

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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THE MOTHER

Like the cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful to and fro—
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below—
Hangs the green earth, swinging,
turning,
Jarlless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.
And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry and cannot rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.
O great heart of God! Whose loving
Can not hindered be nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love which, all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.
—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

RENE BAZIN ON THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

THE AIM OF THE GOVERNMENT HAS AT LAST AROUSED THE OLDEST DAUGHTER OF THE CHURCH

The struggle which ended in the separation of Church and State, commenced in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Since then the great aim of the government has been to de-Christianize France. A contract, to be beneficent, requires good faith on both sides. Otherwise it becomes a weapon of injustice and oppression. As such it was repeatedly used by the government. Before the separation of Church and State the Church in France was supported by an endowment of 35,000,000 francs, largely made up of bequests. All this was confiscated. Scripture tells us that the tempter offering Our Lord the riches of the world if He would fall down and adore him. The French government offered good livings to the clergy accepting and giving the new organization made by the government.

The example of fidelity of the French clergy to the Church and to its head, the Roman Pontiff, has been a matter of admiration for the whole world. Yet those who knew the French clergy were not surprised. The people of France, too, were not wanting in generosity.

ORGANIZATIONS FORMED

Organizations were formed by the Bishop to receive and distribute the alms of the faithful for the support of religion. The stipend of a cure before the separation law had been the munificent sum of 900 francs or \$180 a year. After the spoliation the Bishop of a poor mountainous diocese told his clergy that he could not give them more than 500 francs or \$100 a year, unless he sacrificed certain charitable works. "Monsieur," said the old cure to the Bishop, "we are accustomed to poverty and can live on little, give us 500 francs and continue the good works." In a small village near the eastern frontier a young girl one evening brought the priest 25 francs as a contribution for a new chalice. She was a poor seamstress and had worked far into the night to earn this money. The priest hesitated to accept it, saying that he was giving what she needed for herself. "If we waited to give until we can give what we do not need, we could never give," answered this generous young girl.

The rich are generous, too. A lady, very simply dressed, used to visit almost every day the great basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre in Paris, which has been built with the offerings of the faithful throughout France, as an act of atonement to God. The lady was very friendly with one of the beadles. One day she told him that it troubled her to see the part above the high altar so dark, and wanted to know what was intended to be put there when funds should allow it. The beadle did not know. But a few days later he was ready with the information. "Ah, Madam, what they mean to put there is something that will cost more than you or I could pay for. That dark place is going to be covered with beautiful mosaics which will throw golden light on the monstrance at benediction. But it will cost 500,000 francs (\$100,000), and it will be many a day before that sum is available." When Monsieur Amette was in Rome last year to receive the Cardinal's hat a Paris solicitor telegraphed that a lady had deposited 500,000 francs with him to pay for the mosaics above the high altar of Montmartre. She did not give her name, and only the words Marie Josephine were to be put at the foot of the mosaic.

The government has confiscated the churches, and where the municipality is anti-religious it lets them fall into ruin for want of repairs. They often refuse to repair them even when Catholics offer to pay for them, but at the side of these churches in ruins there rise up new

churches built from the voluntary contributions of the faithful. Thus within the last seven years there have been built twenty-four churches in twenty-four new parishes of Paris, besides twenty-five auxiliary chapels, and these churches and chapels are filled with worshippers.

NEW CHURCHES

There are parts of France where the work of anti-religious propaganda has penetrated even into rural districts but there are many others where everyone goes to Mass on a Sunday and where no one misses his Easter duties. A gentleman was talking to a country woman, when presently she closed her eyes for a few moments. "You are sleepy, madam," he remarked. "Oh, no, sir," was the answer; "I was only thinking of God."

An Atlantic liner was leaving for America when a cross about fifty centimetres long and thirty centimetres broad was brought to the captain by a man. "My son," he said, "was kitchen boy in the Titanic—will you lower the cross into the sea over the spot of the disaster?" It was done.

FREE SCHOOLS

All over France free schools, "ecoles libres," have been built and are being maintained by the Church out of the alms of the faithful. In these the children receive a sound religious instruction. The clergy are indefatigable in the zeal. Cardinal Amette, a few months ago, told an abbe that he was going to send him as cure to a certain village. "But, Your Eminence, there is no church in the place," said the abbe. "Precisely, but you will build one in time," rejoined the Cardinal. "But there is no presbytery." "Never mind; you will live in lodgings." The abbe's astonishment was complete when he heard there was not even a congregation. "It is precisely to get that, that I am sending you," said the Cardinal. The cure went, provided with a portable altar. He hired rooms, in the best of which he put up the altar, and then nailed a notice on the door. Now he has a church, a school, and a fervent congregation.

A DISTRICT TRANSFORMED

Near one of the gates of Paris lived a population of ragpickers, street vendors and persons of low repute. A zealous priest has quite transformed these people. The district now counts three churches, has a Catholic school, meetings and guilds of all kinds.

A short time ago the lecturer was asked to write an appeal in the paper for a new church which was to be dedicated to Jeanne d'Arc, and which was to cost 600,000 francs. On the next day he was told not to trouble to write the article. "But why?" he asked in astonishment. "Because we have the money already," was the explanation. A workman had come to the cure beaming all over. He said he had just inherited 2,000 francs (\$400), and that he had brought half of it for Jeanne d'Arc. Needless to say the sum was not accepted. Since the expulsion of the orders and the closing of the seminaries the death of priests has of course been felt, but vocations for the priesthood are again on the increase. A boy of fifteen one day informed his father that he wished to be a priest. The father said nothing till the evening. Then he called his son and said: "Years ago the life of a priest was not so hard as it is now. Then I should not have given you my consent; but now the Church is persecuted, you may go."

The lecturer spoke of an anarchist who had become a fervent Catholic. "I am afraid, my friend, you have much to bear from your former comrades," the illustrious author said to him. "Certainly, monsieur," he said, "then I use this weapon," he said, drawing the rosary from his pocket.

THE CHURCH IN NEWFOUNDLAND

St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 11, 1913.

Dear Mr. Editor.—As it is now over a year since I had the pleasure of submitting anything for publication in your esteemed paper, I propose to say a few words, inspired by an article in your last issue, quoting an extract from the *Seminary Bulletin*, dealing with the magnificent collection made up by the Catholics of London diocese in response to Bishop Fallon's call for assistance.

In the Pastoral of our own beloved Archbishop, a paragraph appeared deploring the great want of priests in this diocese and intimating that some seven or eight students were being prepared for this holy office at considerable expense in foreign colleges. As we had never had any seminary fund, this expense was perforce thrust on the shoulders of the Archbishop and it was his intention to ask all the priests to set apart some special Sunday to take up a collection to defray, at least in part, this expense.

As a preface to the sermon on Ash Wednesday he explained to the congregation, that in all large cities, the Catholic diocese was not complete without a seminary for the education of those young men who might

have a vocation for the priesthood but who were unable to meet the heavy financial strain of being educated in Rome or America for this purpose. He intimated that the expense this year was about \$1,000 and he would be very pleased if that sum were realized to reimburse him. Anything over and above that amount would be set aside as a basis for the erection of a building equipped for the care of about six or eight students, adjoining the present ecclesiastical structures, and under the management of a couple of the priests.

The first Sunday in Lent was appointed for St. John's parish, and the different Catholic societies were despatched to look after the collecting. These were the Knights of Columbus, the Star of the Sea Association, the Total Abstinence, Mechanics' and Benevolent Irish Societies, each of whom collected at one Mass in the different churches, and in this parish alone the very acceptable sum of \$1,700 was raised.

In comparison with your figures, Mr. Editor, this does not seem very much, but when you remember that our numbers are much less, and our proportionate financial strain much heavier, you will readily admit that here, too, are found children of the Church, as loyal and warm-hearted as may be found in any part of the world. Only a couple of months before this, did they subscribe over \$4,000 for the Christian Brothers in the very worthy cause of religious education, while only two weeks previous to that, another \$4,000 was realized for the Church Repair fund at a bazaar for that purpose.

Indeed I might say that our beloved Archbishop has only to express his needs, and instantly, all extenuating circumstances notwithstanding, the necessary amount is raised. The parishioners of course are not expecting praise for actions of this nature, but it will do no harm to Catholicity in general to have it shown to the world at large just to what extent Catholics believe in, and appreciate that love of God, and loyalty to Church that dominates their every action and renders them strong allies of God's chosen ministers to carry on the propagation of the holy faith.

This Lenten season we are to have a mission, conducted by visiting priests of the Redemptorist order, and with your permission, I shall offer a few remarks about the same for the benefit of your many readers in other places than Newfoundland, after the services are over, when we shall be better able to summarize some of the many great benefits that are bound to accrue from same.

J. J. LACEY

PIUS X. DECORATES EDITORS OF THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

New York, February 11.—Cardinal Farley received yesterday from Pope Pius X. the medal "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" an important decoration, to be bestowed upon the board of editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia. The medal was instituted by Pope Leo XIII. in 1888 in memory of his golden sacerdotal jubilee, and was made a permanent distinction in 1898. Its object is to reward those who in a general way deserve well of the Church and its head. The medal is of gold, silver or bronze.

The board of editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia consists of Charles G. Herbermann, Ph. D., LL. D., professor of Latin language and literature at the College of the City of New York; Very Rev. Edward A. Pace, Ph. D., D. D., professor of philosophy at the Catholic University in Washington; Conde B. Pallen, Ph. D., LL. D., of New Rochelle; Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., rector of the Catholic University, Washington, and the Rev. J. J. Wynne, S. J.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

St. John's, Nfld., Daily News, Jan. 29 (non-Catholic)

During the past three months a cowardly slander on the Knights of Columbus organization has been imported from abroad, and has been widely disseminated throughout Newfoundland. The very savagery of the wording of the alleged "oath" in itself should be sufficient evidence of its falsity. Among the Knights are men whose record is unblemished; whose charity is proverbial; and whose humanity and tolerance have done much to bury, we had hoped for ever, the sectarian stripes of bygone generations. As Christian men, as gentlemen and as citizens, their feelings must have been harrowed and outraged by the knowledge that not alone their honor but their very civilization was being held up to question and scorn. By his plain and unqualified statement in this morning's issue, Advocate Fenelon, speaking on behalf of the Knights of Columbus with admirable self-control, in language almost more courteous and generous than the intolerable character of the slander warrants, has effectually disposed of this matter. Who may be responsible for the introduction, printing and circulation of this "blasphemous

and horrible travesty," in Newfoundland we neither know, nor wish to know; but should the parties responsible be discovered, the Knights of Columbus will have a very obvious duty to perform in the public interests as well as their own, and in their vindication at the hands of Justice they will have the cordial and sympathetic support of all who believe in the principles of civil and religious liberty as exemplified by the doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

DEATH OF A SISTER OF POPE PIUS X.

"GOD'S WILL BE DONE," SAID THE BEREAVED PONTIFF WHEN TOLD OF THE DEATH OF ROSA SARTO, AGED SEVENTY-SEVEN

Rome, February 11.—Rosa Sarto, a sister of His Holiness Pope Pius X., who suffered a stroke of paralysis several days ago, died to-day, aged seventy-seven years, in her apartment, a short distance from the Vatican. Throughout her illness the mind of the venerable lady remained clear, and yesterday when the Holy Father telephoned his blessing to her, she said she felt that he was near her and that she could die in peace. To-day, when the Holy Father divined from the look on the face of his secretary that there was bad news, he bowed his head and said: "God's will be done." Though it was evident he was deeply moved, the Pontiff bore up well and spent the afternoon in his private chapel reciting prayers for the repose of the soul of his dead sister. Later on His Holiness was visited by his two surviving sisters and niece, whom he consoled.

Dr. Amici, who attended Rosa Sarto, says he found His Holiness greatly relieved after the visit of the other sisters and niece. The Pope said the visit made him feel that he was not alone in the world, but he will miss Rosa dreadfully, as she was with him for fifty years, and was like a second mother to him.

The Holy Father's three unmarried sisters, Maria, Rosa and Anna Sarto, kept house for him from his parish priestly days until he was elected to the Chair of Peter and became the "Prisoner of the Vatican." Soon after the election of the Pontiff two of his sisters came to Rome and took up their residence with Angelo Sarto, the Pope's nephew, in an apartment house on the Corso Victor Emmanuel. There they have been passing the years, within ten minutes' walk of the Apostolic palace, visiting their august brother in his moments of leisure, protected from adventurers and interviewers by an experienced Roman woman whom the Pope provided as chaperon.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE GYVES OF BIGOTRY

A few days ago I had to wait an hour or so in the library of an acquaintance and amused myself by looking over his books. It was a choice collection. There were many of the pseudo-learned variety that enjoyed a robust reputation in evangelical circles fifty years ago. The Rollo books were there, and fifty enough shy Maria Monk stood next to Jerry McAuley. There were hymn books and Scripture lessons galore.

Finally I gravitated to a palanquin of bound magazines on the lower shelf. They were of the vintage of the sixties. To a reader accustomed to the excellent illustrations and admirable letterpress of the cheapest current magazines, these veterans were curious. The type was so small, the illustrations so execrable, the stories so dead, dull, the essays so heavy, that I realized why there was no such thing as neurasthenia in the spacious days of the Civil War. One hour's perusal of one of these tomes would send the most nervous patient into deep sleep. But the special characteristic of these somber volumes was their wealth of ignorance and unblinking confidence with which it was set forth. Wendell Phillips said of O'Connell that the ocean of his philanthropy knew no shore.

The range of stupidity, prejudice and inherited mendacity displayed in these ancient monthlies impressed me like an outlook on the Desert of Sahara. I thought of the children who had read the books in that case, who had imbibed their ideas of history and religion from that Ananias-like collection and I wondered how a Catholic managed to exist among people reared on such mental papulum.

I have often pondered this problem; where New England Protestants accumulated the encyclopaedia mass of misinformation they have about history, religion and transatlantic customs. That bookcase went far to solve it. Two generations of Americans, who doubtless would have admitted bashfully that they were well educated, had absorbed that congeries of malicious nonsense in the blissful delusion that they were "improving their minds" and acquiring information. There were some facts in the volumes, some articles so technical that the writers would not easily go wrong.

Even now we encounter the foolish mistakes in magazines, even as the hawk-eyed reporter stated in a journal a few years ago that Cardinal Satolli had a thurible at his head.

But the stalwart writers in the bound volumes scorned any such accidental errors. Wherever the Catholic Church or any of her minions or any land under her sway was in question, no quarter was given. No blue pencil could have done any good. Warp and woof the articles were all wrong and self-justified in their wrong-doing beyond description.

Professor James remarked of a certain Harvard student that "what time he could spare from the neglect of his studies he devoted to the adornment of his person." It seemed that these writers devoted what time they could spare from the neglect of original sources to the acquisition of recalcitrant historic lies. With what a conquering air they marshaled the tattered demagogues of authorities; Robertson, Hume, D'Aubigne, Burkhardt and their ilk.

From time to time without rhyme or reason, as some brother rises in prayer-meeting to "testify," there would come forth from the type in Methodist whine a ranting and swashbuckling eulogy of Huss, Zwingle, Bruno, Wyclif, Luther, Calvin. It made little difference who the hero was; his praises were sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." To meet an extract like this in the midst of a description of Italy or France was somewhat of a shock. But it was the rule. Any clothespin was good enough for alleged dirty Popish linen.

And unreservedly! When I was a youngster and differed forcibly from some small Protestant in dogmatics, I was often startled at the volume and odor of the abuse that poured forth from childish lips. I used to ask myself why their parents let them hear or read such evil. Well, I found it all in black and white in that old bookcase. I have heard some plain speaking in my time, but I admit the stories printed for the edification of small Protestants regarding the Church amazed me. I understood at last where my small controversialists obtained their ammunition.

That was only one old bookcase in a country town. There were thousands of such libraries in New England half a century ago and this was the type of literature little boys and girls were brought up on. They talk of Irish hedge-schools, of the ignorance of some of the foreigners being admitted to this country!

Well, ignorance is negative, but those luckless wights were brought up on a diet of mendacity and slander. Every particle of information they gained was sifted through those precious, carefully edited volumes. Their text books, their reading were censored in a manner to put a Russian official to shame. They were tied hand and foot; they were not allowed to see or hear a word that favored or even was fair to the Catholic Church. I know of no case of mental deformity worse than this.

Fellow Catholics, be patient with your Protestant neighbors. They have been in the dark a long time and have been told some very bad stories. When you feel like making a hot retort, think of that book case, of Maria Monk and Jerry McAuley, and the bound volumes of that magazine and reflect that in nine cases out of ten your acquaintance obtained his ideas of history and religion from some such source. The gyves of bigotry are only just now rusting off the limbs of the children of the Puritans. Be patient with them.—The Christian Year.

A METHODIST MINISTER'S TESTIMONY

The Rev. J. B. Hemmion, a Methodist minister of Wolfville, N. S., is quoted as saying: "It is a strange and lamentable fact that not one Protestant in ten thousand knows the truth about the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church. Many do not know that there was any Christian Church from the first or second century, until the Reformation, or for about a thousand four hundred years. And they believe that there was then, virtually, a new revelation.

"When a person of common-sense wishes to obtain information about anything, whether political, religious, scientific, or it matters not what it may be, he goes to headquarters for authentic information—never to those who seek to destroy, or who are the enemies of, that which he wishes to study. Not one Protestant in thousands ever seeks information concerning the Catholic Church from Catholic sources.

"The history of Christianity, from the apostles to the fifteenth century, is not taught in any Protestant theological seminary nor anywhere else among Protestants, so far as I know. Now it is possessed by Protestants. I have never seen nor heard of such work, except in Germany.

Protestants never think of such a thing as reading Catholic books or periodicals or anything that 'smells of Rome.' I never did; and yet I was, of all men, not a bigot. It is an in-born and fostered prejudice of many generations. But this is not all. Not only are Protestants absolutely

ignorant of Catholic teaching, practice, and history, but they generally believe a distorted caricature and call it 'Romanism.'"

All of which is quite true, and, coming from a Protestant minister, very striking, says the *Ave Maria*. If only non-Catholics would seek information about the Church from those who belong to it! "An open confession," he said, "is good for the soul." We hope Mr. Hemmion will derive the highest and fullest benefit from his honest, outspoken testimony.—Freeman's Journal.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

GOVERNOR SULZER OF NEW YORK COMMENDS THEIR EDUCATIONAL WORK AS AN IMPORTANT AGENCY IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP

At the twenty-second annual banquet of the Christian Brothers' Academy Alumni Association of Albany, New York, held on January 21, Governor Sulzer of that State paid a glowing tribute to the value of the educational work done by the Christian Brothers, praised the founder of their Order, and commended the efforts made by his successors on behalf of a higher civilization and better citizenship.

He said in part: "It is a great pleasure for me to be here to-night. I regret exceedingly that, on account of a previous engagement, I cannot remain only a short while. I would like to remain to the end for the Christian Brothers have long been dear friends of mine. I want to congratulate my friend, Brother Arator, on all he has done and is doing for the good of education, for whatever is done for a better civilization, I say that a teacher is the greatest man in the world and I say so advisedly. When you get that to your head you will grasp what the Christian Brothers have done for civilization for the past three centuries and a quarter. Whoever is a teacher is doing greater work than the statesman and the soldier. I come here to-night to pay a tribute to teachers. Teachers make the world go on and grow greater and grander. All that there is in civilization the world owes to the teachers.

"More than three centuries ago there trod upon this earth a great man—De La Salle. He was a myriad-minded individual. He saw into the future clearly and unerringly. He was a teacher, traveller, and explorer, and he left his impress upon two hemispheres. He founded this order and its class of work. All honor and glory to De La Salle, for what he did and for his disciples who are going on with his work. I have prided myself for lack of prejudice except against wrong and wrong-doers. I have no race and no religious prejudice and any man who can live for fifty years and prove this has not lived in vain. Many years ago I met a great man, Brother Justin. He did many things well and they were good. He taught me some good things which I will never forget and I have tried to teach them to others.

"For fifty years there has been a struggle on the hill in New York legislature at Albany to pass a simple and honest bill, and for fifty years the bill could not be passed. It was called the freedom of worship bill. Brother Justin spoke to me about it and I promised him I would introduce it, and not stop fighting for it until it became a law. It gave rise to much hue and cry, but if any one attempted to repeal it to-day it would cause hues and cries a thousand times greater. The bill allowed a man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. The bill is now upon the statute books and strange to say Virginia and Maryland are the only two other States in the Union whose statute books carry the freedom of worship law. Brother Justin had more to do with the passing of the bill in the State. It is a matter of congratulation to all that the work of the Christian Brothers meets with the approbation of all fair-minded men. No greater tribute can be paid to progress and Christian civilization."

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ignorant of Catholic teaching, practice, and history, but they generally believe a distorted caricature and call it 'Romanism.'"

CATHOLIC NOTES

Miss Catherine Semmes, granddaughter of Admiral Semmes, C. S. N., has followed her sister, Myra, into the convent of St. Cecilia, Nashville, Tenn.

The editor of the Catholic Banner of Las Cruces, New Mexico, is William Hill Sloan, a convert Episcopalian minister, who as such laboured in Mexico for forty years, where he built several churches. In 1908 he became a Catholic.

The American College, Rome, will shortly become the possessor of a magnificent portrait in oils of the late Archbishop Ryan, the gift of a non-Catholic, Mr. Morris L. Clothier, of the firm of Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia.

It has been arranged that the new Mikado of Japan will come to Rome and pay a visit to the Pope in May next. His interview with His Holiness will be an event of more than ordinary importance, in view of the great progress which Catholicity is making in the Island Empire.

One thousand three hundred and one converts to the faith are credited to the zeal of the Jesuit Fathers of the Missouri province during the year just closed. Of this number nearly half is claimed by the Chicago community, and sixty-eight names make up the list of the St. Louis' Fathers.

In order to give practical expression to the pleasure which he has derived from the fact that the Catholic Encyclopedia has been completed, and to his appreciation of its excellence in every particular, His Holiness Pope Pius X. intends to confer high honours upon the members of the board of editors, says a Catholic Press Association cable from Rome.

Cardinal Gibbons in a recent letter to the Baltimore Anti-Saloon League, says: "I believe that, for their own protection, children should be taught the scientific facts respecting the effect of alcohol upon the human system; and I heartily approve, as something tending to make such instruction more vital, the offer of prizes on a large scale throughout the schools of Baltimore for the best essays upon this subject written by children in grades where such instruction is given."

Including postulants, there are in the United States to-day more than 56,000 nuns. They conduct 700 academies for girls, 285 orphan asylums, 100 homes for the aged, 300 hospitals and several hundred insane and founding asylums, protectories, reformatories, parish schools, etc., in the country. The first body of nuns to establish themselves in America were the English Carmelites, a small band of whom came from Holland in 1790.

It may be of interest to know that in Edinburgh, Scotland, there is a Catholic missionary society devoted to the sending out of medical missionaries to India. The idea originated in America and a Catholic doctor from the United States brought it to Edinburgh sixty years ago. It was at once adopted and has spread all over the hill in Scotland, Ireland and even to the Continent. There are now 350 medical missionaries, and even a larger number of men and some thousands of trained nurses.

On Saturday, January 11, at the convent on Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Roxbury, Mass., Miss Helen Dwight, daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Dwight, of Boston, received the habit of the Carmelite Order, together with the name of Sister Teresita of the Child Jesus. Another daughter of Dr. Dwight has recently joined the nuns of the Cenacle in New York; and two other daughters are Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. A daughter of Dr. James Dwight has joined the nursing Sisters of the Little Company of Mary in Chicago.

Sister Mary Burns, superioress of St. Vincent's Orphanage, Mill Hill, London, who died recently, was the fourth of five daughters born to Mr. and Mrs. James Burns, founder of the firm of Burns & Oates. Mr. Burns submitted to the Catholic Church a year or two after Cardinal Newman had joined the fold. In less than a month his wife followed him, and was baptized with her five daughters. She lived to see all these take the religious habit, and she herself, with four of them became an Ursuline nun. Her only son became a priest.

It is reported that the Rev. Felix A. Rosetti, S. J., and Prof. Thomas Powers, both of the chemistry department of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, are the discoverers of a serum that is said to have cured several cases of exterior cancer. They have been collaborating two years to perfect the serum, which resulted from their belief in the theory that cancer is a blood disease. "We have not succeeded in finding the germ which causes the disease," said Father Rosetti, "but we have found an injection which eliminates the cancer bacilli from the blood, at least in all cases we have encountered up to date."

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

THE EIGHTH JURYMANS TALE

MR. TIBBET O'LEARY, THE CURIOUS

CHAPTER I - CONTINUED

"That is true, Tom," said his master, "she told me that it would be to my own injury. Now were any other interests at stake, I wouldn't for the world—but as it can injure no one but myself—come along, you must assist me in this awful inquiry."

They entered the room in which lay the remains of the poor lady. Mr. O'Leary's mind filled with the story of Geoffrey Gunn, which had occupied his thoughts since he first heard it, a great deal oftener than he would have wished Mrs. O'Leary to suspect.

Having excluded, on different pretexts, every other individual, they proceeded to the task of removing the head-dress. A cold perspiration already stood on Nash's brow as he lent his aid in the investigation, holding the candle in his hand, while his master, with a countenance expressing the most horrible anticipations, examined the mysterious head-dress. Imagine his amusement, when he disclosed to view—

At this instant, some gravel was thrown from without against the window of the jury room. Almost all started, as if they held the chain of a galvanic battery, so highly were their nerves excited by the situation into which the eighth jurymans had brought his principle characters.

"Who can that be?" cried a juror. The foreman arose and lifted up the window. "Who's there?" he asked after a pause.

"'Tis nobody, only myself, your honor," replied a well known voice from below. "I'm come to know if your honors are done with the bottles and things."

Nothing could more clearly demonstrate the feeble nature of all human gratitude, than the effect which this announcement produced in the jury-room. All the good offices and merits of the poor oysterman seemed forgotten in the general burst of indignation, which arose at his interrupting the story in so critical a juncture.

"Tell the fellow to be hanged," cried one. "Twould be a good deed," cried another, "to break one of his bottles upon his own head."

"Give the scoundrel his glasses, and send him about his business," exclaimed a third. The foreman, who as chairman, preserved the greatest degree of moderation, here interposed and caused the line of handkerchiefs to be once more lowered for the basket, observing that in a world where so much intellectuality passed without any apprehension whatever, it was rather hard to make much account of what was purely accidental. The oysterman being satisfied, the eighth jurymans resumed his tale.

Gentlemen, said he, I fear after all this indignation, that you will be much disappointed at the conclusion of my story. All that Mr. O'Leary discovered on removing the awful head-dress, was, that the fine hair of which he had so often expressed an enthusiastic admiration, was only his wife's by purchase. The good lady had no more than the average quantity of features, and less than the average quantity of hair, and sharing the weakness of the lady, who on a like occasion, charged her handmaid to—

—give her cheek a little red! she feared that it should be known, even after her death, that she was indebted for almost her only personal attraction to—a wig.

The eighth juror having concluded his story, there was a general call for his song; which, in order to avoid the forfeit, he gave, after a little hesitation, as follows:

"Tis, it is the Shannon's stream, Brightly glancing, brightly glancing, See, oh see the ruddy beam Upon its waters dancing! Thus returned from travel vain, Years of exile, years of pain, To see old Shannon's face again, Oh the bliss entrancing! Hail, our own majestic stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own beloved river!

Fling thy rocky portals wide, Western ocean, western ocean Bend ye hills on either side, In solemn deep devotion, While before the rising gales, On his heaving surface sails, Half the wealth of Erin's vales, With undulating motion, Hail, our own beloved stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own majestic river!

On thy bosom deep and wide, Noble river, lordly river, Royal navies safe might ride, Green Erin's lovely river! Proud upon thy banks to dwell, Let me ring ambition's knell, Lured by Hope's illusive spell Again to wander, never. Hail, our own romantic stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own majestic river!

Let me, from thy placid course, Gentle river, mighty river, Draw such truth of silent force,

As a sophist uttered never. Thus, like thee, unchanging still, With tranquil breast, and ordered will,

My heaven appointed course fulfill, Undeviating ever! Hail our own majestic stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own delightful river!

It was acknowledged by all that the eighth juror had acquitted himself of the conditions laid down in the beginning of the evening; on which the next in order was called upon to try whether it might be in his power to lay claim to the same good fortune.

THE NINTH JURYMANS TALE

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL

Gentlemen, said the ninth Juror, I should have at once to pay my forfeit with good grace (for I never charged my memory with anything like a story) but for an accident which I will relate to you, as an appropriate preface to my tale.

In the course of last autumn, it happened that business called me for the first time in my life, to visit the city of Paris. If any one of the company had had either the good or bad fortune, as the case may have been, to see that celebrated capital, he must have observed to his great perplexity, perhaps and grief, that the houses in some of the streets are numbered in so irregular a manner, that it is often a matter of no little difficulty to ascertain an address, however minute a note may have taken of it on leaving home. It was in such a state of mind, that I was picking my steps to and fro, on a dirty November morning, in the Rue de la Harpe, one of the dirtiest thoroughfares of the arrondissement to which it belongs, being led by my classical curiosity, to search for that famous relic of the Roman times in France, which is known to modern tourists, under the name of the Palais des Thermes. I had turned aside into an entry, with the view of once more consulting my map and guide book without the risk of being rolled into the channel, by some liberty-loving votaries, when a good woman, who stood at an adjoining shop door, and conjectured by my proceedings on what enterprise I was bound, said something of which the words, "Palais des Thermes," were the only ones that conveyed any meaning to my ear. On my nodding assent, for I understood her countenance better than her words, she gave utterance to a good natured volley of instructions, out of which the words "tout contre—porte cochere—a droite"—and "en face," were all I could comprehend, and which were enough, as you will see, to lead me to the Palais des Thermes, which I had intended to see.

As I did not choose to bring any body into trouble, more especially, when they have been civil and obliging to one, I shall not tell you where it was that I picked up a certain Greek manuscript, containing the facts of the story I am about to relate, I can only say in general terms that the *conterp*, who shows those interesting remains, as they are called in the guide books, is a very civil person. If you should desire to know any more, I can only answer you by a sentence known to tourists, in search of *chambres a louer* in the streets of Paris—*Parlez au portier*.

With your good leave then, continued the ninth Juror, drawing the candle nearer to him, and taking from one pocket a manuscript, and from another a pair of spectacles, the one of which he laid upon his knee, while he fixed the other on his nose, with your permission, I will read for you the story of Chenides the lame Tailor of Macel, as the writer styles himself, though evidently a person of very superior mind and understanding.

"What!" exclaimed a juror, "are you going to read all that Greek for us?" "No—no," he replied, lifting his spectacles from his nose, and gazing under them at the speaker, this is not Greek. I had it *done into English*, as our forefathers expressed it, by a very clever fellow, a relation of mine who lives in the county Cork, and as I have no head of my own for spinning a story I will give you this by way of substitute, if you desire it.

No person expressing any objection the ninth Juror adjusted his spectacles, and read as follows.

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL

CHAPTER I

Birth of Chenides—Some account of his father—The early love of learning, and dislike of his needle—Makes acquaintance with a Sophist—Desires to behold a supernatural being—Consequences thereupon.

In this lonely desert I prepare, my dear Chrysanthus, to give thee an account of the singular adventures which have induced me to fly the haunts of men, and to consume in silence and solitude, amid burning

sands, and in the practice of religious austerities, a life once chequered by a variety of worldly adventure.

I was born in Macel, a place of little note, in Cappadocia, towards the middle of the fourth century, according to the Christian mode of computing time. My father, who exercised the trade of a tailor, was obliged to take up his residence in this remote district, owing to a circumstance which may be worth relating.

He had been long settled in a comfortable way of business, in the city of Alexandria, which was at that time pretty evenly divided between the Pagans and the Christians, although it was easy to see that the scale was already turning in favour of the latter, and almost all those persons who filled the public offices were of that persuasion. Still, the former were formidable from their multitude, and though sacrifices were more rare amongst them than heretofore, yet they did not forbear to have their festive days and ceremonies, which they observed in a manner that was often as little to the comfort, as it was to the edification of their neighbors.

My father was one of a very numerous class, who as yet belonged neither to the one side nor the other. His parents had been Pagans, but already somewhat cooled in devotion to their gods, by observing the progress which the new faith had made amongst their friends and acquaintances, so that they were not very strenuous in instilling into their children's minds, that abhorrence of the Christians, which had been so small part of the religion of their forefathers. The result of this indifference was that my father shot up in what might be called, a sort of neutral ground, between the two persuasions, so that when he had arrived to man's estate, little more could be said of him than that he was a very excellent tailor. Few people in Alexandria had any great opinion of his religion, but all were unanimous in praise of his work, and with that he appeared to be content.

I cannot help thinking, that he was encouraged in this middle course, by observing that it procured him advantages in the way of his business, which he would probably have missed had he openly declared himself on the one side or the other. As it was, he numbered amongst his customers persons of every description, and contented himself with avoiding to give offence to any by his sentiments, while he strained every nerve to please them all in the fashion of his garments.

Persons of this character are, however, always in danger of some untoward event which may render their neutrality more troublesome than the most decided partizanship. It happened one day when my father was at work amongst his men, that a neighbor, who was a Christian, dropped in to look after a cloak which he had left to be repaired, and asked my father what course he intended to observe on the approaching festival of Serapis?

"For my part," said he, "I will hang no lamp over my door, though they were to drag the house about my ears. I hear some say there is every expectation of a tumult."

My father, to whom this intelligence caused no slight uneasiness, applauded the resolution of his customer, at the same time that he evaded giving any direct answer to his inquiry respecting the line of conduct himself intended to pursue. Indeed he could scarce have done so, for he knew not himself distinctly, as yet, what it was to be. If he refused to hang lamps and flowers over his door, as was the custom with the pagan citizens, he ran the risk of severe injury, both to property and person, on the part of the votaries of Serapis and Isis, and if he complied with the custom, he lost, at one sweep, the countenance of all his Christian patrons, who were, by a great deal, both the most numerous and the wealthiest portion of his customers. In cases of this kind, where the temporal gains and losses on both sides were exactly of one weight, I must do my poor father the justice to say, that he was always careful to give the casting vote to conscience, and as he had privately a leaning to the Christian side, he indulged his predilection in this instance. Poor man! the consequence was as disastrous as if he had incurred it from the purest motives, and he had all the sufferings of a confessor with, I fear, but a very small portion of the merit belonging to such a character. His customer, already spoken of, was right in supposing that there would be a tumult on the night of the feast of Serapis. It began as the noisy revellers passed the garlands hung out in honour of the occasion. Before the prefect could quell the sedition, the rioters had already plundered and almost demolished several houses, amongst which was that of my poor father, whose worst anticipation had merely pointed to a probable diminution of custom.

Thus totally ruined and obliged to leave the city, he took refuge, after many vicissitudes not worth detailing, in the remote corner of Cappadocia, already named, in which I was born. I was bred up to my father's business, more I confess to his liking than to my own taste, for I was naturally gifted with a reflective turn of mind that could never be content to waste all its force upon the insignificant details of so humble a profession. Accordingly, from the time when I first learned to finger a needle until I was fifteen years of

age, a day scarcely passed over my head on which I did not receive a severe chastisement, either verbal or manual, from my father, for some piece of neglect occasioned by absence of mind, and too great a proneness to indulge in abstract reflections, when I should be attending to the work upon my knee. My thoughts, indeed, it is true, were not occupied about idle and frivolous subjects, such as games, plays, shows in the amphitheatre, and such toys, but they were as completely hurried away from my mechanical tasks, and my clipping and stitching was as much neglected as if they had been busy about the silliest fancies in the world, and that seemed to my father the very nucleus of the calamity.

"Tell me one thing, Chenides," he would say, when my good genius put it into his head to reason with me, rather than vent his wrath upon my body, "if thou wert hungry, as thou art like often to be at this tailoring, to whom wouldst thou apply in thy necessity, to a sophist or a baker?" To such a question there could be only one answer given. "To a baker, father," I replied.

"Most truly then," said my father, "art thou as hungry, when thou deemest that those who art in want of well-wrought attire, cannot reason as correctly. When a customer comes into our shop it is not a new Pythagoras he expects or wishes to find behind the door, but a good working tailor, and if thou hast all the philosophy on earth, I would not give a dry pea for thy wisdom, while thou continuest a dunce at the needle and the shears."

"It may be as thou sayest," I replied, "but if thou interpret my name, 'Son of a Goose,' in respect of my descent, by what name shall men call thee, O father?" Offended by what he conceived the impertinence of this inquiry, my father, without making any answer in words, fell to beating me over the shoulders, the usual accompaniment of his instructions.

I could not however deny the justice of his reproaches, and strove to amend, but my efforts were not extinguished. In truth, my father was not altogether reasonable, for it is hardly possible that a person of a rational mind could remain satisfied with the merely animal kind of training with which he would have me be content. As for him, he seemed to care for nothing but his trade. The place was not so poor but there were one or two sophists to give lectures in it, with one of whom I managed to scrape an acquaintance by affording him the aid of my needle in repairing his shabby garments, a task which his poverty and the thinness of his auditory obliged him often to impose upon me. In return for such good offices, he gave me a general knowledge of the doctrines of various philosophers, such as sufficed to stimulate the desire of information which I already entertained, without satisfying it. I well remember the feeling with which I returned from the first lecture I ever heard of which delivered, having stolen away from the house when my father thought I was in bed. I can well remember the absorbed and absent state of feeling, the dilatation of mind which I experienced, as I returned homeward by moonlight through the narrow streets, my imagination full of the speculations of various schools, and revolving with a sort of wondering delight, the doctrines of the stoics, the Epicureans, the Peripatetics, Pythagoreans, and others, which I had heard detailed in the most interesting manner, by the Cappadocian slave, the only one whom we possessed, whom I had bribed with a measure of Greek wine to open the door softly for me on my return, was faithful to our contract, and I retired to rest unperceived by my father, to dream of atoms and transmutations, matter and spirit, and I know not what beside, which had constituted the subject of my good sophist's lecture.

But what most of all awakened my interest were those discussions which I treated of a separate and distinct existence in a manner somewhat superior to the vulgar and superstitious notions of those with whom we commonly associated. Everything relating to this favorite theme had for me, whose mind had never received any training of the kind, a fascination, which might have been destructive to a person of less simplicity of character, but I was naturally blessed by Providence with a quiet contented disposition, and a good humored turn, which would not have changed for the heads of all the sophists in Greece. Day and night, however, I devoted every instant that I could spare to my beloved studies. All the money I could save out of the little gains allowed me by my father, went in the purchase of such books as I could procure in the place. An accident which all my friends considered a very serious misfortune, but for which I found abundant consolation in the leisure it procured me, enabled me to reach a greater proficiency in learning than it is possible for me to have otherwise had for a long time attained.

One night, after reading over, as was my wont, the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, in which I took an especial delight, I was so hurried beyond myself, by reflections connected with these subjects, that the morning began to dawn before I could get a wink of sleep, and when I did so, it was but to dream of spectres, shades, starry influences, and all things connected with that mysterious world of which I had heard and read so much, and respecting which our sophists gave such

conflicting accounts. With nerves exhausted from long continued study and intense reflection, and now still further weakened by want of sufficient sleep and by uneasy dreams, I arose before sunrise and walked out in the fresh morning air, hoping by its influence to dispel the weariness I felt before the hour should arrive for opening my father's shop.

At no great distance from our dwelling, stood the magnificent castle in which two young princes, nephews of the Emperor Constantine, were kept secluded, in order to be educated in a manner suited to their birth. The building was furnished after the Roman style, with extensive gardens, baths, and fountains, and often in walking at evening by the little river which flowed by its walls, did I admire the happy condition of those youths, thus furnished from their very childhood with all that could enrich the mind and form the understanding. Mathematics, dialectics, all that related to the science of reasoning, those sciences of which I could receive but stimulating glimpses, as I did of the outer walls of that royal abode in which they dwelt, were at their daily use, with the assistance of the most celebrated masters in fathoming their depth. What a difference between their lot and that of a poor tailor's son! Even the half-starved sophist, who sometimes flung me a piece of instruction by way of reward for keeping his rags together, as one throws a bone to a hungry beggar, and whom I looked upon as a living mine of information, was I understood, a mere dunce, compared to the least proficient of those who were entrusted with the tuition of the young princes.

The dusky twilight of morning, and the gloom of the trees by which the castle was surrounded, invested it on this occasion, with a solemnity more than usually impressive. As I rambled along by the river side, which was considerably lower than the site on which the castle stood, I perceived a spot immediately adjoining the garden walls above, which seemed to command an extensive prospect of the height of Mount Argæus and the surrounding country. The ascent to this spot from the place on which I stood, was rather precipitous, but I was not yet the lame Tailor of Macel, as the people called me after my mishap, and I reached it without much difficulty. While I remained gazing on the landscape, yet dimly lighted, and revolving in my mind the difficulties which my humble condition opposed to the gratification of my ruling passion, the acquisition of knowledge, one reflection led to another, until, as persons are wont sometimes foolishly to use when alone, I began to utter some sentences aloud.

Where were now the times, I asked, when immortal beings were accustomed to hold communion with the sons of men? I had heard from my relatives, when a child, an infinite number of stories relating to the discovery of hidden treasure, through some preter-natural agency. Why will not some being appear to me at this moment, since none of my own species are willing to assist me? Appear, if ye exist, ye who are so much talked of, and so little seen. I fear you not; I court, I call upon you. This is the scene and the time for your manifestation, and here is a being who, of all others, requires and implores your aid. If you have any existence other than in the speech of babblers, appear!

Turning, as I uttered those foolish words, which I shall regard the longest day of my life, I beheld standing immediately between me and the garden wall a figure which fixed my attention in a more forcible manner than any which I ever yet had set my eyes. It was that of a young man about the middle size, his neck thick and short, his shoulders huge and incessantly in motion, and his feet in an irresolute attitude, as if deliberating whether they should stand or go. His eyes had a kind of disagreeable light, that seemed as if their owner wished to read my very thoughts, yet they shifted and twinkled when their gaze met mine, as if not willing to undergo a similar scrutiny in return. His nose and mouth had a disdainful expression, while his lower lip hung downward in a manner that gave a peculiarly hideous air to the whole countenance, and a beard uncouth and grisly, completed the uncouth appearance of the whole figure. How he had come there I could not divine, for I possessed the only pathway leading up the steep ascent. If human, he must have ascended some hidden passage through the massive garden wall, and if more or less he must have descended from the air above, or risen through the solid earth. That he was not an immaterial being, however, I soon discovered, both by the effects of his motion and the sound of his voice, which was at the same time violent and hesitating, as if the speaker were never fully decided in his thoughts, and strove to cover his embarrassment by a needless vehemence of expression.

"Whom do you call?" he said, with a glance in which derision was blended with curiosity.

"Thee—if thou canst assist me," was my reply.

"What is your difficulty?"

"The ignorance in which I was born, and in which I unwillingly remain," I answered, with a readiness which afterwards surprised me.

"And what kind of knowledge do you seek?"

"That which brings happiness."

The lip of the stranger curled more than usual, and he said with a voice that had more of contempt than of compassion.

"Of what calling art thou?"

"A tailor."

"And thou dwellest in Macel?"

"Yes."

"And what is thy wish at present?"

"To travel if possible to Athens, and become a disciple of one of the numerous sophists who give instructions in that city."

"But that will require money."

"Aye! that is my difficulty. Alas, the needle and the shears will never bring me these."

"Art thou a Christian?"

"No."

"A Pagan, then?" he asked with vivacity.

"Not a Pagan, neither. I have been brought up in ignorance of all but tailoring."

"Thy father was wise."

"If so," I replied, "he was a shrewd miser of his wisdom, for he never showed nor shared it. If he be wise, for teaching me nothing more, than the eagle is wise, and wiser than he, for to say nought of the difference between flying and stitching, he teaches his young to soar rather than to sit. And all men be no wiser, why then, were he been ill used, for the eagle and the lion and the dolphin have their garments ready made, while nature has left our outward furnishing to the tailor. I doubt there is somewhat at the bottom of this wonderful design which has placed us so far beneath, and, at the same time, so immeasurably above all other animals."

"Thy father should have made thee a barber and not a tailor," said the stranger. Knowest thou not that silence and gravity are as commendable in the latter calling as the lack of both in the former?"

"I crave pardon if I have offended," I replied, "but there are moments when, as I meditate upon the subjects, I find an ardour arise within me which it is impossible for me to restrain. They talk of the wisdom of contentment, but is it contentment—is it not rather slavish indolence of spirit, to eat, drink, sleep, stitch and clip on from day to day, without knowing whence I come or whither I go, driven on in the random like a pilotless bark in the Aegean on a cloudy night. I know that I come from my mother's womb and go to the grave of worms, but if that be all, the beginning and end, the alpha and omega of my journey, why do I fancy more? why can I fancy it? To be born—to marry—and to die! If that be all, would I had never been cured, or would at least I had never been cured with longings that make the mind miserably without making it wiser. The bee, the ant, the bird, the beast, seem all contented with their several destinies. The fish, as he cleaves the shining waters around him, asks not of his origin or end; the rainbow-tinted butterfly, as he sports in the noontid sun, inquires not what shall be his doom when the snow cloud shall gather once more upon the summit of Mount Argæus. Their hour of enjoyment is not embittered by those impatient questioning which make the present to me a dreary blank, and fix my thoughts for ever either on the past or the future."

"If thou be as expert at the needle as thou art with thy tongue," said the stranger, "I blame not thy father for confining thee to the use of it. But, tell me, dost thou reckon personal courage amongst those qualities with which Nature has endowed thee?"

"I am not, I think, more fearful than tailors in general."

"It is a prudent answer. Here then, let me bind this cloth over thine eyes, and follow me in silence."

KATRINE'S WAITING

"God help her, th' craythur, but sure she's a fool—waitin' an' waitin' that way—here's another Shrove gone, an' she still believe'n an' hopin', an' neither trace nor tail of him. 'Tis enough to make me sick!"

"How long is he gone?"

"Fifteen year last March. 'Tis well I remember it, for Mickel Cassidy went along with him, and there's Mickel home this three year, an' settled snug and comfortable alone with Anty Whelan an' the other fellow gosterin' about beyant in New York writin' now an' then in a year's time, sayin' 'he's comin', oh ay comin', an' year after another stoppin' away, an' she growin' into an old woman, an' yet no sign of him."

"I wonder now has he money?"

"Well, an' if he is unlucky, why is he stayin' in it? Can't he come home, or write an' say he won't come; that would be decenter, anyhow."

"Who is he, anyway?"

"Musha isn't he Brian Hogan—ould Andy's son over in Adamstown, a good lookin' fellow he was, an' signs on it, she's Honour Dugan still, but the first an' th' last of it, she's a fool."

"Aisy, now; aisy. He may come back wan' o' money, an' if she was another man's wife then where would you be?"

"She'd be a wife anyway, an' in a home of her own. There's Rushley above, the finest house in the parish, waitin' for her."

"Oh, is John courtin' her?"

"Since she was in pinafores, he asked her twenty times if he asked her once."

The man smoked in silence while the turf and the young moon shone in through the unshuttered windows, and lay in silver patches on the sanded floor. Mrs. Mahony fell into a reverie also, as the steel needles flew in and out untiringly of the woollen stocking she was knitting, but her thoughts kept pace with them as they flew.

Tom Casey spoke abruptly: "Wem did the last letter come?"

"Over a year ago; there was nothin' in that about comin' back though. He only said something about goin' to California."

"Ah! What is she doin'?"

"Rearin' her brother's childer, an' a thankless occupation it is, for no matter what ye do it never comes up to the way th' woman went before ye done it. Oh, I have no patience with her."

"Did ye ever advise her?"

"Indeed I did so, many's th' time I said to her she'd be happier in any man's home that would be hers as well as if she had only salt in her porridge."

"Well?"

"Well, she smiled and said every time I spoke, 'I'll have more nor the salt when Brian comes.'"

Tom spoke again.

His companion continued: "There she's goin' on thirty-six, an' two honest men only waitin' for her to say the word; oh! save me from a foolish woman," she dropped her knitting on the floor, and pushed back the gray hair from her forehead, while Casey took his pipe from his mouth and stood upright.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said quietly, "if ye like, I mean, I'll write out to Jim Breen, that's settled in New York. He's an old friend o' mine, an' writes sometimes. I'll ask him to hunt up Hogan an' tell us what he thinks of him; ask him if he is thinkin' o' comin' home, or how he is gettin' on, and then when I get th' letter, if he's not comin', you could give it to her."

"Maybe that would be a good plan. 'Tis a pity she'd lose her happiness on him; meself an' her mother were like sisters. Wasn't it she stood by me in church the June day I was wed. God rest her, an' all our poor dead in th' light an' glory of Heaven."

"Amen!" Casey answered, as he removed his head covering. "I'll come up again when he sends th' letter."

"Do, I'll be watchin' to hear what he says. Girls is fools that go on waitin' that way for any man, though I suppose meself, if it went to that, would have waited all my life for Martin."

"There you are," old Casey answered, sighing. "Well, I suppose some women are like that"—then he opened the door and passed out into the soft May night.

That same night Katrine was sitting darnin' little Tim's socks by the fire, when the door opened and John Hennessy entered.

"God save ye, Katrine," he said quietly as he hung his hat and came forward. Isn't it awful cold for May?"

"Come to the fire," she answered cheerfully. "It's a long time since you came up. What kept you?"

"Oh, I was busy," he answered. "An' the last time I was up you wouldn't talk to me. What happened you, Katrine?"

She bent her head over her darnin' as she answered: "I was bothered over something. I didn't think you minded."

He laughed a short, bitter laugh, then took out his pipe and smoked in silence.

For a long time she was silent also; that she leaned her head against the old locker and sighed. She did not look at the man before her. She knew too well what she would see in his Irish gray eyes.

"So you didn't think I minded it," he remarked at length. "How little!"

A return to God can never be too late to be accepted. He is a Father, and loves His children as long as His love can reach them.

TO BE CONTINUED

you know me, Katrine. When a man loves a woman as I love you, he's apt to mind everything she does and says. Do you believe me?"

She did not answer. She only bent once more over her work. He moved forward. "You know I love you. I have loved you ever since you were no bigger than little Maureen below at the cross. I will love you till I'm cold in the clay. Why can't you take me and let me make you happy? What is your life here? Workin' and slavin' from mornin' till night. Come home to Rushey with me. You will never have a sorrow I can keep from you if you marry me, Katrine?"

He took her hands in his and looked down at her, but she drew them away quietly. "Don't, John," she said brokenly. "You know I gave my promise to another man—gave it to him years ago. I said I'd wait for him until he came—ay, if it was forever."

"I know all that; but let me talk this once, and then I'll leave it to you. Do you think, if you promised me, I'd have left you waitin'? Do you think I'd have rested in any land under the sun, leavin' you, year after year, in this—never, never, Katrine. I'd have come back, or wrote an' told you I'd never come—I would not have left you to waste your life on me. He is no man who keeps you waitin'. Marry me, let him come or stay."

"And if he came when I was your wife, what then?—came and my heart's love went out to him—the love of my youth, the love of my girlhood. Why my heart has been his since I was a child. Can't you understand?"

"I do understand. You think you love him still. You don't, Katrine. You love what you think he is—what he was—but if he was worth one hour of your waitin' he'd have come. He'll keep you waitin' until you are an old, old woman. Oh, Katrine, don't waste any more of your dear life on him. He has had so much of it, give me the rest. I'll never let the winds of life blow rough on you. I'll make you happy. Give him up don't wait any longer."

Her eyes filled with tears. She turned them full upon him. "Suppose it was you I was waiting for. Suppose you came home after years and years of toil—of hard, bitter work—and found me, the woman you worked and slaved for, married to another man—what would you feel? Could you ever believe in anyone again? And I promised him I'd wait, promised him I'd wait forever—and I will, John, I will."

Hennesy sighed; he stood upright. "Very well, Katrine, I'll wait, too. There's no other woman on earth I'll ever call my wife. I won't bother you any more, but there's no man ever was born worth a woman's wasted life. God make you happy, Katrine. Good night."

He took his hat of the peg, put it on, and passed out, and Katrine sat looking with full eyes at the fire, while her thoughts flew back across the years to the summer night when she plighted her word to Hogan and promised to wait for him forever; how she had kept that promise she only knew, or how long and lonely the years had been since then. She had seen the companions of her youth settled out in happy homes, seen their children growing up around them, seen them look with pitying eyes at the woman waiting through the long months and years, and now again a good and honest man had come to her, had asked her to be his wife. Why did not Brian come home? Would she have to wait for ever, she wondered, and then her hand stole to the bosom of her gown where his last letter rested. It was frayed and worn from constant reading, but it was full of hope and love; and although it was fully two years' old she touched it and felt comforted. Her thoughts came back to the present with a rush as John Dugan entered. He came up quietly and stood beside her.

"Asleep, Kitty," he asked. "No," she responded, "only resting."

"I met John Hennesy down the road; was he up to you?" "Yes, he called in."

"A fine, honest fellow. I heard he was thinkin' of marryin'."

"Did you?" "The man picked the turf sods apart; he looked around him."

"Where are the youngsters?" "Some in bed, some down at the river. They won't be long now."

"Katty, I have a bit of news for you," he said a little awkwardly. "I'm goin' to marry again."

Katrine sat upright. "Marry again," she exclaimed, shocked, surprise in her voice. "Are you in earnest?"

She gazed full at him, the little stocking on her hand, while a deep blush stole over her pale face. Such an idea as a new life in Rushey never had entered her mind.

Dugan laughed. "You seem surprised," he said. "I suppose you think me a fool."

"Oh, no," quietly, "but who is she?" "Nell Tierney."

"But she's only a child." "Child be hanged; she's old enough to marry. The banns are to be called in a fortnight."

"And the children?" (aghast). "Oh, they'll get on all right. Nell will mother them. She has such a big heart they'll all find room in it."

Katrine had "mothered" them for ten long years, but evidently that was not considered worth mentioning. "The only thing I'm uneasy about is fearin' you and she won't agree."

She's very spirited and won't want another woman meddlin' about. She'll like to be mistress, you know."

Katrine was silent, her heart was too full for words. "We'll want to make things smart. The big room will have new paper, an' get a couple of easy chairs for the parlour—them others are rotten an' uncomfortable old things, an' indeed I'd be shot before I'd ask her to sit on a brand new one. I said the cushions were to be a nice blue. She's a bit tasty that way, an' thought blue would look best. I'll train in the grey coll; the old mare is too slow, an' Nell is not a bit nervous. You'll look after things, Katrine, and make the house look smart, won't you?"

Katrine nodded. "Old Tierney is givin' her \$300; he's glad to settle her comfortably an' get a man of standin' for her. I've ordered a new suit below at Carrigan's an' an overcoat."

He looked younger and happier than she had seen him since Mary died. A wave of pity for the young widow lay above in Kilkaven churchyard swept Katrine's heart. She had loved him so—and he was putting another woman in her place. Certainly men's and women's hearts were made of different clay, thought Katrine, and then her own affairs took up her attention.

She would not be wanted in her brother's home when he brought home a new mistress. His wife was the first woman in a man's house, and that settled it. She would leave and look out for something that would suit her, and work her own way through the world, and then her thoughts flew out across the seas to the man for whose sake she was still Katrine Dugan. When would he come, she wondered miserably, and would the waiting last forever.

It was the day before John Dugan's wedding, and everything was in order for the coming of the bride. Katrine had worked with a will—painting, papering, polishing from morning until night, and now there was nothing more to be done, and Katrine rested. No one seemed to note how white and wan she looked. No one, save Susan Mahony, who came down that evening with a letter in her hands. Her face was grave—and a frown puckered her usually serene brow. Katrine was leaning over the gate looking out on the road when the good woman came up to her.

"Well, is all in order for the new mistress?" she asked gravely. "All ready, Mrs. Mahoney."

"An' you are fit to drop—come in child an' sit down for a start. I've a bit o' news for you."

"For me?" (surprised.) "What is it?" "I'll tell you in a minute; come inside first."

"I hope it is good and pleasant news. I'd like to hear something pleasant now."

"I don't know what to call it. It's a letter Tom Casey brought me up to read, from a cousin of his out in New York. You can read it also. He says there's news in it about Bryan Hogan."

Katrine's eyes grew dark, her sweet mouth took a very tender curve. "Is he well—is he coming home?"

Mrs. Mahony did not answer. She was bending over the bed of wall flowers by the gate. At length she looked up. Katrine saw her eyes were full of tears.

"Run in an' read it," she said. "I'll take a look round here. Everything is so grand, I hardly know the place at all."

Katrine took the letter and went quietly into the house. Half an hour later Susan Mahoney entered. Katrine was lying back in her chair in a dead faint.

"Ay, poor thing, she took it dreadful. I'm sorry I didn't break it to her easier. Here's word for word what was in the letter after answerin' all Tom's question. He came to Hogan."

"You ask about Bryan Hogan," says he. "Well to speak plain, he's the greatest skunk ever came from Ireland to this country. He's an all-round loafer an' drunkard—a disgrace to the land that bore him. He comes round in our place sometimes. He's some cousin of my wife—worse luck. For a long time he talked of some girl in Ireland he was goin' home to marry. She's had someone's good prayer anyhow to have missed him. He may pull up now, as he has married a skyscraper's widow—a woman who will knock sparks out of him. She stands no tomfoolery, you bet."

"That was all, but heaven knows it was enough. It nearly killed my poor Katrine."

So spoke Mrs. Mahony to her friend and gossip, Mrs. Murphy of Olagh, who had known Katrine from her birth, and had heard of the letter.

"Sure she might easy know," Mrs. Mahony continued, "when he was neither comin' nor writin' there was something wrong about him. Once a man leaves his own country an' settles down in a foreign land 'tis ten to one he'll stay there. She's going away now from Olagh."

"Where?" "To Ballymack, as housekeeper to Dr. Hennesy. Patrick Archer wanted her too, but she'd rather go to Ballymack. Dugan's new wife will be happier without her. She was a foolish girl, so she was."

Mrs. Murphy was silent. She had memories of a girl something like Katrine—giving her heart to a man who was not worth it. He did not leave his own country or go to a foreign land like Hogan; he only stopped at home and played with her heart as a cat plays with a mouse, for years, and then tossed it back and

married a woman with money. "Girls will be foolish as long as the world lasts," she remarked at last. "I was given that way myself, but I got sense. Poor Katrine will too in time, but I'm sorry for her, Susan."

"What's that I hear about you goin' away from Olagh. It isn't the truth, Katrine?"

Katrine stood in the breen, fragrant with the scent of May, listening to the cuckoo calling from the trees in Rushey, when John Hennesy came up behind her. He was shocked to see the change a few weeks had made in her; she had grown thin and grave and old.

"Yes, I am leaving Olagh, John. I am tired of it—tired of everything. I will be glad to go."

"Katrine!" The man's voice was of reproach and pain. "Don't say that. All my life I have loved and wanted you. Don't say you are glad to go away from me, don't Katrine."

She looked at him silently; tears welled up into her eyes. "Dear heart, come to me: my home is waiting, my heart is full of longing. Oh, Katrine, try and like me; try and make up your mind to marry me. Stay here in Olagh, with me. I'll make you happy. You'll be your own mistress."

His deep voice broke; a dimness came in his honest eyes. She looked at him, while a faint pink grew in her pale cheeks.

"You think you love me," she said gravely, "but I don't know; I have learned to doubt. You would get tired. I am not able to keep a man's heart. You see it yourself; although he swore it, he got tired."

"Try me, Katrine. Don't think of him. Curse him! He has robbed me of your love for fifteen long years. Don't think of him any more. Be my wife, Katrine."

"I am not a young woman," she said after a short silence. "I don't think I could ever love anyone again as I loved him."

"I don't want you to love me like that. Just leave the loving to me. I'm not the least bit afraid. Come to me and make my life's happiness, Katrine."

He held out his hands to her. He looked at her with passionate, love-lit eyes. And Katrine seeing the love light, went slowly forward and laid her hands in his.—Cork Examiner.

THE PRIEST'S HOUR

"May I come in and sit with you for a bit?" asked the Curate. "By all means," replied his Rector. "Come in and smoke your pipe here before turning in. You look as though you were tired."

It was Saturday night, ten o'clock, confessions were over, and both men were tired. They sat in silence for a bit as they looked at the fire and pulled at their pipes. The elder man glancing at the younger saw that he was not merely tired but that there was something on his mind.

"What's the matter?" he enquired. "Got the blues?"

"Yes, I have," said the younger, "and got them bad!"

"Well," said the senior, "I sometimes feel like that myself after a long spell in the box. You had better get a good night's rest and then you will feel fit enough in the morning. Remember you have the late Mass."

"Oh, it's not the box," said the Curate, "it's the parish! Did you ever know anything so sickeningly disheartening as work in the parish can be?"

The elder man smiled. He thought he knew a good deal about parish work; he had spent the best years of his life in the poorest of poor parishes and hoped he had laid up abundant store of merit by what had been a most self-sacrificing life.

"Why, what's the trouble in your district now?" he queried. "I thought you were getting on swimmingly. The people like you and you certainly work hard enough."

The Curate looked up gratefully. He really did work hard, he knew that. And it was good to get a trickle of praise from the Rector who was as a general rule chary in his distribution of that commodity.

"Oh, I suppose I have got the hump! I went out between spells in the box, and looked up one or two of my pet bad ones. And, oh, well you know, I found old Tom as drunk as a lord going down the street, and when he saw me he began: 'Since my last confession, Father, and all the lips standing round laughed and would you believe it? the old wretch laughed at me too! You know I have done a good deal for Tom in one way or another, and I suppose it is that that has sickened me!'"

The Rector looked sympathetic. Having passed that way himself in years gone by he knew the feeling well. He knew, too—far more indeed than his Curate suspected—that the latter had done a good deal for old Tom who was a well-known backslider. He had noticed Tom's two boys with new shoes in the school and a chance remark by one of the teachers told him that those same shoes had come out of the Curate's pocket. Another day, too, he had discovered the said reprobate decently clad working in one of his parishioner's gardens. He found on enquiry that it was his Curate who had induced the said parishioner to give Tom one more chance although Tom had been having 'chances' made for him for years and was always throwing them away.

"Well," he said, "you had better turn in and get a good night's rest. Sleep is the best cure for 'blues'!"

The Curate, whose eyes were suspiciously bright, looked up at the clock: "Why it's a quarter to eleven!" he said. And then he jumped to his feet with an exclamation: "Good Lord! A quarter to eleven! And I have forgotten—! And then he paused.

"What have you forgotten?" asked the Rector. "Your Office?"

"No," said he, "I have said all my Office, thank heaven!"

"What is it then?" "Oh, well," said he with a shy sort of look; "it's my hour, you know."

"Your hour!" said the Rector with a puzzled look, "what on earth do you mean by your 'hour'?"

The Curate got rather red before explaining that he belonged to a Priest's League, the object of which was to ensure that each member spent one hour a week before the Blessed Sacrament. And he added, by the way of explaining his disturbance a moment before, that he had come to the end of his week and had not made the 'hour.'

The Rector laughed as he said: "Well, at any rate you cannot make it now, it is almost eleven o'clock! I don't understand these new-fangled devotions," he said, "it seems to me that if you say your Office, say your Mass and make your meditation, well you are there. What more can you want?"

"Oh, I don't dispute that for a moment," said the Curate, "still the 'hour' is a blessing though it is often rather a grind to fill it in."

They said "Good-night" and parted. The Curate went up to his room feeling that he was after all the best place for him. But he felt uneasy as a look at his watch told him that it was almost eleven.

There is really no obligation whatever to make this "hour," he said to himself while he wound up his watch. Still he did not undress but sat down on the edge of his bed.

"Supposing I don't make it!" he thought, "I certainly shall not sin; but then I suppose on the other hand I shall lose a lot of grace! Upon my word I think I will go down and try. I shall probably fall asleep though!"

With that he went down quietly to the church. He walked gingerly past his Rector's door, for somehow he did not fancy having to explain to him that he was going to make his 'hour' after all. Arrived at the church door he found he had forgotten the key.

"Oh, I really can't go upstairs and find it and come down again!" he said, "besides it is striking eleven now."

However his good angel prevailed, he found the key, stumbled into the gloomy church, knelt down, said a prayer. And then he began to feel horribly sleepy.

"However shall I pass the time?" he thought. Presently his head bobbed down and he dozed. He awoke with a start. "Why it must be past midnight!" he thought. But his watch pointed to three minutes after eleven, he had slept perhaps one minute!

"Good Lord! This will never do!" he said and he found his way into the Sacristy where he discovered a candle and the Rector's breviary.

He went back to his place and turned over the pages of his breviary in an idle fashion. He had said all his Office, and besides he was not supposed to say it during the 'hour.' But presently he stumbled upon the seventy-second Psalm: *Quam bonus Israel Deus!* He had read it before of course but it did not often form part of the Office so it was not really familiar to him.

Quam bonus Israel Deus, his qui recitavit corde. He repeated the words once or twice and then looked up at the flickering tabernacle-lamp *Quam bonus Israel Deus!* he repeated, and in the stillness of the night and the peace of the church the words seemed to take on a new significance. He seemed to be looking down the long vista of his past life; childhood, boyhood, early youth, his dawning vocation, years at the Seminary, these last few years of priestly activity—all passed before him. He saw in a flash of lights as it were—all the graces he had received, the chances he had had—and then he sank on his knees: *Quam bonus Israel Deus!* he repeated again and again, and then: "Oh, thank God I came down for this 'hour'!" And he looked at the Psalm once more: *Mei autem pene moti sunt pedes, pene effusi sunt gressus mei quia zelavi super iniquos!* And the guilty thought struck him: Why, that is just what I have been doing! He had grumbled at 'Old Tom' for being drunk, he had grumbled at the disappointments of parish-life; he had had a zeal on occasion of the wicked. And then he began to contrast 'old Tom's' chances with those he himself had received. How had Tom been brought up? Hadn't he lived all his life amidst squalor and filth? Was he not surrounded all day by the strongest temptations? And then once more his head sank to his hands and he felt a sore sense of shame: "But for Thine unspeakable mercy," he said, "I should have been as bad, or probably worse!"

And he read on: it was a description of the prosperity of the wicked: *Ecce ipsi peccatores et abundantes in saeculo obtinuerunt divitias!* "Poor old Tom!" he thought, "he has not got much *divitias* out of his wickedness!" It dawned on him almost as a revelation that perhaps old Tom was not such a big sinner after all, that his faults might be due to no evil will but rather to his sur-

roundings, and that perhaps the very fact that he was not prosperous showed this.

"What a mystery it all is!" he thought. "Here is old Tom in his squalor there is old N., notorious old sinner, and yet he has all the world can give!"

Existimabam ut cognoscerem hoc, labor est ante me donec intrem in Sanctuarium Dei, he repeated: "Why, that is just where I am! Scales seemed to slip away from his eyes and he saw how good a thing it was that he had come down to the church that 'hour'; for here in the *Sanctuarium Dei* he was learning more about God and about his own soul than he had learnt in all his past life. *Velut Somnum surgen- tum, Domine, in civitate Tua imaginem ipsorum rediges!* As the dream of that awake, O Lord, so in Thy city Thou shalt bring their image to nought!"

Time and Eternity, he thought, good and evil, punishments and rewards, and the wicked shall be as the dream of them that awake!

And he clasped poor old Tom with his wicker only that evening, he had passed judgment upon him, he had felt discouraged because his efforts had apparently proved unavailing, he had been censorious, and now: *Donec intrem in Sanctuarium Dei!* Perhaps his had been purely human endeavour? Perhaps it had merely arisen from a natural love of hard work? And how miserable all that seemed here in the Light of the Sanctuary!

In utter self-abasement he read on: *Inflammatum est cor meum et ego ad nihil redactus sum et desicci!* "My heart was set on fire. I am brought down to nought, yet I knew it not! I am become as a yeast before Thee; and yet am I always with Thee! What have I in heaven save Thee! And apart from Thee what do I desire upon earth?"

"My very flesh hath languished away, and my heart too! O God of my heart! God Who art my portion for ever! For me it is good to cling to my God, to put my hope in the Lord God!"

The minutes slipped away and still the bowed form knelt there in the waning light of the Sanctuary lamp. His lips had ceased to pray, but in very truth his 'heart was set on fire.'

And old Tom, sleeping off the effects of his drunken bout, turned uneasily in his sleep and at last awoke. He lay half senseless for a moment and then, yielding to an ill-defined impulse, rolled himself out of bed, tumbled on his knees, and said: "It's the last time I will ever do it! God be merciful to me, a sinner!"—Rome.

HOLY INDIFFERENCE

What remedy shall we find for sensitive people? Nay, what remedy shall we find for each and all of us, in our degree, who feel only too often and too keenly the stings of manifold annoyances that hurt self?

Neglect, or what we think to be neglect; an angry word, a cross look, a humiliating oversight; a lack of appreciation, or a fancied lack of appreciation, or our efforts to do good—oh! how we let these things and such like things sadden and irritate us, and disturb our peace; how we permit them to hinder our spiritual progress, and to thwart our efforts to accomplish the work that lies before us to do!

Now there are many ways by which we may try to overcome this sensitive disposition; and first, we need not try to crush it out. Father Faber has said that a sensitive disposition, rightly trained, and turned to the thought of God's glory, may accomplish great things for Him. Only, do we not see, at once, that we must, instead of being sensitive about ourselves, become sensitive as to God's interests and the interests of our fellow beings; and, even so, that we must not be sensitive in any irritable, or despondent, or nagging and fault-finding way?

However, to come straight down to the matter-of-fact question, "How shall we overcome our sensitiveness as to our own individual selves?" let us consider one mode of attack which we may term "holy indifference." Not merely "indifference," mind you—human and irreligious, stoical, scornful, hard-hearted; this is not what we mean at all; but "holy indifference," which is a very different thing.

"Indifference" is defined as "the state of being unconcerned," and "indifferent" is defined as "having no inclination or interest; awakening no concern or consideration; unimportant." Now "holy indifference" teaches us that many of the things which naturally annoy and sting us, have, when considered in the light of the great interests of God's kingdom and of the salvation of the soul, but a very trifling importance. Because I am overlooked, or found fault with, for some matter of very passing moment, or even for some graver

reason as it may seem to me, is that any excuse for hurt feelings and complaining words that blacken my own daylight and prevent me from seeing how to keep my soul in peace and do my daily work efficiently, for the love of God?

Suppose we were walking along the public highway on a very important errand that required our thoughtful consideration and our uninterrupted progress, and suppose we allowed ourselves to be fretted and stopped by every little obstacle, or by some careless fellow-traveller, or by a banana-peel beneath our feet—would we come very speedily to our journey's end, or would our important errand be accomplished very thoroughly?

There is a higher thought than this, however. Let us consider Jesus in the manger. Jesus in the work-shop at Nazareth, Jesus on the cross, Jesus was God. Clear and distinct before Him, in His divine all-knowing edge lay the myriad needs and sorrows and sufferings of the entire world; and yet—Jesus was silent. No heart so sensitive as His Sacred Heart, none so loving; yet He bore everything silently, for "His time had not yet come." Ah, if we meditated on these scenes in the life of Jesus, if we meditated long, humbly, prayerfully, we should find ourselves oftentimes lifted indeed into a region of holy indifference; we should be so engrossed with the thought of our Blessed Lord and our work, for Him, as hardly to feel the pin-pricks that annoy us—and, time and time again, they are but pin-pricks; holy indifference would become a shield between us and the sensitive nature that is too frequently a hindrance, rather than the help it should be, in our spiritual life.

Of course there are other methods that we may use in this warfare. Holy indifference is but one method among many; and this holy indifference must be gentle, patient, quiet, unassuming, though it may frequently, also, be united to holy joy and cheer.—Sacred Heart Review.

SWITZERLAND SECTARIANISM

"There appeared quite recently in the 'Semaire Religieuse,' of Fribourg Switzerland, says Church Progress, an article drawing attention to the number of Protestant sects now existing in the different towns in Switzerland, the writer stating that there is certainly one for every taste every language, and every race, and that very soon there will be a church in every street.

"At Lausanne, for instance, in addition to a great diversity of sects for the Lutherans, evangelical services have been introduced by the Italians, the Salvation Army hold meetings, there are small assembly rooms for the 'Old Catholics,' and recently a Greek church has been opened.

"At Geneva an equal embarrassment as to a choice of religion exists. If one rite does not satisfy, it is only necessary to wait a few days for another to offer itself. Frequently a new sect springs up which offers surprising advantages and pointing out a different way to heaven. The last of these call themselves 'New Christians,' perhaps through opposition to the 'Old Catholics,' or, it may be, in sympathy with the Modernists. According to their manifesto they bring to the world the 'revelation of revelations.' It is a little late and a little vague. It only remains for Catholics who do not believe in variations of creed or the means of salvation to be grateful for the true faith. We can always repeat with the same assurance: 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.'"

GERMAN CONVERTS

MANY NOTED NAMES ON THE LIST OF RECENT ACCESSIONS TO THE CHURCH

Much has been heard lately of the recent conversion of a Bavarian nobleman, Baron von Kramer-Bleff, a councillor of the empire. His reception into the Catholic Church seems to have astonished the Protestants, though it is generally known amongst Bavarian Catholics that the Baron has long been Catholic in soul and even in practice, although his conversion was not published. It is, however, remarkable in two ways. He is the richest man in Germany and under a clause in his father's will he loses a portion of his property when he abjures Protestantism. Also it was love of the religious orders which eventually effected this conversion, and before he actually renounced Protestantism he had been a large benefactor to the Jesuits and the Benedictines. He presented the latter with a magnificent monastery, where he lives with them and shares their religious life, though he has not yet taken any vows. This conversion reminds one of the long list of great Germans converted to the Church during the past century. Amongst a list too long to quote in full are Alban Stolz, the great writer; Overbeck, the painter of note; Cramer, Mueller and the two Schadows. In the middle of the century the Peoples' missions, preached by the Jesuits drew many to make their peace with the Church, amongst these being Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, and nobles such as Prince Radziwill, the Countess Hahn-Hahn, and many men of letters. The persecution of the Archbishop of Cologne, Monsignor Dros Vischering, was the cause of an influx of converts, while so late as last year the reception of Professor Ruville of the University of Hall, caused a sensation, when he consecrated his pen and his science to the Catholic Church.

PRAYERS FOR PRIESTS

How can we Catholics ever show sufficiently our gratitude to our priests? From them we receive the sacrament of baptism; through them God speaks to us the healing and cleansing words of absolution; from their hands we receive the Bread of Life; their lips interpret to us the words of life. In hours of sorrow and illness our priests come to us; they visit the pest-house and the prison; contagious diseases do not frighten them from us; they risk their lives for our lives; they stand at our deathbeds to prepare us to meet our Eternal Judge. Day by day they offer for us the tremendous sacrifice of the Mass; they are anointed, and are set apart from other men in order that they may seek souls and save souls for the honor and glory of Almighty God and to help satiate the burning thirst of the Great High Priest, Jesus Christ, for men's salvation.

What shall we do to show our gratitude to the many untiring, glorious priests who have given themselves to this holy work, and whom St. Ambrose dares to call "other Christs"? One thing we can all do; and that is, pray for them—a gift which they ardently desire. We copy, to-day, two beautiful prayers, one for priests in general, the other for any priest in particular, trusting they may come into frequent use.

O Jesus, Great King, Good Shepherd, Eternal Prelate, Thou Who hast given to Thy servants a royal priesthood, bless Thy priests.

Let Thy Almighty Love surround them and preserve them from all evil. Remember, O Heart of Jesus, they are the object of Satan's deadliest snares.

Keep them in the safe citadel of Thy Sacred Heart; there let them be sanctified.

May they be one with Thee, and one among themselves.

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Bless their labors with abundant fruit, and may they to whom they have ministered, be their joy here, and hereafter their eternal recompense. Amen.

O Jesus, Eternal Priest, keep this Thy servant within the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart, where none may harm him.

Keep unstained his anointed hands, which daily touch Thy sacred Body, with Thy precious blood.

Keep pure and unceasingly a heart sealed with the sublime marks of Thy glorious Priesthood.

Let Thy holy love surround him and shield him from the world's contagion.

Bless his labors with abundant fruit, and may they to whom he has ministered be here his joy and consolation, and in heaven his beautiful and everlasting crown. Amen.—Sacred Heart Review.

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Special Offer to Our Readers

unit against Home Rule received a knock-out blow when Derry declared for self-government, and thereby gave the Home Rulers a majority of the Ulster seats. The threats of rebellion in Ulster are good burlesque and nothing more. Nobody minds what the Orangemen covenant to do. Revolutions are not wrought by talk and dummy rifles. All this bunkum about the spectre of civil war that the highly imaginative Orange leaders see brooding over Ulster alarms nobody. We heard all that before and we know exactly how much it is worth. It surely is the height of impudence to claim that one-fifth of the people of Ireland should be able to veto Home Rule for the rest of the country. The principle that the minority has the power to say what shall or shall not be law is a principle that strikes at the very root of democratic government. It is a claim that will never be listened to by the British people.

All goes well with Home Rule. England is sick and tired of the whole question, and wants it settled. Eighty-five out of 101 Irish representatives are united in demanding it. The Cabinet is enthusiastically in favor of it. Asquith is to-day more than at any time since he assumed office, the strong man of British politics. The Liberal government will not only remain in office long enough to carry the Home Rule Bill to the statute book, but has every prospect of being again returned to power at the next election, thanks to the bungling of Chamberlain and Law. So we repeat it gladly, "All goes well with Home Rule."

that every child received into such an orphanage or maintained under its care, means that another soul is added to the Church militant or triumphant. To the latter category belong all those who die in infancy baptized, and to the former, a generation of Christian mothers whose offspring will help to swell the ranks of Chinese Catholics. This consideration alone should strike a responsive chord in the hearts of those who work and pray for the extension of God's kingdom on earth. And Canada should be especially responsive to this appeal of one of her own sons.

THAT CHINA is the land of opportunity for Christian missions the trend of events within the past few years has made clear. The opportunity is here, is at our very door, writes the Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the United States. That the old paganism of the nation is dead is admitted by the Chinese themselves. With the revolution and the establishment of a new form of government has come the breaking away from the old customs, superstitions and prejudices under which the people have lain prostrate for more than two thousand years. The Chinese Consul at Rangoon voiced this sentiment in a speech at the opening of a free library for his countrymen. "Since the Russo-Japanese war," he said, "a series of political and social reforms has been set on foot in China, ending in mighty revolutions which will continue to take place in all directions. Indeed, every phase of our society is undergoing a change. Our very ideas and tastes are changing; customs and manners are being altered; old institutions are giving place to new ones; the very fabric of our religion has been so shaken that temple after temple came to be demolished and rebuilt and dedicated to the cause of education."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

FATHER JOHN M. FRASER, the Canadian missionary to China, writes an interesting letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, with respect to his recent experiences in that far-off land. Upon his return to China, about a year ago, he had a new and larger field allotted to him, where he found himself confronted with rather a new set of problems, and, as we on this continent are accustomed to say, "up against" an appalling prevalence of infanticide, and child-desertion, especially in regard to females. That these evils should so prevail is not, it is said, because of lack of love for the little ones on the part of mothers, but because of inability on the latter's part to adequately provide for their offspring, coupled of course with the ignorance of the primary moral principles as taught by the Christian religion. The wage of an artisan, it is said, is about 12 cents a day, and rice costs 5 cents a pound, and it takes at least a pound to provide food for one individual, the gravity of the family situation may be better imagined than described. As it is, millet, which is cheaper, is the staple of existence.

GRASPING AT ONCE the situation, Father Fraser set about the building of an orphanage, and with the funds he had collected during his two years' sojourn in America and Europe, succeeded in making a humble start. The result surpassed his expectations. His asylum became the refuge of numerous abandoned infants, and, indeed, the number of girl babies left on his door step every night threatens to swamp his resources. "Just imagine," writes Father Fraser, "opening your door in the morning and finding a screaming baby there. There is no way out of it; you must knuckle down to your hard lot and take it in despite your bankruptcy. Fifteen of the babies I have taken in during the past year have died—died baptized, thank God, and there are fifteen more blessed little souls in Heaven. Thirty-two have lived. I am paying women to nurse them, one for each baby. If it would but stop at that I could manage, but this morning, Christmas Day, three more little ones were found on the door-step. God only knows how I am going to manage if this keeps on."

THE APPEAL WHICH Father Fraser makes as a result of this should not be lost upon the Catholics of Canada and the United States. He is asking that a number of charitable people contribute \$200 each to endow cribs in perpetuity. The interest on this sum will keep a child for a year, and the principle will not be touched. If forty or fifty people could be found to contribute to this endowment, it can be seen at once what a forward step would be taken towards the perpetuation of Father Fraser's work, and to the future conversion of China. It should be bogue in mind

IN FACE of the great crisis then the cry has gone forth to Catholics all over the world to rally to the help of their representatives in China, by giving to them the help they so much need, spiritual and temporal. Above all, they ask for consecrated men and women to bear a part in the great work that lies before them. Through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and the many subsidiary organizations working by or in conjunction with it, everything that is immediately possible is being done to keep the standard of the cross to the fore. France still leads the way, but other nations have a hand. Especially is the work spread in the United States, and the Seminary for Foreign Missions established near New York is destined, let us hope, to bring the palm to this continent upon which the burden of the work in the future seems naturally to lie. Visitors to the offices of the Society in New York will not need to look farther for tangible evidence that the missionary spirit has come to life in the United States. With a missionary of Father Fraser's zeal and capacity in China, Canada should not lag far behind.

"THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH"

FOR YOU IT IS THE BEST.—THE DREAM OF CHARLES DICKENS

In the life of Charles Dickens, written by his life-long friend and associate, John Forster, published by Chapman & Hall, 193 Piccadilly, London, England, pages 168 and 164, is given the following dream of the great novelist one night while he was paying a visit to Italy:

Another incident of these days will exhibit aspirations of a more solemn import that were not less part of his nature. It was depth of sentiment rather than clearness of faith which kept safe the belief on which they rested against all doubt or question of its sacredness, but every year seemed to strengthen it in him. This was told me in his second letter after reaching the Peschiere; the first having sent me some such commissions in regard to his wife's family as his kindly care for all connected with him frequently led to. "Let me tell you," he wrote (30th of September), "of a curious dream I had last Monday night; and of the fragments of reality I can collect, which helped to make it up. I have had a return of rheumatism in my back, and knotted round my waist a girdle of pain; and I had laid awake nearly all that night under the infliction, when I fell asleep and dreamed this dream. Observe that throughout I was as real, animated, and full of passion as Macready (God bless him!) in the last scene of Macbeth. In an indistinct place, which was quite sublime in its indistinctness, I was visited by a Spirit. I could not make out the face nor do I recollect that I desired to do so. It wore a blue drapery, as the Madonna might in a picture by Raphael; and bore no resemblance to any one I have known except in stature. I think (but I am not sure) that I recognised the voice. Anyway, I knew it was poor Mary's spirit. I was not at all afraid, but in a great delight, so that I wept very much, and stretching out my arms to it called it 'Dear.' At this I thought it recoiled; and I felt immediately, that not being of my gross nature, I ought not to have addressed it so familiarly. 'Forgive me!' I said. 'We poor living creatures are only able to express ourselves by looks and words. I have used the word most natural to our affections; and you know my heart.' It was so full of compassion and sorrow for me—which I knew spiritually, for, as I have said, I didn't perceive its emotions by its face—that it cut me to the heart; and I said sobbing, 'Oh! give me some token that you really have visited me!' Form a wish," it said, I thought, reasoning with myself: "If I form a selfish wish, it will vanish." So I hastily discarded such hopes and anxieties of my own as came into my mind, and said, 'Mrs. Hogarth is surrounded with great distresses—observe, I never thought of saying 'your mother' as to a mortal creature—will you extricate her?' 'Yes.' 'And her extrication is to be a certainty to me, that this has really happened?' 'Yes.' 'But answer me one other question!' I said, in an agony of entreaty lest it should leave me. 'What is the True Religion?' As it paused a moment without replying—I said—'Good God, in such an agony of haste, lest it should go away!—You think, as I do, that the Form of religion does not so greatly matter, if we try to do good?—or,' I said, observing that it still hesitated, and was moved with the greatest compassion for me, 'perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best? perhaps it makes one think of God oftener, and believe in him more steadily?' 'For you,' said the Spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me, that I felt as if my heart would break; 'for you, it is the best! Then I awoke, with the tears running down my face, and myself in exactly the condition of the dream. It was just dawn. I called up Kate, and repeated it three or four times over, that I might not unconsciously make it plainer or stronger afterwards. It was exactly this. Free from all hurry, nonsense, or confusion, what-

ever. Now, the strings I can gather up, leading to this, were three. The first you know, from the main subject of my last letter. The second was, that there is a great altar in our bedroom, at which some family who once inhabited this palace had Mass performed in old time; and I had observed within myself, before going to bed, that there was a mark in the wall, above the sanctuary, where a religious picture used to be; and I had wondered within myself what the subject might have been, and what the face was like. Thirdly, I had been listening to the convent bells (which ring at intervals in the night), and so had thought, no doubt, of Roman Catholic services. And yet, for all this, put the case of that wish being fulfilled by any agency in which I had no hand; and I wonder whether I should regard it as a dream, or an actual Vision!" It was perhaps natural that he should omit, from his own considerations awakened by the dream, the very first that would have risen in any mind to which his was intimately known—that it strengthened other evidences, of which there are many in his life, of his not having escaped those trying regions of reflection which most men of thought, and all men of genius have at some time to pass through. In such disturbing fancies during the next year or two I may add that the book which helped him most was the "Life of Arnold." "I respect and reverence his memory," he wrote to me in the middle of October, in reply to my mention of what had most attracted myself in it, "beyond all expression. I must have that book. Every sentence that you quote from it is the text-book of my faith."

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS

Early Monday morning, at St. Joseph's Hospital, there passed away one of the most esteemed and devoted members of the Loretto Community in the person of Mother Mary Mount Carmel Magann. Her immediate end was almost sudden, as if God, having already well proved her fidelity would spare her further suffering. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. Daniel Magann, of Dublin, Ireland, and a sister of Mr. George Magann, of Toronto. She was one of six daughters, all of whom were members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Mother Delphina of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and Mother Demetria, of Chicago, survive. Mother Mount Carmel was possessed of rare ability which, joined to a natural aptitude, rendered her teaching exceptionally effective. But her marvellous success lay not altogether in her own great natural qualities, but in her inexhaustible zeal for souls. "Teach the children to love God," was the cry of her heart during her last days on earth, and surely that same God received, with open arms, her, whose last thought was to lead others to Him.

THE K. OF C. OATH

St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 6th, 1918. Dear Sir,—I send you herewith a copy of the Daily News, St. John's, Newfoundland, containing an exposure of a fake Knight of Columbus oath which has been secretly circulated all round the Island. Mr. Fenelon, advocate of Terra Nova Council, in his letter to the News, points out the gross errors contained and the cruel injustice done to all Catholics, especially those of the Knights of Columbus, by this base and diabolical libel.

But I want to draw your attention to the editorial comment in the News. In order to appreciate it more fully, it must be explained that the Hon. J. A. Robinson, editor of the News, is a strong and representative Methodist. In fact he represents that denomination in our local "House of Lords" with credit to himself and with benevolence to Newfoundland. His views are characterized by such fairness, sanity, and justice, tinged with kindness, and expressed in such scholarly terms, that it is a pleasure either to hear or read them.

His journalistic attitude to all things Catholic, has always been noted for its extreme fairness and broad Christian charity. His editorials on Home Rule have been so sympathetic, and so judicial, that copies of them have been sent to leading Irish papers, and have been quoted by them with great approval. And so appreciative are his fellow citizens of Irish descent, that a deputation of members of the Benevolent Irish Society waited on him at Christmas, and presented him with an appropriate gift, and an address couched in such words as left no doubt as to the esteem in which he was held.

He denounced in no uncertain language, this attempt of a few bigots to set brother against brother, and to the infinite credit of all the other Protestant gentlemen editing local newspapers, many followed in the same strain. For many years Protestant and Catholic neighbors have mixed and mingled with the utmost good feeling and Christian fellowship. If particular instances need be cited, the annual fraternal greetings exchanged between the British Society and the Catholic Total Abstinence; and the unanimity with which citizens of every denomination joined their Catholic neighbors, in giving the Papal Delegate, on the occasion of his visit, a right royal Newfoundland welcome, are cases of recent happenings gratefully remembered by all concerned.

A certain element in the community apparently resents the existence of this good feeling and with the secret distribution of this diabolical travesty, which is not only a libel on our common Christianity but an insult to the intelligence of our Protestant fellow-citizens, have tried to disturb it by appealing to the lowest passions, the bigotry and ignorance of a section of our people.

Prominent residents of all denominations, lay and clerical, have been for years, working quietly and unostentatiously to kill out the spirit of sectarianism and bigotry, and the best proof that their efforts have not been vain, is the manner in which Mr. Fenelon's refutation of this fake oath has been received by our non-Catholic friends and neighbors.

Eventually the circulation of this vile document will do more good than harm, as even the gullibility of simple, unsuspecting people, by sectarian firebrands, has its limits, and we have ample reason to believe that the day is now passing, if it has not already passed, when the strife-stirring demagogues, can undo in a few hours the good work that all earnest Christian workers have been trying to promote for years.

I wish you could find a corner for the correspondence, which will, I think, show that the Divine command "Love ye one another" is not altogether ignored here, even if occasionally designing bigots act as if it never had been uttered.

Yours truly,
A LOVER OF CHRISTIAN UNITY

CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

While the editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia are highly pleased with the congratulations they are receiving from every quarter on the completion of their great work, they are specially gratified by the commendations given to it by prominent Protestant ministers, and by the leading Protestant newspapers. They regard such testimonials as so unusual and significant that they have published a number of them in a four-page circular. Those who follow the signs of the times would do well to apply for a copy of this circular, as it more than justifies the prediction made by Archbishop Quigley at the inception of the work, "that the Encyclopedia would create a change of public opinion" in regard to the Catholic Church.

The editors of the Encyclopedia are often puzzled however, by the fact that the phenomenal sale of the work thus far is due largely to the energy of salesmen who are not Catholic. Though a fair number of Catholic salesmen have succeeded well in taking subscriptions, their number is comparatively small and their results, except in few instances, not at all equal to those of their Protestant fellow-salesmen. The editors are at a loss to account for this fact. Given equal sales ability in the Catholic and Protestant, the Catholic should by all means have the advantage in disposing of a work like this. Is it possible that Catholics with ability in this line are fewer than Protestants? If so, the sooner Catholic young men are alive to the fact the better. The Clark and Collier fortunes begun in this way, with less golden opportunity, should be an incentive to make every energetic young Catholic to try the possibilities there are in this field. The

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If you would like to have a copy of this book, address Philip Harding, Dept. 614 M, Box 1801, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Harding requests that no one write simply through idle curiosity and unless you are a member of the Catholic Church the book will be of no interest to you, because only Catholics will be permitted to hold stock in this particular institution.

Encyclopedia is a necessity; it has been in demand for half a century; it is eminently satisfactory as to elicit praise even from those who are not in sympathy with it; it is a credit to all concerned in its production; and even its Protestant canvassers report that their experience in selling it is as agreeable as any task can be. There is room for 100 active salesmen; the work is high-class, the terms liberal, and the inducements for men with good credentials more helpful than representatives in any other enterprise ever received.

PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY

WHY UNIONISTS OPPOSE HOME RULE The enormously disproportionate representation of Protestants on the Commission of the Peace in Ireland is shown by a Parliamentary white paper issued recently.

This shows that out of 6,074 Justices of the Peace 2,996 are Catholics and 3,655 are Protestants, including 2,817 Episcopalians, 638 Presbyterians, and 130 Methodists. There are eight Jews, and in ten cases the religious belief is unknown.

The religious census of Ireland gives the following figures:

Catholics.....	3,242,670
Episcopalians.....	576,611
Presbyterians.....	440,525
Methodists.....	62,382
All others.....	68,031
Total non-Catholic	1,147,549

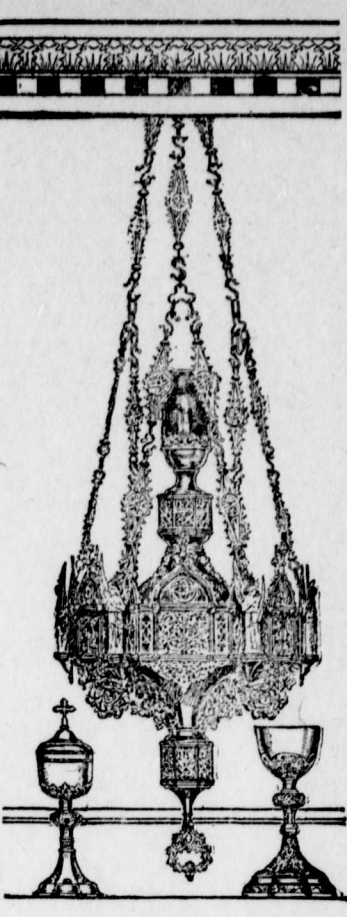
This means that while Catholics represent nearly 74 per cent. of the population Protestants hold slightly over 60 per cent. of the magistracy.—London Chronicle.

THE CARDINAL SAYS SHOULD OBSERVE LENT BETTER

Cardinal Gibbons said recently that it is time some of those calling themselves Christian call a halt on their lack of respect for the season of Lent and their utter disregard for the rules and observances of the season. "Those who go to the seaside, to the mountains or to some other resort to spend the Lenten season when they consider everything 'dead' are to be censured," the Cardinal said.

"They are not obeying the command of the Church to spend this holy season in repentance for their sins. They imagine that by going off to some restful place they are observing the rules which forbid social gaieties. They are as much to blame as those who dance and enter into other forms of amusements. Dances, card parties and other forms of amusement should be cast aside for the forty days!"—Buffalo Union and Times.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON
FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

CONSTANT PRAYER

Not infrequently, my dear brethren, a priest is told when he asks his penitents about their prayers, that they have been too much put out to say them; that they have had so much trouble, so many anxieties and disappointments that they have had no satisfaction in praying. Some-thing or other has gone wrong, and, as a consequence, their prayers have been omitted. In not a few cases matters go farther than this, and on account of some reverse or trial a man will leave off going to church altogether. Now, I wish this morning to point out the mistaken notion persons who act in this way must have of the necessity and purpose of prayer.

Some people think, or at all events act, as if they thought that prayer is a kind of spiritual luxury, a thing to practise as long as things go well and pleasantly, but to leave off when the times are dark. Others do not go so far as this, but look upon prayer as a duty to be done, a command to be obeyed, and if they grow careless about their other duties and obligations, this must share the same fate. I wish to point out, however, that prayer and its necessity stand in an entirely different position. While it is perfectly true that prayer is a duty, yet the necessity of prayer is greater even than the duty of observing God's commands. To understand this you must remember the difference which exist between those things which must be done because God commands us to do them, and those things which must be done, or which we must have, because God has made them means to obtain our salvation. Perhaps the best way to make this clear is by a few examples.

Now, we all know that to tell a lie is a sin; that Almighty God has commanded us not to depart from the truth. Yet there are many persons so dull, and possessed of so little sense and intelligence, as to think that in some difficult circumstance it is right to tell a lie; for example, to save a friend from death or even getting into small troubles. Well, suppose a man were to act in this way, thinking he was doing right. Would he commit a sin and offend God? By no means, if he did it in good faith. His ignorance would excuse him; it would not be a sin in such a case.

Take another example and a more important one. All Catholics know, owing to the advantages of their birth and education, that God has founded His Holy Catholic Church, and that He preserves it in the world in order to teach His truths and to administer the sacraments which He has instituted as the means of grace and sanctification. He has commanded all men to enter this Church, and that they may be able to know that it is His Church, He has given to it certain notes of which no other body of men is in possession. But now, let us suppose that there are some men who, owing to their dullness of apprehension, their bad education, their prejudice or any other reason, are unable to see that the Catholic Church is really and in truth the Church of God; would they commit a sin on account of such things if they do not do that which they did not know they are bound to do? By no means.

Ignorance in this case also excuses. It brings with it many disadvantages and entails many evils, but it is not sinful in itself.

But when we come to those things which are necessary, not merely because God has commanded or forbidden them, but because they are made by Him means to the end, then the omission of such things involves more serious consequences. If a thing is a means to the end, the end cannot be attained unless the means is made use of; and if we could suppose a case in which a person were even in unblamable ignorance of such a means, that ignorance would not excuse him; he would not, and could not, without the means, get the end.

Now, there are some things which are necessary to salvation, not merely because God has commanded them, but as means to attain it, and among these things is prayer. If we wish to be saved, prayer is so necessary that even ignorance would not excuse us from it. How foolishly, then, do those people act who leave off their prayers for every little misfortune or contradiction, when our Lord bids them pray at such times.

TEMPERANCE

THE MODERN TREATMENT OF AN ANCIENT EVIL

In the fourth lecture of the Catholic Summer School Extension Course which is attracting large audiences to Alumnae Hall of the Catholic Girls' High School, Philadelphia, Dr. Austin O'Malley discussed "The Modern Treatment of an Ancient Evil." In the incisive, forceful language of the scientist, Dr. O'Malley described the causes and frightful effects of the evil in question, alcoholism, and made valuable suggestions of means of avoidance of it and concerning the most effective treatment of its victims.

Following is a synopsis of Dr. O'Malley's talk: The opposition made to alcoholism, one of the most important social diseases among northern civil-

ized nations, is as a rule misdirected: it wastes labor in passing ineffectual laws, in trying to make man moral by civil legislation alone; it sends the moralist to the patient at a time when only the physician can do any good: it aims solely at sobriety, when it should consider the four cardinal and inseparable virtues of which sobriety is a minor part.

The chronic alcoholic is not necessarily a drunkard. Any one can become a chronic alcoholic if he takes daily from one and a half to three and a half ounces of alcohol; that is, a pint of mediumly strong wine. A pint of claret taken regularly at dinner will cause all the effects of chronic alcoholism in the ordinary man. Three drinks of whiskey a day, even at long intervals, will in most cases bring on the main effects of chronic alcoholism. The clandestine tippler is often more injurious to society than the open drunkard, because the tippler may be a man in a responsible position, which the patient inebriate could not hold.

NOT A STIMULANT, BUT A DEPRESSANT

Alcohol is erroneously called a stimulant; it is a depressant in muscular, mental and volitional work. Small doses of alcohol slightly increase muscular energy from twelve to forty minutes, but this increase is invariably followed by a depression below the normal standard. Large quantities of alcohol depress at once. The same is true for intellectual work. A pint of wine daily by the thirteenth day will depress the output in intellectual work by 27 per cent. If the work is somewhat complicated, in mechanical work, like typesetting, an ounce of alcohol daily reduces the output of work by 14 per cent., and the result is cumulative. Alcohol does not cause heat; it does not warm one on a cold day. A hot alcoholic drink warms by the hot water in it. Arctic explorers never use alcohol, as it depresses them. In medicine distilled alcoholic liquor is used as a depressant in certain stages of low fevers to lower tension—it has no other therapeutic use.

NOT HEREDITARY IN THE POPULAR SENSE

A tendency to alcoholism is not hereditary in the popular notion of the term. No one must become an alcoholic because his ancestry was alcoholic, but persons with such antecedents more readily fall when exposed to temptation than do those of sound parentage. Dipomania, a tendency to alcoholism which is irresistible, is a form of insanity, and it is a very rare disease. Popular speech is likely to call any heavy drinker a dipomania especially when an accumulation of alcoholic poison from continued tipping causes an outbreak into a spree. Beyond the dipomaniac every drunkard is what he is solely because he chose to be so. When he tells us he cannot help his tendency he is often very near the truth, but he is accountable for getting himself into a condition which he cannot resist his appetite. Most of the immorality of drunkenness is in this that the drunkard has deliberately destroyed his free will, and he gets entirely too much sympathy: he is not "a fine fellow except for the weakness;" he is a commonplace deliberate criminal. Drunkenness is primarily a moral condition, and only secondarily a physical disease; there is no heredity in morals. In averages of fifty families there are eight times more male than female drunkards, and if a necessary heredity governed these cases the ratio should be equal.

The lecturer showed by statistics for this country and the principal nations of Europe that alcoholism is a chief cause of idiocy, imbecility, crime and pauperism among Northern races.

PHYSICAL ACTION OF ALCOHOL

The physical action of alcohol is that it inhibits the carrying of oxygen to the bodily cells, especially the cells of the nervous system. All motion, sensation and much of our mental operations are effected through the nervous system. This system is made up of cells which communicate one with another, and that any sensation or other impulse can pass along the nerves it is necessary that these cells be supplied with oxygen from the blood. The effect of alcohol, chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide and other drugs is to inhibit the access of oxygen to the nerve cells and to render these cells unfit for duty. If enough alcohol or the other drugs is taken to cut off most of the oxygen supply, the user of these drugs becomes unconscious, because the communication between his mind and the external world is cut. Drunkenness from whiskey is exactly the same thing as narcosis from ether or chloroform, but the narcosis may have a justifiable reason.

The lecturer said that a crying need in the treatment of alcoholism is of hospitals or similar institutions

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HULL, QUE., DEC. 24th, 1909 "For the past twelve years, I had painful attacks of Dyspepsia. I could not digest my food and everything caused the most agonizing pain in my stomach. I also had a fearful attack of Constipation and at times, I had no movement of the bowels for two weeks.

Three doctors attended me for two years and gave me all kinds of medicine but did me no good. My weight came to only 80 pounds and everyone thought I was going to die. Finally, I had the good fortune to try "Fruit-a-lives" and as soon as I began to take them, I felt better. I persisted in the treatment and to my great joy, I steadily improved. Now I feel very well, weigh 115 pounds, and this is more than I ever weighed even before my illness.

I attribute my cure solely and entirely to "Fruit-a-lives" and can never praise them too much for saving my life. All who suffer from Dyspepsia and Constipation, I recommend "Fruit-a-lives" as a miraculous remedy.

Mrs. ANDREW STAFFORD, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

where a drunkard can receive medical help in the first stage of the reformatory attempt. At present in small cities there is no place for the treatment of drunkards in the first stage. In large cities there is only the workhouse ward. Hospitals that take in alcoholics must have special pavilions, and the patients in these pavilions ordinarily pay \$25 a week for the privilege of being "straightened up" and physicians fees besides. After two or three weeks these patients leave the hospitals un cured and begin the old process over again. These pavilions in the city hospitals are commonly mere respectable "spook-asies," and are no better than those institutions that use patented cures for alcoholism.

METHOD OF TREATMENT

All chronic alcoholics, no matter what class they are in, require much the same treatment at first, unless they are actually delirious. We have now fortunately a medical method for getting the alcoholic toxin out of a man's body in about three days, so that he has no desire, temporarily, for alcohol; and then there is a chance to begin the moral treatment. This method is commonly called the Lambert treatment. It is practically impossible, however, to give this treatment except in a hospital.

There are many groups of drunkards, and it is necessary to classify a patient before beginning work upon him, after the medical treatment has been applied. There is the ordinary pagan, upon whom religion of any kind has no effect; the Christian who has fallen out of the procession, and intermediate grades. There are periodic drinkers and continued drinkers and several subdivisions of these groups. The treatment has much similarity in important particulars for all these groups but the prognosis varies.

Sobriety is a part of the virtue of temperance; the other parts are abstinence as opposed to gluttony and chastity. The four cardinal virtues, under which all other virtues are included, are temperance, prudence, fortitude and justice. The drunkard breaks every one of these virtues in the main, and as they are an inseparable unity, he must strive to gain all to hold the single virtue, sobriety, he is desirous of. The drunkard is obviously imprudent, and he must exercise prudence: the experience of the past with all its sordid bitterness is to be kept before his memory, but not into discouragement. He is to examine into all the details of his daily life, to be able to forestall temptation. He must avoid certain places and persons, certain irritations, physical and moral—from eye-strain and decayed teeth, to the club, the theatre and the kinsman. He is to take advice, to be persuaded that pride is a poor tool, that he must not take even a teaspoonful of alcohol in a medicine. He is to avoid mental dissipation and allied forms of intemperance, like gluttony, unchastity, wasting, cruelty, anger.

He should sleep in a well-ventilated room, arise promptly, take a cold plunge merely because he does not like a cold plunge; go into physical training, keep occupied, and a hundred similar things that will suggest themselves when a man really means business. He is to avoid injustice to his family, friends, the State, God. He is to aim at fortitude, at the strengthening of his flabby will. All this must be made practical, be written down definitely to fit the particular case, not kept vague and general.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Little griefs may break a heart, and on the contrary little joys may make a whole life happy. Let us keep our eyes open to the little joys, to the common things that make up the sum of the life of most of us. It is better to be sometimes imposed upon than never to trust. Safety is purchased at too dear a rate, when in order to secure it we are obliged to be always clad in armor and to live in perpetual hostility with our fellows

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION

Blessed be the Church of consistencies! While many non-Catholic Churches are advertising stereotyped views as an additional attraction to their Sunday evening services, the Roman Pontiff, guardian of the Church entrusted to his hands, is making known throughout Christendom that cinematographic scenes are prohibited from exhibition in Catholic churches.

Truth flowing from the fountain-head has never been polluted by diverse streams, the so-called "aids" to enlightenment. As the holy book may not be placed in the hands of the ignorant to be interpreted according to their limited intelligence may the illumination of the Eternal Wisdom, cinematographic aids to understanding the story of the gospel are disapproved by the Church as providing a spectacular enjoyment rather than promoting secret and effective meditation on the holy mysteries.

To be sure, non-Catholic churches using the cinematograph are not consecrated buildings, neither from them must be removed the Blessed Sacrament for the enjoyment of a semi-religious evening. It is but another illustration of the Church of Rome standing up against every inroad made upon the sanctity of religion, which is not the road of ease and enjoyment, but the way of the cross. And to follow it one goes to Church on Sunday evenings to pray and listen to the preaching of the Word, not to sit back, enjoy moving pictures and parenthetically discuss their artistic effect with other occupants of the pew.

And while the Church that is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, sees its devoted children like the consecrated women who are teaching Indian children made to suffer humiliations because of their religious garb, this and that sect are affecting a religious dress. Deaconesses of the Methodist denomination wear a black gown and "widow's" bonnet, while Episcopal sisterhoods go a step farther; they have adopted an entire religious-like garb. Ministers wear the much-sneered-at Roman collar with just a slight difference, which is, presumably, a sop to past bigotry. And so on *ad infinitum*.

When a theatrical or operatic performance is planned to have a religious scene, a woman in nun's garb or a man in priest's soutane with a cross ostentatiously and absurdly displayed are used as an unflattering characteristic of Christianity. Tradition stands for the oldest Christian religion it knows, and by some occult divination the stage-setter, he be agnostic or heretic, knows he hits the popular intelligence when he introduces traits of the Catholic Church as the pious note in his work.

Time was when a cross on an Episcopal Church would occasion a small riot of opposition, ending oftentimes in its demolition, while now the sacred sign of salvation, the treasured emblem of Catholicity, is seen on even Methodist and Presbyterian churches. We once admired an exquisitely-carved little gold cross being worn by an esteemed friend, an Episcopal clergyman, and thoughtlessly remarked upon the reverence displayed in wearing it so openly. "Yes," said our reverend friend, "I glory in wearing it, but as you may observe, it is a cross, not a crucifix." And then he showed an equally beautiful

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

piece of workmanship displayed in a gold medallion bearing the image of his mother's head. Before slipping the medallion into place, he tenderly kissed the image of the beloved maternal face. But the image of the crucified One on a cross would be idolatry. Strange inconsistency that!—Union and Times.

DAY BY DAY

Let me be a little kinder, Let me be a little blinder To the faults of those about me; Let me praise a little more, Let me be, when I am weary, Just a little bit more cheery, Let me serve a little better Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver When temptation bids me waver, Let me strive a little harder To be all that I should be; Let me be a little meeker With the brother that is weaker, Let me think more of my neighbor And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter, Make my life a bit completer, By doing what I should do Every minute of the day; Let me toil without complaining, Not a humble task disdain; Let me face the summons calmly When Death beckons me away.

—Detroit Free Press

They who die rich in character leave a great debt that was not there when they came; they have something to take away with them as well.

It is a good practise to spend some time each day in some church in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament; or if this can not be done, to withdraw one's mind for a while, even in the midst of business, from worldly things; and just rest—rest hopefully in God.

RAILROAD MAN HAD TO LAY OFF

Until He Took GIN PILLS

Buffalo, N.Y.

"I have been a Pullman conductor on the C. P. R. and Michigan Central for the last three years. About four years ago, I was laid up with intense pain in the groin, a very sore back, and suffered most severely when I tried to urinate.

I treated with my family physician for two months for Gravel in the Bladder, but did not receive any benefit. About that time, I met another railroad man who had been similarly affected and who had been cured by GIN PILLS, after having been given up by a prominent physician who treated him for Diabetes. He is now running on the road and is perfectly cured. He strongly advised me to try GIN PILLS which I did—with the result that the pains left me entirely."

FRANK S. IDE.

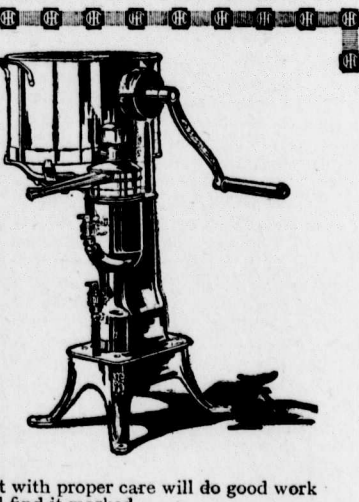
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto, 137

They Cost Less and Last Longer

"Clay" Gates STRONGEST and best farm gate made. 30,000 sold in 1912. Can't sag, bend or break. Can be raised as shown. Good for Winter and Summer. Send for illustrated price list.

Pay the Price of the Best—No More—No Less

ECONOMY in buying a cream separator does not begin nor end with the price. You may easily pay too little and just as easily pay too much. Learn the difference between gears that work without back lash and those that have it or develop it soon. Learn the importance of a self-adjusting bowl spindle bearing, and learn to know one when you see it. Discover the difference between brass and phosphor bronze as a material for bearings. Buy a separator with an oiling system that cannot fail you even for a few minutes of a run. When you find the separator that comes up to your specifications, one that with proper care will do good work for a long time—buy it. You will find it marked



I H C Cream Separator Dairymaid or Bluebell

I H C cream separators turn easily and they are easy to run because the working parts are accurately made and the bearings are sufficiently lubricated. The shafts and spindle are the strongest used in any separator. The shaft and spindle bearings are supported by the frame, but have no contact with it. The contact is between the steel spindles and phosphor bronze bushings. The gears are spirally cut so that there is no lost motion between them. They are entirely protected from grit and milk, and at the same time are easily accessible for cleaning.

See the I H C local agent and ask him to give you a demonstration of the efficiency of the machine as a skimmer and to go over with you and explain carefully all of its good, mechanical points. You can get catalogues and full information from him, or, write the nearest branch house.

CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSES International Harvester Company of America (Incorporated) At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lehigh, London, Montreal, North Bay, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

The Northern Life Assurance Company of Canada ENTHUSIASM is the key note of success in the profession of a Life Insurance man. Enthusiasm for the work; Enthusiasm for the Company. The Northern Life has room for good men who are honest and have the ability to write Life Insurance. W. M. GOVENLOCK, Secretary JOHN MILNE, Managing Director

Policies for Over Fifty Millions are now carried on the books of the NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. New policies issued in 1912 were 25% greater in amount than those for 1911. The popularity of North American Life Policies is based on the soundest of foundations—liberal Policy-contracts, backed by a Company of unquestioned financial strength. North American Life Assurance Company "Solid as the Continent"

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION REMEDY Painful, swollen, swollen veins, thick legs, numbness, etc. It is the best remedy for bunions, corns, etc. It is a great relief to the sufferer. It is a great relief to the sufferer. It is a great relief to the sufferer.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract OF Malt with Iron is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY. It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron. It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility. For Sale at Drug Stores W. LLOYD WOOD General Agent Toronto :: Canada

Cure that Bunion DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT! No need to suffer bunion torture another day. Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right! removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunions. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per dozen. Drug and shoe stores. "Six King's Free." The Scholl Bros. Co., 111 King St. E., Toronto. Illustrated Booklet Free.

MEMORIAL BELLS The Old Bellows School Bells

MEMORIAL BELLS The Old Bellows School Bells

To sit with Wife by the fireside on a winters night With a good pipe and matches is my very great delight Because I know the matches EDDY'S Silents are alright They're Safe—Sure Silent—each time I strike I get a light

\$5,000,000.00 FOR PEERLESS WAY POULTRYMEN Into the pockets of the users of The Peerless Way last year went five million dollars made from the poultry these people raised. Yet chickens are scarce in Canada and eggs are the scarcest of all food commodities. That is positively the fact. To-day there are not enough Canadian CHICKENS or EGGS to go around. Thousands of chickens and hundreds of thousands of dozens of eggs are being shipped into Canada from the United States and other countries to help meet the demand. Yet there is a shortage! Eggs are commanding a tremendous price—chickens are worth dollars. Now is the time to take advantage of this situation and make money out of it yourself. You can raise and sell 600 chickens this next year, and you will find a quick and sure market for every one of them. You can get the top notch price for all the hundreds of dozens of eggs that your poultry lay. Let us tell you how! Poultry raising is the best business for any farmer, any farmer's wife or farmer's child. The poultry crop is the one crop that never fails. It pays better for the time and money invested; the profit is sure; it isn't overcrowded and never will be. Our book "When Poultry Pays," will show you. Let us send it to you. It is interesting; it is instructive, and it contains the proof. You need this book. It will be mailed free. A post card will bring it. LEE MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED Head Office: 14 PEMBROKE ST. PEMBROKE ONT. CAN.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DISCARD THE FEAR THOUGHT

We are discovering that thoughts are things, that they are incorporated into the life and become part of the character, and that if we harbor the fear-thought, the lack-thought; if we are always afraid of poverty, of coming to want, this poverty-thought fear-thought, incorporates itself in the very life texture and makes us the magnet to attract more poverty like itself.

It was not intended that we should have such a hard time getting a living; that we should just manage to squeeze along to get together a few comforts; to spend about all of our time making a living instead of making a life. The life abundant—full, free, beautiful—was intended for us.

If we were absolutely normal, our living-getting would be a mere incident to our life-making. The great ambition of the race would be man-making, man-building, instead of dollar-making as now: to develop a superb type of manhood: a beautiful, magnificent womanhood.

The fact is, we live in our own worlds; we are the creations of our own thought. Each builds his own world by his thought habit. He can surround himself with an environment of abundance, or of lack—of plenty or of want. God's children were made, not to grovel, but to aspire; to look up, not down. They were not made to pinch along in poverty, but for larger, grander things. Nothing is too good for the children of the Prince of Peace; nothing too beautiful for human beings; nothing too grand, too sublime for us to enjoy. It is the poverty attitude, the narrowness of our thought that has limited us. If we had larger and grander conceptions of life, of our birthright: if, instead of whining, crawling, grumbling, sneaking or apologizing, we were to stand erect and claim our kingship, demand our rich inheritance, the inheritance which is an abundance of all that is good and beautiful and true, we should live infinitely grander, fuller, more complete lives.

Why should we not expect great, grand things. If we are made in God's image, we are gods ourselves and heirs of all that is His: all that is beautiful and opulent in the universe. The very holding of the mind open toward all the good things of the world and expecting them, appreciating them, will open up the sources of supply and have everything to do with our obtaining them.

There is something wrong, when multitudes of the sons and daughters of the King of kings, who have inherited all the good things of the universe, starve on the very shores of the stream of plenty, of opulence unspeakable, which flows past our very doors, carrying infinite supply.

Our circumstances in life, our financial condition, our poverty or our wealth, our friends or lack of them, our condition of harmony or discord, are all very largely the offspring of our thought. If our mental attitude has been one of want, if we have dwelt much upon lack, our environment will correspond. If our thinking has been open, generous and broad, if we have thought in terms of abundance, prosperity, and have made a corresponding effort to realize these conditions, our environment will tend to correspond. Everything we get in life comes through the gateway of our thought and must correspond with its quality. If that is pinched, narrow, stingy, mean, what flows to us will be like it.

If you are dissatisfied with your condition, if you feel that life has been hard and fate cruel, if you are a complainer of your lot, you will probably find that what you have managed to get together in your home, your business, and your condition of happiness or wretchedness, are the legitimate offspring of your own thought, your own ideals, your own efforts.

Right thinking will produce right living: clean thinking a clean life, and a prosperous, generous thought followed up by corresponding intelligent endeavor to make your thoughts and your ideals real will produce corresponding results.

If we learn to trust implicitly the Great Dispenser of All Good, the source of Infinite Supply, in the Power which brings seed time and harvest, the power which feeds, which supplies, which bids us take no thought for the morrow but consider the lilies how they grow, and do our level best to better our condition, we shall never know what want is.

There is nothing which the human race lacks so much as unquestioned, implicit confidence in the divine source of all supply. We ought to stand in the same relation to the Infinite Source as the child does to its parents. The child does not say: "I do not dare to eat this food for fear I may not get any more." It takes everything it wants with absolute confidence that all its needs will be supplied; that there is plenty more where these things came from.

We do not expect half enough of ourselves; we do not demand the abundance which belongs to us; hence the leanness of the lack of fullness, the incompleteness of our lives. We are content with too little of the things worth while. It was intended that we should have plenty of everything that is good for us. No one was meant to live in poverty and wretchedness. The lack of anything that is desirable does not fit the constitution of any human being.

Hold the thought that you are one with what you want; that you are in tune with it, and will attract it; keep your mind concentrated upon it vigorously; never doubt your ability to get what you are after, and you will be far more likely to get it.

Success comes through a perfectly scientific mental process. The young man who becomes prosperous believes that he is going to be prosperous. He has faith in his ability to make money. He does not start out with his mind filled with doubts and fears, and all the time talk poverty and think poverty, walk like a pauper and dress like a pauper. He turns his face toward the thing he is trying for and is bound to get, and will not admit its opposite picture to his mind.

There are multitudes of poor people in this country who are half satisfied to remain in poverty and who have ceased to make a desperate struggle to rise out of it. They may work hard, but they have lost the hope, the expectation of getting an independence.

Did you ever think that your terror of poverty, your constant worry about making both ends meet, your fear of that awful "rainy day" not only make you unhappy, but actually disqualify you from putting yourself in a better financial condition? You are thus stultifying yourself to a load which is already too heavy for you.

No matter how black the outlook or how iron your environment, positively refuse to see anything that is unfavorable to you; any condition which tends to enslave you and to keep you from expressing the best that is in you.

Instead of wondering whether you have as much ability as other people, instead of waiting around for something to turn up, just say to yourself: "Destiny has her eye on me. There is a superb place waiting for me somewhere and I am going to find it, prepare for it, and fill it royally. There is a great work waiting for me, and I am going to do it like a man."

Supposing a boy should try to become a lawyer without expecting or believing that he would ever amount to anything as a lawyer. We tend to get what we expect, and if, therefore, we expect nothing we get nothing. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain-head; no one can become prosperous when he expects, or half expects, to remain poor.

But what philosophy can you expect poverty thoughts—thoughts of lack and want—to produce prosperity? Your condition will correspond to your attitude and ideals. These form the patterns which are woven into the life web. If they are slovenly, poverty stricken, your life-conditions will correspond; your ideal, your mental attitude will be built into your life.

The man who is bound to win believes he is going to be prosperous; he starts out with the understanding with himself that he is going to be a successful man; a winner and not a loser. He does not say to himself all the time: "What's the use?" The great business combinations are swallowing up the chances. Before long the multitude will have to work for the few. I do not believe I shall ever do anything more than make just a plain living in a very humble way. I shall never have a home and the things that other people have. I am destined to be poor and to be a nobody. A man will never get anything with such ideals.

Every achievement has its origin in the mind, every structure is first a mental structure. The building is first completed in the architect's mind in all its details. The contractor merely puts the stones, the brick and other material around the idea. We are all architects. Everything we do in life is preceded by some sort of a plan.

So the man who expects prosperity is constantly creating prosperous conditions, building his financial structure mentally. There must be a mental picture of the prosperity first, the building around it is comparatively easy. It does not take as great a man to place the material around the idea, as to create the mental picture. This is not idle dreaming; it is brain building, mental planning, mental construction. Imagination is one of the most practical of faculties; the true dreamer is the believer, the achiever.

Let us put up a new image, a new ideal of plenty, of abundance. Have we not worshipped the god of poverty, of lack, of want, about long enough? Let us hold the thought that God is our great supply, that if we can keep in tune, in close touch with Him, so that we can feel our at-one-ment with Him, the great source

of all supply, abundance will flow to us and we shall never know want again.

When unfairness and all desire to take advantage of our brothers and sisters is removed from our lives, we shall get so close to God (good) that all of the desirable things in the universe will flow to us spontaneously. The trouble is that we restrict the inflow by a wrong mental attitude. Every wrong thought, every vicious deed is an opaque veil, another film over our eyes so that we can not see God. Every wrong step separates us from Him.

When we learn the art of seeing opulently, instead of stingily, when we learn to think without limits how not to cramp ourselves by our limiting thought, we shall find that the thing we are seeking is seeking us, and that it will meet us half way.

To be prosperous, we must put ourselves in a prosperous attitude. We must think opulently, we must feel opulent in thought; we must exude confidence and assurance in our very bearing and manner. Our mental attitude toward the thing we are striving for, with the intelligent effort to realize it, will measure our attainment. Everything must be created mentally first, and the thing created must follow its mental pattern.

Parasitism saving by cheese-paring efforts does not compare in effectiveness with the results of obeying the laws of opulence. We go in the direction of our concentration. If we concentrate upon poverty, if want and lack predominate in our thought, poverty-stricken conditions must result. There is no philosophy or science which will give us prosperity as the harvest of such mental sowings.

Poverty-stricken ideas keep us in touch with poverty-producing conditions. We must conquer inward poverty before we can conquer outward poverty.

It is very narrow and unworthy to confine the opulent thought to material things. Opulence, in the larger sense in which we use it, is everything that is good for us; abundance of all that is sublime, beautiful and magnificent; is everything that will enrich the personality, the life, the experience. This is what is meant by holding the opulent thought.

Real prosperity comes from the consciousness of being in tune with the Infinite; in touch with the infinite supply. We can not conceive of a greedy, selfish man, no matter how much money he may have, being prosperous in the highest sense of the term. True prosperity is the inward consciousness of spiritual opulence, wholeness, completeness; the consciousness of oneness with the infinite life, the very source of all supply, of possessing an abundance of all that is good for us, a wealth of personality of character that no disaster on land or sea could destroy.—Success.

THE BOY HE WANTED

A merchant needing a boy put the following sign in his window: "Boy Wanted—Wages, \$4 a week; \$6 to the right one. The boy must be master of himself."

Many parents who had sons were interested, but the latter part of the notice puzzled them. They had never thought of teaching their boys to be masters of themselves. However many sent their sons to the merchant to apply for the situation. As each boy applied the merchant asked him, "Can you read?"

"Yes, sir," was the frank reply. "Can you read this?" asked the merchant, pointing out a certain passage in a paper.

"Will you read it to me steadily and without a break?"

"Yes, sir."

The merchant then took the boy into a back room, where all was quiet and shut the door. Giving the boy the paper, he reminded him of his promise to read the passage through steadily, and without a break, and commanded him to read. The boy took the paper and bravely started. While he was reading the merchant opened a basket, in which were a number of lively puppies, and tum-bled them around the boy's feet.

The temptation to turn and see the puppies and note what they were doing was too strong the boy looked away from his reading, blundered and was at once dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same treatment, till seventy-six were tried and proved failures to master themselves. At last one was found who, in spite of the puppies playing around his feet, read the passage through as he had promised. When he had finished the merchant was delighted, and asked him, "Did you see the puppies that were playing around your feet while you were reading?"

"No, sir."

"Did you know that they were there?"

And here is another: "A man, leaning heavily on his cane, dragged himself painfully along a crowded street. Reaching the curb he paused, fearing the attempt to cross the roadway. The busy passers-by hurried on. No one offered to assist him, fearing to intrude, perhaps, or too pre-occupied to notice him. By the street came a cheery-faced boy. The paralyzed man extended his hand to the stranger boy. The good hand took the hand and placed it kindly under his arm. Leading him carefully over the road through which autos were speeding, the boy bade him a polite good-bye and was gone."

A LITTLE HERO

One of the bravest and most unselfish boys that ever drew breath was a little fellow. Thirteen years old he lived in England. A church which he and a younger brother had to pass on their way to school was being frescoed, and they were greatly interested in the work. But it took a long time to complete, and nothing could be seen from below until the scaffolding was removed. Entering the church one day at the noon hour when no one was around, and seeing

GILLETTT'S PERFUMED LYE. Conforms to the high standard of Gillett's goods. Useful for five hundred purposes. Made in Canada.

ladder leading to the floor of loose planks where the painters stood while at work, they thought it would be a good idea to climb up and see for themselves how the decoration was progressing.

In a few moments they had reached the top and were admiring the paintings. As they started toward the ladder to go down, one of the boards gave way and both went through it. The younger boy managed to catch hold of the beam which supported it, and his brother in falling seized him by the leg. There they both hung, waiting for the return of the workmen, who would be back in five minutes. But the strength of the younger boy began to fail, and he said to his brother: "Dick, I'm afraid I can't hold on any longer."

"Could you hold on if I were to let go your leg?" Richard asked. "I think may be I could," the other answered, not dreaming of what his brother intended to do. Richard let go, and in a moment lay dead upon the pavement where the workmen found his body after rescuing his brother, whose feeble cries for help had reached them as soon as they entered the church.

What a brave unselfish boy that was thus to sacrifice his life for his little brother!—The Ave Maria.

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One of the bravest and most unselfish boys that ever drew breath was a little fellow. Thirteen years old he lived in England. A church which he and a younger brother had to pass on their way to school was being frescoed, and they were greatly interested in the work. But it took a long time to complete, and nothing could be seen from below until the scaffolding was removed. Entering the church one day at the noon hour when no one was around, and seeing

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you not look to see what they were doing?"

"I couldn't, sir, while I was reading what I said I would."

"Do you always do what you say you will do?"

"Yes, sir, I try to."

"You are the boy I want," said the merchant, enthusiastically. "Come to-morrow. Your wages will start at \$6, with good prospects of increase."

How this incident points home to a great neglect in the training of our boys and girls; only one boy in seventy-seven trained to be a master of himself! While everything else is looked after, physical health and general education, do not forget to teach each boy to be master of himself.—Sacred Heart Review.

THAT BOY IS A FAILURE

When he values success more than character and self-respect.

When he does not try to make his work a little better each day.

When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot see that life is greater than work.

When he lets a day go by without making someone happier and more comfortable.

When he tries to rule others by bullying instead of by example.

When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity.

When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is.

When he envies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth than he has.

When he does not care what happens to his neighbors or to his friends so long as he is prosperous.

When he is so busy that he has no time for smiles and cheering words.

A PRELATE'S VIEWS ON LITERATURE

Sacred Heart Review

Some excellent and most timely advice about the class of reading matter that should be found in the Catholic home was given by the Bishop of Northampton, England, in a recent pastoral letter. The Bishop rated the press as an almost boundless influence, for good or evil, according to its character.

ly to be wise. They shirk their duties while the children are young. When the seeds of early corruption are bearing fruit they find their authority gone. A son grows up vicious because he learned to question the religious truths which would have restrained the first riot of his passions. A daughter grows up vain, selfish, puerile, unruly and discontented because she has been allowed to feed herself upon unwholesome fiction, and misses at home the flattery and indulgence which she has come to regard as her right.

Bad literature must be banned; but that is not enough. Good literature must be provided. Too many Catholic homes are without such literature. And why? Not because there is not an abundant supply, but because of the indifference of the head of the family. The English prelate says truly:

"Years ago it might have been pleaded that Catholic literature was scarce and dear. That excuse is gone. Catholic newspapers and magazines are as cheap as any. Catholic books are brought out by non-Catholic as well as Catholic publishers, at the usual trade prices. For the benefit of our poor, the Catholic Truth Society and similar associations are actually able to undersell the market owing to the generous and gratuitous services of their writers and others concerned in their publications. Thus, for many years past, there has been a continual and copious outflow of cheap, varied and excellent literature, which has excited the envy if not the admiration of outsiders. Every class of readers has been catered for. There are grave books for scholars, and pamphlets for the working man; tracts on religious questions, tracts on social questions; biographies of saints and biographies of Catholics eminent in secular life; refutations of anti-Catholic calumnies, exposures of anti-Catholic bigots; answers to all the usual objections drawn from history and science; prayer-books, books of instruction and devotion, and the Book of Books, the inspired Word of God.

And for those who crave fiction there are stories by most talented writers, for the same small sum that buys the flamboyant, suggestive sheet or novelette.

The Bishop, after enumerating the various classes of Catholic writings, asks why this wealth of Catholic thought and feeling, this specific against the poison of an infidel and immoral press, is practically a buried treasure to the great majority for whom it is intended?

"The answer is unquestionable. For want of circulation. We are so accustomed to have everything brought to the door that we begrudge the infinitesimal pains requisite to obtain anything that is not 'stocked' by the trade. In most places Catholic books and newspapers can be had at a bookstall; yet how often is that medium of trouble taken? Public libraries will usually subscribe for Catholic books for which there is any demand; yet how seldom do we take the trouble to make the necessary requisition! Our Catholic novelists alone would exercise a wholesome influence on the largest and most susceptible class of readers, if only their work were 'pushed' as assiduously as inferior and exceedingly mischievous productions.

CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE

That indulgence permit them to commit sin.

That indulgences remit their sins committed.

That indulgences can be bought.

That the mere confessing of their sins to a priest merits forgiveness.

That they can have their sins forgiven without resolving to commit them no more.

That all sins are equally heinous in the sight of God.

That the slightest sin will damn a soul.

That they can pay for a Mass.

That they can buy a ransom of a soul from purgatory.

That sermons should be preached in Latin to English-speaking congregations.

That Mary's Immaculate Conception means that she had no natural father.

That they are prohibited from praying directly to God.

That they must pray only to the saints.

That God wishes to damn any soul.

That merely the going to Mass on Sundays is sufficient to save their souls.

That they are obliged to obey the Pope in matters purely temporal.

That a life of perpetual chastity is impossible.—Truth.

THE "IDEAL" EMANCIPATES

Are you a slave to the old back-breaking washboard? Do you know that the Ideal Washer has emancipated thousands of such slaves? The city water pressure does most of the work. The Ideal is a great saver—saves time, temper, health, strength and clothes.

There is nothing to cause trouble no delicate parts to adjust, no slender parts to break. You will forget that there ever was such a thing as a washboard. In fact the Ideal is the only fact that's true with the Ideal.

See it at your dealer's or send us for full information.

THE WORLD'S WORK DEVELOPS ON THE WORLD'S DISSECTION

From the captain of industry to the hoodlum—From the milady in the auto to the woman with the scrubbing brush—the accomplishments of every one of us depend absolutely on the accomplishments of our stomachs. Backed by a good digestion, a man can get the best that is in him. When his stomach fails, he becomes a weakling.

A little loss of power no one need mind. Right habits of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise, aided by Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, will restore and maintain the full efficiency of the human mind and body.

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets contain the active principles needed for the digestion of every kind of food. They go to the assistance of the weakened stomach, and enable the sufferer, right from the start, to assimilate and get the benefit of the food eaten. With this assistance, the digestive organs regain their tone, and soon the use of the tablets is no longer necessary.

If your stomach is not working properly, try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, 50c. at your druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 145

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

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

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was "a tall right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1000 Gravity" Washer.

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

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million three washers.

Now, I know what our "1000 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, it less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1000 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes, like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1000 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1000 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1000 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to day, and let me send you a book about the "1000 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me personally—C. F. Morris, Manager, 1000 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.

-And DON'T Forget the Maple Buds, Grandpa! SHOPPING is only half done if you forget the Maple Buds. Children must have sweets. Their little natures crave for dainty sweet things. Bad for them? Not Cowan's Maple Buds. Pure milk, pure sugar, pure chocolate. What could be more nourishing and wholesome? What else could made them such favorites with intelligent mothers? Make the children happy. Give them sweets you know are good. Put Maple Buds on your shopping list. THEY'RE NOT MAPLE BUDS UNLESS THEY'RE COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS. The COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO, Ontario. Name and design registered. COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS. Pure Milk Chocolate. Look for the Name.

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A KIND LETTER

My Dear Mr. Coffey.—In sending my subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD permit me to offer a word of cordial congratulation. It ranks very high amongst the nineteen Catholic papers and magazines to which I subscribe...

Very truly yours, Rev. D. M. BOGAN

St. Mary's Rectory, Plainfield, New Jersey, Feb. 12, 1918.

A VENERABLE "REPEALER"

Toronto, 17th February, 1918. Hon. Thomas Coffey, London: Dear Sir.—I see by the RECORD that Samuel Young Nationalist, M. P., thinks he is the only Repealer now living who belonged to the repeal association during the life of Daniel O'Connell in 1842...

Yours truly, JAMES CORCORAN.

A ROYAL WARRANT

The L. C. Prime Company, Limited, St. John, N. B. have just received a cable announcing the fact that a Royal Warrant has been issued to the Manufacturers of "Molassine Meal," the well known Live Stock Food.

This is perhaps the greatest honor of all of the many that have fallen to this enterprising firm. Molassine Meal has been recognized in Great Britain for many years as the leading Live Stock Food known to science.

C. M. B. A.—At the last meeting of Branch 288, Downeyville, a resolution was passed that a Rogation High Mass be offered for the repose of the soul of the Right Rev. R. A. O'Connor, late Bishop of Peterboro.

DIABETES

SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES is the only remedy with Record of complete cures. Price \$2.00. Most Leading Druggists. Information and Literature Free.

THE SANOL MFG. CO. LTD. Winnipeg, Man.

last Episcopal visit to this parish addressed an open meeting on behalf of our branch. The members will attend in a body.

CHURCH DECORATIONS

For Home or Church decorations for Easter there is nothing more suitable than our Easter Artificial flowers for decorating. They are sold in over 500 stores in Canada.

DENTISTRY.—There is a good opening for a dentist in Bath, New Brunswick. For particulars write to M. Bohan, Esq., at that post office.

FAVORS RECEIVED

A Stratford subscriber wishes the prayers of the faithful for two urgent requests and if granted will have a Mass said and promise to publish.

A reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD wishes to return thanks for a favor received through prayers to St. Bridget and St. Anthony of Padua.

A reader asks the prayers of the readers of your paper for a very special intention. If granted will publish and have a Mass said for souls in purgatory.

A reader wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor received after prayers to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and the Souls in Purgatory.

A Sudbury, Ont., reader wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the other saints for a very great temporal favor received.

A subscriber asks the prayers of the faithful for a special request and

if granted within three weeks will have a Mass said for the suffering souls.

TENENTS OF SOCIALISM

"To be a true Socialist is to be a free lover. To be a complete Socialist is to be an atheist."

In a scathing denunciation of Socialism, David Goldstein, at the Pinney in Boise, Idaho, between storms of applause and hisses, so declared and exposed the teachings of the greatest leaders of the organization, declaring that the ends and aims of the works by which the party stands are free love and atheism of the rank-est sort.

Watch thy tongue, out of it are the issues of life.

HEAVY DRINKER CURED

SAMARIA CURED HIM AND HE HELPS OTHERS

A man who has been released from the awful cravings of drink, and whose first thought is to help others, shows the spirit of true brotherhood and philanthropy. Read his letter: "The Samaria Remedy Co., Toronto, Ont.:

"With you please send me back on drink, also circulars relating to your valued remedy for the drink habit. I wish to hand them to a friend who is going to run through drink. You will remember that I have taken your remedy, and I find it all you claim it to be. I never think of taking or using strong drink in any way, as all desire for it has left me. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful remedy. You may use my name in any way you wish in public."

"H. Li vvhite, Bridgen, Ont." Samaria Prescription is tasteless and odorless, and dissolves instantly in tea or in coffee or can be mixed with food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge. It removes the craving for drink, builds up the system and restores the nerves. Drink becomes distasteful and even nauseous.

Drink is a disease, not a crime. One drink of whisky always invites another. The inflamed nerves and stomach create a craving that must either be satisfied by more whisky or removed by a scientific treatment like Samaria Prescription. Samaria Prescription has been in regular and successful use by physicians and hospitals for over ten years.

If you know of any family needing Samaria Prescription, tell them about it. If you have a husband, father, or friend that is drifting into drink help him save himself. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day to the Samaria Remedy Company, Dept. 11, 49 Colborne Street, Toronto, Canada.

BIRTH

QUINN.—On Jan. 30, 1918, at the family residence, 142 Kohler Street, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Quinn, a daughter.

DIED

HUBBARD.—At Forest, Ont., on Jan. 30, 1918, Mr. James Hubbard, aged seventy-nine years. May his soul rest in peace.

WARD.—At Meaford, Ont., on Friday, Feb. 14, 1918, William Ward, aged seventy-five years. The funeral took place from his late residence, Meaford, Ont., on Tuesday, Feb. 18, to Ward's cemetery, St. Vincent, Ont. May his soul rest in peace!

CANADA LAND

Write for our 32 page booklet containing 63 photographic views, and statistical and detailed information about our lands in east central Saskatchewan. It's free. The Walsh Land Co., Winnipeg, Canada.

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

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED A TEACHER FOR ADVANCED classes of Separate school, Cache Bay, Ont. French and English. Salary \$500. Apply to Rev. Thos. H. Trahan, Sec. Treas., Cache Bay, Ont. 179-11

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL, SEC. 17, No. 4, Lower Township, County Kent, who teach and speak the English and French languages. Catholic preferred. Salary offered \$500 per annum. Duties to begin after the Easter holidays. Give experience and salary wanted. Apply to Michael Blake, Elginfield, P. O., Ont. 179-13

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. SECTION No. 4, Biddulph. Lady holding a second class professional certificate, experienced. Duties to commence after the Easter holidays. Give experience and salary wanted. Apply to John Walsh, Sec. Treas., Kirkira, Ont. 179-11

PROFESSIONAL TEACHER, MALE OR FEMALE for senior union, S. S. No. 6, Kirkira, Ont., holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to begin after Easter holidays. State salary and experience. Apply to John Walsh, Sec. Treas., Kirkira, Ont. 179-11

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The Connor Ball-Bearing Washer is built of Louisiana Cypress, known as "the wood eternal," because it defies decay. Cypress water mains laid in New Orleans 110 years ago show no signs of decay. Soaps, acids, beer, vinegar, etc., are manufactured in Cypress tanks. So you see that soap and water would have little effect on a cypress-built washer. And when that washer runs on ball-bearings washes clothes twice as fast as by hand, without any board wear, you cannot reasonably do without it. So get a Connor Ball-Bearing Washer, Madam. A big manufacturing corporation puts a guarantee tag on every machine, assuring you satisfaction or your money back. Full description in our latest booklet. Write for a copy.

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HOUSEKEEPER WANTED HOUSE-KEEPER WANTED FOR SMALL family composed of three, and for week-end four children; ages ranging from fifteen months to seven years. Situation, near farm, central location, from O. A. C. Guelph. No smoking. Good references required. Address Box 41, Guelph, Ont. 179-13

HELP WANTED WANTED YOUNG MAN TO DO ALL KINDS of work on farm. Please state wages wanted, also experience. Address A. A. O'Leary, Post Lambton, Ont. 179-12

WANTED A CAPABLE AND RELIABLE section man with wife who would assist, preferred. State salary expected and address. Box B, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 179-12

SITUATION WANTED RESPECTABLE MAN WANTED WORK AS school janitor or cleaner. Apply Box V, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 179-13

AGENTS WANTED HOME COMFORTS IMPROVED AND FAMILY health protected, use Fire-Resist sanitary closets. Write for agents' prices and territory. Ohio Trust Co., 91 George St., Ottawa. 179-12

THE NURSING PROFESSION GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL, TRAINING a host for nurses, nurses, N. Y. several vacancies. Only those who have decided to enter the profession are requested to apply. 179-11

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TO CATHOLIC LADIES FISHING FEMALE DOMESTICS

A PARTY OF YOUNG WOMEN WILL ARRIVE from England during April next. The passage money \$350 must be sent on with application, and will be repaid by monthly instalments of \$50. To be deducted from wages, which will vary from \$2 per month upward, according to training, ability, and work required. Applications must be made on or before March 12, to Mother Superior, St. George's Home, 1143 Wellington St., Ottawa, Ont.

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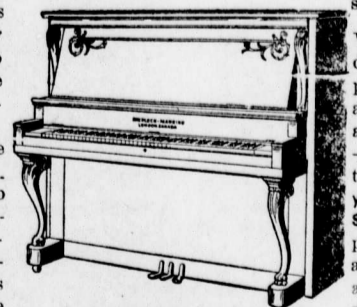
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Of interest to financial men and to the public generally is the formation of the Bankers Bond Company Limited, with a capital of One Million Dollars, headquarters at Toronto.

The President of the Company is Mr. F. W. Baillie, the Vice-President, Mr. F. P. Wood, and, in addition, a group of prominent Canadian banking men are interested both as investors and advisors.

The Bankers Bond Company will conduct the customary bond and preferred stock business, and aims to be of special service to the public in other ways.

It will assist worthy industries, business men and others who have not access to the customary channels for capital, to expand by financing the needed money. Canada has many industries only needing capital to become large and prosperous concerns.

Directed by men experienced in both investments and banking, the Bankers Bond Company should render valuable service to investors and business men. This should especially apply in a country such as Canada, so replete on one hand with opportunities for investment wherein judgment and foresight are needed, and, on the other, with opportunities for business expansion, provided financial assistance is forthcoming in either small or large amounts at crucial periods.

The Bankers Bond Company is the outcome of steady and important growth of the investment business done by the firm of Baillie, Wood and Croft, Bankers and Brokers, Toronto, during a period of ten years. The latter firm will hereafter confine themselves to Stock Exchange business.

The Bankers Bond Company Limited, have engaged as premises the ground floor of the Imperial Life Building, Victoria St., Toronto.

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