.' An' I s'posed de edit' ud know I meant it 'us in de stove. 'Stead ud dat he tooked to his heels on 'stad' to run like's ef it was be hind him."

"You may go, Mandy," said the Judge. "Once more, Mandy," he began, as the door closed behind the man, and mind me, it is the last time, I warn you to quit this joke-playing of yours. You knew Pete would naturally suppose you had been sent to call the field-hands. Even if you did not, why did you not follow him and explain to Mr. Rice that it was only a piece of your fun? Instead, you allowed those poor fellows to run that great distance in the heat, while you stood by laughing. I do not intend tolerating any more such conduct as this. Remember my words, girl, and don't try my patience too far. There is a limit to all things, even my patience with you."

"I'm sorry Judge," she said, taking her apron to her unmoistened eyes. "Well, that will do. You may go." After closing the door securely, Mandy paused for a second, thrust out her tongue at the master who had permitted her to go unpunished, then spat contemptuously on the door. With this expression of her hatred she retraced her steps to the kitchen, a sullen frown on her face.

A silence hung between the two men, which was broken by the overseer, who said: "Judge, there is more infernal mischief in that girl than is to be found in the entire quarters."

"I know it," said the Judge, the frown deepening on his brow, "but what can I do?" "Get her out of here, said the overseer, with a quick motion of his hand. "She needs to be under a master who has his whipping post." The Judge shook his head.

"It is that fear that makes me keep her," he said. "She may demoralize some of the others," urged the overseer. "Ah, no," said the Judge, easily. "I don't think even Cassius M. Clay could cause disaffection on Cardome plantation. Although, candidly, Mr. Rice, when I saw them coming in with those scythes and pitchforks, I can not explain the feeling that crept into my heart."

A tap here sounded on the door, and Virginia's smiling face appeared. "Judge," she said, "we think we hear the carriage. Aunt Love says can you come?"

"Why, certainly, my dear." The old man's face grew radiant, and as he left the office he turned his head toward George, Virginia clasped her hands around his arm, crying: "Come on, come on!" and led him toward the house. They did not enter, but passed around to the front, where on the stately, pillared portico waited the mother, Mrs. Dupont, and Bessie. There was a pretty blush on Bessie's cheeks, but the Judge was merciful and forbore to inquire.

"Do you think it is the carriage, Virginia?" asked Mrs. Todd, after a breathless pause. "I think it is," she replied. "I certainly hope so," said the Judge, "for ten minutes more of this session will find us unstrung—oh, Bessie?"

of his mother, while he greeted his other son, who was following quickly. The first boy kissed his mother, Virginia, his cousins Alice and Bessie, and then came back to his father; the second repeated the operation, until he came to Bessie, who had now hidden in the shadowy wide hall.

"Hal, you're looking fine!" exclaimed Virginia, "you will surely disappoint Liza. She expects to see a pair of skeletons, and has prepared a dinner calculated to improve your looks immediately."

"I'm ready for anything Liza has ready for me," was the answer. "Haven't had anything like food since I was home last."

Then around the house, headed by the overseer, came the slaves. "Hello!" cried Hal. "Where's Tom?" At the sound of his name the other son came to the doorway, with Bessie's face, rolier that ever, appearing over his shoulder. "Here's the rest of the family come to see," continued Hal. The two young men went to the lower step of the portico, while the negroes fled past, shook hands or ducked their bodies into courtesy, but with affection lighting up each black face. When all had paid their respects, Hal turned to his father and said: "I say, father, give them a holiday? I tell you a holiday's a mighty fine thing."

Sunday was only two days off, Monday, his sixteenth anniversary, was to be observed on the plantation as a holiday, and every hour was mastered to secure the hay, yet the master gave the desired permission, for he could refuse this, his best-beloved son, nothing.

Posted up on the dining room door of the Grand Hotel at Ixles Gaines was a notice that could not fail to catch the passer's eye. As the stream of visitors drew near they paused, single or in groups, to read what was written on the door; and then passed on, commenting each in his own way upon what he or she had read.

"The Sisters in charge of the home for the aged will make a collection during dinner to-day."

It was a recognized institution and the habitues of the place accepted it as such; but some of the newcomers began grumbling at the continued calls that seemed to be made upon their purses.

"What bad luck!" said one lady, turning to her neighbor. "If only that stupid collection had been just a day later I should have escaped it. My cure ends to-morrow."

"Then, on the contrary, I think you are lucky, even in spite of the collection," was the reply. "I know I wish I were leaving this week. I've never known such a place for making money fly. This hotel is ignominiously dear, I consider. And, then, there are the baths and the doctor, and 'tips' expected by everyone. The shops, too, are so tempting. One never goes out without buying something; and, no matter what one spends on one's clothes before coming, one has always to be getting new things here."

"It's enough to ruin a Croesus!" groaned a third. "And on top of it all," chimed in the first speaker again, "we are expected to contribute to their local charities. The last straw, I call it."

"My dear lady, I agree with you there," said a stout, prosperous looking man, who up to this had no chance of joining in the conversation. "I know these institutions are necessary and very excellent, I dare say, and I subscribe regularly once a year to more than one in my own neighborhood. But beyond that I draw a line."

that there are also many who, after working all their lives, find themselves destitute in their old age through no fault of their own. Besides, there are many who could not get work; or who, getting it, could not do it from ill health or for other reasons."

"You are a believer in luck, I gather?" said his neighbor, who had not yet taken part in the discussion. "To a certain extent I am," answered the officer. "And you, sir—what do you think about this collection?"

"You ask my opinion, do you?" repeated the professor—for professor he was, writ large on every line of his shriveled sallow face. "My opinion is that those who are determined to get on, do so, sooner or later, no matter what obstacles may arise in their paths. As for so-called charitable institutions, I consider them superfluous and undesirable. They are mere harbors for imposters, beginning with those who undertake the management."

Before the officer had time to dissociate himself from sentiments so contrary to his own, a priest, who up to this had sat in silence, bent forward and addressed the professor with a quiet courtesy.

"Let us hope, professor," he said, "that you may never come to see the charity of such imposters."

The advent of another group of visitors, full of gossip concerning a Russian grand duke who had arrived at Ixles the previous day, changed the conversation abruptly; and in a moment everyone was busy discussing the prince and his suite; after which the Russian dancers, the leader of the latest ballet at the Casino, and finally the never-ending theme of luck and play at the gaming tables served in turns as topics of conversation.

The distasteful subject of the collection had been for the moment forgotten when the door of the dining-room opened to admit two of the Sisters whose work had given rise to such adverse criticism. The elder of the two was tall and pale, and her businesslike directness showed that long she had inured her to some extent to the unpleasantness of her task. To the younger it was evidently an ordeal that nothing less than heroic obedience could have made her face. Her long lashes dropped on the wild rose flush of her cheeks, and her little white hands trembled as she held her empty plate toward the person nearest to her. In spite of the previous grumblings, most of the guests were generous in their contributions, and notes and silver soon arose in giddy piles on both plates.

The formula of thanks of the elder nun was repeated by the younger and she forgot some of her agonizing shyness in the thought that her beloved old people would have all they needed now for some time to come.

The Italian officer, who sat at the end of the long table, as he quietly watched the gray clad figure coming toward him, wondered what was familiar to him in the graceful dignity of the younger Sister's movements. But his musings were rudely interrupted by the voice of his neighbor, the professor. The little Sister had held her plate out to him, with the usual form of request.

"A donation for our old people, for God's sake, please!"

With an intentionally ironical bow, the man had drawn his purse and had laid a single cent amongst the other money.

"That," he said in a contemptuous tone, "is all I feel called upon to give to idlers and drunkards—and fools." He had raised his voice and the exaggerated contempt that he put into the last word drew attention to the fact that he intended to include in it the Sister herself as well as the poor.

As the professor spoke the Italian officer sprang to his feet, and the on-lookers caught the flash of anger in his eye as he bent in a bow before the little nun.

THE NUN OF THE POOR

TO BE CONTINUED

fers those around had grasped what had taken place under their own eyes. Only the professor understood it thoroughly. Something in the Sister's demeanor, her calm dignity, had impressed him; and, following in the officer's act of homage and the discovery of her identity, had suddenly shown him the pitiful ignorance, the cowardly insolence of his act and words. He was fanatically anti-religious, and anti-Christian, and for the moment his fanaticism had overwhelmed his instincts as a gentleman. But only for an instant. Before his door had time to close he was on his feet. The Sisters, seeing him standing before them, passed and immediately he spoke, so that everyone in the room should hear:

"I must apologize for what I have just said and done—and now he, too bowed as he spoke. "And especially to you, Sister, who I intentionally insulted. I can only beg of you to accept my sincere apology." (He laid a hundred franc note on the plate on which the elder Sister had gathered the whole collection together), "and an offering less unworthy of your acceptance for your work of heroic charity."

"Thank you, sir!" "May God reward you generously!" answered the elder Sister, simply; whilst the younger without a thought of his rudeness to herself, but thinking only of her old people's needs, smiled up at him in gratitude.

And, avowed atheist, boasted anti-Christian as he was, for a moment he went back to the trusting beliefs of his long past youth.

"Sister," he said, and he caught at her gray habit, as he moved away, "if you forgive, will you say a prayer for me?"

"Certainly, monsieur," she replied, and her voice was soft and musical like the voice of a child. "I will get our old people to pray; and I, too, will pray," she added in a lower tone, "that God may teach you how to pray for yourself."

Then the door closed and the two Sisters passed out of sight.—Catholic Light.

CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE

THAT ALL OUTSIDE THE VISIBLE CHURCH WILL BE DAMNED

We do not assert the cruel doctrine and the presumptuous blasphemy that none but Catholics will be saved. In fact, we no more maintain that all Protestants will be lost than we teach that all Catholics will be saved. Plus IX, after asserting the doctrine that the Catholic Church is the one ark of safety, uses these words: "We also on the other hand recognize with certainty that those who are in invincible ignorance of the true religion are not guilty of this in the eyes of the Lord. . . . It is known to us and to you that those who are in invincible ignorance of our holy faith, but who observe carefully the natural law and the precepts of God engraven on the hearts of all men, and who, being disposed, lead an honest and upright life, may, aided by the light of divine grace, attain to eternal life. It is not therefore possible, in fairness and justice, to place a sinister interpretation on the phrase, "Outside of the Church there is no salvation," as though it entailed the exclusion of all non-Catholics from the kingdom of heaven.

If we said, "Outside of Christ there is no salvation," no Christian could take umbrage at the phrase. All Christians must of necessity maintain that there is but one Redeemer of mankind and but one Mediator between God and man, and that those who are not saved by Jesus Christ shall never be saved. The expression under consideration means just that, and nothing more. God sent one Saviour, and "no one comes to the Father except through Him" (John xiv, 6); that same divine Saviour established one Church and decreed that it should be the ark of His salvation. In thus teaching, the Church only affirms what our Lord taught in words much stronger and much more forcible.

YOUR MISSION

When Christ sent forth His apostles to preach and teach and convert the world, He gave them the following commission: "Go ye therefore into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believes shall be saved; he that believes not shall be condemned," or as the Protestant version has it: "He that believes not shall be damned." (Mark-xv, 16). Are not these words equivalent to the terms of that expression: "Outside of the Church there is no salvation?" The words of Christ mean that only those who accept and believe the Gospel as it was given by Christ and preached by the apostles could be saved, and hence outside of that Gospel there is no salvation. One therefore is not free to take up the Bible and pick and choose a religion to suit particular circumstances and characters and times. Our Lord said to those same Apostles on another occasion: "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that heareth Me, heareth Him that sent Me." (Luke x, 16). And again: "If any man will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." (Matt. xvii, 17). It was evidently the intention of our Lord that there should be but one ark of salvation—the Church founded by Himself on the twelve and continued by the lawful successors of those Apostles till the end of time. The Catholic Church professes to be and really is that one true, apostolic Church of Christ: she must teach that outside of her fold there is no salvation. She teaches this because

Christ taught it. For what difference is there between these two sentences, the one of Christ, the other of the Church: "He that believes not shall be damned," and "Outside of the Church there is no salvation." The only difference is that Christ, while teaching the same truth, expresses it more forcibly and emphatically.

There are many other proofs that this is the doctrine of the Master. The Gospel describes how Christ sent the twelve out to found His spiritual kingdom, and these are His words: "Whoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, going forth from that house or city, shake the dust of it off of your feet. Amen I say to you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city." (Matt. x, 14, 15). Nothing could express with greater force than these words the principle that out of the true Church there is no salvation. If the Catholic Church is the true Church of Christ, as she claims to be; if she teaches with the authority of the apostles, as she claims to teach, then the words of Christ just quoted apply to her in all their force, and it will be more tolerable for those wicked cities of ancient times than for that city or that individual who knowingly and with malice refuses to receive the Catholic Church and to hear her teaching. The well known anathema of St. Paul gives us the mind of the apostles on this subject: "But though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached, let him be anathema." (Gal. i, 9)—that is, let him be cut off from the Church and placed outside the confines of salvation.

This may appear harsh and unkind and unfriendly. But it is not a question of bigotry or private opinion; it is a question of fact, and we can not alter facts. They may appear hard, but they remain facts. And when they come with the authority of the Son of God, and when they are taught and practiced by the great apostles, then we have nothing to do but to submit to that divinely constituted authority and accept as certain those truths announced first by Christ, preached by His apostles and continued in His Church. We cannot change the truths of God, and all the kindness in the world will not make right wrong, or true false. We are told that the Catholic Church is exclusive. Of course she is exclusive; if she were not she would not be true. Truth is truth, and whatever defects from truth even by the breadth of a hair ceases to be true and becomes false; and the denial of what is true and the adherence to what is false may lead to the loss of souls; and then where will be all that pretended good-will and kindness?

There is no denying the fact that the Catholic Church does not affirm and never has taught that every man who is not in "visible" communion with her is to be eternally and irrevocably lost. The Church has declared that "no one can possibly be lost except through his own fault." Those who are outside of the true fold in good faith because they believe their church to be the true church are serving God the best they know; and if they remain faithful will certainly be rewarded by God. If they recognized the Catholic Church as the true Church they would not hesitate to join it. They belong in reality to the soul of the Church, although they are not united to the visible body. For fifteen hundred years before their sect was in existence the Catholic Church was the only form of Christianity, the only Church that taught salvation. At the time of the Reformation, in leaving the Catholic Church, those sects carried away with them a number of important doctrines—about prayer and redemption and the grace of God. These doctrines came from the Catholic Church, and these are the doctrines that may be the means of salvation and glory to those who are outside of the true fold of Christ, yield to their influence.—(Rev.) R. L. Hayes in the Missionary.

CATHOLIC CHURCH STANDS FOR CERTAINTY IN RELIGION

The doctrines of the Catholic Church are clear-cut, precise, well-defined, sure and certain: there is no quibbling or ambiguity; you always know exactly where she stands on every one of the fundamentals and eternal verities. "I shall be with you all days even to the consummation of the world," Christ said to her. (Matt. xxviii, 20), and the abiding presence of Christ takes away all doubt. He sent the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, upon the Church, making it possible for Catholics to know precisely and without the possibility of error just what Christ did actually teach. This indwelling of Christ and the Holy Ghost, remaining with the Church all days, teaching it all truths, safeguarding and protecting it from error, and making it the very beacon light of divine revelation, singles it out as the one and only institution on earth where religious truth in its entirety can be found with accuracy, precision and unerring certainty. Individuals of themselves, alone and unaided, are unable to arrive at certainty in religious matters. There is need of some authoritative representative of Christ, who, aided from on high, is competent to tell us without error just what those truths are that were once delivered by Christ to His Church. "He that believeth not shall be condemned." (Mark xvi, 16). Hence we risk our eternal salvation unless we believe all that Christ taught, and to believe all that Christ taught I must know without doubting just what to believe, and the only Church that makes any claim at all to be unerring and to be sure and certain and unwavering and unalterable in faith and morality is the Catholic Church. Only among Catholics is there that sublime assurance of faith, and absolute certainty of doctrine, and in religious matters, error, anxiety, apprehension, doubt, obscurity and perplexity all, altogether foreign to them. Nay, more than this. So evident is this that no form of religion different from the Catholic Church has ever claimed to be able to teach with certainty. This is a prerogative of the Catholic Church alone, yet, a religion from God, bearing the impress of divinity, must from the very nature of the case be free from the possibility of teaching error. To talk about change in religious truths is as ludicrous as to talk about change in mathematical truths.

The eternal verities of mathematics are no more necessary than are the eternal verities of religion. You can no more change the doctrines of Christ than you can change the laws of algebra. As well talk of the possibility of one day assuming that twice two are five as to assume that one age can believe more or less of religious truth and still bear the name of Christian. "Christ is the same yesterday, to day and forever." (Heb. xiii, 8). His truths never change; they are always clear and certain, and in the Catholic Church alone is there certainty concerning religious truth and what heavenly doctrine this is! "Seek the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John viii, 32), says our Divine Redeemer. The truth shall free us from all anxiety, all apprehension, all doubt, all hesitation, all misgivings, all perplexity, all uncertainty. We shall believe to-morrow the same unchanging and unchangeable doctrines that the Catholics who accompanied Columbus believed when they first set foot on this American soil, and Columbus and his followers brought to this glorious land the self-same faith that was believed by the earliest Christian community that the annals of history record.

Reasoning on purely a priori grounds, we are compelled by the nature of the case to admit the presence of certainty somewhere in the

of great price," infinitely precious in the sight of God, to redeem which our Lord gladly gave all that He had. How glorious a work, then, is it to prevent even one mortal sin, to save even one soul! "O blessed work! may my life produce both the one and the other!"

And for which souls is it that you can fish? What souls depend upon you, and look to you for help? Answer at once: "All souls." In every part of the world sinners are crying for help, and your prayers and pains for them are desired and needed; they will bring forth fruit and draw from the hand of God the graces that souls stand in need of. All have a claim on your prayers. To one and all you have a mission to fulfil.

But more: many look to you also for example, and by that means you have a mission to fulfil, quietly, unostentatiously, but most truly. And charity begins at home, and so does your apostolate. Within the walls of your home there are perhaps some seven or eight gathered together, dear to you, dear to God, with immortal souls, to save any one of which our Lord would gladly die afresh. You see them every day, you are a part of their life; you can help them in a hundred ways, and our Lord looks to you to do so, for there is your mission and work, and there shall be your fruit, your service of your King and Lord. It is a work, moreover, so suited to your powers; you can exercise it, whether ill or well, by prayer, by sweetness and kindness, by the force of holy suggestions and loving promptings.—Truth.

IS THE POPE A POLITICAL PUPPET?

But it seems that whenever the Pope is mentioned, every dreamer can give freest play to his imagination. Whenever there is a dearth of news, the daily papers can always drag in the Pope to sustain the interest of their readers.

It is well known that the Holy Father so far has maintained a position of strict neutrality in the war. We may take it that he will remain neutral to the end. But the newspapers put him before us as continually vacillating between the Allies and the Germans. He issues letters that offend the English. He grants interviews that arouse the anger of the Germans. The Belgians are insulted because of his indifference to their woes. The Russians are vexed because he has words of commiseration and comfort for the persecuted Christians of Galicia.

Again, the most intimate family affairs of the Pontiff become food for the news-mongers. The Pope is grieving just now, it is said, over the death of his brother, with whom he had not been on speaking terms for ten years. Another story is that Pope Benedict has incurred the displeasure of his old schoolmates. And so on!

We can conclude from all this that the newspaper correspondents deem nothing too foolish, nothing too intimate, nothing too impudic to say about the Pope. They do not hesitate a moment to cast the basest slurs at his sacred person. They scarcely credit him with the instincts of a gentleman. As a rule, they refuse to communicate the official denials made by the Vatican to these unfounded rumors. And if occasion ally these denials do reach our shores, the publishers of our big daily papers make sure that they are placed in some inconspicuous corner.

Catholics must be very wary about accepting any news which purports to emanate from the Vatican. The Holy See has its own official organ, in which the Supreme Pontiff publishes those things which he wishes the Catholic world to know. And the ecclesiastical authorities of our land will see to it that the Holy Father's wishes and plans are set before the people.

Catholics may rest satisfied that the Holy Father will not compromise the high office he holds by short-sightedness. The Bark of Peter is safe in his hands. Even the storm which is now raging in Europe can not drive it upon the rocks. Already it is beginning to be accepted as a foregone conclusion that the Pope will be the arbiter of the nations at the close of this great war.—The Rosary Magazine.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN

The man who asked, "Will lying ever stop?" received for his answer an emphatic "No." This is particularly true of lying against the Church. It will go on as long as "the father of lies" is permitted, in the province of God, to go about the world "like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." That is, till the crack of doom. Scepticism and falsehood make up the daily food of the opposition to Catholicism and Divine truth has assured us that this opposition, while it will never overcome the Church, still it will never be overcome itself until the last day of reckoning. Fifty years ago in the Protestant Dean Stanley could say in all truth that Protestants (he had in mind Protestants of the better sort) showed appalling ignorance and malice in their dealing with the Catholic Church. They have not changed much since Dean Stanley's day. One is perplexed at times as to what attitude to take towards the slanders and calumnies that are daily vomited from a degenerate press, and we are

at a loss to know just how to neutralize the poison of the foul miasma that rises in dense clouds from conscienceless and venal platforms. Perhaps it might be well to follow the example of the Duke of Norfolk and ignore the foul matter. A recent issue of America relates how the Duke refused to take the chair at a meeting of Catholics assembled to protest against the slanders of a notorious "ex-priest," because, in his opinion, "such a meeting would indicate that his fellow-citizens took this unclean bird seriously." Ah, but it is too often sadly true that many of our fellow-citizens, at least in America, do take such unclean birds seriously. The words of the Duke of Norfolk upon the occasion just mentioned furnish much food for thought for our Protestant fellow-citizens: "It is because I thank God with all my heart," he said, "that in His mercy I am a Catholic; because I glory in belonging to the old faith; because I reverence and love our priesthood as I do, that I decline to be driven to bay by accusations which no decent man would listen to, and no generous man believe. Thank God, two of my sisters are nuns. Thank God, one of my wife's last acts in this world was to found a convent. Am I wrong in thinking that Sheffield would be ashamed that I should have to defend their fair name before my fellow-citizens?"—Truth.



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TRIBUTE TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Rev. W. H. Claggett, a Protestant minister of St. Louis, former president of the University of Texas, as a toast in honor of Mother's Day, observed: "May I pay a tribute to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, which is so true and beautiful that it seems to have come from a Catholic heart devoted to the Immaculate Mother. We reproduce it in full, as follows, from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

"Mother, for whom words never have been, never can be coined, with which to weave the wreath of glory that we would place upon thy brow—mother, by whom God became man, by whom the human race has thus been linked forever to the throne of God—mother, the light of whose eyes was the first light that shone upon the Babe of Bethlehem—mother, whose face was the first face into which the Infant Jesus ever looked—mother, who, alone of all God's servants, angels, archangels, seraphim and cherubim cradled Deity in thine arms, and laid Him on thy bosom and held Him in thy breast—mother, who taught the feet of the Infant Son of God to walk—mother, the first word that the lips of the Babe, that was God and Man, learned to lip—mother, who guided the footsteps of the Son of God, and the son of man, through a spotless youth to a spotless manhood—mother, who followed the Son of God, thy Son, bone of thy bone, and flesh of thy flesh, to the cross, to ignominious death—mother, the first of all the earth to give to the Saviour Jesus, loving ministry as He nestled on thy bosom—mother, the last of all the earth in the thought of the Saviour, Son of God, and Son of Mary, as He hung upon the cross and died—mother, through whom heaven itself was forever changed when the Son of Mary and Son of God, ascended from the cross and took His seat forever upon the throne of God—mother, who, to this sin-cursed world, gave the Infant Jesus, God and Man, who to heaven gave the Lamb of God, Man and God, Who is the light of heaven—mother, standing not beneath the shadow of the cross, but beneath the glory of the throne of God and of the Lamb, that throne now resplendent with the glory with which thy Son has enshrouded it, one and all, we rise up and call thee blessed and place upon thy brow our richest diadem. We crown thee queen of our hearts—we give thee the first place in all of God's creation."—St. Paul Bulletin.

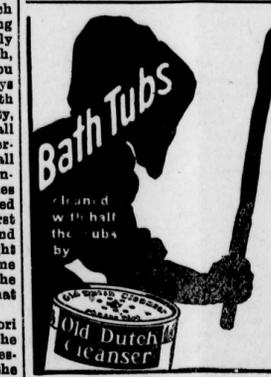
SEES LEERING DEVILS IN FASHION PLATES

Katharine Tynan (Mrs Hinkon), the Irish poetess and prominent writer of Catholic stories, launches a vigorous protest against the new styles in women's clothes. She does not believe that women generally, "who in these great days have proved themselves worthy of their men, who have given their all to the altar of their country, and given it dry-eyed and smiling," will follow the dictates of fashionable dressmakers and adopt costumes such as are exhibited in the fashion plates of women's papers.

Writing in the New Witness, Mrs. Hinkon says:

"We may be proud of our woman as of our men; they are worthy mates and mothers and sisters of heroes. Plainly in these days we see that we are indeed sons and daughters of God. What mockery is it, then, what evil jest, that takes this high moment to present our women in every paper one takes up as not maenads, not bacchantes—for these may be beautiful—but as leering devils? Their attitudes, their figures are those of the cake-walk, the turkey trot and other uncleannesses; their faces wicked as Aubrey Beardsley's night maras, when they are not specimens from an idiot asylum. Are there alien enemies among us drawing these unspeakable creatures, these mannequins on which to show clothes which honest and noble women are supposed to wear?"

The fashions as displayed on these horrors are dreadful enough in



themselves. The flare of day is hardly less hideous than the hobbles of yesterday; but I have seen the hobbles, and doubtless I shall see the flare worn by women so simple and dignified in themselves that they justified their garments.

"Do you suppose that these debased and degraded creatures of the fashion plates may pass into a sort of tradition—for dress has its share in the making of history—of how English women looked in the greatest days for the spirit that has ever fallen?"

"When did this evil thing appear, and who is responsible for it? The ladies' papers in these days are more depressing than ever to those who believe that woman has a soul. They used to be made for the odalisque who was content not to have a soul. No normal woman disdains the arts of dress; but it was only the incurably silly who forgot that life was concerned with the eternal verities and thought only of decking the body. All that seems harmless enough now, when ladies' papers are surely illustrated for the madhouse and from the madhouse."

In conclusion the poetess suggests that these "pictures of creatures half ape, half serpent, who wear the clothes we are supposed to wear to-morrow" are endured without protest only because people are too busy to think about them.—Intermountain Catholic.

WILLA'S STAR IS WANING

"American journals have no kind words for Willa, the Mexican bandit leader, now that the tide of success has turned against him," says the True Voice. Some daring editors have even published an account of his life which makes him appear as worthy of the gallows for his heinous crimes. And this was the man that the press of America lauded only a year ago, as the apostle of liberty for Mexico! What a change!

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1915

THE MAGNA CHARTA

June 15th, 1915, was the seven hundredth anniversary of signing of the Magna Charta by King John.

It is still the keystone of English liberty. All that has since been obtained is little more than an confirmation or commentary.

Thus writes Hallam whose judgments carry the greater weight when we remember that he was the author of the Constitutional History of England.

Commenting further on the Great Charter Hallam says: "An equal distribution of civil rights to all classes of freemen forms the peculiar beauty of the Charter."

But much as is due to the Barons it is not solely, nor even chiefly, to them that we owe the Great Charter of our liberties.

Says Professor Green: (John) returned from defeat (in France) to find the nobles no longer banded together in secret conspiracies, but openly united in a definite claim of liberty and law.

As Primate of England, Cardinal Langton was the recognized spokesman and champion of the people's rights. As a strong and forceful personality, conscious of the duties as well as the dignities of his high office, he might have bearded a tyrant king and "withstood Peter to his face."

THE VERY REV. DENIS O'CONNOR, V. G.

To the scholarly, zealous and capable Rector of St. Peter's Seminary has come a new honor and responsibility. His Lordship Bishop Fallon has just announced to the clergy of the diocese that he has appointed the Reverend Denis O'Connor his Vicar-General.

As St. Peter's Seminary becomes the Alma Mater of an ever growing proportion of the clergy of the Diocese it will be a holy home influence over the lives of its graduates, and a continuous inspiration during post-ordination years to remain ever faithful to the high ideals and generous zeal of the years of preparation for the priesthood.

Picturesque and illuminating are the glimpses we have of life and its conditions at this time in Catholic England.

At a meeting in St. Paul's the great Cardinal so infused the gathering with his own dauntless spirit that he was able to swear every man present to "fight for their liberties, if it were needful, even unto death."

At another secret meeting, under pretense of observing a saint's day, Langton, standing at the altar in the Church of St. Edmund, read the statement of the rights to be demanded from the King. "Then, one by one, in the order of seniority, the Barons advanced to the altar, laid their hands upon it, and swore, each man of them, before the Cardinal, that if these rights were denied they would forswear their fealty to the King and make war upon him until he should sign a charter granting their liberties."

It is unfortunately impossible, here, to do more than indicate how intimately the Catholic Church in those far off times entered into the life of the people and into the civilization and political development of England.

Though happily passing almost entirely from historical scholarship, there is a surprising vitality in the popular and ignorant superstition that the Reformation marks the beginning of the era of personal and civil liberty.

Yet, speaking of the century of England's history which gave us the Magna Charta, Freeman says:

"In the root of the matter in our law and constitution itself those changes have been made which wrought the body politic of England into a shape which has left future ages nothing to do but to improve in detail."

It cannot too often be insisted upon that the liberties which we enjoy, the institutions of which we boast, the constitution in which we glory are all rooted deep and firm in those formative centuries when England was Catholic, when great Churchmen were the great statesmen, when bishops and abbots drawn from the people sat by right amongst the nobles and championed the equal rights of all against the usurpations of classes and the tyranny of kings.

On this 700th anniversary of Magna Charta there is in progress a mightier struggle than that which culminated in wresting from a despotic king the Charter of our liberties; and there is a peculiar similarity in the question that still hangs on the issue of the struggle. Though to the enemy it may now appear that Teutonic civilization is fighting for its life against Slav barbarism and its allies; even the German historian of the future will admit that the question in issue is essentially the same as that decided for England and the English-speaking world in the thirteenth century, and happily preserved through vicissitudes and dangers—none greater than the Reformation and Tudor despotism—to bless half the civilized world to-day.

Now a danger threatens of a different kind but equal in magnitude to Luther's revolt and the despotism of Henry and Elizabeth, God grant that the Catholic foundations of European civilization may yet again withstand the shock, and the nations true to the Catholic traditions of liberty emerge victorious to build again on those foundations broad and deep laid by the United Church before schism and heresy gave birth to the monster of exaggerated nationalism.

It is fitting that the able young Rector of St. Peter's, whose industry and accurate scholarship are known to all, should be brought into that relationship with the whole diocesan clergy which will follow his appointment as Vicar-General of the Diocese of London.

The CATHOLIC RECORD congratulates the Very Rev. Father O'Connor, the clergy and the Bishop of London on this appointment which we feel sure will be greeted by all as most appropriate and most welcome.

THE SCHOOL TEACHERS' SUPERANNUATION ACT

We have before us a copy of the Bill introduced in the last session of the Ontario Legislature respecting the Superannuation of Teachers and Inspectors.

Briefly it proposes to establish a fund for superannuation of teachers from the following sources:

- (1) Every teacher shall contribute two per cent. of total yearly salary received. (2) Every school board shall contribute one per cent. of salary paid to every teacher employed. (3) The Treasurer of Ontario shall out of Consolidated Revenue Fund place to the credit of said Superannuation fund two per cent. of total salaries paid in the province.

Existing local funds are to be merged into the Provincial fund. Provision is made for those who have been employed as teachers or inspectors for forty years or more for a suitable pension, also for those who have been thus employed for fifteen years if physically incapacitated.

In other cases no benefit will be paid until after the expiry of ten years from the date of the passing of the Superannuation Act.

There is no reason at all to doubt that the financial provisions are actually sound and adequate. The Bill defines the term "Teacher" as follows:

"Teacher" shall mean a person qualified according to the regulations of the Department of Education to teach in a public school, separate school, high school or collegiate institute, Provincial, normal or model school or a school to which The Industrial Education Act applies. There is therefore no discrimination against Separate schools nor any exception made in their favor.

Section II. reads thus: If the salary of any teacher or inspector for any year is less than \$550, it shall be taken as being \$550 for the purposes of this Act.

This section would materially and chiefly affect Separate schools staffed by religious teachers. We take it, however, "for the purposes of this Act" means that \$550 would be the basis not only of the assessment of contributions to the Superannuation Fund but also of the distribution of the benefits. It therefore is a matter of little or no importance.

Let, however, undue importance be given to this provision of the Act it may be well to consider the fact that the apparent remuneration—the real salary paid out of school taxes—of religious teachers is not the whole cost of maintaining religious teaching communities. They must be housed and sometimes in other respects provided for either directly or indirectly. The actual salary paid is in no sense adequate remuneration for the services received from the teaching communities; neither is it the full measure of the cost of their maintenance.

But Catholics give these communities something more than money, whether paid directly or indirectly. They give them their best blood, the zealous young women who alone make possible the perpetuation of the religious teaching orders.

Now, also, we have the Christian Brothers. In sympathy, in training, in qualifications they are now of and for Ontario, free to develop along such lines as will meet Ontario's special educational needs. To these are going our brightest boys, our devoted young men, to consecrate their talents, their training, their work and their lives to the great work of Catholic education. There lies our hope to rescue our Separate school system from the danger from which there seems no escape for the Public schools—the feminization of the education of the men of the future.

The interests of our teaching Sisters and Brothers are our interests; they are one, inseparable, identical. Religious teachers as well as lay teachers become incapacitated. They must be maintained, somehow; sometimes at the double cost of re-

taining their services after they have become unfitted for their work.

We are given to understand that the Separate school boards are soon to consider the Superannuation Act. It may be well to point out that the boards pay into this fund one fifth of the total contribution. The Consolidated Revenue Fund to which, of course, Catholics contribute their full quota, pays two fifths.

Should Catholics ask that religious teaching communities be exempted from the operations of the proposed Act there is little doubt that their request would be easily granted. But it would be a penny wise pound foolish request. We should forfeit our share of the fund, but should willy-nilly pay our quota of the two-fifths which is derived from the general revenue of the Province.

It is our firm conviction that it is in the interest of the schools, in the interest of the religious communities, in the interest of the Catholic people that we should bear the burden and share the benefits of the proposed Superannuation Fund.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN

Though not in robust health for some years Archbishop Langevin quite recently appeared to have recovered his old time vigor and energy. The unexpected news, therefore, of his death at the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, on June 15th, came as a shock to his friends both in the East and in the West.

Louis Philippe Adelaire Langevin was born at St. Isidore, Quebec, in 1855 and was educated in Montreal, being raised to the priesthood in 1882. Joining the Oblate Order he became in 1886 Director of the Seminary in Ottawa and Professor of Moral Theology. Transferred to Winnipeg in 1893 he was, on the death of the late Archbishop Taché, appointed to the See of St. Boniface in 1895.

There with his usual energy he worked for his people, and consecrated a magnificent new cathedral in 1908. He succeeded in effecting an arrangement with the Manitoba government which practically restored the rights and privileges with regard to schools in so far as the French-speaking rural parishes were concerned. Many institutions for secondary and higher education testify to his zeal and love for his own people.

With regard to the larger question of Catholic education for the Province of Manitoba he never ceased to protest against the double school tax imposed on the urban Catholic population; and whatever disagreement there may have been as to methods the sincerity of purpose of the late Archbishop was never questioned. Together with his many friends in the East, the scene of his early labors, and with his bereaved people who enjoyed the service of his maturer years, the CATHOLIC RECORD joins in a prayer for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop Langevin.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

The celebration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Jerome's College at Berlin, on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, was one of the most important semi-public events of the year. The College is one of the leading Catholic educational institutions in Ontario, and in the fifty years of its existence has become known far and wide throughout Canada and the United States.

The festivities in connection with the celebration gained particular prominence through the presence of the Papal Delegate, Mgr. P. F. Stagni, from Ottawa, together with the Archbishops and Bishops from Ontario, and hundreds of priests, as well as very many of the Alumni of the College, some of them occupying the highest civil and professional position.

His Excellency the Papal Delegate reached Berlin on Tuesday noon, and in the evening was welcomed to the city by His Worship Mayor Hett. Later on a magnificent display of fireworks was given from the roof of the main college building. On Wednesday the celebration was continued by the solemnization of a Pontifical High Mass in St. Mary's Church, at which Mgr. Kidd of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, preached an eloquent sermon. A Jubilee Banquet in the college for the many guests and the Alumni, brought the festivities to a close. Over three hundred participated in the dinner, and toasts were given for the Pope, the King, and the Alumni and Alma Mater.

"THE GRAVES AT KILMORNA"

This posthumous work of the beloved Canon Sheehan is not a clerical story on the lines of "My New Curate," nor is it a study of social conditions, as is "Miriam Lucas." As is intimated by its sub-title, "A Story of '07," it treats of Irish political movements during the last half of the nineteenth century from the beginning of the Fenian conspiracy down to the introduction of the third Home Rule Bill. It is no condemnation of the book to say quite frankly that it is not in any sense the peer of the author's studies of priestly life. These are in a class apart, and upon them rests Canon Sheehan's chief claim to fame. The present volume, of an altogether different type, is eminently worthy of a place by their side. It has all the Sheehan characteristics, which is the highest praise a reviewer can give it. Those who are interested in the Irish question (and who is not?) will find it full of absorbing interest.

Both Canon Sheehan and Monsignor Benson have shown that an intricate plot is not essential to the making of a capital story. "The Graves at Kilmorna" has no plot worthy of the name. But whereas in Benson's books, although the plot is secondary, there is always a sweet and tender love story, in this book of Canon Sheehan's even the love story is lacking. And yet "The Graves at Kilmorna" is a tale of passionate and undying love, but it is the love of the Gael for the Motherland. The heroes, Myles Cogan and James Halpin, truthful types of the patriots that every generation of Irishmen gives to the Cause, having consecrated every heart throbbing to the service of their native land, have neither time nor thought left to minister at another shrine. It is a moving story of the personal attachment of the Gael to the grey old hills and the green valleys of the motherland. One glimpses in its pages something of that strange magic that this land of sorrows casts upon her children. In this material age it is to wonder and be amazed, and yet one feels the picture is not overdrawn.

The Fenian Brotherhood, as everybody knows, was condemned by the Church as being a secret, oath-bound society. And yet, here from the pen of a Catholic priest we have its apology. Halpin and Cogan, and those associated with them, realized the full that their attempt at revolution had not the smallest chance of success. And yet they felt justified in making the attempt, for the Fenians were not soldiers, but preachers. The old spirit of patriotism was dying out. The people were becoming "indifferent to everything but bread and cheese." "The country is sinking into the sleep of death; and nothing can awake it but the crack of the rifle." They were buoyed up with no false hopes of breaking the connection with England. "We shall rise in rebellion," said Halpin. We shall take out a few hundred poor fellows who couldn't hit a haystack with their rifles; and a few hundred more, who are armed with pikes and blackthorns." "Then, we are nothing short of criminals to drag brave, if ignorant, poor fellows into such a mess."

"But that is not all," said Halpin stoically. Then a strange light came into his eyes. "You and I will be shot. Our bodies will lie stretched out on Irish heather; our blood will have soaked back into our mother's breast. But the very wretches that handled Holloway's bribes last week and saturated themselves with filthy liquor, will take up our lacerated bodies, and weep over them, and carry them down with every honor to our graves; and the women who shouted aloud, or waved their handkerchiefs yesterday, will snip away bits of cloth from our tattered uniforms, and keep them as relics for their children." The political degradation of the people which we shall have preached with our gaping wounds will shame the nation into at least a paroxysm of patriotism once again."

Here, then, from the pen of Canon Sheehan we have the Fenian's apology. They were not soldiers, but preachers, prophets, and martyrs. And it is as such that they must be judged. The "Rising" took place just as Halpin had predicted. Halpin himself was shot after a three hour battle single handed "against the entire forces of the crown, which feat was really performed by O'Neill Crowley at Killooney Wood, near the city of Cork. Cogan was captured, and rotted away the best years of his

life in an English convict prison. In the portrayal of some of these stirring events we see Canon Sheehan at his best. Take, for instance, this picture of Benedictin in Dartmoor Prison. "He was startled to find the Litany of the Blessed Virgin taken up and sung in admirable time by the entire body of convicts. And, as he listened, and heard these poor outcasts, the offscouring of humanity, raising their voices and calling on the 'Morning Star,' and 'The Refuge of Sinners' to pray for them, he realised for the first time the Catholicism of that mighty Church that knows no distinction, nor makes it; but takes all, even the worst of criminals, under its maternal protection, seeing neither the trappings of Kings, nor the vesture of menials; neither the scarlet and ermine of the judge, nor the coarse serge of the criminal—seeing only souls, souls to be gathered through communion with her, into the ranks of the immortal." COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OUR FRIENDS of the Presbyterian have had another bad outbreak of the "Romanism" fever. At least that is what is in the main, respectable organ, has opened its columns to the lucubrations of a militant subscriber upon the encroachments of Rome in Western Canada, especially in the matter of convent education, who raises a warning voice against the "insidious methods of proselytizing work carried on by Romish institutions." "Not by numerical strength," he adds, "but rather through the channels of an astute diplomacy, does she (Rome) hope to succeed in this supreme effort"—and much more to the same effect.

It would perhaps be too much to hope that the reverend editor of the Presbyterian could so efficiently direct himself of hereditary bias to correctly appraise the situation. If he were he could get all the information he required right here in Ontario. The fact that he opens his columns generously to the vapors of what, from his name, we take to be a product of the infamous methods pursued by his own denomination in Montreal and other parts of the neighboring Province, effectually puts any such prospect out of court. But if he were honest enough to look facts in the face he might realize to what extent he is being played upon by the trickster and the adventurer. It is astonishing, at least, that the inconsistency of declaiming with one breath of "waning power of Rome" and with the other, of walling of her unceasing aggressiveness and increasing power, does not dawn upon so astute and cultivated a mind."

A MUCH MORE honest type of Presbyterian utters in the same issue of our contemporary a warning of another sort. His point of view is benighted, but in the light of Presbyterian history logic is certainly on his side. "In Scotland, at the time of the Reformation," he says, "our Presbyterian forefathers set themselves in strong opposition to the places of public worship then existing, and, to mention one matter in detail, destroyed the stained glass windows of the churches." This confession has, at least, the merit of artlessness and honesty, and there are amongst his brethren in the ministry those who will not thank him for it. The general trend of Presbyterian historical scholarship in recent years has been along the line of disclaiming responsibility for the ruthless barbarism and iconoclasm of the sixteenth century—but let that pass. The Rev. Mr. Taylor of Braeside finds in it rather the Kirk's peculiar glory. Knox's savage horde is to him the type and figure of all that is best and most ennobling in the history of his country—a circumstance worthy of a place in the annals of psychology.

MR. TAYLOR'S deduction is that the increasing practice among his brethren now-a-days of reverting to stained-glass windows and other fanciful adornments is pernicious to the extreme. He would away with every species of adornment, with the list o'whistles and every other prelate accessory to the house of God. "Protestantism, and our Presbyterian branch of it," he urges, "should stand for plain, simple, and as much as possible inexpensive places of public worship." That is the standard of the Westminster Confession of Faith and it should not, in this view, be allowed to disappear with dogma and definite conviction. This, no doubt, is the logical view, and according to

Presbyterian antecedents, Mr. Taylor is right. But could he not begin with the travesty of the Mass and other Catholic ceremonies which, in defiance of ordinary decency, Canadian Presbyterianism has adopted in its efforts to deceive the Ruthenians of the North West. Then, he might remove a real reproach from the Presbyterian name.

A THIRD Presbyterian sign of the times! A contributor to the Edinburgh Scotsman, the leading organ of public opinion north of the Tweed, indulges in some woful reflections upon the falling birth rate in Scotland. "Large decrease," he says, "in the number of their baptisms have revealed the steady diminishing of child life in the homes of the churches." This assertion is made upon the strength of a report laid before the General Assembly of the United Free Church, which says: "It is not the question of a decrease in the number of baptisms which calls for earnest consideration, but the fact that the children are not there to baptize. The Church is suffering, and will suffer more, from causes which are prevalent in our social and family life. It is easy to demonstrate, if these continue, baptisms will decrease, our Sabbath schools will diminish more and more, and eventually the membership of the Church be seriously affected."

THIS IS the situation as it is viewed by one branch of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. It should be borne in mind that Presbyterianism is there divided into several rival organizations. There is the Establishment, known as the Kirk, the United Free Church, the "Wee Frees" and several other infinitesimal remnants. But, as appears from recently published figures, all are confronted with this same problem of decreasing membership. Here, for example, are a few tables:

Table with 2 columns: Year, Births/Baptisms. 1908, Scottish births, 133,525, or 29 per 1,000. 1913, Scottish births, 120,549, or 25 per 1,000. In regard to baptisms: 1897, Total births, 125,877. Established Church baptisms, 40,478. United Free Church baptisms, 23,490. 1914. Total births, 123,923. Established Church baptisms, 31,978. United Free Church baptisms, 16,880.

THE ABOVE figures, which we extract from the Edinburgh Catholic Herald, go to show that whilst the total births in Scotland declined by three and four fifth percent, baptism in the Establishment on the one hand decreased by twenty-one per cent. and in the United Free Church on the other by thirty and one fourth per cent. Or, to combine the two it shows that while in 1897 Presbyterian baptisms were 49 per cent. of the total Scottish birthrate, they had in 1914 shrunk to 39 per cent.—a state of affairs that is not unreasonably termed alarming by those most vitally concerned. And—a worse feature—it transpires that this decrease in both births and baptisms has, according to the writer in the Scotsman, "been steadily going on alongside large increases in membership of both churches." Which can only mean that Presbyterian ideals of morality have in recent years undergone a change, and reverence for the married state perceptibly declined.

THAT SOME such conviction has come home to the leaders of Presbyterianism in Scotland is evident from the report on the subject presented to the Free Church Assembly from which these figures are taken. The report says: "In view of the present situation there should be more plain speech on this difficult and delicate subject. Fidelity to mankind and to God appear to demand that the Church should give forth no uncertain voice on the ideal of Christian marriage." "The future of the Scottish race is," says the Scotsman, "at stake, and the clergy must seriously face the question within their own congregations."

IT IS to be hoped that such exhortations will be of service. But one cannot but feel that where the aim and end of a nation is material prosperity, without reference to any supernatural end, and when the Sacramental character of the marriage tie is scoffed at and repudiated the one motive which alone can safeguard the proper end of matrimony is wanting. Materialism has eaten into the very vitals of the Scottish nation, and it will require the most drastic of remedies to cast it forth. A return to the Faith of their fathers

can alone affect this. Where the Catholic Church rules (rules, that is, not merely tolerated) there is no complaint of empty cradles, race suicide, or other abominations.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE RUSSIANS STILL HOLD OUT

From Berlin comes an official statement that during Thursday night and Friday morning the Russian army on the west front of Lemberg, driven back by Von Mackensen, retreated to the prepared positions at Grodek. If the Russians seriously intend to defend the Galician capital, as their magnificent struggle to hold the line of the Dniester on the south front seems to indicate, great battles will be fought next week to the north-east of Grodek. South of that town, which lies seventeen miles due west of Lemberg, two lakes of considerable extent, connected by a river that carries their overflow south to the Dniester, form a natural line of defence that the Austro-German armies are not likely to tackle. A smaller lake extends to the north of Grodek for a few miles, but north of that point it lies open country very lightly wooded, which presents no obstacle to the movement of the vast number of pieces of heavy artillery forming the most effective offensive instrument at Von Mackensen's service.

THE ALLIES IN THE WEST

This renewed French advance in Alsace, after two months of inactivity, is intended to prevent the Germans from concentrating all their reserves in Flanders and northern France to resist the French and British offensives there. A Rotterdam despatch to The London Daily Telegraph and The Globe states that during the nine days the Belgio-Dutch frontier was closed 400,000 German troops passed through Belgium from the eastern front. A huge mass of artillery was also collected, including 200 heavy guns. This great and well-equipped army was undoubtedly assembled to undertake an offensive movement, but during the past three days the troops have been hurried into the trenches for use in defence.

Sir John French announced last night that east of Ypres the British hold all the German first line trenches taken on Wednesday. The second line trenches captured had to be evacuated. The attack at Festubert on the same day was not entirely fruitless. The British failed to hold the trenches taken during the night against a counter attack by the Germans, but in the afternoon they tried again and made a slight advance. "Judging by the number of dead Germans in the trenches entered by us," says the British Commander in Chief, "our artillery fire was very effective. The Germans claim the 'entire destruction of a British attacking force north of La Bassée,' but Sir John French makes no mention of this news, which he assuredly would not have suppressed had any serious disaster occurred.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

First line Austrian and Hungarian troops are appearing in large numbers on the Italian frontier, and General Cadorna has been telling his soldiers that now they will have freedom worthy of their steel. In the Monte Nero operations the Italians on Thursday encountered for the first time some crack battalions on Hungarians hardened by ten months of fighting in the Carpathians. The Italian Alpine troops proved more than a match for the Magyars, and they were put to flight after suffering heavy losses. The bombardment of Goritz, perhaps at the moment the most important of the numerous Italian offensive operations, continued at long intervals. Until Goritz is occupied the Italians will not push their main force on to Trieste.

The Italians are now on the defensive at the head of Lake Garda, in the Trentino. A despatch from Verona says that the Austrians are attacking the Italian troops on both sides of the Adige Valley, one force being based on Mori, the other on Rovereto. The result of the fighting is in doubt. It is clear, however, that the Italians have sent into the Trentino very much smaller forces than are engaged along the Isonzo, and that all they hope to do there is to prevent the Austro-Germans from breaking through to the Italian plain while the major part of Italy's troops are engaged elsewhere.

Major Morsh, a well-known German military critic, pays a high tribute to the fighting qualities of the French and British armies. Both have made great sacrifices of men recently in carrying on offensive movements in the hope of relieving the pressure on the Russians. The French have been the more successful, it would seem, because of their careful preparation for attack, particularly in the massing of artillery and the expenditure of unlimited quantities of ammunition. — Globe Summary, June 19.

Every man must give the world the best that is in him, without fear or hope of reward. The reward of genius is labor, and none other has it a right to seek after.

If a flake of snow will quench a spark of fire, what should be the effect upon the tongues when rests day after day the snow white host of the altar? — F. P. Donnelly, S. J.

THE FIRST MASS IN ONTARIO

CARAGOUHA-LAFONTAINE, AUGUST 12, 1815

"Whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and gave to His disciples, and said: 'Take ye and eat: This is My Body.' And taking the Chalice, He gave to them saying: 'Drink ye all of this: for this is My Blood.—Do this for a commemoration of Me.'"

This was the first Mass in the world, celebrated by the Creator made Man, on the eve of His mortal death, at Jerusalem.

Since then, wherever a priest of Jesus Christ sets foot, an altar is erected on which the Divine Command is fulfilled to the letter: Do this for a commemoration of Me. And it is named The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

On his landing at Otouacha, and after his welcome to the village of Tounouche, on the heights of Panetanguishere, Father Le Caron first missionary of Huronia, was made to understand that the Capital of the Peninsula was a few miles distant, at Caragouha. The latter proved to be a village of about two hundred rather large-sized lodges, inclosed in a triple palisade of wood, thirty six feet high. "Father Le Caron was so delighted to it, every cabin opened, and he was given the choice among the lodges.

The good recollect Priest feared that the curiosity of the natives, and especially of the younger element of the population, would distract him too much from his solitude and prayers. He begged to be allowed the use of a dwelling outside the palisades, where he would be free from domestic turmoil and tire-some visits.

In one day, a cabin was built, made of poles and strips of bark. A few days later, an altar was raised in it, and preparations made for divine worship.

Le Caron had resided there a few days when Samuel de Champlain arrived August 4th; and the Indians witnessing the warm friendship of the great Captain for their missionary, added a second cabin for Champlain. Other Frenchmen and soldiers of the expedition were received hospitably by the Hurons in the common lodges; inside the palisade.

Let us not rave too much over the grand hospitality afforded at the Indian hospitality of Caragouha. The heart of the people was good; but their ways and their food could have been improved upon. "We had only yellow corn," writes Le Caron, "which is a kind of gruel composed of water and the meal of the Indian corn. Meat was so rare with us, that we often passed two months without tasting a bit, unless a small piece of dog, bear or fowl given to us at banquets."

It is from his cabin "outside the wall," of Caragouha, that Father Le Caron went working over souls among the Huron and tobacco tribes. Great conversions were not made, but the savages were prepared generally for the spiritual changes that were to follow in later years at the hands of the De Brebeout and his associates.

During the long vigils spent in his cabin, Le Caron would perfect what knowledge he had acquired of the language, and compile a tolerably correct dictionary which is still existent and treasured as a relic.

An event of more importance to Huronia than the first coming of the White Man, was the First Coming of the God-man in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Father Le Caron had celebrated Mass last in Quebec, on July 19th, the day of his departure for the Huron land. It is not likely that on the journey of 700 miles, he had the spiritual enjoyment of celebrating again, as the surroundings, the Company and the mode of transportation would not favor it. At all events, no mention is made of it in the records.

At Caragouha, in the missionary's lodge, an altar has been raised in the first days, but it had remained deserted and silent. Was Father Le Caron waiting for his friend Champlain to give him the pleasure of being at the first Mass in the country? or were the superstitions of the Red men so contrary that they would not allow at first the adoration and worship of a new God in the land? Champlain writes: On August 12, (1615) the Reverend Father celebrated Holy Mass. And from LeClerg we hear that "Champlain had reached the Huron country in time to assist at the first Mass that Father Joseph had the consolation of celebrating there."

A gala day the 12th of August was at Caragouha that year 1615. The Priest's cabin was too small. Under the canopy of Heaven, with the giant trees bending their green foliage through which was murmuring the morning breeze, the soldiers of France had prepared the place of sacrifice. Attired in their brilliant military dress, Champlain and his aide were there. All the village cabins had been deserted. Warriors, squaws, papooses, all had come and stood at attention for the solemn act.

agouha. There, three hundred years, this 12th of August, God's wishes were filled: "This do in commemoration of Me." God made man was offered by the first white man in the land. This hallowed spot on earth is in the present parish of Lafontaine, Simcoe County, Diocese of Toronto.

The Sacrifice of the Mass is at the same time a renewal and a remembrance of the Sacrifice of the Cross.—For, as often as you shall eat this Bread and drink the Chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He comes." (I. Cor. II.) Missionaries never fail to impress this phase of the Sacrifice upon their neophytes: All merits come from Jesus Christ crucified.

Champlain continues: And the Reverend Father set about erecting a cross near by. This sign of our Redemption was planted with all the solemnity that circumstances could afford: valleys of musketry rent the air, all the while the Hymn of Thanksgiving was chanted for the first time in that barbarous country. "Te Deum Laudamus! we praise Thee, O Lord!"—H. B. Parish Priest.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

THE HORRORS OF GERMAN PRISONS

Three Belgian non-commissioned officers who were taken prisoners at the fall of Antwerp have succeeded in escaping from a military prison at Bergenhusen, in Schleswig Holstein, and have given an account of their experiences to a representative of the Morning Post. How they were treated whilst en route from Malines for Archim in Mecklenburg is thus told:

We were put in cattle trucks, which were ankle-deep in fresh horse-manure. During the journey, which seemed never-ending—it lasted 56 hours—refreshment was twice handed round. It consisted of a slice of bread and butter for each man and a tin of some sort of decoction which was probably intended for coffee, although it did not in the least taste like coffee. The number of men put into each cattle truck varied between 25 and 40. It was midnight when we arrived at Archim, and here, after a wait of about an hour, we were given a panikin of soup made of rice and bran and a small slice of unpalatable bread.

FIRST COMMUNION AT THE FRONT

The Abbe P. Fonteneau, vicar of Saint-Pierre de Cholet, has sent a letter to his cure describing a first Communion at the front, which we summarize:

From this it appears that Lucien Patron, a bright little fellow with the 77th and a general favorite with his comrades, confided to his adjutant that he had not made his first Communion. The adjutant set to work to instruct him in the trenches, and then presented him to the Abbe for examination, which he passed with flying colors. Lucien made his confession, and everything was prepared for the great ceremony to follow. The officers of the regiment gave a cake, and his captain provided a box of dainties. Mass was said at 7 a.m. and a general favorite with his comrades, confided to his adjutant that he had not made his first Communion. The adjutant set to work to instruct him in the trenches, and then presented him to the Abbe for examination, which he passed with flying colors. Lucien made his confession, and everything was prepared for the great ceremony to follow. The officers of the regiment gave a cake, and his captain provided a box of dainties. 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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPER
FIRST SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

"Unless your justice abound more than that of the scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." (Math. v. 20)

The justice and piety of the scribes and Pharisees was false, because it sprang from a wrong motive. It was self-love, rather than a love of God, that made them practice virtue: for they hoped for His glory for themselves, and not for His by their goodness. True piety proceeds from a firm conviction that we are nothing in ourselves, but owe everything to God, and this knowledge leads us to sacrifice everything to Him, and do everything for love of Him.

Frequent consideration of His innumerable and generous benefits tends greatly to make us try to do right and lead a good life. St. Augustine in his intense love of God exclaims with rapture: "I will praise Thee for having created me, when I was nothing; for having enlightened me, when I was in darkness; for having raised me to life, when I was dead, and for having nourished me from my childhood with Thy good gifts."

"I will praise Thee for having created me, when I was nothing." God created us in His goodness and love; our creation added nothing to His glory and happiness, but He called us into being that we might share His glory and happiness, and might rejoice with Him for ever. This is why He bestowed upon man so many excellent faculties and tendencies, and, what is of infinitely more importance, this is why He elevated man to a state of sanctifying grace. "Thou hast crowned me with glory and honor," as the Psalmist exclaimed, empowered by a sense of gratitude. By the redemption man recovered the grace lost in consequence of original sin, and this grace is given to each of us at baptism. God's grace is the crown that He gives us in this life, and we must control ourselves in order to preserve it; by self-control we show our gratitude for our creation and sanctification. If a Christian ceases to exercise self-control and becomes a slave to his passions and desires, he has thrown away the crown that God gave him, and shown himself most ungrateful.

Whenever we think of the benefits conferred upon us in our creation, redemption and sanctification, we should renew our resolution to aim at self-control, without which true virtue and justice are impossible. "I will praise Thee for having enlightened me, when I was in darkness." It is useless to possess the gift of reason unless we use it to recognize truth. Truth is our highest good, for it alone throws light upon the road that leads through this transitory existence into the life where nothing passes away. If God had left our reason unaided, we should never have discovered this road; but He has enlightened us by means of the Light that He sent into the world. We owe Him most heart-felt thanks for the light of faith. True justice cannot exist without his light, and so it is a sacred duty to display our gratitude towards God by doing our best to preserve and increase our faith. To be indifferent in matters of faith is tantamount to being indifferent to virtue and justice.

"I will praise Thee for having raised me to life, when I was dead." St. Augustine was speaking of the death of sin. If we had remained thus dead, all the riches and glory of the world could have availed us nothing; and when God has raised anyone to life from the spiritual life of sin, it behooves him most carefully to avoid and shun all that leads to death. To act otherwise would be base ingratitude.

The justice of the scribes and Pharisees was false because it was only in appearance that they avoided sin; they aimed at concealing their real wickedness from the eyes of men, but cared very little whether their hearts were spiritually dead in God's sight.

Let us strive to avoid sin, not only for the sake of men, but before God. We shall never discharge our duty of gratitude towards Him as long as we are more anxious that men should not know our faults, than that God should not look down upon us with displeasure.

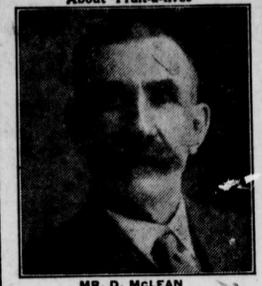
"I will praise Thee for having nourished me from my childhood with Thy good gifts." St. Augustine's words ought to fill us with shame for our habit of forgetting all the good things that God has lavished upon us from our birth onwards, and of grumbling at what troubles that He has sent us. If we were true Christians we should recognize the loving Hand of God even in our troubles. Complaints and discontent are evidence of great ingratitude towards Him.

There can be no real justice and piety where there is impatience, discontent and complaining at what God does. If we want to find out whether we serve Him in the right way, we need only ask ourselves whether we accept whatever He sends us with submissive and contented hearts. As long as we make no progress in acquiring a submissive and contented spirit, our justice is, to say the least, very doubtful.

God who created, redeemed, sanctified and enlightened us, and who raised us from the death of sin, must certainly always desire what is for our good. Therefore let us pray with St. Augustine: "I will praise

WILL WE EVER WALK ON AIR?

Train of Thought Inspired by a Letter About "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. D. McLEAN

Orillia, Ont., Nov. 28th, 1914. "For over two years, I was troubled with Constipation, Drowsiness, Lack of Appetite and Headaches. I tried several medicines, but got no results and my Headaches became more severe. One day I saw your sign which read 'Fruit-a-tives' make you feel like walking on air. This appealed to me, so I decided to try a box. In a very short time, I began to feel better, and now I feel fine. Now I have a good appetite, relish everything I eat, and the Headaches are gone entirely. I cannot say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives', and recommend this pleasant fruit medicine to all my friends." DAN McLEAN.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is daily proving its priceless value in relieving cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble—General Weakness, and Skin Diseases. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

These for having nourished me from my childhood with Thy good gifts." It is easy enough to say these words, but we need God's grace if we are to utter them from the depths of our hearts, being determined that our feeling of gratitude shall manifest itself in a life of gratitude, a life characterized by self-control, faith, loving activity, submission and contentment. Let us implore Almighty God to make us thoroughly perceive the infinite magnitude of His benefits, and also to make us really grateful, so that our hearts may be completely dedicated to Him in our gratitude. With fervent adoration let us pray with St. Augustine: "O my God, reveal to me, wretched creature that I am, how much I ought to love Thee; speak, O Lord, loudly within my heart, and save me."

Open my eyes to Thy light, that I may see and know Thee, and confess Thee with my whole heart. O God, Thou art the life of my soul; through Thee I live, and without Thee I die; Thou art the light of my eyes; through Thee I see, and without Thee I am blind; Thou art the joy of my heart and the gladness of my spirit; make me love Thee with all my heart and all my soul, because Thou hast first loved me. Amen.

TEMPERANCE
THE WORKMAN'S CAUSE
John Burns, the champion of labor in England, has written a book on "Labor and Drink," and in it he addresses solid counsel to the workman. If the laborer only reads it, the kingdom of wisdom will enlarge its boundaries.

After reading the book, we would ask the man of toil, what he thinks of the popular saying: "He is a right good fellow; his only trouble is, he takes a little drop." "Only!"—as if drunkenness could be an independent vice, and not the fruitful parent of a vicious brood. Many and varied are the drunkard's sins. He lays down the cup with "Ah, that tastes well!" We propose that he will wash the whisky down with a cup we will fill. Drink down the tears of your sorrowing mother, and say, "they taste well." Drink down the blood of your broken-hearted wife, and say "it tastes well." Drink down the cup, filled with your own sense of honor, and say "it tastes well." You may say, this is overdrawn. Seek then from those concerned the truth. Let the drunkard ask his mother what has made her eyes red rimmed and bloodshot, and her sigh will give him a wordless though eloquent answer.

Let the drunkard ask his wife, what has pained and furrowed her cheek, and her surprise that he did not know will be a rebuke. Let the drunkard ask his own heart, what has become of his God-given affections, and he will find that the blue flame of alcohol has licked dry the deepest depths of his soul's honor. And all this, for what? Maybe to reach the golden apple of ambition: no, but to kill ambition. Maybe to reach a fortune; no, but to prevent the possibility of ever acquiring one. Maybe to conquer an enemy and feel the gratification arising from a sense of victory; not so, but to deliver himself gagged and bound to the arch-enemy of true manhood and Christian character. He slaughters all his obligations for a glass of rotten liquor, and goes staggering through life, until he falls drunk at the foot of God's judgment seat.

We hope the wise words of John Burns will be read, particularly now

when labor in Europe and America is waging a historic battle, and the character of his allies is carefully studied.—Catholic Columbian.

ALCOHOL VERSUS MARKMANSHIP

The great nations at war have been forced to deal with the liquor problem. Two phases of it have been of the utmost importance—efficiency of men and the civic economy. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer states publicly that intoxicants are a greater menace to England than German arms, is it strange that almost daily the press announces victories for the enemies of alcohol? The difference in efficiency of men when they drink and when they do not is well illustrated by the report of Lieutenant Bengt Boy (Sweden, for 1904), giving the results of tests of marksmanship.

There were three series of thirty shots each. No alcohol was used before the first series and the average number of hits was twenty-three. The evening before the second series two to two and one-half glasses of beer were taken and a like quantity just before firing, with the result that the average number of hits was only ten in the third series no alcohol was used and the average number of hits was twenty-six.

These illustrate the principle, and it is needless to multiply examples, for it is of universal application.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE INACCURACIES OF PASTOR RUSSELL

Pastor Russell is an independent preacher in and at New York City Temple. He is, says the Baltimore Catholic Review, forming his own church, explaining the Bible and history in his own way and antagonizing all churches, Catholic and Protestant; posing as the only truth worth listening to, as the only exponent of truth these many years, finding fault with everything in the teachings and practices of all Christian churches—recognizing no authority save his own in matters of doctrine—a sort of free lance in religion, with no responsibility save to God alone. He makes himself more a Pope than any occupant of the Papal chair in Rome ever did—an autocrat in the realm of spiritual belief. His sermons are syndicated and are published and their publication paid for in nearly all the papers of the country on Monday. We hope it is true that he is a kindly man, but his sermons are tirades, destructive of all existing religious systems that prevail in Christendom.

In the sermon printed last Monday he makes some false statements that it is well not to leave uncontradicted. He says that the Catholic doctrine teaches that the clergy alone constitute the Church and that the common people are the children of the Church; that the members of the Church are the laity and the clergy are the children of the Church as much as the laity or the common people; together clergy and laity form the Church. The clergy are the governing part, the laity the governed—both together make the whole body. We have Federal Government in these United States, and the people are governed. Do not the people make up the American nation as well as the government? Because they are governed, are they any the less part and parcel of the nation? Does the nation consist merely of those who exercise the authority of government and make the laws? These are bound by the same laws and are members of the nation just as the people who are governed. Are children less members of a family though there be a father at the head who governs? The government of the Church is in the hands of the clergy, who, as teachers, and laws they administer. Mr. Russell's idea that the distinction between clergy and laity results in making the Church consist only of the clergy indicates his clearness of mind is defective. It is not the doctrine of the Catholic Church that the common people are not members of the Church.

He says that in the year 800 the Church became the kingdom of God; that Catholics hold that the millennium, or Christ's thousand-year reign, began that year. Catholics believe no such silly trash. He says that the Popes are declared Christ's Vice-regents—reigning instead of Christ. We believe no such thing. The Pope is the visible head of the Church—the real head, though invisible, is Christ. As we believe Christ established a visible society in which all His followers were to be united in the profession of His truth, there must be a visible head. The Pope is Christ's visible representative—somewhat as an ambassador is in the official visible representative in foreign lands of his king and country.

The distinction between the clergy and laity originated long before Pastor Russell thinks. It was observed in apostolic times as an institution of Christ Himself. The powers of preaching and governing were given to the Apostles and not to all the Disciples. The Apostles formed the Church in every city and village and town—laid down the Christian law and taught the Christian doctrine; the Christian communities were composed of converts ruled by the men whom the Apostles appointed. Such conditions have prevailed ever since.

Pastor Russell finds fault with the various titles and honors which are paid or accorded to the clergy; he might as well find fault with the titles and honors allowed to the holders of civil authority and governing power. Perhaps he does; he seems to be rather socialistic. But such fault-finding purile.

The Bishops and priests of the Church are not puffed up with pride as Pastor Russell says they are and have always been. They realize the responsibility that is theirs and are conscious of their duty, and labor to acquit themselves nobly of both. They strive, however, or rather in consequence to be humble and simple, and the Church is not as free from hypocrisy in her clergy as she was in the centuries when persecutions rendered them humble and simple. They have never sought to impress the world and its rulers with their importance. They have humbly presented themselves before both as the "witness of Christ and His truth."

The above are samples of what intellectual and spiritual pabulum Pastor Russell is handing out to the people who go to hear him at New York City Temple. With him his ideas are not the only ones, but the institutions he reviles and the doctrines he misrepresents or falsifies will remain after him.

INADEQUATENESS OF PROTESTANTISM

Some months ago a remarkable book, "The Sociological Value of Christianity," was published in London, from the pen of a non-Catholic, a professor at the University of Geneva. The author becomes a great defender of the Catholic Church from the slanders and misrepresentations placed upon her by hosts of writers. He asks a pertinent question when he writes: "When an adverse judgment is passed on Protestantism the writer who passes it is invariably accused of partiality. When, on the other hand, a writer violently attacks Catholicism, he is held to be an impartial judge. Let him who is able to explain this psychological mystery do so if he can. As for us we are totally indifferent to such criticism. But we repeat that we hold no brief for any form of religion; that we endeavor to judge from an entirely objective point of view; and that we are exclusively concerned with the sociological aspects of the various religious systems."

Surely it is a psychological mystery why any and everybody can attack Catholicity and yet be heralded as an impartial writer. One extract will interest American Catholics. This evidently widely-read author has this to say of our country: "The disease that manifests itself only too clearly in the corruption of the political life of the States, in the economic anarchy, in the disorganization of family life, in the general prevalence of materialism and mammonolatry—this disease needs radical cure. Protestantism has been unable to prevent the development and the quieting spread of the social disease we have noticed, and which threatens to undermine the fabric of American society unless it be arrested in time. Based on the quickness of subjective, lacking in authority as to the discipline, it is due to a more rational formula for obtaining individual satisfaction—how is Protestantism to undertake so formidable a task as that of socializing a great nation?"—Truth.

CHRISTIAN UNITY

In spite of the lax views that prevail in the minds of many non-Catholics as to the means for unity amongst Christians, we observe from time to time a tendency on their part to get together. A great conference is projected to take place this year, and instead of being discouraged by the distracted condition of Europe its promoters are rather encouraged, "for" say they, "just now the horrors of war are turning the attention of the world to the need of stronger bonds of brotherhood among men."

Methodists of the north, and those of the south who were separated by the civil war seem to be on the point of coming together; the various branches of Lutheranism are more tolerant of one another than they have been in the past; and whilst some Presbyterians have gone into court rather than acquiesce in a union of the various divisions of Presbyterianism, there is at least a desire to reunite; and this desire is not contradicted by the action of the General Assembly in reading the act of its membership. If Unity is to mean anything it must mean oneness with regard to belief in the person of Christ, in His Virgin Birth, and in His Saving Grace; and as the Seminary did not insist on the universally accepted belief of Christians on these points by its students, it could not expect to be held in esteem by the body to which all Presbyterians look for guidance.

Catholics of course believe that unity is not only desirable, but possible and it is the prayer of our Lord is to be realized, necessary; they sympathize with every movement which will bring before the minds of men the sad havoc wrought by division among Christians; and prominent bishops and Cardinals are viewing with interest the great con-

ference for Unity for which non-Catholics are planning and praying, but we take the liberty of saying that Christian Unity is a bigger question than it is assumed to be by those who are trying to bring it about. One thing is certain, He who orders all things sweetly and does all things well, will in His own good time bring about that Unity for which He so fervently prayed; and we can help the matter along by banishing all bitterness from our hearts, by kindly instruction, and by assurance that, when the time comes to get together in the one fold, the Church will make to the national prejudices and tastes of her wayward children every concession that will not involve contradiction or self-stultification, and the recent conversion of the Rev. Mr. Farmer who realized in his missionary experience in China the heathen world with a united message, shows that others besides Catholics are thinking on these lines.—Southern Guardian.

A SUPERSTITIOUS FAKE

The New World of Chicago tells about a medal, with an imprint of a motor car upon it, which is supposed to render the wearer immune to automobile accidents. This liberal promise, if not backed by ecclesiastical authority, has behind it, our contemporary dryly remarks, the authority of some manufacturer of ecclesiastical goods. Of course, the medal is a superstitious fake; and no Catholic of intelligence will be deceived into wearing it or siding in its distribution. All such unauthorized pietistic articles are religiously ruinous.—Sacred Heart Review.

Stammerers

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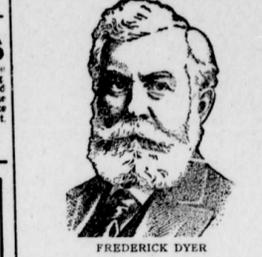
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Recipe to Stop Dandruff
This Home Made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth

To a half pint of water add:
Bay Rum..... 1 oz.
Orfex Compound..... a small box
Glycerine..... 1 oz.
These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any drugstore at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases. Although it is not dry, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A MAN'S MOTHER

Your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side, fighting as a woman must fight. She worked, not the eight or ten-hour day of the union, but the twenty-four hour day of the poor wife and mother. She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs. She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph. She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on. She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked. She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed of your clothes before your fellows. Remember this now while there is yet time, while she is yet living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all.—Ex.

WORDS FOR YOUNG MEN

1. Never indulge the notion that you have any absolute right to choose the sphere or circumstances in which you are to put forth your powers; but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you. 2. We live in a real, and a solid, and a truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham, and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is, at the best, painted lies. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality. 3. The nobility of life is work. We are living in a working world. The lazy and idle man does not count in the plan of campaign. "My father worketh, hitherto and I work." Let that text be enough. 4. Never forget St. Paul's sentence, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." This is the steam of the social machine. 5. But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is always a balance of forces, and all extremes are dangerous. 6. "Do one thing well. Make a whole thing at one time." Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing, do it, and be done with it.—The Missionary.

DAWDLING

An over-worked young man is certainly not to be grudging the pleasure of once in a while thoroughly un-hitching and enjoying the delights of laziness. If only he finds, in proper time, the way back to well-ordered life! Unluckily this return is often hindered by a serious misunderstanding: on the one side he sees only the refreshing gratification of all his desires, humors, and inclinations—on the other side stands, dark and joyless, the categorical imperative of duty threatening, like a foreign power, to subjugate him more and more. But life is short—therefore let us have a good time and enjoy ourselves as long as possible: "Yet is the blooming golden time—yet are the days of roses." The error consists in the mistaken notion that only an unhampered

sway of one's impulses means personal life and that all rigorous restraint and strict husbandry of time is an alien law—the extinction of personal liberty. As a matter of fact, "blooming golden time" is found wherever the will of man is engaged in forceful and persevering activity: personal life means a victorious advance of the mind against the power of exterior things, a triumph of character over circumstances and accidents and over the resistance of body and nerves. Hence there is nothing which so essentially belongs to the realization of personal life as a determined fight against all dawdling lethargy and aimless waste of time. That a strict apportionment of time is also demanded by one's duty and responsibility, is a consideration apart; for the present we are bringing home to ourselves how sleepiness and contingencies is a mark of declining life and not of youthful vigor. To wage war against interior sluggishness is the true glory of a young man, and for such warfare self-chosen tasks offer the finest opportunity, precisely because they are the fruit of personal initiative and not the result of pushing tutelage. Take as much recreation as you please—but attack your work always with the whole man, subdue your indolent self as a rider does his stubborn horse, while at your task fight against all superficiality and fickleness, against that dawdling in the midst of work which is almost more fatal to the will power than complete laziness! You will experience that such strenuous attitude of your character against dawdling means a real cure for your vital force, and that, as a consequence, more youthful vigor will radiate from you than from the whole collection of anaerobic holiday songs!—Southern Guardian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BOY MARTYR OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Oh, Mother, won't you let all the stories, this month be about Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament? said Betty, the day after her first Holy Communion. "Yes, Betty dear, I was just waiting for you to ask for that. You can't learn too much about the love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and how He has filled the hearts of some of His children with love for Him. Now that you have joined the rest of our family in the practice of daily Communion, we are going to let all the stories this month relate to the Blessed Sacrament. To-day, we will listen to that beautiful story told by Cardinal Newman in his book, "Fabiola," about a little altar boy of the second or third century. But here are Newman's own words: "Beautiful and bright dawned the morning of the day on which a band of martyrs were to be led forth to the Flavian amphitheatre, there to offer up their lives to God in the arena. The Christians had made arrangements for the conveyance of the Blessed Eucharist to the martyrs in their prison to strengthen and console them as they went forth to face the fury of the beasts. To carry the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of Rome was a difficult and dangerous undertaking,

especially on the morning of the games, when the fierce passions of the populace were more than ever roused against the Christians. Who was to undertake the task? The Blessed Sacrament had been consecrated, and the priest turned round from the altar on which it was placed, to see who would be its safest bearer. Before any other could step forward the young acolyte Tarcisus knelt at his feet. With his hands extended before him, ready to receive the Sacred Deposit, with a countenance beautiful in its lovely innocence as an angel's, he seemed to entreat for preference and even to claim it. "Thou art too young, my child," said the kind priest, filled with admiration of the picture before him. "My youth, holy father, will be my best protection. Oh! I do not refuse me this great honor." The tears glistened in the boy's eyes, and his cheeks glowed with a modest emotion, as he spoke these words. He stretched forth his hands eagerly, and his entreaty was so full of fervor and courage that the plea was irresistible. The priest took the Divine Mysteries, wrapped up carefully in a linen cloth, then in an outer covering, and put them on his palms, saying: "Remember, Tarcisus, what a treasure is entrusted to thy feeble care. Avoid public places as thou goest along; and remember that holy things must not be delivered to dogs, nor pearls be cast before swine. They will keep safely God's sacred gifts." "I will rather die than betray them," answered the holy youth as he folded the heavenly trust in the bosom of his tunic, and with cheerful reverence started on his journey. There was a gravity beyond the usual expression of his years stamped on his countenance as he tripped lightly along the streets, avoiding equally the more public and the too low thoroughfares. As he was approaching the door of a large mansion, his mistress, a rich lady without children, saw him coming, and was struck with his beauty and sweetness as, with arms folded on his breast, he was hastening on. "Stay one moment, dear child," she said, putting herself in his way; "tall me thy name, and where do thy parents live?" "I am Tarcisus, an orphan boy," he replied, looking up smilingly; "and I have no home save one which it might be displeasing to thee to hear."

"Then come into my house and rest! I wish to speak to thee. Oh, that I had a child like thee!" "Not now, noble lady, not now. I have entrusted to me a most solemn and sacred duty, and I must not tarry a moment in its performance." "Then promise to come to me to-morrow; this is my house." "If I am alive I will," answered the boy with a kindled look, which made him appear to her as a messenger from a higher sphere. She watched him a long time, and after some deliberation determined to follow him. Soon, however, she heard a tumult, with horrid cries, which made her pause on her way, until they had ceased, when she went on again. In the meantime, Tarcisus, with his thoughts fixed on better things than her inheritance, hastened on, and shortly came to an open space, where boys just escaped from school were beginning to play. "We just want one to make up the game; where shall we get him?" said the leader. "Capital!" exclaimed another, "here comes Tarcisus, whom I have not seen for an age. He used to be an excellent hand at all sports. Come, Tarcisus," he added, stopping him and seizing him by his arm. "Whither so fast? Take a part in our game; that's a good fellow." "I can't, Fabiola, now; I really can't; I am going on business of great importance." "But you shall," exclaimed the first speaker, a strong and bullying youth, laying hold of him. "I will have no sulking when I want anything done; so come, join us at once." "I entreat you," said the poor boy, feelingly, "do let me go." "No such thing," replied the other. "What is that you seem to be carrying so carefully in your bosom? Give it to me, and I will put it by safely while we play." And he snatched at the Sacred Deposit in his breast. "Never," answered the child, looking up towards heaven. "I will see it," insisted the other rudely; "I will know what it is, this wonderful secret." And he commenced pulling him roughly about. A crowd of men from the neighborhood soon got round; and asked eagerly what was the matter. They saw a boy who, with folded arms, seemed endowed with a supernatural strength, as he resisted every effort of one much bigger and stronger to make him reveal what he was bearing. Cuffs, pulls, blows, kicks, seemed to have no effect. He bore them all without a murmur, or an attempt to retaliate; but he unflinchingly kept his purpose. "What is it? What can it be?" one began to ask the other. Fulvius chanced to pass by. He at once recognized Tarcisus, having seen him at the ordination; and being asked, as a better dressed man than the same, he replied contemptuously, as he turned on his heel: "What is it? Why, only a Christian ass, bearing the Mysteries."

This was enough. Fulvius knew well the effect of his words. Heathen curiosity to see the Mysteries of the Christians, and to insult them, was aroused, and a general demand was made to Tarcisus to yield up his charge. "Never with life," was the reply. A heavy blow nearly stunned him, while the blood flowed from the

wound. Another and another followed, till, covered with bruises, but with arms crossed fast upon his breast, he fell heavily on the ground. The mob closed upon him, and were just seizing him to tear open his sacred holy trust, when they felt themselves pushed aside, right and left, by some giant strength. Some went reeling to the further side of the square, others were spun round and round, they knew not how, till they fell where they were, and the rest retired before a tall, athletic officer, who was the author of this overthrow. He had no sooner cleared the ground, than he was on his knees and, with tears in his eyes, raised up the bruised and fainting boy as tenderly as a mother could have done, and in most gentle tones asked him: "Are you much hurt, Tarcisus?" "Never mind me, Quadratus," answered he, opening his eyes with a smile; "but I am carrying the Divine Mysteries; take care of them." The soldier raised the boy in his arms with tenfold reverence, as if bearing not merely the sweet victim of a youthful sacrifice, a martyr's relics, but the very King and Lord of Martyrs, and the Divine Victim of eternal salvation. The child's head leaned in confidence on the stout soldier's neck, but his arms and hands never left their watchful custody of the confided Gifts; and his gallant bearing set no weight in the hallowed double burden which he carried. No one stepped him, till a lady met him, and stared amazedly at him. She drew near and looked closer at what he carried. "Is it possible?" she exclaimed in terror, "is that Tarcisus, whom I met a few moments ago, so fair and lovely? Who can have done this?" "Madam," replied Quadratus, "they have murdered him because he was a Christian."

The lady looked for an instant at the child's countenance. He opened his eyes upon her, smiled, and exclaimed: "From that look came the light of faith; she hastened to be a Christian likewise." The venerable Dionysius could hardly set his eyes upon the child's hands, and took from his bosom unviolated the Holy of Holies, and he thought he looked more like an angel now, sleeping the martyr's slumber, than he did when living, scarcely an hour before. Quadratus himself bore him to the cemetery of Callistus, where he was buried amidst the admiration of older believers; and later the holy Pope Damasus composed for him an epitaph, which no one can read without concluding that the belief in the Real Presence and sacred duty, and I must not tarry a moment in its performance." "Then promise to come to me to-morrow; this is my house." "If I am alive I will," answered the boy with a kindled look, which made him appear to her as a messenger from a higher sphere. She watched him a long time, and after some deliberation determined to follow him. Soon, however, she heard a tumult, with horrid cries, which made her pause on her way, until they had ceased, when she went on again. In the meantime, Tarcisus, with his thoughts fixed on better things than her inheritance, hastened on, and shortly came to an open space, where boys just escaped from school were beginning to play. "We just want one to make up the game; where shall we get him?" said the leader. "Capital!" exclaimed another, "here comes Tarcisus, whom I have not seen for an age. He used to be an excellent hand at all sports. Come, Tarcisus," he added, stopping him and seizing him by his arm. "Whither so fast? Take a part in our game; that's a good fellow." "I can't, Fabiola, now; I really can't; I am going on business of great importance." "But you shall," exclaimed the first speaker, a strong and bullying youth, laying hold of him. "I will have no sulking when I want anything done; so come, join us at once." "I entreat you," said the poor boy, feelingly, "do let me go." "No such thing," replied the other. "What is that you seem to be carrying so carefully in your bosom? Give it to me, and I will put it by safely while we play." And he snatched at the Sacred Deposit in his breast. "Never," answered the child, looking up towards heaven. "I will see it," insisted the other rudely; "I will know what it is, this wonderful secret." And he commenced pulling him roughly about. A crowd of men from the neighborhood soon got round; and asked eagerly what was the matter. They saw a boy who, with folded arms, seemed endowed with a supernatural strength, as he resisted every effort of one much bigger and stronger to make him reveal what he was bearing. Cuffs, pulls, blows, kicks, seemed to have no effect. He bore them all without a murmur, or an attempt to retaliate; but he unflinchingly kept his purpose. "What is it? What can it be?" one began to ask the other. Fulvius chanced to pass by. He at once recognized Tarcisus, having seen him at the ordination; and being asked, as a better dressed man than the same, he replied contemptuously, as he turned on his heel: "What is it? Why, only a Christian ass, bearing the Mysteries."

STUDY YOUR CATECHISM

As the hot season is at our doors, we are naturally thinking, at least many of us, about a vacation, that necessitates in most instances some travel. Then we are picturing the company of fellow tourists in the cars and meeting those who are continually talking about religion. The Catholic Church will come up for discussion. Not a few will be engaged in conversation who have at their fingers' ends the common stock of arguments and objections against our holy faith. It may be well to know the best way of acting under such circumstances. Good advice upon this subject is offered by a Catholic writer. He says: "Do not get obligations mixed. We have no warrant to defend persons in order to establish principles. The argument proving religion true, and besides would make the conversation endless. There is a whole heaven of difference between principles and persons. The rectitude or malice of the one is far apart from the truth or falsehood of the other. Pin down to the principles of faith; you can smile for an hour and a half at the objections urged against them. You may be always certain that they are misrepresentations or humbug, more ridiculous to a Catholic than they could be to a truth or infidel. Hold to simple truths. Only error clouds an issue with words. Only falsehood is a tangle in itself and a maze in its expression. It will take you some time before you get your adversary to announce himself correctly, and do not begin until he does that. No matter what he ends with make him commence with the dictionary. The great mistake a Catholic often makes is to begin in the second period of a discussion to assail one who is constantly shifting his ground, changing the original subject, and not knowing where he is at, or the purpose of his speech. Don't hurry! Truth does not need you, nor haste to assert itself. Be calm! Be kind! You may not be as clever as the preacher who, when asked, why does a priest wear a dog collar, retorted: "To distinguish him from the cur that asked the question." You may not be eloquent in giving a reason for your faith, but you will be forceful if true, and truth after all, has an inherent beauty and goodness that will ever charm to win a mind or soul. It's plain expression yields sublime results. Ever remember that the enemies of our faith are mere guzzlers of words,

glittering nothings that like soap bubbles vanish before the breath of logic." That is good advice. The best is to study your catechism and be imbued with its truths. That will suffice for the heretic, the schismatic, the unbeliever and agnostic.—Intermountain Catholic.

THIS MUST BE REMEMBERED

This is again the time when Catholic parents must shut their ears to the plea of the grammar school graduate that he would sooner go to work than to high school. There should not be a question as to what course to follow unless extreme poverty bars the thought of a higher education. It must be borne in mind that every day leaves to the youth of half an education fewer chances in life. Just because the boy has no ambition to become a priest, lawyer or doctor, is no reason why he should not be sent to a secondary school. The consequent training begets new ambitions and ideals. Engineering, pedagogy and sociology are but a few of the vocations of life that reveal their possibilities and enchantment only to the student who goes beyond the mere elements of knowledge. This is without a doubt the day of the young man. Every course in life is open to him and will give him chances and distinctions which yesterday were withheld for the man of maturer years. If your son is to share in the glorious deeds of to-morrow he must be sent into the ring equipped for the struggle. Nor should his immature mind be permitted to determine when his equipment is complete. On the other hand, with the Catholic parent there should be no question as to the school most suited to his children's need. There is but one, the Catholic college and academy.—New World.

NOT THE MONARCHY BUT THE CHURCH

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, writing in the Dublin Review, expresses disagreement with a writer in the Fortnightly Review who maintains that it was the Monarchy that kept together and developed the modern currents of civilization. In the opinion of Mr. Belloc it was not the Monarchy but the Church that was the great constructive and conservative force in the development of our modern civilization. Under the caption: "The Entry into the Dark Ages," he says: "All other civilizations save ours have snerized or have died. Ours in a perpetual change has preserved its identity and has proved unceasingly vital. The institution which preserved it, the institution which performed the continuous miracle of creation within the European body is not the Monarchy—that only held the rudder. The institution that vitalized was the Church. In this connection the opinion of President Wilson is of interest. In an address at Lakewood, N. J., he said: "Every chancellor in Europe, every court in Europe was ruled by those learned, trained and accomplished men, the priesthood of that great and then dominant Church. No society is renewed from the top; every society is renewed from the bottom. I can give you an illustration concerning that, that has always interested me profoundly. The only reason the Government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic systems which governed them, was that the men who were efficient instruments of Government—most of the officials of the Government—the men who were efficient—were drawn from the Church, from that great body which was then the only Church, that body which we now distinguish from other church bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church, then as now was a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest so obscure that he might not become the Pope of Christendom. So, what kept Government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of sap from the bottom, from the ranks, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the open channels of the Roman Catholic priesthood."—Truth.

CENTENARY OF ST. COLUMBANUS

This year occurs the thirteenth centenary of St. Columbanus, the great Irish saint whose memory is honored in the Italian hill-town of Bobbio, where he has a magnificent shrine. Five years ago this shrine was visited by Cardinal Logue who desired in recalling the glories of his past traditions to revive the national Irish pilgrimage to St. Columbanus. His Eminence, who has a great devotion to the saint, has now created and brought into being a new Irish Catholic society to be known as the Knights of St. Columbanus. It will be based on the same principles as the celebrated American order of the Knights of Columbus and indeed the founders have been in communication with the latter regarding their constitution. So well is the movement going already that a meeting of the general council was held in Belfast a few days ago when a most satisfactory report was put in, showing that several branches were in course of formation. It is hoped to hold a grand annual reunion in some part of Ireland, and the first will take place this year in November. When the war is over and conditions are once more settled, the knights hope to lead a grand Irish national pilgrimage to Bobbio to pay homage to the great saint.—Church Progress.

AMERICAN RELIEF OF BELGIUM A SUCCESS

No phase of the war has meant more to American reputation than the work of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium. Herbert C. Hoover, head of the commission, an American mining engineer, has given the world a new conception of what executive ability means. For the first time in the world's history, American brains have made possible the feeding of an entire destitute nation. Gifford Pinchot paid this tribute to the efforts being made in Belgium and Northern France. "For the first time in the history of the war," said Mr. Pinchot, "a whole nation of 7,000,000 people in Belgium, to say nothing of 7,000,000 more in France, are being fed because they cannot feed themselves. It is a marvelous achievement. Grain is brought into Belgium by canal from Rotterdam. It is taken to the docks, where the agents of the commission arrange for the distribution of the food to the committees located in each province. The grain and other supplies are given to bakers and provision merchants, and it is seen that they reach only Belgians entitled to receive it.—True Voice.

PREPARING FOR EMERGENCIES

Replying to a letter of two senators asking what arrangements had been made for military chaplains in case of mobilization, the Italian Minister for War has explained that priests who are liable for military service are selected for the spiritual assistance of the men and that in addition to those a list is being kept of all priests who have offered their services to this end, and those services will be accepted if need arises. The direction of the Catholic Action in Rome has, on the same subject, mobilization, made arrangements for its members to take their share in the "civil mobilization"—that is the replacing of civil servants who are called to the colors.—Church Progress.

MEMORIALS OF SACRIFICE

It is neither a superficial nor a materialistic view of religious activity which measures faith and zeal by the material monuments they rear. Most Catholic temples, at least, are the memorials of sacrifice, and sacrifice is the fine flower of the Christian life, the last and unanswerable argument for its sincerity. Even the poet Heine, himself half a pagan, saw this truth when he exclaimed at the sight of one of the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages—"Ah, men in those days had convictions! Now they have only opinions."—The Catholic Universe.

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THE C. M. B. A.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:—Will you please allow me space in your paper in order to convey my thanks as a member of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association to our supreme Medical Examiner, Dr. Ryan, for the valuable information contained in his letter in your issue of May 8th, 1915, it being the first explanation or information the members received direct from the executive since this agitation began? Now as a member of the Association of fifteen years standing I am going to take the liberty to ask for some more information pertaining to the C. M. B. A. Society as I think the executive is the proper source from which the members should get their information. Now the doctor tells us that from the year 1904 until the year 1914, 2,444 deaths occurred in the Society and the Society paid their beneficiaries \$3,575,000 in death claims. Now if the doctor had told the members the amount received in assessments during that period of ten years and if it was less than the amount paid out it would convince the members at once that higher rates were required but if it was \$200,000 more than the amount paid out in that period, which I can only assume it was, it should alarm any cause for alarm with the actuary or the executive as to a sudden collapse of the Society. Now I would like some information as to the doctor's proportioning of Mr. Sutherland's insurance policy or rather the lien on his policy. Now the doctor assesses Mr. Sutherland with \$192 for inadequate assessments of his own which will make him actuarially solvent by placing him in the N.F.C. rate. Now this I presume will be the arrangement for all Mr. Sutherland's colleagues who are still living and who were members prior to 1907. Now if Mr. Sutherland is made actuarially solvent by taxing his policy \$192 for inadequate payment and all his colleagues are made solvent by the same process, now future members with the N. F. C. rate in force will be solvent and provide their own insurance. All the deceased members claims are paid. If such is the condition will the actuary or the doctor tell the members when and where they will apply the \$522 which the doctor taxes Mr. Sutherland's policy with for the inadequate payments of deceased members? It has been stated by some and admitted by some that the Society sold insurance too cheap. Now Mr. Sutherland got his apparently \$192 too cheap. Now Mr. Sutherland might pay the \$192, but the management says no, the other fellow that died got \$352 worth of insurance more than he paid for, you have got to pay that. Now just a question or two in regard to the imaginary deficit. If ignored with the N. F. C. rate in force and we maintain our present membership, when would the deficit become effective? Could we have what would be properly called a deficit when the Society is both debtor and creditor, each member is a per capita debtor and a per capita creditor? Now as a per capita debtor I owe a per capita share of the deficit and as a per capita creditor a per capita share is due me. Now as to the remarks of a former member writing in the CATHOLIC RECORD on this subject as to the lapsing of old members to the extent of \$4,000,000, if such should happen, either circumstantially or intentionally, would it affect the rate required to be assessed on the members still remaining in the Society? Now I have just one more question to ask our Supreme Medical Examiner. I see in his letter where he states the folly of putting off re-adjustment or making an inadequate adjustment must be at once apparent. The survivors must pay the price with compound interest. Now the question I ask is who are the survivors? Is the man who goes into the Society to-morrow or the man who went in yesterday, a survivor? Or is just the members who were in the Society prior to 1907? I think if the Grand Council would consent to give the members the privilege of a convention they could pacify the members and justify their action which I don't think they can do in any other way. I very much approve of the suggestion of Mr. O'Reilly in his communication in the CATHOLIC RECORD of substituting a convention now for one to be held a year hence and as it would not increase the expense any and as this is one of the most important matters that could come before a convention, or probably ever will again come before a convention of the C.M.B.A., I think it should be considered. Respectfully yours, JOHN GLEESON, Treas. Br. 303, Napanee.

CANADIAN EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has just issued a Pastoral letter to the Clergy of his diocese dealing with the coming Canadian Eucharistic Congress to be held in Montreal on July 18th, 14th, 15th, proximo. The Pastoral outlines the full programme of the proceedings and commends the Priests Eucharistic League, which celebrates its silver Jubilee this very year, the Congress being organized under the special auspices of that well known association. His Grace also recalls the last Congress of a similar nature held in Rome in 1913, when eight Cardinals, one hundred Archbishops and Bishops, one hundred and eighty

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Diocesan Directors and with them several thousand priests, to numberless ecclesiastics from the Eternal City, took part in the deliberations. Whilst the coming event in Montreal may not have the splendor of the Roman Assembly, it is expected that the attendance of clergy from all over Canada will be very large, it being the express desire of the Holy Father Pope Benedict XV, expressed in his Special Brief that this be the Congress of the Canadian priests. Dealing with the welcome that awaits the delegates in his Metropolitan City, Archbishop Bruchesi remarks: "We consider it a great favor and a still greater honor, that our episcopal city is to receive the bishops and priests of Canada at a Eucharistic Congress. We may assure them that they will find amongst us the same cordial welcome as in our Congress of 1910. It is our wish that the faithful participate, to a certain extent, on the homage to be rendered to the Blessed Sacrament during these days of grace. On Wednesday evening therefore, there will be solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in all the churches of Montreal, preceded by a sermon on the Holy Eucharist. On Thursday morning all the faithful are urged to assist at Mass and to receive Holy Communion.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM AND ITS EFFICIENCY

"There is now too much in the school curriculum. The days are so full and the pace is so fast that the children necessarily suffer, to say nothing of the strain on the teacher." The criticism proceeds from the vice principal of a Milwaukee public school, one of a delegation that waited upon a board committee the other day to protest against the introduction of "Art Studies" into the course of instruction. The testimony offered by the delegation was not reassuring. The teachers said that eighth grade pupils were not able to spell ordinary words or to do simple sums in arithmetic. Had the charge been brought against our parochial schools we should not have been surprised. It is so ancient, in this connection, as to be almost moth eaten. For many years our Protestant friends have held up, with the solemnity born of deep conviction, that the Catholic schools teach little else but the Catechism, which is all right in its way—but! (Superior smiles and shoulder shrugs.)

Are their assertions borne out by facts? In an address delivered not long ago at Yale University, Prof. George Wharton Pepper, one of Pennsylvania's most eminent non-Catholic lawyers, said, "There is no doubt in my mind that the Roman Catholics have the finest system of teaching possible." Mr. Pepper went on to say, which is, of course, the crucial point, that the reason for its excellence lay in its association of religious with mental training.

That the young people turned out by our Catholic educational institutions, both primary and secondary, are well able to take their places alongside others has been established beyond dispute. For several years past first honors in the great municipal spelling been held in the city of Brooklyn have been carried off by parochial school children. That our boys and girls are equally efficient in later years is evidenced by the number of them in public life and the still greater number of them who, although unknown and unnoticed, help to make up the solid backbone of our nation. It is worth considering by our Catholic parents, especially such of them as may be tempted, in the education of their children, to sacrifice upon altars of expediency or social ambition.—New World.

Take the crucifix in your hand and ask yourselves whether this is the religion of the soft, easy, worldly, luxurious days in which we live; whether the crucifix does not teach you a lesson of mortification, of self-denial, of crucifixion of the flesh.—Cardinal Manning.

DUTCH PILGRIMS PRAY FOR PHAEO

Holland has organized a big pilgrimage to the celebrated shrine of Our Lady at Halle to pray for the peace of Europe. This immense demonstration of Catholic Holland took place on May 25. In addition to pilgrims from all parts of Holland, the Belgian refugees at Rymondan-Neod joined the procession to Ter Neod.

This pilgrimage is not the only sign of the wonderful increase of the faith in Holland of recent years. Churches and missions are springing up everywhere. Some days ago the Bishop of Haarlem consecrated a new church which has been erected at Beverwyk, a small town of the northern part of Holland with a population of some three thousand eight hundred and fifty seven souls. Another new church is now under construction at Wanssum, which will be consecrated next July by Mgr. Schryvan, and more are in course of erection.—Church Progress.

ALEXANDRA A CATHOLIC?

A remarkable and unmolested procession was that held recently, when a great concourse of the French and Belgian refugees of London marched from the Convent of Adoration Reparatrice, Chelsea, which stands on the site of the garden of England's martyred Chancellor, Blessed Thomas More, to the Convent of Perpetual Adoration the other side of Hyde Park, which occupies the historic site of Tyburn gallows on which the martyrs suffered.

There were hymns and prayers in French along the route of the procession, the intention being for the Allies victory, the fallen, and a lasting peace. Both communities, being French, extended a hearty welcome to the refugees taking part, and, beside the candle which always burns at Tyburn for King George, burnt one for King Albert.

By the way, it is said the Archbishop of Canterbury and all his

forces have been brought to bear on Queen Alexandra to prevent her publicly embracing the Catholic faith.—Church Progress.

NEW BOOKS

"The Mad Knight," A merry tale for young people. By K. Denvir. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 35 cts. "Like Unto a Merchant." By Mary Agatha Gray. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$1.35 net.

TEACHERS WANTED

ONE TEACHER, GENTLEMAN OR LADY, wanted as principal and one assistant lady teacher for the R. C. Separate School, N. S. No. 3 (Greenwood and Brent, Chesham, Ont. Holding 1st or 2nd class Normal professional certificates, stating salary per annum, experience and references. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1915. Applications will be received up to July 27th, 1915, addressed to M. M. Schutter, Secy-Treas., Chesham, Ont. 1914-5

WANTED SCHOOL TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school section No. 9, Dover Township, Kent County. One holding a first or second class certificate, who can teach English and French. Duties to commence after summer vacation. Salary \$500 per year. Apply A. Cadotte, R. R. No. 1, Dover Centre, Ont. 1914-5

WANTED FOR C. S. S. NO. 1 STANLEY Professional teacher, Salary \$450 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1915. Apply to E. J. Gelinas, Sec. Treas., R. R. 2, Zurich, 1914-5

TEACHERS WANTED, HOLDING FIRST OR 2nd class certificates for Catholic school, Fort William, Ont. Salary \$500 per year. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply to G. F. Smith, Sec., 114 Stimpson street, Fort William, Ont. 1914-5

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER, FOR primary school in Town of Webbwood school, Kindergarten training preferred. Salary \$350 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1915. Apply to Frank Meagher, Sec.-Treas., R. R. No. 6, Markdale, Ont. 1914-5

TEACHER WANTED, FOR CATHOLIC Separate School, Section No. 5, Glenora, Grey Co., Ont., holding first or second class normal certificate. Duties to commence September 1st, 1915. State salary, experience and references. Apply to Frank Meagher, Sec.-Treas., R. R. No. 6, Markdale, Ont. 1914-5

WANTED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school Section No. 3, Hiddell, One holding a first or second class certificate. Duties to commence after summer vacation. Salary \$350. Small attendance. Apply stating experience to Joseph McLaughlin, Box 105, Lucan, Ont. 1914-5

FEMALE CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR Separate school Section No. 3 A, Malden. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Based near school. State qualification and salary. To S. Boufford, Sec. Treas., North Malden, Ont. 1914-5

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