

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE OLD STORY

When their imaginations are dormant and their brains sluggish some writers, compelled to write for a livelihood, we presume, look through museums for material. Many articles contained therein bear witness to follies of the past, and have no interest for this generation. The melodrama in which we saw the Church depicted as a thing abominable is out of fashion. But the Jesuits are always able to ignite the imagination and to make it turn out stuff which is as wondrous as some patent medicine advertisements.

The other day we read a sample of this kind of work. The writer designated them as "crafty, subtle and shrewd," and then stopped in his adjectival course because he had lost his dictionary. They dictated the policy of Rome, he averred, merely to show his ignorance. They were distrusted, he affirmed, because we suppose he knows how mercifully they flayed the Reformers, stripped them of their pretended scholarship and set them up for all time as monuments to the deadly effectiveness of incisive argument.

THE SUPPRESSION

He gloats with unholy glee over the suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV., and adduces it as an argument to prove that something must have been radically wrong about the Society. With a little knowledge about the men that extorted the measure from the Pope and the means employed to secure it, he would have been more dispassionate in statement and less disposed to gloss over iniquity. And, moreover, the history of the period has been so written as to make every reader aware of the infamies committed by those who were not in sympathy with either the doctrines or aims of Christians.

In France the war against the Jesuits was begun by the Duke de Choiseul who was a friend of the free thinking gentry. He was aided by the notorious courtesan de Pompadour, who hated the Jesuits because they denounced the immoral relation existing between her and King Louis XV. The Jansenists contributed their quota of persecution because the Jesuits smote their theories hip and thigh. The King, swayed by his mistress and enmeshed in the coils of an unscrupulous Prime Minister, confirmed, in 1764, the edict of Parliament by which four thousand Jesuits were compelled to leave France.

In Spain the Jesuits were the victims of intrigue and forgery. Avanda, the chief minister of the weak and vacillating Charles III., compassed the persecution of the Jesuits by means of forged letters which contained offensive and dangerous statements. In Portugal the leading actor in the drama of hatred was Pombal, the Minister of Joseph I. This man, adroit in intrigue and utterly conscienceless, bent himself with every energy of his being to the expulsion of the Society. Jesuits were condemned without trial or evidence. He spared no cruelty to attain his end. Not content with harrying them in Portugal he pursued them to far-off Paraguay where the Society had given generously of its toil and talent for two hundred years to redeem savages from barbarism and to form them into peaceful and prosperous Christian communities. Worthy of note is the fact that Russia and Prussia took no part in the warfare against the Jesuits. Frederick II. of Prussia showed, in a letter to the infidel d. Alembert, that he was not deceived by the pretexts with which the enemies of the Jesuits sought to justify their unholy campaign. "What progress," he wrote, "has your boasted philosophy made? You will reply, 'we have expelled the Jesuits.' I admit it; but I can prove to you that it was pride, private revenge, cabals, and in fact self-interest that accomplished the work."

Again, writing to his agent in Rome in 1773, he says that "in the treaty of Breslau he had guaranteed the status quo of the Catholic religion and he had never found better

priests in every respect than the Jesuits." But, as it has been said, the agents of Satan seemed to be inspired with diabolical hatred and they pressed their suit with such insolence and brutal regard of the feelings of the Holy Father that he at length felt compelled to yield, not because he thought it was right in itself, not that he had lost confidence in the Jesuits, not because he believed in the absurd calumnies against them, but simply to avoid what he was made to believe would be a greater evil. And on the 21st July, 1773, the Pope affixed signature to the brief suppressing the Society. It must be remembered that this brief, published without the usual formalities, was not binding on the Popes' successors. On the 7th of August, 1814, Pius VII. re-established the Society of Jesus throughout the world.

WE KNOW THEM

The records of the labors of the Jesuits in Canada have inspired some glowing pages, but these records still wait to grow under a skillful and reverential hand into a grand historical picture. We are too busy keeping up with the wild rush called progress to devote much time to the study of the careers of those who builded better than they knew. But to all who love the history of their native land we recommend the lives of the early Jesuits of Canada who bore across the ocean the blessings of Christian civilization and who, derided perchance by the unthinking, will ever be revered by all who can be thrilled by unselfish and heroic deeds. We are aware that he is a fearsome individual to those who sit at the knees of the bigot and sensational novelist. But we know the Jesuits as men who have ever fought for justice and truth, who have been as they are to-day in the advance guard of civilization the fearless and uncompromising soldiers of the cross. We know the Jesuit as the one who, says Spalding, was the "first to cross the threshold of the wigwam of every native tribe—the first to plant the Cross of Christ in the wilderness and to shed his blood cheerfully at its base." In unimpeachable purity of life and tireless energy in doing good they can challenge comparison with any group of men who have lived on the American continent. They are gone to their reward, but the memory of their matchless faith and courage goes on through the cycles of time stimulating us to helpful action and reminding those who read history aright that they were men who contributed to the upbuilding of the nation. True they built no city, formed no state, but they taught by precept and example the justice and morality which constitute the foundation of civilization. A short course in the literature of their explorations, labors and sufferings would give us a distaste for the sentimental and oftentimes degrading stuff that is scattered broadcast by the press. To feel if for a moment the touch of the noble and heroic would be an education. And to be able to see the Jesuits possessing the souls in patience despite brutal rage and torture would, perchance, help us to stand firm in times of stress.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

Sir Robert Hart, a Protestant Englishman, who knows China as well if not better than any European of prominence, at a Wesleyan missionary meeting in England in 1908, paid the following tribute to Catholic missions: "Although many of those present may not agree with me, I cannot omit, on an occasion such as this, to refer to the admirable work done by the Catholic missionaries among whom are to be found the most devoted and self-sacrificing of Christ's followers. The Catholic missionaries have done great work, both in spreading the knowledge of one God and of one Saviour, and more especially in their self-sacrifice in the cause of deserted children and afflicted adults. Their organization is ahead of any other, and they are second to none in zeal and self-sacrifice personally. One strong point in their arrangements is the fact that there is never a break in continuity, while there is a perfect unity in teaching and practice, and practical sympathy with their people in both the life of this world and the preparation for eternity. The Catholics were the first in the field; they are the most widely spread, and they have the largest number of followers."

THE PROTESTANT IN ITALY

"It should be remembered that Miss Humphrey is not herself a member of the Roman communion, is the warning given those who read the paper she contributes to 'The Protestant in Italy.' For non-Catholics the caution is doubtless necessary, as the Protestant in question is neither a Methodist nor a Waldensian but a New England Congregationalist who for the most part writes with such intelligence, sympathy and discernment about Catholic worship that the Atlantic's 'old subscribers' will surely suspect that the editor, notwithstanding his disclaimer, has been beguiled into accepting an article by a cleverly 'disguised Jesuit.'"

Miss Humphrey begins her paper with a good description of the average American Protestant's attitude toward the Catholic Church here at home. "We think her depraved, hypocritical, unscrupulous in her policy, a foe to the advance of civilization, a perverter of the teachings of Christ, a dealer in the outworn evils of superstition and mystery, a panderer to all the baser elements in the religious instinct. According to our varying temperaments, we tingle with indignation or smile with scorn at her gaudy trappings and her elaborate ceremonies. Mummyhood-winkling planned to entice the unwary and fool the credulous. We avoid the Catholic churches of our cities as if they were so many halls of sorcery, and really know nothing about them. We are as afraid of a Jesuit priest as Ulysses was of a Siren."

The author then goes on to tell what a wonderful change often takes place when "we go abroad for the winter." Miss Humphrey first pictures the annoyance of the sight-seeing Protestant at being interrupted in his study of a Roman mosaic by the entrance of a procession of clergy. When Mass begins he decides to stay and see what happens, so he looks on "with that peculiar expression of mingled curiosity, amusement, superiority and bewilderment which marks him for what he is, an unbelieving foreigner." But if he is at all susceptible to religious influences he watches the service with "such breathless interest that he gradually loses consciousness of himself," and when the Consecration bell sounds "he bows his head and the odious expression disappears from his face." Rome's spell is working. He cannot escape. At every corner in the city there is a beautiful old church he is eager to visit but his sight-seeing is being continually interrupted with by Mass, Vespers or Benediction. He grows more and more interested in what so often takes place before him, buys a "Key of Heaven," makes a literary study of the Catholic liturgy and finds to his surprise that the Communion service of the English Prayer Book, with which he is familiar, "is imbedded in the Roman Mass," almost word for word, "so before long 'he for the first time intelligently assists' at Mass."

This however is not the faith of his fathers, Puritanism now protests. "But who are our fathers? Only the few, immediately ancestral generations of Puritans? There have been three centuries of them, but they themselves were begotten by eight or ten centuries of Catholics; and the early loyalists are in our blood as well as the later." The next thing our "Protestant in Italy" does is to seize whatever books on Catholic doctrine he can get hold of, and begin a serious "study of the Roman Church." But, "This deposit of faith," these dogmatic articles of belief—how absurd to expect a twentieth century mind to credit them!" So he throws the books aside. The Siren Church continues, however, to lure him into her temples. He begins to observe the worshippers. He contrasts their "casualness" with the "punctual precision" of New England Congregationalists. He notes that the Catholics kneeling beside him seem to "know what they are here for, and they attend to all the motions of the Church; but they do it easily, naturally, from the ordinary level of their daily lives." He is also much impressed with the fact that he cannot enter a church without finding there "some man or woman kneeling before an altar or a shrine, lost in supplication."

Miss Humphrey, like many thoughtful Protestants, does not fail to note how the Real Presence enables us, "as it were, to focus God," and gives us "The human joy of seeking Him. She is struck by the fact that as Mass is being said every moment somewhere on the earth, 'The Word is perpetually being made flesh and dwelling among us.' The Catholic Church," she acknowledges, "has caught the spirit of eternity, in that it refuses to relegate the Birth and Passion to their set periods far in the past, but insists on regarding them as continually happening. Christ is as actually with us as He was with Peter and John." To Catholics of course such thoughts are blessed commonplace, but to find them expressed by a Protestant contributor

to the Atlantic Monthly gives them a strange freshness.

Miss Humphrey then makes some sensible observations on the inadequacy of private judgment as a religious guide, and on the advantages of all Christians having "one standard of faith and morality, and working consciously for one end." "But somebody must set our standard, and who is so fit to do that," she asks, "as the Church which has for ages concerned itself with spiritual matters, studying the teachings of Christ, interpreting them, and reconciling their inconsistencies?" Who, indeed? For the Catholic Church was of course instituted by its Divine Founder expressly "to set us our standard" and lead us unerringly to heaven.

The author ends her otherwise admirable paper by throwing this little sop to the Atlantic's "average reader." "Perhaps the idea of an infallible Church is not tenable, since popes and cardinals and priests are human. The Church's weakness undoubtedly lies in her presumption and rigidity. She forgets that the principle of all life is growth, and that if she is to maintain her vitality, she must adapt herself to changing conditions. But she is awakening to that understanding. Her Modernist movement is full of hope and promise to her well-wishers."

"Popes and cardinals and priests are human." Happily, they are, though it is not at all clear why that fact should make it impossible for the Holy Spirit to preserve the Church and her visible head from teaching error. As for the "Modernist movement," Miss Humphrey's knowledge of that "synthesis of all heresies" must be very imperfect. Had the movement succeeded, all that the author so much admires in the worship and doctrine of the Catholic Church would first have been undermined and then swept away; there is no question of that.

"The conclusion?" asks the author in her last paragraph. "There is no conclusion," is her immediate answer. Ah, but there is, and one moreover so logical that it should not be missed by a person who writes so intelligently of the Church as does Miss Humphrey. It is hard to see how the author of "The Protestant in Italy" can long escape the conviction that the Catholic Church is the divinely appointed guide not only of picturesque, emotional Italians, but also of hard, practical Americans—even if they happen to be readers of the Atlantic Monthly.—Walter Dwight, S. J. in America.

THE DIVORCE EVIL

BISHOP MULDOON OF ROCKFORD MAKES ELOQUENT APPEAL TO STOP EVIL

Before an audience which taxed the capacity of the new armory building, numbering fully 4,000 Kalamazoo residents, Bishop P. J. Muldoon of Rockford, Ill., delivered a remarkable lecture on "Unhappy Homes."

"We might spend hours citing the reasons for unhappy homes. The reasons are many. Of all the evils working against good citizenship there is none so devastating as divorce. There are two distinct parts in every man, his soul and his body. We may speak of the diseases of body but they pertain alone to man's physical being. Every country is judged by the souls of its men. As we must consider the soul above the body so we must consider that the evils which injure the soul are more to be feared than are the diseases which impoverish the body.

"Any evil which sears a man's soul injures not only himself, but his family and the entire community in which he lives. A man may be crippled and yet possess so active a brain that he is able to become a leader among his fellows. But when the soul is injured by some sin or evil, then the man is an injury to himself and the community.

"The evil of divorce lies in the fact that it attacks the soul of men. We must go back to the beginning to understand, for unless we know the beauty and greatness of marriage it will be impossible to realize the evil of divorce.

"Your passions must be guided and checked at all times, not allowed to have full sway.

Marriage is sacred. It must remain so or the health of the nation will surely be impaired.

"Man's ruling passions cause the greatest amount of divorce. We must curb these passions. At certain points along the shores of the Mississippi river we find banks which hold back the torrents of water rushing past during flood times. A single break in the earth wall and the lands are covered with water. In the same way we must control our passions in order that the small aperture may not be torn away by this consuming power.

"The legislative body in London have asked that the laws regulating divorce be made more stringent. The attorneys have made a plea for a more uniform system. Judges on the bench are astonished at the increase in divorce. The only protection for our homes is sanctity of

the marriage bond, which eliminates divorce.

"Many people die of consumption each year. I could tell you the exact number who lost their lives through the attacks of this disease in the United States during the past twelve months. You would be astounded, and in all probability would raise your hands in horror. The great number which has died from diphtheria, smallpox, and other diseases which affect the physical man is appalling.

"But the evil of divorce is by far the most terrible because it attacks the souls of men. It wrecks more homes, causes more sorrow, and makes more children homeless than does disease. Divorce attacks the social fabric of the nation.

"Hardly any subject is held so lightly or regulated in so loose a fashion as that of marriage. A low idea of marriage is a calamity to the nation, to childhood, to womanhood and to manhood.

"Every nation which has practiced divorce has died from it. The Roman empire went down because of the loose morals regarding marriage. Man did not make marriage. It is a divine institution, perfected by God himself.

"God knew what was best for man. Marriage stands for the best things in the human race. Divorce stands for the degradation and decay of the race.

"God made the first marriage. In it He instituted the song of human nature. Had man lived up to this standard, all would have been perfection. After the first marriage men allowed corruption to creep into the law. Moses allowed divorce. This went on until Christ came. Then He established anew the sacred bond of matrimony.

"The Pharisees came to Christ and tempted Him, asking concerning the question. Then Christ again established the law of God. He brought the Jews back to the Garden of Eden upon that day.

"We hear men excuse divorce, but first they must explain the laws expounded by Jesus in that hour when He spoke for all hours of the future.

"The Catholic Church forbids divorce and stands in this regard upon the teachings of Christ. The Church does not forbid separation, but denies the right of again taking the marriage vow.

"When God created man and woman, He doubtless had in view the continuation of this creation. Many believe that this is the only object of matrimony. We cannot deny the influence of children in the home. We cannot say that through her efforts in caring for the children, all that is best and sweetest is not brought from the mother. Neither can we say that by his struggles the father is not drawn nearer to God in his efforts to properly provide for the family. But God intended more than this. He had in view the establishment of a complete union, one in which a thorough understanding of the soul would be maintained—a husband and wife working in perfect harmony and accord. This is the perfect union which God desires. A man who is fighting the battles which arise on the pathway of life never asks divorce.

"God sealed the contract of the marriage vow. He meant that it should be enduring. It was His wish that it might never be broken.

"The American people love laws. A law is not made right, however, simply because it is a law. Such an idea is false. No laws are right unless they are founded upon the word of God.

"Regardless of the legislation, no divorce law is right, because it is not founded upon the teaching of Christ. All the laws which permit divorce are an attack upon the sacrament of God. There is nothing so terrible as the breaking of the bond of matrimony.

"The eternal answer of the Church must be to those who ask divorce that it is not permitted. Nations have left the Church, have thrown her men into prison and discredited her priests, but the law has remained unshaken. There can be no exception.

"However clearly the civil law may be defined with regard to this question, no Catholic may take advantage of this law. The law of divorce is working havoc with the very vitals of this country.

"In 1900, a total of 27,000 divorces were recorded in all Europe, Canada, and Australia, as compared to 59,000 divorces in the United States alone. In 1912 the number in this country had reached the enormous figure of 100,000, until at the present time one out of every six marriages terminates in divorce.

"No other nation except Japan surpasses us in the infamy of divorce.

"It is the general rule to blame foreigners who come to this country for the evils. But in the foreign countries divorce is rarely resorted to. The foreign element does not bring the soul disease to our shores.

"Each five years shows an increase of 30 per cent. in our separations. The increase is three times as great as is our increase in population.

"A bill was recently passed by the House of Representatives which forbids a man who cannot read or write from entering the country. Such a man might come to this country and although he was striving to make a home for his family here where they might enjoy religious and civil liberty he would be sent away because he could not read and write. Compare this man to the one standing beside him who is unmarried. He may be marked with sin to such an extent that every physician will know at a glance. Yet he is allowed to enter the country. The one who would build his home here and live happily and contentedly is sent back to his own land. The other who has committed a crime against society and who will commit a crime against the woman whom he will some day marry, is allowed to enter.

"The average married life of those who seek divorce is five years. The maximum is ten years. After so long a period of domestic life, very few ask separation in the courts.

"Divorce causes the separation of thousands. Of these two-fifths of the number have children in the home. We love to speak of home. It is sweet and holy. This great evil of divorce is throwing out the opportunity to separate. Sometimes little troubles will arise which the spirit of divorce takes advantage.

"The Catholic Church believes in no remedy for divorce. It rests wholly upon the word of God. By the teachings of Christ we are forbidden to be divorced.

"Let us go back to that solemn moment when Jesus brought to the world for the second time the sacred relations of the marriage bond."

"During his address the speaker paid a glowing tribute to Monsignor F. A. O'Brien.

"Whatever he attempts to do," said Bishop Muldoon, "he does it in the fullest measure."

In introducing the speaker last evening, Judge John Adams of this city, said:

"We are living in an age when the question of divorce is of vital importance. Magazine and newspaper articles advise us of the fact that divorces are becoming more frequent. Judges upon the bench, legislators in our houses of state are appalled with the increase of this practice."

THE CHAMPIONS OF PATRICK MORGAN

Ottawa Free Press, March 3

It's a ticklish subject, but it is just as well to have it said in this public way that there are some of us Protestants who find it impossible to approve, or even to contemplate without getting hot, the action of the Ottawa Ministerial Association yesterday in regard to Patrick Morgan.

For some time Mr. Morgan has been the publisher of an intermittent periodical which exists solely to attack the Catholic church to which he formerly belonged. In the windows of a store on Bank Street, Ottawa, he has been prominently displaying not only cartoons and caricatures extremely offensive to every passing Catholic citizen, but books that no respectable head of a family would permit to enter his home.

The resolution reported to have been passed by the Ottawa Ministerial Association places the seal of approval on Mr. Morgan's campaign and conduct. It goes further. The clergymen over their signatures are said to have undertaken to provide funds "to be raised from the Protestants of Canada" to enable Mr. Morgan to publish his paper weekly instead of monthly.

The Free Press refuses to believe that, in this matter, the Ottawa Ministerial Association correctly represents the feeling of a majority of the members and adherents of the Protestant churches of Ottawa or of even a majority of the Protestant ministers of Ottawa. There must be thousands who would very much dislike to think that money they contributed to the work of the Protestant church were to be diverted into channels such as that indicated.

The publication of a periodical by "the Protestants of Canada" whose one aim is to slander and malign the leaders of a creed with which they do not agree is too repellent to be pondered with equanimity by a Christian community.

The Free Press would not deny to Mr. Morgan the right to say and print just what he pleases, but we do deny the right of the Ottawa Ministerial Association to approve and assist, in the name of all Protestants, the campaign which Mr. Morgan has felt personally called upon to conduct.

WASTE OF TIME AND ENERGY

"It is to be regretted," says the Pittsburg Catholic, "that our separated brethren at their meetings waste so much time and energy in attacking the Catholic Church and in planning missions to us poor benighted 'Romans.' When one considers how many millions in this country of ours make no pretence to believe in the Saviour, who is common to Catholics and Protestants alike, it seems as if efforts of our earnest friends might with greater profit be directed towards them rather than the Catholics."

CATHOLIC NOTES

In Argentina there are 9 Catholic daily papers, and about 100 other Catholic publications.

Monsignor Lucy, vicar-general of the diocese of Little Rock, Ark., recently received into the Church J. E. Boyce president of the Cotton Belt Savings and Trust Company.

In Brazil, the crucifixes removed from the courts by the anti-clerical are not only being replaced; but new ones are solemnly and festively blessed for public places.

The first Catholic periodical in the United States was established in 1825 at Charleston, S. C., by John England, first Bishop of Charleston. "The United States Catholic Miscellany" was the title of the publication.

The nine-hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Clontarf occurs this year on Good Friday. A special celebration will take place in Dublin to commemorate the event which marked the downfall of Danish pagan power in Ireland.

The movement for the return of nursing nurses to the hospitals, which was started in Paris, is spreading throughout France. In Toulouse 52 physicians threaten to go on a strike unless the Sisters are restored.

Linson de Farrent Jennings of Mayville, N. Y., formerly a lay reader in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church in that town, was received into the Catholic Church on Feb. 11, by the Rev. Father Harrigan, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Lake-wood, N. Y.

Ninety seven priests and nuns belonging to the Salesian Order founded by Don Bosco, recently left Turin for mission countries. This large number of apostolic workers is going for the greater part, to South America, though a few are destined for China and India.

Jerome Connor is now completing a statue of Robert Emmet to be placed in the national art gallery at Washington, D. C. Mr. Connor says it will be ready for unveiling March 4, 1915. It will be the first statue of a celebrity to be placed in the great art gallery, and the place for it has already been set aside by the United States Government.

In the village church of Twineham, Sussex, England, has been found the original painting by Camillo Procaccini entitled "The Holy Family." It is said to have been bought some years ago in poor condition for the sum of \$10 and given to the church by a patron, but remained unrecognized until the present rector made inquiries.

Father Robert Kane, S. J., preaching in London, said of Canon Beehan that when his great fame brought him money from the publishers it disappeared in charity of which no one knew from what hand it came. He had arranged that the profits from his books should be sent to his Bishop to be distributed among the poor.

The first Catholic mission in China dates from 1592. The Franciscan friar, John of Monte Corvina, built a church in Pekin with campanile and containing three bells. He instructed the boys in Latin and Greek and converted 6,000 adults. After having translated the New Testament into Tartar, he was appointed Archbishop of Cambalu by Clement V. in 1307—more than a century before Luther was born.

About ten years ago Rev. Ernest Rich Grimes, member of the (Anglican) Cowley Fathers and preceptor of their church at Cowley St. John, Oxford, became a Catholic. Shortly after his ordination several years ago his Bishop sent him to the little Leicestershire town of Earl Shilton, to found a mission. At that time there were but half a dozen Catholics there; to-day the mission numbers 300 souls, all converts of Father Grimes.

A daily paper in an Illinois city published for a long time sermons of "Pastor Russell." Protestant ministers who differed with Pastor Russell objected to the appearance of these sermons in their daily paper without avail. Then came the lectures of Father K. Ostenkoetter who pointed out to his hearers: 1. Our daily paper is a religious paper; 2. a Protestant paper; 3. a Russell paper. These lectures were effective. The editor of the daily paper recognized in Father Ostenkoetter the protest of 15,000 Catholic citizens and the Russell sermons no longer appear.

A class in Christian doctrine for non Catholics has been formed at Notre Dame University. At the request of some young men of Brown hall, Brother Alphonus, C. S. C., has established this class to explain Christian doctrine. The Brother is a convert, having become a Catholic while a young man. For Catholic students attending the university instructions in the essential of Christianity is compulsory, but to have young men outside the faith ask for such instruction is unusual. The class numbers 25. The work of the class will consist in asking questions about the Church and having Brother Alphonus answer them.

AILEY MOORE

TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD N. O'BRIEN, D. D., BISHOP OF LIMERICK CHAPTER VI HOW MR. SNAPPER WENT A WOOLING, AND WHAT CAME THEREFROM

There are some men whom good habits destroy. They may escape in a crowd, if their garb be very ordinary; but if they make any effort to adorn themselves, from being ugly they become hideous.

Mr. Snapper, land agent and attorney-at-law, was one of these. Mr. Snapper, however, thought otherwise; and on a morning in the summer of 1844—not so long ago, either—he rose early made many ablutions, and dressed himself a la mode.

Mr. Snapper wore a light waistcoat and gray pantaloons, a profusion of shirt-collar, and a colored necktie—the necktie most particularly directed attention to the crookedness of Mr. Snapper's eyes.

Having been duly "perfumed like a milliner," which class we mean no disrespect by saying so, Mr. Snapper took up his white kid gloves, approached the mirror for the hundredth time, laid his hat upon the dressing-table, and commenced looking at himself as he drew on the said kid gloves—gentlemen always like to see themselves drawing on their gloves.

The learned gentleman remarked that his hand was very large, and looked larger when developed and defined by the kid glove, so he thought he would carry the gloves carefully in his hands. Then he thought he had made a mistake in the matter, and again put on his gloves; but again he looked dissatisfied, and to wear them off his hands was the ultimate resolve.

Mr. Snapper "was going to woo." The gig was at the door—a gig well known to those parts—the whip handle rose gracefully from the left-hand side, the whip itself bowed as gracefully in the "passing breeze"; the horse was shining under brightly-polished harness, and the gig was shining behind the horse. In fact, all parties were engaged in the amorous enterprise of Mr. Snapper.

Many congratulations on his looks Mr. Snapper received from Rody and Jude as he made his appearance in the yard. The good girl and man-of-all-work were in ecstasies; but it was because Mr. Snapper was going out, and well that amiable gentleman knew it.

Rapidly Mr. Snapper's gig drove along the road by St. Senadus Well, and was directed towards a charming plantation at no great distance from the road. The undulating ground, the neatly-trimmed walks, the trees so beautifully arranged for shade and ornament; the lake, with its pair of swans, and the house off in the distance among large trees, looking not too large for a moderate income, nor too small for a fair fortune; all were beautiful and attractive,—of course, a man of less taste than Mr. Snapper would admire such a residence.

As Mr. Snapper's eyes wandered towards the hall door, which had green lattice-work in front, a sylph-like young girl, leaning on a handsome young gentleman, were entering the house.

"All right," said Mr. Snapper to himself; "they are at home at any rate," and Mr. Snapper's brow knit very unlike a gentleman "going to woo."

The plantation, dear reader, is "Moor-field" and the lady and gentleman are Reginald Moore and gentle "Ailey."

Thither Mr. Snapper is going to seek a wife, and Ailey is the lady of his love. God help thee, gentle Ailey Moore!

Reginald has ascended the stairs, and Ailey has entered the drawing-room, on the right hand of the hall.

The former has his sanctum—an apartment which no one ever enters but himself. Not even Ailey, the beloved Ailey, has found access there; perhaps because she has not sought it. Some ladies would die if they were compelled to live in the same house with an unrevealed secret!

Ailey Moore was quite contented to scribble her curiosity to other people's tastes or convenience. In this, as in everything else, the dear young girl banished all selfishness, and the unselfish are always the lovable.

But what is the secret? Reginald Moore has a passion deep as his own soul. It brings him into familiar communion with the world of glory around him and above him—and even within him. The shape of the summer cloud, and the rich azure in which it lies resting or moves so calmly; the leaf and flower in all their phases of transparent youth and rich maturity; the blaze of the mid-day sun and the gorgeous hues of its setting; the timid glare of the half hidden brook, and the lordly swell of the mountain billow—all things beautiful and sublime speak to Reginald as his soul traverses the landscape or travels in the mid sky—Reginald is a painter. From his very infancy he sought to reproduce the forms of loveliness around him; but even at a youthful period ceased to exhibit his skill. He was too deeply in love with his pursuit—and he would not unveil anything which would not be its triumph. Like a true disciple, he was never satisfied; and like a manly soul, he determined

to be so, some time or another, Reginald was gone to his studio. There was the outline of a female head in the easel—Reginald sat down before it. Around him were pictures which many of the critics would have called magnificent; to his deep ambition—the ambition of a Sanzio—they were nothing.

He was, in a moment, lost in thought; his eyes still on the outline. Has the reader ever seen Raphael (painted by himself) contemplating the vision of the Virgin Mary? How beautiful the thought!

SORROW GIVETH PLACE TO JOY

"All praise to St. Patrick!" quavered on the listening air as Patrick gave a last loving pat to the teaming earth he had heaped over one of his choice bulbs.

"All praise to St. Patrick who brought to our mountains The gift of God's faith the sweet light of His love."

"Patrick!" Mrs. O'Donnell stood in her beautiful old garden directing the work. "Patrick," she said crossly, "those weeds must be taken up to-day. You are a lazy, good for nothing fellow. I have been telling you to weed the garden for the last week, and it is not done yet."

Unbounded surprise showed in the old man's gentle blue eyes. "Sure, ma'am," he said, "tis the first time I've heard you mention it." "Well, weed it to-day," answered Mrs. O'Donnell, "and don't be so impatient."

"Mrs. O'Donnell, ma'am," the old man's voice was pathetic, "you don't mean to weed it to-day? Sure 'tis the birthday of the glorious saint himself. You can't have forgotten it, ma'am?"

"Well, what of it?" snapped Mrs. O'Donnell, "weed the garden, and then do whatever you please." And turning, she moved up the path towards the house, a deep frown on her fine old face. The soft light died out of the gardener's eyes. "Sure," he said to himself sadly as he watched his mistress, "it's changed the mistress in those years since Master Donald's gone away." And with a sigh he turned again to his work, thinking all the while of St. Patrick's day of past years, when he had been granted a holiday and had donned his best suit, kept always for these great occasions—Easter, Christmas and St. Patrick's Day! And he thought regretfully of the hours spent with a few of his cronies telling stories of Banshees—those weird, fantastically poetic tales so dear to the Irish soul. To-day all was changed, and Patrick's simple old heart was heavy as he bent over his weeding.

Mrs. O'Donnell's thoughts also dwell on the past as she moved along the path, her proud head held high. Though she was already past her seventy-fifth birthday she was still a handsome woman with her silvery hair and delicate features. Her heart, too, was sad, but bitterness was mingled with her sadness. To-day was St. Patrick's Day—"the glorious saint," the old man had said, "Had she forgotten it?" Could she ever forget it! It was on this day that Donald, her only son, had gone to Natal to fight for the British against the Boers. With all her heart she hated the British—the robber nation, she called them. And to think that her son, on whom, after her husband's death, she had lavished all her love, to think that he had gone to fight for them! Even yet she remembered her words when he informed her of his purpose. She had called him traitor to his country, and hurt to the quick, he had left her. Afterwards she admitted to herself that she had been harsh with him, but her pride prevented her from inquiring after him, though every day she eagerly scanned the newspapers in the hope of gleaming some intelligence regarding him. But never a word had she of him since his departure.

When Mrs. O'Donnell entered the kitchen her two maid servants, Annie and Margaret, were singing and chatting at their work. Their mistress stood a moment frowning at them, then said angrily, "Why are you singing, you shiftless minxes? If you would stop your chatter and work harder you would accomplish more." "Why, ma'am," said Annie wonderingly, "tis happy we are indeed on the feast of our glorious saint. The church is giving a fine outing at Kerry's Field to-day."

"Outing, forsooth!" exclaimed the mistress crossly, "you will have to get the linen laundered before you go to any outing to-day."

The faces of the girls before her fell. "Tis St. Patrick's Day, Mrs. O'Donnell," said Margaret pleadingly. "You can't have forgotten it, ma'am?"

And what if it is, Margaret O'Neill, snapped the irate lady, as she returned and left the room. The girls looked one at the other in surprise. "Sure," said Margaret, the younger, "I never saw such a heathen as the mistress has grown to be. 'Tis not like herself she is at all, at all. And the fine picnic we were to have, and the new dress I made all by myself. Oh, 'tis cruel she is, and no mistake, and the tears sparkled on her long lashes. But the other girl reproved her gently. "Twas to-day, Margaret," she said, "that she lost her son, Master Donald, poor lad. It broken her heart, and that's the truth."

"Sure, I always forget," said the other tenderly, and she turned once more to her work. "Tis sorry I am

for her, the poor thing." But the girls' day was spoiled, and there was no more laughter and singing as they continued scouring and ironing.

Meanwhile Patrick was weeding out the flower beds. At best he was slow, but to-day he seemed slower than usual, and occasionally he would shake his head and murmur, "My feast day, too. Sure, what will the boys think of me working on St. Patrick's Day?" As he scooped over one of the beds, he was startled by a man's voice, and looking up he saw a handsome bearded face just above the hedge, with kind eyes peering down on him. "Pardon me," said the old gentleman, "but would you tell me to whom this grand old place belongs?" Patrick straightened up proudly, and a pleased light came into his faded eyes. "Indeed, sir," he answered with Irish courtesy, "tis the property of Mrs. O'Donnell, descended from the great O'Donnell himself. With undigged pleasure the visitor continued, "And tell me now, had she a son?" "She did have," replied the man sadly, "but, sure 'tis many long years the day since we've heard of him, and we've given up hope of him long since. He went to Natal with the British."

"Ah!" the gentleman's eyes brightened, "and was his name Donald?" "Why yes, sir," answered Patrick, "do you know of him, sir? Could you tell us of him? With a radiant smile the gentleman hurried down the street till he reached the entrance to the grounds. The old gardener was surprised to see him enter the house with long, quick steps.

Mrs. O'Donnell, standing before a picture of her son in her spacious drawing room was even more surprised when, unannounced, Margaret ushered into her presence a tall bearded man, whose eyes scanned her face eagerly. "Mrs. O'Donnell," he said, warmly, "you must pardon my intrusion, but I have brought you news of your son." Trembling, the old lady motioned the stranger to sit down, and said weakly, "Where is he?" "He is here, ma'am, here in Dublin," answered the man, then seeing her agitation, he added hastily, "But let me tell you of it. First, I must introduce myself. I am Sydney Brooks, Donald's companion during the war. We've been close friends all these years. Don nursed me through fever in Natal, and then when I got better he took it himself, poor fellow. Oh, the awful days and months we spent there, the misery of it! And all the while he talked of you, Mrs. O'Donnell, and of your words to him when he left to fight down there. We were afterwards ordered to India, and have just come back, and glad we are to be here again. Don seems a little shaken up, but he'll soon be all right, dear old fellow. He is longing to see you, but he dared not come home—here the mother's voice interrupted him, "Oh! bring him home to me, bring him home to me, now!" And well satisfied with the result of his visit, Sydney hastened to recall the prodigal to a mother's welcome.

Margaret and Annie working in silence in the kitchen were surprised at the sight of their mistress hurrying in to them with tears in her eyes and a smile on her lips. "He's come home!" she cried. "Donald is home! Oh go away to your picnic girls and leave me alone with him! And," she continued, brushing the tears from her eyes and laughing like a child, "take that foolish old Patrick with you!"

Mary S. Egan, St. Ann's Academy.

praise of God, the saints are the very channel through which praise is most acceptably given to Him, and if the Scriptures command us to praise the Lord in all His works how much more in His saints—the masterpieces of nature and grace! Let no one, therefore, suppose that we are assembled to-day to dishonor God by honoring His saint; let no one imagine that we are come together to bless and praise other than Our God Himself, "the Father of lights," "for every best and every perfect gift" which He has given us through our great Apostle, St. Patrick. He is "a man of renown," for his work and his name are known and celebrated by all men; and our father in his generation, for he "begat us to God by the Gospel." He was, moreover, "a man of mercy," for, when he might have lived for himself and for the enjoyment of his own ease, he chose rather to sacrifice himself, and to make his life cheap and of no account in his sight, and this through the same mercy which brought the Lord Jesus Christ forth from the bosom of the Father, namely, mercy for a people who were perishing. His "godly deeds have not failed," for the Lord crowned his labors with blessings of abundance. "Good things continue with his seed," for the faith which he planted still flourishes in the land. "His posterity are a holy inheritance," for the scene of his labors, grown famous for holiness, obtained among the nations the singular title of "the Island of Saints."

And his seed hath stood in the covenants," for it is well known and acknowledged that no power, however great, has been able to move them from the faith once delivered to the saints. "His children for his sake remain forever," for he blessed them, as we read, that they should never depart from the fold of the "one Shepherd" into which he had gathered them, and his prayer in heaven has verified for 1,500 years his prophetic blessing on earth. "His seed and his glory shall not be forsaken," for they are the children of saints, and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from Him. Seeing, therefore, that all the conditions of the inspired Word have been so strikingly fulfilled in our saint, it is wonderful that we should also desire to fulfill the rest of the command, "Let the people shew forth His wisdom, and the Church declare His praise?" I propose, therefore, for your consideration—first, the character of the saint himself; secondly, the work of his apostleship; and thirdly, the merciful providence of Almighty God toward the Irish Church and the Irish people.

The light of Christianity had burned for more than four hundred years before its rays penetrated to Ireland. For the first three hundred years of the Church's existence the sacred torch was hidden in the catacombs and caves of the earth, or if ever seen by men, it was only when held aloft for a moment in the hands of a dying martyr. Yet the flame was spreading, and a great part of Asia, Armenia, Egypt, Spain, Italy and Gaul had already lighted their lamps before that memorable year 312, when the Church's light, suddenly shooting up, appeared in the heavens, and a Roman Emperor was converted by its brightness. Then did the spouse of Christ walk forth from the earth, arrayed in all the "beauty of holiness," and her "light arose upon the people who were seated in darkness and in the shadow of death." The Christian faith was publicly preached, the nations were converted, churches and monasteries were everywhere built, and God seemed to smile upon the earth with the blessings of Christian faith and Roman civilization. A brief interval of repose it was, and God, in His mercy, permitted the Church just to lay hold of society, and establish herself amongst men, that she might be able to save the world, when in a few years, the Northern barbarians should have swept away every vestige of the power, glory and civilization of ancient Rome. It was during this interval, between the long continued war of persecution and the first fall of Rome, that a young Christian was taken prisoner on the northern shores of Gaul, and carried, with many others, by his captors, into Ireland. The young man was St. Patrick. He was of noble birth, born of Christian parents, reared up with tenderest care, and surrounded from his earliest infancy with all that could make life desirable and happy. Now he is torn away from parents and friends, no eye to look upon him with pity, no heart to feel for the greatness of his misery; and in his sixteenth year, just as life was opening and spreading out all its sweets before him, he is sold as a slave, and sent to herd cattle upon the dreary mountains the far north of Ireland, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness; and there for long years did he live, forgotten and despised, and with no other support than the Christian faith and hope within him. These, however, failed him not; and so at length he was enabled to escape from his captivity and return to his native land. Oh, how sweet to his eyes and ears must have been the sights and sounds of his childhood! How dear the embraces, how precious the joy of his dear mother when she clasped to her "him that was dead, but came to life again!" Surely he will remain for her now, nor ever expose himself to the risk of losing again joys all the dearer because they had once been lost. Not so, my brethren; Patrick is no longer an ordinary man; one of us. A new desire has entered into his soul and taken possession of his life. A passion has sprung up

within him for which he must live and devote his future. This desire, this passion, is to preach the Christian faith in Ireland, and to bring the nation forth "from darkness into the admirable light" of God. In the days of his exile, even when a slave on the mountain-side, he heard, like the prophet, a voice within him, and it said, "Behold, I have given my words in thy mouth. Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up and pull down, and to waste and destroy, and to build and to plant. Gird up thy loins and arise, and speak to them all that I command thee." And when he was restored to his country and to those who loved him, the same voice spoke again, for he heard in a dream the voice of many persons from a wood near the western sea, crying out as with one voice, "We entreat thee, O holy youth, to come and walk still among us." "It was the voice of the Irish," says the saint in his confessions, "and I was greatly affected in my heart." And so he arose, and once more leaving father and mother, how and land, went forth to prepare himself for his great mission. Having completed his long years of preparatory study, he turned his face to Rome, to the fountain-head of Christianity, the source of all jurisdiction and divine mission in the Church, the great heart whence the life-blood of faith and sound doctrine flows even to her most distant members, the new Jerusalem and Zion of God, of which it was written of old, "From Zion shall the law go forth, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem;" and here in Rome St. Celestine the First laid his hands upon Patrick and consecrated him first bishop of the Irish nation.

And now he returns to our shores a second time; no longer a shepherd, but free, and destined to break the nation's chains: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free;" no longer dragged thither an unwilling slave of men, but drawn by irresistible love, the willing slave of Jesus Christ; no more a stripling, full of anxious fears; but a man, in all the glory of a matured intellect, in the strength and vigor of manhood, in the fullness of power and jurisdiction; with mind prepared and spirit braced to bear and brave all things, and with heart and soul utterly devoted to God and to the great enterprise before him. Oh, my brethren, what joy was in heaven at that hour when the blessed feet of the Bishop Patrick touched the shores of Ireland—the ancient "Isle of Destiny." This was her destiny; surely, and it is about to be fulfilled—that she should be the home and the mother of saints—of doctors and holy solitaires, and pure virgins and martyrs robed in white, and of a people acceptable before the Lord. That the Cross of Christ should be the emblem of her faith forevermore, of her faith and of her trial, of her tears and sorrow, and of her victory, "which conquereth the world." O golden hour amongst the hours! when the sands of the Irish shore first embraced softly and lovingly the beautiful footprints of him who preached peace and good things; when Moses struck the rock, and the glistening waters of salvation flowed in the desert land; when the "Name," which is above all names, was first heard in the old Celtic tongue, and the Lord Jesus, entering upon His new inheritance, exclaimed, "This is My resting place forever and ever; here shall I dwell because I have chosen it."

The conversion of Ireland, from the time of St. Patrick's landing to the day of his death, is, in many respects, the strangest fact in the history of the church. The saint met with no opposition; his career resembles more the triumphant progress of a king than the difficult labor of a mission-ary. The Gospel, with its lessons and precepts of self denial, of prayer, of purity, in a word, of the violence which seizes on heaven, is not congenial to fallen man. His pride, his passions his blindness of intellect and hardness of heart, all oppose the spread of the Gospel; so that the very fact that mankind has so universally accepted it, is adduced as a proof that it must be from God. The work of the Catholic missionary has, therefore, ever been, and must continue to be, a work of great labor, with apparently small results. Such has ever been amongst all the nations; and yet Ireland seems a grand exception. He found her universally Christian. He left her universally Christian. She is, again, the only nation that never cost her apostle an hour of sorrow, a single tear, a drop of blood. She welcomed him like a friend, took the Word from his lips, made it at once the leading feature of her life, put it into the language of her most familiar thoughts, and repaid her benefactor with her utmost veneration and love. And much, truly, had young Christian Ireland to love and venerate in her great Apostle. All sanctity, coming as it does from God, is an imitation of God in man. This is the meaning of the word of the Apostle "those whom he foreknew and predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son, the same He called, and justified and glorified." Conformity to the image of God is therefore Christian perfection or sanctity, "the mystery which was hidden from eternity with Christ in God." But as our Lord Jesus Christ, "In whom dwelt the fullness of the God-head corporally," is an abyss of all perfections, so do we find the saints differing one from another in their varied participations of His graces and re-

semblance to His divine gifts, for so "stars differeth from stars, in glory." Then, amongst the apostles, we are accustomed to think and speak of the impulsive zeal of Peter, the virginal purity of John, etc., not as if Peter were not pure, or John wanting in zeal, but that were all was the work of the Spirit of God, one virtue shone forth more prominently, and seemed to mark the specific character of sanctity in the saint. Now, amongst the many great virtues which adorned the soul of Ireland's Apostle, and made him so dear to the people, I find three which he made especially his own, and these were, a spirit of penance, deepest humility, and a devouring zeal for the salvation of souls. A spirit of penance. It is remarkable, and worthy of special notice in these days of self-indulgence and fanciful religions, how practical the gospel is. It is pre-eminently not only the science of religious knowledge, but also of religious life. It tells us not only what we are to believe, but also what we are to do. And now, what is the first great precept of the gospel? It is penance. My brethren, what is penance, for the kingdom of God is at hand." And when, on the day of Pentecost, the Prince of the apostles first raised up the standard of Christianity upon the earth, the people "when they heard these things had compunction in their hearts, and said to Peter, and to the rest of the apostles, What shall we do, men and brethren?" and Peter said to them, do penance, and be baptized, every one of you." This spirit of penance was essentially Patrick's. His youth had been holy; prevented from earliest childhood by the blessings of sweetness, he had grown up like a lily in purity, in holy fear and love. Yet for the carelessness and slight indiscretions of his first years, he was filled with compunction, and with a life-long sorrow. His sin, as he called it, was always before him, and with the prophet he cried out, "Who will give water to my head, and a fountain of tears to mine eyes, and I will weep day and night." In his journeyings he was wont to spend the night in prayer, and tears, and bitter self-reproach, as if he was the greatest of sinners; and when he hastened from "Royal Meath," into the far west of the island, we read that when Lent approached, he suspended his labors for a time, and went up the steep, rugged side of Croagh Patrick, and there, like his Divine Master, he spent the holy time in fasting and prayer; and his tears were his food night and day." Whithersoever he went he left traces of his penitential spirit behind him; and Patrick's penance and Patrick's purgatory are still familiar traditions in the land. Thus, my brethren, did he "sow in tears," who was destined to reap in so much joy; for so it is ever with God's saints, who do his work on this earth; "going, they went and wept, scattering the seed, but coming they shall come with joy." His next great personal virtue was a wonderful humility. Now, this virtue springs from a twofold knowledge, namely, the knowledge of God and of ourselves. This was the double knowledge for which the great St. Augustine prayed, and which he knew thee, and know myself, that I may love thee and despise myself;" and this did our saint possess in an eminent degree. This knowledge of God convinced him of the utter worthlessness of all things besides God, and even of God's gifts, except when used for Himself; and therefore he did all things for God and nothing for self, and of "his own he gave Him back again;" he lost sight of himself in advancing the interests and the cause of God; he hid himself behind his work in which he labored for God; and strangely enough, his very name and history come down to us by reason of his great humility, for he would write himself a sinner, and he calls himself "Patrick, an unworthy, and ignorant and sinful man," for so he saw himself, judging himself by the standard of infinite holiness in Jesus Christ, by which we also shall all be one day judged. Looking into himself he found only misery and weakness, wonderfully strengthened, not by himself, but by God; poverty and nakedness, clothed and enriched, not by himself, but by God; and, fearful of losing the Giver in the gifts, he put away from him the contemplation of what God had made him, and only considered what he was himself. Thus was he always the most humble of men. Even when seated in glory and surrounded by the love and admiring veneration of an entire people, never was his soul moved from the solid foundation of humility, the twofold knowledge; and so he went down to his grave a simple and an humble man. And yet in this lowly heart there burned a mighty fire of love, a devouring zeal for the souls of his brethren. Oh! here indeed does he shine forth "likened unto the Son of God;" for like our Divine Lord and Master, Patrick was a "zealous lover of souls." He well knew how dear these souls were to the sacred heart of Jesus Christ—how lovingly the Lord of glory had spent Himself, and given His most sacred and precious blood for them; how it was the thought of their salvation that sustained Him during the horrid agony of His passion; in the agony of His prayer; when His sacred flesh was torn at the pillar; when the cruel thorns were driven into His most holy brows; when, with drooping head and wearied eyes, and body streaming blood from every open wound, He was raised up on the cross to die heart-broken and abandoned, with the anger of God and the insults of men poured upon Him.

Patrick knew all this, and it filled him with transports of zeal for souls, so that, like the great apostle, he wished to be sacrificed for them; and to die a thousand times rather than that one soul purchased so dearly and the offspring of so much love and sorrow, should perish. Therefore did he make himself the slave and the servant of all, that he might gain all to God. And in his mission of salvation no difficulties retarded him, no danger frightened him, no labor or sacrifice held him back, no sickness subdued him, no infirmity of body or mind overcame him. Old age came upon him, yet he spared not himself, nor did he for a moment sit down to count his years, or to number his triumphs, or to consider his increasing wants; but his voice was clear and strong and his arm untrifling, though he had reaped a harvest of many years and had borne "the burden of the day and the heat;" and his heart was young, for it was still growing, in the faith of those around him. Even to the last day of his life "his youth was renewed like the eagle." He repeatedly journeyed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and being with prayer, and blessing, and planting the plants which he had planted in this new vineyard of God; and grace was poured abroad from his lips, and "virtue went forth from him," until the world was astonished at the sight of a whole nation converted by one man, and the promise made of old was fulfilled in Patrick, "I will deliver to you every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, and no man shall be able to resist thee all the days of thy life." And now we come to the question, What did St. Patrick teach, and in what form of Christianity did he expend himself for God? For fifteen hundred years, my brethren, Christianity meant one thing, one doctrine, one faith, one baptism, now, however, in our day, this same Christianity, though as undivided as ever, is made to signify many things; and men, fondly imagining that our ancestors had no greater unity than ourselves, ask what form of doctrine did St. Patrick preach to the Irish people? I answer: He preached the whole cycle of Catholic truth as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be to the end of time. He taught them that Christ's most sacred Body and Blood are really and truly present in the Blessed Eucharist, so that we find an Irish writer of the same century (Sedulius) using the words "we are fed on the body and the members of Christ, and so we are made the temples of God;" again, the language used by the Irish Church at the time, as even the Protestant Bishop Fisher acknowledges, concerning the Mass, was "the making of the Body of the Lord." In support of the same truth we have the beautiful legend of St. Bridgid— which, even if its truth be disputed, still points to the popular faith and love whence it sprang—how, when a certain child, named Nennius, was brought to her, she blessed him, and prophesied that his hand should one day give her the Holy Communion; whereupon the boy covered his right hand and never again let it touch any profane thing, nor be even uncovered, so that he was called "Nennius nua laumh glas," or Nennius of the clean hand, out of devotion and love to the Most Holy Sacrament. St. Patrick taught the doctrine of penance and confession of sins and priestly absolution; for we find, amongst the other proofs, an old penitential canon of a synod held under the saint himself in 450, in which it is decreed that "if a Christian kill a man, or commit fornication, or go in to a scotshayer after the manner of the Gentiles, he shall do a year of penance; when his year of penance is over, he shall come with witnesses, and afterwards he shall be absolved by the priest." He taught the invocation of saints, as is evident from numerous records of the time. Thus, in a most ancient life of St. Bridgid we find the words, "There are two holy virgins in heaven who may undertake my protection—Mary and Bridgid—on whose patronage let each of us depend." In like manner we find in the synods of the time laws concerning the obligation of giving for the dead; in the most ancient Irish missal Masses for the Dead are found with such prayers as "Grant, O Lord, that this holy oblation may work pardon for the dead and salvation for the living;" and in a most ancient life of St. Brendan it is stated that "the prayer of the living doth much profit the dead." But, my brethren, as in the personal character of the saint there were some amongst his virtues that shone out more conspicuously than the others, so in his teaching there were certain points which appear more prominently, which seemed to be impressed upon the people more forcibly, and to have taken peculiar hold of the national mind. Let us consider what these peculiar features of St. Patrick's teaching were, and we shall see how they reveal to us what I proposed as the third point of this sermon, namely, the merciful providence of God over the Irish Church and people. They were the following: Fidelity to St. Peter's Chair and to Peter's Holy See, the same; His devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary; prayer and remembrance for the dead; and confiding obedience and love for their Bishops and priests. These were the four great prominent features of Patrick's teaching; by the first, namely, fidelity to the Pope, he secured the unity of the Irish Church as a living member of the Church Catholic; by the second, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, he

ST. PATRICK SERMON DELIVERED IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, ON SUNDAY, MARCH 17TH, 1872, BY VERY REV. THOMAS S. BURKE, O. P.

Let us now praise the most faithful of our fathers in their generation; * * * these men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not failed; good things continue with their seed. Their posterity are a holy inheritance; and their seed hath stood in the covenants; and their children for their sakes remain for ever; their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken. Let the people shew forth their wisdom, and the Church declare their praise.

We are assembled to obey the command of God expressed in my text. One of the great duties of God's Church, to which she has ever been most faithful, is the celebration of her saints. From end to end of the year the Church's saints are the theme of her daily thanksgiving and praise. They are her heroes, and therefore she honors them; just as the world celebrates its own heroes, records their great deeds and builds up monuments to perpetuate their names and their glory.

The saints were the living and most faithful representatives of Christ our Lord, of His virtues, His love, His actions, His power, so that He lived in them, and wrought in them, and through them, the redemption of men; therefore the Church honors, not so much the saint, as Christ our Lord in the saint; for, in truth, the wisdom of saintliness which she celebrates, wherever it is found, is nothing else, as described to us in Scripture, than "a vapour of the power of God, and a certain emanation of the glory of the Almighty God;" the brightness of eternal light; and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness; * * * and through nations she conveyeth herself into holy souls, she maketh the friends of God and prophets." Nor does the Church's honor of the saints derogate from that of God, as some say; otherwise the Lord, who is jealous of His divine power and glory, would never command us to praise the saints as he does in the words of my text, and in many other parts of the Holy Scriptures; "Praise ye the Lord in His saints," "God is wonderful in His saints," etc., etc. Nay, so far from lessening our love and

praise of God, the saints are the very channel through which praise is most acceptably given to Him, and if the Scriptures command us to praise the Lord in all His works how much more in His saints—the masterpieces of nature and grace! Let no one, therefore, suppose that we are assembled to-day to dishonor God by honoring His saint; let no one imagine that we are come together to bless and praise other than Our God Himself, "the Father of lights," "for every best and every perfect gift" which He has given us through our great Apostle, St. Patrick. He is "a man of renown," for his work and his name are known and celebrated by all men; and our father in his generation, for he "begat us to God by the Gospel." He was, moreover, "a man of mercy," for, when he might have lived for himself and for the enjoyment of his own ease, he chose rather to sacrifice himself, and to make his life cheap and of no account in his sight, and this through the same mercy which brought the Lord Jesus Christ forth from the bosom of the Father, namely, mercy for a people who were perishing. His "godly deeds have not failed," for the Lord crowned his labors with blessings of abundance. "Good things continue with his seed," for the faith which he planted still flourishes in the land. "His posterity are a holy inheritance," for the scene of his labors, grown famous for holiness, obtained among the nations the singular title of "the Island of Saints."

And his seed hath stood in the covenants," for it is well known and acknowledged that no power, however great, has been able to move them from the faith once delivered to the saints. "His children for his sake remain forever," for he blessed them, as we read, that they should never depart from the fold of the "one Shepherd" into which he had gathered them, and his prayer in heaven has verified for 1,500 years his prophetic blessing on earth. "His seed and his glory shall not be forsaken," for they are the children of saints, and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from Him. Seeing, therefore, that all the conditions of the inspired Word have been so strikingly fulfilled in our saint, it is wonderful that we should also desire to fulfill the rest of the command, "Let the people shew forth His wisdom, and the Church declare His praise?" I propose, therefore, for your consideration—first, the character of the saint himself; secondly, the work of his apostleship; and thirdly, the merciful providence of Almighty God toward the Irish Church and the Irish people.

The light of Christianity had burned for more than four hundred years before its rays penetrated to Ireland. For the first three hundred years of the Church's existence the sacred torch was hidden in the catacombs and caves of the earth, or if ever seen by men, it was only when held aloft for a moment in the hands of a dying martyr. Yet the flame was spreading, and a great part of Asia, Armenia, Egypt, Spain, Italy and Gaul had already lighted their lamps before that memorable year 312, when the Church's light, suddenly shooting up, appeared in the heavens, and a Roman Emperor was converted by its brightness. Then did the spouse of Christ walk forth from the earth, arrayed in all the "beauty of holiness," and her "light arose upon the people who were seated in darkness and in the shadow of death." The Christian faith was publicly preached, the nations were converted, churches and monasteries were everywhere built, and God seemed to smile upon the earth with the blessings of Christian faith and Roman civilization. A brief interval of repose it was, and God, in His mercy, permitted the Church just to lay hold of society, and establish herself amongst men, that she might be able to save the world, when in a few years, the Northern barbarians should have swept away every vestige of the power, glory and civilization of ancient Rome. It was during this interval, between the long continued war of persecution and the first fall of Rome, that a young Christian was taken prisoner on the northern shores of Gaul, and carried, with many others, by his captors, into Ireland. The young man was St. Patrick. He was of noble birth, born of Christian parents, reared up with tenderest care, and surrounded from his earliest infancy with all that could make life desirable and happy. Now he is torn away from parents and friends, no eye to look upon him with pity, no heart to feel for the greatness of his misery; and in his sixteenth year, just as life was opening and spreading out all its sweets before him, he is sold as a slave, and sent to herd cattle upon the dreary mountains the far north of Ireland, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness; and there for long years did he live, forgotten and despised, and with no other support than the Christian faith and hope within him. These, however, failed him not; and so at length he was enabled to escape from his captivity and return to his native land. Oh, how sweet to his eyes and ears must have been the sights and sounds of his childhood! How dear the embraces, how precious the joy of his dear mother when she clasped to her "him that was dead, but came to life again!" Surely he will remain for her now, nor ever expose himself to the risk of losing again joys all the dearer because they had once been lost. Not so, my brethren; Patrick is no longer an ordinary man; one of us. A new desire has entered into his soul and taken possession of his life. A passion has sprung up

within him for which he must live and devote his future. This desire, this passion, is to preach the Christian faith in Ireland, and to bring the nation forth "from darkness into the admirable light" of God. In the days of his exile, even when a slave on the mountain-side, he heard, like the prophet, a voice within him, and it said, "Behold, I have given my words in thy mouth. Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up and pull down, and to waste and destroy, and to build and to plant. Gird up thy loins and arise, and speak to them all that I command thee." And when he was restored to his country and to those who loved him, the same voice spoke again, for he heard in a dream the voice of many persons from a wood near the western sea, crying out as with one voice, "We entreat thee, O holy youth, to come and walk still among us." "It was the voice of the Irish," says the saint in his confessions, "and I was greatly affected in my heart." And so he arose, and once more leaving father and mother, how and land, went forth to prepare himself for his great mission. Having completed his long years of preparatory study, he turned his face to Rome, to the fountain-head of Christianity, the source of all jurisdiction and divine mission in the Church, the great heart whence the life-blood of faith and sound doctrine flows even to her most distant members, the new Jerusalem and Zion of God, of which it was written of old, "From Zion shall the law go forth, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem;" and here in Rome St. Celestine the First laid his hands upon Patrick and consecrated him first bishop of the Irish nation.

And now he returns to our shores a second time; no longer a shepherd, but free, and destined to break the nation's chains: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free;" no longer dragged thither an unwilling slave of men, but drawn by irresistible love, the willing slave of Jesus Christ; no more a stripling, full of anxious fears; but a man, in all the glory of a matured intellect, in the strength and vigor of manhood, in the fullness of power and jurisdiction; with mind prepared and spirit braced to bear and brave all things, and with heart and soul utterly devoted to God and to the great enterprise before him. Oh, my brethren, what joy was in heaven at that hour when the blessed feet of the Bishop Patrick touched the shores of Ireland—the ancient "Isle of Destiny." This was her destiny; surely, and it is about to be fulfilled—that she should be the home and the mother of saints—of doctors and holy solitaires, and pure virgins and martyrs robed in white, and of a people acceptable before the Lord. That the Cross of Christ should be the emblem of her faith forevermore, of her faith and of her trial, of her tears and sorrow, and of her victory, "which conquereth the world." O golden hour amongst the hours! when the sands of the

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

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a true Catholic spirit.

It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of the Dominion, and it will do more and more as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success. Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus. Apostolic Delegate

University of Ottawa, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. Mr. Thomas Coffey, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain, Your faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO Arch. of Larissa, Apoc. Delec.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1914

ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1914

The day that the Irishmen throughout the world celebrate with such love and loyalty differs in this year of grace, 1914, from those of the past. The hope deferred that maketh the heart sick gives place to joyous anticipation of the victory which this year will crown the century of struggle for the national self government of the motherland.

That victory is complete, absolute. It is not bound up with the fate of the Home Rule bill now before Parliament. In all human probability the Home Rule bill will become law this year; but if it should not, disappointing though such an eventuality would be, there is no reason why it should be disheartening.

Let us glance at the position attained. Men are still living who knew the mighty O'Connell. Fresh from the horrors of the French Revolution he had learned one great lesson that he was to impress on his countrymen and on the world: that grievances should be redressed by constitutional agitation within the law rather than by armed and bloody rebellion against the law.

But we may well take a more hopeful view of the present legislation. Despite the rancorous opposition of Ulster Orangemen, due to the appeals to religious passion and prejudice there is every reason to believe that Orangemen and Catholic will soon co-operate heartily for the welfare of their common country. It is well to remember that Isaac Butt, the first Parliamentary Home Rule leader, was one of the rabid and supposedly irreconcilable opponents of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church.

The Rev. T. A. Finlay, S. J., who has been closely associated with Sir Horace Plunkett in the agricultural regeneration of Ireland, thus writes of co-operative meetings where Catholics and Protestants, Orangemen and Nationalists, ministers and priests all unite to promote the common welfare: "A co-operative meeting is an unique phenomenon in Irish life. There the militant Ulsterman sits down with the Irish Leaguer of the South or West, the Chaplain of an Orange Lodge with the Munster or Leinster Parish Priest; and the only rivalry between these strangely assorted colleagues is in the effort to do most for the common cause. The friendliness generated in the parties to these deliberations necessarily reacts upon their social relations in other spheres. It is beyond question that in the districts where co-operation has been introduced into rural industry the traditional animosities of Irish public life have lost much of their rancor and party strife much of its bitterness. You cannot to-day meet a neighbor in friendly conference as your ally and your adviser in your most important material concerns, and to-morrow denounce him as an unscrupulous knave. You may differ from him profoundly in matters non-industrial, but you must at least respect his character, and give him credit for honesty of purpose. When these allowances have been made, party controversy is reduced to rational argument, and can be conducted without exciting personal enmities."

This, on a larger scale, will be precisely the effect of Home Rule. Let us hope that another St. Patrick's Day will see Orangemen and Catholic, not only with mutual toleration but with mutual respect and confidence, rival each other only in the service of Ireland, their common country and the motherland of millions of the sea-divided Gael.

All this time the Ascendancy faction voted consistently with the reactionaries and against every extension of democratic power.

The Home Rule movement since 1870 is unparalleled in the Parliamentary history. Only in the manliness, independence and cohesion of the German Centre party do we find anything to compare with it. The marvelous fidelity to principle, the utter disregard for all that too often successfully appeals to selfish human nature, the unity and cohesion of a whole people in the inexorable demand for their national rights, have exemplified to the world the efficacy of O'Connell's great substitute for armed rebellion, and taught the oppressed of the world the mighty power of constitutional agitation.

Between 1874 and 1877 there were only eight English Home Rulers in Parliament. To-day, after all the organized power of Great Britain to suppress the movement has been overcome, the majority of the voters as well as the majority of their representatives in England, Wales and Scotland have been won over to the unquenchable cause of Irish nationality.

The people of these countries know now that their cause, the cause of the people as against the privileged classes, owes a tremendous debt to Irishmen. And even if the vicissitudes of politics should again delay the fruition of their hopes, the Irish cause is won. Nothing can lessen the magnitude of that victory. Indeed, should the party of unequal privilege be successful in its unscrupulous appeal to religious prejudice and intolerance, the ultimate victory of equal rights and real civil and religious liberty will be all the more firmly bound up with the cause of Irish nationality, and the day of reckoning not long postponed.

Had Gladstone succeeded in carrying Home Rule in 1886 or in 1893 the Irish Land Purchase scheme would have been difficult if not impossible for an Irish Parliament to finance. And it was the success with which Irishmen grappled with and cast off the incubus of Irish landlordism that made English land reform not only possible but inevitable. History will repeat itself. If the party of the privileged classes succeed in again delaying justice to Ireland, British democracy, allied with the invincible cause of Irish nationality, will, in the near future, exact a higher price.

But we may well take a more hopeful view of the present legislation. Despite the rancorous opposition of Ulster Orangemen, due to the appeals to religious passion and prejudice there is every reason to believe that Orangemen and Catholic will soon co-operate heartily for the welfare of their common country. It is well to remember that Isaac Butt, the first Parliamentary Home Rule leader, was one of the rabid and supposedly irreconcilable opponents of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church.

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THE HON. CHARLES R. DEVLIN

In the death of Charles Ramsay Devlin a remarkably varied public career has closed prematurely.

The old County of Ottawa (now Wright and Labelle) though overwhelmingly Catholic returned the late Alonzo Wright to Parliament from Confederation down to 1891 when it elected its first Catholic representative in the person of the late Mr. Devlin. He held this seat in the Federal House until the county was divided, and was then elected for Wright. In 1896 he voted against his leader and party in favor of the Conservative remedial legislation for Manitoba. Though elected at the ensuing election as a liberal he accepted in 1897 the position of Canadian Commissioner to Ireland. In 1908 Mr. Devlin was tendered the nomination for Galway City and was elected by acclamation, being one of the first of the numerous contingent of Canadians to sit in the Mother of Parliaments. In 1906, having resigned his seat at Westminster, he returned to Canada and was elected to the Federal Parliament for Nicolet, and in 1907 was returned for the Quebec Legislature where he became Minister of Colonization Mines and Fisheries, a position he filled with credit to himself and benefit to his native province until his untimely death at the age of fifty five years.

Genial, generous, warm-hearted Irish Canadian that he was, few men in Canadian public life had a wider circle of acquaintances or warmer friends than the late Hon. C. R. Devlin. Many will endorse Hon. George P. Graham's estimate of his old friend: "He was able, eloquent, fearless and honest. As a member of the Quebec Government he was a marked success and Sir Louis Gouin will find it no easy task to secure a real successor to him."

THE CAPITAL TRUST

The phenomenal success of the Capital Life Assurance Company during the two years of its existence augurs well for the future of the Capital Trust Corporation which has just begun business under the presidency of Mr. M. J. O'Brien the well-known millionaire contractor. Indeed the whole board of directors is made up of Catholics who have emphatically made good in their respective callings.

It should be remembered that in the Banks of Canada there are about a thousand million dollars of the people's savings. This constitutes practically all the liquid capital of the country. About twice that amount is represented by the accumulations of Life Assurance and Trust Companies. Those who control this vast reservoir of Canadian capital have it in their power to advance or retard, to build up or to cripple any financial undertaking. There is not a doubt in the world that Catholics contribute their full quota to these accumulations of capital; but it is equally beyond doubt that Catholics have little or no control over their disbursement.

To finance the building of churches, schools, convents, colleges, hospitals and all such works necessary for the varied activities of the Catholic Church in this rapidly growing country requires in the aggregate a stupendous amount of money. Ultimately it is to those who control the accumulations of capital before mentioned we must look for financial aid and encouragement. If even a fair proportion of Catholic savings were under Catholic control it goes without saying that approved Catholic undertakings would meet with more sympathetic consideration.

Again, there are immense accumulations of capital under Catholic and even religious control in Europe. A Canadian financial institution such as the Capital Trust Corporation could be the intermediary to bring to Catholic Church undertakings in Canada a proportion of that European Capital seeking safe foreign investment. It will not be difficult to convince those interested that Catholic Church funds in Canada are the safest kind of investment. Success along this line means a lowering of the interest paid by Canadian Catholics, a direct benefit to them and one permitting further and more rapid expansion to meet the crying needs of religion in Canada.

We can not too strongly urge priests, and indeed all who are concerned in the financing of Catholic works, to investigate the claims of the Capital Trust Corporation on their interest, good-will and active encouragement. We subjoin the concluding paragraphs of the first annual report: "In conclusion our directors beg to express their pleasure at the results

obtained, and to express their thanks to the Archbishop who has so kindly consented to accompany one of the vice-presidents of the company to Europe to assist in establishing financial connections with the Religious corporations who have money to invest. This trip will be undertaken in the course of a few weeks.

"In the first year of the company's experience, shareholders can materially assist the management by keeping them informed as to prospective business coming under their notice. The directors thank those shareholders who have rendered assistance in the past and solicit a continuation of their co-operation in the future."

AN ITALIAN SEPARATE SCHOOL

We reproduce in another column the News' report of Bishop Scollard's exhortation to the Italian Catholics of Sault Ste. Marie to send their children to the Catholic school. Considerable prominence has been given to that part of His Lordship's address in which he referred to the superiority of Separate over Public school teachers. We well remember the time when no one apologized for quite as emphatic assertions of Public school superiority. The common test of efficiency furnished by the departmental examinations has demonstrated that, so far as English Separate school are concerned, we may court comparison in results.

Hardly a Protestant clerical gathering of any sort takes place without discussion of the immense responsibility resting on "the Church" in Canada with regard to the new element in our population due to the immense influx of immigration. Where the children of Catholic immigrants are taught in Catholic schools this problem is solved. No greater service to Canada is possible than to provide these children with a religious education. The Italian Catholics desire purely English schools for their children, so there is nothing lost on that score in having them educated in Separate schools, while there is the immense gain, even from a purely Canadian point of view, in having them thoroughly instructed in the principles and practice of their religion.

We are in a position to state that Bishop Scollard's extemporaneous exhortation was not intended to reflect on Public school teachers as a class, but rather to emphasize the fact that the secular work of the Sister's school would in no way suffer because of the religious instruction and atmosphere; and that experience proved that in the purely secular work of the school religious teachers were more uniformly conscientious than secular teachers.

Indeed, almost at the same time, the Hon. S. H. Blake expressed himself in terms even more emphatic and unequivocal than Bishop Scollard on the necessity of religion in Education. It may be worth while to reproduce here an extract which we quoted last week:

"In a letter to Dr. John Seath, Mr. Blake regards the charge as most grave, and as true as it is grave, that our people, as a body, do not now seem to possess an adequate knowledge of the Bible and of the principles of morality. He quotes the late Lord Justice Bowen's remark that a system of education which omits religion educates its children to become 'skilled villains.'"

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Amongst the many things said of late about Florence Nightingale some prominence is given to the fact that notwithstanding her love for a man of suitable social position and fine character she refused to marry him. Analyzing her motives she tells us that "though the marriage would satisfy her 'passional' and intellectual nature she found that her 'moral and active nature' would not be satisfied in sharing his life. Her decision not to marry, says a newspaper before us, benefited the whole world. We are not disposed to quarrel with this somewhat exaggerated estimate of the historic life of a noble woman. It suggests, however, the vast army of generous hearted women who, likewise, give up marriage to devote themselves to a career of usefulness in the service of God and mankind.

Speaking of the question of the proposed marriage Florence Nightingale says: "I could not satisfy this nature by spending my life with him in making society and arranging domestic things. To put it out of my power to be able to seize the chance of forming for myself a true and rich life would seem to me like suicide."

Her natural attraction for the alleviation of suffering induced her to learn all that could be known of nursing and the management of hospitals both in England and on the continent. After a course of

training with the Protestant Deaconesses of Kaiserworth she went to Paris where she studied nursing and management in the hospitals in charge of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The Crimean war gave her the occasion "to seize the chance of forming for herself a true and rich life," filled with the benedictions of a grateful nation. Though one may read much of Florence Nightingale without coming across a single reference to Catholic nursing Sisters, she, herself, bears testimony to their invaluable assistance that made her work in the Crimea possible.

The magnitude and success of that work may be gauged from the fact that the mortality in the army hospitals before she went out was 42 per cent. and some months afterwards it had fallen to 2 per cent. "To put it out of my power to be able to seize the chance of forming for myself a true and rich life would seem to me like suicide." Taking these words of the illustrious woman with what Catholics might call her vocation for nursing her turning away from marriage was, all things considered, wonderfully like the motive that impels tens of thousands of young Catholic women to give themselves entirely to similar works of usefulness. There is this difference, the Catholic girl thinks little or nothing of a career, of a true and rich life, of the esteem of this world, but first consecrates her life and work to the service of God in the obscurity of a religious community, and then takes her place in the ranks of that vast host of women who quietly, effectively, and systematically devote themselves to that sort of work which, when attempted in an amateurish way, is heralded as social service.

"And the unmarried woman and the virgin thinketh on the things of the Lord: that she may be holy both in body and in spirit. But she that is married thinketh on the things of the world, how she may please her husband." (I Cor. vii 34.)

MISREPRESENTED

L'Action Sociale of Quebec quotes an article of the Dublin Leader on the language question in Canada. It is easy to understand how a writer in Ireland could lack information as to the contention or proposal of Cardinal Bourne at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal; but no such allowance can be made for L'Action Sociale. The latter knows perfectly well that the Cardinal is completely misrepresented by saying that he, "paying his first and only visit of a few days to the Dominion, said that the future of the Catholic Church in Canada depended on the spread of the English language." As if there were any possible doubt about the spread of the English language in Canada! If the future of the Church in Canada depended on this condition, then that future would be secure beyond the need of care or effort. The English Cardinal, did not say anything so foolish. What he did say was that, west of Lake Superior, and his detractors always omit to state that he referred only to the Provinces west of Lake Superior, "no one can close his eyes to the fact that in the many cities now growing steadily into importance throughout the Western Provinces of the Dominion the inhabitants for the most part speak English as their mother tongue, and that the children of colonists who come from countries where English is not spoken will none the less speak English in their turn." Can anyone who knows Western Canada deny the truth of this statement? And what inference did the Cardinal draw from the facts? Was it that Catholic missionaries should be zealous in propagating the English language? Nonsense! No; he recommended zeal "in making known to a great part (the Western part) of the Canadian people in succeeding generations the mysteries of our faith through the medium of our English speech." He had gone through the West to the Pacific, and had spent weeks there, not "a few days" altogether in Canada, as the Leader writer puts it and L'Action Sociale shamelessly quotes. He knew what he was talking about, and he used the words of Catholic common sense. In 1911, and during many previous years, English speaking Canadian priests were doing the hardest kind of missionary work in the Dakotas, in Minnesota, and other States, because the Bishops of those States had sought them. They did not go to find easy or lucrative positions. Scores of them went from the Province of Prince Edward Island. In the Directory of 1910, out of 407 priests

in the Prairie Provinces of Canada, we can only find 8 whose names suggest that their mother tongue was English, including the priests in the Jesuit College at St. Boniface. There was evident need of a word in season, and the Cardinal uttered it. Then, and since then, he has been treated as an enemy of the French language, especially by L'Action Sociale!

WHERE IGNORANCE IS PITIFUL

Scarcely a day passes that we are not reminded of the amazing ignorance of Catholic doctrine that passes for knowledge with critics of our holy faith. And this ignorance is not peculiar to any class or condition. The refined and cultured, those tolerably well versed in other branches of knowledge, are just as much at sea when it is a question of Catholic belief as their less favored brethren to whom the field of science is a terra ignota. And every time that we are brought face to face with this phenomenon it excites within us not only wonder and amazement, but also the reflection that if these good people did but know the truth as we know it they would not tarry long in the City of Confusion, but would hasten into the one, true Church of Christ.

Only the other day we shared our seat in a crowded railroad car with a gentleman well known on the Toronto Stock Exchange. We were finishing our Office for the day: he was deep in the latest issue of a popular magazine. From time to time, as we turned over the pages, we noticed our friend regarding us furtively over the top of his favorite monthly. Scarcely had we closed our breviary ere he had ventured into conversation, and as is usual with non Catholics, he gradually led it round to religion. "Do you know," he said, "I see much that is good in Roman Catholicism. I am an Anglican, but if I found myself of a Sunday in a place where there was no English Church I would go to your service. We have much in common. The great difference between Roman Catholics and ourselves is, I take it, that we believe in being saved through Jesus and you through Mary." This little incident reveals such a woeful depth of ignorance of Catholic teaching that we are sure many of our readers will pronounce it a fiction. Unfortunately, however, it is sober fact.

The London Tablet, in recent issues, gave prominence to a rumour that the Pope was prepared to relinquish his claim to the Papal States provided the Law of Guarantees was internationalized. An American Protestant organ sees in this an admission that papal infallibility was not held to be of divine faith. "Such a change of front," says the journal referred to, "is, of course, irreconcilable with the Papal claim of infallibility." Here we have an influential Protestant paper soberly assuring its readers that the dogma of Papal infallibility rendered it altogether impossible for the Pope to change his mind about a question of policy. If these be your gods, O Israel, small wonder the average Protestant is so pitifully ignorant of even the elementary truths of Catholicity. The smallest Catholic child who has studied the Catechism could readily tell our brother editor that the attitude of the Pontiff regarding the temporal power had nothing whatever to do with infallibility. Since when did the possession of the Papal States become a dogma of our faith? As the Tablet observes, the temporal power was only necessary to safeguard the independence of the Holy Father in his government of the Church. The mere suspicion that he was unduly influenced by any secular power would be so detrimental to the exercise of his authority that the Pope could never consent to recognise an arrangement that gave the smallest ground for such a suspicion. Hence he could never accept a law that depended on a mere chance vote of the Italian Parliament. But were such a Law to have the further sanction of the European powers it would then become a question as to whether or not the Holy Father might not accept it in lieu of the temporal power. All this is, of course, obvious to even the most uneducated Catholic. But after we had read the interpretation put upon it by our Protestant contemporary we almost ceased to wonder at the strange version of the Redemption attributed to us by our friend in the railroad car. If the average Protestant teacher, for the editor of a respectable journal is surely a teacher, knows no more of Catho-

licity than our friend who has detected a contradiction between infallibility and the relinquishment of the temporal power, we are not surprised their pupils hold such grotesque views of our belief and practice.

Let us learn from such incidents as the above to have a great spirit of charity towards our separated brethren. Very many of them would be numbered amongst the children of the Church did they but know her as she is. They are in good faith. Of this we are convinced. But how, you ask, when the schoolmaster is abroad, can intelligent people still look upon the Catholic Church as the Beast of the Apocalypse? When we consider their early training and present environment the mystery is no longer so very mysterious. If it were only a question of logic or willingness to believe, the schoolmaster would have little difficulty in convincing them that their conception of Catholicity is but a product of the imagination that has been cunningly worked upon for a purpose. But they have been nurtured in an atmosphere of prejudice. From youth upwards they have been ensnared in the meshes of a huge conspiracy against the Church and its teaching. The text books placed in their hands at school, the Sunday school instructions, the bigoted novels, the falsified histories, the sly allusions of the minister, the oft-repeated insinuations of their companions, the reading of the ultra-Protestant press, all combined to steep them in a very ocean of unconscious prejudice. Is it any wonder that after years of such a training they should ask themselves, "can any good come out of Nazareth?" Is it not plainly next to impossible for them to divest themselves of their inherited animus against things Catholic? Recognizing their difficulty we will be filled with a pitying charity towards these victims of circumstances. But we will not rest at mere sympathy. True charity manifests itself not in word but in deed. We will, therefore, take advantage of every opportunity to correct their views of Catholicity. Every day sees many such opportunities presented to the Catholic laity. Such people as we have described have an ingrained distrust of the priest. He might expound the Catholic position till doomsday, but he would only succeed in convincing them anew of the cunning and deception of the emissaries of Rome. Their attitude towards the layman is altogether different. He can dissipate prejudice where the priest would only augment it. Here, then, is a field white with the harvest of immortal souls. Let but the Catholic laity rise to the occasion and they will lead many a tortured heart into the blessed certainty of the City of Peace. "COLUMBA."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AS INTIMATED in our last issue we have received a communication from Rev. Laurence Skey, of Toronto, with regard to his recent lecture on Ireland. We proceed to make a few reflections upon the same.

MR. SKEY'S chief ground of complaint against us seems to be that, as he holds, we have indulged in personalities instead of combatting the statements against the Catholic clergy of Ireland for which he has made himself responsible. We may say at the outset that, as our readers can bear witness, we made no attempt to do either, but contented ourselves with a dispassionate protest against what is, under the circumstances, a cruel slander against as devoted and self sacrificing a body of men as there is in the world and a reflection upon the peculiar conception of ministerial duty which could inspire it. If it is a personality to have brought this home to Mr. Skey we unhesitatingly plead guilty to the charge.

BUT ON THIS SCORE of personalities where does Mr. Skey himself stand? Let us look at the question in the light of the events that occasioned his remarks. The Irish people, after a long and bitter struggle extending over several generations, are, as they believe, about to enter into their inheritance. Starting with an almost universal prejudice against them on the part of their English neighbors, they have little by little so impressed the more enlightened statesmanship and public opinion of the latter with a sense of the reality of Ireland's wrongs and the justice of her cause as to have brought a great political party to espouse it, and the great body of the English democracy independent of party affiliations to be prepared to ratify the necessary legislative enactments

in regard to it. At the last moment, however, a soulless and intolerant faction, conscious that the term of its dominance has come, seeks to turn back the hands of time and by base appeals to that religious hatred for which it has itself ever been conspicuous, to defeat the century long hopes of the people of greater Ireland.

WE HAVE to get down to the groundwork of this thing to appraise it correctly. That the people of Ireland have not been afraid to debate the issue on its merits one hundred years of agitation in the press, in parliament and on the open platform proves to demonstration. No less an individual than Mr. Gladstone has acknowledged that he was won to the cause of Home Rule as much by the inflexible logic of facts as by his temperamental sympathy with the oppressed. Self-government has from the first been sought by the people of Ireland on its merits and they have never shrunk from the verdict of history in regard to their fitness for it. Even now, with the goal within reach, they are no less ready to look history in the face and on that score to abide by the judgment of mankind. If the same spirit animated their opponents the solution of the problem would not be far off. It is this that makes the spark of religious hate, raised by Sir Edward Carson at the eleventh hour, and fanned into flame by a benighted and intolerant faction, so base and cruel. And having espoused the latter cause Mr. Skye should be willing to share the odium which attaches to it.

IT IS Mr. Skye's contention that he did not "concoct idle tales" in regard to Ireland, but confined himself to the reading of extracts from "a well-known book." Be this as it may, it is pertinent to enquire what object he could have had in view other than to prejudice the Home Rule cause by an appeal to the religious prejudices of his hearers. What "well-known book" he had in hand he had not chosen to inform us, but from the tenor of his remarks we are not left in doubt on that point. Readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD do not stand in need of further enlightenment as to the character of "Father Ralph," the book in question, since "Columba's" comprehensive survey of it in these columns will be fresh in their memories. Suffice it here to say for the information of Mr. Skye that it has about as much title to credibility as the Travels of Baron Munchausen. An effective campaign document for the moment it may be, but the chances are that it will prove to be a boomerang in the hands of those in whose interest it was written. As a picture of Irish life it is utterly worthless, its animus and one-sidedness being transparent from cover to cover.

IT IS not our purpose to devote further attention to this text book of Mr. Skye's further than to say that one of its stock charges is that the great Irish emigration to America within the past sixty years has been due to the oppression and extortion on the part of the Catholic priesthood incident upon the creation of costly cathedrals and parish churches. This seems to be the point upon which Mr. Skye fastened in order to make out a case against Home Rule. If it were true it is not a little remarkable that the very people who, according to this writer, have been thus driven from their homes have above all others distinguished themselves as church builders in America and elsewhere within the same period. The magnificent edifices dedicated by these men and women to the worship of the true God, to the education of youth, the succor of the indigent and afflicted, and to the development of the cloistered life throughout the length and breadth of the United States and Canada is sufficient answer to that slander. The free life of this continent does not appear to have snuffed out of the hearts of Irish Catholics that zeal for the glory of God as manifested in the temples erected to His Name, which the author of "Father Ralph" lays to the dishonor of their clergy at home. The Rev. Mr. Skye has not been happy in his quotations.

WE COME back to the question of personalities which, in the estimation of Mr. Skye, is the head and front of our offending. We have asked how he, himself, stands in that regard? If when he made the vile charge he did not realize the closeness of the bond existing between the Catholic clergy and their people he probably realizes it now. Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics, know what the priesthood has been to them through the long night of persecution for which the Church to which Mr. Skye belongs is responsible. We have no wish to reopen old wounds or to recall the bitter memories of three centuries. The Irish people, in view of the restoration of that self-government of which a century ago they were robbed by means which Gladstone has stigmatized as "unspeakably criminal," have been prepared to lay aside their old resentment and to forget their wrongs. But they are not prepared to stand idly by while their spiritual fathers are basely slandered and reviled. An insult to the latter is an insult to themselves, and he the author of it a Unionist hireling or a Canadian parson he must not expect his words to go unchallenged or unrebuked. For the imputation of "Father Ralph" or of Mr. Skye is certainly a personality of a particularly offensive kind.

Public school teacher cares for is drawing the pay, putting the time in as easily as possible and drawing their money for it. The Catholic Sister, he said, has a conscience, she considers it a sin to waste a minute of her time, consequently she is working all the time, and your children will be taught properly. It is your duty, the Bishop emphatically declared, to take them out of the other school and send them to the Catholic school. Don't send them to a public school where there is no God, and where religion is not taught, were his closing remarks. Bishop Scollard then called upon Rev. Father Martinez to give the substance of his address in Italian to the congregation, which was done and after which a procession of the school children, following a Crucifix, was headed towards the new school. Before entering the building, the walls and door posts were sprinkled and blessed, and the ritual inside the building was that prescribed for the blessing of schools by the Catholic church. Bishop Scollard explained that they had by this ritual called down the blessing of Almighty God upon the teachers and the children that should attend the school. From the appearance of the building he was convinced that the contractors had done their work well, that the school was a very substantial building, and he also commended the school board for arranging for such a building to be erected.

Following the Bishop's address, Mr. McNamara explained to the audience the system of taxation and that it was the right of every property holder or tax-payer to say just how they wished their taxes to be used and which school they were to support. They were advised to take special notice as to how the tax slips were marked, and if they found they were assessed as Public School supporters, they were told to bring the slips to him and he would see they were placed as Separate school supporters. An address was then read to the Bishop by Antonio Giacometti on behalf of his Italian countrymen, and which was translated for The Evening News into English as follows: Right Reverend Bishop, Rev. Fathers, Countrymen and Everybody: This is a very prosperous day for us, and one that will not be forgotten. It brings to us sweet memories of our childhood when we went with our mothers to school for the first time. There we saw the beautiful cross of the Nazarene. This is a good school, and will do good work, making the girls good, and the boys good family fathers and the mother capable of teaching her children and moulding them in the image of Him, who was Himself the model of models. Let us take a look at our Fatherland and we will see that the greatest and most illustrious men, past and present, came from our Catholic schools, Cesare Cantu, Manzoni, Segnari, Perosi and Alfani, are themselves sufficient to show you the excellence of Catholic teaching. The little we know, did we not learn in the Catholic schools? It would appear that those who despise instruction are foolish and have lost their intelligence. I will not continue any longer because I am not a preacher, but a simple workman. I am only saying and advising parents to send their sons to this school, hoping that in a short time it will be too small and that we will have to enlarge it. We extend a cordial salutation to His Holiness the Pope, to our countrymen, to the great immortal men, who it has been my privilege to meet, to the Right Rev. Bishop, the Fathers present and our beloved priest Rev. Martinez, who has given himself to help our men and who loves the children, and is a glory to the Italian name. GIACOMETTI. The Italian band furnished several selections at the close of the proceedings. St. Mary's school is a four-roomed school and is well equipped, and was built at a cost of \$30,000 including the price of the land which comprises one acre. The school was opened this morning for instruction to the children, and the teachers will be the Sisters of St. Joseph.

AS TO THE MORAL difference no Catholic need fear to challenge comparison. This is another question which we are not concerned to enter upon now. But let the author of "Father Ralph" or the Rev. Mr. Skye consult the criminal or vital statistics if they wish to institute that comparison. They will then find what the influence of the Catholic Faith upon a nation is to be measured less by the things of time than by those of eternity.

BISHOP SCOLLARD OPENS NEW SCHOOL

With a forceful and significant address, preceding the opening of the new St. Mary's Catholic school yesterday, His Lordship Bishop Scollard of North Bay held his hearers in rapt attention in the Italian Catholic church on Cathcart street. The school will be open for all Catholics, said the Bishop, whether they are Italian, Polish or Austrian; it will be for all Catholics in this part of the city, and if it gets too small we will make it bigger. All Catholic children should be in that school. We will follow out the government program, the teachers that will be employed will have government certificates, the government inspector will visit the school to see that the work done there is according to the curriculum laid down by the government, and the work done will be the very best. The trouble with some Catholics, the Bishop said, is that they do not leave their children in the schools long enough, consequently they are not always able to keep up to others. Parents should see to it that their children get a good education, particularly the boys. It is not always so necessary for the girls, he said, as it does not require very much of an education to cook the meals, and do the work in the kitchen, which the girls will be doing later on, but the boys need the education, more particularly to enable them to take positions of responsibility, to run stores and businesses for themselves. There will be Catholic instruction in the school they were told. There are some Italians, he said, who thought it was enough to send their children to church for a couple of hours on Sunday, and expected them to learn all the blessed Lord did and taught in Holy Scripture by attending church once a week. How much would your children learn in school if you only sent them one day in the week, asked the Bishop. They would forget in the other five days what they had learned in one. They say there are children in schools where there is no religion, who grow up to be dishonest, liars, and men you cannot trust. You do not want to bring up your children in this way. Catholic schools are better than other schools, he said. We can compare them with the examinations of the Public schools, and you will find they are better. What is the reason? he asked. The difference is; all the

THE LOST PROFESSOR In November of last year Professor Lavell of the State University of Ohio, left Columbus and came to Canada by train. At Hamilton, Ontario, he left the train and sought an interview with a Catholic Priest. He explained that he had suffered from a lapse of memory and could not tell why he had left Columbus. Though not a Catholic, Professor Lavell had great confidence in Catholic priests generally. The Hamilton priest judged from his conversation that the Professor had quite recovered and that he could safely return to Columbus. He disappeared, however, and from that date to this nothing has been heard of him, except a report that he had been seen in South Paris, Maine, on December 10th, 1913. Professor Lavell had overworked his brain, and was subject to lapses of memory. He was forty-one years of age, five feet ten in height, and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. Any one who can give information about him will kindly notify Mrs. C. F. Lavell, 166 Walmer Road, Toronto.

When all seems dark around us, let us remember Our Saviour may have sent it for a purpose, and to begin with He would teach us faith.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you let it not pass you by.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN WASHINGTON

The action of the Protestant Magazine in calling President Wilson to account, and charging him by implication with incompetence, neglect of duty and culpable partisanship, because he has a Catholic secretary, is not an isolated instance but rather a fair sample of the insolent bigotry that still flourishes in the land of religious liberty. The editor protested there was a widespread feeling among Protestants that their anti-Catholic communications were withheld from the President by his secretary, and that the impression "seems to have some foundation," though he submitted no proof of it further than that Mr. Tumulty is a Catholic. The President branded the charge as "absurd and absolutely false," paid a high compliment to his secretary's efficiency and impartiality, and intimated that he knew how to handle his own business in correspondence and otherwise. The answer quelled for the moment the impudent arrogance of the protestant, but not the spirit that animates him and his not innumerable supporters. Their purpose is manifest. The Protestant Magazine and most publications of its kind give open or tacit support to the infamous campaign of the Menace, and the Washington protest is but one of a long series of machinations, not altogether unsuccessful, to exclude Catholics as such from any position of authority or influence in public affairs. It is time that Catholics should assert their civic rights. The Capital is the last place in the country where Protestants can claim a grievance, and the first where Catholics could, were they so minded. We form about one-fifth of the entire population and almost one-half of the recorded religious membership of the country; yet we have not one representative in the Cabinet of the nation, not one among the First Assistants of the Cabinet Ministers, and even among their second, third and other assistants we cannot recall one. On party grounds the Catholic claim would be still stronger. Of three million Catholic voters, probably three hundred voted for the present President, and among them there were not a few of Cabinet stature, some of whom were highly recommended on purely civic grounds by citizens of all creeds and parties. Yet when these were rejected and non-Catholics only were selected, we raised no protest. The ministers chosen were competent, and that sufficed; for we have no desire to obstruct the personalities of religion in public affairs, and our religious principles make it a duty to support, as far as conscience permits, and in no way to embarrass, national and civic administration. Yet, while Catholics were silent about their exclusion from the councils of the nation, a wave of Protestant protest ran through the country when the President called one Catholic to a position of confidence; and one of the secretary's first duties was to present an immense pile of protestations against his appointment, on the sole ground that he was a Catholic. When that bigoted outburst was treated with the scorn it deserved, the protestants continued to organize the forces of bigotry, so as to deprive sixteen million Catholics of even the semblance of a voice in their country's administration. We have been much too patient. It is a civic, and not merely a Catholic duty, to maintain the religious freedom in this country which the Constitution prescribes, but which those bigots would destroy. It had not obtained in the colonies, except in Maryland while Catholics were in control. It was specifically excluded from the Continental Congress's address of protest to King George on the eve of the Revolution. It was only when a Catholic nation and army were supporting us and Catholic Canadian support or neutrality was desired and native and foreign Catholics were flocking to the army of freedom that the great clause of the Constitution found place in our Constitution. It took many years and the liberalizing influence of Catholic growth to have that clause inserted in all our State Constitutions. Catholics have had a large and honorable part in winning and maintaining religious liberty in this

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like H. J. S. Canse, N. S. \$1.00, A. Friend, Bedeque, P. E. \$1.00, etc.

land, and as loyal citizens we must not allow it now to be practically repealed by the political penalization of Catholics. We want no office nor emolument because we are Catholics, but it is our duty to insist on having equal opportunity with other citizens when equally competent. This is the lesson to be learned from the Washington incident, and it is well to drive it home.—America.

THE DARK AGES

In his book "Orthodoxy," Gilbert K. Chesterton aptly says: "Christianity so far from belonging to the Dark Ages, was the one path across the Dark Ages that was not dark. It was a shining bridge connecting two shining civilizations. How can we say that the Church wishes to bring us back into the Dark Ages? The Church was the only thing that ever brought us out of them."

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THE ANNUAL REPORT of the above Company for 1913, as presented to the meeting of Shareholders on February 10th, shows a splendid record of progress during the year. The following are some of the more outstanding features:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Insurance Applied for \$1,700,000, Insurance Issued 1,442,000, Insurance in Force 2,301,160, Assets at Dec. 31st, 1912 \$178,023, Assets at Dec. 31st, 1913 198,212, Capital subscribed 694,900, Capital paid up 126,865, Surplus for security of Policyholders 151,308.

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THE DIRECTORS REPORT concludes as follows: "In submitting this their second Annual Report, the Directors desire to congratulate the policyholders, shareholders and field representatives of the Company upon the excellent showing that united effort has thus made possible. Our shareholders have in many cases shown their belief in the Company's future by insuring themselves or their friends, and by suggesting the names of responsible persons to act as agents in their several localities. As much still remains to be done, the Company respectfully solicits a continuance of this active interest by shareholders. But to the Agents of the Company themselves must also be ascribed a chief share in whatever success the Company has had. By their loyalty and untiring efforts, often under severe discouragements, the position of the Company has steadily advanced. The Agency Staff it now, we believe second to none in progressiveness and sincerity, and its continued expansion, with corresponding good results to all concerned, will go steadily forward. In the meantime, we desire our agents to feel that they are connected with a Company which is permanently in the field, and which has a future before it that will satisfy even the most ambitious amongst them. The Directors earnestly desire that during 1914 a sustained united effort be made by Agents, Shareholders and Management, so that a new record may be established by the end of the year."

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John J. Seitz, president; M. J. O'Brien, vice-president; Dr. N. A. Dussault, vice-president; A. E. Corrigan, managing director; L. N. Poulin; J. A. McMillan, M. P.; C. A. McCool; W. H. McAuliffe; J. J. Lyons.

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land, and as loyal citizens we must not allow it now to be practically repealed by the political penalization of Catholics. We want no office nor emolument because we are Catholics, but it is our duty to insist on having equal opportunity with other citizens when equally competent. This is the lesson to be learned from the Washington incident, and it is well to drive it home.—America.

THE EMBLEM OF IRELAND

For more than seven centuries of years A martyr nation's emblem, stained red, Bedewed with ocean depths of bitter tears, Yet thou wouldst not disown it, Drooping Head. They sought to win thee from thy heart's true love, With honeyed words they wooed thee, All in vain. For thou hadst pledged thy troth to Him above, And earthly nuptials treated with disdain. They offered thee the kingdoms of the earth, But thou preferredst the Shamrock and the Cross, Thou wouldst not place a stranger at thy hearth, For all the world's wealth of golden dross. For this we love this emblem of our race, This symbol of your fealty to God, E'en though we ne'er have looked upon thy face, Or kissed the sacred soil our fathers trod. And as to day we sport the chosen leaf Before the Altar Throne where Jesus reigns, Fast breaks the dawn o'er Erin's night of grief, Our hearts are glad—and, yet, we loved the stains. Vicisti, Erin, victory is thine, The Light of Freedom is upon thy brow, Through devious ways thou sought the Godhead Trine, So, mother Erin, may thou seek Him now. REV. D. A. CASEY (COLUM BA) St. Patrick's Day, 1914.

There is no calamity so great that it cannot be made a little lighter by patience, or a great deal heavier by despair.



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THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT THE DIVINITY OF THE CHURCH

"Be ye therefore followers of God. (Ephes. V. 1)" If there is one thing more than another noticeable in the character of the average man it is inconsistency.

Persons who are considered good Christians, while lauding the benefits of the Church and its sound moral teachings, may sometimes complain of its rigors and its strict adherence to principle, while on the other hand, it has been said time and again that the Church is a great imposition.

They say that its wonderful constitution, durability and teaching serve to increase its powers of imposing on the people. Its enemies, acknowledging its marvelous superstructure and influence, persist in calling it an imposition. Nothing can be more inconsistent. For there is no truth that can be proved with more certainty than the divinity of the Catholic Church. If it were, it is not an imposition.

The wonderful constitution, the indestructible existence and the sublime code of faith and morals of the Catholic Church, instead of increasing its powers of imposing on the people, unanswerably prove its divinity.

In order to see that its wonderful constitution is an unanswerable argument for the divinity of the Church, we have but to recall a few well known facts. About nineteen hundred years ago there appeared among the oldest people in the world an historical personage, a Great Prophet. His words and acts are known to all. That Christ really did exist; that He taught as one having authority; that His chosen disciples; that some of those disciples wrote books, these are facts that cannot be denied by anyone who believes in anything at all.

It is easy to see that the history of the miracles and good works of Christ contained in the four Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John is, at least, as true as that recorded by any profane historian. If we look into the world we see that about five hundred million of the most enlightened people in existence profess belief in the Gospel truths and miracles. If we go back to the time of Christ, we find the same in every age and every clime.

When the Evangelists wrote, the facts narrated were recent. Witnesses of the miracles recorded by them were still living. They could easily be contradicted, if not true. But instead of contradicting, the very pagans and Jews show by their silence as well as by their words that "Indeed this Man, this Founder of the Catholic Religion, was the Son of God," and these facts cannot be denied. Let us imagine, for a moment, that some poor, ignorant Samoan fisherman should suddenly appear in our midst, preaching a new doctrine. Suppose they would tell us they were disciples of a God who had appeared, taught, performed miracles and sent them to continue His mission; that they had embodied His principal teachings in a book; that, among other difficult things, we were commanded to have no inordinate affection for earthly things, to love our enemies, to do good to those who injure us and to follow their teachings or be eternally lost. Suppose still further that we were heathen. What would we do in such a case?

Before leaving everything to which our hearts inclined would we not examine carefully into all the details and circumstances of this new Teacher, of His teachings and His miracles? Most assuredly we would. Yes. And so did the people in the time of the Apostles. Aye! There were great and learned men of that time, as there are of to-day, who denied the possibility of miracles, as they were against reason. But when they became ocular witnesses of manifest miracles, then the fact first dawned upon their darkened intellects that there was a supernatural as well as a natural order and that to be above man's reason was not the same thing as to be against it. Then followed that spiritual revolution which regenerated the world and in a short time spread the Gospel to every nation. Alured by no temporal advantage, undaunted by the prospect of ignominy, conquered by no other force than that of truth, the Jew and Gentile, the Greek and the Barbarian, meekly bend their necks to the yoke of Christ and follow a crucified God. When reflecting on these facts; when considering that to follow Christ was to lose everything in the beginning of Christianity and often even life itself, then we must with St. Augustine conclude "Either the Catholic Church was constituted, propagated by means of miracles or it was not. If it was, it was divine; as no one but God can perform or authorize a miracle. If it was, it is divine, for such a rapid propagation of truths so repugnant to the natural inclinations of man would be the greatest of all miracles."

In either case, the wonderful constitution of the Catholic Church unanswerably proves its divinity. The divinity of the Church, which is plainly seen in its constitution, appears in even a clearer light in its very existence.

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Their effect, I found more than satisfactory. Their action was mild and the results all that could have been expected. My liver and kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes, and I regained my old time vitality. Today, I am as well as ever, the best health I have ever enjoyed, and I unhesitatingly give you this testimonial for publication if you wish."

B. A. KELLY. In hundreds of letters received by the Fruit-a-fives Company, the same expression is used "Fruit-a-fives is the best kidney remedy in the world". At any rate, these tablets have proved the best to the hundreds of men and women who have been cured by taking them. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-fives Limited, Ottawa.

When we recall to mind the many bloody persecutions she has undergone; when we remember the terrible invasions of the northern barbarians; when we reflect on the fearful assaults of the heretics and wicked emperors who tried in vain to destroy her, then we cannot but see that the hand that guides her is divine. All the powers of earth and hell have ever been waged against her; still she stands. No human institution could survive half so much. During her existence nations have been dissolved; governments have crumbled; thrones have been hurled asunder; tyrants have arisen, attained their eminence and fallen; while she, having passed through more trials than all combined, remained unchanged and unchangeable.

The bright summer sun that rises in the far east and traces his course through the blue sky until he sinks in the distant west never shone with a clearer, a purer, a godlier light than does the Catholic Church of to-day. What she is to-day, such she always has been and always shall be until the rivers of time are swallowed up in the gulf of eternity. Time and trouble leave no trace upon her. From Peter, who defied the threats of the Pagan emperor and said "It is better to obey God than man," down to his illustrious successor Pius X, the glory of his age, there has been a long list of renowned martyrs, glorious confessors, bishops, priests and people who gave their lives, their liberty and their all in proof of the divinity of the Catholic Church.

Like her founder, she has her Good Friday and her Easter Sunday, her sorrows and her joys. And although she is still calumniated, still persecuted, she has nothing to fear; for He has promised that the "gates of hell shall not prevail against her." It now remains to examine how the doctrines of the Church show her to

This Washer Must Pay For Itself

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

So I told him I wanted to try the horse. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll let you try the horse for a week. If you like the horse, you can buy it for the money you've paid me." So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it very much. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer. And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them. Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes with or without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, but the ridges nor break buttons the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might. So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. "Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is? And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It saves you a whole cent in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save you 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Address me personally—L. Morris, Manager, "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

be divine. It is a fact, which all will admit, that a religion which teaches truths of faith and morals worthy of God, and not only worthy of God but also most useful to man must be divine. But the Catholic Church teaches truths of faith and morals worthy of God and most useful to man. Therefore the Catholic Church is divine. The dogmas of faith taught by the Catholic Church contain the most exalted notions of God and man as well as the most stupendous mysterious which man could never know without God's assistance. The Church teaches that man by his reason can find out the existence of God, the rewarder of good and the punisher of evil.

The harmony of the works of nature will convince him of this. The admirable revolution of stars and planets and comets in different periods and various orbits without interruption or disorder show it. All the works of nature proclaim a Deity.

But although man by his reason could find out the existence of God and the spirituality of the soul; there are truths that the deepest intellects of man could never fathom. Hence the Church teaches that God has revealed certain truths such as the immortality of the soul, which made to God's image and destined for eternal happiness with the blessed in heaven; the mysteries of the most holy Trinity, of the Incarnation and the Blessed Sacrament, by which the God of Justice and charity is ever with us to soothe our cares and answer our prayers.

The moral teaching of the Church contains the most sublime idea of morality and perfection which consists principally in the imitation of God. "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." The Catholic Church teaches, as Christ taught on earth, mortification, poverty, humility and self-denial; it teaches that we owe a debt of adoration to God on account of His omnipotence, of gratitude for His benefits and of love for His providence; it teaches too, that we must live in justice and peace and charity with all mankind and die in the hope of a life beyond the grave.

A Church teaching doctrines which are so sublime, both in faith and morals, must be more than human, must be divine. Hence Pagans in the first centuries of the Church admired and embraced the Christian religion and Christian virtues. In every age they have been the cause of many conversions, drawing high ennoblements from even infidel philosophes.

Now, my dear friends, if the Church is divine; if, as we have seen, its constitution, formation, propagation, clearly shows its divinity; if its very existence is an unanswerable argument for it; if its admirable code of faith and morals proves beyond a shadow of a doubt its divine origin and protection; it follows as a necessary consequence that whenever the Church asks us to do anything or believe anything we must unhesitatingly do or believe it. For when the Church speaks, God speaks; and when God speaks, we must humbly bow and say "My God, not as I will but as Thou wilt." By so doing we will be putting in practise the words of my text in to-day's epistle "Be ye therefore followers of God."

TEMPERANCE THE DRINK EVIL

"The question of intoxicating liquors," said Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis in a recent sermon, "is a matter of grave importance, and it has much to do with our economic, social, civic and religious welfare. First of all, the cause of total abstinence can be, and has been, very much injured by an incorrect statement of principles, and by an intemperance advocacy of temperance. If temperance be a virtue, it should apply to the treatment of the temperance question as well as all others. One error has been the illogical moral basis on which it is out—that the making, the selling, the drinking, or the drinking of intoxicating liquors is in itself criminal. There is no theology for such a statement. They are not. Neither the making, nor the selling, nor the drinking, in themselves are criminal habits. They may become criminal by association, by abuse, by the various conditions subsequent to the taking.

"The other extravagant misstatement is that total abstinence means the elevation and salvation of society—that it has a monopoly in the field, that it is the only virtue, that if you are a total abstainer you must necessarily be a perfect human being. Some of the greatest sinners, some of the worst members of society, are total abstainers. Total abstinence, or temperance, is not the only virtue, just as drunkenness is not the only vice. Nor will the abstaining from intoxicating liquors be the sole salvation of a nation.

"There are other causes that make for the downfall of nations which are much more predominant and much more effective than the use of the abuse even of intoxicating liquors. Immorality leading to the devitalization of a nation has been, as history tells us, the cause of the decline and fall of most of the nations that history has recorded. To say that temperance is the only virtue, and drunkenness the only vice, is to adopt a very narrow platform, and to base the propaganda on a very narrow issue, and very false principles. "But when I have stated these two extravagances, I do not mean to say that enthusiasm, honesty, every day effort, even life concentration to

the cause of temperance and total abstinence is not a worthy mission. On the contrary, it is a most Christian and a most ennobling one. Not only should our purpose as Catholics be to oppose drunkenness, which is a crime and a sin, but also the drinking habit.

As Catholics we have taught and teach that drunkenness is a sin, morally offensive to Almighty God, offensive in itself, and doubly, trebly, many fold offensive by the additional sins that follow in its wake. Whether it be blasphemy, or murder, or immorality, or whatever follows in the wake of this sin, the man is morally responsible, for he has committed the first act and in doing so is liable to all the other acts that follow through that.

"Drunkenness is a species of menace that is particularly offensive to the Christian faith, because drunkenness dethroned the reason. The definition of a man is that he is a thinking, a rational animal. It is reason that differentiates him from the brute. Drunkenness takes away the distinguishing quality whereby he is a man. We are opposed to the drinking habit, because drink very often leads to drunkenness. A drunkard does not simply in a moment of enthusiasm or forgetfulness get drunk. He is led to it, step by step. First he is a drinking man, then he is a drunkard. Drinking is what might be called in many cases the occasion of sin. In the very broad field of social life, national welfare, the welfare of the people, drinking is to be avoided, because over against it is a long roll of crime that degrades and destroys our civilization.

"The records of our institutions show that with drink is bound up insanity. The bars behind which the poor unfortunates are held, these bars represent the other bars that were made by the drink habit. We are a nervous people, and drinking adds to nervousness. Drink leads to early graves, and generally to dishonorable graves. It is the drinking nations that are prone to tuberculosis.

"So many of our charitable institutions which have to deal with the weaker, the poorer, the friendless and the homeless have to cater to a larger and still larger clientele because of the ravaging results of drink.

"We do not need arguments to convince our reason. What we do need are motives, impulses, influences to stimulate our wills. It is not that we have not all come to the conclusion, that we should not. But can we reach the sequence, we will not? It is the will that needs support. This can be avoided, first by avoiding those who do drink.

"We have long since set the seal of disapproval or condemnation on the drunkard. He has no place in the business world, in the civic world, in the public world. In avoiding those who drink, you can include everything, from the dive down town to the fashionable club. To drink with the veneer of respectability, and the glamour of high life, is not very far from the squalor of low life, and it is oftentimes noticeable that this so-called high life, at its highest point, touches the other extreme.

"Instead of telling what wonderful strength of will we have, we ought to go to the throne of God and ask Him to strengthen us, to sustain our wills. It is well to have strength of will, but it is better to have that strength stronger by the blessing of Almighty God from day to day."—St. Paul Bulletin.

ST. PATRICK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

deny the virtues which it creates, the fortitude which it inspires, let them look to the history of Ireland. If men say that the Catholic religion flourishes only because of the splendor of its ceremonial, the grandeur of its liturgy, and its appeal to the senses, let them look to the history of Ireland. What sustained the faith when church and altar disappeared? when no light burned, no organ pealed, but all was desolation for centuries? Surely the divine life which is the soul of the Church, of which the external worship and ceremonial are but the expression. But if they will close their eyes to all this, at least there is a fact before them—the most glorious and palpable of our day—and it is, that Ireland's Catholicity has risen again to every external glory of worship, and triumphed over every enemy. Speaking of our Lord, St. Augustine says, "In that He died He showed Himself man; in that He rose again He proved Himself God. Had not the Irish Church risen again to more than her former glory? The land is covered once more with fair churches, convents, colleges, and monasteries, as of old; and who shall say that the religion that could thus suffer and rise again is not from God? This glorious testimony to God and to His Christ is thine, O holy and venerable land of my birth and of my love! O glory of earth and heaven, to-day thy great apostle looks down upon thee from his high seat of bliss, and his heart rejoices; to-day the angels of God rejoice over thee, for the light of sanctity which still beams upon thee; to-day thy troops of virgin and martyr saints speak thy praises in the high courts of heaven. And I, O Mother, far away from thy green bosom, hail thee from afar—as the prophet of old beholding the fair plains of the promised land—and proclaim this day that there is no land so fair, no spot of earth to be compared to thee, no island rising out of the wave so beautiful as thou art; that neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars of

heaven, shine down upon anything so lovely as thee, O Erin!

"The longer I live the more convincing proofs I see that God governs in the affairs of men.—Benjamin Franklin.

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I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see. The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world. * * * I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet and the sound of the running streams by my side. The hum of the wind in the tree tops has always been good music to me, and the face of the fields has often comforted me more than the faces of men.—John Burroughs.

EDDY'S WASHBOARDS HAVE A SPECIAL CRIMP THAT MAKES WASHING VERY EASY THEY SAVE TIME TEMPER AND LABOR



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN

"He used to be an usher here," said the old sexton, "and as far as I can remember he never missed the 7 o'clock Mass or was late for it during the three years that he served here. He had a custom of staying over for the 8 o'clock, twice a month, and of receiving Holy Communion at that Mass. He was quiet and, even though he was a bit pious, everybody liked him. His mother told me (when they first moved into this parish) that he had a good job in Wall Street and he kept getting raised each year until he got to be a boss of some kind over there, with a whole force of men under him. It might have been a little after that, that I began to notice a change in him. He gave up coming to the meetings of the Ushers' Union and he had short words for all the boys when they would speak to him. Finally he resigned from the union, without giving any reasons, though he used to hang around behind the last pew in the church during that Mass like one of those fellows that the pastor calls "Real Birds." You know the kind they lay their handkerchiefs on the floor at the Elevation and put one knee on it for a half minute, and they're out on the street before the Last Gospel's finished. Well, this young fellow that you asked me about seemed to me to change completely, and become in just a few months a different kind of a man. After he left the ushering, I never saw him at the altar rail and that worried me in a way, and I made it my business to go around and have a talk with his mother. And I tell you that it surprised me a great deal to find that she did not seem to care. "Frank's very busy, you know," she said to me, "and he is doing finely in New York so I guess he don't have so much time for confession as before. Besides, he's got a car now and that keeps him out late Saturdays so I don't like to wake him early on Sunday morning." With the mother taking that stand, of course I could say or do very little. I put the matter before the pastor and he interviewed the young chap, twice, I think, and I saw him once after that at an early Mass and then— Well, I met him in the street and to tell you the truth he nearly ran over me. He was in his new auto, turning into a side street fast, and I just managed to pull back to the curb. He stopped the car and turned with an angry look to yell at me, but when he saw who I was he calmed down and seemed a bit ashamed. I stepped over to the side of the machine and I asked him point blank why he didn't come to church. His face got red and he told me to mind my own business. I said something that made him apologize for that, but in a moment he told me that he was going to church for good. "I've got no time for it," he said, "and nobody has who wants to get anywhere in this world. It's a dead weight on you, this religious business and you know it. Look at the class of men you've got there at Mass every Sunday—the big majority poor, and they always will be poor. All this thing of forcing your conscience to be tender, and of studying out ways to make yourself unhappy may be fine for monks, but it doesn't suit me. I'm going up high and when I get to the top I'll send you a few thousand and buy badges for the Ushers' Union." He laughed and shot the auto ahead and that was the last time I ever saw him. I knew that he was young and that he had been talking like foolish young men like to talk, but I was very sorry for him at that. I could not get my mind off the question of what it was that had pulled him away from the Church. I know now, of course, as everyone else does, that

it was the money which he had begun to—well, borrow as one paper put it, from his employers at that time. Perhaps it would have come out all right at that; perhaps he would have had a chance to give it back to them if he had really meant to do so—if he hadn't taken that one ride! Oh, if someone could only have warned the poor boy beforehand! But they found him, you know! As she patted and patted the clay in her deft fingers she suddenly burst into song. Swifter and swifter flew her fingers as her heart poured forth the "Praise to St. Patrick." When she had finished a great clapping outside made her look round. There were the "Hibernian boys" decked in green by hundreds. They were evidently collecting for a parade, and attracted by the singer, had waited patiently. Kathleen, seeing such a display of green, seized her flag and waving it out the window, cried, "Boys, I wish ye the top of the mornin'!" "Kathleen, Kathleen!" called her mother. "Whatever are you up to now?"

The street resounded with cheers for St. Patrick and the singer, and then at command, the Hibernians fell into line. One of them, in full uniform, came into the house. "Pardon me, young lady, but our boys would like that hymn for their concert to-night. Could you—that is, would you—sing it for them? I am president of the Hibernian Club," giving her mother his card. "I am very sorry, Mr. Hogan, but I would rather not," as visions of Kathleen in a faded gown rose before her eyes. Kathleen's eyes were dancing. She still kept patting the clay in her hands. "How is that?" holding up a shamrock pipe. "You don't mean to say you make those ugly things by just patting them?" "There's a great deal in a Pat, Mr. Hogan!" said Kathleen, smiling up at the giant. "That depends on who gives it, I suppose."

"Or who wears it, eh? See, I have two hundred shamrock pipes. I'll sell them to the boys for \$1 apiece, but to a 'Prot' for \$5."

"Allow me to be a 'Prot,' said Mr. Hogan, picking up one of the pipes and depositing a crisp five on the table. "Oh, no," cried Kathleen. But he was out and on the march. Needless to say, "all the boys" were admonished to buy a hand-made shamrock pipe, and before evening most of the two hundred were gone. At 10 o'clock Kathleen received a note from the rector of St. Patrick requesting her to sing "All Praise to St. Patrick" at the close of High Mass. The "boys," he said, were very anxious for it. Kathleen was rather excited. She had never sung anywhere except in the convent chapel at home. She looked down ruefully at her last fading shamrock. When she and her mother were starting for the church a carriage drove up to their door. A trim footman stepped down, and bowing to them, opened the carriage door. He then handed a bunch of fresh shamrocks to Kathleen. "This is some mistake," said her mother, drawing back. "No, madame; Mr. Hogan sent it for Mrs. and Miss O'Brien," bowing. As they neared the church whom should they meet but the long line of Hibernians. Hundreds of them, those who had heard her sing lifted their hats, and she bowed and smiled and gaily waved her shamrocks. At the end of the line was Mr. Hogan, but somehow, of course by accident, she did not see him; Mrs. O'Brien bowed, but somehow, he did not see her. He left his ranks, and when the carriage stopped opened the door. "I am going to the choir," whispered Kathleen, as she gave him her hand, with the air of a princess. "I will show you the way." And conducted by the giant Hibernian she found herself in an immense church. She looked down at the sea of people, momentarily increasing, and her head swam. "Oh, I never can sing here. When it is nearly over I'll run home. Yes, I'll run. I could never sing here. Why I can hardly see the priest. I wonder where all the people come from."

After Communion the leader of the choir passed her a hymnal open at "All Praise to St. Patrick." Kathleen shook her head. She had no need of a book. A moment before the last Gospel, just as the congregation rose to their feet, the organ pealed forth the opening melody. The priest had just finished the gospel as her voice caught up the words, "All Praise to St. Patrick." Why he stood there he did not know; nor did he know he stood there. Out into the dim cathedral came a voice, fresh as the air that drinks in the dew from the green grass of Ireland; deep and sad like the sea, suggestive, too, of its immensity and power; true with that instinctive truthfulness; rich with the melody that stirs the heart and elevates the soul. Now rising, now falling, gathering strength as it went, burst forth triumphant. The voice of the singer seemed to sob "for that green sunny shore," and the land of her choice. How it pleaded with those Hibernians in the last verse; pleaded for virtue, loyalty and faith. The congregation fell on their knees as the priest now descended the altar steps. The Hibernians tried to wink back the tears, while the rector took out his handkerchief

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PIPES

It was St. Patrick's Day in the morning, and Kathleen, just home from early Mass tidied up the studio, and then sat down by the window to her St. Patrick Day pipes, the sale of which was intended to buy bread and butter for herself and widowed mother. As she patted and patted the clay in her deft fingers she suddenly burst into song. Swifter and swifter flew her fingers as her heart poured forth the "Praise to St. Patrick." When she had finished a great clapping outside made her look round. There were the "Hibernian boys" decked in green by hundreds. They were evidently collecting for a parade, and attracted by the singer, had waited patiently. Kathleen, seeing such a display of green, seized her flag and waving it out the window, cried, "Boys, I wish ye the top of the mornin'!" "Kathleen, Kathleen!" called her mother. "Whatever are you up to now?"

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"Or who wears it, eh? See, I have two hundred shamrock pipes. I'll sell them to the boys for \$1 apiece, but to a 'Prot' for \$5."

"Allow me to be a 'Prot,' said Mr. Hogan, picking up one of the pipes and depositing a crisp five on the table. "Oh, no," cried Kathleen. But he was out and on the march. Needless to say, "all the boys" were admonished to buy a hand-made shamrock pipe, and before evening most of the two hundred were gone. At 10 o'clock Kathleen received a note from the rector of St. Patrick requesting her to sing "All Praise to St. Patrick" at the close of High Mass. The "boys," he said, were very anxious for it. Kathleen was rather excited. She had never sung anywhere except in the convent chapel at home. She looked down ruefully at her last fading shamrock. When she and her mother were starting for the church a carriage drove up to their door. A trim footman stepped down, and bowing to them, opened the carriage door. He then handed a bunch of fresh shamrocks to Kathleen. "This is some mistake," said her mother, drawing back. "No, madame; Mr. Hogan sent it for Mrs. and Miss O'Brien," bowing. As they neared the church whom should they meet but the long line of Hibernians. Hundreds of them, those who had heard her sing lifted their hats, and she bowed and smiled and gaily waved her shamrocks. At the end of the line was Mr. Hogan, but somehow, of course by accident, she did not see him; Mrs. O'Brien bowed, but somehow, he did not see her. He left his ranks, and when the carriage stopped opened the door. "I am going to the choir," whispered Kathleen, as she gave him her hand, with the air of a princess. "I will show you the way." And conducted by the giant Hibernian she found herself in an immense church. She looked down at the sea of people, momentarily increasing, and her head swam. "Oh, I never can sing here. When it is nearly over I'll run home. Yes, I'll run. I could never sing here. Why I can hardly see the priest. I wonder where all the people come from."

After Communion the leader of the choir passed her a hymnal open at "All Praise to St. Patrick." Kathleen shook her head. She had no need of a book. A moment before the last Gospel, just as the congregation rose to their feet, the organ pealed forth the opening melody. The priest had just finished the gospel as her voice caught up the words, "All Praise to St. Patrick." Why he stood there he did not know; nor did he know he stood there. Out into the dim cathedral came a voice, fresh as the air that drinks in the dew from the green grass of Ireland; deep and sad like the sea, suggestive, too, of its immensity and power; true with that instinctive truthfulness; rich with the melody that stirs the heart and elevates the soul. Now rising, now falling, gathering strength as it went, burst forth triumphant. The voice of the singer seemed to sob "for that green sunny shore," and the land of her choice. How it pleaded with those Hibernians in the last verse; pleaded for virtue, loyalty and faith. The congregation fell on their knees as the priest now descended the altar steps. The Hibernians tried to wink back the tears, while the rector took out his handkerchief

and passed into the sacristy without genuflecting. Kathleen knelt down; tears were in her own eyes. She felt strangely lonely. If her father were only here!

"Excuse me, miss," said an altar boy, "Father wishes to see you in the sacristy." Kathleen followed him silently. At the foot of the choir steps was Mr. Hogan, smiling brightly. But her smile was all gone, and only a little wee begone face looked up at the giant Hibernian. It was very strange, yet somehow it made his heart go thump way down to see her sad. "She must have felt all that, then," he thought. There were traces of tears in his own eyes; tears he had tried to wink back but in vain. Why they came was a mystery to him. Was it the fact that he and his brother Hibernians were, in reality, nothing but exiles—banished from the bright "sunny shore," the dear old Ireland? "My dear child, this is some mistake. I sent for Miss O'Brien, who sang 'All Praise to St. Patrick,'" said the rector. "I sang it," answered Kathleen, sadly. "You! Why, you are only a child!" "I am eighteen, Father."

"And you really sang that! Why your true voice so carried me back to the dear old County of Tyrone. Again I was hunting the cuckoo's nest in the black, sodden bog. Again I lay on the bank of the Moyne and heard the lark sing for all Ireland. Again, a barefooted boy, I ran along the ditches, spying out the wren's little nest, or mimicked the corneak in the hawthorn. Tears were in his eyes. "You have made even me young again. Will you sing it after Vespers this afternoon?" "With pleasure, Father."

And all the Hibernians were there, and after Benediction Mr. Hogan drove home with Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, and on one St. Patrick's Day in the evening Kathleen became Mrs. Hogan!—M. de Paul in the Canadian Messenger of The Sacred Heart.

ST. PATRICK

Throughout the English speaking world there is no saint's day better known than that which the Church has set apart in honor of Ireland's Apostle. When you mention St. Patrick's Day it is not necessary to name the month or the day of the month. Catholics and Protestants alike know it. Who could tell you off hand the date assigned to commemorate the patron saints of England, of Wales, of Scotland, or of any Continental country? Not so the 17th of March. It is associated in the minds of all with him whose life history is replete with services to Christianity that have placed him in the foremost rank of Christian Apostles.

It is not our purpose to enter into any lengthy details dealing with Saint Patrick's life. Coming to Ireland as a boy of sixteen, the victim of pirates who had kidnapped him and condemned him to slavery, and dying at a patriarchal age, he performed a work that left not only a deep impress upon the age in which he lived, but which has been felt in the centuries that have elapsed since his earthly labors ceased, and which will be felt to the end of time. Wherever the Irish race has erected the cross, there the effects of St. Patrick's apostolate are in evidence. The seeds of the Faith planted by him in Ireland have brought forth a great harvest that is beyond human computation.

That harvest has been garnered in many lands. St. Patrick's converts, with all the enthusiasm of the race from which they sprung, devoted themselves to the task of propagating the teachings they had received. Their descendants carried those teachings into Scotland, into England into France, into Germany, and into other Continental countries centuries before Columbus set foot on American soil. In the New World their loyalty to the faith brought to their fathers by Patrick is known of all men. It was the greatest factor in the upbuilding of the Church in this land.

The spirit that made the Irish, according to the testimony of the historian Lecky, appreciate their religion more than their land. . . . the passion and consolation of their lives," remained with the Irish exiles in their new homes on this side of the Atlantic, and was transmitted to their children. In the days of persecution their fathers were unwaveringly loyal to the Faith delivered by Patrick. Other people fell away, but to quote Macaulay, "alone amongst the Northern nations Ireland adhered to the ancient Faith." And so St. Patrick's work went on. We say St. Patrick's work, for it was he that was really working through successive generations of Irishmen and Irishwomen, who would have chosen death itself rather than apostatize. As one thinks of what St. Patrick accomplished during his life time, and then reflects that the results of his apostolate are still making themselves felt, one can appreciate the great role the Apostle of Ireland enacted in a certain sense, is still enacting. His figure rises up before us as that of one of the greatest personalities in all history. In honoring his memory the Church is actuated by the same motive that prompts her to honor her other canonized sons. Her saints are the great moral heroes who set us exalted examples of virtue. When they become identified with the life of a Nation, as is

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the case of St. Patrick, they are drawn closer to the races that have taken them as their patron saints. Hence the ardor of devotion to the Apostle of Ireland manifested by the Irish race the world over on every recurring St. Patrick's Day.—N. Y. Freeman Journal.

ST. JOSEPH

The Feast of St. Joseph, which occurs Thursday, March 19, calls up a picture of Christian manhood little to the taste of many to whom the virtues and quiet life of the Saint offer no suggestions. Apart from the immense dignity conferred upon him by Almighty God, in choosing him to be the intimate guardian and instructor in earthly ways of the Son of God, there was that in his character which bepeaks the ultimate end of Christian civilization and the type of Christian manhood. "A just man." The title is short but comprehensive. He was the foster father in the noblest and most essentially holy family that ever lived. His contact with the divine holiness of Jesus alone was sufficient guarantee of the exalted sanctity of his own life. He was a husband in the eyes of men, and as such he gives to men the example of that love loyal and true to the end which Christian marriage inspires. He was a father, and in the humble workshop of Nazareth, knelt in prayer constantly, with the divine Boy, whose hands he taught to wield the hammer or to use the implements of trade.

In the family of Nazareth under his care there went on such a life as must appeal to every lover of homely peace and security. The questions which ambition, appetite or greed bring into the families of the world found no echo in that home. The disasters which wreck the hearth and send the children out upon the world into crime and misery, passed by that sacred threshold frightened no doubt, not only by the infinite sanctity of Him Who chose it as His dwelling, but even by the sound of industry, the quiet of peace and the murmur of prayer.

Of the royal House of David, nevertheless the heart of the Saint was a stranger to the pride of blood or the goadings of ambition. With the Lord of Lords as his perpetual guest, yet he knew nothing of the avarice which makes wealth the

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first and last impulse in life. A calm and holy serenity marks his brow and a sinlessness that is well symbolized by the lily branch the Church attaches to his statue. He has been placed before us as the patron of a good death from the fact that his own death was such as all Christians must most desire to experience. With Jesus bending over him, and with Mary's sympathetic eyes upon him, he passed away to await in Limbo against the day of deliverance. Hence we pray to him so to watch over us that in our own final hour, we, too, may find the same Jesus with us in the holy Sacrament of His Body and Blood, and with Mary

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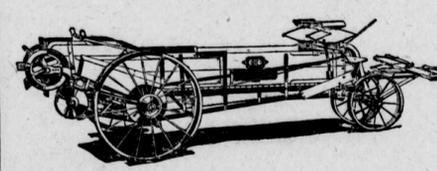
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bending over us to lift us up, to encourage us and to point the blessedness that lies beyond the dark doors of death.—The Pilgr.

NOT FAR FROM THE FOLD

An English (Protestant) archdeacon of an Anglican diocese in South Africa—Dr. Wingham—gives expression in one of his recent publications, to some remarkable thoughts on the Blessed Virgin—remarkable that is, from a non-Catholic. Here is some of what he says: "I am absolutely convinced that the neglect amongst us (Anglicans) of true teaching upon the position of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the economy of redemption has weakened our witness to the central truth of the Incarnation and has made of the Incarnation and its revival the Corinthian heresy with regard to the virgin conception and virgin birth of Our Lord. The opinions of our fathers and the councils of the Catholic Church have a claim upon our thoughtful consideration. If we never asked the Blessed Virgin and the saints in glory to pray for us, our devotions would be robbed of a richness and fervour which are naturally evoked by the thought of the golden vessels full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints offered for us. We cannot believe that we are well pleasing to Our Lord when we sever ourselves from communion with His Mother and His friends." The man who wrote this and believes as thus written cannot be far from the one fold.

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NOBLE LADIES IN CONVENTS

MANY BRITISH PEERS HAVE RELATIVES WHO HAVE BECOME NUNS

Julia Lady Lyvenden, who recently entered a convent at Edinburgh, is one of the many English noblewomen who have "taken the veil." This is only natural, seeing that there are over forty Catholic peers, many of them with numerous feminine relatives who are religiously inclined.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are among the number. No fewer than four of the Duchess's aunts are in different convents, while the Duke has one sister in the Carmelite Order and another a Sister of Charity. The Duchess's four aunts are all sisters of Lord Herries. Other peers who have sisters nuns are Lord Peter (three), Lord Clifford of Chudeleigh, Lord French, Lord Dormer, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Lord Albermarle and Lord Denbigh.

Several peers, too, have daughters in convents, notably the Earl of Ashburton, Lord Newburgh and the Earl of Abington. There are also two daughters of the late Lord Russell of Killowen in the Convent of the Holy Child at Mayfield, Sussex.

There was even an ex-queen in a British convent until her death about three years ago. This lady was the widow of the Duke of Braganza, who abdicated the throne of Portugal. After the expulsion of her Order from France she came with the rest of the Nuns to the Benedictine Convent, in the Isle of Wight, where King Edward occasionally visited her. Another royalty who is said to have entered a convent is the Czaria's sister, the widow of the Grand Duke Sergius.

SUBSCRIBER, COCHRANE, ALTA.—We can furnish you with the book, "The Life on Earth of our Blessed Lord. Price \$1.00 post paid.

DIED

KELLY.—At Lucan, Ont., on Sunday, February 15, 1914, Mr. James Kelly, aged seventy-two years. May his soul rest in peace!

CLAFFEY.—At his late residence, 1980 Queen street east, Toronto, Henry Joseph (Harry) Claffey, in his thirty-fifth year. Funeral to Thornhill, Wednesday, March 4. May his soul rest in peace!

SHANNON.—At Waupoos, Ont., Mrs. Joseph W. Shannon, (nee Ellen Kearney). May her soul rest in peace!

McDERMOTT.—At Midland, Ont. on Sunday, February 1st, 1914, Mr. John McDermott. May his soul rest in peace!

MARRIAGE

VALE-POWER.—At St. John's Church, Kingston Road, Toronto, on Monday, 23rd February, by Rev. Father Williams, Mr. William L., second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Vale, to Margaret Genevieve, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Power.

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION

The advent of another new financial concern representing Canadian Capital marks a new era in the history of Ottawa. A charter has been granted to the Capital Trust Corporation, Limited, by the Dominion Parliament, with head office in the City of Ottawa, granting the widest powers of a trust company. Financial interests throughout Canada have been watching with more than passing attention the advent of the new institution.

I think it will mark a new epoch in the financial life of the city and will point Ottawa out as a growing centre in the financial world," said a well known financial authority referring to the new venture. For some time past there has been a financial trend toward Ottawa and it was only in accordance with this feeling, as well as the recognition that there was great financial opportunity in the city, that actuated the promoters and directors of the company to locate here. Handsome offices have been opened in the premises lately vacated by Standard bank and these will be taken over this week.

The primary organizer of the company, Mr. A. E. Corrigan of Ottawa, is well known as managing director of the Capital Life Assurance Company which has already become a potent factor in the life insurance field.

Allied with him are men of the highest financial standing, all of whom predict that the new Trust Company will fill a long felt want in the financial life of the capital. Some of these are M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew, Hon. S. N. Parent, A. E. Corrigan, Denis Murphy, R. P. Gough, George Lang, Berlin, E. W. Tobin, M. P., Gordon Grant, C. E., Ottawa; L. C. Col-

D. R. Street, A. E. Provost, J. J. Lyons, W. J. Poupon, ex-M. P., Montreal; Hon. Wm. MacDonald, Hon. R. G. Beazley, etc. Dr. B. G. Connolly, of Renfrew, is managing director.

"I think that the move of this company in bringing the head office to Ottawa should receive the hearty endorsement and co-operation of all her citizens, as it points towards the fact that in the near future Ottawa will be a financial distributing centre, which will undoubtedly benefit the city," stated one of the directors of the new company to The Free Press. "It is hoped that it will be the pioneer of other financial ventures of a like nature, and that once Ottawa receives its rightful recognition as a financial centre as capital of Canada that other corporations will follow suit."

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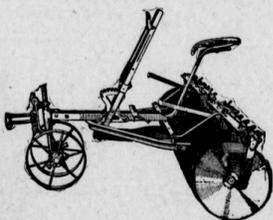
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Dear Sirs,—For those who may be sceptical as to SANOL I wish to say that I had been confined to my bed off and on for five years. My case was chronic Bright's disease with dropsy. I was tapped at least thirty-five times, but doctor's held out no hope for me. After returning from treatment in the General Hospital, Winnipeg, I was advised as a last resort to try SANOL. The effect was simply wonderful. The dropsy gradually disappeared, beginning from first week's treatment. After four months' treatment I am now enjoying good health, and were it not for my advanced years (72) I would feel like a boy.

(Signed) GEO. CLARK. P.S.—I must thank my good friends in Winnipeg for sending me the SANOL.—G. C.

Dear Sirs.—I have seen several testimonials in the paper of people who suffered with their Kidneys, and were cured with SANOL, so I think it is a duty I owe the public to let them know also my experience. I suffered for a long time with stones in the kidneys, and have to say, like everybody else, "tried everything known to the medical practitioners, except an operation, but found no relief." I was for two days in bed suffering untold agonies, and had to get several injections of morphine to relieve the pain, when an old friend of mine, a Mr. McColl, called on me and induced me to try SANOL; the second day I had taken it I had a little relief, the third day I was up in bed, and when Mr. McColl called me up on the phone the fourth day I was able to go down stairs and talk to him, and tell him what a wonderful cure SANOL was. A week from the first day taking it I was back in my office doing business, but continued taking it for three weeks after until I passed the Kidney stone, which stone I always will keep to show anyone who is suffering like I was what SANOL has done.

Please use this letter for publication and send copies to everyone in Canada, as everybody should and must know about a cure which you have. Also refer them to me for further information, as I could write all day, and then would not have told you all I think about SANOL.

I cannot, on paper, wish you the success I wish. Yours sincerely, THOS. JOBIN Of Jobin, Marrin Co., Ltd., Market Street, City.

SANOL, the only known cure for kidney troubles, is manufactured right here in Canada. No other medicine has ever met with like success. Only about two years ago it was first offered to the Canadian public, and now its sales are enormous. In Halifax one druggist has handled over 600 bottles of SANOL, and has been so impressed with its efficacy that he has become a stockholder in the Sanol Manufacturing Co.

SANOL Endorsed By Eminent Physicians

The wonderful curative powers of SANOL have won for it a high place in the estimation of the medical profession, and many physicians are now using it exclusively in their treatment of kidney diseases. We have scores of letters from physicians telling of wonderful cures effected, and stating their faith in this great remedy.

SANOL can be obtained at all druggists. PRICE \$1.50 per bottle. Remember, no matter how long standing a case of kidney trouble you may have, SANOL WILL CURE.

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Advertisement for SANOL kidney medicine, including testimonials and company information.

Small text at the bottom of the page, possibly a continuation of the Capital Trust Corporation advertisement.