The Catholic Record

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CULTURE AND KULTUR

Millions of people are feeling, at the present time, that the most disgraced word in the world's vocabulary is the word, "culture," or rather word when put into its convict garb as "Kultur." It has been strummed till it jangles as discord in the cars of the genuinely civilized. Still it must be used, because it marks the parting of the ways between two branches of the Teutonic

There is the English speaking sec tion of the Teutonic stock, which has faith in one form of culture, and there is the Germanic section, that has its exclusive ideal of "Kultur." Between these two conceptions of this incriminated word are differences so profound that the term covers blank contradictions.

By culture the British people, and with them the rest of the civilised world, mean one thing; and by "Kultur " the German race means almost

When we speak of a cultured man we mean one who has had the training of mind and spirit, which loves truth for its own sake, believing that it is eternal, unassailable above the turmoil of prejudice and passion, and independent of all the dividing distinctions drawn by men, such as selfinterest or nationality.

To attain this spirit and tempers ment of culture aman must take wide views of every subject in which his thought is focused. He must see it frem all sides, knowing that any narrower survey will not reveal to him the full truth. True culture is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It has almost supernatural charity from its freedom. from littleness and prejudice. The cultured man must safeguard himself from inherited prejudice, and the bias of self-interest. If he cannot do this, he is not, whatever else he may be, a cultured man.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE Again, the spirit of culture is above

all things else a human spirit. It lives and works for the reforming of the souls of men, by bringing them into contact with all that is gracious in the past and the present. It looks humanity is to lie with fullness. abroad over the strenuous, but often errant labors of men in the long age | war is set at naught; nothing is gene and to-day not with superiority sacred—the greater the value of any a longing to make life constantly better, freer from suffering, more joyous, more ideal. It takes as its ally by which German "Kultur" expresses whatever appeals to the best that is itself to the complete satisfaction of in the man. It would conserve every the German nation. influence that will annoble him, and help him to subdue any element of brutality that may linger in his nature. To that end it is in closest sympathy with religion. To that end it cherishes all the noble chivalries which were evolved by what was good in earlier ages-courtesies to opponents; sympathies for those who Gasparri acting in the name have been overthrown, the honor of fair play. To that end it seeks te conserve every relic of the past that tells of noble faith, pious endeavor, beautiful conceptions outside of the world of sordid materialism. And thus allying itself with all that has been elevating in the past, culture strives, hand in hand with religion, and the politics of social life, to mould the soul of the human race into an appreciator of right conceptions of beauty, happiness, and duty.

Some such composite influence is in the minds of all civilized men immaterial may be, but none the an English translati as the spirit of ancient Greek life nothing long ago.

THE GA. MAN VIEW

to self-interest, a deep-hearted humanity? Does it cherish the old-world chivalries and the products of the faith of ages? Does it see that true culture is a spiritual essence which the arm of flesh can never destroy

JUDGING IT

We can judge it fully and fairly in two ways. One way is by the deeds of united Germany. For there can be no doubt that what Germany is doing now in France and Belgiumand doubtless proposing in her hear to do in England—is the expression of the very soul of the nation Against her policy and methods not one German voice is raised.

On the contrary, we have our second opportunity for judging the true nature of the "Kultur" through the unanimous voice of its foremost apostles. Her professors have told the world plainly what the national ideal of culture is like. What they say shows that they are absolutely and abundantly satisfied with the manner in which Germany has revealed her soul in her deeds. To the German culture is German and nothing else. Culture being German any other spirit claiming the name is not culture, and should be suppressed. To bring the world under the true culture, is to German ise the world, and there is no other method by which culture can be spread. Culture in brief as under stood by Germans is not universal but is simply the brand of their nationalism, which they must stamp on all mankind.

ITS RESULTS Clearly this culture has no breadth nor does it make for its parrowness by excess in other virtues than breadth. What of its humanity, its spirit of Justice, its sense of honour its moral elevation, its appreciation of other times and other lands? The lack of the commonest elements of human pity has sent a shudder through the heart of mankind. The indiscriminate murder of old and young does not cause a ripple of dissatisfaction on the surface of its coldcalm philosophy. It has reduced the practice of injustice to a science -the injustice that ends in death, and its object is to strike terror into all by the enormity of its injustice. It does not shrink from proclaiming its choice of dishonour to honour, in dealing with weaker nations, like Belgium, and their wrongs with unbridled fury, the nation it began to wrong as a matter of policy. Its determs before the tribunal of outraged fervour and agility. Every rule of ness and object to real culture, the greater is the opportunity for destruction te German eyes. These are the deeds

> SERBIA AND THE HOLY SEE

On a recent Saturday in the Vatican the Concordat arranged a year ago between the Holy See and Servia was ratified, Cardinal Vesnitch, Servian Minister at Paris in the name of his Government. Before the Balkan war there were very few Catholics in Servia, and these enjoyed less religious liberty than any people in Europe. The additional territory added to Servia by the confict brought with it a Catholic population of about 300,000 souls. Servis feared that these, and especially their ious matters to Austria, which had for a long time exercised a species of Christian protectorate over that part way to prevent that was to make a solemn pact with the Holy See guaranteeing the complete religious lib when they speak of culture—an ex-halation from the spirit of the age, and this was done by the Concordat, less intensely real in its effects—just printed in some at the time. By distinct ecclesisstical province with remains real and potent, though the an Archbiehopric at Beigrade and a sword of Greece has oxidised to Bishopric at Uskoub; the Catholic in Servia was recognized as a juridical entity capable of owning acquiring and selling real estate the Archbishop and Bishop were to be appointed by the Holy See — which

and Bishop for their respective dioceses. The conditions relating to Catholic education, marriage and other matters are in perfect accord with canon law.—Rome.

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO IRISH PEOPLE

NOTABLE SERMON PREACHED IN ST. PATRICK'S, ROME, BY REV. CHAS. MACKSEY. S. J.

errespondence of Philadelphia Catholic Standard Rome, March 18.—Over every part of Europe a cloud of uncertainty hangs. We do not know what the morrow will bring. But the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Rome has not been without a good many joyous scenes. It is characteristic of Hibernians to throw anxious feelings aside for the time being at any rate. In St. Isidor of the Irish Franciscans, in the Irish College, in St. Silvestro, in Capite, in St. Cle-St. Silvestro, in Capite, in St. Clemente of the Irish Dominicans, and in St. Patrick's of the Irish Augustin-

in St. Patrick's of the Irish Augustinians, ecclesiastical functions, followed by hespitable entertainments, marked the feast.

In the last named church the Rev. Charles Macksey, S. J., professor in the Georgian University, delivered a magnificent sermon with a beautiful tribute to the Jurish results.

"Oh, their faith is spoken of in the whole world," cried Father Macksey, "and their loyalty to the Church of God. They were called Papists in derision, and they made of it a badge of honor. They were Romish and Romanists, and they did not deny it; their name was Christian and their surname Catholic, but the name they lived, fought, suffered and died for was Roman Catholic. St. Peter was not a mere name to them, but a reality; the Pope no mere function-ary. They were Paddies and priest-ridden, proud to be named after their glorious patriarch and content to take all their guidance in faith and those whom Christ had sent to teach the Gospel and rule the Church of God. Their Church was no Irish Church, but the Catholic Church; and in the exile of their world wide dispersion they have sought out and been ministered to by pricets of every nationality that by priests of every nationality that has borne a missionary's staff or carried an exile's scrip, a ministry which they accepted with reverence, sharing their pennies with his poverty, never asking his name or his country. It sufficed that he was a Roman Catholic priest, and for name they called him father.

A PRAYERFUL PEOPLE It was a prayerful people that St. Patrick left to carry down the faith of Christ. The impress which the man of prayer left upon them is legible in their constant telling of well worn Rosary beads, in their fidelity to morning Mass and attach-ment to Sunday Vespers, to family prayers, to the praises of the Blessed Mother, in their eagerness to have a son serving God at the altar, a daughter praising God in the cloister. Their vocations to mission and monastery overflowed into other

have given themselves to a life of prayer, of study, of neighbor service there is no ending. The school monks of Ireland nursed the light of culture through the darkest days of the Christian era and kindled with its flame the learning of half the world. Irish nuns busy teaching the young and in the service of the sick, the orphaned, the aged and infirm will be found in the Western, Eastern and Southern continents wherever the work of the Master calls for sac-

rifice.' THE PRICE THEY PAID

Continuing, the learned Jesuit "After all, a man's religion in his own estimate is worth just what he is willing to pay for it. St. Patrick taught his neophytes to pay dearly centuries. They have seen poverty and famine, prison chains and martyrdom. They have been demartyrdom. They have been de-prived of education and robbed of their language. Though the historic, diplomatic or encyclopedic liar may insist that they suffered what they suffered from natural ineptitude and for political rebellion, the penal laws of Ireland and the true story of the Irish persecution from Elizabeth to Victoria, from Cromwell to Carson, will show to any discerning mind that the rock of offense and the stone of stumbling

Papisticel people.

"They ceased to be a nation, save in undying hope; they were made serfs of the soil, and yet not allowed to remain on it; they were as muzzled oxen treading out the corn for their unconscionable masters. They were transported and forced to have been made world exiles, assimilating with every What of the German "Kultur" that is the constant pride and boast of the race? What are its aims, spirit, methods, alliances? Has it a lofty ideality, breadth of view, superierity were to be chosen by the Archbishep world extres, assimilating with every clime, soil and political candition. Their very faith and loyalty to the Church has been pressed into service against them, and the authority of Reme has been invoked in the past to reconcile them to a bondage which

at bottom they have borne for the Name of Christ. Individuals may wait till judgment day to have jus-tice done them, but nations, one is prone to believe, since they do not survive the passing of this world, shall have judgment and sentence

DOES NOT REGRET HER SACRIFICES "Whether Ireland shall ever take her place among the nations, or even whether she shall come to control her ewn destinies and escape from an administration that has governed her not for her own, but for another's beneft, who shall say? But one thing is beyond all peradventure— she has had no regrets over the price she has paid for her faith. The record of that salient fact has been written even in the hearts of those who have never seen her skies -souls deprived of the comfort of the present life, in the memory of the past and the hope of the future.

The songs of an exile mother sung at the crib of babyhood, the tales of an exile father told by the hearth of a winter evening, have made us familiar with the faith and the prayer and the sacrifice of the people whose blood we share."—Veritas.

THE HOLY FATHER AND BELGIUM

The following is the English ver-

The following is the English version of the text of the addresses of the Holy Father and the Belgian Minister. M. Van den Heuvel said: "Most Holy Father,—I have the honor to be sent to Your Holiness at a time when Belgium is passing through the most painful hours of its history. Trusting in treaties, and seeking only the friendship of its neighbors, Belgium was engaged in the thousand works of its inin the thousand works of its in-dustrial and agricultural activity, in the cultivation of the sciences and arts, when suddenly, because it had not consented to violate the duties of its neutrality, it saw war invade its territory, and the most frightful ravages committed thereon. Its very monuments, the glory of the country, were not spared, and the rich library of the ancient University of Louvain, that precious scientific heritage of past ages, was given to the flames. All classes of society rallied round their King in a solidarity of defence and patriotism. The authorities proclaimed unanimously the duties imposed on all by this cruel situation. Need I recall the eloquence and the feeling with which the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines expressed himself? Among the sorrows which Belgium has had to undergo, assuredly one of the most painful was that which afflicted the pious souls of the country. For long profoundly Catholic, Belgium had always devoted a special care to had always devoted a special care to the safeguarding of religious inter-ests. In 1830 it guaranteed the cults, in their practice and organization, a liberty which few countries know even to day, and which the illustrious Pontiff Leo XIII. was enabled to appreciate on the spot. It had provided churches worthy of its piety; it had surrounded with respect the ministers of worship, and

attachment which has never been found wanting. Hence I cannot describe its affliction when it beheld numbers of its churches profaned and ruined, many of its priests deported, hundreds martyrized and shot bishops subjected to indignity, and the episcopal teaching itself impeded in many ways. But in the midst of its misfortunes Belgium has been deeply

seen solicitude and fatherly affection which Your Holiness has been pleased to give it. The King, my august sovereign, has charged me to say to you how much he wished to see the friendly relations which have existed etween Belgium and the Holy See continue to evolve in perfect har nony and for the greatest good of he Belgian faithful. I have the honor to hand Your Holiness the royal letters which accredit me to you as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary on special mission." Holy Father replied: every sombre celors, M. le Ministre ave depicted for us the situa tion of your country. We, too, on re-ceiving the letter of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, accrediting yeu as his Envoy Extraordinary and

Minister Plenipotentiary to the Holv See, are thinking of the misfortune which have struck your noble coun try in these recent times. This sad memory constrains Us to repeat the sentiments which We have expressed directly to the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines and on the solemn oceasion of the last Consistory. At the present moment We are glad to wel-come you to Rome, M. le Ministre,

but We cannot do so without expressing the deep affliction which rends
Our hearts since the beginning of
Our Pontificate. Still, We think that
the Belgians should not forget that after the storm comes the sunshine with comfort for those who dwell here below, We desire for Our beloved children of Belgium that it may soon be given to them to hail the fair sun of peace on the horizon of their

country. We even wish We were not obliged to confine Ourself to mere desires. But for the moment We ask the people of Belgium not to doubt the affection which We love to cherish for them. This affection inspires Us when We assure the new Minister of Belgium of the welcome he will always find from Us in the fulfilment of his mission to of the whole world, therefore, we do not hesitate to make appeal, in the spirit of human solidarity which exists, in spite of the horrors of war, and will, we trust survive its terrors. we make appeal to the hearts of all our countrymen, and to people of other nations, to come to our assistance with what aid they can afford: for alone we cannot heal the wounds inflicted by this unparalleled disin the fulfilment of his mission to strengthen the good relations which exist between his Government and the Holy See. Meanwhile We beg "Twice already, in the history of im to convey to his august Sovereign the expression of Our friendly sentiments, and to accept for himself the assurance of the satisfaction given Us by the selec-

"Twice aiready, in the history of this war, has our ancient city of Cracow been near danger, but God has protected it: was it not that it should be now, as in centuries past, This heart must embrace a tect all, make appeal for all those Let then a cry go forth from ancient Cracow, an appeal to all, far and near to stretch forth a helping and merciful hand.' -Rome.

The correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle says it would be impossible to reproduce in print the soft accents of Mrs. O'Leary's brogue, as she talked of the doings of her son, the winner of the Victoria Cross, but her heart was greatforning with but her heart was overflowing with pride at his deed.

"Oh, this is a cruel war," she said,
"and I wish he was back safe and

tion of a personage who, having been Minister of Justice and Professor of Law at the University of Louvain, cannot but be inspired by love of justice and truth."—The Tablet,

O'LEARY AND HIS MOTHER

The Ottawa Evening Journal

April 8.

ound again."
Her lips trembled and tears were

in her eyes as she said this.

"When the telegram came," she went on, "I hardly dared to open it. You know I thought it brought some bad news about Mike. I had a post card from him last Saturday, in which he said he was safe and sound, but that was all. but that was all.

'He has never given me an hour's uneasiness since he was in his cradle," she said. "He was always the best of boys, but he would leave me, and there was little enough

There is a lesson in the Daily Chronicle's interview with Mrs. O'Leary. Name a boy who loves, respects and obeys his mother, and you designate material on which V. C.'s are won and nations success-fully defended.

UNHAPPY POLAND

The Polish Deputies to the Prus sian Diet and German Parliament have sent to His Heliness a telegram thanking him for his letter to the late Mgr. Likowski, Archbishop of Gnesen and Posen. A harrowing picture of the state of Poland is contained in the following appeal from Mgr. Sapieha,

Prince Bishop of Cracow.
"In the midst of the Christmas holidays, usually so joyful, which we have just celebrated with what immense grief have our hearts been filled this year! While our souls were lifted up to God, and we sang with the angels, Glory to God in the Highest, praying for peace on earth and good-will toward men, our ears were beset by the groans of wounded, sick and crippled thousands; before our eyes spect the ministers of worship, and est and dearest. Not peace on earth, ensured freedom for the words of the but war, the most terrible, cruel war, and villages.

"Two parts of our country: the kingdom of Peland, and Galicia, have for months been the field of this most dreadful war! It is an awful thing, both for this generation and the next. We pass over in silence the soul tragedy, consisting in the sad fact that Poles must stand in the ranks against their own brothers, and attack their life and property. Today we have solely a humanitarian object in view, and from the depths of a bleeding heart we make appeal to human feelings, to the noble hearts The present war, with all its

machinery of devastation, has burdened our poor country with a heavy curse. Our bloodstained fields and villages tell but too eloquently of its pitileseness. Our towns are fallen in ashes and ruins. During the end-less marches of millions upon millions of armed men, our farms and cottages have disappeared; continual battles have ruined the fruit of the toil and sweat of generations, the culture and acquisitions of centuries. In the midst of this desolation and ruin, thousands are without a roof above them; the spectre of famine e, not only threatens the future, but crushes whole families. deprived of shelter, property and the bare means of livelihood. This all but complete devastation embraces s territory four times larger than the rich provinces of equally unhappy Belgium. Words cannot describe the magnitude of the disaster; to under-stand, one must see with one's own

"Since we have fallen victims to this terrible struggle, humanity de-mands that endeavours should be made to alleviate its results in some measure; to prevent Poland from secoming a horrible desert in the midst of the world; and to keep thousands, nay millions of unarmed and helpless beings from parishing from hunger and cold, To the hu-manity and to the Christian feeling

WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO THE CHURCH

The Missionary.

We are becoming somewhat accustomed to the destruction by non-Catholic writers of the old anti-Catholic fables. Indeed, it is hardly necessary in these days of thorough-going investigation of religious truths to draw from Catholic sources alone the arguments in favor of Catholic claims. History as written now lacks the partisan bias that characfull flower. As an example of the newer viewpoint may be quoted a few words on the time worn theme of "papal aggression," which appear in a recently published volume on "The Sociological Value of Christianity," by George Chatterton Hill, an instructor in the University of Geneva. The author is not a Catholic, but he has come to appreciate the enormous debt which Western civilization owes to the Church, and he sets forth his convictions in these It is a service for which humanity

preme dignity and independence of the moral power. For without such separation western civilization would never have been able to develop. Assuredly was it no indifferent matter that the spiritual or the temporal power should succeed in the long struggle, of which the conflicts between Hildebrand and the Em-peror Henry IV., between Alexander peror Henry IV., setween Alexander III. and the Emperor Frederic I., between Archbishop A'Becket and Henry II. of England, between Inno-cent XI. and Louis XIV. of France, between Pius VII. and Napoleonwhich the exile in Avignon, and the sack of Rome by the troops of the Emperor Charles V., of which these events were but episodes. For had the secular power succeeded in its persevering efforts to make of the Empire, in 476, from the dawn of the Renaissance, at the close of the four teenth century—during all this long period the Church constituted the only basis whereon the fabric of the new civilization, that arose from the dust of the old one, could be reared during these hundreds of years the Church alone stood between this growing civilization and a return to complete barbarism. Those who talk so glibly about "papal aggres-sien" and "obscurantism" may be exceedingly deep in many things assuredly are they not deep in history. Any one who is able to form even a remote conception of the tremendous labor required in order to build up a new civilization on the rains of the old one—of the stupen dous efforts necessary to impos order and discipline on a wild and barbarous agglomeration of peoples
—will understand that the Church
had but barely sufficient force for the carrying out of so herculean a task. When we contemplate the anarchy prevailing in Europe in the fifth century; when we take into adequate consideration the wild, uncouth and undisciplined nature of the populations of Europe; when we see the economic, moral and intellectual conditions prevalent all over the Western world after the abdication of the last Roman emperor; when we essay to penetrate the depths of economic, moral and intellectual nisery to which such conditions had reduced Western society—then must power, at the incredible perseverance thanks to which the Catholic Church caused a new civilization, a new thanks to which the Church was able

The day that prayer dies in a Father White has been made acting man's soul he commits spiritual rector of San Silvestro's until permanent appointment is made.

many centuries, and to give place te

the pure light of Christianity.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The first missionary to compose a Chinese dictionary was an Irish priest, Rev. John McVeigh. After several years' work in China he came to America and died in Chicago.

The Marquis Giulio della Chiesa, Pope Benedict's brother, died on Sunday, April 11, at Pegil, near Genoa. Before the end came he received a special benediction "in articulo mortis" from His Holiness.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were only 120,000 Catholics in England; at the end of it there were 1,865,000. Seven years later there were 2,190,000, and the number is increasing every year.

The Japanese Government states that \$1,285,000 was sent to Japan during the past year for the preach-ing of the Gospel. Of this sum Cath-olics contributed \$115,000 and Protestants \$1,145,000. The same con-trast is noticeable all over the mission world, yet Catholic apostles are securing wonderful results in spite of their limited resources.

Rome, March 24.—The nomina-tion of the Right Rev. Thomas F. Kennedy, Bishop of Adrianople and rector of the American College, to be consultor to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fide, has been a source of deep gratification to this prelate's friends in Rome. It is an addition to the many honors paid the zealous Philadelphia churchman by

Professor Rostaing, the world-famous composer, now fighting for France in the European war, has written a new Mass dedicated to the Rev. Joseph Bosetti, choirmaster of the Denver Cathedral, a former pupil of his, and it was sung, for the time, in the local Cathedral on Easter Sunday morning. Professor Rostaing is affiliated with a Switzerland seminary.

This year a large Indian congress will be held in honor of the seventyfifth anniversary of the coming of the
famous Indian missionary, Father
De Smet, among the Sioux. The
celebration will take place on the
exact spot where the famous "black robe" baptized so many Yankton Indians, namely, near Greenwood, S.D., from July 80 to August 1, 1915. should be everlastingly grateful to the Catholic Church for having per-formed—the separation of the moral from the political power, and the consequent maintenance of the su-

In London, England, there are two churches or chapels where confessions are heard in Chinese, five where they are heard in Dutch, forty where one may confess in Flemish, eighty-eight in French, three in Gaelic, twenty-four in German, one in Greek, one in Hungarian, one in Lithuanian, one in Russian, two in Maltese, two in Polish, two in Portuguese, sixteen in Spanish, and thirtyeight in Italian.

Edward F. Campbell, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Victory, Paris, Texas, died recently at the age of forty seven years. He was ordained by the late Bishop Dunne for the diocese of Dallas twenty years ago. Some years ago Father Campbell andertook the publication of a menthly paper in connection with his mission work, setting the type and printing the paper himself. Under the name of The Antidote it Papal See a mere fief, then would Under the name of The Antidote it Western civilization have fallen a attained considerable reputation and "A census of the clergy of Irish blood would have to circle the globe. Of the Irish monks and nuns who have given themselves to a life of the control of the life of the supreme religious guide and have given themselves to a life of the control of the life of the supreme religious guide and have fallen a speedy prey to disintegration and distribution of the supreme religious guide and our cities, in the midst of our towns are fined works of the supreme religious guide and our cities, in the midst of our towns are fined works of the speedy prey to disintegration and distribution. In the long centuries that poisonous products of the numerous separated the downfall of the Roman anti-Catholic publications of the South.

Ousen Alexandra has purchased or rather begged for, the gift of a cruci-fix made by a Belgian soldier. This soldier, who is lying wounded in a British hospital, is a young seminarist and has been carving beautiful crucifixes out of the odd bits of wood and cigar boxes he could find. Queen Alexandra hearing of his skill wrote asking fer one of the crucifixes. A beautiful one was sent, and in return came a handsome leather bag packed with every kind of requisite or a soldier's comfort. The Queen Mother also sent her autograph portrait, on which she had written a uotation in Latin.

For the past few weeks says the N. Y. Freeman's Journal a strong campaign has been under way in the city of New Brunswick, New Jersey, by a Baptist missionary, to wean away Hungarians from Catholicity and eventually establish a Baptist Hungarian Church. The efforts of the missicnary not meeting with the success expected, he became more trenuous in his methods and arouse the ire of the Hungarians to such an extent that there will not be another proselyting campaign by the Baptists amongst the Austro-Hungarians for a long time to come.

Deep regret has been caused in Rome, and will be caused in English-speaking countries when the sad ntelligence becomes known there, by the death of the Very Rev. Father Delan, Procurator General of the Pallottine Fathers, and rector of the English speaking Church of San Silvestre, Rome. His passing away is a great loss. He was esteemed and leved by all who knew him en account of his affable and very obliging disposition, and always accorded a warm welcome to American Catholics visiting Reme. The funeral was held Wednesday, April 7. Father White has been made acting

ment. He noticed, however, that a candle was burning on the stand. Mechanically he extinguished it and returned to his place by the table in the front parlor, waiting the hour that brought in his servant to make ready his office. As the clock struck nine, he left the hotel, unseen. On his walk to his office, a horseman passed him on the street the sheriff.

passed him on the street, the sheriff to meet whom he knew his son was

then riding over the white countr

the precious document from his pocket. He thought he would re-read it; but as his eyes met the first

sentences, the paper fell from his hands. Instead of the carefully penned letters, he saw his cousin's white dead face, and the white dead

white dead face, and the white dead face of his cousin's wife. Then another face rose from the paper, the face of Teresa Martinez, also white and dead. Two other faces crowded in—the living, tortured faces of his sons as he had seen them that morning. He bounded from his chair, snatched up the document, and went to the wide morthed face.

went to the wide mouthed fire place. He knelt on the hearth and laid it

upon the scraps of papers which the servant had torgotten to destroy. He lighted a match, applied it to the paper, and watched the tiny flames curl around it, and as he watched he noticed that the writing which was

flames and in less than five seconds all that remained of Gerald Martins'

TO BE CONTINUED

A FRIEND INDEED

"Welcome," said the man, and

uninjured, he was considerably shaken by his fall, and desired to

rest for a few minutes. At sixty one

suggested the retreat he sought, and he entered the doorway which a more burly individual would have found

difficult of passage owing to the piled

up boxes of cheaply priced and more

he distinguished the bowed head of a

man, probably, he thought, the pro-prietor. Mr. Boyton laid his hand on the back of a chair a little distance from the counter. "Don't let me

from the counter. "Don't let me disturb you, and pardon my intrusion," he said, pleasantly. "May I sit here for a little while? I had a

a seat—nothing else."

The man behind the counte

small person, gray-haired and pale-had risen, and stood holding a book, making a place with one of his fingers. For an instant he stared at Mr. Boy-

ton, checked an exclamation and let

however, ere he realized

as was Mr. Boyton.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

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CHAPTER XX George Martins sat for a moment in deep thought; then, he ordered his horse and rode to Lexington. It

ed, save for a few negroes were deserted, save for a few negroes and white laborers. He passed through the quiet town until he reached the hotel. Here he dis-mounted and entering said to a porter

"Did Colonel Ingram get down from Frankfort last night?"
"No, sah! Least a-ways, he didn't come hyah," returned the boy. Mr. Martins made a gesture of annoy-ance. It was evident that he was at a loss to account for the non-arrival of his colleague and friend. After a moment, he again spoke: "How os his colleague and friend. After a moment, he again spoke: "How long until the stage arrives? An hour? My man doesn't open up my office until 8 o'clock, and I have some important letters to write; can you find me a room, Dave, where I won't he disturbed?"

"Dah ain't a spah room in de house, sah, 'ceptin' de fron't pahlah upstahs, an' de Spanish genulm'n's usin' dat. But he won't rize foh an ouah yet, an' ef yoh cah to write oh lettahs dah, Mistah Mahtin, I'll how yoh up, sah." Mr. Martins seemed to hesitate for

mr. martins seemed to nestite for a moment, then said, "See if the parlor is ready. Senor Martinez may have risen early this morning."

The boy obeyed and presently returned with the information that the gentleman had not left his sleeping

apartment. Mr. Martins went upstairs, and the negro, after seeing him seated, closed the door, and returned to his sweeping. When he knew himself to be free from surveillance, Mr. Martins crossed the room to the door which connected the parlor with Senor Martinez' sleeping room, and tapping on it, said, in a low voice, "I wish to see you immediately!"

Even as he spoke, the look was turned, and the gentleman was beside him. They greeted each other coolly, but George Martins saw, with a sense of shock and surprise, the ravages which harrowing thoughts, remorse and suspense had wrought upon his cempanion. If he had needed confirmation of the truth of his son's story, he found it on this his son's story, he found it on this

"In less than an hour, the stage from Frankfort arrives," began George Martins; "when I must go two bulky envelopes from his pocket,
'which the porter supposes I am up
here to write. I have business with
you, as of course you have surmised.
It must be dispatched in that length

There is a minute of the fifty wasted already by your preliminaries," remarked the other, who was flercely resenting his visitor's too close scrutiny of his altered face. "My American despatch is as ready for my use, sir, as is my Spanish leienry."

Mr. Martins smiled and wasted an other of the minutes in silent observation of his first-born; then he said, lowering his voice: "It has said, lowering his voice: "It has been discovered. I have come to

The hearer was about to utter haughty interrogatory, when George Martins lifted an authoritative hand: "American despatch, remember, not Spanish leisure—or lies! Before 9.30 o'clock the sheriff and his deputies will be in from their country homes. This house will be sur-rounded, and you will find yourself in the clutches of the law, charged with the attempt to assassinate the Democratic leader, St. John Worthington. Your life, then, will not be table a candle, burnt down to the

bitter smile. What's your game now, my father?" he sneered.
"I wish to save your life. I do not

face, but instantly he regained com-mand of himself and smiled his

want that document to be found upon your dead body. Now listen to me. This is Saturday, which brings to this town the people from the country and from adjoining counties. Among them there will be wild and men, with as little regard for human life-

'As Mr. George Martins or his In dian son," supplied the hearer, and at the words Martins' face darkened.
"If," continued Mr. Martins," it had not been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Mr. Frisbie was innocent of this deed, it would have been the duty of the sheriff to have taken him yesterday to Frank-fort. To have left him in Lexington jail to day would have been criminally to expose his life. You are unknown here, except as a friend of mine, I, according to their light, would profit by the death of St. John Worthington. They will not see in you, as the citizens of this town do, a Spanish gentleman, but a hired assassin, brought here by me, or other members of my party, to re-move their leader, and our hated foe. I need not tell you that human whether under a red skin or a white one. Revenge makes men mad. I tell you, you will never see the rise of another sun, if the men come to town to day in numbers and begin to indulge in liquor."

could be no mistaking the

was not easy to say. He was beginning to regain his habitual calm os indifference, which intercourse with men ever brought to the surface. It was only when he was alone that he was long in tumult.

"This is a queer harangue, and, if you will pardon me for saying it, a rather weak attempt to frighten me. I see no purpose in the one, no need of the other. Mr. Worthington has not spoken, I am sure. He will never speak until she gives him permission—and," his voice broke completely, "she will never speak." she will never speak."

"True," said George Martins, "you have closed her lips as effectively as

"Is she dead?" He gasped over the question, and George Martins making him to see that he noted his emotion, replied:

" Not yet. She was only breath

ing this morning."
"Mon Dieu!" Then, as if angere by the holy name, spoken in the lau-guage of his saintly teachers, he broke out: "And how the devil do you know anything about what hap-pened! What brought you here, you

ounning dog, with your web of lies?" Mr. Martins was getting his "Amer ican despatch" with a vengeance; but the clock on the mantelpiece showed that ten minutes of the fifty were

that ten minutes of the fifty were spent, and profitlessly.

"Before I say more, let me ask you to answer this question. Did I not deal caudidly with you in our last meeting? Did I deceive you? Did I make any false statement? I am come to deal as candidly with you this morning. I do not deny that my own interests were the prime motives which sent me here; but you must believe that I am sincere, that I am speaking the truth, else I am wasting time; and, unless you follow my advice, the time thus wasted you require to prepare for your death. It is known upon reliable authority that you persecuted Miss Martinez by your attentions, and when she refused to see you, you sent her a fused to see you, you sent her a threatening message by the servant. Mrs. Halpin, who overheard you, will confirm the evidence of the negro. You were observed by several to watch for Miss Martinez. On that particular evening you were seen to enter the street half an hour before the discovery of the bodies had been made. It is known that you are absent from the hotel for that length of time. Worthington has never said that he did not recognize the man who struck him, but that he the man who struck him, but that he was unknown to him. You and he are not acquainted, which is his meaning of the word. When asked directly, he will not equivocate. If you were cartain of a trial before judge and jury, the case might not be a severe one. St. John Worthington may not present you. But?" and may not prosecute you. But," and he paused effectively, "knowing the

excited feelings of the people, I am convinced that this is a matter which convinced that this is a matter which St. John Worthington's friends will take out of his hands and the law's hands. And," he paused again, longer this time, 'should you escape the wrath of those admirers and the natural re-sentment of Mr. Worthington, there is still Preston Martins to be reckoned with Let Torses die and he will with. Let Teresa die and he will pursue you throughout the earth to bring you to justice, for you will have taken from him something far dearer than life, the woman he loves — his

affianced wife. "Was it he who discovered this?" The words were fairly hissed out, and though he feared for the white son with the red son's enmity against him, the father answered.

The red of anger mounted to the face of the listener, leaving the scar on the nose outlined in dull white, but he gave no expression to the pas-sion which was tearing his soul, and instead, asked coolly:

"And confided his knowledge to

you?"
"And his intentions also," sup-

plemented the father.
"They dare not arrest me! I am
a subject of the Spanish King."

"Are you? Residence in a country, alone, does not make a man subject of its government," suggested Mr. Martins, and by the blackness that showed for an instant upon the face before him, he shrewdly guessed that his clever son had forgotten to secure the protection of the country he so admired. "Yet, even if you he so admired. "Yet, even if you could produce the necessary evidence, and had a body of Spanish soldiery to protect you, in addition, what effect, think you, would that have upon an angry mob? They would say hang him first, and then let the country settle with Spain afterwards."

Martins paused, and his son sat in silence, his eyes fixed on the wall. His observation of the people during the last few days, assisted by the recollection of many scenes witnessed in Cuba and the South American Martins spoke truthfully when he warned him that it is difficult to rewarned him that it is difficult to re-strain men, maddened by what they considered the outcome of plotting against their rights. He knew that if arrested his life was only worth the strength of the jail-door—and he had seen the jail! But was he to be arrested? He had only this man's word for it and no means of having it confirmed unless he chose to run the risk of seeing it disproved by the non arrival of the sheriff. He had sense to see that the way of prudence led him from Lexington, yet his hear was held to the spot. But free, he could plan and execute; imprisoned even if he escaped peril, he was

handicapped.
"I will spare my hospitable countr There could be no mistaking the sincerity and emotion of George Martins' voice and words; but what they aroused in the heart of his hearer it and consequent delay, I will still do

it. That stage goes from here to Paris, I believe, thence to Maysville on the Ohio? It will carry me away from her; but remember that it will also carry me back on another day." He was turning hastily away to make reedy for the stage coach, but George Martins interposed.

"Our interview is not yet over. I am not so foolish as to make myself accessory to my enemy's crime by warning him of his danger, without some powerful incentive. You are virtually a prisoner. You can purchase your freedom with that documents which were converting to the contract of th

ment which you carry in your Then, under the lightning hash of certitude, all was plain to his hearer. He saw the truth in every word that his father had spoken and knew that he could secure liberty only in the relinquishment of his birth-right For a moment he stood appalled. Fate was still on the white man's side, and he unclosed his lips and swore such an oath, that, godless man though he was, it chilled the blood in the veins of George Martins. Then he stood perfectly still and looked upon his father, who remem-bering that he was alone with this enraged creature in a sleeping house,

qualled.
"I've heard you!" at length the son
commanded, "Now, do you hear me!
I am caged, whether by your machinations, or your son's, I do not know.
My birthright, the sacrifice of my My birthright, the sacrifice of my revenge, is exchange for my release! The former leaves him in the possession of wealth which rightly should be shared with me; the latter secures you immunity from disgrace and punishment. Sooner than yield, I'll take my chance of trial by a judge, if I can get it; death by a mob if it must be. But whether a judge sentence me, or a mob hang me, be assured that I will not depart with my revenge unsated. In the courtroom or under the gallows tree, I shall proclaim the story of your shame, and demand of those who condemn me that they shall punish you as they will have punished me." you as they will have punished me."
For another moment he gazed with hatred on the face of his father; then turned and walked slowly back to his bedroom. The clock on the mantle-piece ticked out the minutes; sounds

of re-awakening life came from the various apartments; then, over the morning air broke the clear tinkle of bells, which announced the coming of the stage-coach. It would wait at the hotel twenty minutes for breakfast, after which time the long journey would be continued. Five minutes later, the bells ceased at the door beneath, and then the the door beneath, and then the porter mounted the stairs with the information for Mr Martin with the friend had not arrived, and to remind him that the coach would leave in a short time. The door closed and again Mr. Martins was alone. The clock ticked away five minutes; ten clock ticked away five minutes; ten minutes; the stage driver blew his horn, but still George Martins hoped that love of life was stronger in that maddened heart than desire for revenge. As the last notes of the clearly blown whistle died upon the morning air, the door unclosed, and his son stood before him. There were tears in his eyes and sobs in his

voice, as he said:

"Revenge is sweet, but life is sweeter. And Fate is still on your side! I am handing over my all, my all, to save the life you gave me. I did not ask to come, neither did you seek my permission. My life has been crimsoned by crime—crime of your fostering, my father! And my future will be cursed because of your unrelenting cruelty! Here it is, my all, my birthright, my inheritance!"
and he took the leather case from his pocket, opened it, drew out the precious document, gazed upon it brough his tears; then replaced it

in the case, and held it toward his cut to the offices that were his destina father.

He had not proceeded far father,
"Am I craven to love life better than my rights?" he asked, bitterly.
'Then look into your own heart and here see where I get that base spirit!

He thrust the packet into his father's hand and turned abruptly to the inner room for his hat and valise. As he passed the elder man on the way to the stairs, and noted the poorly concealed joy and triumph of that hated face, he paused for a moment, and hissed out:
"We part with victory on you

side. But remember that now I am a secret foe where before I was an open one. We shall meet again."
He hurried downstairs and meetin

the surprised proprietor announced his intention of paying a flying trip to the neighboring town of Paris. will be back the day after to-morrow he added. "Yes, a cup of coffee, that is all I have time for," as mine host shered the polite Spaniard into the dining-room, while outside the driver was blowing his last horn. The host's orders sent the servants flying hither and thither. It was a pretty state of affairs that a pretty guest, guest, and such a guest, should have to rush off in this fashion, after scalding his throat by hastily swallowing the hot coffee, behastily swallowing the hot coffee, because an unreasonable stage driver insisted upon starting at eight o'clock. In the meanwhile the porter was hurrying upstairs to remind Mr. Martins that the stage was leaving, and if his letters were to go by it they must be given to him that very instant. "Yes, boy, just through" and Mr. Martins hastily stamped the important looking envelopes and thrust them into the black hand. If the porter's usually observant aven the porter's usually observant eyes had had time to take in details, they would have seen that the ink had not been uncorked nor the pens moved from their places. When the door closed after the negro, George Martins took the stopper from the

inkstand, and dipping in a pen left it standing in the bottle. Then he rose and looking down upon the street saw the gaily painted stage-coach drawn by six horses, saw the negro give the two letters, saw the hotel keeper unfasten the door and assist Senor Martinez into the vehicle. The driver cracked his whip, setting the bells a jingling as the horses with one accord started into a quick trot down the deserted street. Then the watcher turned from the window. He clasped his hands over the document in his pocket and all the joy of his heart showed itself on his handsome face. Free! free! It mattered not whether Teresa lived or died; he need never again know a pang of fear; he would go down to his grave blessed by his wife's love and untortured by their son's abhorrence. As he was about to take his chair, the thought suddenly occurred to him that the willy departed guest might have left a criminating document behind. He noiselessly unfastened the door and entered the bedroom, but there was no scrap of paper visible, not even a writing implement. He noticed, however, that a candle was burning on the stand. Mechanically he extinguished it and tealthily, over the desk In ten minutes Mr. Boyton felt departure. "I am very much obliged to you," he said turning toward the counter. At first the bookseller appeared not to hear him. Then he raised his head as though politeness forced him to do so against his inclination.

lination. 28 % 0 0 0 anala. "You're very welcome. Good day," he said quietly, and bent over h

book again.

Mr. Boyton hesitated, said "Goodday" mechanically, and walked out of the shop. On the pavement he halted, and looked up at the board above the window and door—"James Carnachan, Bookseller."

feeling even more shaken than by his recent mishap; "to think of find-ing him here! Jamie Carnachan!"

ing him here! Jamie Carnachan!"

He turned to re-enter the shop, but abruptly changed his intention, and having hailed and secured a cab, was driven to the great offices where half a score of prosperous gentlemen sat around a large table waiting the advent of "Mr. Boyton of New York," whose signature would complete or whose signature would complete a financial deal calculated to increase still further their own prosperity and more than likely to wipe the names of a hundred or so less prosperous of a hundred or so less prosperous gentlemen from the map of commerce. The individuals round the table, it must, be mentioned, were anxious and fearful lest Mr. Boyton, whom none of them had met, should get the best of the bargain, as individuals are who want the best of the bargain for themselves, and they whispered virtuously, one with another, of his scruples and agreed that their own nation's interest be protected before everything.

They need, not, however, have excited themselves. Mr. Boyton arrived, drank a glass of water, and came to business, looking rather bored. The

business, looking rather bored. The matter was carried through far more speedily than anyone had anticipated. The nation's interests were duly protected, and after Mr. Boyton's departure — he refused several luncheons on the plea of other engagements—the prosperous gentle-men congratulated one another and came to the conclusion that he was not nearly as smart as they had feared, in that he might easily have cleared another hundred thousand ounds on the transaction

pounds on the transaction.

It was some minutes after Mr.
Boyton left the shop ere the bookseller raised his head. But he had
not been reading. He laid down the
book, and took up the morning paper,
turning the pages till he found the
"Commercial Notes."

noticed that the writing which was uppermost was the writing of his Indian son; those condemnatory, revengeful words which were traced with the fast congealing blood on the frozen plains of Raisin. The suction of the air up the chimney fauned the " Ay, ay," he murmured, presently though he didn't recognize me. No wonder—after nearly thirty years, and me with my gray beard. He's will and the Indian's poor claim to his rights was a little heap of ashes. a great man now—a millionaire, so they say. . . Ah! if—if my poor heart Beatrice had married him instead of me, she would have had—" He checked himself, and letting the

paper slip to the floor, he dropped his head in his hands.

His shop boy, his only assistant, came in from dinner, whistling, and Carnachan rose, and with a nod to the youth, went slowly up the back stair to his modest dwalling. The car started with a jerk, and Mr. Boyton's legs failed him. He sat down abruptly on the street and gazed after the car with a pained and

after the car with a pained and puzzled smile till a man caught him under the arm and, lifting him up, put him on his feet.

"Hurt?" inquired the man, handing Mr. Boyton his silk hat, and leading him to the pavement.

"No, just a bit surprised," Mr. Boyton anyward recovering his breath "Is your mistress awake?" he asked a small but cheerful featured maid who met him on the landing. She replied in the affirmative, and he softly turned the handle of the door nearest him and entered the room smiling. ton answered, recovering his breath and donning his hat. "Many thanks,"

No passerby on the street below building held such a chamber. I was furnished in exquisite taste and with all regard to comfort; bright, yet full of solace; orderly, but not stiffly so. Skillfully concealed were lighting, temperature and ventila tion, and noiseless blinds controlled the sunlight to a nicety. Every most modern contrivance for the promotion of human comfort and the prevention of irritation seemed to a man is apt to fall heavily, even if one be the reverse of stout and apparently in the best of condition, have a place in this room or in the smaller room adjoining, through the open door of which could be seen a little sturdy table on rubber-tired wheels, covered with a snowy cloth and daintily set with silver, cystal

of a repast. or a repast.

James Carnachan closed the door
behind him and crossed the room to
the bed where his wife had lain for or less damaged volumes. After the glare of the street the light in the shop seemed dim, and Mr. Boyton looked about him for a few minutes ere he perceived a short counter on which stood a desk, and behind which he distinguished the hamal hamal here.

nigh on ten years.
"Well, old lady," he said cheerily taking the hand she gave him, and bending to kiss her, "you were sleeping the last time I was up."

She smiled back to him. What

lovely woman she must have been "Yes, my dear, I did manage to steal an hour; you're bound to catch me napping now and then, aren't you? Are you ready for your din ner?" she asked, laying her finger a on a bell-button convenient to he slight fall outside just now, and it hand

"In five minutes, Beatrice," he re plied seating himself by the bedside "How's business to-day?" she in quired.

"Capital!" he rubbed his hands to gether and looked at her with the air of a man who just made a good bargain for himself.
"You're a wonderful man, Jamie

ton, checked an exclamation and let his book drop. He stooped and groped for it found it at last, and saying, "Certainly certainly, sir; take a seat," he resumed his own, and once more bowed his head.

Mr. Boyton expressed his thanks, and feeling no particular desire for conversation, apart from the fact that the book-seller appeared to be engrossed with his own affairs, he seated himself and fixed his attention on a company prospectus which he drew from his pocket, unaware that the book-seller several times raised his eyes to gaze earnestly, if she said, with a sigh of contentment "I don't know how you've kept things going so splendidly all these years, and I am such a drag upon you."
"Whist!" he murmured quickly.

"There is nothing wonderful about it when a man has a good steady business and plenty of wealthy clients."
"And an endless knowledge

books."
"Well, if you like," he allowed,
with a laugh. "Of course I ought to

know a little by this time," he on, "enough at any rate, to advantage of most buyers

"I don't believe you've ever advantage of anyone in all your life, she said warmly.

"Oh, haven't I? It's all you know, old lady. You've surely forgotten that little bit of business I told you about last week—the library. Eh?" "No, I haven't forgotten. It was a splendid profit you made, I know; but, all the same, my dear man, I don't believe you took advantage of

"Carlton," said Carnachan very

"Surely that wasn't the name.

it was Fairley." Her husband looked a little tused. "So it was. Funny my for-getting," he said hurriedly. "Well, I think I'll have a bite now."

She rang the bell, remarking as she did so: "It is funny your forget-ting the name of such a good client. I'm afraid you've too much to think about, Jamie. I'm a sad burden."

Carnachan regarded his wife very tenderly and reproachfully. "Please don't say that again, Beatrice." Her lip trembled as she stretched her thin hand toward his. There was a slight sound of disher

in the adjoining room, and presently the maid wheeled in the table. "Now Jamie," said Mrs. Carnachan, when the maid had gone, "I ordered a small bottle of the good claret, and you've got to take it. You've been looking rather white lately, and I'm a little tired of having all the luxur-

ies myself. Carnachan protested that he had never felt better and that he did not teel inclined for wine at the moment also that it was creating unnecessary

You can well afford it," she re turned, "so that's no excuse. Take it to please me."
"Of course I can afford it." he said

cheerfully, and he drew the cork orthwith. The meal was just finished when

word was brought that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Carnachan in the shop.
"Here's another thousand a year!"

said the bookseller, gayly, as he rose to obey the summons. "I'll be up again at soon as possible, dear." He kissed his wife and left the room briskly.

But going slowly down the stair
he thought, "If it's the man from
Causton Brothers I can't possibly
pay him." At the foot of the stair

he halted, and peeped cautiously into the shop. A tall, frock coated figure, not altogether unfamiliar was standing near the door, apparently en grossed in a box of old sermons came to him at once.
"Who is the gentleman, Henry?"

"A Mr. Boyton. Said he wanted to see you particular, sir. Didn't mind waiting."

Carnachan's mind went back to th brief but bitter quarrel of thirty years ago that had ended only with his engagement to Beatrice and Boy ton's sudden departure to the States Before the quarrel the two young men had been as David and Jona-

"Bill Boyton," sighed the book-seller to himself. "I'm glad he has done so well." And he became lost in a reverie till his lad, wondering,

inquired:
"Will you see the gentleman, sir?" At that moment another person entered the shop and advanced to the counter, where he seated him self and drew from his pocket a slip of bluish paper. The bookseller winced. "Tell Mr. Boyton," he whispered, "that—that I can't see

Just say I can't see him.' Was it shame or pride that decided

this answer ? He watched Henry deliver the message, and it seemed as if the tall figure were bowed as it passed through the doorway. When he had at last got rid of his other visitor, who left with a threatening air, he asked Henry if Mr. Boyton had said anything.
"Said he was sorry—very sorry-

not to have seen you, sir, as he going back to New York soon."
"Was that all, Henry?"
"That was all, sir," said the lad.

He kept hanging about his em-ployer, however, until the latter asked if he wanted anything.

"I—I wanted to speak to you, sir,

about—about leaving."
"Ah! Go on, Henry."

"It—It's not me that wants to leave you, sir, the lad said, awkwardly; "it's father. He thinks I haven't enough to do here, and I don't get experience." Mr. Carnachan nodded. "Things

have been very quiet lately," he said somewhat apologetically, "but—well, perhaps your father is right, but—but don't leave me for but—but don't leave me for a little while yet, my boy. I won'

theep you long, and—you might run out and get me an evening paper."

Henry nodded, an somehow he was compelled to spend several minutes behind a bookcase before he felt fit to be seen on the street. Carnachan was not left long to

himself. A carriage stopped at door, and soon he was greeting the occupant.
"Ah, doctor; I didn't expect to see

you again to-day. Are you going up-stairs." "No. I was passing, and thought

I would look you up for a moment. Your wife mentioned this morning that she thought I ought to prescribe you a tonic, but I didn't get the chance of telling you then."

"Oh, I'm not needing a tonic."

"Better let me give you something

just to please your wife," said the doctor smiling, but eyeing him carefully.

Give me a hogshead, then." said Carnachan with a laugh. Then suddenly his face changed, and he led the doctor into the recess at the foot of the stairs. "Doctor," he whispered, in agonized appeal.

As though he were a father dealing with a boy in distress the doctor laid his arm round Carnachan's shoulders. "Don't—don't ask me to say it again, dear fellow," he said hughily.

"Only a few days," murmured

Carnach

The doctor cleared his throat

"Make them as happy for her as you have made the past years," he said gently, "and thank God that you've been in the position to make the past years what they have been, for I tell you this, Carnachan, that of all the women I have known, your wife, with all her affliction, stands out as the very happiest."

"Do you mean that dooter?"

" Do you mean that, doctor ?"

"I do. I can offer you no greater comfort. I have done all I could, but it is as nothing to what you have done to keep her with you, by your loving kindness, and by the way you have surrounded her with every possible comfort and beauty and cheer. Now, I trust you to be strong. Realize that no human being, with all the world's means at his command, could have done more than you have could have done more than you have

In a little while the doctor returned to his carriage, and Carnachan seated himself behind his desk and stared about him at the shelves which were stocked with volumes of little value many of them mere rubbish. The many of them mere rubbien. The strong room was empty. A dozen years ago its contents had been valued at thousands of pounds. To-day business was dead. Year by year it had shrunk and withered, and now the book-seller had nothing to offer

either collectors or sellers. "Thank God, it lasted long enough," Thank God, it issed long enough,
the thought. "Perhaps it did help to
keep her here a little longer than they
said she could stay." His wife had
outlived the most definite medical
prophecies by nearly three years.

Henry laid the evening paper be fore him, and he took it with him when he went upstairs to tell his wife another grand stroke of busi-"But I mustn't forget the names

again," he said to himself gravely.
"I'll make it Hodge this time, and stick to it.' It was the last sweet lie he told

her. Two days later, as he sat by the bedside of his wife, who still lingered, a note was brought to him. It was from the lad downstairs and inclosed was a card. The note informed him that Mr. Boyton had called several times, and the card was penciled on the back with, "Can I be of any assistance in any way."

assistance in any way."

For the moment Carnachan was
tempted to send back a word of
friendship, but his pride flashed up.

"He has been making inquiries

and has discovered my financial state. It's kind of him, but what can his money do? I don't want it. When all's said and done, I've been the gainer and he the loser in this life.

I can't take his charity." And Carnachan sent down a polite message to the effect that he was much obliged,

but could not see Mr. Boyton.

A week passed and the beautiful chamber was vacant.

The bookseller sat at his desk,

sheets of paper covered with titles and figures before him. He had been a statement of his affairs, and now he had come to the conclusion that he was solvent, but no more. His own figures, however, did not of him; he had not thought of it.

An hour ago Henry had departed never to return, and it was proba-ble that the shutters he had put up would not be taken down again in James Carnachan's time. His business was at an end.

The light failed, and at last the

bookseller laid down his pen and bowed his head in his arms. Oh, God, I'm very lonely," he whispered. It grew dark, save for a glow from

a peep of gas near the door, which the boy had lit before he left. The outer door had been shut but not locked, and the breeze had swung it partly open. A tall figure entered the shop, and the bookseller raised his head.

Mr. Boyton approached the desk almost shyly. "Forgive me intruding," he said nervously, "and forgive me being so persistent. May I go on?"

Carnachan bowed. "I—I haven't come to offer help," Boyton continued. "I feel there is

nothing I can do to help you at such a time. But I've come to-to ask you for help."
"My help?" muttered the other

I'm lonely," whispered Boyton. " Lonely ?' Yes. I've had no real friend for

thirty years, and, oh, Jamie! I haven't the memory that you have—the memory of a good woman—a good wife.

Carnachan hid his face again, and, there was a long silence.

Boyton broke it. "I've been a busy

man, a successful man, if you like—and that's all. I've booked my passage for New York by tomorrow's steamer, but I wish I were done with the business there. If I had only one friend — one friend—it's the loneliness, Jamis, the loneliness—'
"Bill!" cried Carnachan in

choked voice, and stretched his hand toward his old friend.—J. J. Bell, in the Sunday Magazine.

Cleaned and Polished Quickly

by-

old Dutch

Cleanser

Chases

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

DEVOTION TO THE HEART OF MARY The Heart of Mary has always been an object of tender devotion among those who have tried to distinguish themselves in the service of God. The night of Our Blessed of the Infant the Infant God. The sight of Our Blessed Mother lovingly folding the Infant Jesus in her arms, or the more path etic sight of the broken hearted Mary at the foot of the Cross, has always and everywhere appealed to plous souls. To such souls the senti-ments that those scenes disclosed were no new revelation; they were were no new revelation; they were too evident to call for comment of explanation. Human hearts filled with love, or crushed and bleeding could read the Heart of Mary; and they found consolation in the lesson of her suffering and in her resigna tion to the will of God. How often men and women weighed the words the Blessed Mother locked in her heart the day she found her Divine Son in the temple! How often has the sword of sorrow which pierced her pure heart been bathed in the ionate tears of millions who could sympathize with her because their own hearts had also felt pange

Devotion to the Heart of Mary dates from Bethlehem and Calvary; yet, strange to say, a feast dedicated to it is of comparatively recent origin in the Church. It was only in the in the Church. It was only in the middle of the seventeenth century that a holy priest, Blessed John Eudes, undertook to propagate devotion to the Heart of Mary; he secured special privileges for his Congregation in France, but the formal Pontifical approbation of a feast was given by Plus VII. only in 1799. In 1855, Pius IX. extended the celebration of the feast of the Universal Church, these by congring up to us a new and thereby opening up to us a new and fruitful source of heavenly grace. Were we not accustomed to the

Were we not accustomed to the prudent methods of the Church, we ould be tempted to ask why it took her so long to give liturgical sanction to a devotion so amiable and so profitable to the souls of men. And still we should remember that the infinitely loftier devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus took centuries to receive the official impress of the Church. Only within the past couple of hundred years has devotion to the Sacred Heart been fully recog-nized, and even now its full develop-

ment has not been reached ment has not been reached.

The principles on which devotion to the Heart of Mary rests are the the God made man and necessarily receives the adoration due to a God infinitely good; while in the other it is a heart that throbbed in the bosom of a finite creature. But as Mary was the most perfect creature that ever lived, her heart calls for a veneration higher than that given to any other created object. The heart of ¿Jesus (is the symbol of His im-measurable love, made manifest in the sublime sacrifice of His life for men; the heart of Mary is the symbol of her motherly love, her species purity, her sublime resignation, and the other virtues which she heroic-ally practised during her lifetime

Heart of Jesus there are none al than those taught us by the heart of Mary, and for this reason we should study it and make it the object of our devotion. Many motives urge us to practise devotion to the Heart of Mary. In the first place, it is pleasing to her Divine Son in heaven. Even here on earth a son is pleasad to see his mother honored, and his pleasure will be gauged both by the dignity of the nother and extent of the honor that is paid her. Mary was not like other earthly mothers. Other mothers are ked mariners who have been rescued from the deep; the Immaou-late Mary was the lone passenger taken from the vessel before the bitter waves of sin had time to reach her. God had preserved her from original sin to make her worthy of Himself. "Thou art all fair, O Mary; the stain of sin is not in thee!" She alone of the human race had a heart this heart that Mary loved her Son; it was for His sake that a sword of pierced it through and sorrow pierced it through and through. Surely to honor a heart that loved Jesus so ardently and that He Himself loved and honored, must

be pleasing to Him. If devotion to His mother's heart is pleasing to Our Blessed Saviour, it must be notless gratifying to Mary herself; for when we honor her heart we pay a special tribute to that privilege of which she alone of all creatures was possessed. The title of "Immaculate" would appear privileges; it is her most precious treasure; it is, besides, the casket in which she keeps those heirlooms of the past, the words of her Divine Son, her own sword of sorrow and the

other souvenirs of Calvary. And even though her wounds are healed and count for little in her present glory, they are not forgotten. They are always present to her to remind her of how deeply she loved us and how much she suffered for us. It must surely please Mary when we, in our turn, open the casket of her heart and contemplate its contents; because our action shows her that we can understand and sympathize. She knows well that had we lived with her in Bethlehemor in Nazareth or had we been with her at the foot or had we been with her at the foot of the Cross, we would undoubtedly have shared her sorrows with her; and it consoles and gratifies her to see her children, even after nineteen hundred years, recalling those sorrows and loving the heart that was crushed

Last but not least, devotion to the

Heart of Mary is profitable to our-selves. An affectionate mother naturally rejoices at the confidence which her children repose in her.
This confidence, having in it nothing narrow, nothing petty, nothing selfish, expands a mother's heart and fish, expands a mother's heart and urges it to still greater lengths of love. And when a mother knows the weakness of her children and their need of help, her heart goes out to them; she will succor them according to the measure of their confidence and love. Mary is Our Mother. "Behold thy Mother!" exclaimed her dying Son to St. John on Calvary. Undoubtedly these words of Jesus her dying Son to St. John on Calvary.
Undoubtedly these words of Jesus
had a deeper meaning. What He
might have said was, "Behold thy
Mother whose heart is love, who will
love you as she loved Me; behold a
Mother whom you should love and
honor because I love and honor her,
a Mother whose hands will for all
time discourse the greace which I have time dispense the graces which I have destined for her children!" St. John understood Our Lord; he penetrated understood Our Lord; he penetrated the inner meaning of words that were not spoken and sipped the honey hidden in them. Accordingly he became the adopted son of Mary, the first of those millions who have gloried in the title of Children of Mary. We cannot, therefore, honor the heart of our heavenly Mother without drawing down upon ourselves Mary's love and favors; for Mary is loving; she is generous; she is the wonderful provider. The fathers and doctors of the Church reach the limits of their vocabulary not merely in dilating on her motherly goodness and generosity but also ly goodness and generosity but also in proclaiming the greatness of her

intercessory power. However, the great goodness and generosity of the motherly heart of Mary does not exempt her children from personal effort. She is not satisfied with us if we fold our arms ment has not been reached.

The principles on which devotion to the Heart of Mary rests are the same as those which authorize us to practice devotion to the Heart of Jesus; the difference that exists lies in the objects themselves. In the one case it is a heart united to the person of the Incarnate Word; it is a heart that throbbed in the bosom of the God made man and necessarily the God made man and necessarily their gramples all teach us that the their examples all teach us that the more we labor to purify our hearts the more liable are we to be loved by her and to feel the effects of her intercessory power. While, there-fore, putting before ourselves the heart of Mary as the object of our heart of Mary as the object of our love and imitation, and while calling on her incessantly to help us, we should, for her sake, ponder attentively on the duties of our lives; for her sake, we should examine our-selves in order to discover and avoid what might displease her; for her sake, we should watch over our own hearts, we should struggle against our own passions, battle against our own tendencies of character, resist our inclinations to evil. All this means personal work based on the comforting promises of her Divine Son and the strengthening examples of her own life: it is an active service which will bring its own reward. The fruits of practical devotion to the heart of Mary are purity of heart, submission to God's will, resignation in sorrow, and peace of mind. This last fruit is worth the seeking. True peace of mind is some-thing positive and real; it is the state of soul that looks at things as they are without being downcast. We may have reasons for regretting the past, but we are trying to atone for it; and relying on the intercessory power of our heavenly Mother and her readiness to help us if we ask we can face the future, confident that she will guide us safely over the

rocks and shoals we may meet in our journey through life. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

SCANDAL

A look, a gesture, and a sneer, a fool on mischief bent; and then upon its darksome way, a word of scandal went; the thoughtless one who turned it loose would fain have checked its the forty-two Trinitarians of Adare course; but on it sped to scatter far were executed to a man, because, course; but on it sped to scatter far grin sorrow and remorse. He knew ti was a coward's act, a monstrous thing to do and tried his best to head it off, but how that scandal flew! A hundred people started out its horrid wrath to tame, but where it to be the one that appealed to her the most, the one she valued above all others. When she appeared to little Bernadette, at Lourdes, she did not say that she was "Queen of Heaven;" she did not ask to be addressed by any special title; she simply said "I am the Immaculate Conception." Her Immaculate Heart is the source whence spring all her privilegas; it to be addressed in the surface whence spring all her privilegas; it to be addressed to life and worst he guise of truth. It were in its dart. It turned the sunshine into gloom, it broke a tentor of the source whence spring all her privilegas; it to be addressed to life and worst her surface with the spotless page was never quite the same; they fought it, killed it, buried it, they thought it gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he suite of truth. It were it went the spotless page was never quite the same; they fought it, killed it, buried it, they thought it gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he suite the sum; they fought it, killed it, buried it, they thought it gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he suite the sum. It went the spotless page was never quite the same; they fought it, killed it, buried it, they thought it gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he suite the sum it is dart. It turned the sunshine into gloom, it broke a tentor of the sum is the source whence spring all her to send a word worst heaven it went the spotless page was never quite the same; they fought it, killed it, buried it, they thought it gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he sum it is gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he sum it is gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he sum it is gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he sum it is gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he sum it is gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he sum it is gone, forsooth; but by and by it came to life and worst he sum when it's gone, no power on earth can ever call it back; it grows more

"IRELAND, NURSE OF Cooking Utensils, HEROES"

Our title is taken from the first words of the Papal Decree, published in Rome on St. Patrick's Eve, con-cerning the "Bestification or Declar-ation of Martyrdom" of over three hundred children of Ireland. The Decree recites that the Sacred Con-Decree recites that the Sacred Congregation of Rites, acting on the investigatory process of the Ecclesiastical Court of Dublin and the wishes of "the whole Catholic nation of Ireland," and having heard the presentiments of Mgr. O'Riordan, Relator Cardinal Vannually Postulator and Cardinal Vannutelli, Postulator, and Mgr. Verde, Promoter of the Faith, decided that the Commission for the Introduction of the Bestification of 257 Servants of God and certain of their associates should be instituted, and that the Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV. ratified their judgment, and with his own hand signed the Commission of Introduction. Thus after three hundred years of the world's obloquy or oblivion, have its judgments been reversed by the highest court under heaven, and the representative types of the many it condemned to ignominious and painful deaths have been gloriously vindicated. And not these alone, but with them all the long, unbroken line of Ireland's martyrs. The opening sentence reads: Cardinal Vannutelli, Postulator, and

ing sentence reads:
"In Ireland, nurse of heroes, be-"In Ireland, nurse of heroes, besides the countless athletes of Christ
who fell in the unbridled and furious
persecution waged against Catholics
in the sixteenth and seventeenth
centuries and whose names, unknown
to men, are written in the Book of
Life, many known by name and fame

still live in the memory of men."

Besides the two hundred and fifty Besides the two hundred and fiftyseven martyrs named, the Decree includes three bands of forty Cistercians, thirty-two Dominicans, and
twenty-four companions of Prior
MacFerge, O. P., and several other
unnamed associates of martyrs, so
that the total number of Irish
witnesses of the Faith declared admissible to the Charch's altars witnesses of the Faith declared admissible to the Church's altars approaches, if it does not exceed, three hundred and seventy. Ven. John Travers, O. S. A., one of several Irishmen included among the English martyrs, was executed in 1587, but already thousands had preceded him. Henry VIII., in the very year of his revolt, proclaimed his spiritual supremacy in Ireland, and also the penalties of death and confiscation against all who should deny or con-travene it, and appointed Brown, an English apostate monk, Archbishop of Dublin to execute his designs. He found but one bishop of Irish birth who accepted his supremacy, to the Church. Therefore, against the bishops was his first fury directed and with them, and even more drastically, against the religious Orders, because the monks and friars were faithful and revered, and friars were saithful and revered, and the monasteries were numerous and rich. But he found the prosecution of such matters more difficult than in England. Brown wrote that, "This Island hath long been held in ignorance by the Romish orders," and "The common people of this isle are more zealous in their blindness than the saints and matters was in than the saints and martyrs were in truth at the beginning of the Gospel."

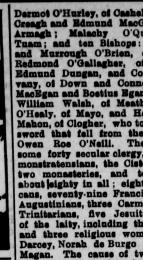
Not only the people. "The forward-ness and obstinacy of the clergy," wrote the King's agents to Chan-cellor Cromwell, "from the beginning of the Parliament and at this session, both of them, the bishops and abbots, was such that his lordship should be advertised thereof." He was : with the result that the spiritual representatives were excluded from all par mentary voice, and a packed parliarenounce the Pope and acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the King, "Shall suffer the pains of death and other penalties in the case of high treason," and that all the monasteries of Ireland, "with their lands, tene-ments, jewels, goods, chattels," shall

be confiscated to the King. All this was carried out with a literal and exhaustive comprehensive-ness and an ingenuity of rigor for Rome or Japan present a parallel The Commission appointed to execute the King's decree found "The regulars and nuns so addicted to the pesti-ferious doctrines of the Romish Pontiff" that they had to be removed and in what fashion we gather from one of their reports in the State papers of the same year :

"At Waterford we kept sessions, where were put to execution four felons, accompanied with another thief, a friar, whom we commanded to be hanged in his habit, and so to remain upon the gallows for a mirror to all his brethren to live truly."

The mirror was exhibited wherever the King's law ran and gradually by his successors through the length and breadth of the land. In 1589, despite many inducements of high office and preferment, they declared the Vicar of Christ the only Head of the Catholic Church and the King of England, "the Head of the synagogue of Satan ;" and in the same year the fifty members of the rich Trinitarian Convent of Dublin, and the forty-six Trinitarians of the Holy Cross in Limerick, were exterminated—some beheaded, some hanged, others cut to pieces with axes, or boiled in oils, or dragged through the streets at the tails of horses, and so on through every ingenuity of torture. And yet but two Trinitarians are glorified in the recent decretal. Cardinal Moran's explanation has wider significance

"The other convents of the Trini. tarian Order, Cork, Kilkenny, Ross, Dundalk, Galway and Cashel, showed



the same fortitude. All were plun-dered of whatever they possessed and there was not one of them but was adorned with the palm of martyrdom. So universal, indeed was the ruin that fell on this relig ious Order that all vestige of it has disappeared from the subsequent history of our Church."

So severe has been the discrimina-tion of the Sacred Congregation, owing to the destruction of judicially convincing records, that the name of Bishop Conor O'Neill, of Limerick, cial of the Trinitarians and a record of the princely O'Neills of Tyrone, does not appear in the Decree. Consulted by King Henry on his projected divorce from Queen Catharine, Bishop O'Neill firmly declared against it, and, with all his community, was punished accord-ingly. In St. John's Cathedral he pronounced the King's commands pronounced the King's commands heretical, and anathematized him and all his supporters. On the same evening he and his community were executed, with various degrees of ingenious ferocity; and this became, forthwith, the order of the day in Ireland—excepting the short reigns of Mary and of James II—with all of Mary and of James II—with all the religious Orders and the secular clergy and the distinguished or influential, and at every period of stress, with the whole recusant latby; for in fidelity to Rome and invincible endurance of heretical oppression all classes were as one. The martyrs of Drogheda and Wexford and Cashel went into the tens of thousands, but the martyrs beof thousands, but the martyrs be-tween and before and after these events were many times more num-erous. The "Four Masters" con-

"There was not a monastery from Aran of the Saints to the Aran of the Saints to the locian Sea that was not broken and scat-tered. . . . Great as was the persecution of the Roman emperors against the Church, it is not prob-able that so great a persecution as this ever came upon the world; so that it is impossible to tell or nar-rate its description unless it should be teld by one who saw it." be told by one who saw it."

Such a description may be attained in some degree by the students of our day. The accounts of Father Richard Goold, the Trinitarian Professor at Alcala, of O'Sullivan Bearr as stout with the pen as with the sword; of Fathers Rothe, Wadding and Bruodin, O. S. F., include all that was published up to 1669: and practically nothing further appeared until, in 1861, Cardinal Moran commenced his volumes on the martyrs. The first general catalogue of the Irish martyrs had been compiled by Father John Houling, S. J., in 1599; the next was entrusted, after three centuries, to his brother Jesuit of Ireland, Father Denis Murphy, S, J, death, completed the authentic story of "Our Martyrs." The Irish Epis-copate entrusted the continuance of this work to Mgr. O'Riordan, whose imperishable "Catholicity and Proimperishable "Catholicity and Progress in Ireland" marked him as the most appropriate defender of the cause of Ireland's martyre. The result is the comprehensive and most gratifying Declaration just issued by Benedict XV.

Four Archbishops head the list:



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Dermot O'Hurley, of Cashel; Richard Creagh and Edmund MacGauran, of Armagh; Malachy O'Queely, of Tuam; and ten Bishops: Terence and Murrough O'Brien, of Emly; Redmond O'Gallagher, of Derry; Edmund Dungan, and Conor O'Devany, of Down and Connor; Owen MacEgan and Boetius Egan, of Ross; William Walsh, of Meath; Patrick O'Healy, of Mayo, and Heber MacMahon, of Clogher, who took up the sword that fell from the hand of Owen Roe O'Neill. There follow some forty secular clergy, two Premonstratensians, the Cistercians of two monasteries, and ten others, about sighty in all; eighty Dominicans, seventy-nine Franciscans, ten about leighty in all; eighty Dominicans, seventy-nine Franciscans, ten Augustinians, three Carmelites, two Trinitarians, five Jesuits, fifty-six of the laity, including three ladies, and three religious women, Brigid Darcey, Norah de Burgo and Norah Magan. The cause of twenty-three others is postponed for further proof. It is a glorious catalogue, representing every clan and class and calling, and every strain of blood of Celt and Norman and Saxon, whose common fight for a common faith, more than any other influences, made all alike "Kindly Irish of the Irish." As we have seen, the list

Irish." As we have seen, the list could be indefinitely enlarged, excould be indefinitely enlarged, except perhaps for technical difficulties. Archbishops Gibbons of
Cashel, and Talbot, of Dublin;
Bishops Laoy, of Limerick, and
Tanner, of Cork, only fell short of
martyrdom in that they died of sufferings in prison, and not by the axe;
and the records show that averand the records show that every martyr, in each class is representa-tive of thousands, and that Ireland's ancient title may now be extended to Insula Sanctorum Doctorum e Martyrum.—Michael Kenny, S. J.

THE FORGIVING HEART

We say that we love the Sacred Heart. We wish to be numbered amongst the friends, the lovers of Jesus. But, whilst we cherish any feeling of revenge, of bitterness, whilst we refuse to forgive from our hearts all who have injured us, never can we call ourselves the friends of Our Divine Saviour, Who forgave his murderers as He hung dving on His murderers as He hung dying on His cross, and pleaded for their for-giveness with His Eternal Father;

The Sacred Human Heart of Jesus is our model in all things. Let us, then, draw near to Calvary and learn from the example of that most merciful Heart how we are to treat those who have wronged us or injured us. who have wronged us or injured us.
"Father, forgive them, for they know
not what they do!" Ah, surely with
these words of the dying Saviour
ringing in our ears, we shall not dare
to cherish feelings of vindictiveness,
to refuse to forgive. Jesus, the ManGod, the All-Holy One, dying in unutterable torments, pardons the guilty wretches who have crucified Him, excuses them, and pleads for their forgiveness with His Heaven. And we, miserable sinners, shall we refuse forgiveness to our enemies? Ah, no! Let us kneel at the foot of the cross, and there let us tell our dying Lord that henceforth and forever we shall banish from our hearts all unkindness, all bitterness, all rancor; that we pardon wholly and unreservedly those who have injured us, no matter how deeply; that not alone do we pardon them, but that we are ready and willing to do them good, to succor them in their need. Never again shall we know what it is to cherish enmity towards

onyone.

Acknowledging the mercy of the Sacred Heart by which our countless sins have been forgiven, in all humility let us offer this utter surrender of all vengeful feelings as an act of love and reparation to that Heart so constantly and so deeply wounded by inners. Let us resolve that we, at least, shall never cause that dearest sweetest Heart a pang by our bitter, unforgiving thoughts and actions.

Let us do this, and the peace of the Sacred Heart, that peace which passeth all understanding, will inundate our hearts, our souls. As we have lorgiven those who injured us, so shall we ourselves be forgiven, and thus forgiven we shall attain to the possession of those eternal joys con-cerning which St. John tells us that those who enter into them, "shall no more hunger, nor thirst, neither shall the sun fall upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the throne, shall rule them and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life. . . . And night shall be no more; and they shall not need the light of the lamp, nor of the sun, because the Lord God shall enlighten them, and they shall reign for ever and ever."—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE NAME ABOVE ALL OTHER NAMES

"Profanity, above all the profan-ation of that heaven-born Name, is one of the widest spread and foulest public sins of American people,"
says St. Anselm's College Monthly.
"You know it because you hear it
daily. Who dare profane the Name
of Jesus? The Jew, the Infidel, the
Mohammedan? No. Men, who, if forced to an honest answer will confess they believe in Him, and expect, perhaps, to be saved through Him. Strange inconsistency, is it not? Men respect and revere the names of their parents, their wives, their civil rulers, their political heroes. An insult to the name of one of these will cause the hot blood to rise, perhaps the fist to shoot out and fell the

offender. But if it is the Name of Jesus? Another inconsistency. Do not insult the holiest of names. Do not permit it to be trampled upon by others. You would, if duty called you, rush into the smoke and din of battle behind a brave captain. Then, if you really call yourself Christian, do not deny your leader. Rally behind Him. Fight for Him and with Him against His enemies.

AN IRISH WIT

Like most of his countrymen, John Philipot Curran was noted for his ready wit. He often raised a laugh at Lord Norbury's expense. The laws at that time made capital pun-ishment so general that nearly all crimes were made punishable with death by the rope. It was remarked that Lord Norbury never hesitated to send a man to the gallows. Dining in company with Curran who was carving some corned beef, Lord Nor-

bury inquired :
"Is that hung beef, Mr. Curran?" Not yet, my lord; you have not tried it.

One day, when out riding with Lord Norbury, they came to a gallows and pointing to it the judge said : "Where would you be, Curran, if that gallows had its due?"
"Riding alone, my lord."

A rich barrister who had no overplus of brains once said sententiously:
"No one should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent landed property."

"And pray, sir," asked Curran, may I ask how many acres make a wiseacre ?"

Curran once met his match in a jolly, pert son of Erin. Curran much desired to make his witness deny himself. In a towering wrath he finally exclaimed:

"Sirrah, you are incorrigible. I see the villain in your face." "Faith your honor," said the witness, "my face must be mighty clane and shining if it can reflect like that."

For once the great barrister was floored, and his case went against

During Curran's last illness his physician observed one _____ that he coughed with great difficulty. "That's rather surprising," said Curran, "as I've been practicing all night."

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the others, stories of adventure of mystery.

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and righteous living.

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darker shades.

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Lamothe. This is a capital novel with plenty of "go" in it.
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DWDON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1915

NOT THE WHOLE TRUTH "Christianity — and here is its highest merit—has in some degree softened, but it could not destroy, the brutal German joy of battle. When once the taming talisman, the Cross, breaks in two, the savagery of the old fighters, the senseless Ber-serker fury of which Northern poets sing and say so much, will gush up anew. That talisman is decayed and the day will come when it will piteously collapse. Then the old stone gods will rise from the silent ruins, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. Ther, with his giant's hammer, will at last spring up, and shatter to bits the Gothic cathedrals."

When the bombardment of the cathedral of Reims seemed to fur nish a literal fulfilment of the prophecy this passage from the German Jewish writer, Heinrich Heine, (1797-1856) was embodied in a letter to the London (Eng.) Times and thence found its way to the columns of the press everywhere.

The writer of the letter added that Heine "foretold that at the head of the new barbarians would be found the disciples of Kant, Fichte and Hegel, who by a regular, logical and historical process, which he traced back to the beginnings of German thought, had shorn the talisman of its power."

J. Woulfe Flannigan, in the current number of The Month, points out that the letter told the truth, but not the whole truth. The passage is taken from Heine's "History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany," 1834. Here Heine traces the process, not only " to the beginnings of German thought" but to a man - Martin Luther. And Luther was to Heine the greatest and " the most German man of German history, the person ification of the German character.

Of Christianity "during eighteen centuries" Heine speaks with rever ent admiration. "It was providential divine, holy." It "tamed the bestiality of the northern barbarians," it bound the nations together by a common feeling and a common language." "Eternal honor is due to the symbol of the suffering God. of the Saviour with the crown of thorns, of the crucified Christ, whose blood was as the soothing balm which ran down into the wounds of mankind."

But the symbol has lost its meaning and its power. The heal no more. Of German Protestantism he speaks with centempt, of German Catholicism with hatred and contumely. " Pantheism is the hidden religion of Germany." That is the ultimate result of the "great religious revolution" wrought by the godlike brutality of Brother Martin," for the "philosophic revolu tion" which led up to pantheism was " nothing but the last consequence of Protestantism."

In the Reformation Heine saw and welcomed a movement which was the forerunner of the French Revolution, and of that greater and more terrible upheaval in Germany, to which he looked forward with confidence and joy.

Lessing, says Heine, "was the con tinuator of Luther. As Luther freed Germany from tradition, so did Lessing free her from the letter of the Bible." "You have redeemed us from the yoke of tradition" cries Lessing himself to Luther. "Who will redeem us from the yet more intolerable yoke of the letter ?"

How far German rationalism had gone towards "freedom" even in that day is evident from the following :

"It is touching," says Heine, "to read the straits to which poor Herder was put with the candidates in theology when he had to examine them as Protestant preacher. He no longer dared to question them about Christ the Son. He was glad enough when they conceded to him the bare existence of the Father."

Heine notes the close relationship between Protestantism and free-thinking in Germany :

The two are related, related, indeed, as mother and daughter. . German

philosophy, though she ranks here self alongside the Protestant Church and even wishes to rise above her, still remains only her daughter. The mother, he declares, is to have one child more. When the German people see into the usurpations of the spirit and vindicate the rights of the fiesh, there will come "The Revolution, that great daughter of the Reformation."

"With the overthrow of the old loctrines of Faith," he declares, "the old moral doctrines are also uprooted. Still, the Germans will yet oling long to these." The habits fostered by centuries do not perish all at once with the dogmas which have moulded them; but the decay is continuous, though it is not com-

"A methodical people like ours, it eems to me," Heine says, "must begin with the Reformation. Only after that could they busy themselves with philosophy and only after the completion of both should they proseed to a political Revolution."

"Communism is the natural result of this changed view of the universe, and it is spreading all over Germany.
It is so natural a phenomenon that
the proletarians, in their attack
against the subsisting order, have the most advanced intellects, the philosophers of the great school, as their leaders. They are proceed-ing from doctrine to action—the last ing from doctrine to action—the last goal of all thought—and are formula ing their programme.

The great war has anticipated, perhaps delayed, the great Revolution compared to which, according to Heine. "the French Revolution might seem a harmless idyll." It may be that the ruling classes in Germany fostered militarism and brought on war as an antidote to the poison that was working in the veins of the people. But in any case, we may hope that the servile and parasitic dependence on German religious and philosophic thought will have received a permanent check in the English speaking world. The rude sheck of war will force many to examine the sources and tendencies of that kultur now an object of derision. but lately the fetich of English. speaking scholars and divines.

Father Drum, S. J., in the Ecclesiastical Review, tells of a conversation with Pius X. in 1907 in which our late Holy Father said :

"Quelli sapientini ! (those wiseacres) -because they have read a few pages of an arrogant German rationalist, they take themselves more seriously than they take the Fathers of the Church—quelli sapientini !"

It will take second hand German rationalism some time to recover its anti-bellum prestige.

> WAR-TIME PASSION AND PREJUDICE

"Every possible atrocity apper-tains to this rebellion. There is nothing whatever that its leaders have scrupled at. Wholesale massacres and torturings, wholesale starvation of prisoners, firing of great cities, piracies of the cruelest kind, persecution of the most hideous character and of vast extent, and finally assassination in high places—wha ever is inhuman, whatever is brutal, whatever is fiendish, these men have resorted to. They will leave behind names so black, and the memory of deeds so infamous, that the execration of the slaveholders' rebellion will be eternal."

This is an extract from the editorial page of the New York Times of April 17th, 1865, just after the assassination of the great and good President Abraham Lincoln. How familiar it sounds. Change a word or two and we have the impassioned denunciation of German barbarity that may be read any day and every day in our papers. Another trifling modification and it would stand for the average German appreciation of the ruthless and conscienceless policy of envious and supremely selfish England. "Whatever is inhuman, what ever is brutal, whatever is flendish!' The author of the hymn of hate would

find it difficult to improve on that. During the South African war the Boers were held up to execration a faithless and ruthless savages constantly abusing the white flag, the red cross and all the usages of civilized warfare.

Yet the North and the South soon united as brothers and fellow-citizens of a greater country purified as well as unified by the great fratricidal war. Boer and Briton in South Africa worked side by side in mutual respect and mutual confidence for the welfare of their common South African home in the short interval of peace ; and again in war they stand side by side in armed defence of their mmon country.

There are many evidences that in this War the soldiers in the field fight and die without hating, despising or reviling each other. This is left to the arm-chair warriors at

ome who think they thus discharge heir patriotic duty to their country. Amid the horrors of this War, and amid its glories too, to remember these things may help to soften unworthy antipathies, to allay unworthy passions, and to recall the claims of Christian charity.

Is there not for us, whose cause is even greater and more sacred, more fraught with momentous conse quences to humanity, something to learn from the great and humble Christian President whose tragic figure dominates the history of the great Rebellion ?

"Probably all men in all quarters of the world, who read President Lincoln's last Inaugural Address, were impressed by the evident tone of solemnity in it, and the want of any expression of personal exultation. There he stood, after four years of such trial, and exposed to such that each obligant as no other such hate and obloquy as no othe great leader in modern history ha experienced, successful, re-elected, his policy approved by the people and by the greater test of events, the terrible rebellion evidently coming to its end, and he himself now certain the second archive. to its end, and he himself now cer-tain of his grand position in the eyes of history—and yet not a word escaped him of triumph, or personal glory, or even of much hopefulness. We all expected more confidence— words promising the close of the war and speaking of the end of our war and speaking of the end of our difficulties. Many hoped for some definite line of policy to be laid out in this address. But instead, we heard a voice as if from some prophet, looking with solemn gaze down over the centuries, seeing that both sides in the great contest had their errors and sins, that no speedy victowy could be looked for and rest victory could be looked for, ar that the great Judge of the world would certainly give success to right

THE CAPITAL LIFE

ASSURANCE CO. Some weeks ago we published the Annual Statement of the Capital Life Assurance Company for the year 1914. The Company appears to have made a good showing in an unusually hard year. As the report points out, a policy of retrenchment was pursued, and if the business written was somewhat less than for the previous year, the expenditure was less also. The increase of assets by over \$40,000 during the year is noteworthy, and the classes of insurance making up the total of approximately \$2,500,000 in force at the end of the year appear to be of a very high standard. The Company maintains not only the full reserves required by the Dominion Insurance Act, but has voluntarily set for itself a higher standard by increasing this amount by some \$7,800.

It is particularly gratifying to find that our leading Insurance and Financial Journals, whose duty it is to know whereof they speak, rate the Capital Life as sound and progres-

Canadian Insurance said a year ago: "Keep your eye on the Capital Life. It looks like being one of the soundest of new companies," On March 10th, 1915, it has this review of the work during 1914:

"The Capital continues to make that sound progress which those who recognized its admirable start quite cted. The assets have increased to \$239,695, from a little under \$200, 000, and the surplus, excluding capi tal, is \$147,085, plus \$7,780 reserve held above government basis of valuation, making a total surplus of \$154,765. As this is very little less than the surplus last year, it means to say that the Capital has been able to maintain itself in its third year with the expenditure of very little capital. That is in some ways a really wonderful achievement. The other chief item to notice is that although the premiums increased by \$14,000 the expenses increased by

only \$500." Any Canadian Company which keeps proper reserves and honestly complies otherwise with the Insurance Law is safe to insure with, and we have no hesitation in recommending the Capital Life to the public. The progress which it has already made and its prospects for the future will be pleasing to the numerous readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD who are friends of the Company.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY. SRVEN NEW IRISH MARTYRS

Rome moves slowly. More than s dozen years ago, when the writer was a student in the great Irish missionary college of All Hallows, a degree was promulgated by His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, authorizing the preliminary proceedings in the process of canonization of a multitude of the sons and daughters of the Island of Saints martyred during the persecutions of Henry VIII. Edward VI., James I., Elizabeth and Cromwell And now after the lapse of all those years, we learn that Ben-

edict XV. has signed the Decree that authorizes the introduction before the Congregation of Rites of the Cause of Beatification and Canonization of two hundred and fifty-seven of the servants of God named in the preliminary process. The glorious news will bring satisfaction and joy to the Irish people, and Catholics generally throughout the world.

Amongst the two hundred and fifty-seven martyrs who will thus, in due time, be raised to the altars of the Church, we find Archbishops and Bishops, priests, secular and regular, laymen and laywomen. The mere enumeration of their names is like a census of an Irish parish. The O's and Mac's are there in abundance. The Kellys, Burkes, and Sheas are there also, proclaiming to the world that it is not alone for King and Country that the " Fight. ing Race" know how to die. Four Archbishops, ten bishops, thirtyseven secular priests, and a great multitude of Franciscans, Augustinlans, Carmelites, Jesuits, Domini cans, Cistercians, Trinitarians and Premonstratensians are numbered in the glorious register. Fifty laymen and six women complete the muster. Twenty-three names mentioned in the preliminary investigation are omitted for the present, as it has been deemed advisable to ask for further evidence in connection with

Whilst it is readily admitted that lengthy as is the above list, it can by no means be taken as a complete martyrology of those troublous times, since, as the decree expressly mentions, the greater number of the champions of Catholicity who fell in the unbridled and furious persecution waged in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are unknown except before the Court of God, yet it will surely be a proud day for Ireland when this shining phalaux of martyrs is raised to the altars of the Church. As our contemporary Rome reminds us, the process of Beatification will take some years for its completion, since even where the evidence is most clear and convincing the Holy See moves with the utmost caution. Yet we can now rest assured that the complete and public justification of these servants of God will, in the not very remote future, bring joy to our hearts. And when that glad day dawns, time in its revolutions will have forged one more link in the chain of evidence that secures for Ireland the proud title of the COLUMBA. Island of Saints."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE HAD occasion a year or two ago to pass in review certain English men of letters of varying degrees of celebrity who prior to the nineteeth entury had either become converts to the Catholic faith or had in their lives and work been more or less influenced by Catholic ideals. Among the latter were classed Shakespeare Milton (Puritan though he Scott, Byron and Wordsworth. The controversy as to the real religious satisfactorily solved, but that he was familiar with Catholic doctrine and found his inspiration therein can scarcely be doubted by the careful student of his plays. He spoke the language of the Church and found his best loved heroes and heroiner in the ranks of her devout children.

AMONG THOSE who, starting from extreme Protestantism, eventually found their way into the Church in the century following the separation of England from the Holy See, must ever be mentioned with honor the name of Thomas Lodge. Lodge occupies a place of his own in Engish literature, and while his name has ceased to be familiar to the multitude, the influence he had upon the Bard of Avon, if for no other reason, will preserve it from extinction. His life was contemporary with Shakes. peare's throughout, and although their paths later diverged, Lodge was one of the familiar friends which the great dramatist had gathered about him in his Monkwell street home and who were the means of opening to him that vein of pure romance which has made all the world his debtors. Some account of the life of such man may not be unacceptable.

SOME UNCERTAINTY surrounds the year of Lodge's birth, although usually reckoned as between 1555 and 1558. Certain it is that he was not ye twenty five years old when his mother died in 1579, and was as certainly past that age at his father's death in 1583. His father, Sire Thomas Lodge, who was a London poetical and deamistical productions grocer, claimed honorable descent were unequal but in his best songs he

and was so well regarded by his fellow citizens as to have been elected Lord Mayor in 1568—the year of the Plague. His mother was the daughter of another Lord Mayor, Sir William Laxton. Thomas entered the Merchant Tailors' School in 1571, and ocerding to Wood, was at Oxford about 1578, being entered at Trinity College, destined two and a half centuries later to be the first Oxford home of another famous convert John Henry Newman.

Longe TOOK his B. A. degree in 1771, and in the following year en tered as a law student at Lincoln's Inn. His mind, however, at this time was set on literature. Under the influence of John Lyly, his contemporary at Oxford, he had already written poetry and plays and in 1580 published "A Defence of Plays" in reply to Gosson's "School of Abuse." In 1584 appeared his "Alarum against Usurers," a prose treatise against what was called "coney datching." 'Glaucus and Scilla," published in 1589, introduced to English literature a class of posm which counts among its later adepts, Shakespeare, Keats and Wordsworth. It is described as a "minor epic treated romantically," and Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" is certainly a direct imita tion of it, "an imitation, indeed, says Edmund Gosse, "which vastly outshines its original, but none the less was distinctly composed in emulation of the older poem."

None of Shakespeare's predeces ors had so direct an influence upon his early style as Lodge. This is seen not only in the poem just mentioned but also in " As You Like It," the plot of which was confessedly borrowed from Lodge's "Rosylinde," published in 1590. This is perhaps his best known work, written though it was at sea to beguile the tedium of a voyage to the Canaries. Shakespeare's indebtedness to it is a common theme with his commentators there being no intention, of sourse, of comparing the poems, but as illustrating the development of the great dramatist's genius. It was Shakes pears's part in many of his plays to catch up and preserve to all future ages romances that otherwise would have perished. His genius gave to them a new form and a significance which of themselves they did not DOSSESS.

A MOMENTOUS event in Lodge's life was the voyage to the Canaries and to South America just alluded to. It gave a new turn to his thoughts which, faithfully followed, led him to definite religious belief. At Santos, where he sojourned for some time he spent all his leisure at the Jesuit College where, as he tells us, he revelled in its library of the Fathers. This no doubt gave him his first drawing to the Faith, which later became apparent in the " Devil Conjured," published some time after his return to England. In another poem, "Wit's Misery," this leaning was intensified, and what Gosse calls "direct Romanism," came out in Prosopopcia, or Tears of the Holy, Blessed and Sanctified Mary, Mother of God." Soon after publication of the latter he avowed himself a Catholic, and that at a time when it was still dangerous to dissent from the Church of England as by law estab. lished. This fact speaks volumes at once for the sincerity of Lodge's conversion and for the respect in which he was held by his contemporaries.

LODGE NOW retired from literature and devoted himself to the science of the tricolor, which has been from the Medicine. According to Anthony à first the emblem of revolt against the Wood, the Oxford antiquary and historian, he took his doctor's degree at Avignon about the year 1600. As a physician he soon attained to great reputation and ranked among the leaders of the profession in England. Heywood, in his "Troia Britanica," (1609) gives him a place among the six most famous English doctors. In 1602 he was incorporated in the University of Oxford—a striking tribute to his real eminence in that unbelieving and hostile age. About this period he published an edition of Josephus," which passed through seven editions. His last publication, a "Treatise on the Plague," appeared in 1608. He himself died of the

ardent attachment to his faith as a Catholic. IN LITERATURE Lodge's real excellence is as a lyrical post, and in the richness of his fancy as a romancer. Histothearningo is approverbial. His

plague in 1625, professing to the last

sustains his flight till the music is ON THE BATTLE LINE perfect. "The author of Like to the clear in highest sphere.' " says Gosse was as true a poet as ever breathed and in these moments of great inspiration, Lodge is always the very type and exemplar of a man of letters in the irregular and romantic age of Elizabeth." This is high praise but who, even in this age, that dips into his verse but will endorse the verdict. As poet and as true Catholic when it meant something to so declare himself, he is worthy of perpetual remembrance.

THE MANY contributors to Father Fraser's Mission Fund among readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD will be interested in the happy event which took place in Toronto last week in the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Fraser. Mr. Fraser, who is a Scots Catholic of the old school, was born in the Enzie, Banfishire, and Mrs. Fraser in Inverness, and their marriage took place in St. Mary's Church, Elgin, on April 22nd, 1861. In 1873 Mr. and Mrs. Frager came to Canada and have since lived in Toronto, where their children were brought up and educated.

ELEVEN CHILDREN were born to Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, seven of whom survive, and of these two are priests Father William, Pastor of Grimsby, Ontario, and Father John, Mission ary in China. Of the daughters, one, Sister Mary Geraldine, is a member of the Community of St. Joseph at Oshaws, and another, Sister Mary St. John, of the Good Shepherd Order in Toronto. grandson, Mr. Frank Carroll, is studying for the priesthood at St. Augustine's Seminary. An honourable record such as this is worth recording. It is sufficiently rare to be noteworthy, and eloquently testifies to the character of the training imparted in this model Catholic household. The CATHOLIC RECORD joins with the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser in wishing them still many years of happy earthly union.

BILINGUAL SCHOOL QUESTION

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

Sir-By way of reply to a letter of mine in THE RECORD "A Friend" in The Casket cites as the teaching of Catholic Philosophy that the State cation, moral or intellectual, upon children. He should have said certain Catholic Philosopher, not Catholic Philosophy. Given the needful qualification, however, that the education be such as parents may reasonably object to, I have no quarrel with the doctrine. But I resist its application. I do so because that needful qualification is wanting ; and more particularly because the character of education, be it good or bad, wholesome or noxious, is not altered by the language in which it is imparted. Hence the cited teaching has no bearing on the present dis-

cussion. It is idle to argue that the Quebec Ontario the right to the use of their own language in the schools. When that Act came into force Onterio was not as yet an organized province. But it was destined to be one; and in the course of time was duly organized under English auspices as an English speaking province. Its right to maintain itself as such is unques tionable; so, therefore, is its right to insist that English shall be the medium of instruction in the schools. "A Friend" thinks my mention of

the flag altogether without rel-evancy. But it isn't. Where is the evancy. But it isn't. Where is the Church freer to day than under the flag of Britain? Certainly not under old ideals, including those of Chris-

A CANADIAN CATHOLIC

FOOD FOR THOUGHTFUL PROTESTANTS

Now and then non-Catholic congregations hear things from the pulpit that must cause them to sit pulpit that must cause them to sit up and listen, whatever they may think or say afterward. For in-stance, the Rev. F. A. Russell, presi-dent of the Lancashire (England) Congregational Union, declared on a recent occasion that "there was a Church before there were any Epistles or Gospels; and when the Gospels were written the Church chose those which most truly re-corded her experience. The Catho-lics were wise in insisting that the Church came first. In their view the literature of the Church did not authenticate the Church, but the hoise of the Church authenticate the literature. Taking that standpoint, the importance of regime became paramount; the very existence of the churches depended upon honouring it." Here surely is food for all thoughtful Protestants.—Ave

THE WESTERN FRONT GAINS BY THE ALLIES

Notable gains have been made by the Allies during the week. The French have continuously driven back the enemy in Alsace, and have held the ground gained. The British troops gained Hill 60 in the Ypres district and held it against repeated and furious German counter attacks.

GERMAN GAIN

Field Marshal Sir John French rield Marshal Sir John French under date April 21 reports that the Germans made a gain in the neighborhood of Bixschoote and Langemarcke after overpowering the French troops with asphyxiating

gases.
"During the night the French had to retire from the gas zone, over-whelmed by the fumes. They have fallen back to the canal, in the neigh-borhood of Bossinghe. Our front remains intact, except on the extreme left, where the troops have had to readjust their line order to conform with the new French line

THE DARDANELLES

There is a report that an Anglo-French army is about to co-operate on land with the naval attack on the forts of the Dardanelles. It may be impossible to force the passage other-wise. But if sufficient land forces can be spared the combined attack cannot fail of success.

ZEPPELINS

Little can be judged as yet of the value of Zeppelins in actual warfare.
While some are disposed to disregard hem altogether as an effective fight. ing force, others believe that so far, the Zeppelin flights are mere trial trips preparatory to the serious ærial attack which will be made later on.

IN THE CARPATHIANS

Vienna gives out an official report which indicates that there is not activity on the Carpathian front. The capture of a strong vantage point east of the Uczok Pass is reported, and it is stated that in their unsuccessful attack at the Uszok Russia's losses were very heavy. To this Petrograd reforts that the gen-eral position of the Russians in the nountains is absolutely favorable, despite the heavy reinforcements of Germans operating there, and gives of the Czar's troops do not exceed the normal. It may be inferred from these despatches that both combat-ants are glad of a few days' respite from the daily slaughter of the past month. The Austro German forces are being regrouped upon some com-prehensive plan, and when that is completed the campaign will enter upon a new phase, with the Garmanic forces once more as the attack ing army. The Emperor William has recently been in Bukowina, and the new plan may involve another attempt to cross the Dneister into eastern Galicia.- Globe, April 24

The French report says the surprise caused by the asphyxiating bombs used by the Garmans to the north of Ypres has had no grave consequences. A vigorous counter attack is now in progress. Of all this the German official report gives no indi-cation. The bulletin announcing the ictory merely tells of the occupation of Langemarck and the villages, and the capture of 1,600 prisoners and 30 cannon. word is said as to the means by which the ground was won. German people are told of a victory which in its extent offeets the Bri gain of Hill 60 farther south, and which shows that if the Allies can break the German lines at a selected spot it is equally true that the Germans can penetrate the lines of the Allies.—Globe April 24.

IN THE NORTH SEA

Concerning the persistent reports of German warships in the North Sea the Globe April 24 says :

The German fleet in the North Sea is still a phantom one so far as Britain is concerned. It is alleged in despatches from Berlin that German war vessels have recently visited British waters. They left no cards. Their visit was not obtrusive. If the battle cruiser squadron which was so badly hammered by Admiral Beatty is ready once more to try con-clusions with the doughty David, the German desire will be gratified speedily and completely. The British seamen who for almost nine months have been on war service in the North Sea would like to earn a few days' shore leave. It is far more probable that any Germany warships now in shelter under the guns of Helgoland will be attacked there by a British squadron than that they will become the aggressors.

A GOOD HINT

For a gentle hint, strong enough to move any soul to charity, the follow-ing would be hard to match: The peadle of Kilwinning Church was in the habit of shewing visitors over the remains of the abbey in that parish. On one occasion he had done so for a lady who, on leaving him at the lady who, on leaving him as the churchyard gate, offered him only barren thanks, to which the wily beadle replied: "Weel, my leddy, when ye gang hame, if ye fin' cot that ye have lost your purse, ye maun recollect that ye havena had it cot here."

OUR INSTITUTIONS

Catholics are doing very little in practical social work, just as there may be found from time to time benighted individuals who are surprised to learn that the Catholic Church supports thousands of foreign rein supports thousands of foreign mis-sions. One reason of this ignorance is the aversion of the average Cath-olic institution to publicity. While non-Catholic social agencies employ "publicity men" for the very laudable

"publicity men" for the very laudable purpose of interesting the community in their work, Catholics, as a rule, so dislike advertising that they seem to forget the scriptural injunction of letting their light shine before men. This tendency is greatly to be regretted. In almost all large American cities, splendid Catholic institutions are doing noble work in the field of social service, unknown that the presents of Catholics in their to thousands of Catholics in their own communities. If these institu tions do not adopt proper means of bringing their activities to the netice of the public, it is hard to see with what right they can complain that the Catholic public does not support them. Blatant, untruthful forms of advertising are, of course, harmful out a clear statement of an institu tion's purpose and needs would not only be most valuable to the social worker, but would, in many instances, worker, but would, in many instances, win substantial support for the insti-tution itself. It has been well said that Catholics never know what Catholic institutions are doing for the outcast members of society, until some municipal judge visits a Catholic hospital or reformatory, and proceeds to let the public know, through the medium of the daily papers, what "our Catholic brethren are doing." There is much truth in this criticism If Catholics do not support Catholic institutions as they should, the reason may be found, occasionally at least, in an unwise self-effacement on he part of the institutions. One of the strongest arguments in favor of a public inspection, properly conducted, of Catholic reformatories and social agencies, is the fact that this inspection would let the world know the great good which Catholic institutions are effecting all over the country.—

MEXICAN REIGN OF TERROR

EDITOR OF AMERICA THROWS LIGHT ON TERRIBLE CONDI-TIONS PREVAILING IN MEXICO

Murderers, brigands and the streets are running red with the blood of the Mexican, men, women and young girls," said Reverend Richard Tierney, S. J., in a recent lecture on condi-tions in Mexico, in Kingston, N. Y. Father Tierney has made a special study of the Mexican situation ; and, some time ago, he submitted evidence the State Department in Wash. ington concerning the atrocities committed by the Mexican Constitution alists. In his lecture, Father Tier

ney said in part:
"I am not here to apologize for the
Catholic Church because the Catholic
Church needs no apology in Mexico nor in any other country, but I am here to refute the charge that the Catholic Church is the cause of the misery. When, therefore, in 1867 laws were enacted against the Church, her properties were confiscated and her hospitals, convents, libraries and schools were taken by the government. The next law forbade any priest to be president of any board, such as a heavital heard.

"In 1902 the last laws were enacted against the Church. That party which claimed to be liberal acted laws which bound the Church nd prevented it from doing its work This is the institution that has be come blackened in the eyes of many of the people in this country as the cause of the misery. Never in the history of the world has there been such great calumny. Such is the history of the Catholic Church. I scorn those men, whether they be public men or not, who go about the country throwing calumny broadcast.

They are not worthy to tie her shoe. Mexico is hell. Mexico is being crucified because of the greed of eight or ten men.
"You are told that 80 per cent.

the people are under arms, but this is true of scarcely 2 per cent. There are men in that country whose only aim is the gratification of their own lust and ambition—men who have sent false telegrams to this country in order to deceive the American ale and to gain their sympathy.

"Only one hundred and eighty thousand men are fighting to down fourteen millions. The revolution is not a fight against the Catholic but a fight against God. If the Methodist church was the strongest church in that country the fight would be ted against that church; if it was Lutheran or Presbyterian church it would be the same. It is only natural that the Catholic Church should be insulted and trampled under foot.

the Liberator, north to the Indians and armed them and brought them to Mexico City. At first the Indians were pleased but when they were set loose they ran-sacked the houses and committed atrocities too horrible to mention. And all this was done by Carranza,

the Chief of Liberty.' The rulers have as much respect for the religious rights of the people as the devil. They have put on the priests' cassocks and gone about the city hearing confessions and then publishing them—heralded throughout the city the confessions of the

dying men and women who believed hearing of confessions from an English were priests!

they were priests!
"Positively the worst thing in the history of the world is the manner in which they treat women and young girls. Yet this is liberty and equality."—The Buffalo Echo.

PRISONERS OF WAR

Dear Sir,—Of the CATHOLIC RECORD I am a grateful reader. It has pub-lished the allocution of the German Cardinals and other bishops. It has noted that the anti-clericals of Belgium have been brought to their senses, by the German Governor of Brussels clearing away the monu-ment to the anarchist of jacobinical tyrannical intolerance, Ferrer.

Whatever be our sentiments, or our convictions, Catholics, by their name and their profession, should be ready to judge widely and justly, and should ever keep in mind with Pope Leo XIII. the duty not only of telling no falsehood but of hiding no truth no falsehood, but of hiding no truth in its proper time and place.

And so I venture to write, as one who has lived for months in Germany during the war, as well as in England and Ireland. I see many accounts in the CATHOLIC RECORD of ill-treatment of prisoners. These may indeed all be well founded. Yet in forming one's cathelic judgment let us dwell also on whatever we may know contradictory, or let us

eay supplementary.

In March a letter comes from In March a letter comes from Munich, from a Swiss woman of means and practice of charity, herself of French descent and French sympathies; and she writes that her husband has been named by the German general to distribute to French prisoners the gifts from their friends in France. She adds to me:

"You may assure all your acquaintances that prisoners are very well ances that prisoners are very well treated here in Bavaria."

I myself can add that the well known French Benedictine scholar, Dom Germain Morin, (still pursuing his studies peacefully in a German university town) said to me that, though he charged nothing against his own countrymen, yet he judged prisoners to be even better treated in Germany than in France. He told of one poor dying French prisoner wh wished to leave his little sum of money to the German Red Cross, in gratitude for his treatment in the

enemy's land. I recall indeed a letter published in German papers from German prisoners in France, stating that they were being excellently well cared for and hoping their German brethren at home were doing as much for the French.

And many German papers - every one I happened to see—published an account of King George paying a kindly visit to German prisoners England; each German paper adding that in such a time it is a consolation to be able to chronicle such doings of common charity-shall one add of

common sense.

I submit these allusions to such doirgs as not unfit for our Catholic minds.

And I should be willing to give further experiences which if they settle nothing of the causes of war and its high politics, yet do certainly

help us to keep just minds, and generous hearts. Yours truly W. F. P. STOCKLEY Woodside, Tivoli, Cork.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

Guards, writing from a hospital at

I believe they are saying in America that we Irish are not loyal to the Empire. From a soldier in the ranks of one of Ireland's regiments you may tell them it is a lie. Cheerfully for months have we given our blood and our sweat for the Empire. We have faced many dangers, en-dured many hardships, and the safety and glory of the Empire are ever in our hearts. And when the terrible business is over I have no doubt they can inscribe on our banner " Always and everywhere faithful." No words could convey what praise is due to our chaplain. He is beloved by the who!e regiment. He is our "mascot," our lucky star. The men of other regiments say, I have frequently heard the remark, "That Irish chap-lain does stick to his lot, doesn't he?"

A FRENCH NAVAL CHAPLAIN AT THE DARDANELLES The Abbé de Genouillac, who is a

naval chaplain with the French equadron which has been engaged in watching the Dardanelles previous to the bombardment now in operato the combardment now in opera-tion, writes in a letter to the Arch-bishop of Rouen:

I say Mass at 10 a.m. every Sun-day on the flag-ship and another an hour before on one or other of the battleships.

battleships. Every morning I say Mass on my own ship in a little room where about a dozen people can attend. On Christmas Day I said my the Sunday's Mass I read and commost of the officers are generally present. I have had declarations of wishes in case of illness or accident presented with envelopes to put them in; I have distributed them to all

THE FRENCH SOLDIERS AND BELIGION

A soldier, writing to his brother from the front, where he says the villages have been ruined either by shells or by the fires kindled by the Germans before leaving, says:

For some time past we have been on the march. When we stop at a village in the evening where there is a church, the man go in and have

church, the men go in and have Benediction if there is a priest; if there is not, we say our night prayers and sing some hymns. The church is always full of soldiers; everybody prays and everybody sings. Nothing like it was seen in peace time. It is more difficult to have Mass as we

EXTREME UNCTION UNDER SHELL

A soldler from Aix, writing from the neighborhood of Verdum on January 8, described a moving in-

A German shell fell on the grange belonging to the house in which I was staying. After it had burst I rushed out and besides some fright. ened men I saw a soldier badly wounded who was fainting about twenty yards away. I ran to him but a priest-soldier was before me. We started to carry him into the house, when the priest, noticing that his eyes were glazing, said to me: "I am going to give him Extreme Unction." We laid him on the ground Unction." and there in the mud, with head, I prayed fervently for the soul that was passing. "Fear nothing my lad," said the brave priest to him "you have a priest with you." The dying man understood and kissed the dying man understood and kissed the crucifix. Then we got him into the house to staunch his wound but he was past all help. Never have I been so moved as when I saw this priest soldier go out under the bursting shells to find a soul to save and a sufferer to be comforted. What shall see for the rest of my life is this Extreme Unction given out there by the door on the little village square still filled with the fumes of

LIEUTENANT PROFESSOR KETTLE AND

Speaking at a volunteer meeting on a recent Sunday, at Cavan, which had been described to him as a Pro-German town, Lieutenant Professor

He was in Brussels in the early days of August, when the shadows were gathering over that peaceful people, and he remembered the sort of dazed incredulity with which the average Belgian thought of the viola-tion of its neutrality. He re-membered the noble speech of King Albert, that small and weak as Belgium was, she was strong in honour, and would keep her faith with Europe, whatever the consequences to herself. Describing what he had himself seen in Belgium, Lieut. Kettle said he and a fellow war correspondent clasped hands and made a vow that they would do their parts as soldiers in the war. His friend was now with the London Irish, and was now with the London Fish, and he was with the Irish Brigade. Ireland had given her word, and would follow the path of honor whether it led to profit or disaster, and he appealed to the young men who were free to come to join the Irish Brigade in the name of God and country, and he appealed to the mothers and sisters not to hold their sons or brothers back, for it was as sure as anything in this world could be that if the war should undergo an unfavorable turn they would be forced, as a mere measure to pre-Private M. J. Fitzgerald, of the Irish duards, writing from a hospital at I believe they are saving in America.

I believe they are saving in America. He wanted to see Irishmen in at the leath of the foul gospel of brute force, and to hear amidst the shouts that would go up from the field the

ory of "God save Ireland." A PRIEST CAPTAIN OF ARTILLERY

"One of the marvels of this war, especially on the French side," says "T. P." in his Journal of Great Deeds of the Great War, "is the strange and heroic part played in it by the priest. As it has turned out, the action of the priests in the battlefield has done much to glorify them and their convictions. Here is a strange, thrilling example:

At a certain position of the front hment of French Colonial troops who in advancing to the assault an important strategic position had suffered severely from the fire of the German guns, received timely support from a battery of French "seventyfives." The battery was commanded by a captain of enormous build, clean shaven and looking a little out of his element, who, however, climbed tree, and made such exact observations that his gunners speedily anni-hilated the two German batteries that had been causing all the trouble. The captain of artillery was a priest, and after the engagement celebrated Mass in an adjacent ruined barn, preaching a stirring sermon to his three Masses on different vessels. At men. He exhorted them, first of all. to pray for all those for whom he was ment on the Gospel to a congregation going to say Mass. "Especially do I of 200 at most. The admiral and ask your prayers," he added, "for the German gunners whom we have just exterminated." Then, with the guns still booming near at hand, he recited the 'De Profundis.' The service presented with envelopes to put them to all throughout was impressive in the whether Catholics or not; nearly all have accepted them and I hope much from this in future. [Finally he notes that he has received help in the

A GERMAN PRIMOT'S DEVOTION

In the same Journal is given the following striking story of a German priest as told by a lieutenant in the Indian Army:

I went to occupy a trench from which the Germans had lately been evicted. It was quite dark, and on entering the trench at the head of my party I heard someone talking in a low voice. I crept forward as quietly as I could, and saw what I imagined must be a doctor supporting the head of a wounded man. I called upon him to surrender, and he held up a crucifix towards me, so I knew he erucinx towards me, so I knew he
must be a priest. The priest was
giving absolution to a dying Bavarian, who expired a few minutes later,
I went up to the priest, who, however
could not understand English or
French. I know very little German -only a few words in fact; so we fell back on Latin, in which tongue fell back on Latin, in which tongue we held a short and very halting conversation. As far as I could make out, he said that the Germans were suffering much from sickness, and he disliked the Prussians most cordially. Eventually I allowed him to return to the German trenches, which I expect and hope that he reached in safety. The courage of the German priest in remaining to give absolupriest in remaining to give absolu-tion to his dying countrymen sur-passes anything I have heard myself in the course of the present war, as he must have known that he would fall into the hands not of British fall into the hands not of British soldiers, who might possibly have re-spected his calling, but into those of men who must have been represented to him as barbarous savages.

GERMANS AND THE BRITISH ARTILLERY In his account of the British victory at Neuve Chapelle "Eye Witness" gives the following testimony as to the effectiveness of our artillery:

Prisoners who had been all through

experienced such a bombardment as that which preluded the assault on Neuve Chapelle. . . One wounded Prussian officer of a particularly offensive and truculent type, which is not uncommon, expressed the greatest contempt for our methods. You do not fight. You murder," he aid. "If it had been straightforward honest fighting, we should have beaten you, but my regiment never had a chance from the first; there was a shell every ten yards. Nothing could live in such a fire." This feel ing of resentment against our artillery was shown by several of the gunners, it is an exhibition of curious lack of any judicial sense or even of a rudimentary sense of humour on the part of the apostles of 'frightfulness.' It was the Germans who prepared an overwhelming force of artillery before the war, and they were the first to employ the concen-trated action of heavy guns in field warfare. When the tables are turned and they have their first taste of what we have often eaten, they actually have the effrontery to complain.

POWER OF THE CHURCH

The slightest glimpse of the his tory of Christianity will convince any reasonable man that Cardinal Manning does not exaggerate when

he says : The presence of the Catholic Church among the civil powers of the world has changed the whole political order of mankind. It has established on earth a legislature, a ent of all human authority. It has withdrawn from the reach of human laws the whole domain of faith and nen or nations. The institution and laws of the Church are the proper check and restraint of Casarism, as Casarism is the proper antagonist of the sovereignty of

The Church stands for the rights of man. Cæfarism stands for the State above religion. Cæsarism has been long the curse of Europe, the worst drag upon civilization that could possibly be conceived, with its unChristian laws, its armed camps

and military rule.

It is plain that an institution like the Catholic Church, which can make such tremendous claims and prove them by the historical docu-ments of friends and foes, is the one thing in the world worthy of Jesus Christ. Those who admit its general historical truth, but deny obedience to the Church on the ground that it became corrupt, incur—uncon sciously, let us hope—the charge o crime and blasphemy. For in all the Gospels we are told that Christ established His Church, It was Christ, the man God, who said : ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" (Mark xvi, 15;) "He that heareth you heareth Me." (Luke x, 16;) "Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaver."

(Matt. xviii, 18;) "Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them." (John xx, 28.)

besides organizing His And

promise, and His ability to keep His

Contrast the saving power of su an institution as the Catholic Church with that of the system which relies on "individual and independent inscience and private judgment, and no same man can doubt which recommends itself most to reason and common sense, or which finds the greater testimony and confirma-tion in history. The standard of private adgment has led men into the inanities of Dowelsm and Moronism. Millepialism and Sabatar Shakerism and Christian and a thousand other The standard of the true Church of Christ has cleared a triumphant way for Truth down the ages, and that Truth which we hold and preach is still One, Holy Catholic and Apostolic. Hon. Frank Johnston, attorney general of Missis-

sipi, and a convert, says of it :
"In the midst of the intellectual recklessness and activity of the twentieth century, when every doctrine is placed on trial and every claim and theory is questioned, the Catholic Church stands immovable. It has an answer to every question and a solution for every doubt con-cerning faith or morals, and its theologisms are ready and armed and equipped to repel every assault on the Christian religion and the Catholic Church. Instead of shrinking from the light of this age of scientific knowledge and intellectual culture the Church invites the fullest scrutiny of its history, of its teachings and of its doctrines. Instead of retreating, the Church stands to day in the full light of searching criticism as the central figure of all Christendom, proclaim-ing alike to the humblest peasant and the greatest savant, its divine mission and authority."—The Missionary.

NOT SO GREAT AFTER

The Lutherans the world over are getting ready for a monster celebra-tion of the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luthers's revolt against the Catholic Church, an event that is to be "staged" in 1917. In the preparations that are making we hear much about the ascendancy of Germany over other nations of Europe as the "Reformation," and this string has been played upon to such an extent that many readers, not better in-formed as to the facts, have fallen into the error of supposing that the famous morks revolt was actually an emormous push forwards in the advance of the human race.

The truth is that modern Germany in the strides that she has been mak ing towards supremacy in the affairs of Europe has arrived at her present position in spite of Luther, and not because he gave the impulse. Ger into a power that might have dom inated the entire world at the time of Luther's rebellion against the Church, and all that he accomplished was to set German genius back for at least three centuries. A modern non-Catholic writer has made this very clear :

Consider for a moment what was the Germany which Luther found at the beginning of his public career and what it was when he closed his dying lips with his usual curse upon Rome (and the Jews.) As we saw above, he found it politically the master of Europe, personified in commanding genius of Charles V. Her commerce, issuing from the and the great European highways of trade. Her great schools, though and rare misfortunes—the normal comparatively recent, were beginning man or woman does not nurse and

Alps. "Now what did he leave. Before the breath had left his body, already was heard the mutterings of the fearful historic typhoon which he himself predicted. It burst upon Germany a century later, but it was the whirlwind which he had sown. The Thirty Years War-from 1618 to 1648-laid all this Germanic greatness in ashes. When that most awful religious war was over the German Empire as such existed only on paper. In reality it was shattered into some 400 political fragments all more or less independent of one another. The population had dwindled from thirty million to only twelve. The Hanseatic League was broken up. Science, learning, poetry, painting, education, morality -in a word, civilization was virtually extinct. A gulf separated Germany from its past culture. It was not until the advent of Bismarck that Germany again counted in the councils of the nations, despite the passing flash of ancient prestige under Frederick the Great. In all that weary period of reconstruction she was the football of any great power like that of Napole omponent parts but pawns to be moved at will. This is what Luther did for Ger-

many. If ever a man was born for the ruin of his nations, that man was he. Had he never lived Germany's And besides organizing His Church, He promised solemnly to be with her—always to save her from her enemies, and from error and corruption: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. xvi, 18.) Whoscover, therefore, says that His Church became corrupt and fell away at any time in her history, simply denies the efficacy of Christ's

and Holland, her ancient possessions when her great Catholic Emperor Charles V. reigned from Vienna to the Channel, and from Gibraltar to the Baltic.—The Missionary.

SOME GOSSIP SET AT REST

Mr. Van den Heuvel, the new Bel received in solemn audience re-cently by the Holy Father. Beyond this, and the formal details of the reception, no official account has been published as to what passed between the Holy Father and the Diplomat, but the Belgian minister, in an interview published in a Roman paper, has expressed his satisfaction with Benedict XV's reception of him and with the Pope's sympathy for Belgium. That should put an end to the stories about Belgian discon He has also set at rest another spite-ful tale about the Papal Nuncio to Belgium. For a considerable time past Mgr. Tacci-Porcelli has been at brussels. Some of the grumblers in the papers have found this a dic-agreeable anomaly. In their view the Nuncio should be at Havre with the Belgian Government. About this M. Van den Heuvel says: "The Nuncio did stay at Havre until the Belgian Government decided that he could do more good at Brussels.
With him there are the Ministers of the United States and of Spain, and they have been able to do much good. I repeat again there is nothing in the facts to justify the statement that the relations between Belgium and the Vatican are not normal and cordial, and I have faith that they will remain so during the course of my mission."—Rome.

AN EASY WAY WITH HARD QUESTIONS

Under this heading, the New York Evening Post discusses the evils of easy divorce. An Episcopal minister having asserted that "if marriage is founded on the affection of two persons for each other, as marriage n America is supposed to be, with the disappearance of such sentiment disappears the only ground for the marriage." the Post proceeds to show how fallacious and harmful such reasoning is. Not in a year or two, but certainly before very long, the acceptance of the idea that the dura-tion of the marriage tie depends on the duration of affection between busband and wife," would obliterate that profound sense of oneness which is the very heart of the marriage relation; and with this would go the sense of every day duty, of loyalty, mutual helpfulness, mutual forbear-ance, mutual endurance of life's trials. The writer says truly: rials. The writer says truly: "What life would be like under these conditions, how much of it would be left that was worth living, our naive solvers of life's problems do not give themselves the trouble to consider.' He points out that in very few marriages does the course of love run smoothly all the time. Clear mental balance and the conviction that marriage is permanent helps many to tide over rough places in their married lives, and to pass through the crises.

"How different would all this be if every lapse or apparent lapse of effec-tion were to be thought of as not improbably the beginning of the end? he asks, and he asserts:

"Such thoughts do cross pecple's minds as it is; but so long as the breaking of the marriage tie is re-Hanseatic towns, covered the seas garded as abnormal—as one of life's tragedier, or at least one of its great and rare misfortunes-the normal of divorce, it still remains true—and pretty nearly as true as ever—that normal men and women, with few exceptions, regard marriage as a life-long bond, and do not think of its lissolution as a thing to be contemplated with equanimity. . .

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Those who enter upon marriage still enter upon it in the spirit of the marriage service—for better, for worse till death do them part; and the breaking down of this feeling would be the first, and the most irremediable of the mischiefs that would be wrought

by the acceptance of the dectrine of easy-going divorce."

The Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J., in his pamphlet "The National Evil of Divorce," which he probes deeply, supplies a remedy that the Post with dearest restricted as a remedy that the Post.

writer does not mention. He says:
'It is only when religion, which is now with so many but little more than a name, shall again be allowed to enter as a principle of action into men's daily lives, will marriage once more be recognized as nature's most sacred institution. . . This, as is obvious, means a return to the Catholic view of marriage, and such a return alone can completely cure the national evil of divorce.—Sacred

THE VISION

Temptations? Yes; but stronger than their call. The vision that my dreams have built for me : The girl who in my hands will trust

The future of my children yet to be. -MABEL BOURQUIN, FOSTORIA, O

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowtu, China, June 7, 1914. Dear Mr. Coffey, — When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twentyone. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of he CATHOLIC RECORD. God blass them and your worthy paper !

It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every and sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the reophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of mg catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me as financially.

Previously acknowledged.... \$5,851 62 In honor of St. Anthony A. Mathewson, Amprior Friend, Cape Breton...... G. Mathewson, Franktown. acred Heart Society, New castle.....

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The object therefore of our Scripture reading should be to know Christ better, so that we may love olics have twisted to suit their own notions. We should pray : plore Thee, O Lord, that the Consoler Who proceedeth from Thee, will en-lighten our souls and infuse into them all truth, as Thy Son hath promised."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY RHV. F. PEPPERT

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER BASTER " Now I go to Him that sent Me, and none of you asketh Me : 'Whither goest Thou ?'" (John'xvi, 5.

Our Lord announced to His disciples the approaching completion of His work of redemption. "Now I go to Him that sent me,"—I am about to die, and after My death I shall return to My Father, rejoicing at having accomplished the work which I was sent into the world to do. You do not realize that this fulfilment of My task is fraught with

diment of My task is fraught with happiness for you; you are only sad because I am leaving you, and there-lore you do not ask whither I am going; you do not sak whither I am going; you do not consider that I shall be in heaven where I am des-tined, as Man and Redeemer, to sit at My Father's right hand and make

As Man and Redeemer Jesus has fulfilled His destiny, and how much this ought to encourage us to attain

Many people live on, year after year, without ever asking: "Whither are we going? What is our allotted task?" It is, however, man's privilege to know what his task is, and to exert his free will in order to accom-plish it. We ought always to keep our end in view, so that each day, hour and minute of our life may carry us onward towards the glorious carry us onward towards the glorious goal for which we were created. We are destined for an eternity of happiness. "God will have all men to be saved" (I. Tim. ii, 4,) says the Apostle, and the happiness that we are to enjoy is so great that "eye are to enjoy is so great that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him" (I. Cor. ii, 9.) For such eternal happiness it is surely worth while to abandon and renounce the trifling delights of this world, in as far as they are sinful. If we could see heaven and all the joys awaiting us there, we should If we could see heaven and all the joys awaiting us there, we should ask curselves, "Why do you care so much about what appears pleasant en earth? Why are you discontented when things here do not go accerding to your desires? Cannot you do without a few things and deny yourself a little for the sake of obtaining such unsneakable bliss? ebtaining such unspeakable bliss?
The pleasure that sin affords is a pitiful thing, soon passing away and leaving behind it nothing but remorse and shame, and would you barter for it an eternity of happiness? Your love of comfort, your lukewarm. mess and indolence are mean, miser-able things. Why do you care nothing for your everlasting rest?
You think more of a despicable piece
of selfishness, or a ridiculous display
of vanity, or even of indulgence in
bad temper, than you do of the joys
of heaver. You fancy that it is imof heaven. You fancy that it is impossible to resist this or that craving, and no sooner have you yielded to it than you feel, with bitter sorrow, that you have forfeited Paradite for a brief, deceptive pleasure. Would that heaven and all its joys, would that the happiness for which we are lestined, were ever before our eyes! We should not sin so recklessly, or yield so readily to earth's allure-ments, but we should here in this

> that we learn and expierience he regarded by us in the light of faith, i. e., may we refer it all to God, and employ it in learning to know Him better. Let us never waver in our faith, and never be intected with the spirit of worldliness, which cares for everything but God. Let us cherish a firm and steadfast faith in God, for a firm and steadfast faith in God, for thus we shall become worthy one day to behold Him and, as the Apostle says, to enjoy Him, to find unspeakable happiness in loving Him whose leve alone is able fully to satisfy the heart of man. This is man's destiny, this is the highest possible bliss, but this love must at least begin on earth, for only a heart that has lived for God in this world will live in Him in the world to come.
>
> Love of God is displayed in obsdi-

ence to Him. The better we love Him, the more ready and joyful will be our obedience. If He one day asks us whether we had loved Him on earth, we shall answer with gladness proportionate to the humility and fidelity with which we have done our duty, to the number of good works that we have performed, and to the amount of self-restraint that day to join the company of those blessed spirits, who stand before the blessed spirits, who stand before the throne and never cease their worship of God. Let us now prepare ourselves to fulfil this gloristous duty by means of prayer, for prayer alone will furnish us with the grace of faith, will strengthen us to disregard the things of earth and to overcome temptations to sin, and will help us to be faithful in good works. Thoughtful prayer, proceeding from hearts earnestly destrous of salvation, brings us even now closer to God, and will some day

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unite us forever with Him. There fore let] us pray without ceasing,3 as, the Apostle blds us,
but pray with a heart full of
good will really to accomplish the
task, for which our prayer obtains us

trength. We know whither our Lord has We know whither our Lord has gone; He is in heaven; preparing a place for us. We know, too, whither He wishes us to go—also to heaven, to be happy with Him for ever. When in the commonplace round of our everyday life we are tempted to forget our high calling, let us ask ourselves, "Whither ought I to go?" The answer will be, "To heaven, by faith, avoidance of sin, a life of virtue and incessant prayer." Amen.

TEMPERANCE

A PROBLEM EVERY NATION HAS TOODEAL WITH

Prohibition has a special sanction as a war measure which is lacking in time of peace, and the motive may vary according to conditions. Rus-sia forbids vodka in the interest of ments, but we should here in this world enjoy peace of mind and a good conscience."

We are destined, as St. Paul says, one day to see God face to limits the making of beer, not as a good conscience."

We are destined, as St. Paul says, one day to see God face to face, and to know even as we are known, but we shall never be worthy te behold Him, unless even now the most ardent desire of our heart is to know Him aright. Faith teaches us to know God, and without faith no one can hope to go to heaven. May our faith remain sacred to us until we draw our last breath. May all we draw our last breath. May all that we learn and expierience be replacement of deleterious strong drinks with the mild wine on which the country long flourished. This no doubt explains the action of the Senate in agreeing to the compromise by which licenses are to be made unnecessary for the sale of so-called unnecessary for the sale of so-called "hygienic drinks," which in France includes not only soda-water, milk and cocoa, but cider, wine and beer. The new law, which went into effect Jan. 1, retains the high tax on distilled liquors, the effect of which upon the nation has been by general consent harmful. Every country has to deal with the problem in its own way.—Springfield Republican.

" DISCRIMINATING AGAINST

Because Monsignor Brown of London, England, recently proposed that women should not be served in the public houses (salcons), he was subjected to criticism from some un-thinking individual on the ground that he was discriminating between that he was discriminating between the sexes, and any such exclusion of women from the rights and privileges to the amount of self-restraint that we have practised out of love of Him. Explaining his idea, Monthly of the virtues that we have acquired; not by the number of fine speeches that we have made, or of pious books that we have read. We ought to love God not only in word and with our emotions, but in deed and in truth. We are destined some day to join the company of those blessed emistic. witnessed very frequently in public houses. There were scenes to be witnessed and language to be heard,

enough to believe they could not exercise that influence as they should
exert it. If they got upon the question of absolute equality between the
sexes they would at once be treading
upon exceedingly difficult ground.
Indeed, he would declare that there
were many public duties which women were physically incapacitated
from performing. There were various forms of employment, particularly with regard to women who were
child bearing, which every one, on
the face of it, would admit were
quite unsuited for women. There
was this striking fact to be borne in
mind—that women alone are prevented, purely on sex grounds, from
following certain occupations by following certain occupations by statute law. Such, for instance, to statute law. Such, for instance, to mention only one case, that of working in the mines. In his opinion, it equality of sexes would involve the employment of women at labor of such a character he had referred to, or it equality between sexes was to expose women to shame and degradation, then he believed there must be inventionally between the sexes. be inequality between the sexes.— Sacred Heart Review.

OUR MOTHER MARY

We dedicate to our beautiful and immaculate Mother Mary the month of May, this month of brightness and beauty and bloom. We dedicate it to her of whose astounding dignity the Nicene Creed tells us, that she is Mother of the "one Lord Jesus is Mother of the "one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, And born of the Father before all ages. God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God. Begotten. not made, consubstantial with the Father; by Whom all things were made. Who for us men, and for our salvation, descended from heaven. And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary; and was made man."

From the cross this God-man, our From the cross this God man, our Divine Redeemer, gave us His Mother to be our mother; she loves us for His sake, she prays for us; from her throne in heaven where she reigns, the Queen of Angels, she watches over us weak, erring mortals with a mother's tireless love. Preserved from all stain of sin herself, she grieves over and pleads for sin-

ners for whom her dear Son died. What tributes have been paid to Mary by artists and poets, by preachers and doctors of the Church! Let us quote some examples for our re-flection and meditation. Father

Rawes says : "O ever Blessed Trinity, I glorify and praise Thee for Mary, Thy most glorious, most perfect of all mere creatures!

She came into the world, and the angels saw her; and when they angels saw her; and when they looked on her they were astonished, gazing in love and wonder. The Lord increased her loveliness and added to her beauty. Never had there been in the world such a vision of grace and sweetness. Her footsteps were light and fragrant on the hills of the morning, on the mountains of level. Rejoine. O tains of Israel. Rejoice, O my Mother Mary, for the brightness of thy love and the beauty of thy crown. Thou art the elect Daughter of the Eternal Father; for this I love thee and for this I give thanks to Him. Thou art the Virgin Mother of the Incarnate Word; for this I love thee, and for this I give thanks to Him Thou art the elect Bride of the Holy Chost, for this I love thee, and for this I give thanks to Him. Heaven and earth are gladdened by thy

Thou art the Queen of Confes sors and Doctors, and Virgins and Martyrs, and Prophets and Apostles. Thou art the glory and the gladness

for His pity and His help.
"O Mother Mary, dear star-crowned Mother, listen to thy children, and lift up for them those immaculate hands which once took the crown of thorns from the brows of the dead body of God. Mary, Mother of love, pray for me that I may obtain I must see my mother again. great gifts of grace."

During this month of May, let us

bring to Our Lady our prayers and praises, knowing that it pleases her Divine Son when we love and praise His beloved Mother. Let us follow her example in her humility, her patience, her zeal, her holiness. She like us, owes everything to Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer. Lettes follow her example in our constant gratitude to Him, our unfailing service of Him. Let us cry with her:
'Behold the servant of the Lord!"— Sacred Heart Review.

TOLD BY A MISSIONARY As we press on the brow of the one that has gone

A few years ago in a Brooklyn church a Dominican priest in the course of a sermon on Our Blessed Lady told a little anecdote that has lingered in the writer's mind and it seems worth repeating. The preacher had been dilating on the capacity of a mother's heart for love and suffering, holding up of course Our Blessed Mother of Sorrows as the peerless type of holy motherhood. His very type of holy motherhood. His very tones linger in the memory. At times his mighty voice would resound through the sacred edifice like peals of thunder, but as he spoke of the matchless power of mother love his tone sank almost to a whisper, and every ear in that crowded church was strained to catch the speaker's every willable.

The beautiful wreath on the casket, Adorning the lifeless clay, Ah! 'twere better far had it only been sent To brighten a conscious clay.

The absent face at the festive board, And the vacant chair by the hearth, Will tell a tale of what might have been—

and lost her—knows, that we have never found one to take her place. There is no earthly love equal to a mother's."

ence of his own which I shall relate.

"There was a certain young man belonging to a family of high repute, a family some of whose members had rendered distinguished services to Church and State. The young fellow was something of a black sheep. He had left home as a youth, traveled all over the globe, spent his fortune and in the spending had completely shattered his health. Broken in every sense of the word he returned in every sense of the word he returned to the city of his birthplace to end his days in a hospital.

"The Sisters nursed the poor invalid with unfailing kindness and tenderness, realizing that he was not long for this world. They were more alarmed over the sad state of his soul, for he refused obstinately to soul, for he refused obstinately to listen to any suggestion of a priest or to discuss spiritual matters. He was willing and pleased, he said, to have his friends, priests and laity, visit him, provided they talked of auything but the all-important topic. Prayers, pleadings and solemn warnings had for a long time availed nothing. The end was swiftly drawing near and friends of the sick man were almost in despair. All they could do was to storm heaven with prayers in his behalf and that they did.

"One day the young priest who related the circumstances to me said to his Superior :
"'I think I can win B—

"I think I can win B—over; let me try.' The older priest smiled sionately.

compassionately.

"Go ahead. But don't be surprised if your good offices are refused,' he added.

"The invalid received the priest graciously at the outset and for a while they chatted on commonplace subjects. Then God's minister plunged boldly into the main object of his call.

'You know, my son, that you are a pretty sick man, do you not?"
"I am well aware of it, Father,'
sighed the patient. 'My time is short

be wise to prepare yourself to make your peace with God?' urged the priest. 'You know you have some accounts to settle.'
"The sick man turned impatiently.

'That will do, Father," he said. 'I have told priests and Sisters that I wish nobody to bother me on this subject. I have no preparation to make; I shall die as I am.'

make; I shall die as I am.

"It was a desperate moment, but
the priest was not dismayed. He
drew his chair closer to the bed and
began to speak. This is the substance of what he said:

"'About a year ago I was called to

attend your mother who was then on her death bed. I needn't tell you how she prepared for the final summons. You know what her life was, how loving and exemplary a mother, how admirable a Catholic. You can imagine the edification it gave the priest and all who were present at that death bed to see the faith and piety of that noble Christian woman. The only cloud upon her peace was her anxiety and longing for her absent son.

"The speaker paused. At the first mention of his mother's name the sick man had turned his face toward the wall, and now was sobbing pite-

of the afflicted, the Help of Christians and the Refuge of sinners. Thou and the Refuge of sinners. Thou ever bringest refreshment to the Holy Souls. In thy great love thou dost turn to Jesus, and dost ask Him impenitent state you will never, never look on your mother's face again. Do you mean to tell me you are satisfied to accept this eternal

separation?"
"'No, no, Father,' sobbed the poor

"Please God, you shall, said the priest, with an inward prayer of thanksgiving. Placing his stole about his shoulders he prepared to hear the sick man's confession, for he knew the battle for that soul was won."-True Voice.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

When the Angel of Death has dark ened our door And shadowed our hearth with gloom; When the heart repines, in its mute

despair,
As we gaze on the silent tomb.

A last, fond, clinging caress, When all seems dark without one

To illumine the sky of distress. Then conscience will ever remind us

As our grief finds vent in a tear,
Of the kindly words that were left
unsaid,
Of the hours that we failed to cheer. The beautiful wreath on the casket,

The saddest tale on this earth.

PRAYER

There is no earthly love equal to a mother's."

Tears swam in the eyes of men and women all over the church, for the speaker had stirred deeply hidden springs in the hearts of all.

"A few years ago," he continued, "while I was giving a mission in a Philadelphia church, one of the assistant priests, who was still young in the ministry, told me an experience of his own which I shall relate.

"There was a certain young man."

"A few years ago," he continued, words. Words reach only the ear, and pass as the idle wind; but never plerce the skies, as they have no carrying force. Words are only breath beating against the roof of the mouth, and are to God, and often to men.

hears us. Seeing Him, we are humble, and hearing us He exalts us with His strong arm—lifting us from our knees and truly putting us on our feet.

The great trouble is that we are not sincere in our helpless expres-sions. We appear before the infinite Creator as if we were crators dealing in speeches, and not as beggars cry-ing for wants. God, instead of be-stowing our heeds, does graciously in pitying our arrogance.

beating against the roof of the mouth, and are to God, and often to men, "trifies thin as air." Thought alone can mount up to the eternal God, and receive audience therefrom. Truly has Shakespeare written "Words without thought never to heaven go."

In contemplation, where words have no purpose, we see God and He

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We often wonder at our luck which seems as happy as well-timed. Cease to wonder! Maybe it was the granting of a prayer said thirty years ago. God sees the round of the world; we, only poorly, across the street. God sees all possibilities; we, imperfect actualities. Since this is so, let us trust God and not our own judgments regarding the right thing to get and the proper time for God to give, and not be arrogant in dictation or impatient of delay, as our Father in heaven is more anxious to give than we are to receive.

prayer after Easter, for we are always in need and should persevere, until heaven's musical gates close behind us. Then prayer ceases, for every-thing is certain, every joy perfect, and its continuance perfectly assured.

—Catholic Columbian.

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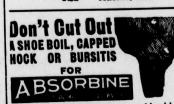
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CHATS WITH YOUNG

DISCONTENT

Every young man, seeking to make the most of his life, should endeavor to fit himself for the work most congenial to him and to find opportunities to advance in it. If he has employment that does not suit him, or if there are, where he is, no chances to rise to a sufficient salary to insure a home and a frugal competence for him, he should get at something better, with as little delay as possible. Discontent is worse than useless if it is not reasonable. Discontant that ter, with as little delay as possible. Discontent is worse than useless if it is not reasonable. Discontent that surely leads to improved conditions is a sign of proper ambition and may be even a duty.

Next to getting at a proper occupation and making progress in it, the young man who wants to get along in the world will have some of his aarn.

eld will save some of his earnings, regularly, every week, as a rule, regardless of almost what sacrifices he must make in order to practice he must make in order to practice thrift. If he is to marry, if he is to have a home of his own, if he is ever torize above the condition of an employee, he must accumulate some funds. A man without cash is like a boiler without steam. The habit of frugality must be acquired. Foolish expenses should be cut off. The power to say "No" to indulgent propensities must be exercised. An account started in a bank with even \$1 will grow, and grow, and grow, with added weekly savings, until it may become the foundation of a fortune.

ndation of a fortune. Then the young man, considering that it is the vocation of most grown persons to marry, will study how to prepare for matrimony. He will see how he can best make himself worthy of a good woman's affection and admiration. In education, in habits, in manners, in appearance, in dress, in accomplishments, in position, and in possessions, he will study how he can improve, in order that he may be more and more fit for the role of

Meanwhile, he may very properly pray God to give him a suitable help mate, and he may himself look around to find one. Let him not be caught by a pretty face or stylish garments. The character is the thing that lasts. Goodness, gentleness, sweetness of disposition, kindheartedness, unselfishness, loyalty to duty, health, piety, namess, loyalty to duty, neath, plety, love of parents, love of home, industry, housewifely accomplishments, etc., are to be preferred to beauty. Equality of social rank, congeniality of temperament, and the faithful practice of religion should be sought.

Love-making is all right when conducted in the fear and as in the presence of God. Catholic young men of the right sort take no improper liberties, and Catholic young women of the right sort allow no improper freedom to be taken. Love-making, then, that is honest and honorable is beautiful to see. It is chivalrous. It is tender. It is poetic.

It is chaste.
So, having congenial and remunerstive occupation, having the habit of thrift and a bank account, and hav-ing found a suitable helpmate, the young man in question cannot get married too soon and may reason. married too soon and may reasonably expect to have a successful and happy life.—Catholic Columbian.

STOP THAT SLANG

There is not much reverence in this day and generation. This is quite evident from the conduct, the talk and the terms heard on all sides. The young man refers in an offiand way to his father as "the old man," "the governor," etc. He forgets the respect and the reverence that he should have for his parents. The Lord promises a long and happy life reverence their parents. The terms used by the strutting young man when he refers to his father show that he has inhaled too much of the irre verence that is so common in this "land of the free." Much could be learned from "the heathen Chinee" as to the respect and reverence due to parents.

There was lately a young man, "smart as a whip," and "up to snuff," who "knew the ropes," and yet was out of a job. He went to a wholesale grocer and said: "The old man told me to call here, and to ask man told me to call here, and to ask you for a position." "If I had a hundred positions," said the proprietor,
"I would not give one to a young
fellow who refers to his father as
'the old man.'"

The young man "as smart as a whip" had been taught a lesson. The custom of the country may atone for much, but the free and easy manners in vogue are offensive to men of good taste and of solid sense. Then children are frequently re-

terred to even by parents as "the kids." Such slang produces similar fruit and creates disrespect for par-ents and for those who refer in that way to children. It is hard to under stand how children can be designated, at least by those of the household, as though they were no more than young goats. As people sow so shall they reap. If the old respect themselves, they will inculcate, by example, proper respect on the part of others. our Lord in referring to the young

unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God,"
"The old man," "the governor," and "the kids" are terms that should

and the kids are terms that should not be heard or used except in their original and proper signification. "Son, support the old age of thy father, and grieve him not in his life. And if his understanding fail, have patience with him, and despise him not when thou art in thy strength; for the relieving of the father shall not be forgotten."—Catholic Uni-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HISTORICAL CATHOLICS

Catholic school children will be interested to know how many familiar personages in American history professed the same faith as they do.

Christopher Columbus, a Catholic, is the marvelous link in the chain of time which connects the history of the Old World with the New.

John de la Cosa, a Catholic, was a famous companion of Columbus. He acted as his pilot. famous companion acted as his pilot.

acted as his pilot.

Americus Vespucci, from whom Americus Vespucci, from whom Americus accidentally received her name, was a Catholic.

The discoverer of the Pacific Ocean was a Catholic, the renowned Vasco de Balbos.

The discoverer of Florida, John Berner de Leon was a mambar of the

Ponce de Leon, was a member of the same church. The admiral of the fleet that first sailed around the world, and the discoverer of the straits which bear his name, was a Catholic, Ferdinand

Magellan.

The discoverer of the Atlantic States of this Republic was John de Verrazani, a Catholic. He coasted

verrazani, a Cainolic. He coasted along the shore from a point not far from Wilmington, in North Carolina as far north as Newfoundland. The discoverer of California and conqueror of Mexico was a Catholic, Fernando Cortez.

De Soto, a Catholic, conquered Florida and discovered the Lower

Mississippi.
The discoverer of Lower Canada and the River St. Lawrence was James Cartier, a Catholic.

The discoverers of the main land of North America were the Catholics, John and Sebastian Cabot.

The founder of the oldest city in the United States—St. Augustine, Florida—was Peter Melendez, a Cath-

The Catholic, Sir George Calvert

(Lord Baltimore), was the founder of Maryland. the Catholic monk, Joseph Le Caron,

The founder of Quebec and dis-coverer of Lakes Champlain and Ontario was the Catholic, Samuel de

Champlain,
The missionary of the Iroquois was the Jesuit, Isaac Jogues, and the Jesuits are Catholics.
The first missionary of the Hurons

was John de Breboeuf, Jesuit. The first Governor and chief Justice of Maryland was Leonard Calvert, a

The first missionary in Maryland was Andrew White, Jesuit.

The discoverer of the Upper Mississippi and the apostle of the valley of that river was the Jesuit, James Marquette. The Ohio River was first discovered

by De la Salle, a Catholic.

The first Catholis Governor of
New York was Thomas Cogan, an
Irishman. His commission bears
date of September 30, 1682.

The founder of San Francisco was the Catholic missionary, Junipero Serra, a Franciscan. The founder of the American navy

was John Barry, aCatholic.

The commander of the cavalry in

the Revolutionary War was Stephen Moylan, a Catholic.

The first newspaper in America that gave accurate reports of the legislative debates was established by Matthew Carey, a Catholic.

Thos. Fitzsimmons, Pennsylvania's signer of the Declaration of Independ-

ence, was a Catholic.
Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, whose signature on the same document bespeaks sterling courage and unselfish patriotism, was a Catholic.

Chicago, was a Catholic. General Sheridan died a Catholic. and his eulogy was delivered by Cardinal Gibbons.—New World.

KEEPING AT IT

There is a very old but very good story about a boy who was engaged one winter day in patting a ton of coal into a cellar. His only imple-ment was a small fire shovel. Notice ing this, a benevolent old gentleman expressed his surprise and commiseration. "My son," said the old gentleman, "you surely do not expect to put in all that coal with that little shovel?"

"Oh, yes, I do," replied the boy cheerfully, "all I have to do is to keep

There is a lesson in this story for rinere is a lesson in this story for young and old, and it is exemplified in the lives of the great men of the world. It is a mistake to suppose that the best work of all the world is

that the best work of all the world is done by people of great strength and many opportunities. "Keeping at it" is the secret of success. Never be in too great haste. Too many boys spoil a lifetime by not having patience. They work at a trade until they see about one half of its mysteries, then strike for higher wages. Such men are botches and

When learning a trade, my boy, don't move like a rusty watch. Act as if your interest and the interest of your employer were the same. Employers will not willingly lose good employees. Be honest and faithful. There is the secret of success, my boy, and that is the thing lacking with too many.—St. Paul Bulletin.

A constantly increasing sensible love of our dearest Lord is the safest mark of our growth in holiness, and the most tranquillizing prophecy of our final perseverance. — Father Faber.

Desire is the father of possession; whoseever desires obtains.—Chateau-briand.



CRUCIFIXES UNINJURED

RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS IMMUNE FROM DESTRUCTION

DESTRUCTION

The curious fact that crucifixes and statues of Our Lady seem to be immune from the general destruction in France and Belgium makes a great impression upon the British soldiers. One of them, Lance Corporal J. H. Morgan, of the East Lancashire regiment, writing home, says: "It is very queer that when the Germans shell these Roman Catholic churches the crucifix and the Virgin always remain safe." remain safe.

The Rev. Van Laeren, O. S. B., who is working among the refugees in the Exeter district, tells of a marvelous Exeter district, tells of a marvelous escape of a crucifix in a presbytery near Alost. One morning after Mass the villagers were alarmed by the booming of cannon on either side of them—the place being between the conflicting armies. Father Van Laeren found shelter in a cellar. After his incarceration he discovered that a shell had struck the presbytery wall, entering the priest's bedroom, where it exploded. Although the mantelpiece and the other contents of the room were completely wrecked a crucifix which had stood upon the mantelpiece remained undamaged.—

ST. JOSEPH AND THE DYING

Father Faber tells in his book "All for Jesus" of a Visitation nun, a very holy woman, who, as she was watch-ing before the Blessed Sacrament during the night of Holy Thursday, 1644, had a vision of Our Lord in His agony, and with this vision there was given her a light and an efficacious grace to pray for the intentions of persons in their agony. From the moment she received this admirable grace, she often seemed to hear the grace, she often seemed to hear the sighs of dying persons; and the effect this had upon her was?so great that ever afterward she said, night and morning, the prayers of the Church for those in their agony. Of this same Religious we are told that when the Bishop of Geneva came to con-secrate the church of the order at Annecy, and the Superior wished one of the six chapels to be dedicated to St. Joseph, this good Sister begged her to let it be dedicated to St. Joseph dying in the arms of Jesus and Mary. "Ah! my good Mother!" she cried, "God has made known to St. Joseph me that by this devotion to St. Joseph dying, His goodness wills to give many graces to persons in their agony and that, as St. Joseph did not go to heaven at once, Jesus not having yet opened it, but that he descended unselfish patriotism, was a Catholic.

General James Shields, who obtained the first charter for the city of Chicago, was a Catholic.

Chicago, was a Catholic.

Cath tory to offer to God the resignation of the great St. Joseph in dying and leaving Jesus and Mary, and to honor the holy patience of his tranquil ex-

OLD BACKS

NEED HELP

When people get to be 50 and 60 and 70, they need a little help some

time to get through with the day's work. Their backs can't stand the

work. Their backs can't stand the heavy loads, the steady strain, of lusty youth. They need

Gin Pills

St. Raphael Ont., Jan. 5th,
"Four years ago, I had such pains in my
back that I could not work. The pains extended to my arms, sides and shoulders. I
used mey kinds of medicine for over a year,
none of which did me very much good. I read
about them and found the pains were leaving
medically and sent for a sample and
used them and found the pains were leaving
medically and sent for a sample and
used them and found the pains were leaving
medically and before I had used them all, the
pains were almost gone and I could keep a
work. After I had taken six other boxes,
was entirely cured and I feel as strong as a
the age of 30. I am a farmer, now 61 yearold."

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MONEYS)

GIN

pectation, till the dawn of Easter, when the risen Jesus set him free.

This combination of devotion to St. Joseph with prayers for souls in their agony appeals strongly to us at this particular time, when a terrible war is being waged among Christians, resulting in an appalling destruction of human lives. Charity and nit present at the remember the and pity urge us to remember the dying in our prayers. Let us recommend souls in their agony to St. Joseph dying in the arms of Jesus and Mary. Some day we too must pass through death's portal. If we are charitable with our prayer for others, we shall not be written. charitable with our prayer for others we shall not be without powerful we shall not be without powerful friends in that dread moment. Is it to the ability of Catholics to enter the confessional box, and there, unlast prayer or word uttered by the late Father Robert Hugh Benson be-

A NEW DEPARTURE IN

For the first time in the history of the United States, perhaps indeed in the entire history of the world, a mission for non-Catholic deaf Mutes was preached in Pittsburgh by the Redemptorist Deaf Mute Missionary, mission to these afflicted persons was continued every evening for a full week, and with very satisfactory results, many of the Protestant Deaf persons coming every evening listen-ing to the explanations of Catholic doctrine by the elequent missionary, who used the sign language in imparting to his silent hearers the truths of faith. Previous to the non-Catholic mission, Father Burger preached a full week's mission to the Catholic Deat. So much interest was created in Pittsburgh at these extraordinary services, that St. Philomena's Church, in which they were held, was crowded throughout the entire week by hearing people, as Father Burger delivered his sermons simultaneously in two lan guages. Father Burger also gave a mission to the Deaf Mute Children of the De Paul Institute during February, this year, making in all a rich harvest in his three weeks' mis-sionary work in Pittsburgh. The Deal throughout the country, and priests actively engaged in working for the Deaf, are anxious to invite Father Burger to visit them and give a mission for them, in order to

A SINCERE CONFESSION

Our confession is sincere, when w cell our sins honestly and truthfully neither exaggerating or excusing them. Christ gave judicial authority over the sins of men to the Apostles and their successors. The confessional was thereby intended to be a tribunal, at which the penitent acts as accused and accuser, and the priest as judge; no lawyer is needed on either side. The priest, by virtue of his commission, must either forgive or retain, as the cause submitted to him may require; he must, there fore, hear the case such as it is. correlative duty, imposed on the enitent by the same divine authorpenitent by the same divine authority, is to submit to the priest his case exactly as it is, that he may know whether he is to forgive or to retain, The penitent must tell his sins honestly and truthfully. As the priest would be guilty of a sacrilege if he were to pass on a case in a if he were to pass on a case in nanner different from what his com mission demands; so also is the penitent guilty of a sacrilege if he wilfully proposes his case other than it is; it would be a lie; and an intrinsic evil, like a lie, cannot surely be the means whereby to obtain God's pardon. There must be no code pardon. There must be no exaggeration and no excuses. An excuse will not alter the act as committed. There may be causes taking away or mitigating essentially or entirely the guilt of the action, but in that case it would be action, but in that case it would be action. be unnecessary to confess the act. If we are prevented by sickness from hearing Mass, the obligation ceases as a matter of course, and then no sia is committed. We must represent ourselves to the priest such as we

sons from committing suicide. He now announces that he will open up next month in New York an anti-suicide headquarters where all who are tempted to shuffle off this mortal are tempted to shoftle off this mortal coil may consult him and gain new courage to bear life's burdens. In an interview which appears in the New York Tribune he says of his "The small number of suicides among Catholice is due, in the main not edifying to recall that almost the last prayer or word uttered by the late Father Robert Hugh Benson before he closed his eyes on this erath was the simple invocation, so familiar to Catholics young and old, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul," with its accompanying prayers. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, assist me in my last agony;" "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, may I die in peace in your blessed company."—St. Paul Bulletin. their souls and hearts, and go away
buoyed up by the knowledge that, no
matter how hopeless the case, there
is a Supreme Being, Who, in visiting
trials and tribulation upon humanity, always provides for the reward
for such suffesing.

"It is our object to supply that
consolition, and encouragement to MISSIONARY WORK

tion of the inability of Protestants to understand Catholic doctrines and

practices. The Rev. Dr. Warren does not take into account the sanctions that make confession so efficacious a means for upright living. Men and women, in his opinion, find a relief in pouring the story of their sorrows pathetic ears. He cannot enter into the feelings of a Catholic who knows that he has the promise of Christ Himself, that his sins are forgiven after he had made a good confession Nor does he take into account the part Grace, imparted through one of the sacraments instituted by our Lord, plays in sustaining a penitent He knows that Catholics go to con-fession and is aware that after doing so they lead better lives. He says that the small number of suicides among Catholics is due "to the ability of Catholics to enter the confession box He, therefore, concludes that this efficient means for the moulding of lives can be secured through imita Cardinal Newman, who had been Protestant, knew what confession was from practical experience after he had become a Catholic. Here is what he has to say of it: "If ever there is a heav-enly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament confession is such. And such is it ever found in fact—the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the cross hanging, so to

USE YOUR PRAYER BOOK

say, over the head bowed low, and

subduing tranquility, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially

and physically upon the soul, the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it, when

the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled

away forever! This is confession as it is in fact." Does the Rev. Dr.

Warren believe that he can produce

similar frame of mind in those

who confess to him ?-N. Y. Freeman's

Journal.

Bring your prayer book to Church It is surprising to note the number of people who, apparently, do not know what to do with themselves during Mass. They seem to pay attention to everything else except the Holy Sacrifice. They are unable to fix their thoughts on it even long enough to say the few prayers with which they are familiar. A prayer book would help to rivet their atten-tion and check their wandering houghts. Then, too, it would enable them to follow the Mass intelligently Do not be afraid to be seen carrying your prayer book to church and read-ing it. Most of them contain the liturgical prayers which the wisdom of the Church has elaborated and which cannot be surpassed by any that the ordinary person may manu facture.—St Paul Bulletin.

BURIED IN HIS ORCHARD

The last obsequies of Right Rev Msgr. R. H. Benson took place in that house of which he immortalized in his latest novel, for Hare Street House figures largely in "Oddsfish."
He was buried in his orchard just below a wooden cross which he himself had exected some time ago, the grace being specially consecrated by are; false excuses tend only to make us more guilty in the sight of God. Exaggeration is also a misrepresentation, and equally deprives our confession of veracity. It is frequently a mistake of plous souls to represent altar, including the dead priest's

mother and two brothers. Some ourious circumstances attended the passing of this man, who will leave his mark on his generation. Many themselves as worse than they actually are; they are afraid that they will not make their sine bad they will not make their sine bad enough; and thus, through fear of one mistake, they fall into another. By doing so, however, they mislead the confessor and make it impossible for him to judge them rightly. We must confess our sine as we know or

GRAND COLORED PATRIOTIC PICTURES



must confess our sins as we know or sincerely believe ourselves guilty before God; and ever remember that the priest is but the representative of Him from Whom nothing can be hidden. Our confession made in this manner, and with this purpose of setting forth to the priest our sins exactly as we know them or believe them to be, will bear the mark of sincerity.—St. Paul Bulletin.

IMITATION AND THE

A Protestant clergyman of New York City, the Rev. Dr. Henry Marsh

Warren, has hit on the plan of in-stituting a sort of Protestant Con-fessional. He claims to have been the means of preventing several per-

consolation and encouragment to those outside the Catholic Church by

establishing this headquarters."
We have here a striking illustra-







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like to try 190." A B., North Bay, ont., says "I sold the oin 18 abours, and could have sold as many
more. Please send me 40 more." J. B., Ottawa, Ont., says, "I just had your pictures 2 hours when
I had them all sold. I would have no trouble in getting 25c, each." S. T., Russel, Man., says, "I
sold the \$3.00 worth in 3 hours. Send me another \$3.00 worth." C. M., Wingham, Ont., savs "I sold
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your pictures last night, and have sold them all to-day. Send me 20 more." F. W. B.; Earl Grey,
Sask, says, "I took me only 2 hours to sell your pictures." F. J., Westmeath, Ont.,
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sell for yourself; then, if you order 40 more at a time YOU KEEP HALF THE MONEY. If
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THE C. M. B. A.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:—In the sterests of the C. M. B. A. I will ask you to be good enough to publish the following resolution which was unanimously adopted at a recent meeting of Branch No. 38, Cornwall.

"At a meeting of Branch No. 88,

C. M. B. A., of Cornwall, Ont., held on April 7th, 1915, there was a full discussion of the proposed increases of rates, and the effects the proposed increases, as published in the Cana-dian, would have on the membership

It was moved by Brother Peter Rivier and seconded by George Leblanc and resolved that the prosed increases and options are not in best interests of the C. M. B. A. as (1) They will be the means of forc-ing a large number of the older mem-bers out of the Association, and with them another large number of the younger members who are relatives, nd others who rightly or wrongly take the stand that the older members are being unjustly dealt with in the new table of rates and options. feel that this will have th effect of closing the C. M. B. A. in

It was farther resolved that the Grand Officers be petitioned to examine and, it possible. follow the course pursued by the C. M. B. A. of the United States as published in the CATHOLIC RECORD of March 20th., 1915, as we believe that a similar course if adopted, would place the C. M. B. A. on a solid foundation, restore confidence to the present membership and also be the means of adding new members to the order as the rates of the N. F. C. would be adopted and further increases would be avoided; and further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sealed th the Branch seal and forwarded to the Grand President and Grand Secretary for publication in the Can-adian. Carried.

PRIBE GANNON, Pres. Br. 38. Patrick McCABE, Rec. Sec.

TEACH THE CHILDREN TO READ

Of the many suggestions that have been made for the furtherance of the ostelate of the press, not the least actical, and certainly one of the practical, and certainly one of the most enduring, is the recent scheme to introduce into Catholic high schools and colleges the reading and discussion of a Catholic weekly. The proposal commends itself not merely for its immediate advantages, but also, and principally, because it opens a way for training our young people in a matter that is of supreme importance. ?An intelligent reading of current literature is undoubtedly of current literature is undoubtedly most desirable. How many boys and girls go out from our schools with no magazines save the sporting, fashion and flotional sheets; and to their shame be it confessed, with a furtive and only half restrained curiosity in the latest murder and divorce scandal? The morbid character of modern life is, of course, mainly responsible for this deterioration of Nevertheless no slight share of the blame is to be laid at the door of our educational institutions.

During the years of their collegiate and academic courses the pupils are given a rather satisfactory training in secular subjects, and this in spite many obstacles, such as partial lack of equipment, the absence of home traditions, and the utter disinclination for serious application to difficult tasks that is so characteristic of the student of today. As a rule also there are laid evangelization on a big scale—same Catholic life through an under-standing of the Church's doctrines. Moral development too is looked after, the heart is schooled and the will is strengthened to resist what is wrong and to strive for what is good. But it is rare to find graduates of our Catholic schools who have been taught to read newspapers and

As a consequence they find themselves at a great disadvantage, and instead of maintaining the high lever that their alma mater fondly but not over confidently hopes for, they content themselves with fistion, which when it is not worse is gener-ally of an ephemeral value. Events that are of national and internation al importance have no attraction for them. The editorial page of the dailies that form public opinion, is passed over assiduously and without even a regret. Subjects that touch the very springs of their Catholic interests leave them unmoved. Catholic activities and the possibilities and legitimate demands of the lay apostolate, which in other lands are the very staff of the Catholic's life, they neither care for nor under stand. The habits and principles of stand. The habits and principles of right thinking, in which their teachers so laboriously exercised them, go to waste. They do not apply them to current problems, nor use them to test the rectitude of the statements of those irresponsible writers and thinkers who are mould-

ring current thought. And the result?
They take their opinion ready made.
Things would not be so bad, if they had learned the habit of serious Catholic reading. Were they careful to inform themselves from our representative weeklies, though they might not care to pass judgment themselves, they would at least have correct views. Unfortunately, however, when the habit has not been cultivated in youth, it is seldom ac-

and testing them to see if they square with natural and revealed truth, will not except in rare and isolated in-stances, begin to do so afterwards. In this matter, more parhaps than in most others, some initiation and

training is necessary.

It would be untain to ourselves to think that this defect is characteristic of ourselves alone. It is a national of ourselves alone. It is a national defect. It is more or less true of a large portion of the graduates of all our American colleges and universities. These, however, are making strenuous efforts to remedy the defect. In many schools there has been introduced a custom that has long existed in the batter universities. Clubs have been formed in the colleges for the purpose of discussing leges for the purpose of discussing the current magazines. High schools confine themselves for the most part to a single weekly which they dis-cuss under the guidance of their

This practice can not be too highly commended. We might well adopt it ourselves. The correct and appreci-ative attitude toward the more serious and the more dangerous part of our ond the more dangerous part of our journalism needs cultivating. Par-ents and pastors complain and not without justice that we do not teach the children how and what to read. In this matter they contend there is a crying need of training. Why do we not remove the reproach? In non-Catholic schools boys and girls are educated to read with pleasure and discernment such papers as the Literary Digest, the Outlook, the Independent and the Nation. Even in Catholic schools some of these papers have been made the medium of a course in reading. The choice might be happier, but the practice is excellent, and should commend itself to all Catholic teachers of older children. Apart from the supernatural means of grace, there is scarcely a means more likely to perpetuate the results of Catholic educacion, to foster piety and to make the Church's children what she has a right to expect that they shall be, than the regular reading and dis-cussion in the school room of a

representative Catholic weekly. If such reading and discussion were customary, our teachers would not be called upon to lament that their work is almost entirely undone soon after the graduation of their pupils; and bishops and priests would have less cause to complain that graduates of Catholic colleges not only take little or no interest in Catholic thought and achievement, but are often decidedly un Catholic in their viewpoint.— J. Harding Fisher, S. J., in America.

WHAT HAPPENED IN AURORA

TRAGIC OUTCOME OF REVIVAL IN HOME OF THE MENACE

Some time ago Father Rossman won a case against America's most notorious organ of bigotry, and was awarded damages to the extent of \$1,500 which was subsequently paid by the paper in question. The enter-prising manager of the "Maniac" conceived the idea in making up the sum by evangelizing Aurora, according to "Billy" Sunday's methods. The Church Progress of St. Louis recounts the following story brought to it by a non-Catholic traveling man as the result of the attempted evangelization of Aurora:

The men of the 'Maniac' conceived the idea of evangelizing Aurora and vicinity, and incidentally, some say, to make up the \$1,500 loss which hing on the order of a Billy Sun

CARLOAD OF BIBLES

"Accordingly, six evangelists and a carload of Bibles were contracted for to meet the requirements of the occasion. Then came the problem of housing the large crowds that were to congregate for the grand rally of filth and hate. And it was a serious problem, since the town had no place of sufficient capacity to hold the promised multitudes. Yet for the manof the 'Maniac' -accustomed as they are to scheming for shekels—it was a problem of ready solution.

Let us build a temple of proper proportions, they said to one another. From the foolish and the easy marks we shall easily gather enough to pay for it, for the hot winded evangelists, the Bibles and for our own time and ingenuity. Amen, was the answer, and straightway they praceeded to put their planning into practice.

"At once the men of the 'Maniac'

began to canvass of the merchants of Aurora, who were induced to sign a sort of guarantee petition for erection of the temple according to the above scheme of the ingenious shekel-gatherers. The building was built, the Bibles arrived, the evangelists put in an appearance and the men of the 'Maniac' disported them-

selves in high spirits. AUDIENCE DECREASES

"On the opening night two or three hundred persons journeyed to the temple. The following night found about half that number in attendance. The third night there was another 50 per cent. shrinkage, and the fourth night empty chairs and a hollow sound made up the audience. The evangelization of Aurora and vicinity had collapsed.

"But the ghost of the ghastly fail-ure stake abroad day and night and promises no peace to the community. The temple is there, but not paid for. quired in age. Those who have not brought, from the class and lecture rooms with their diploma, a habit of challenging public pronouncements do the men of the 'Maniac' propose

that it shall. They are telling the builders, we are told, to collect from the merchant guaranters, who deny their liability for the debt. As the days multiply, the enmity is said to increase. When and how it will end increase. When and how it will end we don't know. The chances are, however, that it is destined to be-come something of a lasting sore-

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY

Joy is for all men, It does not depend on circumstances or condi-tion: if it did it could be only for the few. It is of the soul, or of the soul's character; it is the wealth of the soul's own being when that soul is filled with the spirit of our Blessed Lord, which, St. Bernard teaches, "is

the spirit of eternal love."

A strange instrument hung on an old castle wall, so the legend runs.

Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it won-bered what it was, and how it had been used. Then, one day a stranger came to the castle gate and entered the hall. His eye saw the dark object on the wall, and taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his

own.
The convert understands this. In his soul there hung a marvelous harp, dust covered with error and indifference, with strings broken, while yet the Master's hand had not found it. Then He came. He touched the long silent cords, and the instrument sprang into new life and grew melo-dious with joy. Deep thankfulness seemed to quiver in every string. This is the way Dom Aelred, O. S. B, Abbot of the Benedictine Community of the Isle of Caldey puts it, in the

last Quarterly, Pax:
"Truly with full measure, pressed down and running over, has God re-warded us for the little Act of Faith that everyone must make who tries to find the Truth; and for the painful surrender that His love asks of those who desire to forsake all things that who desire to foreste all things that they may follow Him. The time of doubt, hesitation and controversy is past, and in its place we have certain-ty and decision, together with a hap-piness that at the moment of the upcooting we could hardly have believed

possible. The Christian's chief joy is founded upon his confidence as to the secure need not say what it means to us all to be true members of the Catholic Church. We quote the same author

agaia: People say many wicked and stupid things about converts; but the wickedest and stupidest of all, and the most untrue, is the insinuation that every convert finds what he least expected, that he is not understood and that he is doomed to a lite long process of disillusionment. Indeed the very contrary is the truth. When the struggles of private judgment are over, and one stands upon the Rock and looks round upon the Catholic Church from inside, the feeling of relief and freedom from stiffness and unnaturally cramped point of view of those outside the Church is unspeakably comforting. It is not the triumph of controversy that brings men into the Fold, nor the nicely-balanced distinctions of theologians which give peace in the torment of doubt. But it is God alone who bestows upon us the pre-cious gift of Faith so that we can diswent to the Wheeling priest in cern the Truth and come to know damages. At any rate, it was to be the fact, eternal and unchangeable, cern the Truth and come to know that there is only one Church, Holy, ion with the See of St. Peter and his successors at Rome, the last of whom, in the person of Pope Benedict the Fifteenth, receives our respectful homage."—The Missionary.

"BILLY PARKER"

Among those, who have found it of benefit to themselves to migrate through the country attacking the Catholic Church at all their stopby the name of "Billy Parker," who has but recently put in his appear. ance in the South, along with William Black, the man killed a short time ago in Marshall, Texas. At the time of Black's death Parker filled out the

Verein has been noting the work of Parker for some time, and has been endeavoring ever since his appear. ance last year to obtain some infor-mation in his regard. Up to the present, no information could be se-cured, as he seemed to have excited no special attention in the vicinities from which he had purported to come. A few days ago, hewever, the desired record of "Billy" came, at least in part, from his place of residence, Oil City, Pa. The story of his

past is as follows:
"We have made inquiries about
this man and learn that he came here from Du Bois, Pa., about two or three years ago; he had there worked in a mine. They say he is a Scotchman and before going to Du Bois lived in

Boston, Mass.
"During his stay in Oil City he was never looked upon as an anti-Catholic lecturer, but was leader here among the Socialists. For reasons unknown, but upon the most reli-able authority, we know that he was expelled from the local organization and is prohibited from lecturing under any Socialistic auspices in the Catholic should attend his Church:

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This is not an organ simply built to sell. A

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state of Pennsylvania. The sol reason Parker chose to turn anti-Catholic lecturer was for the money there was in it. He has been in the city for the past week but has not lectured. We heard that he intends leaving soon, but do not know his

So Parker for some reason, no doubt a sufficient one, was expelled from the local organization of the Socialist party and prohibited from lecturing in Pennsylvania under their acceptable terms of peace.—Washing auspices. At this juncture, having ton Star. lost all hope of making money in that way, he seized upon the opportunity, offered by the auti Catholic movement, to become a lecturer against the Roman menace." It is of this stuff that these enemies of the Church are made. Disgraced among those with whom they had chosen to resort, they turn to this movement of bigotry and hatred, knowing full well that they will find dupes there. Isn't it about time that these non-Catholics, who are allowing them selves to be deceived by these knaves. should wake up to the ridiculous par which they, poor mortals, are playing in this affair?—Intermountain Cath-

GOING TO CHURCH

The Missionary From a secular newspaper pub-

lished in Sioux City we extract the following: Going to church is not as popular. or as fashionable, as it once was. In the days of our fathers, as we all re-member, there was much greater fidelity to the Chusch in this respect

than to day. It was more the custom then for the entire family to attend the services of the Sabbath, not only once, but twice, with the Sunday school in between. And those were sermon was formidably lengthy and heavy, if not dry, and when less attention was given to making the services "attractive." Our fathers, it seems to us in the retrospect, took their religious duties much more seriously than we do to-day. They regarded their churchgoing more as a duty than as a privilege or an opportunity, and with many of them Christianity was a thing of flesh and blood, paramount to every other phase of life. Time was, teo, when the church was the chief social center, an advantage that has largely been taken away from it in the de-

velopment of modern life.
All this is true of the Pr Churches, as our separated brethren themselves acknowledge, but it is not true of the Catholic Churches. Why the difference? is the question constantly asked by non Catholics They see the churches of the different forms of dissenting faith gradually losing their congregations, or else holding them at the expense of great effort in advertising or social attractions, while a steady stream of devout believers pours its way several times on Sunday into the

always open doors of the Catholic Church. Why this difference? It is not for us to explain the non-Catholic's lack of interest in the Church that he has selected to be his religious home, because such explanof Black's death Parker filled out the ations do not come within our dates, which had been arranged for sphere. That the prevailing irreligi.

The man from Bellaire, making vio-ous spirit now ruling in the minds lent attacks upon the Church and the priesthood.

The Central Bureau of the Central as the Catholic Church is concerned, we may say a word that, to some ex-tent at least, explains the fidelity of the Catholic to his church he The atmosphere that surrounds and penetrates the church building has a sanctity that is psculiarly its own.
It is a house set apart to be the
Church of God—to the Catholic it is
the Church of God. God dwells therein, and it is there that the Catholic comes into closest fellowship with his Divine Lord. It is not simply a gathering place of Christian people who have come together to listen to the preaching of the gospel: ti is the very center of the Christian's religious life—the place where the Hely Sacraments are dispensed, where the Blessed Saviour dwells upon the altar, where the holiest ex-ercises, from baptism till death, usually take place. Every time the practical Catholic enters his

the deepest aspirations of his soul are satisfied in acts of adoration. On his bended kness he believes himself to be in the Real Presence of His Lord. It is only in his own Church that the profoundest yearnings of his soul are satisfied.

PRAYER BEFORE ACTION

During one of the numerous war waged by France two centuries ago a strange scene took place near Saluzzo, a disputed outpost, which well illustrates the religious spirit

which often prevailed among the soldiers of earlier times.

The French approached the besiegers' lines, and both armies were arranged for a conflict. The sun shone from a cloudless eky; every detail on each array in the field was visible to the other, and both were beheld at once from the citadel.

There were three French marshal present, and it was Schomberg's turn to command. He drew up his twenty thousand men in four lines, with skirmishes in front, and the ragular cavalry were placed at stated intervals, ready to charge.

In this impressive order, and in absolute silence, the French advanced until nearly within cannon shot, when, at a signal, the mass halted and simultaneously knelt down to pray. Then fellowed the order to attack, which was silently and cheer-

fully obeyed.

The battle was not to be, however, for Mazami, amid a volley of musketry, suddenly appeared, rode at a gallop between the armies, and stayed the incipient fight by bringing

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, April 22, 1915. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have re ceived because of this appeal: Previously acknowledged.....\$636 41 Mrs. Anne Kennedy, Lakefield 1 00

A. Mathewson, Arnprior....... B. C. Denahue, Portland, Me...

Reader of RECORD, West

Mr. Thos. Fagan. Oltawa...... 1 00 If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful.

Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAKE. 98 Pembroke St.

CATHOLICS AND CERTITUDE

When the Church makes a thouand converts among the less fortunate classes no comment arises from the sneering skeptic but the oft re peated cry of "senseless supersti-tion!" What explanation can he offer to the equally patent turning of the intellectual souls to the haven of truth eternal! There can be no other adequate interpretation of the notable conversions of men of science and learning but that they have found what all great minds are seek ing-intellectual certainty. A writer in a recent issue of a popular monthpersonal convictions, he had to admit that Catholic philosophy was a per fect whole. That is why so m educated men and women, after years of truth-seeking in the wilds of Protestant heteredoxy, find peace the Catholic Orthodox Church, which means literally the universal church of true thought. - The Canisius Monthly.

THE SAFE GUARD

That pallid angel man call "Nevermore,"
With Sad reluctance, sheathed his sickle bare; Upon the lintels of the threatened

He saw the scarlet hyssop prints of

prayer.
- MABEL BOURQUIN, Fostoria, O.

WHERE WRITERS DIFFER FROM FIGHTERS

'A very touching story has been going the round of the English Press," says the Catholic Magazine for South Africa. "It tells of the Press," says the Catholic Magazine for South Africa. "It tells of the death, side by side, of a German Uhlan, Scottish officer, and a French cavalryman. These three in their last moments comforted one another and lent what little assistance was possible one to the other; all seem to have passed away like brothers dying in a common cause. It nearly always happens in wartime that the combatant is less virulent than the man who stays at home, the sword is more forgiving than the pen. One looks in vain through the columns of some newspapers for any sign of the command: 'love your enemies;' the practical Catholic enters his Church, he feels like saying with the Psalmist, "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house; and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." (Psalm xxy, 8.)

There is, then, a reason, why the

FORHAN.—In Wallaceburg, Ont., April 13th, 1915, Thomas Forhau, aged seventy one years. May his soul rest in peace!

BREEN .-- At St. Joseph's Hospital, city, on Monday, April 19, Mrs. Mary Breen, widow of the late Thomas Breen. May her soul rest in peace!

BARRETT.—At Guelph, Ont., on April 3, 1915, Mrs. Bridget Barrett, widow of the late Edward Barrett, aged seventy seven years. May her soul rest in peace !

SHEA.-At his late residence, 614 Wellington St. city, on Tuesday, April 20, Mr. Michael Shea, in his seventy seventh year. May his soul rest in peace!

RATHWELL.-On April 9th, in St Michael's Hospital, Toronto, Leo, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rathwell of Chapleau, Ont. May his soul rest in peace!

TEACHERS WANTED

A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHO olic teacher for Separate school. Duties ginning after Christmas holidays. Apply states salary, to W. Ryan, Box 22, Charlton, Ont.

POSITION AS PRIEST'S HOUSEKEEPER by a thoroughly-reliable and competent person. Can furnish good references. Apply Box Y. Carno-Lic Recorp, London, Ont.

THERE IS AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY for Catholic Dentists in two large cities in Western Ontario. Full information can be obtained from the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont

NURSING PROFESSION THERE ARE SEVERAL VACANCIES IN THE training school for nurses at Hotel Dieu Hospital, Windsor, Oat. Apply to Mother Superior for full particulars. 1904-3

WANTED A GENTLEMAN WHO IS CAPA ble of leading a small choir in a live town, as ide issue. State occupation so that other work made obtained, Address Box W., CATHOLIC RECORD.

CAN BE SAVED AND CURED OF DRINK

Good News to Mothers, Wives,

To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that, sooner or later must come, and wakes to the fact that he is a slave to the drink you think everything will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has undermined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the independent stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the independent stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the independent stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the independent stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the independent stomach and nerves must be shaking or the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taste for liquor.

My marvellous remedy—Samaria Prescription—has done this for hundreds of

scription—has done this for nundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge as it is tasteless and odorless and quickly dis-solves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver:

did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver:

"I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The curse of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."

FREE-SEND NO MONEY ly, after interviewing a Cathelic theologian on a mooted question, was moved to say that, whatever his ials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help Write to-day. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential.

E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co. 1421 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada

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LISHEEN CONVENTIONALISTS 73 cents postpaid

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA



O. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, Londor Meets on the 2nd and 4th Tsursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parial Hall, Richmond Street. Frank Smith, President.

Pope Benedict's Prayer For Peace

We are now in a position to supply the official prayer for peace issued by His Holiness, at the following prices: 250, 75c.; 500, \$1.00; 1,000, \$1.85. Postpaid on receipt of price. EVERY PARISH SHOULD HAVE A SUPPLY

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

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Formerly with Hotel Imperial

EVER since the war began the tendency of people has been to postpone buying until after the war. The result is that work has fallen off and the number of unemployed has been increased.

Many have been putting off life insurance until after the war, many who can well afford te buy it now.

It is never a true economy to postpone life insurance; every year it is dearer and life is less certain. certain.

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And make it a Mutual Life Policy, because in a Mutual Company there are no proprietors nor stockholders to receive special dividends. The policyholders are credited with the whole surplus.

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APPRECIATION

A prominent Canadian Insurance Periodical, under date March 10th, 4915, says of the Capital Life Assurance Co.:

Capital 1914 Figures The CAPITAL to make that sound progress which those who recognized its admirable start quite expected. The assets have increased to \$239,695, from a little under \$200,000; and the surplus, excluding capital, is \$147,085, plus \$7,780 reserves held above Government basis of valuation, making a total surplus of \$154,765. As this is very little less than the surplus last year, it means to say that the Capital has been able to maintain itself in its third year with the expenditure of very little capital. This is in some ways a really wonderful achievement.

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