





IN THE SKIRT O' THE WIND.

Una Morrin was sighing as she tidied up the kitchen for the evening after the meal. She sighed as she piled high the turf on the fire. She sighed as she raked the embers under the Dutch oven which held the cake for the morning. She sighed again as she brushed back the ashes of the hearth, and she heaved a mournful "Mhuire's tragh!" as she drew out the stool and sat down to card some wool. And it was a bad sign for Una Morrin to be sighing like that, because she was always the light-hearted girl, was Una Morrin.

Though she possessed the thrift—and all the need of it that often drives the inhabitants of Ireland's coast country from their homes—to-night the "cards" lay idle in her hands, while she gazed, wide-eyed and long, through the chinks of red glow which the loosely heaped turf made upon which the coals beneath. Faith, there was a weary look on the face of Una Morrin's daughter, as if she were thinking long for the voice of some one. And it was not her prayers that kept her silent.

Outside the wind blew hard, as the winds of Connacht do, when they whip in from the sea on stormy nights. Its wail rose and fell between the booming of the surf that beats against the rocks at the foot of Maev's Cliff. Now and then an alien noise would pierce the thundering of the sea and wind—a sound of falling boards, a slamming of a neighbor's door, the creak of hinges straining to be loose. Aye, and through the wildness of the night there came the sorrowful note that is heard only along the Erse coast, when the women of the fishing folk sit within their cottages, hugging memories of nights long past, bitter recollections of this night or of that day, when their lad or himself went out to sea—and did not return. Was it the wild cry of poor souls drowned, that came through the stillness of storm and drifting winds to those of the lonely hearth? God knows!

Starting from her reverie, Una Morrin arose to light the candle. The noise of the stopten grating upon the earthen floor aroused old Moira from her doze. "What's keepin' Niall Murtagh these nights, alanna?"

"How should I know, Granny?" the girl exclaimed impatiently. But her cheeks and neck showed red, and it was not the glow of the candle's light that made it so.

"He has not been here since the Sunday that brought Jamie McElin in here. Had ye any words?"

"For what should we have words?" "I don't know, I don't know, at all. Only I thought he was 'exceed wid the actin' ye had wid Jamie McElin."

findin' fault with him, an' isn't it as well that you are here wid your old grandmother as bein' over there among strangers as Nora is, wid not a soul near her from the village? Sure it's not lonely you are for them that writes to you only to trouble you with longin' when they know you cannot leave your old Granny?"

"Aye, it's lonely I am, Granny, an' wishful for the ones beyant. An' why shouldn't I be, wid all belongin' to me over there save you, Granny? Whin I sit on the beach on an evening, an' the little waves come creepin' in an' breakin' themselves against the rocks below, my heart is breakin' wid them, an' I can hear the whispurin' o' voices in them, their voices, Ned's an' Dominic's an' Moira's, and the liltin' voice of Noreen. D'ye mind the voice of our Noreen, Granny?"

The girl had been playing idly with the tongs, but now she dropped them absently, and with hands hanging listlessly before her, she sat and stared with wet-ear eyes into the fire.

There was silence broken only by the clicking of the old woman's beads against one another.

Una looked up from the fire at her grandmother's face. There were tears, too, in Granny's eyes.

"'Tis the will o' God, and He knows best, acushla, an' sure, agradh, I'll soon be goin' home an' then—"

Una arose abruptly and kissed her. "Orra, Granny, dear, don't be talkin' that way. Sure I would not be leavin' you at all. Doesn't Neddeen want me to bring you out—"

"God forgive the poor lad, an' give him sense, an' what would I be doin' out there?"

Una went over to open the half-door, where argument was useless.

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know that it was the gold watch which her brother Dominic had sent from New York to Niall Murtagh. It was a souvenir of another evening such as this, when young Murtagh had saved her brother's life.

"I should like to give this to you, if he did not come back," Michael O'Gallagher whispered in her ear, as if they could be heard on the storm-swept beach, "but God send that you may have the chance to give it back to him, Una agradh."

She placed the watch in her bosom, and lifting her eyes looked wistfully toward the sea. A solid wall of darkness seemed to lie between those on shore and the waters that belched and roared beyond the rocks. Only the white foam and salt spray came in to beat upon their faces as they stood there, waiting for their knew not what. Nothing came into her mind but the priest's words. The wet wind rushing viciously in upon her told her that. Yet she asked:

"Do you think, Michael—is there any chance at all?"

The young fisherman shook his head, but with the faith of an Irish heart answered: "Who knows but God will bring them both back safe?"

The girl took a few steps nearer to the water, where she stood in silence for a moment. Suddenly she leaned forward and with her hand to her ear she listened intently. Michael called to her. He, too, went down to the water's edge and taking her arm urged her to go home. She pushed him from her and continued to listen.

At last she turned to him with a quick anxious movement and demanded: "Did you hear that?"

"I hear nothin' but the roar of the sea,"

Down at the Gap a fierce struggle was taking place. Through the mist the young priest could discern a dark mass of men swaying back and forth, their arms and legs tossing back and forth, now nearing the boat at the water's edge, now crushing back the gigantic form of a rugged old fisherman. When Father Edward drew closer he could only hear the labored breath of the men who were striving with the old man, Paudheen Gill, who with oars in hand was trying to break the little phalanx before him. Una Morrin, with another pair of oars was guarding the boat from a possible attack.

Even as the priest came upon them a cry arose: "Hold her, hold her! She's gone without him!"

And she was. For giving up all hope of going out to the rescue when she saw the white habit of the Dominican rising out of the mist, she made one desperate leap into the boat, and pushing out from the shore was threading her way through the small rocks when they saw her.

With the thundering voice of authority the priest called out: "Una Morrin, Una Morrin, in the name of God I command you to come back!"

A hush of awe fell upon the men on the shore. Old Paudheen, nervous now with fear, had dropped his oars, and with the others was standing, his arms hanging lifeless by his sides. The girl was still slowly finding her way out through the Gap.

Una Morrin, in the name of our Blessed Mother, to whom you are consecrated, come back!"

Paudheen Gill and some of the others fell upon their knees. "Can you hear me, Una Morrin?" shouted the priest, his time through a trumpet formed by his hands.

voice of the priest rose, firm and strong, above the noise of the storm, which was now abating.

"I hear singin' out there," said a little boy, whom his father had not been able to drive home.

"Pray for us at the hour of our death—"

"I tell ye, I hear singin'! Can't ye hear 'em?"

"Send that child home," Father Edward ordered. And with a "clout" over the head as an inducement, the boy's father was obeying.

But Kathie O'Gallagher had run down to the water's edge and was listening. Suddenly she threw her arms up in the air, and falling on her knees she cried: "May God and His Holy Mother be praised. I hear the voice of Niall O'G."

A hush fell on the kneeling crowd. Yes, with the drifting wind and mist there came through the ocean's roar the clear tones of "Hail, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star," and the voice was that of Niall Murtagh. He sang as cheerily as if it were on the calmest of seas. It was a way that Niall Murtagh had in moments of danger.

CATHOLIC CONVERTS.

We have heard much of Catholic converts in recent years here in America, and can scarcely fail to appreciate the courage and unselfishness required to make the transfer of allegiance from one of the Protestant sects to Catholicity. It is such sacrifices, however, that must be made for the sake of conscience. Those who might be prone to think this was a new phase in the history of conversions will find in a series of articles now appearing in the Catholic World the stories of some English converts which show how much more severe was the trial of conversion in England at the middle of the nineteenth century. The articles contain the stories of George Dudley Wilberforce, Wilberforce, Henry Edward Manning, Wilberforce, Henry Edward Manning, and one other still to come, which may be in the February number, each of whom married one of the four Sargent girls, daughters of Rev. John Sargent. These Stories of "Four Celebrities, Brothers by Marriage," written by Wilfrid Wilberforce, are, perhaps, the most edifying and instructive magazine articles that have appeared in recent years. They contain the stories of simple-hearted men and women, of great souls and beautiful minds who, against every human motive and every earthly consideration, worked their way into the Catholic Church and then obtained that peace which is only to be found in her bosom.

The stories are a magnificent exemplification of the fact that the Catholic Church has its principal attraction for beautiful souls who have lived lives of unselfishness, who are interested in doing everything for the best, who are deeply educated and highly cultured. There is a prevalent impression in America that the Church has its attractions only for the poor and the uneducated and the uncultured. These stories from the Oxford Movement show that just the opposite is true and that it was the very best people in every sense of the word who were attracted to the Catholic Church. It makes one proud to be a Catholic to read these stories, however, they have all the lights and the grace that these people were struggling for and not to have taken advantage of them better than most of us have done. As soon as they found themselves in the Church all was peace and consolation, in spite of the fact that there were severe human trials and the proper to be borne. They turned to the proper source of consolation, while we who have been close to all our lives sometimes neglect it or have become so familiar with its means of grace as to not realize its meaning.

These stories have another significance, for they are types of what is happening in our own time. People are still struggling toward the light against the most difficult trials and are finding their home in the Church. The rest of us are still living close to this precious treasure that others are striving for with so much effort, and we do not appreciate it at its true value. It is for this reason that the stories of converts are particularly interesting and particularly valuable. What is history in the Catholic world is reality in the life of those who are still in the life of life that will be there as interesting in the telling as those which now figure almost as romances of the struggle for religious truth.—Buffalo Union and Times.

It's the Matter with the Blood

Water, the lips and gums of the whole system is weak down.

It is necessary to supply the necessary and to get well you must have a treatment as Dr. Chase's Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is required in ailments of the blood. It is above all else an aid and builder of the blood.

Why Eczema Patients Suffer

No Wonder They Despair—But Cure Has Now Been Found. It is a strange thing about eczema. After wasting money on nostrums, dosing the stomach or smearing on greasy salves for years, many a skin sufferer gives up in despair. He says: "What is the use, some may be cured, but my case is hopeless."

But a trial of the simplest remedy—just a little oil of wintergreen properly compounded (as in D. D. D. Prescription) will wash away that itch. In fact, it will take away the itch IMMEDIATELY, the instant D. D. D. is applied.

Now, if there is anyone in your town suffering with eczema, ringworm, tetter, psoriasis or poison ivy, tell this sufferer not to sit back and say, "I have tried everything, there is no cure for me." Tell him to write for free sample bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to The D. D. D. Laboratory, Department B, 23 Jordan St., Toronto.

OUR FAMILY DOCTOR FOR SIX YEARS. High Bluff, Man., Jan. 22, 1909. Dr. H. Sanche & Co. Dear Sirs.— It is now six years since we bought our Oxodonor, and I never could tell you half the troubles I have used it for. I have nine children, and Oxodonor has been our family doctor for six years. Among other things, I have used Oxodonor successfully for pleurisy, pneumonia, rheumatism, heart trouble, coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh, grippe, measles, sore eyes, sore throat, croup, etc., etc. It has also been found very helpful for chronic headaches. Believe me, Yours very sincerely, Mrs. Cox Smith. OXYDONOR is a wonderful little instrument that cures at home, while you sleep. It can be applied properly by anyone and causes no sensation, neither of pain or anything else. All diseases are alike to Oxodonor. It cures by creating in the body a powerful affinity for Oxygen, so that it is absorbed freely by the whole system. This abundance of Oxygen gives such abundant vitality to the body that it is able to throw off the disease (unless some vital organ has been destroyed) and regain perfect health. Write at once for our Free Illustrated Booklet that tells about the OXYDONOR and its wonderful cures. Dr. H. SANCHE & CO. 380 St. Catherine St. West Montreal

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

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

My Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

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We are now the sons of God; and it hath not yet appeared what we should be. Let us wish you all, good readers, the joys of Easter morn and earnest gratitude and praise to Him who, rising from the dead, dieth now no more. May it be so with us all!

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Our attention has been called to a lecture on "Newman and Modernism" delivered in Christ Church, Montreal, by the Rev. Dr. Symonds. The meagre report given by the Montreal Gazette under date of March 20th leaves the reader dissatisfied with the whole business. The criticism it presents of the eminent Cardinal is unfair. The explanation offered concerning Modernism is obscure and erroneous, and the opening imputation contained in the report is discourteous and unfounded.

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firm by its teaching and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more and more of our people, earnestly recommending Catholic homes and standards. Therefore, with Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Blessings, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessings, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessings, I can recommend it to the faithful.

We claim therefore that Dr. Symonds' title "Newman and Modernism" is ill-chosen. In regard to all these caricatures of Newman which appear from lecturers and reviewers it is well to quote the Cardinal himself: "I must show," he wrote in his introduction to the Apologia, "what I am that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me." Here is the man who is alleged as ready to make, and actually making, concessions. He writes: "Nor was it only that I had confidence in our cause both in itself, and in its polemical force, but also on the other hand, I despised every rival system of doctrine and its arguments too. As to the High Church and the L. w Church, I thought that the one had not much more of a logical basis than the other; while I had a thorough contempt for the controversial position of the latter." Speaking of the principle of dogma Cardinal Newman says: "I have changed in many things: in this I have not. From the age of fifteen dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion: I know no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery. What I held in 1816, I held in 1833, and I hold in 1864. Please God, I shall hold it to the end." He was also confident of a visible Church "with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace." Finally, let us quote a letter to a friend which the Cardinal wrote in 1862. "We know perfectly well," he said, "and hold with all our hearts, that the Catholic Church is the sole communion in which there is salvation. But we know, too, that there is such a state of mind as invincible ignorance; and the present Pope, in one of his allocutions, has expressly recognized it. He has said too, 'if my memory is correct—that no one can decide who is in invincible ignorance and who is not.' This is not the thought of a man ready to make concessions; charitable and full of consideration though it may be. People who argue as Dr. Symonds does base their statement upon Newman's Development of Doctrine. This treatise is absolutely different from the evolution of dogma as enunciated by Modernists. The doctrine of the primacy of St. Peter or any other dogma may have become more definite as ages went on. That does not mean that the same truth was not held from the beginning. From the day of Pentecost the Church taught all truth. Whatever development has marked history is only the application of the original dogmatic principle to the new

phase of question or doubt. Modernism erects dogma on an entirely different basis. Development is an analysis of a dogma divinely established, not fully explained, but left to be explained by a duly constituted authority to whom the keys were left and whose infallibility was guaranteed for all time. Modernism is synthetic. There was no dogma originally. It grew not from the seed planted by the divine Husbandman. It grew by the accretion of human thought with human thought. No lecturer wishing to impart information or anxious not to wrong a noble memory should class Cardinal Newman amongst Modernists. He evidently does not understand Modernism and is not careful enough about his statements.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A correspondent has asked us to write up something upon this subject. Furthermore, our friend asks why the Church favors it—"if it does so"—and lastly, what parts of the New Testament uphold it. We are not aware that the Church has made any pronouncement upon the subject unless it be to hold as a principle that legitimate society has under certain conditions the right of life and death over a citizen. Nor do we know of any text in the New Testament for or against capital punishment. The subject may be looked at either from the standpoint of principle or that of expediency. If the former be admitted, as we think it must, both because it is required by the existence of society and as a protection of the weak and the good against brute force and malice, society has the right of making war, which certainly includes the right of putting its enemies to death. It has also the right of punishing with extreme penalty any of its members who have been guilty of an extreme crime. Murder is the highest crime against an individual; high treason against society. In both cases capital is perfectly justified in using capital punishment. This severe penalty was in former times not limited to murderers. Men were hanged for much lighter crimes. We may not agree with the law which would have a human life for a sheep's life. However, it shows that society felt convinced that it had the power of capital punishment. As to the expediency of using this right nations differ. Murderers are a class upon whom we can waste no sentiment. We think that some degrees in the crime of murder might with advantage be made so as to arrive at a just estimate of the malice of the crime. Once a clear case is proven we hesitate not to say that society owes it to its peaceable citizens to rid itself of the guilty party. Hanging may seem harsh, yet as great a writer as Father Faber sees in capital punishment the mercy of God. Nor is it so hard to follow him. Day and date of death are fixed with time enough to repent of the past and to prepare for judgment. On the other hand, a lingering life in prison leaves the present without remorse and the future without provision.

WAS ST. PATRICK SCOTCH?

The Lord be good to us, poor Irish, these hard times. They are trying to take our Apostle from us—some doubting if ever he lived, and last of all, trying to make him out a Scotchman. The Rev. Dr. Mackie of Kingston, in an eloquent and touching lecture advances this claim, which he urges as a reason for others than the Irish celebrating the Feast. "Have not Scotsmen," says Mr. Mackie, "a good right to him, to a large part of him—to a brother Scot, to the greatest missionary that Scotland ever sent forth from her shores all these hundreds of years, and that is saying a great deal." That, we readily admit, is saying entirely too much. The argument for St. Patrick being Scotch rests only upon the temporary abode in Scotland of a body of Roman soldiers. Mr. Mackie gives the points very nicely. It is too nice. The heather made the lad and the seaside and the stirring banks of the Clyde and the bracing air. His educational advantages were few. Here, however, our lecturer, after stating that St. Patrick was the son of Calpurnius, a Christian and deacon, adds "that in his youth Patrick's spirit had not perceived the true God nor had his will surrendered to Him." That is Calvinistic. Stripped of its heterodoxy it may be assumed to mean that St. Patrick did not know his high vocation. His slavery of six years followed. Afterwards he escaped. Mr. Mackie now comes out boldly and maintains that the saint's immediate preparation for the apostolate was around Dumbarton in Scotland. He who proves too much proves nothing. We are accustomed to the proposed idea that St. Patrick was, or should have been, born in Scotland. We cannot admit that his preparatory studies for the priesthood were made in a land where schools were unknown and where missionary ideas and zeal had no example or encouragement. To tell us, however, that "in the church of

St. Patrick there was the Bible as the only rule of faith and morals and the "Presbyterian polity," is far too much for us to digest. To be silent about Rome and Pope Celestine's commission to the Irish apostle is unfair. To claim that the Irish Church founded by St. Patrick was congregational episcopacy is too utterly funny. We might forgive a man who would argue that St. Patrick was a Scotchman, but we draw the line at making him a Presbyterian. Until the Rev. Mr. Mackie proves that the Papacy is Presbyterian we must hold to the old belief that the Irish Church in the beginning was, and is now, and ever shall be, Roman Catholic Apostolic. The faith St. Patrick planted is the same to-day at home and abroad, guarded with sacrifice, pure and undefiled, as it was delivered to the saint by Rome and as it was given by him to Ireland, and as it was transmitted to us in unbroken line through the many ages.

A PRACTICAL JESUIT.

This is a term used lately by The Christian Guardian in a sense as uncomplimentary as it is undeserved. When, however, this deeply religious and charitable journal urges that Methodists should become "practical Jesuits," it is falling into the snare which it thought was prepared for others. The Christian Guardian, by this insinuating phrase would have its readers believe that a "Practical Jesuit" is a man who makes the end justify the means. Why is the worn-out calumny made to do service again? It is the dark line in spectral analysis—meaner and more contemptible in the every day advice and the running estimate of men and things than when formulated under special heading. Habits betray themselves when least expected. Prejudice seldom breaks down or broadens out. So is it with the Christian Guardian. Ignorant of all things Catholic, maliciously ignorant of the great Society of Jesus, this Methodist organ could not lose the chance. Wishing to advise its own people not to be particular about the means, it urges them to be "Practical Jesuits." Not bad advice if the view were not distorted! It would be most opportune for Methodism if, when men like some of their preachers were undermining the Bible, they had some "Practical Jesuits"—scholars in the highest sense of the term, men of science whose faith is a light to the world and whose learning scatters the modern Lilliputians! It hardly becomes the Christian Guardian to cast slurs upon the Jesuits. Still less becoming is it for a religious journal to calumniate them or any other body, however fashionable it has ever been amongst non-Conformists.

SCIENTIFIC FRAUD.

The successor to Darwin in the chair of materialism is Haeckel, whose name has an international reputation as the creative genius of the pretended science of embryogenia. He is a fierce, loud-mouthed opponent of religion. Monism is his pet theory—that other name for pantheism, which sees in all existent substance and proper essence, and which finds all differences merely apparent not real. This high priest of pantheism delivered a conference at Jena in Germany last year upon the "The Problem of Man," which he illustrated with plates. These were intended to prove the affinity between man and the mammals. The first of the plates showed skeletons of man, gorilla, chimpanzee, orang and gibbon. The other two plates contained drawings of embryos of mammals to show that the human embryo hardly differs from those of the other mammals. Well and good! But these plates were prepared by the prophet himself. A tail was cut off one creature and put on another according as it would suit his theory best. It was not a question of nature but of a proposed system. It is not what was in the ordinary forest but what should have been to satisfy Haeckel's solution of "The Problem of Man." The thunderbolts were forged to favor evolution. An eminent scientist accused Haeckel of falsely representing various evolutionary stages of man, the monkey and other mammals. He (Haeckel) actually took from some scientific work "the figure of a macaco, cut off its tail, and made a gibbon of it." The most refreshing part is that the prophet of evolution admits the falsification. He says himself: "All those figures for which the material possessed by us is so incomplete and insufficient that when we come to make an uninterrupted chain of the evolutionary stages we are obliged to fill the vacancies by hypotheses, to reconstruct the missing members by comparative syntheses." Men who claim property by forging old deeds receive due retribution. Bold and proud is science. Rather than gracefully acknowledge their error and inability to demonstrate their position, they proudly and impudently falsify their data. Intellectual pride is the mother of falsehood.

THE OLD SPIRIT REVIVED.

That there are some very peculiar people in this country of ours becomes more evident each day. Last week there was held in the city of Toronto what was called a "Missionary Congress," confined to the lay element of the churches of our separated brethren. Their purpose was to evangelize the world. There were present men from far and near—men engaged in business pursuits who had climbed to the top—men of renown in science, arts and letters—men highly respected, and deservedly so, in the community. They had formed the splendid conception of bringing the world to Christ. It was the event of the week in newspaperdom. Towards the close, however, there appeared, on Friday, in the Toronto Globe, a report of a meeting of the Board of Education of that city, at which this resolution was passed:

"That this Board of Education place itself on record as being opposed to the engagement or employment in the future of teachers of the Roman Catholic faith in the public schools in the city of Toronto."

The resolution was introduced by a Mr. Levee, whose name we have seen before in connection with similar escapades. In favor of the resolution there voted Trustees Davis, Conboy, Smith, Levee, Brown and Rawlinson, and against it Trustees Houston, Simpson and Bryan. If a Board of Trustees had resolved not to employ Catholics in a Protestant school we could quite understand the situation, because Catholic teachers would be somewhat out of place teaching Protestantism to Protestant children, as would Protestants be out of place teaching in Separate Schools; but we are dealing with Public Schools, in which no form of Christianity is supposed to be taught. What prompted these men to cast their votes in favor of the resolution shows us plainly to what depths inane bigotry may descend. But extraordinary as this transaction may appear to the average citizen, it is not to be wondered at. The seed is scattered from the pulpits and as it begins to germinate it is nurtured in the Orange lodges. Let us imagine a band of missionaries, inspired by the missionary congress of Toronto proceeding to bring the world to Christ. Let us suppose they drop into India to engage in the work of evangelization. They accept a man who reads the papers and keeps well posted on current events. When the Christian missionaries say their piece, the Mahomedan may reply in this wise: "Out upon thee, hypocrites, you tell me you are the ambassadors of the God of peace, of the God of Love, of the God of Justice. If you are sincere, why do you not practice these Christian attributes among yourselves. You Christians are as a house divided. If you are the ambassadors of the God of Love why do you hate each other? If you are the ambassadors of the God of Justice, why do you deny to fellow Christians who are not in accord with you the means of making a livelihood? If you are the ambassadors of the God of Peace why do you on occasion maltreat some of your fellow-Christians because they do not belong to the same branch of Christianity. You ask me for proof? Read the Toronto Globe of the 2nd of April and you will therein notice that some of your Protestant Christians refuse to give employment to Catholic Christian because they are such. What am I to think of you? Please retire and put your house in order. Come to me again when you practice what you preach." The Mahomedan stood on solid ground.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD wishes to extend heartfelt condolence to the Rev. Dr. Teefe, of Toronto, whose mother died a few days ago. She was the life-partner of Mr. M. Teefe, J. P., Richmond Hill, the oldest postmaster in Canada. Mrs. Teefe had lived to a patriarchal age and her life-work was full of kindness, of charity and of all those admirable traits which belong to the model Catholic matron. May we not hope that her blameless life has brought her the joys of heaven and that her Easter will be spent with the Redeemer of Mankind. May eternal light be her portion!

WHERE IS THE CATHOLIC GENIUS?

Lately, Archbishop Farley has inveighed against the character of the drama, as presented on the boards of the metropolis, particularly during the last few years. "Obscene orgies" is the name his Grace gives the entertainments of these our very Christian times. Truly are these infamous plays "stewed in corruption," deemed worse than the spectacles of pagan times. In days of old, barbarities were not doubtly dinned, in so far as men had not the teaching of the gospel to guide them but now in the full noon of the Christian era, with the trophies of Christian faith visible everywhere, words fall short in condemning the atrocious morals that parent such awful taste and worse sentiment.

The drama, once the handmaid of religion, in the old moral and miracle plays, has like an erring child, gone far from its mother. To reclaim her seems high impossible. Since men will go to the theatre, we believe the Church in her power and genius should virtually be there ahead of the multitude, by inspiring love for the splendid ideals of Shakespeare or Corneille, or by prompting her own children to write dramas like "Fabiola" or "Callista" that will have their environment in storied days, their themes religious without any of the mawkish traicings of hot-house piety, the ideas exalted in themselves and exalting in their influence, and the moral ennobling.

We should condemn, even as does His Grace, but it seems to us the right hour for a Catholic genius to substitute the virtuous for the vicious, the refined for the puritan, the true for the false and the dishonoring.

good order of that county, which enjoyed complete absence from crime. In Monaghan white gloves were presented to the Judge of assize, there being no crime to investigate. Notwithstanding this we have cable despatches coming at regular intervals representing Ireland as a lawless country but not a word about the terrible crimes taking place in England every day. It is the old, old trick to keep Ireland in the grip of the ascendancy faction by creating the impression the world over that the people are unfit for self-government.

AN ITEM OF NEWS from London has been taken by some of our contemporaries to mean that there is increased discussion in the Irish Parliamentary party. Such, however, is not the fact. When Mr. John Redmond, at a St. Patrick's day dinner, stated that the obstacle to the achievement of Irish liberty was the self-made discords and dissensions of the Irish race, he had in mind the anti-home rule faction in Ulster which is dominated by the Orange leaders, these latter being the tools of the landlord interest. That section of the Irish party, who do not see eye to eye with Mr. Redmond in the policy he is pursuing, is so small in number and so insignificant in influence that it is scarcely worthy of notice. Under a system of responsible government there will ever be dissensions of a more or less serious character within the ranks of every party. Even in Canada both of the great political schools are at times confronted with members who will not obey the party whip. Why, then, should there be so much astonishment expressed when something of this sort takes place in the ranks of the Home Rulers? There has never been more unity of action in Ireland than at the present moment, and never a brighter prospect for the attainment of self government for that country.

ONE OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS in Belle Island, Nfld., wishes to know what we think of the statement made by the Orange Sentinel, of March 11, to the effect that St. Patrick was a Protestant, and, were he living to-day, would be a member in good standing of the Royal Orange Association. Statements of this kind are not worthy serious consideration. We are not surprised that such matter should appear in the Orange Sentinel, but we are somewhat amazed to note that even some Protestant ministers, who are supposed to be educated men, made the statement in their 17th of March deliverances that St. Patrick had no intercourse whatever with Rome. Some claim him as an Episcopalian, some a Methodist, and, not a few, a Baptist. It would not surprise us, next year, if one of these preachers give us some information about Mrs. St. Patrick and the children.

AT LAST MR. WM. O'BRIEN, M. P. for Cork, has severed his connection with the Nationalist party, and has formed a new combination under the name, "All for Ireland." It is a pity that this man, who once gave promise of a brilliant future in the Irish cause, has adopted a course the outcome of which would be turmoil, in case he had any considerable following. This, however, is not the case. Those who see eye to eye with him count for about as much as third parties in the Canadian House of Commons. The disloyal element in the Nationalist Party are either sincere freaks or tools of the landlord faction.

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WHAT OF THE DEAD?

Several of our readers have sent us copies of the Cumberland Daily News containing a lecture by Pastor C. T. Russell on the problem: "Where are the Dead?"

Pastor Russell is a Protestant of Protestants, and using his private judgment for all that it is worth, attempts to show that the private, public and official judgments of all mankind up to the present with the exception of a few who think as he does, have erred in one way or another in their attempts to solve the question, Where are the Dead?

He admits that he himself was once—until recent years—as the rest of mankind, but that the light has at last found its way into his head and he now understands the true meaning of the Bible on the question, and sees that all minds both great and little of the past have erred egregiously.

He does not tell us clearly and distinctly where he thinks the dead are located, or whether location or place can properly be predicated of beings who in their very nature belong not to the order of extended things, such as intelligences are. Place is a relation that extended things, that is material things, bear to each other. But the soul is a spiritual, non-extended, non-material being, and Pastor Russell does not tell us what he thinks is the relation between such a being and place or location, or how any relation can possibly exist between them. This is an important matter to him who attempts to tell us where a non-material, non-extended being is, when whereness is predicable only of extended, material beings. But Pastor Russell enters not into a consideration of it. This is a serious defect in his thesis. He should have given us the benefit of his new light on the subject.

But instead of doing this and giving us something positive, Pastor Russell confines himself mostly to what he thinks is a refutation of those who do not see things in the light of his lamp.

He divides the erring world into four classes, the agnostic, the heathen, the Catholic and the Protestant, and proceeds to show with ease—according to the Scriptures or his notion of them. The agnostic, when he says: I do not know, is dismissed from further consideration.

The heathens are divided into two classes, those who hold metempsychosis or transmigration of souls from the bodies of men to the bodies of other animals, making a series of changes of indefinite length. The other class of heathens believe in a happy hunting ground for the good and a hell of different torments for the wicked.

Pastor Russell omitted another class that he should have mentioned, namely, those who believe in pantheism and hold that the souls of the dead are absorbed into the Deity, as the bubble on exploding is absorbed into the oceans from which it came; or as the body is absorbed into the hungry ground and becomes part of it.

He next comes to Catholics, and gives an unsatisfactory and misleading account of the Church's teaching, attributing to her doctrines he does not teach. Instead of quoting her authoritative utterances he resorts to the creations of the poet Dante's brilliant imagination. These are well enough as a matter of belle-lettres, but are out of place in a discussion of theological doctrines. The first obligation of him who discusses the doctrines of any church is to correctly state them by quoting the authoritative declarations of that church. After that he is free to comment and give the reader the benefit of the light of his wisdom—or unwisdom as the case may be. But enough for the present on this point. We will have occasion to speak of it again further on.

Pastor Russell next comes to the Calvinists and the Armenians, and may or may not have stated the doctrine concerning the dead correctly, but as we are not their spokesmen we pass on to a consideration of other outgivings of the pastor, and in doing so we will let him speak for himself.

Pastor Russell: "In Eden it was God who declared to our first parents, 'Ye shall surely die.' It was Satan who declared, 'Ye shall surely not die.'" Freeman: "That is correct. We are given to find something here and there that we can assent to. But proceed."

Pastor R.: "Notice that the heathens as well as the Christians have accepted Satan's lie and correspondingly rejected God's truth."

Freeman: "We do not notice it, because we know that heathens and Christians believe that men die and will continue to die as long as they continue to be born. Hence we cannot comply with your request for a 'notice' that they accept Satan's lie. They believe that they shall 'surely die.' They know a corpse, or a cemetery where they see it."

Pastor R.: "Do they not all agree with the serpent's statement?" Freeman: "No, none of them does."

Pastor R.: "Do they not all claim that the dead are alive?" Freeman: "What do you mean by 'dead' and 'to die'?" If by 'dead' you mean non-existence and by 'to die' you mean to cease to be, the Christian dead in that sense, if with mankind generally, you mean by death a change of mode of existence, a passage from one phase of existence to another, the Christian will tell you that the dead continue to be, that they exist in another mode of being. In this sense they will tell you that the dead are alive. When they say they refer of course to that intellectual, sensitive, indivisible, substantial unit which manifests its presence by the monosyllable I or Me; in other words they refer to the soul that vitalizes the

human organism and constitutes it a man, and without which the body becomes a corpse. This being, this substantial individual, this person, is what Christians believe to be alive after its departure from the body, and destined to an endless continuance in happiness or misery. When we say a man is dead we mean simply that his body has been deserted by his soul, its animating principle, and has in consequence become a corpse.

We have been thus explicit because your ambitious use of the word "dead" runs through your whole argument and vitiates it.

Pastor R.: "The Scriptures agree from first to last that the dead know not anything." (Ecclesiastes 9:5.)

Here you misrepresent the Scriptures, as will be seen from the references we will make. Turn to first Kings chapter 28, and you will find an account of the interview that took place at Endor between Saul who was living and Samuel who was dead: "And Saul understood that it was Samuel, and he bowed himself with his face to the ground and adored. And Samuel said to Saul: Why hast thou disturbed my rest, that I should be brought up? And Saul said: I am in great distress. Therefore I have called thee that thou mayest show me what I shall do. And Samuel said: Why askest thou me, seeing the Lord hath departed from thee and gone over to thy rival? For the Lord did not do to thee as he spoke by me, and He will render thy kingdom out of thy hand, and will give it to thy neighbor David." (verses 14 and following.)

Here it is clear that the dead Samuel knew that Saul called him, knew that God had departed from Saul and gone over to his rival. Not only this, but he knew of events that had not yet taken place, and thus, though dead, was still a prophet.

From this statement of facts in the inspired and infallible Book of Kings it follows that the dead know something, and that the Scriptures do not, as you say, agree from first to last, that the dead know not anything." It is quite evident that the dead Samuel knew something and that you saw more in Ecclesiastes than its author put into it. How did it come that you overlooked this interview of Saul with the dead Samuel when you said the Scriptures "agreed from first to last that the dead know not anything?"

We might quote the interview between Lazarus in Abraham's bosom and Dives, as related in Luke 16-19 and following, but it is not necessary.

Pastor R.: "It is the Scriptures that tell us where the dead are and their condition, that they are neither experiencing joy nor sorrow, pleasure nor suffering."

Freeman: "If you read the account of Dives and Lazarus in Luke 16-19, you will learn that the former was tortured in the flames of hell and the latter was in peace and contentment in Abraham's bosom. You are wrong then when you say the Scriptures tell us that the dead experience neither joy nor sorrow, pleasure nor pain."

Pastor Russell: "It is the Scriptures that tell us where the dead are." Yes, there are several texts that indicate to us where they are. For instance Luke 23-42, 43, tells us about the penitent thief. "And he said to Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom." And Jesus said to him: "Verily, I say unto thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." He did not say, as you would have it, after the last judgment thou shalt be with Me in paradise. But this day. This penitent thief suffered death under the sentence passed on all mankind for Adam's sin. But his repentance, and his sufferings merited paradise, and we have the words of our Lord for it that his soul was present with Him in paradise on that day.

There was nothing said about a sleep or unconsciousness of indefinite length in the grave.

The case of the thief informs us of the post mortem experience and fortune of a soul departing from its body in the friendship of God.

Our Lord, in Luke, chapter 16, gives an account of the sad experience of another soul after departing from its body in enmity with God. We will give the full text as it is very instructive, and a warning:

"There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus who lay at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar also was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; and the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he was tormented, and he cried, and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said: 'Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.' But Abraham said, 'Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime didst receive good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things, but now he is comforted and thou art tormented. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they who would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, who would come from there.' Then he said, 'I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house; for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.' And Abraham said unto him, 'They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.' And he

said, 'Nay, Father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.' And he said to him, 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.'" (verse 19 to 21.)

In this awe inspiring account in the words of our Lord, there are several things to be noted. After death and the burial of his body in the grave the rich man's soul was awake, conscious and suffering torments in hell. There was an intermediate waiting for the resurrection; its future was fixed. It recognized Abraham and Lazarus though afar off. Abraham knew it—calling it Son. They could communicate their thoughts to each other. The rich man could pray to the holy Abraham for relief. He knew of the condition of his brethren on earth, and though in hell, was interested in their welfare and would have Lazarus sent to admonish them. Mark these points, for we will recall them in reference to some of your fort-e-statements.

Pastor Russell: "It is the Scriptures that tell us that they (the dead) are neither experiencing joy nor sorrow, pleasure nor suffering." In view of what our Lord tells us of the penitent thief and of Abraham and the rich man, in the above quotation, your statement must be rejected as false.

Pastor Russell: "It is the Scriptures that tell us that they (the dead) will have no knowledge of anything done under the sun until their awakening in the resurrection." We have seen that dead Samuel had the knowledge that Saul called him and the foreknowledge that Saul was to meet defeat and death, and the reason of it. (1 Sam. 28-7.)

The rich man spoken of by our Lord had knowledge of the condition of his brethren on earth under the sun. These Scripture facts are enough to upset your theory of Scripture interpretation.

Pastor Russell: "I remind you of the wise man's words, 'Do with thy might that thy hand findeth to do for thee; there is neither wisdom nor knowledge, nor device in (Soul) the grave whither thou goest.' (Ecc. 9:10-11)" There is of course no knowledge or wisdom or device in the grave—the hole in the ground that hides the decaying corpse, for there is no soul, no mind nor intelligence there. But beyond that hole, in paradise and in hell there are intelligences who can think and remember and enjoy and suffer. Abraham said to the rich man, "Remember that thou in thy lifetime didst receive good things and likewise Lazarus evil things." He knew these facts of earth though his soul had long departed from his body. He, that is, his soul, did not know these facts in the grave of course; simple reason for that it was not there; it knew then where it was.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLICS AND EDUCATION.

We have much pleasure in copying from the Galt Reporter the annexed synopsis of a very instructive lecture on Catholic education delivered on Sunday, March 28, by Rev. J. V. Tobin, of St. Mary's Church, London.

The lecturer first referred to the fact that the Catholic Church is sometimes accused of being the enemy of education and science, and also to the popular notion that the Middle Ages were the Dark Ages of the world's history.

His purpose would be to refute this popular fallacy propagated by D'Aubigny, Hume and Froude. He showed that from the first age of Christianity, the Catholic Church was the friend and patron of human learning. He then sketched the state of education in what may be called the Domestic period, when the only schools were the homes of the first Christians.

He then referred to the great Alexandrian Academy, under the direction of St. Mark, St. Panteus, Clement of Alexandria and Origen.

Then came the Episcopal schools, like those of Ambrose at Milan, Augustine at Hippo, and Eusebius at Arles. The next development was the Monastic schools of the fourth century. Among the promoters of Monasticism he mentioned St. Anthony, Pachomius, St. Basil, Athanasius, Maximos of Tours, Cyprian in Britain, Ninian in Scotland and St. Patrick in Ireland.

Every monastery had a school attached to it. These schools were open to boys and girls alike. They taught the seven liberal arts, Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy; also the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages. He told them how the monks sowed and farmed the lands, how they studied, lectured in their schools, copied with their busy pens the Holy Bible, and the classic works of Greece and Rome. He referred to the charge of laziness brought against the Monks and refuted it. He said that to the great St. Benedict was due the honor of organizing Monasticism and perfecting the Monastic schools.

He next spoke of the incursion of the barbarians from the north of Europe, the Goths, the Visigoths, the Huns, the Vandals and the Lombards. In the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries almost every vestige of learning was swept away by that barbaric invasion. Whatever was saved was saved by the Monks of the Monks. The torch of learning was kept burning in the Monastic schools alone.

"The world is," said the lecturer, "in that period of the history of the Catholic Church, not that there was so little light but that there was any light at all."

He then sketched the condition of education in the British Isles and spoke of the flourishing Monastic schools of

England and Ireland. Ireland was then the brightest literary gem in the diadem of the Catholic Church. Her schools were the most celebrated in all Western Europe at that time and to them flocked the youth of Europe in thousands to drink in the wisdom of the Irish sages. The great Emperor Charlemagne was the first promoter and patron of higher education in Europe. He established four grades of schools: the Roman Empire, the three primary schools being crowned by the Palatine Palace school. The Palace schools were established in the Royal City of Aix-la-Chapelle, Paris, Tours, Pavia, Lyons, and Bologna. These schools were presided over by the famous Alcuin, a monk of York, England, and by his successors, Dunstan and Clement, Irish monks, and later on by Scotus Erigena. In England, Alfred the Great imitated the action of Charlemagne and established similar schools in many of the English cities. The leading light of the tenth century was the darkest in the history of education. It was the "Age of Iron," when men thought only of war and conquest, but it was of short duration, scarcely half a century. Then came the great Catholic Revival, in the early part of the eleventh century. A new civilization dawned, whose watchword was Educational Reform; this is known in history as the Scholastic period. The Scholastics promoted the study of Aristotle and other Greek philosophers. The famous monastery of Le Bec in Normandy and the School of Paris were the homes of the new learning. This brought the lecturer to the birth of the great European universities. The first of these were those of Paris, Salerno and Bologna. In the space of three centuries no less than seventy-two were established in the great cities of Europe by the Catholic Church. Their characters were all granted by the Popes of that period. He laid emphasis on the fact that the three great universities of Scotland—Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen—and those of Oxford and Cambridge in England were Papal foundations and first taught by Catholic monks. Numerous schools and halls were opened here by the monasteries. Oxford, for instance, had no less than three hundred such halls. Besides these there were numerous parochial schools in England in those days had no less than two hundred and thirty-seven primary schools, as we are told by the Protestant historian, Cobbett. How magnificently equipped, therefore, was the Catholic Church at that time for the great work of Christian education and how utterly false is the accusation that the medieval ages were ages of Egyptian Darkness!

The next important period was that known in history as the Renaissance—it was the Golden Age of learning in Europe. There were three literary giants in those days. Who has not heard of an Angelo, of a Raphael, of a Fra Angelico, of a Sicutus Erigena, Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, Dante, Chaucer, Roger Bacon, Beccaccio, Erasmus, St. Dominic, St. Bonaventure, St. Francis of Assisi and other immortal literature of that glorious period.

In the next place he touched upon the effects of the Reformation on education in Germany and the British Isles. He quoted from Jausen and Dr. Doellinger to show that the attendance at the universities became very much reduced as the result of the Reformation. For instance the University of Prague, which in Catholic days had 60,000 students, dwindled to 30,000 a few hundred. A similar condition of things followed in the other universities. Anthony Wood, the ancient historian of Oxford, and a Protestant, relates how the laundresses of that city made use of the empty lecture halls as drying rooms for their clothes. In Ireland still more deplorable was the condition of education at that time. Elizabeth, and their successors, was one of complete extermination as far as education in Ireland was concerned.

The school system of that country was completely destroyed. The poor Irish so was to be subjected to send their children abroad to be educated. To do this they were subjected to death. In their sorry plight the Irish had recourse to the "Hedge School," made famous by the great novelist, Gerald Griffin. Another great Catholic revival took place in the 17th century. Its pioneers were the Jesuit Fathers, the sons of great Ignatius Loyola. They founded numerous schools in Spain, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Poland and Germany. Other great teaching orders took a hand in the restoration of Christian education. Chief among these were the Brothers of the Christian Schools, organized by John Baptist De La Salle, "the founder of modern popular education." He established many different grades of Sunday School. He was the very first to see the need of Normal schools for the training of teachers and to establish them. This he did in the year 1681, when he was Canon of the Cathedral of Rheims. Numerous convents of women devoted to the teaching profession opened schools for the education of women. Among others, the Ursulines, the Sisters of Charity, the Mesdames of the Sacred Heart and the Sisters of the Holy Name. Not only in Europe but also in the newly discovered continent of America, did these great religious organ-

izations carry on their great work for the spread of civilization and mental culture, from Cape Horn in the south to the St. Lawrence in the north, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean in the west. And so today in Canada and the United States the Catholic Church can count her colleges, schools, seminaries and universities by the hundred and thousands. Among the most famous may be mentioned the Catholic University of Washington, that at St. Louis, Creighton University in Omaha, Laval in Quebec, the University of Ottawa, that of Notre Dame, Indiana, the Baltimore Seminary and the Grand Seminary, Montreal. Among colleges, which have done great things for education in Canada—not to speak of the United States—we have St. Michael's in Toronto, and Assumption college, Sandwich, which have always shown great zeal in educational matters. Even in the distant State of Texas these Fathers have of late established flourishing colleges at Houston, Waco and Lupton. Another famous seat of learning in Canada is St. Jerome's college in Berlin.

As for the convent schools, who has not heard of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, the Academy of the Sacred Heart, London, and the Ursuline College, Chatham. Reference was then made to a system of parochial schools in Canada—schools which can and do hold their own against the state-aided public schools.

Since the Reformation the Catholic Church has opened forty six new universities in Europe, which, added to the seventy two already referred to, makes a grand total of one hundred and eighteen—while Protestants in the same time have founded only thirty one. South America has eighteen Catholic universities. The Catholic institutions of higher education in the United States including colleges, seminaries, academies and universities, number no less than 1,001 according to the Official Catholic Directory, while Protestants have only 308. In Canada we have 132 such schools of learning. In Europe and America there are fifty universities with 1,000 students or more—29 of these are Catholic and only 21 Protestant. These figures may be found in the "Report of the Commissioner of Education for the United States." (1889-90).

From what has been said, concluded the lecturer, it is plain that the world of to-day owes to the Catholic Church an immense debt of gratitude for all that she has done for the good of art, science and literature. In support of this statement, he quoted the words of the late W. E. Gladstone. That eminent statesman and profound thinker thus writes on this subject: "Since the first three hundred years of persecution the Roman Catholic Church has matched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization and has driven harnessed to its chariot, the horses of a triumphant car, the chief intellectual forces of the world. Its art, the art of the world; its

genius, the genius of the world, its greatness, glory and grandeur and majesty has been almost, though not absolutely, all that the world in these respects has had to boast of."

Another Dangerous Jesuit. Building Inspector Louger of Cleveland has asked the assistance of Rev. L. Odenbach, S. J., of St. Ignatius College, to determine the cause of the vibration being felt in a number of buildings of the city. Father Odenbach was asked to take full charge of the investigation.

To love the field and the wild flowers, the stars, the far-open sea, the soft, warm earth, and to live much with them alone; but to love struggling and weary men and women and every pulsing, living creature is better.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

Just in so far as life is constrained to some high purpose, harnessed to some divine ideal, does it become rich beyond the impoverishment of wealth, jolly beyond the contamination of the world, victorious beyond any chance of earthly defeat.



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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Easter Sunday. EASTER DUTY.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice therein." (Ps. cxviii. 24.)

Why, I would ask you, my dear brethren, does the Church in the words of the psalmist bid us rejoice and be glad on this day especially? Why should we experience any extraordinary spirit of joy and happiness on this day above all other days? The reason is plain, as you all know; it is the day of Resurrection, it is really and truly our Lord's Day, the day that He has made; the day in which we are to place our hope for the future, since with the Resurrection of Christ have risen all our hopes.

The thought of our own future resurrection ought to fill our minds with consolation, and with joy unlimited; with the hope that we too shall participate in the glory and delight expressed by the Church in her liturgy of the day. We look about us, and behold all nature risen, as it were, and beautiful in her new life; the trees budding, the flowers blossoming, and Mother Earth covered with her new verdure of green. Truly then may the Psalmist say: "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea be moved and the fullness thereof; and the fields and all things that are in them shall be joyful." (Ps. xcv. 11, 12.)

If we too would share in this joy and gladness, it is necessary that we should make our life conformable, in so far as we can, to the spotless life of our risen Saviour. The Resurrection of our Saviour teaches us this great truth of priceless value, that if we would be truly happy we must rise from the death of sin to a new and holy life, to a life of grace; we must "put off the old man, which is corrupted according to the desire of error, and put on the new man, who according to God is created in justice, and holiness of truth." (Eph. iv. 22.)

That is why the Church teaches us that the best means of enjoying to the fullest extent the blessings of this day is by the reception of the Body of our risen Saviour, and so comes the question to each one of us: Have I risen from the death of sin? Have I made my Easter duty? If you have not done so, then the full joy of Easter cannot be yours. Hasten, before the Easter season be past, to enter into the spirit of it by a good confession and Communion. Thus only can you be really united to your risen Lord.

We are accustomed to regard them as saints; but let us imagine to the contrary. Let us suppose that they lied to their own consciences, and to the world, lied in order to overthrow the religion in which they had been trained. Let us suppose that they fabricated a new system of idolatry. Can you conceive of such ungodly wickedness in ignorant men—men who preached and practised every virtue, who condemned every vice, who prescribed duties more onerous and disagreeable to human nature, who taught with such simplicity, who narrated the most wonderful events without marvel or elaboration, and who revealed with such candor their own failings and shortcomings, their own stupidity and ambition, their own ingratitude and self-seeking? Finally, can we credit such evil men who reaped so little reward from their tempery, who suffered such persecution, such tortures, and who finally gave their life's blood for their boldness?

MEANING OF EASTER.

Such great villainy as we have conceived could not be wanting in some foresight, yet they sought what impostors would have sought, in order to preclude the certainty of detection. They proclaimed the resurrection of Jesus Christ in the very city where He was crucified, in the very presence of those who planned, procured, and executed the deed. They named it fifty-three days after those same enemies had seen Him dead upon the cross; they preached it on a solemn feast day, when vast crowds came to the city, seeking the occasions when contradictions would have been most successful.

Even had they wished to deceive, it would have been impossible. Saint Paul informs us that Christ was seen after His resurrection by more than five hundred persons. His testimony carries peculiar weight inasmuch as he testified as witnesses many who were yet living. In the midst of His enemies not one of these witnesses denied the fact. That this is true is proved by the arguments of all the earliest adversaries of Christianity. What follows from this? That about five hundred people were united in a lie, were bound together to propagate a new religion; that no one among so many was conscience stricken and revealed the imposture; not one who realized the enormity of his crime, how easily it might be detected, how severely punished, and how little he was likely to gain by his complicity in such a deception.

We must then, as reasonable men, accept the testimony of the disciples of Jesus Christ. If then, our hearts to-day swell with exultation not born of earth, if our joys are more perfect, our sorrows less crushing, our burdens lighter, and our hopes, borne up heavenward on swifter, stronger wings are brighter, there is no reason for the hope that is in us; for our faith is not in vain. Easy it is for men who live at ease, with no domestic trials, with no strong external temptations, to hold to the faith of their fathers; but how many such are there? Is it not the lot of most of us to be

Liquor and tobacco habits. A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M., 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice, Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario, Rev. N. Burwash, D. D., President Victoria College, Rev. Father Toody, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Rev. Wm. McLane, D. D., ex-Principal Knox College, London, Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD, London. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits, are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections; no publicity; no loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

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account of things of such a nature as to be incapable of misapprehension.

Now, was the resurrection of Jesus Christ of such a nature that they could have been deceived concerning it? Is it possible that a single man might be betrayed by an illusion; but who will believe that so many, and in the same manner, could have been beguiled by such an illusion, and that among so many there should not be one with clever sight or better judgment to detect the mistake and correct the others? Will you believe such a miracle?

It is possible that any one of the senses might have been led into error; and let us suppose, even that they believed they saw what in fact did not exist. Will any one assert that the Apostles were all deceived, and that case farwield to all physical certainty, which must rest upon the testimony of the senses combined.

Belief consistently asserts its adherence to mysteries. If the disciples were deceived, then must unbelief become belief by inconsistently accepting a truth which it cannot explain. Belief will not unbelief cannot afford to admit that the disciples were deceived. Were they then hypocrites?

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weighed down by discouragements, to be assailed with temptations which breed doubts that at times reach to the very foundations of our faith? WHO IS RESPONSIBLE? DO THE PEOPLE REALLY WANT THE VILE PLAYS THAT HAVE DISGRACED THE STAGE? Rev. William P. Cantwell, L.L.D., in Monitor, Newark

Now that the people are arousing themselves against the vile plays that have lately appeared on the public stage, the question is often asked: "How is it that shows of this kind are presented? Where does the blame for them lie?" There is a feeling that if the responsibility for these immoral presentations could be fixed, such an onslaught might be made on the persons responsible that no one would dare accept responsibility for them in the future. Who is responsible for the immoral plays now pestering the public? The managers say that the public is responsible, and the critics say that the managers are responsible.

The truth is that, though the responsibility may be divided, there is enough of it resting on any one of several to account for the presence of the dirty stuff on the stage. The managers of the theatres are responsible. If the managers did not stage the filth, the public could not go to see it. It is useless for the managers to say that they give the public what it wants. The argument is of those that by proving too much proves nothing. There is a certain element of the population that wants houses of ill-fame. Why should not the vile keepers of the brothels be allowed free scope and even be encouraged in their detestable business? This is the argument of the managers. There is a certain element of the population that wants to smoke opium. Why should we not endorse the keeper of the opium den? We may be sure in advance that our encouragement will disseminate this awful habit. And yet this is the argument of the managers.

In other words, "the people want it" is no argument. In a large city there will always be found a multitude of prurient mind and immoral inclination, especially among men. These will for a few evenings fill the theater that caters to their low instincts. Others may be drawn into the vortex. Possibly in the end, society in general, fallen into the slough, may frequent these theaters. But the more that go to them, the stronger is the argument for their abolition. Experience has proved that our people are at bottom clean and moral. The dirty show is doomed to run its wicked course quickly. The pity is that these vile plays are allowed to drag their slime across the whole country. There will always be found managers without conscience, men who are willing to pander to the vilest instincts of the human heart, ready to sell the soul of childhood, provided only the receipts pile up in the box office. Their cry is "The people want it." They will sell their insidious poison; they will destroy the sense of purity in the human heart, whilst they hypocritically announce that they are only the faithful servants of the people.

But do the people want these plays? Are the whole people of the community to be burdened with the responsibility that can belong but to comparatively few? Will the decent men of the great cities stand by and allow the mob to fix the moral standard? Are we ready, for the naked Goddess of Reason? Has the craze of the French orgy that attend the few vile theatres represent the great city of New York, for example? Are they the level of its education, its morality, its civilization? Is it not true that the decent American men blush for very shame at the vile plays which are allowed to degrade the stage? And even the swollen-faced crew that turn into these theatres, are they willing to bring their sons and daughters

with them? As they enter, do they not feel humiliated? Is there not a sense of degradation? Do they not despise themselves for the vile curiosity of which they have become the victim? No; the people do not want these plays that appeal only to the animal instincts and plant the seeds of sin in the soul. The decent people are outraged by the comparatively few. But the managers know that the storm is rising. An eloquent rabbi in New York city declares that the women of the city are in great part responsible. And we presume that there is a negative responsibility resting on the womanhood of the country. These vile shows are an insult to pure womanhood. They serve to degrade womanhood and to lessen man's respect for it. They are bringing woman down to the old pagan level, the instrument and slave of man's passion.

The gradual increase of the plays we oppose is a sign of decadence. There is something wrong in the theatre world. There never was a time in the history of the world when a successful playwright might reap more returns for his talents and his labors. A good play is more scarce than gold. We have oceans of the playwright? We have oceans of time and gaze? We have the dazzle and glare of electric suns; we have the dan of brushes galore. And has it all come to this that we must be content with the physical charms of a few shameless creatures at \$15.00 a week? Is this the height of twentieth century art? The arguments of our astute managers would seem to indicate this. But we are not yet prepared to believe it.

MODERN SOCIETY. The Pope, when the decrees as to the miracles of Joan of Arc were read before him, took occasion to speak of the evils of modern society, and the picture he drew was a dark one. He said: "Modern society despises God's graces and regards His punishments as a mere phenomenon of nature. The saving name of God has been banished from the school, and families have been saturated with the secularist spirit. Those in whom the fear and love of God still remain are looked upon by the young generation as the survivors of a superstitious age. Society," went on His Holiness, "is sick at heart, and we must ask theblessed in Heaven to pray that God may renovate it." The root of all this evil undoubtedly is the want of religious education in the home and schools, and the model of the holy house of Nazareth is for the most part fast disappearing in this, our day, and gentle loving Mary, the obedient Christ and the protector Joseph find no place there. In this age of pleasure and frivolity, worldliness, and every form of ease except Godliness, the importance of imparting a religious education to the youthful mind is forgotten or looked upon by those in authority as fomenting weakness and want of character. What is the result of this banishment of God from the school and home? Is it not unbelief, and the pollution of the spring of all pure civilization—marriage? Christ raised marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, made the union one and forever, for better, for worse, for richer for poorer in health and in sickness. But what God had joined man would part asunder, and divorce, faithful parent of so many evil disorders, is rampant. Marriage, the divine machinery by which the Christian family is produced, is but in the eyes of modern society a thing to be dissolved at the will of either party and the bond which binds husband and wife together, could ever break, is but for the man a webwork. It is no wonder that to-day society is rotten, for all those things which are the salt, the preservative of civilization, the world would have us all dotting theories—superstitions forsooth. When the religious character of home, the unity and sanctity of marriage, ceases to be upheld, a nation may be re-

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\$34,694,882 was the net amount of insurance on the Company's books December 31st, 1908 and the year's operation showed that

The Mutual Life OF CANADA made very substantial gains in other departments of its business: (a) It gained in Assets \$1,329,098 (b) " " Reserve 948,268 (c) " " Income 302,571 (d) " " Surplus 348,296 while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years. Head Office - WATERLOO, ONT.

CHATS WITH Y Failure Not a D What an unfortunate idea should be dimmed youth everywhere, that to fail—that is, to fail to accumulate property. It is not a disgrace to disgrace not to do one succeed. "Not failure crime." Multitudes of poor people are not known outside little communities are cases when measured—true greatness—their deavors, their brave years with obstacle losing game with her patient and wonder under the criticism of understand them are they have succeeded, of a noble character evidence in the world ceeded. On the other hand, I a fortune, but has left the way to it; if he good name in the pro he is still a failure, no money he may have a A clean record is the success. And how fe big fortunea manage name, to keep their r The mere possession no evidence whatever succeeded. If he ca self; if his aims are he is greedy and he if he takes advantage rals others of oppo used them as a fto which to climb to failure measured by a real man—real val while. The Power o Sincerity is ma'e sine and cere—sine sine without wax. lutey pure, transpa The human mind truth telling. This dition, and under t living and true th becomes strong and Wholeness, comp the life from truth, the moment we ce mind into an expres abnormal and work the character. I have in mind a who exchanges his political campaign some of the best for all political p sincerity in his c his personality an no standing as a m as a brilliant writ tally without cov which thrives up protests against a all sham. Notthi this longing but mind quickly bec when forced to ex Living a lie, t ceptive machine, ing, but it is a weakness. The strong, b have to resort to to be tran it is conscious of need to hide any Great minds i with no dark cor ing is hidden or afraid of the opa acts in the dark, trusts the man y his tracks. We mind. A great many blinding. They posing. They s of themselves you should se what you do not to gain some te you do not wis weak, but covan When one kn always suspect and this takes trust, so that h believes himsel found out. H plete confiden only his agree sive ability ways throws u to ward off exp There is son purpose, sinc in our lives, dealings with fer deficiency tions, and whi and public co have only one ble station in In other w detect the sr success. Success. It is almos man to say h pain. This an and, as far true gentlen ever may c minds of th to clashing leg, all gloom, or being to ma and at hom his compan bashful, gen merciful to recollect to guards ag topics w dom promi never wa favors wh to be rec He never s compelled, mere retor or gossip, ties to th and inter pates, he



CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND. "AGGRESSIVE" AND "POLITICS."

The Catholic Archbishop of Westminster in an address recently in Hull, in support of the movement for a Federation of all the Catholic Societies of England, made some interesting observations on the charges by Protestants that the Catholic Church in England is "aggressive" and that it takes too much to do with politics.

As to the "aggressive" charge the Archbishop described it as a very easy way of getting out of the difficulty of answering an argument, and he went on to remark that at the time of the Eucharistic Congress some of the papers, not of the best repute in the religious world, were at a loss to find some solid subject of criticism, and then at last they said: "See, these Catholics are becoming so aggressive. Why, at the head of the procession during the Eucharistic Congress little children actually carried a banner with the words, 'Jesus, convert England.'"

And that was the only proof they were able to bring forward that there was something aggressive about the Eucharistic Congress. That banner, or nothing whatever to do with the Central Committee, it was not in any sense a promediated act, but if it were, what harm ought there to be in the minds of anyone, in asking Our Lord to convert England, for surely even those not of the Catholic faith must agree there was a certain need of conversion amongst us?

In making this assertion the Archbishop was undoubtedly well within the limits of moderation. Hardly anyone will deny that in some, if not many, respects England and the English people stand in much need of conversion.

With regard to the charge of "politics," the Archbishop prefaced his remarks upon it by reference to another subject before the public mind at the present time—the politics of conversion. The Declaration which the Sovereign has to make at the time of his accession to the throne. Of course, said the Archbishop, every fair-minded man has to admit that it is an outrage that any one form of religious belief should be singled out on an occasion like that, and reprobated publicly by him who is the sovereign of all his people.

Therefore no one is prepared to defend the Declaration on its own merits. But they say, "It is all very well, but you know Catholics are not like other people; they are always going in for politics. Because they are a strong political body we have to take strong measures against them that we could not possibly defend were they taken against anybody else, and so, after all, we must keep up this extraordinary Declaration."

Replying to this charge the Archbishop asserted that there is not a single religious body in England at the present time from the pulpits of which less is heard about politics than from Catholic pulpits. Complaints have recently been heard among prominent nonconformists that very often their (Nonconformist) pulpits are turned into political platforms. It is not unknown back through the past, and the Protestant Church of England prominently associated with political movements, but Catholic pulpits have nothing whatever to do with politics and the Catholic people are told over and over again by their clergy that they may have any political opinions they like so long as they keep the Commandments of God and of the Church.

The Archbishop might have added that it is strongly and impudently inconsistent for Protestants in England to charge "politics" against the Catholic clergy in face of the fact that Protestant bishops are professional and Party politicians and legislators with seats in the House of Lords.—New York Freeman's Journal.

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

At a great meeting of the Catholic electors of Edinburgh held to choose Catholic candidates for the School Board, addresses were delivered by Canon Stuart and Father Donlevy, the present representatives at the Board. In the course of his address Canon Stuart, who has been on the Board nine years, took occasion to refer to the outcry raised by a certain class of Protestant bigots against the proposal to grant free books to Catholic schools. Canon Stuart said that before the passing of the new Education Act for Scotland the Catholics were not in a position to get any relief from the local rate in their very hard struggle to support their schools. The new act gave the School Boards power to come to their assistance and give free books to the children attending their schools, and because the School Board thought this power should be exercised, this extraordinary cry had been raised.

Canon Stuart pointed out that there was no such thing in Scotland as national schools. They must not forget that the system consisted of Presbyterian schools, Episcopalian schools, and Catholic schools. Catholics had always been called upon to pay their share of the rates, and they had never got one penny from them in return. Now, when they were to have an opportunity of getting about two shillings per head from the rates it was received with an extraordinary outburst of condemnation. Who were opposing them? A set of religious bigots, and these religious bigots were helped to a certain extent by would-be political bosses.

It is satisfactory to note that since the delivery of Canon Stuart's speech, the School Board of Edinburgh have passed the resolution which gives free books to the Catholic schools there. The Catholic schools in Scotland, as may be gathered from the foregoing statements, are voluntary schools, and have hitherto received no aid from the local taxes, having depended entirely for their support on the Government grant allowed in virtue of the number of passes in each standard, and the contributions of Catholics themselves. The passing of the new Education Act for Scotland gives School Boards power to relieve Catholic schools of some part

of their burden. Of course there are in Scotland no Separate School Boards like those in Canada, and Catholics have not the power to divert their local taxes to the support of their own schools.

THE "CASSET" AND ITS EDITOR.

We learn with regret of the dangerous illness of the editor of the Casket of Antigonish, N. S., the Rev. David V. Phalen of North Sydney, N. S. Though issued in a relatively small Canadian diocese, the Casket, because of the character and ability of its editor, is justly considered one of the leading Catholic papers. The Western Watchman of St. Louis, whose editor, the Rev. D. S. Phalen, is a near relative of the Canadian priest, says in its last issue: "No one reading that paper, the Casket, for the past eight or ten years would suppose for a moment that it was edited all the time from an invalid chair. But such was the fact. Father Phalen has been not only a sick man, but a dying man, for ten years, and that he is alive is a marvel to all his friends. Father Phalen was only a few years ordained when that dread disease, consumption, that has no pity for bright eyes and brighter spirits, fastened itself upon him, and he has fought its ravages in every most salubrious spot in both countries. He spent some years in Colorado and New Mexico, and made several lengthy visits to this city. But he got too weak to travel, and finally settled in his native town, North Sydney, to wait and prepare for death. It is a pity that so good and so accomplished a young priest could not live longer. His death will create a striking gap in the ranks of American writers, and it will be long before we look upon his like again.—Sacred Heart Review.

AMERICA TO BE CATHOLIC.

Rather a startling pronouncement was that of Rev. Mr. Talmage, pastor of the Chambers-Wylie Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, last Sunday morning. He was speaking of play grounds for children and in closing his remarks referred in the following terms to the Catholic Church:

"Now I am going to say something you may not agree with me in, and which will shock some of you here present. The only Church which is dealing with the spiritual development of her little children aright is the Catholic Church. The Catholic priest says, 'Let me mould the child up to twelve years of age and I care not who has the child after that.' A few weeks ago four Presbyterian writers of the free-brand variety undertook to make it topical for the 'Romish Church' in the diocese of London, Canada. Presently two of the C. D. L. heavy-weights swooped down on the Calvinists and put all of them out of commission in quick succession.—Chicago New World.

"And when I say this I am not attacking the Catholic Church. Mr. Beecher used to say that some people had two requisites for heaven: 'First, do you believe in Christ? Second, do you hate the Catholics?' Well, then, pass into heaven. Like Mr. Beecher, I am no bigot. I would infinitely prefer one of my children to be a Catholic rather than to have him go to no church at all. Indeed, I would prefer one of my boys to be a good Catholic rather than a poor Presbyterian, although I would prefer to have my children good Presbyterians than good anything else.

"But whether I like the Catholics or no, one fact is certain, the Catholics train their children for the Church. The result: the Catholics are simply going ahead by leaps and bounds. The coming universal creed of this land is the Catholic creed, unless we as a Church have the brains of the Catholic priest and put the chief emphasis of our spiritual work into moulding our children under twelve years of age for God."

WAS HE A HERO.

Many years ago a young priest went to live with the Coeur d'Alene Indians in Northern Idaho. He left his white companions, his friends, his home, and went among a strange people in a strange land.

These new companions with whom he chose to live were a savage people who delighted in wars. Often their tomahawks were dyed red with human blood, and their belts were ornamented with the scalps of their victims. They did not love the peaceful pursuits of farming and they knew nothing of the good God who made the mountains and all nature around them.

This young priest carried no guns or knives with him; he went armed with the Crucifix and a mind full of love for the souls for whom Christ died. He taught the people about their good Brother and Saviour Who wished them to give up war and learn to till the soil. He showed them how to build houses and how to read.

Now the Northern Pacific railroad goes through the country, and the passengers can see the first church which these Indians built for the good "Black God." It is forty years since this church was built. Not a nail nor a piece of iron was used, and yet it stands today.

The St. Paul Globe said of this holy priest, Father Joseph Joset, a Jesuit: "He was not known outside the little world in which he lived for nearly two generations. He sat by the bed of the sick and the dying and spoke words of comfort. No night was too dark, no road too wild and rough, or too long, to prevent his attending every call. "He was an upright man, and he conquered a people by peaceful means. He found them savages, living by war and the chase. When he died they were living from the produce of their farms, and many of them had bank accounts."

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SHREDDED! A Quick Breakfast for Dark Mornings. When you rise late the only breakfast is Shredded Wheat—ready to serve—easily digested, fits you for half a day's cheerful work—none of that grouchy feeling usually following "burry-up" breakfasts. Try with hot milk and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 12c. a carton; two for 25c.

"The story of his privations and dangers will never be told; his name will not live in books with heroes of daring, but chance incidents; but he was a hero whose heroism covered a time extended far beyond the average period of human life. The dusky faces of his parishioners were sad when he was laid to rest, but they will remember to pray for him as he taught them to pray for the dead. Many a soul was saved by Father Joset, who gave his life for souls. What faith he had, what love for God, when he turned his face toward an unknown land and sought a home among the savages; but greater faith and greater love was shown when he lived and labored among them for years, and then died. Was he a hero?—Catholic Advance.

Would Not Remove Cross. The capitol annex in Nashville was once occupied as a dwelling by Bishop Byrne, and is surrounded by a cross. Last week, a resolution was offered in the lower house of the legislature to remove the cross. It was emphatically voted down. The school board of St. Louis once purchased a parish school house. Of course, it had a cross above it. The board did not remove the sacred emblem for several years. Then they elected a Catholic school architect and he removed it. And he never prospered afterwards.—New World.

FOUND DEAD IN BED Mr. John C. Harris, a prosperous young farmer of Chambersburg, N. Y., went to bed last Thursday night feeling as well as usual. Next morning his wife found him dead in bed beside her. He died of heart disease, and no, because he died from so-called natural causes—yes, because for months he'd known that he had heart disease, and that sudden death might come from the least over-exertion, or by sleeping on his left side, and this last proved too true! And yet this bright, intelligent young man, with everything to live for, wouldn't listen to reason—either to his doctor or to the earnest pleadings of his wife to do something. "It don't amount to anything," he'd say, "only a little palpitation. It's my stomach, I think. It will go away of itself." But delay cost his life! Was not this self-murder? This case is only one; sixty thousand people die yearly of Heart Disease! Six in every ten have it. Many don't know it, they think it's something else and doctor the stomach, kidneys, female organs, etc., and get no better; and a good many who do know it can't be cured. Now Heart Disease is just as curable as any other disease; we have proved this fully by curing over a hundred and thirty thousand cases! Many of these were the most chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which all other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone, but our treatment cured them quickly and to stay cured! In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also, and in such it is useless to treat the heart alone, and one reason why our treatment cures is because it sets the stomach right, removes constipation, steadies and revitalizes the nerves and

CATHOLIC DEFENSE LEAGUE.

CATHOLICS OF CANADA HAVE EXCELLENT PLAN FOR NAILING MISREPRESENTATIONS AND FALSEHOODS.

Canada possesses a Defense League that is unique in its aim as well as in its plan of action. Its raison d'être is not to create a religious war but to render one unnecessary and impossible.

Its object is to reply promptly to every anti-Catholic article appearing in the secular papers, and this is accomplished by printing the Catholic reply in the same columns in which the slander was printed.

The tone of all Catholic Defense League (C. D. L.) correspondence is expository, but not acrimonious. The plan of action is simplicity itself. The subjects of debate are distributed between twelve different departments, and at the head of each department is placed a writer who is a specialist in the subjects assigned to him. Press scouts are on the watch everywhere for offensive editorials and letters. Archbishop Donatus Sbarretti, D. D., Apostolic Delegate, is the moving spirit in the league and the Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L., parish priest, St. Columban, Ontario, is the general secretary.

A few weeks ago four Presbyterian writers of the free-brand variety undertook to make it topical for the "Romish Church" in the diocese of London, Canada. Presently two of the C. D. L. heavy-weights swooped down on the Calvinists and put all of them out of commission in quick succession.—Chicago New World.

Bought Her A 1900 Washer One of our Readers Tells How Her Husband Learned What Wash-Day Means to a Woman

Dear Editor:—Most men have no realization of what "Wash-Day" means to a woman. My husband is one of the best men that ever lived, but he laughed when I asked him one day to get me a 1900 Gravity Washer. I told him it would wash a tubful of clothes in six minutes. "Why, wife," said he, "a washing machine is a luxury. And, besides, there's no better exercise than rubbing clothes on a wash board. It's good for the back. I think we had better wait till we get the farm paid for before flying away money on such untried things as washing machines."



That settled it. I gave up the idea and kept right on washing in the same old way. I confess I felt hurt, but I knew John had no notion how hard it was to do the washing for a family of five—three of them little tots. I am not very strong, and the washing with all my other work, finally got the better of me. I had quite a headache and aching limbs for nearly two weeks. I suggested to John that he had better do the washing. "We couldn't hire a girl for love or money and the situation was desperate."

So one morning he started in. "My! what a commotion there was in the kitchen. From my bedroom I occasionally caught a glimpse of poor John struggling with that mountain of dirty clothes. If ever a man had all the 'exercise' he wanted, my husband was that man! Couldn't help feeling sorry for him and yet it made me laugh, for I remembered how he made fun of me when I hinted so strongly for a 1900 Gravity Washer. When he finally got the clothes done and on the line he was just about 'all in.' That evening John came to my room and said kind of sheepishly: "What's the name of the firm that makes those Washers you were telling

me about?" I looked up their advertisement and found the following address: C. R. N. Bacher, Manager, The 1900 Washer Co., 837 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

That's all he said, but he lost no time in sending for his Free Washer Book. The book came in due time, and with it an offer to send the 1900 Gravity Washer on thirty days' free trial. My husband jumped at the chance to try the Washer without having to spend a cent. "We'll have four weeks' use of the Washer anyway, even if we don't desire to keep it," he said. So he told the company to send on the Washer.

It was sent promptly, all charges paid, and the 1900 Washer Company offered to let us pay for it in little easy payments. The next week I felt well enough to use it. It is the nicest Washer I ever saw, and it almost runs itself. Takes only six minutes to wash a tubful, and the garments come out spotlessly clean.

We were all delighted with the Washer, and wrote to the company that we would keep it and accept their easy payment plan of 50 cents a week. We paid or it without ever missing the money, and wouldn't part with the Washer for five times its cost.

If women knew what a wonderful help the 1900 Gravity Washer is, not one would be without it. It saves work and worry and aches. Takes away bills, the dread of wash-day. I feel like a different woman since I got the use of the Washer. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will print for the benefit of the women readers of your valuable paper. Sincerely yours, MRS. J. H. SMITH

The Secret of the easy operation of the 1900 Washer is the peculiar "S" shaped links, which no other washer can have; then it has no iron to come in contact with the clothes! and also has a removable tub, which is a great convenience.

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REFINED WOMAN, THIRTY, WITH HAND-KEEPER to respectable ranch or other position where own child would not be objected to. Highest references, exchanged. Mrs. Monica Caulfield, General Delivery, Calgary, 1899-1900.

GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES WANTED FOR the following children, five boys aged twelve, ten, seven, five and three years, and one girl aged eight years. The terms are treatment in general as members of the family and at least six months' attendance at school in each year. Apply to William O'Connor, Inspector, Children's Branch, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 1899-1900.

EGGS FOR HATCHING. RHODE ISLAND RED EGGS \$1.00 AND \$2.00 per setting. See Canadian Poultry Review for my winnings and premiums or write me for list. S. Chaffin, proprietor, Red Feather Yards, London, Canada, 1895-1913.

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