

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1916

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### A PROBLEM

When some men tackle a problem they use a good deal of the dictionary to aid in its solving. Very learned and scientific, they view the problem through the glasses of preconceived ideas. Facts must be bent and twisted to fit in with theories which have been worked out in laboratories and which also may have no relation to realities. Take, for instance, the boy. Time was when he was commonplace. He was thrashed when he deserved it; was taught his prayers and sent to school and became in due time a voter of more or less repute. It seems, however, that he now is a very marvel of complexity, to be examined carefully according to modern methods. He must not be terrified because his sensitive organism would slip a cog and suffer irreparable harm. The ebullience of youth that is betimes regardless of the rights of others and deadly destructive to the boy himself is but transitory and can if necessary be removed altogether by a judicious use of the tooth brush. Yet, according to the newspapers, the "boy" problem is still with us. He roams the streets at will and comes, now and then, into collision with the police. He plays truant when the wandering fever grips him, and leaves school, while yet in his teens, to join the great army of the unskilled. What is the matter with him? Did he somehow or other not get his due share of scientific care, or was he neglected by the specialist, who is his father and mother by the mandate of the Board of Education? We pass on the query to our readers. But it seems to us that oftimes the boy does not get a fair chance for his life. With parents aware of their duty and responsibility he would not be a problem. Were he encouraged, safeguarded, and disciplined he would not be chucked out of doors, to sink or swim. He would have weapons for his battle and he would not be allowed to fare forth with mind unfathomed and heart undisciplined. He is a problem on account of his home. Tackle the home, ye wise men—that is if you can keep father long enough from the club and mother from bridge and the "movies" to listen to you.

### WORTHY OF OUR ZEAL

We are glad to see that some of our readers are responding to Father Fraser's appeal for his Chinese missions. It is nothing for himself but everything for his converts. Judging from his letters he is a joyous sentinel of Christ. Repelling the assaults of the evil, leading souls into the haven of peace. He is one of the soldiers who will receive an everlasting V. C.

Let us help him in his work. Make acts of self-denial that he may be able to retain what he has won, and to garner more.

### SLUMS

The Dublin slums, said to be some of the foulest in the world, were responsible for the uprising. Official figures show—we quote the New York World—that in Dublin, whose total population just exceeds 800,000, there are no fewer than 1,518 tenement houses certified as unfit for human habitation, but which are nevertheless occupied by 22,701 persons. In nearly every case an entire family of from three to six persons occupies a single small room. Many people have come to hold the Government responsible for the conditions under which they live. This makes them inclined at any time to join in a rebellion which, according to their own argument, even in case of failure, cannot make their situation any worse than it is. These intolerable conditions, and Carson strutting around and talking treason to the acclaim of Britishers who learn nothing and forget everything, made them restive.

Slums, however, that reek with physical and moral degradation are a terrible indictment of civilization. Where people profess Christianity there should not be soul-stupefying poverty. There should not be these

festering sores while luxury walks abroad and taunts the suffering with its wanton and criminal prodigality; and it forgets that it is walking on a volcano that may at any moment scatter it with its wiles and allurements to the winds. It should keep its ears open to the murmuring of discontent. In the past it has disregarded the warnings, and then history was written in shot and flame.

Speaking of England, Mr. Charles Lester quotes Sydney Smith: "There is no doubt more misery, more acute suffering among the mass of the poor of England than there is in any kingdom of the world. . . . There are thousands homeless, breadless, friendless, without shelter, raiment or hope in the world; millions uneducated, only half-fed, driven to crime and every species of vice through ignorance and destitution, to an extent utterly unknown to the less enlightened and less powerful kingdoms of Europe."

These evils will be remedied when God comes into His own again.

### A PROTESTER

"I would rather be dirty and human than clean and inhuman," said Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, at the commencement exercises of Columbia University. "I hold no brief for dirt," he said, "but there is too much professional cleaning up being done in the world. I have always had a sort of dread for this reason of trained sociologists, etc., with their experimental laboratories, their card-indexes, and filing cabinets, their tabulations of statistics, their reduction of people to categories, they are always in danger of thinking of men and women in algebraic formulae."

The Church has been in this cleaning-up business for centuries. She can purify the heart, and for the body she has her legions of religious to minister to them. These religious, trained in the school of Christ, use the only method that can touch and rejuvenate the hearts of the poor and miserable and suffering. They bring them their sympathy and love. They give them a key to the world's riddle, and all can understand when the heart speaks. It is not bread or medicine that is most prized by the poor and sick; it is the smile, the kind, hopeful word. The mere rustling of the gown of a religious calms the fretful and her words and ministrations fall upon others like a benediction. Wherever service is to be rendered—in tenements, hospitals—they are there out of love of Him Who called them. Trained? Yes, saturated with the experience of centuries and versed in the principles that stand for success that endure.

### GO OFTEN

"We must needs confess," says the Council of Trent of the Holy Mass, "that no other work can be performed by the faithful so holy and devout as this tremendous Mystery itself!"

The people come to Church and say their prayers; but if they do not sanctify the Mass by understanding about it and following it with burning hearts they might as well belong to a sect of heresy. We have grown so accustomed to it that unless we take due precautions we become inattentive and indifferent. Nay, we may so little understand this greatest action of Our Lord as to come late on Sunday. Society's etiquette must be observed, but the Church's can be ignored. Punctuality everywhere but in the House of the Lord. We rush into the holy place with minds distracted, cares and anxieties engrossing us, with eyes undisciplined, without fervor in devotion, and leave the church with empty hands. The Mass is the source of strength and holiness. It reaches to every pain and suffering misery. One Mass and blessings spiritual and temporal, so far as Our Lord sees they will profit, are poured out from the Hand of Him Who ever longs to bless, on the bodies, the souls, the interests, the lives, the aspirations of Christian men and women who happily understand how near is the Lord. If we have an elementary idea of this, how is it that Catholics, presumably intelligent and conscious of the priceless value of their heritage, stroll unconcernedly into the church

a few minutes late, to the disedification of others. Unprepared, and to all seeming recking nothing about it, they stand on Calvary blind and indifferent.

### NO TIME FOR MILD WORDS

Belfast Irish News

A horde of canting hypocrites and some honest men have deprecated the "tone" of Mr. Dillon's speech. But was the occasion one for graceful phrases, honeyed compliments, mild-mannered verbiage? If the facts of the situation and its manifold dangers were not understood by British M. P.s., they were branded on the mind and heart of the Member for East Mayo. He knew Ireland; because four-fifths of those who insist on ruling it from Westminster know nothing of it, and want to wallow in ignorance until the end terrible events had happened, and Mr. Dillon was compelled to awaken the heedless sleepers from their dreams and to convince them against their wills that the Irish people would not look on with the philosophic serenity of Lord Beresford and Lord Midleton—descendants of blood-thirsty and inhuman persecutors—while their country was under the harrow of martial law. Mr. Dillon succeeded; the instant visible evidence of his success was Mr. Asquith's sudden and unexpected visit to Ireland. Had the spokesman of the Irish Party been a gentle remonstrant, the Prime Minister would have remained in London and the "Irish Executive"—which now means Mr. J. H. Campbell, K. C., and the Inspector-General of the R. I. C., with General Sir John Maxwell in charge of the military forces—would have hearkened gladly to the frenzied howl for martial law in rigorous and relentless operation which was raised by their good friend and confidential organ, the Irish Times.

### THE CASE OF MR. SKEFFINGTON

#### STATEMENT OF MR. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON'S DEATH

From "Ireland"

On Monday afternoon and Tuesday, April 24 and 25, my husband actually interested himself in helping to repress looting in the city.

I may say that looting was entirely by the mob, because the rebels or insurgents were absolutely innocent of looting and they fired on the looters more than once. With some success, enlisting some voluntary helpers for the task. The names and address of some of these I can furnish if necessary. On Tuesday he circulated the enclosed poster, the original of which I have, calling a meeting of citizens at 34 Westmoreland street at 5 p. m. on Tuesday, April 25, for this purpose. I saw him last about 5.15 or 5.30 on that evening, and he stated that he would probably return home shortly. He was seen by two friends subsequently in the neighborhood of Portobello Bridge between 6.30 and 7 p. m. Mr. C. Redmond states that he spoke to him at McCarthy's (news agent) in Richmond street, and that he went on towards the bridge, that shortly after (about ten minutes) he saw a crowd on the bridge who said that Sheehy Skeffington was arrested. He was unarmed and unresisting, and had never used arms. He was removed in custody to Portobello Barracks, where he was shot that night or early next morning, Wednesday, April 26, and buried shortly after. No priest was sent for, or a chaplain being summoned only to read the funeral service. Rumors reached me that my husband was arrested and shot, but I did not receive and I have not as yet received, any definite notification of his death. On Tuesday, April 27th, Mrs. Kettle (my sister), wife of an officer and Mrs. Cullane, another sister, wife of the late J. F. Cullane, called, on advice of the Rathmines Police, at Portobello Barracks, to inquire about my husband. All information was refused and they themselves were put under temporary arrest, a formal inquiry being held, and they were released subsequently on producing papers of identification, etc. On Friday night, April 28th, shortly after seven, my house in 11 Grosvenor place, Rathmines, one of a terrace, was surrounded by military (about 60 to 100 in number.) They first shot at the window in the front without any warning and burst through same without waiting for a door to be opened. My maid, my little boy, aged nearly seven, and myself alone occupied the house. I was putting my boy to bed when the soldiers with fixed bayonets dashed down the stairs toward the kitchen. They asked my boy and me to 'hands up,' and an officer, English—the man from their accent seemed to be Belfast—had us escorted by the soldiers to the front room. We were ordered not to move. Soldiers remained in the room on guard while others were arranged outside, some on their knees in the garden and at the gate ready to fire. The soldiers remained for over three hours, leaving shortly after ten

toward conversion is taking place on the west coast of Africa. At Benin, the chiefs of the Ijebu tribe, came in a body to demand missionaries from Mgr. Terrien, the Vicar Apostolic. He could only give them three priests instead of the thirty needed for their thirty settlements. On the Ivory Coast crowds of pagans fill the Catholic churches preparing for baptism. In Dahomey and Porto Novo the religious life is developed to a point that fills the younger missionaries with amazement. Liberia, formerly a hard country to evangelize, has founded seven new stations which are bearing good fruit. The difficult Gold Coast is increasing its mission posts. Since this Vicariate was formally dedicated to the Sacred Heart, divine grace has been abundantly showered upon it. Similar good reports also come from Nigeria, showing that sections of Africa once offering little hope to the apostle are at last aroused to the need of Christianity.—Catholic Missions Magazine.

### OFFENSIVE RECRUITING

We still have a few recruiters who should be removed from the platform. It is unwise to call men liars and shirkers and cowards. Indeed, nothing is better calculated to discourage recruiting than such violence and insolence. The certain tendency is to excite feeling between soldiers and civilians. This is not Germany. We have no Kaisers, self-elected or otherwise. If men cannot be induced to enlist by appeal and persuasion, they cannot be affected by offensive and slanderous denunciation.

We believe such speeches have convinced hundreds in their reluctance to enlist where one recruit has been secured. When all is said Canada has provided an army far beyond expectation. When the agricultural character of the country is considered and the many races who constitute its population taken into account, we have done as well as any other nation of the British Empire. By appeal and argument we have secured an army of over 325,000. Those who are responsible for recruiting should keep temperate and irresponsible orators in the background.—Toronto Daily News.

### FOREIGN MISSIONS

#### AN AMERICAN INVENTION TO AID MISSIONARIES TO THE LEPERS

About a year ago there appeared in Catholic Missions an article entitled "Preaching a Retreat to Lepers." In it the priest described in a vivid manner the awful physical condition of the inmates of the hospital and the almost unmanageable nausea which overcomes the priest when hearing their confessions. "With my heart in my mouth," said the priest, "but with a smiling face, lest the lepers should suspect the disgust they inspired, I talked with these remnants of manhood, astonished to see that human beings could live in such a state of decomposition."

A gentleman in Detroit who read this article was moved to alleviate the trials of missionaries in leper asylums. He has invented an instrument which enables the priest to hear confessions at a distance of several feet. It resembles a stethoscope, having a rubber tube attached to ear-pieces at one end and a mouth-piece at the other. By means of it the slightest whisper is clearly heard and the leper may indulge in what may be called a long-distance confession.

The invention presented by this kind friend of the missions has been sent to Father Bertrand, P. F. M., in his Japanese leper retreat, and he will doubtless offer us many prayers of gratitude for his unknown benefactor.

#### AMERICA'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Lately for some unexplainable reason a number of persons have written to those interested in the Propagation of the Faith speaking of the missionary life. It is one of the surest signs of the working of the Holy Spirit in the souls of our good people. Priests and Sisters will be needed after the war is over as never before, and evidence is not wanting that they will be supplied from America.

Up to this time old Europe has given her children and her money with a lavish hand for the purpose of bearing the Cross into pagan lands. Europe must now rest on her laurels for a time, but the great cause of Christianity will find champions in the New World that was not so very long ago considered a mission country itself.

#### PLEA FOR A DEAR LITTLE CHINESE BOY

Father A. Bracts, a Lazarist Father of Yen Chow, China, has sent us the photograph of a little boy whose face is as sweet and earnest as his disposition is said to be. He is only fourteen years old, but he is first in the class of catechists and shows an extraordinary fervor for his work.

At sixteen he will be graduated and become a full-fledged catechist, ready to take upon his young shoulders the serious duties of that position. He is poor and has been given his education entirely by the priests at the mission. A small sum would help the missionaries to finish the training of this amiable youth, who gives every promise of developing into a valuable assistant.

#### GOOD NEWS FROM WEST AFRICA

The Echo of the Missions, published by the Lyons African Missionaries, is authority for the statement that an extraordinary movement

the campaign of vilification now going on. They started to inquire; they read Catholic books; they discovered the truth of the Church and the falsity of the tramp spouters, and today those searchers after truth are Catholics. For the last three years the State of Florida has been the scene of a very active anti-Catholic Campaign, but the progress of the Church has been little stayed because of it. The Bishop says: "During the past two years about twenty new churches have been erected or are now in course of erection. Splendid new schools have been built in St. Augustine, Lovelock and Fort Pierce. A new Benedictine monastery is nearing completion in St. Leo. The first Catholic hospital is now in full swing in Jacksonville. A fine new Catholic Club is being erected in the same city, and in a little while we expect to start in the City of Tampa one of the finest day colleges in the whole South, with the Jesuit Fathers of the New Orleans Province in charge."—Sacred Heart Review.

### FRANCE

#### PRESIDENT AND CARDINAL

Through the initiative of a committee of lawyers entitled to practise before the Paris Court of Appeals, a funeral service was held in the last days of May for the members of the Parisian Bar who were killed at the front. These number already 104. The service, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which it was held, has caused a national interest. Permission had been asked and obtained from the authorities to reopen for the occasion the shrine of La Sainte Chapelle, which for some time had been closed to public worship. This famous monument, the masterpiece of French Gothic architecture, is enclosed within the precincts of the Palais de Justice. The President of the Republic, M. Poincaré, himself a member of the Parisian Bar, accompanied by Madame Poincaré, and surrounded by the most eminent jurists of the capital, assisted at the ceremony. After the Mass, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, addressed the President of the Republic, the President of the Paris Bar and the distinguished guests. He paid a simple but heartfelt tribute to the bravery and the generosity of their dead confrères. He officially thanked the public authorities for reopening for the occasion the beautiful shrine so dear to the memory of all Frenchmen. He emphasized for the hour of national distress which faced them the need of a "sacred union," which the President of the Republic had been the first to invoke. He reminded his hearers that their dead friends were praying for them and the country. Human means and human agencies, he said, had already done much for France in the great struggle now going on. He added:

"But there is a force superior to all these human forces, and whose help is necessary to make them fully effective. It is the force and the power of Him Who is the Supreme Master of all things, the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies of individuals as of nations."

The Cardinal's address was listened to with profound attention and respect. One incident of the ceremony was especially noted. The Cardinal welcomed the President of the Republic at the portal of La Sainte Chapelle, and both cordially shook hands. La Croix warns its readers not to lay too much stress on the act of courtesy. It adds:

"We hope that this meeting, following as it does the imposing manifestation of 'sacred union' lately given at the funeral of Cardinal Sevin, may allow us to look forward to the day when, throughout the length and breadth of France, the civil powers will adopt towards the religious authorities that attitude which is absolutely necessary in a country where religious freedom is not an empty word."

This wish will find an echo in many hearts.—America.

#### WHAT CONVERTED NEWMAN

This is the great, manifest, historical phenomenon which converted me—to which all particular enquiries converged. Christianity is not a matter of opinion, but an external fact entering into, carried out in, indivisible from, the history of the world, as Cardinal Newman remarks. It has a bodily occupation of the world; it is one continuous fact or thing, the same from first to last, distinct from everything else; to be a Christian is to partake of, to submit to, this thing; and the simple question was, Where, what is this thing; in this age, which in the first age was the Catholic Church? The answer was undeniable; the Church called Catholic now, is the very same thing in hereditary descent, in organization, in principles, in position, in external relations, which was called the Catholic Church then; name and thing have ever gone together, by an uninterrupted connection and succession, from then till now.—Intermountain Catholic.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Germaine Jaures, the daughter of the French Socialist deputy and persecutor of the Church, has taken the veil in a convent.

The novitiate of the Brothers of Charity, at Ghent, Belgium, has been transferred, pending the war, to Belmont Park, Waterford, Ireland.

For the first time in history Mass was celebrated in Trinity College, Dublin, on May 7, for Irish and English troops stationed there.

A bronze bust of Cardinal Newman has been set up in the gardens of Trinity College, Oxford. It is the work of Mr. A. Broadbent, the sculptor, and the gift of Mr. D. La Motte, M. A.

The New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has decided by a vote of 123 to 15 to allow the election of a negro Bishop or a Bishop of any other race. A just and sensible decision, says The New York World. If there is any place where the color line is without excuse, it is in a religious organization.

At the Visitation Convent, Harrow-on-the-Hill, England, Alice, Lady Lovat, recently received the habit of the Order of the Visitation, taking the name in religion of Sister Mary Juliana. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster officiated. Many members of the hierarchy and nobility were present.

Archbishop Mundelein, of Chicago, has let it be known that he intends to found in the western metropolis the largest Catholic theological seminary in the United States. It is tentatively proposed that the school be located on the north shore, where the archdiocese owns a large tract of land. It will offer a six years' course in divinity.

A public monument has been erected to honor Don Bosco, at Chubut, (Central Patagonia). His missionaries were the first to evangelize a large part of that country. The monument takes the form of a meteorological observatory. The Governor and all the chief civic officials were present at the dedication exercises.

Washington, June 7, Col. John S. Mosby, the famous Confederate guerrilla, died in this city on May 30, and was interred at Warrenton, Va., his old home. In his last days he became a convert and was received into the Catholic Church. "Mosby's men," who survive, came from all over to attend the funeral.

Nearly 4,500 persons crowded into the Century Theatre, New York, to hear John McCormack sing for the benefit of the sufferers in Dublin who have been affected either by the war or the recent uprising. Two thousand more at least were unable to gain admittance. The receipts of the concert were \$9,000.

Monsignor Cervera, of the Capuchin Order, Vicar Apostolic of Morocco, recently arrived in Tetuan from Spain, and was given a cordial reception not only from the Spanish citizens, but also from the Moors. He journeyed to Rio Martin, where he consecrated the first Catholic church built in that region. The natives were most respectful in their bearing on the occasion.

Rev. Henry F. Flock, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Sparta, Wis., has notified the County Judge of Monroe County that he could not accept a bequest made in the will of the late Mrs. Helen Brieske which stipulated that Masses be said for her "forever and ever." Mrs. Brieske, a well-to-do woman, after caring for relatives left the balance of her property to the priest on the condition named above.

French prisoners of war in the German prison camp at Grafenwoehr, Bavaria, have formed a Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society which they have named, appropriately enough, the Conference of St. Peter in Chains. Fellow prisoners in the camp are assisted by this Conference without religious distinction. Russians and Poles are helped as well as Frenchmen. On the second Friday of every month the German chaplain says Mass for the intention of the Conference.

The consecration of the Most Reverend Alfred A. Sinnott, Archbishop-elect of the recently erected See of Winnipeg, says the St. Paul Bulletin, will take place in St. Mary's Church in that city during the month of July. The date has not yet been definitely fixed. Mgr. Sinnott is one of the youngest prelates in the Church in North America, having attained the age of thirty-nine last February. For many years he has been Secretary of the Apostolic Delegation at Ottawa.

Twenty-six years ago, when the empire became a republic, Brazil counted one Archbishop and eleven Bishops; to-day it has a Cardinal, an Archbishop Primate, seven Metropolitan Archbishops, thirty-four Bishops of dioceses, four Auxiliary Bishops, five Bishops who have resigned their Sees, three Bishops of vicariates apostolic and four Prefects Apostolic. The Diocese of Fortaleza is about to be erected into an archdiocese and a new diocese will be created at Sobral.

A FAIR HOLLAND

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XL

THE KING'S MESSENGER

When Somerset entered the library Alister was standing on the fireplace holding a piece of paper in his hands...

"I have asked you to come here to support me in my magisterial capacity," said Alister. "This gentleman, Mr. Adare, has brought me some curious information..."

"Thank you; I never eat or drink except at home," said the famished-looking visitor, shaking himself out of a sort of collapse which seemed to have fallen on him from the warmth and comfort of the room.

Alister and Rory exchanged glances as the wretched man uttered the above words with a gasping effort, and at the same time an attempt at a flourish which was pitiful in the extreme...

"This is a statement made by the late Mr. Luke Adare," he said. "A very singular statement. Mr. Edmund Adare tells me that he himself wrote it at his brother's dictation—some years ago, was it not, Mr. Adare? Perhaps you will kindly tell me your cousin how the statement came to be made."

Edmund Adare shook himself up again with another great effort, and lifted his pallid face, looking from one to the other of the two men standing before him.

"It was about four years ago," he said. "My brother Luke was suffering in body, and haunted by an idea that he must make a confession, and he called on me to write it down for him."

"You consider that he was of sound mind at the time?"

"I am sure of that, or I should not have come to you. Since then his mind has sometimes been a little astray, but not then—certainly it was not then."

"Will you tell us what has occurred between you?" said Alister, while Rory glanced over the soiled and crumpled paper which he had taken from Alister's hand, and turned pale.

"He came one day to my apartments. At that time we occupied rooms in different wings of the house, and had not met for a year. My brother Luke was always a peculiar person, but very clever, Mr. Fingall and very clear headed. Had it not been for misfortune—such misfortune as often overtakes the best ancient families—my brother Luke would have made a figure in the world. He came to me that day and said: 'I have something on my mind which will not let me rest night or day. It is like a rat gnawing me. I cannot tell why it is,' he said, 'for I do not believe in conscience, but I have a feeling that if you were to write down what I have to say I shall get better.'"

"I said, 'What is it about?' He said, 'It is about Arthur Desmond.' I said, 'The man who murdered Roderick Fingall long ago?'"

"He did not murder him," said Luke, "Roderick Fingall fell down the cliff. That is what I want you to write."

"Yes," said Rory. "Go on."

Edmund Adare passed his heavy, colorless hand over his sunken eyes, and with another great demand upon the remnant of vitality within him, spoke again:

"I said, 'Who is able to tell about that now?'"

"He said, 'I am, because I saw how the thing happened. I was on the mountain that evening by chance, and I saw the two men meet, and I heard their conversation. I saw Arthur Desmond stretch out his hands to Fingall, and Fingall draw back and fall headlong over the precipice. It was an accident, and Desmond had no fault in it.'"

"I said to Luke, 'Why did you not speak at the time?'"

"I did speak," he said. "I spoke to some purpose. I whispered in everybody's ear that Desmond had been murdered and that Desmond was the murderer. I had excellent reasons for it. I never did anything without an excellent reason. It was on the point of bestowing on Arthur Desmond, and I got it. It is all gone now like everything else, and nothing matters except to stop this buzzing in my brain whenever I think of it. And I can't get rid of thinking of it. Write it all down that I may get rid of it."

"I wrote it down as you see, gentlemen, and Luke was satisfied. I put away the paper, and never should have troubled any more about it, for I thought no good could come of showing it to any one now, only for certain matters which occurred during the last year."

"What are those matters?" asked Rory, with eyes fixed intently on Edmund's face.

"A young lady came visiting at Shane's Hollow," continued Edmund, with another faint attempt at his grandiose manner which failed pathetically as he went on, "and she was an angel of goodness to my poor sister, who was a great sufferer owing to our reverses, and had not all those comforts which an invalid requires. This girl, gentlemen, nursed her like a daughter, gave her hospitality, and buried her in our ancestral burial place as befitting an Adare. I never saw the young lady's face, but I have heard her voice as she passed down our staircase, and there was a tone in it that reminded me of the ill-treated Arthur Desmond. This I might not have dwelt upon, only that of late my brother Luke felt to raving about Desmond's daughter who had come to persecute him. After coming to the conclusion that the girl must be Desmond's daughter, I had some struggle with myself as to whether I should or should not come forward and lay this statement before a magistrate; for the step I am taking now, gentlemen, is a difficult one to a person of my reclusive habits, but ever since my poor brother's death I have felt a great anxiety to make known his confession. I have felt, to use his own words, 'like a rat gnawing me'; and so I have come—"

He stopped abruptly and cast a wild, wandering look around the room, as if now that all was said, and urgent need for effort was over, he knew not how to pull body and mind together any more; and before Alister or Rory could reach him he had fallen forward on the table in a state of unconsciousness.

They did all in their power to revive him and sent in haste for a doctor, but before the doctor could arrive to tell them the last denizen of the ruined home of the Adares was lying in Lady Flora's best bedroom, scarcely aware of the long-unwonted comfort with which he was surrounded.

An hour before death he had a return of consciousness, and renewed in presence of the doctor, clergyman, and others, the statement he had already made to Alister and Somerset; but by midnight the last of the Adares was no more.

Leaving Alister to tell Edmund Adare's story to Gran and Flora, Somerset rode off early in the morning to Shanghaichang. Walking up to the farm-house he saw signs of preparation for departure and Bawn's little cart waiting at the open door, and at the same moment Bawn herself appeared on the threshold, dressed for travel.

"Unkind," he said, "trying to steal away from us without a word of farewell!"

He was smiling jubilantly as he took her half-reluctant hand, and Bawn, who had plotted to escape this last trial, felt herself turn sick and faint at seeing his unconcern. After all his urgency and insistence it was she who would have to suffer now and in the future. He would easily reconcile himself to the inevitable, and forget.

She looked pale, weary, beaten. Knowing what a pass things had come to, she felt that she was unable to struggle longer without crying out, she had been trying to escape quietly in her weakness and sorrow without going through the ordeal of spoken farewells. Caught on the very threshold, she would have to make one last, almost impossible call on her courage.

"I have been obliged to make my arrangements hastily," she said, "and to write my farewells, and thanks for all kind words. Betty is coming with me. Nancy will stay till all is wound up finally here, and will follow us. I have written to Mr. Fingall of the Rath—"

"Come in, Bawn; come in, and give me one last half-hour of your company. The pony can wait. Your steamer does not sail for two days to come. Don't be afraid—I am not going to ask leave to cross the ocean with you a second time."

She returned into the little parlor which she had just quitted, as she had thought, for the last time, feeling the joy of seeing him again embittered, the acute pain of parting infinitely aggravated by his voice, which he cruelly came here to punish her by showing how little he cared, how having come to listen to reason at last, he was rejected to make an end of folly?"

She stood in the middle of the dismantled room with a wretched consciousness that she was unable to hide the grief in her eyes, that her face, her attitude, her very hands were treacherously making confession that she was escaping away from the scene of her wild enterprise, vanquished and with a broken heart. Not that she cared now if he knew it, only he might be the stronger, after all. Her strength, which he had so talked about, was such a sham, his fancied love for her had been so short and so easily dismissed. How could he stand smiling at her misery thus, if he had ever for one hour really cared for her?

"Bawn, take off your gloves and your hat, for I have a great deal to say to you."

"Would it not be kinder to let me go?" she said, and she felt that her pride was gone, and that she had said it piteously. "I have been very foolish, very daring, and I and my cause are shipwrecked. I have done no one harm but myself, for which I ought to be thankful; but say good-bye quickly and let me go."

He had taken her hands and held them tightly, and tried to look in her eyes, which were turned steadily away from the gladness of his.

"Bawn, I swear to you solemnly that you must not, need not go."

She looked at him startled, suddenly struck with the fact that his manner seemed to imply a certainty which could only come from a change in circumstances; but remembering that such change was impossible, she said sadly:

"Nothing could persuade me of that unless the clouds were to open and drop down the king's messenger, and a message were to come back from the dead."

"My dearest, the clouds have opened; a message has come from the dead. I have been all night entertaining the king's messenger, who brought us miraculous tidings. Luke Adare has spoken."

Bawn's lips parted, and in her eyes, which were fixed on Somerset's, amazement, hope and incredulity succeeded each other swiftly.

"Impossible!" she said faintly. "The heavens were opened to comfort Saul, but that does not happen now. The dead do not come back. Why need you torture me?"

"Luke Adare has spoken."

"So have I seen Edmund Adare, but only a few hours ago. He is the king's messenger I told you of, and here is the message he brought for you and me."

He drew the paper containing Luke's confession from his breast and put it in her trembling hands, but, seeing her could neither hold nor decipher it, he took it back and read it aloud to her. Hearing him, she looked straight before her with bewildered eyes, tried to take the document to read it for herself, but suddenly turned blind, and the next moment Bawn the strong-hearted had fainted in her lover's arms.

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security enough; but the sergeant meant to leave no loophole open. He and the private trooper would keep guard all night, and according to this order, after supper, the trooper entered on the first four hours' watch.

The natives and wounded men took their meal and were stretched on the soft sand beside another fire, about a hundred paces from the guard and prisoner.

The tired men soon slept, all but the sentry and the captive. The sergeant lay within arm's length of the prisoner; and even from deep sleep awoke at the least movement of the chain.

Toward midnight, the chained man turned his face toward the sentry, and motioned him to draw near. The rough, but kind-hearted fellow thought he asked for water, and softly brought him a pannikin, which he held to his lips. At the slight motion, the sergeant awoke, and harshly reprimanded the trooper, posting him at a distance from the fire, with orders not to move till his watch had expired. The sergeant returned to his sleep, and again all was still.

After a time the face of the prisoner was once more raised, and with silent lip but earnest expression he begged the sentry to come to him. But the man would not move. He grew angry at the persistence of the prisoner, who ceased not to look toward him, and who at last even ventured to speak in a low voice.

The strong, the fearful trooper grew alarmed, and sternly ordered him to rest. The sergeant awoke at the word, and shortly after relieved the trooper, seating himself by the fire to watch the remainder of the night.

When the prisoner saw this, with a look of utter weariness, though not of resignation, he at last closed his eyes and sank to rest. Once having yielded to the fatigue which his long watch had hitherto mastered, he was unconscious. A deep and dreamless sleep fell on him. The sand was soft round his tired limbs, and for two or three hours the bitterness of his captivity was forgotten.

He awoke suddenly, and, as if he had not slept, felt the iron on his wrists, and knew that he was chained to a tree like a wild beast.

The sleep had given him new strength. He raised his head, and examined the eyes of the sergeant watching him. The look between them was long and steady.

"Come here," said the prisoner, in a low tone, "I want to speak to you."

Had the gaunt dog beside him spoken, the sergeant could not have been more amazed.

"Come here," repeated Moondyne, "I have something important to say to you."

The sergeant drew his revolver, examined the caps, and then moved toward his prisoner.

"I heard you say you had spent twenty-five years in this colony," said Moondyne, "and that you might as well have remained a convict. Would you go away to another country, and live the rest of your life in wealth and power?"

The sergeant stared at him as if he thought he had gone mad. The prisoner understood the look.

"Listen," he said impressively; "I am not mad. You know there is a reward offered for the discovery of the Vasse Gold Mine. I can lead you to the spot!"

There was that in his voice and look that thrilled the sergeant to the marrow. He glanced at the sleeping trooper, and drew closer to the chained man.

"I know where that gold mine lies," said Moondyne, "reading the greedy faces of those tans and shiploads of solid gold are waiting to be carried away. If you help me to be free, I will lead you to the mine."

The sergeant looked at him in silence. He arose and walked stealthily toward the natives, who were soundly sleeping. To and fro in the firelight, for nearly an hour, he paced, revolving the startling proposition. At last he approached the chained man.

"I have treated you badly, and you hate me," he said. "How can you treat me? How can you prove to me that this is true?"

Moondyne met the suspicious eye steadily. "I have no proof," he said; "you must take my word. I tell you the truth. If I do not lead you straight to the mine, I will go back to Fremantle as your prisoner."

Still the sergeant pondered and paced. He was in doubt, and the consequences might be terrible.

"Have you ever known me to lie?" said Moondyne.

The sergeant looked at him, but did not answer.

At length he abruptly asked: "Is it far away?" He was advancing toward a decision.

"We can reach the place in two days, if you give me a horse," said Moondyne.

"You might escape," said the sergeant.

"I will not; but if you doubt me, keep the chain on my wrist till I show you the gold."

"And then?" said the sergeant. "Then we shall be equals. I will lead you to the mine. You must return, and escape from the country as best you can. Do you agree?"

The sergeant's face was white, as he glanced at the sleeping trooper and then at the prisoner.

"I agree," he said; "lie down, and pretend to sleep."

The sergeant had thought out his plan. He would insure his own safety, no matter how the affair turned. Helping a convict to escape was punished with death by the penal law; but he would put another look on the matter. He cautiously waked the private trooper.

"Take those natives," he said, "all but the mounted tracker, and go on to Bunbury before me. The wounded men must be doctored at once."

Without a word, the disciplined trooper shook the drowsiness from him, saddled his horse, and mounted. In half an hour they were gone.

Moondyne Joe and the sergeant listened till the last sound died away. The tracker was curled up again beside the fire.

Sergeant Bowman then unlocked the chain, and the powerful prisoner rose to his feet. In a whisper the sergeant told him he must secure the native before he attempted to take the horse.

Moondyne went softly to the side of the sleeping savage. There was a smile on his face as he knelt down and laid one strong hand on the man's throat, and another on his pistol.

In a few moments it was over. The bushman never even wretched when he saw the stern face above him, and felt that his weapon was gone. Moondyne left him tied hand and foot, and returned to the sergeant, who had the horses ready.

When the convict stood beside the trooper he raised his hand suddenly, and held something toward him—the tracker's pistol, loaded and capped! He had played and won.

His enemy stood defenceless before him—and the terror of death, as he saw the position, was in the blanched face of the sergeant.

"Take this pistol," said Moondyne, quietly. "You may give it to me, if you will, when I have kept my word."

The sergeant took the weapon with a trembling hand, and his evil face had an awed look as he mounted.

"Call the dogs," said Moondyne, "we shall need them to-morrow. In answer to a low whistle the wolf-like things bounded through the bush. The men struck at a gallop, in the direction of the convicts' camp, the sergeant a little behind, with his pistol ready in the holster.

TO BE CONTINUED

A WHITE ROSE

Mr. Barrell's tiny shop nestled in the shadow of the old church. It had a single large window, close to which he sat day after day, making such jewelry as no one else in Boston could, mending treasures too precious to be entrusted to any but the most skilful hands.

A little, musty shop, and a little, withered old man, who wore an habitual frown—it was not strange that customers lingered no longer than was necessary. He never spoke if he could help himself, and then always disagreeably. He was never obliging when ingenuity could devise a way of being disobliging. He had no friends and wanted none; no relatives with whom he was on speaking terms; a happiness on which he daily congratulated himself. There were those who said that he should have been a Catholic, but they did not explain where they had obtained their information, and those who frankly knew nothing about the matter thought themselves as wise as any.

Early in May, two years ago, a mission was given in the old church, and among those who flocked to the exercises were many who took that opportunity to stop at Mr. Barrell's shop which they seldom passed on other times. On the last morning of the first week a young girl came on her way to the 9 o'clock Mass. She smiled at Mr. Barrell with a friendliness that he found very irritating, as she said:

"See, I have broken my bracelet! Will you mend it at once so I can get it after the sermon? I want to wear it this afternoon."

Mr. Barrell was examining it, frowning crossly. He made do answer, "Will it be ready, if I call about 10 o'clock?" she asked, after a pause, speaking a shade less pleasantly this time.

"Can't tell," he growled. "But I need it!" she pleaded. "Perhaps I shan't have time to bother with it."

"Why, how long would it take to mend it? Not long, surely. You see Mr. Barrell, only three little links are separated."

"How long? Possibly 10 minutes."

"Only 10 minutes! And I shan't come back for an hour! Of course, then, you—"

"Don't talk all day! My time is precious—and it's my own. Take your trinket or leave it. I'll not hurry for anyone. Perhaps I want to go to the mission myself. Why should I be the only one who works every hour of the day?"

Angry at last the girl snatched her bracelet from the counter and dropped it into her purse.

"You know you're not going to mend it! You're the meanest man I ever saw!"

And she slammed the door behind her.

For several minutes Mr. Barrell stared after her, his mouth half open and his nervous fingers resting limply on the edge of the counter. Not for years had any one openly resented his studied rudeness. Her last words rang in his ears.

"The meanest man she ever saw," he solemnly repeated to himself; and after a time, he muttered:

"Yes, I do need it, though it's not her affair."

For some minutes longer he stared uneasily at the door before, slowly and hesitatingly, he reached for his crutch, hobbled across the room, hid some valuables in his safe and locked

it. More slowly and more hesitatingly he took his hat from a peg and put it on his head. Then, with many pauses, he went to the door, stepped outside and secured it behind him. He waited until no one was in sight before he stole into the church and slipped, trembling, into the most shadowy corner. Mass was almost ended, but the sermon followed—a sermon on God's love and His mercy. Had the old missionary preached on judgment and hell Mr. Barrell would have scowled at him, but this was harder to bear. He moved about restlessly, not once glancing at the speaker, and the minute the last word was uttered he hurried back to his shop, and went to work with feverish energy. But his hand shook. He made mistakes more and more than once last time by forgetting the trinket in his fingers and falling into a deep reverie.

At last he locked the store a second time and again crept stealthily into the church. After he had hidden behind a pillar for some minutes he slunk, shamefaced, into the nearest confessional. The next morning he received Holy Communion at the earliest Mass. It was the first time in thirty-five years, the first time in himself that he had escaped observation, but she is everywhere. It became known in the parish that Mr. Barrell had been converted at the mission and there was much gossip about the matter; fortunately, however, none of it reached his ears.

After this he went almost daily to Mass, but

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had been almost happy; but God did not care; nothing could matter again.

At last he raised his head. There, on the window sill, stood the pot which had held his rose so proudly, empty now, but for a jagged bit of stem. Beside it, almost touching it, was a larger pot in which bloomed a white rose more beautiful than his own had been.

Into the church he went, and up the long aisle. A young girl was decorating the altar, and to her he gave the plant. He tried to say something, but the words died on his lips.

"You want me to place it close to the tabernacle?" she said, having the quick understanding that is the fruit of a kind heart.

"Yes, that's it," he answered, with a very evident sense of relief; and she smiled most naturally.

As he stumped down the aisle, and she genuflected with the pot in her arms, she whispered:

"Dear Lord, I am glad I saw him and put it there. It was a little sacrifice—but you are a little after all!"—Florence Gilmore in Messenger of Sacred Heart.

THE IRISH POETS

The three poets who were foremost to sign and foremost to take arms to assert Ireland's Declaration of Independence had each a vision of nationality that could not be expressed in a proclamation; no matter how nobly that proclamation might be worded. With Padraic Pearse that vision was the revival of a chivalry in Ireland, the renaissance of the heroic age of Celtic history when, as he wrote, the greatest honor was for the hero who had the most child-like heart, for the king who had the largest pity, for the poet who visioned the truest image of beauty.

He was grave, and if it were not for his kindness and his humor Padraic Pearse would have appeared as a somber young man. His head was always slightly bent as though in deep but never anxious reflection. His ideas were so composed that when he addressed you in conversation parts of what he said might go into essays or lectures. He talked programs. But nothing in his speech was dry or pedantic, so much enthusiasm, grave enthusiasm indeed, was in all he said.

Eight years ago he decided to retire from the editorship of the Gaelic League weekly An Claidreamh Solais and put into practice his ideas of an Irish national education. He took a big dwelling-house in a suburb of Dublin, Cullenswood House, Rathmines, where the historian Lecky once lived, and opened there a secondary school for boys, Sgoil Fanna or St. Enda's. The school was to be bi-lingual; that is to say, it was to give instruction through Irish as well as through English.

After he took up teaching he connected all his literary efforts with the schools. One year he produced an heroic pageant "Cuchillian" and another year a little religious play "Josagan" (Jesuskin). In 1911 his Passion Play was produced. A year later he published his single book of verse "Suantraidhe agus Goidtraidhe" (Sleep Songs and Sorrow Songs) written in the language of the West Connacht parish where he often lived. He had begun to put together in the pages of the Irish Review an anthology of poetry in the Irish language, making his own translations.

The family of Joseph Mary Plunkett had a proud memory, the memory of martyrdom, for the last priest martyred in England, the Venerable Oliver Plunkett was of their blood. Joseph Plunkett was a

mystic, but a militant mystic. The title he chose for his book of poems was "The Circle and the Sword" and the eternal circle and the destroying sword were the symbols he always had in his mind. The strongest of the new Irish patriotic poems, and the ones charged with the greatest intensity of Irish Catholic faith were written by this young man.—Padraic Colum, in America.

have not gathered gold: The fame that I won perished; In love I found but sorrow, That withered my life.

Of wealth or of glory I shall leave nothing behind me I think it, O God, enough! But my name in the heart of a child.

Thomas MacDonagh, perhaps, had not a single vision of the renaissance Ireland. He had a vision of the maker of the renaissance Irish state: the soldier-statesman who would be instructed by the philosophic poet. Those who saw him in his academic robe and noted his flow of speech and his tendency to abstractions might have carried away an image of one of those adventurous students who disputed endlessly in a medieval university. But MacDonagh was as far from being a pedant as was Pearse. He was a wonderfully good comrade, an eager friend, a happy-hearted companion. He had abundance of good spirits and a flow of wit and humor remarkable even in a Munster man.

He had too an intimate knowledge of the humors of popular life in the country and the country town which he never put into his writing. He was born in Cloughjordan, a town in County Tipperary, where his father and mother were teachers in primary schools. He was trained by a Religious Order, and became a novice in his youth. He was a teacher in a college in Kilkenny and later in Fermoy, and it was while in the former place that he took up the study of Irish. Afterwards he went to the Aran Islands and to the Irish-speaking districts of Munster and made himself fluent in the language. In 1901 and 1902 he published two books of poems, "Through the Ivory Gate" and "April and May."

Just before Pearse opened his school MacDonagh came to Dublin to look round him. He had written a play, "When the Dawn is Come," and wanted to have it produced in the Abbey Theater, which was then under the brief direction of J. M. Synge. The scene is laid in the revolutionary Ireland of the future, and it is the tragedy of a leader whose master-idea baffled his followers. MacDonagh had joined the staff of St. Enda's when this play was produced. His great interest then was poetry. He knew poetry well in English, French, Latin and Irish and was drawn to the classical poets, to Catullus, Dante and Racine. After he came to Dublin the poetry he wrote was more personal, "Songs of Myself" and "Lyrical Poems" being titles of his two subsequent volumes.

A poet, with a bent toward abstractions, a scholar with a leaning toward philology; these were the aspects Thomas MacDonagh showed when he expressed himself in letters. But what was fundamental in him rarely went into what he wrote. That fundamental thing was an eager search for something that would have his whole devotion. His dream was always of action of a man dominating a crowd for a great end, the historical figures that appealed straight to him were the Gracchi and the Irish military leader of the seveneenth century, Owen Roe O'Neill. In the lives of these three there was the drama that appealed to him; the thoughtful man became a revolutionist. Many things Thomas MacDonagh said and wrote were extraordinarily prophetic of his own end. Such a prophecy, for example, is in "Wishes for My Son":

God to you may give the sight And the clear undoubting strength Wars to knit for single right, Freedom's war to knit at length, And to win, through wrath and strife To the sequel of my life.

Joseph Plunkett had a vision of an Ireland filled with the martyr's defiance and the martyr's devotion. He has recorded that vision in "Our Heritage," which I consider the finest poem of Irish national defiance:

This heritage to the race of Kings: Their children and their children's seed Have wrought their prophecies indeed Of terrible and splendid things.

The hands that fought, the hearts that broke In old immortal tragedies, These have not failed beneath the skies, Their children's heads refuse the yoke.

And still their hands shall guard the sod That holds their fathers' funeral urn. Still shall their hearts volcanic burn With anger of the Sons of God.

No alien sword shall earn as wage The entail of their blood and tears, No shameful price for peaceful years Shall ever part this heritage.

The family of Joseph Mary Plunkett had a proud memory, the memory of martyrdom, for the last priest martyred in England, the Venerable Oliver Plunkett was of their blood. Joseph Plunkett was a

Protestant Bibles. The King James Version, in deference to the vigorous protests of Catholics, largely remedied this evil. However, there still remain some false translations, evidently introduced with the view of making the Bible seem to stand sponsor for Protestant beliefs and customs.

Finally, how do the two versions compare with regard to their style? With few exceptions, the Protestants condemn the Douay version as stilted, un-English, ambiguous in its terms, full of strange ink horn words which never were and never would be English. Even among Catholics an occasional tendency manifests itself to repeat these charges. Yet, while there may be some reason for them, let us not overlook two facts. The first is that the Douay translators were by no means uneducated dilettanti, but men who had received the best training of their day and had been conspicuous at Oxford itself both for their ripe scholarship and their literary accomplishments. If fault is to be found with their style, this must not be set down to incapacity, but rather to definite principles purposely chosen and religiously carried out. As they themselves state in the preface, they preferred truth and accuracy to grace and elegance of style. For in regard to what they expected that words and phrases which might at first sound strange, would in the course of time become familiar and pleasing. It is noteworthy that some of the terms which they foresaw would be distasteful for a time, were afterwards adopted by the King James Bible and became naturalized in the English language.

THE BIBLE EXPLANATION OF DIFFERENCES IN CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT VERSIONS

Simple as this question looks at first sight, it really involves a host of others. First of all, most Catholics are probably unaware that the leather-bound volume which graces their book shelf hardly deserves the name of "Douay" Bible. This, at least is the opinion of Newman and Wiseman, who more than seventy years ago called it an abuse of terms to speak of our recent editions as the Douay Bible. Nor has the King James Version remained the same. New editions of the Protestant Bible have been brought out within the last thirty years, which, despite fierce opposition, have gained ground steadily. Taking, however, the question at its face value, let us see what the difference is between the original Douay Bible and the King James Version as published in 1611.

First and foremost, the King James Bible omits the so-called deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament, while the Douay Version, faithful to its Catholic principles, includes all the books enumerated in the canon of the Council of Trent. In other words, the Protestant Bible omits Tobias, Judith, the Book of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, both books of the Maccabees, parts of Esther and Daniel. This fact alone should be sufficient to bar the Protestant Bible from any Catholic household. For whatever doubts may have existed in former centuries, whatever arguments Protestants may advance against the inclusion of these books, the fact remains that the Church accepts them with the same reverence and pious devotion as she accepts the other books of the Bible.

Another essential difference lies in the annotations. Catholics are not allowed to read Bibles which contain no notes, much less such as contain notes of a heretical nature. To explain how reasonable and motherly the Church is in this provision would lead us too far afield. Suffice it to say that the antagonism between Catholics and Protestants in regard to these books is diametrically opposed. The Catholic Church holds that the Bible is not self-explanatory, that it needs a living teacher for its exponent; to the Protestants, on the other hand, the Bible is as clear and as plain as a child's prayer, a book to be had by all, to be read by all, to be understood by all.

The autographs of the inspired writings, it must be remembered, are no longer in existence. The translator, then, must rely on copies. But these copies themselves were not made from the original. Some were written hundreds and thousands of years after the autograph. To give but one instance, the earliest copy which we possess of the New Testament dates from the fourth century; that is, it was made after the evangelists wrote their gospels. It would be unreasonable, to say the least, to expect that God would preserve this long line of copies and copies from all error, God never meant the Bible to be our only rule of faith. Hence he would allow mistakes to creep in, at least, in those matters which do not pertain to faith and morals. As a fact, if we compare copy with copy, a host of divergences become at once manifest. The question, then, to be determined by the would-be translator is: Which is the best and purest text? Which approaches the original most closely?

Now it is true that in this respect the King James translators seem at first blush to have made the better choice. For they based their version on the original Greek and Hebrew text, while the Douay scholars were satisfied with translating from the Vulgate, itself a translation. But this fact does not prove the superiority of the King James version. Not only is the text on which it is based, the so-called "received text," considered even by Protestant scholars as of comparatively little value, but the more the Vulgate is examined as to the purity of its text, the higher it rises in the esteem of sound critics. Besides, while strictly adhering to the Latin Vulgate, the Douay translators always had the original Hebrew and Greek within easy reach to verify doubtful readings and to clear up ambiguous renderings.

Both Bibles, however, it is a foregone conclusion that they differ with regard to the faithfulness, with which they cling to the original. Now nobody ever denied that the Douay version was a most faithful rendering of the Vulgate. Indeed, this is the one objection constantly urged against it by Protestants. Whether this be a fault or a virtue matters not for the present. But how does the King James Version stand in this respect? It is true that the Douay version was published for the precise purpose of counteracting the "manifest corruption of Holy Scripture" and the "foul dealing herein by false and partial translations." But this charge was leveled against the earlier

Protestant Bibles. The King James Version, in deference to the vigorous protests of Catholics, largely remedied this evil. However, there still remain some false translations, evidently introduced with the view of making the Bible seem to stand sponsor for Protestant beliefs and customs.

Finally, how do the two versions compare with regard to their style? With few exceptions, the Protestants condemn the Douay version as stilted, un-English, ambiguous in its terms, full of strange ink horn words which never were and never would be English. Even among Catholics an occasional tendency manifests itself to repeat these charges. Yet, while there may be some reason for them, let us not overlook two facts. The first is that the Douay translators were by no means uneducated dilettanti, but men who had received the best training of their day and had been conspicuous at Oxford itself both for their ripe scholarship and their literary accomplishments. If fault is to be found with their style, this must not be set down to incapacity, but rather to definite principles purposely chosen and religiously carried out. As they themselves state in the preface, they preferred truth and accuracy to grace and elegance of style. For in regard to what they expected that words and phrases which might at first sound strange, would in the course of time become familiar and pleasing. It is noteworthy that some of the terms which they foresaw would be distasteful for a time, were afterwards adopted by the King James Bible and became naturalized in the English language.

"The substance and the 'woof and warp' of our Douay version," says Edwin H. Burton in his "Life and Times of Bishop Challoner," "is vigorous and noble English. When the superiority of the Anglican version is urged, as is frequently the case, we must not forget how much in the New Testament at least, the authorized version owes to Reims. In quite recent years this influence has not only been admitted by Anglican writers, but exhaustively studied and estimated."—Rev. A. C. Cotter, S. J.

EVIDENCES OF CATHOLICITY

The members of the Panama Missionary Congress have launched a propaganda of slander, calumny and vituperation in regard to the Church in Latin America which is intended to deceive the ignorant and misinformed. Unfortunately the press has been too lavish in its justice to the cause of the South American, who has been represented as ignorant, superstitious and degraded. The Church that civilized and Christianized South America is the target for vitriolic attacks from this coterie of jealous proselytizers. The New World of Chicago would point out a few facts for these preparators. It says:

"Before these missionaries adopt such tactics, particularly in Argentine, let them first journey inland to Tucuman and visit there La Sala de Independencia. Hanging on the walls of this historic edifice they will find portraits of the twenty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence of the Republic of Argentina. Let the missionaries study closely the faces and signatures of these patriots and they will find that of the twenty-six, sixteen were priests and monks of the Catholic Church.

"Catholic priest and patriot! Names so closely linked in the South American mind and in the history of that country that to offend one is to offend the other! And these missionaries after their visit to La Sala de Independencia will carry away with them the knowledge why Protestantism will not take root on the southern continent.

One needs but to reflect upon the vast multitudes of Inca Indians converted from idolatry to Christianity to acquire an idea of what the Church has done in Latin America. Every hill and valley throughout that land bears testimony to Catholic missionary endeavor. Her universities, great and numerous, stand as living memorials of Catholic zeal for education.—Intermountain Catholic.

WORDS LEFT UNSAID

Somebody has said that half the sorrows of womankind could be prevented if they would leave unspoken the words they know it is useless to speak. By looking back on our own experience we can guess just what is included under their head: The nagging words, the fretful words, the words that are bitter and unkind. How many times we have resolved that we will never speak them again, only to find them escaping our lips—almost, it would seem, in spite of us.

But after all, the prospect of cutting the sorrows of life right in two is worth an effort, and a protracted effort. It may take time, but in time anyone can learn this enormously important lesson. Some of the world's noted men, who in their youth were inflexible and fiery, going to pieces on the least provocation, have learned such self-control that even if abuse were showered on them, they could sit through it without the least betrayal of feeling.

Leave unsaid the words that are unkind, impatient, fretful or complaining. Forego the witty word or smart saying that will bring pain to some tender, sensitive heart. Avoid the tale bearer and scandal monger. Eschew the gossip, and never under

any circumstances leave a stain on a neighbor's good name or fair reputation by deliberate detraction.—Catholic Columbian.

THE INN THAT MISSED ITS CHANCE

(The landlord speaks—25 A. D.) What could be done? The inn was full of folk:

His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and his scribes Who made the census; honorable men From farthest Galilee, come hitherward To be enrolled; high ladies and their lords; The rich, the rabbi, such a noble through As Bethlehem had never seen before, And may not see again. And there they were, Close herded with their servants, till the inn Was like a hive at swarming-time, and I Was fairly crazed among them.

Could I know That they were so important? Just the two, No servants, just a workman sort of man, Leading a donkey, and his wife thereon, Drooping and pale—I saw them not myself, My servants must have driven them away; But had I seen them, how was I to know? Were inns to welcome stragglers, up and down? In all our towns from Beersheba to Dan, 'Till He should come? And how were men to know?

There was a sign, they say, a heavenly light Resplendent; but I had no time for stars, And there were songs of angels in the air Out on the hills; but how was I to hear Amid the thousand clamors of an inn? Of course, if I had known them, who they were, And who was He that should be born that night— For now I learn that they will make him King,

A second David, who will ransom us From these Philistine Romans—who but He That feeds an army with a loaf of bread, And if a soldier falls, He touches him And up he leaps, uninjured?—had I known, I would have turned the whole inn upside down. His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and the rest, And sent them all to stables, had I known. So you have seen him, stranger, and perhaps Again will see him. Prithee say for me I did not know; and if he comes again, As he will surely come, with retinue, And banners, and an army, tell my lord That all my inn is his to make amends.

Alas, alas! to miss a chance like that! This inn that might be chief among them all, The birthplace of Messiah—had I known! —AMOSIR, WELLS, in the Helper.

CATERING TO THE PEWS

The rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in Newark, "a fashionable downtown church" of that city, was recently requested by members of his vestry to hand in his resignation. The invitation, he said, was due to his refusal to suppress passages in his sermons calculated to make sinners feel uncomfortable. Other reasons may likewise have existed, judging from the subjects of some of his sermons. The instructions which the minister claims were given him by the vestrymen of his church, afford an interesting illustration of what is likely to be expected to-day of clergymen outside the Catholic Church. The Newark minister thus pictures the situation:

"Not long ago I was deeply distressed by having a member of the vestry say, in a serious, friendly conversation, that his idea of running a church was that it should be run, to please the patrons. No one could run a successful grocery store, he told me, who let his private convictions interfere with his selling his patrons what they wanted, liquor or anything else. About the same time I was told by another member of the vestry that the plain indication on my part that I thought there were sinners in Trinity would give offense, and I was asked to strike out of a sermon that was to be published the clause in which the reference occurred. Somewhat later the same member, the dominating member of the vestry said to me as there were probably nine sinners to one saint in the church he thought that I ought to preach to please the sinners, to preach, that is, so as not to make them uncomfortable when they came to the church, not to irritate them."

Whatever the aberrations of the Newark rector may have been, he has touched upon a vital point. We hear

a great deal in the Protestant churches, as he says, of a God of infinite love whose justice is greatly ignored. "Yet this too must be infinite. "We hear it said that hell is an old wives' tale, incompatible with belief in this good God. I tell you this God mentioned here is of recent man-made manufacture and never the Father of Jesus Christ, Our Lord." Sincere men are weary of the slurring and denial of essential truths. The Catholic Church offers to them the one safe refuge. Nothing is of greater importance, therefore, than that her Divine credentials be made known to the modern world, to enable men to see the one truly "evangelical" Church, in which alone the whole Gospel of Christ is preached without attention or respect of persons. The sermons heard in many non-Catholic churches seem to indicate that the instructions given the Newark vestrymen, though seldom so plainly expressed, are complied with frequently enough.—America.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

With Protestant churches more generally surmounted by crosses; with a Protestant writer suggesting the carrying of crucifixes by Protestant soldiers; there has come a great change even in one generation. From the Western Christian Union this is taken:

"The Cross! The Cross! We are all right." "Some years ago a party of travelers were passing over the Swiss mountains. After they had gone a considerable way it began to snow heavily, and the oldest of the guides gravely shook his head and said, 'If the wind rises we are lost.' Scarcely had he spoken when a gale arose, the snow was whirled into multitudinous drifts, and all marks were obliterated. "Cautiously they moved on, not knowing where they were, and almost giving themselves up for lost. At length one of the guides, who had gone a short way before them to search out the path, was heard shouting, 'The Cross! The Cross! We are all right.' "And what had the cross to do with it? It was one of those religious memorials which one so frequently meets in Roman Catholic countries, and this one, set up at first by some private individual for personal reasons, had become at length a well-known and easily recognized landmark for the traveler. Hence, the moment the guide saw it he knew where he was and what direction to take. "What was true of that symbol in their case is true in all instances of the thing which it signifies; for we may always know where we are when, with our eyes of faith, we can see Christ crucified."

A "PRACTICAL" CATHOLIC

"One must have the heart of a child toward God, of a mother toward one's neighbor, and of a judge toward oneself." This was the counsel Piere Henri Joyard, a distinguished Jesuit preacher who died a dozen years ago, used to give his hearers. The words admirably describe a practical Catholic who "lives" his religion. Little children's virtues are the very ones that best become God's servants. Their affection, innocence, lowliness, gratitude, docility, trustfulness and simplicity are what make children so dear to parents, and these are likewise the qualities of the Heavenly Father loves to find characterizing His older children in all their relations with Him. So in things of the soul a man's practical hold of amiable children's virtues can be made the measure of God's love for him.

Being a "mother toward one's neighbor" is the second mark of the practical Catholic. It means a readiness to overlook in others, as does a mother in her children, defects and shortcomings, to interpose kind words and deeds charitably, to be as tender of a neighbor's fail and name and to be as kind to him as a mother is toward her little ones. Just as mothers, moreover, are always at their children's service, have ready for them whenever it is needed a word of counsel or comfort, and are glad to make sacrifices for them, in like manner our ideal Catholic's relations with his neighbor will be characterized by the motherly virtues of kindness, patience and self-sacrifice.

The third mark of the practical Catholic, according to Piere Joyard, is the virtue of being a fair "judge toward oneself." That is difficult, because this judge, as a rule, is biased. He always enters court predisposed to favor the defendant. For that litigant's crimes and misdemeanors he easily finds a thousand extenuating circumstances, so compassionate the plaintiff, generally loses his case and has to pay the costs. Well has it been said, nevertheless, that "There is only one person in the world to whom I may always be severe, there is only one who richly deserves it, and that person is myself." But the Catholic whom self-will, self-seeking or self-love never keeps from practicing this salutary judicial severity toward himself is a practical Catholic indeed. "Who is he and we will praise him?" for he has done wonderful things in his life.—America.

The grave is but a little hill, yet from it how small do the great affairs of life look; how great the small!

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1916

"HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"

Of the making of War-books there is no end. That, of course, is true of other books as well. Still there are always books worth reading; some, even about the War, are worth buying. A book is hardly worth reading if it is not worth reading twice. A book is not worth buying if it is not worth reading many times; if you may not go to it and find a page, a chapter that will inspire, console, stimulate, contradict; if, in short, it does not give out to the atmosphere of mind and heart that surrounds the living friend.

"Halt! Who Goes There?" is a war-book as its very martial title quite shamelessly proclaims. Yet if you gloat over the gruesome details of the carnage of the modern battlefield do not buy it. If you would gratify and justify your hatred of the "Huns"—not a soldier's vice but characteristic of the stay-at-homes—do not read it.

But if you are sore of heart and afflicted in spirit over the War, oppressed by the mystery of it, and would look reverently into the hearts and souls of some of the good men and women who have been a part of it; if you would understand something of the mystery; see, as in a glass darkly, the national soul in the individual; and glimpse the Divine purpose working itself out in nation and individual—then buy Wilfrid Meynell's "Halt! Who Goes There?"

In form it consists of pages from the diary of a widowed nursing sister, and letters from the trenches by the late Captain Owen Tudor, V. C.

Here is a passage which will give an idea of the matter and style of this remarkable little book: Captain Tudor is trying to understand "this England." Captain Shireburn is the last representative of an old English Catholic family.

"He," soliloquizes Owen, "a Roman Catholic, one of the components of this England, could at least tell me why he came to fight the battle of an officially Protestant country. Religion (I hold) lies at the heart of patriotism, and we have banned the Roman."

We shall have to pass over some delightful banter on Shireburn's part about the "facts that falsify phrases—'Freedom of Conscience,' 'Liberty of Thought.'"

"I, a Holy Roman, am yet right loyal to a Protestant King—God save him! But you—if he becomes a Roman Catholic: you bluster and threaten to turn your backs on him. . . . He can't be the most glorious thing in all the world (as I count it), and remain King."

Nor can he, we might add parenthetically, enjoy Freedom of Conscience or Liberty of Thought.

But we must positively skip a few pages sparkling with humor—good humor—of the discussion between the Protestant Tudor and the Catholic Shireburn. The latter continues:

"Well! say I'd fight with an added happiness, for a land firm in the Faith of my Fathers. Still, the Establishment of a Church, though not mine, seems right enough as a national recognition of religion. So I don't go about grousing because the Church of the majority is established here, and the Church of the majority in Scotland. But, by the way, the same rule doesn't apply to the Church of the majority in Ireland, a separate treatment that politicians somehow never spar over. Sorry to rub it in, Owen; but there's a fact again believing the phrase—you put Religious Liberty on your banners—and on your bans. But bother back-handers: I'm really out, as you know, for a hearty shake. 'This England' in a sense is not only the greatest Protestant and the greatest Mahometan but also the greatest Catholic power—my heart and my sword at her service sir!"

"Think of it—the British Empire to-day holds as many Bishops in communion with Rome as sat at the whole Council of Trent. Think of it—there are as many English-speaking Catholics in the world now as Catholics in all Christendom at Christendom's flowering time—the time of the last Crusades. And, just as in Rome were more Jews than in

Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, so now in London are more Catholic communicants on Sunday mornings than in Catholicism's own capital—in Papal Rome. Go to the great Missionary College at Mill Hill, and learn that Catholic England is moreover a mighty Gospeller to the heathen: the Superior General of that one single College will tell you quite simply that he has more than two hundred Fathers now out on their distant Missions. Ask Quebec, with all her old-time religious rights and privileges guaranteed to her under our flag, if she would change it. Ask Malta with its State Catholic Church. Ask Maynooth, the State-endowed nursery of the priesthood of a nation. Ask the oratorian at South Kensington, or the Jesuit at Farm Street, or the Carmelite in Kensington, and all will tell you that they fare better in Babylon than in their birth-lands, Italy and Spain. Ask, all England over, priests and nuns expelled from lands that ought to know better, ask for the name of the land of religious freedom. Ask the hundreds of Catholic Chaplains with the troops, officers of the King, maintained by his Treasury, or supplied by the Governments of Canada or Australia—martyrs to duty among them like Gwynn of the Irish Guards; men like Fahey, who gained the D. S. O. at Gallipoli. Ask any pious Catholic soldier of the King, with his prayer-book in his kit provided by the Government, as no Government of a nominally Catholic country so provides it. And, Owen, I don't even know where soldiers outside the British Empire demand it—and that's the cornerstone, in a way, of all my wordy structure. That belongs to the soul of 'This England.'"

Brendan O'Neal is an Irishman drawn with delicacy, sympathy and truth.

"War declared in Europe meant, he said, another war declared within himself, rooms were not roomy enough for him. He went out into the open and walked the Wicklow Hills.

"As he drank that keen mountain air, he seemed to see Ireland suddenly transformed into the little hill-country of Judea. Ireland's problem in relation to the British Empire merely repeated the problem of Jewry in relation to the Roman. A peasant couple passed him, on a high track, and in them he seemed to see a man and a woman. In ages long ago, travelling to a far town to be enumerated in the census of a mighty Empire, perhaps to be taxed the mere fancy came to him, to reduce some outstanding debt for the very expedition which added Britain to the Roman sway. And he thought of One born beneath Caesar's sway, a member of the subject race, one who yet answered the challenger: 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.' On His lips had sounded the praise of the Centurion; and to be content with their pay was travelling, in ages long ago, to Caesar, Render to Caesar. The similarities of the two countries in their respective relations to the great external Temporal Power, the applicability of that spoken word to the present path of duty for an Irishman took him like trumpets, struck him like swords. He had decided his duty, and dedicated himself to it, before he slept. Even so, all that night he could hear in his dreams Belgium waiting to him like a woman."

In another place Brendan says: "So measure by the story of Irish martyrdom the immensity of Irish magnanimity, and count it among the assets of Christianity."

Lengthy as are the extracts given they do not give an adequate idea of the wholesome and healing influence of Mr. Meynell's contribution to the literature of the War. McLellan and Goodchild, Toronto, are the Canadian publishers.

John Dillon in his great speech, May 11th, after reading Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington's statements, which we re-publish elsewhere, made this modest demand:

"I make this appeal to the Government. I do not want to embitter this matter by any charges against offices. I do not wish to mention any names, but I think the Prime

Minister will readily admit that nothing but a public inquiry is demanded as a matter of elementary justice to this unhappy lady for the cruel injury which has been inflicted upon her. To tell us there will be a court-martial which, of course, will be secret, and that we may be sure justice will be done, is really an outrage upon every principle of fair play."

This appeal would be modest enough in Russia, in Turkey—or even in Germany.

A month later we have a secret court-martial at which Captain Bowen-Colthurst is found guilty of murder—and insane at the time.

As we write the papers have the following despatch: "London, June 16.—The lawyer for Mrs. F. Sheehy-Skeffington, widow of the editor of The Irish Citizen, who was executed without trial during the recent Irish uprising, has written to Premier Asquith that his client is profoundly dissatisfied with the findings of the court-martial and is urgently pressing for a public inquiry. The court-martial found Capt Bowen-Colthurst, of the Royal Irish Rifles, who ordered the execution of Skeffington, and two other journalists, named Dickson and McIntyre, guilty of murder, but held that, he was insane at the time the acts were committed."

"Mrs. Skeffington's lawyer says important facts were not revealed at the court-martial. He makes new charges against Capt. Colthurst and specifies a witness whom he wishes to have called."

"Executed without trial" is a euphemism for murder is callous and contemptible.

Dare Mr. Asquith or the Government condone this whole hideous business by refusing a public enquiry? Even the Christian Guardian, with no undue sympathy for the Irish, and presumably no knowledge of the situation beyond that furnished by the bare references in press despatches, is shocked:

"The trial of Capt. Bowen-Colthurst for the murder of F. S. Skeffington, editor of the Irish Citizen, has brought to light the startling fact that this British officer had actually had three men shot in cold blood without a trial. The claim is now made that he was not responsible for his actions, but it cannot be struck the public that it is pretty late in the day to discover this fact. The captain may be acquitted on the plea of irresponsibility, but it cannot be doubted that if anything were needed to settle the fate of the former Dublin Regime this awful act of Capt. Bowen-Colthurst would surely prove sufficient."

This editorial comment of The Guardian helps us to hope that the honest indignation of honest Englishmen will force official England to grant a public inquiry into this atrocious crime, martial law or no martial law.

Premier Hearst in the course of his reference to his old friend and colleague said:

"Mr. Foy was recognized as a man of ripe and wise judgment, of most kindly nature, of sterling integrity and of unwavering devotion to the public interest. As the counsellor and friend of his late leader, Sir James Whitney, alike in prosperity and adversity, Mr. Foy did splendid service to the public."

It appears that in March, Sir Sam Hughes wrote a letter to Lord Kitchener expressing the views of Canadian officers at the front as to the wisdom of holding, at great cost in Canadian lives, the Ypres salient, and suggesting that the lines here be straightened. "They (the Canadian officers) maintain, also, that they will be under fire practically two sides or, in fact, three sides most of the time. . . . They point out, too, that in building their new trenches—if the present lines are followed—it must be done practically in the open and under fire and will entail great and unnecessary sacrifice."

The Minister concludes thus: "I do not know whether or not your attention has been drawn to this fact, but there can be no harm in making a suggestion. I presume, however, the whole matter rests with our mutual friend, Sir Douglas Haig."

"Hoping you will kindly give this matter consideration, or submit it to Sir Douglas Haig for consideration."

This letter is dated March 24th, 1916. On the night of the 23rd of May, 1916, Mr. Winston Churchill made a very impressive speech in the British House of Commons. His speech was frankly critical; but as a press despatch remarks: "His criticisms attracted attention because they were not merely destructive—they contained many elements of constructive policy."

It is, however, to this one point we wish to direct attention: "In the course of his speech Mr. Churchill made special reference to a point which has been the subject of much discussion in London. It was a question, said he, whether in a war that was largely one of attrition, England should continue to hold indefinitely positions of no vital consequence where her men were at an utter disadvantage, and where, owing to the superior observation and positions of the enemy's artillery, the proportion of Britain's daily losses was very much higher than that of the enemy."

"The reference was, of course, to the Ypres salient."

So it appears that the point raised by Sir Sam a month previously was "a subject of much discussion in London."

It is evident that the former First Lord of the Admiralty, who had just returned from active service on the firing line, agreed absolutely with the view of the Canadian officers on the spot, and that he expressed himself publicly in much more vigorous terms than those used by the Canadian Minister of Militia in his very courteous private letter conveying the views of Canadian officers to the Minister of War.

With no desire to influence or offend political partisans we thought it well to place these two views in juxtaposition that our readers may form their own opinions of the attempts of a section of our press to hold up to ridicule the Minister of Militia as a megalomaniac war lord second only to the caricatured Kaiser himself.

Can we not be honest political partisans for honest political reasons? Or must loyalty to party be so interpreted as to justify such indecent and pitiful misrepresentation of every prominent man in the public service whose party affiliations place him amongst our political opponents.

"It falls to the fate of few public men to have so many personal friends and so few personal enemies, as the late Mr. J. J. Foy. The explanation is, in part at least, that while he had real ability, it was of the unobtrusive sort, and that his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner were so obviously uncalculated that it was easy for him to disarm an opponent or at least ward off an attack. Somewhat late in life he entered the political arena, for which he was handicapped by lack of both physical strength and robustness of temperament. He would have adorned the Bench, and it was generally expected that he would have been appointed to a Superior Court Judgeship, if he had cared to signify a willingness to accept one. It was currently believed, while he was still a member of the Conservative Opposition, that he declined such an offer through fear of weakening his leader, the late Sir James Whitney. The personal bond between the two men was one of genuine friendship quite as much as political association, and they had in common a strong element of the chivalrous that tended to keep them inseparable."

I GO A FISHING

This is not an intimation that we are about to take our holidays. It is a text from the last chapter of the Gospel of St. John. The speaker was the Prince of the Apostles. The company consisted of Thomas and Nathanael, the sons of Zebedee, and two other disciples. The occasion was the eve of that memorable day, when at sunrise on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias, Christ gave to St. Peter the commission to feed His lambs and to feed His sheep. The incident reveals a very human trait in that very human man, whom Christ honored with the primacy of jurisdiction and the primacy of honor in His Church. St. Peter said to his companions, "I go a fishing," and they replied, "We also come with Thee," and the context adds: "That night they caught nothing." We might remark here,

in passing, that this is one of the few authentic fish stories and speaks well for the veracity of the Apostles.

"Behold we have left all things and have followed thee. What therefore shall we have?" said St. Peter to Our Lord, when he heard Him promise a treasure in heaven to the rich young man, if he would sell his goods, give the money to the poor and follow Him. The critics of St. Peter have tried to belittle the sacrifice that he made in accepting the Apostolate. They have stigmatized these words of his as boastful and presumptuous. "What did he leave," said they, "but some nets and a couple of old boats." St. Jerome answered them by pointing out that he sacrifices much, who sacrifices all he has. If this able apologist had, in his youth, hidden his fishing pole under a Juniper bush or had waded out into the rapids to cast his line into an open water, he could have strengthened his argument, he could have shown them that there are other things, that it costs more to sacrifice, than wealth.

We have often wondered if it was a mere coincidence, that so many of the apostles were fishermen, or if the calling afforded some inherent adaptability for the apostolate. Certainly the picture of a person, sitting for hours watching a line in the water, is indicative of hope and faith—but not exactly of divine faith. Sometimes it even suggests the supernatural, as was the case with the boy who was asked, "Would it be a crime if I caught a fish in this stream?" "No," replied the lad, "it would be a miracle." Jest aside, we suppose that it was because so many of His apostles and disciples were fishermen, Our Lord referred so frequently to their calling in His parables. Or it may be that their occupation, in some way, fitted them to be "fishers of men" and predisposed their chief for the office of "Pilot of the Bark of Peter," making his seal the emblem of orthodoxy. It is very significant that the fish, as a symbol, played an important part in the crude decorative art of the Catacombs. The Greek word for fish "ichthys," of which the motto I. H. S., so familiar to us, is an abbreviation, stood for a brief profession of faith among the early Christians, forming, as it did, the initial letters of the Greek words, which translated would read, "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." In the early centuries of the Church, the picture of a fish was painted on baptismal fonts, signifying in the words of Tertullian that "We little fishes after the image of our Ichthus (Jesus Christ) are born in water." It was also used as a symbol of the Eucharist, no doubt in reference to the preparatory miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes.

Apart from these considerations, there is much about the lives of fishermen, especially of those who go down to the sea in ships, that fosters religion. They are so dependent upon wind and weather, so often exposed to danger, and so closely associated with the manifestations of God's Omnipotence, that there is engendered in them a humble, child-like, confiding faith. No doubt St. Peter and his sainted companions of the Sea of Galilee intercede in heaven especially for those that follow that calling, which had for them, when on earth, so many attractions. Be that as it may, it is interesting to note how remarkable for the simplicity of their faith are the men of our day, who let down their nets for a catch. Pasteur, the great French scientist, has extolled the faith of the fishermen of Brittany. Coming further west to that island, whose greatest glory is that she has suffered for centuries for her Catholicity, and has allowed no heresy to take root in her soil, we will possibly find—and we wish with all due deference to Wexford and Tipperary—that the star of faith shines brightest on the western coast, among

"The fisher-folk of Donegal. Kindly of heart and strong of arm, Who plough the ocean's treacherous farm."

Where in Canada will you find a more lively and orthodox faith, a faith that manifests itself in higher ideals and more magnificent accomplishments for the Church, than among the Irish and especially Scotch people who know the fishing banks off the coast of Newfoundland and the Maritime provinces? It might not be safe to carry our comparison farther west; but is it not true that, in Ontario, the Catholic settlements are, for the most part, close to the banks of our rivers and the shores of our lakes? Many reasons, we know, can be given for this and we

do not wish to be understood as attaching any mystic significance to it. The fact nevertheless remains. There comes to our mind a picture of broad and monotonous acres, of massive barns emblematic of material prosperity, and of homes wherein a fish is never needed for Friday, and if it were, would have to be imported. As a contrast to this we recall a scene in which the joyous festivities of a shore dinner are associated with the spire and cross that proclaim the faith of the fathers of the village who sleep beneath the grassy slope, that stretches down to the water's edge, awaiting the resurrection morn.

THE GLEANER.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

News comes from Britain that the movement of troops to France has been greatly accelerated since the naval action in the North Sea. That engagement proved that the Germans had no 17-inch guns, no new super-Dreadnoughts with which the Admiralty was unfamiliar, and no new methods of maritime warfare. An invasion of Great Britain, backed by the German High Seas fleet, as it appeared in its full strength in the battle of Skagerrack, is now recognized as an impossibility, and many thousands of men who have been on garrison duty in the United Kingdom are being transferred to the front in France and Flanders. It is generally believed that on the British front, and in cantonments behind it, there are not less than 1,800,000 men, whereas the Germans have not more than 800,000 on the same portion of the battle-line. The half-million British troops in excess of Germany's total will form a formidable striking force should General Joffre determine that the time has come to use it. The recovery of the Lens coal field and of the Lille textile region will almost certainly be the objective of the British, if, as is generally believed in London, an advance is shortly to be undertaken.

The approximate total of the Russian captures during Thursday's operations was 100 officers and 14,000 men. The grand total for less than two weeks is about 166,500—and the Austrians are still on the run. The heaviest fighting at the moment is taking place in Galicia, west of the Lower Stripa. There the Austrians have been reinforced by German troops, who are trying to interpose an effective barrier between the advancing Slavs and Lemberg. The centre of this battle is northwest of Buczacz, and Petrograd states that the struggle continues unceasingly. When last night's report was compiled the Russians had captured on this part of the front 6,000 prisoners. The Russian pressure here will be added to when the army that has driven the Austrians out of Northern Bukovina progresses as far west as Kolomea and begins to strike at the railways which feed and supply the Austro-Germans along the Lower Stripa. An Austrian report claims a repulse of the Russian cavalry south of the Dniester, and on the Stripa the capture of 400 Russians.

There was relative calm all along the British and French fronts yesterday. No infantry actions occurred, and even artillery activity was intermittent. The German guns directed a heavy fire against the Loos salient and upon the British trenches east of Zillebeke, which are presumably still manned by the Canadians. Reports from London indicate that the ground recovered recently is so saturated with water that it is impossible to construct safe trenches upon it. The line may be withdrawn voluntarily at this point to more favorable ground.

Italian official reports are now absolutely reassuring. Rome begins to speak of "the vain and bloody efforts to break through our resistance, which is now thoroughly consolidated on the whole front." The attempted invasion of Venetia must be added to the dash for Paris, the attempt to hack a way to Calais, the Verdun drive and other unsuccessful efforts of the German General Staff to strike a decisive blow. The Austrian assaults on the Asiago plateau during the past few days have brought no gain of territory, and the retreating enemy has left piles of dead in front of the Italian positions. In the Lagarina Valley also desperate hand-to-hand fighting resulted in the routing of the Austrians. The heart has gone out of their offensive.—Globe, June 17.

WHERE TO FIND ALL THE TRUTH

When Protestants left the old Church centuries ago they carried much with them. They left much more behind them. And this we would give them back, says the Baltimore Catholic Review. One Catholic truth or another is professed by some Protestant sect. And if they would all unite and profess them all together, they would all be Catholic. In the Catholic Church they would find nothing lacking to make their happiness complete. To all of them we would repeat what we only today read about the saying of a Baptist minister to a brother he was trying to convert: "Come, all you," and be baptized." "But Ah've been baptized by the Presbyterians," said Rastus. "Lo'd!" cried the Baptist minister, "yo' only been dry cleaned."

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

BLUNDERS OF MILITARY RULE; ENHANCE IRISH DIFFICULTY

LLOYD GEORGE THE MEDIATOR AND THE IRISH LEADERS

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, June 17.—Ireland pauses before making the most momentous decision of her history. I believe the decision will be ultimately in favor of Mr. Lloyd George's proposals, but there is room for much doubt. The chief difficulty is not the nature of the proposals. The Ulster Nationalist minority, living under oppressive conditions, are the most vehement, energetic and united Nationalists in all Ireland. They resent bitterly the separation of any portion of their province from the glories and protection of a Home Rule Parliament.

The difficulty comes from the blunders of the military, especially from the number of executions. In my brief visit in Dublin I found this bitterness of feeling more widespread, deeper, and fiercer than we in England could realize; and as a result of a rebellion which nine out of ten Irish Nationalists disapproved even execrated as fatal to Ireland's chance of final liberty, there is now found a great wave of pity for the men executed. Wholesale arrests of men absolutely loyal to Mr. Redmond and Mr. Redmond's policies, created a similar though not as fierce exasperation in other parts of the country.

It is difficult to get calm consideration for any proposition in such an atmosphere.

In addition, all the enemies of Home Rule and the Irish Party are attempting to kill a settlement in order to kill Home Rule and the Irish Party. Their campaigning is ferocious, unscrupulous and mendacious. But the alternatives are now clearly before the Irish people. They are, first, immediate liberty with a Home Rule Parliament and a Home Rule Ministry for twenty-six out of thirty-two Irish counties with the certainty that in time the other six will be drawn in by economic causes. The other alternative is the continuation of the military regime with coercion, bloodshed and anarchy for perhaps another generation. I trust the instinct of my race to make the one wise choice between such alternatives.

The negotiators to whom was entrusted the great attempt to settle the Irish question, had as big and as difficult a job as any body of men that ever had to help in the decision of a long outstanding quarrel. Some words may be welcome with regard to the main figures in this remarkable enterprise.

Lloyd George is at once the most energetic and vehement of fighters and the most indefatigable and successful of place negotiators. His first great success indeed in official life was in preventing a disastrous railway strike which would have field up all the trade of the country and perhaps led to bloodshed. He took the bold step of interviewing everybody; he did not attempt to bring the railway directors and the labor leaders into the same room, but he had them in adjoining rooms, and he passed from one room to the other. He was vocal and he was silent just as the exigencies demanded.

Lloyd George has a great advantage in playing his present part being on equally good terms with all the parties to the transaction. The Nationalists have always regarded him as one of themselves, partly because he is a Celt, partly because he has fought so strongly for the National principle in his own little country. On the other hand, there is no man who is in more thorough agreement with him on the war than Sir Edward Carson. When Carson left the Cabinet he proclaimed loudly that the one man in the Cabinet was Lloyd George. It was a little unfair to the other members of the Cabinet—Lloyd George himself would say it vehemently—I only give it as showing the terms between the two men. And in Ulster generally, the undoubted Protestantism of the great Welsh Nonconformist frees from any suspicion of leanings towards that church which is still so dreaded and hated by the typical Orangeman. Lloyd George has in negotiation one quality for which he does not get credit. An impulsive man with great capacity for defiant temper if he is attacked, he exhibits infinite patience, and if too serious and the emotions too deep for smooth words—he gives a gentle smile. The brilliant eyes become soft and he says just the right soft word to turn away wrath. The only thing he said once in reply to a hot address was: "Now, really, you must give me a chance." It had an instantaneous effect.

Sir Edward Carson is also complex. In exterior and in public there is no grimmer figure in the House of Commons. Tall, rather slight, with a hatchet face, a high forehead, clean-shaven, black in hair, black in expression, he might pass for one of those ruthless squires of the close of the eighteenth century who helped Castlereagh first to put down the rebellion and then to destroy the Parliament. How daring and desperate he can be was proved by his organization of the threatened rebellion in Ulster, when he risked his life and abandoned a great position and a princely income. Yet this dour spirit is in private a charming, good-tempered man, with the soft Irish accent of Dublin, and much

of the same qualities.

There is one other figure in this remarkable enterprise.

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fonder of friendly than unfriendly words to even a political opponent. Once he and Mr. Redmond went together to the Speaker's House at Westminster to see if there was a possibility of a deal just after the outbreak of the war. Carson was fierce against any deal—used violent language—even struck the table vehemently before the calm Englishman who presides over the House of Commons, with always imperturbable temper. And then it was all over; he went away with Mr. Redmond and spoke to him with almost affectionate terms, and with deep and almost uncontrollable emotion.

Strong in purpose, Carson is and always has been weak in health. He has been cursed all his life by dyspepsia, with the consequent horrors of sleeplessness and profound depression; and often if seen early in the morning looks like a man who is unable to face the work of the day. But when he gets to his work, he forgets his despair and his pain and fights like a tiger for his client, either legal or political.

Colonel Craig, who is undoubtedly one of the most powerful figures on the Unionist side seemed even more unpromising material for a friendly negotiator than Sir Edward Carson. Tall, broad-shouldered, robust, with a fierce bellicose expression and hot in speech and temper, he seemed to embody all the violence of Orangeism. He was for a long time considered simply as a man of violent temper and dull and impenetrable mind. But his friends used to say to incredulous Nationalists that knowing him well, they regarded him as the coolest brain in the Orange ranks; that it was his clear business-like mind that lay behind all the Orange moves, and if peace were to be made, he, next to Carson, was the man most to be counted with. And then suddenly the loyal Craig began to reveal himself to Lloyd George, and he was sound, good-natured, clear-headed, with however, the shrewd temper at a bargain of the genuine Belfast man.

Joseph Devlin in some respects resembles James Craig more than any of his colleagues among the Nationalist representatives. Fierce is his Nationalism—fierce perhaps than many Southern Nationalists—he is as much a Belfast man as James Craig. He is intensely proud of the great city in which he was born and in which he has passed most of his life. His fellow Nationalists there while sharing the convictions, have few of the characteristic weaknesses of the Southern Nationalists. They have not the same charm, the same softness of voice, and of temper—their temperament has something of the same harshness as their accent; and they have never for an hour allowed disunion or weakness of purpose to enter their ranks; and every proposition they weigh with a characteristic Belfast spirit of business. Joseph Devlin is the embodiment of these qualities. Subject now and then to fierce bursts of passion where he sees wrong or the spirit of ascendancy or any of the other grievances of the minority to which he belongs. Devlin has yet one of the most frigid and scientific minds that I have seen in public life when a political situation has to be met or political proposal to be weighed or appraised. This fiery little man with the resonant voice, with the hot temper, with the savage indignation of Swift against the injustice of the world, becomes in council a soft-spoken tactician who speaks instead of raising resentment, and addresses just the right word to the question or to the person when things become critical.

Redmond and Dillon are too well known to require elaborate description. The two men are about as opposite in temperament, in physique, and in manner as two strong Irish Nationalists could be. Redmond is a characteristic product of the County of Wexford—a county which for a good while was in possession of the Danes and has a considerable admixture of Norman blood. The Wexford men are distinguished from the men of other counties by a certain downiness, both of speech and temper. They are slow to be roused, but they are fierce when roused. The strong aquiline nose, the prominent eyes, the strong chin, the rather impassive expression, the absence at all times of any expansiveness, make Redmond appear less Irish than any other Irish leader, except Parnell, who I have always thought was more American than either British or Irish. Redmond has superb self-command. He is orderly as a clerk, commits nearly all his speeches to writing, keeps and preserves a memorandum of every important conversation or transaction in which he takes part, as his papers in as orderly arrangement as if he were a statistician.

Dillon is from Connaught—the most typically Irish part of Ireland. Yet he might well pass for an Italian—especially when he was a young man. The raven black hair, now white, the raven black eyes, the long delicate face with a delicate nose and an olive complexion together with the expression suggesting melancholy—as a matter of fact he is not in the least melancholy—might make him pass for one of the comrades of Mazzini. He has ordinarily a very calm temper, but no man has such volcanic depths of hatred for oppression, and though he is not an enemy of Englishmen—he has innumerable English friends and admirers—he often gives the suggestion of remembering the wrongs of Ireland as fiercely as the peasant untutored in the frigid spirit of the old politician. No man is more dreaded by the enemies of Ireland, no

man is regarded as so extreme—as a matter of fact he has a cold, keen political judgment, and insists on his country getting everything she can win in these strange times.

K. OF K.

INTERESTING SIDELIGHT ON THE GREAT WAR LORD'S CHARACTER

In a little room on the fourth floor of an old-fashioned New York residence in the lower west side section of New York an English woman, the daughter of a British General, and the widow of one of Kitchener's trusted lieutenants, talked yesterday of "K. of K." Outside of his own immediate family no other woman knew Kitchener quite so well, perhaps, as did this British army woman, who had known him in Egypt, in India, in South Africa, and in England. She was the first woman to greet Kitchener when he entered Mafeking, following the relief of that beleaguered city in the Boer war, and it was Kitchener who, as Secretary of State for War, made possible the rescue from Belgium of her little daughter, a pupil in a Catholic school for girls near Brussels, when the present war began.

In England, as in other nations involved in the present war, the pensions of those who are cared for because of their own or their providers' services in previous wars have ceased for the period of the war.

That is the reason of the presence in New York of this woman. She has a little business here, and is working hard to make both ends meet while Britain and the allies fight their battles. Up to the present time she has been fairly successful.

Her husband, a Major, was killed in India ten years ago, while taking part in a punitive expedition in the northern part of that empire.

THE KITCHENER SHE KNEW

On the window sill of the little room which this plucky woman now calls home is a flower pot and in the pot there is a fast-growing sprig of ivy from the home of Kitchener in Broome, England. Likewise there is an autographed portrait of the late King Edward, the godfather of her little daughter, and besides—but never for publication—there are letters from Kitchener to his friend, her husband, and to herself.

This woman, who has seen so much of the tragic and the picturesque of British Army service, draws a picture of Kitchener which shows him as anything but the man of ice and steel, such as the public has imagined him. Her picture of him is that of a sympathetic friend, a lover of little children and animals, and as one who waged war relentlessly, not because he liked it but because he wanted to end it.

"Had Lord Kitchener seen permitted to select his own vocation in life I am certain that he would not have been a soldier," she said, "for, on so many occasions that now come back to me, I remember little sayings which showed his hate of war and his preference for the more peaceful callings. For instance, when I was a young woman, shortly after my marriage, I remember that, on one occasion, he made a remark that puzzled us all for a long time.

"I have often wondered what I would have been had I not been born in the army," Kitchener remarked, whereupon one of those present asked this question:

"Well, what would you rather be than a soldier?" "There are lots of things that I might have done better. For instance, I might have been civil, where I now am royal, was his reply. "Kitchener was then an officer of the Royal Engineers, which of course, explains what he meant when he said 'civil instead of royal.'

WAR NOT "FUN" TO HIM

"On another occasion, in India, we had a report of some trouble in one of the provinces and I remember that the younger officers of the garrison were enthusiastic over the possibility of active service in the punitive expedition that was being planned. One of them remarked: 'Now, perhaps we will have some fun,' Kitchener overheard and turning sharply said:

"Please be more discreet in your speech. I don't like to hear any one speak of war as fun. War may often be, and is, a duty, but it never has been and never will be fun." "I was in Mafeking during the siege of that city by the Boers. I had been caught before I could get away, and was attached to one of the hospitals. The night the siege was lifted I was passing through one of the wards when I heard the sound of approaching horsemen. I thought the Boers had finally got into the city and I darkened the lantern that I was carrying. I looked out of the window and I saw that the horsemen were Englishmen, and so I went out. A tall soldier looked at me for a moment, a familiar grin smile was visible for a second, and leaning down he said:

"Well, well, I certainly supposed such volcanic depths of hatred for oppression, and though he is not an enemy of Englishmen—he has innumerable English friends and admirers—he often gives the suggestion of remembering the wrongs of Ireland as fiercely as the peasant untutored in the frigid spirit of the old politician. No man is more dreaded by the enemies of Ireland, no

deep-seated was his affection for Roberts. "Certainly," he replied; 'I'd black Roberts's boots if it was necessary.' "An hour later he was packing up to go. "In India Kitchener had a little dog, which he called, if my memory does not fail me, Waif. One afternoon he saw two little boys tormenting a small mongrel dog. They were trying something to his tail. Kitchener, assed, stopped, and before the youngsters knew it he had them both, one with each hand. It was one of the few times in his career when anybody ever saw Kitchener give way to his emotions. "Be ashamed of yourselves," he said; "and if I gave you your deserts I'd skin you both." "And with that he let them go. Then he untied the string that held the can to the dog's tail, and took the little dog home with him. That was Waif. "In the fourteen years' campaign which ended in the battle of Omdurman and the capture of Khartum, one of Kitchener's Chaplains was the famous Father Brindle, now Bishop of Nottingham, and one of the few clericals in English history to win the D. S. O. Kitchener once referred to Father Brindle as the 'best soldier in the Egyptian Army.' When he decided to recommend him for the Distinguished Service Order, friends of another Chaplain, a Protestant, asked that that Chaplain also be mentioned, arguing, among other things, that it would look better to mention both rather than one. Kitchener was a Protestant, but the argument did not appeal to him. "I recommend a man," he replied, "because of his accomplishments, not because of his religion."

ALL HIS MEN HEROES TO HIM

"You know, Kitchener seldom recommended the V. C. (Victoria Cross). He preferred to recommend the D. S. O. He always said that the Victoria Cross seemed superfluous to him. So far as he was concerned, all his men were heroes. "My husband told me a little story which shows Kitchener at his best as an officer. On one occasion when he was with Kitchener a report was received telling of a wonderfully plucky act of one of Kitchener's young staff officers. The officer did not lose his life, something that nobody was ever able to understand. This young officer was pointed straight for the V. C. in the opinion of his brother officers. "The next day Kitchener sent for him. "Captain, Kitchener said to him, "I have sent for you to correct an erroneous impression you have evidently formed. This affair is not one of the crusades. It is instead very grim business. His Majesty's Government is not paying you to get killed in any spectacular manner, just when, after an expensive staff training, you may be useful. It is your duty to live as long as possible. There is of course never any question as to a British officer's personal courage. At the present time your head and service are of use to the army. As a corpse you would be quite useless. Don't forget. Good day, Sir." And that ended it.

"Just one more little story of my friend. In 1896, just at the end of the Omdurman campaign, I was in Cairo waiting for the return of my friend, who was with Kitchener at Khartum. Our first baby was then a few weeks old. Finally Kitchener returned and with him came my husband. He came to see me, and I of course, showed him the baby boy. Kitchener looked at the baby, but he said nothing about him being the finest, the smartest or the healthiest baby or any of that sort of stuff. He stood there for several minutes without saying a word. Then he spoke.

TWO "EMPIRE BUILDERS"

"Yonnie," he said, and it was the first time since I was a little girl that he called me by that name. "I suppose you have been reading in the papers that I am intended to be an empire builder and all that." "I replied that I had been reading a lot of stories to that effect. "Well, if I am," he replied, "I had to destroy and cause suffering to thousands in order to build. As a matter of fact, it is such as you that are the empire builders, and your way is the noblest way." And he pointed his finger at the baby. We named the boy Horatio after the chief and he lived to be a handsome, strapping lad and then was taken away from us. "Another thing about Kitchener which always impressed me was his great affection for France and the French people. No Frenchman could speak their language better than he and no Frenchman understood the French better than he did. His was the remarkable faculty of seeing the viewpoint of other people. He might not always agree with their point of view, but he was always able to see it, and the same was true in Egypt and in India. He understood those people, and that was the secret of his great power in those lands. "When this war broke I had not seen Kitchener for years. The Germans were at the Belgian frontier and my little daughter was at school near Brussels. I went to the War Office and sent in my card and Kitchener received me immediately. He gave me the papers I wanted and I went to Belgium and got my little girl. He told me as I left his office that he hoped 'they don't sink you.' "Later, on my return, I saw him at his home in Broome and was admiring the wonderful flowers and the beautiful ivy, for Kitchener was passionately fond of flowers. As I

was leaving he broke off a piece of the ivy and handed it to me. "Take a shoot of this," he said, "it may grow." And it did, and there it is on the window now. "And then this army woman told some more little stories of "K. of K." not so much of Kitchener the soldier and the disciplinarian, as of Kitchener the friend of her husband and of herself. Then she went forth to the work that is hers while Kitchener's army fights on.

CAUSTIC CRITICISM

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS VS. THE SOCIAL SERVICE SERMON

Editor Free Press.—The Anglican Synod is about to meet in London and I suppose there will be the usual discussions and resolutions on what is miscalled the "temperance question." If a moderate drinker like Mr. — ventures to express his views he will be sat upon. I think the synod should pass a resolution "That the decalogue was intended for and given to the Jews only, and that it is not in force in a Christian community, and that the only commandments in force and to be observed are: 1—Thou shalt not drink anything stronger than water. 2—Thou shalt not use tobacco in any shape or form. "These are the subjects on which the clergy or ministers devote nearly all their time now. "Whether the synod passes the resolution I speak of or not the Ten Commandments as delivered by God to Moses are practically a dead letter at the present time. The first of them is ignored and the rest of them are persistently and generally disobeyed. We don't make golden calves or other things to worship, but gold is the object of worship of the people generally, and they devote all their time and energies to get it and what it can procure to gratify their individual tastes. Blasphemy is a most common thing and so is the desecration of the Sabbath. Children have little respect for their parents and none at all for their elders. Murder, race suicide they call it now, is the most common practice in the world, and as to adultery, no one knows where it begins or ends. Stealing in large and small sums, overreaching your friends and neighbors is an everyday occurrence and so is the practice of lying and slandering, and as to covetousness, you can see it everywhere. Now the clergy and ministers rarely talk on any of these subjects perhaps for fear of treading on the corns of some of their flock. Get money, honestly if you can, but get it anyway is the rule today. And if a man does succeed in getting away with some of the wealth in a shady way he can save his conscience by heading a church subscription list for a pretty good sum and all will be well.

When I was a boy (one of a family of ten), large families were the usual thing. Nowadays one or two at the outside is the limit. How do you account for it? Is the young woman of the present day incapable of bearing children? I don't know, I don't think so. There may be some Sarabhs in the world still, but they are not all Sarabhs. Holy matrimony was ordained of God, so our prayer book says, among other things for the procreation of children. But apparently that is an old fall, and the clergy and ministers when they perform a marriage service don't think it necessary to remind the man and woman to be married of the fact. There is an alarming decrease in the birth rate. No wonder. You do not notice it among the Roman Catholics nor among the French. What will be the result in the course of, say, twenty-five years. Something like this, I think, there will be seven Roman Catholics to every Protestant, and the French will form the majority, and will impose their language and anything else they want on the Province of Ontario. I am thankful that I shall not live to see it. Yours truly, T. H.

POPE'S ADVICE TO WORKING GIRLS The Holy Father recently received in audience the Organization for Retreats for Working Girls; and in the course of his address to them he said: "It may be said that in our day the demon levels his shafts especially at the working class, nor indeed is it to be wondered at that his emissaries labor to instill into the heart of working girls the poison of false teachings and the most nefarious incitements to vice. He would not be mistaken who would say that for this purpose is designed the increased circulation, even among the working class, of bad books and journals of the worst description, the wantonness of the fashions in dress which to-day has penetrated even amongst women of the lower classes, and the multiplied bad example which from above and below is set before the poor people. Now, the outcome of these diabolical devices depends on the state of spiritual languor in which are unfortunately found the working girls for whom these snares are set. "Nothing is therefore so necessary as to prevent languor of the soul, but who can prevent it better than by making the spiritual exercises fairly often? These revive the teachings of faith, these recall for every Chris-

tinian his own obligations, these set before the eyes the danger to which spiritual slumber exposes distracted youth, these in fine terrify by the threat of the divine chastisement. Oh, who is there who does not see that the spiritual exercises are the best means of preventing the demon from casting cockle into our hearts? To succeed in casting it the more effectively he watches the moment of our spiritual slumber. Let us ever keep ourselves awake; he will not succeed in his wicked intent. "There is a great deal of bad reading circulated amongst every section of the public nowadays. This literature is sometimes cheap as well as vicious and therefore comes within the reach of small funds. Our working girls are extravagant, also, we are sorry to say—that is to say, we are great many of them are. Long before the month's or week's pay is due, its spending is planned, and too often planned with a view to imitating the apparel or ornaments of those who have money to spare. But this is very human, this imitativeness; and a hard thing to correct. Perhaps a good way as any to check it is to think, once in a while, on the ridiculous side of it. If the girls could only see themselves as others see them in their mimic finery, they might be content to buy within their means and buy things that will not make them look ridiculous. It is never a shame to anyone to live within his or her means; but nothing makes one look more absurd than to keep on constantly pretending to be better off than we are."

LITTLE THINGS AND HEALTH By Dr. J. J. Walsh in America The United States Public Health Service, the Bureau of the National Government which has charge of the enforcement of sanitary regulations so as to prevent epidemic disease, has recently been insisting on the importance of preventing the multiplication of flies, mosquitoes, and certain other insects at this season of the year. A number of our State boards of health have also emphasized the necessity for precautions at this time and have dwelt on the fact that a little prevention now is worth much more than a great deal of effort expended later on in the summer. At the present time very few insects are to be seen, these, however, are the potential progenitors of the swarms that will prove not only annoying, but even dangerous later in the summer. It would be comparatively easy to limit their breeding at the present time, if definite organized efforts were made; while later on the most that can be hoped for is the palliation of a nuisance which has come about as a consequence of neglecting to prevent the insects' reproduction during the spring.

A few years since it was generally considered that at most flies and mosquitoes were a harmless nuisance. Now we know that, excepting contaminated food and drink, they are probably our most dangerous propagators of disease. Flies are particularly hurtful to children and to those suffering from wounds, but undoubtedly they are the carriers of a good many of the lighter infections from which even robust adults suffer during the summer. As has been well said, if the fly could only be taught good manners it would not be so harmful. Unfortunately, however, it has been impossible, thus far at least, to have the flies wipe their feet before they make their way into dwellings. When the dining-rooms have been darkened and the food removed and there is no longer any company for her, Madam Fly, as might be expected perhaps from her sex, makes her way into the highways and byways seeking society and a morsel of food wherever she can obtain it. Uncovered garbage cans, the open mouths of sewers, heaps of refuse of various kinds, midden piles, organic rubbish of all sorts: all these are her favorite stopping-places. The fly disports herself there until toward evening she is pretty well tired and ready to find her way into the house again.

The smell of cooking food seems to be the dinner bell for her and she makes her way to the nearest house. Having walked over all sorts of filthy material during her afternoon rounds, she now proceeds to occupy herself with the food materials at hand. Lumps of sugar offer her an opportunity for mountain climbing and whatever dirt has been accumulated on her feet is gradually deposited on the loaves. She is apt to promenade on the bread however, and she seems to like to skate on the butter. Whether she has heard that a bath in milk is good for beauty or not remains an unsolved question, but she will often be found immersed in the milk. Unfortunately these organic substances, especially if they are fluid, furnish excellent culture material for any bacteria that she may have brought back on her feet, and in the course of a comparatively short time, bacteria multiply rapidly enough to make the consumption of such material somewhat dangerous. Probably some of the sweet preservers act as the same sort of culture medium as milk; hence the ease with which they spoil in the summer-time and the frequency with which they become sources of various infections of the digestive tract, more or less serious according to circumstances.

Babies are particular favorites of the fly, and as babies' hands and

mouths and cheeks are usually sticky the insect finds on the child a particularly good hunting-ground. No wonder then that very young children often suffer from digestive disturbances even though all their food may have been thoroughly sterilized or obtained from the maternal fount whence no bacterial infections flow.

These are the dangers from the fly, and the curious thing is that spiders which represented one provision of nature for keeping down the numbers of the fly have become a source of serious suspicion and even of fear and hatred, though the spider, in our climate at least, has never proved dangerous to man unless it had previously been feeding on contaminated flies. We used to pity the poor innocent fly when it was seized and devoured by the awful ogre, the spider, and now we know that the fly deserved no pity, while the spider merits encouragement in its work and not condemnation.

ORDINATION AT ST. PETER'S SEMINARY

On Saturday last, at St. Peter's Cathedral, His Lordship, Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., ordained the following students from St. Peter's Seminary, London. Tonsure.—M. Baillargeon, L. Marchand, H. Pocock, A. McHugh, T. Moran, V. O'Sullivan, G. Blandé, H. Fallon. Minor Orders.—M. Brisson, I. Ducharme, J. Girard, F. McCardle. Deacon.—L. Forrestal. Priesthood.—John Young, Goderic; Wm. Moran, Kingsbridge; Herbert Richards, Liverpool, England.

Thirty priests were present in the sanctuary, and a large number of friends of the young men assisted at the ceremony. The Rev. Mr. Richards is a convert to the Faith. Some years ago he studied for the Anglican ministry, and later was engaged in journalism. During his Seminary course at St. Peter's he has contributed to the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and last summer took over entire editorial charge during vacation.

"HE DIED A PAPIST" The Ave Maria says: "The celebration of Shakespeare's tercentenary is sure to revive the dispute about his religion. However difficult it may be to prove conclusively that he was a Catholic, it is still more so to prove that he was not. His familiarity with the teaching of the Church on certain points and his reverence for what Protestants of his time were wont to deride is an argument in itself. And the Davies MSS., preserved at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, relating to Shakespeare, concluded thus: "From an actor of plays he became a composer. He died April 12, 1616,

THE BENEFITS OF LIFE INSURANCE

THOMAS SIMPSON, applying to the British Parliament in 1760 for a charter for the Equitable Society, based his petition on the following grounds: "The great numbers of His Majesty's subjects whose subsistence principally depends on the salaries, stipends and other incomes payable to them during their natural lives or on the profits arising from their several trades, occupations, labor and industry, are very desirous of entering into a society for assuring the lives of each other in order to extend, after their decease, the benefit of their present incomes to their families and relations, who may otherwise be reduced to extreme poverty and distress by the premature death of their several husbands, fathers and friends."

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aged fifty-three years, probably at Stratford; for there he is buried and hath a monument, on which he lays a heavy curse upon any who shall remove his bones. He died a Papist."

REVERENCE

"Of all the religions," says Bayard Taylor, a famous world traveler, "the most reverent I have ever seen is the Roman Catholic."

John Ruskin says: "In reverence is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the powers that cannot die."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels and free schools, 8 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumenates of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'Previously acknowledged, \$7,399 50', 'Jer. Sullivan, Brent's Cove 5 00', 'A Friend, St. Peter's Bay Station 75', 'A Friend, Osgood, Ont. 28 00', 'Darcy and Thos. Glace Bay 2 00', 'Mrs. J. McNeil, Glace Bay 1 00', 'P. O'Rafferty, Glace Bay 2 00', 'St. Columban Parish 25 00', 'Miss Tanning, Toronto 1 00', 'In memory of a sister 2 00', 'Mrs. Morrill, South Brewer 2 00', 'L. A. 5 00'

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REDMOND
SECOND SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST
THE EUCHARISTIC SUPPER

"A certain man made a great supper." (Luke xiv. 16.)

The word supper as used here has two significations. It has reference to the everlasting banquet which God has prepared in heaven, where, as the Scripture tells us, the souls of all who die in the Lord are "inherited with the plenty of God's house."

A banquet must be truly great when even God Himself could not give a greater. A gift surpasses all value when God cannot draw from the treasury of His infinite riches one more valuable. A means of gaining the hearts of Christians to the love of God, and a true preparation for the everlasting banquet must be infinite when it took infinite wisdom to devise it, and when more efficient. Such is the supper, the gift, the means given by our Blessed Lord in the most Holy Eucharist.

"In this banquet," says the Council of Trent, "God pours all the richness of His love into the human soul." Can we not, then, with just reason call it a great supper?

Oh, what love our blessed Lord displayed in giving us this supper! We are amazed, and justly, too, at what His love for man induced Him to do when He assumed human nature, when He took upon Himself, as the Scripture has it, the form of a servant, and submitted Himself to a life of poverty and deprivation, and finally underwent the cruel and humiliating ordeal of His passion and death. But even in all this, His love has not displayed its most striking grandeur, or furnished us with its greatest subject for astonishment. In assuming human nature, He but concealed the splendor of His divinity under the veil of His most sacred humanity. He retained the form of a reasonable being. But in the most Holy Eucharist He conceals not only the splendor of His divinity, but also His rationality, all the prerogatives of His most perfect and sacred humanity under the sacred species of bread and wine—He assumes the form of a being without reason and life. The first He did that He might live among us as the God-man, that He might instruct us as the God-man, that He might suffer for us as the God-man, and finally, that He might die for us as the God-man. But this He has done, that we may have the souls of His body and blood, and consequently be as intimately united to Him as is possible for a creature in this world to be to His Creator. "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me and I in him." The ardent longing of His most Sacred Heart to banquet the souls of men at such infinite expense to Himself, He expressed when He said to His apostles the night before His passion, "With longing have I desired to eat of this passover with you." Twice before had He eaten the passover with His disciples, but that was only an empty figure of this. Hence He did not say the passover, but this passover wherein before He suffered. He presented them with the real, immaculate Lamb that takes away the sins of the world.

So far we have but in a cursory way given our thoughts to the love displayed by our Lord in putting Himself under the sacred species. But to have a more full idea of the extent of His love in instituting the Sacrament of the Eucharist, we must not forget that every tittle of the circumstance of the future was in His adorable mind. Neither should we forget what an obstacle to liberality and bounty notorious ingratitude is, because on the one side it was so calculated to provoke, and on the other to render unworthy even of the smallest favors. Imagine, then, if you can, the extent of our Lord's love for us when with the future history of the children of men before Him, on every page of which were recorded the mountains of ingratitude that would be His recompense. He prepared for us the Eucharistic banquet. What but the infinite love of a God could surmount such a provoking obstacle? At the hallowed moment in which He was engaged in this prodigy of love, which St. Thomas calls "an abridgment of all the wonders He ever wrought," He saw His own chosen people convened in council to swear away His life; He perceived the wicked design in the heart of Judas, who would be one of the first to partake of the divine banquet, and with the body and blood of his divine Benefactor in his stomach, would go forth and sell and betray Him for "thirty pieces of silver." He had in His Divine mind that thousands of Christians, for even less than thirty pieces of silver, would be guilty of the same horrid sacrilege, by cruelly and shamefully leading Him to the very feet of the devil, to be laughed to scorn by that wicked fiend. This they do when they receive Holy Communion in a state of mortal sin. Clear to Him, was it, that the greatest part of mankind would utterly disown the favor, and remain incredulous, and that by bestowing this favor on mankind, He would expose His sacred person to innumerable outrages and affronts, and make them the recipients of the richest gifts of His love, which by far the greater number of every generation would deplorably abuse and render most prejudicial. Notwithstanding the dark and provoking history of the ingratitude of every generation that came up before His divine mind in that large upper room of Jerusalem, on that memorable night before His passion, so great was His love for our souls, so desirous was He to benefit the souls of the comparative few that would appreciate the gift, and most faithfully and gratefully use it for their sanctification and salvation, that He wrought His most stupendous miracle, and bestowed upon the world the richest gift that ever came from God to man. It is the infinite gift of intrinsic love, the greatest legacy of the dying God, all the riches of the expiring Leader bequeathed to His followers, and not indeed only to the few favored ones that stood around Him on that last memorable night, but to all His followers of every age and clime, for "having loved His own, He loved them to the end;" therefore, by this Sacrament of love, He has contrived to be really and truly with them Himself to the end.

From these few thoughts we have some idea of how much it cost our Blessed Lord to remain with us till the end of time in the Holy Eucharist; we have an idea of the intense longing of His Sacred Heart to bestow upon us this favor, since nothing, not even the history of ingratitude of the blackest His could provoke Him to refrain from granting the favor. But what return do we, even who are of the household of the faith, make to Him? How do we correspond with the desire of our loving Lord? Have we the longing to receive Him that He has to communicate Himself to us? Do we hunger after this bread of life with such a craving appetite that no obstacle, no temporal concerns, no pleasures, can hinder us from approaching our hunger? Alas! how far the majority are from this happy disposition! How truly are they represented in those whose excuses are recorded in the Gospel.

TEMPERANCE

DEFINITION OF A DRUNKARD

A writer in a late Catholic magazine says that the present would seem to be an excellent time to take up the subject of prohibition with special reference to the attitude which a priest should take on it, writes Father Lambing in the Pittsburgh Observer. It is a pity, he continues, that, despite the fact that we all deplore the evils of drink, we are yet unable to agree as to the solution, and thereby present a woeful lack of unity.

The evils of drink all follow from its intemperate use; and there is a deplorable lack of unanimity as to what constitutes its intemperate use. Another late writer says that a drunkard is one who frequently gets drunk; doing so once or twice a week would probably (I should say positively) constitute a sufficient claim to the title. On the other hand, I remember a judge somewhere in this country giving as his decision that a man who gets drunk once a month is an habitual drunkard. So it is not only among ourselves that a woeful lack of unity on the subject exists.

But the attitude which we ought to take on the subject of prohibition, as on any other subject, is that indicated by the teaching of the Church. Now, she has not spoken directly on the subject of prohibition but she has on that of intemperance in drink, and on drunkenness. So if we "present a woeful lack of unity" as to the solution of the drink question, it should not be because "we are yet unable to agree as to the solution." If all those who deplore the evils of drink were to follow the admonitions of the Church, they should not, I think, be unable to agree as to what is to be done. Then let them do what they think others ought to do, and the reform will be at once inaugurated in fact, not in name.

Leo XIII. wrote twenty-nine years ago: "We esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations" (the C. T. A. U. of A. and its affiliated societies) "by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. . . . Nor can it be at all doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil; and that so much the more strongly will all be induced to put this bridle upon appetite, by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But the greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of the priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life and to mould them to Christian morality, should also, and above all, walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors, therefore, do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ, by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and shine before all as models of abstinence."

The Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore had already called upon pastors "never to cease to cry out boldly against drunkenness and whatsoever leads to it," and "to induce all of their flock that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic." This should, at least, almost enable us to agree on the anti-saloon movement as the solution of the question, if we wanted to. And Pius X. expressed the hope that bishops, priests and men of religious orders, and the rest of the

faithful, would become members of societies affiliated with the C. T. A. U. of A. If the lightest word of one bishop is weighty, what should not be the gravity of that of the whole hierarchy of the United States and of two such pontiffs as Leo XIII. and Pius X.?

It is hardly correct, then, to publish to the world that "despite the fact that we all deplore the evils of drink, we (Catholics) are yet unable to agree as to the solution" of the question. Better delete that telltale "unable," unless it is a misprint for "unwilling;" for the bishops of the country gave us a clue by which we should have been enabled to agree on the solution thirty years ago. I, for one, will not allow the statement to go before the world uncontested, that Catholics are yet unable to agree as to the solution of the liquor question—that the bishops, pointed out by the Holy Ghost as placed to rule the Church of God, and whom all are told to hear, and to whom many have made a solemn promise to obey and reverence, have left us in doubt as to what we should do in regard to evils so very grave as drunkenness and what leads to it.

If we have not yet agreed, and if there is still a woeful lack of unity among us, it is not because we are or have been unable to agree, but because too many have been unwilling to follow the lead pointed out by the Council and the Supreme Pontiffs. Where there is a will, there is a way; and where there is a way, there should be the will. With the way open these thirty years, and the hierarchy's hand pointing it all the while is it any wonder there are evils of drink to deplore, when their directing hand has not been regarded? Let Easter morn not only see every one of us agreed as to what should be done, but also determined soon to be busily working in union—in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America—at the solution of the deplorable problem.—St. Paul Bulletin.

INFECTED MAGAZINES

In a paper on "Magazine Deterioration" contributed by Mr. Frederick W. Faxon to the May Bulletin of Bibliography, he deplores the general lowering of the popular magazine standards, that is a noticeable development of the present time. He writes:

Within the last three years an ever-increasing mass of trashy and oftentimes debasing "literature" has appeared in news magazines. In fact we see two types of story periodicals on all our news-stands today—the poorly written, colorless story, and the "high-life" or "breezy" kind. We are now on the crest of this flood, and our better magazines begin to show its deleterious tendencies. (There is an) enormous output of story-magazines at 10 cents and 15 cents a copy, which flaunt their "girlie covers" on news-stands east and west, north and south. A flood of stories cheap, and many worse than cheap, fed to a public that is not reached by the public library. These and the moving-picture magazines seem to the casual observer to be the only periodicals on sale. It is possible the moving-picture craze has caused the decline of the magazine. These pernicious monthlies are bought by the thousands, as the tons in the second-hand shops will testify.

In a large proportion of the magazines "everybody is reading" nowadays, the leading stories are those euphemistically styled the "ginger," "snappy," "breezy," or "pepper" type; in other words, stories that are written on purpose to minister to their readers' passion of lust. Carried by the mails to the remotest villages of the land, these vile magazines are openly displayed on the newsstands and are eagerly read by boys and girls whose hearts and minds are thus permanently stained. As there seems to be no effective way of preventing the circulation and sale of this pernicious literature, parents must ceaselessly strive to keep their children from reading it and it should be rigorously excluded from the home.—America.

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE

FACTOR IN DEVELOPING VIRTUOUS CHARACTER

The growing consciousness of non-Catholics that they have neglected a vital matter, the religious training of the child, was given public expression in many of the papers read at the thirteenth annual convention of the Religious Education Association, held recently in Chicago. Every possible way through which the child might be brought to a realization of his relation to God was outlined and argued. A noteworthy feature of the convention was a paper prepared by the Right Rev. Mgr. McDevitt, superintendent of the parochial schools of Philadelphia.

Monsignor McDevitt outlined the course of religious training in the parish schools, but perhaps the most striking feature to the large number of non-Catholics present must have been his reference to the confessional as a force for the development of character. On this subject he said:

"One of the earliest and assuredly one of the strongest forces for the development of character, the uprooting of vice, the inculcation and preservation of virtue in Catholic children is the Sacrament of Penance, ordinarily known under the term 'Confession.' From the Sunday pulpit and in the classroom instruction the priest and the teacher may expound the principles of right living, may warn against vice and strive to make virtue attractive, yet it is clear that such instruction must of necessity be general in scope and it is left to the individual to apply the matter to himself. But when a child, after being properly instructed as to the nature, effects and manner of making a good 'confession' goes to that tribunal to reveal the sins of which he has been guilty and the secrets of his conscience which on examination has shown to himself, then is the favorable moment for the priest to give specific advice. He and the speaker are alone, and admonition, exhortation, warning and instruction reach the soul as they never could under other circumstances. The potentialities of the sacrament for the eradication of evil, the implantation of the seeds of virtue are beyond all human power to express. "This practice of confession is begun as soon as the child can distinguish between right and wrong; at the same time there comes in conjunction with confession the reception of the Holy Eucharist, when the child, according to Catholic teaching, enters into personal union with God.

EXPERIENCE OF THIRTY YEARS

"After a personal experience of over thirty years in dealing with children in this most sacred and intimate relation, I can testify to the marvelous power thus given in the majority of cases to the development of a right conscience, a virtuous life and a reliable character. Parents, too, even where they themselves have become neglectful of these duties, show the greatest eagerness to have their little ones admitted to the sacraments, and are most anxious that they go regularly and frequently to them. Those in charge of our institutions bear witness to the immediate change in the inmates for the better when the practice of confession is begun on this point. I may quote the invaluable testimony of Reverend Mother Katharine Drexel, daughter of the late Francis Drexel, of Philadelphia, who, as is well known, has devoted her life and fortune to the education of negroes and Indians, in which work she has been joined by many earnest and self-sacrificing women. These ladies are absolutely unreserved in their statement that the most efficient means whereby their wards are rendered obedient, docile and earnest in their endeavors for good is the sacrament I have spoken of. That such results must follow its practice is clear if one remembers that confession is no mere external ceremony, no act of lip service, but a humble, candid acknowledgment of evil, doing accompanied by sincere sorrow and a firm resolution of amendment, into which must enter the determination to repair any injury done to another in his person, property or reputation."—The Catholic Transcript.

"ABLE TO KEEP"

Probably not since the Napoleonic times has the political world been more deeply shaken than precisely at the present moment. The air is rent everywhere with the din of war or the rumors of war. The greater part of Europe has been for the last months a veritable slaughter-house of humanity. Whole nations have been dispossessed of their native soil and wiped out as national entities. Those Irishmen who have not gone to war, deeming it to be the proper time for striking a blow for the freedom lawfully claimed by their fathers for centuries, have seen revolution stalk forth from hearths and firesides. The silent Oriental, and the inscrutable Indian, seeing the prestige of the Empire sadly defaced, have dreamed dreams of national independence. In the Far East Japan has been playing her cards carefully with a view to the political situation in Europe. In Mexico a veritable bell fire of savagery and revolution has swept over the land. The South American republics, as is their wont, have been driving their legally elected presidents from their seats of power. In our own country strikes in Colorado and the Eastern States have proved that even in well-administered republics the agents of anarchy and revolt can gain a hearing and a following. Organized movements of revolt, such as the I. W. W.'s, have prostituted liberty to license.

And in the religious world the disturbances have been no less profound. Not since the Reformation days has it rocked to mightier upheavals. A wave of atheism has spread over the whole world, even over those countries which men are trying to make out as re-born in the throes of war. A spirit of worldliness which, as St. Ambrose said centuries ago, is but the Christian name for paganism of manners, has invaded homes, schools and denominational churches. Principles that strike at the very fundamental basis of the home, such as birth-control and divorce, are being advocated everywhere, and practiced more widely every day. Our education is secular, and in many cases flagrantly anti-Christian. The churches have been rent by internal dissensions over dogmatic and ritual positions, whilst licenses are constantly being accorded to preachers of the Word who no longer believe in immortality of the soul, in the very fundamentals of Christianity. Protestantism has gone completely upon the rocks, and the broken bars and planks of what was once a respectable looking Christian ship are being tossed

about this way and that on the sea of atheism and progressive unbelief. The Kikuyu case has proved satisfactorily that the Established Church can no longer continue to mix oil and water. The statistics of our own land show that, outside the Catholic Church, the major part of our population is creedless. Added to this sad loss of faith in the supernatural, we have in Socialism an increasingly loud pronouncement of the most downright secularism. It teaches that we are to live for this world alone, and strain every nerve to make our lot as agreeable and profitable as possible whilst we are here. And the eugenicists, who are but thinly veiled socialistic aesthetes and hygienists, have introduced into our philosophy of life the principles of the barnyard.

In view of this double picture of darkness only the stoutest heart can maintain its courage. If ever it required faith to live life nobly and fight life's battles valiantly it is at the present time, when so many things conspire to make one take low views, because natural views, of man and the world. Never before, perhaps, has the world's effect upon man's heart been more corrosive than to-day. At the sight of all this misery and all the moral and religious anarchy, the thoughtful cannot but ask themselves: "Has God abandoned man to his own conceits and his own pride? Has the Almighty, sickened by the sight of man's self-sufficiency during centuries, determined to allow him to work out his own moral, social and religious salvation in his own way? Are we not given over, as that generation just before the Deluge, to a depraved sense, self-induced by a want of humility and trust in God? Is 'Christianity bankrupt'?"

Outside the Church the great majority of men secretly answer these questions in the affirmative. Never before has the world been so barren of true optimism. Never before, perhaps, except in Roman days, have men thrown their lives away, like tattered garments, more quickly, on slimmer pretenses, than at this very hour. Never were men so blind to the true consolations of religion and the real exaltation of idealward striving.

But the ever-increasing number of converts to the Catholic Church proves beyond doubt that the religious-minded and thoughtful men of our generation still believe in their hearts that there is a Divine Providence still operative in the world, still discoverable in the world. The Catholic Church alone has not suffered from the great crises through which the world is now passing. Shorn of many privileges in various countries, she has not lost one whit of her spiritual supremacy over the hearts and minds of men. Scientists and philosophers and literateurs flock to her because they are hungry, after having tried to feed themselves on the stale bread and rancid fruit of godless culture. The poor, the down-trodden, those whose hearts war with corruption and doubts seared, come trustingly to Rome, the house of holy joy and holy hope. If the Catholic Church were to fall in the present cyclone, then truly might we say that Divine Providence had abandoned the world forever and for aye. As it is, with Rome still sitting upon the Seven Hills, still the spiritual mistress of the world, we can say that God is still Emmanuel, because the Church is Christ's and Christ is the Church's.—The Rosary Magazine.

AN EXAMPLE

A beautiful example for Catholic women is given by a Chicago lady. In memory of a son whom God in His goodness took to Himself she makes it her sweet occupation to mother as many of the poor, neglected little ones as she can receive into her house. Three of her own children are still left to her, yet the children of the tenements are hardly less her own. These she herself clothes and feeds and cares for in her home. Sick little ones are nursed by her and returned to their parents in good health. Others are legally adopted as her own. Needless to say, she finds no time for club life or the frivolities of social events. The complaint of "empty hands" will never be heard from her. There are many Catholics able to confer the benefits of a good home on one or more such little ones, through whom they would receive into their midst the Babe of Bethlehem. We are told of a Catholic family where a child is adopted for every baby born into the family. In this as in every other form of charity, the Catholic poor of Catholic countries have shown themselves the most generous.—America.

ARE CATHOLIC PAPERS DULL?

Many of our papers are making a mistake in the lack of interest in the Catholic editorials and a general dullness of editorial pages in Catholic weeklies. We must confess that we find something of interest in nearly all Catholic papers. The scope of a Catholic weekly paper can not compete with the peppery editorials of a political weekly. Religious thoughts or news along a line one would expect to find in a conservative Catholic publication does not satisfy the literary taste of a confirmed believer in sensational journalism. There is a paper in a great city which every day picks out an "editorial of the day" from papers on their exchange list. Three times since Christmas this paper has reprinted editorials from Catholic journals, obscure and

AMERICAN INDIANS

HOW THEY WERE TREATED BY THE SPANISH MISSIONARIES

The Anglo-Saxon method of blazing the path of civilization stands in unfavorable contrast with the early efforts of the Spanish pioneers, says the Denver Catholic Register. In New England, the settlers proceeded to exterminate the Indians, whereas the Spaniards in the far west, through missionary endeavors tried hard to civilize the aborigines. Even to this day the missions of the Spanish monks in California and in the States along the Mexican border are great points of interest. Writing in Scribner's Magazine, a contributor gives a pen picture of scenes along the Mexican border.

You awake next morning in Arizona, he says, and if you wake early enough, you may alight at Tucson. I counsel you to do so, for the town itself is pleasant, and you may also see the old Mission Church at San Xavier del Bac that lies a few miles to the South—the handsomest (and I say it advisedly) the most complete and extensive Spanish mission within the boundaries of the United States.

Had it chanced to be in any other portion of our country, better advertised, pamphlets about it would have been spread broadcast through the land and its praises sung in verse and story. Yet there it stands, alone and unvisited, in the wastes of the Arizona desert, unsung, unheralded, almost unknown.

Thereupon he gives the following account of the Indian settlement: "Then we came upon Indian huts, homes of the Papagos, a tribe of the Pimas, who never have wandered, and wholive to day as their ancestors lived when found by Father Kino, centuries ago. Before the doors stood primitive ovens. A dog roused himself from sleep, to stare at us, rare passers-by.

Near the door, in reverent attitudes, knelt groups of Indians, and seated before them, in rough pews, were others, the women with black shawls drawn over their heads, the children moving about the aisles, the men, bareheaded, in clean Sunday shirts. Above their heads in the pulpit, a priest in embroidered vestments was exhorting them in Spanish. As my eyes wandered aloft they rested on domed surfaces; on windows, deep-set, sitting the sunlight to softer tones, on frescoes and painted vaults; while behind the high altar towered a great reredos occupying the entire chancel wall, carved and gilded, spreading its stately niches one above another, while in the transept other great reredos could be dimly seen. Again, I rubbed my eyes and asked myself: "Can I possibly be in

Arizona, newest of our States?"—The Missionary.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KEEP AT IT

Stick to it. That is good advice if you have a task to do, a habit to acquire, an education to get, a career to make, a business to follow, an ambition to fulfill. Stick to it. Keep everlastingly after it until you have won out. Let nothing discourage you. Let nothing turn you aside. Let nothing induce you to give up. Stick to it. Have a purpose in life and determine to realize it. Keep plodding, keep advancing, keep getting nearer and nearer, and the day will surely come when you will arrive.

Former President Taft, in a recent lecture, said that one of the greatest regrets that ever comes to a human being is born of the consciousness of never having tried to make good, to do one's best, of never having tried to do one's best, of never having tried to win out, to make life a glorious victory instead of a compromise or a total defeat. If there is a sad spectacle in the world it is that of human beings approaching the end of their career with nothing worth while to show for all their years of activity. The thought that lack of persistence was the cause of their failure, the consciousness that they didn't win out in a large way because they had never half tried, had never put into their work that vim, that determination and whole-hearted enthusiasm, that persistent, gritty endeavor which characterizes all worth-while achievements, embitters life's close.

It is a terrible thing to look back upon a long life and see these horrible words mocking one: "You did not persist; you never half tried; you never did your best." No apologies, no excuses can remedy things then. It is too late to retrieve past mistakes, to make up for lost opportunities. Not long ago I asked a man if he were college bred. He said: "No, that is a very sore spot with me. I quit during the first month of my freshman year, because I did not have a very good time. I became homesick, discouraged, and went home. I have blamed myself for this ever since. If I had only kept on I should have been some success today."

There are multitudes of men in this country today who have been like this man: when youths they quit school or college under stress of discouragement or homesickness. If they had waited just a few days more, and gotten a little better acquainted, a little more interested in their studies, nothing could have induced them to quit.

How many youths have left medical and law schools, have given up learning a trade, in a moment of discouragement and homesickness, or when they seemed overpowered with the newness and strangeness of the situation, and the way seemed difficult for them. Many a boy with a genius for the thing he attempted has given it up under discouraging conditions and regretted it ever after. Keeping at it as a life rule has performed more miracles in the world's history by far than have been performed by brilliant talents or genius. Keeping at it has made multitudes of well-educated men out of ignorant ones. Keeping at it perfected inventions and made most of the great fortunes in existence.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

USING THE PIECES

Some years ago, a great artist in mosaics lived and worked in Italy. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of dollars.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room, after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?" "Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and to his surprise found it a noble work of art, nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?"

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he

saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face. "What is this," cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here." "Oh, master," faltered the astonished youth, "it is only my poor work! You know you said I might have the broken bits you throw away."

The boy with an artist-soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently and lovingly he had wrought them into a wonderful work of art. Do you catch the hint, little people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.—St. Paul Bulletin.

PIE FOR SIXTEEN IN LONDON

There was a pie-shop in London that Charles Dickens used to stand before when as a child he drudged in a blacking factory. Every day, on his way to and from work, he paused to devour the viands with his eyes, and sometimes, as he said, he pressed his tongue to the window panes, as if by doing that he got a little bit of a taste of the good things that lay so near, yet were so far beyond his reach.

An American railroad man who admired Dickens hunted up this pie-shop when he was in London in order to gratify sentiment and curiosity. It proved to be a mere box of a place, in a poor quarter of the city; but the original business was still conducted there. As the traveler peeped into the shadowy interior a voice piped at his elbow: "Please, sir, will you buy me a 'weal pie'?"

The owner of the voice was a small disheveled person, with whom a veal pie or any other kind would have agreed right well. The American replied: "How many boys do you suppose that shop could hold?" "I dunno. About fifteen or sixteen, I should think."

"Well, you go and get fifteen more boys and bring them back here." The boy studied the man's face for a moment as if to make sure he was in the enjoyment of his senses, then hurried himself into a side street with a yell. Hardly a minute elapsed before he returned at the head of a procession of sixteen gamins, assorted as to size and clothing, unanimous in appetite and hope. This ragged battalion assembled close behind the benefactor, and followed him precipitately into the shop, when he announced that he was going to give them all the pie they wanted.

GREAT MOVEMENT OF SILENT FORCES

Careful observers of what is taking place today are convinced that as remarkable changes in society are promised at the close of the present gigantic struggle in Europe as took place after the conversion of Constantine in the fourth century; and the marvellous feature of it all is, that, like the mighty avalanches that descend from the Alps, we hardly notice the tremendous movement until its disastrous or its regenerative effects are upon us. The great historians of the Roman Empire seem not to have been aware of what was taking place when the Catholic Church, after much persecution, bloodshed, martyrdom and religious controversy came to be the wielder of a tremendous religious power on the continent. This is what Lecky alludes to in his "History of European Morals."

"That the greatest religious change in the history of mankind should have taken place under the eyes of a brilliant galaxy of philosophers and historians, who were profoundly conscious of the decomposition around them; that all of these writers should have failed utterly to predict the issue of the movement they were observing; and that during the space of three centuries they should have treated as contemptible an agency which all men must admit to have been, for good or evil, the most powerful moral lever that ever has been applied to the affairs of man, are facts well worthy of meditation in every period of religious transition."

Singularly enough, but little notice has been taken of the Christian religion, and but few references to it can be found in the profane historians of the first four centuries. Plutarch and the elder Pliny, who touched nearly everything in the life of their day, had nothing to say about the force that was slowly developing before their very eyes, and they seem to have been unconscious of its existence. Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus whose moral essays we read with so much delight, leave only a bad taste in our mouth when their references to Catholic Christianity are tinged with pagan sarcasm and contempt. To them, Heathenism was all-in-all. They looked for its development with a wild dream that it was to bring in the golden age of man's redemption

and uplifting. They would lay down a philosophical basis for its sublimer growth, and they fondly believed they were the chosen messengers of the gods to announce the dawn of the new day. Meanwhile, the revolution was upon them, and the Catholic Church stood beside them clad in its heavenly vesture, and replete with beauty and power.

If we open our eyes, we may see the fields now white unto the harvest and the time ready for the putting in of the sickle. We are living in a grand and awful time.—The Missionary.

THE ROSARY

During the month of June all lovers of the Sacred Heart gather about the feet of the Master to get His blessing and to tell Him their wants. And the Master's great, loving heart, which is ever throbbing with a divine love for us, is always open to receive us and hear our prayers. Now, if we cannot go to Jesus better or more quickly than through Mary, then surely we cannot obtain Mary's intercession in our concerns more readily than through the beads. If Mary takes us by the hand and leads us to the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son, reciting all the while with us the prayer she loves much, we can be confident that our approach to the Sacred Heart will not be in vain, but will bring us blessings untold.

That the Great Pontiff who rules over the destinies of the Church, like all his predecessors, but especially Leo XIII., knows the inestimable value of Mary's beads as a remedy for all the social and individual evils of the day, was amply shown when he assigned as the monthly intention to the League of the Sacred Heart an increased appreciation of and devotion to the beads. In other days Mary's beads always saved the situation. It was the Rosary, which a renowned English writer calls "Our Lady's cannon-balls," that drove the enemies of the Faith, the Albigenses, from the position which they had taken up against the Church. When the Turk menaced Europe and threatened to let loose upon Christian civilization the horrors of Mohammedanism, it was Pope St. Pius V. who, through the power of Mary's beads, secured for the Christians at Lepanto a glorious victory over the followers of Mohammed. Leo XIII., distinguished every year of his pontifical reign by an Encyclical to the faithful of all the world on the uses, advantages and spiritual opportunities of Mary's beads. Benedict XV., because the Holy Ghost is with him, knows that the Mother of God will draw back to the feet of Christ, by the mystic chain of her chaplet, the children who have wandered away from God.

Among the precious memories which we Christians bear through life, the sweetest is that of a devoted mother who taught us to kiss Mary's beads in our infant days. It is the most Catholic picture that can be imagined. Men may bury their mothers, and forget their blessed memory for a time; men may wander away from a Christ, and have little concern about their religious obligations; but, brought face to face with death, these earliest impressions of youth received at a mother's knee will frequently revive, and again prove sources of light and inspiration. So we need not be surprised to read in the many reports from the battle front in Europe that the Rosary is fast becoming the favorite prayer of the men in the trenches. Between the hiss of shell and shrapnel, these valiant warriors find solace and hope in the silent recital of the praises of the Strong Woman of Israel. The Dominican Father who is acting as chaplain for the Irish prisoners in Lemburg, Germany, gathers his own together every night to say the beads. This, no doubt, accounts in great part for the resignation with which these fighters accept their enforced inactivity.

The Pope has given faculties to the war chaplains in Europe to bless with the usual indulgences those rude rosaries which the warriors contrive to fashion out of little pieces of wood, strung together on rough twine. This, better than anything else, shows what store even men set on our Lady's beads—men who are being called "Huns," brutes and barbarians by our press to-day. If warriors at the front show so much love for our Blessed Lady, and respect so deeply her beads, then surely we, who are not reduced to such a plight, cannot excuse ourselves for failing in devotion to the holy Rosary.

What are you doing to promote devotion to the Rosary beads? How often a week, over and above the fifteen mysteries which you are obliged to say as a Rosarian, do you say this all-powerful prayer? If you are worried about the worldly spirit which has invaded your home, do you ever stop to ponder that perhaps this is due to the fact that the good old custom of the nightly recitation of the beads has been discontinued by you? Or do you ascribe the fact that a wayward son or a worldly-minded daughter has given up the practice of the Faith to the low value you set upon Mary's beads? As a Catholic, you know that you can obtain all good things from God through Mary's intercession. From your own experience, and from the history of the Church during the last hundreds of years, you ought to know that the Rosary Queen obtains for her clients the graces they seek.

The holy Cure d'Arns once remarked that going on his sick calls he always recited the rosary, knowing full well that the soul whom he was about to reconcile with God could

not escape the sweet nets spread by Mary's beads. This servant of God late in life declared that he had never lost a soul. And the reason he assigned was that he handed over every soul to the Rosary Queen and let her work through him. If we all had his confidence in the beads, we would not have to record so many spiritual failures in our own lives, and so many unsuccessful attempts to spread God's kingdom in the hearts of others.

A great many worldly-minded Catholics are loud in condemning the practice of reciting Our Lady's beads before the Blessed Sacrament. They say that in the presence of the Eucharistic Christ we should make use of our prayer-books, which are brimful of beautiful prayers. Surely every prayer that has received the approbation of the Church is worth while and deserving of profound respect. Father Faber once remarked that he always preferred the prayers written by saints. Why, then, should we not love above all prayers those which compose the Rosary? Our Blessed Saviour Himself taught us the Our Father. Surely, if we use the Master's own words, trying all the while to imitate the Master's love of God, He will recognize our words as His own, and remembering the Blessed days He spent on earth, will be glad to pour out on us, His youngest children, the same graces that He poured out on His oldest children, the apostles and disciples who followed Him about Palestine. And the Hail Mary, brought by the great Angel Gabriel from heaven, contains the sweetest praises that were ever heaped upon a created being. It is the praise of the Almighty Himself for this choicest work of His hand. Therefore, in presence of our Eucharistic Lord we can whisper no sweeter prayers than the divinely inspired prayers of the Rosary, confidently believing that He will hear us for His own mother's sake.—Rosary Magazine.

THE FINDINGS OF THE PANAMA COMMISSIONS

The voluminous reports of the Protestant Panama Conference have been made public. They consist of the findings of eight special commissions whose "expert testimony" deals with every phase of Latin American conditions, social, educational, moral and religious. Their attitude toward the Catholic Church is in general one of unfairness and bitterness. A more kindly tone is assumed, however, by the Commission on "Cooperation and the Promotion of Unity," which at least credits the Church with having been "instrumental in lifting whole communities of barbarians to a higher level of life." How far the repeated attacks upon "the Roman Church" are based upon mere prejudice and incapacity to comprehend her true spirit, it is difficult to say. Even her earliest preaching of the Gospel is described as "a lamentable misrepresentation of true Christianity." We are told that "with notable exceptions its priesthood is discredited by the thinking classes. Its moral life is weak, its spiritual witness faint. At the present time it is giving people neither the Bible, nor the Gospel, nor the intellectual guidance, nor the moral dynamic, nor the social uplift which they need." Its spirit and influence is, in short, found to be "unscriptural and unhealthy." Such "expert" findings are somewhat modified by the eighth Commission, when it recognizes, according to the Churchman, that Catholic teaching "has had large and spiritual value of large benefit," although "the purest streams of thought and life flowed along the northern parallels."

To discuss in detail the accusations brought against the Church in these extensive reports would call for a library of controversy. Abuses doubtless exist. They have existed in the Church from the days of the Apostles. The actual success of the work accomplished varies greatly with the zeal of respective pastors and the response given by the people. But one thing is certain, and that is the inherent sanctity of the Church and the power of her Divinely instituted sacraments to make the world better. They have not lost their efficacy in Latin America. It is a perversion of the truth to accuse the Church of not bearing witness to the Gospel, when every letter of the Sacred Book is defended by her against the world and against Protestants themselves who today are denying the fundamental teachings of the Bible and its Divine inspiration.

The old accusations, too, are resuscitated that the Church is a political body and as such is opposed to democratic institutions. These statements have been answered by Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclicals. A government's form, provided it is not opposed to the law of God, is all a matter of indifference to the Church. The adhesion of individual Catholics, in their capacity as citizens, to one kind of government or another, must not be confused with the attitude of the Church. It neither favors monarchial institutions as such nor opposes democratic governments, but seeks to infuse into both the spirit of Christianity.

The work of the Protestant commissioners will not be without fruit if it arouses the Catholic clergy and people of Latin America to conceive a more intense loyalty to their Divine Faith and to the Sacred Scriptures as handed down to them unchanged from the days of the Apostles. For American Catholics the efforts of the

Protestant denominations should be an example, a reminder of the grave duty to enter more actively and zealously into the missionary field and to contribute generously toward the support of our mission workers. Apart from other considerations the example of Protestant generosity should not be lost on us and our own resources should be given more freely to promote the spread of God's Kingdom over all the earth.—America.

THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLIC CHURCH

ON POLITICAL LIBERTY

Orestes A. Brownson, formerly a Protestant Minister in Our Sunday Visitor It is not the province of religion to exert any immediate influence on political institutions. Its object is not to prepare man for this world, but for the world to come; to free him, not from temporal bondage, but from the servitude of sin. It addresses itself immediately to the mind and heart of men, striving to enlighten and to purify them, and by making the individual himself good, to make him, at the same time, a good son, a good father, a good citizen, or a good king. Without therefore, acting directly on any institution, civil or social, or any state of life, it is evident that religion must act indirectly on them all; for the stamp which it impresses on a man will accompany him everywhere, and will be seen more or less in everything he undertakes. Now it is said, that this general influence of Catholicity has been to favor despotism; nay, more, that the Catholic Church has directly, both by its principles and its institutions, exerted a disastrous influence on civil liberty.

We shall, with the help of God, undertake to refute this charge, and to show that the Catholic Church, in addition to her regular and direct object of inculcating and promoting religion, has constantly, by the principles she has taught, and by her own institutions, exerted a most powerful influence in favor of civil liberty.

1. We begin by examining the Catholic principles with regard to Civil Governments.

The first charge made against the Church is, that she teaches the divine right of government. This charge is most true; and the doctrine of divine right is founded immediately on the Holy Scripture. For St. Paul writes: "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power except from God, and those which are are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth power resisteth the ordination of God, and they that resist acquire for themselves damnation. Therefore of necessity he who is subject, not only on account of wrath, but also for conscience sake." (Rom. xiii., 1-5). And similar passages occur frequently in Scripture. It is evident, therefore, that governments are, in some sense or other, of divine right, and that we are by the same right bound to obey them. The powers which are ordained of God, and he that resisteth them resisteth the ordination of God.

But how do Catholic theologians understand this doctrine of divine right? Does it mean that God has established any particular form of government,—monarchy, for example,—and has made that authoritative on all men? or that he has established a particular family on the throne, and given it a special and inalienable right to rule mankind? God forbid! for this would indeed favor tyranny. Catholic theologians understand no such thing, but merely that government in general, some government or other, is necessary by the ordination of God for the preservation and well-being of society, and therefore that we are by the same authority bound to obey it. But in order that our readers may understand clearly what we mean, we will give them a condensed view of the doctrine, as St. Thomas of Aquin and Cardinal Bellarmine explain it.

The very nature of man, says St. Thomas, evidently requires that he should live in the society of others, because neither his physical wants can be supplied, nor his moral and intellectual faculties developed, except in society. But it is evident that if every one in society were to act solely for his own interests, without regard to the rights and interests of his neighbor, the continual conflicts and shocks of individual interests would soon dissolve society altogether. The social body, therefore, requires organization as much as the physical body; as well might you expect to keep up a healthy circulation in the veins of the human body, if the central impulse of the heart were wanting, as to expect health and unity in the social body in all its complicated civil and political relations, without a strong central head to direct it, and a strong arm to uphold it. In other words, society cannot exist without order, order without justice—justice without law,—nor law without some one to make, expound and enforce it; that is without government. The very nature of man, therefore, which makes society necessary for him, makes government necessary for society; and as it is God who created this necessity, it is evident that to Him government must be referred, and that its rights and the obligations of society toward it are according to the ordination of God.

Such is the Catholic doctrine as to the origin of civil government, so simple, so clear, that to state it is to prove it. Our limits will not allow us to enlarge upon it, and to show

how it alone of all the theories proposed can satisfactorily account, not only for the origin of government, but for some of the rights which government is universally acknowledged to possess, and which could not have been transmitted by individuals, because individuals never possessed them. But we will simply remark that it can never be distorted to favor tyranny:

1. Because it does not make the rights of government an especial and extraordinary grant, distinct from creation, but merely something immediately resulting from the nature of man. 2. Because it establishes no particular form of government, but relates only to a governing power

in general. And lastly, because while it makes it obligatory on the conscience of the people to obey all just commands, it makes it equally obligatory on the conscience of the rulers to command justly. It does not favor any particular form of government, nor the government itself more than the people, but it settles the rights both of the government and of the people on a solid basis. The government is amenable to God for its enactments; and the people are amenable to God for their obedience.

The smallest act of charity will stand us in great stead.—Atterbury.

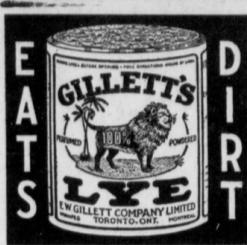
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DEATH OF GIFTED NUN

SISTER M. ANTONIO GALLAGHER, AUTHOR OF "REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER" STORIES AND THE "MERCEDES" POEMS

Readers of the Catholic press in all parts of the world will learn with deepest sorrow of the sudden death, on June 5, of Sister M. Antonio Gallagher, of St. Xavier's Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at Beatty, in the Diocese of Pittsburgh. Sister M. Antonio was the "Rev. Richard W. Alexander" whose touching and powerful true stories of conversions to Catholicity have been features of Catholic weeklies and magazines throughout the English-speaking world for the past nine years.

Not until June, 1911, when His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, acting for St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md., her alma mater, conferred upon Sister M. Antonio the degree of L. H. D., "in recognition of successful literary work in the service of morals and religion," was the humble Sister of Mercy, hitherto hidden in the mountains of Western Pennsylvania, revealed, much against her personal inclination, as the "Reverend Richard W. Alexander" and as "Mercedes" whose devotional verse has graced the pages of every Catholic periodical in this and other English-speaking countries.

Sister M. Antonio was the elder of two daughters of Anthony J. Gallagher, who was a non-Catholic. She was secretly baptized at the age of seven years, studied in St. Mary's select school, Sixth and Spruce streets, until she was ten years of age, then went to St. Joseph's Emmitsburg, where she remained until its closing after the outbreak of the Civil War. Always called a Catholic she was one in truth when she left the good Sisters of Charity, and within a short time thereafter she entered the Sisters of Mercy. Her younger sister had also been studying at St. Joseph's, and she, too, became a Catholic, took the veil in the Order of Mercy, and was for many years, with Sister M. Antonio, a member of the community of St. Xavier's at Beatty. She was Sister M. Hilda, who died two years ago. Their father followed them into the true fold, and during his last illness in his home, near Nineteenth and Wallace streets, was attended by the late Archbishop Ryan.

Sister M. Antonio spent a number of years among the poor of Pittsburgh engaged in academy work during the day and teaching the mill boys at night. Besides her class duties, she found time to edit a college paper St. Xavier's Journal; to write and publish five books of poems and prose and more than twenty school dramas.

The preface to her first book of poems, "Wild Flowers," of which there have been four editions, was written by the late Archbishop Ryan.

The remarkable series of true stories of conversions written by Sister M. Antonio over the pen name of "Rev. Richard W. Alexander" have been described by the late Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., rector of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, as "the first literary fruits of a religious movement that has spread throughout the country and has awakened the interest of the most sincere and devout Catholic souls"—the mission movement for non-Catholics. "They have been read with keenest interest in the classroom," said Father Doyle, "and have found their way into the refectories of not a few convents of religious, where they have been read aloud for the edification of all, and in some instances they have been taken into the pulpit and given to the people instead of the Sunday sermon. Many of these stories are so touching as well as so true that they have stirred the heart to its depths. I have heard some of them read in a group of not over-sensitive souls, and there was not a dry eye at the finish."

These stories, some of them descriptive of personal experiences, others gleaned from well-known missionaries and all vouched for as true, were written for The Missionary, The Catholic Standard and Times, The Ave Maria, The Messenger of the Sacred Heart and other publications, and have been copied everywhere and translated into French, German and Italian. Twenty-eight of them have been published in a volume of 200 pages, entitled "A Missionary's Notebook," with illustrations by the author, of which there have been five editions. A like number have appeared in a second volume, entitled "The Hand of Mercy."

At the time of her death Sister M. Antonio was writing a series of stories which were appearing in nearly a score of Catholic weeklies, and the proceeds of which she

planned to devote to the repairing of the little convent cemetery at Beatty, in which rest the remains of her lamented sister, Sister M. Hilda Gallagher. — Philadelphia Standard and Times.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT THANKS THE POPE

The French and German sick prisoners are already enjoying the health-giving airs of Switzerland, thanks to the intervention of the Holy Father, and now the benefit of this hospitality will be extended to the English prisoners. In consequence of this concession, secured entirely through the good offices and at the humane initiative of the Sovereign Pontiff, Sir Henry Howard, minister of Great Britain to the Vatican has presented a letter of thanks from Sir Edward Grey to Cardinal Gasparri.

THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF ONTARIO

By Walter R. Nurney, Late Inspector of Public Libraries

In the historical series now being published by the Canadian Messenger of Montreal, Father Devine, S. J., has in simple but alluring way amplified in biographical form the story of the first Jesuit missionary martyrs, who wrought with the Hurons. The self-sacrifice and heroism of these supermen in the camps of the Iroquois in their undaunted effort to plant the Cross of Christ and the flag of civilization in the Huron nation has earned for them the profound respect of all those races of men of diverse creeds who constitute Christendom.

After the founding of Quebec by Champlain in 1608, the establishment of the Recollet Friars and the transit of Lake Huron in 1616, by the Franciscan monk Le Caron, the effort to Christianize the savages was temporarily checked by British conquest. The interruption was brief. In 1626 John de Brebeuf, Herculean of frame, and unconquerably resolute, yet tender of soul—as became one of Norman descent—after wintering among the Montagnais on the Lower St. Lawrence was the first priest of the Society of Jesus to enter a birch canoe and ascend the dangerous Ottawa and Nipissing River route to the chief camp of the Huron tribes. The central stamping ground of the Hurons was at Otonnatch, the landing place for which, the village of Touché basked on the yellow beaches of the bay now familiar to the summer camper as "Penetang."

Father Devine's pamphlets are made the more valuable by numerous foot-notes giving both the Indian and the modern nomenclature of all the places referred to in the Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay District. Here in the smoky lodges of these pagan savages Brebeuf on the occasion of his second visit and return from France consecrated his life irrevocably to the service of His Divine Master and entered upon his isolated sojourn in the wilderness—banishment, only to be terminated by his martyrdom at St. Ignace in March, 1649 by the implacable Iroquois. The tortures inflicted upon Father Brebeuf whose heroism and sublime faith never failed him were as Father Devine has gathered from the Jesuit Relations, equally infamous as awful.

The first five biographies of the series tell of the order named almost entirely in the course of their achievement and tragic passing. The frail Father Gabriel Lallemant, who perished with the powerful Brebeuf, withstood the tortures of the Iroquois "for twelve long hours" after his companion succumbed. Father Anthony Daniel, really the first victim of Iroquois savagery was doomed to fagot and flame at Teanaostaye, St. Joseph's Mission on Lake Simcoe in 1648. The story of Father Charles Garnier, another of the five martyrs, tortured after the massacre of the Petun Indians by the Iroquois at the Mission of St. John at Etharita in 1649, covers a biographical period commencing with 1605. The last of the series (No. 6) deals with still another Jesuit missionary, Father Noel Chabanel, who in 1644 left Quebec for the Huron country to labour among the Algonquians and was assassinated after the massacre at Etharita by an apostate Huron.

The Devine pamphlets are a valuable auxiliary contribution to the hitherto incomplete story of the first civilizing movement in what now forms a portion of one of the most highly developed sections of older Ontario. Apart from the general interest which fuller knowledge of the hardships, disappointments, successes and tragic deaths of these Christly adventurers arouses and the graphic narrative of the exploitation of untracked waterways by these priestly voyageurs—other thoughts arise which give cause to ponder. With the advent of these supermen a new era dawned. Was not their coming, apart from its religious aspect, destined to be an episode of undreamed of national significance? While the unlocking of this region and the effort to supplant paganism by Christianity was halted by the temporary cessation of the French regime for British supremacy—were not the efforts of these religious ambassadors and the conductors, when they planted their rude cabins in this northern wilderness of New France, unconsciously the first steps towards the creation of a confederated and greater Canada, which was later to result in an imperial union?

Whether this was the origin of such an ultimate purpose, or if I am

indulging in a far-fetched forecast—the thought at least offers food for reflection. I salute the fact, however, which cannot be denied, that to these sons of France and of the Society of Jesus and the—some time not fairly appraised—Jesuit missionaries, the territory referred to is chiefly indebted for the drawing of the bolts of the portal to its fecund solitudes—as well as the proffer of salvation to its pagan population—for in these respects "not a cape was turned not a river entered but a Jesuit blazed the way," mingling business with suffering and winning enduring glory.

MERCHANTS BANK

ASSETS EXCEED NINETY-SIX MILLIONS

THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF GREAT CANADIAN INSTITUTION SHOWS THE EXPANSION OF OVER TEN MILLIONS DURING THE YEAR

Annual statement of Great Canadian Institution shows expansion of over ten millions during year—liquid assets are 50% of liabilities—heavy security holdings. With a balance-sheet exhibiting \$96,361,363 of assets, an increase during the year of more than ten million dollars, The Merchants Bank of Canada presents a report for its fiscal year ending April 29, which is remarkable even in a year of remarkable bank statements. This son million dollars is wholly the product of the increase in the volume of public fund entrusted to this old and responsible institution. It has received during the year five millions more of interest-bearing deposits, and 4½ millions of non-interest deposits, and has over a million dollars more of notes in circulation. The total of public funds under the management of the bank is now just short of \$2 million dollars.

On the other side of the account the Merchants Bank holds an unprecedented volume of liquid assets, amounting to just about 50%. The cash and equivalent of each in the balance sheet total more than twenty millions, to which must be added a similar amount in gilt-edged securities and call loans, making a total liquid reserve of \$40,960,486. This compares with \$32,686,972 or about 44% in 1915, and \$24,933,404 or about 36% in 1914. The strength of the bank needs no further demonstration. It may be observed that the various investment items show the largest increase from 1915, that of Canadian government and Canadian municipal bonds being over five millions as compared with less than a million a year ago. Assets of this character, in addition to being an excellent form of reserve, are, also, at current prices, an excellent revenue-producers.

Profits for the year were somewhat below those of 1915 but as a much smaller appropriation for contingencies sufficed to meet this year's needs the net result was better. In spite of heavy taxation by the Dominion Government and generous donations to patriotic purposes, the directors have a sum left over to add to the accumulated surplus. Commercial business is now looking up, as is evidenced by the improvement of over a million and a half in Canadian current loans, and owing to this circumstance and the improvement in the earning power of the reserves there is reason to anticipate something of a return to a better profit basis during the current year. It is obvious that thanks to the Directors and General Manager the Merchants Bank is in an excellent position for serving both the shareholders and the country at large when business activity is again in full swing.

FAR BEYOND THE TYPE

In the Old Testament there are perhaps no types more striking and apposite than those which prefigure the Blessed Sacrament. What bears, in every detail, a closer resemblance to Holy Communion, for example, than the manna on which the Israelites miraculously fed in the desert, and how remarkably like the Eucharistic Tabernacle was the Ark of the Covenant? All that is said in Holy Writ about the Ark finds in the Real Presence not only a perfect parallel, but, as was to be expected of an antitype, the fulfilment far exceeds the figure in beauty, power and dignity, and possesses in its completeness all the excellence that the type symbolized.

For the Ark of the Covenant was the glory, the strength and the beauty of Israel; it was the oracle, guide, protector and comforter of the Chosen People; it was the center of their worship and the object of their devotion, an elaborate and detailed liturgy being drawn up by God Himself for the direction of the priests and Levites; in the Ark were preserved the stones of the Commandments, the flowering rod of Aaron, and a measure of the wonderful manna; the Ark indeed became the throne of God's holiness and mercy, a symbol of the abiding peace He had made with His people, and the pledge of His faithful Providence over them; by day a cloud and by night a fiery pillar stood above the Ark to guide or stay the progress of the pilgrim host. "They shall make me a sanctuary," was God's promise, "and I will dwell in the midst of them." In the Ark of the Covenant His words would seem to have found their perfect fulfilment.

But the feast of Corpus Christi is a new reminder that marvelous as was

the Ark of the Covenant, beautiful and striking as was everything connected with its institution, maintenance and history, the Ark, after all, was only a figure of the Tabernacle. All that the Ark was to the Chosen People, that the Tabernacle is to Catholics, and a vast deal more besides. Every wonderful quality, every attractive characteristic of the Ark is first mystically realized and then surpassed in our Tabernacle. For Christ's abiding Presence in the Tabernacle is likewise the glory, strength and beauty of the Church, and the heart and center of her devotion. The Son of Mary has for all time become in the fullest and most intimate sense of support, defender and comcomity and humble. From there were in the ancient Jewish liturgy, whatever sanctity and decorum there were in the priests and Levites in whose keeping the Ark was placed, become weak and poor and imperfect when compared with the magnificence, devotion and holy enthusiasm with which Catholics the world over celebrate the feast of Corpus Christi.—America.

THE LATE GARRETT GUIRY

After an illness of many years there passed to his reward on June 1st, Garrett Guiry an esteemed and venerable resident of Lindsay and a pioneer of Emily Township. The deceased, who was in his seventy-seventh year, was born in Cork county, Ireland. In 1842 he came with his parents to Canada, settling in the Township of Emily where he continued to reside until two years ago when he removed to Lindsay. The funeral took place on June 3rd from his late residence to St. Luke's Church, Downeyville, where solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by his son, Rev. Father Guiry, assisted by Rev. Father McGuire, Ennismore, as deacon and Rev. Father Phalen, Peterboro, as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Galvin, Downeyville, was master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were His Lordship Bishop O'Brien, of Peterboro; Right Rev. Mgr. Casey, Lindsay; Rev. Father Meader, C. S. B., Toronto, and Rev. Father Ferguson, of Lindsay.

Rev. Father McGuire delivered the sermon, speaking of the Christian virtues of faith and charity which had characterized the life of the deceased who had been in his day, a leader in every good work undertaken by the parish. His Lordship Bishop O'Brien also addressed the congregation and said he was present to do honour to one who had done much for his country and for his religion. He had given three of his children to the service of God's Holy Church and he hoped many parents would strive to emulate the example of this good father. A vocation to the religious life is a divine call but yet these vocations are fostered in good homes by good parents.

After the last prayers, which were chanted by His Lordship, the remains were conveyed to St. Luke's cemetery where they were laid to rest. The deceased is survived by his sorrowing wife, four sons, Rev. Father Guiry of Kinmount; John, Joseph and Herbert of Emily, and five daughters, Sister Mary of Victory, St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay; Sister M. Clement, St. Joseph's Convent, Fort William; Miss Mary of Emily, Miss Alice, Port Arthur, and Miss Ada of Lindsay.

THE WONDER GROWS

The eye and ear of the country were on New York last week. Startling revelations were to be made and everybody was anxious either to read them or to hear them. Traitors were to be exposed; international plots were to be laid bare; wire-tapping and theft of private letters were to be justified. The country was expectant; the inquiry was on—it came to an end without the discovery of a vestige of treason or the trace of a plot. But a defiance was thrown down, that must be taken up. The broker accused of treason declared:

"The Mayor of this great city publicly proclaimed the firm of Seymour & Seymour throughout the world as traitors to our country. The Mayor and Corporation Counsel asserted that our wires had been tapped because they believed we were engaged in a conspiracy against the United States Government. That was an absolute lie and they knew it. Nothing has been brought out in this inquiry to justify their statements." — New York Evening World, June 9.

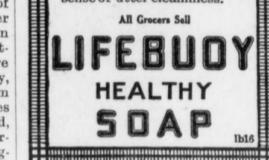
What man of honor would let that pass? And is this not worse? "Mr. Seymour then asked the Court for permission to speak. When that was granted, he said that no evidence had been produced to show that the detective was trying to detect crime, or that any crime had been committed. The detective, he said, had been loud in declaring that papers had been stolen from the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., but



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had not proved it. After that had been exploded, they dragged in the National Government. No less a person than the Mayor of this city published us broadcast as traitors to our country. Senator Thompson told him that there was no international question involved. But the Mayor contended that there was and was backed by Corporation Counsel Hardy. Yet, they failed to show anything that would even lead a baby to believe it. They went into our office for no lawful purpose, but in an unlawful manner and on an unlawful errand, to get information for some person whose reason for wanting it has not been given. — New York Evening Journal, June 9.

Verily, the wonder grows. The air that was thick with intrigue and treason last week is now charged with mystery. Why were those wires tapped? To defend "the sacred altar of government"? Seymour is not a Papist. Why were those wires tapped? To reveal a plot? There was no plot. Why were those wires tapped? To uncover treason? There was no treason. But those were the reasons given. Precisely and therein lies the mystery. Why were those wires tapped? Can it be that the almost universal whisper that tickles the ear of every man is true? Why were those wires tapped? Why? And again, why? The wonder grows. Does it?—America.

A CHILD'S WISH

BEFORE AN ALTAR

I wish I were a little key That locks Love's Captive in, And lets Him out to go and free A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell That tinkles for the Host, When God comes down each day to dwell

With hearts He loves the most. I wish I were the chalice fair, That holds the Blood of Love, When every flash lights holy prayer Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower So near the Host's sweet face, Or like the light that half an hour Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where, As on His mother's breast, Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh! my God, I wish the most That my poor heart may be A home all holy for each Host That comes in love to me.

—REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN

IN MEMORIAM

WILSON.—In loving memory of John Wilson, Brussels, Ont., who died June 12, 1914. May his soul rest in peace.

MARRIAGE

McCORMICK-FORAN.—At Sacred Heart Church, St. Augustine, on Wednesday, June 7, 1916, by Rev. Father Dean, John McCormick, son of Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick, of Linwood, to Clara Meretta Foran, daughter of Mrs. Annie C. Foran, of St. Augustine.

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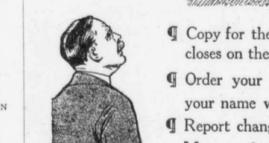
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